THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
1322 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

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

Telephone Main 2300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:

Daily and Sunday	45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday	$5.40 per year
Daily, without Sunday	35 cents per month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:

Daily and Sunday	45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday	$5.40 per year
Daily, without Sunday	35 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday	$3.90 per year
Sunday, without Daily	$2.40 per year

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Chicago Representative, A. R. KEATOR, 710 Hartford Building.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1912.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

There is one feature of the political situation which is not being overlooked by the men who hope to see the Republican party regain its prestige. This feature is the important part which minor offices play in keeping a political organization together.

If present conditions continue it is not alone the Federal administration which will be under Democratic control. With a divided Republican party in practically every State it will be impossible to prevent the Democrats from capturing the Governorship and all the State offices two years hence in every Commonwealth where the Democrats are not already in power. More than this, the county administrations will become Democratic, and Republicans and Progressives alike will wander among the husks while the Democrats feed at every well-filled crib.

This is not a pleasant prospect, especially to those men who regard a county commissionership as really of more importance to their personal interest than the Presidency of the United States. These men—and they are located in every county—are vitally interested in seeing that unity is secured. There are men in public life today whose future political career depends upon the welding together of the diverse Republican factions. Take Senator Bristow, for instance. He desires re-election, but unless he can bring his party in Kansas together again he will be between the devil and the deep sea. In the last election the regular Republicans in Kansas would not support the Roosevelt faction, nor would the latter show any consideration toward their former political brethren. If this breach continues Senator Bristow might just as well look forward to a Democratic successor. There would be no hope for him. He would fall between two stools.

And the dilemma which is confronting the Senator from Kansas is facing every other officeholder or would-be officeholder. Many of them are waiting to see which way the cat will jump. In other words, they are going to remain quiescent until they know which wing of the Republican party seems most likely to be uppermost. The Progressive organization is under the leadership of a most astute politician who appreciates the psychological effect of action upon the human mind.

There has hardly been a day since the election which has lacked evidence of vitality on the Progressive side. The proposed conference in Chicago, the announcement that the organization would continue energetically at work, the establishment of a bureau in Washington to spread Progressive doctrines—these are but a few of the agencies which have been utilized for impressing the public mind. There is wisdom in this course. People in general have the sheep-like instinct of following each other, and if the crowd is apparently moving toward the Progressive camp, there will be no trouble in adding to the procession. This is the way of the world. In politics, like again everything else, it is worth while to know human nature.

In numerous informal conferences, held during the past week, the Republican leaders have fully discussed this phase of the situation. There is a desire on their part to let the country know as soon as possible that the Republican party is not down and out. National committeemen and campaign managers, either by accident or design, have been in Washington for several days, and have consulted with President Taft and Chairman Hilles as to the absolute necessity of making some demonstration of activity. Up to the present time no definite plan has been adopted, although all of the leaders are urging prompt decision. There is much work to be done and it can be made effective work. If it is not done, the Progressive wing of the party will have public sentiment turned in its direction. Experience has shown that it is easier to make public sentiment than it is to change it. This being the case, Chairman Hilles may be expected to meet the situation with his characteristic energy and promptitude and thus instill the feeling of hope into the regular organization of which he is the head.

From the pinnacle of success, the Democratic leaders view the Republican efforts to get together with perfect equanimity. The fact is that they do not believe a union of the two factions is possible and they look forward to an uninterrupted lease of power.

As long as the Democrats remain harmonious they can well afford to smile at their opponents. It may be, however, that their troubles are only beginning. President-elect Wilson admits that there are cross-cross lines in his organization, but he is determined, he says, not to allow any quarreling. It must be admitted that up to the present time he is acting with moderation and wisdom. Unlike Cleveland, whose blunt obstinacy made it difficult to deal with him, Gov. Wilson seems to possess tact. He is not, as yet, making enemies. One wonders, however, what he means when he says that he does not propose to deal with individuals. The phrase is hardly intelligible. Take Bryan, for instance. He is an individual and he must be dealt with. The men who made Wilson's nomination possible are individuals, and they cannot be ignored. The men who represent the radical free trade sentiment, on the one hand, and conservative tariff legislation upon the other are individuals, and unless President Wilson prove himself as great a compromiser as Henry Clay he must align himself with one or the other. Mr. Wilson will find that he will be surrounded with individuals, each of whom will represent a type, and that as he repudiates or indorses them he will be judged. In other words, he will find that he cannot drift in undecided fashion, or run with the hare and the hounds at the same time. No one believes that this is his desire, but that when he has made up his mind what to do and how to do it, he will give evidence of the firmness and decision which the leader of a great party should possess.

