

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

No other corporation pursues a dishonest dealer or contractor so persistently and so relentlessly as does the government of the United States. Neither the petty grafter nor the man guilty of big frauds escapes trial when once the hand of the law is laid on him. The conviction of the gang of men engaged in petty frauds in the Postoffice Department two or three years ago is an instance of one kind, and the success of the prosecution of Greene and Gaynor, guilty of defrauding the government of more than a million dollars on engineering work in Georgia, is an instance of the other kind. Captain Carter, the army officer, who had charge of the inspection of their work, was convicted of participating in the frauds, and sentenced to dishonorable discharge from the army and to five years' imprisonment. He has served his sentence and is now free, trying to prove his innocence. Greene and Gaynor, after they were indicted in 1902, forfeited their bail and escaped to Canada. For three years they fought extradition, but the British government finally surrendered them, and they were put on trial. After a trial lasting thirteen and a half weeks they were convicted, sentenced to imprisonment for three years, and to pay a fine of five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars each—the amount which they are charged with stealing.

In response to public sentiment the House committee has stricken from the agricultural appropriation bill the item providing for the free distribution of garden seeds. Seventy-five years ago Congress appropriated \$1,000 for the purchase and distribution among farmers of "rare and valuable" seeds. The purpose was to encourage the tillers of the soil to raise the standard of the crops and was a laudable one. Since that time the appropriation has steadily increased until now it amounts to \$300,000. Instead of having the original purpose in view, the custom has degenerated into a political one whereby congressmen can increase their pull in their respective districts. Tons of common seeds are distributed and the only effect is to let the farmers know that their representatives in Congress are expecting their votes. From a real benefit to the agricultural interests, the custom has fallen into a species of graft. That the farmers no longer appreciate the government's liberality is evidenced by the scores of letters received by congressmen condemning the practice and urging that it be stopped.

The report that Rev. Thomas Sherman, son of the late W. T. Sherman, had started on a journey over the route of the famous "march to the sea," conducted by his father, and that he was accompanied by a troop of the Twelfth Cavalry, caused a great deal of unfavorable comment throughout the South. It was explained later, however, that the cavalymen were sent to study the battlefields between Chattanooga and Atlanta, and that the officers merely permitted Father Sherman to accompany them. In view of the misapprehension, existing, the President ordered the troop to return to post at Fort Oglethorpe after it had gone as far as Resaca. Father Sherman abandoned his trip at Cartersville, Ga., apparently angered by the action of the President, and returned to Chattanooga. He is reported as saying that he was an invited guest of the Federal government.

When the last link of the cable connecting the United States with China was completed, the President sent a message of congratulation, addressed to "Their Imperial Majesties, the Empress Dowager and the Emperor of China." The Emperor answered the message with another one of felicitation, which he concluded with, "By order of the Dowager Empress we now offer to your excellency our sincerest congratulations," and signed himself as Emperor. It seems that even an interchange of international courtesies has to be effected in China by order of the Dowager, who rules because she can, not because she has the right.

Former Consul General McWade at Canton, China, who was removed on the recommendation of Assistant Secretary of State Peirce, appeared before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs and made serious counter charges against Peirce, while defending his own course and character with numerous affidavits from people of prominence in Canton. McWade charged that Peirce was in Canton only a few hours, and that while there he virtually compelled him to give up a valuable tiger skin. Since the hearing this tiger has been returned to its former owner by Peirce.

It was announced by Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that he had removed the \$25,000,000 limit to the funds he would advance to national banks dollar for dollar on gold imports. Hereafter national banks by announcing an intention to import gold and depositing collateral in the treasury may withdraw a like amount from the national treasury. This action is to establish the new rule as a settled policy.

## TYPE OF CANAL FIXED.

### Sea-Level Waterway at Panama Is Recommended.

That the earthquake which destroyed San Francisco was an important factor in determining the vote of the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals in favor of a sea-level type, is apparent from the fact that a feature of the majority report is a discussion of the effect such an earth wave might have on locks and dams.

The majority report in favor of a sea-level canal was submitted to Congress Wednesday by Senator Kittredge. On the subject of danger from earthquakes on the isthmus and the possible effect on the two types of canal proposed the report says:

That the isthmus of Panama is not exempt from earthquakes conclusively appears, and we can have no guaranty that the canal zone will in the future be exempt from such disaster. The canal structures that would be most exposed to injury by the passing of an earth wave or violent movement of the earth's surface, are the locks proposed by the minority, whose walls, many hundreds of feet, or even 2,000 or 3,000 feet long at Gatun, would, at least some of them, be more than seventy-five feet high and entirely unsupported on one side save for a part of the height by water.

