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SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1909.
A New England Writer.

"Not to cause laughter, nor to cause tears, but to act as nature acts; that is to say, to make one dream, and to describe ordinary life as history is written."

That was the literary creed of Sarah Orne Jewett, regarded as one of the foremost women writers in America, who died at South Berwick, Me. on Thursday night. She was fifty-nine years of age, and hers had been a busy, a profitable, and a useful life.

In her life's work, Miss Jewett upheld the best New England traditions in literature, and her "creed," which, written on a slip of paper, she kept in front of her desk, she lived up to earnestly and faithfully. She was at one time very widely read, and the quiet conservatism that marked her writings, the verity of her work and her high ideals exerted no little influence on her time.

She was an invalid in her youth. Her father was a professor in the medical department of Bowdoin College, and with him, for her health's sake, as a child, she used to take long excursions into the country. This was at the formative period of her life, and the stamp her mind took then was more or less reflected in all she was to write.

In some ways it was unfortunate for her fame that Sarah Orne Jewett's activities should have fallen into the period they did. For temperamentally and artistically her work was a continuation of that New England movement that has given America so much of her best narrative literature. Had the current of that movement been undisturbed, Miss Jewett must have been accorded higher rank and a fuller measure of fame. But in the midst of her activities came the era of the advertised novel; the "six best sellers" and the fortunes made by industrious mediocrity. In a literary sense the reading public went off after strange gods, and the sterling writers with a real message—not blatant, but softly spoken—were deserted save by the elect.

Those who know letters, however, will agree that Sarah Orne Jewett was entitled to be spoken of as the foremost woman writer in America; simple realism and fidelity to nature marked all she wrote, and she occupied a position in the literary history of this country not unlike that held in England by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was her intimate friend. New England to the backbone, she was in no sense narrow. She had traveled much and knew many of the great ones of the earth. But always was she imbued with the spirit of and the love for New England and its history and its people. "I was born here," she said once, "and I hope to die here, leaving the lilac bushes still green and growing, and all the chairs in their places." In South Berwick she fell asleep. The lilac is still green and growing—the wish of her heart has been fulfilled.

Social Order on the Isthmus.
When some of the disgruntled critics of the work of the United States government on the Panama Canal can find no fault in the progress of the work; when the bed of Gatun dam refuses to slip and give them something to prophesy direly about; when they turn to the morals of the question, and more than once the allegation has been made that the American administration down there has done much to demoralize the simple natives and lead them into paths of vice and dissipation. If one were to have paid heed to these critics, he would have been forced to a belief that the Canal Zone was a hotbed of vicious living, hard drinking, and evil ways.

the Zone has been increased by tens of thousands, so that the percentage of saloons to people must have enormously decreased. It would be interesting to know the exact figures.
If this is not a sufficient answer to the critics, one has only to point to the wonderful sanitary improvement of the Zone, a wonderfully practical demonstration of the old proverb that "Cleanliness is next to godliness"; to the increase in churches and the fine school system that has been established. Beginning with one school under an American superintendent in 1896, there are now no less than twenty-nine common schools and two high schools, educating over 800 children, while educational facilities are open to all down there. Remember, too, that lotteries have been suppressed, hospitals established, homes made comfortable, fevers eliminated, gamblers expelled, and life made safe and comfortable, and there can be little doubt as to the quality of social order established by American pluck, honesty, and genius on the Isthmus of Panama.

The Navy at Work.
The Seattle newspapers are earnest in their appeals that the entire Pacific fleet of the navy shall be kept in Seattle Harbor during the existence of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition as a valuable adjunct of that institution. This is only natural under the circumstances, on the part of those who are interested in the success of the exposition and who realize that the spectacle of an entire fleet, composed largely of modern vessels of war, would be worth beholding. It so happens, however, that the ships that command must receive their semi-annual overhauling in order to keep them in condition for service, and that many of the ships will be at the Bremerton (Wash.) Navy Yard or Puget Sound until next September, when they are due to reassemble with the ships now at Mare Island, Cal., for the autumn exercises and target practice. It is advanced in advocacy of the display of the ships at Seattle that they would be an enlightenment and an inspiration to the visitors, of which there need be no question.

