The Times-Dispatch

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Campaign Contributions

The Times-Dispatch will receive, acknowledge and forward to the treasurer of the National Democratic Campaign Committee all sums sent it for this purpose.

WHAT THEY ARE.

"We are going to find out who these men are," observed Mr. Benjamin H. Berry, of the unannounced members of the so-called "Taft Democratic Club." "They can't call themselves Democrats." Similarly have spoken other gentlemen of local prominence. A noticeable desire has manifested itself, in short, to determine not only "who these men are," but what they are.

The members of the Taft Democratic Club are not Republicans. They appear to insist on that. The faithful equally insist that they are not Democrats. What are they, then? Obviously new nomenclature is required to fit their novel case, new terminology of hybrid connotation which will at once suggest both present intentions and traditional affiliations.

Let these gentlemen be known, now and henceforward, as Taftocrats. Let their organization be known as the Taftocratic Club. The Times-Dispatch thinks well of this word, and trusts that those citizens for whom it is designed will share its good opinion. The prefix sufficiently indicates their electoral sympathies, while the familiar suffix may help to make them feel at home in their new clothes.

OKLAHOMA'S ELECTORAL VOTES.

Says yesterday's News Leader of the Democratic leaders and the Governor of Oklahoma:

"Either they must accept responsibility for Governor Haskell and prove his innocence or they must put him aside and repudiate him, as the Republicans did Foraker. In that connection, however, the disposition of the people of Oklahoma must be considered. Their State has eight electoral votes."

Without wishing to appear unduly captious, The Times-Dispatch ventures to submit that the disposition of the people of Oklahoma does not enter into the case at all. If the Democratic leaders "consider" it to the extent of allowing it to influence them in any way, they will be unworthy of the confidence reposed in them by the people. Opposition to the predatory taint is worthless when it begins to count the price of opposition.

If Mr. Haskell cannot, at once and conclusively, clear himself of the suspicion of this taint, his connection with the Democratic campaign must be severed. Technical argument about "the burden of proof" is beside the mark. Mr. Haskell's problem, however unmerited he may be, is to annihilate the charges against him in such a way that they can never be referred to again, to the impugnment of Democratic sincerity and integrity. Unless he can do this, and do it immediately, no considerations of advantage should suggest his retention as a Democratic counselor.

If the elimination of Haskell means the loss of Oklahoma's electoral vote, the corollary will be unfortunate. But the fear of that must not be permitted to color a question of party rectitude and principle.

THE CHANGING CAMPAIGN.

Only a week ago attention was called by many observers to the courtesy, the reciprocal good will, the fairness that prevailed among those prominent in the campaign. It was pointed out with satisfaction that the bitterness and defamation of former presidential contests were absent; that only the differing policies of the parties were the subjects of discussion. If the campaign was quiet and colorless, that was no cause for regret; it was at least respectable, and should be edifying.

But this congratulatory note was premature; for a factor in the campaign was overlooked whose power of producing sensational and turbulent effects has been frequently exhibited. While others were occupied in marshaling their forces or appealing to the emotions and understanding of the public, Mr. William Randolph Hearst was engaged in gathering mud. Suddenly he began throwing lumps of it, lumps which stuck to the objects of his aim with an adhesiveness not usually belonging to the loose material of a somewhat similar kind he has heretofore used.

Unbounded success attended Mr. Hearst's efforts. The scene at once changed. Instead of dignity and calm discussion, there is now crimination and recrimination, charges of falsehood made, and the vilifying of character. Mr. Roosevelt has added to the intensity of feeling created by the introduction of these new features and given them a baleful prominence. With indecent haste he grasps at the opportunity to get some advantage out of the situation; he proclaims the innocence of his own party, announcing fiercely the guilt of his opponents. For this interference the President is rebuked, assailed, even charged with slander and misrepresentation.

There need be no regret that these disclosures have been made; the regret should be that there are men and conditions in our public life which make such disclosures possible. And those men must be weeded out and those conditions be ended.

There is but little probability of the campaign being restored to its former basis. The tariff, the guaranty of bank deposits, the injunction in labor disputes and the other important issues must share with personalities and abuse the interest of the people, and in the efforts of the contestants.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Invention and experience have combined to make ocean travel almost as safe as sitting at home by one's fireside. But the mountains continue to exact their annual toll of death from adventurous climbers. At stupendous cost of labor and money, railroads have tunneled and twisted their way to the summit of many great mountains in the Alps, and it is no longer the mere desire to behold the view that attracts the mountaineer. Rather it is the same desire to conquer that manifests itself in the steady stream of claimants for polar discoveries. To placid Sancho Panzas, who prefer the coverings of flannel to the habiliments of glory, such emotions as those which lead a man to go through danger, hardship and suffering, only to achieve an end of no commercial value, seem incomprehensible, but mankind is better for the existence of just this sort of spirit, and the sixty deaths which have been paid as toll to the love of conquest are not altogether in vain.

