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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1914.

Some modern melodrama is so mellow.

The Turk still lurks in the Dardanelles.

Where there is a scrap there you will find the Jap.

Germany seems to be afraid to mobilize her navy.

Cotton futures seem to be a thing of the past now.

To many people this year's "pork barrel" bill looks fishy.

Some people wouldn't be optimistic if every cloud had a golden lining.

The young man who does not spend will eventually have money to lend.

Most candidates declare a political moratorium as soon as they are elected.

It is to be hoped that Greece will not jump from the frying pan into the fire.

The clock is the greatest acrobat that we know of, for it runs all day with its hands.

Oysters and watermelons are both palatable, but it is not a good plan to mix them.

Col. Roosevelt amuses himself now by shieing other people's hats into the ring.

Some people have so little to do that they talk politics after the election is over.

Heigh ho! We wish somebody had burned that bridge whist deck before we got to it.

The Czar didn't give Emperor William a chance to efface St. Petersburg from the map.

Summer is over, and the girls are wearing thicker skirts, and we shall miss some familiar figures.

A correspondent wants to know what is the feminine of Bull Moose. Oh, suffragette, we suppose.

A casual glance over the exchanges that come to this office convinces us that most of the headline writers are in sympathy with the allies.

General elections have been ordered in Mexico for November, and the New Orleans Picayune thinks Carranza is the general who will be elected.

We are going to protest against the United States getting mixed up in the European war, even if France does try to send Jack Johnson back to this country.

And now comes the announcement that the Cape Cod cranberry crop this year is to be a record-breaker, just to remind us that Thanksgiving is not so very far off and that we have more to be thankful for than most of the rest of the earth's inhabitants.

Since the few memorable days following the outbreak of war in Europe the Comptroller of the Currency seems to have revised his opinion of New York banks and bankers. He apparently has learned to like them.

It is easy to imagine a more alluring occupation than sweeping German contact mines out of the North Sea, far removed from the cheering excitement of actual battle, but in momentary peril of being sent to the bottom.

George Clemenceau, former French premier, has a perfect right to differ with Mr. Andrew Carnegie's views on the war, but why should he reproach him with being a "worthy Scottish millionaire," when he ought to know how Mr. Carnegie despises himself for being rich.

The Hon. William Sulzer insists that he will defeat Frederick N. Davenport two to one for the Progressive nomination for governor of New York and then will put Charles F. Murphy out of business in the State. Sulzer calls himself the "same old Bill," and, alas, for his boasts, the people of New York call him that, too.

David Lubin, appearing before a Congressional committee in support of the plan to create an international marketing commission, declared: "We need men to serve on the commission who can make from $50,000 to $5,000,000 a year." Men of that caliber are probably all in the food business now and Mr. Lubin will have to bid higher to get them.

In Germany the Socialists have proclaimed their loyalty to the government; South Africa declares its loyalty to King George; militant suffragettes are doing Red Cross work, and a truce has been declared in the home rule dispute. And, perhaps, it will be a long while before these amateur belligerents will summon up courage enough to resume their minor operations.

A New York newspaper published a story yesterday to the effect that, merely for the asking, the Interstate Commerce Commission would at once grant the Eastern railroads certain rate increases which would add $55,000,000 a year to their revenues. This sum mentioned is the amount it was generally estimated would have been added to the revenues of the railroads had the decision in the 5 per cent case been exactly as desired by the railroads. Won't somebody be kind enough to notify the roads?

Peace Is No Nearer.

Only to the innermost circle of diplomacy and a few distinguished private citizens is any definite knowledge permitted of the status and scope of the movement reported to have originated in Washington last week looking toward the restoration of peace in Europe. If any such project has been undertaken its extreme delicacy makes secrecy imperative. President Wilson, very soon after the war began, made formal tender of this government's good offices, apparently without receiving the least encouragement from any of the powers to hope that there could be any call for his services in the near future. The world, generally, is agreed that when the time for discussing peace does come the largest share in the negotiations will fall upon the United States, but the most that could be hoped for was that the nations at war would regard the President's proffer as a standing one that any power might avail itself of at will.

