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ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1907.

Colleges and Class.

It is doubtless a worthy ambition of President Woodrow Wilson, his avowed attempt to abolish caste distinctions at Princeton, and the effort will be watched with interest by others besides college men.

At its best, of course, one thinks of the university as a purely democratic institution. In this country, if anywhere, that ideal should come near to attainment.

But as a matter of fact, it does not. Each college and university has its own distinctions and differences, and young men associated together for a term of years are bound to separate into groups.

For is it inevitable that the clubs, fraternal societies, and what-not that the young men form should be reprehensible. Indeed, many of them are of immense value, they encourage social intercourse and are helpful to poor students.

In college fraternities ties of friendship are formed which last through life. In some colleges where the accommodations for students' living are meager, college societies which, in essence, become co-operative societies for providing homes and board for the students are almost a necessity.

But what President Wilson is aiming at more particularly is the group of rich young men at Princeton who form clubs in which the standard of living maintained is high, and which sets an example of extravagance to the other students, exciting a desire for emulation in the wrong direction.

In breaking up such groups, however, great care must be exercised. The rich man's son has as much right to the advantages of college as the poor man's son, and there is neither equity nor justice in requiring the student who can afford to live well to live on a plane which is limited by the purse of the poorer student.

We cannot blind ourselves, in spite of our democracy, to the fact that class distinctions are growing up in this country; they are the inevitable result and outgrowth of social competition. Such class distinctions the college man will have to face and contend with when he reaches the outer world, and it may well be taken to be a part of a liberal education that he should gain knowledge of this branch of social struggle in his early days.

It is evident that the private club in college has a use—as an object lesson, if nothing else.

Yes, that is so. Every walk-out is preceded by a falling out.

French Political Life.

A writer in the Boston Transcript describes political progress in the French republic in terms that recall criticisms of American politics that were somewhat more common a decade ago than at present, when optimism is rampant over the success, real or supposed, of various political and social reforms.

We have tripped to some extent over the spools system; in France that system is reaching its fullest development. Appointments to public service—and the French government is far more paternal than ours—are all governed by the influence of members of the Chamber of Deputies or that of Ministers and their henchmen, and political machines exist the country over that would do credit to the most skillful of American politicians.

Worse still, all legislation tends to some private or political end, the public good or the welfare of the whole people being forgotten in the necessity for gaining votes by popular measures advancing the interests of a class or section of the community. The inevitable result has followed in the elimination from politics of the "better element." Frenchmen, of the higher class keep out of politics, and no longer seek administrative posts. The ministry parcels out offices to secure the support of Parliament for its legislative measures; these appointees owe allegiance to the deputies—become, in short, political workers. Here is a picture of some of the results:

"Officers of the army will admit frankly that politicians interfere constantly and successfully in promotions. Favoritism and incompetence honorably post-office, the telegraph and the telephone system all managed by the government—until they are the cause of endless and bitter complaint. The personal staff of some of the ministers is virtually a family party of sons, nephews, and cousins. And so on through every department of a wide-reaching and in some respects paternal and maternal government. Thus the 'radical republic' has developed, say the critics, a ruling oligarchy of small politicians, among whom all things go by pull."

What is the effect of all this on the French character? The writer we have quoted says it is teaching every Frenchman with a grievance to run to the government, "to tell mamma," as the child dreads say, to secure its abatement. He sees all about him evidences that every political party goes for favor, that "pull" and "influence" are more important than

merit. "Every one demands his rights, or the rights of his group, regardless of the rights or the welfare of others, and the 'men of government,' who ought to safeguard that general good, play shrewdly at the satisfaction of each selfish interest, that, so doing, they may keep their place and power." Yet, in spite of the evil influence of the politicians, the substantial character of the French people, as well as the fundamental character of the American people under like influence, remains unchanged. Intelligent, industrious, and prosperous, political intrigue and chicanery and the misgovernment which flow therefrom do not vitally affect the ordinary life of the French. But governments; if not politicians, can be reformed; has the French nation power within itself to effect the reformation of its government? That is the question upon which its future depends.

A Venezuelan judge has fined the asphalt trolleys \$5,000. The way of the trusts is not only rocky these days, but positively Kenesawmountainous.

The Cost of a Boy.

