

CANNON DELIGHTS INSURGENTS

HINT THAT ROOSEVELT HAS NOT AS YET REPUDIATED TAFT

SAYS REGULARS WILL WIN NEXT ELECTION

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Speaker Cannon hurled his defiance of insurgents and progressives at his opponents on the floor of the house this afternoon, and defied them and the democrats to remove him from office. The occasion of the speaker's outburst of wrath was the refusal of the house to appropriate \$2500 for a speaker's automobile. Twenty-two insurgents voted with the democrats against the bill. Cannon declared that it was more than an even chance that the regular republicans would retain control of the house after the approaching elections. Champ Clark, the democratic leader, had predicted a democratic victory at the polls. This aroused the ire of Cannon, who walked out on the floor, shook his fist in the faces of the insurgents and shouted: "I want to notify you that unless the republicans on this side of the house who do not personally approve of the speaker, have courage to join the minority and remove him, I'll remain presiding officer of the house until March 4."

JEFFRIES CUTS DOWN TREE

ROWARDENNAN, Cal., April 11.—Lowering clouds today did not prevent James J. Jeffries from bundling into clothing and felling a tree just to get up steam enough to handle a big breakfast. The challenger forewent his road work, however, owing to the threatening skies. He spent the forenoon at the indoor gym apparatus to keep him limber. Jeffries planned to do light sparring this afternoon and in the hope of seeing the former champion in action, a number of San Francisco sports who came here yesterday stayed over for today. They were disappointed yesterday, when Jeffries called off his training stunt because of rain and bad weather.

LATE NEWS BULLETINS

- SANTA MONICA, Cal., April 11.—Howells Haushue, driver of the famous Apperson "Jack Rabbit" racer, and Harry King, his mechanic, who were seriously injured when the car collapsed while going at a rate of 90 miles an hour, probably will recover according to a statement issued today at the Santa Monica hospital.
- WASHINGTON, April 11.—The president today nominated E. H. Berrier postmaster at Fairbanks, Alaska.
- COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., April 11.—Captain Ashton Potter, nephew of the late Bishop Potter of New York, and Mrs. Grace Dewey, daughter of Captain Goodyear of Buffalo, are here awaiting the announcement of a California court for a final degree of divorce for Mrs. Dewey.
- NEW YORK, April 11.—A crowd of women of the east side rioted here this afternoon, attacking 20 kosher meat stalls and poured kerosene on the meat. The women have declared a boycott because of high prices.
- HOQUIAM, Wash., April 11.—John Klingenberg, the sailor who was arrested on the schooner A. J. White last week, and who, according to the police, has confessed that he murdered Charles Hadberg, is today a nervous wreck, and it is not believed that he will live to face trial.

YES, OUR WHOLE FAMILY HAD PLANNED TO GET UP AT 4:54 A. M. TO SEE HALLEY'S COMET.



ODDS AND ENDS

Sociologist Brown, who is in town says that 90 per cent of the men without jobs are honest, and that most of the other 10 per cent are more unfortunate and sinned against than sinning. Isn't he right?
WASHINGTON—The interstate commerce commission in a decision yesterday holds it to be "unjust and unreasonable for the Pullman company to charge equally for upper and lower berths." The decision was rendered by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, of California.
"You told me that young Jenks drinks like a fish."
"So he does."
"But I have it on the best of authority that he never touches a drop of liquor."
"Neither does a fish."
A moral man will go to heaven; but no one will make a brand of cigars after him.—Baltimore Sun.
LONDON—The first state ball of the season at Buckingham palace will take place at an earlier date than usual, to enable invitations to be extended to the Roosevelt party. It is estimated that \$1,500,000 will be spent in entertaining the Roosevelts here.
One reason why editors are unhappy: Because the reader who is

