

THE HOUSTON DAILY POST.

—BY THE— HOUSTON PRINTING COMPANY.

R. M. JOHNSTON, President G. J. PALMER, Vice President

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION. Nos. 1101, 1103, 1107 and 1109 Franklin Avenue.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS. Business Department 185. Editorial Department 451.

THE CITY.—The Post is delivered to any part of the city by carriers. Per month, \$1.00; three months, \$3.00; six months, \$6.00; one year, \$12.00.

FOREIGN OFFICES.—Eastern business office, 47, 48, 49 and 50 Tribune building, New York (The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency); Western, 409 The Rookery, Chicago (The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency).

TRAVELING AGENTS.—C. S. E. Holland, Auditor; E. R. Holland, A. W. Palmer and H. B. Throp.

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HOUSTON, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1901.

12 PAGES TODAY.

THE HANDICAP OF WEALTH.

To take William K. Vanderbilt's word for it, inherited wealth is a handicap to happiness.

There is nothing for its possessor to hope or strive for; nothing to do but to try to get all the fun possible out of life.

If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in his desire to increase his business he has constant use for it, but the man who inherits it has none of this, says the noted multi-millionaire.

It is easy enough for a man whose fortune can not be approximated with less than nine figures to simulate a yearning for the joys incidental to the lives of those whose toll is rewarded by success in the accumulation of wealth, and whose efforts to dissipate the ever present fear of want bring prosperity.

If Mr. Vanderbilt is sincere in declaring that inherited wealth is anything but a source of real happiness, there is nothing to prevent him from getting rid of his burden in that line and starting out to enjoy life in the way it appears to him most enjoyable.

And who wouldn't? In his annual report to the governor, President Prather of the State University devotes considerable space to the subject of physical culture and, in harmony with his belief in the beneficent influence of gymnastics upon the student mind, the board of regents has asked the legislature for an appropriation for a gymnasium.

VALUE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.

In his annual report to the governor, President Prather of the State University devotes considerable space to the subject of physical culture and, in harmony with his belief in the beneficent influence of gymnastics upon the student mind, the board of regents has asked the legislature for an appropriation for a gymnasium.

The State's responsibility is not limited to the proper training of the mental faculties of the youth to which it undertakes the giving of a higher education. Their moral and physical development is as much its business as is the development of their minds, good health and morals being essential in the make-up of the perfect citizenship it is the University's mission to produce.

Years of observation of university life, first as a student, next as a regent and finally as an active factor in the shaping of its daily program, have shown President Prather that physical culture is one of the strongest influences that can be brought to bear to make for temperance and continence.

First, hard study produces fatigue, and a disinclination for further exertion of any kind. Third, he has no regular work that offers an opportunity for exercise. Fourth, he has little idea either of the kind or of the amount of exercise to take.

President Prather's opinion of gymnastics is shared by many of our most progressive educators. Prof. Sargent of Harvard, for instance, is even more pronounced in his views with regard to the importance of physical training, as appears from the following from his pen, printed in a recent issue of Success:

If the life one would lead is largely a mental one, the health and tone of the brain are entirely dependent upon the conditions of the heart, stomach, lungs and other bodily organs. The ability of these organs to do their work and properly nourish the brain and nervous system must either be inherited or acquired.

But blood and lymph are to the bones, muscles and nerves as the fuel is to the engine, and the body as a whole. They strengthen and nourish the various parts and make them increase in size, power and efficiency.

The cost of providing a gymnasium for the University will not be great, so that no objection can on that score be offered to granting the request of the regents for money with which to establish one.

SENATOR TILLMAN has warned the mill-owners in South Carolina not to coerce their employees into supporting the McLean ticket. No one, says the Indianapolis Sentinel, familiar with the tactics pursued during the last two presidential campaigns will doubt that he is justified in his suspicion.

NOW SPAIN is building castles in Turkey. NEW YORK wants to present the Statue of Liberty to the government. With Liberty off her hands she can pay more attention to boodle.

THE "full dinner pail" seems to be full of prunes. IT MIGHT also be a good plan to dock and break up the Constitution; she seems to be in the same class as the Independence.

