

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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Monday, December 12, 1910.

Census Bureau Thoroughness.

Director of the Census E. Dana Durand more than a week ago promised the nation to have the population figures ready at noon Saturday, and on the appointed hour the totals were announced. He fulfilled to the minute the promise made, and the deep interest which was aroused in the report made it widely read.

Director Durand gave notice that he would take all the time necessary in the interest of absolute accuracy. His theory is to make haste slowly in such matters as statistics. Since the taking of the census in April last there has been ample time to compile, compare, analyze, and investigate. Mr. Durand has subjected every city, county, and State to the same "acid test," and the results, in the way of "padding" and other disclosures, are still fresh in recollection.

All these circumstances have conspired to establish in the minds of everybody officially or statistically concerned in the census and its results the belief that the thirteenth decennial enumeration, above all others, will go down in political and economic history as "the honest census."

The prophet who declares that in 40,000 years the earth will collide with the star Vega is evidently in little danger of having his prophecy proved false.

Horsemanship in the Army.

There has always been more or less rivalry between the various branches of the military establishment. It has not assumed the ugly characteristics or invoked the acrimonious discussions which have marked the line and staff quarrel in the navy, but there is no less of a competitive spirit between, for instance, the cavalry and infantry or the artillery and the infantry.

It will doubtless always be a question whether the cavalryman does not become an infantryman when he gets off his horse, and whether the infantryman does not become a cavalryman when the foot soldier is mounted. This is a highly technical question of strategy, which it is not necessary to discuss here, but it is observable that the horse is coming to be regarded as an indispensable "weapon," as the animal is scientifically classed by the student of warfare.

The Quartermaster General of the army has taken effective steps to improve the horses which are supplied the army, and this is done by the simple process of purchasing young animals which are suitable for military duty and training them for that work at army remount depots which have been established in Arizona and Montana, with means of acquiring horses in Virginia, New York, and other places hitherto regarded as producing animals too costly for the military establishment.

With the change in the methods of battle, there is no question that the horse will become an important factor in the fighting equipment, while horsemanship must necessarily be the accomplishment of the efficient army officer. This does not mean that the foot soldier is passing into oblivion as an archaic element of

conflict, but that the horse is coming into his own as an aid to the soldier.

Says the Pittsburgh Post: "Our first poem on snow is delayed until we think of a word that rhymes with shovel." Grovell!

To Stop Cheating.

Sincerely it is to be hoped that even at this short session of Congress our legislators will find the time to give serious consideration to a bill introduced by Representative Wilson, of Illinois, a bill requiring all food packages to bear labels stating the correct weight of their contents.

The matter of false labeling of packages of food is an evil that has grown to an enormous extent in recent years, grown even as the system of selling these food packages has increased. There is hardly an article of food that is not put up in special packages and advertised and sold—crackers, butter, bacon, preserves of all sorts, a hundred various things. The production and sale of these packages have made gigantic fortunes for the providers, and for the consumer they, with their short weight and false labels, have certainly done more than their share in adding to the high cost of living.

There is scarce a family in the land that is not positively and directly interested in the proposed law to make packages of food bear a label stating the weight or measure of the contents of the package. Such a label would protect the consumer to the point where he would, at least, know just how much he was buying, and he could have an idea of how expensive the package goods are by comparison with the same articles of food sold in bulk.

It seems to us that the British elections unnecessarily prolong the agony. A good many politicians keep their campaign pledges—in cold storage. Twelve Mississippi men have been drowned going over to Louisiana for liquor. They should have improved their waterways.

Now we are to have chess games by long distance telephone. That ought to make the hello girls wince.

The students of Wellesley College have decided to forego chocolates so that the money may be used to erect a student's building. Talk about female heroism!

On the other kind I frown; Can't take a middle route, As it were— For the hero who is down At the heel.

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"Well, we just missed serious trouble. Monday all the stockings will be in the wash."

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"Does your husband often give you more than you ask for?" "Not often. This time I told him I wanted to buy him some Christmas cigars."

Not a Discovery. "Then the professor didn't remain for the christening?" "No; he was disappointed to find us naming a baby, and not a bug."

