

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY. PUBLICATION OFFICE: 1322 NEW YORK AVENUE, N. W.

Noted at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Telephone Main 2200. (Private Branch Exchanges.)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER: Daily and Sunday, \$1.00 per month; Daily and Sunday, \$10.00 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL: Daily and Sunday, \$1.00 per month; Daily and Sunday, \$10.00 per year.

No 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 unsolicited, 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.

New York Representative, I. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.

Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Devoe Building.

SUNDAY, JULY 16, 1911.

Togo, the Silent.

From the Pacific Slope comes a loud and vociferous outcry against throwing everything wide open to Admiral Togo on his present visit to this country. There is no need for worry. The Secretary of the Navy will not escort the Japanese hero into a private room and take down maps and charts and photographs and plans relating to the naval defenses of the United States and invite him to make copies of them all.

There is no question that Togo is a leader of the most extraordinary foresight and capabilities. Admiration for him, however, is not based alone upon his naval victories, but because he possesses the taciturnity of great fighters. Searching the pages of history, we find that men of action in battle were most reticent. Caesar was tongue-tied; Hannibal pointed his commands with his finger, rather than to open his mouth; Alexander was not only great, but silent.

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advocates secondarily. He hopes fervently that "some State bar association will devote itself with determination and perseverance to the promotion of those policies which will bring regeneration to the business of the country."

But his notions of a concerted attack upon such issues as trusts and monopolies, of employers' duties and employees' claims, taxation and property rights, do not appear promising. In this, as in some other important matters, our country suffers from the absorption of its best intellects in the routine of business. There are to-day in the legal profession many men of high power, abundant knowledge and experience, who stick to their professional practice, yet who would find a far greater and more promising field for their ambition in efforts directed toward great public objects.

There is a magnificent opening for the man who is an acknowledged master of all the complexities of corporation law and business, and who should conceive the ambition of becoming a great leader of enlightened thought on these absorbing questions of progress and of influence in the shaping of public policy.

The Ottawa cabinet has yielded to the pressure of public opinion and commuted the sentence of Angelina Neapolitana to imprisonment for life.

There is a wealth and lushness about summer which more than compensates for its discomforts. The woods are lush with undergrowth, the vegetation covers the roadside with rank profusion, the fields show the ripening harvest. It is the hey-day of the year.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that summer has always appealed to the poets. It was a summer's day upon which Sir Walter Scott "gave his broad lawn until the set of sun up to the people," it was a summer morn upon which Mildred, the young mistress of the Manse, sang her bridal song, and it was of summer that Longfellow wrote when he described the perfect day, "whereon shall no man work, but play."

Indeed, in the minds of the poets, summer idleness seems to be accepted as the proper tribute to the season. William Cullen Bryant, describing the quiet August noon, when the fields were still and the woods were dumb, added:

"Away! I will not be to-day The only slave of toil and care; Away from desk and dust! Away! I'll be as idle as the air."

This is the time when the woods invite and the ripples on the lake murmur a refreshing welcome. One does not lack energy, but there is a disposition to expend it in new and unusual directions—in the long automobile tour, the portage of the canoe, the cutting and piling of wood for the camp fire. We would get close to Mother Earth—feeling the softness of the grass and hearing the wind rustle through the trees. If it is a pine grove which is our improvised temple, so much the better. "Naught hast thou found sweeter in death," wrote Andrew Lang, in his letter to Theocritus, "than the fragrance of the pines."

Whether, like Adelaide Proctor, we sit all day spinning dreams in the sunlight, or whether, like Bayard Taylor, we lie in the summer meadows, with the infinite sky above us and the sun on his mid-day throne, we shall find the summer time a constant joy. With Whitman, we again become children and lay our heads in the lap of each sweet day. This is the spirit in which we accept summer—a spirit which is in harmony with nature, and which appreciates the glorious fullness of the earth. It is the spirit which dulls the keen edge of the discomfiture of heat and enables us to join in the chorus which sings in rhythmic verse the praises of the summer time.

