

The Washington Times

Published every day in the year.

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PUBLICATION OFFICE,

Tenth and D Streets.

Subscription rates to out of town points, postage prepaid:

Daily, one year..... \$5.00
Sunday, one year..... \$2.50

The Times pays postage on all copies mailed, except in the District of Columbia and to Foreign Countries.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1904.

Inauguration Day.

A Few Reflections on the Fitness of the Fourth of March for This Ceremony.

It is past the middle of March, and snowstorms are still within the possibilities. Perhaps we have had so much winter this year that Inauguration Day, 1905, will be reasonably warm, but that is only a possibility, after all. Experience has shown that almost any kind of weather is within the possibilities of the month of March in Washington, and yet we continue to hold our most important public meeting on the 4th of March, every four years.

Of course, there may be some hidden reason for this. It may be agreeable to the majority of the people of Washington to go sight-seeing with their friends in a hard rainstorm or a heavy snow, or a drizzling mist, and it may be pleasant for those who come to witness the inauguration to bring umbrellas with them and sit or stand for several hours with raindrops trickling down the back of the neck, and their view of the proceedings impaired by umbrellas in front. It may be pleasant to do all these things, but we think not.

On the occasion of one inauguration, not long ago, there was a hail-storm, and spectators sat shivering in overcoats, steamer rugs, and other wrappings, and saw as much of the parade as they could. Washington is a lovely city, but she can produce more different kinds of bad winter weather than others which have a worse reputation in that line. Against mere snow or mere rain it is possible to protect one's self; but when it is a case of cold sleety rain with wind complications, the problem is more difficult. By an unfortunate coincidence, the time selected for inaugurations is precisely the time when such a rain is most likely to occur.

Suppose the date were changed to April 30, as has been proposed, nothing worse than rain could happen. Snow would be out of the question, so would hail, and the combination of rain and a high wind, which produces more bad language than either alone possibly could, would be less likely to occur than in March. If the people of Washington, and the country at large really enjoy March weather better than that of the later spring, of course, they have a right to their enjoyment, but we think the average citizen prefers to be dry rather than wet, and warm rather than chilly, and in a placid frame of mind rather than that engendered by trying to manage his hat, umbrella, and over-shoes so that the wind will not blow the rain through them, when he is seeing his President take the oath of office.

Frederick the Great.

A Contribution to a Great Discussion of a Great Subject.

We confess to having derived, and, as a matter of fact, to deriving still a great deal of amusement over the discussion which some of our able-bodied contemporaries are carrying on about the proposed erection of a statue—the gift of the German Emperor—of Frederick the Great “upon ground belonging to the American people.” Most of our contemporaries, we are pained to observe, shake their illustrious heads dubiously at a proposition which to their minds seems charged with possibilities for mischief too horrible to contemplate with equanimity. The presence of a monarch's graven image “in our midst” fills their apprehensive souls with a patriotic shudder. The counterfeited presentment of “one of them kings,” placed where budding youth, may pass, will insidiously sap, they think, the sturdy growth of republican institutions. Liberty will presently lie bleeding in the gutter, they assert, if such a tyrant—even though he be of bronze only—is to set foot on our shores. Away with him—he has no place in “the republican pantheon!”

We confess, we say, that this amuses us. And our enjoyment, we do not mind admitting, is still further heightened by the perfect mine of information which the discussion carried on by our esteemed contemporaries has uncovered. Never was there anything like it. Never were the in-

nermost thoughts of a man so ruthlessly laid bare as have been those of the philosopher of Saussouci by the learned disputants of the press and Senate. Never has this “eraftly despot,” this “frugal tradesman,” this “bloody butcher”—we can't recall at the moment all the names flung at him—been “shown up” in his true light as he has been by these watchful guardians of our political morality. We were amazed, we admit, at our ignorance. We thought, for instance, that Frederick was King of Prussia only, but here comes one Moncure D. Conway, and while holding up to scorn and ridicule poor Senator Stewart for “erowning Frederick with the laurels of Peter,” speaks himself of Liston, George the Third's representative at the court of Berlin, as the “English ambassador in Germany,” and boldly holds the Prussian King responsible because recognition of our independence “never came from Germany.” He seems blissfully ignorant of the fact that as King in Prussia Frederick was no German prince at all. We say, we are grateful for these stray bits of information—grateful, because they have contributed to the general gawdy and because they are offered by our learned contemporaries with much owlish solemnity.

