

The Washington Times

Published Evening and Sunday at THE MUNSEY BUILDING, Penn. Ave., between 13th and 14th Sts. New York Office... Boston Office... Daily, one year... Sunday, one year...

FRANK A. MUNSEY. The Times is served in the city of Washington and District of Columbia by boys, who deliver and collect for the paper on their own account at the rate of 5 cents a week for the Evening and 3 cents a copy for the Sunday edition.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1908.

The Same Old Game.

The campaign has already produced the following enlistments—Mr. Roger Sullivan, as a lieutenant for Mr. Bryan. Mr. Boss Cox, as a lieutenant for Mr. Taft. Mr. "Lou" Payne, as a lieutenant for Mr. Hughes.

Some of the Incidentals.

The chief merit of a probation and parole system is, of course, that it saves character. Stand or fall, the system depends on that. But there are certain incidental benefits which should move Congress to make room for the bill reported favorably last Friday by the Senate District Committee.

It will enable the more worthy of the men convicted to support their own families instead of making their charges of the state.

It will preclude later trials of the same persons, in more than 80 per cent of the persons paroled.

It will enable the courts more nearly to fix punishments according to an examination into the prisoner's own need, and not according to the snap judgment of a brief trial.

It will go far toward relieving the congestion at a jail built to accommodate 320, and made to hold within in the past few weeks 617.

It will work a saving of probably \$80,000 in the keep of prisoners, at a total cost of less than \$12,000.

Put together, all this does not weigh in the scales as heavy as saving 3,000 or 3,500 of our fellows to good citizenship. But almost any item among these incidental benefits ought to be enough to get consideration for the bill.

Minister Wu's Message.

Between China, whose brilliant diplomatic representative, Wu Ting-fang, has now resumed his old practice of speaking directly to the people of America, and the United States there exists a substantial feeling of friendship and good will. In recent times, as the minister has pointed out, this country has done much to secure for the Chinese empire liberal and respectful treatment from the more aggressive powers.

Mr. Howell's Opinion.

Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, probably the most influential newspaper in the South, has been in Washington. He thought Secretary Taft altogether likely to be nominated; expected Mr. Bryan to be the Democratic candidate; and was sure, in this situation, that the Democrats should win if they are ever to do so.

March Circulation Figures

Net Daily Average: The Times.....46,306 Increase Over February, 1,486 The Star.....38,441 Decrease From February, 525.

WAS'N'T SURE.

A bright-eyed old man boarded the train at St. Paul, bound for Seattle. As the conductor passed through the car the old man stopped him and asked how far it was from St. Paul to Seattle.

The Association of American Advertisers

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The details of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

REMARKABLE SAFE.

A remarkable burglar proof safe has been placed in a bank in England. At night the safe is lowered on cables into an impregnable metallic lined vault of masonry and concrete.

WEDDING MUSIC.

It happened at the little church across the street. A wedding was in progress. The organist had played "Lohengrin Coming In" and was prepared to play "The Missionary Song."

KANSAS PHILOSOPHY

If you sell goods on credit, you will be expected to feel grateful for a dead-beat's trade.

believes. The fact that he, Howell, is a Democratic leader is the only thing to add especial interest to his expression of this view.

The other day The Times pointed out that there is particularly good reason why the Republicans should this year name their very strongest candidate for President. That is, that this year the Republicans face the necessity of overturning, if possible, a precedent firmly established in American history; the precedent which dictates that in the next Presidential election after a financial panic, the country changes political parties.

When Republicans and Democrats agree who is the party's strongest possible nominee; and when conditions make absolutely certain that none but the strongest man is the safe man; in such a time, does it not seem fatuous beyond belief that the Republicans should name a man of secondary strength?

The Republican party loves success. It doesn't thrive on adversity. It has a good digestion and a habit of eating three times a day. It has been a cool, calculating, unenthusiastic, businesslike organization when the question between winning and losing was to be decided. It has always decided with its judgment, not its enthusiasm.

This year its judgment and its enthusiasm both point to the same candidate—President Roosevelt.

Is it to be believed that the party will desert all its traditions of good sense and good politics this year?

Women and the Union Station.

