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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912.

Why Russia Is Coming to Terms.

Apparently the Russian Bear is slowly awakening from his long winter's sleep. When the commercial treaty between the United States and that empire was abrogated last year by Mr. Taft, with the consent of Congress, it was reported that the state of resentment there was such as to make any overtures for a new treaty improbable. But, behold, the Muscovite attitude has changed, for there is hardly any doubt that tentative proposals looking to that end are being discussed at St. Petersburg "in camera."

This in itself should be ample to convince the Democrats who fought the measure on the ground that American trade would suffer by the abrogation of the treaty, and that, therefore, the first overture would have to come from this government, that there was more jingoism than patriotism in their opposition at the time. Incidentally, Americans, as a rule, travel very little in Russia, and our trade with that country is insignificant. The whole thing was solely a question of national honor, the passes of American citizens having been ignored and a protection denied them which that treaty was supposed to have guaranteed them.

The history of Muscovite diplomacy ever has been one of a waiting policy, to lay quietly in ambush in order to give the other fellow an opportunity to take the first step. But once having come to the conclusion that Russia, in commerce, needs us more than we do Russia, the Cabinet will not be slow to say, "pater peccavi." It is a question at present of the right side of the trade balance sheet.

But if our State Department is under the impression that Russia is giving in because she has seen the error of her former ways, it fails to appreciate the Russian disposition in its true value.

"Rough-house" Audiences.

Close political observers here in Washington, Bull Moosers not excluded, admit that Mr. Roosevelt's Western tour has been a failure. Of course, there was some enthusiasm, and some large audiences, especially in certain sections where "rough house" always is welcome. But a careful scrutiny of the papers fails to show any unusual demonstration.

The "trailers" from the Republican army, Harlan and Bede, have had fully as large audiences and were just as cordially received. Incidentally, it is their personality, their logic, and their convincing arguments that has put new life into the Republican campaign. The poor showing of the Bull Moosers in Minnesota also is a body blow for Roosevelt. If anything, it shows that the strength of the party in that State is waning. All this is quite discouraging for Roosevelt's financial backers.

Another telling defection occurred Thursday when Col. Frederick Hale, member of the Republican National Committee for Maine, the man who captured the Maine delegation for Mr. Roosevelt, publicly and definitely advocated the re-election of Mr. Taft. "He sees no need of a third party and will endeavor to reunite Republicans and Progressives against the common enemy."

Mr. Harlan, a son of the late Justice of the United States Supreme Court, openly accuses Perkins of grubstaking the colonel because he expects to share the profits later, basing his contention on previous compensation for former favors.

The Latest Ananias Addition.

No less distinguished a personage than the Democratic candidate for President has been made a member of the Ananias Club, which ought to be joyful tidings to the other members. Mr. Roosevelt declares Gov. Wilson's statements in relation to trusts and the Progressives are not in accordance with facts. He adds that Mr. Wilson should be above misquoting facts in order to bolster up his arguments, and he concludes with the statement that Wilson is a believer in the outworn doctrine of the benefits of unlimited and reckless competition.

As the colonel never has bolstered up his argument with palpable untruths, as he never—no never—has misquoted facts, and he has never upheld the trusts and their deliberate killing of all competition, The Herald must confess that no man has more indisputable right to call down and swear at his rivals and to consign them to the Ananias gathering, than he has!

The Cardinal and Women's Vote.

It is not quite clear whether Cardinal Gibbons in his utterance against equal suffrage has meant to lay more emphasis upon the actual evil of divorce than upon the possible increase of that social expedient through the granting of votes to women.

His Eminence calls divorce a social blot. He considers it the greatest evil of the day, especially in its effect upon the children. When coupling divorce with woman suffrage, however, the Cardinal can say nothing worse than that it might have a tendency of increasing divorce owing to a probable deceiving basis of a false independency. But in contradistinction it may be advanced that the right to vote would increase woman's responsibility, and that it is the very lack of this feeling which works against permanency in marriage.

This brings us to the question whether Cardinal Gibbons' point is well taken! With men the increase of responsibility builds up an attitude of more responsibility, and there is nothing to show that their sex brings to women, with the vote, also a social laxity or irresponsibility. The leading appeals in favor of woman suffrage and their main propaganda is "child welfare" and education, and in the Scandinavian states, where equal suffrage has been in successful operation for some years, divorce is not increasing.

