

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1912.

The Convention Hall Will Come.

Once more The Washington Herald has proved a true prophet. It is encouraging to note that in spite of the resignation of the Washington business men's committee, as reported in these columns yesterday, which had been formed for the purpose of raising the money—that is, Washington's share—for the building fund, the conventions committee of the Chamber of Commerce intends to continue with the task.

The Herald is told by unimpeachable authority that the committee has no idea of stopping. In fact, it would have been very strange if Washington had thrown up her hands entirely, confessing, as it were, to an impotence to get together one-tenth of the sum necessary to erect this much-needed auditorium after the other nine-tenths of the amount is assured and the Federal government has stated its willingness to donate the site for the George Washington Conventions Hall.

A subcommittee of the conventions committee of the local Chamber of Commerce at this moment is engaged in working out a comprehensive plan whereby the fund can be completed in a comparatively short time and in a manner equitable and fair to every one interested in the advancement of our Capital City. This committee expects to be ready to report its conclusions at an early date.

Petit Larceny in the Home.

A stranger in Washington, who had come here looking for work, which he failed to procure, and who had not tasted food for four days, could not overcome temptation and stole a bottle of milk from a doorway. He was watched, apprehended, and last Saturday pleaded guilty before Judge Pugh, who, under the circumstances, had to fine the poor devil, remitting the fine, however, at once by a suspension of sentence, as soon as a humane bloodcoat had posted his honor as to the true facts in the case.

Homes must be protected, and pangs of hunger are no excuse in the eyes of the law, as it is writ; but, oh, there are so many buts! What is the use of enumerating them! An empty stomach has more influence over a man's conscience than the strongest desire to get something to do, no matter how honest his intentions or how eager he may be to remain respectable.

This, however, is only one side of petit larceny in our midst. No one will oppose Judge Pugh or criticize the leniency he has shown in this instance. The unfortunate who succumbs to temptation because he is almost dying of hunger deserves human sympathy. The lawyers present at his hearing made this plain when they, one and all, put their hands into their pockets.

But it is quite a different story when dwellers in apartments, for instance, are robbed of whatever may have been placed at the door leading from the corridor to their private rooms for their personal use.

Such larceny is so much more reprehensible, as there is no one to see the little trick, no watchful eye of the law to prevent it, or to stop it. Instances have been reported to this office when the morning paper was purloined by inhabitants of the same dwelling, who, when fearing that suspicion may point to them, replaced the sheet just as silently as it had been taken.

Paternalism nowadays looks for his morning paper to appear with his breakfast. He is anxious to know the news and whatever might interest him before he buckles down to his day's work. Ours is a busy life. To rob such a man of his more than pleasure, of his chance to post himself while eating his breakfast in order to save some of his valuable time, is as much of a crime as if the guilty one had stolen anything else of his personal property.

Several years ago this taking of papers from home doors created quite a stir in this city, and a sharp lookout was kept to catch the thieves. This had the desired result, and for a time nothing further was heard of this form of "robbing thy neighbor." There may even have been some kind of an excuse for those depredateurs. Perhaps in some instances their papers had been taken by some one who was scanning the advertisements in a desire to pro-

A Little Nonsense.

A FLOREAL LAY. The early Tishbuih is in bloom. Adorn the walls. Its clusters tall. Help dissipate the winter's gloom.

Now other flowers get in the game. If we but try. We may expy. On every side, the what's-its-name.

On every side I am not strong; But I do know. That blossoms blow. When getting springtime comes along.

Uncle Penwyn says: A woman will order an expensive spring hat without knowing whether or not we are going to have a spring.

Too Much. "I didn't mind my daughter getting engaged, now and then." "Well?" "But she went and got married to some jobless duffer she met at Palm Beach. I call that marrying frivolously too far."

How to Be Prominent. "Why, aren't you a suffragette?" "I think I can get more publicity by opposing the movement," replied the prominent lady courteously.

March 26 in History. March 26, 1858—Beau Brummel invents the shirt dicker for men. March 26, 1868—Queen Elizabeth throws a frying-pan at the court cook.

A Safe Harbinger. When you hear the first bobolink sing. But it is spring. I say. When you hear the first graphophone play.

