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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910.

Cheeseparing and Politics.

The Democratic party may attempt to make political capital out of the admission that with better business methods the government may be run more economically, but it is very doubtful whether the public will pay much attention to the matter from a political point of view. No one party is responsible for the expensive bureaucratic system which has become a part of our governmental machinery. The situation is one which is due to the growth of the government, and because in the past the business spirit has been lacking.

In addition to this, experience has shown that the policy of cheeseparing does not appeal to the American people. They are, as a rule, broad-minded, liberal and generous, and they do not begrudge the money necessary to run the government in an efficient manner. Extravagance and waste are, of course, to be deplored, and reckless expenditure is little less than criminal. Appropriations made for the proper conduct of the government, including the army and navy, are not, however, subject to criticism; nor is it occasion for adverse comment when large sums are expended for the improvement of waterways and for the reclamation of desert lands. The American people do not complain when the government funds are expended for national benefit.

On the other hand, there is no sympathy for a policy which cripples and embarrasses through false economy. Any political organization which merely exploits a reduction of expense will find itself without support.

Mr. Ade Hands the Editor One.

Mr. George Ade, author of those illuminating and entertaining "Fables in Slang," producer of that uplifting and sparkling near-operative gem, "The Sultan of Sulu," and so forth and so on, has sored on the editorial writers of the land and pronounces them "punk." Mr. Ade thinks there is no uplift in the editorial page; that it bears the same relation to the newspaper as a whole that the after-dinner speaker does to the usual banquet—that both, at best, are to be rated no higher than necessary evils. People accept an editorial leader, says Mr. Ade, as they accept the orator incident to an occasional good feed—the former to get the other stuff that goes along with it; the latter to get the dinner.

We suppose there is precious little doubt that Mr. Ade is an approximately ultimate authority in matters of this kind; hence we should hesitate to dispute his assertions, even though we inclined to a "scraps." What he says is important, if true. On the merits of the proposition, we are decorously and, perhaps, discreetly dumb. We do venture respectfully to suggest, however, that Mr. Ade be not too harsh in his criticism of the editorial writers. They do the best they can. As a rule, they do not ride in automobiles; generally, indeed, they walk, or patronize the street cars—at six tickets for a quarter, moreover. If what they say merely "gets a hand from the gallery"—to borrow one of Mr. Ade's picturesque expressions—they are glad. The editorial writers realize that they cater, ordinarily, to audiences "small, but select and appreciative," and not, like Mr. Ade, to S. R. O. at all performances—matinees included. "On the contrary, quite the reverse," as one of Dickens' well-known characters would say with respect to the latter. Or is it one of Mr. Ade's characters who so expresses himself? Probably it does not matter. What is the difference between friends, anyway?

Mr. Ade has presented the editorial writers a "lemon" they will not relish, but which, for reasons best known to themselves, will not be hurled back defiantly, nevertheless. It calls to mind a story of his most gracious majesty King Edward VII and a very fashionable, very successful, and very much self-impressed London tailor. The King and his loving subject were fellow-guests at a social function given by a recently ennobled politician. "A pretty party, this," said the loving subject. "But it is a pleasure to greet your majesty, surely. One meets so many kinds of people here, you know."

"Tut, tut, man!" said the King. "Make the most of it. Remember, we cannot all be tailors!"

Mr. Ade should be charitable. Not all editorial writers could have written those "Fables in Slang," nor yet "The Sultan of Sulu," of course.

Besides, inasmuch as that other scintillating "Yankee Doodle" genius, Mr. George M. Cohan, never turns out a box-office winner without its appreciative tributary line to Mr. Ade, why should not Mr. Ade be content to let it go at that, and twinkle grandly among the fixed stars, without freighting his mind with thoughts of those humble ones hopelessly "lost in the shuffle" along the editorial Milky Way?

A New York paper thinks that Mayor Gaynor may speedily develop into "another Theodore Roosevelt." Impossible!

There is but one, and can be. If you do not believe that, just wait until that Junetime home-coming is pulled off!

The Protection of Titles.

