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FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

Cannon in the Crisis.

"We should like to see Mr. Cannon deposed for what he himself has done or failed to do, but our sympathy is with him when he protests against being thrown overboard to the insurgent sharks, in order that others in the standpat boat may escape with their lives."—Indianapolis Star.

Uncle Joe is unlike the average standpatter—certainly most unlike the bulging Nic Longworth, who now takes a long-range, limelight shot at the Speaker—in that, for all his seventy-odd years, he has failed utterly to acquire the standpat art of dissembling.

Hating insurgency with the intensity of his uncompromising nature, he characterizes it in bluff, blunt terms, which his co-standpatters at heart indorse, but dare not utter. And therein lies your Uncle Joe's standing.

Silence him or soften his speech? As well undertake to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Effacement or elimination may be his portion. We are fast coming to believe it will be. But no decree from Beverly, Oyster Bay, or Wichita will quiet this grim old warrior. He will fight out his battle to the bitter, inglorious end, along true Cannonesque lines, and then, in his last sleep, be affectionately remembered long after those whose sins he bears today have played their little parts and been forgotten.

The country loves a fighter—a game, unflinching, fearless fighter—and loves him none the less if he fights in a cause that's lost.

British Injustice.

The injustice wrought by the British admiralty in the case of a young naval cadet has recently attained such proportions as to engage discussion in the House of Commons. The boy had been accused of purloining and cashing a postal money order which was lost by another cadet. The investigation, conducted by the officers of the Royal Naval Training College, at Osborne, appears to have been an entirely perfunctory affair and resulted in a notice to the boy's father that the lad must be withdrawn from the institution in disgrace. A protest from the parent led to a further investigation, with the result that the boy was fully exonerated and restored to the school. Apologies were, of course, forthcoming, and this, with the reinstatement of the youth, probably satisfied those most directly concerned. But what is more interesting is the point raised by the British service papers as to whether the system of justice in British military-naval administration does not need a thorough and drastic overhauling. It is upon the circumstances of this inconspicuous case that the British Broad Arrow, one of the best of the English service journals, has been led to remark:

"It is true that but few cases of injustice toward naval officers have been brought to light in such a public manner as that of the naval cadet case. The war office, however, has time after time been shown to have acted with gross injustice toward officers of the army, who have never received any redress whatever. The time has therefore arrived when servants of the Crown generally, be they naval, military, or civil, should be able to claim the right of appeal when convicted summarily and in a hole-and-corner fashion by those who hold the dual position of prosecutors and judges. La chose jugee is regarded by these stiff-necked and tape-bound officials as a fetich. It is the system that is at fault, for many of those in high places would in private life shrink from directly or indirectly countenancing an injustice. None the less, they appear to feel obliged in their official capacity to support the established rule that decisions once given must remain unaltered, although they may have a fair idea that a flagrant act of injustice was originally committed and that the truth had been stifled. The secret archives of the war office could tell of not a few careers which have been blasted on absolutely unreliable evidence, contradictory proof of which has afterward come into the hands of the authorities. These, however, in order to avoid a scandal which might cause friction among themselves, have deliberately resisted all endeavors on the part of the victim to obtain a fair and open investigation of his case."

In the debate in the House of Commons some of the members pointed out that the British public would, as a result of this demonstration, be distrustful of certain features of the admiralty. There appears to be other cases in the British service where injustice is claimed and where the grievance has been caused by lack of impartial judgment, one-sided hearings, and star chamber proceedings generally. A state of affairs which renders it possible that the innocent may be wrongfully punished and unwarrantably humiliated ought to be the occasion of public protest in a way which leaves no opportunity for delay in correcting such a glaring defect. Of course, due allowance must be made for complainants who, however culpable they may be, still cherish the notion that they have been unjustly dealt with. But there seems to be sufficient in the existing practice in British military-naval administration to call for prompt and effective measures of reform and relief.

