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MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1904.

Dr. Parkhurst is reported to have said in his sermon yesterday that the hardest moral achievement is to conquer our own sins instead of fighting other people. Considering Dr. Parkhurst's record as a disturber of the public conscience this sounds rather queer. Is it possible that the renowned reformer has been all the time fighting the sins to which he finds himself most inclined?

Mr. Patterson of Tennessee seems to think it possible that President Roosevelt was the author of the biography furnished in General Grosvenor's speech on his record. Mr. Patterson must be either very inexperienced or very unobservant. It has long been known to the average observer of public events that General Grosvenor can gather and correlate facts with greater rapidity than any other agency known to man, the lightning calculator not excepted. Moreover, with two remarkably graphic biographies at the disposal of the public, President Roosevelt could have had no conceivable reason for wanting to write his own life at a time when so many interesting achievements are waiting to be put into it.

The New York Democratic State convention, which is meeting in Albany today, is dominated, apparently, by David B. Hill. Tammany Leader Charles F. Murphy has served notice upon the Hill men that his organization will fight against instructing the delegates to the St. Louis convention to the bitter end. His challenge will be promptly accepted, and it is expected that the Hill machine will roll over the Tammany delegation and make it, in vulgar parlance, feel like thirty cents. New York's seventy-eight delegates to the National convention, Murphy included, will be instructed for Parker. The Democrats of the Empire State, like their Republican brethren, do not love to dwell in harmony too long. They must have a shiny once in a while. And they seem to have it now, sure enough.

In the city of Nagoya, in Japan, on Friday last, there was a great procession. A thousand white lanterns were carried for the souls of the dead Russians. The bearers were preceded by banners inscribed: "We sorrow unquenchably for the brave Russian admiral." This morning comes a dispatch from St. Petersburg, which says that, replying to a question by the czar as to why he was not taking any prisoners, General Kashtilinski, commanding the Russian forces at the Yalu, telegraphed: "I don't find it convenient to keep prisoners, as I am not well supplied with rope." The story, as far as the czar is concerned, is probably a "fake." Let us hope it is. The fact, however, that it could come out of St. Petersburg at all at this time is characteristic of the difference which marks a self-styled "civilized" nation and one which it calls "semi-barbarous."

Significance of the Torpedo.

Demonstration of the Limited Usefulness of Battleships. The recent sea fight in the East has a significance beyond that of its bearing on the quarrel between Japan and Russia. It proves conclusively that the immense battleship of modern times is not impregnable where torpedo boats are concerned. With a picturesque effect not infrequently found in the events of history, it has come to pass that the Japanese, newest of all nations in the field of modern war, have proved the value of this newest engine of war.

Armed with torpedo boats, the Japanese would be formidable antagonists in any war. They are absolutely dominated by the idea of duty; wherever duty in the form of patriotism may call them and death in this form seems to be to them no more terrible than death anywhere else. This is probably the secret of their extraordinary coolness and self-control. While there are as brave men in the English and American navy as in the Japanese, this peculiar recklessness in the face of danger and death is not a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race as a whole. The difference might be summed up somewhat after this fashion: The Anglo-Saxon braves danger with a subconscious idea that he will get out of it; the Japanese faces his fate with apparent indifference, whether it seems to be possible to escape or certain death.

An interesting point of contrast between the Asiatic and the Englishman is ascribed to a Hindu Babu, who put it somewhat after this fashion: "I am afraid to be kicked, but I am

not afraid to die. You English are not afraid to be kicked, but you are afraid to die. If it were not so, you would be all over the shop in an hour, upsetting the balances of power, and making commotions."

