

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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MONDAY, MAY 30, 1910.

Lorimer Should Resign.

William Lorimer, United States Senator from the great State of Illinois, is going down, not with flying colors, but fighting desperately.

But he is going down. Nothing can save him. Concurrently with the delivery of his remarkable speech to his colleagues on Saturday, in which he flayed his enemies and defended himself, another conscience-stricken legislator—this time a Democratic State senator—was making a clean breast at Springfield of his part in the corrupt deal which enabled Lorimer to win the coveted toga. It was a case of purchase—outright purchase. The sum of \$2,500 was paid for his vote, and subsequently he got his share of the "jack pot" divided among the bethe-takers.

No doubt Lorimer has been pursued, and pursued relentlessly, by personal and political foes within his own party. Nowhere on earth is the game of politics played more mercilessly than in Chicago, where he rose to be the party boss. But even admitting the truth of his characterization of those who have set out to discredit and destroy him, accepting at face value his own appraisal of them, the fact remains that his title is hopelessly clouded and his usefulness as a United States Senator at an end forever.

The recent disclosures at Chicago and Springfield, regardless of the motives and influences inspiring and prompting them, only confirmed the damaging circumstantial evidence incidental to his election. It is conceivable—was quite conceivable at the time—that, following a prolonged deadlock and worn out by strife, a sufficient number of Republicans and Democrats might combine on non-partisan grounds to send a statesman to Washington, but a compact, honestly brought about, to elect a partisan boss—impossible!

Lorimer has strong qualities. He is a man of force. With an unclouded title he would be no misfit in the Senate. But he is now thoroughly discredited and nothing can save him—not even the investigation he asks for.

His resignation would please his enemies, of course, but it would also relieve his party, his State, and his colleagues in the Senate of much embarrassment.

Government by Protection.

The unrest that has become so marked in Egypt within the past few months, and which, in its aspects of revolt against British authority, which had culminated in the assassination of a high government official, called forth such condemnation from Col. Roosevelt in his Cairo lecture, has been officially recognized by Sir Eldon Gorst, the agent general of Great Britain in Egypt. Sir Eldon Gorst's latest report on conditions prevailing along the Nile states that the greatest of all difficulties at the present time is the general lack of confidence in the integrity of British intentions which prevails among the unofficial classes, both upper and lower.

There are many reasons for this doubt, but the agent general attributes the greater part of it to the influence of the English and native press, which frequently publishes articles designed to stir up bad blood between the subject and the governing races.

It is clear that the disaffection in Egypt is due precisely to the same causes that create the disaffection in India, and the remedy is far to seek. It cannot lie, of course, in the suppression, nor even in the regulation, of the press. In India, this has been tried, and is, we believe, still practiced; but any sort of censorship over the newspapers, however justly and fairly it may be conducted, only serves to emphasize the fact that the governing hand is heavy.

When the conditions in both Egypt and India are considered, one is struck with the parallel furnished by the creator of Frankenstein, though no one can believe that Great Britain is seriously to suffer for the work she has done in these two countries. Before Great Britain took hold of the government of either of them, the native and the foreign press might have been filled to the brim with incendiary and inflammatory articles, and, owing to the universal ignorance, these would have created no stir—influenced public opinion not at all, because there was no such thing as public opinion.

Because she has established schools, educated the children, taught the people what government means, and has helped them to realize as truth that "God helps those who help themselves," these difficulties have arisen. Great Britain has been the Moses to lead these people out of the bondage of ignorance and superstition, and the strength they have gained they are turning against herself. It is only one of the lamentable, but we are sure, temporary, checks that bar the march of progress.

For were the problems that bar advance twice as difficult as they are, no one can doubt that the advance will con-

tinue. The work to which Great Britain has put her hand will not be abandoned. It cannot be let go.

No one recognizes this better than the British themselves, and Sir Eldon Gorst is, positive in his advice that the government adhere to its present course and persevere along its original lines, for, as he says, "We must insist that British intervention in the affairs of Egypt is directed to the sole effect of introducing and maintaining a good administration, looking to gradually educating and accustoming the Egyptians to carry it on for themselves."

