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THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910.

Congress and the District.

Congress is about to adjourn, with a large number of meritorious bills relating to the District of Columbia upon its calendar, and many of doubtful merit. There is not the slightest probability that these bills will be acted upon during the present session, and next winter, in the brief time allotted for legislation, most of them are likely to be ignored.

It is useless to talk about a Representative in Congress. To secure this representation it would be necessary to amend the Constitution of the United States—a hopeless task. The people of the District might, of course, elect a Delegate, as was done some years ago. A Delegate without a vote and with only occasional opportunity to speak would be of little assistance; besides which, the election of a Delegate would inject ward politics into our municipal system, and this would be a large price to pay for little benefit.

There is a simple and easy way to remedy the situation. Let Congress declare of Columbia a little more power to enact ordinances than they already possess. Congress should reserve to itself the right to legislate upon matters relating to public property, such as parks and highways, public utility corporations, and public finances, including licenses and taxation. In the mass of bills which now encumber the docket of the House are measures which might easily have been formulated by the District Commissioners.

There is no reason why the Commissioners should not amend the bird, fish, and game laws, or provide for the better registration of births, or provide for lighting vehicles, or provide for the parole of adult prisoners, or do a hundred other things which seem now to require the expensive, tedious, and cumbersome system of approval by both Houses of Congress and approval by the President of the United States.

In the early days of the commission system, and in fact in the early days of the municipal history of the National Capital, Congress was literally a local legislative body. It dealt with all minor details of city administration. As time progressed and Washington had become a municipality in the just sense of the word, Congress delegated its powers in greater and greater degree to the Commissioners. The precedent thus established might easily be carried to its logical conclusion. If this were done, Congress, instead of frittering its time away over innumerable plebeian matters, would have opportunity to consider important questions, such as the payment of the debt of the District, the provision of a fund for permanent improvements, regulating various matters relating to public utilities, such as the price of gas; a permanent system of parks and highways, and other matters of equal importance.

It is certain that the present situation has little to commend it. The suggestion to give to the Commissioners larger powers in minor municipal detail, if they require it, and allow Congress time and opportunity to discuss and enact measures of real importance, would be welcomed both by the citizens of the District and by members of Congress.

After all, however, Congress is wise in not indulging in much of the petty legislation that is constantly sought. An Example in Arbitration. It is fitting that with the thought of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, that preparation for war is but a means of insuring peace, America and England, by resort to arbitration of problems that less wisely handled might easily lead to war, should set an example to the world. Before the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague, that court which the Anglo-Saxon nations did so much to establish, appear now the United States and Great Britain.

The question at issue is the old one of the Newfoundland fisheries, a subject that has kept us in more or less hot water for twenty-five years, and which has strained almost to the breaking point the resources of diplomacy. Fortunately, the discussion has been fairly good tempered, but it was always a point over which the contentions might become serious, and so both nations agreed that it would be best to settle it at once and forever by arbitration. The cost of the hearing of the case will be infinitesimal compared to any possibility of war; and whatever the award may be, the case, once settled, will be forever an example

of what great nations may do to settle their grievances without a fight. The permanent arbitration tribunal is a great one. The arbitrators are picked men from Argentina, Austria, the Netherlands, Great Britain, and the United States; three nations that can have no possible interest in any outcome of the case and the two nations most involved.

It is not too much to say that the results of the findings of this court may be world-wide. The arbitration court stands not only for an economic but a Christian idea, and its effect on the world's civilization is sure to be immensely beneficial. It may prove, indeed, the entering wedge, if not for disarmament, then, at least, for a great reduction in the costly armaments of the world powers. For it must be understood that in this court, who loses or who wins, the judgment is final. There is no appeal possible. Through peace the judgment will be found and in peace it will stand—a perpetual tribute of justice over might.

Unhappy Mr. Slayden.

Mr. Slayden, of grand old Texas, is most unhappy. The gentleman has a real grievance against unkind fortune. Melancholy sits upon his chest as heavy as a load of bricks—and no wonder.