Under the caption "Where the Women Folks Can Help," there appeared in these columns two weeks ago a suggestion that our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters unite to further these causes:

- 1. A child-labor law for the Capital of the United States. 2. Penal and correctional reform for the Capital of the United States. 3. Pure and clean milk for the Capital of the United States. 4. Playgrounds for the Capital of the United States. 5. Safe schools and enough schools for the Capital of the United States. 6. Safe and proper transportation to the Union Station at the Capital of the United States.

In support of her request, our correspondent argues—The writer wishes that these women had the power to call Congress to account for the many cases of pneumonia and illness and death incident to the last winter's exposure to snow and rain and slush. Not every one who has to take a business trip or who needs to go away for health and change can afford to pay cash hire for three blocks.

It seems strange that the railroads themselves do not run their little cars back and forth to the depot for a 5-cent fare. They could ply like ferriesboats, it would increase trade. The writer knows of instances where trips were abandoned because of the distance and the weather. Now soon the blazing sun will make it unendurable in behalf of the invalid, the aged, the little child, that they may go and come in comfort.

Congress has made a fine muddle of the Union Station situation while on the job. It has tied to what should have been a simple proposition to run street cars across the plaza certain clauses which it is dangerous to let go. The Times has several times urged a compromise—that the Senate agree to a supervision of all our street car lines by the Commissioners, and the House forego its demand for a universal transfer. But so far they pull and haul contrarily, and, as our correspondent indicates, we are the sufferers.

We would not incite the women of Washington to a siege of Congress for the world. They have troubles enough up on the Hill without that. But we venture the opinion, merely the individual opinion of an outsider, that if the women folks of certain Congressmen we know were to put orally across the breakfast table tomorrow morning what this woman has written down, then a sensible, businesslike, and gingery Union Station bill would be made law this week.

Any foreign power which desires to strike the American navy just at the time when its chance of defending itself will be at the lowest ebb, should get busy right now. By the time the fleet is done with being entertained out on the coast it will be ready to take to the tanks, throw the alarm clock overboard, and snooze through a whole procession of Trafalgars.

The steamship St. Paul, having butted into a British cruiser and put it out of business, the Minneapolis will have to do something desperate if the balance between the Twin Cities is not to be hopelessly wrecked.

Mme. Gould is quoted as saying that "if we desire marriages with Europeans, it is to elevate our standing." That dispels the suspicion that some of us did it just out of reckless determination to get rid of our money.

The telegraph operator who inserted that "hot" in Congressman Casser's message about the race track bill, ought at least to have a pretty good idea where he could get a new job—provided he understands the Morse racing code.

Having some time ago learned officially that he did not murder Stanford White, Harry K. Thaw is now in a fair way to learn, within a few weeks, whether he is insane or not.

Bogey Man to Aid Biggy In Guarding Jackies At San Francisco.

NEW YORK, April 25.—Policeman "Bill" Sheridan, the "monkier man" to the world of con men, stick-up men, steers, kicking hands and still hands, safe men, dips, dippers, and every one who is "out on a limb," left today for San Francisco to help Chief of Police Biggy protect the sailors of the great battleship fleet, which will soon be at the Golden Gate, from various kinds of thieves. In the meantime the police department of New York must get along without the man who knows more crooks by sight than any other person in the country.

For fourteen years Lieutenant "Bill" has sat at police headquarters looking over the nightly haunts of criminals who are lined up every morning. Time and again when men who had arrested old offenders could not recognize them after a growth of beard and the lapse of years Sheridan's eagle eye has seen through the ravages of time and picked the men out.

He is a whole Bertillon bureau in himself. Many a time when the records of that institution have failed to identify a criminal Sheridan's wonderful memory has done it.

A Typical Case.

Some time ago two old crooks stood in the "line" at headquarters. They had worked together for years and had been arrested together. One of them was well known to the detectives, but the other, who had been arrested ten years before and had not been seen by police officials since had changed greatly in appearance.

"Look out for this guy Sheridan," the man who was well known warned his "pal."

"No danger of his knowing me," replied the "pal."

All the detectives looked over the pair. Most of them knew the first man, but no one recognized the strange crook until Sheridan glanced at him and then studied him for a moment.