The naval authorities, on the other hand, are justified in refusing to accede to this demand. In other years there has been much of this display work on the part of the navy, and the criticism directed against the department and the service itself related to the tendency to engage in the "show business" instead of attending to more serious occupation. The ships of the navy must be kept in good condition for the duties they will be called upon to perform, and the personnel attached to those vessels must be maintained in an efficient state, which can be accomplished only by maneuvers and target practice. To divert the ships from this laudable and practical employment in order that they may remain in the neighborhood of an exposition for many months would be at a sacrifice which is not justified by the enjoyment of a spectacle on the part of exposition visitors. The navy has already contributed to the opening ceremonies of the Seattle Exposition, and the resumption of the important work of the naval vessels and their commissioned and enlisted personnel is entirely to the credit of the naval administration.

Gov. Joseph M. Brown.
Joseph M. Brown was inaugurated governor of Georgia yesterday. The ceremony was brief, dignified, unostentatious, and quite characteristic of the man. His speech, just preceding the taking of the oath of office, was couched in broad and general terms, but sounded, nevertheless, a note of peace, good will, optimism, and confidence in the integrity of his constituents that must have impressed his constituents not at all unfavorably.

We think it quite likely that Mr. Brown's forthcoming administration will challenge the interested attention of the entire Union. He stands for ideals sharply opposed to those enunciated by his immediate predecessor, Mr. Hoke Smith. Mr. Smith went into office on the crest of an ultra-radical wave—anti-railroad, anti- negro, anti-pretty-much-everything. His administration began with a financial panic, in which, justly or unjustly, he was held to have played his part, and he bequeathed to his successor an ugly controversy between labor and capital, in which the ever-vexing race question figures largely. It is apparent enough, too, that the anti-Brown politicians—and there are politicians of great ability and resourcefulness on that side—will endeavor to force the new governor's hand to the limit in that matter, and for no very good or patriotic purpose, moreover.

He who runs may read, however, that the plain people—those whom Lincoln said God loves because He makes so many of them—are full of confidence that Gov. Brown will be easily equal to all emergencies righteously thrust upon him or designedly framed up for his embarrassment or perplexity. He is a very earnest, simple, straightforward man, is Gov. Brown. He does not play to the galleries, and he is not credited with an ambition to built up a political machine or perpetuate a faction. It is the idea in Georgia, we think, that Mr. Brown considers the office of governor far and away more important than a United States Senatorship—a worthy and creditable conclusion more than mildly discredited in the average State capital.

Mr. Brown's present reputation is founded on the belief that he is conservative, without being weak or unduly favorable to any special interest or interests; that he understands what he is about when he handles the railroad question as it affects his State, because he is an expert on freight rates, has served well and most acceptably as a railroad commissioner, and put in a number of years, in his earlier life, in the railroad business. He is believed to entertain ideas on the race question in keeping with the best and truest thought of the State, and he is credited with that quality of aggressive courage necessary to insure an impartial and just administration of the laws as they affect all the people. And one appears to suspect that he will seek, in any manner whatsoever, to advance his political fortunes at the expense of any individual's rights or liberties. Georgia, we may say, has tried out the

Hoke Smith experiment exhaustively, and is now about to see how it likes the other method of running its affairs. Mr. Smith's ambition has been rudely checked, though not necessarily, perhaps, permanently arrested. At present, Georgia does not seem to think it greatly admires his erstwhile way of doing business, and the evident state of his temper at the moment of his, at least, temporary exit not unaturally will incline many people to think that Mr. Smith, even though unconsciously, may himself share that rather widespread opinion. But you never can tell with exactness about those things, and Georgia may change its mind again, and that even in spite of the fact that truly conservative and progressive citizens everywhere will, we suspect, feel moved to hope not.