Twice within the year has Mr. Slayden's heart thrilled with the rapture of a high resolve to see Mr. Frank Hitchcock, Postmaster General of the United States. It was a noble ambition. Men have risked fame and squandered untold treasure in the pursuit of things far less inspiring and no more worth while. Seeing the Postmaster General is the ultima Thule of polite endeavor in Washington. If the plutocratic barons who control the "rubberneck wagons" of our fair city could but add a passing glimpse of Mr. Hitchcock to their already long and interesting panorama, they might easily double the present price of a trip around town, and the populace would call it cheap. Also, the said populace would rise up and call the barons blessed!

But the wishing to see Mr. Hitchcock is one thing, it appears, and the seeing him another. If you have troubles to tell the Postmaster General, tell them to the most convenient policeman instead—thus saith Mr. Slayden. To reach the Postmaster General, one must bow and scrape to impossible underlings and sit impossible hours in impossible ante-rooms—and then not reach him. You are put off, by proxy. If you are a Congressman, rampant to dispatch public business, it makes no difference in your favor. You are put off, nevertheless, and notwithstanding—and the longer, the better. Moreover, you are put off indefinitely—to that uncertain period known as "after adjournment," for instance, or until next fall at 3 o'clock.

Marvel not, therefore, gentle reader, that Mr. Slayden is peevish and rebellious before the gods. The density of his ignorance in no wise lessens the burden of his woe. He might have understood that nobody ever sees Mr. Hitchcock, or, at least, not apparently he did not, and does not. Mr. Hitchcock sees an occasional person now and then, to be sure; but that is different. There are people who believe that no such human being as Mr. Frank Hitchcock exists; that he so called is merely a glorious and exclusive state of mind. And it may be so, though we incline to doubt it—having heard rumors to the contrary which we find it impossible to reject as entirely fanciful.

But, anyway, Mr. Slayden has our sympathy. His distressed mental status appeals tremendously. To wish to see Mr. Hitchcock, and simultaneously to harbor a suspicion that it is not to be and cannot be—could unhappiness be more profound or grief troubled to gloomier depth? One would rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Congressman!

Postal Savings Banks. Only time can show whether we have managed to secure the best possible form of postal savings law. If defective or weak in any of its points, these defects can be remedied; but in the meantime, we will have secured a useful and, we hope, economical extension of the post-office service.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be, the fact remains that the law will make it easier for the wage-earner and the man of small income to save money. It will not, we believe, hurt appreciably any savings bank already established, because the private banks in nearly every instance offer a larger rate of interest than the new law provides. But it is in the very ease with which one may begin to save under this new method that the law has its greatest justification. It will induce men who never saved a dollar to give the plan a trial; and once, in this way, they have established a habit of thrift, it will be a much easier step for them to patronize the nearest saving bank and get the higher rate of interest.

In the small towns where there are no savings banks the new government industry will be a boon indeed, and it will result in keeping a lot of money right at home where it was earned and where its investment will do the most good. If the new law results in one-half the benefits to the country at large that those who so ably advocated it believe, it is not unlikely that the postal savings bank law will stand out as one of the most noteworthy things accomplished by the Sixty-first Congress.

The first speech Mr. Roosevelt delivers will be to the people of Kansas. That is right. Kansas needs talking to worse than any other State in the Union, perhaps.

A mere theoretical safe and sane Fourth of July is the only variety that may be had for nothing. It is just as well to remember that.

The Senatorial bathrooms, it seems, call for the services of a "masseur." Plain, ordinary Representatives have to scrub themselves, presumably.

Mr. Harmon's compliments to Mr. Bryan, nevertheless and notwithstanding, of course!

Examine closely into the afflictions of the fellow who predicts positively that

Mr. Roosevelt will "repudiate" Mr. Taft, and about nineteen times out of twenty you will discover that the wish is father to the thought.

It is something of a tribute to our growing conservatism, perhaps, that the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria was not reduced to souvenirs of the occasion.

"What will he do next?" Inquires the San Antonio Express, referring to the returned hunter. Get next, firsting the returned hunter.

Congressional adjournment brings on more Chautauqua talk, however. Mankind never is, but always to be blessed, of course.

Move the census be reopened long enough to permit the enrollment of the colonel's name. The thing never will seem complete without him.