If these walls should be moved at all the natural and probable result would be in their leaning and so preventing the closing of the gates. But the most likely effect of such shock would be the fracture of these locks, in repairing of which months—months or years—might be required.

An earth dam on an alluvial base, as proposed by the minority, might be fissured if the earthquake passed the locality, and if a crack in the dam or its base should open, the dam would go out, the lock drain, and the canal be ruined. What would happen to the aqueduct, conduits, pipes and valves buried in the concrete walls, used for filling and emptying the locks, cannot be well conjectured.

The report says that the conclusion has been reached that the following propositions are irrefutable:

That the ideal canal is one at sea level; that its construction would be attended with no more, and probably with less hazard than one with locks and dams on doubtful foundations; that the sea level canal is safer and more convenient than one with locks; that it would take but little longer time to build; that it is the simpler and the more economical in operation and maintenance.

The majority report concludes that the sea level canal would not require more than two or three years more than the lock type.

## SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Under the recent federal act of incorporation, the Carnegie foundation for the advancement of teachers was reorganized by its trustees at New York. Since last fall the claims of various colleges have been investigated. To be ranked as a college, an institution must have at least six teachers and a full four years' course in arts and sciences. The exclusion of sectarian institutions will bar many large colleges. Any professor 65 years old who has had not less than fifteen years' service will receive an allowance of \$1,000 if his salary is \$1,600 and \$50 more for each \$100 additional active pay. The awarding of allowances will begin in June. Two hundred applications have already been made. The annual income is \$500,000.

A committee of the alumni of Columbia University, headed by William Barclay Parsons, has perfected plans for a \$1,900,000 stadium or athletic arena for the use of Columbia University and the New York public schools athletic leagues on ground which is to be reclaimed from the Hudson River. When completed it will extend from 116th street to 120th street out to the pier line. On this ground three distinct fields will be erected, one for the university in the center and two on either side for the schoolboys. Stands will be erected on three sides to seat 35,000 people, but on the water side an artistic gate has been designed, with locker rooms for athletic teams and crews. On top of the roof covering the stands a large recreation pier is contemplated.

Supt. W. J. Shearer of the Elizabeth (N. J.) public schools is advocating a more pliant system of school grading. He believes that American children have a right to exercise individual taste and accord to individual need in the work of the higher grades and that in all the grades they should be left free to go as fast as individual ability and opportunity will permit. To do this the principal and teacher must have a plan for reclassification of pupils at any time, instead of being obliged to everlasting force the pupil "to fit an arbitrary and senseless system." Dr. Shearer says that there are three requisites for the attainment of the desired result: First, accurate classification of pupils at the outset; second, such provision for reclassification that pupils of equal advancement can be kept together; third, a provision that will enable each set of pupils to go just as fast as they are able, but no faster, there being no arbitrary standard to worry about. "Who," he asks, "will give you good reason for making the course of study to be followed?" By reason of the prevailing system of set courses by the year, he says, there is an enormous and criminal loss of time.

The Panama canal commission has decided to establish a chain of public schools throughout the canal zone. A number of teachers have already been sent to the isthmus, and others will follow.

Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, who a short time ago left a high educational post in Boston to become the superintendent of the Cleveland, Ohio, schools, is now to return to his former field of usefulness, having been elected superintendent of the Boston schools. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, now a student at Harvard, has been appointed a member of the next expedition in search of the north pole, which will leave early in May from Vancouver, under command of Capt. Ejnar Mikkelsen. The Harvard student will be the youngest member of the expedition.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

### Twins laurels to lay o'er the Blue and the Gray; spread wreaths where our heroes lie.

Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the love that is truest and best! Twin wreaths for the graves of our Grant and our Lee, one anthem for Jackson and Meade. And the flag above you is the banner for me—one people in name and in deed!

Clasp hands o'er the graves where our laureled ones lie—clasp hands o'er the Gray and the Blue! To-day we are brothers and bound by a tie that the years shall but serve to renew.

By the side of the Northman who peacefully sleeps where tropical odors are shed A son of the South his companionship keeps—one flag o'er the two heroes spread.

Weave tokens of love for the heroes in Blue; weave wreaths for the heroes in Gray.

Clasp brothers' hands o'er the graves that are new—for the love that is ours to-day.

A trinity given to bless, to unite—three glorious records to keep, And a kinship which never a grievance shall sever renewed where the brave are asleep!

