THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone: Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.

Daily and Sunday	50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday	$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday	40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday	$4.80 per year
Sunday, without daily	$2.00 per year

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Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1909.

Senator Aldrich's Leadership.

Senator Dolliver's plea for a more moderate application of the protective idea in order that the system of protection itself might be preserved shows some apprehension as to the political effect of Aldrich leadership in tariff revision. No such apprehension is felt by Mr. Aldrich himself; for he declared on Tuesday that the Senators supporting the protective duties in dispute represented States "that can and have and will elect Republican Presidents." There is much truth in this statement, although the Senator from Rhode Island would hardly relish defection from the Republican column of the States now represented wholly or in part by insurgent Senators. There are, however, only three or four Republican States represented wholly in the Senate by low-tariff men, the other insurgents coming from States with a divided representation as between insurgents and regulars. Mr. Aldrich doubtless shrewdly guesses that this division has its counterpart in public sentiment, and that there is a Republican contingent in every State favorable to a strong assertion of the protective idea. He appears willing to risk the issue with the insurgents and to accept the full responsibility for the effect of his own acts upon the party welfare.

Yet, it may well be inquired whether the extraordinary ascendency displayed by Mr. Aldrich over legislative matters of the highest importance, and, in fact, over administration policy wherever it involves legislation, was in the contemplation of the voters during the last Presidential campaign. If it had been known in advance that the new tariff bill would be virtually an Aldrich bill; that the opinions and desires of the Republican candidate for the Presidency, within two months after his inauguration as Chief Executive, would be replaced in party authority and legislative influence by those of Mr. Aldrich; that the President's recommendations with respect to taxation would be wholly ignored, and a policy of retrenchment entered upon at the suggestion of the Senator from Rhode Island; that the original proponent of tariff revision would be reduced to silence and relative impotence respecting the tariff soon after taking office, leaving the whole subject of revision to the judgment and sense of justice and party expediency of the most conspicuous leader of the protected interests—if all these things, we say, had been known to the American electorate last November, would the result have been different? Evidently Mr. Aldrich thinks not.

At all events, his rehabilitation and successful self-assertion constitute the most conspicuous event of the new administration. His mastery of the legislative situation in the Senate is supreme, and Senatorial domination of the House, as everybody knows, is the rule. He ventures to read out of the party men who are but re-echoing in the Senate chamber the pre-election views of their Presidential candidate, and endeavoring to have legislation molded in accord with those views. With jeers at the new Republicanism of which so much was hoped by the country, he refuses to recognize its credentials as authentic or its purposes as meritorious.

Does this capture of the legislative situation—we had almost said the administration itself—by Republican bourbonism coincide precisely with the expectations entertained last fall by those who followed the advice of Roosevelt?

"Does 'Uncle Joe' belong to the house-servants' union?" inquires the Beaumont Enterprise. "Uncle Joe" is the exalted ruler thereof.

Absent Army Officers.

The grievous condition which finds many of the regiments of infantry and cavalry without the officers who belong with those commands has been increased rather than diminished during the last few months. This condition was the reason for a recommendation from the Secretary of War at the last session of Congress for legislation which would increase the commissioned personnel of the military establishment by 600 officers. That number has been withdrawn from active duty with companies and troops or as field officers of infantry and cavalry for what is known as detached duty, that which calls for their services with the special staff corps, with the militia, with the military colleges, and so on. The number of officers thus detached from their line duty has steadily increased. It is safe to say that there are more than 800 of them now who are so employed.

This certainly justifies Congressional relief in a direction and by a means which will restore to the infantry and cavalry the officers who should be with the fighting personnel in time of peace, that they may be found there, competent to perform their duties, in time of war. The prospect of the scurrying which will ensue in a time of emergency is enlivening, but it presents a peril which sagacious military experts are prompt to recognize. There are several regiments which are without the colonels to command them, and the Sixth Infantry is commanded by one of its majors, the colonel and lieutenant colonel being absent on detached duty. When the system of detailing line officers to duty with the staff corps was adopted, it was foreseen that just this condition would prevail, but the desire to profit by the system in the way of promotion which was possible under that arrangement set aside all other considerations until now, when it is evident that the condition must be fully met by replacing in the line those officers who are withdrawn for detached duty, most of it of a sort which is of the greatest importance.

