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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1909.

Conquerors Without a Conquest.

The history of the extraordinary cruise which has just terminated at Hampton Roads, amid the acclaim of a mighty people, remains to be written. Its origin, its motive, and its purpose are yet obscurely known.

It isn't about time for innocent bystanders to band together for mutual protection? Inquires the Cleveland Leader. We believe they will be safer if they maintain a scattering attitude.

Gas legislation of the right sort has been within easy reach at this session. Public sentiment was favorable to an equitable adjustment. There was universal desire to see a bill passed that would deal justly with the producer and the consumer.

The Washington Herald does not share the prevalent view that the Senate will pass the Gallinger bill. Indeed, it is reluctant to believe that Chairman Gallinger himself, after more careful analysis of the bill, will even venture to press it for passage.

Parties with horseback-riding records will not be welcome at the White House after March 4, of course, but parties with golf records are more likely to get the glad hand, we think.

Gov. Hughes on the Courts. In the course of his most excellent address yesterday Gov. Charles Evans Hughes emphasized the idea that we must predicate respect of the higher courts in this land on respect of the lower and inferior courts.

by the fact that many judges of inferior courts—particularly police courts—are men of small ability, and not infrequently the creatures of political bosses and henchmen.

The keynote of Gov. Hughes' address was sounded no less vehemently in analyzing this feature of his discussion, however, than in every other feature of it. He is, in every fiber of his being, a real, genuine, critical optimist.

As an item of news, and, incidentally, to illustrate the beauty of the English language, we call attention to the fact that it is proposed to erect in Macon, Ga., "a plant for the manufacture of paper from the okra plant."

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

VERY EXCLUSIVE. The Oak Tree Arms is always full; No doubt of that. One has to have a social pull. To rent a flat.

Six hundred acorns is the rate The squirrels pay. The walrus list is very great. The agents say.

No bat or skunk may ever hope A lease to try. The stern owl janitor hoots "Nope!" When they apply.

The Oak Tree as the finest yet For years has stood. There are no better flats to let In all the wood.

"This new book employs twenty dialects." "Then the great American novel must have arrived at last."

"All the world's a stage." "Yes; I see a number of baseball stars are refusing to sign the papers."

"Oh, I don't know. It may come." "What?" "The dollar automobile."

A President, my boy, looms great, Enthusiasm kindles. But a Vice President, I'd state, Just dwindles.

"Oh, for something new in a magazine story!" "Well, why not have a duke in the fiction department fall in love with a working girl among the advertisements?"

"I hear you're on a New York paper." "Yes; I'm its crime commissioner."

"I happened to mention that two can live as cheaply as one, and he got furious." "He's playing alimony."

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WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR. The recent death of Mrs. Kirkland at her home in Brooklyn, New York, brings to mind her husband, that "old sea dog," Rear Admiral William A. Kirkland, who was known as "Red Bill," a pseudonym he acquired through actually possessing a cardinal proboscis.

"How shall I get them off, admiral?" "Cut them off! Cut them off!" shouted the admiral. "I don't see any scissors," said the officer, "with which to cut."

"Take this sword, then," said the admiral, grasping his sword. "Take this sword!" and with the sword he himself cut off the offending bullock and threw away the shell.

"How do you do, sir; how do you do?" "How do do?" said the admiral, gruffly. "I suppose you got all my telegrams, admiral, did you?" asked the young officer, trembling in gracious attitude before his superior officer.

"What telegrams do you refer to?" asked the admiral. "I got no telegrams." "I am very sorry, very sorry," said the young man, now thoroughly frightened at the admiral's attitude.

"Why in the devil do you suppose that I care whether you came or didn't come?" "I'm glad to hear you're on a New York paper." "Yes; I'm its crime commissioner."

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HIGH PRESSURE GAS.

New Policy in the Distribution of the Illuminant. The policy of distributing gas at high pressure, now being adopted by many companies, has some interesting features, coming, as it does, together with the great increase in electric voltage on transmission lines.

"Installations of high-pressure gas are becoming numerous in America. The principal advantage of the system is the smaller size of conductors, which is also indirectly advantageous, because small pipes can be made very strong and almost absolutely tight.

"The high-pressure system at San Francisco uses the heavy petroleum oils of the region, by distillation. Mr. E. C. Jones, the creator of this plant, of which he has had charge since 1906, has taken special care to make the joints tight.

"In a distribution where the pressure is normally twenty millimeters (four-fifths inch) of water, and never exceeds 60 millimeters (two inches) of water, no leaks may exist for a long time without giving signs of their existence; the gas is lost in the interstices of the ground, or accumulates at certain points.

"The condensed liquid that is collected is composed of water, naphthalin, and some benzine, and is sold as kerosene. This benzol is the product that gives the flame most of its illuminating power.

"If the pressure is increased still further, we finally obtain a gas deprived not only of all the hydrocarbon compounds and heavy, of the aromatic series, but also of its sulphur products.

