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SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

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. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

The Prize Fight.

Gov. Gillett was a little tardy in moving in the matter of the prize fight to be held in San Francisco, but he has moved in time enough to prevent the injury that would have been done to his State by countenancing the contest. It would, certainly, have spoken better for California had the governor made his decision earlier, for then the suspicion that he was largely influenced in the matter by hopes of securing the Panama Exposition for his State would not have been present.

But whatever the motive that urged the governor to immediate action, he will undoubtedly receive the thanks and commendation of a large proportion of the law-abiding people of the country. Never in the history of sports has a prize fight been so widely advertised, and only in a few instances has there been any pretense that the proposed encounter between the white man and the negro was to be a boxing match and not a prize fight.

The question as to whether boxing contests are desirable things to foster or encourage is a question, after all, of ethics. Many good men and true believe that boxing should be encouraged, and there is a lot of force and truth in the argument often brought forth that there is more brutality and real danger in a college football match than in a fight between professionals. But these questions are not involved at this time. The question that Gov. Gillett had to decide was whether the law of his State forbidding prize fights was about to be violated. Every one will realize that he took the common-sense view when he decided to stop it.

And there is another view of the matter that will aid many people in commending Gov. Gillett's stand, and that is the financial phase. Never before in a prize fight has the question of money entered so largely. Constantly we have heard of the vast sums that are to be won by one or the other of these fighters. So many thousands for fighting; so many thousands for the picture privilege; so much admission charged for watching them train; so much an article for telling how they are going to do it. The boxing contest, or the prize fight, has almost been lost sight of in all this talk about cash.

Undoubtedly the prize fight would have drawn a lot of "sports" to San Francisco, and these would have left a lot of money behind, but we doubt much whether this sort of money would have done San Francisco any permanent good.

Certainly it would have been a sum insufficient to offset the injury done to the good name of the State.

O. Henry's Opinion of O. Henry.

Says the Topeka Capital:

"O. Henry thought himself a failure."

Somehow, we doubt the absolute accuracy of that statement. It may be true, but it does not seem reasonable, in view of all the circumstances warranting a contrary opinion.

We suspect the thing that gave rise to this impression is that success never turned O. Henry's head—not ever so slightly. Publishers clamored for his work for several years before he died; he was permitted to fix his own price in marketing his literary wares. He got about all there was to be had in the pursuit of his profession—money, reputation, and the other indefinite and elusive things supposedly attaching thereto. He might have swaggered and thrown out his chest; he might have elected not to be like humbler mortals; he might have affected a patronizing attitude toward others seeking diligently, earnestly, quietly, and unostentatiously to approximate his accomplishments. But he did none of those things. He was modest, shrinking; he hid himself away from the public as much as possible; he was shy and reserved, save, perhaps, to the few who were so fortunate as to win and hold his intimate friendship and regard.

And yet, in all of that there is nothing upon which one may rationally rest a suspicion that "O. Henry thought himself a failure." On the contrary, he still might have realized that he was, in his way and in his calling, a tremendous success. We think he must have believed that, in fact. The possession of ordinary common sense surely told him—but, ah, the saving grace of that other rare, sweet, common sense that kept his head absolutely level and his heart fresh and responsive, even amid all the rest!

Our idea is that O. Henry never felt his work was to be so good that it might not have been better. We do not imagine he ever turned in a story to his publishers believing it to be perfect and beyond criticism. To that extent—and no more, if that spells any fraction of failure—O. Henry probably held his opinion of himself in check.

And if that be the truth about O. Henry, what a magnificent success he was, indeed!

A Word for Sidney Bieber.

The ups and downs of our friend Sidney Bieber—the on-again-off-again-Finnegan characteristics of his nomination for collector of the port of Georgetown—remind us of an episode back in Cleveland's second administration.

A sporting individual out in Ohio, who practiced Democratic politics on the side, finding his luck running contrariwise, conceived the idea that the time had come to reform, and he developed an ambition to settle down in a government position in Washington. His record as a regular was in his favor, the civil service regulations did not offer the obstructions of the present day, and, moreover, he had an influential friend at court.

Coming to the Capital, he was taken to the Interior Department and formally presented to the Secretary, Hoke Smith. His reception was cordial. The Georgian gave him the glad hand, applauded his ambition, and promised to keep him in mind. That was all.