Lillian Russell may be fifty, as she says. It is but just to admit, nevertheless, that she does not look it from out in front.

Oklahoma will have to behave now. It is no longer the baby of the national household.

This is the sort of weather that causes one gratefully to recall to mind the fact that it was "Dolly" Madison who invented ice cream.

"Col. Roosevelt is entitled to a rest," says the Milwaukee Free Press. And the colonel is not the only one, moreover.

"Gov. Patterson's idea of straight Democracy is said to be represented by a corkscrew," says the Atlanta Georgian. The governor believes in political "pull," perhaps.

Something tells us that we soon shall have to face our daily grind minus the cheering presence of the esteemed Congressional Record.

Senator Dolliver compared the tariff to Dr. Cook recently; but the comparison was not altogether happy. Dr. Cook has been revised downward, at least.

The most robust nerve in this country is possessed by the young man who wrote the colonel inquiring if he did not wish to employ a first-class press agent.

"We should have longer sessions of Congress," suggests the Jacksonville Times-Union. Do we hear a second to the motion? We do not!

It is to be hoped that Congress will not adjourn and leave Mr. Sidney Bleiber up in the air.

Just before sailing for Europe Tuesday, Mr. Adolph Busch, of St. Louis, informed a reporter that "prohibition is all wrong." It is to be hoped, of course, that Mr. Busch is not a prejudiced witness.

The mayor of San Francisco, who recently announced that he proposed to find out who was running that town, the mayor or the governor of California, found out all right, it will be observed.

"The muck-rakers are no longer playing to 'standing room only,'" remarks the Brooklyn Eagle. No, indeed! They have part of their erstwhile audience decidedly on the run!

As we understand the colonel, subscriptions to the Outlook, beginning some two months hence will be about right.

"Jack Johnson eats cake for breakfast," notes the Los Angeles Express. Still, if somebody must eat cake for breakfast, Jack suits us as well as anybody we can think of.

People who imagine the colonel will not start trouble of some sort, sooner or later, forget that he is going to write a history of Texas.

It must irritate Emperor Wilhelm considerably not to be able to enjoy a bowl on the knee in peace.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Should Swing Both Ways. From the Christian Science Monitor. The "open door" for the Jews in Russia leads out and in.

We're Afraid So. From the Kansas City Star. Even after they gain Statehood there will be a vast amount of territory in New Mexico and Arizona.

Cigars for Political Purposes. From the Kansas City Times. A Kansas City man obtained 10,000 cigars by fraud, although it is not stated what political office he sought to fill.

Where Georgia Stands Alone. From the Atlanta Herald. No other State in the Union and no other country in the world has a chief executive or ruler who can write poetry. It is a distinction which belongs to Georgia alone.

True Optimism, All Right. From the Springfield Union. At the risk of being regarded as ridiculously optimistic, we make bold to suggest that if Bullinger should set the example perhaps Lorimer would follow suit.

His First Thought. From the Springfield Union. With his interest in the prevention of race suicide unabated, one of the first things Roosevelt probably did was to inquire how the little Orsetti Babies were getting along.

Congress a Lap Behind. From the Boston Transcript. It is remarkable how regularly the Congress of the United States and the Massachusetts Legislature meet themselves in a close race as to date of adjournment. The Bay State, as usual, is this time just a trifle ahead at the finish.

James' Busy Day. From Amers. All yesterday James had played truant from school, and when the irate master raised his cane threateningly James burst into a flood of tears. "Please don't lick me, sir," he sobbed. "And why should I not lick you, pray?" thundered the schoolmaster. "Well, sir, 'cos I think I've 'ad enough' gassed James. 'Yesterday the boy as I played truant with and I fell out, and he licked me, and a man we threw stones at caught me and licked me, the driver of a cart we hung on to licked me, the owner of a cat we chased licked me, and then mother licked me again for calling her a sneak for telling that.'"

System Required. From the Lodge Blatter. Clerk—May I have a day's leave tomorrow, sir? It is my mother-in-law's funeral.