This is probably a just observation so far as the Hindu is concerned. He shrinks from pain, but accepts death stoically. But the Japanese are not Hindus, and they possess precisely the combination of fearlessness which the Babu hinted. They are not afraid to be kicked, and they are not afraid to die. It is probable that if to this effective combination were added the restless thirst for domination and conquest which is characteristic of English blood, trouble might be expected for the Western World in the event of their success in the present war. But it is quite as important to understand that this land thirst is not an essential part of the Japanese character, and that their desire to dominate is, so far as can be seen, merely self-protective. It may be difficult for that a whole nation can be so permeated by patriotism and traditional ideas of self-control as absolutely to scorn the fear of death, and still more difficult to understand how this fearlessness can be unaccompanied by a desire for world conquest, but that is exactly the anomalous position of Japan at present, and it doubtless seems quite as natural to her as our numerous inconsistencies do to us.

Sympathetic Judges.

Mr. Bryan Considers "Sympathy" as Necessary as Knowledge.

Mr. Bryan recently expressed the opinion, in discussing the qualifications of the ideal judge, that "sympathy with the people" was as necessary, if not even more necessary, as knowledge of the law in such a position. This is about as mischievous a fallacy as could well be let loose on a too impressionable public. We have already quite enough sentiment in and around the courts of this country, on the bench and in jury, and in many instances it comes perilously near overriding the law altogether. Mr. Bryan, as a lawyer, proves his unfitness for any executive position when he asserts that a judge on the bench ought to discount his knowledge, on occasion, when "sympathy with the people" interferes with it.

Of course, the idea which Mr. Bryan probably intended to convey was that a judge should not allow himself to be swayed by sympathy with corporations and capitalists, and octopus-ry in general, but if that was what he meant, he ought to have said so. "Sympathy with the people" seems to be twisted by him to mean sympathy with workmen, farmers, anybody who is not a millionaire; but as a mechanic whose tools are words, he should use his words more accurately. It is just as absurd to talk about sympathy being part of the duty of a judge as to say that an accountant ought to have sympathy for the multiplication table, or part of the multiplication table. The judge's duty is to understand the law and see that it is interpreted as it stands, not to put a sympathetic interpretation on it for anybody's benefit.

Causes of Suicide.

The Number of Suicides Said to Be Increasing Every Year.

A statistician asserts that the number of suicides in this country increases yearly, though he does not say whether this increase is altogether out of proportion to the gain in population. A curious fact brought out in this connection is that whereas twenty years ago shooting was the most common form of self-destruction, the use of carbolic acid has now become the usual thing. It was once said by a druggist after an unusual number of deaths from carbolic acid had occurred that if the average person thoroughly understood the agonizing effect of this liquid when taken internally, there would be fewer victims of this particular form of suicidal mania. There is probably something in this. It takes time for carbolic acid to work, and the sufferings of the victim are excruciating. The reason of its common use by suicides probably is the ease with which it can be obtained, and the same restrictions ought to be placed upon it which are placed upon other deadly poisons.

One reason for suicide, if the facts could all be known, would probably be found to exist in our increasing dependence upon each other for comfortable life. In simpler times, when a man lost his money, or a woman was left alone in the world, there was usually a way to escape from the scrutiny of the world and live in comfortable, if lonely, independence. Nowadays the unfortunate is more likely to be confronted with the necessity of being dependent on unwilling charity, mixed up with uncongenial persons, or subjected to other conditions galling to a sensitive soul. Possibly, when we have arrived at the ideal civilization, ways will be provided by which those who are poor through no fault of their own will be able to secure to themselves privacy and independence, instead of being provided with a bare living. There was a kernel of truth in the comment of an old Virginia mammy who, speaking of the county poorhouse, exclaimed, "Oh, honey, it was

drefful! All dem po' creeturs so mis'-able den jes' breegter ter be mixed up together!"

Employment Agencies.

Desirability of Supervision of These Offices.

Whenever it has been suggested that the city might establish an employment agency, at which any homeless man or woman could be sure of finding some kind of work which would ward off starvation, we have heard expostulations about paternalism and the danger of interfering with private business. Conditions have been revealed in New York, however, which make apparent the desirability of having employment agencies everywhere supervised by the city government, for the protection of both employers and employees. A bill is now pending which provides for such supervision.