"Sure I know him," said "Bill" at last, and he went to the rogues' gallery of ten years back and brought out the picture of a man who looked twenty years younger, and who was clean shaven instead of bearded. But not until the Bertillon measurement showed that the two were of the same physical build would the other detectives admit that this was the same man.

"Yes," finally said the crook who realized that he was known, "you've got my moniker all right."

Stuck to His Theory.

Some years ago a bank sneak went into the Sprague National Bank in Brooklyn, and reaching through a window grabbed \$25 in cash. When he was arrested he said he was William Murphy. Sheridan took a look at him and announced that the man was Bob Suffrage, an old offender and a notorious criminal, who had been arrested ten years before by Detective Mulvey. No one believed Sheridan. The photographs of Suffrage didn't look much like Murphy and the Bertillon record was incomplete.

Sheridan was so positive about it, though, that he had the whole police department worked up. Ther Mulvey himself went over to Brooklyn and said he could see no resemblance between Suffrage and Murphy. With all the detectives against his theory, Sheridan still persisted in declaring that he was right.

FIGHT FOR WORK; TWO ARE WOUNDED

CHICAGO, April 25.—One man was seriously shot, another was stabbed, and many others injured in a riot among 150 "Poles" today at the office of the Herman H. Hettler Lumber Company, where the foreigners were applying for work.

Poles Start Riot in Chicago When Chances Grow Slim.

Ben Jakullak, nineteen years old, was shot in the groin. The Atrill street police took him to the county hospital. The man who was stabbed and others who were injured went to their homes.

The Poles appeared at the office this morning in answer to an advertisement for men. They were told to get into line. A line was formed, and a number of those in the lead were given positions. This aroused the ambitions of those behind, who saw that it was the position in the line which determined who should get the jobs.

There was a sudden commotion among the men in the middle of the line. Knives and revolvers were flashed, and soon several shots were fired. The men armed with knives slashed right and left. Jakullak was the first to fall. Another man fell near him, stabbed in the face.

Men in the office sent in a riot call to the Atrill street police, and a patrol wagon loaded with bluecoats was sent to the scene. At the approach of the officers the rioters fled in all directions.

March Circulation Figures

Net Daily Average: The Times.....46,306 Increase Over February, 1,486 The Star.....38,441 Decrease From February, 525.

WAS'N'T SURE.

A bright-eyed old man boarded the train at St. Paul, bound for Seattle. As the conductor passed through the car the old man stopped him and asked how far it was from St. Paul to Seattle.

The Association of American Advertisers

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The details of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

Murphy was subsequently convicted in the courts of Kings county and was brought up for sentence. He had repeatedly declared that he didn't know anything about Bob Suffrage, and when he faced the court, the judge said: "Now, Murphy, I can give you a long sentence. You may get twenty years, and I won't promise now that I am going to deal leniently with you. I want you to answer me honestly, however, and if you do I shall surely take your honesty into consideration. Are you Bob Suffrage?"

"I have denied it because I thought it might go hard with me if they knew I was Suffrage," replied the thief. "But if you won't let that go against me, I'll admit it. I am Bob Suffrage."

He Remembered.

Take another case. Charles R. De Baun stole \$165,000 from a big national bank in April, 1888, and Inspector Hyrnes put Sheridan in the line. He tried the man to Stanstead, Canada, and by August had him on trial.

In 1888 Sheridan, with his wife, his mother, and his daughter, was on a vacation in Washington. He was just about to pay his bill with a check which he had made out to the cashier of the hotel when, as he stepped over to the cashier's window, he looked up, and saw a familiar face.

"Hello," said Sheridan to the man. "I don't know you," was the answer. "Aren't you Charley De Baun? Look here," and the detective showed the signature of the check he held.

"Why, is that you, Bill?" exclaimed De Baun. "You are so fat I wouldn't have known you 'gainst," the teller, who had "served his time," so Sheridan passed on, knowing that if De Baun ever went wrong again he would be able to pierce all his disguises.

Several years ago, Sheridan, at a time when the dips, sneaks, and purse snatchers were running riot in Atlantic City, went there on a vacation. The police and the raiders couldn't cope with the thieves. Sheridan saw men whom he knew working among the crowds out on the pier, and he pointed out some of them to the local police. In a short time word went about that "Sheridan was in town," and the crooks left.