A more careful analysis no doubt would have brought the venerable Cardinal to the conclusion that there are other—real—causes for increasing divorce in our midst. Craving for excitement, for luxury, dislike of restrictions, are the prevailing roots of that social evil.

We are inclined to say that the addition of several thousand women's ballots to the vote of suffrage States would be more likely to influence legislation in favor of domesticity.

The Steam Roller at Beverly.

Dropping off the train as it pulls into the bright and airy little depot at the North Shore town where President Taft is "summering" again this year, the first thing which greets the eye of the new arrival is a torn up and partly repaved street, the new stretches of the concrete being flattened out by a steam roller.

Of course, there would be nothing to comment upon the coincidence between this de facto "flattener" and the political squeezer that was in use at Chicago, were it not for the fact that 'longside this Beverly machine a board sign tells us that "this steam roller is in full operation!"

In Beverly! Whoever would have thought such a thing? And is this the cause or one of the causes why John Hays Hammond, Mr. Taft's stanch ally, to-day is addressing the natives?

Fireproof Dresses.

An English professor has at last perfected a device for the permanent fireproofing of all kinds of cotton goods and given satisfactory demonstration before the faculty of the College of the City of New York. The one big problem, he explained, was to overcome the "elbow grease" of the powerful washerwoman augmented by the modern washing machine and the use of strong soaps.

The demonstration showed that the material is run through a solution of sodium stannate of some 45 degrees in such a manner that it becomes thoroughly impregnated. It is then squeezed to remove the excess of the solution, passed over heated copper drums to dry it thoroughly, after which it is run through a solution of ammonium sulphate and again squeezed and dried.

A long series of trials under the most stringent conditions have proved conclusively that material subjected to this process is fireproofed permanently, as no amount of washing with soap and hot water will be able to remove the fireproofing chemicals. The ability of resisting flame lasts as long as the material itself lasts. To prove this the professor dragged out from a handbag an old faded rag, a lamentable fragment of a yellow petticoat which had been worn by the daughter of a washerwoman in Manchester for four years, which had been washed by hand twenty-five times and washed in a washing machine thirty-five times. A torch was touched to the petticoat, but there was no cause for alarm, for not a thread would burn.

What an incalculable boon for the reckless housewife who will persist in lighting the kitchen stove with kerosene, or the danseuse who steps too near the footlights. What a boon for all women who love to dress in the flimsiest, easily inflammable gauze stuff or muslin. And last, but not least, what a boon for theatergoers, if they would only stop crowding at a fire panic!

It's a mean man that won't give a promise is an old saying, but when a man walked into a local bank and asked for $25,000 he was given a ride in a patrol wagon but no promise. Another old adage is shattered.

St. Louis and Chicago can now forget their old feud. The president of the Mothers' Congress of Washington gives the women of the metropolis of the country and the Capital of the nation the palm for having big-footed girls who use the largest stockings. Incidentally, this may have something to do with the lack of demand for the stepless street car.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A TRICKY MONTH.

September is a joker.
She chills us at the shore.
She gets us back, and then, alack,
Turns on the heat once more.

September is a joker,
As every year we learn.
She cools off some and gets us home.
Then roasts us to a turn.

September is a joker.
She roasts us 'till we bleat.
We seek the beach and then we screech
When she turns off the heat.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

We should all study the careers of our great men. A good way is to get on an investigating committee.

Always Alone.

"When are you alone in the store?" asked the friend.

"Pretty much all the time," answered the clerk. "My boss doesn't advertise."

September 21 in History.

September 21, 1537—Henry VIII is severely bitten by a dodo. He was always in trouble.

September 21, 1815—Charles I is benched by Manager Cromwell.

A Slight Mistake.

"Fine food display you have here. The samples taste good. Can I order some of this stuff?"

"Sir," said the horrified attendant, "that is adulterated food which we are exhibiting as a horrible example. How can you say that it tastes good?"

Golden September.

Apples mellow, golden sheaves;
Red and yellow autumn leaves.
Harvest frolic, country fair;
Joys bucolic everywhere,

A Good Business Scheme.

"What are you figuring there?" inquired the friend.