While it could but be a source of happiness to the people of this country if their government should be able to take the initiative in rendering such inestimable service to humanity as the stopping of the war would mean, there is almost no ground for belief that even now the time is really ripe for any actual progress to be attempted. Too much importance, it would appear, has been given in the popular mind to the alleged activities in the interest of peace of Mr. Oscar Straus in Washington diplomatic circles. Whatever slight hope of success may have been justified when the German army was at the gates of Paris has been dissipated through the success of the allied armies. Even admitting that Germany, on the eve of what promised to be the successful culmination of the invasion of France, might have been willing to listen to a suggestion of peace, there was every indication that the allies would be found in a mood the opposite to receptive; and, now, with the campaign of the German forces, for weeks so terribly effective, almost completely undone, the situation would seem to be almost what it was a month ago, save only the appalling sacrifice of life, the destruction of property, and the expenditure of vast sums of money. Germany is now in no better position to demand spoils of victory than the allies are. Practically nothing has been determined by the fighting thus far. The great fleets of England and Germany are yet almost intact and immense armies have yet to come in conflict. Neither side is prepared even to consider the possibility of defeat in the war for which Europe has been preparing for years.

The United States, therefore, greatly as it may desire to see peace restored, can hardly go further than it has already gone through President Wilson's formal tender. As a nation it must refrain from an attitude that might possibly be regarded as urging its services for the promotion of peace upon any of the warring powers. Not the slightest risk must be taken of impairing its usefulness that will come, probably months later on.

The public is not permitted to know the details of the project of Mr. Straus, who is reported to have discussed it with Col. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay on Sunday, but it is a perfectly reasonable assumption that President Wilson and his advisers have no formal action in contemplation at present; also it is a natural inference that if the administration is powerless, nothing will be immediately accomplished on this side of the ocean.

Time to Help the Railroads.

France, seeking to recoup herself following the Franco-Prussian war and pay off the enormous indemnity with which she was burdened by Germany, attempted to raise the money necessary through a bond issue. In large measure it failed and direct taxation became inevitable. Among other items a very heavy tax was placed on foreign securities. Naturally, there was considerable depression, the United States suffering with the rest of the neutral world.

The nations at the close of the present war will be confronted with the same situation. The importance of assuring foreigners that our securities are everything they should be can hardly be overestimated. Our railroad bonds, as a concrete example, are held heavily abroad. If the net earnings of our railroads do not show improvement, these bonds, the highest class of security, may not be considered by foreigners as worth holding, and especially if they are to be taxed by their governments as one of the means to reimburse themselves for the present squandering of money.

A 5 per cent increase in railroad rates not only would assist business conditions here, but would go far to allay the timidity of the foreign holder, who would not mind the tax of his government if he held to the belief that he had an investment which could not be improved upon and was looked upon with favor in the United States.

The Interstate Commerce Commission today holds a position which can be exercised for not only national, but international good. To advance freight rates would assure the foreign investor that the United States government is not the enemy of the railroads, but proposed to deal with them on a fair basis. Such an attitude would be an unexpected support to our own markets and prevent in a large measure a renewal of the foreign selling which caused the closing of our exchanges throughout the country.

Democrats Lead in Maine.

With the Progressive vote in Maine yesterday amounting to only about one-fourth of that given Col. Roosevelt two years ago, returns indicate that it will yet prove sufficiently large to accomplish the election of Curtis, Democrat, governor, over Haines, Republican. In 1912, Republicans and Pregressives were united on the governorship and elected Haines by a plurality of 3,299. Early indications last night were that, with a Progressive in the field against representatives of the two old parties, a Democrat might be elected governor by a margin no greater.

The figures show clearly a return of voters to the G. O. P. in substantial numbers, though Curtis' election must necessarily be gratifying to the administration in a campaign fought on national issues, as it is evident the Democratic ticket received some support from the convalescent Progressives.

Even closer than the race for governorship, apparently, are the Congressional contests, with indications that the delegation will be divided.

Washington Merchants Are Prepared.

