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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 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.

Washington Weather—Fine! Do not exaggerate the weather. Summer has come none too soon. It is needed. When you hear, "Old Sol registers 103 at the Avenue Kiosk," do not be disturbed.

A serious-minded, somewhat matter-of-fact, and normal specimen of young America at his best is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, jr. His idea is that it is pretty hard to beat.

And the bride, we feel quite sure, is just the sort of bride such a fine young American would select—and we believe she will consider that a real compliment, too!

Revised, laughed at, fought against, nothing has been able to stay the progress of the movement toward equal suffrage rights between men and women.

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"What will we do with Roosevelt?" Inquires the Winston-Salem Journal. Apparently, he has not yet decided.

A motion to adjourn always is in order, especially when made by Old Man Ho Weather.

The tumult and the shouting dies, referring to the finish of the Roosevelt marriage, "suspends," perhaps. Anyway, it is more than likely to break out again in a minute.

Harry Whitney will start for the arctic regions again soon. Not so much interest will attach to his going back as attached recently to his coming out, however.

George Bernard Shaw confesses that he does not know what his wife's income is. We have often wondered if there might be something that George did not know.

The Philadelphia Ledger presents the Philadelphia joke. It is nothing more than a joke—even if told and tremendously overworked!

From now until December, the days will get shorter, and let us hope, brighter and happier.

"So, for one," begins the Augusta Chronicle. Curious thing, that editorial "we."

The State of New York, it seems, recently purchased a lot of land it already owned. If it paid itself the money, it came out a great deal better off than the national government sometimes does in land deals.

Two new stars for the flag. Now—right off the bat and no cheating—how many stars does that make in all?

In his recent heart-to-heart talk with the colonel, we have a sneaking idea that Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge did not insist upon it that "the ultimate consumer is a myth."

Senator Burton's announced determination to remain a bachelor has aroused nothing but scorn on the feminine side of the house. The dear things are all agreed that the Senator simply cannot realize what he has missed.

The Chattanooga Times speaks of "The winding up of Congress." Really, we think it is the running down, however.

Margaret Hillington, who quit the stage a year or so ago in order to darn socks, rock cradles, and so on—yep, remember Margaret?—is to star in a bang-up society drama next season.

Mr. Ballinger has expressed his opinion, via Harper's Weekly, of muck-rakers and muck-raking. As we darkly suspected, it is entirely and utterly unfavorable!

In reply to the query, "Do you think Roosevelt will keep out of the fall campaigns?" Secretary Wilson replied: "You don't imagine he will go to bed and stay there, do you?" Well, hardly!

Our idea of a compelling bard is one who can rhyme French words with English.

Why not assemble, in large and imposing array, the noble army of Prospective-Democratic-Nominees-Who-Won't-Do to welcome Mr. Bryan home when he returns?

Oklahoma may think it a capital joke, of course. There is no accounting for tastes.

The divorce colony at Reno probably will not attend the bout. It might remind the members of their own fighting days.

President Diaz has an opponent who is residing on a platform demanding "free beer." Look out, general; your Water-look-or-be-looked-at, as you please—may be right at hand!

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ALWAYS HAPPENS. You fool around your fat. For half the day; No neighbors come to chat Or visits pay.

You think you'll take a bath, Discard your things; Whereat, unto your wrath, The doorbell rings.

No use to rave or groan Or bite your nails, For when a chap's alone It never fails.

No Sale. "I thought surely you'd sell that lot of sausage," declared the grocer. "You praised it highly enough."

Mere Gossip. "Are modern mothers really so indifferent?" "Oh, no. I know of many a mother who neglects her game of bridge for her children."

A Fair Ratio. "We wish to arrange for an exchange of prisoners," announced the South American dictator. "On what basis?" inquired the leader of the other side.

Occupied. You never hear a fellow whine Or life belittle, Who has a handy wedge of pine To whittle.

Era of Big Ships. "Why must our fleet of super-dreadnoughts stay in the Pacific?" "Well, there's no room in the Atlantic just now. The English fleet of super-dreadnoughts has got that ocean all choked up."

A Reasonable Fellow. "What sort of a clerk does he make?" "He's open to argument. And when I can convince him that a piece of work comes within his province and that he was hired to do it, he is very efficient."

Back from Europe. She had a nibble from a prince and nearly caught a duke, they say; but no surprise need we evince, the big ones always get away.

STREETS OF PORTLAND, OREG., STREW WITH PETALS FOR FESTIVAL PARADE. From the New York Evening Post.