The Matchmaking Ma. "My wife is always having pipe dreams." "How now?" "Now she thinks the young janitor of our flat is becoming interested in our daughter. Last week it was a duke!"

Senator Hale's Washington Home. The Washington home of Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, is a remarkable one in that every room of the thirty-six possesses an open wood fire.

From the Kansas City Journal. "The Democratic party would Bryan be successful. Recent history proves that. With Bryan attached to it many defeats have fallen to its lot. Therefore Democrats who are sane and progressive ought to be grateful to him for proclaiming to the country that he is the same old Bryan, with all the old tricks in stock."

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From the Boston Post. Secretary of the Navy Meyer has a great deal of reason on his side when he urges the abandonment of several of our Atlantic coast and provincial navy yards. When we try to measure the actual returns we get for \$1,625 spent annually in maintaining the eight stations the Secretary would close, we are forced to admit that they are needless, both now and for the future.

From the Indianapolis Press. The people are not interested in maintaining navy yards or in reducing work simply that they may have jobs. So we think that they will be disposed to sustain Secretary Meyer in his theory that we can get better work than we have heretofore had for less money. We shall see whether Congress is interested in promoting economy and true efficiency or whether economy is merely a campaign cry.

realize, so well as newspaper men do, that some people are just itching to break into the society column by any means.

Charlie Gaston says he has discovered that you cannot raise a healthy infant bank account on the bottle.

If Lord Rosebery thinks this is the greatest democracy in the world, he ought to wait and see it after the next Presidential election.

A Boston newspaper critic Booth Tarkington a "proseur." We do not know what it means, but it sounds libelous.

If they do succeed in smashing the bath-tub trust, it may let some of the water out of the stock.

Most of us can agree with Mr. Thomas Edison in electricity, but when it comes to his expressed opinion of the hereafter we are from Missouri.

A Socialist candidate for Congress says that he only spent fifteen cents for his campaign. Surely it was worth that much.

The Christmas advertisements are so alluring you would almost think the merchants wanted to give their stuff away.

Few things are sadder at this season of the year than getting Christmas presents marked C. O. D.

The United States army lost three gallant and distinguished veterans last week—Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt, Brig. Gen. Eugene A. Carr and Brig. Gen. Oliver E. Wood.

Mr. Drexel, of Philadelphia, says that he likes to fly high because he is a fool. Still, to use a slang phrase, some fools take a drop to themselves.

In Wilkesbarre a judge fined a wife-beater \$10 and gave the money to his wife for Christmas. She will probably buy her husband a Christmas present with it.

The New York Sun says that ragtime is responsible for many crimes. And yet not half enough people who insist on playing it have been slaughtered.

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HUMAN NATURE IN WASHINGTON

By FRED C. KELLY.

A kind-faced young man, secretary to one of the Senators, had occasion not long ago to run over to the French Embassy to deliver some papers to Ambassador Jusserand.

It promised to be the first time in a number of years that he had met opportunity to utilize his college course in French, and before going to the embassy the young man set about honing up on such phrases as he would need.

A liveried servant opened the door of M. Jusserand's place, and the young man held out the packet, at the same time remarking in college French that he wished to have it delivered immediately to "Mush-shuh Zbu-sar-raw."

The servant looked at the young man with a look of surprise, and the under-sized clerk in a voting booth looks at a man of the opposite political faith, and inquired: "Couldn't you speak English, sir—or German?"

The young man does not know yet whether the fault was his French or the servant's linguistic limitations.

Senator Weldon Brinton Heyburn, of Idaho, who was one of the first Senators to arrive on the scene this year, is of Quaker parentage, but one would never take him for a Quaker. There is little that is mild about Senator Heyburn.

A few days ago Heyburn was walking along Pennsylvania avenue, tapping his cane sharply on the cement at every other step, when a small newsboy's eye fell on him. Now, the average Washington newsboy knows who's who in Congress and their characteristics about as well as the next person.

The talk just now about the President's message to Congress recalls that if that document is one of the most arduous

pieces of work the President has to perform—a work that kept him up this year until 3 o'clock in the morning more than once—the preparation of the Thanksgiving proclamation probably causes less Presidential brain fog than any other minor executive chore of the entire year.