The Herald's fashion section this morning contains convincing evidence of the faith of Washington merchants in the very near approach of a period of business activity that will surpass the predictions of even the most optimistic observers of conditions. On several occasions recently The Herald has invited the attention of its readers to various indications of an unusually busy and brilliant autumn and winter season for this city, largely due to conditions in Europe, which will keep all the wealth and fashions of our own country at home. In addition to the colony to which the seat of the national government is home every winter, hundreds of the wealthy or well-to-do who have been in the habit of spending the season abroad will be sojourners in Washington for the next six months or more. Inevitably, this will mean largely increased business here in every line. That our wise and far-sighted merchants are prepared to supply every want of patrons old and new, will become apparent from a perusal of The Herald's fashion section, the pages of which set forth how every need of the home and wardrobe may be provided for.

Insults.

By EMORY J. HAYNES.

Rest assured everybody has been insulted. And very few ever fought a duel over the result. Else the land would be full of bereavement. Rarely is there much done with insolence but to let it pass and avoid the insulter for the future. All of us have our pockets full of insults. It is the very best place for them. Thin as air, really an insult is injurious mainly to him who threw it. For it puts him beyond the pale of decent association. That is always a fact, whatever else may be fact. The one blunt fact that he who deals in insulting language or acts is ostracized by all who know his offense.

There never was, never can be, a particle of excuse for an insult. A person may deserve to be severely rebuked with plainest of words. He may deserve to be knocked down, if you please. But that would be an open, manly procedure, in which you took your chances of being yourself knocked down. That is war, and it has its code of honor.

But to attack another by insolence is not war. It has no code of honor. Against an insult there is no defense. Once spoken, there you have it. It is like ink on white silk. To apologize never washes it out. Nor does the insulter calculate on anything else but a hurt so sudden that the bravest of men could not fend it off, nor any lapse of time efface it.

So desperate is the nature of this injury that it is rendered impossible, so far as may be, by wise men. They consider the person, who he is. Few, indeed, of all earth's millions can insult me. They grow fewer as I grow older. As a boy I was very vulnerable, and had the wounded sensibilities toward about all the boys I knew. It was "sass and sass back" much of the time. But it was also very easy to step right up and try it out then and there.

As years began to develop us, say in the youthful manhood of college days, it was necessary to be more careful, self-controlled, and honorable. Insults became graver offenses, and more rare. Contempt was enough reply in most instances. There was our peculiar friend, he could have broken our hearts with an insult. He never did. Our rival, he could insult us, and he did. We carry the wound yet. Out in the real world most of us have got on an armor that is insult proof. There is not one man in 10,000 who has the power, by insolence, to get through our coat of mail.

When your equal is rude and ungentlemanly you pity him and turn away. After you are gone he punishes himself and does it roundly, too. Most of the inconsiderate behavior toward others is the result of weakness. He who is not equal to his task, who is in a position too big for him, he is constantly overstrained. He forgets his manners. He is testy. He does not know what he said. Such a man should be taken by the collar and kicked onto a trout stream, or other vacation. We laugh at him and keep away all we can. If he really is a good fellow we bear with him and lend a hand if possible. We are stronger and ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.

Perhaps nothing reveals true greatness of soul as the rare meekness of persons in high office. To preserve, amid adulations, the humble sweetness of mind that is not easily affronted is a wonderful achievement. Greater is he that so ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city. Some ludicrous displays of "insulted dignity" we have all witnessed who have had frequent occasion to mingle with "dignitaries," whether political, ecclesiastical, or commercial. The fact is that the all-round, well-balanced great man is rare. Most "big men" are specialists.

Good health and a kindly heart are the best shields against insults. The full, rich strength of health is almost always ready to laugh at our insult as a funny blunder of the other man who is suffering with some ache. The genial spirit finds the excuse of charity. It makes allowances enough to save its own peace of mind. The march is often hot and dusty and the burden is heavy. The feet are sore. The heart is faint. Let us refuse place to the gnats and sand flies of insults, and, singing a song, help one another.

A Silence that Can Be Felt.

