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SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1910.

Our Struggle for Poise.

Speculating with reference to Mr. Taft's reported "astonishment" at continued "denunciations" anent "public lands, forests, mines, and water powers," coupled with so little of suggestion as to "constructive" legislation, and the absence of "acts" rather than "declarations," the New York Evening Post says:

"Such a nervous overstrain in politics as have gone through will leave its mark upon our methods and our forms of speech. We shall continue to think in hundreds of millions, to start in a flight at conspiracies, and to cry aloud and spare not even if we have nothing practical to propose. With these 'transfers of liberty,' as a French writer calls them, our rulers will have to get on as best they can."

If there is no immediate danger ahead for Mr. Taft's administration, we should say it lies in a vague and as yet feebly developed fear among the people that he may strive to steer the ship of state through waters too calm and serene. It is rather generally agreed that it is high time to hark back to conservatism in a measure; that the big business enterprises—even the octopus, mayhap—have been wallowed sufficiently for the time being, and that a quieter and more placid era is not undesirable. But we cannot sail out of the lightnings and the gales into sunshine and untroubled waters all at once, so to speak. The precipitate cessation of the thundering and the howling of the winds, and the sudden disappearance of the floating wreckage, and all of that, will tend to disconcert, if we are not very careful.

Thus far the adverse critic of the Taft administration is hard to pin down to specifications and details. He views with alarm without saying particularly what he is looking at. The truth is, he hardly knows. He merely fears something; he has a "presentiment" of evil. He is unable to believe immediately that good government can be maintained without a lot of fireworks and loud noises. He will not say positively that Mr. Taft's administration has done many things that it ought not to have done, but he is frightfully apprehensive that it may.

It is evident that we shall have some difficulty recovering poise and equilibrium in this country. The mere fact that we have entered upon more peaceful ways is sufficient to alarm the more nervous of our patriotic contingent. Because we would eat at all of the tree of conservatism—whereas we have browsed before, if sometimes not wisely but too well, indeed—we would gorge ourselves to inactivity and laziness again! It does not necessarily follow, of course, but our distress of mind will out for the moment, nevertheless.

And so we are not yet through with ultra-radicalism in its every aspect. There is no real evidence at hand that the Taft administration is to be reactionary; but so long as suspicion may be cast upon it, the agitators will remain more or less conspicuous in the public eye. The people at large are not to be led to condemn because they may be made to imagine that vain things may come to pass. But the great applause is not to be expected, nevertheless, until the Taft administration makes it emphatically and unambiguously plain that it is not going backward—that it is, on the contrary, going forward, if along less spectacular lines.

Prohibition that Will Prohibit.

In this day and time, when we are gradually passing from a national attitude of ultra-radicalism to a more conservative status, there is one phase of the prohibition question that has, apparently, justified itself, and may be said to have come to stay. And that is the growing and unrelenting hostility of the employer to the employe who drinks.

Here is a tangible, practical, direct, and positive method of appeal. It pleads straight to a man's moral, mental, and physical being. It does not threaten him with prison or political misfortune; it confronts itself not with the lessening of his taxes or the curtailment of his personal liberty through legal restraint; it arouses within him none of that resentment seemingly so natural in the Anglo-Saxon when told that he must not do such and such a thing because somebody else arbitrarily says so. It simply declares that the business world wants efficient and that the business world wants efficient service and is willing to pay for it, but that it does not consider drinking compatible with efficiency, and, therefore, it will not deal with drinking men.

There are a number of things—good things—in this world that cannot be legislated into man, albeut, mayhap, it would seem to many honest people that the status as to that ought rightly to be left otherwise. And temperance as to drinking—and to eating, too, for that matter—is one of them. Man seems to be so constructed that he rebels at orders now and then, and that, too, while he might easily enough be led by diplomacy and tact. Once force him to see that such and such a thing is not "good business," and

more frequently than not the argument is ended right there. To untangle the warp and woof of the theory incident to this condition is, probably, a trifle more than human ingenuity is equal to. But experience seems to acquit the conclusion of error more and more thoroughly year after year as the world wags on. Managers of business enterprises want clear-headed, quick, aggressive help. They are willing to give the market price for it, but it must be of an unimpeachable quality. The man who drinks is being more generally ruled out every day. And in this dwells a form of prohibition that is rational, and it will prohibit. It is, perhaps, in its essential details the only sort that will.