This was wholly unsatisfactory to the reformed sport from Ohio. He did not want to be kept in mind. He wanted a job. And he proceeded to let the Hon. Hoke Smith know how he felt about it.

"Now, look here, Mr. Secretary," he said in thunderous voice and with a John L. Sullivan swagger about the mahogany desk—"now look here; if I'm goin' to git it I'd like to know it, and if I ain't goin' to git it I'd like to know it. I don't care to be dubbin' aroun' on a dead card."

That is precisely the way we feel about our friend Sidney Bieber. If he is going to get that Georgetown collectorship, he ought to know it; if he isn't going to get it, he ought to know it. We do not like to think of Sidney "dubbin' aroun' on a dead card."

The Ohio man did not get it.

Conservation.

Congress has done a good stroke of business for the country in passing the bill authorizing the President to withdraw from entry any public lands of the United States which he thinks should not be open to settlement until Congress has had a chance to decide what shall be done with them. President Roosevelt and Secretary of the Interior Garfield believed that the power to do this was already vested in the President. President Taft and his Attorney General believed that the President had no such power. Lands had been withdrawn during the previous administration under the belief that the Chief Executive had acted legally, and these withdrawals President Taft allowed to stand, though, in a letter to former Secretary Garfield, he expressed the belief that a considerable stretch of the Secretary's power was involved.

With these doubts, it was well that the whole matter should go before Congress for settlement; and in securing the passage of this bill the President has not only been able to legalize the withdrawals already made by President Roosevelt, but has firmly put the government seal of approval upon the whole policy of conservation.

How these lands thus reserved by the United States are ultimately to be used, how they are to be settled or disposed of for the greatest benefit to the country and the people is a question that has yet to be taken up by the friends of conservation.

The Kaiser asked for an increase of $800,000 in salary, and the Reichstag has awarded him $850,000. That is the kind of Congress to have, Mr. President!

Congress hopes to adjourn on Saturday, June 25. This makes the hope unanimous, of course.

Still, Representative Harrison should be thankful that his turn-down at the White House did not come two years earlier. Then the bullpup might have been chased on him, also.

"Isn't it strange how a $30,000,000 irrigation subsidy bill for the benefit of the West can go through Congress 'slick as a whistle?'" asks the Charlotte Chronicle. Well—er—there are, it seems to us, stranger things.

A man in New York is reported to have "turned blue as indigo." A "Rough Rider," perhaps, who finally has become convinced that the colonel never again will be a candidate for the Presidency.

The season of theoretical ethereal mildness now about to expire by limitation will go down in history as the great picnicless spring.

"Give the money to the women," advises Gov. Crothers. The suffragettes ought to be solid for Gov. Crothers, all right!

Lest we forget. 'Rah for Gillett!

"No doubt Mr. Roosevelt has a few words of advice for this country," suggests the Baltimore American. There is considerable doubt about the "few" end of the suggestion, perhaps.

De Wolf Hopper says he has recited "Casey at the Bat" for the last time. Fine! One may applaud Mr. Hopper now, and not be afraid "Casey at the Bat" will be the answer!

The greatest unconscious optimist in the world is the June bridegroom who imagines he is going to be noticed at the wedding.

"Uncle Sam" is something of a progressive citizen, after all. Already he is thinking of experimenting in rural mail delivery by airship.

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! T. R., indeed!

The Houston Post of Wednesday last carried an eloquent editorial on "The Folly of Submission." No; you are wrong. There was not one word in it about those red-headed widows.

It seems that we must either exterminate the house fly or educate it to wipe its feet carefully before entering the house.

Eleven billion telephone connections were made in the United States during the year 1907. We shudder to think of the incidental profanity the securing of these connections involved.

It must jar good Deacon Rockefeller somewhat to note that Congress is about to adjourn without having realized the virtues of his proposed 'steen million dollar philanthropy.

If Messrs. Jeffries and Johnson should quit this country in disgust and forever, we believe the disgust would be confined all but exclusively to themselves.

It is but fair to say of the new postmaster at Augusta, Ga., however, that it was his fine golf playing rather than his prowess at penny "ante" that won him much official favor.

As yet no one has thought to suggest a speed limit for aeroplanes. This should appeal to the fiends for fast going—and doubtless it will.

