

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1909.

The Right Sort of Man.

Says the Chicago Post: "We know a man who has already bought two Christmas presents."

Do you, indeed? Good for him. He is an optimist—a real, genuine optimist. We are willing to wager a good cigar on that.

Only persons of temperamental poise and altruistic dispositions are given to that sort of thing, and they are all apostles of hope and good cheer and sunshine, moreover.

Aside from the fact that the early Christmas shopper catches the guaranteed bargains and likewise avoids the rush, we think we see in him a kindly disposition and a benevolent inclination to take time for the forelock both wisely and well in all good causes.

Christmas and its sentimental obligations early get on his mind, and his enthusiasm must find release through some sort of safety valve, or he is most uncomfortable, if not actually unhappy.

Wherefore, he lies him forth while mercantile fields are fresh and green and browns in peace and quiet while yet the pickings are all of tight persuasion and there is no hurry. He smiles approvingly to himself as he wanders through masses of ties, and purses, and books, and trinkets, here and there—mayhap through socks galore and cigars of doubtful lineage, too—and as at his leisure he picks this or that for parent, brother, sister, friend, or office boy, he pats himself upon the back and feels within himself the rapture of a high resolve never to put off until tomorrow that which he may do to-day.

Especially if it is something benign and kindly and conceived in sincerity and love.

Blessings be upon the head of this Chicago man who already—this good six weeks in advance—has put his Christmas shopping so well under way. Not only is he a wise man in his generation, but he writes himself down a humanitarian and a good fellow in letters that they who run may read. Such a man is the right sort, and may his shadow—which must be large and imposing—never grow less.

Issues in Canada.

The session of the Canadian Parliament now opened at Ottawa promises to be one of special interest in the United States. Three of the subjects that will be considered are Franco-Canadian reciprocity, the new tariff act of our Congress, and consequently the higher duties of our tariff would go into effect as to imports from Canada.

That would put a large trade in jeopardy, but perhaps Canadian manufacturers would not object, since they have gained by a tariff controversy with Germany. But concessions to France involving discrimination against the United States would automatically bring into play our maximum rates of duty upon imports from Canada. In turn, imports from the United States, like those from Germany, would be subject to a surtax of one-third of the duties of the general tariff.

It is believed that the Canadian Manufacturers' Convention is not averse to such a situation.

The proposition to spend \$20,000,000 upon a Canadian navy, to which the Laurier government is committed and which is approved by the leader of the opposition, meets with hostility in the West. The plan finds support in the larger cities, but the rural communities express criticism in their local newspapers, which appeal to the farmer vote. The northern agriculturists can discern no utility in a contribution by Canada to the naval strength of Great Britain.

Farms and Prosperity.

A noteworthy address has been delivered by President Brown, of the New York Central Railway, upon "The nation's farms and national prosperity." It must be said that this railway executive proves himself a clear-sighted social economist. He recognizes the importance of the fact that the frontier has become a tradition; that the uncultivated land is gone, and that any depression of manufacturing industries, which is sure to come, must mean a vast increase in the number of unemployed. But he not only emphasizes a condition; he points a remedy, or two remedies. One of these is the increase of manual training schools attached to every high school, college, and university, where young men may become skilled in useful trades, while agricultural colleges should be heightened in efficiency. The other is that the rural population be doubled, "by more than doubling the product per acre of the nation's farms."

The first of these propositions has been made more or less familiar in addresses by educators. The second has also been emphasized in importance by the present Secretary of Agriculture. But this railway president is more specific in his assemblage of concrete facts. Thus, he

points out that the United States, though blessed with the most fertile soil and favorable climate in the world, produces an annual average yield of less than fourteen bushels of wheat per acre, while England produces more than thirty-two, Germany twenty-eight, the Netherlands thirty-four, and France about twenty. There are similar comparisons as to corn and oats. At the same time, exports of foodstuffs show steady declines. Increases in home consumption must be met by an increase in the yield per acre. Production and consumption continue to converge in the United States. The lesson is plain, but needs to be driven into the national consciousness by iteration and reiteration.

The "Gum-shoe" Divorce.

