

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1909.

LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.

The Washington Herald will be mailed upon request to subscribers leaving the city during the summer months. Change of address will be made as frequently as desired.

The Dismissed Cadets. The dismissal of the seven cadets of the Military Academy for hazarding is an encouraging sign of the appreciation of military discipline on the part of those responsible for army administration under Mr. Taft.

The Grouch and Its Cure. The grouch is a grievance against the world. The man with a grouch is the victim of a mental malady. The grouch itself falls into the main classification of fancied and real. One trouble with this ailment is that the sufferer is incapable of perceiving the distinction and so of appreciating the difference.

Vanishing Naval Stations. It is made known at the Navy Department that there has been another change in the important plans which contemplate the establishment of a large naval coaling station at San Diego, Cal.

Gov. Harmon's Good Sense. Gov. Harmon of Ohio, denies that a Presidential bid is buzzing around in his bosom. He should be commended for declining to start the next Presidential campaign at this time.

Mr. Ballinger Challenged. It is plain that Chief Forester Secretary's challenge to battle, directed specifically to Secretary Ballinger, of the Interior Department, at the Irrigation Congress in Spokane, was a studied attack.

Mr. Wilson's Natural Pride. Secretary Wilson takes a natural pride in the fact that his own administration, covering a period of a dozen years, has witnessed the most noteworthy changes which have ever taken place in American agriculture.

Fatal Comparison. Three horses fell dead from fright while a circus parade passed through the streets of Hutchinson. At least, a veterinarian says they were scared to death, but it is possible that they had been comparing the circus with the announcements on the billboard.

Hidden Treasure. One cannot appreciate the value of sea water until he has read that a cubic mile of sea water contains \$178,421,700 value in gold, based on the well-known fact that a ton of sea water contains approximately one grain of gold.

Society. Stella—Have they become "exclusive"? Bella—Yes; they are among the also absent.

THE SHAM BATTLE IN THE CHOIR. The high soprano started out with might and main, and with a battle cry advanced upon the tenor.

Small, but Oh, My! Portugal is a small country, but its members of parliament can throw ink pots and smash desks and chairs with just as much vigor and agility as the deputies of any of the great powers.

Jay Earning His Keep. From the Oklahoma (Iowa) Herald. Jay Hoop has managed the barn on the farm occupied by L. K. McCune.

for control of the New York Central could possibly have anything to do with his lordship's desire for a reconciliation with the duchess.

Year of Anticipation. This is the particular season of the year when we are led to appreciate that in any pleasurable event planned ahead of time there are three epochs—anticipation, realization, and retrospection—and that the greatest of these is anticipation.

England produces annually more American Beauty roses than America produces, and there are more English sparrows in America than there are in England. What is the answer?

"There never was much sense in having a two-dollar bill," says the Dayton News. There does not appear to be much sense in trying to have it any great length of time, to be sure.

A Denver man claims to be able to put new brains into old heads. The wise old heads will incline to be extraordinarily particular about swapping theirs, however.

"There will be no liquor, but plenty of thirties in the next world," says Mrs. Besant. Alabama apparently is threatened with just that condition in this world.

Secretary MacVeagh is credited with an ambition to make "Uncle Sam's" money "more pleasing to the eye." An all but impossible undertaking, we should say.

"Prosperity is ahead of us," says Mr. John W. Gates. It has been, and for quite a while. What we need to do is to catch up.

An Omaha minister was run down one day recently by one street car and three automobiles, but escaped unhurt. Satan probably has no use whatever for that style of minister.

"The cost of the extra session to revise the tariff was \$60,000," says the Kansas City Journal. If only that were all!

An Alabama man is reported to have dropped dead recently while planning suicide. Everything just naturally seems to come some people's way.

If Mr. William Randolph Hearst really has succeeded in inventing a new variety of Democracy, no wonder he is as proud of it as a boy is of a new top.

We should be opposed to this country dividing itself into four republics, moreover, unless every one could have a Tom Watson of its very own. A Tom Watsonless republic would be a dull affair.

Messrs. Wilbur and Orville Wright are both members of the Legion of Honor in France. A few years more of activity and they will probably be members of the great American order of millionaires.

Why was Mr. Wu recalled? As Mr. Wu himself would inquire to know.

One week recently the government took in more money than it paid out. It is said, however, that such overights seldom happen nowadays in this land of the free and home of the brave.

ADDRESS TO PUBLIC MEN. From the New York Globe. The Wrights have not merely imagined. They have done.

Mr. Taft's Example. President Taft intends to set the whole country an example in economy.

