

The Washington Times

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WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 19, 1894.

IT IS LIABLE TO CALL NAMES. The Times is not yet informed exactly where the blame, or all of it, lies in the matter of this latest trolley accident.

WE BOW DOWN TO THE POTTER. It was kind of the Potter Printing Press Company of New York and of the Evening Star Newspaper Company, and especially of its treasurer, Mr. Frank B. Noyes.

THE TIMES AN ARENA. In conformity with its original purpose The Times opens its columns to a serious and free discussion of all questions of public moment.

ANSON OUGHT TO HAVE IT. It is not "Babe" Anson, it is not the "old man," who is referred to in the caption of this Delphic editorial utterance.

TRACING IT OUT OF COURT. It has been stated during the progress of the Breckinridge-Pollard trial by a certain person—

HITS—OR MISSES. Four thousand proprietors of the new morning daily saw the first copy of it yesterday, and they liked it.

EDITOR GIBSON MIGHT HAVE STARTED A BOOK OF HIS OWN IF HE WANTED TO OVERLAP.

Mrs. White might get some of that blood on her hands and be as uncomfortable as Lady Macbeth was on a memorable occasion.

BURNHAM—YOU LIE. CARLISLE—YOU GO TO DEATH.

THE TIMES IS TWO OR THREE TIMES AS SMALL AS SOME OTHER PAPERS, BUT IT CONTAINS TWO OR THREE TIMES AS MUCH.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST ELOQUENT OF ALL THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY IRISHMEN.

THE TIMES FOUND ITS WAY INTO EVERY HOME IN WASHINGTON YESTERDAY. IT WILL STAY IN MOST OF THEM.

JOHN Y. MCKANE DOUBTLESS WISHES THAT IT HAD BEEN ONE OF MR. EVARTS' SENTENCES INSTEAD.

MR. LEITER SEEMS STILL TO BE ABLE SUCCESSFULLY TO BID PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE TO HIS DINNERS.

IT IS MUCH BETTER THAT MR. JUSTICE DROWN SHOULD REFER A DEBATING MATCH, OR EVEN A BALL GAME, THAN TO MAKE TOO MANY SPEECHES HIMSELF.

THE TIMES DISTRIBUTES NO SHARES OF MINING STOCK AND BONDS NOR MARYLAND GOLD MINES, SILVER AND IT IS PRETTY CAREFUL ABOUT ITS MEDICAL ADVERTISING.

THE SECOND MRS. TANGUERAY MIGHT FIND INSPIRATION, GENTILITY, AND NATURALNESS AT THE POLLARD-BRECKINRIDGE TRIAL.

ADMIRAL O'FARRELL, OF THE VIRGINIA NAVY, HAD BETTER COME ON DECK, MOUNT THE POOP, DRAW HIS CUTLASS, AND TEEL THE OYSTER PIRATES TO BEWARE.

United States. His monumental modesty is only gettable by the colossal certainty that he will get both jobs at once.

Read Mr. Kent's sermon yesterday? We pay attention to the pulpit and believe in all the good things.

Hon. John H. Oberly writes about the "Pollard-Breckinridge nastiness," and there is no question that he is deeply shocked.

Perhaps President Cleveland is going to make Mr. Bland a president of the pen with which he will not sign the seigniorage bill.

A PHASE OF THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH. BY AN. When cheaper telegrams were demonstrated to be advantageous by the example of the English post office

of the Supreme Court under Sir Rowland Hill the same in our own postal service. In like manner followed the use of postage stamps, the introduction of free delivery into cities, the adoption of the money-order system, the issuance of postal notes, and many other improvements in the handling and distribution of the mail.

It has not failed to adopt them because it is unconstitutional to do so. That is too plain for argument. It would be easy to fill pages with citations of legal authorities showing its constitutionality. Indeed, it could be better said that it is unconstitutional for the government not to adopt them for the purpose of saving the people the best and cheapest and speediest postal facilities.

Colonel Breckinridge will be made to say interesting things, even more than he can possibly say for himself and against Miss Pollard. Another point to watch for is the manner in which the popular confessions that may be wrested from his unwilling breast, in the way he speaks of Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Wing his relatives, and friends with unadvised freedom.

Gas Inspectors and Politicians. Cannot something be done to improve the manners of the gas inspectors? It is to these men are called who come around with their blue coats and brass buttons with the word "gas" on them and tell us that they will cut us off if we don't pay by such a time?

Objects to Tight Lacing. To the Editor of THE TIMES: I don't know whether you are going into hygiene, but I want to object, and want you to object in THE TIMES, to tight lacing on the part of the girls. It is very ugly, and I know it presses the body all out of shape and I believe causes the death sooner or later of many girls.