It appears that while there are many respectable intelligence offices, there are many others which are anything but respectable, and offer sure and horrible ruin to the helpless immigrant, under the guise of aid. Girls who go there pay their fees, and are sent wholesale to destruction; and having, in most cases, no friends who can aid them, their fate remains unknown to the public. Other offices are most unsanitary and disgusting in their provisions for girls awaiting employment, and the girls are sent from these places into families where they will have the care of little children. It is clear that something ought to be done about it, and that nothing can be done without vigorous and uncompromising action, which will undoubtedly arouse the enmity of a good many unspeakable characters.

The Leopard's Spots.

Knowledge of the Bible Among Johns Hopkins Students.

President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, made an experiment the other day. He asked a large class of students the origin of the phrase about the leopard's spots. Only one student knew precisely where it originated, and he was studying for the ministry. The others ascribed it to various sources. Some thought it was a popular proverb, and one was sure it came out of Kipling.

Many other experiences are reported by various college presidents and professors, in proof that the average student of today is not nearly as familiar with the Bible as he ought to be. They do not have so much trouble of that sort in England as we do here, if the writings and speeches of modern Englishmen are any proof of the intelligence of their readers. It is actually coming to be regarded as pedantic in this country to make allusions to Biblical characters, or quote phrases from the Bible, except in a sermon; whereas in English novels and other works one is continually coming across them. An ingenious person wrote an article for a church paper some years ago, to prove that religious people might safely read Kipling, even if he did seem to be revolutionary, because his familiarity with the Bible proved him to be a truly reverent man; and quotations were marshaled by the score to show this familiarity. The English lad becomes familiar with the Bible almost unconsciously, by hearing it constantly read in church; nothing in this country takes the place of this regular and matter-of-fact instruction. Forty or fifty years ago, when sermons were arguments fortified by texts, children brought up to go to church got their knowledge of the Bible in that way; but nothing in modern life takes the place of that, either. Our grandfathers and grandmothers considered ignorance of the Bible a proof of bad bringing up and lack of education; it is no longer so regarded. Hence we see the time when only one student in a big college class knows the origin of the quotation about the leopard and his spots.

London householders object to anthracite coal for household use, being accustomed to the bituminous variety. Probably if the fog were suddenly cleared away they would complain that the sun made their eyes ache.

1,000 people are said to live in the corridors of a salt mine in Poland. More people than that live up Salt River in this country.

The palace at Seoul is reported to have caught fire through defective heating apparatus. When you put new furnaces into old palaces something is bound to happen.

By the time all the leaders of the Democratic party have had a hand in constructing the candidate's convictions they will be as branded as a coach-dog.

FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA.

Two and a half times as large as the United States and Alaska. Thirty thousand miles of coast line, half of it ice-bound. Thirty-six thousand miles of railroad, two-thirds of it owned by the government. The United States has fifty-three times as many miles of telegraph and sends fifteen times as much mail. The United States has twenty-three times as many factories. One-twentieth as much coal produced and one-sixth as much iron as in the United States. Total exports \$350,000,000. Next to the United States as a grain-producing country. Population in 1903, 141,000,000. Russians, 66 per cent.; Poles, 7 per cent.; Finns, 5 per cent.; Turgos Tartars, 9 per cent. and Jews, 3 per cent. Average laborer gets one-quarter as much wages as in the United States. Only ninety daily papers.

IN SOCIETY'S CIRCLE

Miss Carow and Owen Wister Guests at the White House.

Interesting Entertainments Are Being Arranged for Visiting Members of the D. A. R. Other Social Matters.

Mrs. Roosevelt is again entertaining her sister, Miss Carow, who was with her during the early part of the winter, but went for a Southern trip some weeks ago. Miss Carow spends a part of each year abroad, generally in Italy.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt are also entertaining Owen Wister, the author of "The Virginian" and other stories. Mr. Wister and the President are old friends.

A number of interesting social entertainments are being arranged for visiting members of the D. A. R. and while otherwise the social circle is not full, there will be variety given by the presence of strangers.