Naturally, some interest attaches to the thought: Is this Mr. Sidney Bieber's on or off day in the United States Senate?

"What is a worse nuisance than the fellow without a programme?" inquires Abe Martin. Well, there is the fellow who parrots the performers as the show progresses.

Senator Taliaferro must sometimes feel that the protected pineapple is an ungrateful institution.

The Hon. Nicholas Longworth has placed the Ohio governorship definitely on notice that it need not rush around seeking to devour him.

Our idea of fabulous wealth is what New York's bromo seltzer receipts will total to-morrow.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

A New Political Party.

From the Kansas City Times.

There is already a new political party in America, although it has no name or organization.

Mr. Pinchot's Problem.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Shall the interests run the country or the country govern itself?" asks Mr. Pinchot. The future is a mystery unsolved; the past is history well known.

Would Be Sensational Flight.

From the Kansas City Star.

It is about time, a Southern Kansas editor says, for some town to put up a prize for that aviation flight from Washington, D. C., to Danville, Ill.

A Parallel Case.

From the Atlanta Georgian.

Illinois is said to be in the position of the housewife who cannot do much knitting because she has to spend her time spanking the babies.

A Bridge of Cys, Perhaps.

From the Boston Transcript.

The distinction of being the tallest man in the House, long enjoyed by Congressman "Cy" Sulloway, of New Hampshire, is said to be menaced by "Cy" Cummings, of Maryland, who is in the field on the Democratic ticket, and measures six feet five and a half inches. Their combined length would make quite a bridge of Cys.

Prayer of a Hopeful Democrat.

From the Houston Post.

O Lord, now that everything is coming our way, purge every Democratic soul of hot air and vainglory, and insert large installments of common sense in every Democratic cranium; and, oh, remember, Lord, our proneness to make fools of ourselves just when we have the world by the tail and a downhill pull, and see that we don't get in bad this time.

A Coming Statesman.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Teacher—Bobby, you were not at school yesterday.

Bobby—Nope. I was paired wit' Skimpy Jones.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE GRADUATE.

The graduate is hard to guess,
The fact is very plain.
She wears a thousand-dollar dress,
Yet lugs a daisy chain.

You'd think with such a fine array
That she would hardly deign
To go through graduation day
Without an orchid chain.

If daisy chains are good enough,
Why can't she wear a dress
That's made of inexpensive stuff?
She's very hard to guess.

Too Prosaic.

"Then my work won't suit?"

"No," said the publisher. "You ought to have sufficient imagination to write circus ads, but not book notices."

The Refugees.

"Now, stranger, it isn't etiquette in Frozen Dog to ask a man why he came here."

"I know all about that. It's the same way in Paris."

Just Out of College.

"My boy feels competent to carry the world on his shoulders."

"Mine feels competent to juggle it."

A Continuous Downpour.

Into each life some rain must fall,
So runs the rune;
But why must mankind get it all
In June?

An Old Grouch.

"So you don't care for the peekaboo styles?"

"I do not."

"What do you think a girl ought to wear?"

"Clothes."

Fair Enough.

"We want a library and an endowment fund."

"And what will your town contribute?"

"The necessary officials to run it."

Early Struggles.

"He alludes to himself constantly as a self-made man."

"Yes; once when he was about fifteen, he sold papers for two days."

HE.

From the Baltimore Sun.

No one need be surprised if the Atlantic should indulge in a tidal wave.

From the Boston Herald.

Under what official title will Col. Roosevelt take up direction of the fight against the railroads on his return? "General" is hardly large enough.

From the Omaha Bee.

"Is Roosevelt's popularity waning?" asks a Democratic paper. It looks like it, with the whole country on tip-toe peering over the New York skyline to get a glimpse of his coming.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

If the baby isn't well, write to Roosevelt; if you fear the fire of—! write to Roosevelt; if the sky's no longer blue, if your luck is up the flue, and you don't know what to do, write to Roosevelt.

From the Kansas City Star.

In New York 500 policemen have been assigned to guard Mr. Roosevelt, which, in view of his eminent capacity to take care of himself, probably will be sufficient.

From the New York Press.

The real reception committee which will be waiting for Mr. Roosevelt will not wear badges and medals, and will not have choice seats on the official stands—the American public.

Not Far Astray.

From Lippincott's.