A Word to the Gripsman. To the Editor of THE TIMES: I wish you would go for this jerking nonsense on the cable cars. Most persons appear to think that it is necessary even to do so.

But the Poor are With Us. To the Editor of THE TIMES: You are altogether too free in your paper, too free already with people of wealth and position. I can see that you are intending to be worse. It will be sure to bring you more riches and more fame. We will show you that you cannot.

Death from Asphyxiation. Mr. Daniel Falvey, a stone mason, living at 233 K street northeast, was found dead in his bed yesterday morning from asphyxiation by illuminating gas. It is thought that the death was due to the fact that the door was not closed and the gas had partially turned on.

Thought They Traveled in Pairs. Editor (having glanced at the contributor's joke)—Where's the other? Contributor—Other? There isn't any other.

Methods of the Nemest-Man. The Mint, Me, farmer who kept his hired man in a room so cold that the poor fellow's nose and ears were frozen while he slept in a bed that had been made up for some time on earth, says the New York Recorder.

Called the Cows. I don't know why, I don't know how, but, surely, I was not born at all. To stop a minute at the place where the cows are kept. Mrs. J. B. C. Co. (to a young man)—Call the cows.

Midnight Chat at Chamberlay's. The blood shed in the recent Civil War may deal has finally been cleansed out of the hall carpets. Water Grouch, the clerk of the House, is believed to have made \$200 in the late rise in sugar.

To Dance in a Good Cause. The Southern Relief Society, of which Mrs. Heath is president, with Mrs. Carchings, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Clifton B. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, vice presidents, will give a charity ball on the 28th of the present month for the benefit of the needy under its care.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, the stirring and energetic chief of the silver forces in the Senate, is always an interesting talker in any phase or aspect of the silver question that may be under discussion.

Dubois, by the way, was the law "spon" man at Yale College. That was back in '72. In the good old days a large wooden spoon was voted to the most popular man in the class, and Dubois, being the worthy successor of his father, was honored with the appointment at that time.

The Idaho Senator had a brother in the same class, who was a very popular fellow and filled the much-covered post of custos of D. E. The two brothers have both been successful, but Fred, perhaps, the more so.

I ran across one of the pages in the Senate today that looks like a handsome, gold-bound book which belonged to one Senator Aloysius, of Nebraska, and the other to the new Mississippi Senator, Mr. Laurin.

Constitutional, of Indiana, to his friend from Arkansas, as the Metropolitan last night, "Crisp" is a fine fellow. Makes a fine Speaker, and will hold his seat in the big chair as long as he is a Representative and the Democrats control the House.

Wallace McLaughin, of Jackson, Miss., ex-receiver of public money of his state and a leading member of the Democratic party in that State, is stopping at the Beveridge. A fine fellow and a good one. He also has a friend named James T. Coleman, and this friend is very proud because a member of his "foot" is his son.

Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, is one of the ablest thinkers of the House, who, unlike most Representatives, can spare time from the routine work of Congress to take a live interest in our foreign and trade relations.

Sixtieth Anniversary of the Congressional Temperance Society. The sixtieth anniversary of the Congressional Temperance Society was celebrated by a public platform meeting at the Metropolitan last night.

Cold Water Congressmen. The sixtieth anniversary of the Congressional Temperance Society was celebrated by a public platform meeting at the Metropolitan last night.

Hears Her Dear One's Voice. Every day Mrs. Cave talks for an hour into the phonograph and dispatches the strip to her betrothed, Henri Cain, the Parisian painter, who responds in kind.

Over the Graves of the Boys in Gray. General orders No. 5, issued Saturday from the National G. A. R. headquarters at Lynn, approves the plan for the distribution of flags to be placed over the graves of soldiers in Southern cemeteries on Decoration Day, and urges departments and posts to support the plan.

Gladsome in the Phonograph. It is self-help that makes the man, and making is the aim which the Almighty has everywhere impressed upon creation. It is thrift by self-help for the masses dependent upon labor is principally made effective.

Major O'Brien Moore, who knows Lord Rosebery so well, and who lives only across the way from the Normandy, delights to talk of his distinguished friend and to tell of the interesting and amusing things that have happened to him.

Senator Quigg, an irregular habitué, did not open his house this winter. He and his son were on a tour of the West, and they were in Nevada, kept bachelor's hall at 106 1/2 First.

Sherman Rave. The moon, from off his great white shield, has tossed it back into the belt. Has still the wispy clouds, and some And follow me, walking home.

one, as the ladies of the society have gone to work with their usual energy and generosity. Among the notable non-residents who will be present are Gov. O'Fallon, of Virginia, and Gen. D. P. Penney, of Maryland, and Mr. J. B. McCorrille, of West Virginia.

