

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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MONDAY, JULY 8, 1912.

The Morality Champion's Latest.

We have not been wrong in our prediction that Mr. Roosevelt would make use of the morning after the quiet and eventful Sunday in order to make public his plans, platform, and expectations for his new party.

This, then, is the day on which we are to be enlightened at last. But of what? It seems to us that the Roosevelt issue has been canvassed amply in all the papers, especially as he himself says that he stands upon his Columbus speech: "The Charter of Democracy."

What is of more interest is the manner in which this campaign of moralities, as his admirers are wont to call it, intends to acquire (or shall we in his own language say "purloin?") the electoral vote in States where the Republican organization is controlled by his adherents.

With all due respect to the gentleman who had the honor of being an occupant of the White House by the franchise of his fellow-citizens, we say that such an innovation in degradation of the electoral college will not be successful.

The Lackawanna Wreck.

With its block signal system complete, with its tracks patrolled unceasingly, with rails that are the best of their kind and a track on a well-ballasted roadbed that is considered perfection, the excuse of the Lackawanna train engineer, who claims that he did not see the signal set against him or hear the explosion that should have warned him, and who thus brought about, it is claimed, the Corning fatality, is not easy to comprehend.

It is a simple enough device, at a distance of each (English) mile alongside the track a cottage is built which houses the trackman and his family. He is compelled to live there. From this abode he patrols the track to the house of his next neighbor, to whom he reports his presence and that all is well.

George Robertson Smith.

In the passing away of George Robertson Smith, the United States government has lost one of its most valuable servants, a man who, though merely Superintendent of the National Botanic Garden, had few equals in arboriculture, and stood nearer to many of our great statesmen than his quiet and simple life indicated.

During the more than half a century of his official life among us—he was a member of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association—he set out in what was formerly morass and fen thousands of rare and valuable trees as well as other plants gathered from every latitude.

Mr. Smith was recognized as the leading collector of the works of Robert Burns in all the world. His collection, which it took almost sixty years to accumulate, represents the life work of one of the most devoted admirers of the poet, a Scotchman like himself. Many of the rarer books are gifts from prominent persons throughout the world.

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Restrict Aerial Navigation.

The catastrophe to the dirigible airship, following the tragic deaths of Miss Quimby and her companion, emphasizes that even the "safest" of flying machines is far from being safe, and that the public is justified in taking a hand in trying to prevent further sacrifice of life, if this is possible to achieve.

Fifteen aviators lost their lives in June, and, though July is but beginning, seven already have been killed. Is this shocking slaughter necessary to the development of aerial navigation?

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Does Gov. Wilson still regard Mr. Bryan as "the one fixed point in the Democracy," or has the party begun to revolve about the governor? The old precedent that the man who receives a majority always wins the Democratic nomination was smashed at last.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MY FINANCIAL WASH.—The government has installed machines for laundering the paper money.—News item. I haven't got much fifty cash. A lone two-dollar bill. But I shall send it to the wash. And put it through the mill.

The fellow who removes the grime. Who renovates and cleans. He may mislay my wash some time And give me Hetty Green's.

Evidently Truthful.

"He says I am the first girl he ever loved." "And do you believe that?" "Yes; his love making is very amateurish."

Uncle Pennywise Says:

White shoes oughter to be white. Let's Have It.

"This high cost of living is a serious question," bawled the campaign orator. "It is a great question, a very serious question, indeed."

July 8 in History.

July 8, 1776—Little Benjamin Franklin, after graduating with high honors, gets a job at \$2 per month.

Heavy Voltage.

"That doctor is a regular human dynamo." "Yes; when I came in contact with him, I myself was highly charged."

How's This?

At the Baltimore convention Andrew Jackson, Patrick Henry, James Madison, James Monroe, Martin Van Buren, and Zachary Taylor were all allied to as the "Bage of Monticello" by perverid orators.

A Summer Trip.

"Back again, eh?" "Back again. Had a pleasant vacation." "See any glaciers on your trip?" "Met one from Boston. Some hardy spirits in our crowd even tried to flirt with her, too."

Why Not?

"The hound dog seems to have worked well in politics." "Yes; I suppose some suffragette will come forward now with a slogan about a Maltese cat."

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

From the Hartford Times. In this era of shifts and compromises it seems to have been noticeable that whenever Mr. Bryan determined to throw his strength he threw it at a man instead of to him.