The country has its eyes on the South nowadays. It is, we hazard the prediction, of all the sections the one destined within the next decade to show the greatest proportionate material advancement. The country will observe the trend of events in the Empire State thereof with lively interest, the which may not be altogether unmingled with hopeful anxiety, however.

"Don't sulk, don't scowl, don't quit," advises the Grayson (Va.) Gazette. Well, why does the weather man not turn on something a trifle cooler in the June line?

Where sits Aldrich, there is the head of the table.

When a man thinks he has a good anti-get-hot rule, and he tries it, and nothing happens, naturally he is hotter than ever.

If we can only get into the safe and sane Fourth of July habit in this country, we shall, in all probability, wonder how on earth we ever managed to celebrate the day in any other manner.

Joy riding, so called, is not apt to appeal so strenuously to reckless chauffeurs whenever it becomes generally conceded throughout the country that its termination, in aggravating circumstances, is the penitentiary.

"What material shall we use hereafter in building party platforms?" inquires the Chicago Post. How about punk?

If you do not think this old world is hustling along, consider the fact that the probable interference of airplanes with wireless telegrams is being gravely discussed in scientific circles.

From the way some of the interests are shying at the proposed corporation tax, one would be justified in thinking they have not yet been able to think out a plan whereby the consumer may be made to pay it.

Under the heading, "June Brides," the Concord Monitor prints an account of twenty-four local weddings in one day. Plainly enough, this June bride season is going to wind up in a blaze of glory.

"It took 'Bob' Taylor to tune the jangled strings of harmony in the Senate," says the Knoxville Sentinel. The Senator will have proven himself a wonder if they stay tuned, however.

Perhaps there is one little hamlet somewhere in which Leung Lim has not been located. He certainly has been seen in about every town on the map.

"If the Kansas City team should win steadily for the next three weeks, not losing a game—" begins the Kansas City Journal. Forget it! Along that way lies madness.

Good Dr. Elliot may think it a shocking suggestion, but the real truth is a whole lot of people fall for optimistic Walt Mason who would not waste through the gloom of "Paradise Lost" for 10 cents per word.

A New York banker is quoted as having said, "Morse was convicted for doing exactly what I am doing every banking day of the year." Maybe so; Justice is blindfolded, and she does pretty well, we suspect, to round-up even an occasional plutocratic rascal.

Senator Heyburn may not love the press gallery, but the press gallery dearly loves him, in spite of all.

Well, is it too neatly, we would not spring that old one on you for anything whatever!

Senator Tillman wants Paris green put on the free list. The humble consumer will accept small favors thankfully, even though he may have his serious doubts about Paris green as an article of diet.

"The people expect the Republican party to redeem its campaign pledges," says Gov. John A. Johnson. Probably they did expect it at one time. Whether they do so now, however, brings on more talk.

Mr. Bryan says he will not be a candidate for the Senate unless "some emergency arises." Emergencies are mighty accommodating about arising on occasions, however.

EXECUTIVE AND CONGRESS.
Commendation for Mr. Gore.
From the Birmingham Age-Herald.
Senator Gore is well qualified to fill any office.

White House Notices Compared.
From the Providence Journal.
The President is a shrewd politician, though a less shrewd one than his predecessor.

More Funny Than Probable.
From the Florida Times-Union.
Wouldn't it be funny if as soon as the Republicans finish with their skyscraper tariff bill, Mr. Taft should veto it, and call Congress together to reduce the tariff.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.
SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.
He was a hero bold,
Contented dweller
Within the sheltering fold
Of a best seller.

She was a heroine gay,
The chiefest glory
And pampered pride of a
Continued story.

She moved in her own set;
He in his tarried.
And thus they never met
And never married.

And so from trouble free,
'Mild joy and laughter,
They each lived happily
Forever and ever.

The Boss is Awed.
"Why don't you ask your office boy to wash those windows?"
"Isn't got the nerve to do it, old man. He was the valetictorian of his class."

Financing the Vacation.
He coughs without a shiver when wifey goes away; the more he has to give her the longer she can stay.

Always Happens.
"It is hard for a man to be talkative when company comes," remarks a married philosopher, "without giving away a lot of things that his wife didn't want told."

