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THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1908.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES RETAINS ITS DESKS.

"Thank God! the House is no longer a deliberative body," is one of the best examples of the late Thomas B. Reed's sardonic humor. Whether Mr. Reed was sincere in his thanksgiving may be doubted, but that his statement of fact was true is indisputable. Nor has the House of Representatives become more of a deliberative body since Mr. Reed's memorable speakership. In fact, it has become less so.

The rules of the House and its organization combine to make the Speaker not only the most autocratic of presiding officers, but, next to the President, the most powerful personage in the entire government. With the aid of the chairmen of the principal committees, whom he appoints, his control over legislation is paramount. He practically determines what shall be considered, the time alloted to its discussion, and who shall discuss it.

Under such a regime bills of great importance do not receive that open, full discussion and criticism which the public interest requires. This is due but in part to the pressure of business; it is due also to the method of doing that business and to the enormous size of the hall. And this size of the hall is a serious obstacle to satisfactory discussion.

Mr. McCall, of Massachusettes, introduced a resolution to remedy this defect by decreasing the present proportions of the chamber and by removing the desks of the members. The debate which followed was not particularly illuminating. The members deplored the difficulty of being heard, the noise and confusion under which the work of the House was done; but seemed to agree nevertheless that they were the greatest legislative body in the world. Whether this conviction was the cause of the resolution being defeated, or whether the belief that its adoption would not materially help in making the House a more serviceable assembly, is unknown.

But the closeness of the vote was evidence that many Congressmen are aware of the extent to which the House of Representatives has lost its character as a deliberate body, and of how that loss has lowered its weight in the government. They wanted therefore at least to create physical conditions that would enable the House actually to deliberate and take one needful step in the restoration of its former prestige.

CITIZEN S. C. MITCHELL.

Richmond College naturally feels the compliment to its teaching staff in the invitation to Dr. S. C. Mitchell to take the chair of history at Brown University for the coming session. And it is easily to be understood why Dr. Mitchell should accept this opportunity for wider experience and perhaps more perfect mastery in his chosen field.

If Richmond has lacked anything in the past it has been the spirit of co-operation. We have had citizens who, like seasoned regulars, would stand the bombardment of subscription committees when other citizens under equal duty to contribute had long since scattered in utter rout. For such financial support the city should be very grateful, but money is not all. The spirit is the vital, efficient life-giving part in any community. And it is, we trust, not indelicate to express the sense of public obligation under which Dr. Mitchell has laid this whole community by his example and his work.

To keep virile and broad ideals, to make them effective for the good of a city and a State, to serve for love of service and to inspire others to do so, is a work whose influence and whose benefits are not measurable by material standards or to be reckoned in terms of new buildings or bank clearings.

It is because Dr. Mitchell has had these ideals and been able to impart powerful impulses toward a wider and fuller life for many others that his absence, even for a twelve-month, will leave a real gap and an unfilled void.

THE DANGER AND COST OF UNMUZZLED DOGS.

We note that Superintendent Cohn is engaged in killing stray dogs, which leads us again to call attention to the statistics on hydrophobia in England and Wales, which a correspondent of the New York Sun states thus:

From 1848 to 1885 no less than 939 persons—an average of about twenty-five a year—perished from this disease. In 1874 the number of deaths rose to sixty-one, and in 1877 the deaths from rabies were seventy-nine—the highest number on record for any one year.

In 1895 the muzzling law, which had been repealed, was again enacted, and in 1897 there were six deaths from hydrophobia in England and Wales; in 1898 there were but two, and for the last eight years, or from January 1, 1899, to December 31, 1906, but two persons died from this disease. The disease would seem to have been absolutely "stamped out" of England by the most simple method of prevention imaginable.

This suggestion of muzzles for all dogs is further strengthened by the argument that sheep-killing dogs levy an enormous tax on this country. In England and Germany, where dogs are regarded as dangerous, and where an horde of unmuzzled dogs would no more be tolerable than packs of wolves, this contrast is emphasized by the statistics of the wool clips in the United Kingdom and the United States. With an area of 3,025,600 square miles the United States produces about 300,000,000 pounds of grease wool, or 99 pounds to the square mile. Great Britain and Ireland, on the other hand, with an area of 120,809 square miles, have a wool clip of 140,000,000 pounds, or 1,158 pounds to the square mile. At the English rate of production a square mile the United States would produce 3,500,000,000 pounds a year, or 50 per cent. more than the present production of wool in the whole world, and instead of importing wool we should have a large surplus available for export.

