

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST. Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY, Under the Direction of SCOTT C. BONE, Editor HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail. Daily and Sunday, 50 cents per month. Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.

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

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910.

Jeffersonian Democracy.

Honoring the memory of Thomas Jefferson is not a partisan duty perfunctorily performed this year. The celebrations reveal an optimistic spirit. Hope is strong. Genuine jubilation is supported by the deep-rooted conviction that the party of Jefferson now has its best chance in more than a decade to come into its own—nearly wholly at once, but in substantial part.

It will require an analysis at leisure of the speeches made here and throughout the country to discover to what extent the Democrats are as one on the issues and what the party's issues actually are. It has been a hopelessly divided party. This party of Jefferson, and it has wandered long in the wilderness. Hope long deferred of a coming together tended to make the Democratic heart sick.

Where does the Democratic party stand today? That is the question of immediate concern. Its answer will invite or repel an untold number of independent votes, no doubt. Is it united for tariff reform, or is it as badly divided as the party in power? And, more than this, is its forthcoming creed, enunciated in platforms and on the hustings, to embrace all the issues of creation, as has been the case in recent campaigns?

Contentment in the Navy.

It is a wise and beneficent step which the naval authorities have taken in the recent amendment of regulations pertaining to the administration of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets. These changes relieve the commander-in-chief of the fleet of details which hitherto have taken up his time and attention, so that he may have opportunity for the more important functions of his office. More than that, they give to division commanders the authority with which they may very properly be intrusted. This increases individual responsibility in a direction and to a degree which is bound to be helpful in the training of subordinates in habits of self-reliance. An important feature of the new scheme is the provision for divisional cruising in foreign waters in three months of every year, the cruise to be so planned that attractive ports will be visited. There is every reason to believe that these foreign cruises will do much to promote the contentment and interest of the personnel without in any way interfering with the serious work of training the divisions and the fleet to the highest practicable efficiency. The department recognizes the principle that contentment goes hand in hand with efficiency, and believes that the best results may be obtained by making the work of the fleet as pleasant and as interesting as possible.

It is necessary to get away from the humdrum of wooden routine, and in no better way can this be brought about than by allowing the divisions to cruise independently of the fleet in waters at a distance from the usual cruising localities. The divisional commanders will have the opportunity of exercising their judgment and applying their authority. The personnel of the division will gain the added interest of visiting foreign ports. There is no doubt that contentment adds to efficiency, since a fractious crew and a dissatisfied commissioned personnel constitute a handicap which interferes with training and with the development of fitness.

Catching the Biggest Fish.

Few men who ever indulge in piscatorial pursuits, especially with rod and tackle, are without the stock-in-trade story of the biggest fish they ever captured or tried to land. To these disciples of Old Izaak, a telegraph dispatch from Los Angeles should be a source of good cheer, for it shows that the biggest fish in the sea remains uncaught, and perseverance may, figuratively speaking, land him in their net. W. N. McMillan, owner of the Ju-Ju ranch in South Africa, was out with a trolling bait in a launch the other morning when he suddenly discovered he had hooked something. After wrestling for one hour and forty minutes, he brought a 3,000-pound sunfish close enough to gaff it. Even then, it took four men to keep the monster on the surface and to tow it in

to Avalon Bay, where the prize was piloted to the wharf. Mr. McMillan entertained Col. Roosevelt in Africa a year ago, and certainly deserves a congratulatory telegram from some European capital on his remarkable achievement.

The peerless Potomac shad does not deign to attain a weight of 3,000 pounds, nor would any Washington fisherman for a moment give thought to landing such a monster. The Blue Ridge streams furnish enough lively sport for the local fishermen, and there will be no exodus from Washington to the Pacific coast in search of sunfish. The laurels of the local men rest on achievements of skill, not on brown, and a fish weighing more than two and a half pounds is not the kind sought after by an epicure. The Potomac and its shad have no quarrel with the Pacific coast's monster sunfish.

Roosevelt Incognito.

Mr. Roosevelt is having his trials and tribulations in Europe, after all. There are people, of course, who imagine that he is treading primrose paths exclusively and having the one grand large time of his life, but such people are mistaken. He is encountering some trouble as he goes.