Wanted to Be Honest.

The detective found one man whom he had seen in police headquarters years before.

"I want to be honest," said the thief. "I am here to get the money because I'm starving, and you would get it, too, if you had it. I can't help it."

The detective took the man to the chief of police, who got him a job as a painter, and the fellow worked on honestly. Not long ago he came to New York and called on Sheridan at police headquarters. He said he had been straight for several years, and would remain so.

"I'm married, and have a fine boy," said he.

"That man," said Sheridan today, "is the foreman in a big establishment. He has held the place for years, is trusted by his employers, and he is making money."

"How do you remember these fellows?" the detective was asked. "Well, it is as strange to me as to you, but I can't help it. I know that I seldom forget a face once I have looked at it closely. But I don't know how or why."

OPUM DEN RAIDED; SOCIETY FOLK FLEE

NEW YORK, April 25.—Eight young women, who the police say are members of wealthy families, climbed down rope ladders from the second and third stories and made their escape today when a luxuriously furnished opium den was raided in Wall street, Williamsburg. Three girls and two men were arrested.

Eight Young Women Escape From Dive on Rope Ladders.

NEW YORK, April 25.—Eight young women, who the police say are members of wealthy families, climbed down rope ladders from the second and third stories and made their escape today when a luxuriously furnished opium den was raided in Wall street, Williamsburg. Three girls and two men were arrested.

For months the police of Williamsburg have suspected the existence of such a place, but had been unable to find it. Frequent complaints were received from parents who said their daughters had been lured into an opium den, but not until this week was any victim able to give definite information as to the location.

Detectives Robbins and Robbins set out to follow the latest clue and after a house-to-house search of the neighborhood, decided to watch the place which proved to be the object of their search. After they saw half a dozen young women go into the place today they called for reserves and tried to force the door. By error they failed to place a guard at the rear of the house and the eight young women escaped by means of the rope ladders which evidently had been prepared for just such an emergency.

The front door was fastened within by iron bars and the police had much difficulty in gaining admission. Within they found a completely equipped opium den with a furniture and fine Oriental draperies.

Those who were arrested gave their names as follows: Martha Chestnut, twenty-two, Williamsburg; Marion Fleming, twenty-two, Stapleton, S. I.; Frances Lomax, Brooklyn; and Harry Evans, of Williamsburg. Walter Brown was charged with being proprietor of the resort.

REPUBLICANS MEET AT BANQUET BOARD

J. Adam Bede in Fine Feather—Scores Hit Among Leagues. Knox Applauded by "Round-Up" of Representative Burke.

One thousand members of the League of Republican Clubs of the District of Columbia, representing a score of States, gathered around the banquet board at Masonic Temple last night to breathe the spirit of Republicanism; to howl themselves hoarse for their favorite Xmas and to pledge their loyalty to the Republican party regardless of the choice at the Republican national convention at Chicago.

Incidentally they gathered to drink in and be cheered by the wit par excellence of the House of Representatives—J. Adam Bede of Minnesota. And they were rewarded, for Mr. Bede was the prime force that staid old Senator Thurston was actually moved to remark that he had actually replenished his stock of jokes since he last spoke in public.

REPUBLICANS MEET AT BANQUET BOARD

J. Adam Bede in Fine Feather—Scores Hit Among Leagues. Knox Applauded by "Round-Up" of Representative Burke.

REPUBLICANS MEET AT BANQUET BOARD

J. Adam Bede in Fine Feather—Scores Hit Among Leagues.

Knox Applauded by "Round-Up" of Representative Burke.

One thousand members of the League of Republican Clubs of the District of Columbia, representing a score of States, gathered around the banquet board at Masonic Temple last night to breathe the spirit of Republicanism; to howl themselves hoarse for their favorite Xmas and to pledge their loyalty to the Republican party regardless of the choice at the Republican national convention at Chicago.

Incidentally they gathered to drink in and be cheered by the wit par excellence of the House of Representatives—J. Adam Bede of Minnesota. And they were rewarded, for Mr. Bede was the prime force that staid old Senator Thurston was actually moved to remark that he had actually replenished his stock of jokes since he last spoke in public.