From the noiseless, painless, shockless secret Astor divorce to the exhaustively reported, sordid, disgusting, and vulgar variety is a far cry, of course, and, of the two evils, perhaps the former is the lesser. It is doubtful, nevertheless, whether the average American citizen of fair-minded purpose and decency of thought may felicitate himself particularly that there is such to be commended in the "gum-shoe" legal separation but recently consummated in New York.

That a reasonable discretion, rationally exercised, in handling divorce proceedings is a good thing few will care to dispute, especially as concerns publicity of detail. Such discretion may be made to work much good to society. Public recital of nauseating and demoralizing evidence and pleadings incident to so many divorce hearings may be properly a matter for legal restraint. Equitable administration of the law is much to be desired, and whatever may be the merits of specific cases, the positive righteousness of circumstantial in divorce narratives of the more salacious kind is not to be questioned.

It should never be admitted, however, that the possession of mere wealth may justify the made an isolated plea in bar of publicity. There should be no possible discrimination between the rich and powerful and the lowly and poor in this matter of immediate domestic concern. The citizen who writes his income within three or four figures theoretically looms quite as large in the eyes of the law as the one who writes his well up within six or eight. And he ought to loom quite as large as a practical proposition. The ordinary, everyday applicant for divorce may not be a compellingly pleasant figure to contemplate, but he is just as sensitive as his richer kin, and his family and friends are apt to suffer quite as acutely by reason of publicity attaching to the adjustment of his marital relations as may be the family and friends of his wealthy neighbor similarly affected.

New York will find little consolation in a practice that sees much wisdom in sealing the divorce records of the rich, and no wisdom in sealing the records of the poor. Whatever the exact law may be, it will be considered more or less suspicious that the invoking of the judicial discretion herein referred to frequently occurs in cases involving the former and never in cases involving the latter. It is this aspect of the "gum-shoe" divorce that gives it especially sinister color and that may render it wholly undesirable.

Good thing for the newspapers, moreover, that the wild-eyed story of the colonel's precipitate demise was a false alarm. Precious little advance matter and standing stuff to meet that possible emergency is yet in existence.

"The ice man wears a smile that promises to stay put," says the Jacksonville Times-Union. Still, there is a silver lining to that cloud. The coal man rarely smiles at all in Florida.

Not that there is nobody out West—in Nebraska, say—perfectly willing to debate that financial question with Mr. Aldrich, of course.

Trust your "Uncle Sam" to make hay while the sun shines. The Treasury is being enlarged while we have a nice, fat deficit on hand and a fatter one staring us in the face.

The best boost of heaven we have seen in many a day was a recent statement that there is no politics there.

Oh, listen! Somebody now comes forward and declares that "Dr. Cook's complexion indicates that he never reached the north pole." What is the matter with turning the north pole row over to the Miss Nancies, anyway?

The House of Lords seems utterly unable to understand that it is loaded—the English political situation, we mean, of course, not the Lords.

In other words, Mr. Roosevelt is no more dead than a lot of busted trusts really are busted.

We sometimes think it might be a good thing if Mr. Rockefeller would put up a million or so for the extermination of the mothballs.

"While a young man was telling his girl good night last night, her mother came down the hall and handed him a note, with the request that he hand it to the milkman before he left," says the Montgomery Advertiser. Well, was the young man game?

We do not mind saying to the Macon Telegraph that we have not the remotest idea where the hookworm was in the '90s. It seems to be reasonably certain, nevertheless, that it did not enlist in either army.

"The Speaker talks through his hat," observes Mr. Herbert Parsons. Curiously enough, too, "Uncle Joe" invariably wears a soft hat.

A Missouri minister thinks "we should revive the old-fashioned two-hour sermon." We fear this is one proposed religious reform that is not going to take like wildfire.

Editor Charles McKay Rippey has retired from the race for justice of the peace in Henderson, Va. The evident intention of the country toward conservatism probably saved him.

Tom Watson wants to go to war against the Federal Government. He is a lucky fighter and a good boy, if he does incline to turn in the fire alarm and call out the militia every thirty days.

Capt. Archie Butt denies that his full-blown name is Archibald Claverhouse de Wittiam Gumberton. Butt, and he does, think it funny to be called all of that. It would be funny if Archie did think so, however.