A Giddy Girl. "Is your daughter of a practical turn of mind?" "No, she is very frivolous. Wants to take cooking lessons instead of improving her game of bridge."

Dodging a Touch. "Mister," began the thin man, "I have seen better days." "So have I," interposed the fat man, "but these Mrs. Jones Elizabeth throws a frying-pan at the court cook."

Over the Border. "How goes the Mexican war?" Which side has the advantage now? "Things are still rather evenly balanced. The regulars and the revolutionists have each gained a recruit."

BACK TO "EDINBORO." Scotchman Horrified by What He Found in Canada. A Scotchman landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally he had a burr on his tongue.

"Her, mannie," said the pink Scotchman, "can ye tell me wheer I'll find the kirk?" "The darkey took him by the arm and led him to the corner. 'Ye richt up to us wee hoose and turn to ye're richt, and gang up the hill,' said he."

"The fresh importation from Scotland looked up at him in horror. 'And are ye frae Scotland, man?' he asked."

"R-richt ye are," said the darkey. "Ab-berdeen's us hame."

"And how long have ye been here?" "About twa years," said the darkey. "Lord save us and keep us," said the new arrival. "Where can I get the boat for Edinboro?"

LOADED FOR VENGEANCE. Annual Rival Football Match as Played by the "Oirish." From Ideas. It was the day on which the annual rival football match was to be played between the Ann Street Shoyes vs. Rafferty's, and Rafferty, the center forward of the Shoyes, was just leaving home for the match when Mrs. Rafferty called out:

"Shafferty, have ye got yer shillalah?" "Of hove," replied Rafferty, dealing a thunderous bang on the door with it. "This put a brick inside yer hat. Remember the broken head the Ann Street Shoyes gave ye last season."

"Thank ye for the hint, Mrs. Rafferty, me, daddie," returned Rafferty, "but ye've prepared the weather surprise. Oir sewed a dynamic cartridge inside me hat. And, begorra, there will be a sad home in Ann Street to-night after the free fight."

The Quaker "Joe" Cannon. From the New York World. Some members of the House heard a few days ago the strangest combination of sacred and profane language which had ever been uttered on that floor.

During a debate Uncle Joe Cannon went after A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania, and handled him as gloves. Cannon is a Quaker and so is Palmer. When conversing privately they drop into the Quaker vernacular. After the debate Palmer went to the former speaker, who is thirty-six years older than himself.

"Uncle Joe," he said, "thee treated me a little roughly in the debate to-day." "Well," replied Uncle Joe, in a mixture of Quaker and Cannonian English, "perhaps I did treat thee a little severely, but hiankey-biank, thee deserved every damned thing I said."

All the Governors. From the New York Herald. Hark from the tomb a doleful sound! There was an "overwhelming demand" for the colonel from North Dakota, the "Roosevelt country." That was one of the reasons why he yielded, much against his will, the usual way, and became agreeable to accepting the Republican nomination if he could get it. There is also a wide-open primary in North Dakota. That was another reason why the colonel challenged Mr. Taft to join in a demand for primaries. The North Dakotans were to vote for Presidential candidates early, and this was to start the real boom for the colonel, already delayed so long by changing press agents, campaign managers, and so on.

But what is this distressing news that comes over the wires? North Dakota has voted for Senator La Follette. He will get the delegates from that State. There really appears to have been some mistake about that "overwhelming demand." It was for Senator La Follette and not for the colonel after all. Now, what is to be done? The two remaining little governors together, by all means.

Baltimore's Tribulations. From the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Over in Baltimore pickpockets are reported taking advantage of the men who have discarded their overcoats. But soon that will be nothing to what the weather-man threatens to do to them.

LOVE AND POLITICS

The news of the appointment of Mr. Arthur Page to be commissioner-in-chief of the British forces in Ireland recalls the famous affair, as the romantic episode of the jilting of the Unloved leader, Henry Chapin, by Lady Florence Page, after an engagement of several years.

Lady Florence was a daughter of the then Lord Annesley and one of the loveliest women of her day in England. Her beauty was so pronounced that children had christened her the "Peach at Vaux."