One of his most persistent annoyances, it appears, is his seeming utter inability to preserve his incognito on occasions. Now and then, despite irrelevant ones who sometimes suggest the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt desires to conceal his identity—to maintain an impregnable disguise, as it were. Far from the maddening crowd's ignominious strife, the colonel—it is alleged—delights to stray every little bit. It is when the spirit moves him thus that he dons his incognito. Oh, it is perfectly good form to wear an incognito in Europe—never fear for that! The very best families over there do it ever so often. It is merely a polite and dignified method of self-effacement without resorting to false whiskers, green goggles, and so forth.

Notwithstanding the colonel's most tremendous efforts, however, it seems that his incognito never will stay put. He ventures forth some quiet morning, clad simply but becomingly in khaki, cowboy hat, and army riding boots, with, perhaps, a blue and white polka dotted handkerchief knotted about his neck—presumably the hurrah begins, and great cheers agitate the atmosphere around and about! Farewell, incognito, for that day, anyway! Again he proceeds for an afternoon drive. The vehicle selected is ancient and out of date, the horses' harness is bespangled with harmless and unostentatious little bells—not big, booming, beseeching bells, mind you, but tiny things that are not to be heard more than half a mile away. And—would you believe it?—before he has proceeded 200 yards, some wise one bellows, "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Here comes Roosevelt!" And, of course, it is all off once more.

From all of which we conclude that an incognito must be almost impossible of preservation in Europe, unless one uses benzene of soda, or something equally as bad!

Taking the Census.

Attorney General Wickesham in his Chicago address said it was the aim of the government to take the present census in a "quiet, systematic, and businesslike manner." Preparations for this tremendous undertaking, which will be in full swing in a day or two, have been going on for many months; in fact, ever since February, 1906, when President Roosevelt vetoed the bill by which 4,000 clerks in the Census Bureau would have been exempt from competitive examinations.

A variety of questions will be asked of every householder in the nation in the next month. It behooves every one to answer them promptly and as accurately as possible. Thus the full benefit of the great work will be attained. The individual must co-operate with the enumerator for the best results. Allowance has been made for an error of 1 per cent in the enumeration, but Director Durand's estimate was for the maximum of error, and it should be kept at a minimum.

This year there will be 20,000 supervisors, enumerators, and other employees, while in 1900 the total was 59,272, and in 1890 only 33,027. This in itself shows the growth of the work and the added accuracy, if additional numbers are of value in getting the facts properly tabulated.

The enumeration of every census up to and including that of 1870 took a year. The three following decades took a month each, and this year a month is again the limit of time. In 1890 it took four years and ten months to prepare the reports and publish them. In 1900 it took one year and seven months. Probably this year the figures can be given out in less time. The desire of the nation to learn the official figures is one of deep interest, and Director Durand can make himself popular by hastening the work as much as possible without sacrificing accuracy. Bulletins from time to time will give the population of cities and States, and other interesting information. These bulletins will be eagerly sought and will make much newspaper copy for some months.

Rome is still sitting on her seven hills, of course, but we suspect she is yet a trifle wobbly, nevertheless. A Vermont man complains that he frequently is mistaken for Mr. Joseph G. Cannon. Well, he may feel fairly sure of one thing, at least; it is not likely his constituents will hustle him off to Congress.

Mr. Taft inclines to deal insurgently with them. Well?

This country cares not who plays politics this day. It is too solidly interested in who plays ball. Oscar, Oscar, quite contrary, where does Miss Garden go?

A St. Louis man swears his subconscious self was in control when he was married, "notes the Omaha World-Herald."

A good deal will depend on whether the jury is composed of married men or bachelors, of course, when that issue comes to trial.

Mr. Bryan has been elected to the grand-father class for the second time. In some respects, moreover, that beats being elected President.

"Pittsburg does not deserve much pity," says the Bedford (Pa.) Standard. And it does not get much, if the truth must be told.

Mrs. Hetty Green's son says "the people have had enough of Roosevelt." Mr. Green may feel certain that is important—if true.

Perhaps the Speaker thinks it would help matters if he might swap his crown for a martyr's halo.

O. Henry, that prince of short story writers, has suffered a nervous breakdown. If good wishes will cheer him up, we herewith forward a carload.