Actuated by such motives as these, desiring to be judged by the fruits of the work, rather than by the work itself, determined to persist in the task of routing ignorance with education, superstition with Christianity, Great Britain deserves success and shall win it. Who can doubt?

Curtiss' Grand Flight.

America again takes equal rank with France in the development of aviation. With the crossing of the channel and the flight from London to Manchester, the Europeans seemed to have eclipsed the work of the Wrights, who are conceded to be the premier bird-men of the world. Added to the fame of the Dayton brothers now comes Glenn H. Curtiss, who, by his flight from Albany to New York yesterday, has added to the fame of American aviators. Curtiss won \$10,000 and recognition as one of the greatest cross-country pilots of the world.

The distance from Albany to New York is 148 miles, while from London to Manchester it is 186 miles. Despite this, the flight down the Hudson is more difficult than that across the English plains. The air currents and eddies along the Catskill hills and past the Palisades to the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan make progress for the aeroplane more dangerous than across the level stretches of central England.

The flight of yesterday was due to the Hudson-Fulton celebration of last October. It was stipulated that the flight must be made within a year, in order to link the event with the celebration of the first trip of the Clermont. It is a striking evidence of the world progress that the same route was taken by the trim little air craft as that by the first steamboat to make a successful trip. The speed of the Clermont was about four miles an hour, while Curtiss flew nearly a mile a minute.

The craft used by Curtiss is the smallest that has ever made a long flight. The Wrights have never built an airship for a single passenger, while Curtiss has adopted the plan of making a small and compact machine, both for speed and economy in fuel. Yesterday's flight marks a step forward, and undoubtedly it will soon be surpassed, for already the Wrights are preparing for a flight from Dayton to Chicago, a distance almost twice as great as that made by Curtiss. The country is more dangerous, as the route will be over hills and woods, and not along a stream.

The experimental stage is about over. Utilitarianism will next claim the airship as its own. It is only a question of selecting routes and arranging for regular trips, weather permitting. Behind the Wrights is a million-dollar corporation, which is building airships for practical use. As rapidly as the automobile gained in favor aviators predict the air craft will take its place as one of the modes of travel and one of the necessities of modern life.

Boycott of Army Engineers.

Is the Corps of Engineers of the army to be separated from the military establishment by the ostracism of that branch on the part of other arms of the service? One may gain this impression from the comment to be found in the admirably conducted Journal of the Infantry Association, a periodical which fully succeeds in being the organ of the association of infantry officers. The editorial comment in that journal is refreshingly candid and fearless, especially in the discussion of the pending legislation which aims to increase the Corps of Engineers.

That measure, according to the Infantry Journal, is based upon reasons which are "without military significance," with promise, if the bill is enacted, of effect on the military service which "must be distinctly bad." Criticism is applied to that feature of the bill which proposes to open the retired list to civilians who are to be appointed in the corps and who will be engaged solely upon works of public improvements, such as river and harbor projects and in the reclamation service. In this connection the Infantry Journal states: "After his retirement from active service, practically all of which may have been employed in civil work, he becomes a direct charge on the military appropriations, a dead load that the military service must carry, and a part of the argument that eventually may be turned against the retired list. The retired list was created for a wholly different purpose, and it behooves the military service to seek to safeguard it in every possible way. There is no more reason why it should be open to river and harbor engineers than to reclamation engineers, or foresters, or mail carriers."

There is much to be said in behalf of limiting the retired list of the army to those engaged in military duties. There is, assuredly, no reason why officers engaged solely on river and harbor work, for instance, should be transferred to the army retired list any more, it may be mentioned, than there is justification for the "retirement," in the same way, of veterans of the civil war, who are more properly eligible to the list of pensions, with increase in the pensions if it is considered the present allowance is insufficient.