The Starring Season.
That precious pearl,
That chorus girl,
Gets her better days
And proudly stars
In all the summer news.

A Suggestion.
"Seems to me people don't rise to their opportunities."
"How now?"
"Seems to me some manufacturer might have met this demand for bands by marketing a cigar with at least four bands on it."

A Fine Issue.
"Are you in favor of spelling reform?"
"I am," answered the practical politician. "It's a good safe issue, and we might provide some fine jobs by getting up an interstate spelling commission."

Poor Old Dad.
"I understand the bride's father was overcome by his emotions."
"See; he could only utter a few feeble checks."

SOME HOT WEATHER "DON'TS."
Keep These Things in Mind and Be Cool and Cheerful.
From the Philadelphia Week American.
We have our pet collection of hot-weather "Don'ts." Most people have. But we think these are adaptable to the needs of the great majority.

Don't work too hard.
Don't think too hard.
Don't fall to play, but don't play too hard.
Don't, if you are a man, wear a waistcoat, and don't fall to discard suspenders. If your waist will provide sufficient moral support to certain portions of your apparel.

Don't, if you are a woman, fall to remember that in spite of fashion's dictates your waist will provide sufficient moral support to certain portions of your apparel.

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PEOPLE AND THINGS.
Joy Riders Pronounced Thieves.
The joy rider whose career on a borrowed automobile was brought to an end recently by his arrest in Washington, may serve as a test and a warning to others of like inclination. His sentence in New York to two years in Sing Sing was accompanied by a brief lecture from Judge Swann that merits wide circulation. Said the court:

"The joy rider has gone mad. It is time that an example was made, for I believe that if the courts had not been so lenient in the past this prisoner would not be in court to-day. When these joy riders steal their employers' cars it is urged that they intend to restore the machines, but I say that it is just as serious under the law to steal the use of the cars."

Charlotte Both Dry and Wet.
Apparently the controversy about the alleged Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence continues as warmly as ever. A recent attempt to hold a meeting at Charlotte, N. C., of descendants of the signers of that elusive document resulted in the appearance of but three persons. The Charlotte Observer speaks of the observation that a larger attendance was probably prevented by the rain. But the Manchester News Leader comes back with the suggestion that the signers didn't appear in greater number because Charlotte is a prohibition town. That fact would seem to deprive lateral relief from an outward flood of cold water from the sky. But the Manchester critic harshly continues:

"If the people of Charlotte really had faith that a Mecklenburg declaration ever existed or was signed, the last one of them would trace back to an ancestral signer and they would find enough genealogical Charlottes to spread to make at least a shadow of a claim to kinship with shadows."

Reel Chinatown.
The fascination of the weird and the danger of the half-known records daily, or nightly, illustration in the temporarily acute craze of visitors to New York City to explore the mysteries of Chinatown. It is commendable police activity that assures rural parties of boys and girls who approach the purlieus of lower Manhattan to discourage their curiosity by answering requests for guidance with the flat statement that there are no such things in that region of opium joints and tolerated vice as they have read about. Everything, they are assured, is stale and uninteresting. If they want to taste Chinese dishes that they have heard about, they are told, with perfect truth, that they are all purchasable in respectable restaurants up, within safe radius of the lights of Broadway. Perhaps it would add to the discouragement if these innocuous wayfarers were assured that films of dirt, plain American dirt, cover and obscure about everything that can be touched or seen in Chinatown, and that the flesh of material surroundings is none the less a fact because of the usual bodily cleanliness of the Chinese themselves.

An Island for Chicago.
Perhaps it is the hot weather, or perhaps it is an opportunity for spending money, that has caused a committee of Chicago aldermen to decide that it is time to build an island in the lake opposite the city front. They have discovered a reef two miles long where the water is now not deeper than four or five feet. Now, if you multiply two miles by five feet, or even by four, the result is a considerable cubic content. But the aldermen propose to fill that watery possibility with earth. It may take time and much of the earth may slip away in the process. However, perhaps retaining walls can be built. At any rate, the scheme calls for appropriations and contracts from the city. However, the purpose of the project is to provide a fresh-air playground and bathing beach for the children. That part of the plan sounds highly commendable. But the aldermen seem to invite expert engineering opinions as well as an scrutiny of whether the aldermen who advance it are numbered among the white sheep or the black.

