

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1902.

FIGHT ON CONSTITUTION.

The expected has happened. Proceedings have been begun before Judge Waddill, at Norfolk, with the view of testing the validity of the new Constitution of this State. He is asked to issue a writ of prohibition forbidding the State Board of Canvassers to grant certificates of election to the candidates for Congress who were elected on the 4th instant, because, as is alleged, the petitioners were not allowed to register. The preliminary notice is returnable before Judge Waddill here on Thursday.

It would seem that this is the beginning of the legal contest we have been expecting and against which the Virginia authorities must be well fortified.

The State Board of Canvassers does not meet until November 24th, and the term of the members of the Fifty-fourth Congress will not begin until March 4, 1903. By the last date, if the Norfolk case be not previously scattered to the winds, we should think a decision could be obtained from the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile, Attorney-General Anderson will have to make ready for what possibly may be a somewhat long and tedious legal battle. If he wants assistant counsel the Legislature will give it to him for the asking.

MUST INVESTIGATE.

There is now good reason for hoping that the Common Council will recede from the indefensible position it took in refusing to unite with the Board of Aldermen in providing for an investigation of the charges virtually made against members of the bodies by the special grand jury which indicted Alderman King.

To begin with, it is stated that some of the members of the lower branch who voted against the original minor resolution, have on sober second thought signified a willingness to concur in the second resolution as the same purport as the first offered by that gentleman and adopted by the board; provided the Council is given access to the testimony that was before the grand jury, and which caused them to feel justified in throwing suspicion upon members of the new municipal legislature who had also served in the old.

Again, the action of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union at their meeting Friday night, effectually disposed of the contention which was advanced by some of the lower branch members, that the case would "soon blow over." The committee mean business and the better public sentiment is behind them. It is a foregone conclusion that the "petition" they propose to circulate will be generally signed by the taxpayers and all others who have any regard for the city's reputation; and hence will constitute a "demand" upon the Council that it purge its garments and Richmond's robes of all taint of pollution. We regard it as also a foregone conclusion that the Union's executive committee will be able to secure through the Legislative Committee authority, if such authority is necessary, for Judge Witt to turn over to any Council investigating committee the testimony adduced before the special grand jury. And in that event another "argument" of the non-concurring members will have been brought to grief—the "argument" that an investigation would be a farce, owing to inability to secure testimony.

The only other plea of the opponents of investigation—that of fear that stirring the scandal would further besmirch the city—was so absurd and illogical as to be self-convincing. Indeed, the course of the Common Council in turning down the original minor proposition did Richmond infinitely more harm than a hundred investigations would have done. It resulted in some instances in the grouping by the State papers of the unsuspected with the suspected, and the treatment of our whole municipal organization as rotten to the core.

So as we see it, when the second Minor resolution comes up in the Common Council, the opposition will not have a leg left to stand on. Unless they would intensify the suspicion already widespread that they deliberately purpose to shield the guilty if any there be, unless they propose to flout arrogantly their masters as represented in the voters, and unless, moreover, they are dead to all sense of justice to the innocent and all regard for the city's fame they cannot but yield. The systematic manner in which the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union has taken hold of this question has made the case a more burning one than ever before, and leaves the Common Council no loophole for escape from agreeing to an investigation, except that of tactfully admitting that some of its members have

aggravantly and corruptly betrayed the trust reposed in them, and it has been determined to protect them at all hazards. Hence, we reiterate that there is reason to hope that the Council will recede from its indefensible position—that the opposition will vote for the second Minor resolution. For it is clear that further attempt to maintain that position will reflect lastingly upon every member who does not concur, no matter how innocent he may be, and place him under the ban of disqualification of ever serving the people again. That is the complexion to which the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union has brought the matter, and to which it was justified in bringing it, to the end both of cleansing the present Council of any rottenness which may exist in it, and insuring against bribery and corruption in future Councils.

ST. LOUIS HOODLERS.

Another one of the St. Louis hoodlers has been convicted—Colonel Edward Butler. He gets three years in the penitentiary. His crime was an attempt to bribe the city health officer in the matter of awarding a garbage contract.

One of the convict's sons is a member of Congress.