There are silences now. Only a month or so back the eugenists, the sex-hygienists, the sex dramatists, the morbid novelist, the efficiency experts, the political nostrum venders, and others were retailing their airy wares with a clatter that outbid the quacking of the geese which saved Rome. Now the tumult is stilled and the shouting has died away. Not an echo is heard. The silence is like that which brooded over Eden.—Detroit Free Press.

Germany Has Lost All Her Colonies.

If Germany has any territory left outside of the Continent of Europe after the war is over it will be because the British have overlooked it. British forces have already taken Togoland; they are attacking German Southwest Africa; they have seized the German Samoas, in the Pacific, and news has just come from Australia that a British force has taken the chief city of New Pomerania, the largest island in the Bismarck archipelago. It will not be long before the world is informed that the German part of New Guinea has been attacked, and it will be surprising if the Caroline and Ladrone Islands do not surrender to a British warship. And Japan is laying siege to Kiaochow on the China coast.

The Kaiser's advisers, who did not expect the British to enter the war, will have much to explain to their chief before a peace treaty is signed. They have already been rebuked for the consequences of their contemptuous allusions to a scrap of paper. And the worst is yet to come.—Public Ledger.

Discrepancies in Battle Reports.

The wide discrepancy that appears in the stories of great victories and defeats given out from Petrograd and from German-Austrian sources does not necessarily imply that they are all largely fictitious. Russian Poland runs so far west between East Prussia and Galicia that it may be the seat of big operations which may not be at all decisive. The Germans, for instance, might repulse the invasion of East Prussia and claim a great triumph, but at the same time the Russians might be battling 200 miles nearer Berlin and threatening Posen or Thorn without having passed out of their own territory. Lemberg, which they have captured, is on a meridian considerably east of Warsaw, which the Germans do not pretend to have threatened. The geographical situation is such that the real significance of victories and defeats can only be estimated by reference to a map. On the whole the Russians seem to have had the best of it, especially in Austria, but that march on Berlin is still a matter of the future.—Philadelphia Record.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

Bancroft's Tribute to a Famous Orator.

(Written Expressly for The Herald.)
By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

In the spring of 1882, I met George Bancroft at the door of his house, which faced Jackson Square in Washington. That was his winter home. He had just come in from a horseback ride. In fact, I was just entering his yard when he rode in. I took heed of his erect carriage. He rode like an experienced cavalry officer. He seemed to be a part of the animal. Nothing but his white beard and hair indicated that he was then well past eighty years of age.

Mr. Bancroft was a man of great courtesy and refinement, and they were displayed when he made a gentle apology to me for receiving me in his riding clothes. He suggested that we walk into his rose garden, which was at the rear of the house, saying that the early roses were in full bloom and that he had a great variety of them which he would be glad to show to me. As we walked along the smoothly arranged paths in that new garden, Mr. Bancroft said:

"I attribute my good health, my interest in life, in people and in the affairs of the government to the fact that, when the weather permits—and it must be pretty severe weather not to permit—I ride for an hour or two. These rides have made it possible for me to know intimately all the suburbs of Washington. I am very fond of riding out on the Fourteenth street road, especially in the springtime. Then when I come home I spend an hour or two with my roses."

Mr. Bancroft pointed to a rose to which he had given the name of Everett.

That suggested to me to ask him if he had often heard Everett speak.

He replied: "I have heard nearly all of those who gained deserved fame as orators in the past sixty years, both in this country and abroad. So I am justified in speaking from experience when I say that in my opinion, as an orator pure and simple, Edward Everett never had a superior among the English-speaking races.

"Yet his influence was not very great. He never said anything that took firm hold on the people. And I think the reason was that his supreme object was not the mastering of those who heard him, but the supreme mastery of the art of public speaking. He had a wonderful command over words. I used often to wonder where he got his elocutionary training, for I am sure that it was the result of diligent and constant effort. He possessed, too, a singularly pure and refined style, and I never knew exactly where he got that. He was a fine scholar, and there are the earmarks of the student in all of his orations. He was a supreme actor, also, and we never had before him, and I presume never shall again have, such a master of the art of acting in public discourse. Yet few, if any, of his speeches are now read, and you rarely see a quotation from any of them printed anywhere."

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Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell "What Eilet Did on the Mississippi River."