A Heavy-weight Editor.

Sometimes, for the good of the nation, it is necessary for ye editor to violate newspaper ethics. We yield to none in holding up the right hand of journalism as such, but when it is necessary to speak frankly of a fellow-member of the craft, we nobly do our duty. It is with felicitous regret that we are forced to chronicle the facts in the appended citation.

Mad. Maj. R. Ross, of the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, recently wandered from his own fireside and beyond the borders of his own State, and thereby became a subject of a news item for which he deserves chiding in a brotherly way.

The major is a privileged character in North Carolina. There he is known to all, and when he, with his 500 and some odd pounds of avoidpols, starts down the street, way is made for him. But when the major gets into Virginia he becomes somewhat of a curiosity, with the lamentable result of blocking progress.

It is our sad duty to chronicle one such incident, likewise to admonish the major of his duty to his fellow-men. This story should really be written by the police reporter, to get the proper poise and element of picturesqueness. Since the affable major is charged with no heinous crime, is not in a hospital, nor in the morgue, the police reporter has not been called in. Hence this item does not go in the column devoted to police news.

The other day the major was wandering along a prominent thoroughfare of Richmond, when he chanced to encounter a number of persons at about the same time. The major's girth renders his movements somewhat slow, and he lacks dexterity in what is known on the sporting page as "side-stepping." The result was inevitable, disastrous, and necessitated calling the police. The major's width was exactly that of the sidewalk. While the major possesses true Southern chivalry, he declines to take the middle of the street if it is ungrazed and muddy.

Gathering together these various incidents and massing them together in a solid phalanx in Broad street, resulted in such a crush that a riot call was sent in and mob violence threatened. After several minutes of effort, the major was extricated, admonished, and allowed to proceed to his hotel. Soon thereafter he departed for his dear old Charlotte, where everybody knows and loves him, and where the streets which he frequents have sidewalks of extra width.

Wages and Prices.

It should be a most edifying debate that is about to take place between the managers of the trunk lines and representatives of the trainmen upon wages and the cost of living. The organized trainmen will present formally their demand for higher pay and their reasons. The railway officials will urge that an advance in wages should carry with it an advance of freight rates, provided that can be done without lessening the volume of traffic. The conference is of interest to the general public, for the average citizen feels the strain of high prices as keenly as do these trainmen. If the cost of transportation is to be advanced, that elusive person known as the Ultimate Consumer will be called upon to pay the bill. Apparently, the debate is to go on without considering him at all. He has no organization, and stands unable to answer the question, What are you going to do about it?

Yet the statesmen know that the Ultimate Consumer has a vote, and the knowledge may account for the number of explanations of high prices that are offered. One expert in the Department of Agriculture gravely asserts that people eat more than they did a generation ago, while in the meantime the supply of food products has not increased per capita. But it does not seem credible that the digestion and assimilation of the people have so increased of late as to affect prices. Perhaps the conference between labor and employers may turn its attention to the increase in the world's production of gold, which has caused the price of that metal to fall when measured in commodities. That is, of course, a most elementary economic statement. Yet it cannot be overlooked or ignored in any discussion of the cause of the increase in the cost of living.

"Oh! millionaire challenges Dick's fitness to be re-elected Senator," reads a headline. This would appear to be Exhibit A in defense of the Senator.

Be it resolved!

Be it resolved! Thanks! The same to you, and many of them!

In saying he knew all along that Cook was a "faker," Prof. Parker seems to have picked a peck of pickled peppers that the public is not likely soon to forget.

"Hon. Alf Taylor has become a stockholder in a perpetual motion machine," says the Nashville American. This seems to indicate that his brother, Senator "Bob," may not have absorbed all of the humor in the Taylor family.

Thank heaven, we shall never be up against the "What is the plural of north pole?" problem!

"When it comes to kissing in the dark, a homely girl is just as good as a pretty one," says the Chicago News. Perhaps a little more precipitate and anxious not to lose valuable time, however.

In the matter of what is whisky, Kentucky convinced against its will would remain of the same opinion still, presumably—not to mention a few other less familiar chopping blocks in this regard.

A Little Nonsense.

PLAYING SAFE. The year is clean, devoid of blame; The year is pure, The year is pure, I hastily advance this claim As being sure.