The opponents of Robert E. Peary—and there are, strange to relate, such to be found in this town—are making a great deal out of the fact that he may get on the retired list of the navy as a full-fledged rear admiral. There is less objection, apparently, to his attaining that security of inactivity by way of his own corps, that of civil engineers of the navy, with only the "relative" rank of rear admiral, amounting to the same thing in the end in the way of pay. The objection is put forth that Peary ought not to be a retired rear admiral. It seems somewhat to endanger the title because he has never discharged the duties of a rear admiral, such as "flying his flag" in command of a fleet.

The whole title business in the navy is a wearisome affair and about as silly as may well be imagined in all the subjects of service agitation. Peary has done something which entitles him to credit, and his achievement in reaching the north pole compares very favorably, indeed, with the work which has been done by some of the naval officers who hold the rank of rear admiral on the retired list. As a matter of fact, when it comes to protecting the title of rear admiral by confining it to those who have displayed the flag of fleet command, it will be found that of the nearly 150 officers who are now drawing the retired pay of rear admiral and who hold that rank on the retired list, precious few of them ever commanded anything above a small ship. So that in the end there need be no great alarm felt within the service, and less apprehension on the part of the public, that Peary will do damage to any of the traditions of the service, even if he became a rear admiral without reference to the corps of civil engineers. He will probably be retired as a civil engineer with the relative rank of rear admiral, which circumstance will be sufficient protection to all the sensibilities of the naval personnel. But it will be the same thing in the end, and, either way, need cause no distress of mind or keep the naval personnel awake at night.

Anacostia River Improvements.

Congress may wisely, as Chairman Gallinger, of the Senate District Committee, urges, appropriate sufficient money at once to meet the public demands for the reclamation of the Anacostia flats and the improvement of the Anacostia River. The sum of \$150,000, proposed in the House bill, is wholly inadequate. It would mean, it is true, a continuation of the work now under way, but by piecemeal. Far better, as Mr. Gallinger suggests, to make a sufficient sum immediately available—\$1,000,000 is none too much—and then push the work to completion.

Needs of navigation and public health call for the improvements. Engineer officers of the army and the District Commissioners have strongly presented the needs. Congress has recognized these needs, but the appropriations have been limited and meager. At the present rate of progress the completion of the work will not be reached in years. Since it is obviously an improvement that must be made, why defer it?

Apart from the needs of navigation and the development of the facilities of the port, the reclamation of the flats is essential to the city's health. The beautiful Potomac Park illustrates what can be done and should be done with the water front to the east. President Taft, in his speech to citizens last spring, looked into the future and saw the day when this waste land would be redeemed and form a part of the beautiful environment of the Capital City. Let us have a realization of the splendid project!

Chairman Gallinger's proposition is born of wisdom, and Congress will do well to adopt it.

The Columbia (S. C.) Record of Monday last carried a stinging reproof of "Senator Heyburn." On behalf of "Uncle Pete," we call our South Carolina contemporary to order!

George, King of Greece, who managed to sit pretty tight on his throne for several weeks just past, has resumed abdicating at the same old stand.

An Indiana town has changed its name from Cook to Pearyville. A very foolish thing to do, moreover, in view of the increased cost of ink.

A great many people watch much more anxiously for the first cock beer goat of springtime than for the first robin red-breast.

No matter what the outcome of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, we never expect to see a Guggenheim Presidential brood spread like wildfire throughout the country.

American suffragettes have much to learn. When Senator Borah introduced a bill in the Senate a few days ago, they thought that august and honorable body was about to pass it—right then.

The speech from the throne is all over, and Parliament is at work on its job. English statesmen may now proceed with the debates minus a haunting fear of being interrupted every little bit, moreover, by inopportune "messages from the King."

There could hardly be more differences of opinion as to what disposition rightfully should be made of Mr. Peary if it were a proposition calling for solution exclusively at the hands of the Democratic party.

That near-poet who said "Roosevelt's departure takes all the wind out of Africa's sails" promulgated an opinion that defies immediate positive analysis.

If Philadelphia really were the sleepy city the jokesmiths allege, doubtless it would imagine itself in the middle of a frightful nightmare now.

Oh, yes; if George Washington were alive to-day, he would think things might be better, of course. On the other hand, however, he would know they might be worse.

Whether the hen is a bird or not, spring chickens at 75 cents each look like sparrows.

"A Missouri man has made application for admission to college at the age of seventy," says the Rochester Union and Advertiser. He is to be congratulated.

however, for his willingness to admit that he has at last found out just how little he does know.

