

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning by The Washington Herald Company.

734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1905, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail. Daily and Sunday, 30 cents per month.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

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 AGENT, BERNARD & BRANHAM, Boys Building.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1909.

LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.

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

A 30,000-ton Battle Ship.

The next step in naval construction as exemplified in the type of battle ship which Congress will be asked to provide at the next session is one which marks what may, without exaggeration, be termed another era in the development of the means of waging war at sea.

The prospect that the 14-inch gun will be adopted as the main feature of the armament of the battle ship is worthy of remark in view of the attitude of the naval strategists a few years ago when they abandoned the 12-inch gun as a superfluous and fell back upon the caliber of 12 inches as sufficient in naval warfare.

As was pointed out by the experts at Newport, it is still a question whether it is better to arm a battle ship with twelve 12-inch guns or ten 14-inch guns.

There are arguments to be advanced on each side of that question, and the equal division of expert military view is destined to be settled by installing a battery of twelve 14-inch guns.

"If, after ten years of unprecedented prosperity, the general government shows a deficit of \$30,000,000, there is something wrong in our system," says the Mobile Register.

"Give the legislature time," pleads the Atlanta Constitution. Give it the limit, moreover.

"People eat too much," says Mr. Rockefeller. That, probably, is a sort of mania with Mr. Rockefeller.

"A borrowed suit rarely ever fits well," says the Orange (Tex.) Leader. That, perhaps, is why the lender is often so cheerful about it.

Apparently Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Johnson propose to talk it out on that line, and it probably will take all summer, and then some.

In all this Moroccan mess, where is that old fire-eater, Raisulm? Is it his rule to take to the tall timber when the real fighting commences?

Georgia declined to make it a felony for a woman to ride a straddle. Thus another legislative hobby goes to the junk heap.

Ella Gingles will kindly refrain from going in for vaudeville, let us hope.

A Montgomery (Ala.) Sunday school superintendent has been requested to resign because he expressed the opinion that prohibition in his State is a farce.

"There are fourteen approved methods of irrigating," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A lot of old rangers know more ways than fourteen.

"We surely can sympathize with John Wesley Gaines," says the Chattanooga Times. Of course, you can. Sympathizing with Mr. Gaines may be a positive pleasure at times.

A Western Senator says: "Free hides mean free wool, sooner or later." Does it, indeed? How terrible!

Cartoonist Davenport recently pictured the beef trust making its "last stand." We shall believe it has made its last

water service measure one of their special hobbies and push it with might and main.

It is one of the really pressing needs of the time.

The Idle and the Soil.

Unskilled labor that is also unemployed has found some timely relief through the Department of Commerce and Labor. Its Bureau of Information has found work within a period of six weeks for 3,000 idle. These are day and farm laborers, so that this official activity does not invade the field of labor organizations.

The wheat fields of the Northwest will give to some of these men, and the more the better, a taste of agricultural life that may prove permanently attractive.

That is a result the attainment of which must depend upon the individual. The normal man would prefer to pay the price of work for clean shelter by night and wholesome activity and sound sustenance by day, instead of the sordid and hungry existence of tenement and street.

Frugality in Profanity.

After all, it takes the women to do things. Here is an example of the way they handled the Gordian knot in Waterville, Kans. It seems that Waterville was a very profane little place, and that a constant haze of sulphurous smoke hung over it from the livid lips of its loaves.

"What! Stop swearing? Impossible!" was the only answer they got. Then they thought of the Maid of Orleans and other distinguished forbears, and hatched a plan.

They ceased going to the market and the store. Like Achilles, they sukked in their tents. Business languished, and for a while profanity increased proportionately.

Absent treatment won the day. The city council was prevailed upon to make "By chowder" the worst thing a man might say without going to jail.

The trouble is that we are no longer profanely profane. The best men that have ever lived have admitted that under certain circumstances—provided they are certain enough—a tart, snappy "cuss word" has a good effect.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

But we have ceased to use discrimination in selecting the occasions for our profanity. We swear to indicate surprise, and we swear to express joy.

stand when breakfast may be had at least once a day without conjuring up visions of the porchouse.

