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THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1910.

Prince de Ligno Does Not Know Us.

Having favored Washington with a week-end visit and caught a fleeting glimpse of the Capitol, the Monument, and the White House—always in pleasing ocular evidence to the average visitor—and noted, in passing, a few other things not to be overlooked, including the weather, Prince Henry de Ligno, attache of the Belgian Legation, is sojourning in New York, which, he avows, he finds decidedly more to his liking than the National Capital.

This frank, impetuous avowal fills our soul with grief: It would fill it with resentment but for the self-restraint which we constantly and scrupulously practice.

Washington is obviously the victim of an all too hastily formed impression on the prince's part—a taxicab impression, perhaps—and it is only fair for him to give the city another chance, a closer view and more deliberate inspection, before stamping us forever with his disapproval.

A week-end stay is not enough. Last Saturday and Sunday the sky was overcast, the atmosphere chill and heavy, and January doing her worst to make things disagreeable and forbidding. This accounts for it all, we are sure.

Prince de Ligno must see Washington under brighter auspices; see it leisurely, and allow Washington to catch more than a fleeting glimpse of him. He should see F street on a sunny afternoon, between 2 and 5 o'clock, and let its adorable habitues, the prettiest on earth, see and inspect him. He should stroll up or down Connecticut avenue at a propitious hour, when fashion is out for an airing, and permit that gay, discriminating throng to take his august measure. Washington would then become to him a veritable joy forever, we truly believe.

The prince, we are told, has spent much of his life in Paris. More recently, however, he has served his kingdom—served it with princely grace, no doubt—at the Court of Morocco. We can understand that wherever he goes now he finds the changed environment somewhat soberly marked. But Washington, after all, is not so lacking in Parisian charms as he rashly concluded after his cursory week-end look about. As for Morocco, we lack intimate knowledge, but have always been given to understand that love of that Oriental capital was largely an acquired taste, quite easy to be overcome, if one would only try. We fear the prince is not trying. Really, he has not given Washington half a chance—not one-tenth of a chance, indeed. An acquaintance with Washington is not to be formed by flitting through our midst in a taxicab.

Prince de Ligno is sure to tire of New York. He will return to us. It is the lure of the Great White Way, maybe, that keeps him here. It dazzles prince and plebeian alike, embowers them by its tawdry splendor, diverts them by a while, yet pulls upon them in time. So in the case of his highness it will be. He will find it neither Paris nor Morocco, and will willingly break away. After that—well, it will be all the easier then to like Washington. He will not merely become reconciled, but actually fall in love with this fair, pleasure-loving, and fascinating American Capital, which, in cordial turn, in keeping with its characteristic fondness for titled visitors, will readily embrace him with all its heart.

Prince Henry de Ligno has something yet to see and learn. First impressions often are misleading, and we forgive him much. On his next week-end visit we hope to hear he has been taken in proper and capable hand—by Capt. Archibald Butt, for example—and shown what we have to offer. Then all will be well.

"Frequent Daily" Service Exercise. The military authorities are described as discussing the changes which should be made in the annual physical test to which many officers of the military establishment are now subjected. It is proposed to have average daily walks or rides, three miles a day in the case of a pedestrian and six or eight miles per day in the case of a rider. By this means it is believed there will be some chance of realizing the purpose of the order which requires these annual physical tests. When Mr. Roosevelt exacted this requirement of the army and navy officers, it was for the purpose of "cultivating and inculcating the habit of frequent daily exercise" on the part of members of the commissioned personnel of the military-naval establishment. This has been accomplished only in individual cases, and only in instances, presumably, where the "frequent daily" exercise would be engaged in without the stimulation of an Executive order. As it has worked out, officers of the army and navy have gone into special, and more or less arduous, training just before the physical test and then have relaxed into a state of inactivity until it is necessary again to prepare for the annual "stunt."