Congress, so far, has refused to respond to the appeals which have been made by the War Department. Unless something is done at the next session, the army will be in the position of inviting all forms of trouble when the time for action is precipitated.

"Pessimists are scarce articles these days," says the Baltimore American. That speaks well for the country, considering the tariff revision dose Congress is dishing up for it.

The Proof of the Pudding.

Says the somewhat hard-headed Charlotte Observer:

"The Charleston News and Courier, The Washington Herald, and the Montgomery Advertiser greatly grieve us by continued errancy, for we have taken no little trouble in the cause of their enlightenment. One insists upon Jerusha as the lady who put the kettle on, another upon Polly, and another upon Molly. A little more encouraging, however, is the case of the Nashville American, which interpleads for Johnny, and thereby produces a version almost half correct.

It pains us very much to be obliged to draw the doc-u-ments, with the accent on the "ments" (that being the way they pronounce it in North Carolina) on the Charlotte Observer, but it seems we shall never hammer the truth into its cranium otherwise. We said in the first place that it was Polly who put the kettle on, and we thought we had silenced all difference of opinion concerning the matter—indeed, we think we did, save in the isolated and persistent sanctum down Charlotte way. We went to the trouble of fashioning an editorial promulgation in reference to Polly that might easily have ben played on the piano, we think, and the Observer's failure to be convinced thereby we ascribe more to its poor ear for music than to its willful determination to be contrary, albeit past experience with it furnishes scant reason for suspecting it was altogether that.

Will the Observer concede that Charles Dickens may be considered fair and approximately conclusive authority upon which to rest Polly's claims in this momentous discussion? We take it that the Observer will—even the Observer. Dickens would not put words that belied history and the truth into the mouth of one of his better or nobler characters, would he? No one will contend that he would. Very well. If the Observer will turn to chapter xvii of "Barnaby Rudge" and read this, perhaps it will not pester us again with its ridiculous chatter about Jerusha, Johnny, et al:

"A long and profound silence ensued, broken only by some change of position on the part of Barnaby, whose eyes were still wide open and intently fixed upon the fire, or by an effort of recollection on the part of Grip, who would cry in a low voice from time to time, 'Polly, put the ket—,' and there stop short and go off in a doze again.

"After a long interval, Barnaby's breathing grew more deep and regular, and his eyes closed. But even then the unquiet spirit of the raven interposed. 'Polly, put the ket—,' cried Grip, and his master was broad awake again.

"At length, Barnaby slept soundly, and the bird, with his bill sunk upon his breast, his breast itself puffed out into a comfortable alderman-like form, and his bright eye growing smaller and smaller, really seemed to be subsiding into a state of repose. Now and then he muttered in a sepulchral voice, 'Polly, put the ket—,' but very drowsily, and more like a drunken man than a reflecting raven.

"The widow, scarcely venturing to breathe, rose from her seat. The man glided from the closet and extinguished the candle.

"'—tle on,' cried Grip, suddenly struck with an idea, and very much excited. '—tle on. Hurrah! Polly, put the kettle on, we'll all have tea. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!'"

Far be it from us to rub anything in, but—well, we do hope the Charlotte Observer is convinced now, to say the least of it.

"There are more wool buyers in Texas than any other ten States put together," says the El Paso Herald. Plainly enough, our contemporary means "wool gatherers."

The American Leaven.

We think that no American can fail of a feeling of pride and gratification at reading the article by Mr. Edward A. Steiner in the current Review of Reviews, embodying the results of his investigations as to the influence of emigrants returning from America to their homes in the Old World.

At the time when emigration turned seriously toward the United States from Hungary and Poland the condition of the peasantry had been steadily growing worse for years. Intemperance and indolence had contributed, with other causes, to their losing their allotments of land; thrift was becoming unknown, the usurer had full sway, and the peasant was living a hand-to-mouth existence on the product of more or less uncertain but certainly ill-paid daily labor.