Had a Long Lead.

The score at the end of the first half of the ninth inning was 3 to 2. During that exciting half the runs came in so fast that Captain Cassatt, who was keeping score up on the veranda of the bachelors' house, got excited and forgot to credit the club's team with their runs, and Colonel Hatfield, commander of the fort, was so enthusiastic that he said "Ah" twice.

The rooting was awfully weak on both sides. At opposite ends of the long veranda sat small parties of ladies, the officers' wives and friends on one end, and friends of the club members on the other.

There was but one casualty. Captain Horn, who was doing fine work as catcher for the officers, split his finger so that it had to be sewed up at the hospital, and Captain Corcoran went on the firing line.

Opening in Rain.

The first inning was played in the rain. Lieutenant Colonel Rumbough strode to the bat to open the fray. His manner was graceful and easy. He leaned backward, and the bleachers waited with bated breath.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed one of the ladies on the officers' side of the veranda. "I hope he doesn't smash the ball right away and stop the game."

Gibson let a slow ball fly, and Rumbough's bat met it. A little "pop" and the ball was in Gibson's hands and before Rumbough was half way down the line to first Porter was tagging the bag.

Henry de Sibour was one of the shining stars of the Metropolitan club's aggregation. At shortstop he was like a

McCreary May Go Home Soon; Recovering From Hefflin's Bullet

Thomas McCreary, the New York horseman who was accidentally shot by Representative Hefflin several weeks ago, and whose death was expected from his injuries, is now out of danger, and will probably be removed to his home Friday or Saturday. Mrs. McCreary, who has occupied a room in the George Washington University Hospital, has joined some friends in the city. The parents of the young man are here, having been summoned when it was thought that McCreary's death was near.

Past Indorses Future.

Former Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska said that the future of the Republican party was indorsed by its past. He said that the Democrats were hopelessly divided, that they had no leader, and that they had been disturbers ever since the flag was fired on. Referring to Senator Clark's remark about the Constitution, Mr. Thurston said that the Constitution was written in the twilight of the eighteenth century and that it will be interpreted in the broad daylight of the more advanced twentieth century. He then took up the cudgels for President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft and issued an appeal to the colored and labor voters to put aside their prejudice in the coming election.

He said that the word had gone forth to the colored race that it should vote against any candidate supported by President Roosevelt, because of the punishment inflicted on the negro troops after the Brownsville shooting-up. He said that was the action of only one man with whom all might differ, but the race should remember that the Republican party is the only one which has ever stood for its rights.

In labor, he said, should hesitate before bringing about the defeat of a candidate who, in the performance of his judicial position, had rendered a decision which proved to be distasteful.

Senator Warner of Missouri departed from the beaten track of national politics long enough to demand of all legislators present that they give their attention to legislation which would put the nation on a sound financial basis. He said it would be a disgrace at the next inauguration to compel thousands of visitors to walk such a distance to a street car line.

Guest From Canada.

At the speakers' table as the special guest of the evening was John A. Stewart, president of the New York League of Republican Clubs; former Solicitor of Internal Revenue Hays, and A. B. Humphries, of New York.

The word "girl" occurs in the Bible but twice, and we always imagined that heaven was full of them!

Fort Myer Ball Players, in An Exciting Game, Beat Metropolitan

The officers of the Fort Myer garrison strutted off the diamond in front of their bachelors quarters yesterday afternoon with the scalps of the Metropolitan Club baseball team dangling at their belts. The nine representing the exclusive club, quite subdued, strolled over to their waiting automobiles and were whizzed back to Washington.

The Washington clubmen went out to the fort to have a little practice game with the soldiers. They had the hottest practice game of their lives, and it was by a tremendous final spurt and a brilliant batting rally only in the last half of the ninth inning that they saved themselves from a more disastrous defeat.

To Preston Gibson, their pitcher, who had not forgotten how to put them over, as he did for '93 back in '30, is due the credit for the desperate rally at the last moment. He went down to third base and howled like a Comanche Indian until he had worked up the spirit of his teammates, and then, snatching his bat, went to the plate and swatted a beauty right over the center fielder's head for three bases, and sent Bill Merriam home, where he followed him a moment later.

