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TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1909.

LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.

The Washington Herald will be mailed upon request to subscribers leaving the city during the summer months.

Abolishing the Billboard Nuisance.

It may be a little late to congratulate Commissioner West upon his obviously correct attitude with reference to unsightly billboards.

Let the good work go on until a ban is put upon the whole billboard business. It is out of keeping with this beautiful city of Washington.

An eyesore, a nuisance, and a disgrace. It should be abolished altogether. The city ought to be pleasing to the eye as a whole and in every detail.

It pleases us to see the Commissioner show a strong hand, exercise assertive authority, and stand his ground firmly. This is the attitude Washington needs.

A little arbitrary power now and then—prompt and summary action in good causes—will do a world of good. Oftentimes there is too much quibbling, an annoying vacillation, and a painful indulgence in words—all of which is trying upon public patience and inspires the wish for an Alex. Shepherd, who never failed to find the way to accomplish desirable ends.

Commissioner West has furnished an object lesson in point. Now we should like to see it applied to other and larger things.

Who Are Fashion's Slaves?

The average man will doubtless answer the above question by saying, "Why, women, of course." Out of the depths of experience and a neglect of having given the matter any thought beyond that experience, he will probably not only believe what he says, but will bother his head no more about it.

But are women slaves to fashion any more than men? We speak not merely of fashion as regards personal attire, but in the matter of subservience to custom and observation of the conveniences.

In the matter of personal attire, man is ridiculously conventional and utterly lacking in originality. He may answer the accusation by saying that busy men have no time to devote to the frumpier and frivolities of dress—that such occupation is for the opposite sex alone. But he is wrong.

The styles in men's clothes are as rigidly set by the leaders in such things—mainly consisting of tailors and their kindred—and the average man would no more run counter to the prevailing style than he would give women credit for independence of taste.

The disinclination of men to show any radical changes in their dress is shown in the matter of wearing heavy woolen coats in summer. Several seasons ago the "shirt-waist" man made his appearance, and some few free-spirited men undertook to walk abroad on hot days minus both coat and waistcoat.

Santos Dumont, that intrepid pioneer in the art of aerial navigation, seems to have been completely lost in the shuff. He was one of the promising kind, too.

China has achieved a unique distinction. The nations of the earth are getting mad with one another over the question of which shall lend her all the money she wants, and in a hurry.

A member of the Alabama legislature recently deposited two bottles of beer on the speaker's desk, declaring he had "purchased it within the shadow of the capitol's dome." Trust the legislators to locate those things early in the session.

Mr. Aldrich says he has "no fear of the country going Democratic." And if it does, Mr. Aldrich doubtless is prepared to prove that it is not his fault.

discard their coats, and they wear them to this day. They will not even have their summer clothes made of thin textures, such as linen and duck, except in a few isolated instances.

Are women so abjectly committed to any one form of dress? If a woman wants to wear a bifurcated bicycle garment she does so, and the ridicule and ostracism of all the men in the world could not swerve her from her intention.

Does she refrain from wearing Merry Widow hats because of man's gibes and sneers? No, indeed, she does not. She may be a slave to fashion's dictates when it suits her convenience to be so, but she is absolutely independent of man as regards what she wears.

It is perhaps too much to hope that women will ever place comfort before grace and beauty in the matter of dress, but it seems that men lose their title to the designation of being the stronger sex when they will not break over the lines of conventionality and be comfortable and happy.

T. R. Our One Best "Ad."

Advertising an advertisement is sometimes good advertising. Modern shopkeepers in this country, for instance, often have a purely advertising display in their shops, but they must needs advertise that fact in the newspapers before the display is able to do what it is intended to do—advertise the shop.

The greatest American advertisement is now circulating in the wilds of Africa, but the good publicity work he has done in the past has not ceased. A Washington traveler who has just returned from a tour around it, world declares that the personality of Theodore Roosevelt is the most powerful agent in bringing about the change of attitude of all foreigners toward Americans.

Galling as it is to our pride, it must be confessed that the great majority of foreigners pay about as much attention to American affairs and politics as Americans do to the affairs and politics of New Zealand. They know that some interesting industrial and political experiments are being tried out in the United States—that is all, except that America is where the tourists come from.

Mr. Roosevelt, not as an advertiser, but as an advertisement, brought the people of all the world to a realization that Washington must be watched every minute. Consequently every American who now travels abroad and meets people is overwhelmed with questions about Roosevelt, opinions about Roosevelt, predictions about Roosevelt.