"This matinee idol gets $200 a week, I'm told," answered the druggist.

"What of it?"

"I was just wondering if I could afford to hire him to draw soda for me."

Not in These Days.

"Father," said the young man, "I cannot tell a lie."

"In that case," sighed the old man, "I don't believe you will every attract any attention politically."

Why Not?

"I'm feeling well to-day, my mind is at ease, and my business is good."

"Why are you going around telling people that?"

"Well, we always put up a holler when things go wrong. Why shouldn't we occasionally admit that things are going right?"

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

From the Indianapolis News.

In Santo Domingo, too, eh? It begins to look as if the intervening business were becoming very brisk.

From the Boston Transcript.

Yet there are honest men even in New York.

From the Houston Chronicle.

Whitman is finding that in the white light district are some pretty dark doings.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Dr. Wiley's attack on Roosevelt might be called part of his poor feud policy.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

We trust that Frank Hitchcock doesn't propose to interfere with the young ladies having their Sunday evening males.

From the Albany Journal.

The smaller and meaner a man is, the easier it is for him to abuse the President of the United States.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The Republican national Moose hunters, John M. Harlan and J. Adam Bede, are stirring the West with their exposure of the Roosevelt sophistries. Harlan declares the colonel is an actor and shows that, having been born rich, Roosevelt is and always has been one of the governing class which he affects to denounce. Mr. Bede makes a convincing exhibit of the good work of President Taft and shows him in striking contrast with the third-term candidate.

MANY TESTIFY IN ANNEXATION SUIT

City Officials on Stand Tell Judge that City of Alexandria Is Governed Well.

Special to The Washington Herald.

Alexandria County Court House, Sept. 20.—That there is practically no police protection in Fairfax County, and that he had been held up six times during the past few years, was testified this afternoon by Charles E. Corgan, an Alexandria lawyer, living in Fairfax County, at the hearing of the Alexandria annexation suit. Mr. Corgan was placed on the stand by counsel for the city for the purpose of showing the need of better police protection in that part of Fairfax County, which the city wishes to annex. From this counsel will argue that the proposed annexation would benefit the residents of the county.

Something of a sensation was sprung when Charles T. Good, chief of the Alexandria police, admitted that whisky was sold in city resorts and that no arrests for the violation of the law had been made. He also said that there were nineteen policemen on the force, and there were 1,400 arrests during the past year.

Crandal Mackey, counsel for Alexandria County, set the court room in an uproar when he inquired of one of the city's witnesses who was testifying concerning Alexandria's sources of revenues.

Humor in Hearing.

"My good man, might I inquire whether or no the annual hay crop from the streets of Virginia's fairest of cities is included as one of the sources of revenue?"

Even his honor burst into laughter at the facetious remark, and counsel for the city had a difficult time to keep from smiling.

Samuel H. Lunt, a real estate operator, who was placed on the stand by the city, proved in the course of the examination to be a witness for the counties. He testified that money was extremely scarce in Alexandria, and also deposed that of late many new houses had been built in the city.

John E. Normoyle, a real estate broker, testified that there were practically no building sites in the city on account of the congested condition. Robert E. Gronau, chief of the fire department, deposed that the department was sufficiently well equipped to give adequate protection to the territory which it is proposed to annex. Howard Smith, a member of the city council, testified as to the congested condition in Alexandria.

City's Expenditures.

James Bayne, an expert bookkeeper, told of the city expenditures during the past ten years, and Frank W. Latham, superintendent of the Alexandria Gas Works, testified that the plant was fully able to supply the county territory with gas should it become annexed. Theodore Ale, superintendent of the Virginia Glass Company, declared that there was insufficient police protection in Fairfax County. R. L. Ames, foreman for the Southern Bell Telephone Company, testified as to the telephone service, and John J. Minor, foreman for the Postal Telegraph Company, told of the number of miles of telegraph wire strung in Alexandria and environs.

George Uhler, secretary-treasurer of the Alexandria Water Company, deposed that the city reservoir contained 16,580,000 gallons of water, or 100 gallons per capita for the population of Alexandria. He said that the reservoir was fully large enough to supply the people of the county territory, which it is proposed to annex.

The city will probably close its case to-morrow. At the close of the hearing to-morrow Judge Bennett C. Gordon will adjourn court for two weeks, as he is compelled to go to Nelson County to preside over the court there. Upon his return the case will be taken up again.

