

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 714 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST. Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY. Under the Direction of SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone Main 3900. (Private Branch Exchange.) Subscription Rates by Carrier. Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.

Attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

Special Agency, Brunsvick Building. Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAM, Boyce Building.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

other people's cigarette smoking, which, after all, does not concern them in the slightest, his habit of smoking cigarettes, rather than a pipe or cigars, is of infinitely more importance than the fact that he made himself and his genius the voice of suffering humanity; that his eloquence was used in behalf of the unsuccessful, and that what he wrote leaves an indelible mark upon his time.

And it should not be overlooked that this example of meddling and bad taste is directed to another nation, one with whom we are on the friendliest terms; specimens of whose art in sculpture have been donated generously to this country, as witness Bartholdi's "Liberty" at the gateway to our country; the statues of Lafayette and Rochambeau here in Washington.

Surely there is enough real reform work to be done in New York to which the meddlers might apply themselves.

The Comptroller and the Auto.

The Comptroller of the Treasury continues to wage warfare against the official vehicle when it assumes a shape which suggests to that stern and relentless dignitary the aspects of the joy ride. We have no knowledge which would justify the association of reckless and hilarious automobile excursioning with the Comptroller's decisions that the automobile shall be used at government expense only on certain occasions. It is difficult to determine just what standard has been adopted, and we find the Comptroller refusing to permit the payment of bills out of the public Treasury for automobiles in one case, while in other cases the government vehicles of that class are visibly used for quite personal purposes.

The latest incident of disallowance applied by the Comptroller is in the case of the army medical officer who is detailed to duty as attending physician in Washington, his task being to render gratuitous medical advice and treatment to army officers and members of their families. He might be supposed to have the ordinary facilities of a practicing physician, but the Comptroller says that there is nothing in the law to warrant the support of an automobile for the use of this medical officer. He is a mounted officer with the rank of captain, and in that capacity is entitled to a horse and equipment, or its equivalent, at government expense, or he may keep his own mount, for which an increase in his annual pay has been allowed by law. But as for attending to his professional duties in an automobile, he must do that, evidently, at his own expense, without hope of reimbursement.

It is quite evident that this army medical officer will be obliged to make his professional calls on horseback, which will be a picturesque feature of military activity at the National Capital. It will recall the country doctor with the simplicity which has largely departed from even the rural practice of the profession in these days of rapid transit.

Seriously, if the army attending surgeon in Washington has need of an automobile, steps should be taken to provide him with one by authority of law, in terms of which shall defy the exacting scrutiny of the Comptroller.

Unappreciative Subject of Prayer.

A citizen of Neoga, Ill., is seeking to recover damages from a neighbor because of certain prayers said neighbor submitted in church recently touching and appertaining to said recently citizen, his general moral character, and so forth and so on.

"O Lord," said the neighbor hereinbefore mentioned, "make Brother Strohl (primarily aforesaid) a better man. Show him the error of his ways; remove from him his wicked impulses, desires, and inclinations. He is a miserable sinner; O Lord, wash him and make him clean!"

We are not sure just how far the courts will wish to go in considering the point raised in issue here, but there is a point, most assuredly, what right had Brother Strohl's neighbor to hold up Brother Strohl publicly, even in prayer, in such fashion as this? Brother Strohl may not think himself a man of wicked impulses and desires. He may consider himself anything but a miserable sinner in need of washing. And his view may be just as good as that point as his neighbor's. Indeed, this neighbor might find it worth while to read the seventh chapter of Matthew, especially the first three or four verses.

We have no word of discouragement for the man who would pray for the salvation of a fellow-man's soul. Let him pray early and often after that fashion. A lot of people need it, doubtless. It is preferable, we think, however, that such praying be done quietly and with low breath. That same wonderful book of Matthew gives some timely advice about praying in secret; and it might not be a bad idea for this neighbor of Brother Strohl to read the sixth chapter of Matthew along with the seventh, making careful note of the sixth verse of the sixth chapter.

The respectful attitude of Brother Strohl is not especially novel, we fear. It is evident enough that his neighbor's plea, no matter how well intentioned, has not inclined Brother Strohl to peace and meekness. On the contrary, it has aroused much of his fighting blood, and tumbled is well in sight.

It would have been much better, we feel sure, if Brother Strohl's neighbor had been less public in his prayerful effusions concerning Brother Strohl.

We do not believe, really, that anybody of importance has been hurt as a result of the Reno contest.

"Mr. Nicholas Longworth may be the next governor of Ohio," says the Baltimore American. The odds still are somewhat heavy on Mr. Harmon, however.

"Anatomists say a person can hear with his mouth shut," notes the St. Paul Pioneer Press. It does seem, too, as if those people who talk all the time never hear anything worth talking about.

We know a man—a rare, sweet, shy, modest sort of chap—who did not know how the Johnson-Jeffries fight was going

to end, who had nothing whatever wagered on the result, and who is not disposed to talk about it particularly, now that it is all over. We shall not disclose his identity; we shall enjoy him selfishly and all to ourselves.

Our faith is still strong to believe that this country will survive if Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, Prof. "Bob" Fitzsimmons, Col. "Battling" Nelson, and Maj. James J. Corbett are never heard from again.

King George will have to struggle alone on a paltry \$500,000 per annum. Parliament must imagine that the high cost of living does not affect kings.

The impression is gaining ground that the colonel is still a fairly staunch Republican, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

Do not be too sorry for "Jeff," gentle reader. He carries home about a couple of dray loads of money, all right!