The Evening Mail, of New York, says that of the disasters so far recorded eighteen lives have been lost at Zermatt, nine in the Wetterhorn-Jungfrau chain, six on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, four at St. Gervais, in France; four near Grindelwald, in the Bernese Oberland; one at Chamounix. One American has been killed at the Wetterhorn, another on Mont Blanc. Most of the casualties, however, have been to Swiss, Austrians and Bavarians—to whom mountain climbing should be familiar. The average annual death list of about sixty is likely to be exceeded this year.

Mountain climbing is a sport essayed by few. It is expensive, to begin with. The charge, guides and all, for an ascent of the Wetterhorn is $60; the charge for an ascent of Mont Blanc is $20 for each guide, and $10 for the porter. Then it is a diversion caviar to the general. The exertion is extreme, the risk not small.

The reward for scaling a difficult peak is seldom commensurate with the effort. One is not compensated even with what people call "the view." A mountain view ceases to be landscape, ceases to be "scenery." Its prospects are maplike.

But those that do succeed know they have gained an end worth all it cost. In their splendid play of muscle and the indescribable exhilaration of high altitudes under the excitement of the continual combat with the forces of nature they experience sensations, and have, as many of them testify, come nearer to the sense of real living than may be gathered from a thousand years of petty routine in the smug complacency of boulevards, cafes, obsequious waiters and the daily paper.

AUTOMOBILES FOR FARMERS.

In 1898 the first sign that reviving prosperity was on a sound foundation came with the announcement that the at one time down-trodden and mortgage-ridden farmers of Kansas had laid aside their worldly cares and were buying pianos. In the past ten years there has been no reason to doubt the prosperity or to fear for the musical taste of the American farmer, no matter where he might be. Good news from him is, therefore, not the amazing fact that it was a decade ago. It is none the less cheering to see fresh indications from the farmers of the West that the general prosperity of the country is about to return. This time it is not pianos, but automobiles, that come as returning doves to the high and dry ark of national trade. The iron mills may be quiet, the mines are in many cases shut down, the rolling mills are doing little, and cotton operatives are out of a job; but the luxurious farmer, from Kansas to Colorado and from Winnipeg to Galveston, beholding his wad of money and not knowing where to deposit it, has begun buying automobiles. A few more straws like this will indicate the near approach of a new hurricane of trade.

The Houston Post indicates that it will continue to split infinitives and misuse "like" till the cows come home, and will not be responsible for any deaths indulged in by contemporaries. Our exchanges, of course, appreciate the Post's delicate position. The use of correct grammar is, it is said, a legal ground for lynching throughout the State of Texas.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt awarded that gorgeous publicity to the Outlook is proof of his utter and fearless impartiality. It is Scribner's who is pledged to pay him that dollar a word honorarium.

Furthermore, if the Republicans mean to drop all vested-interest people from their official rolls, the country will stand ready to see the G. O. P. shrink like a new flannel.

Doubtless if the whole truth were known, many a new political tombstone would carry a Standard Oleaginous epitaph.

"What will we think in November, should nature keep us alive, if the campaign seems so vicious on September 25?"

This campaign may be apathetic, but it is fast getting to be no place for boys, mollycoddles or women.

The campaign dollars are not yet numerous enough to account for all the postmasterships.

Those who say that the art of letter-writing is vanishing are herewith invited to scrutinize the claims of John D. Archbold.

We suppose this might be described as an apathetic campaign with the apathy left out.

Rhymes for To-Day.

PURELY WHISKERIAL.

[John W. Kern and J. Hamilton Lewis are on a stumping tour together.—News Item.]

THERE'S many and many a whisker
In a many and many a land
That's had its true work serenaded by "Hail to the Chief" on a band.

There's many a gallant Prince Albert,
there's many a glossy mustache,
That's prodded its rivals to envy till owners grew bitter and rash.

I've seen the world's darnedest in spinach, I've pored over matters hirsute,
I know when a duster is so-so, I know when a duster's a beaut—
But two such together! Ah, never! Oh, heavens, it gave me a turn
To see the grand whiskers of Lewis conjoined with the whiskers of Kern.