Says the Washington traveler quoted above: "It was almost impossible to talk Oriental politics with Orientals, or European politics with Europeans. They wanted to talk American politics to an American, and their notions on the subject were entirely surrounded by T. R. The pick of the lot, however, was a Dutch banker of Amsterdam whom I met on board ship in the Orient. He sat at my side at table, and opposite was an Englishman and a German. The Dutchman was proud of Roosevelt's lineage, but blamed him for a panic in which Amsterdam had suffered. The Englishman hated Roosevelt because he was convinced that the latter was secretly aiding and abetting Lloyd-George to increase the income tax. The German worshipped Roosevelt as a 'dynamic socialist.'

"English was the language of the dinner table. The German was entirely at home with both the Englishman and me, and the Englishman admitted that he could understand most of what I said in 'American.' The Dutchman understood English quite well, and could speak it if his hearers would permit him to 'go slow.'"

"One evening at dinner he began to give us his ideas about Mr. Roosevelt. As he warmed up to the subject it became impossible for him to think rapidly enough in English, and he made many little journeys aside into Dutch, German, French, Spanish, and even Russian. Then with a purple face and clenched fists he jumped from his chair and cried, 'I cannot tell you this man Roosevelt in English, for he is too much,' but I will tell you him in a written letter." Sure enough, at breakfast the Englishman and the German and I were possessed of a Dutch opinion of Mr. Roosevelt in painfully exact English all set out in the copper-plate chirography of Amsterdam.

The upshot of the matter was that the Englishman and the German and the Dutchman are all on their way to the United States to see for themselves what manner of people it is that can produce a Roosevelt. The visit will do them good.

It has been charged to both credit and debit accounts of Mr. Roosevelt that he is the greatest living advertiser. However that may be, credit him with being the greatest advertisement America has ever had.

A number of people are sure to attribute all of Alfonso's troubles to the fact that he is the thirteenth of the name to rule over Spain.

"For foolish legislation the Georgia legislature takes the cake," says Kettle Tennessee to Pot Georgia, via the Nashville American.

The Kansas City Journal thinks the Democratic party's pathetic situation may be due to the bookworm. No telling; anyhow, pretty nearly everything else on earth has been blamed for it.

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"Frick, of the steel trust, paid \$50 in London for a dozen suits of underwear," says the Nashville American. One thing a man with as much money as Mr. Frick

enjoys about a trade of that kind, too, is that he does not care a hoot whether they shrink up in laundering or not.

"Let Texas grow," demands the Beaumont Enterprise. In grace? It needs to. That State legislature which outlawed gossip was right. There still remains the person who shrugs his shoulders and elevates his eyebrows meaningly, however. He is even worse.

The business world is, evidently encephalitic, disposed to suppress its indignation against the tariff until a period of time just preceding the next Congressional elections, anyway.

Virginia politics is doing its dingiest, so to speak, to make Washington forget its Congressional condition.

In declining to suspend one of the Ten Commandments, "Little Joe" Brown, of Georgia, was clearly within his constitutional rights.

Reports from Senator Aldrich say he is still able to eat three square meals a day, and sleeps like a two-year-old.

Again inquiries the Detroit Free Press: "Did anybody ever hear of a man playing polo for charity?" Some men feel that they have been doing just that when an amateur sews up the game.

In the eyes of his fellow-Indians, Senator Beveridge's offenses seem few, apparently, and his political fences seem secure and in fine shape.

A Texas paper thinks Senator Gore is the very man for the Democrats to name as standard bearer next time. A blind man might be just the thing the Democracy is looking for—and especially such a blind man.

"Newspapers, as a rule, strive manfully to tell the truth," says the Chicago News. Some of them can do it and not half try.

"You can't blame my lawyers for trying to make out a good case for me. They are being well paid," says Harry Thayer. Harry seems almost half sane at times, anyway.

Leon Ling seems to be as hopelessly lost as was ever any laundry check.

Life and accident insurance companies have put the ban on aviators. It was not so long ago that a number of the big companies were up in the air themselves, and they know it is a dangerous situation.

"Life looks good to me," says John D. Rockefeller. Well, it would probably look good to us, too, if we could not make an overdraft overtake our bank account, no matter how hard we tried.

Naturally, it comes easy to the paragraphs of this cracking "dry" jokes. The "drier" a thing is, the more easily it cracks, you know.

We do not believe Mr. Roosevelt will ever shoot the Outlook's office cat, however.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round," sings the poet of the Birmingham Age-Herald. It is not always that—

A Chicago university professor says, "Savages bring up their children better than we do." Any old maid will agree to that proposition.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Mr. Watson and Rural Delivery. From the Savannah News.

