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TUESDAY, MARCH 15, 1901.

Good for the Soul.

The Prevalence of Confessions in Modern Life.

Since Rousseau started the fashion of "Confessions," there have been periodical outpourings of the secret experiences and feelings of people who were interesting at least to themselves. We have had real confessions and bogus confessions; the conscientious confessions of saints writing journals to be read by the world later, the irreligious confessions of people who have—well, not been saints. Whether honest confession is good for the soul or not, it is often profitable to the publisher.

Of late, the fashion has taken a new turn—several new turns. Young girls have written detailed accounts of their feelings and experiences in the world. There were Marie Bashkirtseff and Mary MacLane, and a later heroine as yet anonymous. Mark Twain is said to be writing a book of confessions which is not to be published for a hundred years or so, but that will not do any of us any good, so far as we know at present. And Josiah Flynt, I. K. Friedman, and others have given us confessions of thieves and tramps.

How would it do to continue the list by a book of "Confessions of a Member of Congress?" The book could be published anonymously, and written so as to make no definite charges which might cause unpleasantness. In it the necessities which compel a Congressman to do things which he cannot explain personally to every constituent might be so detailed as to seem convincing. Then Congressmen would not be obliged to have their past laid before the public by the confession of somebody else.

The Russian Tradition.

Mysterious Impression of the Invisibility of Russia.

Somebody has suggested that Russia's constant gains in power and territory have been partly due to a sort of tradition that she cannot be conquered—a tradition which is now in danger of being upset by Japan. This is worth considering, not because Japan has actually upset the tradition, or is likely to do so, or because the tradition has not some foundation; but because popular impressions are sometimes more powerful than they ought to be, and it is well to examine them now and then and see just what are the grounds for them.

Russia's gain in power is due to a number of circumstances. First, she has taken territory that nobody else wanted—the vast stretch of Siberian plain—and until she interfered with Japan by getting hold of Manchuria, no other country, except England, had much reason to feel alarmed. Second, Russian diplomacy has been extraordinarily subtle and wise, and all gains have been permanent. It is true that Russia has more than once accepted, by way of compromise, something apparently quite different from the object at first desired, and it is within the range of possibility that she will do so at the end of the present war, but whatever she has gained she has kept. Third, anybody can see the practical impregnability of her position in Russia proper—a country defended by the weather most of the year, and by millions of hostile peasants, to say nothing of trained soldiers, and Tartar tribes which might be brought into action from Siberia. There would be little in that country worth the conquering, in proportion to the cost of the undertaking. All these things make it unwise for any other country to interfere with her, and unnecessary for any to raise defenses against her except England, her hereditary enemy, the power at whose expense she would have to make any future gains. Thus she has come to be regarded, with reason, as unconquerable.

But it will be noticed that these reasons, which militate so strongly in her favor when on the defensive, are of little weight when it comes to an offensive war. Her weakness in such a war is now in process of demonstration. The lack of seacoast, which defends her from attack by other powers, prevents her navy from doing anything at all. The cold and barren-

ness of Siberia are killing off Russians about as fast as they would natives of any other country, when it comes to a forced march. The great extent of desolate country in the north of Asia, which would form a barrier to a hostile army, is also a barrier to the military authorities who want to get troops into action in the East. Russian diplomacy is not impaired, but diplomacy is not much of a weapon of offense unless backed up by an army. The hordes of peasants, Cossacks, and Tartars, who would interfere seriously with an invading army, would not be half as effective in a strange country, forming an invading army themselves. The fact that Japan is winning in the early part of this war does not indicate that she would have any chance of success in a war of invasion, and Japanese generals not being fools, it is not likely that they will attempt anything of the sort. The most likely result of the war seems likely to be a defensive alliance between Japan and China, with England as a hypothetical backer, for the purpose of keeping the Bear caged for an indefinite time, but of course, it is not known what secret resources either power may have, or what action other powers may take as time goes on.

The Decision.

No Harm Done by Upholding the Anti-Trust Law.