Far be it from us to enter the lists in a spirit of levity. In advance we beg to apologize for living. Yet, since we are told that “a monument to Tamerlane or Attila would look as well and mean as much in Washington” as a monument to Frederick the Great, we beg to inquire whether it would not be in order to remove at once the statue erected to the memory of Hahemann, in Scott Circle. Tamerlane and Attila, it is true, never were suspected of being quacks, and Hahemann was and is—by all odds, at least—but all three, so many people think, and other coryphees of the medical profession besides, take high rank among the butchers of mankind. If Frederick, therefore, appears objectionable because he slaughtered his subjects and the subjects of other kings, we respectfully submit that no monument hereafter should be erected to a member of the medical profession. We might go even a step further—remembering the havoc wrought once by the jawbone of an ass, we should feel impelled to protest against monuments to the memory of men whose speeches, when living, we were unable to escape. In a sense, they, too, were butchers.

Speaking a little more seriously, this whole discussion seems to us a trifle far-fetched, anyway. Here is a gift, offered in good faith. Whether it was well chosen or not is neither here nor there. The President accepted it, and it is to be erected, along with other statues of great soldiers, in the grounds of a War College. That's where it belongs. Calling Frederick a “bloody butcher” does not alter the fact that the school he will face is devoted to the task of rearing other “butchers.” If, then, his presence in bronze, or marble, or whatever the pesky material out of which the blamed thing is made, may be—if his presence, we say, will inspire our young warriors to emulate the military record left by the greatest captain of the eighteenth century, the statue will have done all it may legitimately be expected to do. As to its meeting, or not meeting, “the approval of enlightened and informed Americans or enjoy the sanction of logic and propriety” we think that that is mostly tommyrot. Enlightened and informed people don't spend sleepless nights over it.

A Paradoxical Situation.

Having Scared Away Laborers, Planters Now Want Them Back.

What is known as the “race war belt” in Mississippi is now menaced by new trouble. Having been bothered considerably by “had negroes,” the exasperated planters of that region have been warning all negroes out of one town and another, and generally establishing a reign of terror among the Ethiopians. Now they want laborers and the laborers are few. It is not exactly a case of fields white to the harvest, the trouble is that they will not be white unless somebody can be got to make them so; and it is not only the cotton fields which will be dark and dismal; it is the fence in need of whitewashing, and the “holed shirt,” and the floors which are in need of scrubbing, and will not be whitewashed, or holed, or scrubbed to their pristine whiteness: without the labor of dusky African hands. In short, the Mississippi planter in the race war district is wrestling with the problem of getting his work done without taking too much trouble to make it comfortable for the laborers.

This is a problem with which nobody can afford to meddle. It will have to be worked out on the ground. It is reported that one way in which it may be solved is by jailing all va-

grants and making them work out their fines, but aside from the unsatisfactory nature of compulsory labor, it would seem to the outsider that unless some pains is taken to reform the vagrant, such a course will tend to make him even more objectionable than he is now. Jail life and peonage do not as a rule improve the morals. However, if people will kick out their hobnobs and then want them back, it is hard to see what can be done about it.

Russian Chickens.

The Statement of General Kuropatkin to the People.

In that little old Webster's Spelling Book—or was it the New England Primer?—at any rate it was one of those books which few of us have seen but all of us know quite well—there was a story about a milkmaid who carried a pail of milk on her head, and dreamed pleasant dreams of the while of the chickens she would raise with the money which the milk should bring. We all remember what happened. There were no chickens.

General Kuropatkin confidently made the statement the other day in Moscow that Russia would submit to no treaty which should rob her of the hard-won fruits of victory. “Korea,” he proudly affirmed, “shall be Russian.” And the people cheered.

Since there are at present no fruits of victory whatever on the Russian side, except the Variag, stuck in the mud, and some other wrecks at the bottom of the sea, and Russian soldiers reported to have been frozen, and a section of Russian railway reported to have been torn up, this announcement seems a little premature. Moreover, General Kuropatkin has not yet left Russia, and his predecessor (let us be gentle) did not return home in triumph.

It is not possible, of course, to predict what will happen in the future. But Japan has been pouring citizens into Korea for some time, and is at present building a fence around the place, which will be full of Japanese pickets. It may be, of course, that Korea shall be Russian, but all we have to say is, things will have to happen first.

Perhaps the Czar's way of being economical is to lose his appetite whenever news comes from the front.

Two hundred students in Odessa University have been arrested, and over a hundred expelled or suspended, for pro-Japanese demonstrations. Suppose the students of Harvard or Yale had made pro-Spanish demonstrations at the outbreak of our war with Spain, what should we have done?

The coal trust is now looking sideways at the Northern Securities case, to see how strong a family resemblance there may be.

Suppose the Russians were to use camels for transportation. Would the army thereby be led to hump itself?

