

The Washington Times.

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

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Cuba and the United States of Columbia seem disposed to try the edge of this country's skill and patience in diplomacy. But with both these republics we have questions to settle which will neither pinch our pride nor dull our friendliness of spirit. The eminent reasonableness of American diplomacy, as it is now taught and practiced, will be sure to command a satisfactory recognition in the end.

That feature of General Heywood's annual report to the Secretary of the Navy calling attention to the unsanitary condition of the Marine Corps Barracks will doubtless receive proper attention and hasten the necessary remedy. The commandant of the Marine Corps in effect repeats the warning issued by the Surgeon General of the Navy, and Secretary Moody will not be disposed to disregard this joint expression. General Heywood's suggestion that the present building be abandoned and a new barracks erected on land recently acquired may be especially valuable in view of the probable increase in the enlisted strength of the Marine Corps at the session of Congress which begins in December.

Our Slum Problem.

No city can be really great until it has purified or eliminated those localities commonly described as slums. However beautiful a municipality may have been made, architecturally and otherwise, the presence of these physical and moral disease spots remains a blot on twentieth century city life.

The Secretary of the Associated Charities delivered a lecture the other night in which he advised the colored residents of Washington to establish settlement houses for those of their race who were steeped in the contaminations of alley vice. He demonstrated that the settlement enterprise has done in other cities, and indicated that the need of such a system was quite as urgent here as elsewhere.

In his message to Congress last December President Roosevelt recommended that "provision should be made to turn the inhabited alleys, the existence of which is a reproach to our Capital City, into minor streets, where the inhabitants can live under conditions favorable to health and morals." Mr. Roosevelt, it appears, aimed only at the elimination of the class of persons who make up the population of the Capital's slums and the sanitary reform of the localities at present inhabited by them. While the betterment of the sections themselves is to be ardently wished, the betterment of the human beings therein is to be desired as well. The improvement of the alleys only would simply serve to transfer the slum district to those quarters and environs of the city where rents are cheapest.

The Associated Charities secretary, Mr. Weller, we believe, has the right idea—the reclamation of the people themselves. If the poorer classes of Washington, colored and white, can be interested in the settlement idea, it will not be long before the alleys will become clean and wholesome, and the present slums will be pervaded by a new and unobjectionable atmosphere.

A Rash Reformer.

The recent resolution of some homeopathic medical societies to abolish what they, in their infinite wisdom and dignity of language, are pleased to term "osculatory apposition," seems to us to be a rather arbitrary exercise of assumed power, as kissing, we have been led to understand, goes rather by favor than by legislation. The homeopathic mills, like those of the gods, grind slowly, and they also grind exceeding small; but in this case they seem to have undertaken to produce a very much larger grist than they will be able to deliver, and we also doubt if the younger members of the persuasion will be willing to practice what their elders preach.

That there may be germs and microbes, like the worm in the bud, lying hidden in the Cupid's bow of fresh warm lips, we are not in a position to deny. But the American youth has been always willing to run the chances taken by the classic monkey with the baboon's sister, and should he fall now we cannot help thinking that he is in need of treatment, and that these most impotent, grave, and reverend seigneurs of the Missouri Valley should turn their professional attention to the administering to him of No. X and No. VI, or whatever may be the sugar-coated equivalent of their strongest tonic. Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love, and in these cases it will

take many tons of cure to outweigh a grain of prevention. "Lips were made to kiss and hands were made to squeeze;" but an anti-septic glove is a cold greeting for Phyllis to extend to Corydon, and more than a poor weapon for the woman of the world with which to meet her dearest foe. We have been taught that it is wrong to kiss and tell, but there our education ceases, and we need no post-graduate course even at the feet of this Gamaliel of Hahemann.

As to the doctor who introduced this resolution, he was a brave man, blessed with the courage of his convictions. What the wife of his bosom said to him when "he kissed her once beneath the roses, and said that they must never kiss again," does not appear in the published proceedings, but it will doubtless be seen later in the rude annals of some divorce court. Meanwhile, with his strength of will and indomitable belief in his own force of character, he need not despair, even if the craze of popular disapproval clings to the door bell of his office. Other paths of life are open to him, where women's lips are not beating in unison with funeral marches to the grave. He can embark in the wholesale manufacture of the chlorides, or he can set up his modest shingle in Ober-Ammergau, and appear at ladies' matinees as Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, with practical illustrations of his power of enforcing obedience to his wishes.

Mr. Hoar and the Trusts.