Alfred Austin's threat to write a poem about Mr. Roosevelt shows that he is tired wroting fame along legitimate channels.

"Where is the grassless city?" inquires the Mobile Register. It must be that one eternal in the heavens.

"My wife won't let me rest," says Mr. Justice Brewer. Now we know what power it is that overrules the Supreme Court now and then.

It transpires that the Georgia peach growers made a bad half million dollars on the peach crop recently marketed, notwithstanding the fact that it was killed a score of times last spring.

It is charged that Nashville grand juries refuse to indict "blind tigers." Probably the grand juries think it a mere waste of time.

Mr. Sereno Payne is said to have "his eye on Senator Depew's seat." It is whispered that Mr. Depew will endeavor to see to it that that is all Mr. Payne ever gets on it.

The Bwana Tumbo hippo is threatened as a substitute for the "Teddy bear." Angela and ministers of grace, defend us.

A Maine prophet insists that the world will come to an end on September 11. Too bad; Washington cannot possibly win the baseball pennant before September 12, no matter how hard it might try.

"He serene," sings a poet in the Chicago News. So does many an Ananias, with Bwana Tumbo 10,000 miles away.

"A Pennsylvania judge's professed bribe money" says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. And it was not stage money, moreover.

Berliot forgot his compass when he started across the English Channel recently. It is a good bet he did not forget his cork life-preserver, however.

"My first real trouble is now upon me," King Alfonso is reported to have said recently. And Alfonso has been married three years or so, pessimists.

"An ex-President would look all right in the mayoralty chair," says a New Yorker. Yes; but you must first catch your ex-President.

Walker Weston will foot it back to Maine, but not via Chicago. And why should he desire to make Chicago a second time?

Col. Watterston says the "tariff will yet split the Republican party." But not so badly that it cannot be patched up about election time, we fancy.

"The Democrats should act in concert," says the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. And not so much like a village choir.

ANENT PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. La Follette's Words. Well, even the venerable Henry Gasaway Davis is descended from a long line of Italian kings, what of it? It isn't his fault, is it?

Mr. Taft and the Census. In the interests of public policy there might even be tacked on to the tariff on actors a depreciable clause, operative on those cases in which the actor might seem contrary to public policy.

Mr. Depew's Confidence. Chauncey Depew has gone to Europe, feeling reasonably sure that it will be safe for him to leave the country for a few months.

Mr. Davis' Royal Lineage. Well, even the venerable Henry Gasaway Davis is descended from a long line of Italian kings, what of it? It isn't his fault, is it?

Mr. Clark a Prophet. Champ Clark, of Missouri, is lecturing in Illinois, and, incidentally, is indulging in the interesting, if dangerous, pastime of prophecy.

Messrs. Wright Unsettled. Wilbur Wright is forty-one. Orville Wright is still on the sunny side of forty. And yet they apparently have no intention of settling down.

Gen. Wood and Peace. Until this cruel war was in progress around Boston I never saw the name of Gen. Wood, and his decision, the world should be spared any further honors of clashing armies.

Chang Yin-tang's Ability. Although the new Chinese Minister to this country, Chang Yin-tang, is said to have only a limited command of English, there is good reason to believe that he is able to deal with the business likely to come up in the immediate future between the United States and China.

Shattering a Popular Fallacy. There is a popular fallacy about a drowning man sinking for the third time. The number of times a man sinks has nothing to do with his drowning. He may sink but once, and he may go beneath the water any number of times. It all depends upon the person who is drowning, his physical condition, and how quickly the lungs fill with water.

"Sir-r-rike One!" Mrs. John Rogers knocked her husband off a cabbage with a brick on Saturday when he drove by the house with another woman.

Young and Inexperienced. A Louisiana judge has ruled that women do not own their clothes. He is probably a very young and inexperienced judge, however.

GOOD MORNING, MR. MAN! When the sun, early-headed little kid, goes tripping by, With the music of his dipping bow, And the gladness of their eyes, Heaves comes a little closer, And we all may muse to greet, That it echoes with the greeting, "Good morning, Mr. Man."