It is, at the same time, with something like surprise that we find the Corps of Engineers read out of the army in the following expression of infantry view, which, we assume, is made advisedly and with the assurance that it conveys a prevailing sentiment of the mobile army: "There is little yet for more than hope, but there certainly is room for hope, that at some time in the future, if this bill becomes a law, the Military Academy and the military service will be relieved of the burden that they now carry under the modern development of the Corps of Engineers. Where there is hope, there

is a chance of life." There have been evidences of this army impression of the engineers. Perhaps the problem can best be solved, as it may be ultimately, by the establishment of a department of public works, of which the present Corps of Engineers of the army will be the nucleus and the valuable professional personnel, leaving charge of the construction of post-offices and custom-houses, army barracks and quarters, naval dry docks, dredging, river and harbor improvements, and all the other projects which come under the general term of public works.

Senator Lorimer's defense, which stands unrepudiated at this time, of course, nevertheless suggests the old thought that he who sips with the devil should be equipped with a long spoon.

Europe is recommended to those people desirous of locating a nice, quiet spot to spend so much of the summer as will remain after June 18.

Secretary Wilson may be right about muskrat being a fine article upon which to feed now and then. We warn the Secretary right now, however, that he need not bother to recommend the esteemed polecat to our gustatory attention.

As vindictive of his position that peace is a mere matter of timing people, the colonel might cite triumphantly the present meek and lowly status of the nature fakers and race suicides in this country.

Halley's comet is showing its age. It has grown gray and more or less retiring.

On the White House doormat the "in-surgents" is still able to read "Welcome." The most powerful microscope fails to disclose any such suggestion on the Attorney General's doormat, however.

As we understand Mr. Taft, "Southern hospitality" was all there, and then some. The matter is now a closed incident.

New Orleans wishes Mr. Roosevelt to be president of the big exposition it is seeking to locate in the Crescent City in 1915. Happy thought! Why not elect Mr. Roosevelt mayor of New Orleans in 1915, Capt. Butt mayor of San Francisco at the same time, and let Washington have the exposition?

"Is a milliner a hatter?" inquires a defendant in a French court. A milliner is a robe—but, inasmuch as a milliner generally is a female party, we will not say it.

"As far as this editorial of Mr. Bryan's goes, it was really an indorsement of Mr. Harmon; though, as I said before, it reads like a criticism," says Mr. John Temple Graves. Praise, in other words, Mr. Graves? And we know what that is.

"The Chinese newspaper is generally printed on a roll," says the Indianapolis News. Still, we suppose some subscribers kick because they do not get a cup of coffee along with it.

Nearly half a million canary birds were imported into the United States last year, and the figures promise to be even larger this year. Another "yellow peril" to consider.

Those people who predicted that the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation would "demonstrate nothing" were mistaken. It has demonstrated that an investigating committee can keep within its appropriation if it tries hard enough.

A French duke is in this country, and has announced that he is not seeking "either the hand or the fortune of an American heiress." We have heard that old story before—not, we hasten to add, that we doubt his lordship's word, of course!

Our idea is that Mr. Taft does not tear himself away from Washington every few days because he loves Washington less, but because he thinks it is his duty to visit around and about more or less frequently.

"The poet laureate's salary is a case of wine annually," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. Maybe he tanks up on his salary just before writing one of those awful odes.

"Mr. Roosevelt will not pass judgment on the poetry submitted to the Outlook," notes the Atlanta Constitution. Why? Isn't the Outlook going to print any real poetry?

An astrologer says King George will resign but five years. However, star gazers are not in very good repute nowadays.

Among those Democrats so conscientiously opposed to making retrospective this year's appropriation for the President's traveling expenses, there is not one who would not vote cheerfully for a \$50,000 post-office in any 50-cent town in his district.

New Jersey is threatening the beef trust with all sorts of dire things. Just as soon as the beef trust can get its face straight, it will try to look as scared as possible, of course.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Let the Good Work Proceed. From the Rochester Times. The Department of Justice is getting ready to tan the leather trust.