Hon. Seth Bullock has been invited to meet the colonel in England. No political crisis of tremendous moment is believed to be concealed in this circumstance, however.

One ought to be able to save enough on the upper berth to purchase a couple of fried eggs in the dining car, anyway.

To the ancient and honorable society of near-poets, welcome the Hon. "Little Joe" Brown. The governor qualifies "dogwood" as a rhyme for "law good."

Europe has seen princes and potentates come and go for 35,000 years. Never before, however, has Europe seen a real, genuine "Rough Rider" in all of his ultimate glory!

If communication with Mars should be established to-morrow, the first question the average citizen would be inclined to ask is, "What's the price of sirloin steak up there?"

The first man who walks up to the ticket seller and demands an upper berth or nothing, however—well, we hope the ticket seller does not happen to be one possessed of a weak heart!

"The Rome Tribune-Herald thinks Congress ought to appoint a committee to find out whether Old Menckel actually is dead," says the Montgomery Advertiser. Old Menckel would have the time of his life outliving the investigation, all right!

The chances are only one in 288,000,000 that Halley's comet will strike the earth this trip. Still, in view of the unheard of opposition it is up against, the comet may decide to do it.

"We get nothing from the ice-man but ice," runs a new popular song. The author of that foolish ditty evidently never undertook to argue things with the ice-man.

An Idaho town has changed its name from Pinchot to Avery. Presumably, there already is a Heyburn, Idaho.

It is said that \$15,000,000 will be spent in London to entertain Mr. Roosevelt. And yet they have only to let the colonel take a London tour just as effectively by sitting down on them and taking a rest.

Turn About's Fair Play. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Attorney General Wickesham, after reading the insurgents out of the party, finds that the insurgents are reading him out of the party.

Invites Another Libel Suit. From the New York World. If Rome expels a sense of wariness after three days of him, let it imagine what the United States went through in the course of eight years.

Method in His Madness. From the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Hoban did not get four battle ships, and we suspect he is rather glad of it. His failure will give him another excuse for asking reelection to Congress.

Perhaps He Does. From the Baltimore News. Mr. Pinchot has gone to Denmark to study dairy methods. Perhaps he wants to know how to keep the milk of human kind from souring in a critical transition.

Some War Expenses. From the New York American. The Napoleonic wars cost England \$4,200,000,000. The war of 1870 between France and Germany cost \$3,200,000,000. The Crimean war cost \$1,700,000,000, and the civil war in the United States exacted a toll from both sides of over \$6,000,000,000. The Boer war cost England over \$1,000,000,000, and the spurge between Russia and Japan cost more than twice that sum.

THE ANNUAL. When the soap is on the stairway and the rug is on the lawn. And the paperhanger's coming and the plasterer has gone. When the men are all dejected and are bothered with the blues. While their wives are madly shuffling in enormous overalls.

A LITTLE NONSENSE. SURE OF A SPRING.

The planet Saturn has eight suns, I understand. It seems to me that it must be a favored land.

To have eight suns upon the job is simply fine. For that reason, or maybe more, Must always shine.

Saturn can hardly fail to have a springtime gay. With suns in bulk they can't all sulk Or hide away.

On the Side. "This show is described as a musical cocktail."

Well, the comedian is an example of a cocktail's customary accompaniment. He's a piece of cheese.

Marks an Epoch. "One of the coast towns wants to hold an exposition. Wants no financial aid from Congress, either."

What is the exposition to commemorate? "I don't know." "No matter. If they want no aid from Congress, they are entitled to an exposition to signalize that fact alone."

Mere Mention. "Did your uncle mention you in his will?" "Yes; in very uncomplimentary terms."

Collecting Them. Although my heart the lady has, I greatly fear She only wants to keep it as A souvenir.

Campaigning by Machine. "I understand the graphophone speeches went very well in your district during the last campaign."

"So well that we are going to try 'em again next fall with a handshaking attachment which is now being tried out."

Society Drama. "I am undone," declared the beautiful heroine in act II. "Well, turn around and I'll hook you up," responded her husband with a bored air.

A Deal of Difference. "It has been said that waltzing is merely hugging set to music, and I must admit that I can't see the difference."