Through the pathways of the rose, Where the little feet tread, Every bud that's dipping bow, In its morning happiness, Nature stirs her sweetest blood, When the tiny toddlers run, And the meadows seem to dance, "Good morning, Mr. Man."

Ho! the footsteps of the children, And the care-free little hearts, Talking up the song of glory, Where the little ones tread, May their way be fraught with fortune, And the gentle zephyr fan, The fancies of love's greeting, "Good morning, Mr. Man."

St. Louis Star.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE ONLY ARTEMUS. When I would find relief from cares And life's mistakes, I read about my moral "bares" And festive "bair."

And when the skies seem very gray, The going hard, Your humor always smooths the way, A. Ward.

The humorists may come and go; In fact, they do; But we recall your moral show, Your kangaroo, None clamor higher, I aver, In our regard; For what a funny chap you were, A. Ward.

Simple Enough. "One writer says that genius is the capacity for taking pains. Genius, however, has never been satisfactorily defined."

"It's simple enough. Genius is the capacity for existing without regular meals."

Poor Containers. "It is difficult for a great man to find friends that he can trust his confidence to."

"Most of them are leaky, eh?" "No; and those that don't leak, sloop over."

Cleaning Up a Million. The man, to clean a million up, At wash sales had a try; Then wrung the water from his stocks And hung 'em out to dry.

So Soulful. "What has become of that soulful girl you used to rave so about?" "How now?" "The last time I called she was eating limburger cheese."

The Prevailing Fad. Rubber playing cards. Great invention. "What good are they?" "Bathers needn't lose time from the whist table. Can get a plank and play bridge in the surf."

Science Is Slow. "People going to Europe can now communicate with their friends by wireless from the ship. Science is a wonderful thing."

"Oh, I don't know. You can't send a picture post card for at least five days."

TARIFF ON ACTORS.

Such a Clause Would Benefit Professions of Home. From the New York Telegraph.

Can we not imagine an extension of the principles beautified by the tariff? Why not the American actors demand that a tax should be placed on foreign actors. Why do not the unemployed, now systematically pacing the flagstones of Broadway, demand that a tax should be put on all foreign dramatic importations? Such a tariff would encourage the infant industry of native acting, now staggering under the blows dealt it by foreign products always on the free list and always coming free.

Just imagine what even a tariff for revenue only on English actors would bring into the national exchequer; figure forth what a tariff for revenue and prohibitive imposed upon actors and singers would realize. The latter would almost pay the national debt.

In the interests of public policy there might even be tacked on to the tariff on actors a depreciable clause, operative on those cases in which the actor might seem contrary to public policy. Then would be saved from a certain devastating, tedious kind of foreign operating force, if only in past years a few tenors could have been deported ere they vexed too sensitive ears. If only we could have spared certain elephantine German tenors, the "ingenuous" For the rest, taxes on actors would be a good thing, in accordance with their value. It would not be difficult to find a board of appraisers for actors. Every actor knows exactly how much every other actor earns, or how much he should. Such a tax would weigh heavily on Sarah Bernhardt or on Eleanor Duse, but not upon some others. The manager, and in the end the public, would have to pay the tax by natural economic law managers and public would be compelled to fall back upon the home product. The home product, freed from competition, would get higher wages. Innumerable trusts that are formed under the protection of the tariff would be broken up, if you can, a trust of Salome dancers.

Americans in Paris. Paris is without a statue of Columbus. He discovered America, but America discovered Paris. It would need but a small contribution from each American visitor to bestow upon Paris this lacking memorial. The American tourist means much to the City of Light. The twenty-five leading hotels of Paris between June 1 and July 31 lodged 27,343 American visitors. It is a low estimate to average the number of American visitors in the remaining hotels at 20,000, thus reaching a total of 47,343 for these sixty days. At a moderate estimate for these probably paid an average of 20 francs a head for hotel bills, thus leaving in the hands of the Paris hotel proprietors the handsome sum of 946,860 francs. The sums expended otherwise for theaters, courtesans, automobiles, cab hiring, &c., probably far exceeds this sum.