Every forest fire could be prevented by precautions which cost a mere fraction of the destruction caused by the conflagration. Yet every State neglects all known safeguards.

Simplified Education. Employers who complain that graduates of grammar and high schools are ill prepared for their work—often ignorant—are justified by reports submitted and speeches delivered at the conference of the National Educational Association.

"Back to simplicity" was the appeal made at that meeting by the president of the University of Colorado. The idea of enriching the curriculum, he said, was a good one. It was necessary to pay some attention to hand and heart as well as to mind. But, he added, there had been endless abuse, and he urged selection and elimination to keep the courses vital and practical; but above all, simplification.

Almost the same conclusion is reached in a report on high schools, which complains of too many studies and too little knowledge diffused by those institutions. We are told that too long have colleges been permitted to dominate high schools, despite the fact that but few of the graduates of the latter enter the former. High school attendance has increased almost fourfold in twenty years, and the growth will continue if colleges begin to recognize the vocational functions of the high school. The layman may find the demand for simplification of courses inconsistent with the demand for broad vocational instruction, ethical and civic learning in the high schools. But educators doubtless know that the problem of dropping studies, substituting, coordinating, and connecting them with practical life, is not a simple matter.

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Perhaps several types of high schools, in place of only one, may be found necessary.

In the impending educational readjustment the colleges will have to make more concessions to the popular high school than the latter to the academic or abstract ideal.

Some people are like telescopes. You must draw them out to get their views.

Hours for Bathing. The question raised the other day by a reader of The Washington Herald concerning the rules regulating the hours at the bathing pool is one which properly may be looked into.

The pools were and are intended for the use of all people. They will not fulfill their entire usefulness unless they can be made available to the great majority of the population.

We take it for granted that the officers in charge of the public baths are doing all that is possible within their limited means and powers to make the recreation of benefit to all. Nevertheless, if a large class of people is prevented from using these facilities something ought to be done to correct what really amounts to a great discomfort. The authorities should, if possible, arrange hours so as to make the pools available for those who wish to bathe after 5:30 o'clock. If additional money is necessary for the purpose, such necessity should be laid before Congress and a larger appropriation urged.

In any event, the matter should receive prompt attention at the hands of the Commissioners.

The time is about ripe for another attempt by Harry Thaw to get out of Matteawan.

A Building for Records. The recent report of the committee investigating the buildings housing a number of government offices and bureaus, with reference to their safety from fire loss, should be proof sufficient of the necessity of a building in which to store all archives and records. In every government building in this city vast quantities of records, some of in-valuable character, are stored away, often in a condition actually inviting danger from fire or combustion. The conflagration at the State capital in Albany, N. Y., revealing criminal negligence in protecting State records and papers, was a solemn warning. Money cannot restore what ordinary prudence might have saved.

Similar conditions have been shown to exist in Washington, not only in one building, but in many. Whose will be the fault in case the Albany disaster is repeated here? The Mississippi and the Alabama State departments have petitioned Congress to provide a national archives building in this city. The memorial clearly brings the present situation to the attention of the body where responsibility rests.

The Senate has given its unanimous consent to the printing of the petition as a public document, but this is only wasting time. A bill should be introduced and passed at this session. The matter is urgent enough.

Those with axes to grind always are looking for others to turn the grindstone.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS. Eliza tripped across the ice, Got safely by. The episode seems rather nice In mid-July.

I love to read of Valley Forge With snowdrifts high And blizzards howling down the gorge— In mid-July.

Siberia itself seems fair; I could apply For instant transportation there In mid-July.

A Good Thing. "You admit that you are not first in her affections, yet you seem cheerful." "Oh, I can't expect to compete with the pug dog and the rubber plant."

No Time to Leave. "You say your wife doesn't care to go away for the summer?" "No; there's a choice lot of gossip going the rounds at home just now."

Looked Like One. "How about that marmalad rumor?" "It was only a girl sitting on the rocks, in a hobble gown."

On the Appian Way. Lara Powers of Chastity, Sat scowling at the scene, His ivory car stuck in the tar And out of stock.