Mr. Vardaman says he will try, try again, notwithstanding. That evidences, perhaps, more courage than judgment on the part of Mr. Vardaman.

A Chicago firm advertised with great success for "one dozen plain girls." Even at that, however, many an applicant may have come forward and qualified with a distinct mental reservation or two.

Ex-Miss Anna Gould, &c., is now a "serene highness." The title came high, but her serene highness just had to have it, presumably.

It is predicted that Premier Asquith will give great difficulty carrying out his platform pledges. It may ultimately become necessary, indeed, for him to prove that they did not mean what the voters thought they did, anyway.

"The Rivers and Harbor Committee must think the Mississippi River is bigger than the whole Atlantic ocean," says the Baltimore American. Well, it is, from the point of view of those cities along its banks.

"A short wood pile makes a long winter," says the Portland Oregonian. And a shot: ice supply makes a long summer. So what's the use?

Mr. Champ Clark is lukewarm toward the Clark Presidential movement lately started in Missouri, but not, we take it, because he thinks he could not run the government better than it is being run.

"The Atlanta Journal wants to know 'What makes a mayor?'" Old "Jimmy" Woodward can tell the Journal what unmakes a mayor.

That man who recently mistook "Uncle Joe" for a preacher evidently is one of those persons who believe their eyes in preference to their ears.

"It must be extremely humiliating for an earnest and vehement orator to find that he is merely considered amusing," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The trouble is, he so seldom discovers it.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Of Course It Does Not.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The country rejoices to hear that Ben Tillman is recovering his voice.

Why Either?
From the Indianapolis Star.
Republicans have won in Philadelphia by a sweeping majority. Are you surprised, or are you merely shocked, as usual?

Interstate Commerce Trespass.
From the Philadelphia North American.
The Interstate Commerce Commission wants control of the waterways. Isn't it a bit nervy for the commission to trespass on the rights of the railroad?

Polliteness in the Senate.
From the Atlanta Georgian.
"Why am I here?" was one of the questions which Senator Heyburn asked in the course of his speech the other day, but his colleagues were too polite to hurt his feelings.

Pinchot's Foes at Work.
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.
Former Chief Forester Pinchot has been mentioned as a candidate for Vice President. The finger of suspicion points unwaveringly in the direction of the friends and supporters of Secretary Ballinger.

Mr. Taft's Strenuousness.
From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.
The way in which President Taft is using the United States Senate to do some real work has doubtless convinced at least one group of men that the present Executive is as strenuous as his predecessor.

The Stone-Hadley Contest.
From the Kansas City Times.
In his contest with Gov. Hadley Senator Stone seems to be in the position of the complacent Missoian who was getting the worst of it in a fight. "Hold him till I get my breath," said that distressed citizen, "and I'll lick the fellow yet."

Public Servants Too Zealous.
From the Detroit News.
"Glavis is too zealous," said Attorney Wickham. Too true, too true. Now, as for Secretary Ballinger, he's not too zealous. He has no such weakness. The idea is evidently to weed out of the public service all the men that are too zealous.

The Colonel's Whiskers.
From the Philadelphia Press.
A thrilling dispatch from London, on the Upper Nile, relates that Col. Roosevelt has shaved off his whiskers grown while in Africa. This is too bad. We had hoped to see him come home with his teeth gleaming through a gorgeous ruff of lambrequin.

Uncle Joe in Vaudeville.
From the Tampa Capital.
Uncle Joe Cannon allows that he "has a fine singing voice," and he admits he "might draw a large salary behind the footlights." If were even he worst. As a matter of fact, Uncle Joe as a vaudeville attraction would make more money than Harry Lauder, and some time we hope to see him in a stunt of that kind.

If Congress Sits Till Summer.
From the New York Sun.
If Congress sits till next summer, or even till April, we shall certainly have to go to Washington and see Cotton Tom (Hon. J. Thomas Hefflin, of Alabama) in his most fascinating and attractive suit. Uncle Joe is a Southerner, and the treatment he has been getting lately fully entitles him to be packed in cotton. It would set off his strange arabesque Assyrian beauty. And the Hon. Cy Sulloway, of New Hampshire! What a sight it were to behold his eighty-four-old inches of white splendor. Victor Murdock, however, is not inflammable. He mustn't don cotton unless he is accompanied by a fire engine or a water cart, a precaution which he always takes in Kansas. Most of the members can be trusted, though, and from the present frame of their tempers and the amount of "campaign ammunition" they are exploding, it would seem that they would be much more comfortable as well as much more fascinating and attractive if they put on hennin suits now.