It would be well to have these more frequent exercises average as to have them almost daily, or as nearly as may

comply with the ungrammatical official designation of "frequent daily." By this means officers will acquire the habit of riding or walking, and gain the physical and mental benefit of the exercise, which result furnishes the only good reason for the requirement, notwithstanding that most junior officers have hailed it as a sort of deliverance from protracted stagnation, in that it afforded the prospect of retiring some of the older officers who could not meet the requirements.

"Marse Henry" Waxes Wroth.

Looking the New York Sun squarely in the eye, the Louisville Courier-Journal says: "This New York paper represents a class that thinks there is nothing west of Jersey and south of Staten Island except literary and a state of semi-civilization. To the ends and pet young Harvardites who write for it, each Western man and Southern man talks plain English and 'claves tacker' in their unraveled and distorted faces. Kansas becomes a ledge now of chin whiskers, Texas a bed of anarchy, and Kentucky a synonym for mustajapa. 'Sul' alternates with 'by gawd' in the popular vocabulary."

We think the Courier-Journal doth protest too much. Let the heathen rage and imagine vain things; let them put "sul" and "sah" and "chaws of tacker" and slurred "rs" and superstitious mint juleps into the mouths of Kansasites, Kentuckyites, and Texasites, if they will or must; but what boots it if they cannot make their trash stay put? Aye, there's the rub! Everybody who is anybody knows better than to believe the Sun when they shine thus unwisely and not well—quietly but positively preferring to go over for the moment to that noble army of doubting Thomases moved occasionally to suspect that even if you do see it in the Sun it is not invariably so.

Washington, we think, enjoys considerable advantage of location in these United States. The borderland between the anciently alleged North and South furnishes a fitting ground from which occasionally to point with pride in several directions—and simultaneously, if necessary. Our unique location encourages optimism and stimulates catholicism. It gives one zest to minimize apparent decadence here, while he also benignly pools-pools patriotism seemingly a bit too verdant yonder. It inclines fortunate citizens to a realization of the fact that, generally speaking, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; that the truly unblest may as often as not eat, drink, and be merry without thoughts of death on the morrow, indeed?

Wherefore, we counsel "Marse Henry" to calmness and an hour or so of sweet repose. The Sun sometimes are wrong—and ought to know it—but let them babble and have their little says. After all, as some one puts it: "There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

And, therefore, at any and all cost, let us have peace!

The Sunday Rest Bill.

The Sunday rest bill, now before the Senate and undergoing proper amendment, may become an acceptable measure, but hasty action is not warranted. In all fairness there should be the fullest and freest hearing before such legislation is enacted, and the Senate would do well to recommit the bill for that purpose.

One Senator stated in debate that he did not approve of it, but would vote for it, and the half-hearted support it is receiving from other Senators discloses doubt in their minds as to the wisdom of it.

Certainly there is no urgency in the District—at least it has not been made known—that calls for hurried and ill-considered action. Then why not give the public an opportunity to be heard?

Protests are coming from the country against the measure. It is not fully understood. It should be fully understood before being passed. Countless thousands of good, law-abiding citizens throughout the land look askance, naturally, when an enactment is proposed that touches religion and involves a principle which they hold most dear. A number of Western Senators already have voiced this feeling.

It is against the seeming haste to push the bill through, rather than against the bill itself, as amended, that these words are set down. It is the right of all people to be heard and there should be no denial of that right in this case.

A contemporary notes that "Capt. Loose says, somewhat theatrically, that he refused \$5,000 to repudiate his anti-Cook affidavit." Perhaps the gallant captain suspected it was stage money.

The Daughters of the American Revolution will join the meat boycott. Their ancestors decidedly got the best of John Bull once upon a time.

Is the beef trust its brother's keeper? No, indeed! It merely fixes the price of beef at about twice what it should be, because it loves its brother so.

"The Democratic chances of having a Speaker are the brightest seen in any January since 1892," says the Springfield Republican. This is not extraordinary, since Congresses are elected in November and Speakers, usually, in December.