Bryan, who is the Warwick of the Democratic party, continues to loom large upon the political horizon. He is a factor to be reckoned with, and just now, when he adds mystery to his movements, he is more prominent than ever.

His determination to spend the winter in Washington has not been accompanied by any explanation. None is needed. It means that he is determined to keep in close touch with every move made upon the political checkboard and to proffer his advice upon all possible occasions. His indomitable energy and determination are not to be gainsaid. He has friends and many of them. He has positive views and is apt to express them with emphasis. The fact that he has been thrice defeated for the Presidency and that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives has more than once acted contrary to his suggestions, does not seem to have affected him adversely. There is no evidence that he proposes to go into retirement. There is much for him yet to say and do.

And this being the case, it does not seem possible that he will accept the portfolio of the State Department. Why should he? What has he to gain by tying around his neck the collar of an official position? On the contrary, he has everything to lose. He would sacrifice his independence, which means everything to him. He would become a mere appendage instead of being an individual factor. Remember James G. Blaine, a brilliant commoner like Bryan and also disappointed in his ambition to be President. He became Secretary of State, and while he filled the office with great honor, his acceptance of the position was his political undoing. Like Gladstone, Bryan does not need a title to add to his distinction.

Moreover, Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State would be compelled to sacrifice the large income which he now derives from his Chautauqua and other lecture engagements. His newspaper, which is also remunerative, would become flat, stale, and unprofitable if edited by a Cabinet officer, who would be restrained from criticism and whose commendation would be without value. Will he sacrifice all these things for the mere bauble of official position? The answer must be in the negative. He can be the official friend and adviser of President Wilson without being in the Cabinet. Mark Hanna did not need a title in order to be close to the throne when William McKinley occupied the White House.

The next four years promise to be the most interesting in the political history of this country. We may see the Republican party again coming into its own, or we may see the evolution of a new organization. A tremendous battle is to be fought. The Democrats have the advantage of intrenched power, but a few serious mistakes may change the whole current of affairs. There must be on all sides intelligent leadership, skillful direction, and the ability to take into account any errors which the opposing forces may commit. More than all, the campaign of 1916 must begin now. The minds of the people are in a formative state. So far as the future is concerned the recent election offers no reliable foundation upon which to base definite prediction. We know that Woodrow Wilson was merely the beneficiary of a situation, polling less votes than Bryan twelve years ago, and this notwithstanding the fact that thousands of Republicans voted for him. We know also that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Still further it is certain that the Progressives propose to capture the Republican organization, if possible, while the men who have been lifelong and loyal members of that party will fight this effort to the last ditch.

It is a great political drama which is about to be unfolded. Every act will be full of interest and significance. The climaxes will be numerous and stirring. Some one will find in the developments of the next four years the material for a novel or a play which will grip with tremendous force every man who is in the least concerned with political affairs.

Titanic Memorial.

The shock the world was given last April when the appalling news was received of the Titanic disaster caused such a wave of sorrow to sweep over the country that it had to find an outlet. The result was there was born in Washington a movement for a "Woman's Titanic Memorial," which has reached such proportions as to include representation in every State in the Union.

No one can adequately express in language the thoughts that surged through the hearts of all when the terribly sad significance of the news was first received. It was so awful the effect will never wear off. This is shown by the great tribute paid to the memorial movement in New York on Friday last, when rich and poor, aristocrat and artisan, flocked to a theater to add their check or their mite to further the beautiful idea that had its origin in Washington.