Yet so firmly entrenched does the unmuzzled dog seem to be in America that a high official in the national administration recently said:

"The forest service and the Bureau of Biological Survey of this department are using their best efforts to destroy wild animals, but I doubt whether we could meddle with dogs inside the States. The solution of the sheep and dog problem will be found by putting up woven wire fences, which will keep the dog out and the sheep in."

The Virginia law makes no requirement for muzzling dogs, but sets a tax on all dogs, proceeds of which are to be held as a special fund "for remunerating the inhabitants of the said counties for any loss they may sustain from dogs killing or crippling their sheep, lambs or other live stock." The law also provides that if the fund raised by the tax is not sufficient to meet the damage done by the dog, then the sufferers must share their losses proportionately. Would it not be better to make the losses impossible by muzzling the dogs, for sheep wantonly destroyed are as much a loss to the community as the destruction of property by fire or earthquake? Repairing the loss of property by taxes may shift the burden, but does not regain the wealth destroyed.

THE PENSIONS AND THE PAUPERS.

Mr. Asquith's old-age pensions are not to be a net additional expense to the British government, after all. It develops that of the 500,000 persons who will presumably share in the pensions distributions, a great many—possibly almost all—will be drawn from those who are now receiving relief from the poor rates. Poor relief will stop where the pension legislation steps in. Of paupers enjoying such help from the local authorities, there are no less than 1,200,000 in the United Kingdom to-day.

It is this fact, of course, which has made the question of national help to the aged poor of such moment in Great Britain. The enormous pauperism is not due to chronic and general shiftlessness. On his weekly wage of some $4, it is almost impossible for the British agricultural laborer, for instance, to save money. His situation is a direct and positive discouragement to thrift, as a competence for his old age is plainly beyond him, at the best. Of the whole population above the age of sixty-five, almost one-third are in almshouses or in receipt of outdoor relief.

Germany's "contributory" pension plan has worked magnificently, but England threw it aside as "unworkable." The labor unions would not hear of it, and, in particular, Mr. Charles Booth had other schemes that gathered an overwhelming following. Mr. Booth's principle of pensions to everybody, regardless of income, has not yet been adopted, but his arguments for it are not to be combatted, save on the ground of expense. The Asquith system, by fixing an income basis for participation, not only puts the mark of pauperism on its beneficiaries, but also inevitably paves the way for juggling and cheating in the matter of incomes.

The immediate indication, however, is that the proposed system may eventually drive out and replace all other forms of pauper relief.

Says the Washington Herald: "A New Jersey man killed himself because three women claimed him as their husband." This is what comes of living in New Jersey. A man would think himself a demigod, and give millions to the poor, if he found himself claimed as consort by three of the little star-eyed blondes of Richmond.

The Richmond ball team is richly justifying an ante-season confidence in its ability to lose out. No finer hiking toward the tailend reservation was put up in any league in America than was delivered by the Richmond aggregation last week.

The decision that Harry Thaw is actually so crazy "as to make it unsafe for him to be at large" doubtless came as a considerable surprise to a whole lot of people besides Harry.

It is barely possible that the street car company in Cleveland, in lowering its rate to 3 cents, has resolved to give its patrons that kind of a ride.

The nonunion paragraphers have got hold of an Illinois army man named Lemon, and naturally we feel sorry for the poor gazabo.

Now we suppose that some alleged humorist will observe that Governor Johnson is seeking the presidency for divers' reasons.

Really there is nothing new about the "disclosures," and no inference from them except that New York must desire that kind of Senator.

The Mays of Old Virginia are superbly adapted to fans, whether palm-leaf or baseball.

Rhymes for To-Day

WHERE THE BRAINS ARE.

NO DOUBT the stories they offer us
are as fine as fine can be,
No doubt the article-stuff they
print should look most good
to me—
No doubt the front of their stage is
great—but look behind the
scenes!—
Aye, look! Aren't the ads the brightest things you find in the magazines?

I s'pose the poems are awfully good,
the prose is remarkably cute,
I haven't a doubt that the opening
drool is an old-line regular
beaut,
I'm sure there is sense in "The Editor's
Chat," and thought in "The Care
of Young Beans"—
But what have you seen that's as good
as the ads in the monthly magazines?

