

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 734 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. Telephone Main 3500. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Car or Mail. Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month. Daily and Sunday, \$2.50 per year. Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month. Daily, without Sunday, \$4.50 per year. Sunday, without daily, \$1.00 per year.

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

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TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1910.

Lorimer and His Accuser.

William Lorimer may not belong in the United States Senate. His election a year ago, after a long deadlock, was by no means free from scandal. The result was brought about by a dicker with the Democrats, in which Roger Sullivan played a conspicuous part.

But whether Lorimer belongs in the Senate or not, everybody knows where his self-accused accuser, the confessed bribe-taker, White, belongs. His place is in the penitentiary. He is knocking hard for admission. Either he is what he professes to be, a corrupted legislator, or he is what Lorimer brands him to be, the lying tool of unscrupulous political marplots.

Dirty politics is obviously the basis of the disclosure. Just made to smirch Lorimer. No high-minded motives prompt it. His election might more easily and convincingly have been discredited in May, 1909, no doubt, but the incentive then was lacking. It appears now the criminal authorities of Illinois, for the State's sake and as a public duty, must probe to the bottom the miserable mess and punish the wrongdoers according to their deserts.

There was one palliating feature of Lorimer's election. It elevated from House to Senate a self-made man of demonstrated capacity to serve his constituents in a practical way. He did not become a Chicago boss by accident or a leader of men by chance. It was genius as an organizer and surpassing ability to handle a situation—these things and methods known only to such as he that gave him the toga he wears to-day.

Speaker Cannon has been studying a set of burglar tools. If he leaves politics, of course, it will be necessary to have some other gainful occupation in view," says the Philadelphia Ledger. This, it will be observed, however, is merely a Pennsylvania view.

Weston's Walk Ended.

All honor is due the seventy-two-year-old pedestrian who has just completed a foot journey from San Francisco to New York, a distance of 2,483 miles. Exclusive of Sundays, he has been on the road seventy-seven days, in rain and shine, in blizzard or in balmy weather, and did not lose a day. New York gave a royal welcome to the veteran, and it was due him.

Sensationalism was not his object, and self-advancement far from his thought. He is an advocate of a hygienic mode of living, is temperate, and believes in outdoor exercise. Many years ago he made himself an advocate and apostle of walking as "an intelligent pastime and health-giving exercise." He has preached this doctrine in season and out, and his long walks are due to his desire to set an example of what can be accomplished by proper exercise in a proper manner.

Thirty years ago he walked across the continent, and immediately many would-be competitors for the honor entered the lists. These professional pedestrians have long since passed from view. They were not serious, and, as a result, they lost interest as soon as notoriety had worn off, and they were no longer getting newspaper space. Not so with Weston. He believed in his theory of living and knew the only way to advocate it to advantage was by living up to the principle. The example thus set has been a worthy one, and, no doubt, has inspired thousands to take exercise which has proven beneficial to them.

Weston is an excellent specimen of well-preserved old age. Despite his three-score and twelve, he is hale, hearty, and robust. In his walk, from February 1 to May 2, his weight was reduced from 155 pounds to 135, which is not the amount of weight that would be taken off by an athlete training for an event. Weston's feat is one of rational cultivation and conservation of physical powers, and shows the possibilities of a correct mode of living. We need not walk from coast to coast to become disciples of Weston's theory, but in our daily life can put to practice what he preaches, with advantage to ourselves and as a boon to prosperity.

Poverty in England.

Socialism of poverty is decreasing, while socialism of discontent is growing. The former is especially true in England, and the other is readily recognized in conditions in America and Germany. Socialism is due to the propaganda of discontent by advanced thinkers among the lower classes, but later the adherents are drawn from other ranks of society.

Year by year the various progressive governments are enlarging their powers and provinces, and attention is now given to matters which a few years ago would have caused the cry of "socialism" or "paternalism" to be raised. England has reached the stage where a bill before Parliament to prevent destitution is accepted in a matter-of-fact way. The poor laws are antiquated, and labor measures are not sufficient to cope with the situation. Hence the departure, which practically amounts to a revolution.

