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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909.

Is Mr. Taft a Protective Protectionist?

We doubt whether Mr. Taft would be willing to agree to the proposition of "American Producer," as stated in Thursday's issue of this paper, that prohibitive duties are required to redeem the promises of the Republican platform to guarantee a reasonable profit to the manufacturer. In his speech of acceptance Mr. Taft remarked:

"The tariff is a number of the schedules exceeds the difference between the cost of production of such articles abroad and at home, including a reasonable profit to the American producer. The excess over that difference subserves no useful purpose, but offers a temptation to those who would monopolize the production and the sale of such articles in this country to profit by the excessive rate."

If this means anything at all, it means that where the schedules are excessive they should be reduced so as to permit the importation of foreign goods in competition with domestic manufactures for the purpose of keeping prices and profits within reasonable limits. But, of course, that doctrine does not suit "American Producer," who wants foreign goods to stay abroad, and who maintains that any duty high enough to guarantee a reasonable profit will keep them out. Is that Mr. Taft's theory of tariff revision? It may be an inevitable corollary of the Republican tariff plank, but we shall demand to be shown before we accept it as the pure Taft article.

Nevertheless, we admit that "American Producer" represents the general opinion of his class, as shown in the demands upon Congress for prohibitive duties, or duties practically prohibitive, or tending in that direction, which demands the tariff revisers have been only too willing to yield. Senator Dooliver showed the other day how cunningly the wool schedule had been contrived so as to keep out of the country the cheaper qualities of woolen goods that the ordinary consumer would buy; how it levied a heavy tax on goods with even a little wool in them; how rubber boots were classified as woolen goods because of their woolen lining, and their importation thereby prohibited, and how it was attempted to levy the woolen duties on furniture because there was a little wool in the upholstery. He showed further that the Aldrich cotton schedule had been so ingeniously arranged as to deceive the Senator from Rhode Island himself, and that it raised the duties on the pretty cotton goods that our summer girls array themselves with at country picnics, so that they will have to pay more for their garbure or go without.

If "American Producer" thinks that sort of thing is what Mr. Taft promised the American people, he is welcome to his opinion. For our part, we refuse to believe that he has gone clean back on the American consumer, whose pitiful, though well-nigh hopeless, plea we printed a few days ago.

The Duration of Life.

John K. Gore, president of the Actuarial Society of America, presented some facts at a recent meeting tending to disprove the belief which obtains in some quarters that the length of human life is increasing by reason of better sanitary conditions and the exercise of greater intelligence in dieting. What has increased is the mean duration of life, which is a very different thing, and of which increase the major portion is due to the diminution of mortality among children under five years of age. "With all the increase in the total number of years lived by persons born into the world," said Mr. Gore, "there is no proof of any lengthening of the extreme span of life." What has happened is that millions of years of productive life have been given to the people, and this fact is of large economic significance. Men and women do not live longer, but more of them attain to lives of healthfulness and usefulness. Mr. Gore held out no hope that any means would be found of prolonging life, for those who live longest are the select of their generation, and as most of these die of old age, or die a really natural death, it appears certain that Nature herself has fixed an age limit beyond which man cannot go. Mr. Gore declared that no one had ever indisputably attained the age of 110.

But the case for sanitation and better living is strong enough without reference to the extreme span of life. There has been a decrease in the death rate of one-half since the sixteenth century. In the United States the death rate in our largest cities has fallen since 1851 from twenty-eight to twenty-one per thousand. "A larger and larger percentage of persons live up to and through the reproductive and productive periods of life," Mr. Gore observed. "Disregarding, if we will, the sentimental and humanitarian side of the question, we must, nevertheless, appreciate the tremendous economic value of this great addition to the producing years of community life. Nor, apparently, has the end yet been reached. Thousands upon thousands of preventable

deaths still occur every year. Since 1871 the deaths from typhoid have decreased from five per 10,000 to three. This cause of death should eventually be almost eliminated."

The other side of this picture shows that there has been a heavy increase in the death rate from a number of diseases incidental to the strain of modern civilization, but this increase is, of course, more than counteracted by the general decline in death rates. There is abundant promise that the human contest with disease will be even more amply rewarded in the future. Our governments are more active than ever in safeguarding the public health, the science of sanitation and of preventive medicine makes continual progress, and the people show a more general interest in the laws of health. Concurrently with the spread of knowledge as to the right ways of living goes the movement for better housing conditions and far improved buildings and surroundings for factory workers and office employes. The fresh air and exercise cult makes for health and longevity, and in general sanitary living and sanitary environment operate to raise the level of physical efficiency, and so to increase the sum of human happiness and value, even though the number of our days may not be lengthened.