Roosevelt and the Tariff.

From out a dispatch from Oyster Bay, apparently very much inspired, we cull this scintillating gem:

"Col. Roosevelt himself has made no move since he got back that is construed as an attack against the administration, but the colonel has done a whole lot of thinking. He found that many of 'my policies' were not being carried out. His friend Pinchot was removed, certain ideas that he had entertained in regard to the tariff had been disregarded, and there were other things."

Let us pass, for the moment, the "my policies" and the "other things," the while we arise to make respectful inquiry concerning those "certain ideas that he (the colonel) had entertained in regard to the tariff."

It is complained that they were "disregarded." If they were, it were a grievous fault, and grievously must Taft answer for it, perhaps. But what were they? Did Mr. Taft know that the colonel had any ideas concerning the tariff? If so, how did he find out? The colonel certainly has been mighty chary about taking the populace into his confidence with respect to the tariff. A search through his public utterances and official documents, delivered and promulgated on Monday mornings and at other times while President, fails to reveal any clew to the colonel's tariff ideas. If the standpatters in Congress ever had the riot act read to them during Mr. Roosevelt's seven years of Presidenting, the records fail to show it. If silence gives consent, the colonel never distressed himself particularly concerning the tariff woes of the ultimate consumers and the common people generally from September, 1901, to March, 1909—and he was President of the United States all of that time.

If neither Congress nor President Taft knew what the colonel's tariff ideas were, can either, in good faith, be charged with having "disregarded" them? Of course, Congress and the President were supposed to know that the colonel invariably is for "a square deal" and "the under dog," and all that sort of thing; and, therefore, they might have suspected that he would never favor this tariff, now that it has turned out to be so unpopular. The colonel, moreover, was pretty busy shooting dik-diks and willapus-wallapuses in Africa while Congress was on the tariff job, and Congress and the President probably should have guessed what his ideas would be, without his having to bother with telling them.

Nevertheless, it is refreshing to observe that the public has at last been taken into the colonel's confidence to the extent of being informed that "certain ideas that he had entertained in regard to the tariff have been disregarded." Perhaps, in time, the public will be told just what those ideas were—say, when the colonel has had ample time in which to sift the situation carefully and find out for himself.

Conservation in Alaska.

Conservation is undoubtedly a good thing when it conserves, but it is plain that unless the government has a settled policy in regard to conservation in certain territory it may work considerable hardship. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, who has returned to New York from a trip through Alaska, says that coal mining in the Territory has practically been stopped, awaiting the establishment by the government of a policy for its development. What Mr. Schiff observed on the spot is emphasized by a recent bulletin from the United States Geological Survey, which, in dealing with the Alaskan coal mines, says there has been no advance during the year, and in some places there has been retrogression. Says this report:

"The long delay in the issuance of patents to coal lands and the popular clamor against all Alaskan coal claimants has discouraged claimants and investors, and it should be hoped that it may soon be possible to devise some reasonable or satisfactory means of exploiting Alaska's wealth of coal."

It is easy to "hope" this, but the matter in the hands of the government officials, and it seems difficult to get anything done.

In the meantime, what coal is used in Alaska comes from British Columbia, and it sells to the consumer at $12 a ton. If the Alaska mines could be put into operation, the home product, of which there is practically an unlimited supply, could be marketed there for from $1.50 to $3 a ton.

The government publication further declares that the present coal laws are a handicap, and points out that, though laws intended to enable the individual to obtain title to coal lands have been on the statute books for the last decade, not a single acre of land has gone to patent, and that it is not surprising that progress has been checked in the coal fields, and that many who would undertake their development have become discouraged.

All this reminds us rather unpleasantly of the Cunningham claims and the controversy which those claims started—a controversy which has involved many men of high degree and whose end is not yet. But calling attention to the exact situation as this late government report does, together with the observations of men who have learned the conditions at first hand, should do much to impel the next session of Congress to clear the decks in Alaska and let development proceed.