The year is pure; the year is young And clean is wise; No poet with a serpent's tongue Can challenge this.

Why do I all these things avow? Because I know The same a feeble week from now May not be so.

In Poker Circles. "What are the proper calling cards?" "Three or upward are considered very good."

Earliest Shopping. "Poor mother is always scheming and planning." "How now?" "She figures that half her Christmas presents may be put away and passed along next December."

All Aboard. The demon rum appears to some To be a dragon. So gladly now they take a vow To flag the dragon. The new year's dawn sees many on The water wagon.

A Mild One. "There; I've gone and started the new year with a mistake." "As to how?" "Wrote 1909 on my letters."

Nothing to Record. "Ever try to keep a diary?" "No; I'm too busy during the holidays, and after they're over life is a blank."

Always Something. "Ain't you humorists hard pressed for a subject sometimes?" "Oh, no. One thing leads to another. All the men who figured in the Christmas clear jokes are now swearing off."

AN AGE OF GRAFT. Forty Per Cent of Appropriations for Public Use Are Sidetracked. From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Justice Howard, of the Supreme Court of this State, in reducing the compensation of commissioners to appraise damages in the taking or injury of property in the construction of the Ashokan reservoir, took occasion to refer to the great cost of such proceedings and the waste of money in public undertakings. "It is greatly to be regretted," he said, "that no public enterprise can be projected and consummated without this appalling loss called 'graft.'"

It is impossible to please everybody. Even Santa Claus cannot do that, as you may have observed recently.

Perhaps the worst thing 1909 has to answer for is the "Oh, you kid!" idiosyncrasy.

A German author has written a new play called "Das Hohe Lied." In honor of Kwana Tumbo's approaching visit?

"According to the latest news from Nicaragua, a revolution has developed inside a revolution," says the Richmond News Leader. Mr. "Clamp" Clark will appreciate the difficulties of such a situation.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Mr. Nelson at the White House. From the Hartford Courant.

It's good news that Senator Knute Nelson is a frequent visitor at the White House. The more William H. Taft and Knute Nelson see of each other the better.

Mr. Wilson's Talk. From the Chicago Evening Post.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has an interesting, but difficult task before him in trying to ascertain the causes of the high prices in food supplies.

Mr. Dick's Militia Law. From the Kansas City Journal.

It is too largely an interest taken in the national game by Mr. Roosevelt that the Dick law was framed and which, it is believed, will bring the State troops to a high standard of efficiency.

Mr. Meyer's Reorganization. From the New Orleans Picayune.

Although the reorganization scheme recently evolved by Secretary of the Navy Meyer, it cannot be considered in any sense as permanent.

Mr. Schwab's Perception. From the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Schwab is like other men of great wealth who know the iron and steel business. They realize that long before there can be any real scarcity of coal in this country the iron deposits now in sight will have been exhausted.

Mr. Gary's Admission. From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

If the steel corporation can manufacture iron and steel as cheaply as it can at any place in the world, and the executive head of the corporation, says it, and the necessity for or rightfulness of tariff duties.

Mr. Clark on Prices. From the Providence Journal.

Representative Champ Clark is of the opinion that high prices have come to stay. He does not blame the Republican party, either; but attributes the phenomenon, as does Mr. James J. Hill, to the agglomeration in population away from the farms.

Mr. Gordon's Remorsefulness. From the Springfield Republican.

It now does no harm to Col. Gordon, the new Senator from Michigan, to tell the story of how he was suspected of being an accomplice of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. There was even a reward of \$30,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

The President's Challenge. From the Boston Herald.

If the forecast of the President's message on Federal corporation law, to be submitted to Congress next week, is accurate, it is correctly described as the most momentous movement of the administration, and, for that matter, of many administrations. It will be a challenge of the sovereignty of statehood.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

ATRAIPS AND PICKPOCKETS. When gazing at an airship in the air, keep your hands in your pockets. A Boston policeman discovered that crooks took advantage of the interest in the mysterious airship that recently appeared in that vicinity. A man's valuables are especially unprotected, as, with other fellow-citizens, he stands on the street corner and gazes with absorbing interest upon the aerial will-o-the-wisp which cruises about in the heavens. Duff fingers may then easily remove watches and pocketbooks without danger of detection, the victim's mind being engaged in less mundane affairs. In Boston some one, thought he saw two lights on an airship going out over the harbor, and soon some fifty men in a group were looking upward. The policeman saw two crooks trying to go through the pockets of several men in the crowd. They were arrested and sentenced.