Stars and Stripes. From the Philadelphia Times. When Gertrude Pizar sang to the prisoners of the Atlanta penitentiary the other day she was the star amid the stripes.

A Wise King. From the Cleveland Leader. King George may not be the equal of his father in fact, but he sent two noted fighting men to act as T. R.'s suite while in London.

Getting at the Truth. From the Philadelphia North American. Somebody likes the Senate's railroad amendments to a brick covered with gilt. The idea is all right, but ought it not to be spelled "Giltier"?

One of the Chief Items. From the Indianapolis News. Consider the statement of the electric detectors that 35 per cent of the operations for appendicitis are unnecessary. Perhaps the cost of living can be reduced in some respects, after all.

What Will We Do? From the Savannah News. In New York it is being said that Dewey cannot possibly be re-elected to the Senate. But, if Dewey goes out, who is going to write to the Senate an ancient history beginning, "When I was in London?"

A Clean Record. From Collier's. Next Saturday, June 4, comes the primaries to nominate Congressmen in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania's case is easily stated—she has not one Republican member who on any occasion voted other than with Cannon. The State has no member who is even remotely identified with the insurgents.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ONE COUNTRY. Softly the soldiers sleep Beneath the sward Where oaks and willows keep Their silent guard.

Softly the soldiers sleep. The Blue and Gray. Where mounds of flowers we heap Upon this day.

Softly the soldiers sleep Where turmoils cease. They sowed; their children reap Eternal peace.

Mixed Language. "He didn't mince his words." "Well?" "It might have been better if he had. He was forced to eat 'em later."

Effective Dismissals. "We like progress," explained the young Turk, "but we cannot allow our women to appear publicly without veils." "That's all right," declared the tourist. "You needn't fall behind the procession. Put 'em in auto goggles."

Limitations. "So you are going to spend the summer inland?" "Yes; we like to be exclusive, and father has bought us a mountain." "I see. Even money can't buy an individual ocean."

Still There. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!" This news we get. It hasn't changed its place, you see, Or shifted yet.

Got the Craze. "Servia is now playing baseball, with modified rules." "How modified?" "I don't exactly know, but I presume that a hit over into Bulgaria only counts for two bases."

Bather Aloof. "That woman is unseemable." "Isn't she pleasant when you meet?" "Yes; but she won't abuse the neighbors."

One Way. "They say that John D. would give much for a little praise." "Well, why doesn't he maintain his own private poet laureate?"

MANNA FROM ABOVE.

Cigarettes and Whisky Drop in Blackwells Island from Bridge. From the New York Sun. The opening of the Queensboro Bridge has been the means of much comfort to the prisoners in the penitentiary on Blackwells Island below and a cause of worry to Warden Hayes. The bridge is directly over the grounds of the prison and every day gangs of prisoners are obliged to walk under the bridge on their way to the quarry and other places where they do outside work.

Persons on the bridge have been dropping things to the prisoners below. Keepers, who noticed the odor of burning cigarettes where no smoking was supposed to take place, discovered that the prisoners were well supplied with cigarettes and tobacco, and were stealing a smoke whenever possible.

As cigarettes were not on the prison bill of fare it was suspected that the contraband came by the bridge route. A keeper noticed a stonebreaker in the quarry acting queerly for a prisoner. He insisted upon talking to him as fairly and was in a jolly humor at breakfast.

A tin object shaped like an egg and holding the odor of whisky seemed to establish a connection between the bridge and the prisoner's hilarity.

When these things happened a number of Warden Hayes saw the possibilities of trouble for him that the bridge route offered. If whisky, cigarettes, and tobacco could be conveyed to the prisoners, why could not files, saws, and rope to visit around and about more or less frequently?

The warden wrote a letter to the police commissioner about the matter and asked that some action be taken to stop people from throwing things on the bridge. In consequence of the letter Police Captain Clarke, of the bridge squad, was not in plain clothes and instructed to arrest any one caught throwing things from the bridge.