The United States Senate is never quite so unfunny as when it seriously tries to be funny.

All Philadelp'ia Afoot.

Philadelphia has a grievance against street car magnates of that town, and a just one, we have no doubt. The companies have recently abolished the six-for-a-quarter tickets, and now demand 5 cents straight for each ride, with transfer privileges as few and far between as they can possibly be made.

Of course, this is an attempted hold-up. It is altogether probable that street car fares in Philadelphia were reasonably and sufficiently at 4-5 cents each. But the people were apparently so well satisfied with paying that figure that the capitalists owning the lines, in pretty secure alliance with the political powers that be, doubtless figured that the masses would not resist a squeeze, so they went after the extra money, as they have always done in Philadelphia—and in some other cities, too, for that matter.

But Philadelphians have answered them in a fashion that will be abundantly successful if persisted in to the bitter end. The whole city is organizing itself into walking clubs—men, women, and children—and they will not ride for any price. To be seen on a street car nowadays, unless of imperative necessity, is a downright badge of dishonor among the common folks over there; and the cars are said to be far from overcrowded and unusually free from strap-hangers in consequence. "I walk" is the motto inscribed on thousands of bits of blue ribbon fluttering from Philadelphia shirt waists, sack coats, and so on at this time.

This is the very simplest of all ways to fight a battle of the kind Philadelphia has on hand now, and it is one absolutely sure of victory. There is not a trust or combine in the whole country, that could not be brought to terms in a month if this weapon were hurled against it effectively, persistently, and without any sort of mercy. If one month failed to turn the trick, a little longer time would accomplish it.

We glory in Philadelphia's spunk. It has faced an outrageous situation bravely, and the people ought to carry their point, and will, if they are dead game and fight the fight to the limit. We predict that the restoration of the six-for-a-quarter tickets will come quickly enough to feel the effects of the walking and the cash returns show a marked falling off.

A Beaneater wrote it "classic Boston," and a hard-headed loutyper put it "classy Boston." Naturally, that gave Boston quite a shock.

The cost of living alone seems proof against the laws of gravitation.

"Of course, if the Northern Democratic newspapers do not like the conduct of the Southern Senators and Representatives, they have a right to send a few of their own to Washington, which they do not do," says the Macon Telegraph. But suppose the Northern Democratic newspapers have no Southern Senators and Representatives?

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we hope the Weather Bureau is not to be turned over to Mr. Emerson Hough. Not that we love the Weather Bureau so much, of course, but we do love Chief Moore, and we have nothing in the world against Mr. Hough.

Beach Hargis has been sentenced to change his residence from Breathitt County to the Kentucky penitentiary. We should not call that punishment.

Nevada wants the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. The last we heard from Nevada prior to this announcement, it was sporting for a war with Japan.

Seven stitches were taken in a Philadelphia girl's heart a few days ago. As a usual thing, budding summer girls manage to take better care of themselves than that.

According to the Philadelphia Record, the commodity clause in the Hepburn law has been found to be "entirely constitutional and perfectly useless." Still, the Record must admit that it takes an unusually smart Congress to get by with a law of that kind.

Mehmed V will "listen more to the advice of others" than did his sublime predecessor, we are informed. And yet the new Sultan is said to have only two wives, while Abdul Hamid has three-score or more.

That income tax thing will not get a half-way respectable look-in this session.

Prefacing his remarks with the statement that he intends voting for the Aldrich-Payne bill, Senator Cummins said—but the subsequent proceedings interested the Senator from Rhode Island no more.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

IN THE SPRING.
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of duds.
His vest and tie,
His half-hose vie
In vernal freshness with the buds.

William Allen White has turned down the Kansas lieutenant governorship proposition on the ground that he would rather be editorially useful than politically ornamental. And we guess he is about right.

There is talk, it seems, of some European king conferring a title on Mr. Roosevelt. The American people once conferred on him the proudest title on earth. Would Europe essay the hopeless task of adding perjury unto violets?