An Historic Mexican Church. The Church of Santo Domingo, in Oaxaca, deserves the attention of tourists in Mexico. It is built on the site of a martyrdom, where ten priests were slain by Indians in the time of Cortez. Some-where about 1550 Dominican friars began work on the church, aided by a gift from the King of Spain. It cost more money to build Santo Domingo's church than it did to build St. Paul's, in London. It contains four Westminister Abbeys. Owing to the great height and thickness of the walls of the church it has been used for a fort on any and every occasion when necessary. No wars, however, marred the serenity of the early Dominicans and even now save the church in creaking in wealth. The library was ransacked among the greatest in the republic. The interior of the church was decorated in many places with pure gold. Santo Domingo was turned into a barracks by the French army of occupation, and the gold decorations, the fine paintings, and costly adornments were ruthlessly stripped from her walls. The friars were driven out, and for six years the church was a fort and nothing more. The accumulated grandeur of 500 years was undone in a few brief months.

Between Times. "Look here, Jane, it seems to me that you're asking me for money all the time."

"That's a delusion, John, dear. If you'll think a minute, you'll realize that I'm spending it, part of the time."

Down with Gambling. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. "All gambling must be stopped within the jurisdiction of this court," thundered the judge.

"Bet you a fever it can't be done!" said the district attorney. "Put up your money," said the judge, reaching for his roll.

The Motorcycle Parade. From the Indianapolis News. The motorcycle parade was so quick in passing a given point that many persons missed seeing it, but most of them heard it, and even the late comers were able to locate the line of march with their olfactometers.

Taking No Chances. From the Kansas City Journal. "Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing, John? Can't you bear to listen to me?"

"It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife beater."

How He Won Out. From the Yale Record. "How did he make his money? I always heard he was a wild youth. He—oh, he harvested his wild oats and made a new breakfast food."

In Old Kentucky. From the Life. "What killed Jeff Thompson?" "What killed Jeff? Oh, he got careless—went to Thursday evening prayer meeting without his gun."

PEOPLE AND THINGS

An Official Delicacy. When the President ate 'possum and sweet potatoes down South, he set a precedent that is to be followed in Punnawutawey. That town in Pennsylvania, of unique name, is to have an Old Home Week, and among other distinguished guests, its 2,000 citizens will extend a cordial welcome to Gov. Stuart.

Among the homemade gustatory products that are to be set before the governor is Arctomys pposus. Perhaps only a scientist would identify at first glance that item upon the menu. What that Latin term means, being translated, is groundhog, otherwise woodchuck, otherwise American marmot, otherwise mountain rat. That sounds more oriental than west of the Susquehanna. But the governor, who is known as a good liver, is undismayed. He will advance upon the feast with unruffled front, and Punnawutawey will continue to annoy the compositor.

Discoveries in Colombia. An English explorer, Capt. Whiffen, has finished a year's journeying in the southeastern districts of Colombia, South America. He has gained a vast amount of valuable information on the habits and manners of the Indians and on their religious ideas. The people among whom he traveled are cannibals, eating the bodies of the members of hostile tribes, but burying their own dead. Among the discoveries Capt. Whiffen made is the secret of the system of telegraphy employed by the natives. Sound is the medium used. Hollow tubes are selected, and these, being of various thickness, are able to give out high and low notes when struck. The sound travels some thirty or forty miles. It is not employed, but from the different musical notes the native is able actually to recognize the words that are intended.

Drainage in Philadelphia. Surface drainage continues to be a source of dirt and disease in some of the older parts of Philadelphia, even though the housing in that city represents a high average of comfort and health. But there is an outcry for the removal of the remaining nests of unsanitary conditions. There remain some 1,000 cesspools uncleaned. It is these plague spots which hydrant for a long time have been points dangerous to health and destructive to all decency. These houses endanger all about them. Local legislation is needed to compel every dwelling to have its own water and sewer connections.