He arrested two men on Thursday and yesterday in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday for throwing cigarettes to a gang of island prisoners. The men were Samuel Vaganski and Victor Sargenska, Bohemians, of 28 East Seventeenth street.

The court clerk couldn't find any statute making it a crime to toss cigarettes from the Queensboro or any other bridge, so he drew up a complaint for disorderly conduct, charging them with annoying the officials and keepers of the prison by throwing cigarettes upon the island.

The prisoners said they did not know they were doing wrong in giving a smoke to men who were unable to obtain tobacco.

Magistrate Kernochan told them not to do it again, and discharged them.

How to Keep a Wife's Love. Charles Baffel Lewis, in the Believer. If your wife does not love you as she did when you were married, you must have fallen off in your attentions. Remember that a wife is only a sweetheart a few years later. Make believe that she is still your sweetheart.

When you go home from business have the maid send your name up just as in the old days. A wife likes these little attentions, and if she is the right sort, she will send down word that she will be down in a few minutes. Then put a five-pound box of candy in a prominent place and wait patiently. When your kiss her coming, run to meet her and kiss her in a manly way as if you had waited all day for the privilege.

Then give her the candy. If there is but one chair in the room let her sit in it while you stand. Now tell her the events of the day in the office in a witty way that will appeal to her love of fun.

When the dinner bell rings, hand her a bunch of American Beauties, pull out her chair for her, and tie her napkin around her neck yourself. Then, with a low bow, seat yourself opposite her and begin to praise the food. Ask her to eat heartily with remarks, and laugh heartily at them. Urge her to tell you about the cook's doings. Just before dessert, show her the orchestra seats you have bought for the opera for that night.

Never light a cigar until you have asked her whether she objects to smoke. She may always say no, but there is no telling when her taste may change, and no gentleman should smoke when his wife objects to it. Give her twice as much as she wants for an allowance and always forestall any requests she may be about to make.

In this way you will retain your wife's love, and forever lead a Darby and Joan life.

THE NEAR-GREAT.

Writers of Popular Novels at Least Achieve Pecuniary Reward. From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Of course, there is humor in all paths. Take the case of Tantalus, for instance, the poor man who in the Hades of the Greeks, was doomed to suffer pangs of hunger, while before him—just out of his reach—were put the rarest viands and the noblest wines. No doubt his anguish must have seemed a trick of grotesque comedy to casual visitors in the place.

But paths has no humor for the one who is most concerned. That is why the literary near-great do not rejoice. The literary near-great are the ones who almost write great things—but not quite, who are mock-turtle on the board of fame.

There have been near-great writers in the world always, no doubt, but there are three who stand out prominently in our land and these latter days. They're Gertrude Atherton, Frank Norris, Robert Chambers. Each of them has done work—bevels—that is almost as great, and each has failed to leap the chasm that separates the "almost" and the "great."

Frank Norris, had he lived, might not have failed, since he owned power of unusual sort. He might have ceased to practice that which kept him from full greatness. Imitation of Emile Zola in style and method, all too apparent in his "Octopus," his "Fitz," and his "McTeague." Perhaps he might—but then he did not live.

Next, "The Aristocrats" of Gertrude Atherton is nearly a great novel. It displays keen knowledge of the mental status—in a literary way and otherwise—of those who are the majority of readers in America, and it has style and force and character. Yet it is not great, and its fair author—who has written a full dozen novels—has not done another story that is half so good.

When Robert Chambers had not published more than his first three books, "King in Yellow," "Haunts of Men," and "In the Quarter," he gave ample promise of great things to come—creations strong and great, alive with rich, red blood. The promise was not kept, however, possibly because his purse's call for coin made him make hay while the sun of popular attention shone so that he fell to turning out too many things too rapidly. Fame is too many things too rapidly. Fame is too many things too rapidly. Fame is too many things too rapidly.

At any rate, although his later work is never dull, never without a certain glitter, it is not brilliant, and not great, but merely clever.