As a matter of fact, the Thanksgiving proclamation is one of the things that a President can have "done out" by somebody else, just like one's laundry. A number of years ago there was an old fellow in one of the departments who had a knack at turning out such things, and, as he took great pride in his work, he was asked to dash off a Thanksgiving proclamation and submit it each year.

Then the President would merely "read copy" on it, just as a city editor might, change a comma or two, perhaps, sign his name, and send it along. That was all the President would have to do with it.

For several administrations, however, the President has at least gone through the form of writing the proclamation. But he may have as many as a dozen suggestions submitted from friends and others who are handy at such things.

One man may send in just a paragraph letter setting forth the statute in such cases, and many others will each submit one complete. From these the President can fix up a suitable announcement in a jiffy. Sometimes he won't have to write more than half a dozen words out of his own head.

One of the rules of the Pension Bureau is that no remarried widow of a war veteran may receive a pension if she were not married to her first husband at the time of his army service. The government holds that the only remarried widows entitled to government aid are those who stayed behind while their first husbands went to the front for their country.

Some little time ago Senator Burton received an application from a woman who, it appeared, had not married until several years after the close of the war. The Senator had his secretary write a letter setting forth the statute in such cases, made and provided.

In a day or so he got an answer from the woman reaffirming her claims for a pension. "It is true," she said, "that we were not married until after the war, but I'll have you know that we were engaged before he went away to war, and if I'd had my way, we would have been married right then." And in proof of the fact that they were engaged during the war, she went ahead to relate the full circumstances of the proposal, where they were sitting, how they happened to delay getting married, and all about it.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A HUMAN HERO. I am weary of the stale Has the hero of the tale Very rich.

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LATE GOSSIP OF FOREIGN CAPITALS

By FRED C. KELLY.

The private secretary of King George, Lord Knollys, recently was called upon to again exercise his well-known discretion during the political crisis, when he acted as messenger between the King and his cabinet.

Lord Knollys served the late King Edward as his "own right-hand man" for almost forty years. It would have been very difficult for the late King to have found another secretary with the knowledge and all-around experience, tact, judgment, and memory possessed by Lord Knollys.

It used to be a standing joke about Marlborough House that if his lordship, then Sir Francis, were awakened in the middle of the night by an inquiry as to what the King would do on a certain day in the following week, he at once would begin to read off from memory the list of his master's engagements for that day.

So does King George trust him implicitly and have no secrets from him. He performs his duty ideally, sometimes tiring himself the memory and sometimes the conscience of the King.

Lord Knollys opens the King's letters, sees all his telegrams, attends to all his dispatches, and organizes with mathematical accuracy the royal engagements the King is to give. He opens an average of 500 letters a day, and during the year sends off about £1,000 worth of telegrams for the King. He attends to all the King's annual subscriptions, which, chiefly in guineas and five-pound notes, aggregate many thousand pounds sterling a year.

What Lord Knollys was to King Edward and what he is to the present King, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, his sister, is to the widowed Queen Alexandra. "I should feel utterly helpless without Charlotte," the Queen Mother often has been heard to declare—a remark which readily may be credited to her country that in her capacity as lady of the bed chamber Miss Knollys has been in attendance on Queen Alexandra twelve hours daily for the past forty years.

The Queen, indeed, treats her like her own sister. She has charge of Alexandra's private correspondence, enters at will the royal boudoir, and holds the keys to her mistress' jewel cases.

The first step in the making of the coronation robes for King George and Queen Mary has been taken, and several firms have been requested to submit designs for the attire of their majesties.

The designer's work is confined to a comparatively narrow field, because the length and shape of the coronation robes always are the same, as well as the chief color scheme. A designer, however, may suggest a minor color scheme for different parts of the robes, such as the arms and the collars, which, however, must harmonize with the chief color scheme.

The real work of the designers will be to suggest a decorative and suitable scheme for the embroidery of these robes. The designs to be submitted to the King and Queen will be painted on vellum, showing robes on full length figures. Each design will be for a separate robe, or not, but the firm whose designs are adopted will not necessarily be given the order to make the robes.