I like the cover-design in blue and the
frontispiece in pink,
I like the look of the neat clean type
and the grade of the paper and
ink,
I know there's a laugh in "Hubbard's
Mule-Calf," and a sob in "Just
from Her Teens"—
But I—never read a thing but the ads
in the blooming magazines.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Something Lacking.

"I ain't satisfied with the way they printed this speech," declared Congressman Wayback.

"Why, they sprinkled in plenty of laughter and applause."

"Yes. But how about all them gestures?"—Washington Herald.

Correct.

"Now, my children, what is an absolute necessity for family prayers?"

Boy: "A family."—Exchange.

Because of the Gallery.

"I am going to play Hamlet——"

"Good! That's art."

"For one night only."

"Ah, that's judgment."—Kansas City Journal.

Means No.

"A woman's 'No' means 'Yes.'"

"You think so?"

"I know so. Don't you?"

"No; I am all over that illusion. I am married."—Nashville American.

Probably Not.

Peggy: "Was that p'liceman ever a little baby, mother?"

Mother: "Why, yes, dear."

Peggy (thoughfully): "I don't believe I've ever seen a baby p'liceman!"—Punch.

Near a Bad Bargain.

The agent of the titled wooer found that the ambitious American girl had only $150,000 a year.

Of course, he advised his principal to withdraw.

"But," insisted the latter, "I could scrape along on $150,000 a year."

"Possibly, but who'd support your wife?"

Even love could put forth no argument against this.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BOOS FROM THE GALLERY.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has made enemies as a matter of course, but they have not had the nerve to suggest him as a candidate for vice-president.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

If the new-made widow stops to look in the glass to see how she looks in black, there is hope that she will not always refuse to be comforted.—Ohio State Journal.

* * *

After the work it has done this session Speaker Cannon's gavel must feel like doing nothing all summer but lying in a hammock and looking up at the sky.—New York Mail.

* * *

At Rosenberg, Tex., the leaves of the horse-radishes are nearly sixteen feet long, while the radishes themselves are about 600-horse-power. It would require but one of these incomparable plants to make the whole District of Columbia weep.—Houston Post.

* * *

Platt denies that he said he was an old fool. Still, it may have been said.—New Orleans States.

* * *

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat thinks Luther Burbank may yet be able to make two votes grow where only one is supposed to grow. Even if he did, however, he would still be a good many laps behind the average Philadelphia politician.—Washington Herald.

* * *

The New York Mail says "Mrs. Guinness appears to have been a Merry Widow without the permission of Henry W. Savage." The permission was evidently not necessary, since the lady seemed to regard herself as entitled to all the rights of the savage family.—Houston Post.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The Nile contains a greater variety of fish than any other body of water.

The railroad bridge connecting Venice with the mainland is 12,050 feet long.

In the course of a month a caterpillar will eat food weighing 6,000 times the weight of its body.

There are upward of seventy species of edible seaweeds growing on the coasts of Hawaii, and about forty of these are in common use by the natives.

The government of Colombia spends $108,912 per annum in American gold for the maintenance of night schools in the principal cities of the republic.

It is reported that in the mountain regions of the Sierra Nevada, in the Department of Magdalena, extensive forests of rubber have been discovered.

There are in Europe 10,000 women and girls who earn a living as artists' models. It is strange to say that there are not ten among them who possess a perfect face and figure.

The industry of flintmaking still thrives in Brandon, England. The flints are sent to Africa and other countries where the guns of 100 years ago are still in active service.

The total number of publications handled by the Roumanian post-office in 1906 was 131,218,322. One newspaper sent out during the year 30,600,000 copies. No other daily newspaper sent out more than 6,000,000.

In 1878 there were 71,000 acres under hop cultivation in Kent county, England, which has been reduced to 44,928, and during the past year 202,304 hundred-weight of hops were imported, of which America sent 126,122 hundredweight.

Snake venom, valued by weight, fetches more per ounce than any of the precious metals. At the present time the market price in England is from twenty to twenty-five shillings a grain, which reaches the seemingly fabulous sum of £6,000 per pound troy, or, to use American values, $30,000 for a single pound of the venom.