Spread flowers to-day o'er the Blue and the Gray—spread wreaths where our laureled ones lie.

Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the love that is truest and best! Twin wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one hymn for your father and mine!

O, the flag you adore is the banner for me and its folds our dead brothers entwine.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## His Father's Son.

From the Ledger Monthly.

"Lige Peters enlisted? You don't say 'Well, I hope he'll make a better record than his father did.'"

Such expressions as this were the comments which the neighbors made when they heard that Widow Eliza Peters' youngest child and only son had volunteered for service in the Philippines.

Gridcomb's Bridge people did not mean to be unkind when they made such remarks. They did not expect to be understood as condemning 'Lige Peters, senior, particularly. His lack of reputation had come rather from shiftlessness and weakness of will than from intentional wrong doing.

Back in the years when the Civil War was being fought, he had not enlisted until the last year of the struggle, and then he had been wounded and sent home before he had seen much hard fighting. Years afterward he had been granted a pension for his wound.

His neighbors said, when the money came, "I don't begrudge Lige Peters his pension one mite, since he's had the gumption to put it into a farm and settle the place on his wife, for Eliza Peters, for all she's his wife, is the salt of the earth."

Then came the "jail scrape," as it was called. "Lige ran the village tannery, in a slipshod way, as a means of adding to the income from the farm. In his van the sheriff one day found a load of stolen hides for which he had been scouring the country. The strong hemlock liquor in the vats had not been powerful enough to obliterate the marks on the hides, and the tanner was taken away to jail, although, at worst, it seemed likely that he had only been a participator, and not the thief.

And there, in jail, he died. Although some of the townspeople may have been unkind enough to say "They're better off without him," the dead man's family had mourned for him, because, unreasonable as perhaps it may have seemed to them, his wife and children, had loved him.

And when, on Decoration Day, by tacit understanding of those who trimmed the graves of the soldiers, his was quietly overlooked, his children and their mother came, after the others had gone home, and laid an extra heavy wreath of flowers on the mound behind his headstone.

The boys of Gridcomb's Bridge who had enlisted for the Philippine service were to be mustered in at Fort Ethan Allen for a month's drill, before they started on the long car ride across the continent and the longer transport ride to the Pacific ocean.

The bag which 'Lige was to carry had been packed by his mother with everything which either of them had thought he might need. They did not know how many of the things would soon be left behind for want of room, or as useless, nor could they foresee, fortunately, which of them were to be left bound-stained on the burning sands of Luzon.

They were not thinking of these things that last evening, or rather 'Lige was not, and his mother was trying not to think of them. She was sitting just within the door of their farmhouse home, and he on the doorstep. They had been looking off to the glowing sunset-tinted west, and had been talking of how he was to go farther and farther into this wonderful distance, until he was half way around the world, and by going west at last had reached "the East."

His mother would miss him on the farm, even though it was small and near the village, but they did not speak of that, any more than they did of the other things that were in the heart of each, which each knew, although they did not say it in words, was the real reason for his going.

But when the last of the sunset light was fading, the boy's mother, going into her bedroom, brought out a little old silk bag, not bigger than a handkerchief, and reaching it down to her son, said: "Your father carried this all the time he was in the army, it is your true pony," and the boy, taking the bag, looked it softly and puffed inside his nose.

Then came Fort Ethan Allen, the city, San Francisco, the transport, Manila, and words of marching under blazing sun and waving through tropic swamps, which made a soldier of the boy.

Sometimes a flash of lightning streaks downward from a cloud which seemed so innocent and blue. Like that was the attack of the Philippines upon the soul of a man sent to conquer a peninsula on his way to the equator at the front.

No one had ever told him that he was a man, and he knew just what he had become, and how he was to be used, and some were glad, others angry, and some were running away. Lige Peters, of Gridcomb's Bridge, was the youngest member of the expedition.

## A DECORATION DAY QUERY.



"Grandma, do I look like grandpa did when he went to war?"

He didn't even care—that is, not so very much—that he must always have a deep-red criss-cross scar upon his cheek. The only thing he thought that he should ever care for was the fact that he was going home, and that it was not as 'Lige Peters he was going back, or even private, but as Lieutenant Peters.

Best of all, he thought, the colonel of the regiment had written a letter and sent it to him, in which he said it gave him "great pleasure," and so forth, and so on.

The lieutenant meant to show the letter to his mother and his sisters; that was all.

You see he had forgotten about the papers, or else he didn't realize that news could come all the way from Asia to America. That was why he was so surprised, when he reached home, to find that he was famous.