A good deal of comment has been caused by the statement of John Graham Brooks that it costs about \$25,000 to bring up an American boy. Of course, this means a boy who will have the advantages of a college education, and who, while in college, will be allowed a generous amount of spending money.

It would be difficult, we think, to show that a boy whose cost of bringing up amounts to \$25,000 will be a profitable product. There are not many American fathers who can afford to spend that sum for the bringing up of a son. If that happened to be more than one, the number of fathers who could afford such a sum for each of them would be appreciably fewer.

But we doubt whether the expenditure of such a sum of money is necessary, or even wise. It is not by such means that the American boys who have grown into the men who have done things have arrived. The best and biggest men that have been turned out in America are those who, as boys, ran barefoot through the fields and knew the delights of the old swimming hole and the country schoolhouse—boys who had their own way to make in the world. One has only to think of Lincoln the rail-splitter and Garfield the canal boatman to recall a long list of Americans whose education did not cost one-tenth of the sum mentioned by Mr. Brooks.

No lad need feel discouraged because his father cannot afford to spend \$25,000 on his education. If he has the right stuff in him, he will get through college anyway, and nothing can hold him back. If he has the right stuff in him, \$25,000 spent in education would be a waste of money and a mighty unprofitable investment.

It is as true to-day as it ever was that it is brains, energy, and determination that count.

Mr. Henry Watterson says "party politics is a humbug." Perhaps, still, as Mr. Barnum pointed out, the people like to be humbugged.

Heated Term in Wall Street.

President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, within the next two or three days, will address the American people upon the political questions now uppermost in the public mind. Mr. Taft, in his Columbus speech, promises to define his political beliefs at some length, while the President, doubtless, will take occasion to reaffirm the essential features of his economic policy in his Princeton address.

Two forthcoming utterances have been the cause of much perturbation in Wall street, where frantic endeavors have been made, with more or less success, to obtain some inkling of their purport. Earlier rumors were that the President and his Secretary of War would announce a changed attitude toward the corporations, but this pleasant information has now been replaced by a pessimistic belief that no "reassuring word" will come from either, and Wall street has braced itself for another drubbing.

We are at a loss to understand why anybody, in or out of Wall street, should look for a "reassuring word" from the President or some member of the Cabinet every time that panicky feeling takes possession of the stock exchange. Most of the hysteria which seems to prevail in the financial district is due to gross misconception or downright perversion of the administration's policy respecting corporations. The essential conservatism of that policy appears to be almost wholly unrecognized. That its ultimate consequence will be to place all forms of corporate securities on a sounder and more stable foundation is ignored. Exploitation of the dark places of corporate finance is deplored as tending to unsettle stock values, and attempts to lift corporate management to a higher plane of probity and public usefulness are regarded as unjustifiable interference with the rights of capital. Such being the common though by no means universal misconception of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, why should he be expected to reassure hysterical financiers from the troubles into which they have precipitated themselves largely through the spread of false and exaggerated representations of the intent and effect of those policies? Mr. Roosevelt is not bent on the destruction of national commerce and industry, which, in point of fact, have been growing and thriving amidst the calamity wailing of metropolitan financiers. The common sense of the country simply refuses to see in our abundant harvests, busy factories, overworked railroads, and well-employed labor any evidence that there is a "Roosevelt panic" impending. People are not so easily scared nowadays by a slump in Wall street that may be repaired in a few days or a few weeks by a bull campaign.

There is a silly disposition in some quarters to manufacture a terrible bogey out of Mr. Roosevelt and everything he says and does. A word or a phrase is erected into a disruption of the whole industrial fabric, a suggestion distorted into an accomplished fact; a possible interpretation of the Constitution construed into an actual amendment of that fundamental instrument. Mr. Bonaparte is now a victim of the same methods of misconception. He has been admonished by the metropolitan press to pick and choose his language, to omit smiles and shrugs and Bonapartian wit, lest stocks should fall off a point or two because his manner of saying "the law will be enforced" is somewhat too caustic. "Silence, and mighty little of that," as the Irishman said, would seem to be the Wall street idea of official propriety. Well, the silence is going to be broken on Monday, and again on Tuesday; and our guess is that Wall street will discover that the Attorney General has been singing in tune with the Rooseveltian chorus.