Midsummer Municipal Reform.
There is nothing in the realm of the politics of Democracy so fascinating, especially to the leaders of movements for reform, as popular education. This is a midsummer bee that is buzzing just now in the bonnets of the several groups of worthy citizens who are going through the motions preliminary to the periodic effort to defeat Tammany in the municipal election in New York City this coming fall. This is an undertaking that commands the sympathetic good will everywhere of the friends of honest city governments. But such observers from outside will begin to reiterate their anxious wonder why the divers brands of anti-Tammanyites do not get together in the practical purpose of nominating a single honest candidate whom their united forces can elect. However, in the meantime, the friends of purity in the abstract are proposing some warm weather intellectual work in the concrete.

They are proposing, as usual, or as they put it in elegant phrase, to "disseminate cheap literature." In order to prove that it is possible for somebody in New York to spend public money honestly. Well, that is a thesis that may keep busy and away from their vacations a whole corps of bright and enthusiastic young men.

Paintings and Penals.
There is an interesting comparison of current prices for products of art and of nature in the foreign and domestic news. One reads of the dazzling figures commanded at an auction sale of paintings in London, such as \$85,575 for a Turner, \$44,100 for a Constable, and amounts in five figures for works of other artists. Simultaneously appears in New York the tale of a pearl with a history, since it had been the property successively of the Duke d'Aumale, King Leopold, and Cleo de Merode. From these regions of the arts and the drama, the jewel had fallen into the hands of a New York pawnbroker, who sold the ticket to a mysterious purchaser for something like \$10. That was decidedly a fall in quotation. But an apparent effort is being made to boost the price by the appearance of the legal representative of an Indian maharajah, who says that he thinks that the pearl is worth \$10,000, and that his master, from whose estate it was mysteriously stolen, wants to restore the family lock by getting it back. All of which suggests faintly that thrilling work of English fiction, "The Moonstone."

Home for "Near-poets."
From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.
Joachim Miller has started a movement to erect a home for poets. Would that some one would build a home for North Carolina's near-poets and keep them and their effusions in it! In case the suggestion is adopted, we nominate Brother Caldwell of the Charlotte Observer, as superintendent. He is early the benefactor of near-poets and near-poetry of the Carolina variety that we know or know of.

Anything Left Unsaid.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
James R. Garfield and Gifford Pinchot are about to collaborate on a book about the Roosevelt administration. We didn't fancy that Col. Roosevelt had left much to be said about it.

Never.
From Life.
A man cannot make a hit by continually shooting off his mouth.

LURE OF STRANGERHOOD.
Lesson for Parent and Teacher in Case of Elsie Sigel.
From the New York American.
Perhaps no one can say for certain what it was that induced Elsie Sigel to cultivate a sentimental intimacy with a Chinaman of low condition.

But a reasonable suggestion is that she was attracted just because this man was, of all men, the most remote from the natural conditions of her life.

There is a lure of mere strangerhood that is irresistibly strong to young people of a sentimental and impractical habit of mind.

Parents and public teachers would do well to understand this attraction that they may guard against it.

A right kind of education is the kind that teaches one to see the ideal and romantic possibilities that lie close at hand.

A bad education, on the other hand, makes things seem fine and interesting in proportion to their remoteness.

Our public school teaching should include a schooling of the imagination—which is the power that does all the great work in the world—and commits all the crimes.

The imagination is well educated when it has learned how to make works of fine art and useful engineering out of the raw materials of ordinary life.

It has been miseducated when it strains after novel and sensational experiences.

Young people with a miseducated imagination are sure soon or late to come to grief.

For it stands to reason that one cannot be happy or successful if he is forever striving to escape from the things he understands to other things that are strange and distant.

