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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1912.

The Folly of Attacking Business.

There is open dissatisfaction at the Democratic national headquarters over the speeches made in Maine by Gov. Marshall, the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, and Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, and we believe, with good ground.

Democratic leaders all through the East have informed the Wilson headquarters that if Mr. Marshall is to continue his denunciation of business and his threats to throw every concern into a receivership the entire East will surely be lost to the Democrats.

Concerning Champ Clark's frigidity respecting Wilson many say "I told you so!" They contend that Clark cannot get over his defeat at Baltimore and never will.

Of the two, the behavior of Gov. Marshall is the more reprehensible one, for his Maine speeches show such a vast difference between his views and those of the head of the Democratic party that unless he makes an entire change of front to absolutely different sentiments he will hurt Wilson's chances of election. The situation is considered so serious that conservative Democrats are asking Dr. Wilson to rebuke his mate and to promptly reassure business.

Until now it has been believed that the Democrats had the best of it in Maine, and would win in the State election September 9, re-electing their State ticket and their Congressmen, but the Clark and Marshall speeches bid fair to change all this.

Mr. Taft's Campaign Plans.

The President did not fail to respond to the demand of the people who gathered at the railway stations to greet him while he was on his way from Beverly to Columbus to "make a speech," but he eschewed politics. He had given that up, he remarked. He "believed that there are some politics going but he would take no part in them." At Springfield he even went so far as to say: "So far as I am concerned, you will have to make up your mind without further hearing from me."

At Pittsfield Mr. Taft added:

I have made all the political speeches from the tail end of a Pullman car that I ever expect to make. ("I hope not," remarked some one in the crowd.) If I have any case to submit to the American people, I am going to submit it on facts without argument.

Mr. Taft is too kind-hearted and generous to indulge in muckraking. He has had his lesson in the pre-convention fight, and being a wise man and a dignified one he has profited by his experience.

Atlantic Deeper Waterways Meeting

Though the Isthmian Canal, because of the magnitude of the undertaking and its international importance, continues to hold the attention of the nation, the project for the Atlantic coast inland waterways ought not to be overlooked, even if given a lesser place in our considerations. The fifth annual convention of the Intracoastal Waterways Association, which is being held this week, is expected to advance an enterprise which when once completed will become a steady feeder of the Panama Canal for coastwise traffic.

The aim of the association has been discussed ever since its inception. It is to complete a continuous inside waterway that will afford cheap transportation to shippers of raw material and bulky products and at the same time prevent the great loss of life and property which characterizes Atlantic coast traffic off the Delaware Capes, the Virginia headlands, Cape Hatteras, and the Florida reefs.

During the first ten years of the present century there were some 6,000 disasters to shipping along the Atlantic coast, when 2,200 lives were lost and $40,000,000 worth of property destroyed, most if not all of which could be prevented by our inland waterway, which rivers, sounds, and water courses amply supply if connected by a system of canals.

To build and complete such canalization is the aim of this association. The government has taken up the matter and has completed a survey of the possibilities of inland navigation along the coast. As a result provision has been made for two waterways going north from beyond Cape Hatteras, one of the most dangerous and most feared promontories on the Atlantic border. The Federal government has cut a canal from the bay near Beaufort, in South Carolina, to Pamlico Sound, and the most recent river and harbor bill is providing for the taking over and making toll free the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal. Then there is a private concern, financed by August Belmont, building a canal across Cape Cod, where thousands of vessels have been stranded and wrecked in the past.

Of course, there is still a great deal to be done to complete the chain from Massachusetts to St. Simons Sound, at Brunswick, Ga., but once the ambitious plans of the Deeper Waterways Association are completed, trade will be vastly promoted, lives and property will be comparatively safe from the dangers of a turbulent sea coast, transportation will be cheapened, new territory opened up, and land values along a stretch of 2,000 miles will increase.

It is a constructive movement of vast national importance, and it is well under way.

Ohio's One-sided New Tax.

Ohio, which yesterday voted on the adoption of its constitutional amendments, relies upon the farmers' vote to carry the severer tax clauses which are meant to make the "rich malefactor" take notice and perhaps make him leave the State. We have nothing to say, of course, about a desire to go after the lawbreakers, but why not go after the lawmakers, to make them pass laws based on common sense?