The present Republican mix-up must remind some Democrats of the rare old days of '94-5-6.

Out in Idaho they are trying to produce rain by shooting dynamite into the air. Those contemporaries heretofore inclined to throw off on Idaho's senior United States Senator should consider this fact and be charitable.

Some people prefer "Dixie;" others prefer "Hark, from the Tombs!" You never can tell; and besides, variety is the spice of life!

Perhaps, however, Poor Lo should be proud of the fact that, even after 400 years of continuous effort, his white brother has not yet succeeded in separating the Indian from his all.

With eggs at $2 per dozen, omelets served in Alaskan restaurants must be as shy of eggs as church fair ice cream is shy of strawberries.

California insurgent, too! Really, insurgency would seem to have about reached the jumping-off place; although there is, to be sure, no sort of certainty that it will jump.

"Where is Seth Low in this awful hour?" queries the New York Sun. What difference does it make, so long as he remains there as quietly as he has for some time?

The greatest danger threatening the Republican china shop may be that there is a bull moose loose in it.

We hope none of our esteemed contemporaries mistook our recent Esperanto editorial effort for an attempt to explain the Republican situation. We suspect, nevertheless, that it was quite as intelligible to the average reader as would be any attempt to explain the said situation that we might essay.

By and by, perhaps, the South will come to admire Mr. Heyburn no more than Mr. Heyburn admires the South. And that would be sad.

Col. George Marcellus Bailey, of the Houston Post, is headed for New York, and Col. Franklin P. Adams, of the New York Mail, has decamped temporarily. Fine example of cause and effect!

If Cleveland's new pitcher, Fanwell, lives up to his name, he ought to be a winner.

"A hearty laugh just after a hearty meal is an aid to digestion," says a physician. In order to coax the hearty laugh, forget, if possible, the price of the hearty meal.

It remained for an Atlanta policeman to discover the best mob disperser ever. He charged the mob with a snorting automobile—and it scattered seventeen ways in as many seconds.

Mr. "Tim" Woodruff will be careful, perhaps, how he approaches Oyster Bay in the future. Anyway, it might be well for him to bear in mind the fact that there is now a brass cannon planted on the front lawn.

Having handed one to Nephew Robinson, and another one to Uncle Theodore, Vice President Sherman must feel that he is a pretty strenuous sort of Vice President, all right!

Sometimes we think that some kind of germ must be responsible for some of the prevalent germ foolishness.

If the men should promise to let the women vote, would the women promise not able to wear "rats," and puffs, and "hobble" skirts, and things?

We may yet live to see Mr. Victor Murdock Secretary of War.

"Fighting to the last ditch" may be all very well, but when one man's fighting to the last ditch keeps a lot of other men fighting who wish to quit, why, that is different.

The Philadelphia Record notes that the A, B, C of standpatism is Aldrich, Ballinger, Cannon. The proposed alphabetical reform yet may suffer the fate of simplified spelling, nevertheless.

With white paper at its present price, why print it, "Dr. Cook is living in seclusion in Brooklyn?" Why not merely, "Dr. Cook is living in Brooklyn?"

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Plenty of Work for It.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Why not add another department to the general government—to wit, one of investigation?

In the Public Eye.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Oyster Bay is spread all over the front page, while Beverly thinks itself lucky to get into the golf column.

If They Only Could.

From the Chicago News.

It is expected that Taft and Roosevelt will indorse the Texas Republican slate. Now if they could only persuade a few Texas voters to do likewise!

Not Like Alexander.

From the Buffalo News.

"The earth is good enough for me," says John D. Rockefeller. One could almost quip merrily about this had he a mind to.

He Hated to Do It.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Col. Roosevelt has, since his return to this country, received more than 2,600 invitations to speak in various parts of the country. It has been necessary for him to decline some of them.

The Universal Language.