I saw them in Dubuque, Iowa, and fixed with a stupefied stare
That rare capillary effusion, that glorious cascade of hair.
I gazed at the whiskery marvel in rapture—but one close beside
Broke down at the grand panorama, and blubbered and bellowed and cried.

Sobbed he: "Kindly pardon the noise—a tonsorial artist am I:
I been out of work since November yet—look at that platform!—why? Why?
I'd be fixed for the winter if only they'd hire me in for a turn
At cuttin' the whiskers of Lewis and the subsequent whiskers of Kern."

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

An Error.

"Johnnie, how is it you joined Sunday school and then stopped coming so abruptly?"

"I thought 'twas nearder Christmas when I joined."—Houston Post.

Not Needed.

She: "Come, dear, kiss my cheek and make it up."

He: "I'll kiss it, but I don't think it wants any more making up."—Answers.

Both Looking for Him.

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand, a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger, politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to her other hand.—Everybody's Magazine.

German Pleasantry.

The Herr Lieutenant: "Have you read any of the latest English novels?"

Fraulein Freda: "No; I am trying to lead a better life."—Carlcaturean.

Those Nicknames.

Knicker: "Lionel Clarence Montmorenci Jones went to school this morning."

Bocker: "And Butch Jones came home to lunch."—New York Sun.

His Wish Fulfilled.

A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin. "I got my vish; thank you."—Everybody's Magazine.

REMARKS FROM THE SIDE-LINES.

AND now it is Wilbur Wright who has broken the flying machine record, but keep your eye on the old law of gravitation.—Houston Post.

* * *

"Justice to the mother-in-law," pleads the Cleveland Leader. Be not so harsh. Temper it with mercy.—New York Mail.

* * *

New York Republican politicians must swallow Hughes again without even a chaser.—Chicago News.

* * *

What is the difference between a mining promoter and a great man? One is a shining mark and the other a mining shark.—Sacramento Union.

* * *

As Standard Oil made 40 per cent. on its capital stock this year, it is plain that the Rockefeller autobiography is not being written to make ends meet.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

According to statements made by some of his relatives, Taft used to write poetry. Why should the Democrats continue to hope to carry Indiana?—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

One cannot help admiring the Kaiser's courage when it is remembered that he has no Loeb to blame things on.—New York World.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

North and South America have 11,063,000 Germans or German-speaking people.

The voice of a man has been known to carry three miles through a twenty-foot trumpet.

There is a little more than twenty-six and one-eighth miles of railroad in the United States for every 10,000 inhabitants.

There is a lot of poverty in Manhattan Island, but the assessment rolls give $2,900 in taxable property to each inhabitant.

Courts are a great expense to New York City. The jurors alone last year cost $415,168. The year before the cost was $321,293.

In Paris last year 49,298 horses were killed for food, which was 5,000 more than the previous year. These animals yielded 23,600,000 pounds of meat.

Captain S. L. H. Slocum, the American military attache at St. Petersburg, has left St. Petersburg on leave of absence. He will visit Germany and then travel in Southeastern Europe.

Under the will of Mrs. Jane S. Townsend, of Rugby, Eng., the sum of $50,000 will go to Yale University as an endowment fund for a chair of history in memory of the dead son of Mrs. Townsend.

Electric power for domestic and mechanical purposes has become almost a necessity in Calcutta, and a reduction in the cost would have the effect of largely increasing the consumption of the electric current.

Dr. Charles Taylor, who died in London last month, was master of St. John's College, at Cambridge, and, according to the London Jewish Chronicle, "the greatest rabbinic scholar outside the fold of the synagogue."

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall is now in Mexico as field director of the Reid-Crocker expedition, which is excavating the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon. The work is being carried on with funds furnished by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Crocker, of San Francisco.

The will of John V. Farwell, pioneer merchant and philanthropist of Chicago, disposes of an estate of $1,775,000 equally among his five children. The Moody Bible Institute, in which Mr. Farwell took a deep interest, receives an annuity of $2,000 for ten years.

Although no offer of the presidency of Dartmouth College in succession to President Tucker has yet been made, it is known that the college authorities now have under consideration, among others, the name of Prof. James Rowland Angell, of the department of psychology of the University of Chicago.

A Democratic View.

It is said, by way of whistling to keep up courage, that things will begin to look better for the Republicans when Taft gets on the stump. But will that make things really any better? Mr. Bryan has stirred up the Middle West to enthusiasm. He has "invaded" the East and here has been received with acclaim. The Democratic campaign is moving along on wheels; the Taft campaign can hardly be said even to drag. Mr. Taft upon the stump, even with the help of Governor Hughes, who has been drafted to aid him, cannot expect to divert the current of public favor now running so strongly toward Bryan.

