

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

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C. S. JACKSON

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STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

The late General Cassius M. Clay was a graduate of Yale, a member of the class of 1832. Sometimes he would tell of a rebuke that he once gave to an impertinent classmate. He was sitting in his room, writing a letter to a young girl. Three or four of his friends were with him. One youth, who pretended to be absorbed in a book, was slyly reading the somewhat ardent sentences that flowed from the Kentucky student's pen. Clay suddenly became aware of this impropriety, but he made no sign. Only he wrote in his letter:

"I would be more frank than I am—I would say more than this—but there is an impudent cad looking over my shoulder, reading every word I write."

The youth referred to in that way leaped to his feet.

"Clay," he said, "you are a liar. I haven't been looking over your shoulder, and I haven't read a syllable of your infernal letter."

Phil May, the English artist, in his youth worked on the Bulletin of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned to the police courts, and from these assignments he would bring back some admirable sketches. One of the best of these sketches hangs in the library of Joseph Chamberlain. It portrays a thin, hang-dog man in the prisoners' dock talking to a sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch is that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Your face is familiar here," the judge said.

"It is, your honor—worse luck," returned the prisoner.

"Are you married yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it, now, that you have been engaged?"

"Seven years, your honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?"

"Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "Ann and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."

Forbes Robertson, the English actor who will visit the United States this fall, told a Hamlet story at a dinner recently given in London to Conan Doyle.

"I was playing 'Hamlet' in Birmingham," Mr. Robertson said. "My support was good, but a gentleman who took the part of Guildenstern had been drinking too heavily for a week, and on the night I am speaking of his nervousness amounted almost to insanity. I hated to go on without him, but in the beginning of the tragedy I confess that he did well enough. Then came the pipe scene. I extended the pipe to Guildenstern and I said:

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"He answered, very properly, 'My lord, I cannot.'"

"I said, 'I pray you.'"

"And then to my horror, Guildenstern took the pipe from my hand. 'Well, my boy, since you insist,' he said, 'I will, but warn you I am a poor hand.' And he rattled off the chorus of 'God Save the Queen' before we got him off the stage."

Miss Cynthia Roche, one of the most beautiful girls in Newport, the other day took a long ride with friends through the country on a motor car. Its occupants becoming thirsty, the car was stopped at a little farmhouse, and there the old farmer was very gallant. He led Miss Roche on a little tour of his estate. Among other interesting things he showed the young girl a tremendous potato patch. Over this patch he shook his head gravely. He said that all the vines in it had been ruined by a parasite. Miss Roche sympathized with the old man and murmured:

"I am sorry to see this fine field of potatoes so seriously diseased."

"Yes," said the farmer. "It's a great pity. I have only one comfort."

"What is that?" Miss Roche asked.

"Why, Thompson's field, east there, and Shannon's on the south, are as bad, if not worse, than mine."

J. P. Morgan, Jr., was describing a visit he made to Ireland last year.

"In Dublin," he said, "my valet fell ill and I was obliged to send him home to London. Thenceforth I relied upon hotel valets, and queer fish, truly, some of them were. There was a Derry hotel valet who amused me. I sat in the parlor of my suite one morning and sent him to the bedroom for a pair of boots.

"Two pairs of boots," I said, "are in the marquetry closet. Bring me one pair, and be sure that they are mates."

"The Derry valet bustled off and brought back a pair of boots that were not mates after all. 'Patrick,' I said, 'this pair of boots are not mates.'"

"Sure, then, sir," he said, "I don't know what's to be done at all, at all, for the other pair in the cabinet are not mates either."

Cherkib Bey, the Turkish minister to Washington, attended the recent launching of the Turkish war ship Medjidia at Cramp's shipyard. During the luncheon following the launching Cherkib Bey talked of the beggars of Philadelphia.

"You have here," he said, "an enterprising and intelligent collection of beggars. One of them approached me this morning, told a moving tale of misfortune and then asked me for a little money. I put my hand in my pocket to find that I was altogether out of change.

"My man," I said, "I have nothing for you now, but in an hour I shall be passing this way again. Then, I promise you, you shall get something from me."

"All right, sir," said the beggar, "but all the same," he added fretfully, "you wouldn't believe the amount of credit I give in this way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NATION'S REAL WEALTH.

The present financial unrest and panicky conditions in Wall street, according to the Comptroller of the Currency and the Secretary of Agriculture, have had, so far, no effect upon the real wealth of the country. These two departments, the Treasury and Agriculture, would be quick to reflect any great shrinkage in the nation's wealth, and they have no evidence that such has occurred despite the shrinkage in the speculative stock values.

Comptroller of the Currency William B. Ridgely was asked yesterday "if the present great boom had left the country richer in real wealth."