One trouble was that the European peasant—for the trouble was not confined by any means to Hungary and Poland—had no incentive, no example, to higher effort. This has been furnished by the returned emigrant from the United States. The down-trodden peasant who left his native soil to seek a living in our land has, in many cases, amassed what to him is a moderate fortune. Returning to the fatherland, he has been quick to see—taught by his American experiences—the value of the despised land which, lacking labor, had been forced onto the market. He bought it and is farming it and is putting his fellow-peasants to work on it. During the years between 1899 and 1905 the land owned by the peasantry increased in some districts as much as 408 per cent, and, covering the entire emigrant-furnishing area in Austria-Hungary and Poland, the increase of land held by the peasantry amounted to 173 per cent.

This land was bought, of course, by money brought back to Europe by returning emigrants who had earned it here, and the effect of it has been not only to lend a healthy stimulus to agriculture, but to increase thrift and industry by force of example.

Nor has the leaven of the American example stopped here. It was impossible for the returning emigrants not to take back with them the lessons of daily living learned in the United States. It was largely a matter of course that coming from conditions as they exist here they should try to better conditions as they exist in their native land. The result has been that the usurer is being robbed of his employment, the houses and the farms of the peasantry are becoming more pretentious, cleaner, more healthy, and better managed. New laws even have been framed compelling a certain degree of sanitation; these laws instigated by the returned emigrants.

Not only that, but these emigrants, taught in the American school, have carried back with them the gospel of righteous discontent, so that the peasantry is no longer satisfied with the coarse food and the makeshift homes, and as a result the smaller shopkeepers throughout the land report that they have been forced to put in a better stock of goods than ever before. Nor in this imperfect list of benefits that the old country has derived from the American leaven must it be forgotten that the returning emigrant has taken back with him new ideals, so that the men have come to have a new conception of the dignity of womanhood, and the condition of the wives and sisters and mothers has been vastly improved, not by law, but by force of example.

And day by day this leaven is working throughout the world. It is the spread through the old lands of the American gospel. In 1907 there were no less than 800,000 emigrants returned to Austria-Hungary and Poland. Year by year the returning tide will flow.

Sending away inefficient, almost helpless and hopeless men and women, these have been tried and purified and made efficient in the great American crucible and have returned, and are returning, strong of arm, clear of brain, ambitious, eager, and willing in their own might and by the force of their single example to better by so much the world we live in.

"A little of the old 'soeva indignatio' would not disturb anybody if properly directed," says our esteemed contemporary, the New York Evening Post. Which is an extremely dignified and decorous way of suggesting the Big Stick of yesteryear.

Senator Simmons and Mr. Bryan.

Evidently Senator Simmons is not a close reader of the Commoner, or fails fully to grasp the sage utterances of its distinguished editor. Mr. Bryan has not laid down the doctrine that a party platform is absolutely binding upon party men, regardless of individual views. This is what he actually said:

"It is incumbent upon them to show either that they were elected before this platform was adopted, or that in their campaign they openly repudiated the platform and gave notice of their adherence to a different doctrine."

There is nothing radical or extraordinary in this—certainly nothing to warrant deep and bitter resentment in any Democratic quarter.

No doubt Mr. Bryan has been inconsistent many times in his career. Nearly all public men have been and are. But the Nebraskan usually, if not uniformly, has adhered to the doctrine he now promulgates anew. Indeed, in reply to Senator Simmons' charge that he (Bryan) himself once voted against a Democratic platform in Congress, proof is forthcoming at once that, in the instance cited, he repudiated the particular plank in the platform before election and in his campaign—the proposition to repeal the 10 per cent State bank tax law.

"Prosperity is on the way, although it is rather cleverly disguised," says an optimistic philosopher. Well, prosperity will be very welcome when it arrives—false whiskers, green goggles, and all!

And so the word "whisky" is to be given a "more liberal construction" under the new order of things? We should think the extreme prohibitionists would rather welcome that sort of thing.

"What is a Democrat? Who is a Republican?" inquires a United States Senator. It might be a relief to butt the walls of a padded cell for a period, just for the sake of diversion, if nothing more.

"The Jap is a natural-born imitator," says Mr. George W. Watkins, of Portland, Oreg. Which tends further to show that he is very much like other human beings, after all.

It is gratifying to hear that the late H. H. Rogers arranged things in his will in such wise that Mark Twain may never be worried again by a debt of a financial nature. Mark has scattered much sunshine in this world, and he certainly ought not to be pestered in his old age by bill collectors.

"The practice on African railways of letting distinguished travelers ride on the cowcatcher is intended, presumably, to save the expense of a headlight," says the New York Evening Post. And a whistle, too, probably.

