

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910.

Let Your Paper Come After You

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail.

The District's Finances.

A carefully matured and unanimously endorsed plan to meet the financial needs of the District of Columbia, and at the same time provide for the payment of the District's bonded and floating debt, will come before the House District Committee to-day.

It is known as the Judson plan, because evolved by the Engineer Commissioner of the District, and is a simple, practical proposition that has won the approval of all who have analyzed it thoroughly.

It has stood the test of months of discussion. The civic and trade bodies are united in its support. The Board of District Commissioners, as a body, earnestly recommend its adoption. Never before has a measure of its importance received such unanimity of approval.

Primarily, the plan contemplates the carrying forward of the great permanent improvements by a system of financing that will entail no undue burden upon the present generation, or necessitate unwelcome inroads upon current funds from year to year.

Philosophy in a French Flat.

Those whose acquaintance with the noble lion has been formed from observation of that animal in the menagerie and at the Zoo must have been enthralled by the discovery of Mme. Cecil Sorel, of Paris, an actress, who is described as the best-dressed woman in that gay capital, and who holds that \$20,000 a year is the least on which a member of her sex may clothe herself without loss of self-respect.

It is the same with the churches. They, too, are doing a mighty work for the nation in educating citizens in righteousness. Clergymen tell us that they feel as if they were preaching to a procession. Their congregations are here to-day and gone to-morrow. But where do they go when they have passed through the churches? They go, as do the graduates of the schools, to spread themselves over the country, and as they go, they carry with them the great truths they have learned here.

Now Needing Japanese Labor.

It has been scarce a year since the country was all worked up over the possibility of war with Japan—and about what? Because the people on the Pacific Coast were demanding restrictions on Japanese immigration.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

If They're at All Important. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Letters addressed to William H. Taft at Washington should be marked "Important."

On the Road to Oblivion. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Populist party is now in a weak and Watson-less condition, without hope of supremacy.

And Placed on the Shelf! From the Omaha Bee. President Taft's private secretary is to be rewarded for his fine literary work by being entirely buried in Morocco.

Suppose We'll Have to, Ains! From the Boston Transcript. Less than three weeks now until Col. Roosevelt will be "in our midst" again. Think of it—less than three weeks! Can we wait? We can.

Advantage of Private Life. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. There are advantages in private life. An ordinary citizen having trouble with his interior department takes a dyspepsia tablet and recovers.

A Suggestion for Gov. Hughes. From the Buffalo News. Gov. Hughes would save a lot of expense and trouble if he would mail to each member of the legislature a copy of the bill he wants passed, marked "Sign here and return."

Guess What It Was. From the Boston Transcript. Borrowing—I'm glad to say that I have something laid by for a rainy day.

Knicker-Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.

of her pets. We are prepared to believe that the lion cubs are in a position to improve Mme. Sorel's view of life. Beside, we would mighty like to know what the lions think of Mme. Sorel.

Peck's Dilemma.

It is impossible to feel any great measure of sympathy for Prof. Henry Thurston Peck in his present ridiculously funny if nevertheless more or less serious predicament.

The professor is being sued for breach of promise by a Miss Tessie Somebody—it does not matter, and we do not care particularly to advertise the lady, anyway—and she is exhibiting in court some love letters of decidedly ardent and highly sentimental, not to say utterly "mushy," persuasion, alleged to be the gentleman's very own.

Prof. Peck's one amusement of late years has been picking to pieces the English of writers coming under his observation. No correspondent was so meek and mild, or so exalted, that Prof. Peck inclined to give him quarter once the luckless one fell within the Peck sphere of influence. The technique of expression, style, and grammar were Peck's particular hobbies, and was betide the unfortunate one running counter to Peck ideas among these things! He was invariably hostile to the full view of the irreverent and laughed to scorn.

Nowadays, Prof. Peck is getting a large dose of his own medicine. Nothing more hilariously grotesque than his present position is conceivable. His letters to Tessie are positive screams, as those things go! No sighing again of seventeen ever penned more name prattle than some of the stuff Tessie sets forth as products of Peck most sentimentally under way with pen in hand. It is all too amusing for anything!

Do you feel sorry for Peck? We do not. Peck richly merits his fate, and more, perhaps. It will do him good to see himself as he has so often seen others who meant no particular harm, but who were not, for all that, quite so erudite or so precisely learned in grammar or elegant in style. He has pushed himself up with a sense of great mental superiority; he has evinced a sneering contempt for the general run of humanity, because it was not—in his opinion—quite so "smart" as he. There are a good many Pecks in this country, and, as a class, we have not much patience with them.