President Roosevelt undoubtedly feels the chill and inactivity of the campaign, and recognizes the necessity of putting some fire into it. This cannot be done by writing letters. His epistle to his cattle-raising friend at the West has failed to bring forth an echo—failed as completely as the posthumous statement of the late President Cleveland naming Taft as the better man. He cannot elect Taft by writing proclamations in his favor. And it may be doubted that even were Mr. Roosevelt to jump into the ring and take the stump in person he could at this day effect a change in the conditions and tendencies prevailing.—Boston Post.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy

Swedish Minister a Scotchman.

COUNT H. G. HAMILTON, who, formerly Governor of the Province of Gefleborg, in Sweden, is now King Gustavus's Minister of the Interior, is the head of the Scandinavian branch of the great Scotch House of Hamilton. Lord Claud Hamilton, son of James Hamilton, second Earl of Arran, and regent of Scotland in 1542, on the demise of James V., was created Baron Paisley in 1535. His youngest son, Frederick, who married Sidney, daughter of Sir John Vaughan, served with distinction under King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in the Thirty Years' War, and founded the Swedish branch of his house, being created first of all barons and then counts. The present Minister of the Interior's father was Governor of Upsala, and Paul Du Chaillu relates in his "Land of the Midnight Sun" the charming manner in which he was entertained there by the late count and by his wife, a daughter of the celebrated Swedish historian, Geijer. The Swedish Counts of Hamilton have always made it a point and a matter of family pride to speak English perfectly, as if it were their native tongue, whereas the Counts of Douglas, who are also of Scottish descent, do not know a word of the tongue of their ancestors. Like the Douglases, who make use of the armorial bearings of the House of Douglas, of which the Duke of Hamilton is the chief, so do the Counts of Hamilton use the arms of the Hamilton family, of which the Duke of Abercorn is the head. They rank among the very grandest houses of the Swedish aristocracy, and a sister of the count is the wife of General Count Charles Wedel, the Kaiser's Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine.

The present Duke of Hamilton, by the by, is now receiving a very large accession to his income. The late duke, when he died thirteen years ago, bequeathed most of his property to his only child, Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, who two years ago became the wife of the Marquis of Graham, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Montrose. The title of Duke of Hamilton went to a very distant cousin, Lieutenant Alfred Douglas Hamilton, of the royal navy. To him, or rather to the dukedom, the late duke bequeathed his Lanarkshire estates, including the collieries. He vested all this Lanarkshire property in the hands of trustees, with instructions that they should pay an income not exceeding $50,000 a year, to the new duke, for the maintenance of the title, employing the balance of the revenues for the gradual amortisation of the debts on that and other of the estates which had belonged to him. He added that as soon as these debts had been liquidated, the new duke was to have the entire income from the Lanarkshire estates and collieries.

These liabilities have now been paid off, and the present duke is receiving the whole income, which has had the effect of more than quadrupling his income, and is destined to still further increase. In fact, it is probable that within a few years, with the development of the property, the revenues of the dukedom of Hamilton will amount to some $400,000 per annum. At the time when the duke succeeded to his cousin's honors he was single, and regarded as a hopeless invalid, having injured in some fashion his spine while diving under the keel of the ship on which he was serving. He has, however, entirely recovered, has married a very charming woman, Miss Nina Poore, and has a daughter and two sons, the eldest of whom, now six years of age, bears the title of Marquis of Douglas and of Clydesdale.

"Dear Appollonia: Many tender thanks for your sweet letter, and for the interest which you show in my mature looks, which cannot but profit from the advice which you give with so much taste. I ask your pardon for having recourse once more to your counsel. It is about my hair. You have not pronounced yourself definitely for or against moderate curls (bouclés modérées). Herewith a sketch copied from the books of the Countess of Ingelheim. Do you, perhaps, think these locks slightly waved preferable to curls? And then about the pattern for the dress? What do you think? Adieu, dear Appollonia. Pardon all these inquiries from "Your devoted.

"AUGUSTA."

This letter is one of some half a hundred addressed to the Comtesse de Valon, daughter of the Marquise de La Rochelambert during her residence at Berlin, by Augusta, then Princess of Prussia, and who died as German Empress, and as consort of old Emperor William. All are written more or less in the same vein, and in the most exquisite French. If I have reproduced one of them here, it is for the purpose of showing that this Empress, who had the poet, Goethe, as one of the teachers of her youth, at the court of her father, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who was regarded throughout her career as a blue-stocking, as terribly artificial, and as a slave to etiquette, was after all very human, and above all, very feminine, glad, though a princess of the blood, to defer to the superior taste and knowledge of her Parisian friend in matters of elegance and toilette. The letters shed an altogether new light upon Empress Augusta, and those who like myself can recall her, and who have known her personally in her later years, will now be able to understand why she adhered until her death to those odd looking curls. They had been recommended to her as most suitable to her style of beauty by her friend, Appollonia La Rochelambert, Comtesse de Valon, nearly half a century earlier.