If it be true that extreme beauty tends to crack the camera's lens, what do you suppose one of Mr. John Wesley Gaines' flights of eloquence would do to the newly invented machine for photographing sound?

We are not at all in favor of Kentucky feudists shooting one another, but if a feudist must be shot, it seems to us that notorious Ed Callahan was about the fit and proper person for the honor.

A Florida mob lynched a man under sentence of death a few days ago. Still, from one point of view, that may be looked on as something of an improvement.

A Chicago clubwoman denounces sour cucumber pickles and fudge. How can she expect to attract recruits to the cause if she persists in that line of talk?

Somebody claims to have seen "a strange and odd-shaped airship, probably of French design, circling around the German Emperor's palace" recently. Reminds us of Mr. Loeb's salad days in politics, and those $5,000,000 conspiracies.

In promulgating that anti-matrimony ukase on the threshold of June, the naval authorities evidenced their appreciation of the dangers the midshipmen would be up against in re the sweet summer girl.

A Georgian complains that prohibition has produced more moonshine than ever in the Cracker State. We fear this news will stimulate the Georgia politicians to more still hunting than usual.

The good old nurse who used to tell Mr. Roosevelt bear stories when he was a youngster has passed to her reward. How proud she must have been of some of Mr. Roosevelt's own bear stories

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

TWO CASES.

The great and learned Socrates
Possessed a wife, they say,
Who thought him but
A useless mutt,
A dullard and a jay.

While Mrs. Gasbag believes her hub
The greatest man around.
Keeps closest tab
On all his gab,
And thinks it most profound.

The Mecca.

"A great many people are discovering that the state of their health requires them to summer near Beverly, Mass."

"What's the joke."

"There is no joke. It's a petrified fact, I tell you."

Familiar Scenery.

"Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Saw icebergs and such things, eh?"

"Yes; but I missed the billboards, I can tell you."

A New Scheme.

"Sued for a breach of promise, eh?"

"Yep."

"Any defense?"

"Temporary insanity; and I expect to prove it by the love letters I wrote."

Boyhood Days.

The poets prate of youth's estate
In endless rhymes.
But now and then I think that men
Have better times.

The Facts.

"Do poets ever really starve?"

"Well, maybe not. But we seldom ever get a chance to overeat."

An Easy Way.

"I think I'll go abroad. I want to write a volume of travel."

"Why go abroad? Just take a guide book and supply it with anecdotes."

Quite So.

"One would think they were always rich."

"Well, there's nothing one can get accustomed to more quickly than luxury."

DUTY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The Wind-up Institution for Majority of Students.

From the Ohio State Journal.

The high school should be made emphatically a wind-up institution, since the great majority of the youth go no further. Its classic, its science, its history, its philosophy should be so taught and generalized, as to give to each its appropriate influence upon the life of the pupil. These studies should be pursued not so much for their knowledge, as for their influence, a distinction that every educator ought to understand.

For instance, to be able to analyze a flower, classify it, tell the function of each part, and so on, is knowledge to be learned, but one comes short of the real learning of the flower, if he does not feel in his heart its beauty and harmony, and to see how close it is to the stars, the mountain, the river, and the sunset. He can get this in the high school, and he doesn't have to go deep for it. Sometimes, they go so deep as to miss it. It depends upon the teacher and the school; and the school may be across the street from where he lives. We do not deprecate the broader opportunity; we exalt the one that is near at hand.

GOOD TIMES COMING.

Signs on Every Hand of a Most Prosperous Era.

From the Cleveland Leader.

There are many other signs of good times, coming and in large part already here. The farming population, which is half of the country, is enjoying extremely favorable markets. Wages are tending upward again. Real estate is rising. The financial resources of the country were never before so great. Gold accumulates and bank reserves are ample. There is much confidence in the future of trade and industry, and there was never less danger of evil in governmental issues or political unrest.

Clearly, the country is moving onward into a period of great business growth and prosperity. It is going to mark up new records by wholesale and keep on doing that sort of thing for several years, at least, before the next serious setback.

President May Yet Speak.

From the Baltimore American.