When Calico Cost 40 Cents. Frontier Hardships in Kansas Recounted by Mrs. D. M. Valentine. A year or two later (near Ottawa, Kans., about 1827), when our old home and marriage fires were about exhausted, came the necessity of buying clothes, bed coverings, and such. Calico was the almost universal dress goods for women and small children, and it cost 40 cents per yard, when cents were as hard to get as dollars were later.

Beds, the best of them, were made up with one sheet, muslin. And such muslin! It would not be considered good enough for horse blankets nowadays.

The heavy gingham came later, and they were dressed up materials, says Mrs. D. M. Valentine, of Kansas, in the Journal of American History. Not the pretty, tasty, and dainty gingham of the present market, but heavy, coarse, and really ugly ones. But the gingham never wore out, and they served their purpose well down to the second and third members of the family, who finished them as shirts. Then there were the balbriggan petticoats, costing dollars for women and small children, and if heavy and dark at the top, highly colored in vivid stripes running round and round above the hem.

After the "A14" flour came in, we made underclothing out of the flour sacks; and not only for the children, either. Matches were so scarce and expensive that we used them only in cases of absolute necessity. It is a joke among my children to be used in the humblest kitchen nowadays. Coal oil cost \$1.25 per gallon then, and a poor quality at that. Lighting by kerosene was an expensive luxury, and we used tallow candles almost entirely. My husband at that time owned—and he carried it all through his life, and it is in the family yet—one of the few gold watches in all that country. He always left it with me when away, for it to be used in the humblest kitchen nowadays. His estimation as a fighter, it is said, far eclipsed that of any feline pugilist on record.

SNAP SHOTS. From the Dallas News. How dull he wealthy—quite wishing you were.

Do not tell your troubles to the census-taker. He is probably a married man, too.

When a girl knows that she doesn't love a man it is a sign that she's got sense.

About the surest thing in this world is that the letter that never came was a dud.

Another advantage which a speculation has over an investment is that the agony is over sooner.

In time somebody will propose a free school to teach baggagemen how to smash baggage.

PEOPLE AND THINGS. Wiped Off the Map.

So far as is known, the only instance in the history of Michigan where a good-sized town has been completely wiped off the map within three decades is furnished by Huron County. Thirty years ago Port Crescent, at the entrance of Saginaw Bay, was a thriving village of 1,100 population, and the second largest town in the county. To-day there is not a building, or even a foundation wall, to show where the prosperous little city once stood. In its best days the town boasted sawmills, a salt block, too good hotels, steamboat connections with Detroit, several large stores, and many comfortable residences. But the salt supply gave out; the timber and lumber became exhausted; capitalists went elsewhere, labor following, and within a few years Port Crescent vanished from the face of the earth. As there was but little good farming land in the immediate vicinity, nothing remained to support business enterprises. Buildings that were once busy with life were torn down and moved away, many of the better ones now forming a part of the village of Kilde, fifteen miles distant. And thus Port Crescent passed peacefully away.

False Teeth as Gifts. Testimony was given in the probate court of St. Louis not many days since that a man, who was giving a collection of Emil Weigel, an old man who fell heir to \$21,000, was the giver of sets of false teeth to his women friends. It was asserted that Mrs. Anna Bertrum was the recipient of one set, while Albert Baum, German consul in St. Louis, swore that Weigel told him he not only had given a set of false teeth to Mrs. Bertrum, but also had supplied another woman with a similar set, at the cost him \$45. Weigel, who is sixty-four years old, was before the probate court for the purpose of having his sanity inquired into. The German consul is behind the proceeding. Until Weigel received his legacy he was poor, and his weekly wage was only \$15. With \$21,000 in his possession, he started out to be a philanthropist. He boarded with Mrs. Bertrum and her sister, Mrs. George Salig. When Baum heard the old man was giving away much of his money and making present of expensive sets of false teeth to women, he decided it was his duty to interfere and save what might be left of the old man's little fortune. He asserts the old German is so childish he is incapable of managing his own affairs, and that the courts should protect him.

Concrete Bridge of 56 B. C. In the south of France is a concrete bridge known as the Pont du Gard, which was erected in 56 B. C. The concrete employed in the building of this bridge was not composed of crushed stone or other small aggregate of the variety now used in such work, but was of the old style, consisting of alternate layers of large and small stones, gravel, etc., and of cementitious materials. Vitruvius describes the method and materials in use before the Christian era, as do other writers. It is very improbable that the Pont du Gard would have withstood the rigors of our own climate for this length of time, but its actual state of preservation, as well as that of many other specimens of ancient concrete work, proves that if modern work of this sort is honestly executed it will many times meet the requirements of those living at the present time.