Fire Drives 200 Families Out.

Philadelphia, Sept. 20.—More than 200 families living in the territory bounded by Front and Second Streets and Catharine and Fitzwater Streets were driven from their homes to-day when the warehouse of the Gilles-Monville Paper and Woolen Mills Supply Company, 127-129 Catharine Street, burned. The damage was $75,000.

DEFECTS DUE TO HEREDITY, SAYS DR. HUTCHINSON

Continued from Page One.

viewpoint of the lower animal. These changes have not made the lower animal any more fit to meet life, to withstand hardships contingent on a normal lower-animal existence."

Attempts to breed geniuses, Dr. Hutchinson said, has proven a dismal failure, and has resulted in the starving out of from five to seven geniuses for every one bred in a given community. The largest part of the things which have made men unfit to breed superman are hereditary, he said, and no one but George Bernard Shaw has presumed to have knowledge of how to breed a race of superman.

Blame on Heredity.

"Investigation has shown that from 2 to 3 per cent of the people in every community are congenitally unfit to reproduce, and from these are sprung all our feeble-minded, most of our insane, most of our epileptics, many of our criminals and paupers, and most of our prostitutes," he said.

"If we can manage to break into this stream in one way or another we can stop this defect in human breeds. We should have careful examination of children in public and private schools to discover these defects, and those children in which such defects are discovered should be removed to a different environment, a comfortable, happy school in the country, where they would be treated with the greatest possible care, but where they would be prevented from reproducing their kinds by permanent segregation.

"These traits are not increasing under civilization. We simply are perpetuating in each new generation the defects of the preceding generation."

Supply Reservoirs.

Dr. Hutchinson said that this class of ill-born is drawn chiefly from two great reservoirs, namely, small, segregated rural communities, and from wealthy families, "where drones and eccentric defectives are protected by their wealth and position from, so to speak, the fool-killer."

In this class, said Dr. Hutchinson, eccentricities, which in others would be defects, are protected and perpetuated and considered in the nature of a special badge of distinction.

Dr. Hutchinson touched on the alcohol traffic and dissented from the belief that it is growing and pulling down the race. After calling to mind the hard-drinking days of the fathers, Dr. Hutchinson did not believe "the lily-fingered drinking which is going on at the present day" should frighten the human race. Moreover, and here Dr. Hutchinson stirred up more criticism, he believed a great part of the alcoholism is hereditary. In replying to criticisms for this belief, Dr. Hutchinson had to call to mind the words of a noted French student, who remarked: "There is no doubt but that alcohol is a great stimulant, and it excites those who do not take it hardly less than those who do."

Race Average High.

"About 97 per cent of the entire human race is born normal and sound," he concluded. "The general average of the race is high and good. The chief aim of eugenics is the recognition of this fact. We must alter our attitude in regard to the great mass of the people. We have actually taken, in our inspired uninteligence, this 2 or 3 per cent as creatures which we all would become if not held down by the strong arm of the law, and we have allowed the attitude to color our thoughts until we have built up a code of moral and criminal law which for savagery, stupidity, and reactionarism would be hard to match short of another planet. The thing most needed in eugenics is to preserve and perpetuate the normal virtues of the 97 per cent of the race, to adopt a benevolence of spirit, and a mental attitude such as was assumed by the great Lincoln when he said, 'God must have loved the plain people, he made so many of us.'"

Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, of New York, was the first to take issue with Dr. Hutchinson in the discussion which followed, particularly with the view that prostitution and alcoholism are largely hereditary. Prostitution, he said, has been brought on by man and is a man's question, not a woman's. Dr. Hutchinson, in replying, said that undoubtedly this was so, but that men were a secondary rather than a primary cause; that investigation had shown between sixty and seventy per cent of this kind of women to be mentally and physically so constituted from birth that they were unable to protect themselves, to earn their own livelihood, and that while it was the shame of the male sex that they have taken advantage of this, and that prostitution has grown up as a result, the primary cause was, nevertheless, hereditary and ill-borness.