The Hon. George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, whether he mounts the old-fashioned campaign rostrum or speaks from his place in the United States Senate, can always count on a discriminating and appreciative audience. His utterances may be franked to the doubtful voter by the Republican Congress campaign committee one year, and by the Democratic Congress campaign committee another. It may even happen that the Massachusetts Senator's deliverances—on unrelated issues—do duty in the same canvass for both political parties. But Mr. Hoar has always something effective and pertinent to say, and knows the secret of saying it with emphasis and polish. In his latest speech, made at a Boston club dinner on Monday, he dwelt with his customary precision and finish on some of the problems which must be faced in any rational effort to regulate the operations of those gigantic combinations in industry and commerce which we loosely designate as trusts.

His long service on the Senate Judiciary Committee has thoroughly familiarized the Massachusetts Senator with the ins and outs of trust legislation, and with the scope of the evils and abuses for which it is proposed to find a remedy in an extension of the Federal Government's power. We do not intend to discuss here and now the eight dangerous tendencies of the trust system which Mr. Hoar enumerated, or the curative recipes which he prescribed for them. But it seems worth while to call attention to one pregnant declaration in the Senator's address, illuminating, as it does, a phase of the trust problem which should not be lightly overlooked. That declaration was:

"We are dependent on great combinations of capital to do all things for which individual strength is totally inadequate. We are dependent on them to perform public service and to take great risks which individuals ought not to be asked to take, and cannot take without liability to ruin. Above all, we are dependent on them largely to succeed in the great struggle for the markets and the carrying trade of the world, which markets we are sure to possess within a generation. So I would curb them and make the people safe within them. But I would not destroy them."

From the point of view of the statesman the role which the trust system must play in the establishment of American supremacy in trade and manufacture is not to be lost sight of. The trust problem is novel, ill-defined, perplexing alike in its vastness and in its complications. It is, as Senator Hoar justly says, a "five-minute question." It must be investigated and pondered, studied with patience and approached with caution. Least of all should we desire it or permit it to be solved in accordance with the quackish panaceas of partisan political agitation.

Can our visiting scientists tell whether it was a wild wolf or Admiral Dewey's dog that recently terrorized us? What do the political soothsayers make of the mishap that sent Mr. Bryan campaigning in a refrigerator car? Count de Castellane's bric-a-brac debts have been settled on the installment plan.

The "familiar spirit" prompting that mysterious prediction of ocean calamities, hurricanes, floods and tidal waves for this week was probably a Welsh rabbit.

Mr. Schwab is outdoing Claude Melnotte in his "Coal Oil Johnny" act by the Lake of Como.

Victor Herbert can buy a lot of salve for his wounded sensibilities with \$15,000.

Tommaso Salvini reports the theft of his most precious artistic souvenirs. This looks like a contemplated return to the stage.

A big whale has just been cast ashore in Massachusetts, and one of the political parties will furnish a Jonah next Tuesday.

Having prevented an increase of freight rates on hay the shippers of that product should now be in clover.

Cuba is free, of course, but not of her just obligations to her liberator.

Mexico is evidently about to duplicate the American "Crime of '73."

Jersey lightning contains a Presidential suggestion with Mr. Cleveland's figure in the center of the glare.

Now is the time for the campaign roosterback to appear on the horizon.

It seems appropriate that a man named Todd has cornered the mint market.

Are you the man who first suggested coal strike intervention to the President?

Howard Gould's valet is certainly proving that he knows how to press a suit.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

Only a short time ago I voiced in this column a note of shivering protest against the wearing of pajamas by women in the rear of the carriage of Lady Godiva and her court. Miss Bessie Pink Pajamas, Partello, a young Michigan—er would you say Michigan—of Menominee, is so proud of her new pink pajamas that she recently paraded through the streets of Milwaukee with nothing else between her and the cold, cold world. I am glad that a policeman arrested Miss Partello, and that a righteous judge fined her and sent her back to Menominee. If young women were encouraged to do the Lady Godiva act in pajamas the life of a modest man compelled to be abroad nights would become an existence of clammy horror.

While I extend to Mme. Mallevall of Paris, my profoundest commiseration on the loss of her dowry of \$50,000, I congratulate her, nevertheless, that she fell quickly, since fall it must. She was so foolish as to marry a novelist-playwright who was a confirmed gambler, and during their very honeymoon he dissipated her fortune in one afternoon's play. Mme. Mallevall is not so unfortunate as she may be inclined to believe. A less impetuous prodigal might have prolonged for months or years the suffering that in her case was compressed into a few hours—and certainly it is always best to be through with a bad job as speedily as possible.