The absorbing social and artistic feature of the day is the performance at the Lafayette this afternoon at 4:15 o'clock, of Mrs. Barney's production, "The Dream of Queen Elizabeth." President Roosevelt and his wife were the first to attend, and the White House guest will occupy a box, and Mme. Calve will be present. It is not unlikely that this great artist will give some of her talent for the entertainment.

Baroness Hengelmueller, wife of the Austrian ambassador, will take the part of Malome in the tableaux, which was the first presentation of the play, and will be Miss Elizabeth Warder, who is now in New York.

The fact that the play will be produced for the members of the families of seamen who lost their lives in the Missouri disaster, gives it special interest.

Among the boxholders, besides the President, will be Admiral Dewey, the English ambassador, the Russian ambassador, the Peruvian minister, Rear Admiral Schley, Rear Admiral Hixey, Commander Miller, Commander Edgely, Mrs. Kirke Porter, Mrs. Richardson Cloyer, Mrs. Codman, of New York, and Mrs. Bennett, wife of the Secretary of the Senate.

Senator and Mrs. Dryden entertained a dinner company Saturday evening, which included the French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, Justice Harlan, Senator and Mrs. Foraker, Senator Burrows, Senator Kean and Miss Kean, Mr. and Mrs. George Lathrop Bradley, Mrs. Postlethwaite, Col. and Mrs. Kuser, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Dryden, and Miss Hagner.

Mrs. Walsh resumed her series of morning lecture-entertainments on Saturday morning, when about two score friends were invited to hear a most interesting talk by Miss Janet Richards, wife of a prominent and delightful, fully entertaining resident of the Russian-Japanese war.

Miss Letler and Miss Daisy Letler have returned to London, after several weeks' visit to the south of France. They have taken an apartment at a London hotel for the remainder of their visit to that city, where earlier in the season they were the guests of Lady Curzon. The latter will make a short visit to America during the summer, bringing her three small daughters to see their grandfather at Ear Harbor.

Mrs. L. F. McI. May was pleasantly surprised last Monday evening by the "Blotter League" at her home, 234 C Street. After a delightful musical and literary program, refreshments were served. Those present were Messrs. J. C. White and N. Thompson, of Baltimore; Messrs. W. H. New, Murray, Coleman, Henshaw, Hay, Smith, Walsh, Adams, and Fitzgerald, and Misses L. Adams, A. Lewis, B. Thomas, M. C. Moore, H. E. Boutill, A. Wood, and I. Daniels.

Miss Powell, a delegate of the St. Louis chapter of the D. A. R., is stopping at 3042 N Street while in the city. Miss Powell is the sister of Mrs. Howard, a member of the credentials committee of the coming biennial of General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Dumbarton Club will give the third and last of its successful series of dances at the clubhouse this evening at 8:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger—"Julian Gordon" in her books—has closed her house at the corner of Twenty-fifth and K Streets and gone to New York. Located in an old-fashioned part of the city, it was a complete and comfortable residence well adapted to the drudgery of her literary work, and will return here soon. Her present abode was once the home of the British legation, and the fashion and culture of old Washington clustered about it.

Mrs. and Mrs. John L. Griffiths, of Indianapolis, who have many friends in Washington, are at the Shoreham for a visit of several days.

Mrs. Marie Warren, of Baltimore, is the guest of friends on Washington Circle.

Mrs. W. Parker Cutler, will be "at home" this afternoon to callers.

The sixty society people forming the staff of "The Dream of Queen Elizabeth" were entertained Saturday by Mrs. Charles G. Bennett, wife of the Secretary of the Senate.

Mrs. M. J. Shriver has as her guest her niece, Miss Louise Relfswider, one of the debutantes of Baltimore during the past season.

Miss Errol Cuthbert Brown, maid of honor for Miss Webb, whose marriage to Dr. Mitchell, of Baltimore, is the leading social event of Wednesday, will entertain the bridal party and a few additional guests at dinner tonight.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who spent most of the winter at Asheville, N. C., has gone for a prolonged visit with friends in Kentucky.