From the Albany Journal.

It is said that at the Esperanto convention, quite a number of the delegates were able to interchange simple ideas in that language, but the fact remains that English is destined to become the universal language.

Keep Up the Good Work!

From the St. Louis Republic.

Brussels fire loss estimates were $100,000,000 Monday morning, $50,000,000 Monday noon, $20,000,000 at 3 p. m., and $10,000,000 Tuesday morning. At this writing they are "from $1,200,000 to $2,000,000," with the chance that the limit of compressibility is not yet reached. Let the good work go on.

Chicago Sermons.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Church Usher—I had a singular experience at the service this morning.

Friend—What was it?

Church Usher—A stranger I was showing into a seat whispered that he wanted to be waked at 11:30 sharp, as he had to make a train.

No Cause for Alarm.

From the Buffalo Express.

"I fear that, with the obstructions along the sides, your large car will be unable to pass through the narrow street."

"Don't worry. The obstructions appear to be of a flimsy nature."

Overtime.

From Answers.

Grace—Dr. Squills is practicing law, isn't he?

Ethel (blushing)—Yes.

Grace—What are his hours?

Ethel—From 8 to 10 usually, but when pa's out he stays later.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

NOT INTERESTED.

It may be ninety in the shade,
Or ninety-three;
You may have observation made,
But don't tell me.

Up, up, the big thermometer
May hourly creep,
But as for me, I'll never stir
To take a peep.

Warm weather is a beastly bore,
I've made a pact
When it is hot to just ignore
The tiresome fact.

Might Be.

"It must be expensive to get up these moving pictures of warfare."

"Yes; actors and costumes cost a lot."

"Wouldn't it be cheaper to finance a South American revolution?"

Slurring the Biscuit.

"Thanks fer de biscuit, mum," remarked Dusty Rhodes, "but you mistake me errand in dis community."

"What d'ye mean?"

"I'm studying social conditions, not geology."

Between Friends.

"No tongue can tell what I have suffered."

"In that case, better get up a little pamphlet, my dear."

Tied to One Style.

The leopard cannot change its spots,
But has to cling
In fall or spring
To polka dots.

Fine for Signs.

"I see they have stopped blasting away the Palisades."

"Lovers of scenery took a hand, eh?"

"No; the advertising men got busy."

In Other Words.

"Who was Barabbas, dad?"

"An umpire."

Makes a Difference.

High water pants are considered very bad form unless arranged with a cuff at the bottom.

PRO AND CON.

Springfield Union: The Washington Herald, in its Monday's issue, had an editorial headed "Ni Bonvenas Vin." We don't pretend to know what it means, but it seems to us that it would sound just as good backwards, "Niv Sanevnob In." That's one of the beauties of Esperanto.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: The Washington Herald discovers that a walrus will eat fifty pounds of codfish a day. Some of us hope that the walrus' appetite for codfish will not fail.

Cleveland Leader: The Washington Herald speaks of Tom Watson as a "brilliant and tremendously willing patriot." Especially "tremendously willing."

Austin Statesman: The Washington Herald says: "If the prohibition wave spread all over Texas, it necessarily will spread pretty thin in spots." Its spread was not perceptible in many spots in the last primary.

Macon News: The Washington Herald calls attention to a serious infraction of professional propriety in the following: "Col. George Marcellus Bailey is violating an inflexible rule of the union by employing in his paragraphs French expressions that cannot be found in the back of the big dictionary." This is unfair conduct that calls for the ignominious expulsion of the offending brother.

Gadsden (Ala.) news: The corset manufacturers are to have a trade journal, and the Washington Herald suggests that an appropriate motto would be, "We Are Here to Stay." Another good one would be, "Let Us Figure with You."