Such a condition would have been impossible fifty years ago. At that time there were sixty-two paupers per 1,000 population, while now there are but twenty-six. Sixty years ago there were in England twelve able-bodied paupers, and now there are but two per thousand. Child pauperism has decreased from twenty-six per thousand to seven. This shows remarkable progress, and with the proposed laws in effect this proportion will be still further reduced.

Such governmental interference with personal rights as the forcible employment, or the finding of work for those who apply, is a long step forward. It will be an incentive for old-age pension and for other provisions to care for the decrepit. Whether this is socialism or utilitarianism matters not. If the law proves successful, it will be copied by other nations, and the credit will be England's. Socialism will have no quarrel with the origin of a measure which is along the lines they have been advocating. It is probably the greatest progress ever made toward "state socialism."

The Coming of the Comet.

Notwithstanding the fact that it has been advertised even more extensively than the average circus, and we doubt not, with much greater regard for the truth, we fear Halley's comet is not drawing the popular audiences that it should.

Inasmuch as this big celestial show plays this circuit so seldom, it would seem that it might attract something more than "small but appreciative" crowds. And it would, in all probability, if it observed more engaging hours. If, for instance, it contrived to shoot athwart the horizon along about 9 o'clock in the evening, its business would be immense. Indeed, an appearance so late as midnight might prove enticing enough for the great run of humanity. But when it confines itself to the early hours just before dawn, it gets out of the reach of the common herd, and lays itself liable to inspection, therefore, all but exclusively by the somewhat limited circle of the high-brows.

And yet there dwells within the mental equipment of approximately every man a desire to see the comet, surely. The mere fact that it comes only once in a lifetime—and a good, long lifetime, at that—renders it interesting in a degree to even the casually curious, we should say. Years from now, it will be worth while to be able to remark, "I have seen Halley's comet." Not that there will be any money in it, of course, or any great glory, for that matter, mayhap; but that it will be some satisfaction to know that you have seen something that millions of people then alive may never see at all.

The comet has played its part in making history. It has not done that with malice aforethought, to be sure. It simply has traveled its prescribed way, year after year, for nobody knows how many centuries, and man has attributed many things to its potency and influence. It has been held responsible for wars, famines, floods, pestilence, and insanity. If anything good ever was attributed to it by the ancients, the record thereof has managed to get hopelessly lost in the shuffle of the ages, apparently. If we to-day were as our ancestors four or five centuries removed seem to have been, we should charge the suffragettes up to the comet, of course.

Still, despite the comet's recognized reputation and extremely venerable status, a lot of people will miss seeing it as long as it insists on exhibiting itself only in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning.

Origin of Kissing.

Helen Morton Livingston, in the Sunday edition of The Washington Herald, has an article on kissing, in which various views are given. An analysis of the subject shows an interesting difference of opinion, and the expressions of several accessions is not the least engaging part of the story.

Numerous savants have sought to arrive at the origin of the kiss. The generally accepted belief is that it was a form of salutation to distinguish between friend and foe. The touching of the lips among savages gave an opportunity to scrutinize the stranger, and the sense of smell aided in the identification. Since then kissing changed from a salutation of suspicion to one of affection.

Medical men gravely warn against kissing. But medical men are alarmists, according to the popular view, and the more they rail the more the average man or woman smiles at the violation of the rules of hygiene. True, the baby does not like to be kissed, and the feelings of the infant should be respected; but the young woman, who is capable of exercising her judgment, often takes a different view. Members of the same family are usually immune to the germs of the other members of the family, and the danger of disease spread is therefore practically nil.

A Little Nonsense.

It was a Boston baby that came along one day to grow amid the culture of The famous old Back Bay.

They named the infant Browning. For he was simply grand. And then he said so many things They couldn't understand.

Her Feminine Follies. "Ever notice how a girl whose folks own a summer cottage has other girls visit her?" "That's natural enough."

A Crafty Move. "My Brooklyn aunt has put me down in her will for \$30,000. It pays to humor old folks."

A Long Stretch. "I suppose it takes a vivid imagination to write?" "Yes, and that fellow has it. Why, he imagines he's a poet."