SIMPLE LIFE OF MILLIONAIRE.
Amassed Great Wealth and Yet Was Unappalled by It All.
From the Mexican Herald.

In the same week that Henry H. Rogers died in the United States there passed away in Great Britain a man of equal if not greater wealth, a man quite unknown to the public. This was Charles Morrison, who died at the great age of ninety-two, leaving a fortune estimated at from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Fifty years ago he inherited from his father the comfortable fortune of \$5,000,000, and by careful investment it was immensely increased. It is told of Charles Morrison that he was a large land owner in Berkshire and Scotland, but he never in any way appeared in the public eye. He never married, but lived on his estate, Basildon, near Reading, with his brother and sister, both extremely rich septuagenarians, who inherited his estate. He also had a town house in Harley Street.

He went to his office in the city daily. He wore shabby ready-made clothes, and never had a carriage or automobile. If he drove, it was in a public cab. He ate plain food, and his only pleasures were very simply at the estimated rate of \$10,000 yearly.

He never indulged in the slightest degree in spectacular or sensational finance, and was never a promoter or market maker. His simple method was to buy largely of sound securities when a panic or other cause depressed prices, selling them again when a reaction showed a respectable profit. His purchases in times of panic were of enormous service to the stock exchange.

He habitually kept a large sum of gold as a reserve against a time of serious financial trouble. In 1854 he wrote a book on the relations between capital and labor. He was a student of Darwin, a great reader, and a lover of pictures, of which he had a valuable collection, including Rembrandts, Rubens, Reynolds, and Watsons.

This multimillionaire who led the simple life was no miser; he gave largely to charity, and was exceptionally kind to his old workpeople.

In his case, in one respect, parallels that of other very rich men, which, who, dying within the last fifteen or twenty years, were not suspected of possessing vast wealth till their decease brought the probating of their wills. In all probability there are many "richnesses" still living in quiet lives who are not so well guessed by their contemporaries.

WHITE HOUSE AND CAPITOL.
Former Again Becoming a News Center, As of Old.
From the New York Evening Post.

It must seem like old times to the Washington correspondents. No need to go to the Capitol, or buttonhole Congressmen to find out what is going to happen; just ask the President's private secretary. But this is, after all, only a special and temporary phase. It does not argue a real abandonment of the President's deliberate policy in dealing with Congress. In that he will doubtless persist. He will keep silent about the inquiries written into the Senate tariff bill, and there can be no question that he feels them to be inquiries as keenly as any man—but when the time comes for conference between the two houses, he will do what he can to have those inquiries taken out. It is encouraging to know, after the long and arduous debate, that the President still hopes to get a tariff bill "considerably better than the House bill." We must wait and see.

Meanwhile, it is obvious that if Aldrich takes the corporate tax which the President desires, and tacks it to a tariff bill containing vicious features most offensive to the President, it will be doubly irksome to the President. It is not a composite measure. Possibly, this has occurred to Aldrich!

Commission Government.
From the Kansas City Times.
It has created a new civic pride. It has established a new standard of public morals in municipal affairs. It has removed the municipal business from the realm of war politics.

It has enforced the laws and established order and decency in the civic life. It has kept the cities out of debt while it increased the efficiency of the public service. It has added to the public improvements in every city and at the same time has reduced the taxes of the cities.

AT THE HOTELS.
"This is my second visit to this country, and although I have always been a great lover of Americans and everything American, I became entranced with your country the more I see of it," said Anton Cerveny, a sixty-seven-year-old architect of Nymburk, Bohemia, at the Raleigh, last night. The Czech is of sturdy build and is a typical Slav in facial expression, temperament, and logic. He is active, physically and mentally, and does not look older than fifty-five. He speaks all kinds of languages, and has visited almost every part of the known world.

