

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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Insurgency and Its Creed. Before Theodore Roosevelt's present trip West the insurgent Republicans had no creed.

It is distinctly a Rooseveltian creed, and essentially more radical than any creed hitherto enunciated by a Republican leader.

The Arsenal Grounds. Military reservations are so well kept as a rule, that the condition of the Arsenal grounds and buildings, so picturesquely situated on the Potomac, moves the visitor to natural surprise.

Party Tyranny. An invocation of the name of Thomas Jefferson by Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver in a recent speech moves the Indianapolis Star (progressive Republican) to a discussion of the "baneful blight" suffered by both great parties in the past from the domination of the Platts and Quayes on the one side and the Gormans and Murphys on the other.

Our Debt to Charles Dickens. Too often the world is given to accepting such gifts as genius bestows upon it as a matter of course, and in literature especially, we seem to take it for granted that a man is paid sufficiently by the work he does and by the honor he reaps from his work.

Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Major received a greater sum for that book than Dickens did for "David Copperfield" or "Our Mutual Friend," books that will last as long as the English language lasts, and which remain to delight thousands.

It is true, too, that Charles Dickens said some rather harsh things about the United States. "Martin Chuzzlewit" was a caricature that hurt, but it hurt mainly—we may admit now—because it was so true. In some things he erred, we hope, in his estimate regarding us, but for the errors of "Chuzzlewit," he atoned nobly in his "American Notes."

Had Dickens written in our day and enjoyed the popularity that he still enjoys after all this lapse of years, his fortune would have been tremendous. It is estimated that there are extant no less than 24,000,000 copies of his complete works in England and America, and by the larger number of these editions have paid not one penny to the author.

It is proposed now that justice—though tardy—shall be done the memory of Dickens; justice which shall remove the stigma of poverty from his descendants. The plan is a simple one. It depends for its success on the esteem and love in which Charles Dickens is held. Stamps are to be issued at one penny each. These, the reading public are asked to buy and affix one stamp in each book by Dickens which they have in their library.

Money in Peanuts. Last year's crop was marketed for about \$36,000,000. From the Detroit News-Tribune. The person who buys a nickel's worth of peanuts to munch at the ball game, to feed to the squirrels in the park, or to gladden the hearts of the kiddies at home, scarcely realizes that he has contributed to an industry that last year farmed a \$1,000,000 crop, which, placed on the market in various forms, reached the enormous sum of \$36,000,000. But it is a fact!

Event Robbed of Picturesqueness by Modern Dress and Steps. From the Los Angeles Examiner. Trepidation—Robbed of its picturesqueness by the taming influence of higher civilization, pathetic in the modern red of blue denim overalls and red bandanna headpieces, the feather dance of the Mission Indians was given Thursday in the Fiesta ramada.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE LIMIT. The man who makes the fashion plates Sets up a din. We'll soon go back, he loudly states, To crinoline.

No Friend of His. "Is Mrs. Gaussip a friend of yours?" "No; she's a friend of my wife's." "Isn't that the same thing?" "Not at all. She feels very sorry for my wife."

Entitled to Charge. "A professional man is paid for what he knows, not for what he does." "Then that young lawyer ought to get some tremendous fees." "Why?" "He knows it all."

A Bad Time. "Violets are getting very expensive," complained the young broker. "Never mind. She's worth it." "I know. But why did I fall in love on a bull market?"

Worth the Money. The melodrama, as of yore. Resumes in fall, you know; And virtue reigns supreme once more At fifty cents a throw.

Her Preference. "Life is not all beer and skittles." "And I'm very glad it isn't. I prefer champagne and bridge."

Posthumous Fame. Seven towns of Homer bragged, that used to try to have him "vagg'd."

Between Neighbors. That thermometer I bought is a fraud. It hasn't brought on no extraordinary weather.

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A DAILY BOOK REVIEW

"HOLBORN HILL." "Holborn Hill," Christian Tearle's good tale of days long vanished, is well written, unusual, altogether a welcome change from the more commonplace novels of the moment.

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