The Administration of President Roosevelt is to be congratulated upon its success in having the Supreme Court sustain its position in the Northern Securities case. It is the crowning achievement of a long series of Republican efforts to curb what an undoubted majority of the people of this country thought constituted a menace to its future welfare and political development. Beginning with the introduction by a Republican Senator of the anti-trust law in 1889, the enactment of that law by a Republican Congress in 1890, the enlargement of its scope in 1893, and its enforcement by a Republican Administration, the policy which the Supreme Court now declares to be constitutional must be placed to the credit—whatever credit there may be—of the Republican party. If Democrats have ever done anything to restrain illegal combinations except by shouting and calling heaven to witness the iniquity, we don't recall the fact. President Roosevelt and Attorney General Knox, therefore, can rightfully claim that they dealt in deeds rather than words. And the country will not forget it, either.

Between the view expressed by Mr. Knox that the decision is "sound law, good sense, for the advantage of all legitimate interests, and for the country's welfare, and that it averts the danger of uncontrolled political power in railway management"—between that view and the somewhat intemperate opinion delivered by Justice White, which characterizes the decision of a majority of his colleagues on the bench as "destructive of government, destructive of human liberty, and destructive of every principle upon which organized society depends," there is a conspicuous difference, of course. Both views are mere conjecture, however. Only the future can determine what the result of the policy deliberately entered upon by the country will be. For, let it be borne in mind, the court simply declares the anti-trust law to be constitutional; in other words, that Congress had the power and authority to enact it. Of its wisdom, of the consequences which may result, it expresses no opinion. The court did not even consider what Congress intended. It was guided only by the language of the law, and anybody who reads the act can see that the court's opinion puts upon it no strained or artificial construction. It may be that the act itself is, as some people seem to think, crude, ill-considered, harsh, destructive, and dangerous, but if it is, the country must look to Congress for a remedy.

In the meantime we are bound to confess that the rumored determination of the defeated "mergers" to circumvent the decision of the court by the adoption of more or less dubious methods—all of them designed to violate the spirit of the anti-trust law—does not strike us as calculated to inspire public sympathy. The defense set up by the representatives of the Northern Securities Company rested on technical contentions; it will do no good to substitute another set of technical contentions for those shown to have been futile. If principle there be involved in the ultimate determination of this great question—and we rather think it is—the honest, straightforward, the only way to establish that principle is by appeal to the people. And while that appeal is pending there is no danger, as Attorney General Knox expresses it, of the Administration "running amuck." It will execute the law, but it will not persecute anybody not violating it.

With other combinations which are on all fours, as some people mistakenly think, with the Northern Securities Company, it will not interfere, for the simple reason that there is probably no other combination affecting interstate commerce that can be shown to have been organized for the sole purpose of doing away with competition, at least on the peculiar lines laid down by Messrs. Hill and Morgan.

To be blunt and outspoken, there is no occasion for anyone to become hysterical. The Government still lives, and will continue to live. It isn't going to the "demition how-woos."

The White House Hyena.

Gift Said to Be on the Way to the President From Africa.

It is now said that Menelik of Abyssinia, who evidently has a somewhat highly colored idea of the tastes of President Roosevelt, has sent to him a hyena, which is likely to arrive at the White House before very long.

There is perhaps no beast which has less in common with Mr. Roosevelt than the hyena. Speculation is at a loss to discover why it should have been selected as a gift for him. It is unfit for riding or driving, and of no use as a draft animal, and in the capacity of a household pet it would be distinctly unsympathetic. It is not a thing of beauty, being one of the most ungraciously known to science, and the expression of its countenance is enough to discourage the most persistent admirer of the grotesque from looking at it very long. Its voice is worse than all its other unpleasant attributes put together.

Fortunately, King Menelik is separated from Washington by the breadth of an ocean and a continent, so that he cannot come around, attended by a bodyguard with spears, and find fault if Mr. Roosevelt consigns his hyena to the Zoological Gardens, where it can earn its board as a curiosity. That is probably what will be done. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive any other course.

