

The Washington Times

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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History.

September 14.

- 1776-Americans evacuate New York City. 1778-Benjamin Franklin appointed minister to Court of France. 1781-Washington and Count Rochambeau reach Williamsburg. 1807-First steamboat, the Clermont (Fulton's), starts from New York to Albany. 1836-Aaron Burr dies at Staten Island, N. Y., aged eighty years. 1837-President advocates the establishment of a subtreasury. 1851-James Fenimore Cooper dies at Cooperstown, N. Y., aged sixty-two. 1872-Tribunal at Geneva awards United States \$15,500,000 as war indemnity from Great Britain. 1885-American sloop Puritan wins the America's Cup in a race with British cutter Glencairn in New York. 1901-President McKinley dies.

American Names.

Why Do We Have Foreign Names for Our Streets and Hotels?

An observing person writes to one of the New York papers asking how many streets and buildings there are in London named after Americans. This sarcastic query is followed by the suggestion that Americans shall name their streets, hotels, and public buildings for Americans, and not for some foreigner or other.

This is in some respects a good suggestion. In too many parts of the country the original Indian names of rivers, lakes and mountains, musical and significant, have been discarded for some English or American name not half as becoming. Often the people have followed the plan suggested by this observer, and named their streets, and the places round about their city, for the men prominent in local affairs, or for some man of national importance admired by the majority of the people. Hence we have a great duplication of names in places widely separated from one another. It has often happened, also, that the settlers, as they moved farther west, fondly called their new homes after their old homes, and even named the streets and avenues after those which they knew in childhood. These things are matters of taste. American taste is improving. There are fewer Smith-villes and Magnolia Vales on the map, and more towns known by the simple names of their founders.

But as for the naming of hotels after famous hotels in the Old World, there is nothing to make a fuss about so far as that is concerned, and that is really the way in which foreign names are most commonly used. It may well happen in the future that the American hotel will surpass in excellence the English or French hotel of the same name; and, in fact, some of them do now. Let us be tranquil.

British Decline.

Trade, These Days, Follows Not the Flag, But the Brains.

Sir Norman Lockyer, in his address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science last week, placed his finger on a sore spot when he said, speaking of industrial depression in England and its causes: "We are suffering not because trade no longer follows the flag, as in the old days, but because trade follows the brains." He demonstrated with merciless logic how impossible it is for England to attempt to compete with other states which have long since realized the vital importance of this fact unless she speedily awakens to the necessity of straining every nerve to obtain for her youth education of the best and highest type.

People often ask themselves why it is that England is dropping behind in the race for commercial supremacy and why it is that she is being crowded out of markets heretofore controlled by her, and by her alone, by rivals like the United States and Germany. Sir Norman furnishes the answer. He points out that Great Britain has 134 universities competing with 134 State and privately endowed universities in the United States and 22 state-endowed in Germany. Twelve English universities have received during sixty years from private sources less than £4,000,000, while

universities and colleges in the United States have obtained in a few years more than £40,000,000.

Great Britain grew rich under free trade. She also grew intolerant and opinionated. Success turned her head. She knew everything better than anybody else. The possession of wealth made her a bully. She no longer asked of her customers: "What do you wish, and how can I best serve you?" but she blustered with peevish arrogance and exclaimed: "You poor, half-starved mongrels, you don't know what is good for you. I do, and here it is, and if you don't take it, and like it, why, I'll find means to compel you to swallow the dose." It was the part of the rich upstart among nations which England played for more than a century. But while she waxed fat she also waxed weak. In a strenuous age she could no longer maintain the pace. Her young people, accustomed to a higher standard of comfort than their parents, rebelled against the stern discipline which is essential to equip them for the battle of life in an age of fierce and relentless competition. Love of sports and pastimes developed into a passion, and now the inevitable reaction is making itself felt. As a writer in the "New York Times" remarks: "With great searchings of heart the nation is casting about for some means of making up for its lost opportunities."

Yet, though a great educational revival seems imminent in England, three things, as Prof. Sadler observes, have yet to be achieved. The first is to get the whole body of English people to believe in knowledge; the second is to secure effective openings for ability in all classes; the third is to adhere to the principle that education is a threefold thing—the training of body, mind, and heart.

Is England equal to it? Has she reached the point yet where she is able to realize what folly she committed in apologizing for every inferior homemade article as "American" and "Yankee"—"cheap and nasty"—and in meeting serious competition in other quarters with the childish and querulous cry of "Made in Germany?" Has she learned in the industrial warfare of the last decade the lessons which some people fondly hope she learned in the struggle with the once despised Boers? The future alone can tell.