Gen. Pew Near Victory. If Gen. Pew was beaten, he didn't know it, and so to know when you are beaten is the next thing to a victory.

Mr. Reynolds' Aesthetics. Acting Secretary Reynolds, of the Treasury Department, has come forward as an authority upon official aesthetics.

Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Wellman. Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has been impressed by Mr. Walter Wellman's failure to fly from Sittlerberg.

The President and Hazing. President Taft has the American public enthusiastically behind him in his order directing the expulsion of the seven West Point cadets who participated in hazing.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

OUR ACQUAINTANCES. Acquaintances we keep on file; We index them with care. We've some at whom we always smile, And some at whom we glare.

We always slap some on the backs Amid the passing throng, And some we hail with funny cracks, And some with serious strong.

Had to Do It. "That clerk of yours watches the clock a good deal."

The Next Best. "Hubby, I haven't had a new dress for a month."

They Look Wilted. "How fresh everything looks after the rain."

Helps Him Root. To be consistent, I aver, We all should plan, Root beer is proper tippie for A baseball fan.

On the Nile. "I notice the same characters carved on all of the Pyramids."

His Frank Admission. "You snuffed one of my jokes outright," complained the first press humorist.

As in a Rural Drama. "How was the scenery on the farm?"

Now Here's a Snake Story. Two Wyox men and the Leaping Reptile of Table Rock Mountain.

Two Wyox men had a thrilling experience on Table Rock Mountain Monday afternoon, one which they will not care to repeat.

They were walking on the mountain, viewing the fine scenery. As they walked and mused they came upon a large copperhead snake which was enjoying a con-

versation with the mountain. The man looked around for stones, but none that they could handle to good effect could be found, nor a good club at hand.

Taking sticks of good length, they attacked the snake, which showed fight and struck at both men. Falling to land and not liking the lashing of the sticks, his snakeship started for the edge of the mountain overlooking the river which flows through the base some 1,400 feet below.

Reaching the edge of the rock, which hangs out from the mountain a considerable distance, the snake arranged itself in a peculiar shape, and then, with a hiss, half jumped, half squirmed, out into the air.

The men rushed upon the shining object, but the lightning struck, and the fearful strike of the snake, expecting to see it strike the trees or protruding rocks, but it plunged on down the mountainside, missing all these obstructions.

It was not thought possible the snake would clear the ledge, but as the distance was covered the snake seemed to straighten out, and, as the men saw, crawled through the air, and succeeded in landing in deep water with hardly a splash.

While they were watching to see if the snake came to the surface one of the men became dizzy from peering over the edge of the rock, and would have fallen had not his companion caught him just in time.

Some idea of the distance traveled by the copperhead can be had when it is known that but few boys or men can throw a stone so that it will strike in the river as the snake did.

A False Prophet. The negro woman in Armourdale who heard the "locust's call" last Sunday and started her children out to gather the winter's "kindling wood," is not alone in her belief that in six weeks after the first locusts fall there will be frost.

Many still cling to that tradition, notwithstanding the utter failure of the locusts to "deliver the goods" in the past. This strident singer usually appears the first week in August, and it screeches through that month and through the dry, hot days of September, a month in which this part of the country frequently experiences its warmest weather, about the sixth week after the locust's first "call."

But there is no question that the locusts, by common belief, a harbinger of autumn. When the housewife hears its grating note her thoughts are turned to preparations for approaching fall, and even the "men folks" do not disregard it as a reminder that the time is at hand for taking an inventory of the fall stock of wearing apparel, the coal in the basement, and to inquire about his taxes.

As a weather prophet, however, the locust is no bunko steerer. There is no greater dependence to be placed on it than there is in the old-time theory of the goosebone or the cornhusk. The tradition that frost will fall in six weeks after the locust's first "call" belongs to the old-fashioned notion that company would come when the rooster crowed before the door.

Modern Methods. "Did you keep the suspected one under close surveillance?" asked the chief of detectives.

"Yes," replied the faithful sleuth; "see for yourself."

And a moment later the movements of the suspected one were reproduced by a moving-picture machine.

Exhibit No. 23. "Is your friend a Catholic or Protestant," a correspondent in the New York Times says that he recently inquired.

"Neither," was the answered received. "He's a Harvard man." Submitted as the latest contribution to the new religion discussion.

Mr. Depew's Optimism. If the consumer pays any more during the coming year for necessities, it will not be the fault of the tariff, but because of the general prosperity that the manufacturers and merchants can charge more.