It would be hard to make many people believe that the wood in the pencil or pen-holder they daily use has served for fifty and perhaps 100 years as part of a rail fence, but to a great extent this is true. When split open the most aged and dry-rot eaten cedar rail divulges an interior of as white and well-seasoned wood as can possibly be procured by long and careful seasoning.

One Sort Enough.

A visitor to the Canal Zone of Panama can have the privilege of an introduction to not less than eighty-three species of mosquitoes, thirty of them found nowhere else. Fortunately they do not all bite and the contagion of yellow fever is carried by only one of them. Certain genera, technically called megarhinus, psorophora and utzia, are found, which, instead of spreading any disease hostile to men, wage war on their weaker cousins and at times even on their brothers and sisters. The yellow fever mosquito, the only kind in America spreading this infection, scientifically called stegomyia, is very scarce. It is possible to live for weeks on the line of the canal without seeing a single specimen. This mosquito is a strictly domestic insect, never found away from man. It breeds only in artificial receptacles, such as barrels, water coolers, bottles and tin cans, in and around human habitations.—Kansas City Post.

Most of Them Work Well.

The new law of Oklahoma under which bank deposits are insured works well. The International Bank of Coalgate was closed, and forty minutes later a resolution was adopted inviting depositors to come forward and get their money.—Dallas News.

STATE PRESS

Freak Prophesy.

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, "fully believes that William J. Bryan, after having demonstrated his power to control the Denver convention, will retire in favor of some other person." It is said that faith will move mountains and Mr. Kohlsaat may have abundance of the sort that does the moving, but when Mr. Bryan withdraws from the Democratic leadership, except under compulsion of a visitation of Providence, or of the interposition of physical force too strong to be resisted, then we shall believe that the Ethiopian can change his skin and the Leopard his spots.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Convention Forecasts.

It is understood that the four delegates-at-large from Virginia will be Senators Daniel and Martin, Governor Swanson and ex-Governor Tyler, but in that event all the delegates will be pledged to Bryan. For electors-at-large it is generally accepted that Hon. Samuel W. Williams, of Wythe, a native of Pittsylvania, and Hon. Samuel L. Kelley, of Richmond city, will be named. Both gentlemen are forceful and eloquent speakers and will make a stirring canvass of the State.—Danville Bee.

Must Get It Somehow.

Enough Republicans joined with a solid Democratic minority in the lower House of Congress a few days since to defeat the odious provision looking to a ship subsidy grab scare, which is probably opposed by two-thirds of the people of this country. It may be truly said that this scheme is condemned almost unanimously by the South and West, and it is nothing more nor less than another method adopted by the Republican leaders for securing huge campaign contributions.—Fredericksburg Star.

Too Hard.

There is no reason why a person possessed of a typewriter and the ability to operate it should be out of work. Old magazines may be purchased in any second-hand book shop, stories may be copied with no mental exertion, except to change names and titles, and the "easy marks" who preside over the editorial department of some of the big magazines will do the rest.—Staunton Leader.

In the Woodpile.

Senator Foraker calls upon the 10,000,000 colored people of this country to wield the ballot in showing their resentment to President Roosevelt's action in reference to the Brownsville affair. The Senator is probably more anxious to use the negro as a bludgeon against Mr. Roosevelt than he is to right any imaginary wrong the black man has suffered.—Alexandria Gazette.

Tall Senators May Grow.

Senator Tillman says a Governor doesn't amount to anything anyway. If that is the case, they are raising a lot of fuss down in North Carolina over nothing.—Lynchburg Advance.

THE VOICE OF THE BUTLER.

Interesting and Interested Views of the Tipping Habit.

It is the privilege of every Englishman to write to the London Times. He seldom fails to take advantage of it when he feels peeved. If it were not for good editing in Printing House Square the Times would be one long wail. As it is, however, the correspondence page is one of its most interesting features.

Of late much space has been given up to the "Abuse of Tipping," a subject which usually shares with the sea serpent the honor of providing "copy" during dog days, when all London is supposed to be out of town and real news is scarce. Possibly the Times was induced to rush the season when talk on tipping is due because of the extra sadness of the correspondent who first started this new crusade.

Alarmed at the great progress tipping has made of late years, this victim sought the aid of Britain's greatest newspaper in an attempt to force a slump. The better class restaurants particularly came under the ban of his displeasure. Ten years ago, he remarks, a piece of silver was always sufficient to awaken the waiter's smile; to-day anything from 15 to 20 per cent. on the amount of your bill is expected. Anything else, complains the correspondent, causes the man of the napkin to cast on you that look from which the boldest flinch, intended to imply that you are a "gent" rather than a gentleman.