"Pugilism is rather more grammatical than it was in the days of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, or even in the days of John L. Sullivan," says the Bir-

mingham Age-Herald. Then it was a maximum of fight and a minimum of talk; now it is a maximum of talk and a minimum of fight.

Mr. Aldrich is not talking tariff out West, and will not. Doubtless he thinks he is not exactly the proper person to undertake the transformation of the Western view-with-alarmers into point-with-priders.

Ballinger, Pinchot, Pinchot, Ballinger! And the administration probably could be happy with either, were 't other dear charmer away!

"There is no understanding a woman," says the Milwaukee Sentinel. Of course not; but that will not stop the guessing and reiteration.

"George Bailey, of the Houston Post, is a confirmed bachelor," says the Allentown Call. If George's out-of-town reputation ever becomes generally understood in Houston, he may not find it subsequently so easy to get beyond the corporate limits.

A St. Louis girl recently went a foreign person of alleged noble extraction, only to find that he was a fraud. Near-postic justice would suggest the hope that the lady's dowry was made up of stago money entirely.

Now that Mr. Peary has definitely rejected the idea of a south polar expedition, those English explorers may proceed with visions of knightships and peerages ahead devoid of all Ananias Club trimmings.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Mr. Aldrich Practico. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. A St. Louis dispatch says Mr. Aldrich merely shook his head when asked to reply to the criticism of Mr. Ozmunic. Mr. Cannon would have shaken his fist.

Mr. La Follette's Backing. From the New York Sun. The paths of Chautauque drop fatness and the lecturer is his. Britannia needs no bulwarks; La Follette needs no backers. He backs himself.

Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Loeb. From the New York Evening Post. Secretary MacVeagh's announcement that Collector Loeb has the hearty support of the Treasury in his effort to perfect the customs service in this city was to have been expected.

Mr. Taft and the Trusts. From the New York Journal of Commerce. In regard to the amendment of the anti-trust law the President has made no definite statement, except that he believes that it is in need of change to make its enforcement more prompt and certain.

The President and Canada. From the Philadelphia Press. Great business interests of the country, it is understood, have received assurance that no tariff war will be waged with Canada by the President declaring maximum rates on her products imported into the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt No Exile. From the Boston Transcript. Mr. Roosevelt's remarks on those who liken Africa to Elba are likely to be short and dry, ending with an emphatic amen to read history carefully when looking for similes so as to avoid those associated with Waterloo and St. Helena.

Mr. Cummins Standing. From the Boston Herald. Senator Cummins has been ignored by Senator Aldrich and read out of the party by Speaker Cannon, but he has been summoned to Washington to take part in the conference which the President is to hold preparatory to writing his message.

Mr. Dewey on Subsidies. From the Charleston News and Courier. Rather than pay enormous subsidies and, according to Senator Dewey, big sums for a navy, which is not needed, says the Senator, unless there is a merchant marine, the American people would prefer to let feelings do the carrying while they themselves did the actual business.

Capt. Amundsen's Journey. From the Chicago Record-Herald. Capt. Amundsen is going to start for the north pole, taking with him a food supply good enough to last seven years. He evidently is determined to avoid any danger of being doubted, when he returns, because of the speed he had to make in order to avoid running out of pemican.

Railroad to the Pen. From the Kansas City Times. "Did you find a motive in the murder?" "Yes, the assassin was 'loosed.'" "Ah, a loco motive."

A LITTLE NONSENSE

Nothing to It. Football is a manly sport. Every day. Bringing traits of proper sort into line.

At all counter claims we go. There are more who play at "golf" getting hurt.

Tennis slays its thousands, too. As you know. Men take chances that canoe, sail, or row.

As for football, more go lame. At the highly risky game of croquet.

No Chance. "Can't you people make up your differences every day?" "Well, Judge, my wife believes in Cook and I believe in Peary."

The divorce is granted.

A New Industry. "I see that some of these theatrical stars have plays written especially for them."

"What of it, Senator?" "Why couldn't I have a few anecdotes written especially for me to figure in? Eh, what?"

His Painful Duty. "Mr. So-and-so, your daughter has referred me to you."