The betrothal had been announced publicly and the day for the nuptial set, when London society was started by the news that Lady Page had eloped with the late Marquess of Hastings, one of the most famous turf plungers the racing world ever has known. Under the pretext of shopping at a certain department store in the London West End, Lady Florence walked in at one door, and, through another into a side street where she met the marquis, with whom she at once departed. They were married within the hour.

Queen Victoria, who was then upon the throne and such a great supporter of morals among her subjects, and especially among the peerage, was furious, and henceforth pronounced the social ban and ostracism upon the guilty pair. But the slighted bridegroom soon also was otherwise avenged. Perhaps it was fate that a hand in it. Mr. Chapin's horse, Herald, won the "Plover at Vaux" mous odds. If I recollect right, 65 to 1, and Lord Hastings was completely ruined. He died four years after his marriage, and which occurred in 1825. He later became the wife of Sir George Chetwynd, is also dead. It took Mr. Chapin something like twelve years to recover from the blow inflicted upon him by the "Plover at Vaux." Then he married Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, a sister of the present Duke of Sutherland.

A curious fact regarding the jilting of famous men is that through pique occasionally they have been led into marriages which have resulted in misery for both husband and wife. There was John Ruskin, for instance, who fell in love, as a matter of fact, with a beautiful Rose de la Touche, whom he wooed with poems, romances, and dramas, receiving in return for his mute worship only chilly indifference and lively ridicule. The result was that, at the age of twenty-nine, Ruskin married the wife of Sir George Grey, of a family long intimate with the Ruskins. The affair was consummated somewhat hurriedly, bringing no happiness to either. It was dissolved after only six years.

According to the biography of Bismarck, which was published three years ago, and which created such a sensation throughout Germany and all Europe, in fact, the iron chancellor, when a youth of twenty-one, paid ardent court to a charming English girl, a Miss Russell, to whom he ultimately became engaged. He first met Miss Russell at Wiesbaden. In company with her uncle and aunt, the Duke of Devon, of good family, with whom Bismarck made his first acquaintance, and Bismarck's vivacious blood of unusual beauty.

The engagement, however, soon was broken, and it was not until the girl, recognizing the difference in their station—the future famous statesman in those days was but a simple "delicraft," stationed at the Hollandish boundary, his main occupation being to ferry the River Rhine and the canal fed by the turbulent North Sea from overflowing the lowlands and to build "dykes" wherever the Duke's, of good family, with whom he was in love, and who was not long ago, and Bismarck made his first acquaintance, and Bismarck's vivacious blood of unusual beauty.

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It is but little known that it was an American girl who jilted Charles Stewart Parnell and became the cause of his throwing himself into politics in order to "forget." Admires of the great Irish patriot now, of course, say that that jilting was a decidedly foolish thing that could have happened to their hero. There is something in this, for no doubt a happy married life probably would have prevented Parnell from ever entering the political arena altogether, and of becoming so famous.

As a young man, Charles Stewart Parnell fell in love with a pretty girl from Wicklow, of good family, with whom he hunted great deal. But the affair came to nothing and Parnell remained heart-whole until he visited Paris in 1874. There he met a young American, whose name he does not remember, who was secretly engaged. They parted for time, he to go back to Ireland and she to proceed to Rome. Ultimately the girl returned to America, but she was returning to America by the way of the English land, and he was in the station, she saw her and they were engaged. He followed her to this country, and it seemed as though their betrothal would be dissolved. It is said that the girl, a Miss W., told him she would not marry him, giving it as her excuse that he was "only an Irish gentleman." Without sufficient means to marry with no name in public, the girl never would marry any one unless he had achieved a great public name and recognition.

This, of course, dumfounded Parnell, who, after trying his best to make his love change her mind, gave up the "heart-breaking job." To distract his thoughts he plunged into politics as soon as he reached home. It is said that the two never met again, but no doubt she lived to learn that the man she jilted "because he was without a great public name" made one for himself after all, and a fine one at that, one that has become a byword all over the globe. Some one told me that several years later, when he had become known, another American belle, who was in love with Parnell, and also at Paris, but that this made him loathe the place so that he packed up and left immediately to "escape the danger."