If Mr. Roosevelt is elected Speaker later along, however, Congress may come to be a monologue.

"President Finch" now, says the Pittsburg Post. But it is the sweet by and by that counts in that matter, we should say.

A Little Nonsense.

OTHER INTERESTS. He has no time to read of crime Or think of Perla's lot. The Balkan states may meet their fate; They interest him not.

He doesn't care if hosts prepare To meet in battle grim; In fact, eschews the foreign news. It doesn't trouble him.

Let rustics raw observe with awe The comet's course, forsooth. His fancy wings to higher things; His baby has a tooth.

The Extent. "Do you know Burroughs?" "Some." "How well do you know him?" "Oh, about \$40 worth."

They Come and Go. "How about your cook? When I saw you last you were quite dissatisfied with her." "Was it?" responded the hostess wearily. "I've been dissatisfied with five or six cooks since then."

The Book Agent. Lives of great men, he's reminding, We vainly fume and frown, We can get in splendid binding For a paltry dollar down.

No Use. "This popular fiction is all both. In real life the girl's father seldom objects to the man of her choice." "You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."

Young Love. "You're buying cheroots since you're married. Beginning to economize, eh?" "No; my wife likes for me to leave nice long butts. She loops 'em with ribbons and hangs 'em about the flat."

Forewarned. "How is the water in the bath, Lisette?" "Cold, my lady. It turned baby fatry blue." "Then don't put Fido in for an hour or so."

JOYS OF UNCOOKED FOOD. Raw Fooder Finds Health Vastly Better Without Meat. From Good Housekeeping. To the uninitiated it sounds brutal—raw food! The first question they ask is: "How can you eat meat raw?" But the uncooked food devotees eat no flesh; they find their health is vastly better without it, and their lives in all manner of uncooked things that are really marvellously tempting. The raw food people never have colds, fevers, stomach trouble, torpid livers, nervousness, or a lot of common, everyday ailments that the out-of-date, ordinary cooked food eater has.

The amount that a raw fooder eats at a meal is small. He is quickly filled. The reason is that the stomach seems to know when it has had enough of the elemental things from which it draws its strength, and telegraphs the fact to the taste, and the eater finds himself satisfied. On the other hand, with cooked food he goes on eating and eating, and the stomach delays its message, as it has to receive a vast bulk of stuff, largely waste matter, because of the life being cooked out of the food by fire.

Raw onions are esteemed highly as a cleanser of the system, as well as a fortifier in other ways, and onion is blended instead of about 200,000. Two days are set aside for District business every month, the same number that is allotted to private pensions and claims. The ward of the Nation needs constant attention.

SHOPPING IN PARIS. From Figaro. "What are those little gold pinners?" "They are used to pick up letters you have put on the letter scales." "And that ivory stick carved and forked at the end?" "People use it to fish out things they have dropped into carafes."

Senator Gordon Don't Care. Senator Gordon, of Mississippi, is quietly holding down his great job and waiting in good humor till Mississippi gets ready to choose his successor.

Precedent for Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Ballinger can also prove to the satisfaction of any Congressional committee that George Washington and his little hatchet set the precedent for drumming the forests.

Raising the Wrong Thing. From the Kansas City Star. President Taft's proposal to raise the battle ship Maine at this time may be worthy enough, but the Maine is not what the Roosevelt enthusiasts hoped to see him "raise."

Mr. Hitchcock's Card Index. Postmaster General Hitchcock will have to go through his card index with some notations as to who is an immigrant and who is not. The list of immigrants has to be frequently revised.

Wants Live Speakers.

Brain Broadsy, in New York Telegraph. The manager of a lecture bureau showed me a letter from the manager of an ory house in North Carolina asking for some good lectures in his town. His preference was for Bob Taylor, of Tennessee; Daniel Webster or Patrick Henry. He wants the live ones.