Wasted Effort. "Historians now say that Nero wasn't so bad." "What's the use of whitewashing him?"

Up to the Walter. "Walter," said the absent-minded professor. "Yessir."

If I Haven't. "If I haven't, bring me the check; if I have, I'll bring me a steak with mushrooms."

At Low Ebb. The theatrical page has almost been absorbed by the baseball section.

HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY

To keep in touch with home news Washingtonians leaving the city should not fail to have The Washington Herald mailed to them. It will be sent promptly, and addresses may be changed as often as desired without interruption of service.

Mail order or phone Main 2200, giving the old and new addresses.

Biography of Emile Olivier.

There is a great deal of apprehension among diplomatic circles with regard to the forthcoming biography of that grand old French statesman of the second empire, Emile Olivier.

Though, of course, politically dead to-day—he is verging on ninety years of age—Mr. Olivier was one of the foremost men of his time. He is the oldest living "immortal," and when elected to the French Academy in 1870 he was prime minister to Napoleon III.

A political orator of extraordinary ability—forceful, poetical, and persuasive—Emile Olivier appeared to have a splendid career before him, when suddenly came the Franco-Prussian war with its resultant disaster, and the "debacle" of Sedan, and Olivier was hurled from power into obscurity.

While premier of France he had the misfortune to allow Empress Eugenie and her notorious clique to embroil him with Bismarck in regard to the Spanish succession issue, which made war with Prussia inevitable. The Empress, being a native of Spain—she was a Countess of Montebello—and her power was great, too great in fact for the good of France, to interfere when the report reached the Tuilleries that after the many misdeeds of Isabella and an order to end the civil strife, the Spanish crown had been offered Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, of the Catholic South German branch of the reigning house of Prussia.

It is well known that the fact that the two branches of the House of Hohenzollern have drifted apart for centuries, and King William (later the first German Emperor) stated nothing, but the absolute truth when he told Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador at the court of Berlin, that not only did he have no right to dictate to the Hohenzollern Heichens or Sigmaringens what to do or what not to do, but he was hardly even aware of their existence, but were he to do so, he would be told to mind his own business, a thing that actually had been done once before when the King of Prussia tried to dissuade another Hohenzollern prince of that branch from accepting the Roumanian crown (the present King Carol, and husband of Carmen Sylva, former Princess of Wied).

Empress Eugenie appears to have had reasons of her own for refusing to accept the aged Prussian King's "no" for an answer. She forced Napoleon to order Benedetti to follow the King to a little place in Rhenish Prussia, Ems-on-the-Lahn, where he took the waters (Emser Knechtchen), and to demand a "rejoinder" to his "no." The Emperor's refusal to accept the crown, the Hohenzollern prince never had any intention of accepting the burden and worry of a Spanish kingship.

Eugenie wanted war. Perhaps she believed that the France over which she "ruled" was still the "grande nation" of the days of the first Napoleon, and she tried to have her spineless husband repeat the glorious feats of his great ancestor and to wipe out the ignominy of Leipzig and Waterloo.

It has never been known exactly why Emile Olivier should have espoused the cause of the Empress, why he made her hatred of Prussia his own affair, for surely he must have been aware of the fact that the French army of those days was actually incompetent to try issues with Prussia's brilliant forces, and that the commissary department not even was prepared for the needs of a marching army. But having shouldered all responsibility, he stuck to it to the end, even so far as to begin a letter to the "Globe" after the terrible defeat, with the words, "Yes; it was I who wished for war," though all the world had been told by the implacable Empress herself that it was her war.

After Sedan and that catastrophe in his political career, Emile Olivier devoted himself to literature and he has succeeded in building up an undying reputation as a historian. In spite of his great age, he is still in full possession of all his faculties, physically as well as intellectually.

His reminiscences of the occurrences during those momentous years under the third Napoleon until the day he, Thiers, and Jules Ferry met in the peasant's cottage after the defeat at Sedan, and the Emperor, crushed in mind as well as body, was sent a prisoner to the Heslar Castle of Wilhelmshohe, will cause no little stir in Europe, especially in Germany, where speculation is rife as to what Olivier will have to say about Bismarck. Time heals all wounds, those of crushed ambition included, and Emile Olivier is not the man to place racial hatred or prejudice above historical facts. His book will be interesting reading.