Ordinarily I am disposed to flee as from the plague when an amateur brass band lists its horrid front in my vicinity. The "Lost Chord" but I should have related the latest at tempt of the Kutztown (Pa.) Cornet Band to "execute"—yes, indeed!—the popular compositions of the day. This is because a musical instrument dealer and a deputy sheriff appeared on the scene before a single note could be sounded and seized every wind instrument in sight, from the tuba down to the clarinet. Talk about the "Lost Chord"—here was a case where "the sound of a great amen" would have been appropriate to beat the band!

In Hoboken, where nothing is too strange to be true, James Wimbi and Caroline Knapp have become one because Wimbi is a Pie and Caroline is a Woman's Love. Wimbi used to say, in the making of pies, "No Woman's Love, woman could taste of Wimbi's pies and not love him," says Caroline Knapp that was. So here's another riddle for the problem novel writer to read. What mystic appeal does a pie make to the feminine soul, and why should James Wimbi's pies, of all the tarts on this terrestrial ball, bring women captive to his feet? Caroline Knapp that was should reveal the secret for her own happiness' sake.

"JACQUES OF ARDEN."

As far back as 1853, when "John Company" still swayed the destinies of the India peninsula, he joined the Madras army, took part in the Persian campaign and in the mutiny, and afterward, as the general superintendent of the Thuggee and Dacoity department at Calcutta, virtually suppressed those roving bands of professional murderers, which at that time infested the entire Indian empire, spreading terror in all directions by the extraordinary mystery with which they committed their crimes. Subsequently he became chief of the political and secret department of the India office, and it was while thus employed that he lost his arm during a tiger shooting expedition.

One day, while out after this fierce game, which he stalked on foot instead of hunting it from the relatively safe confinement of an elephant howdah, he was shot at a tiger. The wild beast, only wounded, charged upon him and bore him to the ground. Never losing his presence of mind for a moment, Bradford, with a view of preventing the infuriated animal from attacking his head or throat, thrust within his jaws his left arm. The tiger simply gnawed it off; but the life of the cool Nimrod was saved by his companions, who arrived in time to shoot the tiger before it could inflict more serious injury.

The Thugs, between whom and the anarchists of the present day a striking

analogy exists, were a religious sect in India. They were taught to believe that the only way to propitiate their sanguinary goddess, Vishnu, was to kill people in her honor, irrespective of age, rank, race or sex. Every new victim was regarded in the light of a pleasing sacrifice to the goddess, and thousands—nay, it is alleged even millions—were thus destroyed by the Thugs.

The English in India found it impossible to suppress Thugbery by ordinary means. Accordingly Sir Edward Bradford, who, as previously stated, was charged with the task, adopted the plan which should be recommended to all civilized governments in dealing with anarchists, namely, that the mere fact of belonging to the cult of Thugbery, as to the cult of anarchy today, constituted a felony, each being an association formed for the specific purpose of murder and crime.

Acting on this theory and taking the ground that it was the duty of the British government to shield the people subject to its rule, Sir Edward began by arresting and either hanging or imprisoning for life every native who could be judicially proved to be a Thug, whether he had committed murder or not. The mere fact that he was a Thug was sufficient to brand him as a criminal, as a foe of society, and one who, in any case, it was the duty of the state to render harmless.

By this means Sir Edward Bradford succeeded in stamping out Thugbery in India, an empire which it had devastated for hundreds of years, its crimes extending not merely to Europe, but even to this country, for it is a fact that more than one murder was committed on the Atlantic seaboard of America by Hindoo Thugs a quarter of a century ago.

COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD

Princess Charles of Denmark is the most popular, clever and good-looking of the daughters of King Edward. Therefore her absence from the royal procession through the streets of London last Saturday excited a deal of comment, and speculation was indulged in as to the reason for her non-appearance.

The fact of the matter is that the princess has been suffering from nervous prostration, and under the direction of the King's physician, Sir Frederick Laking, is taking the rest cure at Buckingham Palace. At her place on the Sandringham estate she sees no one but the members of her immediate family and lives in the quietest fashion possible.

Both the King and the Queen have been anxious about the princess. She has grown very thin, and at the time when Sir Frederick Laking took her in hand had lost the high spirits and the disposition to see the sunny and humorous feature in everything that had made her the favorite of the King's daughters.