Samples of materials for these robes, from the best manufacturers in the different parts of the world, will be submitted to the royal pair, for though both King George and Queen Mary desire to place the orders for required materials with home firms as far as possible, some of the materials, strange as this sounds, are not obtainable in this country. The materials supplied must be absolutely exclusive, and not an inch of them supplied for any other purpose than the coronation robes.

These coronation robes will have to pass through the hands of a number of different firms ere they will be completed. When the matter of designs and materials to be used has been finally decided upon by the King and Queen, minutely detailed estimates of their cost will be submitted to them.

No single contract is entered into for the making of the coronation robes. Each firm or individual concerned in the making of the robes submits an estimate of the cost of the work to be done or the material to be supplied. All these statements are shown in the final estimate to be submitted to the King and Queen. When this has been passed upon, the making of the robes is taken in hand at once.

Lord Lytton is working harder than ever in the cause of woman suffrage. The other day at the House of Commons he presided over quite an enthusiastic meeting of those members who favor the franchise for women.

But the young lord also is actively interested in the planned National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, a project to which is the fact that he is a remarkably good amateur actor. During his undergraduate days he was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club, making an admirable hit as Alfred Evelyn in his grandfather's well-known play, "Money."

The present Lord Lytton often is referred to as the son of Hulver Lytton. This is wrong. He is the son of Meredith, he being the second son of the celebrated poet. He was born in 1876, and succeeded his father in 1911 as second earl. The distinguished novelist, himself

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?" "Never heard of it," replied Charles, in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic, you had your feet up on a seat, and when you were not looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd have been married."

A young unmarried man, sitting by, immediately took down his feet from the seat.

Mr. Bates listened attentively, and when the eulogy ended thanked the President sincerely.

"I hope that if I was re-elected by 1500 votes I could not change your estimate of me," he added.

The President laughed, and assured him that there was no going behind the returns.

AT THE HOTELS.

That the Germans will, before many years, be the first in the world's commerce, is the opinion of I. L. Morisons, of Antwerp, Belgium, who is at the Riggs. Mr. Morisons is a delegate to the superior council of commerce and industry of Antwerp, is a manufacturer and exporter, and is in this country on business. He speaks of America as a wonderful country with a great future.

"Business in Belgium is excellent," said Mr. Morisons. "There is very little dissatisfaction or poverty among the people of my country, but we are feeling the competition of Germany keenly. Our goods are, to a great extent, barred from France by the high tariff, but in Germany there is absolutely no chance for us. They can manufacture goods in Germany not only cheaper, but also better than we can. No matter where you go in the world you will find Germans, working day and night and making gains. They are in England, in France, in Belgium, in America, in Africa, and everywhere, forging ahead."

"Germany will be the first commercial power in the world," he added. "Morisons; 'yet, not only commercially, but also industrially, scientifically, and every other way. This great and unceasing progress of the German people is due to discipline. This virtue is implanted in the child, and he is taught they never lose it. They are a great people and are bound to conquer the world.'"

Speaking of his experiences in Germany, Mr. Morisons said that on a recent bicycle tour through that country he traversed a city which boasted a statue of one of Germany's Kaisers in the public square. "I rode around the monument to look at it, and a policeman stopped me, and he said to me, 'You are a German, and you are in the square. I want to know what I had done to merit punishment, and he said that it was not permitted to ride around their emperor on the bicycle. Only the fact that I rode on the bicycle, and he saved me from the fine. Everything is system, method, and discipline.'"

Mr. Morisons said the King of Belgium is very popular and much beloved by the people on account of his plain and democratic life. "But we will never have another King like Leopold. There may have been faults and shortcomings in his private life, but we did not see them. He had many reasons to feel disappointed in his family. He had contributed to his troubles. King Leopold was a great benefactor of the Belgian people, notwithstanding the newspapers published all sorts of scandalous stories about the Kaiser's parks and castles and villas to the nation. He gave to the Belgian nation the great empire of the Congo, which he could have sold to France."