The President has not apparently sought to impress his views upon either branch of the legislative body as to what should be done in the formulation of particular schedules. At least, he has not been sending in tariff messages to either branch. In his inaugural address he indicated briefly, but in general terms, what he thought should be accomplished in the matter of framing a new tariff. It may safely be assumed that he has not changed the opinions which he expressed at the time of taking up the Executive duties. The final adjustment of the schedules—the work of the joint conference—is the occasion when an expression of opinion from the Chief Executive will be most fittingly and effectively timed. An expression of views on the part of the President would not come with lesser force from the fact of having been withheld until the final shaping of the measure, but with greater. It is not likely that the joint conference will disregard any suggestion which the President may make.

Always Full of Peril.

From the Staunton Dispatch.

This thing of courting another man's wife is a very dangerous proceeding, and it is wholly unnecessary. There are a great many marriageable unmarried women still to be found, and some of them almost as attractive as the married women. The difference is not worth being shot for. And some of these can surely be won to matrimony with half the effort required to dodge bullets and pay court to married women. If it is stenuosity and excitement a man is hunting there are other ways of getting these, just as lawful. Play football.

Nonscientific Advice.

From the Detroit News.

A Cornell professor of engineering delivered a final lecture to his class, the text of which was, "Pay your debts." He knew that a man must put as good material into life, do as honest a job of riveting in his obligations as if he were building a bridge across a river, and not a span from eternity to eternity. Life, like a bridge, is no stronger than its weakest point.

HIS RAINY DAY.

I never was much on a rainy day,
When the light and the lilies are rained away;
I think o' the mortgages comin' due
An' a thousand things that are sad to you!
Right out in meetin', I'm free to say,
I never was much fer a rainy day!

I keep a-mopin' around the place,
Watchin' the drops in the rainy race;
The droppin', shiverin' trees—they seem
Like skeleton ghosts 'n a misty dream;
An' I get to shiverin', too, an' say:
"They'll rain the soul o' me clear away!"

Yet, the rainy day—it falls just right;
It makes us know how we'd miss the light,
If it said a long and last good-by
To the shadowy curtains of the sky,
Still, out in meetin', I'm free to say,
I never was much fer a rainy day!

—Frank L. Stanton.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Omar, of the golden pen, come, O come to us again! 'Neath thy figtree and thy vine, with thy loaf and jug of wine, seat thyself again, and write, in the caustic vein, or light. Thou who swatted many heads, tore so many fakes to shreds, made the ancient humbugs hump, kept the wise guys on the jump—come, great Omar, from the mists, come and swat thy parodists! Come and give the rhymesters fits—all the jingling, grass-fed wits, who profane thy noble verse; come and place them in the hearse! They who love the Khayyam strain, treasure from a master's brain, satire keen as tested steel—they who love old Omar feel that the imitative crew should receive the wages due, be rewarded for their toil with a bath in boiling oil. But the law is in the way; if the poets we should slay, we'd be pulled by the police for disturbance of the peace. Come, then, Omar, from the shade, where thou hast too long delayed, and with sundry skillful twists, wipe out all those parodists.

WALT MASON.

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PENROSE VS. LA FOLLETTE.

Pennsylvanian in Role of a Lawyer Who Has No Case.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is, or used to be, the rule among lawyers that "when you have no case abuse the attorney on the other side."

Senator Penrose adopts this rule in his attack upon Senator La Follette. The Wisconsin man is undeniably histrionic, theatrical. He has oddities which make the thoughtless laugh and the judicious grieve. But these personal peculiarities are of no public interest, and when Senator Penrose drops the considerations of the merits of the case and abuses his opponent for his gestures and affectations, his artificial reticences, and transparent deceits, he confesses that his logic is not strong enough to meet the arguments of the insurgent Republican.

The country is not greatly interested in Mr. La Follette's personal oddities. They are diverting and useful as contributing now and then to the public gayety. But the real interest centers in the proposals and arguments of Senator La Follette when he considers, on the floor of the Senate, questions of great public importance. If Senator Penrose can show that the Wisconsin Senator's public position and attitude are wrong, if he can prove that his suggestions of economic and political policy are not well considered, that they are weak, impracticable, or vicious, we shall be glad to listen to him. But nobody cares how La Follette combs his hair, or what his tipple is, or how often he makes people laugh and stare by pretending to be sick when he is only sawing wood. His ideas on public policy, not his manners and mannerisms, should be discussed in the Senate.