The proposed amendments hardly exemplify that "when the people rule, social justice will be done." The one pertaining to taxation preserves the equality of taxing all classes of property. The new law stipulates 1 or in certain contingencies 2 per cent, with an annual increase, which by degrees may rise to a maximum equaling the rate of 1910, plus 12 per cent.

This contains two evils. The insistence upon a personal tax in defiance of the well-known principle of avoiding a taxation of property which has the option of evading the tax jurisdiction and the limitation of the increase of taxation. The school boards of sixty cities in Ohio reported a decrease in their income since 1910 of about 19 per cent, with a consequent dropping of branches taught heretofore, or a reducing of teachers' salaries or of other expenditures on hygienic and sanitary necessities. Still others continue their present state of efficiency by drawing on their surplus.

How is the new law going to better things under the conditions imposed?

The "Other Fellow" In Nicaragua.

The present rebellion in Nicaragua is the first since the treaties of 1907 were signed by which the various Central American States undertook to stop meddling in each other's internal affairs.

We learn that trouble makers from Salvador and other neighboring republics are flocking to the borders of Nicaragua for the expressed purpose of joining in the attack upon the established government and incidentally, of course, in quest of loot. This would add just so much to the insurgent strength and would complicate matters by embarrassing the government.

In the treaties mentioned, the five Central American republics agreed to regard any measure that might tend to change the fundamental basis of any one of them as a menace to the peace of all, also to prohibit political leaders or refugees to reside in the sections bordering the countries the peace of which they might disturb, but mainly to arrest and bring to trial any one who should instigate and foster revolutionary movements in one republic against any of the others. Finally, they pledged themselves individually and collectively not to interfere on either side in a civil war in any of the signatories' countries.

So here we are. This means serious trouble. None of these governments is powerful enough or vigilant enough to enforce the upholding of these treaties. If the provisions are ignored or neglected, if interstate intervention by irresponsible adventurers is winked at, the condition of all Central America will become critical indeed. The flame of rebellion may spread and our own attitude measured by the acuteness of provocation and our obligations to our turbulent wards, who after all may "make up" and turn toward the ever-interfering "Gringo" whom they hate with an intensity little understood by us.

Will Roosevelt charge infringement of copyright and ask royalty of ex-Gov. Fort, who, in the peroration of an impassioned speech for the third term candidate, exclaimed, "We have put on the armor and we battle for the Lord!" Only Armageddon is missing.

It may be naive on our part, but we still stick to our opinion that a Congressman who attends to public business during the entire session is more entitled to re-election than those who leave no quorum behind while they rush home or upon the Chautauqua circuit.

That preacher who says candidates for office should be judged by what they eat tells us nothing new. Fairbanks ran for Vice President on his reputation as a consumer of buttermilk and Joe Cannon holds the Illinois record for eating green corn.

Except.

From Judge.

Wiggs—After all, life is just a matter of pay your money and take your choice, you know.

Diggs—Yes; except when it's a matter of pay your money and take your chance, instead.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

HAY FEVER.

Hay fever jars a man a lot,
I vow
My feet are cold, my head is not
Just now.
I'll sneeze it off as like as not.
Oh, wow!

When goldenrod nods in the breeze
I'm blue.
The melancholy days are these:
That's true.
Oh, my! Here goes another sneeze—
Achoo!

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Bad boys haven't begun to steal monoplanes yet to go joy riding.

Even the False.

"Do you love me" she asked.

"I adore every hair in your head," he answered, "and I also entertain a mild affection for those in your switches and puffs."

September 4 in History.

September 4, 1534—Henry VIII has his first meeting with his fifth wife.

September 4, 1735—David Garrick invents the Welsh rabbit.

The Wherefore.

"Why do you call yourself a tonsorial artist?"

"Its this way," explained the barber. And then he went on to illustrate with a few cuts.

Never Saw One.

The city urchin knows the gnu,
The ibex on its bough,
He learns about 'em at the zoo;
He wouldn't know a cow.

Doing Her Best.

"Do you try to be all things to all men?"

"I do what I can to cater to a preference," answered the summer girl. "I've been both a blonde and a brunette this past month."

Our Best People.

"The marriage took place in prison."

"I don't believe in jail birds being allowed to marry."

"You mistake your peep'. This was a prominent banker and a militant suffragette."

A Good Thing.

"Now, this portable garage," began the salesman.

"I see the advantages," interrupted the prospective customer. "When the machine stalls I can haul the garage out and cover it up. What are they worth?"