High Schools and Employment. Special committees in the high schools of New York City help students leaving school to find employment, and advise them in studies that shall fit them for practical life. This work is to be organized by the Central Vocational Directory, and will have \$200,000 a year at its command. A leader in this work, E. W. Weaver, said: "The early high school was a vocational school. It was a high school established to prepare a boy for the learned professions. It has now become the right of all, and it is attended by the bright and the mediocre and the dull, by the rich and the poor, by the vocational school, because, regarded as a preparatory school, it prepares many for the professions. To-day the demand is that a high school shall be prepared for the trades and industries, but the trades and industries demand a training and an education which only a school of secondary grade can give."

Americans in Paris. Paris is without a statue of Columbus. He discovered America, but America discovered Paris. It would need but a small contribution from each American visitor to bestow upon Paris this lacking memorial. The American tourist means much to the City of Light. The twenty-five leading hotels of Paris between June 1 and July 31 lodged 27,343 American visitors. It is a low estimate to average the number of American visitors in the remaining hotels at 20,000, thus reaching a total of 47,343 for these sixty days. At a moderate estimate for these probably paid an average of 20 francs a head for hotel bills, thus leaving in the hands of the Paris hotel proprietors the handsome sum of 946,860 francs. The sums expended otherwise for theaters, courtesans, automobiles, cab hiring, &c., probably far exceeds this sum.

An Historic Mexican Church. The Church of Santo Domingo, in Oaxaca, deserves the attention of tourists in Mexico. It is built on the site of a martyrdom, where ten priests were slain by Indians in the time of Cortez. Somewhere about 1550 Dominican friars began work on the church, aided by a gift from the King of Spain. It cost more money to build Santo Domingo's church than it did to build St. Paul's, in London. It contains four Westminister Abbeys. Owing to the great height and thickness of the walls of the church it has been used for a fort on any and every occasion when necessary. No wars, however, marred the serenity of the early Dominicans and even now save the church in creaking in wealth. The library was ransacked among the greatest in the republic. The interior of the church was decorated in many places with pure gold. Santo Domingo was turned into a barracks by the French army of occupation, and the gold decorations, the fine paintings, and costly adornments were ruthlessly stripped from her walls. The friars were driven out, and for six years the church was a fort and nothing more. The accumulated grandeur of 500 years was undone in a few brief months.

Between Times. "Look here, Jane, it seems to me that you're asking me for money all the time."

"That's a delusion, John, dear. If you'll think a minute, you'll realize that I'm spending it, part of the time."

Down with Gambling. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. "All gambling must be stopped within the jurisdiction of this court," thundered the judge.

"Bet you a fever it can't be done!" said the district attorney. "Put up your money," said the judge, reaching for his roll.

The Motorcycle Parade. From the Indianapolis News. The motorcycle parade was so quick in passing a given point that many persons missed seeing it, but most of them heard it, and even the late comers were able to locate the line of march with their olfactometers.

Taking No Chances. From the Kansas City Journal. "Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing, John? Can't you bear to listen to me?"

"It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife beater."

How He Won Out. From the Yale Record. "How did he make his money? I always heard he was a wild youth. He—oh, he harvested his wild oats and made a new breakfast food."

In Old Kentucky. From the Life. "What killed Jeff Thompson?" "What killed Jeff? Oh, he got careless—went to Thursday evening prayer meeting without his gun."

THE FIGHT ON TAWNEY.

President Taft Expected to Aid Minnesota Representative. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Repa.)

The fight which is to be made against Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, promises to be the most exciting feature of the Congressional canvass in that State in 1910. Tawney was the only member of Minnesota's Congressional delegation in Congress who voted for the Payne bill on its final passage. Great pressure was brought upon him by many of his constituents to oppose the measure, but he was true to the end. Consequently, a powerful attempt will be made to defeat him for the nomination next year. If he should be nominated, as he probably will, he will undoubtedly lose some votes at the polls.