AFTER ALL, we do wish that the kaiser had made them know. BETHIA has been driven into Mortimer, where he has captured thirty British mounts. Now they'll perhaps drive him out again.

IF the banana trust isn't careful it may slip up on its skin game. THE apologies have been made and the incident forgotten, but somehow or other the Baroness Von Ketteler is still a widow.

TOM PLATT says that the boss mayor of New York will be a Platter. SHERIFF WILLIAM MCKINLEY is endeavoring to stir up strife in McKeesport. Who'll say that there's nothing in a name.

WON'T it be disappointing if France and Turkey don't fight after all. THE worst thing that has happened to the Atlanta Journal for a long time was that Labor Day poem.

ADMIRAL HOWISON will doubtless do his duty by Schley if he can't help it. GENERAL URINE-URINE is still using that double-barreled name in Central America. War is truly "hell."

ALL that Webster gets out of it is a nice symmetrical hole in the ground. BOSTON'S Independence will soon be a thing of the past. It was a thing of the past some time ago.

THE loss of Columbia's gunboat leaves that poor little nation without a Popa. PROF. TRIGUS says he expected to be called an ass. A sort of bird of prey, as it were.

THE Goebel murderers seem to have taken their thirst for blood into prison with them. IT is to be presumed that Bourke Cockran hopes to see the defeat of the English yacht.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

The sultan of Turkey is himself something of a theoretical soldier. His favorite reading is military history of the most detailed and technical sort.

Prof. George C. Tilden, the noted mineralogist, who became insane in San Francisco recently, has considerably improved and it is now thought that his trouble is merely nervous collapse due to overwork.

Barney McGouldrie, a well known Maine "road house" keeper, once said that in fifty years his only visitors who had refused his invitation to break the prohibition laws of the State were Judge Pezars and Senator Hale.

The palace of Emperor William II in Berlin has been kept in the condition in which he left it. In the bedroom there is still the simple iron bedstead on which he always slept and on which he died. It is suggestive of his simple tastes in all respects.

Cecil Rhodes is going to erect a monument to Major Allan Wilson and his twenty-four men who were surrounded and massacred by the Matabele savages during the war against Lobengula. The monument, a monolith, having bas-reliefs on its four sides by John Tweed of London, will be built on the spot where the massacre took place.

A Little Green Epitaph.

"A green little boy, in a green little way, a green little apple devoured one day, and the green little grasses now tenderly wave o'er the little green apple boy's green little grave."

EXCHANGE INTERVIEWS.

There are papers in Texas that are ever making charges either against some candidate or some public official or against some other paper. They offer no evidence in support of their charges. They may possibly deceive unthinking people, but thus injure the innocent victim of their malice to the extent, but such a course will ultimately react, and prove a boomerang.

Bless your heart, such papers hurt nobody but themselves, and effect nothing except to advertise their own unworthiness. The only effectual way to treat that kind of cattle is not to notice them. Editor Milner of the Henderson Times put it about right the other day when he said in reply to one of them that "the wisest and humanest manner to pursue with reference to such unfortunate creatures is to treat them with that silence which supreme pity and profound contempt suggest."

Gumshoe Bill Stone exactly fills the bill for Missouri democracy. He is ready to make an issue out of the green cheese theory of the moon's make-up. Any old thing to corral the populists and hold the offices.—Waco Times-Herald.

And this is what Governor Stone gets for saying that he still believes in bimetallicism and regards Mr. Bryan as one of the greatest democratic leaders the country has produced, or words to that effect. Gradually the nigger under that Waco woodpile is emerging, and probably by the time the next State campaign in Texas opens he will be in full view.

The Reporter notes with gratification that The Post's "bald-headed poet exchange editor" has not given up the fight for cotton factories. Speaking of fuel, Rockdale coal mines can furnish cheaper fuel for factory use than any old body's oil.—Rockdale Reporter.

Thanks; your apology is accepted, and we will have Beaumont oil defuncted at once.

It is not unusual to charge that dime novels are a frequent cause of suicide, but unfortunately, it is the readers, not the writers, who make away with themselves.—Greenville Banner.