A Ham and Bacon Soliloquy. To be or not to be—that is the question: Whether 'Tis better to suffer the patient's butchers To outrageously deprive us of our fortune, Or to take up arms against them and the meat trust.

Some members of Congress are insisting that the \$7,500 salary they now receive does not go as far as the \$5,000 they used to receive. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Congress probably will raise its own salary again at considerable peril.

"Effort walks in the rain." Commendable! Taft walks, but he has not yet swum Rock Creek or eaten a crocodile," notes the New York Post. Well, he has eaten baked jessum, and crocodile probably has nothing on that as a strenuous dish.

The Hon. William Schley Howard, candidate for Congress to succeed Col. Leonard Felix Livingston, has promulgated a platform declaring for trust annihilation,

Other events of interest occurring on January 27 were the birthday of Eli Whitney Blake (1795), the inventor of the Blake stone crusher; David McK. Key (1824), Postmaster General under James Monroe; and the death of the great composer, and keroseine was first used for illuminating purposes in 1826.



It was whiskers day in the legislative halls of Congress yesterday. White whiskers, gray whiskers, and the "has-beens" were in evidence on both sides of the Capitol. Representative Grosvenor with his flowing white beard graced the floor of the House and ex-Senator Peffer with his long gray beard decorated a settee in the Senate.

In order to refute the charge that the Immigration Commission had been jockeying abroad and to prove that he worked while in Europe, Representative Bennett, of New York, one of the commission, says he has the American record for the shortest stay in Paris. He struck the town early in the morning and shook the dust of "Gay Paree" off his boots before noon the same day.

Representative Douglas has developed a trait that may serve him well when he retires from Congress. He is an adept at giving a chalk talk. The Ohlson is an advocate of a bureau of mines, and in presenting his views to the House did so with a chart exhibited in front of the Speaker's desk. While he was giving his official lesson his predecessor, ex-Representative Grosvenor, walked into the chamber and watched the performance.

Strange things happen these days among the nation's legislators. The latest phenomenon is a ship subsidy bill introduced in the House by Democrat, Representative Clark, of Florida.

Representative Coudrey thinks Sixteenth street extended should be dignified with the name of "Avenue of the Presidents," and has presented a bill to that effect, the avenue extending from the White House to the District line.

One of the Senators who can explain a measure with clearness and a convincing argument is Senator Carter. He never talks on a subject unless he is familiar with it. He never gets excited, and no matter how much he is quizzed, never gets angry. His sentences are well worded and to the point, and his hearers are never at a loss to know what he means.

The District of Columbia is only a small portion of Uncle Sam's domain, but it is of sufficient importance to divide the time of the House of Representatives with questions of national importance and questions that affect millions of people instead of about 200,000. Two days are set aside for District business every month, the same number that is allotted to private pensions and claims.

That boy Fitzgerald, of New York, slips one over occasionally in the House. He took Mr. Currier, who introduces the Ballinger-Finchon committee resolution, off his feet in a jiffy. Mr. Olmsted was seated behind Mr. Currier and tried to prompt him. "Never mind," said Currier, "I will take care of that;" but he didn't, and the youngster from the Empire State was upheld by Uncle Joe. When it comes to an interpretation of the House rules, the old-timers have to get there early to beat Fitzgerald.

Representative Douglas, of Ohio, celebrated his conversion to the cause of the insurgents by getting busy with the rules, and he used up lots of wind and strength trying to convince "Uncle Joe" that he was right. Though his voice rose as high as a Currier aeroplane and his arms flew around as rapidly as a propeller, "Uncle Joe" quietly and respectfully told him there was nothing doing, and ruled against him.

Senator Dewey is so very much in demand he is obliged to carry a vest-pocket book of engagements. The book is covered with a bright red binding, and the Senator has it for ready reference. The engagement book is to Senator Dewey as the book of rules is to Senator Smoot and the Senate calendar to Senator Keay.