New York Herald: "Heaven is not what is used to be," sighs the pessimistic Des Moines Register and Tribune. Cheer up! Neither is the other place.—Washington Herald. Thanks for the information. But is it authentic

Houston Post: The Washington Herald marvels that Marse Henry Watterson recommends buttermilk as the ideal summer drink. Certainly it is. Indeed, there could be no better drink for an ideal summer.

Mobile Register: It is noted by The Washington Herald that tugboats are styled "he," while other vessels are regarded as feminine. Plain enough. The tugboat has all the hard work to do and is not much on looks. No one says, "Behold the beautiful tug; how graceful she is!" No; it's, "There he goes, puffing and blowing like a grampus!"

Savannah News: The Washington Herald states the following fact and opinion: "The South has 1,500,000 more acres planted to corn this year than it had last year. We do not believe all of that corn will be made into bread, either." No; some of it will be saved for planting.

Bristol Herald-Courier: "What, by the way, has become of that Scranton genius who was to convert base metals into gold?" inquires The Washington Herald. We fear he has gone out behind the house to have a quiet little laugh with that other genius who was going to teach us how to burn ashes.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.
Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

—Anonymous.

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

"THE QUAKER BOY."

It seems out of the proper order of things that a Quaker should write effectively of such a thing as the battle of Gettysburg, but it has happened, and the comprehensive and spirited account of that momentous struggle in "The Quaker Boy" compares favorably with any of the numerous descriptions of the fight.

This book is subtitled "A Tale of the Outgrowing Generation as It Appears Chronicled in the Autobiography of Robert Barclay Dillingham," and the work bears all the earmarks of autobiographical writing, but in putting to press the story of his life, this man has really produced a novel-like work, exceeding considerably in general interest, effect of episode, and romanticism, the general run of latter-day tales, thus exemplifying again the truth of the old saying about the relations of truth and fiction.

He begins with some very acute recollections of his earliest childhood, parents, relatives, and home life, and then narrates the story of his youth, school and college days, and finishes with his career as a soldier during the civil war, during a part if which he served on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, and hence was in a position to use his keen intelligence in observations beyond the limit of the ordinary soldier, this being especially so in the Gettysburg campaign, in which his commanding officer took such a conspicuous part.

His character delineation reminds one strongly of Dicken's method, although they all bear the stamp of authenticity, particularly his friend Albert Visconti, who irresistibly takes the reader back to Dicken's discription of James Steerforth. The love affairs are delightful as he sets them forth, his own Dorothy which is the real charm of story-telling, whether fictional or otherwise, and that of Visconti with Ethel dealing with one of those romantic mishaps which occur so frequently in real life, as to make even a novel appear unreal without one. Altogether, the book is full of interest, and had it been written as, and titled, a novel, one would hardly know the truth about it unless previously informed by acquaintance with the writer. (Cochrane Publishing Company: New York.)

Notes of the Books.

The first "Napoleon" book of autumn will be Tighe Hopkins' "The Women Napoleon Loved," in which this painstaking and talented English author has, after assiduous research, set forth Napoleon's relations with the other sex. The book, adorned with six photogravure portraits, will be imported and published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Many American readers will find keen enjoyment in Thomas Edward Crispe's "Reminiscences of a K. C.," published in this country by Little, Brown & Co. Mr. Crispe, King's counsel, is a well-known member of the English bar, who has been associated with celebrated wits and his fund of literary and legal reminiscences makes up a book of peculiar interest. Besides the leading judges of the Victorian era, Mr. Crispe was friendly with Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Fanny Kemble, and George Grossmith and his book contains a wealth of anecdotes.

The "technique of prayer" is an unusual phrase upon which Eleanor Harris Rowland, in her "The Right to Believe" Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), lays great stress. We have probably been accustomed to look upon prayer as something entirely spontaneous, but the author brings strong arguments to prove that it may be cultivated from little or no talent, or immensely ennobled in those to whom it is a natural gift, as in the case of any art. "I cannot think," she writes, "of any more striking spectacle than an assembly of people in the conventional attitude of prayer, but manifestly not praying. Many of them are conscientious about trying, but they have not the art." The books contains innumerable practical suggestions for a working religion.