The Alaskan Democracy.

How It Purposes to Make Mr. Francis the Nominee for President.

That great and powerful political organization, the Alaskan Democracy, has undertaken the difficult task of capturing the nomination for President for the Hon. David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The man who conceived the idea of corraling the delegates from the frozen Northwest Territory, and who is charged with the execution of the plan to force the national convention to name Mr. Francis, is the Hon. Louis J. Williams, who by courtesy holds the position of national committeeman for Alaska.

This astounding plot has been unearthed not by the slow and somnolent rivals of Mr. Francis for the nomination, but has been discovered by some Republican place-hunters who are greatly alarmed over the prospect of the appointment of Mr. Williams to a \$2,500 job for which it is admitted he is especially well qualified. They have raised such a howl about it that the appointment made in good faith by Acting Secretary Ryan has been recalled by his superior, Secretary Hitebeck, and the matter now rests in the hands of the President, who, by the indorsement or rejection of the selection of Mr. Williams, has it within his power to make or mar the Francis boom. If he wants the Missourian as his opponent in next year's campaign all he has to do is to sanction the action of Mr. Ryan, while if he fears him all that is necessary is to disapprove it, and the scheme of the Alaskan Democracy would be foiled, for with the leverage of the position of Commissioner for Alaska to the St. Louis Fair, Mr. Williams would, of course, be able to control the national convention, while without it his plan would doubtless be effectively blocked, and the Democrats would be free to do as they might wish.

Seriously, isn't the objection which has been made to the appointment of Mr. Williams about the weakest that could be imagined? Yet Republicans have actually charged that Mr. Williams wants the commissionership in order that he may assist in advancing the candidacy of his friend Francis. Perhaps Mr. Francis may have Presidential aspirations, but he stands about as much chance of getting the Democratic nomination as does any of the "one-gallus" Missouri corn planters of which the Hon. Champ Clark speaks. At any rate, of what assistance could the support of the

committeeman from Alaska be to him—Alaska with two delegates out of 900 in the convention, and no vote in the Electoral College.

The objection to the appointment of Mr. Williams on this ground is a specimen of peanut politics which deserves to be "roasted." It is encouraging to note that Mr. Tawney, the chairman of the Select Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions of the House, although a Republican, is not such a partisan as to voice the protests of those who oppose the appointment, but, on the contrary, having the welfare of the Exposition in mind and realizing that the fair is not a political show, has urged that Mr. Ryan's action be allowed to stand. The President should heed his request unless there is more substantial reason for the rejection of Mr. Williams than has already been advanced.

Our esteemed evening contemporary published on the first page of its Saturday edition an extended and clouded account of a murder and suicide. The recital was chiefly to be noted, of course, for an apparent desire on the part of the "Star" to offer its readers every detail of the crime. But it had another characteristic—it made the occasion an opportunity to revive the circumstances of a scandal many years old with which the figures of the crime were connected very distantly, indeed. The Times calls attention to this proceeding now only to indicate that oftentimes the most "yellow" journalism is to be found in the most "conservative" garb.

The Harry Lehr hat has a perforated top. This is to let off the steam when the wearer's brain is overheated.

If somebody would offer a prize to the housekeeper who has the best servant it might simplify the housework problem.

It is said that the smoke of "stogies" will kill mosquitoes; but one would prefer a place infested by neither.

It makes a great difference in a man's looks if fortune is smiling on him instead of at him.

We are now told that Ernest Thompson Seton, without the hyphen, does not like animals. In these circumstances it would be unfortunate if the animals like Mr. Seton, as an article of food.

One of those columns of instruction to mothers says that "a mother should watch every action and correct every fault." Would it not be better to leave the child something to do?

It is said that there is likely to be a revolution in Spain. Perhaps Spain thinks she would get a more pleasing view of herself by turning a somersault.

Nowadays a man may safely tell his wife that he is going on a "toot;" that is, if he owns an automobile.

The Sultan is said to be looking for a press agent, and there are many men in this country whose neighbors would like to see them appointed.

The army is to have an auto car filled with farrier's tools. Why not use it to mangle the foe?

Dowie warns his followers not to talk of things which they do not understand. Apparently Elijah H. Dowie, wants to keep all that sort of talk for himself.

The Venezuelans understand enough about our great national game to want to kill the umpires.

In a Lighter Vein.

Rhyme and Reason.