While speaking of jilted men of prominence, the story of how Charles Dickens was given the "mittens" is particularly interesting. As a youth of eighteen he became acquainted with the three daughters of George Beadnell, banker of London. With one of them, Mary, the original of Dora in "David Copperfield," who was a year his senior, he fell in love. He is said to have loved her passionately with the life. But the love-making of the future great novelist was not treated very seriously, for he was not considered an eligible "part," but he was very much in love with her. He was, however, a man of an attitude of amused tolerance toward Dickens.

During three years the "affair" went on, but then he began to realize that his love was hopeless. He pleaded in vain with his divinity, whose caprices alternately maddened and gladdened him. As a matter of fact, Mary was just a willful coquette. Finally the marriage came, and for twenty years they saw nothing of each other. By this time the girl had become Mrs. Winter, and when Dickens met her he thought she had never upon his youthful ideal.

She wrote to her old sweetheart, but the great novelist, who in the meantime had come to know something of the world and of women in general, did not care to renew the acquaintance. Later Mr. Winter failed in business and the woman appealed to the lover of her assistance, but also without avail. Finally, she was driven to the army of Grant on the north bank of the James River.

J. Kubio Kalamainade is forty-one years old. He is a Territorial Delegate in Congress from Hawaii, his native home.

LIFE OF A POET.

Milton's Persecutions, As Seen by a Contemporary. From Vaughan's Biographical Sketch of Milton. An aged clergyman who had seen him in his later years describes him as seated in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, in an elbow chair, dressed in black, pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gray, and with challenge.

He used also to sit in a gray, warm cloth seat at the door of his house near Bushill Fields in warm sunny weather to enjoy the fresh air. And so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of distinguished poets as well as quality. He took little wine, and was very simple in his diet.

In early life he injured his sight and his general health by night study, subsequently he learned to get a fair night's rest, going to bed at 3 o'clock and arising in the summer at 4 o'clock, in the winter at 5 o'clock. Should he not be disposed to rise at that hour, some one commonly read to him. After rising he intended to the reading of a chapter from the Hebrew Bible.

He then followed his studies until midday. After a brief outdoor exercise he dined, then played on the organ or sang, or requested his wife, who had a good voice, to sing to him. He then resumed his mental occupations until 6 o'clock. From 6 to 8 o'clock he received visitors. Between 8 and 9 o'clock he took a supper of olives and some light food, smoked his pipe of tobacco, drank his glass of water, and retired to rest. He died somewhat suddenly of what is called "gout struck in," lacking one month of having completed his sixty-sixth year. He was buried beside his father in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

GOLD IN THE UNITED STATES. Wealth Has Increased 50 Per Cent Since 1904. From the Los Angeles Herald. The total wealth of the United States was \$20,000,000,000 in 1904, it had risen to \$30,000,000,000 in 1908, and is now rapidly approaching the stupendous sum of \$50,000,000,000 (one hundred and fifty billions), or, say, not far short of \$500 for every man, woman, and child living under the Stars and Stripes.

Our 25,000 banks have deposits of \$16,000,000,000 and total resources of \$22,000,000,000; in 1900 there were fewer than 14,000 banks, and they had deposits of less than \$7,000,000,000—a growth of fully 100 per cent.

We have more than \$1,200,000,000 in our savings banks, a showing not equaled by any other nation.

America's stock of gold is approximately \$1,500,000,000, or more than twice as much as the United Kingdom and much larger than the holdings of Germany, France, or Russia, and one-fourth of the world's stock.

Our stock of silver, \$300,000,000, is nearly twice the amount of gold in any other country, India alone excepted.

We have \$2,250,000,000 money in circulation, nearly equal to the net per head. Of the world's annual output of \$60,000,000,000 the United States contributes almost \$10,000,000,000.

ARE AMERICANS DEGENERATING?

An American Physician Sounds a Warning to City Dwellers. From the Journal of the American Medical Association. Are the American people degenerating, physically? Are present modes of life affecting our size and working ability? Dr. Friedman, who has had five years' experience as medical inspector at Ellis Island, gives the results of his observations of immigrants and their physical condition under the methods of living of present American life.