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Waking up in the morning without bandages or breaks is one of the motorless man's compensations.

From the Nashville Tennessean.

That Chicago woman who insists that big men make better husbands than small men, failed to say whether she means big up and down or big around.

From the New York Tribune.

A famous Vermonter once offered battle "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," but it is to be doubted if the Green Mountain boys of to-day will rally to a mere moose call to the third term Armageddon.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

What need had Eve of new dresses with nobody to envy them?

From the Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The inveterate smoker who died at 30 years of age will be another of those unheeded warnings. The early grave has no terrors for some.

From the Indianapolis Star.

Ner can the prolonged trouble the French are having in Morocco serve to cheer up Italy much in its Tripolitan adventure.

Good Sleepers.

From the Chicago Tribune.

All the organs of life rest in some way or other. The heart has an interval of rest between each combined act of contraction and expansion and the beginning of a fresh act.

Between each expiration of the lungs and the succeeding inspiration there is a period of repose. Physiologists have calculated that the heart reposes during about one-fourth of the time. Certain of the other organs suspend their activity in part during sleep. Old physiologists supposed that sleep was caused by the pressure of the blood on the brain. But modern physiology, with a tendency to regard the brain as the origin of all force and of all functions of the body, inclines to the view that sleep is caused by a withdrawal of blood from the brain.

A curious trait has marked men of large brain—that of sleeping at will. Bonaparte used to throw himself on the ground and go to sleep within a space of two minutes. Pitt was a sound sleeper, and slept night after night in the House of Commons while his colleagues watched the debate and roused him when it was necessary that he should speak.

Work for the Editor.

From Mark's National Monthly.

It is said that any one can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks of the month, and twelve months of the year and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Lost Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Matherton threw a stone and struck a companion in the alley last Tuesday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from a church social Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaac Trimmer was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. White, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corncrib."

Our Alphabet Changing.

From an Exchange.

Alphabets are suffering a change of form at the hands of modern sign painters. For many years letters have held certain distinct forms, which gave them their names and classes. Sign painters, however, are cultivating the artistic side of their trade, and from various signs displayed all over the city there seems to be a great unanimity of opinion among them as to the appearance of certain letters in one of the alphabets.

This new idea seems to be a tendency to fill in and "balance" blank spaces, points out the Philadelphia Record. It was first to be observed on the letter "L." The painter saw fit to add a frill about the middle of the space betwen the base and the upright. Next the letter "O" of the series was attacked, and the ornamentation went in the middle, making the familiar letter resemble an old Greek "theta." "A" and "V" and "Q" have been the latest to be touched up.

If the idea spreads much further the entire alphabet will change its face.

From Judge.

Spare the broom and spoil the carpet.

COURT GOSSIP OF FOREIGN LANDS OF GENERAL INTEREST

The action on the part of the Italian government, denying the Pope privilege of hearing by long-distance phonographic arrangements the orations delivered and the hymns and chorals sung at the dedication of the newly repaired Campanile on the Piazza di San Marco in Venice, "for fear that such a liberal act might be construed as a weakening on the part of the Quirinal government toward re-establishing the temporal power of the Vatican," recalls to mind that while this particular instance certainly is to be deplored, the Holy See in many cases has shown similar intolerance toward others.

I read in a German paper that the controversy is to be renewed at Duesseldorf in regard to the Heine statue, planned in memory of the great genius and poet of fine, delicate feeling, who, born of Jewish parentage, had become a free thinker, to whom during his short but bewildering career nothing seemed sacred and whose biting sarcasm spared absolutely nothing.

Poor, deluded Heinrich Heine. So brilliant and yet so misunderstood! For no one knows better than the writer that that which appeared to be irony, criticism and skepticism was nothing but misanthropy of a spirit that knew himself to be the black sheep of the literary censors' of an almost benighted Germany. It has been often said that Heine hated his native land. No such thing. He only hated the red tape, the bureaucracy, the density of those in it who feared to let in the light of day, a liberal policy and the freemasonry of equality among men.

That is why the poet, on one of his journeys to Germany, so bitingly apostrophized the Prussian Eagle on the frontier near Aix Chapelle.

"Due Preussischer Adler mit Deinen Krallen . . . " that also is why, when seeing a drill of Prussian soldiers, he wailed that "they marched as if they had swallowed the ramrod" and that "Der Zopf der frueher von hinten hing, Der haengt jetzt unter der Nase . . ."