"Say, paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "w'at's a test case?"

"A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, sr., "is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

The Battle of Waterloo—June 18.

When William IV of England was lying on his deathbed at Windsor Castle the firing for the anniversary of Waterloo took place, and on his inquiring and learning the cause he breathed out faintly: "It was a great day for England."

When Napoleon recovered his throne at Paris, on March 15, he could only rally under his banner about 200,000 men to oppose nearly a million of troops which the allied sovereigns were ready to muster against him. His first business was to sustain the united attack of the British and Prussians, posted in the Netherlands, and it was his obvious policy to make an attack on these himself before any others could come up to their assistance.

His rapid advance at the beginning of June, before the English and Prussian commanders were aware of his having left Paris; his quick and brilliant assaults on the separate bodies of Prussians and British at Ligny and Quatre Bras on the 16th, were movements marked by all his brilliant military genius.

And even when on June 18, 1815, he commenced the great battle of Waterloo with both, the advantage still remained to him in the divided positions of his double enemy, giving him the power of bringing his whole host concentratedly upon one of theirs, thus neutralizing to some extent their largely superior forces. And beyond a doubt, through the superior skill which he showed in this, as well as the wonderful gallantry of the soldiery, the victory at Waterloo ought to have been his.

There was just one obstacle, and it was decisive—the British infantry stood in their squares immovable upon the plains until the afternoon, when the arrival of the Prussians gave their side the superiority. It is unnecessary to repeat details which have been told in a hundred chronicles. Enough that that evening saw the noble, and in a large part veteran, army of Napoleon retreating and dispersing, never to reassemble, and that within a month his sovereignty in France had definitely closed.

It must seem to his discredit that Wellington was unaware on the evening of the 15th that action was so near, for he was attending a ball at Brussels. This show of carelessness was amply redeemed by the marvelous coolness and sagacity with which he made all his subsequent arrangements and the patience with which he sustained the shock of the enemy, both at Quatre Bras on the 16th and on the 18th in the more terrible fight at Waterloo. From the day of Waterloo the name of Wellington was venerated above that of any living Englishman at home.

According to Alison, the battle of Waterloo was fought by 80,000 French and 250 guns, against 67,000 English, Hanoverians, Belgians, &c., with 156 guns, to which were subsequently added certain large bodies of Prussians, who came in time to assist in gaining the day. There were strictly but 22,000 British troops on the field, of whom the total number killed was 1,417 and wounded 4,923. The total loss of the allied forces on that bloody day was 22,378, of whom there were killed 4,172.

On June 18, 1778, the British evacuated Philadelphia. On the same date in 1812 the United States declared war against Great Britain. It is the birthday of Denison Olmstead, the noted author and geologist (1791); Francis S. Osgood, poet and author (1811), and Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the poet, who was himself a noted author as well as clergyman (1819). It is the date of the death of Arthur Murphy, English dramatist (1805); Gen. Sir Thomas Picton (1815), and William Coombe, novelist and comic poet (1823).

RETURN OF EX-PRESIDENTS.

Home-coming Receptions of Grant and Roosevelt Compared.

From the New York Tribune.

Thirty years, three months, and five days ago San Francisco, decorated with flags, flowers, and lanterns, awaited in excitement and impatience the arrival of an ex-President of the United States returning from the grand tour. To-day, on the opposite side of the continent, New York stands ready to give a similar greeting to our only other touring ex-President. San Franciscans knew an anxiety, however, which we of to-day need not feel. They had no idea on which one of four or five days to expect the vessel which bore the great man home. Therefore, they got everything ready for the first possible day, and then repaired to the bluffs to sit down and watch the horizon. We of the wireless age know to an hour, without watching, when the mastheads of the big Kaiserin will break the sky and water line off Fire Island.

Gen. Grant was away from his home shores for two years and four months. Col. Roosevelt has given himself only fifteen months' "rest." Grant visited nearly thirty different nations; Roosevelt only a dozen. The same motto answers for both of them—"Let us have peace"—although both were warriors. Grant was received throughout the world rather as a soldier than as an ex-President. In fact, an interesting editorial published at that time in one of the leading newspapers of America contained this sentence: "No mere ex-President of the United States, regarded in his capacity as a civil ruler, could have called forth the receptions tendered to Grant abroad. It was his brilliant military renown." Yet it has been in his capacity as a former civil ruler that Theodore Roosevelt has been received—which perhaps shows the advance of the United States in world esteem.