Stimulants in the Arctic. Commander Peary says in a recent article that "the essentials, and the only essentials, need in a serious arctic sledging journey, no matter what the season, the temperature, or the duration of the journey—whether one month or six—are four: pemmican, tea, ship's biscuit, condensed milk." Thus one of the four essential articles is a stimulant regarded as indispensable to man under most difficult conditions. He further specifies: "Here are a few of the items and figures on our list of supplies for the last expedition: Flour, 15,000 pounds; coffee, 1,000 pounds; sugar, 800 pounds; bacon, 1,000 pounds; kerosene, 3,500 gallons; bacon, 7,000 pounds; biscuit, 16,000 pounds; condensed milk, 100 cases; pemmican, 20,000 pounds; dried fish, 3,000 pounds; smoking tobacco, 1,000 pounds." It will be observed that coffee, tea, and tobacco together are almost one-fifth of the weight of flour.

The Name "America." It was the German poet Mathias Ringmann who, in the spring of 1492, coined the word "America," the first suggested it as a name for the New World in his treatise entitled "Cosmographia Introductio," published on April 25, 1492, in the city of St. Die, Vosges, and after much persuasion finally induced his friend and collaborator, Martin Waldseemuller, to place this name on his famous mappamundi and globe. He died in 1512. It is suggested that there should be some celebration of the fourth centenary of the death of the man who created the name of the western continent.

An Embassy Safeguarded. The duty of looking after the safety of foreign rulers visiting France is assigned to Xavier Paoli, of the Paris police. He narrates that while on the Riviera the Empress Elizabeth persisted in disregarding M. Paoli's warning against long walks on the public roads. One day, near Mentone, she came upon a number of road menders. She accented the oldest in the group.

"That is a hard trade of yours, my good fellow?" "Not daring to raise his head, he stammered a few words in Italian."

"You do not speak French?" "No, signora."

"You have children?" "Yes, signora."

"Then here is something for them," and she slipped a gold piece into his hand. "Tell them it is from a lady who loves children very much."

And the Empress walked on. That evening at the hotel she came to me with laughing eyes.

"Well, M. Paoli, could me! I have discovered you! I have been on the Mentone road. I have talked with a road mender, and I am still alive, you see!"

M. Paoli says he never dared tell the Empress that the road mender was one of his Corsican police agents "thoroughly armed beneath his clothes."

Goethe's Prophecy. The anniversary of the completion of the Suez Canal has called forth in Vienna a reminiscence of a prophecy by Goethe. On July 21, 1872, Goethe said: "So much is certain: If a channel could be cut through the Isthmus of Panama broad enough and deep enough to allow the passage of ships from the Mexican waters to the Pacific, the whole world would be greatly benefited. I should like to see this, but I fear I shall not live long enough. I should like to see the English build a canal at Suez, but would probably have to live another fifty years." The canal became a fact forty-two years after Goethe prophesied it.

A Very Careless Man. From Illustrated Bits.

Father—"Why have you quarreled with Harry?" Daughter—"Because he proposed to me last night."

Father—"Well, there was no harm in that, was there?" Daughter—"But I had accepted him the night before."

That Baby. From the Sketch.

"Proof it is true that baby's mine, it's really marvelous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles."

The "Fed-up" friend—"Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humor."

Best Burlesque Stunt. From the Kansas City Times.

The followers of burlesque regard the "seven miles" among the best things ever pulled off.

SNAP SHOTS.

From the Dallas News.

If you can't keep your own New Year resolutions, keep somebody else's.

You do not have to weigh most people in the balance to find them wanting.

Most women are so anxious to believe they are pretty that even their mirrors fool them.

Do not speak disrespectfully of the man up a tree. His wife's mother may be at the bottom of it.

This much is incontrovertibly certain: No man can lead the simple life by following a woman around.

A woman always likes for her name to appear in the society column occasionally, if she can't get it in often.

A woman's idea of the strenuous life is to be busy with her Christmas shopping that she hasn't time to wash her hair.

The reason a pretty girl doesn't flirt with her eyes in church is because she is on the front seat and the preacher is an old married man.

