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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1909.

The District's Finances.

The plan for handling the finances of the District evolved by Engineer Commissioner Judson, and which, approved by his colleagues, is to be incorporated in a bill to be introduced in Congress, is businesslike and appears thoroughly workable. It commands itself on its face, and will, we believe, stand analysis.

It provides, in brief, for the wiping out of the floating and bonded indebtedness of the District in installments, in such a manner as will, at the same time, permit the carrying forward of those permanent improvements now under way or definitely determined upon.

Mr. Judson has applied prudent business sense to the solution he proposes—the prudent, far-seeing business sense which we see successfully applied in the cases of great enterprises and institutions the world over. Possibly, some defects may be found in the plan, but these, if any, will likely prove minor rather than material. The fact that the District will go before Congress with a well-defined proposition, matured and bearing the endorsement of substantial citizens, as well as the recommendation of the Commissioners, ought to insure the desired legislation. And we believe it will, for the feeling of the national legislators toward the District is to-day more considerate and friendly than ever before.

What Is the West?

In the October number of the World's Work there is an article by the late Gov. John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, entitled "The Call of the West." When the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina had won their independence, they possessed territory extending beyond the Allegheny Mountains, and all that region to the Mississippi was known as the West. After the purchase of Louisiana from France, the country beyond the Mississippi became the West, and it is this trans-Mississippi territory that is mentioned by Gov. Johnson. Two of the States which he classes as the West are on both sides of the Mississippi River. One of these is his own State, Minnesota, and the other Louisiana. The States and Territories west of the Mississippi River embrace more than 60 per cent of the area of the United States, and have a population of nearly 30,000,000 of people, about equal to that of England or Italy and three-fourths of that of Prussia or France. In this territory of the West there are to-day about 500,000,000 acres in farms, which amounts to one-half of the cultivated area of the United States.

Including stock and improvements, this Western farm plant is valued at \$10,000,000,000, which is more than one half greater than the total estimated wealth of the United States in 1850.

This West produces 99 per cent of the gold and silver of the United States. The gold and silver product of the West since 1849 equals approximately 40 per cent of the current gold and silver money of the world.

The real property, with improvements, in these Western States and Territories in 1891 exceeded the total estimated wealth of the United States in 1860, while the aggregate wealth for 1894 of the country west of the Mississippi River, from all sources, was only a little less than the total wealth of the United States in 1870.

Gov. Johnson recalled that the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 was by many deemed a useless extravagance. It has shown, however, that Alaska has paid for itself by a wide margin in revenues returned to the government, while in gold, copper, furs, fish, and timber, Alaska has rewarded the industry of American citizens during the past forty years with an aggregate produce of at least \$200,000,000.

The purchase of Louisiana Territory was met by a storm of protests, and so great a statesman as Josiah Quincy in 1811 opposed the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State on the ground that there should be no States created west of the Mississippi River.

Gov. Johnson said in his article:

Latitude, and embraces every quality of the climate of the north temperate zone, and produces every article of human food except coffee, and all the material that is needed for human clothing.

If this vast valley were cut off from both the Atlantic and Pacific States, it would still have its outlet to all of the ports of the world through the Southern seas, which have more than a thousand miles of coast and more than fifty ports.

This grand valley furnishes the food products and raw materials for the subsistence of a vast population, and for the maintenance of innumerable industries, and it is the central region that in time to come will dominate the nation in food and industries.

Nut Growing in the South.

Pecan culture in the Southeastern States, particularly in Georgia and Eastern Alabama, has passed the experimental stage, and is now a well-established and flourishing industry. Not only are groves of several years' growth paying handsomely, but new trees throughout all that section apparently best adapted to the cultivation of this delightful article of commerce.

While this is all well enough, of course, and to be encouraged, it is strange that the South should never have been moved to exploit its own most tempting and daintily delicious of all nuts—the scalybark hickory nut.

There is something in its line worthy and well qualified, indeed, and yet seemingly destined to purely local appreciation only. Its shell is as brittle and as papery as the most highly cultivated pecan to be found anywhere, and its kernel is of a melting and pleasing toothiness, never to be understood unless eaten. It grows on the sturdiest of trees; no wind or weather affects it, and neither early nor late frosts have any possible terrors for it. Farmers and the farmers' children of the South know their native scalybark for what it is; within the city limits it is an infrequent guest, while to the shipping clerk and the far-away fruit stands of the North it is an utter stranger.

