

and asked him if he meant that nothing of a politico-economic nature affecting the Standard Oil could be printed by a paper which got its advertising. No response to the letter has yet been received. Silas H. Payne is at his Lake George country place, and his son, M. S. Payne, is in charge of the Standard Oil's advertising department in his absence. Young Mr. Payne was seen by a Post-Dispatch reporter today. "The Standard Oil isn't trying to strangle the press through its advertising department," said Mr. Payne, "but it does not propose to give advertising to those papers which print lies about it." In commenting upon the Standard Oil's action, Editor Myrick says in his paper: "The trouble, therefore, has been with the facts, not with our epitome of them. The Standard declares, in so many words, for a censorship of the press, conducted by itself at its headquarters, 26 Broadway, New York City."

A WRITER in the Louisville (Ky.) Times says: "The folly of the king system of government is illustrated in the case of Portugal. Because an eighteen-year-old boy happens to be the son of his father he becomes the head of the nation. Without experience, with immature faculties, without proof of aptitude, without evidence of the proper sort of character he is lurching into a seat on the throne. It is all very well to say that he is but a figurehead; that the real responsibilities of the government will be borne by older men; that he is the ruler of Portugal in name only, but that does not vindicate the soundness of the monarchical idea. If he is to be the actual head of the government, the plan of giving him such a position merely because he is who he is becomes for that reason peculiarly absurd. If he is not to be the actual chief of the government, but an ornament only, the absurdity of the thing is just as clear, for what is the use of having a king if somebody else is to do the work? A king under such circumstances becomes a ridiculous superfluity and a sort of relic of the old days of popular servility to a fictitious 'divine right.'"

AN OMAHA (Neb.) reader of The Commoner writes: "I have read 'Mr. Bryan Before the Economic Club,' and I believe he must have been underneath it, on top of it, and all around it. And after he got through with it I should think the financiers would feel like a chicken that got caught in the cyclone, and after it was over the chicken had no feathers, and was ashamed to be seen. He has covered himself with glory and all of his admirers have abundant reason to increase their admiration for him. The idea suggests itself to me that if the speech were published in pamphlet form with a few excerpts from the preceding speeches it would make fine campaign literature. And I know of no better men to distribute such literature than the traveling salesmen who like Bryan and his principles. No—I am not looking for promotion in politics. I am a prohibitionist, independent, democratic republican, so no hope for me in politics. But I would do anything in my power to advance Mr. Bryan. On the Q. T. I can locate six republicans in my neighborhood that will vote for him if nominated, no matter who the republicans nominate. If the above mentioned speech is published in pamphlet form, I shall want to get some of them."

THE SENATE committee on military affairs has voted to sustain President Roosevelt in his dismissal of the battalion of the Twenty-fifth infantry (negroes) for "shooting up" the town of Brownsville, Texas, August 13, 1906. Senator Foraker offered a resolution declaring that the testimonials showed that the negro soldiers did not participate in the disturbance. Commenting upon the committee report the Omaha Bee (rep.) says: "The real truth of the Brownsville affair will probably never be known. Volumes of testimony have been taken in the case and much of it has been conflicting. There is little or no room for doubt that some of the troopers took part in the shooting. The opposition to the president's order of dismissal was based on the contention that he exceeded his authority in disbanding the entire battalion when it was not even claimed that all the men were implicated. The president justified his course by declaring that the troopers had entered into a 'conspiracy of silence' to shield the real offenders, thus making them all equally guilty. The committee's decision to support the

president's course will be generally accepted as evidence that he acted entirely within his rights on the information before him, as it is well known that a majority of the committee is more or less opposed to the president's policies and would, if facts had warranted, have taken some pleasure in making an adverse report. From the beginning of the hearing, Senator Foraker has been industriously engaged in an effort to make political capital out of the case and has apparently worked harder to secure partisan advantage than to learn the truth. It is this that has made it so difficult to get at the exact facts. The senator announces his intention to continue the fight by offering a resolution for the restoration to the army of all of the discharged soldiers and allowing them back pay. He promises to make a three days' speech in support of his measure, with the evident purpose of manufacturing a campaign document. Under the circumstances, the public will accept the committee's finding and refuse to take any further stock in the efforts of Mr. Foraker to keep it alive as an issue in factional politics."

HERE IS A story concerning a big hearted policeman as told by a reporter for the New York World: "Because Policeman Thomas F. O'Connor, of the traffic squad, had not the heart to hustle a dying woman from a trolley car into the street for an ambulance to pick her up there was a blockade lasting more than an hour on the Thirty-fourth street crosstown line last night. Miss Teresa Lever, grayhaired and sixty, living at No. 524 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, boarded one of the crosstown cars at the Long Island ferry depot shortly after 6 o'clock. It had reached Third avenue when Policeman Charles Ross, of the East Fifth street station, saw her gasp for breath. He told the motorman to run the car as fast as possible to a drug store on Thirty-fourth street, diagonally opposite the Waldorf-Astoria. When the car was halted at the Waldorf, Policeman O'Connor rode up, and when told that a woman was unconscious in the car, ordered Ross to send to Bellevue hospital for an ambulance. The motorman impatiently asked O'Connor to have Miss Lever taken into the drug store. 'Not a bit of it,' replied O'Connor. 'This woman looks to me to be dying. She will stay where she is until the ambulance comes.' Cars began to line up behind the one in which Miss Lever lay. The conductor implored O'Connor to let his car move on. 'If you dare to start this car,' retorted the policeman, 'I'll arrest both you and the motorman.' Just as the ambulance arrived Miss Lever breathed her last. 'Now take her out and we'll move along!' yelled the conductor. O'Connor rushed to the conductor. His face was livid with rage. 'You will not leave here,' declared the policeman, 'until I have sent for a patrol wagon to take this woman's body away.' Inspectors of the car line expostulated with O'Connor, but he was resolute. Guests of the Waldorf crowded the sidewalk and commended O'Connor for his act. When a patrol from the West Thirtieth street police station drew up O'Connor helped lift the body to the wagon. Then he waved his hand to the conductor and said: 'Now you can move. She's out of your way.'"