The evening programme also included papers by Prof. William T. Sedgwick, of Boston; Dr. Winthrop Talbot, of Cleveland; Dr. A. J. Orenstein, of the Canal Zone; Dr. Eduardo Licoaga, of Mexico; Dr. L. L. Lumsden, of the Public Health Service; Dr. R. M. Simpson, of Canada; Dr. Thomas Tetreau, of North Yakima, Wash.; Dr. William C. Hansen, of Boston; Dr. Charles P. Bolman, of New York, and Dr. John A. Amyot, of Canada.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, of Paris, the celebrated expert on vital statistics, who was elected an honorary member of the association, addressed the meeting briefly.

Colorado Springs was selected as the next place of meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Dr. Rudolph Hering, New York; first vice president, Dr. W. R. Batt, Harrisburg, Pa.; second vice president, Dr. James Roberts, Hamilton, Ontario; third vice president, Dr. J. E. Monjarme, Mexico; secretary, Prof. Solakar M. Gunn, Boston; treasurer, Dr. Livingston Farrand, New York; executive committee (two-year term), Dr. J. Y. Peters, Florida; Dr. J. F. Anderson, and Dr. W. G. McKay.

AVIATOR DASHED TO DEATH.

Russell Blair Lunges Fifty Feet to Ground in Des Moines, Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 20.—Aviator Russell Blair, aged twenty-one, of Kansas City, met instant death this afternoon while giving an exhibition flight, his Curtiss biplane lunging fifty feet to the ground while he was attempting to ascend. An air pocket was the cause of his accident. The machine dropped like a plummet and Blair was dead before the wreckage of the machine could be removed. Blair's neck was broken by the weight of the engine and the propeller slashed his body in a horrible manner.

More Dam Victims Sue.

Corning, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Twenty-one more suits have been filed at Coudersport, Pa., for death claims growing out of the Austin flood which occurred when the Bayless Pulp and Paper Company's dam broke a year ago. There are now seventy-five suits for damages pending against the company.

Our Coinage.

From the Rochester Post-Express.

We are going to have a new 5-cent piece—whole pockets full of them, we may hope—and of a design novel to our coins. One side will show an Indian head and the other a buffalo, and if we did not have the easily-uttered, gibby-flowing word, nickel, we might call the new coin a buff or a buffalo, as a time saver over 5-cent piece. Whether the Treasury Department will delete the ancient, thirteen-letter motto—e pluribus unum—remains to be seen. Probably the Secretary will go slow in making needless changes, on the theory that it is wiser not to trouble trouble till trouble troubles him. For we have no bull moose in the White House now ready to knock God off the national coins without any reason why and just for the sake of showing what he could do. The suggestion is also made that we have a 2 1-2-cent coin, nickel or copper, and why wouldn't that be preferable to a 3-cent piece? It would fit better into our decimal scheme and make a shilling, or an odd number of them, mean something once more. Why might not Congress properly authorize the mint to stamp out a few tons of them on trial? We should soon know whether they filled a long-felt want or not.

$565

PLAN 92

Buys all the needed Lumber, Mill Work, &c. to build this beautiful and comfortable home of seven (7) rooms, with porches, front hall with open stairway, pantry and closets, and all No. 1 qualities of materials, delivered anywhere near our city, and plans free to our customers.

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DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

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

This is the birthday of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was the first of the mighty Johnsons who have speckled history and are even at this minute congesting political tickets, the magazines and the sporting sections with their achievements.

Dr. Johnson was born in England in 1709, and this was about as far as his parents helped him along his way. He grew up with more patches than advantages and struggled on until the age of twenty-eight in great poverty, fitting himself for a literary life by living on one meal a day. When he had learned to live on hope and an occasional loaf of bread, he went to London and began to produce literature. There was at that time a ready market in London for hogs, cattle, tripe, fish, wood, butter, and Yarmouth bloaters, but nobody had any use for literature and Johnson lived on yesterday's breakfast and to-morrow's prospects for many years, producing novels and dictionaries on piecemeal pay and learning to dodge a bill collector or a constable with an almost incredible definess. In 1762, his merits were recognized by a powerful nobleman and he was granted a pension which was equivalent to writing a best seller in these days.