It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead." The word is from the Greek "Koimeteion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the etymology of the word to warrant us in thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead any more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery—"Bethaim"—the house of the living.

Somewhat Weak. From the Harvard Lampoon. Steward—Do you feel equal to a cup of Sealisk Passenger—No, I feel as weak as water.

Polled Again. From the Cleveland Leader. "How can your firm beat our company?" We sell the only absolutely burglar-proof safes made.

"Hi-hal! We sell cashier proof safes!"

SOCIAL LIFE'S WEAR AND TEAR

Depletes One's Store of Physical Vitality and Nervous Energy. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It is not always dissipation that is meant by the phrase, "the pace that kills." Diversion that is morally innocuous may come in time to deplete one's store of physical vitality and nervous energy almost as seriously as flagrant persistence in vicious courses.

People who are "in society" may pretend that they can turn night into day, burning the candle at both ends in their protracted festivities, with no fear of the arrival of a day of reckoning, but nature with severe impartiality arraigns at length not merely the hardened roue or debauchee, but the person whose "recreation" has been of an entirely innocent nature and yet excessive in amount.

It looks as though "society" would soon have to come to an understanding regarding the number of engagements its devotees are expected by its unwritten laws to make and to keep within twenty-four hours. Societies for the prevention of cruelty have been formed, but what organization is there to prevent cruelty to society? It is a real hardship to many a business man, who has to arise betimes in the morning, to be compelled to stay up until the small hours of the night in order to perform the function of escort home from the opera or the ball.

The brilliant occasion itself obligates for the time being to leave within twenty-four hours, but with "the chill gray dawns of the morning after" the bread-winner of the household finds himself facing his clients or his associates with his reservoir of vitality depleted; he has to make a conscious effort to keep wide awake in order to meet the demands made upon his shrewdest and most alert attention.

Even when it is not the captain of industry who is concerned, but the lady of elegant leisure, whose hours are regulated at her own sweet will, it is a strain from the flourishing state of the sanatoria for nervous invalids that the normally constituted woman cannot be "on the go" incessantly without grave danger of over-doing and having to do penance, if not in sack cloth and ashes, at least with malted milk and enforced seclusion.

The modern debutante has a really formidable gamut to run, with all the invitations her social position and family traditions her compel her to accept. The ordeal is not so much the attendance at two or three balls in as many days, with luncheons and teas interspersed, as it is the inevitable preparation, making it necessary to spend half of the waking hours in consultation with modiste and milliner.

Surely society is waiting, eagerly expectant, for the formation of some sort of protective league to make organized restraints against those encroachments upon the twenty-four hours of the night and the day, which are at present wholly insufficient for both business and pleasure.

IDO BEATS 'EM ALL. The Word "Belozo" Expresses Volumes of Affection and Admiration. From the New York Telegraph. If you have been in the habit of thinking in Esperanto or expressing yourself in Volapuk, quit it. Those languages, or whatever they may be called, are obsolete. Now it is the proper thing to express one's self in ido.

What little we have heard in this new language, which appears to have been made by the Danes, it does not sound good to us. Otto Jepererson, of Copenhagen, is here to give ido a boost with Americans, and he began his missionary work last week for the new "universal language." If you are courting a girl, "belozo" it covers everything that you wish to say. Do you wish to tell her that she is beautiful, fascinating, and full of witchery, murmur "belozo."

Would you like to say to a young lady that she looks well and suits you clear down to the ground, don't utter a long speech, merely say, with a look of chastened affection, "Maggie, belozo." It is not a bad thing to know, this "belozo" word, and the fact that one can do all his courting up to the point of proposing with these magic three syllables ought to make the language popular with stammerers and tongue-tied men. But will not sound well or so well with those eloquent souls who love to hear themselves talk and who are endowed with a gift of gab. And that includes about all Americans and some of the Irish. Therefore, we cannot promise the erudite Otto Jepererson that ido will make a hit with the majority.