One noble Georgia solon taunted another noble Georgia solon on the floor of the house of representatives recently because the first aforesaid solon voted for prohibition but indulged in wee nips on the side occasionally. Go to, gentlemen! A man may smile and smile and be a prohibitionist still!

The Nassau Republican, of New York, N. Y., has declared for Secretary Shaw as President. "Rah for Shaw! But who, what, and when is the Nassau Republican?"

Employing Home Products.

We note with no small degree of pleasure and approval that Secretary Wilson has decided to overrule the designers of the new Agricultural Building in the matter of Latin inscriptions thereon, and, in consequence, instead of "Fructus," "Forestes," "Cereales," and "Flores," we shall behold, when that building is complete, the more homelike words, "Fruits," "Cereals," "Forests," and "Flowers."

This is entirely as it should be and will, we believe, be heartily indorsed by the great bulk of the American people. Furthermore, it is to be hoped that it marks the inauguration of a general reform along this line. The average American, and this country belongs to the average American by right, whether it does in reality or not—knows very little about Latin, and, perhaps, cares even less. It is all right for that small percentage of the people who are sticklers for the classic to think in Latin to their heart's content. When they gaze upon the word "Flowers," they may, if they please, receive upon their brain nothing less than fainting fits, "Flores," by way of mental impression. No one would deprive them of that satisfaction. But the plain American citizen wants no Latin; he wants honest United States of America!

Secretary Wilson is a firm believer in the utilization of home products, no matter along what various lines of progress the country proceeds. He believes that there is enough red blood in our own language to meet every demand upon it without falling back upon foreign jargon, dead or alive! He is right; and we are with him. United States is as good as the best, and needs not the addition of any imported frills, flounces, or furbelows!

A writer declares that Russians are the most profane people in the world. It must be admitted, however, that they have the most cause to be.

Sir Conan Doyle failed ignominiously a few days ago playing detective a la Sherlock Holmes. In other words, he discovered the spot of the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Well, Mr. Rockefeller, what about coming across with that \$25,000,000? Can't you at least pay as much as \$115 on account?

"A scientist has discovered that we may think with our feet," says the Spartan Journal. Certainly our understanding is located there.

Doubtless Queen Wilhelmina would never have conferred the order of Orange-Nassau upon Mr. Carnegie had she thought for a minute that it would bring forth such an avalanche of lemon jokes.

"I have quit the stage for good," says Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. Let us hope no one will ever arise to dispute it.

King Khoualoukorn displays a sportsmanlike disregard for the long green.

Numerous "home coming" weeks are planned in Georgia for next summer. Prospective home comers will know what they are expected to bring with them.

An elaborate charity ball was recently given in Paris, for the benefit of a number of one-legged men. A sort of philanthropic hop, as it were.

We call the attention of our many friends to the fact that not once during the whole trouble have we referred to a check or there will be little freedom left. Within the last six months many laws have been enacted in the South that are absurd, and in some instances outrageous and in violation of the true principles of free government. Many persons elected to make laws know nothing of the science or principles of government, but are controlled by impulse, passing clamor, or the inability to see more than one side of a question. The intelligent freeman does not yield slavish obedience to unscrupulous partisanship, but party organization, which means party responsibility, exercises a wholesome restraint. Take it away and there is chaos. Abolish parties and there is political anarchy which leads to worse anarchy. Excessive and foolish legislation serves to destroy respect for all legislation. It breeds contempt for law. The pendulum is swinging too far. It is likely to swing farther. But it cannot long maintain such an unnatural angle, and it will finally swing back into its natural radius.

WHY SOUTH HESITATES.

No Chance for Democrat Who Cannot Gain Bryan's Support.

From the Springfield Republican. As matters stand, no conservative or "reactionary" Democrat ventures to enter the field for the democratic nomination. The South, brought to start one of its favorite sons, remains mute and inactive. The attacks upon the availability of Mr. Bryan in the Southern press are easily distinguished from those in newspapers which were hostile to him in 1896 and 1900, and which found so much to delight them in the candidacy of Judge Parker in 1904. But no Southern candidate appears coming down the pike. And there is a reason. If the South contains a statesman who would like to be nominated for President, he realizes that his candidacy would do him in. He is at the polls unless he were heartily and sincerely supported not only by Mr. Bryan, but by all of Mr. Bryan's friends throughout the North. It is easy for the Southern newspaper editors to "stick" the South to take control of the party by main force, but there are no Southern candidates willing to incur the enmity of Mr. Bryan by openly leading the way to salvation. Their memory of Judge Parker's fate is exceedingly vivid.