It is easy to understand why Mr. Taft, on his coming trip through Minnesota and the West, is to make a little side journey to Tawney's town, and to talk to the people there. As an old-timer in Congress, Tawney has a good deal of influence. He is a member of several important committees, and is chairman of that on Appropriations. Manifestly he is consulted often by the President and by the party leaders in general at the National Capital. Thus he is a more important personage than is either of the Senators, Nelson or Clark. His defection in the fight on the tariff would have meant more than his own individual vote. He would probably have carried two or three other members of his chamber with him. And the bill has very few votes to spare in either chamber.

The country hopes that Mr. Taft will give a plain talk to the voters of the First Minnesota Congressional district when he drops in at Wisconsin, as he will hence. If fidelity to principle and party is worthy of honor, Congressman Tawney deserves re-election. Mr. Taft will be expected to say this. He will be able to point out several reasons why that district would be ordinarily kept in the hands of Tawney in Congress than it would with any other man at the front. In the canvass of 1908 Tawney's lead was 2,800. But the vote in a Presidential campaign, when the vote is ordinarily split, is not in the ratio of years. Moreover, the particular grudge which some of his constituents have against him now did not exist then. A defeat for Tawney in 1910 would be received by the country as a rebuke for the administration, as well as for the congressmen. This fact will doubtless be in Mr. Taft's mind when he talks to the voters of Tawney's district.

THE SMELL OF THE RAIN. All Nature Senses It and Echoes Welcome with Outstretched Arms. From the Fort Worth Record.

Sweeter than any perfume ever distilled by the chemist, sweeter than roses or cape jessamines, or the scent of a ripe grape, sweeter than new mown hay or a baby's breath, sweeter than fresh linen and military's washed hair, is the smell of the rain.

It is the breath to the nostrils, exhilaration to the lungs, elixir to the blood, and wine to the brain. The dusty earth inhales it and is pulsing again with potential life; the flowers that were wilting are revived, and the very leaves of the trees absorb it as incense and are lifted up. Hungry, fretful, parched, and complaining, man opens his mouth and gulps it down like a gormand.

The fading and withering cotton blossom welcomes it as a message of new life, and the naked of all the world rejoice in the hope of replenished wardrobes. The growling, growling beasts of the stock exchange, intent upon the dust and drought and want of grim prospect, find it and are abashed and tame. Miasmas of privation and distress fade away from it, as the fogs before the sunshine, and mellow wholesomeness possesses the fields and permeates the habitations of men.

The grass of the plains, brown and withered and dry as stubble, senses it as the bird and the deer are aware of the unseen and unheard halting of friends, and it steals over the land as the puffed herald of an unforgetting Providence.

The very sparrows of the ground twitter their delight, and the songsters of the forest acclaim it with a more melodious melody, and the mother bird on her nest whispers rejoicings to the brood beneath her wing. The bee that hung despairingly the honey comb flies straight to the clover field.

It springs up like a new born presence; it comes down like a benediction. An unseen center is swung in the air, a silent baptism is celebrated; the prayer that was uttered haltingly and half-faithfully is answered, and a resurrection is realized. What skeptical, impatient, and unworthy creatures are we; what malcontents and murmurers! And how slight-sighted is our view of creation and reproduction and the eternal scheme of life! Six thousand years have taught us little, though we know so much of the current day and hour. A lifetime of bounty, centuries of progress, and the recurring cycles of a perpetual universe are vain to impress our poor understanding with the truth of the unending and the everlasting. What know we of the recessions and precessions, the actions and the reactions, the energies and the restings of this old-world large life? How unmindful we are of the deep, big truths which nature has been exhibiting all these years and generations and eons of the upward and advancing march! A little rain, a little baptism, and we are undone, though the storehouse of the fat years are certain to return for the fruitful ground will not belie itself.

But the smell of the rain—no white whiff of it and no reduplications are done, and the way is shining again, and the people have the butterflies as eager and as heedless as before.

Men are but children of a larger growth, and their ears are dried and their hearts are healed by little kisses which they straightway forget.

Abbe Martin Says. From the Indianapolis News. "What's become of th' old-time freckled face village pest that played th' French harp