Probably no city ever had a more corrupt or strongly entrenched ring than St. Louis. At last, however, the newspapers and courts made it so hot for them that one of the gang fled to Mexico, but during of his solitary life there, he returned home and made a full confession.

In that way he was able to atone in some measure for his rascally conduct while he was in the Board of Aldermen. The exposures made by him led to other discoveries of wrong-doing. We suppose Butler's case belongs to the latter class.

The lesson of the St. Louis investigation is that hoodlers' secrets will out, sooner or later, if the people show a persistent purpose to get at them.

THE SWEET POTATO PIE.

If the manufacture of pie in Virginia does not receive a tremendous impetus within the next few weeks, we shall be greatly surprised, for our out-of-town correspondents are writing us some wonderful stories about the huge sweet potatoes and pumpkins that have been harvested this fall.

Indeed, if we may judge from many of the communications received at this office recently, our agriculturists are much wrought up over the matter of big potatoes. One hardly announces in print that he has raised a colossal tuber before another pops up and "goes him several ounces better." And thus once by once and pound by pound, the record-breaking avoirdupois of the Broddingnagian "tubers" has crept up until, at last accounts, the champion tuber was holding the fort with eight pounds of charming personality.

If there are other potatoes which can beat this, but are too modest to appear in print, we beg them to overcome their diffidence. This is an "annus mirabilis" in Virginia's agricultural history and we want to be the John Dryden who chronicles the glad news.

But that in passing. There is something to be said in behalf of pumpkins, too, and to make our climax thrilling, we shall sing of pie. While the sweet potatoes have been undergoing the subtle processes of self-aggrandizement the Virginia pumpkin has not been idle.

Day by day and hour by hour, since the frost has wrinkled the porrimmon and stolen the stringency of that coy fruit, the found pumpkin has been stealing the sunshine's gold and waxing fat. Now he wallows on the brown autumn earth like a stranded whale and lightens the sombre landscape with huge patches of yellow. Our Roxbury correspondent, than whom there is no more loyal denizen of Charles City county, thinks his county has produced the king of all pumpkins.

The giant weighs—oh did weigh a few days ago—eighty-seven pounds. And in the same patch there were fourteen saffron brethren whose aggregate avoirdupois was 78 pounds—an average weight of over fifty-eight pounds.

When one with a healthy digestion contemplates the foregoing figures a glorious aureole of pie comes gleaming before his vision and he licks his chops in fancy at the thought of what housewives will do. Truly there is a golden opportunity now—an opportunity which offers a noble field for philanthropy. Our only hope is that the size of the prospective pies may be proportionate to the dimensions of the potatoes and pumpkins we have described. But if, when the preparations are made, it is found that there is a plethora of the raw material, we hope it will be the pumpkins and not the potatoes which are discarded. The pumpkin pie is a brilliant exotic, but the potato pie—ah, that's the greatest of all our home institutions!

If we may do so without being arraigned on the charge of disloyalty, we venture to concede that our New England friends can beat the Virginians and Carolinians in making pumpkin pie. Such is their skill in seasoning and baking it that when served it tastes like, and is almost as good as a sweet-potato-pie. And that's glory enough for any pie.

Here in Virginia, we make two sorts of potato-pie—the sliced and the mashed; but in either case much depends on the seasoning. One must put into it butter, eggs, sugar, lemons, and cinnamon. Also a dash of brandy or wine. The potatoes should be thoroughly cooked, but not dried up. The crust—usually there is no upper crust—should be light and crispy.

To our mind—our palate, rather—there's no pie superior to the well-made sweet-potato-pie, and we have to deplore the fact that the art of cooking it is not a part of the curriculum in the girls' schools and colleges in the State.

Your Uncle Grover may be a little shy on buckskin clothes, but he gets there as a sportsman just the same.

Chicago is suffering from an epidemic of school strikes. The old-fashioned extract of birch is probably the medicine for it.

POSTOFFICE SITE.

There is no questioning the fact that in influential quarters at Washington, the opinion prevails that Congress would better appropriate enough money to put up a new Federal building here than attempt to remodel the present one. In that case a million dollars would have to be expended.

A site would hardly be designated in the appropriation bill. The selection of one more probably would be left to commissioners. It is known, however, that the policy adopted by the government in such circumstances favors the selection of building sites in the growing parts of the cities and spacious lots on high ground usually are sought.