As usual, Bartlett will give no light on a classical quotation. Was it the Hon. J. Thomas Hefflin, of Alabama, who proposed to double the cotton exports by adding one inch to the tail of every Chinaman's shirt?

A Good Suggestion.
From Judge's Library.
"Why, I declare!" exclaims the trusting wife, "I won't have to buy any new dresses or hats at all this spring!"
"You won't?" asks his crafty husband.
"Surely you will need something."

"Not a thing, I've been looking through this month's fashion magazines that you brought home for me, and I find that there isn't the slightest change in style from last spring."

And the crafty husband, inwardly gloating over the success of his scheme to paste a this year's cover on a last year's magazine, leans back in his chair and smokes and smokes and smokes.

Unmistakable Messages.
From Cornhill Widow.
He (gushingly)—Your eyes tell me much. She (clilly)—Your breath tells me more.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SPRING POEM.

Same old zephyrs, same old rills,
Same old tiresome daffodils.

Same old lambskins, same old bees,
Same old budding willow trees.

Same old robins, same old dew,
Spring has nothing that is new.

Same old greensward, Nature's couch;
Same old poet with a grouch.

A Hopeless Case.

"She is hopelessly bourgeois, I fear."
"What has she done now?"
"She gave up bridge for Lent."

A Different Instrument.
"You are a typewriter, I believe!" said the professor.
"Yes, sir."
"Very good. Now, my dear young lady, in playing the piano you must not pay too much attention to your speed."

A Mild Old Drama.
"There's bound to be a reaction from these modern plays."
"That's what. And when it happens, I'm going to revive the 'Black Crook' and take it over the lyceum circuit."

Can't Be Prevented.
An utter fatalist is he
Who this opinion files;
Whatever is to be will be,
Especially in styles.

Although Eclipsed in Height.
"The designers of the Washington Monument builded better than they knew."
"As to how?"
"When they made it a one-story building. It will hold that record for a while, anyhow."

We Miss Their Style.
"Do you allow your baseball reporters to loaf all winter?"
"Why, no," answered the editor. "They are still with us."
"Then why not let us hear from 'em occasionally? Put some ginger into the sports column, for instance."

Smoker Scenery.
"I suppose you saw some interesting scenery on your trip across the continent."
"A little. Once I held four kings."

WHICH IS THE BEST?
The Pretty Waitress, or the Homely but Industrious Kind.

From the Indianapolis Star.
The managers of the fashionable cafes of Indianapolis are not agreed on the question of the comparative value of the comely waitress who trips about at her work while all the men gaze in admiration.

Chicago and St. Louis have made an attempt to thrash out this problem, but the solution seems afar off. Chicago has one solution and St. Louis another. The former has concluded that the big-eyed waitress with dimples in her cheeks is a nuisance. The latter is not so sanguine in the theory that beauty in waitresses is not an asset when the patronage of a business depends upon the ability of the manager to please his customers.

Indiana's restaurant proprietors are agreed on one proposition. The waitresses must please their customers. They differ as to what pleases.

One manager, who did not want to be quoted, said that five out of seven men who came to his place were cranks. They like to chat with the waitresses, he said, and especially to chat with the pretty ones.

"If they get a little encouragement," he continued, "they will walk nine blocks out of their way to be on hand for lunch or dinner. The girl with the Palmer House walk is not exactly to my liking, but I have been in this business long enough to know that there is no place for one with web feet. The fellow who is to be served by a woman with a bulldog face is sure to find some fault with the food. If, on the other hand, a girl with some vivacity passes him the menu, his appetite is not likely to be spoiled at the outset."

"The girl who is favored with a graceful form, an airy carriage, a dimple or two, and a delicately curved eyebrows will get more tips, wait on more people, and bring more patronage than the girl who is not so favored."

The Uses of Poetry.
From an Old Scrap Book.
A girl said to me a few days ago of a friend of hers, "I never in my life knew anybody who had such a flow of language as she has. She is never at a loss for a word of comparison, or an appropriate quotation. 'How in the world does she do it?'" Well, I asked her, and she said: "What the good talker said."