"The plain men amount to something in America; they are not ignored or lost among the wealthy and the nobility, as they are in my country. There is the independence, the truth, and the practical way of looking at things which makes the most favorable impression on me as being predominant characteristics of the American. I place implicit confidence in Americans, and have never been deceived. You may judge how deeply I am attached to your history, poetry, traditions, and accomplishments when I tell you that Longfellow is my favorite poet, and that I read with the deepest interest all American books which I can get hold of in my country. It was instrumental in establishing English language schools, conducted by a graduate of Georgetown University, in a number of smaller cities in Bohemia and in Prague. They were all flourishing. When they were opened I addressed the pupils, among whom may be found some of the most prominent men and women in Bohemia. I called attention to the great usefulness of the English language, explaining that only by acquiring that language could you American authors be read in the original."

Discussing the Czech movement in Bohemia, Mr. Cerveny said that although he was a heart a Slav, he did not believe in demonstrations and excesses, as these methods only tend to hurt the movement. "It is quite true that the Slav is not as far advanced intellectually as his German brother, for which reason the latter takes advantage of the situation. The Austrian government being German, has always supported the German cause as against that of the Czechs. The most influential men in Bohemia, be they German or Czech, were of the German government party, and when a Czech desired to be successful in business or in society he is bound to swing over to the German party in order to accomplish his ends; otherwise he will never attain his wishes. What the outcome will be, I do not think it is hard to calculate. I hardly think it is possible for any trouble on the demise of our Kaiser Franz Josef, but I am afraid the Balkan question will again be reopened, which may precipitate a general conflagration and a battle of the armies. Of course, Russia has always supported certain principalities in the Balkans as against the Austrian influence and power, which is always directed to strengthen the cause of the Catholic church as against the Russian Church."

"I am going to Seattle now, and if I like it, I believe I will make my future home in this country."

Richard S. Tompkins, of New York, a banker and broker, whose hobby is paintings and other objects of art, in speaking of the smuggling of art goods, said at the New Willard recently that the excitement created by the announcement of the implication of prominent women in extensive smuggling operations has led to a good deal of unfavorable comment on certain features of the tariff.

"As the United States has grown in wealth and prosperity," said Mr. Tompkins, "it has developed many people of large means who have artistic tastes. Some of them have gathered large collections of rare works of art. But they have received nothing but discouragement from the United States government."

"In one notable instance, namely, that of J. P. Morgan, a valuable museum of art treasures is kept in London owing to the prohibitory tariff at home. The owner would be glad to enrich his own country with these masterpieces of the great artists of all times.

"If these importations were for private enjoyment only, there might be abundant argument for requiring the heavy duty. In many cases, however, the enthusiastic collector has the intention of making museums or makes his own galleries places for the pleasure of the masses.

"In any event, a country which is rich in the paintings, sculptures, tapestries, carvings, and other artistic creations of the masters becomes the home of the highest culture. The United States has the required money to buy these treasures. It has a large company of wealthy citizens who have the artistic taste well developed. It ought to foster and encourage in every way the steady movement toward America of everything of this type that money will buy. Instead of following that policy, it places a high duty on these articles. The result is that some owners leave their collections in Europe to enrich continental cities and attract American travelers. Others try to get around the law by smuggling. Neither policy is the right one. The art treasures should be welcomed to America. The duty on them should be removed by Congress."

"Not long ago one of the chiefs of the paid officials—the general manager, so it is said—of a certain important railway, alighted at a little junction station away in the heart of the country," said Thomas R. Taylor, of Reading, Pa., at the Riggs, last night, telling this story. "The railway dignitary was returning alone from a fishing expedition and was well burdened with luggage of various kinds.

"The porter at this station proved a perfect paragon, and waited upon the traveler with the utmost possible politeness. He immediately gathered together all the traveler's traps, and said he would look after them until the departure of the branch train, when he would see that they were duly handed over to their owner.

"Impressed with the porter's alacrity and courtesy, the general manager handed him a fairly good tip, which was accepted with expressions of gratitude and evident pleasure. After a little while the official went up to the porter and introduced a conversation.

"I say, my man, do you happen to know who I am?" he inquired.

"Indeed, I don't, sir; I haven't the slightest idea," was the ready reply.

"Well, I'm the general manager of this road, and I suppose you know there is an order in your rule book which