Mr. Morisons said that socialism is very strong in Belgium, and that it would never be allowed to dominate the Chamber of Deputies; that the Liberals and the Catholics would make common cause to prevent such a possibility. He said that he was very patriotic, and do not want to be annexed by either France or Germany.

Henry Lee Higginson, of Boston, is at the New Willard. Mr. Higginson is a prominent member of the Hub, and in his younger days studied music in Vienna. He has devoted a considerable sum to the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

That the United States is far behind the civilized nations of the world in the protection of its industrial workers is the opinion of Robert H. Hamilton, of Pittsburgh, who was seen at the Riggs last night.

"There is much talk on the part of Americans who visit Europe, and there see women working in the fields, of the lack of civility of Europeans," said Mr. Hamilton. "We are prone to speak of them as uncivilized and to treat them with scorn. But look at these women, at their strong, sturdy bodies and blooming cheeks, and then look at our slim, pale, anemic shopgirls. The trouble with us is that we have too much civility out of doors and too little indoors. I would rather have a woman working in the fields than work in the factories."

"The making of the ordinary lumber match is among the most dangerous industries. The effects of white phosphorus on workers in the match factories in other countries have given up its use, except our own civilized country. Europe has abandoned it through international agreement, but the United States has made no move to do so, nor is there any indication that any step will be taken. It seems probable that the effects of the industry are as terrible in this country as in others, but we have never had any government investigation or complete ban on other countries have."

"Chronic overwork, the hurry-up system, is the crowning evil of American industry. Whether they should be or not, women are an old girl can always get work, but the work reserved for women is that which requires long hours of continuous standing on the feet. Structurally and anatomically, women are adapted to standing and eight hours of this labor is long enough. But every year through the Christmas season shopgirls stand behind counters from 8 o'clock in the morning until nearly midnight, and work the same hours day after day."

E. Clarence Jones, of New York, president of the American Embassy Association, and Frederick Townsend Martin, its vice president, are at the Shoreham. Mr. Jones and Mr. Martin believe that the American government should own a residence in every country that our citizens would point with pride to a place to which they may go when traveling abroad, feeling that they have citizens' rights there.

"So long as our representatives abroad are compelled to dine annually large sums from their private fortunes," said Mr. Jones, "just so long will our citizens feel that their rights in such places are uncertain, and that the expenditure of his private resources on the part of a diplomatic representative tend to give him too much independence toward his compatriots, and thereby render him less useful to them."

"We believe that no representative of our government abroad should be called upon to make expenditures from his private fortune, or that it should be necessary for him to have one in order to be able to accept the appointment and to maintain the dignity of our government abroad."

"Our organization believes that all ambassadors, no matter what the means, should reside in permanent homes, which the government should supply, and where our citizens may feel at liberty to come and go with the same freedom as that existing at the White House at Washington."

"The system as it exists to-day is plutocratic, not democratic, and is inconsistent with our democratic form of government. The purchase by the government of residences would help the man of moderate means and would tend to reflect the extravagance of millionaires. The building should not be too splendid, but of a character which would enable a representative of moderate means to occupy it."

Served Him Right. From the Chicago Record-Herald. "The husband of an actress recently whipped a man in a Chicago restaurant for staring at her."

"It served him right. A man has no business to look at an actress because she has put on clothes that are intended to attract attention."

TALK NOT OF AGE.

Talk not of age; the waning years/ Leave one more wise as they depart, And with their mirth and smiles and tears, If one but young remains at heart.

The seasons come, the seasons go, But with revolving days return, Till winter's evanescent snow Melts in the laughing, leaping burn.

And when the cuckoo calls again The sap of April floods one's veins; And as he flies from glen to glen, Rejoicing in Spring's sunlit rains, I feel as young as even he.

Seeking him near, afar, above, Echoing his name, in playful glee, Of faithless undomestic love.

Nor when deep Summer silence rests On windless thicket, sheltered lawn, From thoughtful hearts and pious breasts Is Nature's sympathy withdrawn, The faithful cushat, faintly heard, Repeats the simple note of home, Teaching the lesson, wisest bird, How blest are those not prone to roam.

—Alfred Austin, in the Independent.