AN OPPOSITION PARTY.

Democracy May Yet Be Instrument of Needed Reforms.

From the Baltimore Sun.

It would be a bad day for the nation if the Democratic party should disappear from national politics and the country should be at the mercy of the Republican party, with only a scattered and feeble opposition to withstand it. Thoughtful men of all parties realize the vital importance to the country of a strong opposition to the party in power now, and to any other party which may come into power in the future. There are issues yet to be settled—issues upon which the Democratic party, under sagacious leadership, may appeal with success to the masses of the people for support. There are monopolistic influences to be resisted. The Democratic party can continue to act as the champion of the masses. The tariff is an issue which, it is to be hoped, will be adjusted scientifically and equitably in time, and to the best interest of consumers, of manufacturers, and of American labor. And even with a tariff which may seem to many Americans to be oppressive, unfair in its discriminations and sectional, the country may continue to prosper for a few years, just as it has prospered in the past, despite inequitable legislation, because all the elements of prosperity were at hand.

The Democratic party will not be shipwrecked on the tariff issue if the people realize the imperative necessity of maintaining a vigorous opposition party to curb the excesses of the party in power. The people are vitally interested in carrying through reforms which are essential to their warfare. The Democratic party may prove to be the instrument by which the masses of the people will obtain protection from evils with which the Republican party may prove unable to contend.

Clapp in Mood to Make Trouble.

Arthur Wallace Dunn, in the St. Louis Star.

On several occasions Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, has stated that he would object to any arrangement or any agreement which would bring a vote on the tariff bill, and it has been taken to mean that he intends to prevent any vote unless the bill is amended in many important particulars and there is genuine revision downward. For several months Senator Nelson has been having the bulk of the advertising as a tariff revisionist in Minnesota. Occasionally some one has written to Washington saying they hope that Senator Clapp would unite with Nelson to secure a reduction in schedules. This has nettled Clapp a great deal, especially as a year from now he will be in the throes of a campaign for re-election. Minnesota has become very much imbued with the idea that it wants the tariff reduced and Senator Clapp intends to see that he is publicly represented as a revisionist, even if he has to object to every proposition to have a vote on the tariff bill. But no one man can hold up the bill. It will take a combination of Senators who are willing to talk long and often in order to prevent a vote when the debate and consideration of the schedules is exhausted.

Rah, Rah, Rah!

From Puck.

A porpoise can neither play football, nor yell, nor even so much as wave a flag. He can't smoke a pipe. He can act like a fool, it is true, but he can't entertain the notion that in so doing he is bright. He can't call his father the pater, nor his mother the mater. He can't, merely by filling his head with the east wind, get to imagine himself simply it. Why, then, do we continue to speak of schools of porpoises?

Brains Also Worth Considering.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

"What we need in this country most is to use or brains more," remarks the Abbeville News, and we consider it pretty good doctrine. Brawn and muscle do their part in the affairs of life, but some brains are needed to make a success of almost anything.

When Interest in Life Ceases.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Life ceases to be really interesting to the majority of people as soon as they are able without any trouble to live within their incomes.

Easy Marks Popular.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

A professional gambler enjoys meeting an amateur who knows all about the game.

MODEL TENEMENTS.

Millionaires Can Do More Than Medical Men to Solve a Problem.

From the New York Sun.

To show to a dweller in an East Side tenement house "delightful little miniatures of model tenements with small and attractive suites of rooms and ample central court yard, with grass plots and a fountain," and to tell him that he must live in such a place if he would avoid tuberculosis, is like telling a sick bookkeeper on a salary of $1,000 a year that he must take a six months' trip to Europe if he desires to get well. Where is the man who is trying to support an increasing family on $10 a week to find the model tenement represented at the tuberculosis exhibit? Such structures are few and far between. We believe with Dr. Bristow that the multiplication of model tenements would do more than anything else that has ever been proposed to check the mortality due to preventable tubercular disease. "This is a land of huge fortunes," as he truly says, "and our millionaires are generously inclined." The millionaires who act upon his suggestion will do more to solve the problem than can be accomplished by medical men without their aid.

FREMONT WON DIXIE.

But He Will Not Be Made a Rear Admiral at Once.

From the New Orleans Daily States.