There is, indeed, one possible reason for the sending of this most peculiar animal to the President at this time. Assisted by his interpreters, Menelik may have read the reports of the Postoffice investigation, and, unacquainted with the means of disposing of such matters in this country, may have come to the conclusion that the President would need some sort of creature to eat up the remains of the investigation. Of course, a monarch of Abyssinia could not be supposed to know much of American methods of street cleaning, or of the buzzard which performs such duties in some parts of our land. He may have felt that hyenas were needed if we were intending to clean house. But mistaken as this impression may have been, there is yet a sort of fitness in the arrival of the animal at this time. If it happens to get a glimpse of the indignation meetings of Congress over the Bristow report, or even hear of them in any connected way, that hyena will certainly laugh.

They are making General Kuropatkin the lion of Moscow, perhaps on the principle that a man has a right to be a hero once in his life, and it is best to make sure of the chance.

Tolstoy is writing a new book, which is not to be published until he is dead; a good advertisement of its incendiary character.

Churton Collins, an English critic, seems to think Longfellow was something of a poet after all; whereupon those Americans who owe their early education to the school reader may take courage.

Mr. Rockefeller is said to be using corn juice to make artificial honey, and, incidentally, money, which is a rag-time operation one would not expect from Mr. Rockefeller.

A rabbit romance is reported from Central Park, which gives John Burroughs another chance to say things about natural history as it ought not to be written.

The question which is puzzling many innocent Americans is, what the average Mormon family does when Thanksgiving comes around.

It used to be said in reproach of the habitual drinker that a good farm had gone down his throat; but many a sober citizen of Washington will drink up a farm in the present condition of the Potomac continues much longer.

The Congressmen who have been contributing to the cat concert over the Postoffice report are beginning to slip down off the roof and get out of the gas-light.

Michigan farmers are protesting against a bill making robins a pest. They say that the robins pay their board by eating up grubs. The farmers are sometimes more sensible than the men who make laws for their benefit.

Foraker is said to have warned the President about something, but whatever it was was hardly judicious to put it in just that form.

IN SOCIETY'S CIRCLE

Engagements, Dinners, Receptions, and Travels of Washingtonians.

Miss Nathalie Schenck the Promised Bride of Captain Collins, of the Cameron Highlanders. Other Social Matters.

Mrs. Spottwood D. Schenck, of New York, has formally announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Nathalie Schenck, to Capt. Glen Collins, of the Cameron Highlanders, British army (retired). Miss Schenck, who is a noted beauty and a favorite in New York society, went abroad with her mother several months ago as the guest of Eugene Higgins on his yacht, the Vorumar.

While traveling in the south of France Miss Schenck renewed her acquaintance with Captain Collins, whom she had met some time before. Captain Collins accompanied Mrs. Schenck and her daughter to this country, and they were married on Friday, and on Saturday afternoon the party left New York for Monterey, Cal., where they will spend several weeks. The wedding will probably take place in April, but whether in California or New York has not yet been decided.

The Russian ambassador and Countess Marqueterie Cassini entertained at dinner last evening. Their guests were the French ambassador and Madame Jussef, the Austrian ambassador, and Madame de Hengelmuller, the Swiss minister, Mr. Du Marthier, Senator and Mrs. Cullom, Senator and Mrs. Dewey, former Ambassador to Italy and Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Longworth, Miss Patten, Miss Louise Jones, Baron von dem Busche, and M. Desportes.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston held a reception last evening in honor of the birthday anniversary of their daughter, Jennie, which was followed by a musicale, under the direction of Prof. William Oates. An excellent program was given, several of his pupils taking part. Among them were the Misses O'Connell, Dowling, Davis, Scarrers, Bender, and Livingston, and Messrs. Webster, Duncom, Mimes, McIver, Davis, Benzler, McDowell.

Those present were Mrs. Benzler, Mrs. Drowe, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Oates, Mr. Steiner, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenblatt, Mr. and Mrs. Schlano, Miss Kaufman, Miss Duntz, Miss Gotsch, Miss Steiner, and a number of others. The evening ended with an informal dance. Miss Livingston was the recipient of many handsome souvenirs of the occasion.

The engagement of Miss Carol Simpson, daughter of Col. William A. Simpson, U. S. A., to Valentine Chappell, of New London, Conn., was announced yesterday.