WHEN A HAPSBURG DIES.

A very strange burial custom has been observed for centuries by the house of Hapsburg, the most ancient of the reigning houses in Europe. On the death of the Austrian emperor the body is carried by the shortest way from the imperial palace to the crypt of the ancient monastery of the Capuchins, near Vienna. No one appears to receive the royal cortege. Thereupon the master of ceremonies knocks on the closed door with his staff and demands admission.

"Who is there?" asks the voice of the guardian monk from within.

"His Majesty, the most high Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, Duke of Styria," and so forth, replies the master of ceremonies, as he recites the long list of the dead man's titles.

"I know no such man," curtly replies the guardian from behind the closed door.

The master of ceremonies knocks a second time. Again the monk asks, "Who is there?" Again the master of ceremonies repeats the list of royal titles, and again the voice of the guardian replies, "I know no such man."

A third time the master of ceremonies knocks with his staff.

"Who is there?" repeats the voice.

"Our brother, Francis Joseph" (or whatever the dead monarch's name may be), replies the master of ceremonies.

At this humble confession of the simple humanity of the dead Emperor the bolts fly back. "Enter brother!" cries the voice of the guardian monk," and the body is admitted. There follows later an imposing public burial.—Youth's Companion.

Morning Smiles.

An Accident.

First Office Boy—Well, did you ask your boss for a raise, right after his lunch, as I told you?"

Second Office Boy—Yes; and I got fired. He'd forgot to take his dyspepsia tablet."—Puck.

Heavy Foliage.

"Going to the wars, Ivan?"

"I am."

"Better trim those whiskers a trifle."

"Why should I do that?"

"You may be accused of sniping from ambush."—Courier Journal.

Legal Love Letters.

Who writes you so many letters, dear?

"A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters?"

"In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes and is constantly alluding to what he calls the aforesaid eyes, orbs or visual organs."—Pittsburgh Post.

As Guaranteed.

Customer—When I bought the motorcycle didn't you say you'd supply me with any new part if I broke anything?

Motorcycle Dealer—Yes. What do you wish me to let you have?

Customer—I want a pair of new ankles, a rib, three feet of cuticle, a box of assorted finger nails, four molars and a funny bone!—Tit-Bits.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY

Fifty Years Ago.

September 15, 1864—Col. John S. Mosby, the Famous Confederate Ranger, Received a severe Wound and Narrowly Escaped Death at the Hands of a Federal Cavalry Private, Near Fairfax Courthouse, Fifteen Miles from Washington.

(Written expressly for The Washington Herald.)

Fifty years ago today Co. John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate ranger, received a severe wound and narrowly escaped death, at the hands of a Federal cavalry private, near Fairfax Courthouse, fifteen miles from Washington.

Mosby had been operating with his small band of followers between the Blue Ridge and the outskirts of the National capital for more than two years, and this was his first serious wound. His escapes in that time would furnish a surfeit of material for the writer of adventure. Like the hero of romance, he seemed to bear a charmed life. He also seemed able to appear in two places at once, if one may judge from the reports concerning him in the sober pages of the War Records.

Mosby's immunity from harm or capture seemed to affect the judgment of his enemies as to his powers. They invested him with the character of Jack Sheppard, and every cavalry patrol in the country between Washington and the Blue Ridge was prepared at every turn in their road to see him start up from the roadside thicket and by some art secure an advantage over them.

Reports of such a character as one to the effect that Mosby rode under the black flag were accepted by the credulous public in rumors from the front. Statements that Mosby's men were robbers, murderers and scoundrels passed current daily in the Northern press.

The foundation for these ideas and statements was to be found in the irregular character of Mosby's method of making war. He was an independent commander, and his men lived on their plunder. Yet he was commissioned by the Conferedate government, as a Partisan Ranger, and his prisoners were sent to Richmond, as were those of the regular Confederate forces.

Two Parties Seek Mosby.

By dodging back and forth through the passes of the Blue Ridge, Mosby was enabled to operate almost at will in the rear of the Federal army in the Shenandoah Valley and in the region about Washington.