Domestic Economy.

From the Boston Transcript.

"My wife threatened if I didn't get her a new hat she'd go home to her mother."

"Why didn't you let her?"

"Her railroad fare would cost more than the hat."

DAILY BOOK REVIEW.

"A VICTORIOUS LIFE."

There is nothing in "A Victorious Life," by Leonora B. Halsted, to interest the average reader of fiction. The narrative is neither entertaining nor convincing. It is a somewhat dull and moralizing dissertation on the life of a woman who rises from obscurity to the position of a female preacher. The process is not fraught with any extraordinary incidents, and the individuals are commonplace. Even the author's style is uninspiring and inexpressibly tedious. There is something of a mixture of the old-fashioned romance of the "Dora Thorne" school with the thrills and heart-throbs left out, and some of the books we used to get from the Sunday school library back home, wherein a moral was always unerringly pointed and the characters drifted easily and uneventfully to a sanctified end. There is a deal of preaching in this book, but scarcely anything new is said, and the texts which give rise to these sermons are as old as time. In the effort to create characters, atmosphere and action, the author has failed to rise even to the level of mediocrity. (New York: The Metropolitan Press.)

Notes of the Books.

Gen. Basil W. Duke, of the Confederate Army, whose brother-in-law was the famous cavalry leader, Gen. John H. Morgan, is now in New York, completing his "Reminiscences." These he will shortly deliver to Doubleday, Page & Co. for publication.

"Argentina," by W. H. Hirst, is the next volume on the South American countries in the successful series which is edited by Martin Hume, and in which volumes dealing with "Mexico," "Peru," and "Chile" have already been published. The book gives a vivid, clear, and accurate idea of not only the past history and development of Argentina, but of the political, social, and commercial condition of the country to-day, of its resources and possibilities. The illustrations are numerous and most excellent.

The Putnams are about to publish the lectures delivered by ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, under the Larwill Foundatin at Kenyon College. The volume, which bears the title, "The Future of Trade Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy," contains an accurate analysis of the paramount industrial question of the present, a question which is complicated as well as momentous, and regarding the solution of which there is, necessarily, a great diversity of opinion.

The Mule in Kansas City.

From the Kansas City Star.

The dog, man's faithful friend, has been the subject of quantities of literature. It has remained for a negro teamster to proclaim the qualities of the Missouri mule, and for a Kansas City jury to back up the eulogy. The animal that evoked all this sentiment was twenty-five years old, blind and lame. He had been damaged by a collision with a Rock Island train. Sing, Muse, the wrath of Achilles! It was a mere childish outburst compared to the indignation of the owner of Gin'ral Stonewall Jackson.

The powerful corporation was haled into court, and Gin'ral Jackson's owner made a speech, reciting that while dogs may come and go in a quarter of a century, a mule remains unchanged and unchangeable, the center of the household's affections.

"Senator Vest may have his dog!" exclaimed the orator in conclusion, "but as for me, give me a faithful mule—or pay me the damages."

Such an appeal who could resist? Certainly not a Missouri jury. Were any of its members from the kingdom of Callaway? The report is silent on this point. But damages to the extent of $125 were returned. Hereafter let no man speak slightingly of the mule.

Roosevelt Now a Poet.

From the Springfield Republican.

There was a certain paragraph in Mr. Roosevelt's Oxford lecture which he probably enjoyed writing more than any other in the entire production. There is a swing to it, somewhat too uneven, to be sure, to warrant its serious presentation as verse, yet the concluding portion of the paragraph we venture to present in that form, by means of the simple device of dividing the two sentences into nearly equal lines, each of which may be begun with a capital. The result is two stanzas, one of seven and the other of four lines:

It was the distance and the desert
Rather than the Parthian horse bowman
That set bounds to Rome in the East,
And on the North her advance was curbed
By the vast reaches of marshy woodland
Rather than by the tall barbarians
Who dwelt therein.

During the long generations of her greatness,
And until the sword dropped from her withered hand,
The Parthian was never a menace of aggression
And the German threatened her but to die.

The subject was one to fire Mr. Roosevelt's imagination, for it dealt with imperial Rome's martial supremacy, her decline and fall. In our school days, some boy would soon have declaiming that passage—and making a hit.