Miss Simpson is an exceedingly attractive and popular young woman. She made her debut two seasons ago. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Latimore have sent out cards for the marriage of their

daughter, Mabel, to Willis Bradley Spear. The ceremony will take place on Monday evening, March 23, at the Vermont Avenue Christian Church.

Mrs. Roosevelt accompanied by Theodore, Jr., and Quentin are expected at the White House this afternoon.

Miss Roosevelt is planning to leave Washington at once for the South.

Herr von Verdy du Vernois, third secretary of the German embassy, who has been spending several weeks at St. Augustine and Palm Beach, returned to Washington yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stillson Hutchins will sail for Europe as soon as Mr. Hutchins has sufficiently recovered from his illness to stand the fatigue of travel.

Mrs. Parker, wife of Representative Parker, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth and Miss Eleanor Parker, is spending a few days in Baltimore.

On account of the unpleasant weather in St. Petersburg, Mrs. McCormick, wife of the United States ambassador, has gone to Paris for a visit of a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh are spending a few days in New York.

Senator and Mrs. Elkins gave a dinner of twenty covers last evening.

Mrs. Mack Gives Reading Of Shakespearean Roles

Mrs. Adeline Duval Mack, the dramatic reader, who has recently returned from a three years' residence in California, gave the second in her course of Shakespearean lectures at the Washington Club yesterday evening. Her subject was "Romeo and Juliet."

She gave the balcony scene, potion scene, and the hymn to "Night." The reading was followed by a musicale. Miss A. Mae Rogers sang the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which was followed by two piano solos, Lustspiel Overture, and "Meditation," by Morrison, by Miss Thea Leichter, the latter being given in response to an enthusiastic encore; two harp solos, "Autumn," by Thomas, and "Irish Melodies," for encore, by request, Miss Anita Class; two songs by Miss Blanche Toome, soprano, accompanied by Norman Day; "It Was a Lover and His Lass," De Koven, Miss Rogers, and for encore, Faure's "Ave Maria," with harp accompaniment instead of piano, which was most effective, and a piano solo by Mr. Daly, who played an arrangement of "Faust" music.

THE... PERSONAL SIDE....

"I want to see Secretary Moody." The request came from a small boy who was trying to get into the Navy Department after the building was closed to visitors.

"But you can't get in now. It's after 2 o'clock, and we can't let anybody in," the watchman replied.

"Oh, I know, but he'll see me," the little fellow protested as he drew himself up to full height.

"What is it you want?" the watchman asked.

"I want to see Mr. Moody, and nobody else want do."

"Then you'll have to come tomorrow morning," the man replied.

"But I tell you I can't wait," the boy protested. "The canal's all thawed out and I came over here to borrow one of those ships Mr. Moody has by there in glass cases. I want to sail it right away."

Called for "Pitchfork."

When Senator Tillman began using his famous "pitchfork" on the "ring" politicians in South Carolina in 1890, no one believed that his fondness for probing would induce him to turn the weapon on himself. If reports be true, however, this is the case.

A few days ago when the Senator was suffering with throat trouble, it became necessary for his physician to perform an operation to afford him relief. He was suffering intense pain and insisted that the operation be performed at once.

His physician explained to him that it was impossible to do so because he did not have the necessary instruments at hand.

"Oh, what difference does that make?" said the South Carolina Senator. "Anything that will stick will do. Get a pitchfork, for that matter. If there is any corruption it will let it out. I know what I am talking about, for I have often used a pitchfork on others with very satisfactory results."

Notwithstanding the assurances of the Senator, the operation was postponed until the physician procured the proper instruments.

Tawney the Adroit.

Representative Tawney of Minnesota, the Republican whip, possesses a combination of qualities that sufficiently account for his success in politics. He is frank and outspoken, a hard fighter, and yet an adroit politician.

James Young, Representative from Pennsylvania, in speaking of him recently, said:

"When I first came to Congress and was suffering the usual humiliating experiences of a new Congressman, I was introduced to Tawney. The third time I met him he called me 'Jim,' and kept on calling me 'Jim' ever afterward. One day after I had got settled down around me so that I no longer saw men as trees walking, I said: 'Tawney, how did you come to call me Jim so early in the game?'"