Even that, however, is better than nothing. Politics make strange bedfellows. We will see this verities next year—or sooner.—Greenville Headlight.

Well, we hope you will win whichever office you run for. The Houston Post's paragraph says he is a married man, but we don't believe it. If his statement is true, however, we must infer that he married an orphan.—White-washed Sun.

That's right; he goes his snafu way and never, never's brought to law. His wife was just what you have guessed—he never had a mother-in-law. It begins to appear that Judge Reagan's "Confederate record" is the head and front of offense in the eyes of certain editors who are striving to bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Shame on any paper that would persecute and vilify an old man whose character is unassailed by an act of treachery to his people, and whose every heartbeat throbs with love for his native soil.

If Judge Reagan has erred so grievously as to deserve criticism, let it be done with a chivalrous regard for his age, and with mainly respect for his illustrious services and his blameless private life.—Tyler Democrat-Reporter.

The little, low down, insignificant pup who tries to cause trouble between neighbors and friends is beneath the notice of decent people. If the shoe fits, wear it.—Wood County Democrat.

Do the pups in Wood county wear shoes? The Dallas News of Tuesday told of an Arizona woman who gave birth to five children last Saturday. The woman is 40 years old and a mother of eighteen children. Later: The husband has fled to parts unknown.—McGregor Herald.

It is to be hoped that if he makes good his escape he will quit his foolishness. Houston and Waco are now easily the "Murder" Centers of the State. No "border" towns in Texas equal them in this respect. And yet, Houston and Waco have spent millions of dollars on "church" edifices and "school" buildings.

If there is a "moral" connected with conditions in these cities, will The Houston Post and the Waco Times-Herald please point it out? It is hoped those papers will not regard the Mule as being Malicious or Factitious in this matter. It is only after "information."—The Garbage Mule.

"Speaking for Houston, we beg to say that the Mule hasn't got its bonnet on straight. A Massachusetts girl is climbing steeples for wages. An expectant public looks up, expecting to see the foolish thing fall.—Fort Worth Mall Telegram.

According to that, business in Massachusetts seems to be looking up. According to a Chicago newspaper, hot tears coursed down John D. Rockefeller's cheeks as a result of the ovation he received from the University of Chicago students and a few minutes later he said the institution might some time have a \$500,000 endowment. Possibly these were those were the golden tears of which the poets sing.—Huntsville Item.

Wonder if some one were to get after John with a bed slat, and cause some still hotter tears to course down his cheeks, what they would get. The Burning at the Stake.

Beaumont, Texas, September 3.—My attention has recently been attracted by the letters printed in your excellent daily relative to lynching, and I feel impelled to submit to you for publication, if you see fit, the following, which I think is a fair statement of the case, so far as it goes: I have observed that those who are in favor of, as well as those who are against, lynching seem to be particularly zealous about the negro—that he should be saved from justice and accorded the protection of the laws, or that the punishment of his crime should be speedily visited upon his head, accompanied by such terrors as are supposed to be proportioned to the enormity of his offense. In other words, that direful vengeance should be wreaked upon him.

I maintain that the negro rapist should not for a moment be considered. The object to be attained should govern when the disposition of the brute is being debated. The question should not be, is it right or wrong, lawful or unlawful, to anticipate the process of the law? It should be, will his death at the stake more surely prevent the recurrence of like crimes? If it will, then let him be burnt, and let the burning be accompanied by any additional terrors that will operate in the same direction. If, on the contrary, burning will not have this effect, then it should not be practiced; not because of cruelty to the negro, for by his crime he has forfeited all title to consideration, but because it unquestionably has a tendency to brutalize the participants; because it is a reversion to the time in the evolution of man when the links uniting him to the brute creation were far larger and more numerous than is the case today.

Now, then, the advocate of lynch law is in the position of having to prove that burning at the stake is a means of preventing the recurrence of crimes such as was perpetrated on the person of Mrs. Caldwell, and more, that it is more effectual than the ordinary process of law.