It is a good suggestion, and one that will undoubtedly be taken advantage of by other cities and communities.

State and Church in Germany.

A formal declaration of hostilities was made late on Wednesday in the German Reichstag by Dr. Spahn, leader of the powerful Center (Catholic) party, and at last war has broken out openly between the Kaiser's government and that almost all-powerful political organization, battle scarred, but rarely beaten ever since in the days of the Bismarck regime they fought the repeal of the May laws as "Ultramontane party. ("Ultra Montes" meaning the other side of the Alps, viz, Rome and the Vatican.)

True, matters since then had changed somewhat. The Kaiser, seeing the far-reaching influence of the Centrists and the necessity for conciliating them, if he would have a peaceful reign—internally—had succeeded in gaining their often grudging support in all leading issues pertaining to the aggrandizement or the colonial policy of the fatherland, but this occurrence has shattered all his pacifying intentions, and the result may be far-reaching. He has no Bismarck now, the man of iron who did not hesitate in 1872 to imprison the Primas of Posen, the famous Archbishop Count Ledochowsky (later chief of the propaganda of the College of the Cardinals) for two years in the fortress of Ostrowo for contempt in opposing his decrees ordering state control of church lands in return for paying the salaries of the priesthood, &c.

The present conflict arose over the Jesuit issue, the Centrists contending that the Bundesrath's (senate's) interpretation of the anti-Jesuit law of 1872 was making more severe the provisions of the law, affecting some 24,000,000 Catholics in the fatherland. Dr. Spahn exclaimed that "under such circumstances his party cannot continue to have confidence in the cabinet or the Bundesrath that the Catholics of the country will be meted out just treatment."

The chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, in reply to this statement, which may seal his official doom, made a sweeping denial of the charges and solemnly warned the Centrists against making the Jesuit question the keynote of their political programme, "as no less than 40,000,000 of Protestants were united in their opposition to the Jesuit cause in Germany."

Of course, this remains a fact, and no amount of rhetoric on the part of the Catholic party is able to obliterate it. And as his declaration made an excellent impression all over the non-Catholic part of the hall and he was loudly cheered we foresee a strenuous time for the Kaiser and his government with no one like Bismarck at the helm to curb the religious strife, the worst kind of political dilemma imaginable in any country.

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No matter whether Mr. Bryan is in the Cabinet or not, he will occupy the seat of MacGregor.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The Abyssinian gentleman who can speak twenty-two languages might be useful to any one who wants to know how to pronounce the names in the war news.

From the New York World.

Gov. Johnson of California sees nothing for his State to give thanks for except "the usual custom," and perhaps he is right.

From the Detroit Journal.

A college for tramps is proposed in St. Louis, but not on the lines of Aristotle's peripatetic system.

From the Florida Times-Union.

With Bryan Secretary of State, Clark Speaker, and Wilson President, who will prove the party leader?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MR. WILSON.

Underneath the spreading palm
Where the gentle zephyrs play
And the seas are always calm,
There he dreams the hours away.

Far from delegations now
He avoids the roar and rant,
Underneath the friendly bough
Of the sweet potato plant.

But upon his calm repose
There breaks in a muffled cry,
'Tis the rising wail of those
Who are clamoring for pie.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Maybe we'd better let California hold her elections about a month ahead. Then she can finish her count along with the rest.

Helpful Idea.

"Do you think we ought to have women on the police force?"

"Yes; I believe it would be a good thing. Then a woman stranger in town would know where to borrow a pin."

December 8 in History.

December 8, 1835—Queen Elizabeth tries cooking in paper bags.

December 8, 1755—Boswell and Dr. Johnson attended a pink tea, and the great lexicographer eats forty-five lettuce sandwiches.

A Movable Curl.

"I say she has a curl hanging behind her left ear."

"I say it hangs behind her right ear."

"Here's her little brother. Let him settle it."

"Some days she hangs it behind the left ear, some days she switches it to the right," was the youngster's verdict.

Way It Works.

Maud has had her shopping done
For a month or more.
Now she's missing all the fun.
Isn't that a bore?