Amending the Sherman Law.

However desirable it may be to have the Sherman act amended, the chances are that Congress will not take kindly to the suggestion. That august body contains too many members who use the anti-trust slogan as political capital, who make much of posing as the friends of the plain people. It happens that the plain people are imbedded at present with a desire to strike at everything which has the slightest resemblance to a trust.

Keep a Jug on Hand.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Herald. Here is a new problem in mathematics—or to whichever science it belongs: What will happen if an irresistible third happens to strike a fellow in Georgia after January 1?

Touching Bottom.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. One great trouble about buying when stocks have touched bottom is that there always seems to be a false bottom still further down.

Querer Reason for Panic.

It is really a reflection upon Wall street that prosecutions for criminal practices should produce a panic.

When We Get Wise.

From the Minneapolis Journal. When a polar expedition is on its get off, but when it gets off the public gets on.

A SUNDAY TALK.

"Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me unto dust again?"—Job, x: 1.

The question asked by Job in his complaint against God is one that since Job's time has resounded through the ages. Omar Khayyam voiced it, and later Goethe and Tennyson, and always with a note of petulance, as if, indeed, no answer to be found. Omar, indeed, though his strange thought came able to borrow from a philosopher before his time some sort of hopeful, if irrelevant, answer when he turned his quatrains to the idea (long before used in the Hindu philosophies) of comparing God and mankind to the potter and his pots:

"Why," said another, "since there he who tell Of one who threatens he will toss to hell The luckless pots he marked in making; 'Pah! He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well.'"

Even Tennyson, with all his fine religious feeling, and awe and reverence, could hardly get much farther than Omar had gone hundreds of years before him. In that, the greatest glory in the English language, "In Memoriam," he felt the same doubts that assailed Job:

"My own life should teach me this. That life shall live for evermore." The clearest of the things, And dust and ashes all that is."

It is not all unalike for man at certain seasons to reckon with himself and his deeds, and to come back to that thought of humbleness which led Job to cry that he was made "as the clay," for the inevitable growth of such a thought is to lead the mind on to what since, "of first clay they did the first man knead," has been accomplished by mankind:

"To the dust again we must return! That, too, is a thought that should not be utilized. The world was made for us, not we for the world; its laws are inexorable and though, in our short-sighted wisdom, we sometimes deem that we could have bettered the making in some ways, yet at the last we have to be content with the great old earth as it is, and humble ourselves to the laws which no repenting of ours can abrogate.

The result of such self-searching is certain, if one thinks sanely and clearly, to bring us to the point where we must determine. The world was made for us, not we for the world; its laws are inexorable and though, in our short-sighted wisdom, we sometimes deem that we could have bettered the making in some ways, yet at the last we have to be content with the great old earth as it is, and humble ourselves to the laws which no repenting of ours can abrogate.

Within us all the old beast that was in sprang strong, but we can conquer him if we will and so live our lives that our old age may say:

"I bear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet at last, as he stands on the heights of his life with a simple life that is his glory."

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes! It sounds melancholy enough! But that is in the future. The present we have, and it is for us to make the most of it while we may. Though our feet may remain in the clay, our heads may be lifted to the stars, and instead of weak and careless whining about a tomb that seems to whirl for us, we may look with clear eyes and unafraid toward—

"That God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element, and one who makes the whole creation move."

TOO MUCH LEGISLATION.

Protest Against Absurdities Enacted in Southern States.

From the Nashville American. While referring exclusively to prohibition, but speaking more generally, the disposition to legislate on everything under the sun must soon have a check or there will be little freedom left. Within the last six months many laws have been enacted in the South that are absurd, and in some instances outrageous and in violation of the true principles of free government. Many persons elected to make laws know nothing of the science or principles of government, but are controlled by impulse, passing clamor, or the inability to see more than one side of a question. The intelligent freeman does not yield slavish obedience to unscrupulous partisanship, but party organization, which means party responsibility, exercises a wholesome restraint. Take it away and there is chaos. Abolish parties and there is political anarchy which leads to worse anarchy. Excessive and foolish legislation serves to destroy respect for all legislation. It breeds contempt for law. The pendulum is swinging too far. It is likely to swing farther. But it cannot long maintain such an unnatural angle, and it will finally swing back into its natural radius.