Matrimonial Amenities.

From the Boston Transcript.

Wife (reproachfully)—You forget how you once breathed your love in my ear and promised that my every wish should be gratified.

Hub—No, I don't; but I wish now I'd followed the hygienic rule of keeping my mouth shut while breathing.

AT THE HOTELS.

"It is no more than right that Congress should pass a bill granting Justice Moody, of the Supreme Court, a life pension," said Fred S. Williams, a lawyer, of New York, at the New Willard last night. Mr. Williams is interested in legal business before the Department of Justice.

"Justice Moody, like other members of that august tribunal, relinquished a rich practice for the bench. During his incumbency as a member of the court he became ill. He could not prevent it. It is, therefore, right and proper that a pension should be granted him. It is right and proper that pensions should be granted to the widows of Presidents, to the soldiers and sailors and other government employes.

"This country is a country where one man is as good as his neighbor. That is at least the principle at the bottom of our Constitution. All are free and equal. There shall be no class legislation and there shall be no favoritism. If it is right that pensions be granted to one, it is right that they should be granted to all. If Justice Moody is granted a pension, it is no more than right that John Jones, a clerk in the Treasury Department, who has passed the age limit, should be placed on the pension list. If Gen. White, or Admiral Brown, or Corp. Jinks is placed on the pension roll whenever he is disabled or his superiors see fit to place him there, then his brothers in the Post-office Department, or any other civil branch of the government, should be treated the same way. The clerks and employes of the government are just as necessary in the management of public affairs as soldiers and sailors and judges and Presidential widows. It seems to me they are of greater service to the country than the others.

"The United States, in this respect, is really a country of classes. So far as this pension system is concerned, the government prefers a certain class to another, which in itself is un-American, as well as unjust. We accuse Germany, or England, or any other monarchical country of favoritism or paternalism, all of which may be true in certain respects. It is, however, not true, so far as pensioning their government employes is concerned. No matter how high or how low, or in what branch of the government service, one is as good as the other in the eyes of the laws of those countries, and they are all taken care of, so far as pensions are concerned. Let's have a square deal all around."

John G. Thurston, of Honolulu, an exporter and planter, who was seen at the Raleigh last night, in speaking of the history of Hawaii, said that in the early '40's of the last century, when King Kamehameha III was upon the throne of Hawaii, the British consul, Richard Charlton, and Lord George Paulet, captain of the British frigate Carysfort, conspired to take advantage of the internal tribulations of the little kingdom to turn it over to the British government. Thereupon Lord George made certain demands upon the old King which he knew could never be complied with. But he was backed by his powerful frigate, and the King had nothing to do but to yield to the demands or abdicate his powers temporarily. He chose the latter course, retiring to the neighboring island of Maui. The way now seemed clear to British occupancy. The union jack was run up and all Hawaiian flags were destroyed, and it only remained to acquaint the outside world with the enforced revolution and obtain recognition for the new government.

"A vessel had been chartered by an American firm, but had not yet started on her voyage," said Mr. Thurston. "As Lord Paulet was very anxious to secure her, he offered to send an American agent to England if the owners would give up the charter. The Americans were only too eager to accept this offer, for they had been trying to devise a plan for getting one of their own number to London and Washington. In the meantime, the Americans were not lazy. By the dim light of a candle in the royal tombs one dark night, using the King's coffin for a table, a remarkable document was drawn up, giving a young American clerk named Marshall full credentials as Ambassador to the United States and England. The self-exiled King was secretly brought from his island of banishment, and at midnight, on the shores of his own loved island, Oahu, he signed Marshall's credentials and then departed again for Maui. The plan was entirely successful. Marshall acquitted himself creditably, for his statements at Washington and London prevented Lord George from obtaining the recognition he desired. The result was that Kamehameha was reinstated, the Hawaiian flag again took the place of the union jack, and both Great Britain and France bound themselves by a mutual declaration never to take possession of those islands."

"An American with the ordinary sense of humor can have more fun to the twenty-four hours in Vienna than in any other capital of Europe; that is, if he uses his eyes," said R. Fred. Wright, of Cleveland, Ohio, at the Arlington last night. Mr. Wright has just returned from a prolonged period of study in Vienna, and he talked very entertainingly of the extraordinary customs that still survive from the days of old Vienna that were popularly supposed to have passed away with the advance of modern progress.