To prove a fact of this importance, something more is required than the mere statement of its existence. In your recent issue the gentleman who advocated lynching avers that the rapist fears the stake, but is rather attracted by the prospect of the gallows, and accompanies his rather startling disclosure with much unavailing abuse of all those who venture to disagree with him, concluding with the assertion that a majority of Texas citizens are of a like mind with himself. This sort of reasoning is easily disposed of, for no one will maintain that any amount of vituperation adds anything to the strength of an argument, and as to the last, it is probably untrue; but be that as it may, since it has no bearing upon the question under consideration it may well pass unchallenged.

To discover whether or not the punishment of burning at the stake is likely to have the effect attributed to it, it would be pertinent to inquire somewhat into the nature of a

savage (such as is a negro) in general, and then into the nature of that particular class of savage, called a rapist, in particular.

That great sociologist, Herbert Spencer, speaking of the natives of Africa, says: "It is characteristic of them to be governed in all their actions by whatever impulse may, for the time being, be uppermost in their minds. If it be revenge, every other idea is excluded from consciousness and they pursue that impulse with a wild energy, totally regardless of consequences, and oblivious alike to the dictates of humanity and the fear of retribution. It is the same with all their undertakings, but soon changing, they are led away by some other equally ephemeral passion. A savage will, in a transport of fury, bury his knife in the heart of his closest friend and comrade." What, then, can be the effect of even the most terrible example on a nature such as this? When he commits the fatal deed there is no room in his mind for the fear of consequences. He is a monomaniac, and his delirium may last for many hours, as is the case where the rapist lies in wait for his victim, or the insane person employs the most cunning and elaborate device for the attainment of an end. No punishment can deter him. All that can be done is to place him where he can do no more harm, and this can be accomplished as well by law as by violence.

Now, picture to yourself a black, with these same passions, tramping across the country. Being thirsty, he stops at a farm house beside the road and knocks at the door. The farmer's wife or daughter answers the summons and gives him wherewithal to refresh himself. On seeing her his hitherto dormant desire to have carnal knowledge of a white woman at once usurps control and drives every other consideration from his mind. He hangs around until an opportunity presents itself of accomplishing his dire purpose. On the morrow we read of another foul crime and another burning. Death, even by fire, has no terrors for these wretches, because their intelligence is so low that they are incapable of imagining the pangs of cremation. Therefore I say that because of the nature of a negro and a rapist, lynching fails to accomplish the only reason of its being. It fails to deter.

A posteriori: It is a fact that in the period between the burning of the negro at Paris, Texas, and the present time there have been more of these horrors committed than at any period of the same length before. It is also a fact that never before has the punishment been so swift, speedy and dreadful.

Some other solution must be found; a negro will continue to act in the future as he has acted in the past as long as his nature is unchanged, and lynching will never change it. Yours respectfully, L. B. DE PONTES.

Must Stop Burning.

To the Editor of The Post. San Marcos, Texas, September 1.—The opinion of an obscure citizen can have but little weight, yet in a matter of such awful significance as rape and the subsequent burning of the fiend—I feel impelled to speak.

I agree entirely with The Post that burning must be stopped, not because the fiend does not deserve it, but from the unutterable consequences that are to follow such horrible exhibitions.

The crime for which these burnings have come to be recognized as the sure fate of the culprit is casting a baleful shadow over the country, and the frightful vengeance following so swiftly has no apparent deterring effect. The cause is not far to seek. They, these monsters, are in the form of man, yet but a few removes from the gorilla in mental requirements and animal passions. He has a species of low cunning—not reason—so that if he hears of the fate awaiting him he does not appreciate its terrors nor understand that it will reach him. The great body of negroes are simple-minded, industrious, densely ignorant, superstitious, and sensual, easy-going people, kind-hearted and generous. They are credulous to a degree and believe the foolish story started, I think by the negro Ida Wells, that "usually the crime is committed by a white man and a negro burned." This preposterous notion could find no lodgment in a thinking brain.