"Stare walks do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a jail." But that's no consolation when you can't get out on bail. —New York Times.

The Time to Look Pleasant.

"John D. Rockefeller is having his portrait painted." "In oil?" "Did you think it was water?" "I didn't know. Wonder how the artist will get him to look pleasant?" "Why, I suppose he'll wait about painting in the expression until the day the Standard declares its next dividend." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And Are Considered Fortunate.

Young Wife—I've been waiting half an hour for that husband of mine. Uncle George—Console yourself. Some women have to wait all their lives for a husband. —Scraps.

A Rush.

"Have many proposals at the seashore this summer?" "Yes, indeed. I had so many that I made proposal appointments ten days ahead." —Pioneer Press.

The Reason.

"John blames all his troubles on the devil." "Yes; they've been running together for some time!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Not Even Petit Larceny.

"This drama," said the young author, "is taken from the French." "Well," replied the manager, to whom it had been submitted, "I don't believe the French will ever miss it." —Chicago Daily News.

An Uplifter.

La Montt—There goes a man who has done much to elevate women. La Montt—Great suffrage reformer? La Montt—No; maker of high French heels. —Philadelphia Record.

Too Mild.

"Love is a tonic," said the sentimental boarder. "You surely don't mean platonic," cried the cheerful idiot. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Difficult Language.

Maria, a maid of eleven, would learn of the children of heaven. The language—German. So she studied away: She could say, "If you please." And "Thanks," and "Good-day." When she died at one-hundred-and-seventy. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The People's Forum.

Columbia Line Car Service.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I do not wholly agree with "W. Smith," who criticized the car service on the Columbia line in your issue of yesterday. It should be remembered that within the past two weeks the company has put on the large combination cars that were formerly in use on the D Street line. These cars are much larger than the little "cheese boxes" and the company is to be commended for the fact that the car service has been improved 25 per cent by this means. Now there is room not only to ride, but to obtain a seat, except, possibly, on one or two cars morning and evening, at the time of the line. The smokers at last have an inviting place, and the inhabitants of the Columbia Street have become accustomed to the added noise of the big cars, the people of the North-east will see that they have much better transit accommodations than formerly.

I agree with Mr. Smith that the service in the past has been as he describes it, but the change referred to has done away with the old conditions, and after the inhabitants of Columbia Street have become accustomed to the added noise of the big cars, the people of the North-east will see that they have much better transit accommodations than formerly.

The contention I raised in Thursday's issue of The Times, however, referring to the service to Benning, I do not propose to retract or qualify. Anyone with a knowledge of the facts knows that a forty-minute schedule at night, and a thirty-minute schedule in the daytime, is not sufficient for Benning, and the company, in the interests of common decency, ought to put cars on that division. It is an outrage for the residents of the District east of Fifteenth Street northeast to be compelled to put up with such accommodations. The conditions are indelensible from any point of view. BELAC MANSAR. Washington, Sept. 12.

Would Protect the Trees.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Although Superintendent Lanham, of the city parking, shows in a report published yesterday that a large number of trees have been set out along the streets of Washington in the past season, there is small mention made of the healthy trees that have fallen under the axe. One notable case in which the shade trees of Washington have suffered is the destruction of the trees on the northeast corner of Fourteenth and G Streets, in front of Thomas Walsh's new office building. Hereafter pedestrians must pass along the long stretch of sidewalk in a sweltering blaze of sunlight. Why is it that as soon as a large building is erected in Washington it is the signal for the destruction of the trees? SYLVAS. Washington, September 10.

A Challenge Accepted.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Early in the investigation of the Postoffice Department scandals a former high official, and now the editor of the "Salt Lake Tribune," looked above the Western horizon and vehemently denied all knowledge of "grafting" or crookedness during his incumbency. He even went so far in his explanation—which explained nothing—as to throw out a challenge, vociferating that if persecution continued, etc., "I have my remedy." Well, it would seem from recent developments that some one very high in authority has accepted the challenge, and the editor in the Morning bulletin may have an opportunity to test the efficacy of his "remedy" in the United States courts. INQUIRER. Washington, September 11.

Globe Sights.

It is so easy to fall into a habit that calls for less work.

Ever notice what nice things are said about those you dislike, on such little provocation?

The kind of a man who deserts his family is the kind that comes back when they are doing well without him.

Marriage is supposed to bar a man from trying to make other women fall in love with him, but the only real bar is old age.

When a man of sixty gives the same definition to the word "romance" as a sixteen-year-old girl, it means that he is a hopeless fool.