From the New York Evening Post.

Every one will sympathize with Mr. Bryan's sorrow at the thought that he may again be compelled to leave the Democratic party.

From the New York World.

The colonel has come to the conclusion that the coat of eggs is the issue, but for the sake of the farmer vote, he would not let in one Canadian egg duty free.

From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

If Mr. Bryan isn't careful there will be no one left to love him for the enemies he has made.

From the New York Tribune.

Wanted.—An issue. Apply Orator Bay.

From the Boston Transcript.

A stern father in a Pennsylvania town locked up the bridegroom to prevent a wedding, but love laughs even at twentieth century locksmiths.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Having declared our independence of Orator Bay, let us celebrate Independence Day.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Baltimore editor says his city will require two weeks to recover from the convention. How about the delegates?

From the Chicago News.

Why must T. R. and his convention break into Chicago right in the middle of vacation time?

From the New York Press.

The enthusiasm with which Dr. Wilson's nomination is received in Colombia gives hope that he will carry the Fourth Ward of Bogota.

From the New York Tribune.

Does Gov. Wilson still regard Mr. Bryan as "the one fixed point in the Democracy," or has the party begun to revolve about the governor?

From the Boston Herald.

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From the Providence Journal.

The Taft majority in the Ohio Republican State convention yesterday was nearly four times as large as it was three weeks ago, and we presume that ratio of growth reflects the situation in most States and places.

From the Indianapolis News.

It seems that W. A. Massey, the new senator from Nevada, also got his start in Indiana. His nomination, of course, is therefore wholly logical.

From the Boston Transcript.

It is a nice question whether the printer accused of taking unneeded bag notes of the Brazilian currency can be indicted for stealing money.

INTERESTING GOSSIP GATHERED IN THE EUROPEAN COURT CIRCLES

Another chapter in the romantic career of the Countess Montignoso, the former Crown Princess of Saxony, came to an end at Florence the other day, when her definite separation from Signor Toselli, a piano teacher, was pronounced in open court.

The settlement of the divorce proceeding had been postponed several times because in the meantime the ex-princess had written affectionate letters to her present husband from Brussels, where she now makes her home, expressing her wish for a reconciliation.

The final separation took place under circumstances of a most cordial nature. The two erstwhile lovers met in a corridor of the law courts early in the morning and chatted affably together. It was decided that Signor Toselli should remain in the care of Signor Toselli's parents at the father's expense, and that the mother was to have free access to the child at all times.

The princess' leaving-taking of her third ex-husband, before motoring to the railway station, was as hearty as her greeting had been earlier in the day. But for her escapades, which repeatedly have made the rounds of the international press, the Countess Montignoso now would be Queen of Saxony.

Life at court with her husband, then the crown prince, had no charm for her, and in 1902 Europe was scandalized by the news of her elopement with M. Girard, her children's tutor, a Belgian. In February, 1903, she was divorced by the crown prince. In September, 1907, she was married to her Italian husband, Signor Toselli, at the Strand Registry office in London.

Last year the former princess published her version of her experiences at the court of Dresden, and scathingly took to task the "straight-laced, narrow-minded" Saxon princesses, who made her life a burden, and upon her every action, being determined to sow dissension between her and her husband, because she craved freedom from the dullness of court etiquette. The book made quite a sensation, and, of course, was prohibited in Saxony, the government of which threatened to withdraw the annuity granted her as the mother of the royal children, one of whom a future King.

Ambassador and Mrs. Whitehall Reid must vacate Dorchester House in October. The approaching marriage of Sir George Holford, the owner of Dorchester House, to Mrs. Menzies is interfering with the future plans of our Ambassador and his extremely hospitable wife. But they have been fortunate in securing Dudley House, in Park Lane, the residence of Sir J. R. Robinson, the South African magnate, who passes most of his time at Johannesburg.

Mr. Reid is not much to the liking of Mrs. Reid after being accustomed to the very large reception rooms both at Dorchester House and her New York palatial residence. The rooms in Dudley House, while of a comfortable size, do not compare with those of Dorchester House. But to make up for this there is a picture gallery in the rear, which can be used as a ballroom. But there is not enough space in the new quarter to accommodate her large staff of servants.

King George and Queen Mary will dine with Mr. and Mrs. Reid before the end of the season, but no date has been fixed. The Reids will occupy Dudley House until next March, when the Ambassador will relinquish his post.