We protest that this should not be so. There are enough, and to spare, as it is, for the farmers and their children, for the squirrels and the denizens of the forest that find sustenance in the scalybarks. With a little careful attention and systematic encouragement, the supply might easily be made sufficiently large to meet the demand abroad sure to follow its rational introduction. In whatever household this splendiferous nut once found itself, there forever after would it surely have many staunch and loyal friends.

Why should not the scalybark hickory nut come into its own? If ever a nut were truly deserving of unstinted praise, it is.

The Model Husband.

Give three cheers for Samuel W. Van Nostrand, who carried off the prize at the "model husband" show at Chicago. Samuel is possessed of all the virtues necessary to make an ideal helpmate, according to the statements of Mrs. Van Nostrand, and the jury of twelve women were unable to impeach her testimony. Here is what Mrs. Van Nostrand says:

"Besides possessing the almost superhuman quality of being good natured before breakfast, my husband allows me to carry the family pocketbook, and declares just as if he meant it, that my cooking is so far above 'mothers' efforts in the culinary arts that there could be no comparison. If that is not enough for one woman, I would like to know what is."

The complete list of desirable qualities attributed to her husband by Mrs. Van Nostrand are: Prompt at meals, good entertainer, adept with the chafing dish, good judge of feminine beauty, gracious and kind-hearted, enjoys home more than the club, happiest when among friends.

Of course, there were heartburnings, for other husbands were on display, and their wives put in most eloquent pleadings on their behalf, and the contest resulted in as much jealousy as a baby show. No matter what a woman says to her husband in private, in public she would make every other woman envious by holding him up as ideal. But for one year there will be no controversy in Chicago. The decision is final, and the blue ribbon will be worn by Mrs. Van Nostrand's entry in the contest.

What a time he will have living up to the reputation he has made for himself!

The charges against Judge Gaynor are many and varied. The New York Post, among other more or less important things, accuses him of plagiarizing from the public in general.

As concerns Mr. McMurray, Mr. Glavis, and Mr. Crane, already it is hard to tell, right offhand, which is which and why.

"Hans Wagner will not play next year," Eh? Certainly he will not. He never is going to play next year. It has come to be a habit with him. Why repeat the assurance every fall?

"A New Jersey judge has set aside a verdict of \$5,000 in favor of a girl four years of age whose leg was cut off by a trolley car, on the ground that in these days of comfortable and gracefully handled cork legs a real leg is not as valuable as formerly," says the St. Louis Star. Besides, the cork leg trust, in all probability, is a cute little infant industry operating under a New Jersey charter.

"Peary might butt into politics," says the Los Angeles Express. He would make a first-class view-with-alarm man.

"Passes and complimentary tickets have often spoiled a man," says the Columbia State. Not lately.

"Atlanta cannot afford to lose Dr. Broughton," says the Constitution, of that interesting burg. The truth is, Atlanta cannot lose Dr. Broughton, and knows it.

So far as ordinary citizens are concerned, Senator Stone might hand one to the insolent janitor next, and no kick would be forthcoming.

And now that jolly, genial, good-natured Tommy Lipton is in our midst once more. The Lipton smile is the only one in the world that, as a rule, refuses to play second fiddle, as it were, to Mr. Taft's.

Senator Tillman's "regrets" that he will be unable to attend the Taft banquet in Columbia; not that he loves Taft less, but that he considers the price—\$10 per plate—foolishly excessive, and most sadly out of gear with Democratic tradition

and principle. Besides, the advertising incident to the issuing of the "regrets" is worth a whole lot more than \$10.

And now the discussion whether the whale swallowed Jonah is raging again. Poor old Jonah! He could not prove it, even by an Eskimo or two.

"Can you keep an office boy on his job these days?" inquires the Detroit Free Press. Surely you can in Detroit, since the sad finish of the baseball season.

"Mr. Taft said 'politics are,'" notes the Houston Post, which is quite a grammar sharp, by the way. Still, when one remembers the fifty-seven varieties of politics Mr. Taft has encountered since he left Washington, who can blame him?

The President, nevertheless, has not yet undertaken to explain the difference between Mr. Tweedledee Aldrich and Mr. Tweedleum Cannon.

Plots on the Mississippi may cavor around neither wisely nor too well, so far as Mr. Taft is concerned, and still not get fired from their jobs while they wait.

"Who owns the air?" inquires the Boston Herald. Why, the heirs-at-law, whoever their heirships are, and so forth, and so on.

Mr. Peary is no more justified in his notion that the world is in a mean conspiracy against him than many another good but misguided man has been.

"Suppose chivalry is only a habit, it is not a bad habit nor an overly common one," says the Nashville American. It would not be chivalric to assert less.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon does not even pretend that his present Bedzlebubbing tour is to be a voluntary farewell performance. His show may be "punk," but he proposes to let it go as long as he can get an audience.