Bunau-Varilla says the building of the canal will take seven years; but Uncle Sam and Jean Crapaud are somewhat different when it comes to doing business.

An editor pats himself on the back for his brave editorial against Smoot. If he were editor of a Salt Lake City paper it would be brave.

The country has been ruined again, according to the prediction of Messrs. Morgan and Hill, but the chances are that we shall get over it. Indeed, most people do not yet know that they have been ruined.

Some of the people who began to abuse President Roosevelt because the Supreme Court was not going to condemn the merger are now trying hard not to look foolish.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

I knew a man who thought he knew it all. He knew how earth became a rolling ball. He knew the source and secret of all life; He also knew how Adam came to fall. He knew the causes of the Glacial Age. And what it was that made the deluge rage. He knew—in fact, he knew most everything; In his own mind he was earth's greatest sage. His knowledge was of such stupendous girth. It took in everything upon the earth. And in the heavens; but, most strange of all, He didn't know a thing of real worth. He knew where people go when they are dead. He knew all wonders ever sung or said. He knew the past and future; but for all He didn't know enough to earn his bread. He was a marvel of omniscience— He knew the secret of the hence and whence. He was a bundle of great theories; The only thing he lacked was common sense. —J. A. Edgerton, in the New York Sun.

THE PERSONAL SIDE

Omaha Editor Wears Boots. Monroe Doctrine Equals the Navy--Japs as Fond of Liquor as Russians.

“Oh, you can't miss him. He wears boots.” This was considered sufficient description to enable a man who was looking for E. Rosewater to recognize the well-known Omaha editor.

The rest of the world has adopted shoes of the most satisfactory sort of footwear, but Mr. Rosewater has declined to do things as the rest of the world does, and still wears French calf boots with the small heels which were so popular with well dressed men thirty years ago.

The engagement is announced from San Francisco of Miss Ruth McNutt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William F. McNutt, to Lieut. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., son of Gen. and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

Miss McNutt is a leader in the younger social set of San Francisco and extremely popular. She will leave California next week for a visit to the family of her fiancé and will probably be present at the marriage of Miss Burton and Lieut. George Mason Lee, which will take place at the Highlands on Easter Monday.

The marriage of Miss Mary E. Fulton and Thomas Stretton took place yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, in the Church of the Advent, Le Droit Park. The Rev. Edward Marshall Mott read the marriage service. Miss Fannie Crandell was the bride's only attendant, and Claude Koss served as best man.

The wedding was a quiet one, only relatives and a few personal friends being present. Mrs. Grace Worthington Hazell and Dr. L. L. Harban were quietly married at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the parsonage of St. Thomas Church. Dr. and Mrs. Harban will reside at 1229 Connecticut Avenue, and will be at home after March 27.

The British ambassador and Lady Durand entertained at dinner last evening, when their guests included Senator and Mrs. Depey, Senator and Mrs. Alger, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne MacVesah, Mrs. John W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon-Cumming, Mrs. Robeson, Miss Ethel Robeson, Miss Edith Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Waterlow, Miss Hagner, Baron von dem Busche, M. Deser, Prince de Bearn, and Mr. Rakkes and Mr. Gurnew, of the embassy staff.

Mr. Du Martheray, the Swiss minister, upon his arrival in Washington last spring, found the legation in Hillier Place in such a dilapidated condition that he made no effort to occupy it until his return to the Capital in the fall. Since then the house has been filled with workmen and entertainments of a formal nature have been impossible.

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Senator and Miss Kean, who had cards out for a dinner several weeks ago, in honor of the Speaker of the House of Representatives and Miss Cannon, and recalled them on account of the death of Senator Hanna, entertained them at dinner last evening.

Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by her second son, Kermit, returned from Groton yesterday. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., will spend the early part of the spring holidays with friends in the North.

Owing to death in the family, Mr. and Mrs. L. Doyle have recalled the invitations for Saturday, March 26.

Miss Henry May and her house guest, Miss Emory, went to New York yesterday.

Miss Clara Barton will receive the members of the Grand Army at her home, at Glen Echo, Md., on Saturday evening, March 26. She will be assisted by the Legion of Loyal Women.

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Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pitman Ramsey entertained last evening in honor of Representative and Mrs. Williams. Invited to meet them were Representative W. S. Hill, Representative Candler, Representative R. J. Humphreys, Charlton Clark, Dr. and Mrs. E. Clark, H. McKay Fulgham, E. Redwood, Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Barr, A. Redwood, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Harris, Jr., Miss M. L. Hobgood, Miss M. Faver, M. Wenger, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Donnell, Miss Donnell, and Mrs. L. F. Holden.