"The delivery of illuminating gas at high pressure has also thrown light on an interesting industrial problem. The laws that govern the compression of mixtures of gases and vapors enable us to foresee a diminution of the illuminating power of the gas, due to liquefaction of the light hydrocarbons.

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AT THE HOTELS.

"Thomas Paine was not a 'fifth little atheist,' as President Roosevelt styled him," said M. M. Managassarian, of Chicago, the lecturer of the Independent Religious Society, of that city.

"The above sentiment and more of it is contained on a printed slip which M. Managassarian distributes with a ready hand. M. Managassarian said he was a graduate in theology, of Princeton University, and had been a Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia until about fifteen years ago when he went to Chicago.

"No, I do not believe in the Bible, nor God. We rationalists do not believe in dogma. We only believe in common sense, that is, I came to this conclusion by reading and studying and pondering deeply. If things do not look reasonable to us, it's all up. We don't believe them, that's all.

"Our society has a membership of 2,500, and they are all rationalists. We are liberal-minded and rationalists. Thomas Paine was not fifth because he associated with big men; he was not fifth because physically he was bigger than President Roosevelt, and he was not an atheist because he believed in God and immortality.

"I left Japan by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway through Russia. I must say, and do so with pleasure, that I received the most courteous treatment in Russia and elsewhere on the European continent. I have absolutely no cause to complain of the treatment accorded me in this country, as it is all that I could expect.

"Discussing superstition and the formation of a thirteen club in Hamburg, Germany, John Boettcher, of Hamburg, Germany, who is at the Raleigh hotel last night, an article on the subject of the fatal number thirteen by Prof. Sherman Davis, of the University of Indiana, was the cause of the formation at Hamburg of a Thirteen Club.

"In the circular which was sent to those who were asked to become charter members," said Herr Boettcher, who is interested in the subject of the fatal number thirteen, "it was pointed out that thirteen was a lucky number, and as one of the illustrations it was stated that Wagner was born in 1813, there were thirteen notes in his name, and he composed thirteen operas. 'Tannhauser' was finished on April 13, and was performed for the first time on March 13, and the composer died on February 13. The letter referred also to the good luck of engine No. 133, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to the fact that the pontificate of Leo XIII was one of the largest and most glorious in the history of the church, and to the belief of the ancient Mexicans in the luck of thirteen, who had thirteen gods, and whose works had thirteen days. The men who were invited to defy the ancient superstition evidently lost their courage, for only eleven appeared.

"We have long heard of 'sa-legs,' of 'writer's cramp,' of 'housemaid's knee,' of the 'bicyclist's hump,'-kypshis bicyclistism we ourselves called it," said Dr. Samuel G. Walker, of Philadelphia, who is at the Arlington, and various other physical idiosyncrasies resulting from certain habits of life, labor, or practice.

"To the catalogue another item, the 'motor mind,' had to be added. By that we mean the more or less habitual condition of mind into which certain automobilists get, apparently because of and through their indulgence in the fascinating practice of operating motor cars.

"There might at first sight be room for questioning, which was the cause and which the effect—whether the 'motor mind' was the result of running automobiles or the result of the peculiar style of running automobiles was the result of the 'possession of the motor mind.' But reflection upon the character of that mind and a decent regard for the repute of humanity inclines me toward the former theory."

James G. Futrell, marine engineer, of London, who is at the New Willard, discussing the cruise of the battle ship fleet, paid it a high compliment.

"Every loyal and patriotic Englishman," said the Britton, "fully believes that 'Britannia rules the waves.' And we all fervently hope we shall continue to do so. We must, however, admit, no matter how disagreeable this may be to some of us, that America is making giant strides to compete with us, so far as the ruling of the waves is concerned. The United States has just proved to the world that it has a navy inferior to none, and equal and probably even superior to most of them, always, naturally, excepting England. To make a trip around the world without any serious mishap to the men or the ships, and to be back again on schedule time is sufficient evidence of the seamanship of the American blue-jacket. It is not always the number of ships that count. In fact, I am inclined to believe it is the man behind the gun who always counts, and America certainly has the gunners."

From the Indianapolis News. The extra session of Congress will convene on all the peculiar styles of Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon.

Don't Worry. "Mr. Taft has tucked up the 'Don't Worry' sign over the Panama Canal.

Always Practical. Harriman, camping out in Texas, has hardwood floors in his tent and special telephone and telegraph wires. Practical man!

LET NOT LOVE GO, TOO. Now the purple night is past, Now the moon more faintly glows, Dawn has through its eastern east By the west, the sun has risen.

When old winter, creeping night, Sprinkles raven hair with white, Dims the brightly glancing eye, Languis away the glowing light, Bows may forget their dew, Bessies perch, one by one— Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride Crowned peer by peer away; Creeds like robes, are laid aside, Ere our very tombs decay. When the dust-conspiring moth and rust Gray the goodly garment through, When the all-consuming to dust, Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow, Gods are spent like wasting flames, Hardly the wretched names! Their divine, three-hundred names! At the last great hour of all, When the world is laid low, Father, hear thy children call, Let not love go, too. —Alfred Noyes.

ON FIFTH AVENUE.

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