Gen. and Mrs. Anson Mills, who have been spending several months with their daughter, Mrs. Overton, wife of Capt. W. S. Overton at the Presidio, San Francisco, have returned to their Washington home. Captain Overton has been ordered to Portland, Me., and with Mrs. Overton will soon go to his new station.

Mrs. McKinley Osborne, who is spending some time in Europe, is now in Paris.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, American minister to Switzerland, will return to the States with his family for a visit during the early part of the summer. Mrs. Hill is one of the most accomplished women in the diplomatic corps abroad, and when in Washington made the house of the Assistant Secretary of State the center of social life and culture. She more nearly maintained a weekly draw-

THE EVENING STORY

A GENUINE MAGGINI.

She was so absorbed in her playing that she did not see her brother until he stood close before her. She saw his shoes first. Their eloquence prepared her for his white face and bloodshot eyes. She looked him all over before she said: "You've been reckless again."

"He tossed himself into a chair as if he had been a shabby suit of clothes. And you've left your spine somewhere," she went on. "Richard, what have you been doing?"

"What would be the next worst thing to sell you?" he said hoarsely.

"She looked at him fixedly for a moment. Then she understood. She clasped the violin tightly to her breast, her face flushed with alarm and rising anger.

"You don't mean to say—" she began brokenly.

"I deserve to be hanged," groaned the limp form in the chair.

"Richard, what have you done?" she said piteously.

"Helen, I staked the Maggini on Fire against Hartley's eight hundred. I thought it was a mere form. I had nothing else to put up, and the mare was the pick of the lot. Nobody understands it even yet. They think she was drugged."

"You mean you lost—lost what was never yours to stake? No, don't say father left it to you. I know he did, but you never loved it. A violin belongs to

in musical instruments, an old man who had known her father. He came trotting forward to meet her with the delight in his face that the sight of her always called forth.

"Dear Mr. Goldman," she began abruptly. "Have you the false Maggini you had a month ago?"

"He is still here, the lying fellow! Do you want to see him?"

"Please, yes."

"He brought her the violin. She took it to the light and examined it carefully.

"They did it pretty well, didn't they? Double purflings, clover leaf patten, and all. Mr. Goldman, are you sure this wouldn't deceive a connoisseur?"

"Never. The label is the rogue's weak point. They've defaced the label, and any student of violin lore knows that Maggini never dated his labels.

"Well, then, may have the loan of this violin for a few days?"

"To be sure. But what do you want with a false Maggini when you have a genuine one, a treasure?"

"She looked wistful.

"I can't tell you that. But you're sure this wouldn't deceive any one?"

"No one who knows violins.

"She drew a long breath of relief. A few days later, Richard was waiting in the sitting-room, with the expression of one who is about to be executed. Van Zandt, who was with him, wondered at the boy's look of distress. The whole affair had rather jarred on his taste. He had received a note from a stranger stating that the Lisle family wished to sell their violin. He had known of the false Maggini, but it had interested him less than the young lady whose property

"I deserve to be hanged," groaned the limp form on the chair.

the one who loves it—and you dared do this thing! If it's true," she added.

"I think I'll never forgive you."

"And serve me right," he muttered. "Don't think I haven't suffered, too. I didn't sleep a wink last night, thinking of having to tell you."

The misery in his face showed her that her tragedy was a settled matter. She checked her rising sobs to come straight to the point.

"Can't we raise eight hundred?"

"How," he said, dropping her word like a stone into a deep well.

"Well, then, won't Hartley wait?"

"No, for he wants money at once, and thinks he can sell the violin to Carl Zandt. You know he has a famous collection."

"This is despicable!" she wailed. "That wretched Hartley planning to sell my violin! But you are worse than he. You staked it. You staked all I have!"

She gathered it into her arms as if it had been a dead child. The figure in the chair straightened.

"It ends my betting forever. It ends my old life."

She turned her mournful face to him with a softer look.