About Out.

"How many times have you been tried for this shooting affray?"

"Twice," replied the chorus girl, "and the District Attorney threatens to try me again. If he does I'll have to have some more photographs taken."

Working with Words.

A lawyer can put 1,000 words together and make them worth $1,000. That's legal ability.

A poet can put 1,000 words together and make them worth fifteen plunks, payable on publication. That's poetry.

Helping the Tailor.

"Really, Mr. Wombat," declared the tailor, "you must do something to catch up with your account."

"I guess I do owe you a good bit," admitted the delinquent one. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do to catch up. I'll order only one suit this fall instead of my usual three."

Poison-laden Fruit.

From the Boston Herald.

When trees and shrubs have been sprayed with insecticides, warnings are carefully posted, lest by chance man or beast be harmed. But when growing things designed for food have been sprayed with the same poisons and are sold not long after to uninformed consumers, neither farmer nor middleman points out the lurking danger.

Yet many products of farm and garden are now coming to market and to our dinner tables with at least a trace of active mineral poison. Even if tank-washed before shipping, vegetables are not freed from the chemicals that have repelled insect and bacterial invasion. If not washed before shipping, the vegetables, and especially the small fruits, bring to the consumer whatever poison has not been washed off by dew and summer rain; and the advertisers count adhesiveness as the crowning merit of a good spray. These facts should be clearly understood by city householders. Every buyer of fruit or garden truck should at least read once the so-called spraying calendars and learn thereby how many different kinds of poison are advised in successive application.

THE OPEN FORUM

DID A PUBLIC SERVICE.

Thinks Mrs. Dubois Could Delve Deeper and Be Helpful.

To the Editor—I notice in your report of a lecture by Mrs. Fred Dubois that she denominates the Mormon Church as a "treasonable institution"—and that her reason for so denouncing it is that each Mormon takes an oath which places the church above the state.

Unless the lady is an apostate from the Mormons (which I doubt), she does not know and cannot give valid evidence respecting any of their secret mummeries in the endowment house or the temple—and so her attack on this score falls to the ground.

Every student of the world's history knows only too well that all theocratic heirarchies have sought for temporal dominion, and that some have attained it, for a time. The idea with the Mormon theocracy is an absolutely model state under the direct rule of Jesus Christ, or his authorized agents on earth. How we are to know these does not appear.

Mahomet declared himself a prophet with the words, "There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet," meaning through the vague terms that are accepted in all things theological—now and ever—that he was himself the vicegerent of God on earth. As such he was accepted by his race, and set out to rule in all things by might of the sword.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, a poor New England boy, whose ancestors had gone through all the horrors of the American struggle for independence, also declared himself to be the "prophet of God," and, like Mahomet, he, too, has secured a following.

Here is the point I wish to make respecting the criticism of Mrs. Dubois that the Mormons are obliged to swear their first allegiance to their church—or its heirarchy—and that the state comes last. The assumption of the heads of Mormonism, as of all other theocracies, is that they will ultimately make enough converts to control the nation, and hence, the nation will become Mormon. Those learned in history are only too well aware that such a calamity would mean religious war, and all the devilry and suffering which have afflicted the world from similar causes in the past.

Nothing has ever equaled for cruelty, malice, and rapacity the theocracies that have ruled any portion of the earth in the past. There are fundamental reasons why it must always be so. The makers of theocracies always talk glibly about establishing the "kingdom of God" on earth, but thus far have only set up the rule of the "devil," and enacted upon living men what they have promised the dead who to life defy their mandates and question their authority.

Mrs. Dubois has done a public service in calling attention to this one theocracy. But does she perceive no greater danger to the republic from a similar cause?

G. LAWSON SMITH.

December 2, 1912.

Where the Town Crier Survives.

From "Provincetown," in the July Metropolitan Magazine.