General Prince Yousoupoff has resigned his command of the regiment of the Chevalier Gardes of the Empress, the crack corps of the Russian army. His retirement constitutes the aftermath of the drama through which his eldest son, Count Nicholas Soumarakoff-Elston, lost his life a few weeks ago; a drama which was described very fully in these letters. It may be recalled that young Count Manteuffel, an officer of the sister regiment of the Chevalier Gardes of the Emperor, married a Mlle. von Heyden, a girl of rare loveliness, and one of the beauties of the Russian court. Later on he discovered that his bride had been forced into the marriage; that she and Soumarakoff-Elston had been infatuated with one another, and that they had been parted through the manoeuvres of an elderly grand duchess, who was herself in love with Soumarakoff, and who had brought about the marriage during his absence abroad, with the object of parting him from Mlle. von Heyden. Manteuffel on discovering this, and assuring himself that he had no subject for reproach, either against his bride or against young Soumarakoff, attempted to commit suicide in Paris. The fellow officers of his regiment declining to believe that the love of his bride for Soumarakoff had been blameless, insisted that he should challenge the latter to a duel, failing which they would boycott him, and bring about his expulsion from the regiment, on the ground that he had condoned his bride's dishonor. It was thereupon that he fought young Soumarakoff, and had the misfortune to kill him.

And now there has been a revulsion of opinion at court and in society at St. Petersburg. Young Soumarakoff and Countess Manteuffel are held to have been free from reproach, and all three young people, namely, Count Manteuffel, who has left both his regiment, the army and Russia, the dead Count Soumarakoff and young Countess Manteuffel, who has disappeared, and who is believed to be in a convent, are all three regarded as the victims of the elderly grand duchess, to whom I have made allusion above.

Naturally General Prince Yousoupoff feels bitterly against the officers of the Chevalier Gardes of the Empress, who forced Count Manteuffel to kill his boy, without any justification for the action; and as in his capacity as colonel in chief of the sister regiment he was necessarily brought into constant and daily association with them, he has preferred to resign his command.

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STATE PRESS

Automobile Rights.

We write this for the profit of the automobilist. He must recognize the fact that while the highways are public property, no rights are conferred upon him that are not enjoyable by every vehicle driver, or pedestrian. The laws of Virginia provide that whenever a traction engine goes upon the highway, a man must be sent on ahead to notify drivers of horses, and to hold the horses while the engine goes by. A traction engine is much less frightening than an automobile to a country horse. The recklessness of the automobilist in rural sections is one of the most prolific fields for the work of the cartoonist. Women can no longer ride or drive, unaccompanied.—Roanoke Times.

Camel and Gnat.

In July Judge Taft would consent to no association with Senator Foraker. In August they were proud to shake hands over the grave of their differences. In September they agreed to whoop up the Republican clubs from the same rostrum. Then came Hearst's charges and Taft shook Foraker; and now the President praises Taft for consistent refusal to compromise himself by making friends with the Senator. The record and the eulogy do not fit. And anyway it is a curious kind of fastidiousness which taboos Foraker and tolerates Cox.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Lightning Defying Ajax.

Roosevelt has discovered in the course of the past few weeks that although his big stick availed much in cowing Republican leaders and a Republican National Convention, the American people in their sovereignty, their courageous manhood, and in their self-respect are disposed to defy him and his weapons—to measure him as the slanderer and cheap scold that he is, and to refuse to be awed by the infamous cudgel of Federal power and patronage which he so brutally and so recklessly wields.—Lynchburg News.

Sly and Ambitious Teddy.

Taft, once esteemed a great judge and an evenly balanced man, has shown by becoming the mouthpiece of Roosevelt that he is neither a great nor a well-balanced man. After traveling all over the world, mingling with all sorts and conditions of men, he appears on the American political stags as a mere understudy of the man who has nearly wrecked the nation, and who only desires Taft's success that he may in reality get what his party and the people made clear he could not get at the ballot box—the power to run the government four years longer.—Piedmont Virginian.

Splitters.