Denmark wishes to sell the United States a few more islands. If the United States did not have more islands now than it knows what to do with, Denmark might make a trade.

The fight on the fight pictures is scheduled to go to a knockout, too, so the ministers declare.

Mr. Bryan appears to have slipped back into this country without any extraordinary home-coming fuss and feathers. "Can the country really afford a \$2,000,000 Congress?" inquires the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Well, the country seems to have none, anyway!

Porter Charlton, it is said, suffers from "confusional insanity," "exhaustive psychosis," and "hebephrenia." This suggests the suspicion that Charlton's annual income must run well up into six figures.

We make considerable fun of the Balkans as a source of perpetual near-trouble, but the Balkans are not in it with Central America.

It still remains to be seen, however, whether the Thanksgiving Day football players will all come out as sound physically as did both Prof. Jeffries and Prof. Johnson.

Retiring from the wheat pit seems to be quite a fixed habit with Mr. Patten.

"A lunatic in Ohio thinks he is Theodore Roosevelt," says the Charleston News and Courier. Of course, he is a lunatic; but he must be a very happy one.

P. J. Carragan, an Alaskan miner, claims to have climbed Mount McKinley and discovered Dr. Cook's brass tube and records just where the good doctor said they might be found. Automatically, of course, Mr. Carragan goes to the Ananias Club.

One of the not very big surprises of the day is Secretary Ballinger's announcement that he will not quit.

A Pittsburg man tickled a mule's ankle with a straw on Monday last. We shall have to class that method of celebrating the glorious Fourth as strictly unsafe and insane.

Looking backward, San Francisco probably does not harbor any unconquerable regret that the big fight went to Reno.

A contemporary speaks of the "recent rebuke of Mr. Roosevelt at Albany." Piffle! The New York legislature could not "rebuke" Mr. Roosevelt if it wished to.

The Congressional elections seem to be about the only excitement ahead nowadays.

The odds are still long in favor of "Uncle Joe" coming back, just as he says he will.

Twenty years from now, at least every other Pullman porter will revolve in the euphonious name of Jawn Awful Johnson, we suspect.

"The Albany Times-Union denounces Mr. Roosevelt as a busybody," notes the Scranton Tribune. Mr. Roosevelt is never denounced as a nobody, however.

"Why do women not borrow money from one another?" inquires a writer of feminine persuasion. Every husband has his suspicions, of course.

While a St. Louis surgeon was operating for appendicitis the other day, a thief robbed him of \$50. This probably cost the patient an extra \$75.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Take It for Granted. From the Charleston News and Courier. Most of our plutocrats are convinced that honesty is the best policy, although they have never tried it.

Can It Stand the Strain? From the Indianapolis News. It is true, as a contemporary asserts, that Oklahoma is suffering from overcapitalization, but think what a constitution the State has!

Effects of New Legislation. From the Boston Globe. Virginia has just put into operation a new anti-cruelty law, and the dressmakers are working night and day making goods book up in front.

No Stone Unturned. From the Atlanta Constitution. Great men going abroad for their vacations will run no risk of losing their voices, since T. B. has saved them the trouble of saying anything at all.

Roosevelt and Taft. From the Philadelphia Record. When Roosevelt was President he acted on the ground that everything was permitted him that the Constitution did not absolutely forbid. His more modest successor acts on the doctrine that he can do nothing that the Constitution does not expressly permit. But then Roosevelt never pretended to be a constitutional lawyer.

Grandmother. Another new gown, as I declare! How many more is it going to be? And your lordship all hid in a cloud of hair—No, nothing but folly, that I can see! The maidens of nowadays make too free; To right and to left is the money gone; We used to dress as became our degree—But things have altered since I was young.

Stuff, in my time, was made to wear; Gowns, we had, but never two or three; Did we fancy them spilt, if they changed to tears? And shrink from a patch or a darn? Not we! For pleasure, a gossamer dress of tea, Or a muslinous hunt, while the dew yet hung, Or no need, next day, for the doctor's fee—But things have altered since I was young.

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

ASTIR.

John Adams Thayer, best known perhaps through his connection with Everybody's Magazine, has written in "ASTIR, a Publisher's Life Story," a true narrative of his own life, which is as unique as the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. He says that the book—dedicated as it does with men and affairs of the present day—was originally intended for posthumous publication, but he has consented on the importunities of his friends, to allow it to come out now. It is just as well that it should be so, for the story of modern business success that is here told has many and potent lessons for the age.

After the manner of the late, but not satisfied with his royalties, that first paraphrased the Scripture to read "And Barabaras was a publisher." That was the extreme outside point of view. Mr. Thayer seeks in his book to give the extreme inside view, and a mighty interesting book he has made of it. Instead of a preface Mr. Thayer writes what he calls a "Confession," and an extract from this shows not only the style of the man, which is not his least charm, but also helps to show the purpose that animated him in writing the book. Thus he writes:

"This autobiography is a story of hard work, not luck. To quote an appreciative friend: 'When a man starts in as a printer and makes a habit of working unlimited hours a day, using every pound of pressure and energy, developing every atom of his originality and initiative, I don't think it particularly lucky if he is anywhere somewhere at the end of forty years.'"

It recalls Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God!" With his sweet smile, Barrymore replied: "No, not wholly God; I was in it, too." Hard work has entered into these pages, but with the work has come pleasure. To live one's business life over again, as I have here, is a privilege which few know. With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I recall Maurice Barrymore's remark at billiards when he made a twice-around the table shot on a fluke which exclaim: "Holy God