"Then I guess your chances with her are nil, young man. Referring 'em to me is her way of letting 'em down easy."

Driven to It. "Have a drink, old man." "No; I've cut it out."

"Aw, be sociable." "Well, my companion here will have a drink with you. He's my social secretary."

Birth of a Romance. "And how did your romance start?" "Oh, my wife worked in an axle grease factory. She wrote her name and address on a box of axle grease that I bought."

AS TO LENGTHY SERMONS.

In This Busy Generation the Clergymen Should Condense "Message." From the Kansas City Journal. A St. Louis clergyman takes his colleagues in the ministry to task because, as he alleges, their sermons are not long enough. When asked how long he thought a proper sermon should be he replied: "Oh, a sermon of about an hour and forty-five minutes. I have preached some good sermons in two hours."

In his mistaken zeal the good man fails to take account of the fact that quality, not quantity, counts most in messages, divine or otherwise. The message to Francis did not fill a page and yet it changed the map of the world. Christ's sermons on the mount can easily be read or spoken in a few minutes, and yet no other like it has ever issued from the lips of man. Every speaker or writer knows that it is much harder to condense a "message," either sermon or speech, than to express it in a multitude of words. Long sermons were popular and perhaps effective in former days when the masses had little other mental pabulum, but in this busy generation, when men's time and attention are claimed in manifold ways, the man is most blessed who makes the message he is entrusted to deliver to mankind short and quick. Ministers who burn midnight oil in condensing their sermons so that they will not compel their congregations to eat cold dinners are right to be commended for such an observance of the laws of good taste and propriety, especially since their forbearance and consideration for others does not necessarily imply the least abbreviation of the thought they may desire to convey. Christ-like living and speaking and not long sermons are what the church needs most to regain or retain its influence in the lives of humanity. The world is still eager to listen to the Word, but not to mere words.

Mr. Blackburn and His Chaplain. The story is told of Senator Proctor, of Vermont, in reminiscences by vice President Stevenson, that when invited to go out of the Senate Chamber just before the day's session began, he replied, "Excuse me, I am paired with Blackburn on prayers." When the Rev. Dr. Butler retired from the chaplaincy of the Senate, Blackburn's speech surpassed all others for ardor and felicity of expression. The counterpart of the scene that followed his closing words had never been witnessed in legislative assembly. All were in tears. It was even said that venerable Senators who had never shed a tear since the ratification of the treaty of Ghent, actually wept aloud and refused to be comforted. At length, amid silence that could be felt, an adjournment was effected, and the Senators passed sadly out to their homes. As he passed the chair, Senator Vest, in undertone, remarked to the Vice President, "Joe never saw him!"

We'll Stick to Parcheesi. From the Grand Rapids News. It has been known that the players of croquet have met with fatal accidents during the progress of a game, while other pleasant pastime, canoeing, has possibly caused more deaths than all the other so-called legitimate college sports put together.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

A Punishment that Fits. A judge in Sacramento has indicated one way of treating ignorant and brutal chauffeurs who have no regard for the lives of pedestrians. Such a person ran over and killed the father of five children. The judge imposed a sentence of ten years in the penitentiary, but placed the convict on probation, requiring him, as the price of conditional freedom, to pay \$5 a month toward the support of the children made fatherless by his reckless driving. This seems a wholesome parole and a logical penalty. It places a new brand upon the untamed and careless driver of road machines. If such persons are compelled to support the families of their victims, they may be more willing to go to a training school before undertaking an occupation that would not be one of danger to others. Owners of automobiles may welcome a method that will enforce due caution upon their employees.

Dr. Elliot's Activity. When Dr. Elliot resigned the presidency of Harvard University at the age of seventy-four on the ground that he was too old to perform the duties of that position effectively, he was quoted as saying in an aside that he was still able to go up stairs two steps at a time. Since his retirement he has compiled a five-foot shelf of classic that he has been talking; declined the ambassadorship to Great Britain; delivered a lecture on the new religion that made people sit up and think, and exhorted the country with convincing force into the conservation of national resources. Evidently this educator does not propose to rust, and he seems equal to a great deal of wear. When he speaks the country listens, and he has an audience wider and larger than ever gathered in the classic shades of Cambridge.