That is a very extraordinary organization in Richmond which calls itself a Taft Democratic Club. Its members expect to vote for Taft and still remain Democrats. By what process they work out that result is somewhat puzzling. We don't think it can be worked out. The so-called Taft Democrats are simply fooling themselves, but they are fooling no one else. They are trying to ride two horses going in opposite directions. Inevitably they will split in two or fall between.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

Quam Fluctus, etc.

States' rights is a well-worn theme, but Mr. Bryan in dealing with it recently in one of his superb speeches clothed the subject in new dress and defended the rights of the States in a manner striking and strong, and yet in doing so he struck no blow at the constitutional powers of the general government. Mr. Bryan stands firmly on the old rock; "one as the sea, distinct as the billows."—Appomattox and Buckingham Times.

Thought Fatal to Them.

Because the people are paying no attention to the old "scarecrows" the Republicans have been using for years so successfully the latter are beginning to wear careworn expressions these days. The truth of the matter is the people are thinking and reasoning for themselves as never before, and this means trouble for the Republicans.—South Hill Enterprise.

Voice of the People

The Benevolent Jew.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Have you read the will of Isadore Strause?

Not that there's anything remarkable about it—it is the way of the high-type Jew the world over—but it's mighty interesting reading.

And it makes you ask yourself some interesting questions.

Why is it that when a Jew of moderate fortune dies we usually look for him to leave a part of his estate to benevolent objects?

And why is it that when a Christian dies, unless he is worth a million or more, we do not usually expect him to leave anything to benevolent objects?

And why is it that you and I are still sitting up nights prating over Christian benevolence, and Christian beneficence, and Christian munificence, as if we had cornered the milk-of-human-kindness market and left not so much as a spoonful for Jew, Greek or barbarian?

A California gentleman, seeing something I had written in a book about Jewish liberality, wrote me that the most benevolent man he has ever known is an aged Israelite of 'Frisco. This old man receives every poor man who comes to his door as if he were Jehovah in disguise, and if a day passes without bringing a case of need, he goes home sad and wondering if God is displeased with him that He should not have visited him that day.

I smiled as I read it and thought it a beautiful fancy, until it occurred to me that Jesus had taught us the same thing, not as a fancy, but as an eternal truth: "I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not."

The Jews have been princely givers from the beginning. At the very start of their national life, when they were given an opportunity to contribute for the erection of the tabernacle, they poured out their gold so fast that Moses had to send messengers post-haste through the camp to tell them to quit. They gave as if they were already confirmed victims of the habit. It was so in all their great national offerings. Nobody had to stand up in the pulpit to "lift" the collection or to explain that for every dollar they chipped in the Lord would give back a ten. They simply raised the lid of the treasury, and the people came running with their gifts. And they kept coming until the lid went down with a bang and the crowd was ordered to disperse.

Of course, in all this the Jew had the start of us. He was taught in the school of benevolence three thousand years before we were out of the woods. But this alone does not explain why he is still ahead of us. We have been out of the woods something like a thousand years ourselves, and some of us have not got started yet.

The Jew first learned to give by giving to God. His first gifts were gifts of gratitude. The goodness of God pulled on his heartstrings and loosened his pursestrings. Then, later, trouble came—came to stay—and the cry of their needy brethren scattered abroad arose, never to cease; and from that day to this his gifts have been largely gifts of benevolence. Anybody who loves can give to missions; anybody who thinks can give to education, but only the man with the fellow-feeling—the man who has known trouble or has been raised within earshot of the cry of need—can be truly benevolent. The Jew has been raised on trouble; he knows what it means, and when the cry of distress strikes on his ear the chords vibrate in his heart. He simply cannot slam the door to drown that cry.

George Washington was reputed to be America's richest citizen in his day; but when the colonies had lost their credit, and the treasury was empty, and the paymasters were out of a job, and the chances of success had faded almost out of sight, and everybody was kicking, it was left for a Philadelphia Jew to raise the dead hope to life again; and Haym Salomon, without asking security, poured into the public treasury more good, hard cash than George Washington was ever worth.

When Jesse Seligman died in New York, Carl Schurz declared that in all his experience he had never known a man more truly helpful to his fellowmen. "There was no charitable enterprise within his reach that did not feel the generosity of his open hand"; and he made his bequests without regard to religion or nationality.

Judah Touro, of New Orleans, never a man of great wealth, left fourteen Christian institutions $5,000 each, and gave $80,000 to New Orleans for the care of its poor. It has been said that his catholic munificence for a man of his means has never been surpassed in America.

Dr. Berndt, of Pittsburg, divided his estate almost equally between Jewish and Christian institutions. Simon Muhr, of Philadelphia, gave one-third of his fortune to education and divided the remaining two-thirds equally between Jewish and Christian benevolences. I could name many others who have shown the same catholic spirit, among them names of fragrant memory, familiar to us all here at home.