MOVING PICTURE TRICKS.

How Some of the Seemingly Impossible Situations at Produced.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The most popular of the trick pictures displayed at the moving pictures shows is that where inanimate objects act with an intelligence which many a human being might envy.

In one, a lazy man while dressing falls asleep in his chair. The bewildered audience then beholds his cloths detach themselves from their hooks, move across the floor, and fit themselves on to their owner, his hair gradually gets smoother and smoother as if attended by an invisible brush, till, finally, it is beautifully parted, and his collar fastens around his neck, and his tie creeps up and arranges itself in a neat knot, his undone boots lace themselves up, the laces creeping in and out of the eyelet holes, and fastening in a bow at the top.

To begin with, the boots were photographed unlaced. Then came a stop to enable the photographer to put the laces through the first eyelet hole. He snapshotted this, stopped again to put the laces through another hole, and so on till the boots were finally laced up. Each eyelet hole represented a stop and a fresh photograph; but when the picture was completed, the pauses were cut out and each snapshot joined up. The result was the audience saw the laces quickly wind in and out of the eyelet holes of their own accord.

Suppose, again, it is desired to show a Golliwog having a walk. Photo No. 1 shows the doll in position. Then a stop while the photographer lifts one of the figure's feet for photo No. 2. The next photo will show the foot on the ground again, and its fellow member raised, and thus several snapshots are necessary to record a single step. Multiply these by some hundreds, and join them all together to run in quick succession, and—hey presto—you have Mr. Golliwog not only walking, but jumping, dancing, riding on an equally live Teddy bear, and generally behaving in the way one would expect such an eccentric-looking gentleman to behave.

Coming within the province of "trick effects" are the numerous pictures where, for a brief instant, a dummy has to take the place of a living man.

Take the case of the representation of a scaffold accident for example. The movements of the living actor are photographed right down to the actual moment when he poses for the fall. Then comes a stop while a dummy, dressed in similar clothes, is arranged in his place.

The fall of this with the scaffold is snapshotted, but immediately it reaches the ground comes another stop. The actor is then placed on the exact spot occupied by the dummy, with his limbs and clothing arranged, as far as possible, in the same way. At a signal the action commences, and the camera records the writhings of the injured man.

One Chance to Lose.

From the Popular Magazine.

"Now that the Democrats are crowing over their prospects of winning the Congressional election," said Representative Butler of Pennsylvania the other day, "I am reminded of what good old Ike Hill, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the House, used to say on the eve of an election. Ike was a Democrat through and through, but he was a philosophical Democrat.

"When anybody asked him how he thought the vote would go he would invariably reply:

"'By gosh! I think we've got 'em, if they don't buy us off.'"

Pleasant Surroundings.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"There's a gas works north of you, a glue factory to the east; on the south you have an abattoir, and the reduction plant is to the west."

"What's the advantage?"

"You can always tell the direction of the wind in an instant."

Science and Guesswork.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is asserted that modern science can come within 15,000,000 years of accurately fixing the age of the earth as a solid body; but what's the matter with guessing at it a little closer?

AT THE HOTELS.

I. D. Hahn, of New York, who is at the Riggs House, believes that the destiny of the Hebrew race lies in America. He thinks the wandering tribes will wander no more.

"The seed of Abraham," he said, "have wandered over the Western hemisphere and pushed into the East. They have labored honestly and kept intact the religion and traditions of their forefathers under every revolting condition imaginable as have no other people.

"When they began to come to America, and more especially to the United States, there was racial prejudice that made their lot hard, but not one-tenth so hard as it had been under the merciless persecution of the Old World.

"To-day in every community Jews are respected as citizens and honored as men of affairs. We make good citizens. You do not find us in the poorhouse, and you do not find us in the jails. Wherever you find a Jew you find a father supporting his family at least in comfort, and, moreover, you find a man who earnestly tries to lift his community in every way."