"My boy," said Tawney, "I just heard one of your friends call you Jim, and thought 'He looks like a good fellow; I'm going to call him Jim, too.'"

"But the effect of it had been to make me feel that I was all right and a pretty big man. If a man as prominent as Tawney called me Jim, I must be all the

THE EVENING STORY

MADAME.

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

"Good evening, madame," said the gentleman, pausing, but in hand before the easy chair on the banquette. A very pretty little plump figure was in the easy chair, and the figure held a fan in one charming hand—the merest trifle of a Japanese fan, that swayed with the grace of a bow on its stem; and madame's dark eyes were raised above it. There was another chair on the banquette, most providentially; and the gentleman took it and leaned back against the iron post of the gallery.

"Oh, but you 'ave at las' come!" cried madame, with a faint hint of reproach in her voice. "Mais, you 'ave take you' time, yes. It is—see—one whole mont' that you 'ave not even pass. An' to be all alone—one might break himself in an' stab us with the ax, and you would not know, ingrat!"

The large eyes drooped, madame clasped the fan in both hands as if it were a prayerbook.

"But, madame," pleaded the gentleman, "you told me when I was here last that you were expecting your daughter home from the convent; and I thought, madame—I was sure—that you would prefer to be alone with her for some time—"

Then indeed did madame raise her eyes and her eyebrows and her hands all at once.

"Oh, but I find that very funny, yes!"

"don't make nothing! She is more pretty than I am, an' I am not so ugly as some"—there was a dangerous sparkle in the dark eyes above the fan. "An' then, Clotil' is good, m'sieu—oh, good to make you die—an' me, I am not so good, no. She will make prayers for you when you will be 'durn' wrong, m'sieu; an' a man will like that, yes. It will be like 'even, m'sieu'!"

"If m'sieu had any heavenly aspirations they did not betray themselves at that moment. His face was turned away from the light. He seemed to be thinking.

"Perhaps Clotilde might have something to say on that subject," he suggested.

"Oh, Clotil'? What 'ave she got to say?" cried madame, waving Clotilde away with one sweep of the fan. "Clotil'? I tell her what to do, an' she do. She is a child, Clotil'. She not know nothing, I say, Clotil', you marry m'sieu, an' Clotil' say, 'Yes, mamma.'"

It was such a seraphic condition of things that madame laughed lightly above the little fan. M'sieu had tilted his chair back against the iron post, and with his hand behind his head was gazing upward at the stars. It is a position favorable to the study of the stars—also to the observation of any person who chances to be leaning over the railing of the upstairs gallery.



What Madame did was to throw something at him and fly into the friendly shadows of the back parlor.

she said. "Is it that a woman like me, who love the gaily an' the opera an' the dance, shall sit down an' count the beads from morning till night with a tall girl who might be my sister? One likes the religion, yes, an' I have not 'crow my beads'—she stily drew them from her pocket to give him a glimpse of them—but one does not want the beads for breakfast, luncheon, and to dine. Such a serious girl, m'sieu, who do me the honor to be shock' if I but lit' my skirt un peu, an' make myself to dance aroun' the room. An' think of it, m'sieu! She 'ave finish at the convent! I cannot see' her back. She is here for always!"

There was a touch of despair in her tones as m'sieu laughed. M'sieu was a very tall and blond American, and he found this small madame amusing.

"Perhaps she will marry," he suggested; and madame gave a little laugh that was half a shriek.

"Marry? In the convent? She is a recluse. She see no one—she go nowhere but to the cat'edral, where she go make her prayers. Mais, m'sieu, the Blessed Virgin must weary herself with these so much prayers. It is not that I pray to nobody; she say 'ave pretty little deathbed with a toss of her head and one shoulder."

The gentleman in the other chair laughed too, a little thoughtfully. Across the narrow street other women were coming out to the banquette, with their chairs. A young man, coming down the street with a very alert swing, touched his hat in passing and turned into the house next door. It was the other half of madame's house, and a partition sliced through between the two, from top to bottom.