Tramps and Railways. There were fewer railway casualties in the United States during last April, May, and June, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, than in any previous three months of which there is record. The killed passengers and employees together were ninety-nine, and the injured, 2,116. The figures show by comparison that railway travel grows safer in this country every year than do casualties suffered by trespassers, chiefly tramps. Formerly, one tramp a day was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad. This average has now increased to one a day, the number so killed in 1907 being 915. The railway trunk countries had the favorite highway of the tramp. Large as is their number, they are few compared with the army of travelers and railroad employees, yet more tramps are killed on the railroad every year than passengers and employees together. Railroad traveling and railroad employment is getting steadily safer, but with the increase in the railroad business, it becomes more and more dangerous and deadly for the tramp.

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FAULT-FINDING AT \$50 PER.

Department Store Critic Is a Professional Troublemaker. Gettysburg, Pa., Collier's. My business is to make trouble. Many people think, evidently, that that's their business, too, but they're only amateurs. I'm a professional troublemaker, and am paid \$50 a week by one of the most enterprising firms in the United States for it. The salary seems large until you realize that in my line I'm alone against about 2,000 people. Also, I have to know everything, or I'm supposed to, and that's not so easy, either.

Some people would call me a spy, and some a "spotter." My proper title is "critic" of a big department store. I am the eyes of the firm, and the ears, too, for that matter.

"Oh, you've seen me, however, for I'm on the job every day from 9 till 4. But I'm more invisible than a store detective and considerably more omnipresent. I look just like a common, ordinary shopper. I buy things, and talk, and sit in the waiting room, hunt bargains, look in the mirrors, and ride in the elevator. I'm old, but I'm not old-fashioned. I might be anybody's sister looking for it—except rushing to match that piece Aunt Josie bought at Stevens Brothers for all you know. That's the main part of my business is to escape recognition by clerks and managers, porters, call boys, and stock girls as long as possible. So far, I'm safe, but there's no knowing how long I'll preserve my incognito. Sometimes I look like a country customer, and sometimes, really, I'm quite smart. I have blue veils and green, and I wear my hair a different way every day.

When I was appointed to my position the head of the firm gave me these simple instructions: "Go down and raise Cain." He said, "and don't let anything get by you. Well, I do my best. I began by sending in my report, and I maintain it every day, and now, ordinarily, I turn in at least nine. The ordinary customer always has a few complaints, but not even the most fault-finding could discover so many things wrong as I find on one day's trip. I believe I'm the most discontented woman in Chicago. I have to be, or lose my job.

"Of one thing I am quite convinced," added Mr. Powell, "and that is that the thoroughbred is not the best horse for army uses. By that I mean all round utility work, including scouting, artillery, and transport service. The horse that the trotting horse type is the most useful and practical in the long run for such purposes. It is accustomed to roughing it and treatment that the thoroughbred, which is fed on concentrated, condensed food and has to be coddled like a spoiled baby. The thoroughbred naturally exceeds the trotter in a burst of speed, but in the long run it cannot compete. As a general proposition, it is accepted among horsemen that the trotting horse is superior to the thoroughbred for general purposes."

Kurt von Mayrhauser zu Sperrmannsdorf, of Bozen, Austria, and Boston, Mass., a young Austrian nobleman, is at the New Willard, being in this country in the interest of a new compass which he desires to place on American warships, claiming that the instrument is superior to the compass in use now, not being subject to magnetic interference on the compass.

"This compass, which is styled a gyroscopic compass, and is the invention of Dr. Anschuetz-Kaempfe, of Kiel, Germany, is constructed on the principle of a top and makes 30,000 revolutions a minute. It is in use on all the warships of the German navy, and is considered entirely satisfactory. It was found during the world tour of the American squadron that absolute reliability was lacking in the compasses in use. The iron used in the construction of a vessel has always more or less influence on the compass, tending to make it inaccurate and unreliable. Our system is a decided improvement on the old compass."