Schools and Churches.

Washington is not merely becoming quite an educational center, as the phrase goes; it is one already. To this city come from every State in the Union boys and girls, men and women, to our schools and colleges. Any one, looking over the graduating list of any of our larger schools—particularly our young ladies' seminaries—must be struck with the fact that a great proportion of the students come far afield—in some cases across the continent—for the purpose of being educated in whole or in part in this Capital City. That fact is one which is not sufficiently taken note of by our commencement orators. It may be that they do not realize to what extent Washington has become an educational Mecca. But no one can realize this for a moment without recognizing also that Washington is playing a new and hitherto unsuspected part of supreme importance in the life of the nation. We have thought of our laws being made here. But far greater than its laws are the citizens of a country. Here we are educating citizens, and these citizens are going out and are sowing the good seeds of better citizenship far and wide. Their education is as the leaven, which uplifts every community to which they go.

It is the same with the churches. They, too, are doing a mighty work for the nation in educating citizens in righteousness. Clergymen tell us that they feel as if they were preaching to a procession. Their congregations are here to-day and gone to-morrow. But where do they go when they have passed through the churches? They go, as do the graduates of the schools, to spread themselves over the country, and as they go, they carry with them the great truths they have learned here.

From this point of view, the work which the schools and churches are doing in Washington cannot be overestimated. It is national in its scope and character. Nowhere else is there such potentiality for good as is focused here. Because of it, the schools and churches which are using it to such splendid purpose should command the enthusiastic support of every true-hearted citizen. They are contributing to the nation's greatness.

Stand, therefore, by the schools and churches. Recognize the greatness of the work they are doing and help them whenever and wherever you can.

Trees from Mount Vernon.

The movement to beautify the city of Providence by planting trees in seventy of its streets is taking a firm hold upon public sentiment and it looks as though the 10,000 trees necessary for that purpose would ultimately be secured. They are being taken from the city of Mount Vernon, and are being distributed among as many school yards as the city, special interest attaches to this donation, since the trees are to be secured from the home of George Washington at Mount Vernon. The nature of this movement is not in the trees alone, desirable addition as they must prove, but also as a center of radiation for an idea which is pretty sure to spread. It is a wholesome experience for the rising generation and implants an interest that will reach the stage of responsible citizenship.

Problem Solved. From the Houston Post. "Don't you think ladies may be induced to patronize the ball games if they are given free admission?" "Nope, I tried that." "Well, I'll tell you what you do, advertise admission for ladies at 49 cents." "Man, you're a genius."

An Office Engagement. From the Saturday Evening Post. One of Washington's gifted young men came rapidly down the steps of his house half an hour after noon the other day. "What's the rush?" asked a friend. "Oh, I've got to hurry down to the office or I won't get there in time to go out for lunch."

In the Blood. From the New York Sun. Knicker-Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.

able; they must be gathered or rot on the trees.

As the acreage devoted to fruit raising in California increases year by year, this problem of finding sufficient labor will be an increasing one. Into that environment the Oriental labor fits well and without friction. It is Japanese laborers who keep the Western railroads in repair, who work in factories, who conduct, to a large degree, the fisheries. So useful are they in the development of this wonderful country that it is likely that before long the Pacific Coast people will smother their prejudices and be grateful for such help as they can get.

The comet has departed, and will not be seen again for seventy-five years. It is well. In no less time than that could it hope to live down its depreciated reputation.

Socialism may be a dreadful thing to contemplate, but 40-cent butterism somehow seems a more immediate menace.

"I had rather be a grafter than a liar," says Mr. Holtzlaw, one of the Illinois legislators mixed up in the Lorimer scandal. Some people are able to draw extremely fine distinctions and differences.

Soldiers of fortune find Old Glory a mighty refuge in time of trouble; especially if they are soldiering at the moment in some little tin-horn Central American republic.

If Mr. Taft wishes to be rated a real hero, let him now persuade the Pullman plutocrats to come up and eat out of his hand.

There probably is not a cheap skate politician in New York State who does not keep tab on the exact number of days until the beginning of the second week in October.

Europe may duplicate, and even surpass, our Dreadsoughts, but it cannot produce anything that will hold a candle to our ex-President.

After Mr. Taft has attended all five of those scheduled commencements, if he does not know it all it will be because he did not pay strict attention to the orations.

Perhaps "Nat" Goodwin is merely seeking to ascertain if it ever is possible for the bridegroom to cut any figure at the wedding.