His attacks on Gen. Sheridan's wagon trains and pickets in the Valley, and upon camps, pickets and couriers in Fairfax and Loudoun counties, led to a persistent search for him by cavalry sent out both from the forces in the Valley and those near the capital.

Owing to Mosby's method of splitting his command into small groups, this search was extremely difficult. The inhabitants harbored the rangers, who, when in danger of capture scattered and assumed the role of peaceful citizens.

In mid-September two parties were riding in search of Mosby and his men. One, from Sheridan's army, consisted of 400 men from the Third Indiana and the Eighth New York Cavalry, under col. George H. Chapman. As this force rode eastward through the Blue Ridge they were attacked by forty of Mosby's men in Snickers Gap. The Federals were ambushed and lost eighteen men taken prisoners and forty horses, besides several men killed and wounded. The rangers scattered, with a loss of one killed and three wounded.

While this fight was in progress another Federal party was looking for Mosby at Aldie Gap, in the Bull Run Mountains, east of the Blue Ridge. This consisted of sixty mounted men and 200 dismounted men of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, who had been sent out from Fairfax Courthouse under Col. Henry S. Gansevoort.

Ranger Chief Encountered.

At Aldie, on September 14, Col. Gansevoort learned that Mosby with a small party had passed through that village the day before, going toward Fairfax Courthouse.

The Federals at once started in pursuit, down the Little River pike. On the night of September 14, they camped at Chantilly, a few miles from Fairfax. The next morning small parties of scouts were sent out to scour the surrounding country.

The weather was wet and the roads bad. There seemed little prospect of the rangers being abroad; yet in the village of Fairfax Courthouse it was learned that Mosby had been there, and had but recently left, accompanied by only two men, riding toward Centerville.

The scouts who learned this hurried back to camp and reported. Col. Gansevoort at once detailed five men to waylay Mosby.

The party rode down the pike toward Germantown, near which they came suddenly upon three horsemen, advancing at a brisk pace. The two parties were upon each other before either saw the other. A swift glance showed the Federals that they were in the presence of the redoubtable Mosby. He was in full uniform, and there was no mistaking the hat he wore, which bore a long feather plume along the brim.

Without waiting a second the five Federals fired. Mosby and his two companions fired at the same instant. The horses of two of the Federals fell at the first fire, with their riders under them. The Confederates fired again, and the other three Federals, believing themselves ambushed, wheeled into the woods and fled. As they rode off they retained an impression of seeing Col. Mosby throw up his hands as if in pain.

Mosby Wounded in Groin.

Mosby had been twice hit. One bullet had shattered the butt of his pistol in his hand without harming him, but a shot had struck him in the cheek and another had inflicted a grave wound in the groin.

By the exercise of will power he was able to remain in the saddle until his companions could secure a spring wagon—the inhabitants were always ready to serve Mosby—and in this he was driven to the house of a Confederate officer at the Plains. Here he lay concealed a few days until the roads were clear for his removal to Lynchburg.

Mosby was absent from his command a little more than a month. He returned to it weak and suffering but resumed his activities in the field and was able to continue his career with many striking incidents of dash and bravery until the end of the war.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Tomorrow—Rebecca Wright, Sheridan's Quaker Spy.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

Doings of Society

The President is expected to reach the White House early today from Cornish, having curtailed his short visit by reason of matters of official importance. Dr. Grayson will accompany the President. Miss Wilson and Mrs. Sayre, with several relatives, will keep Harlakenden House open throughout the remainder of this month, and possibly through October.

Mrs. Gregory, wife of the Attorney General, who joined the latter at his hotel a few days ago, has returned to Blue Ridge Summit, where she and Miss Gregory have been passing the summer.

Mrs. Redfield, wife of the Secretary of Commerce, is expected in town today to joint Secretary Redfield at their apartment at the Highlands for the winter.