Speaking of Austrian politics, Herr von Mayrhauser, in a letter to the New York Herald, says that the Austro-Hungarian empire is German, but the Hungarian people are clamoring for the use of their own language in the provinces. The Hungarians have been very persistent in their demands for independence from Austria. It is his belief that before many years the fate which separated Sweden and Norway will also befall Austria-Hungary. Hungary will be entirely independent of Austria save for having the Emperor of Austria as their own king. Hungary will have its own government administration, and the only connection with Austria it will have will be the reigning house, which will be the same for both countries.

"Italy, according to Herr von Mayrhauser, instead of strengthening the triple alliance, is weakening it. The Iredenta, whose aim it is to annex Italian-speaking provinces of Austria to Italy, is actively engaged in its propaganda in Austrian territory, thus weakening the national spirit of Austria."

"The German Emperor stands high in the estimation of the Austrians; he has always been loyal and faithful to his agreements, and is a most natural that Austria in time of danger should jump at the opportunity to come to the assistance of Germany."

"The business relations between Germany and England, and their immense value are a more effective safeguard of peace between these two countries than anything else. It would indeed be the greatest misfortune that ever befell Europe if a war should break out between them."

Dr. George S. Messick, of Philadelphia, who is at the Shoreham, in speaking of tuberculosis said that if it is to be reduced to its minimum, the people must be taught that in civilized communities the tubercle bacillus is ever-present, and therefore prevention can only be accomplished by building up or keeping up the resistance naturally found in the healthy human economy.

"To establish this the mother must begin with the infant," said Dr. Messick. "She should be taught by her physician that the child must be fed with that foodstuff which will supply all the demands of the blood, that it may in turn feed its different tissues; for instance, the bones, the muscles, the nerves, the glands, &c. The child should be kept clean, and the skin as well as the lungs can help keep the blood pure."

"Fresh air and sunlight are essential to keep the blood in a condition which will build up the fort of resistance against tuberculosis. Physical exercise in moderation is necessary for health and resistance. Special attention must be paid to the development of the chest or any other part of the body which may be defective. Excesses of any kind should be avoided. For instance, excesses in physical exercise, overloading the stomach, and overworking the brain. Alcohol, except during some acute disease, is always injurious to youth. Excessive dancing, excessive high speeding in automobiles, continuous excessive excitement from music, particularly with those who have musical talent, necessarily exhaust the resistive powers of the animal economy, and if the individual living in civilized life has some weak spot, as it were, it will fall a victim to the tubercle bacillus."

"Unless the full normal resistance is maintained, or in some cases improved, tuberculosis will never be reduced to a minimum. If the people are going to depend upon the health authorities to remove the tubercle bacilli from our midst—and certainly all should be done that is possible to this end—they will fall in their undertakings."

From the Boston Traveler. Valets are prohibited at Yale. This is a sad blow to the lady who wrote "Brown of Harvard," for we understand she was at work at a thrilling drama of Yale life, in which the football captain's valet gave away the signals to the enemy.

Her Money's Worth. A Buffalo preacher tells a story of a woman who, after hearing him preach, informed a friend that she did not like the services at all. The seat was hard, she said, the singing was not good, and the preaching was poor. Her little girl, who overheard her remarks, said: "What was present with her at church, said: 'But, mamma, what can you expect for a penny?'"

A Pair of Pants. From Harper's Weekly. The Argentine Republic pants for war with Bolivia, and Bolivia pants for war with Argentine Republic. This pair of pants constitutes the latest thing in international breaches.

A Danish Castle. The young prince dreamed when one he loved had died. In his memory he would make to bloom a thousand roses near the little room. Where she had lived, close to the chapel's side; The king, when he came, would give a queenly bride. His ancient castle, Godebald gave a lease. For Fraganard's gay pictures; when his home struck and he sickened, this was all his pride. The king, when he came, would give a queenly bride. Though gone the golden-breeze on the oaken stair, And broken Cupid's good terrace stair, Where Venus stands no more, the young Prince may. Enthus the place with roses everywhere; The king, when he came, would give a queenly bride. —Madame Francis Dugu to the Contry.

THE BIG STICK. VOL. III. NO. 26. WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 13, 1909. TWO CENTS. OUR CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSIONER. WE HEAR— THE JUNGLE SHAKEN. BY YE LOCAL SCRIBE. THE ICEMAN. P. C. K.'d.