RESULTS FROM CLEVELAND'S GOLDEN RULE POLICE PLAN

CLEVELAND, O., April 11.—Police Chief Fred Kohler says his common sense policy (which other people call the "golden rule" policy) has made the local police station "moral hospitals, where advice, good will, protection, correction and, if possible, reformation, are the watchwords."
In the first three months of 1907 when the police were, as Kohler says, "still laboring under the mistaken theory that a great number of arrests showed our ability as policemen," there were 7126 arrests. Under the new policy of sending the first offenders home to spare them the shame of an appearance in police court, the first quarter of 1910 shows but 1283 arrests, a decrease of 82 per cent over 1907.
Of 460 persons arrested in March only five were released at stations, and 175 were released in police court.
"Since the adoption of this policy 50,000 of first or minor violations have been spared the glare of excitement, publicity and notoriety of police court," said Chief Kohler. "Did you ever stop to think what effect an arrest had upon the thousands and thousands who previous to my adoption of this policy, were shown afterward to have violated no law?
"The association, however temporary, with others charged with crime, the waiting while other cases are being heard, the well meant, but harmful, sympathy of onlookers, the jokes, the repartee, and laughter so often noticeable in lower courts, all exercise a deadly effect on the moral character of the first offender."
"The first offender only too often came through the ordeal impertinent and brazen, with his faith in, and his regard for law entirely destroyed."
"Yet life and property in Cleveland are at least as safe as in those cities where the 'blue riant' clubs his way unhindered."
7000 MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING (By United Press Leased Wire)
PORTLAND, Ore., April 11.—Despite the efforts on the part of officials of the German-American bank and the American Bankers' association to suppress the alleged facts, it is reported here today that a sum aggregating \$7000 is mysteriously missing from a safety deposit vault of the institution.

THE RACES

JACKSONVILLE, April 11.—Today's results:
First race—Iskoodah, 8 to 1, won; Amy L., 4 to 1, second; Marie Hyde, third. Time, 1:01 4-5.
Second race—Deceivable, 7 to 10, won; Dolefriar, 4 to 1, second; H. R. Brandt, third. Time, 1:48 3-5.
Third race—Ned Carnack, 30 to 1, won; Sim J. Whelan, out, second; Pedigree, third. Time, 1:14 2-5.
Fourth race—Flying Foot Steps, 13 to 5, won; Strike, out, second; Joe Galtens, third. Time, 1:07.
Fifth race—Autumn Rose, 5 to 2, won; Stars, 6 to 1, second; Elizabeth, third. Time, 1:13 3-5.
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Sixth race—Seymour Butler, 5 to 1, won; Jane Swift, second; Camel, third. Time, 1:32.
JAMESTOWN, April 11.—Today's results:
First race—Osoline, 13 to 5, won; King Avondale, out, second; Ameliet, third. Time, 1:50 2-5.
Second race—Dorris Ward, 1 to 2, won; Marmora, 13 to 10, second; Jack Ryan, third. Time, .55.
Third race—Havre, 1 to 2, won; W. I. Hinch, 7 to 1, second; Zebec, third. Time, 1:27 2-5.
Fourth race—Dander, 6 to 5, won; Demetrius, 3 to 1, second; Aunt Kate, third. Time, 1:07 3-5.
Fifth race—Pins and Needles, 7 to 10, won; Smug, 2 to 1, second; Miss Popular, third. Time, 1:47 1-5.
EMERYVILLE, Cal., April 11.—Owing to a municipal election being held today, there was no meeting scheduled at the local race track.