In every home there is a grievance committee to whom every injury from feelings to toes is referred, and it is a committee of one—the mother.

A public celebration is not a success unless there are a great many women on the streets carrying very big lunch baskets, and very small babies.

Here are the facts about it: If a man spends as much as \$75 on his wedding trip, it is something for the bride's kin to boast about in this section of Kansas.

The average person who has been in a railroad wreck has the same feeling toward the railroad company that poor Jim has to a rich relation—ought to get more out of it. —Athens Globe.

Etiquette of the Links.

Not only in the actual playing of golf, but in the etiquette of the game, the American players, or some of them, might well learn something from the visiting Englishmen. An observer of all the games, and a participant in the practice rounds, states that there was a marked difference between the Americans and the Englishmen in their bearing toward the caddies. The Americans, especially the college boys, were impatient if the caddie did not at once find the ball after the drive. The Englishmen do not hurry or worry at all. They are invariably said: "Thank you, caddie, the caddie did a service for which he was being paid. They consulted with the caddie and usually accepted his judgment as of value, even if it was sometimes in error. And they did not run. One of the caddies was sent up the hill at Myrtle to indicate the direction of the hole. He started to run up the hill with his heavy bag of clubs, after a sharp command from one of the college boys.

"Don't run, my lad," called out the Englishman for whom he was doing the service, "we've got all the time that there is." —Boston Transcript.

The Great Simplon Tunnel.

A report to the British government from its representative at Berne affords some information regarding the progress that is being made with the great Simplon Tunnel. The work is being steadily pushed forward, but owing to un-
favourable physical conditions is not expected to be completed, at the earliest, before the summer of 1906. As regards the competing schemes of lines of future access to the tunnel, the federal council is of the opinion that equal facilities should be granted to any lines that wish access to it, such as the proposed route by way of all the routes, or the scheme for the piercing of the proposed Loetschberg Tunnel through the Bernese Oberland range, for which the canton of Berne has already voted nearly 20,000,000 francs. Meantime the nationalization of the Swiss railways has almost been completed. Only the St. Gothard Company now remains "out" and, although its time for being taken over has not actually due, it is some-
times understood that the existing concession will be denounced next year and the purchase price fixed on the basis of the average returns of the ten years preceding the denunciation, viz, from 1894 to 1904. —London Times.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Owens Raleigh's House.

Sir Henry Blake, who has just been promoted from the governorship of Hongkong to that of Ceylon, which is worth about \$50,000 a year in emoluments, is the owner of Sir Walter Raleigh's house at Youghal, County Cork, in the gardens of which Queen Elizabeth's gallant cavalier planted the first potato ever grown in Ireland, and which had been brought from this country. It was at Youghal, too, that Spenser, the famous poet laureate of Queen Elizabeth and of "Faerie Queen" celebrity, was married, the wedding breakfast being given by his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom he often stayed there.

Sir Henry commenced life as a cadet in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and while occupying a subordinate position in that corps married a Miss Irwin, by whom he had a son who has been a source of considerable trouble to him. She died four years later, and in 1874 Blake, who was a very good-looking man of thirty-four at the time, managed to win the heart and hand of Miss Edith Osborne, daughter of Bernal Osborne, M. P., who will remain on record as one of the most noted and caustic wits of the Victorian reign. Osborne, whose other daughter had married the Duke of St. Albans, was so horrified by what he was pleased to regard as his daughter's mesalliance with a mere police officer—although the latter was a grandson of Peter Blake, of Corbally Castle Galway, and a member of that Blake family of which Lord Wallace is the head—that he disowned and disinherited her, bequeathing his entire fortune to his other daughter, the duchess.

Sir Henry's Career.

Fortunately, the two sisters were deeply attached to one another, and the duchess, disregarding her father's wishes, insisted on sharing her inheritance with Mrs. Blake, and, more than that, caused her husband to use his influence as a duke and as a great territorial magnate to secure for Henry Blake first of all promotion from a police inspectorship to a police magistracy and then to a colonial governorship. Blake has been in turn governor of the Bahamas, of Newfoundland, of Jamaica, and of Hongkong, and was also gazetted some years back to the at that time lucrative governorship of Victoria, in Australia. Unfortunately, however, his son by his first marriage had established his residence in that colony, where he was unfavorably known, and this circumstance, together with Henry Blake's authorship of a work entitled "Terrence Magrath," ridiculing the Irish Nationalists, caused such a storm of disapproval in Australia, when he was nominated governor of Victoria, that the appointment was canceled.