Mr. Penrose a Driver. From the Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot. From the Milwaukee Free Press.

Mr. Aldrich's Paternal Care. From the Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Taft and Prosperity. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Comptroller Murray's Activity. From the Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Payne's Liberal Latitude. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Bristow's Litenancy. From the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Lodge Agree. From the Knoxville Sentinel.

We Don't Believe It. From the Omaha Bee.

In the Middle Ages. From the St. Louis Star.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SOME FEEL. That life has been a failure. Some hasten to admit. They'd rather yell and ask for help than strive a little bit.

That life has been a failure. They willfully confess. They'd rather shrug than go to work and make it a success.

Their Main Use. "I suppose you found the Pyramids very impressive." "Oh, yes. And they made fine backgrounds for photographs of our party."

Dad's Real Role. "Fathers have been much maligned." "As to how?" "About using their boots on authors. On four different occasions I have been referred by a young lady to her father, and every time I found it was for the purpose of letting me down easy."

It May Come. "Will the horse really have to go?" "Not until somebody invents a hunting automobile; one that will take a five-barred fence."

A Better Field. While others at the seashore waged their dull campaigns, she stayed in town and got engaged to seven sailors.

A Pleasant Relief. "Do you ever really enjoy your work?" "Well, yes. For two or three days after coming back from vacation."

Why It Felted Him. "Am I the first girl you ever loved?" "Your question palms me." "Forgive me." "Yes; I had flattered myself that there was nothing amateurish about my love-making."

The Truth. "I hear you take a cold bath every morning." "Well, I go into the bathroom and fuss around a bit."

BRAKES THAT FAIL.

An Inexcusable Danger to Life and Limb that Should Be Eliminated. From the Indianapolis News.

"The brakes failed to work." That generally is an announcement that means more work for the undertakers. The brakes may be on a railroad train, on a trolley car, or an automobile—the result is nearly always the same. Accidents, of course, will happen; indeed, in the better-skater way in which we conduct most of our transportation agencies, they are practically certain to happen sooner or later. But, after all, why do the brakes fail to work? There must be a reason. Men may decide not to work, without any reason other than a psychological one, but not brakes. In other words, when a brake fails to work there is something the matter with it, and generally something that could have been found out by timely and proper inspection and remedied, or, if not remedied, the resultant accident could have been averted with the knowledge of the defect in mind.

But we are an impatient people. When we decide to go any place we want to arrive at our destination as soon as possible. If our machinery of transportation appears all right at a first glance it hardly ever gets a second one. The theory is that it is probably all right, and will probably serve the purpose this time even if it isn't quite all right. And so we are off at such speed as may be until we reach the emergency, and then—then the story is told by the brakes in a time even first page, with the arrangements made for the subsequent investigation duly set forth.

When there is a chance to be taken it is better to sacrifice a few moments of time than to sacrifice a few lives and limbs, whatever the exhilaration resulting from taking the chance and managing to come out unscathed. The daring automobilist who sends his speeding machine across the tracks in front of the rapidly moving street car and escapes by the skin of his teeth a good many times, but only those who are born under an extremely lucky star will not do it once too often. The story is told by the brakes in a time even first page, with the arrangements made for the subsequent investigation duly set forth.

The Grand Old Flag. From the Chicago Record-Herald. "Gentlemen," said Senator Bunkley when he was called upon to explain to his constituents about his vote on the tariff bill, "I defy any man to deny that the fathers were inspired by a higher power when they framed our Constitution. It has stood the test of time, and it has been proof against the assaults of all who would tear down our noble institutions. Nor does it matter whether the Declaration of Independence was the work of one man or many. It stands today, as it stood in the beginning, as the very soul of freedom. Who can read a line of it without feeling the thrill of patriotism, without being a better and a prouder citizen? Ah, my friends, as I gaze on the folds of that glorious flag—as I contemplate the sacred stars and stripes—as I watch the waving of that banner, the most beautiful on God's green earth—I am proud of the tears that force themselves into my eyes, and I lift up my head with the knowledge that, whatever may come, Americanism will assert itself, and we betide the foreign foe who attempts to drag those consecrated folds in the dust! I thank you, my friends, for your touching expressions of confidence."

Chicago Forever! From the Kansas City Times. "Since there is a metropolis called Chicago in Kentucky and our mail has been going there perhaps we would better change our name. What would you suggest?" says the Chicago Tribune. We would suggest nothing. Chicago is the one and only name for Chicago. It was obtained from the beginning of the world, and decided upon in the council of eternity. One does not have to hook up with the old doctrine of John Calvin that part of the race was elected from the beginning to be saved and part to be damned, to be persuaded that the name of Chicago must stay Chicago, because nothing else would cover the ground. Better wipe Kentucky off the map than attempt to change the name of Chicago.