Some experts have given it as their opinion that the present Federal building here never could be remodelled and enlarged so as to make it an imposing, up-to-date, and comfortable home for the postoffice, custom house, and Federal Courts.

We presume that if the government removed the postoffice up-town, a sub-office always would be maintained at or near the present stand.

It may be sarcastically remarked that that is a remote contingency, but we are not so sure—it may not be! We shall see soon. At the coming session of Congress a report will be submitted by the supervising architect of the Treasury Department which will bring the whole subject up for discussion and give Congress the opportunity to say whether it will adhere to its expressed purpose of remodeling and enlarging the present building, or will provide for a new one.

The first city directory published here appeared in 1819, and we learn from it that the postoffice was then on E (Cary) street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. We have heard that later on it was removed one square higher up the street. About 1844 or 1845 it was removed to the basement of the Exchange Hotel, and there it remained until 1859, when the present building was finished and occupied.

Until then the post-office, the Federal courts, and the custom house were separated. The new building, however, of-forded quarters for them all. The custom house had been a rented building on the west side of Fifteenth street, between Main and Cary. There it was that the office-safe was blown open by robbers, who came in the night and carried off a large sum of money, most of which they concealed under the Broad-street arch which spans Shockoe creek. But in a few days they were captured, and one of them confessed everything, enabling the government to recover most of the money stolen and convict the thieves.

About 1862 or '63 the Confederate Government used the main floor of the post-office building in connection with the Treasury Department, while one of the stores under the Spotswood Hotel was rented for the postoffice. But the Federal forces upon entering the city in April, 1865, re-established the postoffice in its former home, where it has been ever since, except for about a year or two, when the work of repairing and enlarging the old building was going on. That was during the administration of Postmaster Cullingworth, when the second floor of the spacious warehouse at the northwest corner of Cary and Eleventh streets was rented for postoffice purposes—and a very convenient and well arranged postoffice it made. The Federal Courts found temporary quarters in the Grant house on Twelfth street, adjoining President Davis's old house, and on the spot where the Central school building is located now.

As to the matter of "weighing coal," which is one of the issues between the Pennsylvania miners and the operators, the coal trust asserts that the "fictitious ton of 3,600" pounds or more demanded from the miner is barely sufficient to produce 2,240 pounds of "prepared coal." Even, however, if this be true, comments the Philadelphia North American, it is not a valid excuse for refusing to pay the miner for all the coal he produces. Sizes of coal smaller than chestnut are not classed as "prepared." After obtaining from the fictitious ton delivered by the miner a full 2,240-pound ton of "prepared" coal, the operator turns the alleged waste into "pea" and "buckwheat" coal, and sells it at a good price. All that the operators receive for the smaller sizes is clear profit, and it is taken from the pocket of the miner.

If the North American's explanation is correct, and we see no reason to question its correctness, certainly it would appear that as to the coal-weighting question, the miners have decidedly the better side of the controversy.

The World's Work for November has an article entitled, "Three Novels of Sincerity and Charm"—to-wit, Jopkinson Smith, Emily Glasgow, and Owen Wister. A full-page portrait of each is given.

The editor says Miss Glasgow has steadily gained in power and in skill since her first book, and that her work has not yet reached her highest capacity. "She writes as a woman, but with a vigorous masculine element in her work," he adds.

Princeton's tiger mascot is probably too much of a kid.

Carolina is not getting the reputation it needs for the game with Virginia.

A "monument association" has been organized in Greensville county, and the Emporia Messenger makes a strong appeal for the necessary funds to carry out the purpose of the association, which is the erection of a suitable memorial to Greensville's Confederate dead. It is earnestly to be hoped that the appeal will meet with liberal response. No county in the State should be without a monument to its dead who gave their lives for the Confederate cause, and we hope the day is not far distant when no county will be.