"Why should these not rejoice?" the cynic asks, with a superior smile. "The living ones—Chambers and Gertrude Atherton—are probably content in their near-greatness, since it has furnished them with a neat imitation fame, the sort of celluloid stuff which can be sold from ivory by only a few, and with the real thing in shekels, purple, fine white linen, pate de fois gras, automobiles, &c. Beyond a doubt, they're fully satisfied."

But there the cynic is wrong. For it is the custom of the almost-great to know that they are not great and cannot be, and to desire above all realities—as specified—the abstract gift of full-grown greatness.

And they see no humor in the game of Tantalus.

The Revolutionary War.

From Procs. As time goes on it becomes more and more apparent that the American Revolution was a great mistake both from a legal and an ethical standpoint. We belonged to England, just as fairly as we now belong to the trusts. England was in the business of owning us and making us pay for the privilege. We had no right to interfere. Many a widow and orphan had an interest in us. It may not be too late to make restitution.

No Getting Away from It.

From the Boston Transcript. Wife (crying in a troubled dream)—Help! Help! Hub—Poor dear! Worrying about the servant problem even in her sleep.

Sorry He Spoke.

From the Boston Transcript. Mr. Flubb—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. Miss Clip—That would remove some of the dullness, Mr. Flubb.

A Sad Story.

Mr. Dooley truly and sadly says: "Wan't th' strangest things about life is that th' poor, who need th' money most, arn't th' very wants that never have it."

NEW YORK'S BABY EMIGRANTS.

They Foundling Leave the City for Homes in South and West. From the New York American.

Baby emigrants all speaking baby language, are leaving New York City in great numbers, and, unless things are made more inviting for them, the juvenile population will be seriously depleted. Wherever these small people have gone they have become so popular that many letters have been written to the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum, offering special inducements if babies can be sent to play in childless homes.

A week ago seventy sturdy youngsters, between two and three years of age, pronounced sound in mind and body by physicians, left for New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago, and other cities, where they will grow up entirely ignorant of their doubtful parentage and forget all about the long journey they were forced to make.

As soon as a request is received for a foundling, the clergymen and agents of the asylum in the city from which the request is made are written to and inquiries made as to the kind of home the child will be sent to. If the answers are satisfactory a baby answering the request will be selected, placed in the baby quarantine for two days to make sure that it is in perfect condition, and then shipped in charge of a nurse to its new home.

In talking about the class of homes that the Foundling Asylum prefers for parentless babies, the Mother Superior said: "We always try to place the little ones in a home where they will receive a little better education than we can give them in the institution. We are not particularly anxious for them to be placed with farmers, as we do not think they would be so well educated as they would be if given to townspeople."

"Babies are always between the ages of two and three when they leave here, and, of course, we have a certain control over them until they come of age. It is our object to see that they get good homes; that the people are bright and not gloomy and that the babies receive religious training."

"From time to time our agents visit the homes, and we know exactly how things are going, and if the child is happy. If we find that proper care is not given the baby, then we take it away. Before a child leaves here we have it examined by our physicians, as no child who is not in perfect health is permitted to be placed with foster parents."

NEWEST FORTUNE TELLER.

Telephone Girl, from Glass Case, Reveals Your Future to You. From the New York Sun.

The zesty queen and the Hindu princess who tell your fortune for a cent in the phonograph rooms give it to you printed on a card. High in a glass case and lifelike in form the lady sits, with one hand outstretched over an array of playing cards, and when you have dropped your cent in the slot in the machine's base the lady up above moves her hands back and forth over the face of the cards before her and looks very wise and then in a moment there is popped out to you from below a bit of pasteboard on which you will find your fortune. The newest of these fortune tellers talks it right into your ear; she is called the telephone girl.

Like the others, the telephone girl sits, lifelike, high in a glass case on a pedestal containing the mechanism, but the apparatus is somewhat different. Here you find arrayed, over which the hand of the figure waves, the same layout of playing cards; but here instead of a raven perched at the fortune teller's elbow you find rising from the table in front of her the curved arm of a telephone transmitter, which is placed at a height convenient to the telephone girl's lips.