Systematic Topping. From the Houston Post. "I suppose you are one of those men who can drink or let it alone?" "Yes, judge, when I has de price I drinks and when I ain't I lets it alone."

Simple Rule. From the New York Sun. Knieker—Can you tell a mushroom from a toadstool? Boeker—Certainly; it is whichever one it isn't.

More of the Law's Delay. From the Birmingham News. If the jurors live the allotted three-score-and-ten years the Pat Calhoun case may yet be disposed of.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

The Python's Last Week.

The sturdiest of animals in menageries travel long but reach their end. A circus on its way through Indiana included among its treasures a python said to be more than a century old, weighing 27 feet of length and 30 pounds of weight. The python awoke from a long sleep and showed signs of hunger. A live goat was forced into the snake's feeding pen. The python sprang forward and wrapped its huge body about the terrified goat. The lungs were squeezed out of the animal in the twinkling of an eye. The snake then began to cover the crushed body with saliva. When this was done it started to swallow the body whole. One of the goat's horns became imbedded in the python's throat and in the snake's effort to obtain relief the horn severed an artery. In its dying agonies the python lashed and squirmed about the tent, cages being knocked down and monkeys liberated.

A Grand Old Ship. The old sloop in New York harbor rubbed their eyes the other day when they saw the good ship Portsmouth, launched away back in 1862, come up the bay, rigged to royals and scorning the assistance of a tug. She is now a training ship for militia. She found a favorite breeze from the southwest outside the Hook and her commander decided to bring her to anchor in the harbor. That is the way the old skippers brought in the Yankee merchantmen when we had the master fleet of sailing craft, sometimes sailing them right up alongside the pier. The Portsmouth attracted the notice of the court-martials who crowded the ferries and excursion boats. She might have posed as the consolidated specter of the ships that never will come again. The militiamen themselves hunted on shores and ballards and climbed out on foot ropes of yards, which they will never have to do in case they go into the real navy, but which gives them muscle and nerve that are good for any sort of sailor.

Summer Schools Flourish. There were 47 attendants at the summer school of the University of Pennsylvania this year. Nearly all were teachers, which suggests the value of this summer work in improving instruction in the common schools.

In Virginia teachers are urged to seek summer study, with the result that there were 1,200 in attendance at the university this summer. There have been 1,300 teachers at the Columbia summer school in New York. The teachers' courses at the University of Pennsylvania have attracted an unprecedented number, many of the students being from Maryland. Others have come from the South and West. These summer schools furnish opportunity to many who are there for general culture and love of study. Few men in active life can take up such work, but many a woman whose summer weeks are for various reasons in the city, could greatly widen her mental horizon, as some have done this year, by taking courses in the summer school.

Fresh Water Terrapin Farms. They are going to have terrapin farms in Pennsylvania. They will not be for the raising of the Maryland diamond-back, but for the fresh-water terrapin, which now brings a good price in the market, and is, in fact, often sold for the diamond-back. Even the fresh-water product has begun to be scarce. The State fish commissioner selected a lake near Philadelphia, and began to experiment with the propagation of green-legged terrapin. But he made the mistake of surrounding the lake with sand, and the young legs dislike sand. Consequently, that year's work was a failure. But this summer he found another lake, and tried his luck with red legs. It seems that red legs are more hearty than green legs and more easily procured, and they taste just as much like the expensive diamond-back as green legs do. This year he eliminated the sand and accepted nature's handwork as a boundary for the lake, which was yellow clay and grass. The experiment in an unqualified success. The red legs have laid, and he will be able to know whether or not they have hatched next year, as the young have such a fondness for the depths of the pond that they refuse to come to the surface even for a sun bath.

He hopes that this experiment will demonstrate that it is possible to raise red-legged terrapin, and once it is demonstrated, any farmer can dig a lake and become a producer of a product quoted at \$2 a dozen.

An Electric Aim. A Colorado homesteader has devised what may be termed a flashlight gun. It is a revolver provided with a brass cylinder underneath. This cylinder contains a small incandescent light attached to a battery, and is so arranged as to project two lines of light, which form a cross on any object at any distance up to a hundred feet. The cross of light is so adjusted with the revolver that the bullet strikes in the middle of the cross. With this device on any kind of a gun, the necessity of taking an aim is obviated. All that is necessary is to get the cross of light on the object you desire to shoot and pull the trigger.