"It is a strange combination of the modern and the medieval—the city of Vienna," said Mr. Wright. "Think of a city of 1,750,000 inhabitants in which you can buy a membership on the stock exchange for $400; and the annual dues are only $25.

"The methods of business in Vienna are obsolete. They are the methods of over a century ago. As an instance of the banking system, I may tell you that I had a draft I wanted cashed and took it to the leading bank. One of the officials of the bank glanced at the bit of paper, yawned, and then examined me closely, as though suspecting some evil intention on my part. Finally he remarked nonchalantly that if I cared to call again in the afternoon he thought he would be able to arrange the matter for me.

"There must be a revenue stamp affixed to a draft before it can be cashed. But who would suspect the existence of an inflexible rule that the stamp must be put on before the draft is indorsed? However, if a foreigner is unlucky enough to indorse his draft before he stamps it, he will have all sorts of official red tape to go through before getting his money. A friend of mine found that out. They fined him $8 for indorsing before stamping, and the remarks he made seemed to astonish them exceedingly.

"It is funny to an American studying in that town to be solemnly denied the privilege of a latchkey, but that is what he finds himself up against. If he stays out after 10 o'clock at night he has to ring a bell at the barred and bolted door, and after an appalling delay the heusbesorger clatters sleepily up to the other side of the door. There he pauses until satisfied that the man on the other side is a legitimate resident of the house. He opens the door and exacts 10 kreutzer, which is his legitimate pay for opening the door."

Home Life in Kansas.

From the Atchison Globe.

When a woman appears in the back yard with the bed slats and pours boiling water over them, that is proof that she is an entomologist.

Just as Good.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Chollie Spooner—Jimmy, can you get me a lock of your sister's hair?

Jimmy—Nope, she locks her door nights. But I c'n tell you where she buys it.

T. R. EXTRA!

THE BIG STICK

T. R. EXTRA!

VOL. IV. NO. 4. WASHINGTON, JUNE 18, 1910. ONE CENT.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

WELCOME TO T. R.

"A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh! I am light and heavy; welcome;
A curse begin at every root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee!"
—Shaks.: Coriolanus, act 2, sc. 1.

So far, Shakespeare; but what would the other poets do to-day if they were present to welcome Teddy home? Let us quote some of them:

MRS. BROWNING.

There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee;
Thou standest alone as the shore bell it rings,
And my words that would praise thee are impotent things,
For none can express thee, though all should approve thee,
We love thee so, Teddy; we only can love thee.

TENNYSON.

Sunrise and morning star,
Joy in the land of the free;
And let there be no loafing at the bar—
Teddy's come home by sea.

Oh, stop that tide that makes you stagger so,
You're full of beer and foam.
List to the tumult; thus you'll really know;
Teddy is at home.

J. CECIL HOOE.

And this I know, that every law,
That malefactor's ban,
Must be enforced with an iron jaw
And a coat of Afric tan.
And as our laws must be enforced,
We welcome back the Man.

I know not whether laws be right
Or whether laws be wrong.
It is not law, but Teddy's might,
I celebrate in song.
Our Teddy—who's been gone a year—
A year was far too long.

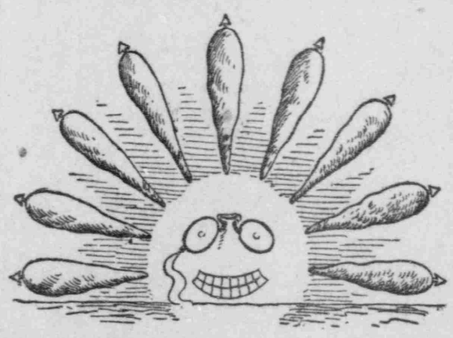
COWPER.

His sensibilities are so acute
No fear of being silent makes him mute.

LONGFELLOW.

Welcome gave they then to Teddy;
Welcome thrice to Bwana Tumbo.
Shining teeth, the mighty hunter.
Back he came from dreadful jungles;
Fresh escaped from kiss of Kaiser;
Fresh from lecturing Egyptians;
Fresh from wearing gowns of purple
By the banks of Cam and Oxus.
All the world was there to meet him—
All, that is, but nature fakers
And the club called Apanjas
And Maria Storey—laughing water.
These alone did fail to greet him;
Bwana Tumbo—mighty master.