But if the waiter arouses the ire of this victim, the greed of servants in country houses causes him positive disgust. He relates that when he tendered a head gamekeeper £2 the latter most emphatically refused the gift, and said significantly: "This is a paper house." That was to say nothing less than a £5 note should be offered this dignitary. The Times correspondent unmercifully belabors the "servants' hall," from head cook to bottle washer, and finally remarks that the best method of securing a reform is to forbid servants to receive gratuities.

After a number of other Englishmen, more or less distinguished, had aired their views and their grievances, the Times devoted a learned editorial to the subject. Then the voice of the butler was heard in the land. In a modest letter of a dozen lines or so he begged the pardon of the Times for taking up its valuable time—he said nothing about space—but remarked that, being a butler, he was "naturally interested" in the correspondence. He pointedly added that his experience had been that if visitors to country houses wished to tip a servant they did so, and if they didn't, well, they simply didn't. He clinched his statement by remarking with true British gravity: "I have known a shooting party of seven guns, which included two dukes, go away and I have only been 20 shillings better off for their visit." The sadness of that word "only," in conjunction with dukes, should melt the hardest heart that ever pumped blood within an antitipster.

But the logic of that butler is invincible. If a man wants to tip he will, and if he "don't" he won't, and there's an end of it.—Los Angeles Times.

Birds That Deceive.

"All birds are not so innocent as they would seem," says a naturalist.

"Take, for instance, the goose. Most people have heard a goose hiss when threatened by danger. Well, that is a trick on the bird's part. In past ages, when the mother goose was sitting on her nest among the reeds, she somehow learned that this action made her head and neck simulate a snake. So it formed a fine defense.

"The lapwing is another deceiver. If you approach her nest, she will set up a dismal outcry and run backward and forward, trailing one wing on the ground, as though it were broken. Thinking to pick her up, you follow. Thus she lures you away from her young.

"In times of drought the thrush acts a lie. He will beat upon the ground with his claws like a danger. By this he makes the earthworms think it is raining. Up they come, and then the wily thrush dines luxuriously."—London Answers.

A Sane View.

An expert on insanity now declares that Harry Thaw is perfectly sane. Thaw was sent to the asylum, after killing a fellow-citizen, on the ground that he was dangerously insane. He says: "If I was ever insane in my life the attack began the minute before I shot White and ended half a minute later." According to these views of the situation if you have anything against your fellow-citizen and desire to murder him just go crazy for a minute and recover as soon as you have committed the deed. Then escape punishment by getting some experts to express the opinion that you were unbalanced. As soon as asylum life becomes uncomfortable or disagreeable get some more experts to express the view that your mental machinery is working all right, and there you are. There are more ways than one to kill a dog.—Birmingham News.

Cleveland's Double.

Every prominent man has his double. Judge James Keith, president of the Virginia Supreme Court, is the double of ex-President Cleveland. The remarkable resemblance has caused embarrassment to both on more than one occasion. The simultaneous illness of the two adds an interest to the situation. Judge Keith is now recuperating at the Mecklenburg Hotel, where he was taken for the Sage of Princeton and so greeted when he alighted from his train.—New York Press.

Voice of the People

That Noise Nuisance.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I very much admired the way in which you took up the cudgels for the suppression of street noises, but it seems to me that now is the time for the good work to go on instead of dropping from sight.

This morning between the hours of 9 and 10 twelve fruit vendors passed my door, each one shrieking his wares at the top of his lungs. It was nothing short of maddening. The nuisance became so aggravated last week that I called up the nearest police station and asked them to do something to stop it, and for a day or two there was comparative quiet. Now the noise is as bad as ever. Cannot something be done to stop this nuisance? Suppose the merchants on Broad Street stood at their door and advertised their wares by yelling them at the passers-by? The principle, so far as I can see, is the same.

To sick and nervous people these street calls are absolutely unendurable. I am told that it is against the law for street merchants to call their wares through the streets. Why, then, is it not stopped by the officers of the law? I don't suppose there is a housekeeper on Grace or Franklin—or any other residential street—who does not protest against this nuisance; yet there seems to be no redress, and it is as a last resort that I ask the interference of the public through the daily papers.