"When I was a very little girl my great delight was to read and study poetry. I learned poems by heart to recite at school, to say to my mother and my brothers. I have always kept up that habit, and every day as I am dressing, I have an open book on my bureau and learn something by heart, even if it is only four lines. I have never given drawing-room recitations, for I know I should simply bore people. But I have gained a great deal of pleasure myself from the habit, and I believe it has done more to give me a good command of words than anything else."

Knew Mule Nature.
From the Kansas City Star.
"Hit's all in de understandin' ob de mewel natur," said Ephraim Johnson, with an expansive display of ivory.

He had been backing two mules and a load of brick up a small hill on Twelfth street. It looked unreasonable in Eph, but it turned out to be the mules.

"Dey des wouldn't be de mules," said Eph. "Hit ain't so much er hill, nuther, but dey didn't like de looks er it en' evey time I druv 'em at hit, dey des back en' back en'—"

"Whup 'em? Nosses. Dat ain't no way ter handle er mewel. You gotter understand 'mewel natur' to handle 'em. Dem meweels wanted ter back, en dey didn't like de looks er dat hill, so I des back 'em up hit."

The New House of Commons.
From the Hartford Courant.
The law is not the only learned profession that has been drawn upon for the new House of Commons. At least thirteen medical men—Sir W. Collins, Sir R. Foster, Sir G. H. Pollard, Sir R. J. Price, Sir G. S. Robertson, Dr. Addison, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Hillier, Dr. Chapple, Dr. Rainey, Dr. Dillon, Dr. Lynch, and Dr. O'Neill—have seats in the house. The pulp also has a representative there in the person of Rev. Mr. Horne, the Congregationalist.

From Salome Downward.
From the Boston Transcript.
Well, at the present rate of "progress" the great dancers will soon have nothing more to reveal to us!



CAPITOL GOSSIP

Representative Talbot, of Maryland, has been around these diggings for many years as a Representative, but there are still some things and some places that are new to the Marylander. Recently, he took an automobile trip with a friend, the destination being Mount Vernon, the home of the "Immortal George." The car was skidding along the road, but Mr. Talbot was uncertain as to the locality.

Coming up with a promising specimen of young America, he had the machine stopped and hailed the boy. "Hey boy, is this the road to the home of George Washington?"

"Yes, sir, it is," said the boy, but he continued, "You needn't hurry, he is dead."

Uncle Joe is always spoken of and written about as an inveterate smoker, and the cartoonists invariably picture him with a cigar in his mouth. But the Speaker hasn't anything on Seneca E. Payne, the floor leader of the Republicans. Mr. Payne waddles in at the opening of a session, takes his seat, swings around in the chair and waddles back to the cloak room. There he remains for hours with his cigar, smoking and smoking. He doesn't get farther away than the cloak room, however. He is within reach if wanted to vote or answer a roll call. Seneca, the big New Yorker, smokes while Uncle Joe works.

"Isn't he cute?" and "ain't he grand," remarked the sweet girl who was watching the wheels of legislation grind slowly in the House of Representatives. She referred to Little Representative Tirrell, of Massachusetts, and Representative Clayton, of Alabama.

Mr. Tirrell, the cut one mentioned, had charge of the bankruptcy bill. He is the next smallest man in the House to Representative Samuel Smith. He can't be heard more than ten feet away, but his speeches read well in the Record. Representative Clayton, representing the minority, is just the opposite; big, husky, with a voice that can be heard in Statuary Hall. The official stenographers do not have to follow the sturdy Alabamian around to catch his words.

Now that a Senator has been elected in Mississippi, Senator Gordon's stay in the Senate is short. In order to honor the aged statesman, poet, &c., before he left the body, Vice President Sherman called him to the chair yesterday. Senator Gordon went to Philadelphia last week to witness a performance of the play, "The Gentleman from Mississippi." He was so taken with the production that he has extended an invitation to the members of the Senate to be his guests at a performance in this city next week. Each Senator has received two tickets. During his short journey in Washington as a United States Senator, Senator Gordon has not addressed the Senate in an extended speech, but the day Senator Heyburn went up in a balloon and let loose a display of shooting stars, the Mississippiian was restrained only by much persuasion from sending a bomb after the Senator from Idaho.