THE BIG STICK'S HALL OF FAME—No. 8.



T. R. PROGRAMME TO-DAY.

4:30 a. m.—Mr. Roosevelt will arise and take an ice-water bath.

5 a. m.—Will bank the fires of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria and lecture the stokers.

7:45 a. m.—Will deliver a sermon to the passengers.

8 a. m.—Will swim ashore.

8:30 a. m.—Dried off at the aquarium.

9 a. m.—Reviews the water fleet.

10 a. m.—Reviews the evidence in the Ballinger-Pinchot case.

11 a. m.—Shakes hands with Mayor Gaynor, who goes at once to the hospital.

12 noon.—Lunches off elephant steak and buckwheat cakes. He will pronounce them "bully."

1 p. m.—Dons a khaki uniform, slightly soiled; puts on Spanish war medals and greets his Rough Riders. Issues the order of the day to his men that he is to be called "colonel" no longer, but doctor of laws.

2 to 4 p. m.—Correspondence.

4 to 4:30 p. m.—Reads extracts from the pigskin library.

5 p. m.—Takes a flying machine for Oyster Bay.

KIPLING.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The kings and captains left behind;
The game I killed for sacrifice;
I was cruel only to be kind.
Here I disdain the victor's wreath,
No laurels, pray, my brows to fret
I take the Big Stick from its sheath.
I have it yet—I have it yet!

ROBERT BROWNING.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Held we fall to rise; are vanquished to fight better,
Sleep to wake!

COLERIDGE.

He hunteth best who killeth best
All game, both great and small;
And he'll go back and get the rest
If the Smithsonian'll take 'em all.

GOLDSMITH.

Fresh from his triumphs, all the world's his school;
He has come back at last to show us how to rule,
He smiles and shows his teeth. That pensive frown
Is but to match with grace his doctor's gown.
The crowds so proudly hail their long-lost chief;
Fresh from Egyptian stews and English beef;
And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

R. L. STEVENSON.

And this be the verse ye sing for me,
I have come back home, where I ought to be.
Home is the stoker, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the kill.

NEW BOOKS.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
"Wild Animals I Have Eaten."
"Editorials from the Outlook."
"The Letters of Maria."
"Educating the Nations."
"How Egypt Should Behave."
"Me and the Jungle."
"The Conservation of Game."
"Songs of the Veldt."
All of the above, $1.50. Your selection of any two of the above books and The Big Stick for a year for 25 cents.

FOR SALE—

Nineteen lion skins; four elephant tusks; 180 antelope, graded; four zebra skulls; two spotted leopards' tails; assorted lot of snake skins; two unused photographic films. The above are relics of the Roosevelt expedition for which the Smithsonian has no room. Make offer.

WANTED—

An efficient and rapid private secretary. One who can run a typewriter with each hand preferred; must be acquainted with African terminology. Apply T. R., esq., LL. D., Oyster Bay, after June 18.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

L. E. PHANT—On July 10, 1909, Mr. L. E. PHANT, aged 143. Arrangements by Mr. Cunninghame. Burial in the jungle of bones after Safari had been satisfied. No flowers.

LEO—August 1, 1909, near the Maggori River, Mr. A. LEO. Fine mane and tail. No funeral; stuffed for Smithsonian.

Father, darling, thou hast left us;
Bwana Tumbo laid thee low,
We won't have any meat for supper.
Why, oh, why did you have to go?
—From Mrs. Leo and the Cubs.

PY. THON—August 18, 1909, on the Kapiti Plains, LONG PY. THON, Esq.

Funeral bearers made him into soup. Skin preserved. Friends of the family only invited to view. Kermit, funeral director.

AUNTY LOPE—September 2, 1909, of lead poisoning, in her fifth year, widow of the late Water Buck, esq., of Nairobi.

Oh, Aunty, dear, we sorrow so;
With grief we're growing thin.
We just had to pump you full of lead
Because we need your skin.
—By Water Buck and the Kids.

NOTICE TO INSURGENTS

RALLY, BOYS, RALLY!

Join the ranks now forming under the leadership of our returned champion. Form your clubs. For rules, address H. Fish, Washington, D. C. adv.