Johnson lived thereafter in great comfort and at the top of his voice for many years, producing books profusely and arguing many hours a day on a vast number of topics while surrounded by admiring friends. He was a ponderous man with a great, shaggy voice, with which he used to blow his opponents out of range with a mighty blast of percheron adjectives, thus closing every argument. He was famous for his knowledge of the English language and could at a minute's notice define any two syllabled word in two dozen words of nine syllables each. His debates and sayings were faithfully reported by Boswell, who was his Jacob Riis, and Boswell's life of Johnson is more famous than anything which Johnson himself wrote. In fact, Johnson was made immortal not by what he wrote, but by what Boswell wrote of him, which shows that we of the present have much to learn from the press agents of the past.

Owing to the deplorable gap of 150 years between Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt, a debate between these two

"First of the mighty Johnsons who have speckled history."

men cannot be arranged and the world will never be privileged to hear a collision between these two invincible vocabularies.

(Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.)

ROOSEVELT FINDS CAUSE FOR WRATH

Colonel Jumps on Republican Committee for Throwing Out Progressive Members.

Omaha, Nebr., Sept. 20.—His arch enemies, the Republican National Committee, came in for a peppery onslaught from Col. Roosevelt here to-night for its abrupt action in throwing the Roosevelt committeemen out this week and replacing them with Taft men.

The colonel mildly rapped William J. Bryan for his insinuation that the Progressives had appropriated the striking features of the Democratic platform and took a fling at Victor Rosewater, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, leader of the Taft forces in Nebraska, for his part in the steam roller tragedy at the Chicago Convention.

The colonel came here to-night after a rapid run through Nebraska, during which he stopped off at Lincoln long enough to express his feelings about Mr. Bryan before 3,000 of the Democratic leader's townspeople.

Roosevelt met with a lively greeting everywhere, although the crowds were not so large as those that cheered him in his invasion of the State during the spring primaries.

In his swing through the State the colonel was accompanied by Gov. Aldrich, one of the seven Roosevelt Governors who signed the call for him to take up the nomination fight against President Taft.

Devoting himself to the attack on the National Convention Committee, Roosevelt, at the Auditorium here, alluded to the Republican bosses as the "kind of creatures you have to reform with a club."

The former President gave Gov. Aldrich, who sat on the platform with him at Lincoln, something of a jolt when he referred to Gov. Johnson as having done more for progressive legislation than any other Governor who ever lived. Aldrich has been campaigning on what he considers a strikingly progressive record.

Roosevelt departed to-night for a day of stumping in other parts of Nebraska and in Kansas, winding up to-morrow at Topeka.

BOARDWALK GLASS CANOPY.

Hotel Manager Would Cover Part of Atlantic City Promenade.

Atlantic City Correspondence New York Times.

A plan to cover forty feet of the width of the Boardwalk with a glass and steel framed canopy, so that visitors need not be confined to their hotels in wet weather, was proposed at a meeting of the City Business League to-day by Albert T. Bell, of the Chalfonte, one of the largest of the beach-front hotels.

Mr. Bell suggested that the business men first widen the Boardwalk from sixty feet through the hotel and amusement district, and then cover forty feet of the structure on the inner side, so that travel need never be interrupted by rain or snow. He suggested that the steel and glass canopy be erected on a line with the second story building level, and have curtains to cut off the glare of the sun in midsummer. "Adopt something of this kind," said he, "and boardwalk business, which is now suspended entirely every time it rains, would not be dependent upon the vagaries of the weather."

The league discussed the proposals informally, but took no action. The increased revenue, it was contended, would soon pay the entire cost of the transformation of the promenade.

The business men also took up a suggestion offered by the Rev. Thomas J. Cross, in the course of a memorial service for the late Melvin Canlman, skipper of the airship Akron, to erect a memorial for Vaniman and his crew on the site of the hangar where the aerial cruiser, which collapsed and carried its crew to death in the ocean, was built.

THE BIG STICK

Wielded for the Uplift. A Hit for Every Head.

VOL. VI. NO. 19. WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912. ONE CENT.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

James F. Kelly, a well-known barbecuer of our town, has returned from Atlantic City, where he visits every summer for the purpose of rescuing "a beautiful young heiress wearing a red bathing cap" from a watery grave. Jimmy was a fountain pen journalist among other things once upon a time, and this summer's story telling of his "courage and daring in rescuing the drowning maiden" was a perfect dream (pipe dream), and furnished indisputable evidence of Jimmy's fertile brain and vivid imagination. Jim's a bird.