The Chicago Record-Herald has called, in a loud and ominous tone of voice, for Mr. Lorimer's resignation. The Senator, it is feared, is extremely hard of hearing, with respect to that, however.

New, just suppose it had been the colonel instead of Mr. Taft who was cured—only the colonel would have "wrung" of course—that "no increase in freight rates" concession from the railroads. Would we have torn our shirts and holed ourselves hoarse? Would we? Oh, we guess we would!

"W. R. Hearst caught a pickpocket in Italy," says the Cleveland Leader. Mr. Hearst has denied that story vehemently. Still, the denial was printed, generally, of course, under a one-line head, and in an obscure section of the paper.

Some people are great sticklers for the fitness of things. After weeks of patient investigation, a Northern party has decided to erect a pickle factory at Vinegar Bend, Ala.

Never having been a June bride, the weather man may not be as mean, really, as his earlier June conduct would indicate.

Nobody seems to care a hoot what happens to the sugar trust. And, anyway, nobody expects it to happen, really!

The contest between Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt to determine which one can get the bigger "ad" out of the other is going to be more than mildly interesting, perhaps.

Mr. Walter Wellman has relieved our anxiety greatly. He carefully explains that Mr. Roosevelt surely will mix in politics when he returns, unless he does nothing of the kind.



THE GIRL FROM MARSH CROFT.

The first book by Selma Lagerloef since she won the Nobel Literary prize of 1909 is sure to be worthy of consideration, for here is a young woman, an critic of Swedish life, who, by the criticism that she has written, has won the Nobel prize, has been adjudged a genius. Her present book, "The Girl from Marsh Croft," is the more interesting because it contains a most appealing autobiographical story of how she came to write "The Story of Gosta Berling," the book that she had translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach and published in widespread attention and elicited the highest praise. Nine editions have already been sold for "The Story of Gosta Berling" has lived long beyond the life of the average novel, and now the life of the author has, by reason of it, the Nobel prize of \$40,000—a rare honor for a woman to receive—there is an increased demand for it.

And so it is that the average reader will probably turn from this latest collection of tales to the last chapter in the book, "The Story of a Story," in which Miss Lagerloef tells how "Once there was a lady who wanted to write a novel and so she went out into the world. The author tells how the story came to her as a young girl, and how it lingered on, refusing to be written until after many years. Chapter by chapter she writes of the novel as it was written; how it came to her while she was teaching school, and while she lived in Vermont, where she thinks the story must have originated. In the story that is to be told, but finally after many years it was finished, and it was sent to the "Idun," which was offering prizes for good stories, and word came back that the story had been accepted and she gained her freedom from teaching; freedom to write from morning until night, and as Selma Lagerloef says: "I never became what it should have been, so over the years I thought the best way to tell it was to tell it as it was. I was not properly disciplined and restrained, so I wrote it as I felt it. It was not merely because the author was so over the years that she thought the best way to tell it was to tell it as it was. That was the story that she won the Nobel prize.

In her new book Selma Lagerloef has incorporated a great deal of the best of her writing, and it is a very good work. Here for the first time she has abandoned the world of Romanticism, which she has conquered and shows herself equally in command of the worlds of naturalism and realism. In the story that gives the title to the volume: "The Girl from Marsh Croft," the author chooses a girl who has gone astray. Her sin has been found out, and she is in the grip of a law that is as cruel as the father of her child to support it. But when the test comes and at a certain point of the evidence the man in the case takes the Bible in his hand to swear to file, the girl's hand is raised. She gives up her case, rather than he should commit perjury. She cries:

"I wish to withdraw the suit. He is the father of the child in my arms, and I will not let him swear falsely." The case, therefore, is stricken from the calendar, and by that act the girl is free to live, and to live as she chooses to which she belongs. The story of her life thereafter is a fine example of self-abnegation, of high ideals of truth and honesty; of earnest striving and unselfishness, which she has chosen for herself the true metal of happiness. For even with such an introduction the story of this girl's life is a love story; a story of a woman who is true to her love. It is one of the most honest stories that has appeared for years.

There are half a dozen more stories in this volume, but although each is good in its particular way, none are so good as the story of the girl who is free to live, and to live as she chooses to which she belongs. The story of her life thereafter is a fine example of self-abnegation, of high ideals of truth and honesty; of earnest striving and unselfishness, which she has chosen for herself the true metal of happiness. For even with such an introduction the story of this girl's life is a love story; a story of a woman who is true to her love. It is one of the most honest stories that has appeared for years.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE UNIVERSAL CRAZE. Mary had a little lamb, She put it through a drill, And now she seeks for forty weeks Next year in vaudeville.