Toledo claims to have an umpire who can be understood perfectly when he calls the plays. This would seem to put it up to grand old Texas to come forward and claim a brakeman who can be understood perfectly when he calls the stations along the line.

Omaha's "cowboy mayor" seems to be about the hardest thing to unhorse his enemies ever tackled.

The new Sultan of Turkey is expected to put many reforms in operation. Any changes he makes must necessarily be for the better.

If "Mooley" had arrived at the White House a year earlier she would unquestionably have been a goat.

What shall it profit Admiral Tausseg if he silence one Norfolk gun and lose his peace of mind forevermore?

"The man who never has a good word for his home town is a nuisance," says a Virginia contemporary. Not altogether, mayhap. At least, he sometimes stimulates the more patriotic to further boasting.

Unfortunately for the proper adjustment of things, it is manifestly impossible to obtain Alexander Hamilton's opinion of Senator Johnson, of North Dakota.

TESTING THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Taft's Methods as Shown in His Tariff Attitude.

From the Toronto Globe.
The new tariff measure now before Congress will test the mettle of the new President. As it now stands, that measure is grossly unjust in its fundamental conception, especially burdensome to the great masses of the people, and on the face of it, is an almost unbelievable surrender to the few highly protected interests of the country. Nothing could be a more cold-blooded repudiation and denial of the pre-election promises of the President than is the Senate tariff bill.

The McKinley tariff made heavy the people's burdens; this adds to those burdens. The Dingley tariff chastised the people with whips; this new tariff would chastise them with scorpions.

What will President Taft do with it? He has power, as Executive of the American Republic, more autocratic than belongs to any ruler or statesman under responsible government. Certain it is he will not play the spectacular part played by his predecessor. Perhaps nothing less or nothing else than Mr. Roosevelt's clamorous public appeal would have sufficed for the situation as it then stood.

The corrupt interests were so entrenched that nothing but the fury of public indignation would be effective. Mr. Roosevelt could play that part, and he played it to the limit. Even those who objected to his methods are coming to see—some of them at least—that there was not much choice of weapons in the desperate struggle of honor and honesty against the colossal evils that had debauched great public institutions and had fared great good of the nation. Roosevelt took his own line, but the line, and the line, and the line, might not have yielded any but his rough-and-ready methods.

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CLEVELAND A POLITICIAN.

More Astute Even Than David Bennett Hill.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Mr. Cleveland was both overpraised and overbused. He was an upright man and a sturdy official. He made many mistakes, but they emanated largely from self-confidence and lack of knowledge. He tried to do his duty. If his early life as a man about town in Buffalo needed atonement, his later life as the head of a family amply made it. His sins, and the outcroppings of a robust manhood can be called sins, were venial, as they were brutal. Mr. Cleveland was the most solicitous of husbands and fathers. It was his nature to be kind to women and children. The notion that he was simple-minded and indistinguishable as a politician, however, is of the mark.

Always self-reliant, too positive as to his conclusions, he was singularly subtle in his mental processes where he knew the field of endeavor, accurate in his measurements, and carry in his methods. David Bennett Hill was regarded as the boss politician of his time; but in the higher arts of the trade, he could not hold a candle to Grover Cleveland.

Virginia Apples Please England.

From the Virginia County News.
In 1862, when Mr. Andrew Stevenson, a citizen of Albemarle County, Virginia, represented the United States at the English court, he caused several barrels of Albemarle pippins to be presented to Queen Victoria. From that time until her death, the pippin was the apple eaten at the Court of St. James, and it may be that King Edward keeps up the custom of his mother. At any rate, the pippin has a wonderful popularity in England now. Mr. C. E. Snyder, the Richmond fruit expert, received, in the summer of 1907, an order from a wholesale fruit merchant of England for 20,000 barrels of pippins. Snyder also received an order from Copenhagen, Denmark, for 5,000 barrels of pippins.

CLEANING UP PITTSBURG.

Sentences Imposed in the Recent Graft Cases.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.
Sentences were imposed upon five defendants in the recent graft cases and upon two men charged with embezzlement yesterday. The penalties range from one and a half years in prison and a fine of \$500 to \$1,000. The five defendants convicted of bribery and of conspiracy have appealed their cases to the Superior Court and have obtained superseadeas to stay execution of judgment until their cases are reviewed. The two convicted on the charge of embezzlement have apparently decided to take their medicine without a further resistance.