Poor, deluded Heine! I can still see him before my mind's eye, though it is many years since I visited him in his little flat in Montmartre Heights, in Paris—more years than I care to confess even to myself. Poor, great poet, heaven-born genius, who lived a century ahead of his time! There he lay, wasted away to a skeleton, suffering from Rueckenmark-Schwindsucht (spinal tuberculosis), on the worn couch that was to be his deathbed, yet trying to force a smile when, with palsied fingers, he attempted to lift his paralyzed eyelids in order to see who the caller was.

And his last words, an utterance which I shall never forget while I live—

Keine Messe wird man singen,
Keinen Kadisch wird man sagen,
Nichts gesagt und nichts gesungen:
Wird an seinem Sterbetagen. . . .

Great Powers above! And this was the man to whom the church refused the tribute planned for him by his fellow citizens, who, with the dawn of the era of liberty and literary light, was being better understood as the standard-bearer of the torch of freedom.

Will I ever get over my terrible experience of that afternoon of long ago? Just imagine what that wreck of a mental giant must have felt, with what thoughts he must have faced his journey to the great unknown, when he could make such an utterance on his deathbed.

A great reformer, a still greater genius, wonderfully talented, but physically so very, very weak. Poor Heinrich Heine!

The church functions and ceremonials in connection with the canonization of the Maid of Orleans will all be completed finally by the end of this year, when Joan d'Arc will be recognized as the patron saint of France. History has immortalized this peasant girl of Lorraine long ago, and the German poet, Schiller, in his famous tragedy, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," has spread the story of her courageous lead of the disheartened French troops against the invading British host and her fame still more.

She was burned at the stake in the city of Rouen in 1431—a sad ending of a life passionately devoted to her country, though perhaps a good deal of a visionary, for it cannot be denied that the brightly burning fire of her courage and patriotism had the effect of strengthening the morale of the French army, which then was at low ebb.

Her death being authenticated by the records in the archives of the ancient Cathedral City, and that she, consequently left no descendants, it is surprising that the French government has not long ago stopped the claims of numberless families that the famous Maid was their ancestress in a direct or indirect line. Yet there is no truth in the story that at the last moment she escaped to Metz with her brothers, and that she was married there and lived to be the mother of children. The steps taken by France in the days, almost five hundred years ago, when the memory of her heroic deeds still was fresh in the mind of the nation, may be said to be responsible for the unsubstantiated version of her marriage.

Two years before her terrible death King Charles VII, of France, granted patents of nobility to the girl's parents and brothers which stipulated that this nobility, accorded for her great services to her country, should descend in her family in the female and in the male line in the progeny of her brothers. This was pretty vague and resulted in so many claimants of descent of the historic Maid that something had to be done to put a stop to the ever increasing discovery of descendants of Jacques and Isabella d'Arc.

And despite all the aforesaid there is another claimant, in the person of a niece of the Comte de Maleyasie, who has discovered five autograph letters of the Maid in the library of the ancient castle of Beuvriere. This comte claims to be a collateral descendant of the great girl warrior. The story has created quite a sensation, despite the fact that the contents of these letters have not been made public.

So great was the number of pretended descendants of the parents of Joan of Arc even a hundred years after her eventful career that King Henry II of France was compelled to issue a decree restricting the nobles claiming descent from the Arc family to those who were living in knightly fashion and who had the means to support their rank. After another century had passed King Louis XIII issued another decree that no further application for a patent of nobility based upon the descent, either in the male or the female line, from Joan d'Arc would be granted.

Since then there has been a great decline in the descendants of Jacques and Isabella of Arc, mainly caused, no doubt, by extinction or immigration, or the great revolution of 1789. The French heraldry office—not a busy place these days—shows that there are about twenty families left which can prove a perfectly authenticated descent. All of these are in the female line. The most conspicuous of them is the house of Melcion, who are able to trace their lineage back 500 years.

Canonization of the heroine may all be very well and perhaps appropriate in a strictly Catholic land, but it has always seemed to me that the house of Bourbon-Orleans-Navarre has not sufficiently appreciated what the heroic example, the valor, the actual deeds in the field of battle of this peasant girl, this visionary to whom "the Holy Virgin had appeared in a dream, telling her to gird herself with sword and armor, and place herself at the head of the retreating French army," has meant to their dynasty. For if she had not driven back the victorious French and saved the life of Charles VII, that King never would have been able to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

The arms of the house of d'Arc show, on a blue shield, a perpendicular sword of silver, pointed upward, and supporting the crown of France. The sword and crown are flanked by the traditional lily of the French Bourbons.