It appears that all the commercial organizations in the Mississippi Valley have been urged to join in a movement to have Congress pass an act raising Capt. John C. Fremont to the rank of a rear admiral because of the "eminent and conspicuous conduct" which characterized his navigation of the battle ship Mississippi up the river of the same name from New Orleans to Natchez.

We would be well pleased, indeed, to see the gallant Fremont made a rear admiral, but we are inclined to believe that he will be tempted to smile at the ardor of the friends he made during his visit to the South because he knows now that any commanding officer in the navy could have navigated even a larger battle ship than the Mississippi to Natchez and return as safely as he did that vessel.

We are quite sure that Capt. Fremont will not expect promotion because of his recent successful river voyage, but nevertheless he should be promoted for doing something much greater. He should be made a rear admiral of the United States navy for the magnificent spirit he displayed as a true American when he sent the now famous dispatch to the Charleston News and Courier saying: "There is no sectionalism in the United States navy. Its patriotism is limited only by the boundaries of our great country."

He gave expression to a sentiment in words that are destined to become historic in the navy of the United States, and this amounts to very much more in the way of achievement than the voyage from New Orleans to Natchez.

INTERMRRIAGE OF CAPITAL.

Financial Combinations the Greatest Security Against War.

From the New York Globe.

In the olden days, when one nation wished to draw closer to another and to establish peace more firmly, it was customary for the reigning families to intermarry. It was assumed that a king was less likely to make war on his daughter's husband. The modern and better method, providing more influential hostages, is for capital to intermarry. If the great peoples could but arrange to invest mutually in one another's securities it would set up a real bulwark against war more stable than any disarmament agreement. It is community of financial interest that is to achieve the consummation that has been the ideal of Christianity. Our leading men—as one did yesterday at Bryn Mawr—are less likely to assail France as decadent if it shall appear that Frenchmen are industrious and thrifty enough to have money to own a large slice of America.

Sermons Boiled Down.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Resources for to-morrow depend on reserves made to-day.

It is always safe to idealize the real if you realize the ideal.

Piety adopted because it pays costs more than it is worth.

All the stiffness in a man's neck is taken out of his back.

The best proof of a great religion is its use on small occasions.

A life is holy in the measure that it makes lives really happy.

The only way to digest a good sermon is to do what it suggests.

The pessimist always puts his best corns forward in a crowd.

Some folks try to get rid of a man's faults by advertising them.

Every man knows just how to play the game until he goes to the bat.

You never can express the factor of man in terms of the dust alone.

Any one can understand the divine love when it is in terms of human kindness.

Point of Order.

From the Kansas City Journal.

After noting that a Hutchinson printer refused to get married until he could get a marriage license with a union label, a Kansas editor wants to know what that printer is going to do when the stork pays his home a call.

Frivolity's Own Reward.

From the Buffalo News.

"A whole lot of women marry nowadays," says Magistrate Crane, "just to have a good time." As a result a whole lot of women, if we may add our simple observation, have a batting average of about .00273. And it serves them right.

A Chicagoan's Sublime Courage.

From the Omaha Bee.

A brave Chicago city official has had the hardihood to tell a woman's club there that the phrases "Garden City" and "City Beautiful," as applied to Chicago, are not appropriate or justifiable. That man is entitled to a hero medal.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Catholics are aiding the Southern negro," said Rev. John E. Burke, director general of the board for mission work among the negro people. He is at the Shoreham and is attending the missionary congress at the Apostolic Mission House, Catholic University.

"The mission represents an effort to reach the negroes through industrial education," continued Rev. Dr. Burke, "and the effort is being made to found institutions somewhat on the plan of the schools conducted by Booker T. Washington and others.

"It is a hard problem in the South, for the present generation of white men does not seem to care as much for the negro as the generation passing away. The old families, who regarded the negroes with affection, are disappearing. Something must be done for the race, for it has been neglected.

"It's salvation lies in work," added Dr. Burke. "The negro must be brought to realize the necessity for regular labor. Eighty-five per cent of the negroes in the South are in rural communities. It is far better for them that they should remain where they are than that they should come to the cities, for that means the ruin of many of them. If they stay in the South, they must be trained to industrial efficiency. They must be taught habits of diligence, and learn how to make a good living. The board would aid the negro to develop and become useful members of society.