And now we have the electric long-distance typewriter, which has been expected for some years. It is being used, it appears, between Berlin and Hamburg, Germany, and will soon be utilized by the German Government throughout the empire. It is stated, for postal telegraphing. It is a very simple contrivance, according to the accounts of it in the papers. A person sits at a keyboard somewhat similar to that of an ordinary typewriter, and by playing upon the keys causes a little instrument fifty, seventy-five, or one hundred miles away to print the words in plain type on a roll of paper as rapidly as the keys are pressed. No one is required to be near the receiving instrument. That takes care of itself. So, if a correspondent at Washington, say, shall wish, in the future, to send

to his newspaper a long report of a debate in Congress, he will sit down at the keyboard of one of the new instruments and send probably 1,500 words an hour in such shape that the communication will be ready for the typesetting machine as soon as it is marked off by the receiver. Verily will we then have made another great stride in the matter of newsgathering and publishing, though we fear that meantime many a good telegraph operator will lose his "job."

The Rockbridge County News has entered upon the nineteenth year of its existence, and has been under its present management for some fifteen years. The News is one of the very best of our weekly exchanges, whether considered as a newsgatherer or with respect to ability displayed in editorial writing. And that it is appreciated in its section is shown by the fact that from a business view-point it is steadily prospering.

Congressman Babcock, erstwhile chief Republican fugleman of tariff reform, who was squelched or recanted on the eve of the congressional election, but who, in obedience to a tip of warning from his section, has returned to his first love, breaks loose in the contention that had the Democrats carried the late elections it would have shown that the people do not want tariff revision. In such case, he says, the Republican Senate would not have agreed with the Democratic House on any tariff measure. But now, he argues, with a Republican House and Senate, and a Republican President, tariff reform is not only practicable, but necessary.

Mr. Babcock is either a humorist, believes that the majority of the American people are irredeemably guileless, or is guilting himself pitifully.

An Unfinished Task.

"You say you have been doing nothing all day?" "Yes, and I haven't got it done yet."

Proving an A.H.B.I.

Ma—I'm sorry, Bertha, that a daughter of mine should be guilty of prevarication. Bertha—What do you mean, Ma? When have I prevaricated?

Ma—Why, this very morning; you deliberately told me that Arthur wasn't here last night. Bertha—Well, Ma, I have his word for it; he told me as soon as he came in that he wasn't himself at all.

A Poor Criterion.

Wife—So you were at Rattillon's office last night, eh?

Husband—Yes, my dear.

Wife—Indeed! And what were you doing there until after midnight?

Husband—He was rather behind with his work, and I was helping him make out some statements.

Wife—Yes? Well, if they are no more reliable than that one, Mr. Rattillon is in a fair way of finding himself in business difficulty.

Her Only Caller.

Mr. Flipp—There is one thing that can be said of that young fellow who calls on Susan; he stands as a signal refutation of an old-time saying.

Mrs. Flipp—What is that, pray?

Mr. Flipp—Why, that misfortunes never come singly.

Voice from the Crushed.

Bobble—Pa, who was William the Conqueror?

Pa—(With self-assuring glance around the room)—I can't tell you anything about him, Bobble; except that he must have been a bachelor.

It would be consoling to the public if certain mimics would devote their art to taking themselves off.

Unsympathetic.

"When I have passed away," he said, with sad, reflective mien,

"I count upon your faithful love to have my grave kept green."

As smilingly she glanced at him, her lips to this answer gave—

"Why carry your ideas of matching colors 'yond the grave?"

A Hopeless Benedict.

Beekman—To my mind the world is drifting further and further away from the horrors of war. I candidly believe that the next Peace Congress, which I look for in a few years, will succeed in establishing peace throughout the length and breadth of the universe.

Meekman—(Dejectedly)—Alas! my friend, I am afraid not; I fear that Maria will last a good deal longer than that.

Pride's Fall.

With boy upon my lap I sat, To all my battle-telling, How in the Civil War I did My share of val'rous fighting.

The youngster listened with surprise To all my battle-telling, And with the progress of the same His query-habit swelling.

Till, "Did you make the en'my run?" He asked, his interest growing, As every feature of his face Seemed with the same o'erflowing.

A hero in my youngster's eyes, I caught the sweet suggestion, And proudly gave, "Indeed I did!" As comfort to his question.

And thereupon in valor's mien I proudly did disparage me, As if to typify the god Of war I dreamed he thought me.

Alas! how quick thereafter came To my conceit a stopper, As with a dubious look, he said— "And did they catch you, Popper?" —Wade Whipple.