"I read an interview in The Washington Herald yesterday morning in regard to the possibility of war between this country and Japan," said J. J. Newton, of Seattle, Wash., last night at the Raleigh.

"The gentleman who gave that interview was conservative, to say the least. Beyond the shadow of a doubt there is nothing short of a miracle that will keep Japan from showing her teeth within a few years—as soon as she is in a condition that will make her dangerous.

"When two races of people are instinctively antagonistic, and when this racial feeling is continually fanned to a hotter flame by the critical press of both nations, war is, at least, a possibility. But when these same nations have more than one bone of contention between them, war is imminent.

"That Japan is casting covetous eyes at the Philippines, Hawaii, and Alaska is indisputable with those who know even the outline of politics in the far East.

"That the people of Japan, especially the middle and lower classes, are incensed over the antagonism shown their immigrants on our Pacific Coast is also axiomatic.

"That antagonism will never die out on the Coast. It is a race problem that makes all other American race problems dwindle into insignificance. The South has the negro problem, but Southerners know the negro and know how to treat him, and the North is learning as each year passes. But the Japanese is an enigma to us, and always will be. We cannot understand his lack of commercial integrity, and we resent his open contempt for us."

"The sweeping victory over the machine in California is only what was expected by every thinking person interested in politics. Where there is no harmony there can be no victory."

This was the way Charles L. Blemeyer, a stanch regular Republican, sized up the primary victory of the insurgents in the Golden Gate State yesterday. Mr. Blemeyer, who is a fruit grower from Los Angeles, is stopping at the Metropolitan.

"The trouble with California politics is the Southern Pacific Railroad," he went on. "There is a well-defined ring that is affiliated so closely with that road that it can be clearly picked out from the rank and file of the regular party.

"But there is another ring affiliated with the machine that believes the time has come when the Southern Pacific must be relegated to the background for the good of the G. O. P. It is the constant friction, and even open antagonism, between these inner cliques that gave the insurgents such a remarkable victory.

"There has never been a time in the history of the State when the Democrats have had such a clear-cut chance to carry everything before them at the polls as they will have this fall. They have the national issues that are bothering the Republican party, and they have innumerable State issues that can be used on the stump with telling effect.

"As for Gov. Gillett, there is no doubt about the party losing ground through his attitude in regard to the Jeffries-Johnson fight. 'Frisco wanted that battle. The business men and sporting contingent were solid for it. It was only a small body of clergymen and so-called reformers who were against it. And it is not the clergymen who control votes."

Senor Louis Canta, a native Chilean, now of New York, said yesterday at the Cochran that within fifteen years the South American rubber crop will be exhausted, if the demand keeps up to the present figures.

"South America practically supplies the world with rubber. During the last five years the export as been reduced 10 per cent annually. The reason is obvious. Every man who can possibly scrape together the money, or has a house to mortgage, buys an automobile. Cars mean tires, and tires are going skyward in the market.

"The man who invents a substitute for rubber in automobile tires has a fortune for the asking. If I were a chemist, I should devote every moment that I could spare in an endeavor to find a combination that will stand the wear and tear that rubber does."

Not Up to Specifications.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man with the noose around his neck faced the Southern mob.

"Have you anything to say?" hoarsely demanded the leader.

The victim coolly surveyed the crowd.

"I have always been led to believe," he remarked, "that an Alabama lynching is invariably in charge of the best citizens of the place. But if these are your best citizens then all I've got to say is that society here must be inexcusably punk."

Struck by the force of his reasoning, the chagrined mob released the fellow and slunk away.

Feminine Logic.

From the Buffalo Express.

"Mrs. Sullivan always buys enough groceries on Saturday to last until Tuesday."

"Why until Tuesday?

"She says that if she bought just enough to last until Monday, the grocer would sell her things on Monday that had been left over from Saturday."