At one corner of the base of this machine is the slot to put the cent in, and on the other corner on the customary hook hangs a telephone receiver. Drop a cent in the slot and place the receiver at your ear and "There is trouble in store for you," says the telephone girl, "but don't be alarmed, you'll come out all right. Don't lean on others, but trust yourself and go ahead," and so on.

Easily Understood.

From the Boston Transcript. Housewife—How is it that the large strawberries are on the top of the box? Peddler—Well, you see, mum, they grow so fast this fine weather that the last ones picked and put in the box are naturally bigger than the first ones.

AT THE HOTELS.

"If it is true, as many people would have us believe, that dogs are possessors of immortal souls, ascending toward higher development, then it is evident that the dogs of kings have obtained the favored place in the whole scheme of evolution," said Albert S. Warren, a barrister of London, at the New Willard yesterday.

"Especially was the dog a pampered and favored individual in the family of our lamented King Edward. His loyalty to his dog proteges was never questioned. From his youngest days as Prince of Wales, he was always accompanied by some four-footed friend which was his favorite from all the royal kennels, and which during its brief tenure of life set the pace for the fashionable breed of pets in Great Britain. Undoubtedly, too, the fashion of both the King and Queen being frequently photographed with their canine friends added much to their popularity. The Irish terrier, Jack, for whom the King formed probably the warmest of all his dog attachments, has had not only what was probably a greater collection of photographs than any dog in the world, but he became so well known to the newspaper artists of London, whose duty it was to make pictures of the King from one to many places of the world, that they became familiar with every hair of his physiognomy."

"Jack was a most remarkable example of a sudden rise in the world. He was a stray dog for the time being, having run away from a master for whom he didn't seem to have any special fondness, and in the course of his wanderings strayed into Marlborough House, and stayed himself on the steps. It was just as the King had lost his faithful and beloved black bulldog, Peter. None of the flunkies about the palace could give any information about Jack. The dog rubbed his head on the King's trousers, and his majesty was won by the dog's friendliness and calm assurance and Irish impudence. As ever since he had some scraps about making off with the dog of another man, Edward ordered him to the stables to be fed, and at the same time had an advertisement inserted in the papers."

"A citizen in plain clothes turned up and proved himself to be the owner, but being asked to name a price for the dog, he presented him to the King. Thereafter Jack went with the King wherever his majesty went, and they both were inseparable."

George T. Winters, of Philadelphia, a student of human nature, who is at the Raleigh, claims that he can tell a man's business from the lines on his face.

"Philosophers maintain," said Mr. Winters, "that if we had the scientific brains and knowledge, we could read the history of any individual's life from the lines and contour of the face. Each little penning drawn by time on the human countenance means so much pain or sorrow or experience. In a more general way, it is curious to note the effect which occupation and environment have on the physical appearance. Mankind seems readily to fall into classes and types which can be readily distinguished by the acute observer."

"If you walk through the Kensington district in Philadelphia any afternoon, you will meet some thousands of men and women, every one of whom has an individuality of his or her own, and yet who can roughly be classed into about a dozen types. Of special interest are the women one meets and their types."

"That little modestly dressed girl who hurries along with a jaunty stride and a confident pose can belong only to one class. She is essentially one of the hundreds of thousands of her kind who are working in the factories of the country. Probably not more than seven or eight years of age, the alert and self-assured look in her eyes betrays the fact that she has already spent an apprenticeship in life's training school and is not ignorant of the world."

"The confidence with which she reads her way through the crowded streets betrays the city girl, while her simpler clothes tell of her condition in life. The little hands are unglued and a trifle coarsened by manual labor, but the natural coquetry of her sex peeps out in the bow of ribbon with which her hair is tied and which is perhaps a little crude in taste. Her culture is simple, for she has no time to waste in the morning on elaborate hair dressing."

"There is the country girl, with her marks; the stenographer, who can never be mistaken; the shop girl, the society girl, and the girl of the stage—they all have their marks of distinction."

No man should expect Col. Roosevelt