THE CHICAGO Record-Herald prints the following touching story from life: "Henry Scarlotta was a brave little soldier. The five-year-old boy died yesterday in the People's hospital from a bullet wound accidentally inflicted by his eight-year-old brother, James. For five minutes before he relapsed into the final unconsciousness his mother appealed to him to tell her how he had been injured. Behind her he could see the elder boy, terror-stricken, and weeping convulsively. Through his agony he tried to smile a reassurance to the frightened boy and whispered to his mother: 'I was shot. Nobody did it.' The accident occurred in the home of the boys, 53 Alexander street, while their mother had gone to market. They had been 'playing soldier,' when James produced a revolver which he had found in his father's room. In some manner the weapon was discharged and the younger boy was shot in the side. The frightened 'captain' ran from the house, throwing the weapon away in his flight, and met his mother a half-block away. He did not tell of the accident, and the mother, returning, found her youngest child dying on the floor. The victim stoically refused to make any reply save, 'I was shot,' to her entreaties. He became unconscious after a few minutes and was

removed to the People's hospital, where he died. The first explanation of the mystery came when detectives of the Twenty-second street station, searching the house, found a newspaper folded in the form of a 'soldier's cap' and a tiny wooden sword, which the little soldier had carried during his play. They questioned the weeping brother and he sobbed: 'Yes, we was playin' soldiers and—' 'And you had a gun?' queried the detective. The boy broke into a wail and sought to struggle from the detaining grasp of one of the detectives. 'Yes—I found an old pistol—and I showed it to Henry—and then—' sobs choked his utterance for a few moments. When he was able to continue he said: 'I pointed it at him an' he laughed an' said he wasn't afraid—an' then there was a noise and Henry—' 'Did he say anything?' asked a detective. 'I was scared an' I yelled at him, 'Please don't you tell,' an' he said 'I won't, and then I ran out.' On the return of Antonio Scarlotta, the father of the boys, it was learned that a revolver he had secreted in a bureau was missing. It was the weapon found by the elder boy. He was not arrested."

THE FOLLOWING description is written by the Columbus (Ohio) correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer: "It was Bryan's day at Ohio's capital just as fifty years ago it was Lincoln's day. From the arriving hour shortly after noon today until midnight, when he sought his couch, a tired man, the Nebraskan was the center of some admiring function. Hailed by a cheering throng at the railway station, he was hurried to the Great Southern hotel, where the democratic state central committee, by a unanimous vote, indorsed him for the nomination for president and pledged to him the support of the party in Ohio, so far as its members could control that support. The general assembly adjourned in his honor and reassembled at his pleasure to hear him speak on the vital subject of the guaranteeing of state bank deposits. After that, came a reception to the leaders of the democratic party from all sections of the state. The outpouring of these leaders in itself was a remarkable feature of a most remarkable day. Their number was greater than at a state convention and their enthusiasm more pronounced than at any time within the past ten years. At night, in the great hall of the Soldiers and Sailors' Auditorium, came the crowning event of the day of honor. Upon the mighty floor were seated twelve hundred representative men of the state, including the entire membership of the general assembly, headed by the governor of the state, Andrew L. Harris. In the galleries were thousands who were unable to secure admittance to the banqueting floor. Joined together, they constituted a mighty audience in a mighty hall. Right royal was the reception and warm was the demonstration of feeling exhibited to the guest of honor, who was the same man who had been showered with attentions in committee meeting and at the capitol—William J. Bryan. Taking everything into consideration, and to repeat a famous saying, the Nebraska statesman came and saw and conquered. If there was any doubt as to the position that the men in the democratic party who control its counsels would assume in the coming contest for the presidency, that doubt ended to-night after the events of the day."

NEWSPAPER readers generally will remember "Nancy Hanks," the race horse, and they will be interested in this dispatch from New York: "Some famous horses were sold at the fourth and banner day of 'Old Glory' horse sales at Madison Square garden today and when the day's auction ended late tonight 117 thoroughbreds had changed hands for a total of \$151,551, or an average of \$1,295 a head. Nancy Hanks, the famous trotting mare, now twenty-one years of age, which held the trotting record of 2:04 from 1892 to 1894, went to T. R. and J. Madden of Lexington, Ky., for the modest sum of \$1,500, while Todd, the trotting stallion, with a record of 2:14½, sold for \$30,000. A. Garson of New York was the purchaser, acting for William C. Bradley. The other horses which brought big prices were Direct Hal, the pacer, with a record of 2:04½, bought by Howard Cobb of Ithaca, N. Y., for \$10,000, and Highball, sold to E. S. Perk of Cleveland, for \$9,400. The total sales for the four days number 47½ head for a total of \$292,210."