It is very meet and very right that Provincetown should be the only American community to retain its town crier. Almost any day you may catch the clang of his bell and see him pass, clad in a sort of blue jerkin and chanting something or other with an indistinctness that must be de rigueur for such functionaries everywhere. He made me think again of little Klaboss across the seas whose night watchmen used to cry the hours in a jumble of ancient rhyme which took up some attentive weeks of insomnia to unravel. Perhaps, however, it were as well not to pry too curiously into exactly what it is that the picturesque figure proclaims. It is that, having been exhorted to cry more clearly, he passed through town enunciating the following with considerable distinctness:

"Table wax and sanctuary." The entertainment will conclude with a coaring hearse, entitled 'Honey on Both Sides.' A pronouncement which was his official rendering of the notice 'Dishcloths and statuary.' The entertainment will conclude with a roaring farce, entitled 'Bone on Both Sides.'"

GIRL TO RUN BIGGEST CHICKEN FARM.

MISS JULIA TILFORD.

New York, Dec. 5.—One of the largest if not the largest chicken farms in the world is being planned by Miss Julia Tilford, daughter of the dry goods millionaire. The farm will quarter 100,000 of the finest fowls. The birds will be bred for exhibition as well as commercial purposes. The farm will be established on a large plot of ground near Lakewood, N. J., which Mr. Tilford purchased at the earnest request of his daughter, who has been a lover and fancier of birds of all kinds for years.

NEAR VIEW OF SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE IN THE CAPITAL

(BY THE DOWAGER.)

A blaze of glory ushers out a retiring President. Socially, at least, the last season of an administration is more brilliant than any of its predecessors. It is like the final production of a well rehearsed play. Questions of policy have been solved, scenery and costumes provided, the oft-tried players serene and secure. When the curtain rises the only concern of the actors is to give a fine performance; so it is with the last few months of a Presidency term; so it will be the coming winter.

From the moment she entered the White House, Mrs. Taft took her duties seriously, and devoted herself to them with enthusiasm. To her task she brought knowledge, experience and the ambition to increase the social prestige of the President's house, which she determined to place in the same relative position toward society it occupied when Washington was President, a position lost under Jefferson and never regained until lately. This determination has been carried out. The White House to-day is of greater social importance than at any time in the history of the Capital. It is a power, an influence, a rallying point for the best in society, which it has come to dominate.

To reorganize the White House, to do away with old things and inaugurate new, to change its personnel, upset its domestic arrangements, required strength, courage, an indomitable will, belief in her own purposes, and respect for her position, a combination few of Mrs. Taft's predecessors possessed. Fear of criticism, dread of the radical press, the bobbing up of that Banquo's ghost, Jeffersonian simplicity, tied their hands. Mrs. Taft closed her ears to criticism, shut her eyes to disapproving looks, and reorganized the White House thoroughly and effectively.

The fine old mansion in which the Presidents have lived since Washington became the Capital had been beautified in President Roosevelt's administration, and as far as cleanliness, convenience and elegance went, left nothing to be desired when the Tafts took possession. Mrs. Taft devoted her attention not to the house itself, but the life within. She introduced a modern domestic system, changed its staff, and gave a new significance and purpose to its social side, treating with tenderness its traditions and seeking to offend as little as possible the critics and busybodies.

Until the beginning of her regime, a motley crowd of messengers and ushers, political appointees, some of them veterans of the civil war, dressed as their fancy dictated, held sway in the lobby of the White House. They opened the doors for social as well as official callers, received and delivered messages, and played the role of footman in a slipshod fashion that had for years been a subject of comment. These officials Mrs. Taft had transferred to other departments, replacing them by trained liveried servants, which at once lent to the White House service a new dignity.

At the time Mrs. Taft assumed the direction of the White House, the President's official receptions had degenerated into meaningless crushes. To be invited to them was no longer considered a compliment. People went from a sense of obligation and out of respect to the President. Women wore their oldest and shabbiest frocks, which would, like as not, be torn into shreds with the pushing and crowding. The cloak room service was like that at a Bowery ball. It sometimes took an hour to pass from the lobby to the receiving line. Mrs. Taft changed all this. She rearranged the lists and divided her guests among the several receptions, inviting to each only as many as could be accommodated. She adopted a system for the cloak room, planned by a man familiar with such service. It has been proved efficient. She re-established the custom of serving supper, a custom that had been abandoned with Arthur's administration and never resumed.