Ever since the days of his early youth the German Kaiser has maintained relations of an intimate nature with some artists, which is not surprising, as both his parents had been great lovers of art and in their home men like von Angeli or von Werner were ever welcome guests. His late mother, while crown princess of Prussia, had her own little "atelier" in the Berliner Schloss, where the little Prince Wilhelm often was permitted to play about and later to make art studies.

When he grew up she gave him as his teacher Karl Salzmann, who had won her favor through his marine paintings. It was the influence of this artist upon the present Kaiser's artistic taste and development which led him to his pronounced love for pictures of the sea, and he always held his tutor in grateful remembrance, after he had ascended the German throne.

The painter, who by this time had arisen to the dignity of a professor, accompanied the Emperor upon all his trips to the land of the setting sun, all the way up to Hammerfest and the Scavaenger Fjord, for Kaiser Wilhelm liked him not only because of his great talent as a painter, but for his equable, genial temperament and his wit and humor. On one of these journeys Salzmann had just finished convulsing his hearers, who had gathered around him upon the deck of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, one evening, with laughter by telling them a popular Berlin joke, when the Emperor appeared among them. "Well," he said, "boys, you appear to be enjoying yourselves immensely."

"Your Majesty," he was told. "Salzmann has just told us one of his inimitable yarns."

"That so? Well, I must hear it too," said the Kaiser.

"But your majesty," stuttered the painter, greatly embarrassed, "that was not fit for your ears."

The artist tried to escape, but the Emperor, getting hold of a button on his jacket and pulling him to a corner of the deck, remarked with assumed severity, "There now, you must tell your story, I, your sovereign, command you to do so."

Of course, Salzmann, a very nervous painter by this time, told his yarn and the Kaiser laughed loud and long and because there was an "Uncle Hermann" in the plot, the shamefaced artist henceforth was so nicknamed. As a matter of fact each participant at these journeys had a special name imposed upon him by his mirthful circle.

This was the name he had to use when sending a petition, letters, or telegrams to his imperial master. Once Salzmann was post haste called to appear before the Kaiser, who was sojourning in the Reichslande (Alsace-Lorraine). On the way he missed his connections and tried to send a wire addressed to "His Imperial Majesty" that he would be some hours late in arriving at Strasbourg. This telegram he signed "Uncle Hermann." The key operator looked at the insignificant figure wrapped in an old-fashioned "havelock" surtout, and wearing on his head a slouch hat that evidently had seen better days, and becoming satisfied that the old fellow was trying to make him the victim of a jest, handed him back the telegram, saying, "We here are not in the habit of cracking jokes about the Emperor. Such a thing may make it go hard with both of us, I tell you."

"I am not joking in the least," replied the traveler. "I am sending this telegram and request that you forward it immediately."

"That won't do," answered the operator. "This message is for his Imperial Majesty and is signed, 'Your Uncle Hermann.' Are you an uncle of his Majesty?"

"See here, my man, that is none of your business," exploded the now thoroughly roused artist. I insist that you forward the message."

"Not if I know it. First show me your passport and get identified."

By this time both had become red in the face and were sputtering and swearing at each other. Luckily the station master appeared on the scene and explanations were in order. The message was sent, however.

On another occasion "Uncle Hermann" was a puzzle to another person, a high court official at that. The affair occurred in the Berliner Schloss, where the Kaiser gave his chief marshal the names of all those who were to accompany him on his next northland journey, in order to send out the invitations betimes. He concluded: "And of course, Uncle Hermann also." All of which the official noted down most respectfully. When the time came to mail these invitations no one in the imperial privy cabinet seemed to know what distinguished gentleman of the Imperial entourage was meant by "Uncle Hermann." Again and again they searched the Almanach de Gotha, but the only prince they can unearth by the name of Hermann is one of the House of Saxe-Weimar, but that gentleman had abdicated all his princely honors and was not related to the Kaiser. All in vain, and despair reigned in the chief marshal's office, where his excellency went about distracted and in a humor that made it impossible to go near him for fear of an explosion.