The three daughters of the King are more delicate than their parents. The Duchess of Fife is a martyr to rheumatism, while the same may be said of Princess Victoria with regard to those terrible migraines to which she is so subject. Nor has the Prince of Wales been quite strong since the attack of typhoid fever which carried off his elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence, but spared him.

The Princess of Wales, however, is a strong and healthy woman, like her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, and her children seem to have inherited her constitution.

Prince Charles of Denmark, the son-in-law of the King, I may add, was among the royal personages and dignitaries who rode on horseback immediately in the rear of the carriage of Edward VII.

Grand Duke Michael, the heir apparent of the throne of Russia, shares the pronounced musical tastes of his mother, in which he differs from his elder brother, the Czar. He has become a clever performer on the flute—an instrument which, I believe, has not been played by any other royal or imperial personage with skill since the days of King Frederick the Great of Prussia, who, it may be remembered, was singularly shy and timid about his playing, and most grateful for anything that appeared to him as bona fide applause. The Grand Duke Michael has been visiting his mother at Copenhagen, and, while there, was wont to accompany the widowed Cararina and her sister, the Queen of England, in their duets at the piano.

Prince Henry of Prussia, it may be remembered, plays the violin, while the blind Landgrave of Hesse is probably the most talented non-professional pianist in all Europe.

The Grand Duke Michael has returned to Russia, but his mother, the Dowager Cararina, has decided to prolong her stay in Denmark until the Christmas holidays, in spite of the threats that have been made by anarchists to assassinate her while there, because of the prominent part she takes in directing the forces of the reaction in the Muscovite empire.

That Lord Kitchener has sympathy for this country is shown by the fact that no less than three Americans, comprising Mrs. Adair, who was a Miss Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., figure in the party which he has invited to India on the occasion of the coronation durbar at Delhi. Among the other members of the party are Col. Frank Rhodes, brother and chief heir of the late Cecil Rhodes; Lord and Lady Powis and Lady Alice Stanley. The reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, nephew of King Edward, and a grandson, through his mother, of the late Queen Victoria, will also attend the durbar, having been invited as a special guest of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and of his American wife, who is Miss Leiter, of Chicago.

Sir Edward Bradford has been so long at the head of England's metropolitan police that the news of his impending retirement excites the regret that comes with the disappearance of a familiar landmark; for the one-armed, gray-haired veteran, in his picturesque uniform of blue and silver, has been one of the most familiar figures in metropolitan life for twelve years. He has controlled some of the largest crowds that London, the biggest city in the world, has ever seen, and has engineered several impressive public pageants, such as the two jubilees and the funeral of Queen Victoria, and the coronation and state visits of King Edward to London.

He had a distinguished career in the army before he became chief commissioner of the London police.

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MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Carl August Walbrodt, who recently died in Berlin, was one of the masters of modern chess, and among German players was second only to Tarrasch. He was but thirty years of age when he lost, but had been a conspicuous player for ten or twelve years. He played by intuition, and could never be induced to take up the intricate systems of the theorists.

A dinner will be given on October 31, at the Waldorf-Astoria, in honor of the eightieth birthday of John Fritz, inventor and maker of Bethlehem, Pa. He is said to be the only survivor of the group of men who introduced the Bessemer steel process in the United States.

The first woman to become a bachelor of divinity in the Congregational Church is Miss Florence Fenwick, dean of the American College for Girls, in Constantinople.

Prime Minister Balfour, in a recent speech, mentioned a fact with which the public is not familiar. He said that he has now led the house of commons for a longer continuous period than any other parliamentary leader of either house since the days of the reform bill of 1832.

The establishment of a woman's university in the South is urged by many prominent Southern women, the leader in the movement being Miss Lillian Wyckoff Johnson, of Atlanta, who is a graduate of Cornell. Coeducation is not popular in the South, and this leads many Southern women who desire a college education to come North.

General Corbin said, in speaking of his London sojourn, that King Edward reminded him very much of the late Vice President Hobart. In discussing President Roosevelt's illness, when the American visitors breakfasted with the King at Buckingham Palace, his majesty asked: "Do you think he would mind if I sent him my doctor?" He's the best in the world." The physician referred to was, of course, Treves.

"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."

Our Mysterious Language.

"What's the matter, count? You look disturbed."