The Exciting Ninth.

Then came the great ninth, with the score 4 to 2. For a moment wallowed the ball for three sandbags, and the lady rooters gave a feeble cheer. It could be heard fifteen feet away, if the wind were blowing that way. Lieutenant Colonel Rumbough was right on the job, and he biffed the sphere a clout that brought Merchant in. By that time Gibson got wild. Lieutenant Shepherd rubbed it in by slaming the ball about a mile away and bringing in Rumbough.

Brooke started the second half for the clubmen by striking out. Porter got first on a little hit, stole second, likewise third, and also home, thus establishing himself as champion base-sweeper. It was then that Gibson emerged from the bachelors' quarters, and faced Merchant to do or die. He didn't die. It didn't seem as though any ball course could survive the shock he gave that poor, inoffensive horsehide. It sailed high and away over the center fielder's head, and he spun around three bases like a house afire, sending Merriam home. Gibson stole home a second later when no one was looking, and then went down to third to show de Sibour how to do it.

Owen had a chance to be a hero and make a home run, tying the score, but there was no laurel wreath for him. Merchant handed him three juicy lemons.

The line-up for the clubmen: De Sibour, shortstop; Evans, Carlisle, catcher; Carlisle, Evans, third base; Hudekoper, second base; Brooke, center field; Porter, first base; Wright, left field; Merriam, Owen, right field; Gibson, pitcher.

For the officers: Lieutenant Colonel Rumbough, first base; Captains Horn and Corcoran, catcher; Lieutenant Sheppard, left field; Lieutenant Bull, shortstop; Lieutenant Goethe, right field; Lieutenant Witter, center field; Lieutenant Berry, second base; Lieutenant Bull, third base; Lieutenant Merchant, pitcher.

NEGRO HEFFLIN SHOT

NEGRO HEFFLIN SHOT HITS OLD, ILL WOMAN. Louis Lundy, the negro who was shot by Representative Hefflin on the night of March 27, was locked up at the Second precinct police station. He was charged with assaulting Nannie Hickman, an aged colored woman living at 45 O street alley. Lundy went to the woman's house to call on her daughter, but found that she had gone out.

Enraged at not finding the woman at home, Lundy began making insulting remarks to her mother. He was ordered to leave the place. The Hickman woman is partially paralyzed, and Lundy is said to have struck her a stunning blow in the face telling her to the floor. Other persons in the house say that he continued his attack after the woman was down.

The police say Lundy admits striking one blow, but denies that he made any further assault. He will be given an opportunity to tell his story to Judge Kimball in the Police Court tomorrow.

Lundy has an unusually long police record. He has been arrested more than a dozen times and has been convicted on numerous charges.

REMARKABLE SAFE.

A remarkable burglar proof safe has been placed in a bank in England. At night the safe is lowered on cables into an impregnable metallic lined vault of masonry and concrete. After reaching the bottom it is fastened down by massive steel lugs, operated by a triple time lock. Until these bars are released automatically at a desired time no human agency can raise the safe, and to break in through a mass of stone and concrete which measures ten feet by ten feet by sixteen feet with dynamic would wreck the building without making it possible to get at the safe.

WEDDING MUSIC.

It happened at the little church across the street. A wedding was in progress. The organist had played "Lohengrin Coming In" and was prepared to play "The Missionary Song."

During the ceremony the strains of "Call Me Thine Own" were blent with the prayer book service. Suddenly the sexton whispered in the ear of the organist. "Both of them's been married three times!"

Instantly the fingers on the keyboard modulated into the key of Gee fat, and through the low vaulted aisles rippled that beautiful opus Twenty-ninth street, "Just for Today."—Success Magazine.

KANSAS PHILOSOPHY

If you sell goods on credit, you will be expected to feel grateful for a dead-beat's trade.

REFLECTIONS.

Never make an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.—Marcus Aurelius. Censure pardons the ravens, but rebukes the doves.—Livy. Calmness under contradiction is demonstrative of great stability or strong intellect.—Zimmerman. We know the weight of another's burden.—Herbert.