"The son of Mme. Dubois?" he asked tentatively. She made a pretty little face open and shut.

"Yes," she replied, with a smile that set aside the entire Dubois family. "I do not know thep, tpe. Armand Dubois, he make his money at trade, is it not?—the coffee, an' the strap, an' things like those. I 'ave never 'ave the honor to know Mme. Dubois."

"Where is Clotilde now?" asked the thoughtful gentleman, staring into the straw hat with which he had been fanning himself.

"Oh, she is upstairs in her room," laughed madame fretfully. "Perhaps she is making prayers—perhaps making the lace she work at t'if my eyes ache. Why is a woman like me with a prayful daughter, when she herself all the time wish to laugh an' be gay?"

It was such a weighty question that neither of them attempted to answer it. Madame was much more by chapter than the woman across the street, and the children at the corner under the arc light were making a babel of noise, m'sieu was listening to it in a kind of dream when madame leaned over and touched his arm.

"M'sieu," she whispered in soft tones that would have melted the heart of an anchorite, "wy don't you marry Clotil'?"

To say that m'sieu started would be doing little justice to the occasion. He looked at the big, soft eyes shining at him through the meshes of the lace.

"Madame," he began, a little ceremoniously, "I have never even met—"

"No, you 'ave never meet Clotil'," she cried with voluble gaiety; "but that

M'sieu took up his hat and looked into it gravely.

"I will call in soon—say Wednesday," he said. "If Clotilde says 'Yes, mamma,' you might let me know."

When he made his appearance in madame's front parlor on Wednesday evening, madame herself came forward to greet him, with both hands outstretched.

"It is all arrange!" she cried gaily. "I 'ave speak to Clotil'—I 'ave telled her, what a good man m'sieu is, an' so 'an' some, an' 'big, an' 'aw he 'ave implore for her 'an' in marriage. They train a girl well, those convent. Clotil' 'ave look down an' blush, an' say, 'Yes, mamma.' Oh, it is beautiful, m'sieu. Seat yourself down in this chair till she rit—turn. She 'ave only gone to the cat'edral to make herself some more prayer."

And then madame leaned again, peeping out at the blinds as she heard a familiar step. Then she ran and turned the latch and opened the door, crying:

"Entrez, ma petite, he is here."

Ma petite entered; tall, beautiful, rosy as the morn. She and Paul Dubois walked in hand in hand, like two children.

"We are married, mamma, Paul and I," cried Clotilde, running forward. "Isn't it beautiful? We love one another so—so beautifully—and we are married by the judge. We can be marry over again by the priest."

Madame shrieked and fell into the chair.

"But she is makin' game, yes!" she cried to m'sieu. "Ha, ha!—it make me laugh. She is one little child—she 'ave never speak to him."

"Oh, yes, I have," interrupted the girl radiantly. "You know that B'l partition on the gallery? We 'ave been 'aroun' that an' talk a thousand times, mamma— all since I come. It is Paul that keep Paul, mamma, an' will make thee a good son—for thy old age."

Oh, but madame's shriek was a very real one this time, and she began to sob.

"Go away—go!" she cried. And Clotilde ran up and kissed her, and ran lightly back to Paul.

"We go break the news to Mamma Dubois, who will also be very pleas," she said gaily; and they went out, hand in hand.

Madame's face was buried in her handkerchief, m'sieu was almost smothered, but not quite. There was a curious little shiver in his voice when he spoke.

"Since Clotilde had other views," he said, carefully, "what if—Clotilde's mother, takes that man who is big and handsome and good—I forget the rest of the list—and who implores her—what does madame say?"

Madame did not say anything. What madame did was to throw something at him and fly into the friendly shadows of the back parlor.

M'sieu caught the something as it flew, and looked at it. It was a little string of alabaster and gold prayer beads.

And m'sieu laughed, and followed madame into the shadows.

FAILED TO SAVE WALTERSSEE.

BERLIN, March 15.—Christian Science methods were resorted to for two hours preceding the death of Count von Walterssee, in a vain endeavor to save him.