SURPRISED AT NOT HEARING FROM TAFT

T. R. and Pinchot Nearly Fall Into Each Other's Arms—Take Long Stroll.

(By a Staff Correspondent of the United Press.)
PORTO MAURIZIO, Italy, April 11.—"Hello, Gifford! This is fine!" was Roosevelt's exclamation today on meeting Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester of the United States and one of the closest men to Roosevelt in private and public life. The meeting of the former president and his former chief adviser of the "tennis cabinet" took place here at the villa of Miss Carew, sister to Mrs. Roosevelt.
The meeting, which had been planned several months ago, before Roosevelt left the United States, is looked upon as portentous. It is believed that Roosevelt will make up his mind as to his course of action politically, upon conclusions formed after conferring with Pinchot.
The meeting was early this morning, Pinchot having arrived here unexpectedly at midnight. After a few hours' rest at the Palace hotel he appeared at the villa and was greeted enthusiastically by Roosevelt.
The greeting of Pinchot by Roosevelt was made heartier because the colonel had not expected to see Pinchot so soon. They clasped hands like long lost brothers. It was almost a case of falling into each other's arms.
Roosevelt drew Pinchot into the house, holding him affectionately by the shoulder. A few minutes later they reappeared and started for the mountains for a stroll, which lasted two hours.
"Nothing to give out," was the simultaneous ejaculation of both Roosevelt and Pinchot on their return.
It is fair to assume, however, that Pinchot fully reported to his former chief the Ballinger controversy and the insurgent movement in the house of representatives.
Pinchot let fall one remark that may be taken to indicate that Roosevelt has not repudiated Taft, even though rumor says that he may be contemplating such action.
Pinchot said that Roosevelt expressed surprise at not receiving any personal messages from President Taft or from any member of Taft's cabinet.
Pinchot said that he will remain here for several days. He appeared to be in excellent spirits after his walk with Roosevelt.
WORD FROM TAFT.
Signor Caretti, mayor of Porto Maurizio, today received the following cablegram from President Taft:
"Received your courteous telegram announcing that Roosevelt arrived and was received enthusiastically by the whole population and that the city is proud to welcome him. In reply I beg to assure you and all your countrymen that the American people are very grateful for and greatly appreciate the reception which Italians, from sovereign to the humblest subject, have accorded our most distinguished citizen."
Mayor Caretti sent a copy of the cablegram to Colonel Roosevelt.

HARD JOB TO EXPLAIN IT

A hard job is ahead for the board of public works in trying to explain the delay in the building of the standpipes and carrying out the measures of water relief ordered by the city council for the coming summer. The explanation is due before the city council tomorrow night.

8 DIE IN EXPLOSION

NOVITA, Tex., April 11.—Eight men are dead, one is missing and three are badly injured today as a result of an explosion of a heavy charge of dynamite in a construction camp on the Texas extension of the Santa Fe railroad.
The men were working in a rock cut yesterday afternoon. All preparations had been made for a blast when the dynamite exploded prematurely.
All were blown skyward and three of the men were killed instantly.

"I WAS DESPONDENT, TOOK SOME DRINKS, AND THEN MET THE GIRL"

NUGENT, PLEADING GUILTY, TELLS STORY — IS SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS IN JAIL.
place was under quarantine. "I became despondent upon learning this, and took a few drinks of wine after which I met the girl."
"For the sake of my wife and children and our little home, upon which I must raise \$200, interest yearly, I ask the court to make the sentence just as light as possible."
Nugent admitted he did wrong, but the court in commenting upon the merits of the case, failed to see any extenuating circumstances and sent him to the county jail for six months.
When Nugent was brought to the court this morning he was not represented by counsel and declined any legal assistance.
CHICAGO—Illinois democratic league will launch presidential boom for Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The United States department of agriculture has published a bulletin telling of the proceedings in the United States district court of northern Georgia in the matter of the Koca Nola Co. of Atlanta, Ga.
The government inspectors secured and analyzed a can labeled "Delicious Dopeless Koca Nola. The Great Tonic Drink," and another labeled "High Grade Koca Nola Syrup, Soda Water Flavor. Guaranteed under the food and drugs act," etc.
The government charged that the mixture contained cocaine and was injurious to health. The defendant pleading not guilty, a trial by jury was had, and the verdict was guilty on four counts and a fine of \$100 was imposed.

MILLIONAIRE BROWN DESCRIBES A NIGHT OF HORRORS PEN

Edwin Brown, the author of the article which follows, is a noted humanitarian and worker among the masses. He is, at the present time, in Spokane in an effort to bring about the establishment of a municipal lodging house—a shelter for men out of work. He has started movements in many cities for such industrial homes, and in investigating conditions, has gone about, as he has done in Spokane, garbed as a workman. He has spent nights in many city prisons, but declares that his experiences in the "bull pen" of a western city, which he describes in this article, are impressed most vividly upon his memory.
"With bars they blur the gracious moon,
And blind the goodly sun,
And they do well to hide their toil
For in it things are done
The Son of God nor son of man
Ever should look upon."
Down at the foot of a street,



EDWIN BROWN.