The Bright Side.

From London Spare Moments.

"What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply.

"Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get in."

Spoiled the Evening for Her.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Sea Fight Between the Guerriere and Constitution. August 19.

Proudest among the triumphs of the American flag will forever be associated the career of that noble old frigate, the Constitution, rechristened by popular acclaim "Old Ironsides," for her grand and victorious resistance to British domination on the ocean in successive hotly contested battles, chiefly among which was the capture of the British frigate Guerriere on August 19, 1812. Of this battle the London Times said: "Never before in the history of the world did an English frigate strike to an American under equal circumstances."

War having been declared against Great Britain in June, 1812, preparations were at once made by our government to get all available vessels in fighting trim for the conflict that naturally would have to take place on the sea. In the squadron that was prepared, the Constitution was one of the number of vessels that were expected to give a good account of itself. Capt. Isaac Hull was in command of this vessel, and he was recognized as no less a sea warrior than a brilliant strategical navigator.

The Constitution, at the outbreak of the war, was at anchor in the Chesapeake, but she started north to join the squadron that had sailed from New York. When off Egg Harbor, on the 13th of July, Capt. Hull saw in the distance vessels which he supposed were those of the American fleet. Sailing up, to his amazement, he found them to be the British squadron. Then commenced what may be justly termed the most remarkable series of naval tactics and maneuvers ever known—the most wonderful chase recorded in nautical history, resulting in the successful and almost miraculous escape of the American frigate from a whole squadron of British vessels, commanded by Capt. Broke, in close pursuit for nearly three days and nights.

Hull escaped and reached Boston, where he remained a few days, and then steered out for the Newfoundland coast to intercept the Canadian trade. He succeeded in inflicting much damage on the British commerce until August 19. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day he sighted the British frigate Guerriere, commanded by Capt. James A. Dacres. Hull's announcement to prepare for a battle was received with lively exultation by the brave American crew.

The Guerriere fired the first shot, a broadside, but Hull restrained his crew from answering, for the opportune moment had not arrived. Hull waited until everything was in perfect readiness, and at five minutes before 6 o'clock he gave the command, and every gun on the Constitution was set to work. Thirty minutes after the commencement of the contest by the Constitution the mainmast and foremast of the Guerriere went by the board, taking with them every spar except the bowsprit. Seeing her condition, Capt. Hull ordered the firing to cease. Capt. Dacres then struck his colors, and at 7 o'clock in the evening Hull sent a boat to the Guerriere, which returned in a short time with Capt. Dacres. It was one of the shortest and most brilliant victories in the annals of our navy.

Capt. Hull, in his tribute to his crew, says: "They all fought with great bravery, and from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was seen." Fourteen of the crew of the Constitution were killed or injured, while the killed anl wounded on the Guerriere numbered more than eighty.

The last of August the Constitution arrived in Boston harbor. Never did an event spread such universal joy over the whole country and such astonishment throughout Europe as this complete and magnificent victory. The gallant Hull was presented with the freedom of all the cities on his route to the seat of government and with elegant services of silver plate; also the thanks of legislative and other bodies. At home and abroad the valor of the American sailor was acknowledged to be a fixed fact.

On August 19, 1814, the British landed in Chesapeake Bay and threatened Washington, D. C. It is the birthday of "Admiral" Crichton, the British soldier and scholar (1560); John Flamsteed, English astronomer (1646); Pierre Jean de Beranger, song writer of France (1780); James Nasmyth, engineer (1808); Edward Moran, artist (1829), and Richard P. Bland, statesman (1835). It is the date of the death of Blaise Pascal, French philosopher (1662); Count Rumford, of the earliest American scientists (1814); Octavius Caesar Augustus (14); Robert Bloomfield, poet (1823), and Honore de Balzac, French novelist (1850). On August 19 Queen Caroline's trial commenced in 1820.