Sir George Holford has won a very charming as well as a very wealthy bride in Mrs. Menzies. She is Mrs. Arthur Wilson's daughter and is sister of that famous beauty, Miss Muriel Wilson. The Wilson family seat is Tranby Croft, around which still lingers the remembrance of the "barbarical scandal," in which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was involved. The Wilson family's wealth is derived from fees of vessels, the Wilson Line is one of the most successful in the world.

Marrying a daughter of the house of Wilson, Sir George can afford to live in Dorchester House, in addition to maintaining his country estate. Sir George is an enthusiastic gardener and gives advice on gardening to Queen Alexandra, whose enquiry he is.

The British government has taken Dudley House as a temporary residence for the late Shah of Persia was a guest there, and with Oriental absolutism, ordered that animals be prepared for his dinner he brought with him a variety of birds, of course, the beautifully furnished room was left in a frightful condition. Sir George swore an Eastern oath, saying never again be "put up in Dorchester House."

Mr. and Mrs. Reid the other night were the hosts to those members of the diplomatic corps accredited at the Court of St. James, who are married, at a dinner given at Dorchester House, Sir Edward Grey, in his capacity of Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, was present, also a large company of personal friends of the United States Ambassador and his wife, among whom were the Duchess of Portland, who was wearing a black dress with a splendid crown and parure of diamonds, Katherine Duchess of Westminister, Lord and Lady Minto, with their daughter, Lady Ellen Elliot; Lord and Lady Arran, Lord and Lady Londsdale, Georgiana Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lady Rockville and Mrs. Sackville-West, Baron and Baroness Schroder, Sir Frank Lascelles, Countess Fritz Hochberg, and such distinguished politicians as Lord Morley, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

Numerous American guests were also at the table. They included Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his sister, Mrs. Burrus (mother of Mrs. L. Harcourt), Mrs. Cooper-Hewitt, Mrs. Joseph Sprickley and her sister, Mrs. Reynolds, and Mr. W. Phillips, first secretary at the embassy; Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain and Lady Herbert, widow of the late Sir Mienel Herbert, a former British Ambassador at Washington.

The guests were seated at one long dinner table, upon which magnificent gold vessels were displayed as decorations. Candellabra alternated with gold platters of fruit or of jardiniere and tankards filled with Malrose, roses and oranges arranged down the center of the table.

Royalty in the person of Princess Henry of Battenberg attended a garden fête at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, recently, given in aid of the National British League for physical education. The princess evinced great interest in the programme, particularly in the "folk-dances" and the "singing games," of the oratory school. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Grey, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, made speeches and Baron Alfred de Rothschild's band played selections in the garden. Further, Robinson recited "The Ancient Mariner," which in itself must have been a treat worth listening to.

The entire affair was a marked success financially, which after all was its prime object. The Duchess of Devonshire appeared in a blue chiffon dress with a deep, hand-painted border of pink roses. Her two eldest daughters, dressed in simple white frocks, accompanied her. Prominent among those present was Lady Alexander, smartly dressed in lavender and white embroidered taffeta, and the Dowager Lady, who, in the Countess von Loetzow, Lady Newton, Mrs. St. Leger Strachey, Lord Leigh, and Lord Avelbury.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

The Negro Vote.

To the Editor: At this time, when the attention of the country is directed toward the coming election on account of the nomination of the Republican party, I have been asked to give my views as to the attitude likely to be taken by the bulk of negro voters, presumably because I have been discussing the possibilities of American politics.

"OLD FRIENDS"

"Old friends are best," remarked one of our customers. "My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather bought all their lumber at the Old Libbey Lumber Yard, and so do I. In buying my lumber of Libbey, I somehow feel a sense of security, of absolute confidence, not only that the lumber will be right, but also the price. Another thing I like about the Libbeyes is that no matter what you ask for in lumber or millwork THEY HAVE IT, and no matter how small the amount of the order, they are always very accommodating about delivering it just as promptly as if it were a big order."

The Frank Libbey Lumber & Mill Work Co. 6th and N. Y. Ave. N. W.

THE JUNE BUG

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Swab."

The June Bug deserves an essay all by himself because of his temperament. He is optimistic, impetuous, incorrigible, thoughtless, erratic, noisy, and bothersome.

Scientifically, the June Bug is a large brown insect with a solid ivory head and six legs equipped with hooks on the tarsi, which enable him to hang on like an officeholder when he drops into the back hair of the lady next door who is prominent in society, and is calling for the first time.