The Kaiser's consent having been obtained, it is absolutely settled now that upon the death of her father, the reigning grand duke, who is a hopeless invalid, the hereditary Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide will succeed to the throne of Luxembourg.

American will be interested in this youthful future ruler—she is barely seventeen—because through her mother, who was an Infanta of Portugal, she is, by marriage, related to the former Duke Stewart of New York, wife of the Duke of Devonshire, and to the Duke of Viseu. Dom Miguel of Braganza, a pretender to the throne of Portugal, is her mother's brother, while Queen Wilhelmina of Holland belongs to a branch of her father's family. Some of her ancestors of the old House of Nassau sat on the throne of the old German Empire six centuries ago.

Maria's father, the head of the house of Nassau, is a hopeless invalid. Before he succeeded to the throne, less than a year ago, he was subject to fits and paralytic strokes, which gradually reduced him to such a condition that three years after he took the reins of government he was unable to sign public documents. Then his wife, Grand Duchess Maria Anna, was appointed regent. He now is blind, deaf, almost dumb, and has little use of arms or legs. Yet, insensible to external feeling as he is, his brain is active. His doctors say he will never be any better, but may live many years.

The latest stroke came upon the grand duke when he was staying at the castle at Hohenberg. He has never been able to return to Luxembourg, and since his wife refuses to leave him and will not allow any one else to nurse him, all state documents have to be carried back and forth by relays of special messengers between Luxembourg and Bavaria. Grand Duke William is fairly well to do, so poverty is not one of the family trials. But for some years Grand Duchess Maria Anna, besides nursing her paralyzed husband and trying to look after her six daughters, has had to fight for the rights of her mother, the Grand Duchess, against the Count of Merenberg, the only remaining male of the direct Nassau line of Luxembourg.

Count Merenberg is the son of a prince of Nassau who married beneath his rank, taking for his wife a daughter of the Russian poet Pushkin, who had been divorced from her first husband, whose name was Doubelt. Her birth makes it impossible for the count to inherit the throne of Luxembourg, as he would otherwise do under the Salic law, which precludes female inheritance. Nevertheless, he thought himself entitled to the possessions of the house of Nassau, especially some castles, parks, territories, and invested capital worth altogether a million dollars.

Grand Duchess Maria Anna fought hard to retain the possessions for her daughters and recently won her case. At the same time the house of Nassau persuaded the Luxembourg Chamber of Deputies to alter the succession so that Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide may succeed to the throne. FLAINEUR. (Copyright, 1911, by Court Cassin Syndicate.)

BOUQUETS FROM MR. BRYAN

Full Text of His Editorial in the Commoner Pleasantly Mentioning His Friends.

From the Commoner. While the issues are not yet outlined with sufficient clearness to enable the Democratic party to select its national ticket with intelligence, still, as the time is approaching when such selection must be made, it will not hurt to discuss some of the men who deserve to be considered.

The Commoner takes the liberty of mentioning a few tickets—President and Vice President. Its purpose is, first, to show how many big, strong, available Democrats we have to pick from, and, second, to get the opinions of its readers on the tickets suggested.

The order in which these tickets are named must not be taken as indicating Mr. Bryan's preference. He is not prepared to decide for himself the question of relative availability.

No one questions the availability of Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri; Gov. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, or Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Aside from these most prominently mentioned there are many other available men.

Gov. Smith, of Georgia, and Gov. Burke, of North Dakota, would make an excellent ticket. Smith is one of the greatest men in the South and Burke is one of the biggest men in the West. Both are progressive, both have records to commend them. They would not suit Wall street, but that is no objection—the ticket that would suit Wall street would not suit the Democratic party.

Gov. Marshall, of Indiana, and Gov. Dix, of New York, or Dix and Marshall, as you please, suggest an opportunity to Democrats. They are both good men.