A Good Old Idea. From the Baltimore American. "I wish we could return to the way of the good old times with these groggy fellows who are always criticizing other people."

"What was that?" "In the old times, you know, they hung up knoekers."

Or Move to Philadelphia. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Dinco is awfully out of sorts since the administration turned his own."

"What does he say about it?" "He says he wishes the waters of oblivion could roll over him."

"Then why doesn't he run for Vice President?"

"Purchasers often wonder," said Hermann G. Selig, an importer of New York, who is at the Arlington, and who has just returned from a tour of Germany, "how it is that Germany can pay duties and sell things so cheaply. It's easily enough explained. At some kinds of work a man, his wife and five children, working ten to sixteen hours a day, can average 50 cents a day wages. In many classes of work the pay is from half a cent to a cent an hour, according to the skill of the worker. The beautiful toys that the Germans send abroad at Christmas time are made by men and women who do not average three-quarters of a cent an hour. The beautiful feature Easter novelties, the paper novelties, are made by the same deft hands that toil for a price that would be scorned by a newsboy for ten minutes' work. These figures apply only to adults. The children cannot earn nearly as large sums. One family of seven earns 45 cents a day, another with eight members aggregates 32 cents.

"In Thuringia," continued Mr. Selig, "the workmen making toy animals for ninety-two pieces receive about 1 cent an hour. For sixty wooden soldiers, on which an adult and three children work thirty hours, 7 1/2 cents is paid. Colored masks bring 4 cent an hour, and 2 1/2 cents an hour is the wage for the whole family. The makers of doll parts are no better off. No better wages are paid for musical instruments.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Russia and America within the next few years will become more friendly than ever," said Sinia Romanoff, a native of Russia, who has made his home in this country for some years, but keeps in close touch with Russian affairs. Although Mr. Romanoff bears the family name of the Czar, he makes no claim of royal blood; but does not deny that he might be a grand duke, a prince, or something of that sort. At any rate, Mr. Romanoff, with the accent on the "an" in his name, made some mysterious allusions as to his real self. He enshrouded his real personality within the seven hiding and yet translucent veils of Salome, as it were, so to speak, period, paragraph.

"I left Russia," said the man with the name, "because I had some trouble with my father—who he is or who I am, I don't say. Some call me grandduke, and say that I am of noble blood; that may be so or not, I don't know. I passed the entrance examination to Harvard, but was prevented from taking advantage of it, as the day I was supposed to enter I was injured in an elevator accident. I was sick for many weeks, and during that time I forgot most everything I knew. I spoke twelve languages then, and now I am hardly able to speak my own tongue. I lost one of the fingers on my hand, and my legs were crushed, and the doctors told me they had to be amputated. I told them that if they amputated them I would get square with them all I got well. I rubbed them with oil and worked and bent them every day, and to-day I am as strong as ever. I am really stronger than I look."

Speaking of American liberty, the Romanoff of Russia said that it was not to be compared with that which prevailed in Russia. "In Russia we do things, and in America you talk but you don't do. In America everybody works too hard. There is no time for recreation or rest; you give more rest to your horses than to your men."

"Conditions in Russia are not nearly as bad as they have been painted," added Mr. Romanoff. "If Americans like Russia as well as they know other European countries, they would have a far different opinion of the Czar and his domain. Some people say the Czar is a weak man. He is not," asserted Mr. Romanoff, "he is the best Czar Russia ever had; he is a strong-minded, far-seeing monarch, whose sole aim is to improve the condition of his people."

Mr. Romanoff excused himself because he was not attired in evening dress, saying that his baggage had not yet arrived. He said that Russians visiting this country did not wear monocles like English dukes, neither did they display jewelry as the English, German, French and other foreigners do when they visit the United States. The gentleman from Russia called particular attention to the fact that he is much stronger from a physical point of view than his appearance would seem to indicate—in fact, that he was much stronger, indeed.