While the previous good character of some of these defendants has excited the utmost sympathy for them in their predicament, no one is likely to assert that the sentences are excessive for the crimes charged. The courts appear to have taken into account the extenuating circumstances in each case. Of course, there is the chance that the convicted men may prove their innocence to the satisfaction of the higher court, or that they have not been given opportunity to present their full defense. In such event the sentences will not stand. What is said of them is necessarily on the premise that the proof has been adequate, as held by the trial court.

In any event, the main object of the prosecution has been gained; that is, not the severe punishment of the men, but the demonstration that the law cannot be set at naught as a criminal device for crimes charged. The fact that subject to severe penalties, this fact was apparent in danger of being forgotten. Illicit bargaining, according to common report, had come to be regarded as the only means to obtain official action or favor. No matter what the crime, the proceedings have certainly destroyed the fancy that bribery has become an accepted custom.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S LUNCHEON.

British Appreciation of the Way They Do It in London.

From the London Daily News.
Women's luncheons are like loof drinks, Morris chairs, and the Dewey system of cataloguing libraries, among these specifically American institutions which have by now obtained a firm footing in this country. A very brilliant luncheon, adorned by the most distinguished of guests and the most beautiful of toilets, was held yesterday at the Hotel Cecil by the Society of American Women in London. We have no doubt that the more material elements in the festivity were in keeping. American women pride themselves on their knowledge of gastronomy and not less on the elegance and grace with which their feasts are served, and about the luncheon a peculiar charm of continuity to throw a peculiar charm of femininity. This arises, of course, from the special economic and social circumstances of American life. The midday meal is peculiarly the women's meal. The day shoot by express elevators, or else they jostle one another round quick-lunch counters. But in the suburban home of the typical American woman leisure reigns at midday. Housekeeping is finished and the children are in bed by the afternoon. Mrs. Jonathan has plenty of money to spend and a far stronger sense of her own social value than the Englishwoman generally attains to. Therefore she selects the midday meal for dining. Both hostess and guests wear their prettiest toilets, and have, as they say, a "real good time," even in the absence of men. An American woman's luncheon would certainly effectively dispel the belief of the cynic that women don't elaborate dresses only to dazzle the eyes of men. All American women, at all events, can be seen as, for instance, at the class suppers of women's colleges, wear their prettiest dresses to please each other, or, if you prefer it, in rivalry of each other.

WON'T COST MUCH.

From the Arkansas Gazette.
Mr. Aldrich won't put the Government Printing Office to any great expense in printing the free list.

THE BIG STICK

VOL. II, NO. 51. WASHINGTON, MAY 8, 1909. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.
CurMotto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

A REBUKE.

The Big Stick respectfully acknowledges receipt of the following somewhat impertinent communication:
"A short and ugly poem.
Was written on the order
Of an idiotic plan.
The effort was apparent,
And the single was no good.
So he'd better stick to lecturing
For loquacious, drink, and food."

To our readers, this is merely the craven thrust of a would-be rival of Mr. Claude X. Bennett, the bard sublime, who penned the lay for a recent issue of The Big Stick to which A. B. N. smugly refers. The very fact that the criticism is couched in verse—and very poor verse, we must say—is a highly suspicious circumstance in our connected sight.

On behalf of young Mr. Bennett, however, we desire to say that he writes poems merely as a side line. It is a sort of safety valve through which excesses occur and anon great stacks of energy, in short, he has to vent himself on these illuminating columns, moreover. What we ask you, would S. G. B. do if he could not turn his poetic soul loose in The Big Stick now and then? What of Richard Oulahan? And that great master, X. O. M., known as the Allied Austin of Washington? What would this world be without their songs in The Stick?

A. B. N. evidently fails to appreciate true genius. But we shall not be discouraged. In short, he has to be headed off from our benign intent by carrying critics and howling pessimists.

A NATURE FAKE.

To the Editor:
Dear Sir: I am very much interested in the career of Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas. Learning that he has been meeting for some time, and learning further that he will not be with the Senate during the extraordinary session, you will confer a great favor on me if you will publish a picture of him, to be made, and see if he can be found. I notice that since he has been lowly of the streets at getting frisky and are performing all sorts of stunts.