He had thought that when he gave the colonel's letter to his mother to read that would be the best of all, but there was going to be something even better than the letter.

That was when Memorial Day came again, and he was asked to ride in the carriage with the G. A. R. commander, because his knee was not yet strong enough to march, they said. On the platform in the grove they gave him a front seat, from which, after the band had played, and the minister had made a prayer, he felt some one push him to his feet. Why, he could not guess, at first, until he saw the Post-Commander, a gray old man who once had marched at the head of a regiment himself, coming toward him.

"My boy," the old man said, reaching out to him his left hand, because the other sleeve of his coat was empty, "we are glad to see you here."

After all, what really counted most, though, was when, after the speaking was done and the details marched out through the cemetery, the wreaths of everlasting felt this time on every soldier's grave, and over the grave of Private Peters—his father's grave—the drums beat for the first time their solemn roll.

No one said anything in words. It was easier not to do so. Even when the new lieutenant and his mother sat at the door that evening, once more, and watched the fading sunset light, they did not speak of it, but each knew, and knew that the other was thinking, that the task his father's son had set himself to do had been performed.—M. B. Thrasher.

## On Cemetery Hill.

Hill, haunted acres of encamping dead, Whose hills, reset with guns in battle To-day repeat and echo the divine Appeal of war! Here gallant Sikeses His living thunderbolts, and Hancock bled, Cain Meade arrayed, and fortune rose and fell; Here David's Ben was war's dastardier hell, And angry guns debated o'er the dead With mounds aflame with shot and whistling shell. Glory has decked, with bronze and marble pose, Her battle-chiefs, in honor fixed alone— But o'er the waste of graves, pale Sor-row throws Her scarf of tears, to mark each little stone: "All hail, O sacred circles of 'Unknown'!"—Sunday Magazine.

## A Good Forgetter.

"Johnny," asked the teacher, "how much is seven times nine?" "I don't remember." "Who discovered America?" "I did know, but I forgot." "What is an isthmus?" "I don't remember." "You don't remember! Take your seat, sir. You'll never amount to anything in this world!" But he did. He is now drawing \$25,000 per year as chief foreman for a large corporation.

## Helpful.

"I've been looking for a small man in this department with glasses," said the old lady. "Well," replied the new floorwalker. "Well, I can't find him." "Maybe the glasses you've been looking for him with ain't strong enough, ma'am. Try a microscope."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The new sovereign of Norway, in all the speeches and graces of welcome to which he had been subjected since his arrival in Norway, has been designated "Mr. King" instead of "His Majesty."

## Neglected Opportunities.

Mr. Sidener had made his first public speech. His subject was good—the iniquities of industrial economy—and he hoped his treatment had been adequate. He was not sure. He waited for his wife's verdict, but she was strangely silent.

She had listened to him from the gallery of the town hall, and he had half-expected her to meet him at the door afterward, and to say, as soon as they were out of hearing, "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half-way home, and she had said nothing of the kind.

"Well," he began, awkwardly, when he could bear it no longer, "what did you think of my speech?"

"What you said was all right," she answered, with guarded enthusiasm. "But it seemed to me you didn't make the most of your opportunities."

"Opportunities?" repeated Mr. Sidener. "What do you mean, Edie?"

"Why," Mrs. Sidener replied, "you had ever so many chances to sit down before you did."

## Twice-Told Testimony.

### A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. To-day, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## To Prevent Ship's Rolling.

A German engineer, Otto von Schlick, who has been studying for many years the prevention of ships' rolling, believes the solution lies in a gyroscope. Herr Schlick proposes to steady ships by mounting the gyroscope in the hold, and his first experiments on a large scale have been undertaken with an old torpedo boat. In this craft a gyroscope with a disc weighing 1,036 pounds was mounted with a steam turbine which would rotate it at a speed of more than 2,000 revolutions a minute. The oscillations and pitching of the vessel were carefully measured before the steam was admitted to the turbine, and then when the turbine was put in revolution the motion practically ceased. So successful were these experiments with the sixty-ton torpedo boat that it has been decided to proceed with a larger craft.

## "Dust Devils" of Nile Valley.

Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are "dust devils" seen by an explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they be well-matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined rush on together." Some of these whirlwinds will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or send a goat spinning round and round like a top.

## BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out. Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry Nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human stomach.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so Nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that Nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation, and all sorts of trouble exist, when we go so contrary to Nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food, therefore, is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread, is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"There's a reason."