"Louisville will have on hand, and for sale, after the election a job lot of angels," says the Louisville Courier-Journal. A Louisville angel might command a price as a curio, but not as something useful or ornamental.

A society leader says the mothers of the United States do not bring up their children with intelligence," says the Baltimore American. Somehow, the average child seems to grow up into a pretty fair American citizen, nevertheless.

It all depends. Cranking up an automobile is a great deal more fun than shaking down the clinkers in a furnace, and yet the mechanical processes are startlingly similar.

Those pirates recently located along the Spanish Main were unfortunate in the matter of projecting themselves into the limelight when they did. The world was too busy getting onto the curves of the Pitsburg Pirates at the moment.

Senator "Jeff" Davis, too, might qualify under the rules for the Chinese mission. He appears to have cultivated the gentle art of sawing wood and saying nothing somewhat extensively of late.

Mr. Fred Carpenter not only seems perfectly at home in Mr. Loeb's shoes, but has taken all the squeak out of them, moreover.

ANENT PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Taft's Companion.

From the Philadelphia Press. Taft and prosperity were scheduled a year ago.

Mr. Cannon's Chum.

From the Chicago Record Herald. "Uncle Joe" Cannon is doing his worst to bring the Senate party into disrepute by claiming to be about the only Simon-pure Republicans left in the land.

The President's Voice.

From the Springfield Republican. The failure of Mr. Taft's voice in Texas may have been caused by his effort to be heard all over the State. Mr. Taft is a big man, but Texas has 255,750 square miles.

Mr. Aldrich's Bank Tour.

From the New York Journal of Commerce. There seems to have been no sufficient reason for a commission of eighteen and so much expense on the part of the government if Aldrich is going to do all the work and settle the whole business.

Gov. Hughes' Opportunity.

From the Boston Transcript. Gor. Hughes has been appealed to to help save the De Witt Clinton homestead at Newtowm, L. I. It was there that plans for the Erie Canal were drawn. It is now occupied by Polish families.

Mr. Gaynor and Tammany.

From the New York Evening Post. Gor. Gaynor stands neck of Murphy with a mouthful of scriptural phrases and twenty mouthfuls of vituperation for those who arraign the vice combination, calling itself a political organization, that rules in the South.

Mr. Lovett Welcomed.

From the Omaha Bee.

While we regret that Omaha and Nebraska are not yet as well acquainted with Mr. Lovett as we were with Mr. Harlan when he took charge, we have good reason to expect the administration of President Lovett to continue to seek co-operation with the public in general.

Influence of Hazing.

From the Springfield Republican.

College hazing involves the mob spirit. Boys or girls incite each other to deeds which as individuals they would not be guilty of. President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College, rejoices that the self-government association of students there has decided to "give up once and for all the silly and ungenerous practice of teasing, embarrassing, and hectoring the younger and inexperienced students. However slight this hazing may have been, it was uncivilized and barbarous."

This characterization is masterly and of wide application. How could any man, in the mob spirit, and does not fit in its root in the generous helpfulness that marks true natures. It is to be noted that some thirty hazing have been suspended at Muhlenberg College in Pennsylvania. In commenting upon that instance the Philadelphia Press notes that the brutality involved is akin to the movement of mobs: "In the mass it dares; as a unit it is an abject coward. The individuals of a hazing or lynching mob are mostly pitiable pygmies, and the rest contemptible curs." This is severe, but not unjust.

Mr. Tillman and a Dinner.

From the New York Sun.

When Senator Tillman reflects that he is a welcome visitor at the White House and may put his feet under the malady during the coming political season, perhaps he will reconsider his decision not to absent himself from the dinner to the President at Columbia, for which the Senate is a plate. United States Senators included.

THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

Broad are the fields and long the road.

Where the dust has sought its rest,

And the day's last rays go creping there.

With the shadows from the west;

The old rail fence reclines at ease.

With the setting of duty done,

And a peaceful song drifts through the trees

With the setting of the sun.

Light were the hearts that tramped the road

On sang in the meadow brook,

With the day's last rays laid the dust

On scattered the first light down,

Well were the tasks of men performed,

And well was the day begun.

That's why there is come the joy of rest

With the setting of the sun.

Ye who are lost in the city's throng,

And the whirl of the city's life,

Ye who are faint with the toll of years

That has beaten you to the strife;

Painted on the sun the lips o'er its edge,

And let heart fancies run,

Through the golden, golden long ago