He says that aside from the effect on our own physical stamina of the ingestion of a great number of physically inferior people, our own mode of living is fast converting us into a race of Lilliputians. There is an undoubted trend away from work involving the use of muscles. We are breeding a race of people with big minds and little bodies. People are willing to engage in occupations far more arduous though less remunerating, as long as it is not "menial." The trend in this direction is poor economy because our bodies are unable to supply the divers needs of an overactive mind. Overactivity of the mind leads to physical exhaustion. In every large center we see evidences of the "strenuous life." In the people who walk with their heads down, hats clenched, and looking neither to the right nor the left as if they were "bucking" a football line. It is a constant nervous strain—the pace that kills, and in bodies often so puny that the pace does not last long. This might be well enough if we devoted ourselves to methods to counteract this tendency and keep up the balance between mind and muscle, namely, systematic physical training or exercise. Without this we will surely degenerate into a race of weaklings and neurasthenics.

Office Was Necessary. From the Chicago Post. An inherited fortune and the disposal of an organized business enabled a well-known Chicagoan to retire. He had the inclination for leisure, but could not surrender the idea of having a definite business abiding spot.

He rented an office in a lofty building and went to Europe. After a six-month absence he returned, looked the building over and wanted to buy it in America. Then, after again verifying the report that the building was not crumbling, he took a jaunt to Japan.

Not long ago one of his old cronies said: "Frank, why don't you give up your office? You don't need it." "That's true," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I don't know what to do with the rug."

Two Rival "Poles." From the Memphis Commercial Appeal. The south pole can have the limelight now, but in the autumn the pole that secures the pennant will be the center of attraction.

ANNIVERSARY DATA. MARCH 26. Cecil Rhodes, the English statesman, multimillionaire, and philanthropist, whose fortune was estimated at \$10,000,000, died at Cape Town, South Africa, ten years ago.

An earthquake at Caracas, Venezuela, destroyed 12,000 people 100 years ago.

Forty-seven years ago Gen. Phil Sheridan, having just accomplished one of his most successful "rides" up the Shenandoah Valley, beaten the rebels in two engagements and captured Charlottesville, joining the army of Grant on the north bank of the James River.

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HINTS ON GARDENING.

CHOOSING YOUR GROUND. By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Slawak."

Nothing requires so much care as the choice of a garden site. The ground must be high, so that it will drain well. It must be level, so as to retain moisture in dry seasons. It must be on a hillside, with a southern exposure for spring growth. It must also be on a northern exposure with plenty of shade for July drought. All parts of it must be visible from the back windows of the kitchen, and within good easy rifle range.

Some gardeners move from house to house continually searching for a suitable back yard, but it is much easier to put the garden on wheels, so that it can be readily moved about to conform with the requirements. Moreover, by this method you can haul the garden around in front of the house in May when you are proud of it, and want your neighbors to admire it, and late in June, after you have oversteered four wheels in succession, you can take it away into the suburbs, and hide it where no one can see it.

After selecting your garden, your first task will be to remove the foreign substances which have accumulated there since America was discovered. If you have a friend who owns a steam shovel you can do the whole job in a day. The garden must, then be spaded. This is the finest of all exercises. Spade well backward, using a long, well-balanced spading fork, rise out in the morning, dress in a light, loose-fitting costume, and then wait on the cigar, until the soil is warm and the job. When you have put him to work, save carefully all the angle worms he turns up and put them in a dark, cool place for further use. If the yield of angle worms is poor, it is a sign that the soil is impoverished, and should be enriched. You can do this by adding more angle worms to it. Any boy will sell you angle worms at 25 cents a dozen.

It is in the meantime you should have purchased your seeds. Great care should be observed in this work, and it cannot be gone about too early. Along with December you should begin to save seed cuttings, and by March you should have a woodshed full. They come in ex-

ceedingly handy for kindling purposes. In fact, angle worms and seed catalogues are two of the best garden crops. While choosing the seeds, go carefully through the catalogue, selecting only the ripest and brightest colors. When you find a catalogue that is a little off color, reject it instantly. When in doubt about a color, boil the picture. If it fades, buy no seeds from this catalogue. To find the size of the actual vegetable, measure the picture in the catalogue, divide it by four and take the square root of the remainder.

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STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR.

By FRED C. KELLY.

Representative Charles R. Davis, from some place up beyond St. Paul, appears to be a level-headed fellow with few superstitious notions, but he believes nearly everything he hears on the subject of rearing chickens. There is absolutely no doubt in the mind of Davis that, with a trifling investment, a man could clean up not less than \$5,000 annually, out of the chicken business, with practically no work to do except count money.