Senator Culbertson, of Texas, and Senator O'Gorman, of New York—Culbertson and O'Gorman—are available candidates for President and Vice President, or O'Gorman and Culbertson. Smith and Burke represent the South and West—the Southeast and Northwest; Culbertson and O'Gorman represent South and East—the Southwest and Northeast. Culbertson and O'Gorman are clean, capable men, and they are in harmony with the advancing sentiment of Democracy. They believe in the Constitution, but instead of using it for the protection of predatory wealth they use it to guard the rights of the people.

Gov. Shaforth, of Colorado, and Gov. Foss, of Massachusetts, are offered for inspection as a national ticket. They are able, broad-minded men of experience, and they have bravely met the questions which have risen during their respective terms. They represent the West and the East—and it is a ticket that will work both ways.

What do you think of James, of Kentucky, and ex-Gov. Osborne, of Wyoming. James is one of the leaders of the House of Representatives—there is no better man for President—and Osborne has been one of the most active of the Western Democrats during the past twenty years. He is competent to discharge the duties of any office. The country would be safe in the hands of James and Osborne.

James, of Kentucky, and Brandeis, of Massachusetts, would make a great ticket—both are reformers and both measure up to the requirements.

Judge Walter Clark, of North Carolina, and Senator Fourness, of Ohio, would well represent progressive Democracy. Gov. Plaisted, of Maine; Senator Kern, of Indiana; Senator Newlands, of Nevada; Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon; Senator Owen, of Oklahoma; ex-Gov. Thomas, of Colorado; ex-Senator Patterson, of Colorado; ex-Gov. Adams, of Colorado; George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts; ex-Gov. Higgins, of Rhode Island; ex-Gov. Glenn, of North Carolina; ex-Gov. Tyler, of Virginia; ex-Gov. McMillin, of Tennessee; ex-Senator Turner, of Washington; Senator Gore, of Oklahoma; ex-Gov. Campbell, of Texas; Congressman Randall, of Texas; ex-Gov. Comer, of Alabama; ex-Gov. McCarty.

AN ELOQUENT OMISSION. Episode of Blaine's Silk Hat, McMillin, and the Paper Dodger. From the New York Mail. When the McKinley tariff bill was pending in the Senate Mr. Blaine started the Senate Finance Committee by smashing his high silk hat as he declared, "There is not a bushel of wheat or a barrel of pork in this bill!" McKinley felt hurt by Blaine's opposition, and he did not want Blaine to speak in the Finance Committee when he was seeking re-election in 1892. He acquiesced, however, and the two men rode together through the main street of Akron to speak from the same platform. As they did so showers of little dodgers with Blaine's bushel-of-wheat sentence came from the rooftops, and the Blaine-McKinley carriage was littered with them. The men kept kicking them aside, dodging them, but in all other ways ignored them. Finally, at the meeting, Blaine made his speech, without a word about the McKinley bill; but when his turn came the major jumped right into a defense of his bill and made one of the most spirited addresses of his life. The two men then entered the carriage again, bowed, and smiled to the crowd as they were once more pelted with the paper dodgers, and separated at the hotel—one word having been spoken by either about the tariff, their speeches, or the paper dodgers.

PROSTRATED BY HIS ROLL. From the Pittsburg Post. John Miller, a baker, was a victim of the heat, according to hospital surgeons, because of his ideas of how best to protect his savings. He put his money in a cloth and then wrapped it as a bandage about his body. Miller was employed in a bakery at Long Island City. He was at work when his savings fell over him and was pronounced dead. He was taken to St. John's Hospital and was taken to that institution. As the attendants at the hospital were undressing him, preparatory to giving him a cool bath, they came on the bandage. When it was removed the attendants were surprised to find that instead of an ordinary bandage it was filled with money. When the bills were counted they were found to amount to \$250. His case is not serious.

How Russia Starts a "Pogrom." From the Pittsburg Post. Now it develops that the Russian youth found slain under revolting circumstances and made the pretext for incitement to a Jewish massacre at Kiev on the allegation that he was the victim of a "ritual murder" was killed by his stepfather, a bitter anti-Semite, who is now under arrest. And this is how pogroms are started in Russia!