Very truly yours,
INQUIRE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of The Big Stick.
Dear Sir: I desire to use the space of your valuable publication to register my protest against the special issue daily in the tariff debates in the United States Senate. I am not very well informed on the subject of the tariff, but I am no worse off than 99 per cent of the people of the United States. I cannot, however, remain silent while Senator D. Oulahan speaks so disrespectfully of the tariff, and I am sure that you will sympathize with me in this regard. I am sure that you will sympathize with me in this regard. I am sure that you will sympathize with me in this regard.

And then they deftly climb a fence
And jump six ditches—it's immense.
Now, you're half way through your journey—hence
And take your leisure as you please;
Far from daily haunts away
Was you glad and blithe and gay
A-listening, listening, listening to the band!

Oh, listen to the band!
The music's fine and sweet and grand.
I mean the one of Santelmar;
"Uncle Sam's" prize winner, understand!
All in this world you have to do
Is to walk a good long mile or two,
Turn to the left and then go through
Some pastures green and farmyard, too.

A-hunting, hunting, hunting for the band!
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And after while you reach the spot
A trifle tired, a wee bit hot—
But there, all gorgeous, is the band
That plays the music fine and grand.
And there you sit you down in ease
And take your leisure as you please;
Far from daily haunts away
Was you glad and blithe and gay
A-listening, listening, listening to the band!

Mr. James W. Beller, attorney at law of this city, and others, attended at the "Peace Supper" at the Willard Hotel May 8, 1909.

OUR FRIEND.

Myr Cohen is an earnest worker for the Big Stick. He not only plugs for it persistently, Myr stays awake nights devising plans to be put into his friends. That's the way he built.

THOSE CONCERTS.

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ROOSEVELT AEROGRAMS.

From the Baltimore American.
The suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt be named for the Conservative party, and Germany will not probably be repelled. The ex-President, by force of his own strenuousness, must be doing something, and now that he has laid down the big stick nothing possibly would please him better than a correspondingly vigorous waving of the olive branch.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

There is a wealth of interesting things in the world that the rank and file of the people know nothing about, things that stand at their door, and yet they do not appreciate, while at the antipodes, perhaps, people of a different race and speaking a different language are in touch with them, for there is a Free Masonry among those of similar tastes and ambitions, especially among artists and literary folk and other members of Bohemia, and they, one and all, possess a shibboleth that unlocks the holy of holies of their kind.

Such a thing is the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, the fame of which has traveled all over the universe. It is known wherever one of the brotherhood of Bohemia exists, not to those not of the elect, here in its own home, it is a closed book; yet what it has accomplished in the three decades since it was founded deserves to be widely known, even among Philistines, that they may be awakened out of their sluggishness.

The grove-plays of the Bohemian Club were an old story when Ben Greet began his outdoor performances, and it is not too high praise to say that nowhere in the world today has performances in the open reached such a high state of excellence. One of its members, Porter Garnett, sets forth all of this in a little book published not quite a year ago, which has already done much to make the "jinks" of the Bohemian Club familiar to the public. Just why they are called jinks must be explained, for the title in no way indicates the character of the plays, which are serious, dignified, and literary, with wonderful scenic effects, but was inherited from the early festivals less literary and formal in character. The meetings of the Bohemians take place near the full moon in August or July, in the redwood forests in California; hence the designation grove-play. The text of the play is written by a member of the club, and the accompanying music by some master who is on its rolls as a member, or stage actor in a glade of the forest, and the seats for the audience are heven from redwood logs. There is no scenery, save the mystical forest itself, and no lights except on the stage and in the orchestra. Considered as a theatrical environment be imagined for the purpose of a play, all of which is best described in Mr. Garnett's own words:

"Slowly, mysteriously, the only curtain, which is one of darkness, is lifted, and the stage is lighted by artificial means, cunningly disguised, augmenting the placid rays of the moon. The action of the play begins. The voice of an actor rises rhythmically in a message of poetry; now a troupe of choristers sing a mighty chant, while the orchestra leaps to their aid with a great volume of sound that fills every recess of the grove. Splendid figures, in auras of light that seem to emanate from their persons, appear at various points on the hillside and take part in the action; a band of dancers runs upon the stage and perform a sylvan dance with graceful wavings of branches or the clinking of cymbals. Again and again through this fabric of poetry, music and drama, the indefinable spirit of care obtrudes his hideous presence, uttering threats and vituperation, only to be discomfited in the end by some god or hero, who personifies the spirit of goodness and right, and who is the savior of the world and the dispenser of the boon of peace, achieved in a moment of symbolical, is finally resolved by the death of care.