Famous Chicago Cat. Among the unhappy events recently chronicled, it delectates us to speak a word of the death of Old Ben, declared to be Chicago's oldest cat. The death of Ben, who for nearly nineteen years has been regarded as a fixture in the store of the Marx Drug Company, West Twelfth street and Ogden avenue, has brought sorrow to hundreds who have known and petted him during a checkered career covering almost two decades. Ben was not poisoned, either, and it seems rather strange that a cat could live to such a ripe old age without being poisoned or shot. He died of common, ordinary old age. There is always a height side to everything, however, and it is but just to say that sorrow is not everywhere in evidence on the West Side of Chicago, for there were some hard-hearted stoners who were jubilant upon celebration upon hearing of Ben's end. Every dog in the neighborhood is rejoicing, for although a staunch friend of mankind, Ben proved himself a veritable thorn in the side of every dog within blocks of his home. His estimation as a fighter, it is said, far eclipsed that of any feline pugilist on record.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY. The Assassination of Lincoln—April 14. To-day is the forty-fifth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln. Every man, woman, and child in the United States is thoughtfully recalling the happy memories of the eventful night when the President went to Ford's Theater to attend a performance of "Our American Cousin," was shot while seated in a private box, decorated with the Stars and Stripes in his honor, by John Wilkes Booth, the actor. How he was carried across Tenth street from the theater to the tenement house conducted by William Patterson, a tailor, where he died in the room of a lodger the following morning at 7:22 o'clock, and how by 9 o'clock the body of the President was placed in a temporary coffin, wrapped in an American flag, and borne by six soldiers to a hearse, in which, very quietly, with only a small escort, it was carried to the White House.

The funeral train of Lincoln passed through the chief cities of the East on the return trip to his home in Springfield, Ill., where he was buried on May 4, and at every stopping place the thousands, many of whom came hundreds of miles to pay their last respects to their beloved chieftain.

No greater eulogies were ever delivered over any one man than were said of Abraham Lincoln. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the funeral oration at the services at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn: "At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn of the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. Then the wall of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to

that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism." The eminent Phillips Brooks delivered the funeral oration at Holy Trinity, Philadelphia: "Out of his character came a life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Concord, Mass., said: "He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of his minds articulated by his tongue."

Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks concluded his oration in Lafayette Square, New Orleans, on April 22, 1865, as follows: "God has given our great leader the privilege he had under circumstances like this, to go into his time, fought his fight, and God he thanked, had kept the faith. Let me say it reverently, that for Abraham Lincoln to live was for Abraham Lincoln to fall! He had ascended to the highest destiny—the highest culmination of human destiny; to be better and greater and purer he must leave us and go to the bosom of God. He is enjoying the highest culmination of glory that is his time. He is in His wise and mysterious dispensation giving to the human family."

On April 14, 1861, Fort Sumter surrendered to the Confederates. It is the birthday of Henry D. Gilpin, Attorney General under Van Buren (1837); Justin S. Morrill, the eminent American statesman (1810); John Pratt, who obtained the first patent for a typewriter (1824), and Adams B. Chaffee, the American officer who led our forces in the advance on Peking, China (1842).

THE BLOSSOMS. From the Dayton News.

Nearly everything in the universe is beautiful. The stars at night, the clouds, the sloping hillsides, or the far stretches of low-lying plain; the water courses, the grasses and even the rank growths of weeds in the moist places; the sunsets and the flashes of lightning during the storm—there is beauty in everything. It seems. But in all the province of God there is nothing comparable with blossoms at this season of the year.

In a sense, it is a pity that they are so numerous. If there were only one flowering tree in all the world, it would be more appreciated. Then we should behold annual migrations to that part of the earth where the tree blossomed. We would find that men would make every sacrifice to behold it. The newspapers and magazines would have their correspondents and artists on the ground weeks in advance of the blooming to chronicle the first faint budding. The moment a bit of color appeared, the news would be flashed over the world. People would make the pilgrimage to behold the beauty of the flowering shrub and talk about it the rest of their lives. Then, indeed, would the beauty of the blossoms be appreciated.