"Will there ever come a time when I can love you without its hurting so?"

"That afternoon she went to a dealer

he thought it was. He had met her once at a dinner; had never forgotten her face and voice. He was nervous now over the approaching meeting. He sensed tragic conditions. He connected the sale of the violin with that unlucky brother.

She came down at last with the violin in her hands. There was a suppressed excitement in her manner. To Van Zandt her presence somehow banished all thought of the violin. He was surprised when she put the instrument into his hands, and asked him to come to the window. He could scarcely concentrate his attention on it, but even his superficial glance told him that the Maggini was not genuine. The dated label was enough.

There was a breathless silence in the room. He was lost in thought. No, he could not tell her it was a fraud. Whatever her motive for selling it, he knew she loved it. He looked up; there was an appeal in her face which he misinterpreted.

"I will take it at your price," he said for a moment she stood as if stunned; then the whiteness of her face changed to a vivid flush as she cried: "Oh, you mustn't take it! I have been wicked! This is not my violin. I thought you would see at once that it is a counterfeit, and then Hartley would have to wait, but now"—she began to sob—"now I shall have to give you the real Maggini!"

A year later the genuine Maggini went into the collection of Carl Van Zandt, but Helen Lisle did not have to part from it.

AUSTRIAN COUNT SAYS MINES ARE BARBAROUS

Will Suggest at International Congress That Their Use Be Regulated.

VIENNA, April 18.—Count Albert Apponyi, leader of the national section of the Liberal party in the lower house of the Hungarian diet, will propose at the international congress, to be held here in St. Louis in September next, that steps be taken to regulate the use of mines and torpedoes by the various nations.

Count Apponyi says that the Russian-Japanese war has proved that mines and torpedoes are the most barbarous engines of destruction that have ever been invented, and are fraught with danger to innocent vessels.

AFTERNOON TEA IN BERLIN. A committee of Berlin women, united under the patronage of the hereditary Princess zu Wied (nee Princess of Wurttemberg), has just issued a circular asking women of the city of Berlin to combine in order to arrange "5 o'clock tea receptions" at the Kaiserhof for every afternoon in the week from 4 to 6 o'clock, the object being to "enfranch upon Berlin an up-to-date social life. Those who have been invited to cooperate in this enterprising novel to Berlin, are assured that nothing could be more attractive and more inviting for them than to be able to receive their friends in this way and to give them a cup of tea. The price of a ticket for these reunions is fixed at 1 shilling 5 pence, whereupon it will easily be seen that another object—a charitable one—is in the rear of the scheme. It is to be hoped that the venture will prove successful for the sake of the "Infants' Home," to which the surplus in the receipts is to be devoted. The idea of the "teas" is a new form of competition in a country which has now taken a front seat in the art of competition.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

ELKS IN \$15,000 HOME. YORK, Pa., April 18.—York Lodge, No. 213, Order of Elks, has bought from Horace Keesey the three-story brownstone dwelling on North George Street for \$15,000. This property will be converted into an Elks' Home. The house was erected by Daniel King at a cost of \$40,000.

"TIM" CAMPBELL LEFT ESTATE OF \$15,000 Gave Away Money With One Hand as Fast as He Got It With the Other.

NEW YORK, April 18.—"An 'Tim' Campbell has left after being thirty-four years in politics is less than \$5,000. Had he been active in a commercial pursuit as he was in politics he could have been worth more than a million."

Henry Campbell, uncle of the dead ex-Congressman, so declared yesterday. Thousands of the East Side who had watched the late Mr. Campbell's career were anxious to know just how much of an estate he had left. They waited for the probate of the will of the late Mr. Campbell, but he never got it with one hand he gave it away with the other."

WANTS DOGLESS TOWN. CORRY, Pa., April 18.—Every dog in the town of Spartansburg and vicinity will be killed at once if the residents have their way. "Fearing rabies the council has ordered all dogs muzzled. The people have appealed to the State authorities, demanding the death of all dogs.