Twenty miles of streets were strewn with rose petals in Portland, Ore., last week. A carnival procession marched along these twenty miles. There were girls wearing wreaths of roses in place of hats; horses almost completely concealed beneath blankets of roses; and floats on which roses were displayed in masses.

Portland seems to offer the queen of flowers a more congenial climate than any other city in the world. Roses grow high and bloom abundantly and long. Instead of being coddled garden pets, as is in the neighborhood of New York, they are left to their own devices and are the faithful family shrubbery, the hedge that never fails, the climber that does its full duty by ugly architecture.

There was a big rose show in the army, and a bigger one on the streets. To assemble the flowers, the help of the street car companies was enlisted. People having roses to contribute were requested to tie them in bundles and lay them by the car tracks.

The formal exhibit in the army was a magnificent sight; but the most interesting feature in every rose bush was growing in people's yards. A man who got a first prize in one district had a hedge of 119 Frau Karl Droschke. The Droschke is a single rose which averages five inches in diameter, and the bushes cannot be planted closer than four feet apart, the man's hedge must have been nearly 500 feet long.

In February, in response to a request from the people of Portland, many foreign consulates in every rose bush were planted abroad and had them planted outside the consulates in Portland. Most of these were in bloom for last week's festival.

One thing not commonly understood among civilians is the completeness of the barrier which divides army officers from the soldiers—or, as they are more generally called, the "men." It is always vastly amusing to those familiar with this respect to observe the errors in this respect frequently made by the novelist and the playwright.

Personal qualifications have nothing whatever to do with the matter. A soldier may be a gentleman who has enlisted with the purpose of obtaining a commission; yet here can be between him and his officers no social intercourse of any sort, and severe penalties would be inflicted upon the officer who would attempt to disregard the rule.

It might seem that this enforcement of a caste sense would result in much hard feeling on the side of the men. Such, however, is not actually the case. It is taken for granted, and recognized as conducive to "good order and military discipline." It is a military regulation like any other, and implies no disgrace. Directly a soldier's enlistment is out or directly he rises from the ranks, the prohibition is removed.

A ROSE. A bud—stink, graceful, sweet— On one's stalk of dainty green, And that sweet's glow might meet And find its match in sweetest scene.

A full-blown blossom—'tis a rose— In its great splendor rocks and sways On graceful stalk in graceful pose, And thus it lives through summer days.

A flower that knows no cure of pain, Knows nothing of the world's annoy, But knows the sun and cooling rain.

A rose—its heart has had a day's blight, The world is not so sweet as days of yore, It seems as if it's nearly always night, It died at bloom on the celestial shore.

It wants to die and bloom in heavenly lands; It died at bloom on the celestial shore. For earth, too rich, seems now like waste lands.

A rose! Ah, no; 'tis but a red, And yet it is not wholly given to red, 'Tis but a proof of the great love of God, Its duty in this world is not yet done.

It would blow it onward 'ere the earth, Of all this life one rose is but a part, Yet what but God can ever be worth?

WHIRLPOOLS.

It is the penalty of every author who has produced a book that is considered very good to have all his later works compared to it, and in nine cases out of ten the later writings will not be up to the standard of the other.

This is particularly true of those whose work has gained a worldwide reputation, as did Henryk Sienkiewicz, with his "Quo Vadis" and "Fire and Sword," to say nothing of his other novels of Poland and her history.

It is not that he can describe to-day that he can't describe to-morrow, but that his imagination ran riot on as he did these novels, which have thrilled and entertained thousands; so that it may not be the fault of the author.

But, be that as it may, he has certainly lost his ability to charm through the use of words to paint his vast canvases and draw his scenes of barbaric splendor. He no longer thrills his reader as he did with the tales of the Roman orgies or the tales of the Polish heroes.

It is in the Polish of to-day and attempts to draw a picture of the conditions there. Probably the picture is a good one. It most likely is true to the conditions there, but it does not appeal on this side of the water, to the original Polish it may be a great book, but in English it falls far below the class of the earlier works of the author.

It is evident that any one who merely glances over the book that it is poorly translated, and many of the faults of the work may be laid at the door of the translator, who has used a very stilted style, in places much resembling the German translated construction, and this has a great deal to do with the fact that the book is hard to read.

It is a pity that the author has deteriorated in his later days, and more of a pity that he was unable to get a translator who would be able to render the book into language befitting the reputation of the writer.

Should the author return to the scenes of his earlier triumphs and procure a translator with the ability of Jeremiah Curtin, who was responsible for the rendering of "The Betrothed" and other works, he would doubtless regain the favor he has somewhat lost through the pooriness of his later works.