When it is sifted to the bottom, the average man's idea of domestic comfort is a soft place to sit and something high to hold his feet on.

Curley Noodle's says that his financial condition is fine. All he will owe on January 1 will be his board bill, and he is now engaged to his landlady's daughter.

A GALLERY OF GESTS.

Some of the Daily Visitors You Would Rather Not See. Speaking of gesticulations, there's the visitor who calls on you at the office, stands around your desk, making conversation on unimportant topics, while you wait, with your hand on the telephone, for him to go, and asks: "Are you busy?"

The proper answer is: "Oh, no! I am not busy. They just have me here because I am ornamental and have such an engaging personality. I draw a salary for entertaining acquaintances at the office."

Also the friendly soul who approaches you when you are reading and engages you in conversation. "Maybe I am interrupting you," he suggests, noticing that you are using one finger for a book mark, while you keep up an indifferent pretense of interest. And if you are as polite as you should be you respond:

"Certainly not. I am just holding the place for a friend who has been called out of town for a few days."

One might also note the long-necked person who sits behind you on the car, craning his neck to see your paper. When he finally obstructs your view of the news, you look a little peevish, and he says:

"Do you read the Bazaar?" "Oh, no," you answer, with much gentleness. "I use it to screen my eyes from the vulgar gaze of the strap-hangers."

You may also recall the "I-used-to-know-you-when" friend.

Taking your delicate hand in his wrenching grip, he tries to wrench your arm off at the root, meanwhile murmuring fervently: "Why, are you here now?"

It hurts, but be polite. Say: "Oh, no, this is my uncle here now. I am at present in Singapore. But sweeter far than each, most than all of these is the past midnight dervish. He storms upon the porch and rings you out of bed at 2:15 a. m. You brush your knees shivering, stub your joint toes on eleven chairs, and finally reach the door, where you note with some satisfaction that the illuminated door number is working. Wondering whether it's the police or a telegram, you open:

"Is this 499?" he says, innocently, while the ten below wind breaks off your teeth. Be civil. Say:

"Dear, no, but I can't blame you for the mistake, seeing that my number is 235. Won't you come in and get cold? Good morning!"

LET THE PERSIMMON BE.

Science Overreaches Itself in Eliminating Characteristic Pucker. From the New York World.

It could not fail to arouse dire forebodings among the sturdy American pioneers, if they knew of it, to learn of the proposed elimination of the pucker from the persimmon by the United States Department of Agriculture. They would view with alarm the enervated taste of the age and ask if a deplorable softening of the national character had not taken place.

Those of us who have known the persimmon in its native lair are compelled to grieve at its threatened domestication. Take away the pucker and you have taken away the tang of the brush, the odor of the wildwood. Its individuality has been destroyed, for untamped with by man, no two persimmons are alike.

It is the most temperamental of fruits. Growing on the same tree, ripened by the same amount of sunlight, brought to epicurean perfection by the same frost, one persimmon will draw the mouth until the unlucky devourer looks like an imitation of a pike; the twin brother, surgary and luscious, will melt away softly like a dream. But puckerless, what was formerly a gastronomic adventure becomes as tame a performance as eating a tomato.

Science sometimes overreaches itself. It has no reverence. It has no respect for tradition. Those of us who knew and loved the pucker persimmon in the days when autumn meant something besides a change in underwear should rally to the defense of the threatened fruit. We must take our stand and say to the encroaching experimenter, "Make surgery painless, the rope harmless, do your worst on the human species, but come no further—the persimmon must not be denatured."

We're from Missouri, Too. From the New York Sun.

Diogenes was hunting for an honest man. "I shall test those who announce they take a cold plunge every morning in winter," he cried.

Herewith he took along a tub.

The Mean Man.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"I suppose you were awfully glad to welcome your husband back from Europe?" "No. He didn't smuggle a thing through for me."

TODAY IN HISTORY

Why New Year's?—January 1.

To-day is the 153th celebration of January 1 as New Year's Day. Although there was a general popular observance of the 1st of January as the beginning of the year, the ancient Jewish year, which opened with the 25th of March, continued long to have a legal position in Christian countries. In England it was not till 1752, however, that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal year. In Scotland this desirable change was made by a decree of James VI in privy council in the year 1600. It was effected in France in 1564; in Holland, Protestant Germany, and Prussia in 1700, and in Sweden in 1753.