"Oh, monsieur, it is zis language! I say to ze fazezire of my fiancée zat my ancestor fought one hundred and seventeen duels for ze honor of ze family, and he say zat ze way I monkey was ze honour of ze family make my ancestor turn in hees grave! Is it zat I am one monkey and my ancestor is one—vat you say—von Papjack?"

Peculiar Taste.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Bean, "I've heard that those city folks eat queer things, but do you s'pose they live on old shoes?"

"Not that I ever heard," replied the cautious Hiram.

"Well, then, what does this mean, that at the banquet they gave the crown prince they had sole for the second course?"

Our Divorce Laws.

"What did they mean by saying that Mrs. Lakeside had entered the married state? I thought she was married years ago."

"She was—that is—well, it is rather complicated. You see, she was divorced from her husband and married another man, but the State they lived in doesn't recognize the divorce, so when she goes to Dakota on a visit they say she's entering the married state."

The Natural Crop.

"The Bible says," said the long-haired man, solemnly, "that they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." "I know it," said the skeptic, with unchanged countenance. "If I sowed the kind of wind you do I'd expect to reap about six different sorts of wildcat religion, and that ain't profitable for a farmer."

Overtaking a Theory.

There are some men so convinced of the truth of heredity that they will try to prove to you that their children have measles because it runs in the family.

The Usual Way.

"I found my sister-in-law wondering whether she had done right to let a tramp who had frozen to death be brought into her house and thawed out. She said nothing of the kind had ever happened in their town, and she wasn't sure."

"Yes, most people can meet a good idea on road and not know it if it isn't labeled."

Side Lights on National Politics.

Caused Lively Guessing.

The subject of liveliest interest discussed by politicians of all shades of opinion in Washington yesterday was the rather unexpected admission of the "New York Sun," a staunch Republican organ, that the contest in that State is unusually close. According to the "Sun's" figures, published by The Times yesterday morning, a "private Republican poll" of the entire State shows that Odell will be elected by a plurality of 8,500, lower by about 4,000 than was a similar poll which presaged the election of President Roosevelt to the New York governorship in 1898 by 17,500. Basing its estimate upon the Roosevelt vote, the "Sun" writer claims victory for Odell by about 12,000 plurality—a dangerously close margin, it is submitted, in a total vote of more than a million.

Apparently the "Sun's" figures have had no perceptible effect upon the betting on the New York result. While the odds have fallen from 3 to 1 to 10 to 7 within the past week, they were not budged notably yesterday by other reports from New York, which seemed to show plainly that the Democratic cause is looking up in that State. It is suggested by some old political foxes that the Republican managers are representing the contest as extremely close with the view of frightening out a big vote for their candidates next Tuesday. At the same time it cannot be denied that Democratic confidence of victory in New York is growing rapidly.

Senator Hoar's Other Speech.

Two of the speeches of the Hon. George Frisbie Hoar on the same subject but on diametrically opposite sides, doubtless are being read and carefully compared by tens of thousands of voters today, who probably will become more perplexed than ever as to just what some of the main issues of this campaign are, anyhow. It will be recalled that the venerable Massachusetts statesman made a speech in the Senate last spring on the Philippine question which was eagerly seized upon by the Democratic managers as one of their most important campaign documents.

At Boston, Monday night, Mr. Hoar made another speech on this interesting subject, in which he paid his respects to the Democrats as follows: "The Democratic party during all its history has been the creator of grievances, never the redresser of them. Has it cured a political evil in State or nation for sixty years? It has caused a good many. It has threatened us with a good many. Slavery and rebellion, and nullification and secession, and civil war, and hard times, and discontent, and fiat money, and inflated currency, and the free coinage of silver, and free trade, and socialism, and violence, and fraud at elections. These are all Democratic children. The men who wanted such things joined the Democratic party. And the men who wanted to cure or prevent such things joined the Republican party."

How Many Were There?

Governor Odell may say "Zu Zu to the Grocer Man," or may not. The Hon. Bird S. Coler may favor the coal mine plank in his platform, or may not. Hill and Platt may be the respective bosses of their parties, or may not. None of these erstwhile burning questions seems now to form as distinct and stirring an issue in the politics of New York city as this question: How many people attended the Hon. William Randolph Hearst's rally at Madison Square Garden Monday night? Mr. Hearst counted them and found that there were exactly 50,000. Various of his rivals and critics counted them and found that there were exactly 10,000. It is complained by simple minded folk at this end of the line who are trying their level best to arrive at some conclusion as to the political drift that if the figures and predictions presented daily by the Hon. William Randolph Hearst and his rivals and critics are based upon the same basis of calculation as that of the estimated attendance at Monday night's rally, then how are the plain people hereabout to know anything political in New York in advance of its actual happening?