We are still given to talking of Jewish narrowness, but I do not recall that a single American Christian has ever divided his bequests equally between Christian and Jewish benevolences.

The question interests me more and more as I think of it. Why do our benevolent institutions receive more in bequests from Jews of moderate fortune than from Christians of moderate fortune?

Is it because the Christian church looks only to millionaires for legacies?

Is it because the Jew is more liberal than the Christian, or only because he gives more to benevolences and less to other things? Is it true that he gives less to other things?

Is it because the Christian church has fixed the thought of its rich men upon education and missions to the neglect of its benevolent institutions?

Is it because the Christian church has been so long a stranger to trouble and has little to pull upon its heartstrings? Would a great persecution such as moved the early Christians to sell all that they had for the common good quicken the ear of Christendom to the cry of suffering?

Is it because we who profess the name of Christ do not really believe the words of Jesus and regard the faith of the aged Israelite of 'Frisco as only a pious fancy?

One thing more—Christianity is still suffering much at the hands of its friends. And chief among these hurtful friends are the pious simpletons who imagine that they are giving glory to Christ when they roll their eyeballs backward at every kindly mention of the religion and the race from which sprang our own religion and our own Lord.

Away back in the dimness, when our unwashed forefathers were still roaming the woods, shooting Teddy bears and things and eating their meat raw and refusing to comb their hair, the Jew, following the ways of peace, had already, quietly and unostentatiously, given to God and his fellowmen more than enough to pay our national debt. We can afford to be modest.

EDWARD LEIGH PELL, D. D.

Mr. Keller to Mr. Royall.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—While I am small, I feel small by comparison with Mr. William L. Royall. I am a "horny-handed son of toil," one who works for his living and thinks for himself, while I imagine Mr. Royall is the opposite. In your issue of the 20th instant Mr. Royall asks some questions which, it seems to me, are easy (but, then, I may be easy), one in reference to his "Wildcat Bank," in which he thinks people would just as soon put their money as in the Chemical National, of New York. Admitting that this might be true, did Mr. Royall ever think that a law which would guarantee bank deposits would carry with it a definition of the kind of men the government would permit to run one of its guaranteed banks? Wildcat schemes are generally the product of men with wildcat ideas. Consequently Mr. Royall claims a certain proprietorship of the wildcat bank.

But as it stands to-day the Chemical National compared with the little bank virtually has a monopoly, and has by this state of affairs concentrated the money of our country into a few banks, to be used by their customers, while the customer of the county bank, with the best security in the world, suffers for it. With the system Mr. Bryan advocates the county bank would get its shares, which would result in an even distribution of our circulating medium, a thing all parties agree would be beneficial. But if Mr. Royall were permitted to run his "wildcat" scheme to the same extent that he airs his "wildcat" ideas, perhaps the law would be a bad one.

And, as to Coxey, I suppose his financial, mental and moral character would have to stand the same test before the government would guarantee deposits in his bank.

Now I will, in my humble way, beg leave to ask Mr. Royall a question: Would you indorse a man's note who was an absolute stranger to you or one you knew to be crooked? If not, then do you suppose our government will?

Mr. Royall should remember that there are men who entertain an opposite view to his who have both brains and honor, and that if their desires were carried out and put into law the banking business would be as safe for the ordinary depositor as the United States government requires for their work to-day. Why is it that the government cannot guarantee deposits when placed with safe men when they require security from their depositaries, and reserve the right to examine the bank's books at any time? Why is it they will do this and permit these very banks to use this fact as an advertising scheme, leaving the impression with the prospective depositor that this plan makes them safe, and, in fact, go so far as in one instance I can recall as to say "the United States government is behind us?" This is Mr. Royall's plan. None of it, I thank you! I will vote for Mr. Bryan.

DAN F. KELLER.

Cumberland, Va., September 21, 1908.

Help Drunkards to Help Themselves.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Dr. J. J. McKanna, who has been treating free chronic drunks for the whiskey habit in this city, has graduated a class of more than a score, and every one of the "graduates" are sounding his praises and declare they are cured—permanently cured—of the disease known to them as the whiskey habit. The whiskey habit is indeed a disease as much so as typhoid fever, and not a crime, or even a sin within itself, as too many temperance talkers, preachers and reformers are so prone to believe and to proclaim. Certain it is that none of the people who have taken Dr. McKanna's wonderful three-day treatment and believe themselves cured are criminals. Some of them—indeed, the most of them—are workingmen, who were dependent upon their daily labor for support of themselves and families. Some of them—the majority of them, perhaps—have been good workmen, worthy of their hire, but have lost employment and lost the confidence of employers because of drunkenness.