George Ade was a visitor to the Senate press gallery yesterday, and while seated in the gallery had the pleasure of listening to a speech by Senator Beveridge, his fellow-Hoosier. Mr. Ade expressed delight at having arrived at the psychological moment.

Primaries will be held in North Dakota next June for a successor to Senator McCumber. The deliberate speaking Senator was getting just a little uneasy, and he went home to patch up his fences here and there. He has returned, and from the smile that covers his countenance it is to be understood that he feels pretty good; in fact, he is assured of the selection of himself as his successor.

"Talk about beginning the sessions of the Senate at 2 o'clock instead of 12," remarked a visitor in the gallery. "Why, if they don't soon find something to do, they might as well take a holiday for good."

What Every One Knows.
From the Houston Post.
"A New York woman tells her woman friends to go to bed nights and let the angels swing them to sleep."

"How absurd. There aren't enough angels in New York to swing a baby to sleep!"

A BOLD, BAD MAN.

Undertakes a Hold-up with a Spoon for a weapon.

From the Kansas City Star.
German-fried potatoes were on the menu of the Kenton family, of 1818 the Paseo, last night, and O. C. Kenton, father of the two children who constitute the rest of the family, was in the kitchen at his twice-a-day occupation of cook. The children had left the house for a moment. Mr. Kenton was alone.

The knob of the kitchen door turned and the door swung open. A man, determined of face and rather heavy of body, came from the darkness of out-of-doors and the kitchen light was reflected from a shiny object he held in his hand.

"Hold up your hands!" the man from without ordered in a stern voice, and while the German-fries spluttered, up went the hands of Kenton. The glint of light on the shiny object sent them there.

"Now, where's your money?" the intruder asked.

At first Kenton did not answer. Then he thought of the pay envelope he might miss later in the week, and decided to argue a bit.

"Now, looky here," he said, "I'm an old man, right on to fifty-four. You aren't going to hold me up, are you?"

"Where's your money?" insisted the other.

Kenton argued some more. Then his eyes traveled to the shiny object again. Incidentally the eyes grew larger, for Kenton saw that what he believed to be a revolver was only a spoon, table size.

"Well," said Kenton, with more confidence, moving toward an inner door, "if you're going to act that way about it, I'll get my revolver."

The hand that held the spoon traveled to a hip pocket that was empty. A second later where the bold, bad man had stood there remained only emptiness and an open door. The "hold-up" was over and Kenton was once more attending to the German-fries.

WORTH \$5,000 A POUND.

Coal Company's President Insured at that Rate by His Firm.
From the Richmond Virginian.

How valuable are you to the company for which you work?
Are you worth \$5,000 a pound for every pound you weigh? There is one man in the United States who is regarded as worth exactly \$5,465.50 for each of his 153 pounds.

That man is John H. Jones. The Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company, of which he is president, has insured his life for \$1,000,000. There is only one other person now known to carry so much in one policy. That man is George W. Vanderbilt.

However, the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company did not insure the life of its president because of his avoirdupois, but because of its regard for his ability to produce results. The coal company feels that it would suffer just \$1,000,000 loss should John H. Jones die.

John H. Jones and his brother, David G. Jones, are two of the "big" men attending the joint conference here of the coal miners and operators of the central competitive field.

The Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company has insured the lives of all its officers. David G., secretary-treasurer, is insured for \$100,000. Another brother, T. P. Jones, vice president of the company, is insured for \$100,000. The company is paying more than \$50,000 annually in premiums.

John H. Jones has worked himself up from a boy in the mines to the head of one of the biggest coal producing companies in this country. When he was ten years of age John went to work in the mines at Greenock, Pa. He learned the business thoroughly, and gradually forced his way to the top. His brother went through the same experience.

The Right to Plunder.
From the Dayton News.

If one is interested in the study of human nature, he may learn a great deal about it from a study of the trusts. He can see men who would not think of going into an alley and waiting for a man to pass, to knock him in the head and rob him, as cruelly taking people's money away from them through a trust. It is one way of making peace with your conscience and your God. There are lots of men in the churches who would be ashamed to look their fellows in the face if they were to rob them, yet by hiding behind a creature of the law, a trust, they can rob their fellows and still look those fellows in the face without blushing. It simply shows that men will do when they can do it without running any risk of