The condition of Mrs. Miles, wife of General Miles, who has not been well for the greater part of the winter, is so critical that her friends have become alarmed over her continued ill health. She is reported as slightly better today than she was yesterday.

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Season at Palm Beach Waning; Guests Departing. The season at Palm Beach is waning, adeus are being said, and the tide of travel is setting northward.

IN SOCIETY.

Weddings, Engagements, and Receptions.

Lieut. Fitzhugh Lee Affianced to Miss McNutt, of California.

Miss Irene D. Forrest and James C. MacSherry, of New York, were quietly married yesterday at Holy Trinity Church. The Rev. F. K. Mulvaney, assisted by the Rev. Francis J. McCarthy, performed the ceremony, which was followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride in N Street.

The bride wore a traveling gown of dark blue cloth with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. MacSherry left town in the afternoon for a trip through the North. They will make their home in New York.

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THE EVENING STORY

JEFF WILDER'S FIRST CASE.

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

The deadly heat of the summer lay heavily over the land. The sun boiled pitilessly down on the parched and cracked earth, burning the corn to a yellow crisp. One needed no almanac to know that the hot season was drawing to a close. It could be read in the faces of the young people, as well as in their languid movements, devoid of energy. The height of the rank dog fenel which filled the courthouse square told the same story.

At Leeboro-Pocatello county, Arkansas—no vivid interest in life displayed itself, even in the courthouse square where the business of the county centered. A dog fight in the road was not attraction enough to draw the loafers from the shade.

But as the “evening” crept along, the tide of travel set toward the courthouse. There were two reasons for this. The more powerful one was that the old brick courthouse was as cool a place as could be found in the county. An hour, the lesser reason was that Jefferson Wilder, the son of Judge Wilder, was to argue his first case, and the town was curious to see how the boy would handle it.

In itself the case was a trifling one. A woman from the country was suing for divorce from her husband, who was at present serving a term in the penitentiary for homicide committed in a drunken frolic. The whole interest lay in its connection with young Wilder. For three generations the Wilders had been lawyers of repute. To have a



There were three children with her—a baby of about eighteen months, a boy coming on three, and a girl who was perhaps eight.

Wilder in the House at Washington was a tradition of the district. It was a current jest in Little Rock that the principal product of the Fourth Congressional district were the Wilders.

It was a kindly, humorous face that Judge Wilder turned on the spectators—a face very like his son's but older and less serious, as if he had come to realize that life must not be taken too seriously.

The woman who sat by Jefferson Wilder was a very usual type of the center's wife. One might find fifty like her in a ride through the country. Her shoulders were bowed from many days at the plow handles. She was dressed meanly in cheap cotton stuff. Her eyes had a weary, hopeless dejection that comes to some women before their time. She had been pretty once.

There were three children with her—a baby of about eighteen months, a boy coming on three, and a girl who was perhaps eight. There were all tow headed, salted little pieces, and the older girl looked prematurely aged, a younger edition of her mother, even to the drooping corners of her mouth. The boy alone had energy to spare. His big eyes wandered all over the room and took in everything there was to see. He gazed at his mother's skirts and asked embarrassing questions audibly. The sad-eyed mother listlessly, from force of habit, treated the restless youngster with “the lout.”

“If you all can't be quiet, Buddha, I'll wear you to a frazzle,” she told him fiercely.

When young Wilder got to his feet to close his case, the audience settled itself comfortably to listen. The boy was a trifle nervous, for he knew that the real cause at issue was Jefferson Wilder vs. Failure. His sentences abounded with the florid and flamboyant oratory in which the South is so rich. He knew that he was doing well, and he thrilled to the finger tips with exultation. Again and again his eyes went back to one sallow, blanched face at the back of the room—a face which was quite immobile except for the fine eyes. Wilder found himself wondering in the midst of his denunciations how the man had acquired that peculiarly clammy lack of color. He looked as a man might who had been buried alive for a time.

The boy took himself very seriously—more seriously than any other persons in the room took him, except his client, her old little girl, and the bearded stranger in the back seat. These three followed every syllable with a devotion that was pathetic. Once, when the denunciation of her worthless husband by the young lawyer grew more than ordinarily bitter, the wife sprang to her feet as if to protest, but she fell back before the many curious eyes that were focused upon her.

The man in the back seat grew restless under the hot eloquence of the young Southerner. He writhed beneath the words of unmeasured scorn that fell from the lawyer's lips. Every scathing epithet fell on him like the lash of a whip across a bristling flesh. The misery of his tortured soul leaped out of his speaking eyes.