Small Matters.

(Observations of a Philosphical F'ierd

The Prize Winner.

When Enthusiasm Wavers

as perplexities multiply, turn to the piano with a sixty-year reputation back of it—"the piano with the sweet tone"—the piano that wins the first prize whenever in competition with the high-grade fellows.

The Artistic STIEFF Piano==

The TONE of the Stieff is its most commendable feature—strong, full, rich and mellow—a tone the music-loving people delight to hear—and it's LASTING.

Sold on Easy Terms! Investigate! Chas. M. Stieff, 431 east Broad Street.

tion of the spirit of evil is like that of the most holy: Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Yet presently, the countenance, the voice, the gait, the whole bearing, betrays the character of the life that possesses the man. A little leaven leavens the whole lump, and very little villainess makes a whole nature offensive.

It is not hard to pass in a crowd, but as soon as one is individualized the true character appears—stands confessed.

The light of life will not allow villainess to stay concealed. That works itself to the surface. And nature's thousand police officers stand ready to arrest and to punish offenders before they know what hurts them.

A kindly and philosophical man, convinced of the irresistible and unavoidable vindication of all the laws of nature which are identified not only with honesty and fair dealing, but with all the decencies and proprieties of life, will feel more of compassion than indignation against misdoers. Continuances and delays do not mean escape from Nature's laws. A law broken is a stitch dropped in her web, and can not be picked up. All things are just as the rule of right, and all nature conspires for the maintenance of law and order, and for the punishment of law breakers.

It is the order of Nature that all things work together for good for them that do well. And all things move on towards final harmony; and all things work to punish the guilty. That great truth appears in the triumphant hymn of the universe at the last: We give Thee thanks Lord God Almighty, who art and wast and art to come, because 'Thou hast taken unto Thee Thy great power and hast reigned. So say, thy great power and hast reigned.

In your harmonies sublime I read the doom of distant time, That man's degenerate soul from crime Shall yet be drawn. And reason o'er this mortal clime Immortal dawn.

The thirty-seventh Psalm is a sort of moral and intellectual bath that every business-man should take daily before going forth to work. Frat not thyself because of evildoers. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Law reigns. Those that resist are punished in the course of things. The old teaching is the best. Keep innocency and take heed to the thing that is right. For that shall bring a man peace at the last.

Two Mighty Hunters.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

Two mighty hunters are afield, The greatest in the land;

The way they bag the biggest game Just fairly beats the band!

Two prizes captured by the one Are of the most renown,

And once he fired across the sea And brought a Lion down!

And t'other's made some famous shots, And plans another zone;

And once he wildly blazed away And bagged a wondrous Coon!

Whenever these two hunters shoot There's something bound to drop,

For they know how to hit big game And catch it in their lap.

Great Grover's gunning now for duck, Bold Teddy's out for bear—

Here's that they both may have good luck And both may get their share.

—G. N. C.

Street Watering in March.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

It is too early to ask why we do not have the streets watered in March? This is a puzzle to me each year, when so many of our people go away because the streets are "dust injures their throats," and when so many strangers would like to stop "en route" from Florida for this month, but pass on because Richmond is such a dirty city.

Surely the dustiest month is the time when laying of dust by artificial means is the most necessary.

FRANKLIN STREET.

American Sons.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The Virginia Sons of the American Revolution intend to have a Free Smoker

SORE NECK

Take Scott's Emulsion for scrofula. Children often have scrofula on the neck that won't heal up. The sores may come and go. Parents may not know what's the matter nor what to do. Scrofula is the trouble and Scott's Emulsion is the medicine.

Scott's Emulsion heals the sores. But that is not all. Scrofula leads to consumption. This is the real danger.

Scott's Emulsion is the "ounce of prevention" that keeps off consumption.

We'll send you a little try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, 108 Nassau Street, New York.

SPIRIT OF STATE PRESS.

For the Best interests of the Party and Wise. Franklin Graphic: Judge Rhea has acted wisely and for the best interest of his party, and while his defeat may be a calamity, the people of the Ninth District did not think so, and their right to choose for themselves is sacred, and if they have made a mistake, the burden will be upon them. Fight hard and gallant, but when you get whipped take your medicine like a man.