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PEOPLE AND THINGS

One "Trust" in Europe. The plate-glass trust in Europe surpasses anything of the kind in the United States. The combination of manufacturers, formed in 1904, now includes practically all the factories on the continent.

The combination regulates the amount of glass that can be produced and the price at which it must be sold. To keep production at a figure that will insure the price desired, the syndicate has reduced the number of machines in operation.

This has resulted in a reduction in the number of operatives by more than one-half. By this simple method the price is kept up.

Occupations of Women. There are 4,323,630 women workers in the United States, of whom 41.2 per cent, nearly half, are under twenty-five years of age, while 25.6 per cent have not reached the age of twenty-one. Of the 33 occupations in which bread-winners of the country are engaged, women have been employed in all but nine.

In the list of unusual pursuits adopted five are pilots, ten baggage-women on steam railroads, thirty-one brakewomen and twenty-six switchwomen, yardwomen and hack drivers and 508 machinists. Besides 100 architects, there are 10 women builders and contractors in the United States, 127 women masons, 545 women carpenters, 15 women plasterers, 1,729 women painters, 2,742 women varnishers, 125 women plumbers, 31 women paper hangers, and 2 women slaters and roofers.

Foolish Songs are Ephemeral. One of the sociologists who sees peculiar in the custom of University of Chicago is alarmed about the songs of the nation. He views with alarm the spectacle of a public laughter at such lines as "I Love My Wife, but O You Kid!" and "My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hoory!"

But this critic hears only momentarily. Such songs are ephemeral. The new "Daddy and John," or "Annie Laurie," or "John Anderson, My Jo," or a score of other lyrics, ancient and modern, which breathe an undying constancy, upon which the passing years have no power. Their genuine sentiment would outweigh in the balance, ten times over, the cynical lampoon of the satirist and its thoughtless, fugitive reward.

Tale of a "Black Mammy." An old story that carries its own moral has impressed as new Col. Watterston. The story may, therefore, bear the repetition that he gives. It is to the effect that a "black mammy," from somewhere between the Marston and Dixon lines and the southern shores of Dixie, chanced to be in New England. Invited out to dine with a prominent family, Aunt Charity responded in the affirmative and attended the function, impelled by curiosity rather than lured by the honor intended. About the time the salad was served the hostess inquired of his guest whether it did not seem strange to her to be seated at a banquet with persons of another race. The guest, very politely, the hostess said that she supposed there would be no duplication of her hospitality to Aunt Charity upon her return to the South, for which she proclaimed an abiding affection.

And the guest of honor replied in the following words: "No, ma'am. My white folks is gen-u-ine ladies and gentlemen."

Summer Dress at Westminster. The chill Londoners find it hot when the thermometer soars to eighty degrees. That temperature has shattered Parliamentary traditions this summer. One member appeared in the House of Commons attired in a gray tall hat, a light gray frock coat, white duck trousers, and bright brown boots. Other members kept him in countenance to some extent, but the majority, true to the requirements of the party, were clad, as if in midwinter, and sweltered in the customary solemn black. The chairmen of committees were inclined to compromise between tradition and comfort, for some of them wore light waistcoats. Perhaps these are portentous signs. Commons may envy the costumes worn in the House in Washington in the dog-days.

Aged Women of the Confederacy. The aged women of the Confederacy are to have a memorial. It is to be in the form of a home for those whose fathers, sons, and brothers or husbands fought in the "lost cause." Georgia veterans have formed an association, applied for a charter, and opened subscription books. A man of wealth has offered to contribute a site for a building in Atlanta. The movement merits commendation, as placing sentiment in a practical form. There is authority for the statement that there are in the South many of these aged women who find themselves in the evening of life without the means of support. Many of them have never succeeded in recouping the fortunes swept away by the war, and others have met with fresh reverses.

The Statue of Liberty. The statue is of copper sheets, about one-tenth of an inch in thickness. The total weight is about 440,000 pounds, of which about 175,000 are copper and 265,000 iron, and cost a million francs (\$200,000). The height of the statue itself from the heel to the top of the head is 157 feet, and from the base to the top of the torch is 150 feet. In regard to the preservation of the work, perhaps the words of M. Bartholdi himself are in order: "Since all the elements of its construction are everywhere visible on the inside, in all their details, it will easily be kept in good condition."

A Great Traveler. When Wu Ting-fang is not coming to the United States he is returning to China.

What Willie Wants. From the Salt Lake Tribune. What Willie wants is the washless face.