Indiana Democrats.

The political word comes from Indiana that W. H. O'Brien, for several years chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, will ask to be relieved of further service. There are three aspirants for the position—Col. J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute; Stokes Jackson, of Greenfield; and J. Kirby Risk, of Lafayette. Col. Tom Taggart, the national chairman, is taking a keen interest in the outcome of this contest, and his followers in Indiana do their utmost to name the chairman. His choice is likely to be McNutt, with whom he has been closely affiliated in the management of party affairs. Jackson is a very radical Bryan man and had a conference with the Nebraska only a few days ago. Risk is the Hearst element in Indiana politics. Ex-Congressman R. W. Miers is a possible compromise candidate for the chairmanship, although he may be put in the race for governor.

Statue to Clive.

Plans are on foot for the erection of a statue to Clive in India, the land for which he did so much, and the St. James Gazette is anxious that care shall be taken over the inscription, as terrible things happen when such inscriptions are left to native hands. Even in England, there are some sad blunders. On the steps before St. Paul's the date of the Jubilee was engraved wrongly, and there was another blunder on the statue to the Duke of Cambridge. Another type of blunder was that which a worthy citizen of Glasgow was ready to perpetrate on the statue to the Duke of Argyll, when it was suggested that the inscription of this statue be direct, and it was suggested that it be simply "Glasgow to Nelson." Said a stumpy Scot: "Aye, and a very good suggestion, too. And as the town of Nelson's close at hand, might we not just say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, six miles,' so that it might serve for a monument and a milestone, too."

The Zionist Congress.

The Zionist Congress, which is now meeting at The Hague, is the eighth international meeting of this character. The principal question that confronts the delegates is whether the ideal created by Theodor Herzl; shall they work for the establishment of an independent state in Palestine, or, as one writer puts it, "Is Zionism poetry or business?" A leading American Zionist declares that there is no doubt that Zionism is un-American. Mr. Isaac M. Wise, one of the leaders of American Judaism, declares: "We totally disapprove of any attempt for the establishment of a Jewish state. Such attempts show a misunderstanding of Israel's mission, which from the narrow political and national field has been expanded to the promotion among the human race of the broad and universal religion first proclaimed by the Jewish prophets."

Guarding Competition.

Those who seek to gain knowledge for competitive purposes of how German manufacturers do things, should be interested in a recent case in Frankfurt. There, an Austrian merchant was convicted in the Criminal Court at Konstanz, Germany, of having violated the law of illicit competition. He was sentenced to prison for three months. This merchant, intending to establish in Austria a factory for preserving vegetables, went to Singen and approached the employe of a factory there, trying to induce him to reveal trade secrets. He offered the man money, gratuities, and promised him a better position in Austria if he would tell of the processes of manufacturing, and where raw materials were obtained. Some American merchants are pretty keen about finding out how things are done in Germany, and the result of this case may teach investigators to be circumspect.

Where Prices Are Steady.

From the Providence Journal. What would be generally appreciated would be a panic in prices at the grocery store and meat market.

High Pay for Ignorance.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Since he knows nothing about the business John D. Rockefeller must admit that he is shamefully overpaid.

Better Explanation Wanted.

From the Philadelphia North American. Delay of Peary's expedition inexplicable. Hard to think of a ship named the Roosevelt tied up for lack of steam, push, and power.

MEN AND THINGS.

Congressman Cassel. Henry Burr Cassel, the Pennsylvania Congressman, who is involved in the State capital scandal at Harrisburg, has been an active Republican politician for twenty-five years. A power in Lancaster County politics, he was a lieutenant of the late Matthew Stanley Quay when that famous boss ruled the State. In 1896 Cassel was a delegate to the Republican National Convention which nominated McKinley. Two years later he was elected to the house of the State legislature, and was re-elected in 1900. In 1901 he was sent to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Marriott Brostius, and has continued to hold the seat. He has large lumber interests and is a director or stockholder in a number of important Pennsylvania companies.