This is a favorite deed of the J. Bug. He is not as handsome or really as talented as some other bugs, but he moves in the best society and gets into some homes where many a Senator would feel ashamed.

The June Bug travels like an aeroplane, producing a loud humming noise and banking and plunging with great skill. He also lands like an aviator, by striking back, coming in and coming down with a crash. He was born with a purpose and spends his life trying to achieve it. This purpose is to destroy a house by hitting it from within. Night after night the June Bug pursues this purpose with the utmost earnestness, ramming mirrors, assaulting ceilings, putting dents in lamp chimneys, and striking book cases, living quietly on the floor after each attack until his head has stopped whirling, and he can pry himself out of his back. A June Bug may come bumping down fifty times in fifty minutes, but this win not prevent him from rising the fifty-first time and knocking at the brick mantelpiece with a headache and a grim determination.

Scientists have figured that June Bugs have expended in attacking brick walls enough energy to lift the Great Pyramid six inches. This impresses us with the foolishness of the June Bug until we reflect that man has expended enough energy carrying torches in political campaigns to turn the same pyramid over and stand it on its apex.

We may learn a lesson from the cheerfulness and perseverance of the June Bug. He has never yet knocked a house down, but he goes into the job each time with increasing vigor. If June Bugs could vote they would all be Third Party Progressives.

MONSTER ILLINOIS FISH.

A Mississippi River Cat That Most Have Been a Century Old. From the Alton Telegraph. A mammoth blue fulton catfish was brought to the Peter Jones market Monday morning. It weighed 115 pounds and was the largest catfish that has ever been caught in Mississippi River waters for twenty-five years.

The fish was captured by William Murphy, a fisherman at Fish Island, near Alton, Ill. It was taken on Monday morning, July 1st, and weighed 115 pounds. It was the largest catfish that has ever been caught in Mississippi River waters for twenty-five years.

Life of Birds, Animals, and Trees. From the Chicago Tribune. It has just been computed that the date has been twenty-four hours, the May 15th week, the latterly this month, as also also does the year, the day three or four months, the ant, the cricket, and the bee one year each, the hare, sheep, six to ten years each, the nightingale, twelve years, the wood pecker to fifteen years, the ordinary bird, fifteen to twenty years, the dog, fifteen to twenty years, the cat, twenty years, the horse, twenty to thirty years, the eagle, thirty years, the stag, thirty-five to forty years, the lion, lion, and bear, fifty years each, the raven, eighty years, elephant, turtle, parrot, pine, and cypress, 100 years each.

An Irish Tale.

From an Irishman. One day went to a chemist to get something to cure a headache. The drugist reached down a bottle of smelling salts and asked Pat to take a good sniff at it. Pat did. Then he stood there for five minutes quite speechless. When he recovered himself the drugist asked him if his headache was better. "Begorra," said Pat, "it wasn't for me; it was for my wife."

Musical Swiss Horses.

From the War World. The Swiss horse is apparently a very musical animal—not according to the heavy ear. Strains of bells are hung round the necks, producing a musical jangle at every step. Some of the horses with the most bells, I noticed, were the thinnest—apparently they went without food to buy bells. As he liked that ought to be restrained.

Miles of Smiles.

From the Christian Herald. Charles L. Boyer, of Harrisburg, Pa., formerly of London, England, is devoting his life to making people smile—not people who are healthy, happy, or well to do, but poor people, invalids, children, and overworked mothers. Although busy all day he gives the greatest amount of pleasure with his automobile, which was presented by the people of Harrisburg, and built expressly for the purpose of giving free rides to those who are less fortunate. It accommodates a dozen adults or twenty children, folding seats at the rear, so that the children cannot hang on at the risk of life and limb; a big wind shield and soft backs for the shock. It started its career as a joy giver a year ago and has covered hundreds of miles about the city, leaving behind it "miles of smiles." Mr. Boyer himself likes to say, "The automobile is only one of the many ways which he has of bringing joy and hope to those who have faced ill in life's journey; another unique means of promoting happiness is the Home Invalids Union, which he organized about seven years ago and planned for invalids and shut-outs, who live in homes where they have little to give them pleasure or cheer.

FUNNYBIRDS.



Mr. Goose—Great Scott! That sounds like the voice

SPECIAL TO-DAY— From Factory to You

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