But, since there are blossoms everywhere, gorgeous clusters of them in nearly every yard, banks of them in the woods and orchards, vast expanses of country to be seen in flower at one glance—since there are so many blossoms, people become accustomed to them and scarcely stop to meditate upon the glories wrought in the springtime.

Man is a strange contradiction. He passes over the most beautiful things on earth and tries to solve the unknown. He preaches about life and death, and fights his fellow-man who does not accept his guess as to eternity. He quarrels with his fellows about the shape and form of heaven, and goes to war because other people will not use the methods he claims to be infallible in reaching a future reward. He writes books to prove the efficiency of a certain symbol known as baptism, and quarrels with others as to the mode of adopting the symbol. He imitates nature upon a canvas and pays a price to behold the imitation, while without his door is the more beautiful original. He makes an image in marble and worships it when the more perfect mold, warm with life and colored by the delicate brushes of Almighty God, sits beneath his roof. He thinks he can understand the mysteries of that which is to come hereafter, but utterly fails to solve the problem of these myriad blossoms about him.

Take a single bloom and look at it. Behold the perfect blending of the color, how it vanishes into shade after shade or hue after hue. The faintest tinge of pink for instance, and ascertain if you can exactly where it terminates. How perfectly the petals are formed. How gracefully each part is shaped. With what delicacy it is perfumed. Understand these things, if you can.

Where did it come from? It grew, you say. What does that mean? It came from the bud, of course, but what is a bud? Oh, you understand the circulation of the sap of the plant, you say. Very well. But take a particle of that sap and see if there is pigment in it. Where, then, did the coloring come from—and how? From the sunshine? But why does not the same sunshine put the same color into every bloom you see? From the earth? Then, why does not the bloom of a peach tree resemble the poppy? It is natural, you state, that these blossoms should be as they are; but why could not the otherwise and be the particular blossoms you are beholding. Meaningless, again.

No; there is no way of understanding these blossoms, nor how they were made. But it is not necessary; it was not intended that we should understand them, perhaps. Our enjoyment of them ought not to depend upon our understanding them. They are here; that is quite enough. They are beautiful—beautiful beyond compare. Their fragrance is inspiring. Their purity ought to purify the world. Their color is that of joy. They quiver in the spring breezes with delight. They glorify the God who made them. Behold the blossoms! Millions and millions of them everywhere! A boundless wreath of fragrant love placed upon the brow of the earth; festoons of gladness fluttering in the winds; garlands of softness and hung upon the branches of the trees—and all to be enjoyed without effort and without price.

"A State commission has carefully studied the facts, and it reported that for at least 125 miles there had been a slant on one side of which the mountains had been moved bodily in relation to the other side. In this instance, the movement was mainly horizontal instead of vertical, as is normally the case. In cases the shifting amounted to only two or three feet, in others to as much as twenty feet. If roads were dislocated, fences broken and moved apart, water pipes separated, and long furrows opened in the ground. The people of San Francisco have all forgotten that an earthquake ever visited their city, and practically laid it in ruins. There is no evidence of the catastrophe, and San Francisco to-day is for all practical purposes a new city."

Francis J. Heney, formerly district attorney of San Francisco, who prosecuted the so-called graft cases of that city and received a bullet wound in the head for his troubles while arguing his case in court, is at the New Willard. Mr. Heney looks rosy-cheeked and happy, notwithstanding the fact that he was defeated at the last election for another term. He said he was going to Europe pretty soon, and being asked if he would see Col. Roosevelt he smiled and said he would not unless his itinerary would take him in the immediate neighborhood, where Swana Tumbo should happen to be.

Speaking about conditions in San Francisco, Mr. Heney said that everything had gone back to ways of graft and corruption and it seemed the powers that be have no original authorities in the halls of their hall of justice. He said that there is only one way to remedy this, and that is a radical measure, a "blood" measure.

"Berlin will give Roosevelt a most enthusiastic welcome," said M. Kleiner, of Berlin, Germany, who is at the New Willard. "The Emperor and the People will show their distinguished guest and visitor honor which a great citizen of the United States is entitled to. It is not so much Roosevelt himself that Berlin honors, but it is the country which he represents. Everybody in Europe recognizes the powerful position to which the United States holds in the ranks of the powers of the world, and it is therefore every European nation's desire to be on terms of friendship with the United States."