Out of Reach. Riches have wings. That's why The pesky things Roost high.

In Bad. "I'll never offer any more friendly advice."

Getting Solid. "Ferdie loves me desperately, that's clear."

Getting Known. "Don't jump off the bridge! You'll sell your play yet."

Should Be Quiet. "Senator, how is the baby at your house?"

Often the Case. "He doesn't seem to be awed by the comet."

Cost of Air Travel. \$120 Fare to Europe by First-Class Air Liner Would Give Dividends.

Knocking Tennessee. "Lying may be high enough in Tennessee, but life is certainly cheap enough."

Four Varieties. "There's four varieties of Republicans—out an' out, in an' out, out an' in, in an' in."

The Chivalrous South. "It is said that worthy women in New York care more for their pet dogs than for their hair, but it's false."

Unusual State of Affairs. "It will be interesting to the public to know that the Niagaragan army now numbers 2,000 men and only has one general."

Revealing a Sore Spot. "Bryan scores severely the appointment of Hughes. Two years ago the ablest orator on the Republican hustings, the one who most thoroughly analyzed Bryan and his speeches, was Hughes. More, even, than the speeches of Taft did those of Hughes contribute to the discomfiture of Bryan."

The Dissolute Comet. "Considering the fact that Mr. Halley's comet has come from such a distance and is to be with us so short a time, the least we can do is to mention it every day or so. We have nothing in particular to say to-day, excepting that the comet would have a much larger following, including ourselves, if it kept better hours."

Little Things that Count. "There are girls—and the number of them is not small—who to all intents and purposes regard their mothers as conveniences, if not actually servants, whose chief function it is to wait upon them, to roll that they have a cup of coffee and a tea before they get out of bed of mornings; that their lingerie is all in proper condition; that their buttons are all sewed on, and their laces in the right places; that their shoes are polished, and their hats and ribbons fresh. Girls of this class think little are care less about the tired hands and aching heads of their mothers. It worries them not the least in the world if the china is soiled and the furniture and mantels dusty—mother can look out for that. In their selfishness they look only for personal ease, and become fretful and peevish if required to lend a hand at the housekeeping."

Popular in Time. "Are your poems widely read?" "Well, the last one I wrote was read at over fifty editors."

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Highest Dam. Calculations of the reclamation engineers have it that the barrier now under construction in Wyoming in connection with the Shoshone project will be the highest ever in the way of American dams.

Sparrow Grass. Sparrow grass, or asparagus, as some will have it, is in great plenty at the present time. Most recent news, as nearly everyone is very fond of asparagus, and as it is within the reach of every pocketbook.

William Penn's Wig. William Penn's hair was variously depicted as to his headgear, and it is a matter of some interest to learn from the letter of a friend, written in 1877, recently reprinted in a magazine, just what Penn did wear upon his head.

Sparrows as Food. Quoting the Biblical question, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" a London paper suggests that the ubiquitous and superabundant English sparrow might be utilized as a means of food for the people.

So, What's the Use? "Wouldn't you like to get one of these new egg beaters?" "It would hardly be worth while; it is so hard in these cold storage times to get new eggs."

Our Neighbors. "Mrs. Caller—Do you know the woman next door well enough to speak to?" "Mrs. Subbuss—Well enough? I know her too well to speak to."

Census Blanks Fall Short. "The census considers you a resident of a house if you sleep there regularly."

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A KING'S POCKET MONEY.

Some of Louis XVI's Bonnettes—When He Went Marketing. From the Westminster Gazette. The whole world has smiled or sighed over that extraordinary diary in which Louis XVI entered day after day what seemed to him best worth recording and remembering.

That diary, though it will be long before it ceases to interest, does no longer excite curiosity. Meanwhile another and a more intimate private journal kept by Louis XVI has come to light and has just made its appearance in a luxurious volume. It is edited by the Comte de Beauchamp, after the King's autograph manuscript, preserved at the National Archives, and contains the accounts of the King's private expenses from 1772 to 1784 and of the pensions and "gratifications" he gave from 1775 to 1792.