Dr. McKanna's treatment has set them on their feet again, whether permanently or not remains to be seen. They are to-day sober men, and they hope to remain so. They believe they will, and they are ready, willing and anxious to start life again just where they lost their footing through too much drink.

Idleness is perhaps the source of more drunkenness than anything else. These men, remaining in idleness, may fall again. It is manifestly the plain duty of the ministers and the temperance workers and the philanthropists who have been taking so much interest in the good work which Dr. McKanna has been doing to reinforce that work by helping these men, just from the sickbed of drunkenness, to cease to be idlers—that is, to get employment for them or help them to get employment.

The class, which, by the way, is still under a certain treatment, will meet Dr. and Mrs. McKanna at Murphy's Hotel Saturday morning to receive final treatment. The good work that has been done will be greatly strengthened if good people will be there at that time to offer their services to the worthy "graduates" to help get for them immediate employment in such positions as they are capable of filling. This will be a splendid opportunity for real temperance workers to do some practical and permanent work. A hint to the wise and the truly good is sufficient.

OBSERVER.

The Sabbath Question.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It goes without the saying that the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath is a very important matter, and no true follower of Christ can view Sabbath desecration without protesting against such violation. But to all thinking minds the question comes, What is Sabbath desecration? In our Lord's day the Pharisees pretended to be strict observers of the Sabbath (and, by the by, according to their idea, the seventh day Sabbath began at sunset Friday, which would lead to some confusion if we all returned to the seventh day for our Sabbath); and, while they condemned our Lord for performing good deeds on that day, these pious (?) Sabbatarians wouldn't hesitate to pull out the ditch on the Lord's day the ox or ass fallen therein. In His declaration, "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," our Lord puts the Sabbath in its true light. A strict, puritanical observance of this blessed day He nowhere enjoins upon us. It is true the fourth commandment tells us to "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," etc., but we do not want teachers like the Pharisees to tell us what holy Sabbath-keeping is. No, if you please.

We can't see any hope for a better observance of the Sabbath by doing away with legislation by civil government on the subject and a return to the seventh day as the Sabbath. All law emanated from the Ten Commandments, and the beginning of civil government as we find it in the Old Testament had God's blessing, for He authorized His prophet, Samuel, to anoint Saul to be Israel's first King, and David, whose life Saul afterwards sought, would do Saul no harm because the King was God's anointed. To-day a Christian nation like ours ought to have Christian rulers and Christian leaders at the head of government, and nothing but good, useful and wholesome laws ought to be had. Our civil government takes the prohibitions of the Sinaitic laws like "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," and affixes to them penalties. Why not take the Sabbath injunction as well and put a penalty to the law prohibiting Sabbath desecration?

OBSERVER.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I observe in a recent issue of your paper a communication from Mrs. Kate Alma Orgaine in defense of Poe. In quoting various biographers who have written favorably of him, she alludes to Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, as follows:

"Mrs. Weiss writes (concerning the quarrel between Poe and Mrs. Allan): 'The whole truth was very natural under the circumstances. The second Mrs. Allan then had three children, for whom she wished to secure all the Allan property. It was very natural that she should try to turn Mr. Allan against Poe, and she made Edgar feel that he was an intruder. This treatment where he had heretofore received only kindness wrung the proud soul of Poe to desperation, and he went out into the world a beggar.'"

For this passage, professing to be a quotation from Mrs. Weiss's "Home Life of Poe," the writer must have drawn upon a treacherous memory, for not one word of it do we find in Mrs. Weiss's book. Consulting the latter we find the following to be what she really did write:

"Poe" (on arriving at the Allan house from West Point) "handed his traveling-bag to the old servant who opened the door, directing him to take it to his room. The answer of the man astounded him. Mrs. Allan had taken his room for a guest-chamber and relegated his belongings to the end room. He then desired to see Mrs. Allan. The lady came in all her dignity, and replied to his inquiry that she had arranged her house to suit herself, and that she had not been informed that he had any right to that room, or that he was expected ever again to occupy it. Warm words followed, in which she reminded him of his dependence on her husband's charity, which provoked him to more than hint that her marriage had been a mercenary one. This was enough for the lady. She sent for her husband, then at his place of business, and who, upon hearing her account of the interview without seeing Poe, sent him a peremptory order to leave the house, which he immediately did."

It will be observed that Mrs. Weiss does not attribute to Mr. Allan the mercenary