"Oh, Tennessee is now and will always remain Democratic," said R. J. Gage, of Nashville, at the Normal school last night. "That we are the majority in this administration, mightily tired. We are a patient people, however.

"I'm a bit of a hokey, bit, and bit bad, dog bit, and a bit of a donkey at that!" W. A. Battsell, of Alexandria, Va., was chatting with some friends at the Randall Hotel yesterday.

"Know what I am going to do?" said he. "I am going to start a cricket team in Alexandria; that's what. Fish will bite a cricket quicker than anything else on a river. They love 'em like a Republican loves office. Fishermen know this too. They pay big prices to get 'em, but they can't get many. How many men do you see out fishing around Washington if they had crickets for bait?

"Disinure," said Congressman E. J. Brookshire, of Indiana, to his friend from Arkansas, as the Metropolitan last night, "Crisp" is a fine fellow. Makes a fine Speaker, and will hold his seat in the big chair as long as he is a Representative and the Democrats control the House.

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"And it is not a fact," I continued, "that all the blooded horses have large feet?" "Yes, it is not a fact," said he. "That's all jacked up with small feet."

"When I was running an engine out in Missouri," said Will W. Watkins, an engineer of the Pennsylvania road, at the depot yesterday, "I was terribly looked for some time with a great machine. It would get on the track just ahead of my engine at the same time and place every other day. I would whistle and it would not move until the engine would almost stop, and then he would walk off, as unconcernedly as anything you ever saw."

Hon. Charles E. Lisle, of Winchester, Ky., to relative of Amos J. Cummings, of Virginia, says that he has a new silk tie.

Hon. John M. Clayton, of Brooklyn, would like to have somebody tell him what he is here for.

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The girls along the Seventh street corridor are bright, pleasant, and nice looking as ever.

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Workmen, I notice, are cleaning the white stone trimmings of the great Richmond and Danville building at Thirteenth and the Avenue, or whitening up, rather, the dusty trimmings of the old part of the building. I recall the time when William Murtagh and his very lively Republican newspaper occupied these quarters.

The manager of the Arlington Hotel, Frank Bennett, and the two Messrs. Hinesy and Ross, are counted three of the handsomest hotel men in Washington. They all earn fabulous salaries also, which they invest, not in those iridescent Kohnorns so common among ordinary hotel clerks, but rather in the fugacious stock, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, of Wall Street.

I met John Seager, the handsome private secretary of Mr. Lamont, in the Arlington lobby the other night. He is a smooth gentleman, as his chief is reported to be, and with his political experience in business he mixes in a most delightful way with the life of the city.

Dispatches received last night from Chicago state that Bill Nye has decided to stop lecturing. He said to a newspaper man yesterday, "The fact is, I cannot keep up my writing and lecturing. The work is too hard; and then my family, for whom I toll, are anxious to see more of me. I shall close my platform career in a few weeks and go home to the mountains of North Carolina in time to gather my strawberry crop on my model farm. I call it a model farm because it costs me three times as much as any other farm of its kind. I can't get on it, and I understand from competent agricultural sources that it is what constitutes a model farm."

The Carroll Institute Dramatic Club, which made such a strong impression on its first appearance several weeks ago at the institute hall, is arranging another programme for an early date, which it is expected will be even more enjoyable than their initial performance.

Color and Health. Prof. Charles E. Lisle, the well-known chemist, who is at the head of the Corcoran Scientific School in this city, will lecture at the Columbian University lecture hall tonight at 8 o'clock on "Color in its Relation to Health." This is one of a course of lectures arranged by the Sanitary League, and is free to the public. It promises to be of more than ordinary interest.

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LOWER HOUSE NOTES. Binzer Hermann personally knows everybody in Oregon.

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Ex-Governor Oliver Ames, of Massachusetts, was recently at the Riggs House. He is out of politics entirely, he says, but he is very much in business, a manufacturer of shovels and a large owner of sugar plantations in Louisiana, and hence very much interested in the tariff. Oliver Ames is one of the famous Ames of Eastern, the greatest shovel maker in the world, and the son of the Congressman Oakes Ames, who was killed up in the Credit Moblier. It was believed in the Bay State for a long time that Oliver Ames would never rest and move until he had single one of his many millions to the other to cause to be wiped out the resolution of course against his father. He seems to have forsaken the notion, however, though three or four years ago, just at the close of his gubernatorial career, it was feared by Mr. Hoar and others that Mr. Ames would surely try to go to the Senate.

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Between You and Me. Mr. Seager is attached to the fortunes of William C. Whitney, and it is believed that he will invest in the fugacious stock, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, of Wall Street. Each of these gentlemen is capable of managing a hotel of his own. Probably each will own one some day. Mr. Ross has never discredited his long lost son, Harry.