The marriage of Miss Alice Lecvinska Lowe, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. John Lowe, to Mr. Henry Gardner Ferguson, of the Geological Survey, took place yesterday morning at 11 o'clock at St. Paul's Church, Washington Circle. No invitations were issued for the ceremony, owing to the bridegroom's family being in mourning and the fact that the bride wished her marriage to be marked by great simplicity. The altar and chancel were beautifully decorated in a profusion of delicate ferns and palms and clusters of white asters. The bride's gown was of white satin with tulle veil and a shower bouquet of lilies and white orchids. She was escorted by her father, and had as her only attendant her sister, Miss Edith Blinston Lowe. The latter wore a modish gown of white crepe de chine with very pretty white hat, and carried white asters. Mr. C. Vaughn Ferguson, of Boston, was his brother's best man. The betrothal service was read by Rev. Robert Talbot and the marriage service by the bridegroom's father, Rev. Henry Ferguson, D. D., of Boston. The music was by the regular organist of the church. A wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents on Woodley road followed the ceremony, the company being limited to the members of the two families and some few out of town friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson left early in the afternoon for their honeymoon travels which will extend to South America and occupy most of the coming winter. Mrs. Ferguson left Washington in a smart tailored gown of blue cloth with coat and hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elwood Foster announce the marriage of their niece, Miss Marcy Irvin Curtin, and Thomas Beaver Browne Thursday, September 10, at Gloucester, Mass., where Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Miss Curtin have been passing the summer. The bride, who for several years has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Foster, in this city, is the daughter of the late Andrew G. Curtin, 2d., of Philadelphia, and a great niece of that Andrew G. Curtin, the War Governor of Pennsylvania, and later for many years Minister to Russia. Mr. Browne also comes of a well-known Pennsylvania family. He and his bride will be at home after November 1, at Beaver Crest, Wynnewood, Pa.

Mr. William Allen McKendrick, of Brockton, Mass., announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marion McKendrick, to Mr. Chauncey D. Snow, of this city, the wedding to take place next month.

Mrs. Archibald Gracie and Miss Edith Gracie, who have just returned to their home on Sixteenth street for the winter, are entertaining Miss Julia Havemeyer Potter and Miss Helene Moffet, both of New York.

Miss Ramona E. Lefevre, sister of the secretary of the Panama Legation, who has been spending the summer in Switzerland, left Genoa for New York the 7th instant, and is due to arrive this week in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Johnson have gone to Atlantic City, where they are staying at the Dennis.

Mrs. George W. Casilear and Miss Jean Cobb are other late arrivals from Washington at this same hotel.

The former Solicitor General, Mr. William M. Bullitt, and Mrs. Bullitt are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on Sunday. The event, which is a matter of great rejoicing through a large family connection in Kentucky and New York, occurred at Stockbridge, Mass., where Mrs. Bullitt has been passing the summer with her mother, Mrs. Oscar Iasigi, at the latter's country home.

Mrs. J. Hopkins Smith, jr., has joined her mother, Mrs. Paul Morton, at Southampton, Long Island, for the autumn.

Mrs. Frank C. Cosby, who arrived from Europe on the steamship La France on Sunday, will pass several weeks with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark Cosby, at their home in Boston before reopening her apartment at Stoneleigh Court.

Former Senator and Mrs. Morgan G. Buckley with the latter's sister, Miss Houghton, are making a motor trip through the White Mountains prior to going from their summer home to their residence in Hartford, Conn., for the winter.

Mr. Henry B. F. Macfarland has returned from Cap a l'Aigle, Murray Bay, Province of Quebec. Mrs. Macfarland remains to complete the construction of their cottage and will return in October.

Mrs. Thomas B. Dunn and Miss Frances Dunn have left Nantucket, where they passed the summer and are at their home in Rochester, N. Y., for some weeks prior to returning to their Sixteenth street residence for the winter.

Col. W. P. Burnham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burnham have concluded a short visit to Col. Burnham's mother, at her home on K street, on their way to New York, from which port they sail the last of the week for Col. Burnham's new duty in Porto Rica.

Among the Washingtonians sailing for home last Saturday on the Rotterdam from Holland were Mrs. Thomas J. Walsh and Miss Genevive Walsh, wife and daughter of the Senator from Montana.

Mrs. Robert McCormick has closed her cottage at Newport and is making a motor trip to Canada to join her son, who is on a fishing trip on the St. Lawrence.

ARMY ORDERS.