Very truly,
WEST GRACE.

Richmond, May 27th.

DOOM OF THE BOSS.

Seeming Elimination of Worst Feature of Politics.

Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, makes a huge mistake in thinking that the trend of the times is toward political bossism.

There never was a time when the American people were more thoroughly aroused against this pernicious and dangerous form of political control.

This temper of the people has, during the last few years, manifested itself in many forms of action. In Pennsylvania, in Ohio and in other States it has defeated politicians and bosses who deemed themselves impregnable.

In nearly all of the Southern States it has resulted in the enactment of laws, or the adoption of party rules, which take control of politics out of the hands of the bosses and place it in the hands of the people in direct primary elections.

In this, Missouri has followed the example of her Southern neighbors, determined that the people, not the politicians, shall control party nominations, and choose in open primary elections the men who are to write party platforms.

In Illinois, under Republican rule, the worst boss-ridden State in the Union, a unanimous demand by the voters of all parties has forced a boss-ridden Legislature reluctantly to enact a primary law, which, if it does not prove to be another false pretense, as the Supreme Court of the State pronounced the two previous acts on the subject to be, will deal a stunning blow to the power of the bosses, gangsters and machine men of both the Denden and the Federal officeholders' machines.

The Republican party is not the country. If it were, Mr. Shaw would need only to point to Mr. Speaker Cannon and a dozen Republican "leaders" in the two houses of Congress, as well as to the Cullom-Hopkins-Cannon machine in Illinois, to prove that he is right in saying that the drift of the country is all in the direction of political bossism.

But among the American people who do the voting and ultimately control this country, the drift is all the other way. The drift is so strong that will submerge and annihilate the Republican party if it does not reform and quit betraying the people who have been electing Republican candidates to office.—St. Louis Republic.

MORE EXPOSITION MONEY.

Government Invests Without Hope of Money Return.

The government continues to enlist in the show business with a somewhat running engagement. It has accepted the invitation of Seattle to enter the Alaska-Yukon lists next year so far as $650,000 will carry it. But its attitude toward that enterprise is different from what it was in the Jamestown fiasco. Then, it expected to get its money back. Now it is purely a patron and sponsor, to the extent of its investment, and will spend the money in advertising its wealth and power. This will at least provide against disappointments, and avoid pretences. It will also venture a million and a half in the Tokio Exposition three years later, which represents no more than a return of the courtesies that we have received from Japan at all our international events of this character. The participation will not be on the basis of economic values, but of diplomatic obligations, and as such it should and doubtless will receive the general approval of the people of this country. There is said to be already developed a sharp rivalry for the positions of three commissioners-general, which the enabling act has authorized. One of them is to have a salary of $8,000, to begin at once, and the other two a salary of $2,000 each until the year of the exposition, when it will be raised to $5,000. The latter figure will be the secretary's salary from the start. Men of some diplomatic training should be invested with these responsibilities.—Boston Transcript.

Royal Nurseries.

No nurseries are the object of greater solicitude than those of the reigning houses of Europe. For not only considerations of parental affection, but likewise of vast political importance, are involved in the welfare of their youthful inmates. Yet tragedies in royal nurseries are by no means unknown, says P. T. O. Something of the kind has recently taken place in the nursery of Prince and Princess Mirko of Montenegro. Owing to the childlessness of the marriage of the crown prince, his younger brother, Prince Mirko, has been regarded as heir presumptive to the throne. Prince and Princess Mirko had two little boys, Stephen and Stanislaus, aged five and three years, respectively, the elder of whom was looked upon as the future sovereign of Montenegro. A couple of months ago both little boys were stricken with acute tuberculosis of the lungs, and only then, too late, was it discovered that one of the nursery-maids was afflicted with the malady, which she had communicated to the little princes, who, in spite of the efforts on the part of the greatest specialists in Europe, succumbed within five weeks of one another.—New York Globe.

Hearst's Parting Blessing.

On the eve of his departure for Europe Mr. Hearst renews his kindly assurances that the Republicans are to have his help this year in defeating Mr. Bryan provided Mr. Bryan shall be nominated at Denver. Mr. Hearst does not state it exactly in this way, but that is what it amounts to. Mr. Bryan's failure to advocate Mr. Hearst's nomination for the presidency by the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis in 1904 evidently weighs more heavily on the mind of the proprietor of the Independence League than the unflattering speech about him which Elihu Root made at Utica, N. Y., in that year, speaking on behalf of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.—Hartford Times.