Friendly to America.

Sir Henry—for he is today a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and a member of the smartest London clubs—is a warm friend of this country, and as governor of Hongkong at the time of the Spanish-American war, when Admiral Dewey sailed from that port to win his great naval victory at Manila, found many and useful means of manifesting his good will toward the United States, stretching to the utmost limit the obligations imposed upon him by the laws of neutrality.

Moreover, Youghal, his country place in County Cork, is, as the birthplace and home of the great Sir Walter Raleigh who founded the British colony of Virginia, the bourne of many an American pilgrim. The house, exquisitely situated, and, in excellent repair, is full of relics of Sir Walter and of Queen Elizabeth, and, needless to add, has its Banshee in the person of the gallant Elizabethan Knight, who at stated periods is asserted to promenade through the house and grounds carrying his head in his hands before him. As everyone knows, he was decapitated on Tower Hill, in London, by King James I.

Lady Blake's Charms.

Lady Blake is a singularly charming and accomplished woman, whose features, like those of her sister, the duchess, give some evidence of the strong strain of Jewish blood in her veins. Her father was, perhaps, the most intimate friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and when King Edward, as Prince of Wales, stayed as the guest of Beaconsfield at Hughenden Manor, Bernal Osborne was the only one invited to meet him.

After dinner cards were proposed, and when the royal guest suggested guinea points, the old earl, whose finances were far from being in a flourishing condition, could not help making a slight grimace, noticing which Bernal Osborne ventured to remark that in view of recent circumstances—Lord Beaconsfield had but a few weeks previously proclaimed Queen Victoria Empress of India—it might be more appropriate to play for crowns, the latter being the denomination of that coin which has now become almost as rare as the guinea, namely the five shilling bit. This caused a laugh, gave manifest relief to the aged premier, and was of course at once accepted by the prince.

Saxe-Weimar Rumors False.

At the time of the trip of the young Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar to Switzerland, I denied, in compliance with a request made to me, and in accordance with authentic information that had reached me, the stories published both in this country and abroad to the effect that she had been obliged to abandon her husband, and that the world was about to be treated to another edition of the scandal by which the court of Dresden was overtaken about a year ago.

That my denials were justified is shown by the fact that shortly after the arrival of the grand duchess in Switzerland, she was joined by her husband, who is devoted to her, and that after having since paid state visits to the leading towns and cities of the grand

duchy, they have now been for the last ten days the guests of Emperor William and his consort at Potsdam. It is just as well that it should be known that no trouble exists between this young couple, who were only married last spring, for they are destined to become King and Queen of Holland in the event of Wilhelmina dying without issue, the grand duke being the next heir to the crown of the Netherlands.

A Dutch Queen's Experience.

In these letters I have often endeavored to impress upon my fair readers in this country that the possession of a throne entailed more misery than happiness, and that queens, empresses, and other consorts of reigning sovereigns were as a general rule more deserving of pity and of sympathy than of envy. To the scores of instances which I have described here in illustration of this assertion I may now add that of the late Queen of Holland, a portion of whose correspondence has just been published at Paris. The daughter of King William I of Wurtemberg, in her youth a celebrated beauty, and renowned as one of the most clever and accomplished women of her day, she was subjected both as a wife and as a mother to every misery that it is possible to imagine.

Her position at the court of The Hague was rendered so intolerable to her by the brutality, the neglect and the public profligacy of her husband, that she spent most of her time in foreign travel, being a frequent visitor of Emperor Napoleon and of his consort, with both of whom she was in constant correspondence. While her husband squandered colossal sums on the Pennsylvania-born Madame Musard and other of his fair friends, she, the Queen of Holland, was compelled to exist in the most straitened circumstances, so much so that she was obliged literally to adopt all the devices of shabby gentility, especially in matters of toilette, in order to maintain any kind of appearances, and, devoted to her children, she lived to see her eldest boy die as a more disreputable profligate even than his father, while Alexander, her second son, was not only crippled, but also to all intents and purposes a lunatic.

The Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, 617 years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of the hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting some wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Clex, a captain of infantry, on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Clex, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with an unsuccess in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns, and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island, to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn went to San Domingo, Guadalupe, and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves, and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree, and when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.—Success.

Admiral Cotton Nears Beirut.