"Although the proposed schools will be devoted to giving the negroes an industrial training and an education suited to their present needs, the primary object, which is to give religious ideas, will always be in view.

"It is reported there are 9,000,000 negroes in the South, of whom less than half have received baptism, and that fully 4,000,000 belong to no church and profess no creed. There are 1,000,000 children who never enter a schoolroom because there is no school within reach. Less than 200,000 are Catholics.

"We are making an effort to receive an annual revenue of $100,000 for the establishment and maintenance of schools and churches in the South. Therefore, we are appealing to 100,000 persons, asking each to send us $1 annually."

Father Burke, in making this appeal, does not limit himself to the Roman Catholic faith. The fact that the work is largely along industrial and social lines has stimulated a general interest in it.

Dr. Edwin S. Valentine, of Chicago, a wel-known educator of that city, is at the New Willard. Speaking of the usefulness of college boys, the pedagogue said recently that the student is an important factor in the development of the psychological and natural sciences.

"We know that 'poison squads' for the testing of food values and the effect of preservatives are commonly recruited from the freshmen ranks, and that sophomores are turned into veritable test tubes for the elucidation of important problems connected with the chemistry of food. The battles of vegetarianism against carnivorism, of anti-alcoholics against moderate indulgence, of eggs against fish, and of milk against everything else have been largely fought out in the bodies of college students.

"In the realm of experimental psychology," continued the professor, "the same martyrdom is exemplified. He has been stretched prostrate on a balanced board, and his emotions have been worked on by false statements, with the result that a rush of blood to or from the heart has sent him sliding to the floor feet foremost or head foremost. He has been tortured into trying to remember how many steps he took between the parlor and his bedroom. He has been forced to admit he couldn't remember whether he put his right or his left shoe on first, and that he wasn't sure of the color of his mother's eyes, or whether his father wore glasses. In short, in the name of science," added Dr. Valentine, "he has consented to be saddled with a reputation that would disqualify him for any position of the slightest responsibility."

Discussing the production of ivory, Vladimir Fedoreff, of St. Petersburg, Russia, who was seen at the Raleigh, said Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but that the production of it belongs to another age, and to a species of animal that does not now exist.

"The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs, which are called urmans. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred these animals lost their lives venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight.

"Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble-stepping, broad-hoofed reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would quickly be ingulfed, and this may be a partial explanation of the remains of the mammoth and the rhinoceros, which are so abundant and so widely diffused through these northern marsh lands of Siberia.

"In the museum at Tobolsk are numerous specimens of mammoth, and throughout that region they are by no means rare. When an ice pack breaks down a river bank or floods tear up a frozen marsh, or the summer thaw penetrates a little more deeply than usual into the ground, some of these antediluvian monsters are likely to be exposed.

"In many cases the remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark shaggy hair and underwool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines and even some of the Russian settlers persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing underground like moles, and dying the instant they are admitted to the light.

"Politics in Russia? You must excuse me from discussing this subject. Russians are not supposed to discuss politics outside the Douma. To do so anyway is liable to bring on trouble."

This story by Robert E. Watson, of Minneapolis, Minn., who is at the Riggs:

"An Irish laborer entered a drug store, and, drawing a paper bag from his pocket, poured on the counter a number of sticky and unpalatable-looking candy lozenges.

"'Can ye examine them swates?' he asked.

"'They look queer. What is the matter with them?' inquired the druggist.

"'Pizen, Ol'm a-thinkin'. Did ye iver see such stuff? Dinnis Daly give them to me bye, and Dinnis is no friend o' mine.'

"'Well, I can make an analysis.'

"'All right. Ol'll come to-morrow on me way from wurruk.'

"The Irishman had reached the door, but he suddenly stopped with his hand on the latch.

"'An' how much will that 'nalysis be costin' me?'

"'Five dollars,' was the answer.

"Paddy walked over to the counter and swept the lozenges into the bag, which he placed in his pocket.

"'Niver moind,' he said, 'niver moind. Ol'll fade me wan to the cat.'"

Fear of a Muzzled Press.

From the Trenton Times.

A sorry day it will be for the State and the country if the newspapers are prevented from commenting fairly on the acts of public officials. Conditions are bad enough now; they would be much worse with a muzzled press.