Of which he entered in a neatly kept ledger with his own hands. In order to fully appreciate the significance of these entries it must be remembered that at Versailles alone some 600 persons were attached to the King's household, and that an equal number made up the queen's particular court. The payment of all these was, of course, delegated to certain functionaries, and there is no mention of them in these newly published accounts.

The incomes and outgoings of his private purse are faithfully set down. Thus one day he writes: "Gained 90l. at the lottery," or "Given 15,000l. to the queen for M. d'Estevazy," or "Lost 12,541l. 12s. at cards," "Given 12,900l. to the queen." That his majesty was a kindly man, given to the dispensation of alms, appears from entries such as these: "To old by, aged 82, 200l." "To the King Fourneau, on her marriage, 200l." "To M. de Merville, gamekeeper, who has lost his cow, 300l."

So far there is no mystification concerning the entries. But what about the following items in the account book of the monarch who had 600 servants whose duty it was to stand between him and all the petty tasks and trials of daily life? "For a lb. of pepper, 4l." "Silver plate brushes, 1 lb. of soap, 10p. to carpenter, 2l. 10s." "Water for baths, 3l." "For boots, 30l." And again, these even more incomprehensible entries: "Shoes for M. de Merville, 100l." "A bottle of red wine, 10l." "A dozen herrings, 2l." "How was it that Louis XVI, paying an army of couriers de vins, cooks, housekeepers, cleaners, &c., paid privately for bags of pepper and bottles of wine, to say nothing of sheep's trotters? And why, with the unrivaled gardens attached to the royal residences and with all the fruit of Provence at his service, did he pay 10l. for 100 apricots for marmalade? Or was it that his majesty on the quiet played at housekeeping in a la bourgeois, just as he played openly at being a locksmith?

Roosevelt's Popularity. From the Duluth Herald. The reason why Roosevelt is popular, why he always lands on his feet, and why he is approved even when he is wrong, is very simple. We believe it to be because he subjects every problem and every situation to one test—what is the right, the just, and fair thing to do or say? Having found what he believes to be right, the just, and the fair thing to do, he does it, and he does it with all of his might—and that means a good deal.

Blud Welser's Dream. From the Astoria Democrat. A London professor declares that a man can, through regulation of his diet, have any kind of dream he wants. The professor is handing out a No. 1 dope. We experimented. After eating fried chicken, strawberries, &c., we dreamed that Pennsylvania went Democratic by a million. Later we ate limburger cheese and dreamed that we were living in Texas.

Census Blanks Fall Short. From the New York Sun. "The census considers you a resident of a house if you sleep there regularly."

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AT THE HOTELS.

"Ten years ago everything sent from America into Germany was regarded as a bumbag," said Dr. George A. Kubler, of Berlin, Germany, at the Raleigh, last night, "but now sentiment toward American business propositions is different."

Dr. Kubler is American-born, but has lived in Berlin more than twenty years, where he represents American interests. He visits this country twice every year. "Not only do the business people favor American ideas, but the government does everything to encourage the idea of patronizing American enterprises," he said. "The Germans are now stout believers in American genius."

"The greatest reception Col. Roosevelt ever received anywhere, outside his own country, is the one which will be accorded him in Berlin. The people there don't talk about anything else but Roosevelt. They began over a month ago decorating the houses and making preparations for the reception and entertainment of the great American. Germans rank Roosevelt alongside of Washington. They also regard Lincoln and Cleveland as great Presidents. But Roosevelt surpasses them all, with the exception of Washington. He particularly appeals to the German people because of the similarity of his character and temperament with those of our own Kaiser."

"It is the general opinion in Berlin and throughout Germany that Col. Roosevelt will be the next President of the United States, and they hope he will be. Why? Because his election would mean business prosperity, and Germany would naturally profit therefrom, like all other countries."

Speaking of the relations between Germany and France, Dr. Kubler said that if Emperor William were to visit Paris to-day he would be received with enthusiasm. "Our Kaiser is doing everything in his power and in keeping with his office to promote friendly relations between France and Germany," he said.