DOE AND ROE. When Richard Roe was tried in court, the judge remarked: "Stand up, old sport! You've drawn a hundred dollar fine, and it's a deep regret of mine that I cannot more harshly deal—you should be broken on the wheel. Your neighbor, William Doe, has told a tale that makes the blood run cold; his testimony shows that you have whipped your good wife black and blue; you punched her nose until it bled, and tore her topknot from her head; you've filled your home with grief and groans—so please cough up a hundred bones." And in the home of William Doe, his wife was walking to and fro; she wrung her hands and wept, and cried: "Alas, that I became a bride! My life is one long stretch of woe; I would that I were Mrs. Roe! Her husband licks her once a year; at other times he is a dear; he doesn't wear an aspect dour; he isn't mean, and cross, and sour. I'm hungry for a loving word, and such a thing I've never heard, since William took me as his wife—I'm weary of this empty life!"

WALT MASON. (Copyright, 1909, by George Matthew Adams.)

FEATHER BED COVERLET.

German Comfort as Much an Institution as Japanese Bamboo Pillow. From the New York Sun.

It is owing to the cool summer in Europe or to the German seriousness in all seasons that August should be selected as the best month for a discussion of the philosophy of the German's love of the feather mattress? The mattress in question is not intended to afford a resting place for the body of the sleeper. It is that small feather bed which is superimposed upon his body at night in place of the coverlets that other nations use for protection against the cold. Stuffed with goose feathers to a thickness of five or six inches, just too short to cover the feet and the upper body simultaneously, this feather bed is the beloved coverlet of the German people.

"As a nation," observed an earnest commentator on this subject, "we cannot quite bring ourselves to do away with the feather bed, although it is only imagination founded on long usage that makes it seem warmer than coverlets."

But there is no justification for saying that any method of sleeping is the best for any particular nation, answers a less advanced champion of Teutonic institutions, "for men are in the habit of the world over of sleeping in the way that seems to them in their particular surroundings the most comfortable."

To prove that what may be indispensable to the comfort of one person may be the surest way to rob another of sleep, a contributor to the discussion cites methods of repose more peculiar than the habit of sandwiching oneself between two thick layers of feathers. He recalls that the Japanese sleeper lies on a mat with a block of bamboo for a pillow, while the Chinaman makes no real attempt at the Western idea of comfort when he goes to sleep in his carved wooden bed. Contrary to the habit of the northern nations, who cannot sleep without ample space to turn in, some of the southern lands are most comfortable when they hang in a hammock as their simian compatriots drape themselves about the branches of the trees.

What is devotion to a feather bed, regarded as an eccentricity in sleeping, compared with the practice of lying all night on a stove until half baked and then dumping into cold water to restore the physical average? So much more extravagant is the native of Little Russia, than the German in his characteristic way of taking his repose. The reindeer skin bag into which the Laplander climbs, head and all, to protect himself against the mosquitoes as well as the cold is a national peculiarity of slumber much less defensible on ordinary grounds than the German's feather bed. The discussion of the curious language of the German's right to his national sleeping, even if the act of going to feathers should continue to possess its double significance in his case, the Americans will nevertheless maintain their independence and will refuse to use the feather bed as a badge of eyes of some who too often, in the recent discussion makes them seem as strange as the Laplanders or the Little Russians.

HOUSE-CLEANING DISCOVERIES. A Few Articles Found Under the Carpet in One Theater. From the Milwaukee Free Press.

What woman else might leave in a theater is a subject upon which, as a matter of fact, it is hard to say, one can but touch lightly on this really interesting topic.

These observations have been called forth by the unearthings in the Majestic Theater in the last few days. Throughout the house the carpets have been taken up to be replaced by new ones for the opening of the new vaudeville season on Monday afternoon, and in the articles found hidden under the old floor coverings now all a large receptacle in the basement.

To be sure, there were little wads of chewed gum plastered on the underside of every seat; yes, even as many as a dozen on one seat in some instances. All told, there are said to have been 1,637 separate and individual wads of jaw "crusts" scattered over the entire district of the theater. And, of course, most of these were left by women. There is absolutely no question about that, say the attaches of the house, who observe patrons and ways very closely.

But under the carpets was where the big finds were made. All sorts of things had been scraped and kicked and swept along the floor until they lodged under the carpets, and there they remained until the floor coverings were removed. Here is a partial list:

Hairpins, black, silver, etc., 642. Artificial curls, sections of "rats," etc., 27.

Garters, mostly in pairs, 24. Beads, all kinds and sizes, 35. Hatpins, tops, etc., 20.