Rushing the Copy. From the Boston Herald. "Copy, copy, copy!" yelled the foreman down the tube. "What's your rush," shouted the Thud and Blunder editor; "this is only Thursday."

"Wake up, man, we're going to put the Sunday paper on the street to-night or beat the bellows."

Not Appreciated. From the Kansas City Star. A man who said he was walking from Boston to San Francisco, and paying his expenses by lecturing, collected 10 cents in Ludlow. He was offended at this, and said he had received \$4 for many a lecture not half so good.

HARRIMAN THE YOUNGER.

Enjoying Rough Camp Life in Idaho While Learning Railroad Engineering.

From the Salt Lake Herald. Dressed in corduroys, a wide sombrero, with face and bare arms tanned by the hot sun of Southern Idaho, the New York friends of A. W. Harriman, the seventeen-year-old son of E. J. Harriman, the railroad king, would have been difficult in recognizing him now. He likes the West and is now spending his summer vacation in a practical way, learning railroad engineering by carrying a chain and driving stakes for one of his father's numerous surveying outfits.

Recently a member of the surveying crew was injured and was removed to a Salt Lake hospital, and young Harriman visited the city to see how he was getting on. He was here several days, but his visit was kept a secret, as he does not relish attention and preferred to work out his own plans of becoming a railroad engineer. He is now carrying a chain and driving stakes for one of his father's numerous surveying outfits.

So he is plugging away, learning during his vacation in the field how to be a civil engineer, how to determine grades and mark cut-outs, fill-ins, and embankments. He thoroughly enjoys the rough camp life, is not plugging for Broadway, and is storing a lot of useful knowledge and hardening his muscles. Those who are working with him find him to be very democratic, a good companion, a sensible young fellow, and one whom they all like mighty well. They say he's no stinker, and takes things just as they come, without grumbling, and with just as much grace as a young man working for the value of his wages rather than for experience.

GUN THAT RELOADS ITSELF.

The Most Recent Invention in Death-dealing Weapons. From the Technical World. Ever since man began to kill each other, which was very soon after selfish interests began to clash, a good share of their leisure time has been devoted to the elevating pursuit of inventing instruments for that killing. From the time when the early prowler in the primeval forest discovered that, by tying to the end of a stick the stone destined to crack the skull of his enemy, he could make the crack more surely deadly, his inventive genius, as it is of his high rank among the creatures, has been busy over this problem. How to strike, with fatal effect, upon his foe and with safety to himself, has been his study, and he has given birth to many an idea tending more and more from age to age to enable him to do this work by mechanical contrivance.

It is not surprising that the most ingenious of the weapons which are now being used in the world have been the result of the genius of our own countrymen. One of the most recent of these is a gun which will reload itself. It is a gun which will reload itself. It is a gun which will reload itself. It is a gun which will reload itself.

Eleven hundred and twenty-five shots to the hour from a gun that is carried in the hand and fired from the shoulder is a high record. If that gun is smokeless and kickless, it is a gun which is a real advance. It is a gun which is a real advance. It is a gun which is a real advance.

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AT THE HOTELS.

Travelers returned from the four winds were discussing the terrors of the sea over the billows of bumpers and bows at the National Press Club. The vicious chopiness of the British Channel, the ice-tipped waves of the North Atlantic, the non-Pacific typhoons of the Pacific, the monsoons of the Indian oceans, and the hurricanes of the Caribbean seas were subjects for thrilling tales of sea-sickness and adventure. Then up spoke Louis Brownlow, the newest and youngest emulor of Cook and Magellan, after this fashion:

"Last March I enjoyed a fourteen-day voyage from Port Said to Colombo in the North German Lloyd ship Zieten. It was perfect weather when we left the Arabian port of Aden and set out over the treacherous waters of the Indian Ocean. That night, according to custom, the deck steward served lemonade at 10 o'clock, and I was sitting at the rail in conversation with a young fellow. We drank the lemonade and set the glasses on the rail—the ordinary narrow rail not more than five inches in width. Next morning I found the glasses still there. The passengers persuaded the officers to direct the crew to leave them undisturbed. For seven days those two tumblers remained on that rail while the ship plowed on through a glassy sea, and the wind whirled a gentle zephyr. The ship was as steady as a cathedral."

"There were no more stories of the terrors of the deep.

"The sensation of being shaken in an earthquake is absolutely impossible to describe," said R. I. Wake of Oakland, Cal., at the New Willard last night. Mr. Wakeley was in bed in his home in Oakland when the big quake hit that city and San Francisco, April 18, 1906.

"I cannot give any sort of description of the feeling I had when I was awakened at about