There is no ill feeling in France against Germany. The war was fought forty years ago, and the present generation does not entertain the same bitter feelings toward Germany as those who participated in it. France and Germany are the best customers of each other, and financiers have a word to say about war these days."

Prof. Dr. Frank Cushman, of London, England, is at the Raleigh. Dr. Cushman is a scientist, pure and simple. He is a member of the Bath Club, Piccadilly, London, and resides at Marlboro, Exeter. That, at least, is the imprint on his engraved calling card. The Englishman is tall and broad, has a florid complexion which shines as if it were polished, and has deep dark brown eyes. Dr. Cushman is a fish savant, is collecting specimens of American fish, having spent some little time at the Fish Commission, and is full of praise for that institution.

"Your Bureau of Fisheries is without a doubt the finest institution of its kind in the world," said Dr. Cushman. "Your government is liberal with funds with which work of this nature may be prosecuted. In England, the South Kensington Museum, which institution I am connected with, is very much hampered in its work on account of the lack of funds. If it were not for the private means which some of those devoted to their science have at their disposal and use freely to promote their researches, we could accomplish very little."

Speaking of English politics, Dr. Cushman said that he believed that there would be a general election of Parliament before very long and that the Unionists would be returned to power. Prof. Cushman does not believe that the bishops, who occupy seats in the House of Lords, should mix in politics outside of matters concerning the church.

Dr. Cushman, while lighting his cigar, made the observation that smoking assisted him considerably in formulating his essays; that it served to concentrate his mind and inspire him with the proper thoughts, words, and expressions in his work.

There is no city in the world that has more expensive clubhouses than New York, according to Dr. Fred S. Allen, of New York, who is at the Shoreham. "To a man with a modest income," said Dr. Allen, "one good club is in many ways an economy. For the millionaire, a dozen clubs are not worth their dues. He may find it convenient to lead three or four of them, and he probably does not enter the others more than once a year."

"I know one man in New York who is a member in twenty-one clubs. He has paid dues to one of them ever since it was organized, nearly twenty years ago, and he has been inside of its doors but once. If one picked out at random a dozen young men of wealth and social position in New York, he would find that they had at least five clubs in common. This is both the weakness and the strength of New York club life. The club does not identify in New York as it does in London. Each club has a few men whose names are always associated with it, but the majority of its members are also members of several other clubs, which they use quite as much, and their loyalty is divided. Were this not the case, however, we should have many fewer handsome clubhouses."

"When I reach New York and am settled for a few days in one of its swell hotels," said Robert H. Keilar, of New Orleans, at the Arlington last night, "I am loth to leave. We don't have hotels in my section where everything for man's comfort is provided with the same lavishness as in New York. A conversation I overheard in the only hotel in Greenville, Ky., will show you the difference. Greenville is not too well blessed with railway facilities, and if you want to take a through train out in the morning you must leave at 3:30 o'clock. On this occasion a guest advised the proprietor that he would go on that early train. Another man added that he might leave on the same train. The proprietor paced to and fro in the lobby for some time. Finally he addressed the man who said he might go. "'Ah you all sulk your gwyne on the 3:30, Mistah Jacobs?'" "I don't know yet. Why?" "Wal, I thought if you all wasn't goin' I'd give the alarm clock to Mr. Smith."

Nonplussed. She—Do you prefer an ugly woman with brains or a pretty woman without any? He—Madam, I prefer present company to either.

(And she is still wondering exactly what he meant.)

Needed the Improvement. From the Chicago Record-Herald. "I always get in, after I have spent an hour or two in my company," he said, "that I am a better man."

"It is very good of you to say so," she replied. "Don't hesitate to come often."

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TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Our First Medical School—May 3.

The first medical school in the United States was established on May 3, 1765. A charter was granted for the Academy and Charitable Schools in the Province of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, on July 20, 1753, out of which organization the University of Pennsylvania has grown. The usual school course of studies was pursued and the first commencement was held on May 17, 1755. Among its graduates were John Morgan, who, after spending five years in the study of medicine in Europe, upon his return laid before the trustees a plan for the establishing of a medical department. He was elected its professor of the theory and practice of medicine at the age of thirty. On June 21, 1758, the