A trained nurse was conveniently stationed in case of sudden illness. Previously there had been no provision for the care of the sick, and accidents will happen and women faint even in the White House. The official receptions were improved in every direction. Under Mrs. Taft's capable management they became dignified functions and took on an air of elegance. They have become enjoyable even. Formerly it was considered a bore to attend them; now it is regarded as a privilege.

A musician herself of no mean reputation, Mrs. Taft's musicales have been delightful occasions, the programmes excellent, the numbers well given, and the artists taking part treated with due consideration. Culture, in a word, and the courtesy born of culture, have been the watchwords of the Taft administration. Early in her husband's regime, Mrs. Taft succeeded in establishing an esprit du corps among the women of his official family, which has caused them to work as one for the social success of the administration. All these things, although handicapped by ill health, Mrs. Taft accomplished in the first year she was at the White House. Her work of improving and reorganizing finished, it is hoped she will think more of play than of work, and find some pleasure and enjoyment in the last few months of her husband's administration.

With the return of the President and Mrs. Taft to the White House, the women of the Cabinet were all at their posts, ready to take up their duties and make the last season a red-letter one. Long before the usual time, society was in full swing, and before Thanksgiving the Cabinet women had begun their weekly receptions.

There being no Vice President, Mrs. Knox, wife of the Secretary of State, ranks after Mrs. Taft, and will occupy the place next to her at official receptions. Tiny is Mrs. Knox, tiny and slender, a wee bit of a person for her important part. Scarcely more than five feet tall, a school girl in appearance, looking young enough to be the sister of her sons and daughter, yet equal to the role. She has knowledge, experience, wealth, wit, aplomb, and does her work con amore.

The Knox house was built by the late George W. Child, artistic dilettanti as well as noted journalist and financier, and is a fit home for the premier, well adapted for the weekly receptions that are given there throughout the season, and for the dinners the Knoxes so well understand how to make successful. From now on there will be more entertaining than ever at the Knoxes. They are determined there shall be no abatement of hospitality in the last few weeks of their stay here, and Mrs. Knox is to have the assistance of her son's wife, the lovely and charming daughter of Gen. Anson McCook, who, with her husband, will be her guest for the winter.

When he selected Mr. MacVeagh for his Secretary of the Treasury, the President made no mistake in judgment. The brilliant Chicagoan has filled the post to his chief's satisfaction, and his wife is as accomplished in society as he is in politics. Mrs. MacVeagh built a palace shortly after she came to Washington, as a birthday gift to her husband, where they now live. It is a big house way out in Sixteenth Street. Outside, judged from an architectural point of view, it is a failure, but the inside is a marvel of good taste and elegance. Its pictures, wonderful tapestries, and carvings, wrested from great palaces of Europe.

From the beginning to the end of the season the MacVeaghs entertain and are the hosts at dinners, luncheons, musicales and balls. It is a hard life, this constant entertaining, and Mrs. MacVeagh has no daughters with whom she can divide her duties and responsibilities. Her son, Eames, a wealthy, cultivated and much courted young bachelor, abandons his home in Chicago for a part of every season and helps his mother where he can.

Sixteenth has become one of the fashionable streets of town. The Stimsons live in it as well as the MacVeaghs, and so do the Wickershams. Since he succeeded Jacob Dickinson two years ago, the Secretary of War and Mrs. Stimson have been mourning for the greater part of the time and are, on that account, less well known than any of the President's official family, with the exception, perhaps, of the Fishers, who are the latest comers in the Cabinet circle. Last winter, however, Mrs. Stimson went about quite a bit, and she is planning to make her last season in Washington a brilliant one.