A timely book which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have issued is "Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens," by Mrs. Helen R. Albee, author of "Mountain Playmates."

A fair indication of the widespread interest in our immigration problem is given by the fact that Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are already having to print for the seventh time Dr. Prescott F. Hall's "Immigration and Its Effects Upon the United States," edited by Ralph C. Ringwalt.

The orders from a Japanese wholesale house show what sort of American books have a special sale in Japan. In one recent order to Harper & Bros. from the principal firm in Tokyo a book on civics, "How Americans Are Governed," by Crittenden Marriot, heads the list.

Australia has been for several years a large reader of American fiction, but only recently have the more serious American books gained headway there. This week our publishers have had a list of the titles of the books that have been bought in Australia.

The former book has been bought in quantities for distribution by employers who have seen in it the stimulating impulse of new ideas. It is, if anything, a typical "young man's" book.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY. Jack Cade's Rebellion—June 22.

Almost 100 years after the famous Wat Tyler rebellion there broke out another similar insurrection in England, which was known as the Jack Cade rebellion. This insurrection was named after its leader, Jack Cade, and had its beginning in Kent on June 22, 1450. Cade was of Irish birth and had served in the French wars.

Assuming the name of Mortimer he led a band of about 10,000 men to London and camped at Blackheath, whence he kept up communication with the citizens, many of whom were in secret sympathy with the uprising.

The court sent to inquire why the "good men of Kent" had left their homes. Cade, in a paper entitled "The Complaint of the Commons of Kent," replied that the people were being robbed of their goods for the King's use; that mean and corrupt persons, who plundered and oppressed the commons, held the high offices at court; that it was noticed that the King's lands in France had been alienated; that misgovernment had banished justice and prosperity from the land; that the men of Kent were especially ill-treated and overtaxed, and that free election of knights of their shire had been hindered.

The court sent its answer in the form of an army, before which Cade retreated to Seven Oaks, where he awaited the attack of a detachment, which he defeated. The royal army refused to fight against their countrymen. The court made the Commons of Kent, replied that the people were being robbed of their goods for the King's use; that mean and corrupt persons, who plundered and oppressed the commons, held the high offices at court; that it was noticed that the King's lands in France had been alienated; that misgovernment had banished justice and prosperity from the land; that the men of Kent were especially ill-treated and overtaxed, and that free election of knights of their shire had been hindered.

Many questions have arisen in connection with Cade's rebellion, and especially with regard to his personality. One recent writer questions the fact of his supposed low birth, and the grounds that an act of attainder was passed against him after the rebellion.

But his marriage with the daughter of an English squire might have given him some landed property, or at least some reversionary interest, which would fully account for such an act. A point of more importance as regards the political significance of the rising is whether there was any understanding, as commonly supposed, between Cade and the Duke of York. If there was, it must be remarked that Cade was a most unfaithful ally, for among the booty which he seized during the rebellion were jewels belonging to the duke and for which the King afterward ordered the latter to be recompensed.

On June 22 occurred the naval battle between the French Leopold and the United States Chesapeake. It was the survivors of the Greely expedition were rescued in 1884; Edward IV invaded France in 1415, and John Winthrop arrived at Salem in 1630. It is the birthday of Charles V. of Germany (1500); Robert Hildreth, the American author (1807); Julian Hawthorne, the author (1846), and Cy Werman, "the Poet of the Rockies" (1855).

On the third day some houses were plundered, the Duke of York was killed, setting the example. Cade, who at night lodged his army in the suburbs, received news that the citizens intended to prevent his entrance into the city on the next day, and he was defeated. The promise was defeated.

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PEOPLE AND THINGS. AT THE HOTELS.

Cat on Health Voyage. The arrival in New York Harbor of the Royal Mail steam packet, Oruba, from the West Indies, became a matter of unusual interest when it was discovered that among the passengers was a pedigree black and white Persian cat called Flossie.

In compliance with the order of a famous cat specialist, Sir Archibald Baker, the owner of Flossie, had shipped her aboard the Oruba at Southampton, in the hope of improving her health and spirits by a long ocean trip. It is said that Flossie pined for three or four days after leaving port. Her cares and interest in nothing were considerably augmented, however, a day or two later, when she gave birth to three beautiful kittens, two of them black and one gray.