Finally the excellency, whether or not, had to take heart and heard the almighty ruler for an explanation as to who this mysterious Uncle Hermann was. The Kaiser quickly saw the joke and broke out into homeric laughter, telling every one of the "great joke on his excellency."

Another divorce case in Roman high life has created a great deal of talk among the American colony there. The separation of Prince Ludovico Rospigliosi from his American wife—she was Mildred Hazeltine—is the denouement of a family feud which has been waged for years among the American princesses of that name. On one side is the wife of the head of the house, Princess Giuseppe Rospigliosi, the former Miss Marie Reid, of New Orleans, who enjoys all the prestige and the great wealth of the old title. On the other side is the above-named Princess Ludovico Rospigliosi, a princess by courtesy only, and Princess Giambattista Rospigliosi, who was Ethel Bronson, of New York, and whose title is accorded also by courtesy only to the wife of a nephew of the only genuine prince of that house. Both Miss Hazeltine and Miss Bronson brought great American wealth as dowry to their Italian courtesy titles.

Their warfare against the former Marie Reid's recognition in Roman society aroused her friends to retaliate. The former Miss Hazeltine's affair with a French officer was discovered by them and placed before her husband, and the divorce is the outcome.

Prince Giuseppe Rospigliosi reached the age of fifty-three without having evinced the slightest intention of marrying. He was the soul of generosity to his numerous relatives. His palace just across from the Quirinal swarmed with his aunts and nieces, who lived there as long as they liked, ordered dinners and balls as they chose, bought whatever they fancied, and sent countless bills to be paid by their uncomplaining relative. FLANEUR.

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HOMESICKNESS

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

Homesickness is a state of pale, internal discomfort caused by the scarcity of home in the vicinity of the victim. Like seasickness, it can only be acquired by travel, but those who have carried it around with them and have had it clog up the æsophagus for weeks at a time assure us that it is not worth running after.

Homesickness begins with loss of appetite and afterward rises to the throat in the form of a large lump which has to be swallowed whenever the patient thinks of the dear old kitchen table or the long cherished woodshed, or the cherished salt pork of home. If not checked homesickness causes running from the eyes, profuse perspiration of the pen and even emaciation and death in rare instances.

Some people are immune to homesickness and cannot only stay away from home for years, but can also refrain from contributing to the support of the said home. Others begin to pine, however, before the train has gotten two stations beyond the loved old mud puddle beside the local depot. Doctors call homesickness "nostalgia" in a desperate effort to prove that they know something about it, but no one bothers to call a physician for the disease. A letter carrier is twice as beneficial and a round-trip ticket is almost a sure cure.

The world is full of people suffering from homesickness while heroically pursuing the dollar in far climates. It is no uncommon thing for a rich man with a $100,000 marble sleeping and eating place to fog up and get husky when he thinks of the dear little four-room home, with detached tub back in the summer kitchen, where he grew up with the assistance of three thrashings a day. The size of the home makes no difference with the virulence of the sickness either. In fact a cottage can produce a more terrible case than a Fifth Avenue mansion. There are vast palaces which have never caused a single case of homesickness. This is because to produce this sickness a place must have some home in it.

While suffering from homesickness the patient is feverish and miserable and should be entertained as violently as possible in order to confuse his mind and keep it from remembering. John Howard Payne once wrote a song which acts on such patients as violently as golden rod acts on hay fever sufferers. Whenever "Home, Sweet Home" is played some sufferer from homesickness is certain to get stuffy and red about the nose and to suffer for several days from shattered spirits.

Boys who only come home to meals and to sleep and who have to be found with a search warrant at other times are very susceptible to homesickness and

"THINKS OF THE DEAR OLD KITCHEN TABLE"

often suffer from it when they go to college. On the other hand tender, sheltered girls will go visiting for years and years, only returning home during the dress making season and will show no signs of it whatever.

It is a sad sight to see a brave young man struggling in a great city with a passionate longing for home which is gnawing his vitals into Battenberg lace. But this is not as sad as to see a prosperous young man prospering in perfect health from year to year while his old mother reads last year's letter from him over and over and hopes that he will drop in for a day or two at the old place before she dies. A little homesickness often tones up the soul a good deal and doesn't hurt the patient in the least.

BOURNE PREDICTS ALL-YEAR CONGRESS

Senator Says Country's Business in Future Will Demand Continuous Sessions.

Hereafter Congress must remain in session almost the whole year round, according to the prediction of Senator Jonathan Bourne, jr., of Oregon.