Page News: We rejoice at the decision of Judge Rhea; yield his opponent what is justly his due.

Clifton Forge Review: The Republicans say they are happy because they will control the next Congress and the Democrats are happy owing to the gains they made. This being the case, why should we weep?

Newport News Times-Herald: We have long advocated James Hay, of Virginia, for the minority leadership. He is one of the very strongest Democrats in Congress to-day, and would make an admirable Secretary of the Democratic caucus, and should be advanced in the next House. The Democrats will never be strong in the House with as weak a leader as Mr. Richardson.

Virginia Citizen: It may be said in connection with the coming St. Louis Exposition that Virginia should do her full duty on account of the moral effect it will have on the other Southern States. But, laying aside all sentiment and State pride, and considering it strictly in the light of a business proposition, a liberal appropriation by the Legislature would be repaid many fold within the next few years.

Fredericksburg Star: It is to be regretted that the Governor and State officials should be unable to do more to commend that the people give thanks for important roads. Let's make it possible to have that added to His Excellency's 1903 Thanksgiving proclamation.

Eastern Shore Herald: The election in this State last week ought to give great satisfaction to those who desire to see a pure and honest electorate in the place of the shiftless, purchasable mass that has flocked the polls for the past thirty-three years. If nothing else were good about the new Constitution, its one virtue ought to endear it to the hearts of all patriotic Virginians.

Southern Sentiment.

The concealed weapon habit is the source of many crimes and must be treated with due regard to its enormity and its possibilities for evil.—Atlanta Journal.

As long as our factories are running on full time and our crops are good, and prices profitable, there need be no uneasiness about decline in our exports.—Savannah News.

And after all, what of negro disfranchisement in the South? The ballot has not been taken from him, except by reason of his deficiencies as a citizen. He has not been disfranchised simply because his skin is black, but because of his ignorance as a citizen; because in his present condition he is incapable of intelligently discharging the duties and responsibilities of a citizen.—Columbia Enquirer-Sun.

The Democracy of the nation ought to rejoice in the result of the Ohio election. Every time a Tom Johnson is snatched a sane, rational, and normal Democrat is given an opportunity to rise.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The crops are very large and mean about \$100,000,000 of actual wealth, which is sufficient to insure prosperity for another three or four years, in the opinion of good judges. They are not so good, however, for keeping up the pace set in expansion, and hence the summary check that has now come in Wall street is a most satisfactory corrective.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As to trusts, how excellent is the plan of setting the Attorney-General after them in the courts—courts that are happily selected for the ability to delay action on the real issues in the cases—until after 1904! And with these thin and almost insulting subterfuges the Republican party will seek to escape doing anything for the relief of the people.

The great Missouri trial has resulted in the acquittal of the accused and increased legal fame to Judge Lambert and to ex-Governor Black.

I cannot bring this letter to a better close than by alluding to the great speeches delivered by President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland at the dedication of the New York Chamber of Commerce. That our active and retired chief magistrates (of opposing political parties) could so unreservedly commend the principles and practice of the President, a business body of the continent ought to carry pride and satisfaction to every American heart. Commercial supremacy is sure to come, and by the victories of peace rather than those of war.

TRUMAN H. KIMPTON.

For a Ship Railway.

(New York Press.) If there is objection to spending \$200,000,000 on a ship canal, let us build a ship railway for one-third the cost or one-quarter. The obstacles in the way of the Eads Tehanquepe ship railway were insurmountable, because the plan was to pull a vessel bodily out of the sea, brace it up on stilts and haul it on cars across the isthmus, a distance of 120 miles. Of course, no ship would long hold together after such an experience. My idea is to float a vessel in a tank of water and haul it up on stilts and haul it on cars across the isthmus, a distance of 120 miles. This would not in the least strain the vessel, no matter how uneven the road might be.

By means of my tank ship railway we could pick up a vessel of any size at Hoboken and set it safely down in Lake Erie in fourteen hours. All that is necessary is to construct one of the old tracks between here and Buffalo, widen the track and bridges, strengthen the road bed and build the tanks. No sort of mechanical difficulty is involved. I do not believe this tank idea has been suggested by any other engineer. Its feasibility is