Cousins Follows Suit.

Following the example of Secretary Shaw, the Hon. Robert C. Cousins is engaged in the lively task of repudiating the Iowa platform. He goes even further than the Secretary, and declares that there is no such thing as "the Iowa idea"—a phrase that is having a popular run in the Hawkeye State, either through local pride or real conviction. Mr. Cousins, however, is making his repudiation before audiences in Ohio. He has not been known to do so in Iowa. The Democratic managers in Iowa seem to have some faint belief that they will beat the Iowa party, and that is because of affecting the Thomas Brackett Reed drawl of speech, and who, taken by and large, is the handsomest member of Congress, barring, possibly, the Hon. "Bertie" Adams, of Pennsylvania, in the House, and the Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, of Rhode Island, in the Senate. But it is being observed with interest that Secretary Shaw and Mr. Cousins are the only Iowans of note who have repudiated "the Iowa idea"—except, of course, the Hon. D. B. Henderson, who repudiated it and then drew out of the game.

What Does Johnson Mean?

As the campaign rushes on to its close it becomes more evident and significant that to the irreconcilable Bryan men, East, West, North, and South, the Hon. Tom Johnson is the object of greater and graver solicitude than any other half dozen Democratic statesmen combined. It is conceded on all hands that Mr. Johnson has made a queer lot of nominations in Ohio. Apparently, wherever the opportunity has been presented he has chosen a hardy-handed son of toll as the fittest person to lift high the standard of Democracy and flaunt it defiantly before the protruding eyes of the amazed world. It is stated by persons competent to speak that in one of the Cleveland districts Mr. Johnson has thrown away the chance to elect a Democratic Congressman by making one of his characteristic nominations. The conclusion was reached by some capable judges that what the Hon. Tom Johnson really is up to this year is to strengthen himself with that indeterminate political entity known as the labor element, as to have these two noble Romans, the Hon. Mark Hanna and the Hon. John R. McLean, on the

hip in the next campaign. This, it is believed, he argues, will enable him more easily to control his own party next year, and by that token to have a better chance to carry Ohio in the campaign that counts. If this is his object, then it is accepted as meaning that the Hon. Tom Johnson is a sure enough candidate for President. Hence the anxiety of the Bryan men.

Coler to Break Silence.

When the last report was received it seemed to indicate pretty clearly that the Hon. Bird S. Coler had made up his mind to make a speech in Brooklyn Saturday night. Whether Mr. Hill approves of this intention is not known. Indeed, whether Mr. Hill is running Mr. Coler, as a good many people seem to think, appears to be one of the unknown quantities in the New York equation. Rumor has it that Mr. Hill has forbidden Mr. Coler to speak at all, and the fact that the nominee has made only one formal speech would seem to indicate that as the responsible manager of the campaign, perhaps Mr. Hill had imposed upon the head of the ticket a policy of silence. But if Mr. Coler speaks in Brooklyn Saturday night it is the understanding that he will give tongue to the thoughts that are in his own head and not to those that may have been generated in the head of another. This makes his announcement all the more interesting, and it is confidently expected that his neighbors will give him a roundly good time. The greatest affair of the campaign, it is believed, is his alleged determination to speak to them.

Pattison Predicts.

Another prophet has arisen in Pennsylvania to contest the honors of prophecy with that famous seer and astrologist, the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay. This new prophet is none other than the Hon. Robert E. Pattison. "I will again be elected your governor, my fellow citizens," declared Mr. Pattison without a blink of his eyes in the course of a session in the eastern end of the State the other day. Then he proceeded to give some cheering figures. He foresees that he will come up to the Philadelphia line with a plurality of 100,000, but he confesses that he is not able to foresee what will happen at that line. He intimates, however, that unless they are carefully watched the sons of William Penn will juggle the ballots and figures and thus beat him out of the governorship. The statement has been made once or twice before that occasionally the huge Republican majorities of Philadelphia have had a suspicious look about them. Mr. Pattison, who has twice been elected governor of Pennsylvania, believes he knows how to watch the count in Philadelphia, but he acknowledges that he can't be at every poll at the same time, and that therefore his election is somewhat immersed in the haze of doubt.

AN ANECDOTE OF HEINE.

Ughetti's work, "With Physicians and Clients," contains an