Capt. Langmaid, of the Oruba, has become much attached to Flossie. He has her on the bridge each day in fine weather, where she inhales the salt air to her heart's content, free from the annoyance of the children among the passengers, and he looks after all the cat tracks in a way that is suggestive of great affection. When the Oruba again reaches Southampton, Flossie's kittens will be two months old.

Lightning Prints Photo. Photographed on a window pane at the home of Dr. L. L. Capron, at Central City, Neb., is the face and figure of Miss Alice Logan, of Omaha. The likeness was first seen a few days ago, when Dr. Capron happened to look into the house from the outside, although facts show that it was impressed there a full year ago by a freak of lightning. Dr. Capron was, of course, startled at first, because the image appeared to be that of a young woman sitting at the window, with features most distinct, and design and color of dress plainly visible. Miss Logan having been an intimate friend of the Caprons for years, the doctor was in no doubt as to the identity of the person revealed in the picture. On being asked, Miss Logan remembers well being seated in the position shown in the window pane while a thunderstorm was raging outside. She said it was a little more than a year ago. Cases have been recorded of the kind, and the fact of its being registered by lightning, but the case of a woman's likeness being preserved in a pane of glass is something new to Nebraska.

Speaking of the new German girl, John S. Thurber, of Chicago, who makes annual trips to Germany and is at the "New Willard," said last night: "Twenty years ago the only public education open to a German girl of the middle or upper classes was given by a 'Mother' who taught the girl to read, to sew, to cook, and to be a good housewife. It was through these advanced courses she was ordered to close it, and was threatened with an obsolete law that would force her to do so. She took refuge in a quibble. 'You girls are women,' she said. 'You have no authority over them.' And she went her triumphant way."

"German girls and women are full of stories of the difficulties placed by officials in the way of their education," continued Mr. Thurber, who has two daughters who attend German schools abroad. "When Fraulein Helen Lang, the celebrated pianist of education, opened the first of these advanced courses she was ordered to close it, and was threatened with an obsolete law that would force her to do so. She took refuge in a quibble. 'You girls are women,' she said. 'You have no authority over them.' And she went her triumphant way."

"During the last session of Congress," said Mr. Garrett, "the Democrats accomplished a great deal of good by preventing legislation by shrewd politics. With a large Republican majority against them the Democrats could really expect very little in the way of legislation. But there were some shrewd Democrats in Congress and out, and it looks now as if the Democratic party might have a chance to control the next National Legislature."

"There have been a number of municipal and State elections during the last month or two, and the Democrats have gained in various places. At any rate, their gains were larger than their losses. This seemed to indicate that the Democrats are gaining the confidence of the people, and that the cause of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson will triumph at last."

The names of Representative William Sulzer and Gov. Harmon, respectively of New York and Ohio, have been mentioned recently for governor of their States. I can say that Mr. Sulzer has made a name for himself in the Democratic party as a serious, able, and honest politician. He is a true blue and genuinely Democratic. Against him no charges of disloyalty can be brought from any wing of the Democracy. Sulzer, if nominated, will be elected governor of New York, without any doubt.

"A word about Harmon. This man has been in the limelight of Democratic politics for many years, and he, too, has always been a serious, able, and honest politician. He is not what would be called a hide-bound politician, but he is liberal and tolerant of the views of others. Gov. Harmon would draw thousands of Republican votes on account of the businesslike administration he has given to Ohio during the years he has been in the office."

"It is surprising to me that there are not more conventions in Washington during the year," said Michael F. Connelly, of Buffalo, N. Y., at the Shoreham last night.

"Your city has all the facilities to entertain visitors, and has, in addition, more to show them than any other city in the United States. You have Congress here, which has great attractions. You have the President of the United States in Washington almost the whole year around. The same holds good with the diplomatic corps and foreign residents. Then there are the many highly interesting governmental institutions, which always prove of great interest to visitors."

"Outside all of these serious attractions, you have every facility to entertain visitors in pleasant ways. There is the great historic Potomac River, with its Mount Vernon and other places of national import. Pleasure resorts dot the shore of the river, and there are numerous attractive excursion places in the outskirts of Washington. You have pleasant driveways and a beautiful residential section."

The only reason, it seems to me, that Washington is not more successful in securing conventions and great gatherings is because the business men of Washington do not spend enough money to advertise their city to the whole world."

All Clear. From Judy.

Student of Politics—And what is this year coalition they do be talking about? "It's the coalition of the Democrats and the Republicans."

Oldest Living Local Authority—Well, it's like this. Some parties say this an' some says that an' I other. But what I say, there's no words no no tell's, an'—mark my words—I hain't 'er wrong.