Goldwin Smith's Vast Learning.

Ah, now we know the real difference between a Democrat and a Republican. Professor Goldwin Smith directs attention to the fact that one is derived from the Greek and the other from the Latin, and that they both mean the same thing in the original.—Boston Herald.

San Francisco's Conscience

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.
San Francisco.

The majority of the people of San Francisco are good, honest folk who are still heeding the voice of that civic conscience which commands the city to purge itself of the guilt of the stupendous corruption of the Ruef-Schmitz era of graft. But civic consciences, like human consciences, are sometimes to be lulled to sleep—sometimes to be befuddled by false issues. One of the blackest crimes in the history of governments is now being attempted in the city of San Francisco. It is the effort to make the people forget the guilt of the grafters by falsely representing the purposes of the prosecution. The story of the shameful prostitution of the power of office by Mayor Schmitz and his administration, the story of the wicked boss rule of Abe Ruef, the story of the downfall of the grafters from high official position—these things have been told to every American who reads a newspaper.

But not even San Francisco realizes to the full extent the meaning of the present campaign of innuendo which aims to restore some of the chief criminals of the black era of graft to their old position of respectability, and to destroy the men who have been fighting to bring the grafters to justice by covering them with unjust infamy.

Newspapers, bank presidents, "respectable" citizens, men of high social position, and even men of high church position, are actively engaged in a campaign of abuse and ridicule which has for its victim, Francis J. Heney and his associates in the prosecution of the criminals who debauched the city's honor. At the same time they apologize for some of these men whose guilt is as well established as is the fact of the existence of the men.

Desperate efforts are being made by business men who believe themselves honest to create a sentiment in favor of dropping the prosecution of these criminals because the "reports of the trials in the newspapers will injure the reputation of the city with people abroad." They seem not to remember that the outside world expects the honest people of San Francisco to bring the criminals to punishment. They seem to forget that if these grafters go scot free other grafters are sure to arise and pursue their careers in confident expectation of the protection of the respectable business element of the city.

Some of the newspapers in San Francisco ridicule every move made by the district attorney and his assistants. They impugn the motives of Rudolph Spreckles, who made the graft prosecution possible. They gloat over the difficulties thrown about the prosecutors by the hosts of thugs hired by the grafters of the Ruef stripe. They laugh at the arguments advanced by those who are seeking justice. They cartoon and lampoon Prosecutor Heney and Detective Burns.

The first thing one of the self-styled "respectable business men" says to the stranger within the gates of the city is: "Well, there are two sides to this graft question." If he is asked to name the two sides, he replies: "Of course, Ruef and that gang of labor union officials were pretty bad, but then there is graft in every city. It is human nature. San Francisco is no worse than any other city. There always will be grafting. We can't help that, you know." If pressed to be explicit and give the two sides, he will say: "Well, you see this prosecution by Spreckles and Heney and that crowd has hurt business, and this town has lost millions of capital by it. It ought to be stopped."

If the questioner will repeat his inquiry for the two sides of the case for hours he will never hear anything more explicit. He will hear that the Spreckles family is very wicked. He will hear that Heney is an outsider. He will hear that Burns peeped through holes to get proof of the guilt of some grafting officials. He will hear attacks upon the prosecution for hours. He will hear apologies for the grafters and for grafting as long as he can listen, but he will never hear that a guilty official who takes a bribe, or a corrupt business man who gives one, ought to be punished in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided.

This campaign is not without system. A series of dinners was given in the homes of some of the social leaders of the city at which the whole conversation was devoted to the campaign of stifling the voice of the civic conscience. Every weekly paper in the city, religious and all, with one exception, is either attacking the prosecution or remaining silent.

This campaign in the sacred name of "business," which seeks to make the people forget, is entirely independent from another campaign conducted by other defenders of the grafters. Threatening letters are their weapons. The chief witness for the prosecution, former Supervisor Gallagher, was the intended victim of an assassin who endangered the lives of seven other persons by dynamiting the house where Gallagher lived. Whether this plot was laid by persons interested in the defense or not has not been proved, but the prosecution says it will prove it eventually.