Worse Than the Horse. From the Boston Herald. If a horse is a vain thing for safety, how about a monopolist?

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James, of Kentucky, and Brandeis, of Massachusetts, would make a great ticket—both are reformers and both measure up to the requirements.

Judge Walter Clark, of North Carolina, and Senator Fourness, of Ohio, would well represent progressive Democracy. Gov. Plaisted, of Maine; Senator Kern, of Indiana; Senator Newlands, of Nevada; Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon; Senator Owen, of Oklahoma; ex-Gov. Thomas, of Colorado; ex-Senator Patterson, of Colorado; ex-Gov. Adams, of Colorado; George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts; ex-Gov. Higgins, of Rhode Island; ex-Gov. Glenn, of North Carolina; ex-Gov. Tyler, of Virginia; ex-Gov. McMillin, of Tennessee; ex-Senator Turner, of Washington; Senator Gore, of Oklahoma; ex-Gov. Campbell, of Texas; Congressman Randall, of Texas; ex-Gov. Comer, of Alabama; ex-Gov. McCarty.

AN ELOQUENT OMISSION. Episode of Blaine's Silk Hat, McMillin, and the Paper Dodger. From the New York Mail. When the McKinley tariff bill was pending in the Senate Mr. Blaine started the Senate Finance Committee by smashing his high silk hat as he declared, "There is not a bushel of wheat or a barrel of pork in this bill!" McKinley felt hurt by Blaine's opposition, and he did not want Blaine to speak in the Finance Committee when he was seeking re-election in 1892. He acquiesced, however, and the two men rode together through the main street of Akron to speak from the same platform. As they did so showers of little dodgers with Blaine's bushel-of-wheat sentence came from the rooftops, and the Blaine-McKinley carriage was littered with them. The men kept kicking them aside, dodging them, but in all other ways ignored them. Finally, at the meeting, Blaine made his speech, without a word about the McKinley bill; but when his turn came the major jumped right into a defense of his bill and made one of the most spirited addresses of his life. The two men then entered the carriage again, bowed, and smiled to the crowd as they were once more pelted with the paper dodgers, and separated at the hotel—one word having been spoken by either about the tariff, their speeches, or the paper dodgers.

PROSTRATED BY HIS ROLL. From the Pittsburg Post. John Miller, a baker, was a victim of the heat, according to hospital surgeons, because of his ideas of how best to protect his savings. He put his money in a cloth and then wrapped it as a bandage about his body. Miller was employed in a bakery at Long Island City. He was at work when his savings fell over him and was pronounced dead. He was taken to St. John's Hospital and was taken to that institution. As the attendants at the hospital were undressing him, preparatory to giving him a cool bath, they came on the bandage. When it was removed the attendants were surprised to find that instead of an ordinary bandage it was filled with money. When the bills were counted they were found to amount to \$250. His case is not serious.

How Russia Starts a "Pogrom." From the Pittsburg Post. Now it develops that the Russian youth found slain under revolting circumstances and made the pretext for incitement to a Jewish massacre at Kiev on the allegation that he was the victim of a "ritual murder" was killed by his stepfather, a bitter anti-Semite, who is now under arrest. And this is how pogroms are started in Russia!

Worse Than the Horse. From the Boston Herald. If a horse is a vain thing for safety, how about a monopolist?

BOUQUETS FROM MR. BRYAN

Full Text of His Editorial in the Commoner Pleasantly Mentioning His Friends.

From the Commoner. While the issues are not yet outlined with sufficient clearness to enable the Democratic party to select its national ticket with intelligence, still, as the time is approaching when such selection must be made, it will not hurt to discuss some of the men who deserve to be considered.

The Commoner takes the liberty of mentioning a few tickets—President and Vice President. Its purpose is, first, to show how many big, strong, available Democrats we have to pick from, and, second, to get the opinions of its readers on the tickets suggested.

The order in which these