Ordinary pins—too many to count. Finger rings, brass and glass, 2. There were other things, of course, but above are all the clearers kept track of.

James A. Higier, manager of the Majestic Theater, said the found property would be kept for ten days, during which owners may claim it if they can prove ownership.

P. S.—Mr. Higier is not keeping the gum wads.

There's Plenty of Ice. From the Boston Transcript. London gets glacier ice from Norway, much of it having to be flumed and skidded for twenty miles, and a New York man, having secured a concession from the Chilean government, is planning to mine an "ice mountain" which stands in an inlet in the Straits of Magellan, and sell the output in Argentine cities. We are not so very far from such natural bases of supply, and some day, when the ice-man gets too independent, a promoter may perhaps see the change to do a stroke of business in a new line.

Less Strangety. The cowboy who is conveying the invitation to Taft will not need a cushion upon his neck to mitigate the shock of the impact, as would have been the case during the preceding administration.

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DOE AND ROE. When Richard Roe was tried in court, the judge remarked: "Stand up, old sport! You've drawn a hundred dollar fine, and it's a deep regret of mine that I cannot more harshly deal—you should be broken on the wheel. Your neighbor, William Doe, has told a tale that makes the blood run cold; his testimony shows that you have whipped your good wife black and blue; you punched her nose until it bled, and tore her topknot from her head; you've filled your home with grief and groans—so please cough up a hundred bones." And in the home of William Doe, his wife was walking to and fro; she wrung her hands and wept, and cried: "Alas, that I became a bride! My life is one long stretch of woe; I would that I were Mrs. Roe! Her husband licks her once a year; at other times he is a dear; he doesn't wear an aspect dour; he isn't mean, and cross, and sour. I'm hungry for a loving word, and such a thing I've never heard, since William took me as his wife—I'm weary of this empty life!"

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AT THE HOTELS.

Everybody for his home town, and C. T. Vogel, who is here on business and puts up at the Raleigh, for San Diego, Cal.

"San Diego has about 60,000 inhabitants, which is an increase of more than 20 per cent since 1900. We have lots of public schools, the best teachers, good private schools, churches, papers, banics, stores, markets, hotels, and boarding houses."

"One can find at San Diego the most healthful and enjoyable all-the-year climate known," continued Mr. Vogel.

"There is no region in the world so free from seasonal or accidental disease as San Diego—even the diseases of summer are common among children in the East are in San Diego remarkable for their absence."

"Gold and other precious metals are found in many sections of San Diego County," added Mr. Vogel. "The largest lode in the world is located in the northern part of the county. A recent discovery which has attracted a great deal of attention is the gem kunzite, not found elsewhere, and occurring in beautiful crystals. There is a great demand. The tourmalines, which are also famous for their richness in color and brilliancy. Then there is the hyacinth and other precious stones."

Capt. M. R. Baylor, of London, who is at the New Willard, recently made a tour of the Netherlands, and he had this to say about the thrifty Dutch and their ways:

"The Netherlands is a wealthy nation, and the Dutch do not forget that in the old days they played a leading part in the history of Europe. They do not indulge much in outward show, however, and their ideal of a nation's happiness is a good, solid, middle-class prosperity, with a comfortable bank account, which is always mounting up."

The Dutch merchant with a good colonial trade," continued Col. Baylor, "the Dutch manufacturer with a prosperous industry, the farmer in the provinces, and the shopkeeper in the towns are all 'well-to-do,' and thoroughly satisfied with themselves. The 'guiden' keep plugging and no gambling instinct tempts them to launch out into ambitious enterprises. Quietly and ploddingly they do their business, satisfied with moderate profits, and growing rich because they are always so thrifty."

"They do not waste money in the pomp and vanities of life. The richest diamond merchant in his wardrobe of diamonds lives in quiet houses on the canal sides, and does not wear his jewels in their snirit fronts nor on each finger of each hand. The wives of colonial planters who, if in London or American society, could dress like duchesses, go about in simple, middle-class Parisian fashions. The Hague, which in provincial Holland is regarded as a place of frivolous amusement and the home of the smart set, and the court circle there, is as quiet as the down-town district of Paris in Clapham Park or Hampton Court."

"The peasants and workmen earn poor wages, compared with those in this country and England, but living is cheap and thrift is second nature to the Dutch, so that the down-town district of Amsterdam are few without savings in the bank upon which to end their days in peace."

The advent of the automobile and the city beautiful and sanitary happened about the same time in this country, according to James R. Pratt, a real estate broker of Kansas City, who is at the New Willard. He said it was "hunk, hunk