Leave for one month, to take effect upon his relief from his present duties, is granted Capt. Julien E. Gaujot, Cavalry.

Leave for one month, to take effect after his arrival in the United States, is granted Second Lieut. George A. Matile, Twenty-fourth Infantry.

First Lieut. Charles A. Speissegger, jr., Medical Reserve Corps, is relieved from duty at Fort Moultrie, S. C., and will proceed home. Lieut Speissegger is relieved from active duty in the Medical Reserve Corps.

The retirement of Col. Alfred C. Sharp, infantry, unassigned, from active service on September 12, is announced.

Leave granted Capt. Thomas T. Frissell, Eleventh Infantry, on account of sickness, is extended six months.

Leave for two months is granted First Lieut. Eugene Santschi, jr., Fifteenth Infantry, to take effect upon his arrival in the United States.

Maj. James H. McRae, adjutant general, is relieved from detail in the Adjutant General's Department. Maj. McRae will remain on his present duties until further orders.

Maj. Willard F. Truby, Medical Corps, is relieved from further temporary duty at the Medical Supply Depot, Fort Mason, Cal., and will return to Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Maj. John S. Switzer, Fourth Infantry, is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the Adjutant General's Department, to take effect September 13.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Commander C. F. Hughes, detached, chief of staff, Atlantic Fleet, to home and wait orders.

Lieut. Commander C. H. Fischer, detached navy recruiting station, Buffalo, N. Y., to sick leave.

Lieut. (junior grade), C. C. Baughman, detached navy yard, Puget Sound, Washington to Maine.

Lieut. (junior grade) F. J. Comerford, detached Minnesota, to Naval Academy.

Surg. A. J. Geiger, to duty receiving ship, Puget Sound, Washington.

P. A. Surg. C. B. Munger, detached receiving ship at Puget Sound, to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Cal.

P. A. Surg. C. B. Camerer, detached Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Cal., to navy yard, Mare Island, Cal.

A. Surg. William McKinney, M. R. C., to Naval Medical School, Washington, D. C.

A. Surg. H. A. Tribou, detached Nebraska to Petrel.

A. Surg. J. C. Parham, detached naval station, Samoa, to St. Louis.

A. Surg. C. H. Dragoo, detached Petrel to Nebraska.

A. Surg. W. E. Lawhead, M. R. C., to Naval Medical School, Washington, D. C.

A. Surg. R. A. Torrance, M. R. C., to Naval Medical School, Washington, D. C.

Old Offenses.

"I must hurry home. My wife will scold me for being late."

"Calm yourself. Being a trifle late isn't very serious."

"No; but when my wife starts scolding she goes back to 1896."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

(Written Expressly for The Herald.)
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

FOR IDLE DAYS.

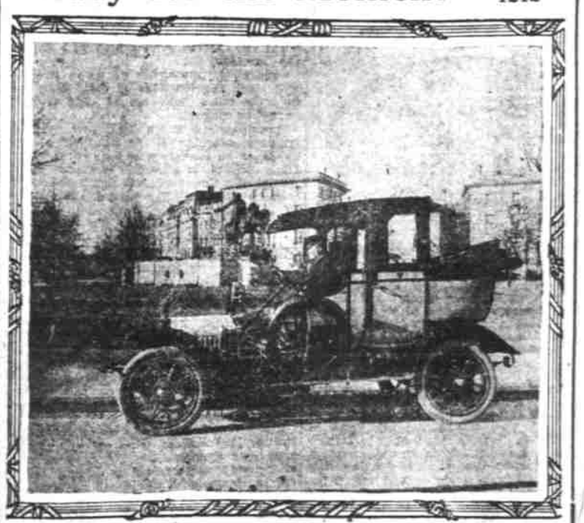
(Copyright, 1914.)

When things are dull round where you live,
And you have naught to do,
Just practice trying to forgive
An enemy or two.

Or if you have no enemies
Sufficient for such ends,
Run over pleasant memories
Of past and present friends.

In either case at set of sun
You'll find your twilight sweet,
And whe out Dreamland way you run
Your peace will be complete.

Ready for the Moment--- NORTH 1212



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