Secretary Fisher will hardly have completed two years of service when his chief quits office. So short a residence does not permit one to become "of" society, but the Fishers have seen much of the official side of it and have contributed to it as fully as could be expected. Like the Stimsons the social activities of Secretary and Mrs. Nagel have been curtailed and interrupted by mourning and illness. This winter nothing prevents them from taking the place that belongs to them, and the opening of the season will see Mrs. Nagel in the receiving line at the White House and her own home will be thrown open for the formal weekly receptions, beside which there will be a number of small and intimate entertainments. In the Nagel household are several charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Hildegarde, has already made her debut and is a most efficient aid to her mother.

James Wilson is the Nestor of society as he is of politics. His public service at the Capital dates back to 1872. For forty years he has been a conspicuous figure in the official world, while his position in the Cabinets of three administrations has made him noted socially. He likes society, this venerable Scotchman, "Tama Jim," and before his daughter adopted singing as a profession, Secretary Wilson was an assiduous guest.

He delighted in the weekly receptions at which his daughter presided and was a frequent host at dinners, but Miss Wilson's absence left him without ambition to entertain and advancing age makes his appearance as a guest rare. Flora Wilson is to be in at the finish, however. She participated in the start of the Taft administration and is determined to see its end. Backed by his daughter, the Secretary of Agriculture, will keep open house this winter and at his own table tell again the stories for which he is famous.

The close of President Taft's administration will witness a united official family and a family that has worked as a unit for its success, social and official. Mrs. Taft has done much, instead of a duty, she has made it a privilege to go to the White House, but in all that she has attempted the women of her husband's Cabinet have been her capable and sympathetic aides and to them a part of the credit is due.

How will Mrs. Wilson compare with Mrs. Taft as a hostess and will the women of President Wilson's Cabinet measure up to those who have been Mrs. Taft's coadjutors throughout the last four years, are questions being asked just now with deep interest. It has often been said that before inviting a man to become a member of his official family, a President should meet the women folk of his candidate and take their measure. If, having measured them, he feels they might detract from the social success of his administration, he should reject his man.

Useless to deny that women play as great a part in life in a Capital as men, that the social side of an administration or reign is not as important as the official side. The incoming President is too profound a scholar to doubt the influence of or to ignore the eternal feminine, and his own wife and daughters have set him a noble standard, hence it is safe to assume that his Cabinet ministers will have wives who will dignify and adorn their positions.

As the wife of the President of a great university, Mrs. Wilson has established a reputation as a hostess. That she will fill the larger and more important position as well as she filled the other is not to be doubted, nor is it to be doubted that she will maintain the standard of living and entertaining Mrs. Taft has established. Mrs. Wilson faces a less difficult task than that which met her predecessor. No mistress of the White House ever left it in better condition than Mrs. Taft will leave it. Her work will live after her and she will be known in history as the one mistress of the White House who dared where others faltered. There may have been, perhaps, among those who preceded her women more magnetic, more responsive, more beautiful than Mrs. Taft, but there is no one who followed her duty, as she saw it, more faithfully.

Dust and Street Pavements.

From the Scientific American.

In a recent article published in "Hygiene" Dr. Hasser draws attention to the considerable danger connected with street dust, the action of which on the human organs of respiration is responsible to a great extent for the origin of tuberculosis and similar diseases of the lungs and windpipe. But, apart from this kind of trouble, dangerous chronic inflammations of the eye should be put down to the action of street dust. In fact, an increase in the frequency of catarrhs has been observed with continued dry weather and a reduction on the occasion of the first rain. Under these conditions road engineering, apart from its technical task, has primarily to fulfill a sanitary task. As the production of dust depends on the fixing of roads, a pavement complying with all hygienic requirements should be looked for. Asphalted streets would seem to comply with most of these conditions, provided there be an extensive and thorough removal of waste matter, followed by an abundant sprinkling of the road surface. Caoutchouc pavement, as used with especially satisfactory results in London, would seem to be most desirable. Dr. Hasser does not seem to think very highly of the sprinkling of roads with chemicals, such as salts and tar. An ideal means of laying street dust which has been suggested of late years is sprinkling with a solution of sulphite pitch in water, which would seem to avoid any dust for at least six weeks. Sulphite pitch is obtained as a by-product in manufacturing cellulose.

NOTICE

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