Employer—My dear Huber, this mustn't occur again. Last week your wife died, and now your mother-in-law's going to be buried. You must arrange things better in your family and see that they happen in the holidays.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

VACATION CHATTER.

He tells her of the large affairs that haunt a money king; He prates about his business cares and all that sort of thing. She talks about the social pace, of how "He says it can't be did."

And says she hardly cares to face the com'g season's whirl.

He hints of business hopes and fears until he has the she's awed. She speaks of peesees and peers, the ones she met abroad. The truth they wholly set at naught whilst dishing out this stuff.

Two sumps with but the single thought of putting up a bluff.

The Recount. "The census didn't give Plunkville enough population. Our Congressman oughter git a recount."

"It must be did. He got himself a recount when he was running for the job."

A Favorite Theme. "I, too, once stood silent at the tomb of Napoleon."

"Yes, and you have been gabbling about it ever since."

Looks that Way. "I'm afraid that bird is a schemer."

"How, now?" "He's advertising for a young man with \$500 to learn the poetry business."

A Fair Ratio. Of course, when you lose a dollar there is no cause for mirth. But still I would not holler more than two dollars' worth.

Too Optimistic. "I was pinched for being too optimistic."

"Aw, come off."

"Fact, I thought the stock I was selling would be worth something some day."

Grim War. At a recent commencement a sweet girl graduate read an essay on war prepared with satchet powder.

SENATES OF THE NATIONS.

How They Are Compared and the Manner of Election of Members. Letter in the New York Sun.

Now that the reconstruction of the British House of Lords will actually take place and the method of electing our United States Senators is a moot question, it is interesting to compare these upper chambers of legislation with those of other nations.

The French Senate is composed of 300 members, elected for nine years, members to be forty years old, one-third retiring every third year. The election of senators is indirect, and is made by an electoral body composed of delegates chosen by the municipal council of each commune in proportion to population.

The Princes of the Holy Roman Empire, or State Council, of Switzerland, consists of forty-four members, elected by the cantons of the Confederation.

The Herrenhaus, of Austria, consists of 160 members, including fifteen princes of the blood royal, sixty-six nobles in whose families the dignity is hereditary, nine archbishops, eight bishops, and life members nominated by the Emperor for services rendered to the State.

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DAILY BOOK REVIEW.

"KILMERY OF THE ORCHARD."

In "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," Miss L. M. Montgomery gave us two tales of Prince Edward Island that were delightful, and in her latest book, "Kilmery of the Orchard," she has returned to that locality. Of this work it may be said, as it once was of Hall Caine, "that the author succeeds because of the intimate knowledge he has of his people."

In Hall Caine's case it was of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight; in Miss Montgomery's of those of Prince Edward Island. This detached portion of land near Newfoundland has been sadly neglected by fiction writers looking for out-of-the-way places to lay their plots; but as the author has the island to teach school for a friend of his for a time. While roaming around the surrounding country he stirs into an orchard, where he hears the sound of a violin. On surprising the player he discovers a beautiful girl, who runs away from him in apparent terror, and he loses her in the woods.

On making inquiry, he hears that she has been driven from her birth, but that the doctors say that a great shock may restore her powers of speech, but she has not been impaired, but has simply become somewhat atrophied through disuse. The shock is administered through the discovery by the girl that one of her rejected lovers is about to kill Eric. Being too far off to interfere, she realizes that, to save his life, she must make some outcry. The effort is successful, the blow is averted, and the girl recovers her speech.

As will be seen, the plot is not particularly novel, but the charm and beauty of the story rest in its descriptive passages and in the manner in which it is told. It is one of those tales of the outdoors that are especially pleasing in summer, and as a whole, it is a well-told, simple narrative of a little known part of the world and some delightful people. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

Notes of Books.

The report that Henryk Sienkiewicz had planned to visit America to attend the meetings of the Polish National Congress did not appear to be altogether true for the famous Polish novelist received no acceptance of the invitation he received to be present. It will be recalled that the author of "Quo Vadis" "Whirlpools," &c., once visited this country. He was one of the little band of Polish patriots, among whom were Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Count Rozetta, who bought a ranch in California, and started what might be called a Polish brook farm. It was a co-operative society, but as all its members were gentlemen, it suffered for want of practical arrangements. Sienkiewicz did not stay long in this country, but went back to Poland, where he published a few short stories with America for their background.