Sir John William Ramsden. Sir John William Ramsden, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, is a wealthy man, who is prominent in public life, and who has prominently written a good deal against the proposed revision of the land laws in England. He was under-secretary of war in 1897 and 1898, and has represented several constituencies in Parliament. He owns about 150,000 acres of land in England, including the entire town of Huddersfield, with the exception of one single house. He has a country seat, Longley Hall, at Huddersfield, and owns, besides, Bulstrode Park, Buckinghamshire; Bryan, Perrybridge, and Ardverikie, Kingussie. A story is told about the one house he does not own in Huddersfield. One of his ancestors was most anxious to buy it, and he offered the owner, a Quaker, to cover the entire ground with golden sovereigns in exchange for it. "I'll do it," said the Quaker, "provided the coins be placed on end." So the transfer has never been made.

Rising New York Lawyer. The recent appointment of Henry H. Whitman as assistant counsel of the public service commission in New York, is of interest in Washington. He is the youngest son of Col. Royal E. Whitman, U. S. A., retired, who is a well-known resident of this city. Attorney Whitman went to Phillips-Exeter Academy and then to Columbia University, where he was graduated in 1886. He is a member of the New York law firm of Ewing, Whitman & Ewing, and is a member of the Bar Association and of the University Club.

The Degradation of Copper. Sir William Ramsay, who is the discoverer of a method of degrading copper, separating its elements into other elements, is one of the most distinguished scientists of England. He is a member of the Institut of France, of the Royal Academies of Ireland, Berlin, Bonn, and Holland. Sir William, in turn, Roumania, Vienna, and Sweden, and of the Academies of Geneva, Frankfurt, and Mexico. Among his scientific works, the most important are "The Molecular Surface-Energy of Liquids," "Argon, a New Oceanic Gas," "The Atmosphere," "Helium, a Constituent of Certain Minerals," and "Neon, Krypton, and Xenon, Three New Atmospheric Gases." He was born in Glasgow and educated at Glasgow and Tubingen universities.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Captious Tourist. From place to place he roams about; The fairest spot, Delights him not. He's hard to please, beyond a doubt.

He sees no grandeur in the peak. He merely knows That where he goes They want a lot for board per week.

He finds no romance in the lake. He only prowls Around and growls, And says that everything's a fake.

He'd better stay at home, you swear! Of course he had. But then, again, He wouldn't be contented there.

A Born Flogger. "You stole ten marbles from me," declared little Jimmy, "and I want 'em back."

"I don't propose to give 'em back," responded little Tommy. "Furthermore, I want to warn you that if you keep harping on the subject you will bring about a panic."

And their father, the old trust magnate, shed tears of joy and pride.

More Suspicion. "Mr. and Mrs. Pogwash are very loving recently."

"Well?" "I suspect they have been secretly divorced."

Fatal Accident. The leader was stalwart and fearless, But the campaign committee was keenerless. They hired an old fellow, Who in a hoarse bellow, Declared that the leader was "beardless."

Automobile Filtration. Skidding on one wheel—I'm crazy. Full speed ahead—I'm after you. Seventeen short honks—I love you. Seventeen long honks—I am a nuisance. Smashing into coal cart—My father has money. Smashing into elderly gentleman—I am a wag. Brought to a sudden halt—I am pinched.

Right in Line. "Two boys stole in Plunkville last week?" "So?" "We ain't big enough for a crime wave, but we kin at least have a small ripple."

Of Course Not. "Europe, too, is enjoying a season of unparalleled prosperity."

"Bah! I'll bet their unparalleled prosperity ain't a marker to our unparalleled prosperity."

JUST A MINUTE.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. WHAT IT IS. No, Estella, That terrific uproar is not That Pacific Ocean battle We're expecting When the Japs shall Need correcting.

It is not the Din of battle In Morocco, Where the rattle Of the Maxim Fills the spaces Of the Arab's Desert places.

Neither is it, Dorothea, His poor nibbles Of Korea Starting something So sonorous With his comic Op'ra chorus.

It is none of These, dear ladies, Nor the lid removed from Hades— Just the weather Round the cellar Of our old friend Rockefeller.