The old Dionysian calendar is still retained in the Balkan States and in Greece, while in Russia the new style was adopted in 1922.

The ancient Egyptians had a year determined by the changes of the seasons, which contained 365 days, divided into twelve months of thirty days each, with five supplementary days at the end of the year. The Greeks, in the most ancient period, reckoned according to the lunar months, twelve making a year. The Romans are said to have originally had a year of ten months, but in the time of Numa Pompilius, the Roman Emperor, who decreed that the year should commence at this time, and added two more months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided. The diary Janus was represented by the Romans as a man with two faces, one looking backward and the other forward, implying that he stood between the old and the new year, with a regard to both.

Almanacs, which are now so generally issued throughout the world with the beginning of the New Year, have been in existence for several centuries. The first important book of the character to be printed was written in Latin and issued in 1475. Almanacs in one form or another have played an important part in literature and history. In the United States the first almanac is said to have been published in Philadelphia in 1757. In 1735 Benjamin Franklin published the first issue of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which was continued for twenty-five years.

The Nautical Almanac, the most valuable of its character, was first published in 1767. In modern times the widely known "Almanach de Gotha," printed both in German and French, contains much valuable statistical information. Whittaker's Almanac, the Statesman's Year Book, Hazell's Annual, and books of that character are invaluable to-day by reason of the important information they contain.

January 1 is the birthday of Paul Revere (1735), Anthony Wayne (1745), Edmund Burke (1730), and the first American flag was used by Washington on January 1, 1776, at Cambridge, Mass.

AT THE HOTELS.

Walter MacEwen, of Paris, the well-known artist, whose mural paintings in the Congressional Library are world-famed for their beauty of conception and execution, is at the New Willard. MacEwen is also an officer of the French Legion of Honor and wears the blood-red button of this society, which was created by Napoleon the Great, after abolishing all other orders and decorations of nobility and distinction.

Speaking of "anything new in the world of art," Mr. MacEwen said that a movement was on foot and receiving the hearty support of American painters and connoisseurs to send to Berlin, Munich, and other German art centers an exhibition of paintings by American artists.

"Hugo Reisinger, of New York, who is in my opinion the best German collection of paintings to this country, which were exhibited at the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, is at the head of this return exhibition of American pictures and has the co-operation of the German government. The idea of this American exhibit in Germany, I suppose," said Mr. MacEwen, "is to show to the people on the other side that America has artists of her own, which was seriously doubted up to this time, when their work was exhibited in Paris. The American exhibit will consist of pictures from the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York and private collections and public galleries in the principal cities of this country."

"Washington is a beautiful city and compares most favorably with any of the great continental cities. The work of beautification is going ahead rapidly, and in my most competent hands. By the time the proposed plan is finished the Capital of the United States will be the most beautiful city in the world, and it will not be many years before this will be the case."

"The question relating to the separation of state and church in France is regarded as settled and finally disposed of," declared Mr. MacEwen, "and I think it is best as it is. Business is good in France, and her relations with England seem to have become cordial. They are now, and the same holds good with Russia. The feeling toward Germany is also very friendly—that is to say, there is no open antagonism against Germany, no spirit of revenge for the defeat the French suffered at the hands of the Germans in 1870. German artists come to Paris and are received with the same feeling of friendship as those of other countries."

"I am a Conservative," said V. G. Menzies, of Scotland and London, at the New Willard last night, replying to the question whether, in his opinion, the Liberal party would be successful at the coming general election.

"I don't believe in home rule, for one thing, and no Englishman can really approve of it. They look upon Ireland as being part of England, the same as Yorkshire is, or any other part of the kingdom. The Unionist party, which really has been absorbed by the Unionists, will never agree to granting autonomy to Ireland. I cannot see how a Liberal victory could mean a curtailment of the prerogatives of the House of Lords which are guaranteed them by the constitution. If a Liberal victory meant as much it would amount to the greatest upheaval in the history of the British empire."

"The American press have been discussing the annexation or amalgamation of Canada with the United States. There seems to be no good reason for articles of that sort when it is well known that Canada, like every other British colony, is loyal to the crown and King Edward. The Englishman has not much patriotism as to general rule, but when the proper moment arrives and patriotism is necessary