Previous to the publication of "Whirlpools," his only other novel during the past decade was "On the Field of Glory," an historical romance of Poland in the reign of King John Sobieski, which appeared in this country. On the other hand, it is a modern story, in which the novelist shows that he has been a close observer of recent agrarian troubles and socialist intrigues in Poland. That Sienkiewicz must be counted among the foremost contemporary writers of fiction all critics will agree. Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, in his new book, "Essays on Modern Novelists," says: "Sienkiewicz is indeed a mighty man—some one has ironically called him a literary blacksmith. There is nothing dead in his nature. Compared with many English, German, and French writers, who seem at times to express an anaemic and played-out civilization, he has the very exuberance of power and an endless wealth of material."

The Putnams are about to publish "The Unexplored Self," by the Rev. George R. Montgomery, of the First South Street Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Fooling the Critics.

"Why do you call your new picture 'Dawn'?" "Eccaise," replied the young impressionist, "few people know what dawn looks like; hence they are likely to take my word for it."

A Live One.

"Why don't you have one of those old-fashioned knockers outside of your door, Mrs. Growler?" "I don't need it. I've got one inside that does all the knocking for this family."

A Public Nuisance.

"Is he a great poet?" "I'm no judge, but I don't think any one would ask to get him pardoned if he were in prison."

The Bargain Instinct.

Lady (who has been shopping)—When does the next train leave for Oshkosh? Trainman—Two-fifty, madam. Lady (absent-mindedly)—Make it 2:45 and I'll take it.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS.

\$150,000,000 to be Expended in Improving a Beautiful Capital. From Zion's Herald. The greatest single scheme of municipal improvement that the world has ever known, involving the expenditure of \$150,000,000, has been decreed upon by the authorities of Paris, the enormous cost of the plan to be provided, during a period of fifteen to eighteen years, by the issue of municipal bonds. The plan involves the improvement of roads and pavements and for public lighting and street cleaning. Paris deserves the honor of being the first municipality in the world to devote a large sum of money to the definite purpose of fighting the "white scourge." For this purpose the sum of \$5,000,000 has been allotted, half of which will be used in the demolition of insanitary dwellings. Large sums will also be spent on the improvement of existing promenades and open spaces. The great bulk of the appropriation, however—some \$80,000,000—will be expended for improvements in the planning of the city, involving extensive changes in the boulevards, which, it is hoped, will make the Paris of fifteen years from now the most beautiful city in the world.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of Empress Josephine—June 23.

Emperor married Marie Louise of Austria. Josephine retained the title of Empress, kept up a continuous correspondence with Bonaparte, and took the keenest interest in his doings. Josephine had long known that relatives were trying to undermine her position, and even when she knelt beside him in Notre Dame and received the triple crown, she knew that she was a concession wrung from him. Napoleon was to have divorced Josephine with much tenderness and but for his inordinate ambition he would have sought to live apart from her. She often provoked him by a certain mild duplicity in her character; she was extravagant and superstitious, yet she followed the high destiny to which she was called, and she brought much gentleness, courage, and sweetness, qualities which carried through her reverses with admirable dignity.

A great many think that Napoleon's star would have continued in the ascendant had he remained faithful to the only woman he ever really loved. Certain it is that it was not until after he had deserted Josephine that it began to wane. She died on May 24, 1814, and her last thoughts were for the ambitious man who had broken her heart.

June 23 is usually given as the date on which Penn made his treaty with the Indians in 1682. It is the date of the battle of Plassey in 1757. The birthday of Jean Baptiste Colbert, the French statesman (1619); Theodosius Burr, one of the most highly accomplished and brilliant of American women (1783); Robert M. McLane, the Maryland statesman (1815); and Daniel H. Chamberlain, the South Carolina statesman (1825). It is the date of the death of Louis I. of France (840); Mark Akenside, the poet (1770); and John Love Campbell, English chancellor (1851).

AT THE HOTELS.