The grafters who turned State's evidence and were granted immunity in order to get proof of the crimes committed by those "higher up," are condemned in the roundest terms by the men who apologize for all the other grafters. Boss Ruef confessed, it will be remembered, and was promised immunity if he would tell all he knew. He refused to testify in court to facts which he swore to in the grand jury room. He broke the immunity contract himself. Now that he is no longer a prosecution witness, he has the sympathy of the very "business" men who were lately denouncing him as the author of all the evil. Furthermore, the breaking of the immunity contract is charged against the prosecution.

Mayor Schmitz walks the street a free man. He was sent to the penitentiary, but, after waiting until the statute of limitations prevented another indictment, the Supreme Court of California liberated him because of a technical flaw in the indictment. In defending this decision, a judge of the Supreme Court, in a signed newspaper article, cited the precedent of a case in which a Chinese who had murdered another Chinese was permitted to go free because the indictment failed to set forth the fact that the murdered Chinese was a human being! In the same article he admitted that it was common knowledge that Schmitz was elected Mayor, but that the indictment didn't say so. The testimony, of course, showed that Schmitz was Mayor, but the Supreme Court walked through this microscopic flaw in the indictment.

Patrick Calhoun, the president of the United Railroads, is the storm centre of the affair at the present time. He is a descendent of Patrick Henry and John C. Calhoun, and he uses the eloquence of both in asserting his constitutional rights. He declined to be sworn when called before the grand jury. He declined to answer questions asked in the trial of another officer of his company, but he carefully abstained from refusing to answer on the ground that his answers might incriminate him. He has been demanding trial for some time, but the prosecution is not going to get to his case until the underlings are disposed of. Whether or not the prosecution has acted wisely in delaying his trial, there can be no question of the fact that the United Railroads did obtain the right to string overhead trolley wires over the city streets by paying bribes to the city officials.

The argument is heard in the business and financial section of the city among bankers and merchants, that Calhoun ought to be permitted to go free because he has done so much good for the city. This great service was that he consolidated the street railway lines, watered the stock enormously, was paid a huge fee for the service and is reaping the financial rewards usual in such cases.

Two other men have also done something for San Francisco. One of them, Rudolph Spreckles, has furnished the money to carry on the prosecution of the grafters. His motives are attacked, and Mr. Calhoun declares with passion that he is being persecuted by Spreckles out of personal malice. The other servant of the city who has done much is Francis J. Heney. He has worked two years as the chief prosecutor of the graft cases without pay and without hope of financial reward. The services of Heney and Spreckles are not mentioned in those financial circles where "business" is sacred.

When Heney first undertook the prosecution he warned Spreckles that all these things would result. He predicted that when the prosecution failed to stop with the labor union culprits and went "higher up," that they would find men of wealth and social position arrayed against them, that enmity would be engendered, that assassination itself was to be feared. Spreckles did not turn back. He had tried to form a committee of wealthy men to back the prosecution, but he was unsuccessful, so he put up the first $100,000 himself. Heney went to work. William J. Burns, a secret service detective, went out and got the evidence. The guilt of the grafters and the bribers has been proved over and over again, but the convictions are not to be had.

The situation in San Francisco today is fraught with great danger to the city and to other municipalities in the nation. When the grafting was brought to light men said: "Look what a labor union set of officials did." But now the thing has changed. The majority of the people of this city believe the guilty ought to be punished whoever they are, and they have said so at the polls. But if the guilty are not punished, if the grafters and bribers go free, whose fault will it be? Not that of the labor unions, not that of the people. It will be the fault of men in high standing in the community, men of wealth, men who believe themselves to be honest. It will be the fault of business men who think it is a crime for a city official to force a saloon to buy whiskey from the concern in which that official is interested, but who see no wrong in a transaction by which a "business" man gets a valuable franchise by bribing those same corrupt officials. Of course, not all of San Francisco's business men are engaged in this campaign to defeat justice—but practically all the men in the conspiracy are business men.

If San Francisco's conscience is stilled to sleep by the campaign now being waged by the criminal rich and their defenders, if the prosecution of the grafting criminals fails because of this campaign—then the cause of municipal honesty in America will be given a blow from which it cannot recover in years. But if the people of San Francisco listen to that conscience which is still speaking, if they will send a few criminal politicians and a few criminal business men to prison—then American cities will look to San Francisco as a leader. It is for San Franciscans to say.

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