which for years was the city's most fashionable thoroughfare, stands a city hall, and in it is the city jail, and deep within that jail is the dungeon—the "bull pen." As it is today, it is a reflection on humanity, an insult to intelligence and a reproach upon that city's culture. The woman's club of that city fought this horror for years, and they have compelled some changes. But the horror still remains. The people are made to believe that its existence is a necessity. If our Savior went to that city today, notwithstanding the thousands of doors that would open to receive him, the first place he would seek would be the city's "black hole" in that city jail, and the first greeting he would give would be to its occupants, and the first hands he would clasp would be the hands of the hunted victims of this monstrous cell of darkest Russia—this torture chamber of the middle ages! I can best describe it with my actual experience, in my search for truth on which to build a foundation for municipal lodging houses.
DRIVEN FROM STATION.
It was a cold night in February. I went to the railway station to board a midnight train. On reaching there I found there would be no train until 3 o'clock in the morning, so I decided to return to my hotel. Just then a clock struck 12 times. A police officer began to clear the place of 12 men who were in the waiting room. Thank God, there were no women among them. These men had crept in out of the cold in the hope of being allowed to remain until morning. I approached a half clad young man.
"Why are they driving you out?" I questioned him.
"No one," he answered, "is allowed to remain in the station after midnight unless they have bought a railroad ticket or have the price of one. They know none of these men have either."
"What are you going to do this cold night?" I anxiously inquired.

"I am going down to the tower of a switchman I know," he said. "He's friendly to me because I am out of work. He will let me sleep on the floor of his lookout."
This boy could rest in the tower of the individual man who had been touched by his helplessness, but in the great warm palace of the railway station he was kicked out as rubbish for the dump.
It was between 12 and 1 o'clock. I walked to a lonely, dark street of the city to take an "owl" car bound for my hotel. While going my way a policeman halted me. I felt he was going to question me, probably with the intention of arresting me. On the instant the thought came to me like an electric charge. "This is the strategic moment for you. Meet him with evasive answers, let him arrest you, and you will learn from actual experience the secrets of that awful cell in the city jail—a hint of which had come to me like a smothered sob from out the darkness."

While these thoughts flashed through my mind the officer gave the alarm from the patrol box. In another moment, with clamor and clang, came three great stalwart men and put me in the wagon. I shuddered for a moment from horror. I thought what if this were actually true that I was classed as a vagrant. In a short time I was in the city jail. I did not re-monstrate as others were doing. My clothes were torn open, I was searched, and in another instant the one great iron barred door was clanged, with a curse, the great key turned, and I was in that cavern of hell, the bull pen of the city.
FIRST TIME IN JAIL.
"I am arrested," he said to me with a shamed face, "as a vagrant and for investigation. This is the first time I ever was in jail. I am glad my old father and mother don't know where I am tonight. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be back home again, sitting in the old rocking chair in the big kitchen with

the cat in my lap and watching mother cook supper, just as I used to be." At the recollection he choked and went over and hung by the iron bars of the door with both hands. Then he dropped his head upon his hands and remained motionless, save for a wave of feeling shook his boyish form.
Exhausted by an excess of emotion, I fell into a semi-sleep. I was awakened by a young man who began to whistle the sweetest tones of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." He whistled it with a master's skill, putting in all the grace notes and with its crescendos and diminuendos. I was surprised and thrilled by the impromptu specialty. As the melody filled the cell it took possession of my quick imagination until I forgot the wretched man and surroundings and saw myself a boy again.
I felt the warm breeze of a springtime fanning the buds of an orchard into blossom. I saw the butterfly fluttering from flower to flower; I heard the katydids and

crickets in the tangled grasses of the fields. I saw the bluebirds and the daffodils peeping up through the red moss and green ferns and the dead leaves of a year ago; I saw the English violets touched by the mist of a hillside stream, lift their tiny faces to the sun like little children laughing through their tears.
I heard the music of the stream and laughter far down through the wood. I saw myself a little boy, lying on my back in the green meadows, looking up into the blue sky to watch the white clouds sailing by. And then all these men became little barefooted boys again, sitting under the great shade tree down by the river where they used to swim, and I heard them telling one another of their hopes and ambitions and of the wonderful things they meant to do when they had grown to be men, just as I used to do.
DAYLIGHT AND SONG.
The whistling ceased and a dim (Continued on Page Seven)