The color line between persons of negro descent and the white races is quite distinct in all parts of the United States, and in the South it is an unmistakable boundary marking an impassable gulf, according to L. H. Jordan, of Charleston, S. C., who is at the Riggs.

"In Charleston," said Mr. Jordan, "there is still another color line. It divides the negroes of the city into two classes—browns and blacks. This is not a thing of yesterday, but a division that was made more than a century ago, and which cannot be blotted out. The brown negro of Charleston is not to be confounded with the mulatto. Many of them have an admixture of white blood, but few, if any of them, have any black negro blood. They are descended from free negroes escaped with white companions from the crews of pirate ships, refugees from the West India Islands, or, in some cases, immigrants directly from Africa.

"There has never been any serious race trouble in Charleston," continued Mr. Jordan. "The middle class of the browns is a bumper between whites and blacks, and while to the white people all negroes are negroes, without regard to shades or coloring, the brown negroes keep up the distinction and often throw their influence with the whites. As is the case in all parts of the South, there is genuine affection between white people and their old family servants. The faithfulness was demonstrated by the caretakers who stayed at home and provided for the women and children during the war. The gratitude of the white people is shown every day in a thousand ways in looking out for the personal welfare of the old negroes. To argue that these people should have the same privileges in every respect as a white man is too absurd almost for discussion."

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"The number of children employed in Germany is estimated at 350,000. They are found in all industries. Even children only three years old are employed in home work. The reasons for the employment of children is twofold. In the first place, the children furnish cheap labor, and, second, the parents are dependent on their assistance. Of course, much of their work is purely mechanical. The thousands who have visited Oberammergau and have taken away with them artistically carved images and crosses will be interested to learn that these are produced at low wages. The average wages of the carvers in Oberammergau range from 30 to 70 cents a day. The work begins at 6 o'clock and continues until 8 to 10 in the evening."



The First Sewing Machine—January 27.

Elias Howe, who is recognized as the first practical sewing-machine inventor, like many of the other early inventors, met with all kinds of trouble and ridicule before he was able to convince capitalists that he had succeeded in producing something practicable and of great public use. At the time he was working on the sewing machine Howe was employed in a Boston machine shop. He spent all his spare moments laboring on his perfection. After five years of continuous experimenting he completed the invention in May, 1846, but he was unable to make a finished machine until he received pecuniary aid from George Fisher, with whom he formed a partnership.

He completed his sewing machine during the early part of the winter of 1846, and on the 27th of January, the following year, he gave a private exhibition of its workings, but he was not able to obtain a patent upon it until September 10, 1846. In consequence of the opposition to any labor-saving machine, the artisans of Boston were unwilling to use it, and for a brief time Mr. Howe obtained employment on a railroad as an engineer until his health failed.

In 1847 he visited England, hoping for success in that country, but after two years he returned to the United States, utterly destitute, after working his way home as a common sailor. During his absence the machine had been imitated and introduced through the country in spite of the patents. Friends were easily found to help him establish his patent, but in 1854, after much litigation, he finally accomplished this end. His prosperity was thenceforth assured, and a year later he had repurchased all of the patents that he had sold during his season of adversity. It is estimated that up to September, 1867, the date of the expiration of the patent, he had realized about \$2,000,000. He died on October 3 of that year.

It is probable that the first sewing machine was made by an Englishman named Thomas Saint and was patented July 17, 1790. Though made of wood, it resembled the later successful machines in that it had an overhanging arm, vertical reciprocating needle, and a hole was punched by an awl for the needle to pass through. In 1830 Bartholomew Thimbleton produced a sewing machine which was patented first in France and some time afterward in the United States. After Howe's sewing machine demonstrated its practicability other inventors followed, including John Bachelder, A. B. Wilson, Isaac M. Singer, &c.