"There is something in the spiritual content of this composite art-poetry, music, and drama, aided by the ministry of nature, the elements of the grove, and of the night that subjugates the soul. It exerts a subtle hypnotism over the emotions; it leads one gently through its mysteries, only to whelm the visual and intellectual canons of the surprising wonder. This is the illumination of the hillside, which is coincident with the end of the performance. Gradual, at first—a rosy glow on the far hilltop—it grows and grows until the moon, with the chorus and the orchestra, the last triumphant chord, the hillside is swept with an avalanche of light and the grove-play is over. The ceremony known as the 'Cremation of Care' follows, after which there is a midnight supper and still later, the low jinks."

The Bohemian Club started in 1878, with less than 100 members. In the more than a quarter of a century since then its membership has grown to nearly 1,000, and its roster contains some of the best-known of the literary men, musicians, and artists of America. Will Irwin, who makes an enviable record, both in journalism and fiction, is an active member of the club, and he wrote the Hamlets for its performance in 1904. Charles K. Field, the editor of the Sunset Magazine, is also a notable member. Among the musicians is Humphrey John Stearns, who for the last seven or eight years has been organist of St. Dominic's Church in San Francisco, and was for a time musical critic for the San Francisco Examiner and the San Francisco Evening Post. Mr. Stewart, it will be remembered, was the founder of the American Guild of Organists in New York, and his compositions, which include the "Nativity," an oratorio, and a mass in D minor, have been received with the highest appreciation here in the United States. A pianist is prominent in the club is Louis Lissner, an alumnus of the University of Berlin, Royal Academy of Arts, and the Royal High School of Music of Berlin, and a pianist of international fame. Galet Burgess, whose book, "Are You a Bromide?" would have won him fame had he not already gained it, when he lived in California and edited the Wave and then the Lack, took a leading part in the jinks of the Bohemians, and in collaboration with a fellow-member wrote the text for one of their plays. Jack London is also a leading luminary of the club, and George Sterling needs no introduction. In fact, the club's roster includes all the artists, musicians, and literary leaders of the Pacific slope, and it has associate members all over the world.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Brazil always has supported the Monroe doctrine," said Dr. J. C. Rodrigues, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, editor and owner of the Journal of Commerce of that city, at the Arlington last night. "In fact, Brazil offered to make an alliance with the United States in Monroe's administration when the President pro mulgated his famous principle. No matter how strong and powerful Brazil may grow, or how independent she may feel, she is a strong believer in the Monroe doctrine, and always has been."

Gustav Leiner, of Sax, Bohemia, accompanied by Mrs. Leiner, is at the Raleigh. Mr. Leiner is a hop merchant, his product being mainly used in the manufacture of the famous beer which is brewed in the city of Pilsen, Bohemia.

The export of hops from Bohemia to the United States is growing steadily. This year's output is much greater than that of last year. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that the American beer drinker wants the best the market can afford. Americans are cultivating a beer taste, and they do not mind the cost as long as they receive the best product.

"The temperance movement in the United States has done no harm whatever to the foreign hop trade. The American brewer, notwithstanding his loss of numerous counties and States in the temperance fight, uses more imported hops than he ever did. He brews more beer than he ever did, and more beer is drunk in the United States than ever before.

"The beer export from Europe to America has not kept step with the hop export. At any rate, it does not show a falling off.

"The trouble with the American barrooms is the bar feature itself. There should be no bar. There should be seating accommodations, where a man can take his glass of beer, and rest. Another bad feature is the treating habit. That should be abolished. I think it is one of the worst features of the American saloon.

"I am surprised there is so much whisky consumed by the better class of Americans. With us the consumption of whisky is discouraged, while the use of beer is encouraged in every way. You may know how whisky stores are looked upon in my country, when I tell you that they are closed every Saturday evening at 5 o'clock and remain closed for the balance of the day, the being the day when most workmen and laborers receive their weekly wages."

The city of Cartagena, in the republic of Colombia, is one spot where the business of being a fireman is no great drain on the nervous system, according to Joseph K. Duffy, of San Francisco, who was seen at the New Willard last night and who had spent some months in Cartagena.