"What with the disagreeable odor emitted from automobiles, the oil and grease deposited by them along the sides of the streets, and the tar which covers the spaces between the street car tracks and endangers life on account of unstable footing, I cannot think at this time of another city, in this respect, is more unattractive than Washington."

Washington is not a manufacturing town, and it seems that for this reason alone the police authorities should be able to abate these tar and other nuisances. If there were a heavy commercial traffic in Washington, like in Pittsburg, Chicago, and places of that kind, continued Mr. Springwell, "there might be some excuse. The disagreeable odor spread by automobiles, the tar, and the spilling of gasoline can be prevented in Washington as well as it is prevented in other places. These features detract from the beauty of the Capital, and are at once noticed by strangers. They certainly do not cause a favorable impression, and they make a man who has seen the fact that Uncle Sam is not powerful enough to stop nuisances in his own home town."

Speaking of diamond mining in South Africa, Bruce S. Campbell, a mining engineer of Johannesburg, South Africa, who is at the Shoreham, said last night: "The story of the finding of the first diamond in South Africa has often been told; how a man by the name of O'Reilly, traveling south from the Orange River, sought a night's rest at the farmhouse of one Niekler, in the Hopetown district; how the farmer produced for his guest's inspection a handful of pretty pebbles picked up by his children, and how O'Reilly, hurriedly examining the pebbles a diamond which he held at Grahamstown for \$2,500."

"This is ancient history," continued Mr. Campbell, "but much that is equally romantic in the story of South African diamonds is remembered now by few. It was only two years later—in 1869—that a stroke of rare good fortune befell Niekler's way, when a native chanced to show him a large pebble, looking like a lump of alum, which, profiting by his former experience, he recognized as a diamond of considerable value. He purchased it for \$2,000 worth of his farm stock, and a day or two later received \$50,000 for it from a English diamond merchant, known as the world over as 'The Star of South Africa,' weighed eighty-three carats, and is now valued at \$125,000. It is the most treasured of all the jewels of the country, and has been named in the title quest for more 'stars of South Africa.'"

"It is a striking illustration of the irony of luck," added Mr. Campbell, "that these were the only diamonds of any value that were found near Hopetown, although a little later 10,000 miners were ransacking the banks of the Vaal River, sacrificing their lives by hundreds through disease and hardships, in the futile quest for more 'stars of South Africa.'"

The new federation of states of South Africa meets every expectation of a British resident as well as the native Boer. The Boers seem to have the best of the bargain, as most of the prominent offices are filled by them, or, at least, Boer sympathizers. It may not be imagined that the British of South Africa will assimilate the Boers. Quite the opposite is the fact—the English will be assimilated by the Boers. The second generation will be all Englishmen in South Africa are Boers."

Dr. Martin Berger, of Berlin, Germany, who is at the Arlington, in discussing the aims of the Pan-German party in Germany, said that an alliance between the people of Germanic origin must be the highest aim of youthful dreams; in England it is the Boers, in America it is the Switzerlands, in Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Scandinavia, and that the realization of these dreams will be the life task of the next great statesman of Germanic origin.

"The interests of the separate Germanic peoples, argued Mr. Boersen, the celebrated Scandinavian writer, are not irreconcilable. The Boer alliance policy shows most clearly that they can work together. There would also be no objection to any counter alliance that might be formed by Slavic and Romanic peoples, and the Boer alliance is the less dangerous there will be of war."

"In the case of the formation of such a vast Germanic alliance, there would be no necessity for the English to have fortified positions, as the Boers do in India, Australia, and China, and the Romanic peoples would no longer feel irritated by the knowledge that the Mediterranean was dominated by the Germanic race."

"Col. Roosevelt, himself a descendant of Germanic origin, would be just the person to institute a movement of the great significance. He knows the world over as a man of honest and noble deeds, more than words. Let him start the movement and the powers will be only too anxious to follow his lead."

From the Detroit Free Press. "I'm no judge, but I don't think any one would ask to get him pardoned if he were in prison."

From the Chicago News. Lady (who has been shopping)—When does the next train leave for Oshkosh? Trainman—Two-fifty, madam. Lady (absent-mindedly)—Make it 2:45 and I'll take it.

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