So much for the crime and the criminal. The remedy—so far as there may be one when such beings are as fiend—is here: The negroes must be informed authoritatively that there is no law for a rape fiend, that his guilt will be determined outside the court house, and that there can be no appeal. That some innocent may suffer we grant, but the enormity of the crime and the temper of the people will brook no delay. Then hang him. Let preachers and teachers, lawyers and judges—leaders among men—set themselves to correct this notion to burn. Let the press stop printing accounts of these things. Let white men then see to it that negroes get a fair trial by judge and jury for all other offenses. When one is lynched for other crimes, punish the lynchers. We will take time and earnest effort to correct such monster evils. THOMAS LATHAM.

Mr. Doyle Again.

Mexia, Texas, September 3.—I hope I am not, as you intimate, entirely lost to reason. I tried, in my weak way, to give my reasons for the frequency of assaults, and they are simply these: All those who say, "Let the law have its course," give the brutes the hope of a trial by jury and a public hanging, the very things they want and in which they glory, and that they who thus encourage are, in a sense, his allies. As a remedy I insist that if this encouragement is discontinued and no other hope is left the rape fiends but the stake, assaults would cease. Now, what remedy have you offered? None. But you insinuate that if we show mercy to a brute who has shown less to his victim than would a wild animal which would slay and eat a white woman, this would prove a solution of the whole matter. Now, if this is your remedy, it is exactly what I insist is the main cause of the evil.

I believe I have reason enough left to read and understand what is written, and if you will publish your remedy in The Post I will read it carefully and be grateful. Our women who live daily in mortal dread will be grateful. As a dernier resort, I favor the colonization of the negroes first in the United States, and second in some of Emperor McKinley's new possessions. W. E. DOYLE.

SOME POSTSCRIPTS.

In Paris cabmen are not allowed to smoke while driving. A square foot of honeycomb contains about 9000 cells. The hide of the hippopotamus in some parts is fully two inches thick.

The house at Versailles once occupied by Mme. Du Barry is about to be sold by the State. The Griffon, the first sailing vessel on the Great Lakes, passed through Detroit river in 1679.

The State which produced the largest corn crop last year was Illinois, with 247,000,000 bushels. Never before, it is said, have so many straw hats been worn in London as have appeared this season.

The total transactions of the clearing houses of the country last year were more than \$84,000,000,000. More than 45,000,000 passengers a year go through the North Union and South Union stations in Boston.

With a population of only 210,000, Manitoba equals in size the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. There is a considerable demand for bicycles in Japan, and some automobiles have been recently imported.

The river Dee in Scotland has had poems written in its honor more than any other stream on the British isle. Greely Tribune.

In times of great calamity nations, as well as individuals, seem instinctively to turn to their maker in supplication. Pastors and people in and out of church have been praying for rain for these many days. The affliction has turned them to God in the broadest sense. But, even as the little child runs to his mother with a bruised finger, and forgets her as soon as the hurt stops, so are we inclined to forget our Creator when the trouble is past. Let the end of the world appear, and there would be the biggest aggregation of Christians show up that has ever been seen.

TAMPERING WITH TRIFLES.

CHEER UP. What's th' use o' feelin' blue? There ain't nothin' in it. Mornin' glory's wet w' dew, Sunset paints th' dark clouds, too, Pleasure, too, jest waits ter you, An' it's yours ter win it.

Ain't no use a-feelin' glum While th' birds are singin', Hear th' busy bees a-hum, An' th' o' woodpecker drum; If yeh'll rise an' hustle some Pleasure'll come a-swingin', Don't set still an' grumble so; Watch th' stream a-flowin', Don't sit laughin' louder grow, With each yard it has ter go? Wide th' ocean waits below, So it sings while goin'.

If yeh'll jest fergit yerself, Other folks'll love yeh; Don't wear out yer life fer self, Put yer corners on a shelf; Contentment is a winsome elf; An' heaven's up above yeh.

The fact that grindstones are now hung on ball bearings and are operated by a couple of pedals will never lead the country boy into believing that he is riding a bicycle.

Shaffer has told Morgan through the columns of the press what he thinks of him. If Morgan had only to arbitrate these brutal prizefighters' tactics might have been avoided.

The Shamrock is a deep green. And Lipton expects to win him considerable long green.