Davis explains it plausibly enough. You buy a dozen or so hens and build a few coops and nests of trivial cost. Every morning you go out with a little sack containing some prepared chicken food, such as one can buy at any canny bird store, and call in shrill tones: "Chick-chick-chick," like that, at the same time scattering the Battle Creek looking food. By this time the entire herd of hens has gathered for the meal, presenting just such a picture as one may see on the cover of a red plush album, or in the case of a flush box containing a comb and brush set.

After the hens have eaten heartily, and dispersed, their proprietor may go on back into his study and resume his task of adding up his profits, or reading auto-mobile catalogues, knowing full well that the hens will promptly set about their ordained task of laying many strictly fresh eggs. Even in each hen laid only two eggs in three days—and Davis says that is an absurdly low estimate—and each egg hatches another hen, which will grow up to lay two in three, it doesn't take a master of higher mathematics to see that in a little while one would have an awful sight of chickens running around the place.

For a few dollars a month, as the Congressman points out, one can hire somebody to gather up the eggs, and ship them to market, along with spring trunks. The little poultry farm gets overstocked, and in a short while at the prevailing prices of fresh stuff, one would have so much money that it would be comical to handle. Representative Davis insists that he has looked at the proposition from every angle and believes practically all the claims made by the writers of magazine literature. The one thing that keeps him out of the poultry business is the probability that he would soon have to resort to so many schemes to give away his money, that he would become as great a pain to newspaper readers as Andy Carnegie.

Theodore Roosevelt, the well-known writer and candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, and Senator Joseph M. Dixon, his campaign manager, first met shortly after Dixon came here as a member of the House from Montana, nearly ten years ago, when, it will be remembered, Roosevelt was living at the White House. Dixon was the only Republican in either branch of Congress from Montana at that time.

"I understand," says T. R., "that you were born in South Carolina and are a Quaker. It seems to me that a South Carolina Quaker who could go out and conquer the voters of the wild and woolly State of Montana must be a rare genius. I purpose to keep an eye on you."

Here is significant fact that has been noted in connection with that shrewd "burr" observer, which has been getting almost as much newspaper space lately as Elmer Moore.

When it was first known that Champ Clark would succeed Joe Cannon as speaker, a Washington photographer sent a man out to get a picture of the Clark stirrupcase, which was well developed. It was seen that a "houn' dog" had happened along about the time the man pressed the button, and it occupied the prominent space in the photograph. That "houn' dog" appears to have been following Champ Clark like a sort of general Nemesis.

Representative Martin E. Olinsted, of Pennsylvania, is the leading man in a tale told by one of his colleagues. It seems that Olinsted was invited to address a banquet, given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Harrisburg not long ago. He prepared a carefully worded extemporaneous speech, which was well received. In fact, the applause was loud and redundant, and there were hurrahs of "more, more." Olinsted proceeded for ten minutes longer, but even after that there were further cries of "more, more," and rather than disappoint so appreciative and cultured a gathering, he rambled on for another five minutes. Still there were cries of "more, more," and one fellow shouted "Happy Moors." Olinsted then perceived that Representative J. Hampton Moore, the deep waterway man, had entered the room, and a number of his Philadelphia admirers were eager to hear him. So Olinsted made way for Moore, who held the crowd in the clutches of his eloquence for many minutes.

Representative J. Hampton Moore, who tells the comic tale, says it is true.

Representative Broussard, Senator-elect from Louisiana, looks at things from the point of view of a man who believes in high tariffs on sugar, and Representative Hardwick, of Georgia, chairman of the committee that investigated the sugar trust, does not. The day before the free sugar bill was passed Hardwick said to Broussard, laconically: "Well, which'll you have, the duty on sugar reduced to 25 per cent ad valorem or free sugar?"

"Free sugar," replied Broussard, quickly. "If they will a 25 per cent duty on people will try to stay in the sugar business and they'll go bankrupt, but if there's free sugar they'll burn down their refineries and collect the insurance and nobody have money to go the 'Frisson fair' that ought to have been held in New Orleans last August."

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