"It looks to me," said the Senator today, "That the pressure of public business and the needs of the country will require that the national legislature sit almost continuously in Washington. This year Congress has been in session about nine months, and next year and all succeeding years I look for the same conditions to prevail. Important problems in popular government remain to be solved and it will take a long time each year to consider them intelligently and in such a manner as to satisfy the public. The people demand that we give their interests earnest consideration and it will take most of the time available each year to meet their demands."

"When we have worked out the problems of campaigning and nominations, it will not be necessary for Congressmen or Senators to leave their desks in Washington to present reasons to their constituents why they should be returned to office. We must devise some way of informing the electors of the respective merits of candidates for office; that is, some medium of publicity to their records and personal platforms that will abviate the necessity of their records and personal platforms that will obviate the necessity of their spending large amounts of time and money to convey their ideas to the voters. When that is done there will be no necessity of any legislator being absent from his duties here for any great length of time.

TWELVE FLIGHTS AT COLLEGE PARK

Army Aviators Spend Busy Day, Staying in Air Ten to Twenty Minutes on Each Attempt.

Twelve flights, all in the course of routine instruction, filled yesterday's programme at the army aviation camp at College Park. The aviators were in the air from ten to twenty minutes each, and went through their regular evolutions with no attempt at the spectacular.

Lieut. Thomas De Witt Milling made two flights with passengers, Lieut. J. Evans going with him for twelve minutes and Capt. F. D. Hennessy for twenty minutes. Lieut. F. M. Kennedy made two flights in the double control Curtis. Lieut. H. H. Arnold carried Capt. De Forest Chandler, commander of the camp, aloft in the Wright weight-carrying machine. Capt. Chandler, who has been using a left control, is now learning a right control.

Lieut. L. C. Rockwell made a flight in a Wright machine, staying aloft ten minutes. Lieut. Harold Seiger took the double control Curtis up for a flight of fifteen minutes.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

GOOD WORD FOR THE MOUNTAINEER

New Story of the Cause of the Allen Tragedy of Last Spring.

To the Editor: We hear considerable gossip about the Allens in the mountains of Virginia, and it is all unfavorable. Why should the press of the country as a rule poison the public mind and drive these men to the penitentiary or the electric chair?

Knowing the mountain people of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, as I do, to be loyal to the right as they see it, in peace as well as in war, I made inquiry not long ago as to the cause of the wholesale slaughter in the courthouse on that day when the judge, Sheriff, and clerk were shot, and sure enough, as I expected, I found a cause.

Floyd Allen was a prosperous man in the community. He had a sister die, leaving a boy fifteen or sixteen years of age. This boy was indicted with others for disturbing public worship. He had a severe spell of sickness in the meantime. Floyd Allen sent the authorities word that he would go on the boy's bond and would sign it when he came to the "county seat." A few days later he started to town and came across a deputy sheriff who had his nephew handcuffed and walking him into town.

The boy was still weak from the spell of sickness and Floyd Allen pulled his revolver and made the officer turn him loose to go back home. Allen went on to town and give bond for the boy's appearance. The boy had his trial and was acquitted. Allen was indicted for turning his nephew loose and sentenced to the penitentiary a year or two for the crime. The shooting of the officers of the court followed.

When law commits such injustices contrary to reason and common sense, it will stir up the blood of the mountaineer. When the narrative given is considered fairly no one can say that the Allens ought to be hanged for their crime.

The hot-blooded mountaineer only wants to be treated fair and if he is not, he will know the reason why.

As a rule the mountaineers are poor, but they are clever and never turn a stranger away for a night's lodging. This cannot be said of the families who reside in the lowlands. The mountaineer makes the best friend. If you great him right he will fight for you. He cares little for wealth, but usually has plenty to eat. The lowlander is after wealth, and that breeds jealousy of the fellow who has more than him. The mountaineer can have a fence, a house, or a barn built, or a crop of corn shucked by neighbors in a day. This is the brotherhood of man! Give the mountaineer fair play! ELAINE NEWPORT.

81 G Street Northeast.

Steamer Wrecked; Six Lost.

London, Sept. 2.—Six lives were lost in the wreck of the British steamship Criccieth Castle, in the Falkland Islands, and the fate of seven others is in doubt, according to mail advices received today by Lloyds.

FUNNYBIRDS.

The Hen—I thought you said we would have a fine day!
"Well, haven't we?"