Jack and Jill acquired such skill That common life they spurn. They work eschew, and want to do An acrobatic turn.

And that's the way it goes to-day; We sneer at humble wage. We all aspire to princely hire And life upon the stage.

The Genius. "I've been chumming with a genius lately in the hope of hearing some brilliant conversation."

And has he emitted any epigrams? "Now, he's always wanting to eat."

In Spots. "You can't paint the lily." "Maybe not. But some people think they can touch it up a bit."

Set a High Mark. "Your novel is evidently the result of inspiration."

"Yes; I didn't start it until after reading the advertising notices my publishers got up."

Can't Expect It. The girls will be but human If they the suffrage get; They'll never vote for women, Not even in their set.

Plenty of Material. "Son," said the press humorist, "you have inherited some of my humor."

"Not enough to make a living with, dad."

Never mind. I am going to leave you all of my jokes."

Just the Thing. "It could be woven into the pattern."

"What are you talking about?" "Strange as it may be, I have ever utilized the dollar mark as a figure for expensive rugs."

THE POETIC GAELIC TONGUE.

Irish Language Can Express Every Shade of Thought and Emotion. From the Boston Chronicle.

Of the languages spoken by man, the Irish is perhaps the best adapted to the needs of an emotional, imaginative, and poetical race. It expresses every shade of thought and emotion as a Cremona violin expresses every shade of tone. The tenderest lullabies that ever wooed a little one to slumber have been crooned by Irish mothers. The most electrical martial lyrics that ever caused a man's blood to leap like a body through his veins have been written in the Irish language. Exquisitely musical, and rich in every form of caressing tenderness and vivid imagery, Irish seems pre-eminently the language of love and poetry. Yet it is in no less degree the language of the camp and forum. The Irish "dairling" has forty-four equivalents in word, and he is a poor Irishman who cannot ravish the ear of his sweetheart with all of them in the course of a few moments' stolen conversation with her. But the Irish contains also words that have no equivalents in English—words that can, in one moment, lash the soul to the white heat of frenzy, and in the next, soothe the heart when it leaps lightning-like from the tongues of the insulted or enraged, has all the sonorous grandeur of the Greek.

The Irish language is rather unappealing to the eye when an attempt is made to reproduce it in English letters. An English reader is apt to arrive at the conclusion that Irish is somewhat harsh and unmelodious. Nothing can be farther from the truth. To say the least, as soft and musical as any of the Italian. Most of the seemingly unpronounceable combinations of consonants that give our ears, reading them, a sound so harsh and unmelodious as "Konee-an," "Ragallag" (a family name) is pronounced "Ree-lal-ee" (the pronunciation is almost exactly reproduced in the phonetic English form of the name Reilly, "Luige" is pronounced "lee," and "suide" is pronounced "see." The pronunciation of "Croide" is "kree," of "buide," "kuee," of "sheela," "sheela," of "Kalee" or "Kally," "meega," "maka," "suide," "see nee," "bridgid," "breed," "Eiblin," "Eileen." These few examples show how consonants in Irish are not as consonants in English.

Hitting the Point. From the Boston Transcript. Teacher—What part of the body is the trunk? Bright Boy—Where pa puts the strap.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY. The Death of Mohammed—June 8.

Twelve hundred and seventy-eight years ago to-day the founder of the Mohammedan religion died in the Arabian Desert. Each day dies his followers in all parts of the globe bow their heads in prayer and call upon God in the name of the prophet.

The career of Mohammed is now recognized as one of the nine or ten great careers in history. A son of the desert, born with a keen poetic and sensuous nature, his early life was spent in dreams, visions, meditations, and "visions."

Gradually there dawned upon him the conception of the unity of God. In his fortieth year his work of proselyting began. Persecuted by the older religions, he barely escaped with his life, and fled from his birthplace, Mecca, to the city of Medina. Rapidly the new faith gained adherents; the forces of Mecca were defeated, and by the time of his death the whole of Arabia had been subdued and an army was setting forth to assail the Roman empire of the East. Exactly 100 years after he died his standards had been planted by his disciple across the Pyrenees Mountains and on the plains of India.

Like all great men, his death was moving and impressive. The night after his dying farewell to his troops as they started for Syria he was seized by a violent pain and vertigo and betook himself to Heaven, he exclaimed, "God be with me in the last struggle."