P. S.—Jimmy Green says Kelly's knowledge of swimming is no comparison to his efficiency in romancing.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Homer Dodge is really deserving a lot of credit for his Kiplingesque attitude. Homer is positively growing round-shouldered and chicken-breasted carrying that heavy literary cane, circumferential Latin Quarter cap, and literary atmosphere. But Homer is an American after all, and, although he admires Kipling, he says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Laura Jean Libbey, and Mr. Bok, of the L. H. J., can "lay it all over Rudyard." Homer is getting older every day.

OUR STATESMEN TALK.

Said John F. Costello to J. Fred Kelley:

"Well, Fred, we are going to have the tariff discussion all over again."

"I don't care if we do, John," replied Fred. "I've sold the seven shares of stock I had in a woolen mill, and am confident that the nation will endure even if the tariff on woolen goods is reduced 20 per cent ad valorem. Have a drink, John?"

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

Handsome Bob Cranston, who put Doc White on the baseball map, is a Progressive for sure. Just take a look at "Bull Moose" Bob's trained turtle which disports itself every day in his store on Fourteenth Street between Chisolmet's and the White House Lunch, and be convinced. Bob says he knows a thing or two in the political game, and the turtle stunt is one of the two things.

A TIN ROOF!

Dave Stern says he likes the Raleigh roof because you can get a "drink on the house" up there. Officer!

GOOD WINTER FRIEND.

Knows All About Dusky Diamonds and Kindred Products.

Dr. David T. Day has several titles to a place in The Big Stick's Hall of Fame. He is a mineralogist of established reputation, and holds a prominent position in the Geological Survey, where he frames up reports on mineral coal, petroleum, and kindred materials. He is an expert in gas coals and knows to a nicety how much illuminating product may be derived from a given quantity of coal of a specified quality. Naturally he is a chemist, and knows the difference between a test tube and a retort.

Dr. Day is a forceful speaker and is in much demand before scientific bodies for his views upon the latest word regarding the value of coal deposits, the probability of certain petroleum wells ruining dry and various and sundry topics in which he never fails to interest his audience.

Dr. Day has made an extensive study of the mineral resources of the Southern States and has addressed many gatherings which have for their object the exploitation of the resources of that section.

He is placed in the Hall of Fame because he should be there on general principles, and because he is a learned and amiable gentleman on whom the chaplet of learning sets easily and has made him neither a snob nor a pedant.

CAN'T STOP HIM.

K. Maurita said she did
Never, never, have a fit;
Not of shoes, or gowns, or things,
But a regular fit; by jinks.

JAN E. WILLIAMS.

ENTERPRISING.

A salesman for the Droop piano house claims that his firm is the only one using genuine ivory for keys that they have bought up all the elephants in the world.

NOT LILLIAN RUSSELL'S

"Big Stick.

"Dear Editor: A gentleman friend of mine told me last night my elbows looked like goats' knees, and I don't like it one bit. Please give me a tonic for the same and tell me how I can get dimples in my knees, and oblige,

"FLOSSIE."

A liberal application of a stiff brush and soap and water (repeated daily as long as you feel to the afflicted part of your elbows will eradicate the malady. As to dimples on your knees, we refer you to Schmid, the birdman.

EDITOR BIG STICK.

A FRUITLESS TASK.

I. J. Costigan, a popular young attorney of this city, is making strenuous efforts on the Y. M. C. A. tennis courts every morning to preserve his Apollo de Belvidere figure within the strictest lines of artistic symmetry. I. J. avers that the air and sunshine will be and by cover his bald pate with a luxurious growth of raven-black locks. He is loyally assisted in his laudable and highly commendable efforts by John Kirby, one of the finest newspatherers that ever came down the A. P. pike, and no mistake.

A TRAGIC (BOB) TALE.

(With apologies to Thackeray.)

There lived a dog in days of yore,
And he a handsome bob-tail wore,
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change that bob-tail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round.
But when he looked, alas! he found
That still it hung behind him.

Then round and round and out and in,
All day that bob-tail'd dog did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The bob-tail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still his bob-tail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

He never let his efforts slack,
But all his life did twist and tack;
In death, still faithful to his back,
That bob-tail hung behind him.