A charmer who lived in Dugesne Went out with her dog in the luesne; But a dude lay in wait, And he said, "Ain't she great?" And the maid replied, "Yes, a great Duesne."

A New Jersey girl has begged to be allowed to marry a jail. Those who are prone to judge harshly should remember that it is in New Jersey.

A Michigan man who has married the second wife, haunted by the ghost of his first wife, whose shadow followed him dimly outlined on a window pane; he makes haste to disturb the ghostly visitant, saying that his present is just. This is probably not the first time he has been a pane.

In the Tenderloin there's wailing, And it knows no stop nor stay; But they can't croak the tiger, For its Croker is away.

Press dispatches say that Sampson is getting better means physically, of course. Wonder if he is taking treatment for what ails him.

The wily Turk must pay his debts And give up all his "moon." The harem will get no new hats, Too bad, such harem's done!

A CORNER FOR WOMEN.

A PELERINE EFFECT ON A LOUNGING GOWN. New York Sun.

This lounging robe of pale blue nunswelling in cordion-plaited stole and pelerine inset with lace and is trimmed with cream lace.

The pelerine effect being translated into the fabric to pervade winter more persistently than pervaded summer fashion is seen on all sorts and is much in evidence wraps for the winter.

"BOW WOW" DIBBON From a Newport Letter. The dog party of Mrs. Lehr at Arlington was a first-class affair. The dog party of Mrs. Lehr at Arlington was a first-class affair. The dog party of Mrs. Lehr at Arlington was a first-class affair.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., dates, and the puppets which are licensed in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Dolan, were on hand early. There was a long line finally Tiny Whitehouse, which Mrs. Norman Whitehouse delighted to carry about, showed up. Later Mrs. Burden arrived with her little pup, and Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. John R. Drexel with their dog top liners were the Vanderbilt canines.

The dogs spent most of the afternoon eyeing their and pulling at their tethers with an evident desire to do a turn on a table in the dining room. Satisfied of jumping through a hoop and an attempt at a vault, for which he was rewarded with a soft seat. The party did not continue long and was soon an abrupt termination by the withdrawal of the dogs rich under the escort of their adoring mistress.

Mr. Lehr's dog party was a happy idea for a society did not take kindly to it. There were present, Creighton Webb, the rough rider and clubman James Lawrence Van Allen.

PEACH SPONGE.

Put two cupsful of granulated sugar in a small cupful of boiling water; remove the blue spoon rises; peel one pound of peaches; cut them in halves; slice them into the boiling syrup and stir until tender; put one-half box of gelatine into a bowl to half a cup of cold water; when the peaches are added the soaked gelatine; then rub them through a fine sieve; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; wash the cold beat the whites into it; continue to beat it begins to thicken; then turn it into a mold and let it harden; when ready to serve turn out on a platter; serve with a vanilla custard sauce or with thin slices of lemon.

PARASOLS FOR PARADE.

The new "dress" parasols are more than usual in rate, which is saying a great deal. Those of dull, mouseine brilliant are huge and billowy, both in outside. That they have intermittent spells of rain close to be expected. They are often made of delicate colors, or two shades of one color, and in some instances, wherever smartly attired women congregate out of doors, the sight of these vari-colored parasols is one of the features of the day. A majority of the sunshades look top-heavy. They are heavy, and so they often prove. They are likely to give rise, and one of the sudden downpours of the season destruction for any of these delectable, fashionable fabrications.

MEALS FOR A DAY.

BREAKFAST. Oranges, California Wheat, Cream, Broiled Tenderloin Steak, French Fried Potatoes, Waffles with Maple Syrup, Cafe au Lait, The Post. LUNCHEON. Caviars, Scrambled Eggs on Toast, Broiled Ham, Pickles, Sponge Cake, Rouffout, Iced Tea. DINNER. Bouillon, Celery, Olives, Raddishes, Boiled Sheephead, Cream Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Roast Veal, Mushroom Sauce, Green Peas, Rice, Butterbeans, Fried Potatoes, Snowballs, Strawberry Sauce, Neuchatel Wafers, Cafe Noir.