On June 8 is the birthday of John Domenic Cassini, the astronomer (1692); Count Alessandro Cagliostro, the famous fornicator (1743); Charles A. Wickliffe, Postmaster General under William Henry Harrison (1788); William M. Meredith, Secretary of the Treasury under Taylor (1799); Robert Schumann, the composer (1810); Admiral David Porter, 2d (1812); Charles Reade, the novelist (1814); and Gen. George M. Sternberg, surgeon and legislator (1818). It is the date of the death of Nero, the tyrant (68); of Haridicantus (1042); Edward, the Black Prince (1370); Princess Sophia of Hanover (1714); Thomas Paine (1794); the poet John Keats (1821); Siddons, the actress (1831); Andrew Jackson (1845); and Douglas William Jerrold, English dramatist (1867).



R. C. Taylor, of Union City, Tenn., was a visitor at the Capitol yesterday. He figured prominently in the night rider raids about two years ago.

At the time that Rankin was killed, Taylor escaped by jumping into a lake and concealing himself behind a log. He was discovered by the raiders and the log was completely riddled with bullets. The water was icy cold, but Taylor clung fast and escaped without a scratch.

When the vote was called in the Senate on the question of taking up the conservation bill, Senator La Follette came from the cloak room to vote and answered aye. Senator Lodge, who was standing near by, grasped the insurgent's hand and gave it a cordial shake. It was the first time that the Wisconsin Senator had voted with Senator Lodge, with the exception of the final vote on the railroad bill, for many years.

Nearly all of the insurgent Senators were interested spectators in the House while the railroad question was up for consideration. Senator La Follette did not miss a word of what was said. When Judge Adamson arose to speak against the reference of the bill to conference, Senator Clapp nudged the member next to him.

"Who is that?" asked the Minnesota insurgent. "That's Mr. Adamson, of Georgia," answered his neighbor.

"Oh," said Senator Clapp, and proceeded to listen to the judge's arraignment of the proposition.

Pittman Puffer, for many years the clerk to the Committee on Naval Affairs in the Senate, has been provided for in the sundry civil bill.

When Senator Allison died, Senator Hale was made chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. Mr. Cleaves who had been clerk to that committee for many years was retained by Senator Hale and Mr. Puffer was carried as private secretary to the Maine Senator. Senator Hale has determined to retire from public life, and other Senators, recognizing Mr. Puffer's services and his expert knowledge of everything pertaining to the navy, have made a provision in the sundry civil bill for a "Compiler of a Navy Year Book and Index," at a salary of \$3,500 per annum. The item was added to the House bill for the express purpose of keeping Mr. Puffer in harness.

There are so many of the Democratic Senators away from Washington that the Democratic side looks like it had been struck by a cyclone.

With the exception of Senators Bailey, Clay, and Bacon, few of the debating ones are within striking distance of Washington. Cullerton, Cameron, Pittman, and Daniel are too ill to be present.

Sensors Bankhead and Foster are in their States, and Senator Jeff Davis never comes around except to have a spasm. Senator Tallifero is in Florida with a fight of large dimensions on his hands. With the exception of the three first mentioned, the Democratic Senators who are on their job say little, with the possible further exception of Senator Stone, who lets loose occasionally with a few humorous remarks.

On the Republican side Senators Smith, of Michigan, McCumber, and Richardson are sick, and Senators Root and Cummins are out of town.

Two masters of oratory and debate were heard in the House yesterday. They were Representative Mann, who advocated the reference of the two railroad bills to conference, and Representative Lenroot, the insurgent, who opposed it. Mr. Mann's voice is against the effectiveness of his declamation, but his arguments are convincing. There is no member of this House or any other House that knows as much about general legislation and can talk as intelligently.

Mr. Lenroot, however, excels the Illinois watchdog when it comes to voice and cadence. Every word is uttered distinctly, and his sentences are rounded and emphatic. Both of the statesmen say each bill has good provisions. Mr. Mann says the bill can be improved in conference, but Mr. Lenroot says if it can, it will not be.

The Professor. From the Houston Post. "Where is the professor?" "Out knocking flies."

"I did not know that he was a baseball enthusiast?" "He isn't; he is out giving a lecture on the different devices carried by the house fly."

AT THE HOTELS.

"There is evidently a great deal of antagonism against the German Emperor in England and against the German people," said Mathew Andrews, of Edinburgh, at the New Willard last night, "but when the reasons for this opposition are investigated, it will be found that this antagonism is founded on nothing but jealousy."

Mr. Andrews is a manufacturer of woolen goods and is visiting this country for pleasure