There was a murmur of applause as Wilder dropped quickly to his seat. The boyish attorney would not look round, but he knew that men were rising from their seats and craning forward to get another look at him. Older attorneys came up to offer him humorous but wholly sincere congratulations to the young fellow. Jeff laughed them aside gaily, but he felt the hot tears rising to his eyes and he was hysterically happy.

He turned to see a man pushing his way awkwardly along the aisle to the front. It was the man he had noticed sitting near the door. He was dressed roughly in the usual jeans, shapeless felt hat, and brogans. He had rather a kindly face, though the lank, hangin'

law was suggestive of weakness and indecision. The man pulled the forelock of his hair and ducked his head at the judge.

“For a moment his sallow face flamed with embarrassment; then he moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue and began to speak.

“It's paw!” exclaimed the little girl beneath her breath.

The woman went suddenly gray as ashes, then dropped her head into her hands on the table in front of her. “It air all true what he said, an' a right smart heap more,” the man began. “I ain't denyin' that I taken her from a good home an' treated her no better than a dawg. Hit air all true, though I hate turrible to own hit. Down to the store I was a gambler an' a cyard player, an' at home I was a shiftless, triffin' no'count. I reckon if ye traveled all over Pocatello county hit wud have b'n hard to find a meaner husband to the ol' woman an' a more careless paw to the little tricks. She did the bulk of the plowin' an' the hoein' while I was away swappin' mews. She kep' the co'n meal in the bar' while I loafed down to Fisher's store. I low she was good s'het of me when I went to jail.”

The room was still as death save for the man's husky voice and the woman's long sobs. He looked at her a moment with a working face, then dragged a ragged sleeve across his moist eyes. “I was allus aimin' to do better, but I somehow cudn't git around to hit. Then

come the row at Fisher's an' they all hit on me to go to jail because I was the drunkest. You all know, Judge, about them convict camps at Coal Hill. Seem sort of like the cyards were bad as well. They all were plumb hard on us—ns, an' knocked us around like we was niggers. I chilled a heap, an' it was a time when I lowed to die. But all the time they was pesterin' an' whippin' me because I cudn't work.

“Shuck! They ain't no use talkin' 'bout hit, 'cappen to show you how I come to be changed man. I know now what hit is to be treated mean. Judge, an' I know what it is to suffer jes' as I made her suffer. I had two years to think 'bout nothin' else, an' I got it stedded out. I want a chance to make hit up to her an' the little tricks. I aim to work like a nigger for them if you all an' her give me another chance. That's all judge.”

The woman's slight frame was shaken with sobs, and the man laid a sallow hand on her shoulder. “They ain't nothin' to cry 'bout, sis,” he said, soothingly. “I hain't a goin' to do you all any meaness, even if you don't feel like givin' me another chance.”

The woman rose from her place without looking up, and buried her face in his shoulder with her arms around his neck. The older girl began to weep, and the baby howled, while the boy looked on in amazement at this apparently uncalculated display of family feeling.

“Hit will be all right now, honey. I aim to give you a better time an' to take care of you. Don't you cry, honey,” soothed the man in the kindly Southern drawl.

The judge cleared his throat and wiped his glasses with his handkerchief. “I reckon this knocks the bottom out of your case, Jeff,” he said. Jeff brushed his hand across his eyes. “I reckon it does, sir, and I'm dashed glad of it,” he said impetuously. “Your Honor, in behalf of the plaintiff I move to dismiss the case.”

DISTRICT MAY SUE PARKER'S ADMINISTRATOR Corporation Counsel A. B. Duvall has called the attention of the Supreme Court of the District to the death some time ago of John C. Parker, who is named as defendant in what is known as the “wrongful voucher” case.

The suit was instituted by the Commissioners against Mr. Parker to recover \$60 paid to him for certain school supplies which, it is said, were not delivered to the District authorities. If the administrator of his estate does not enter a plea to the suit before the end of the present term, the Corporation Counsel will move to make the administrator a party and then proceed with the litigation in the usual way.

PHI DELTA THETA MEN HOLD BANQUET Phi Delta Theta fraternity last night celebrated the birthday anniversary of the society's founder, Robert Morrison, by a banquet at the Riggs House. The Washington membership of the fraternity includes eleven members of Congress.

Major Scott Buried with Military Honors The funeral of Major Douglass M. Scott, who died at Fort Monroe, on March 13, was held at Fort Myer, at 11 o'clock this morning. The service was conducted by Chaplain Pierce and interment was at Arlington. The body was escorted to the grave by a detachment of cavalry, and military honors marked the burial.