"If you mean by the great boom, the boom in the stock market," said Comptroller Ridgely, "I doubt if it has had any effect on the real wealth of the country. It has doubtless greatly effected the distribution of the wealth, but it has not changed the aggregate amount. If you mean the real boom, which was the cause of the stock boom and not its result, the figures show what has been added to the wealth of the country. In 1893 the local coin and other money in the United States was \$1,739,000,000. In 1898 this had increased to \$2,073,000,000. On July 1, 1903, the money in the country had increased to \$2,688,000,000.

"I turn to the figures of the cash in hand as reported by the various banks. In 1902, for the United States, it was \$588,000,000; in 1897 it had grown to \$628,000,000. In 1902 it had reached the enormous sum of \$839,000,000, an increase in 10 years of \$251,000,000.

"Again I turn to the value of land, farm products, etc., for the last 10 years. I find that in 1890 the value of land improvements and buildings was \$13,279,000,000, and in 1900 it had increased to \$16,674,000,000, an increase of \$3,395,000,000. Now, this is something which represents real wealth as a result of our present prosperity. I find that the value of implements and machinery owned by the farmer in 1890 was \$494,000,000; in 1900 it was \$761,000,000, an increase of \$267,000,000. This also represents real wealth as a result of the great business boom. So, too, I find that the value of live stock in 1890 was \$2,309,000,000, while in 1900 it was \$3,078,000,000, an increase of \$769,000,000, which also means real wealth.

"But the most astonishing figures have to do with the value of farm products. In 1890 these products were worth \$2,460,000,000. The production of the year 1900 was \$4,739,000,000, an increase of \$2,279,000,000.

"I also find that the value of manufactured articles in a year have increased \$1,950,000,000, and the annual wages have increased \$232,000,000. This, too, means real wealth to the American manufacturer and the American mechanic.

"It is the strength of these fundamental conditions which has prevented the disturbances in the stock market in May, 1901, in September, 1902, when the President was shot, and the decline which has been going on for the last few months, from checking general business. This is the best possible bulwark against any commercial and industrial depression and the best guarantee of our powers of recuperation."

Secretary Wilson said: "You ask me if the great boom we have been having has left the country richer in real wealth. Your question implies that the boom or period of prosperity we have been enjoying has left the country. That I do not admit. Industries are all prospering. Hardly are our manufacturers able to supply the demands made on them. The farmers are busy everywhere, getting fair prices for their products. Laborers are all employed everywhere; no one is idle who wants work. Money is plentiful. Speaking for the Northwest, in which my home is situated, I can say that the people do not know what to do with their money. In agricultural districts of the Northwest to find investments they have gone into British Columbia and Western Canada and bought up the rich and cheap farming lands there. Taking things all in all, one finds a great period of prosperity for both capital and labor. They are certainly hundreds of millions of dollars richer than before the present period of prosperity began.

"There is another element in the United States, whose headquarters are to be found in a street in New York. It deals in stocks. It has been putting a fictitious value on securities for the purpose of selling to the innocent. Now a movement is going on, and whether the water is merely being squeezed out or whether the big fish are eating the little ones I don't know.

"I believe the country will continue to enjoy its prosperity because I believe the whole system largely rests upon agriculture. I have before me a table of the things we have been exporting and selling to other nations. I find that of the total, 62.72 per cent was in agricultural products, 29.32 per cent was manufactures, 2.29 per cent was mining, 4.15 per cent was the product of the forests, 56-100 per cent was from fisheries, and 46-100 per cent was miscellaneous. I cannot conceive that this country is going backward so long as it has such bounteous crops as it has been blessed with to fall back on."

—Washington Post.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS

"When I was examined by the Supreme Court for admission to the bar," said Attorney John F. Watts, of Murphy, Sweet & Watts, "I heard one of the most peculiar definitions of common law that ever came to my knowledge. One of my colleagues had been called upon to define the term and after a great deal of studying he answered the question propounded by the court. But his answer almost threw the court into a panic. It was, as nearly as I can remember it, that common law was the law used in the police and justice courts and other courts of lower jurisdiction. We laughed, but the judges were not in the least bit amused, and the worst of it was that the poor fellow did not get his diploma."

"I heard rather an amusing story about the first experience of a lawyer with the habeas corpus yesterday," remarked ex-County Judge W. M. Cate this morning. "The incident happened in the police court some years ago. A young man, now an ornament to the bar, made his initial bow to the court, and his sole trouble was that he could not get his client out of jail. He asked the court what he would have to do in order to get the man out and he was advised to secure a writ of habeas corpus. 'That's so,' he answered with a sigh of relief. Then with the utmost composure, he turned to the clerk and said, 'Issue that writ at once.' He had not got it through his head that the court only could issue that writ, and he did feel rather sheepish when the clerk gave him a sympathizing smile and all the lawyers present broke into a laugh."

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train rumbled in, the chairman of the gathering had just declared an unanimous vote of thanks for Mr. Schade.

"Where are the crabs?" chorused the group, as Schade, empty-handed, stepped among them.

"I don't see any crabs," calmly replied Schade, and he gazed into the scornful eyes that were turned upon him. "Come on let's go up town."

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