Ole Mistah Sultan,
Min' yo' eye—
Gwine be trouble
By an' by;
Gwine be brickbats
Flyin' round—
Heah a rumble say:
Fom de ground!
Mistah Sultan,
Yo' hab long
Sunz yo' little
Sassy song;
Yo' hab made de
Guggin' blood
Flow 'roun' in a
Monst'ous flood;
But at las' yo'
Struck a snag
W'en yo' starts to
Chaw de rag
Wil' yo' Uncle
Come at las'!
Gwine be trouble
Right erway!
Mistah Sultan,
Min' yo' eye!
Dar's a dark cloud
In de sky;
Dem ole gunboats
Got up steam—
Gwineter gib you
One bad dream.
Kaze de easy
Time am past;
Reck'nin' time hab
Come at las'!
Gwineter make you
Sob an' sigh—
Mistah Sultan,
Min' yo' eye!
—San Francisco Bulletin.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

What we call an error in judgment in ourselves we call tomfoolery in everybody else.

A girl gets as excited over going on a honeymoon as a man does going to the races.

It is simply astonishing how uncomfortable a hammock can be unless a girl will get in it with you.

Nobody can be as sorry for another as the proud mother of one boy for the proud mother of another.

A woman who knows how to make good bread can lack a lot of brains and her family will never miss them. —New York Press.

Political Gossip Here and There

Opening of Maryland Campaign.

The State campaign in Maryland will open in earnest this week, and the fight will grow in intensity as election day approaches. The Democrats purpose entering the field first and will hold their convention on Wednesday. It promises to be one of the most enthusiastic political gatherings ever held in the old Monumental City. Contrary to custom the meeting will take place in the evening, and the nominating speeches will be made to the accompaniment of patriotic and popular music, soft lights and the applause of listening thousands, for it is estimated that the attendance of visitors will be larger than ever before in the history of Maryland conventions.

In fact the convention will be almost a society event for boxes and seats have been reserved for fashionably dressed women and gallant men of the Maryland aristocracy. The machine is in perfect condition and will be shown to its best spectacular advantage. It cannot fall to arouse enthusiasm, and with the great "send off" which is anticipated the Democrats will enter the contest buoyant with hope and confident of victory in November.

Edwin Wartfield, as has been previously announced, will be the party's candidate for governor, all opposition to him having been dispelled upon the return of Senator Gorman from his European trip. He will be named by acclamation. The Hon. Spencer Jones, who made a spasmodic effort to win the nomination, will preside at the meeting and give his loyal support to the nominee.

Will Fix Slate Tomorrow.

The remainder of the ticket has not been fully determined upon, but the places will all be filled at a conference of the leaders which is to be held tomorrow. There is much talk of nominating ex-Governor Jackson, of the Eastern Shore, as a candidate for comptroller. Mr. Jackson is a brother of Representative Jackson, who was the Republican aspirant for the Senatorship against Senator McComas until the election of delegates settled everything in favor of the statesman from Williamsport.

The Republicans are as certain to name ex-Senator Williams as their candidate for governor as the Democrats are to select Mr. Wartfield, and their efforts are now directed toward reconciling the belligerent factions of the party. They are meeting with a greater degree of success than might have been expected a few weeks ago. The Republicans are, as a rule, rallying to the support of Mr. Williams, but this does not mean that they will stand together when it comes to voting the legislative ticket. Mr. Williams will doubtless pull nearly the entire Republican strength this year, but there is much uncertainty in respect to the Legislature.

Buckner and Bradley.

One feature of the Kentucky campaign this year is noteworthy for the positions taken by two prominent men of the State—Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner and ex-Governor Bradley, the former once a Democrat and the latter still a Republican. General Buckner is out in an indorsement of the "Republican ticket" from top to bottom, while ex-Governor Bradley, although not advocating the election of Governor Beckham, has declined to go upon the stump or give aid to the candidates of his party. The attitude of both men is largely on account of personal reasons. General Buckner, who left the Democratic party on the silver issue and became the candidate for Vice President on the Gold Democratic ticket, has never returned to his old political association, although he still professes to be a Democrat. Probably the principal reason which impels him to support the Republican State ticket this fall is the fact that Mr. Becknap, the Republican nominee, is his son-in-law, and General Buckner is naturally bound stronger by family ties than by partisan bonds, particularly when the latter have been loosened by issues of which he did not approve.

Arraigned Beckham.

He attended the Republican convention which nominated Mr. Becknap, and is enthusiastic over the prospects for the success of his son-in-law. Although advanced in years, General Buckner is still strong and vigorous, and it is announced that he will take the stump