"It must be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt is an unusual man," added Mr. Kleiner; "that he is a man of great force of character and resourcefulness, and that he has many years before him."

"Another feature not to be forgotten is that his visit to Berlin, and the Kaiser's mention to show him as much as possible, will give Roosevelt a better idea of German progress and civilization."

Speaking of the women suffragists, and their aims, Dr. B. J. Weaver, of Philadelphia, who is at the Arlington, said last night that Uncle Sam's daughters have shown themselves to be the most advanced, capable, and courageous of all womankind.

"There seems to be nothing under the sun that the American woman can't do if she but makes up her mind to do it."

"When the last census was taken 20 different occupations were given, and women were represented in all of them except in the army and navy, and as street car drivers and telegraph linemen. There are several hundred women blacksmiths and plumbers, quite a number of women undertakers, dentists, architects, commercial travelers, and physicians. Twenty years ago if a woman had to make her own living as well as a school teacher, she had to become a seamstress and store, and now she has tried almost all the jobs that formerly belonged to men, except soldering and climbing telegraph poles."

"Cynthia Westover Alden," continued Mr. Weaver, "president and founder of the International American Woman Suffrage Society, has probably earned more money in different ways than any other American woman. She once cooked for sixteen farm hands on a ranch in the West. Then she taught a boarding school, sang in a choir, appeared in concerts, was forewoman of a tent factory, superintendent in a candy factory, inspector of a street cleaning department, reporter, with notebook and camera, and finally editor of a daily newspaper. She represents the modern American woman."

"It is a popular belief that all earthquakes are somehow caused by volcanic activity," said Martin J. Woodward, of San Francisco, "but as a matter of fact, while volcanic earthquakes are common, and locally of great violence, they are not usually world shaking. In cases where the seismographs in the world record a shock as in the case of San Francisco and Kingston, the inference is unavoidable that it issue to some other cause than volcanic origin."

"The cause of the San Francisco earthquake," continued the mining engineer, who is at the Shoreham, was understood by all geologists. The fact ranges are a growing mountain chain. The rocks there are in a state of strain. His strain is being steadily increased. Being the past history of the mountains, the strata have been broken and forced to move along the planes of break, or fault planes, and when great masses of rock suddenly slide over one another, even though the movement be but few feet, the grinding of the strata together must of necessity set the earth trembling."

"A State commission has carefully studied the facts, and it reported that for at least 125 miles there had been a slant on one side of which the mountains had been moved bodily in relation to the other side. In this instance, the movement was mainly horizontal instead of vertical, as is normally the case. In cases the shifting amounted to only two or three feet, in others to as much as twenty feet. If roads were dislocated, fences broken and moved apart, water pipes separated, and long furrows opened in the ground. The people of San Francisco have all forgotten that an earthquake ever visited their city, and practically laid it in ruins. There is no evidence of the catastrophe, and San Francisco to-day is for all practical purposes a new city."

Francis J. Heney, a contractor, of New York, who was seen at the Raleigh last night, said that, although he is a Tammany man, he is a great admirer of Mayor Gaynor.

"Gaynor is the best mayor New York has had within the memory of man, and that is saying a great deal, since New York has never been as great a city as it is now. Her government has never been as complex as it is now, and never in the history of the city has there a much money been handled by the public officials as at this time. New York being the first city of the United States she is naturally always in the limelight. What ever is done there is published far and wide, and New York is regarded by foreign peoples as an index of American thought, progress, and goodness and badness."

"If Gaynor continues to be as independent and effective and good as he is now, he will have the best chance under the sun to be named by the Democratic party as its candidate for governor. He is the only man who could beat Hughes in New York, and that State is necessary to insure the election of either a Republican or Democratic President."

AT THE HOTELS.

Francis J. Heney, formerly district attorney of San Francisco, who prosecuted the so-called graft cases of that city and received a bullet wound in the head for his troubles while arguing his case in court, is at the New Willard. Mr. Heney looks rosy-cheeked and happy, notwithstanding the fact that he was defeated at the last election for another term.