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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1904.

Points on the Strike.

There are two questions for the outside public to consider in connection with the meat strike, says Ernest Poole in the "Independent."

Should men be treated as mere expense items, or as fellow-workers and fellow-sharers with the employer?

Shall an industry be developed for the profit of the employer alone, or shall the welfare of the workers be considered of equal or even greater importance?

The union's point of view is easy to understand, says Mr. Poole, and he states it thus:

"A month ago I asked Michael Donnelly, the union's president, whether he would accept this threatened reduction of wage. He promptly answered, 'No; we cannot possibly accept it.' And yet John Mitchell has accepted a reduction for his union," I said. "The miners can do it," said Donnelly. "They had already forced up their wages high enough so that they could afford to accept a slight reduction, but how can you expect these unskilled men to do it—how can you expect a man with a family to accept a reduction from \$7.40 a week?"

Mr. Poole remarks that the trust's point of view is equally easy to understand, and continues:

"Yes, it is hard," I heard yesterday from the superintendent of one large packing house. "It is hard that this wage must be reduced. But it can't be helped. It's simply the law of supply and demand. The supply of labor men is steadily growing larger. Had you come here last week at 6 a. m. you would have seen over 5,000 men looking for jobs. As the depression grows worse there will be 100,000 men out of work in Chicago. They will crowd out here. They won't demand 18 cents. They will be glad to get even 15 cents. Why should we pay more than we have to? We certainly have the right to hire labor as cheap as we can."

This is how one of the common laborers answered the argument:

"It ain't right. I have worked six years for the packers. If they get half shut down by the depression then I would have to suffer, too. But they ain't shut down. They're doin' a big business. They're puttin' up prices higher every year. Now, what I want to know is, Ain't I a part of the show? If I am, why shouldn't I get my share of their prosperity? At any rate, why should I go down in wages, just because the packers see a chance to make still more money by squeezing me?"

Mr. Poole's questions bring to the fore what is really the very essence of the labor problem; that is, not the economic relations between capital and labor, upon which the false law of supply and demand lays its base, but the ethical relations by means of which justice and right for all are to be determined.

The question really gets down to this: Is it right for one man to feed and fatten at the expense of another man, and, doing so, can he escape condemnation by hiding behind a specious argument of economic necessity, when in reality there is no necessity at all, only greed? When in the school yard we see a big boy bullying a small boy we are indignant. Is the game any nobler when played by full grown men?

No Baseball Mystery.

Washington is justly proud of her Sunday school baseball players, and she should be no less proud because a picked nine of them went up against the professional Senators and were walloped by a good, round score. The real wonder was that the youngsters escaped as easily as they did.

The sum and substance of the defeat lay in the self-evident fact that the amateurs could not hit the professional pitchers, and the professionals could hit the amateur pitchers. But inasmuch as the professionals made twenty-four base hits, their seventeen runs were by no means a discredit to the fielding abilities of the Sunday school boys.

It must be remembered, in figuring up causes, that the amateurs were handicapped by other things besides stage fright. One of the chief of these was that they never played together as a team until yesterday, while they were pitted against a team which has been working together

nearly every week-day for several months.

Altogether, the fair and reasonable will have to admit that the amateur players met all sound expectations. Of course, the boys will come in for their full share of "jolly" from overenthusiastic friends, but the round sum they made for their league should make the "joshing" easy to bear.

Sunken Evidence.

The British protests against the sinking of the steamer Knight Commander and British demands for reparation and apology place Russia in an awkward position. No one denies that the Russian naval officers in destroying the Knight Commander followed instructions from St. Petersburg, that under certain exigencies the sinking of a neutral vessel was allowable. But it is a question if these instructions were permissible according to international law.

The conditions under which these instructions claimed that a vessel could be sunk were: if she proved unseaworthy, was in danger of recapture, or it was inconvenient to keep her—when, for instance, a prize crew to man her to port could not be spared. It is presumed that the Knight Commander came under this latter ruling.

Even if she did the fact will only excuse the officer and put the responsibility upon his superiors of proving that a nation at war is justified in making captures which she cannot send to port for examination by the prize court, which is the final arbiter. A policeman arrests a criminal. He does not try him and execute him. Ships of war in seizing neutral vessels act merely as policemen.

Moreover, should Russia succeed in maintaining her claim that she has a right to sink neutral vessels under certain circumstances, it is difficult to perceive how this is going to help her very much in the specific case of the Knight Commander. It is assumed that the vessel was destroyed because she was carrying contraband; but the burden of the proof of that assumption rests with Russia. The vessel herself and her cargo are forty fathoms deep—more or less. Her papers, so it is said, give no indication of contraband, and again it is necessary, even if the papers are false, for Russia to prove them so.

The Remarkable Townsend

It is queer, but true, that writers of fiction always seem to have more wonderful ideas of what newspaper men can do than the newspaper men themselves entertain. Even when they have themselves had experience in journalism this holds good. The latest example of this truth is Edward Townsend, better known as "Chimmie Fadden."

Mr. Townsend says in an article on journalism in "The Bookman":

"After the first two or three days' sittings of the Lexow committee, I reported its proceedings alone for the 'Sun.' For many weeks I wrote daily stories which at first ran three or four columns, without illustrations, two thousand words to the column. Then they were raised to five or six columns, then to seven or eight, and ended with a nine-column story, every one of which I turned in to my desk before going to dinner. But my dinner was a movable feast in those days, coming anywhere from 8 to 11 in the evening."

Let us leave out of consideration the five to seven columns a day achievements, and come directly to the last. Nine columns at two thousand words each makes eighteen thousand words, written, of course, without a typewriter, if it was the usual "running story." Mr. Townsend probably did not report the proceedings in shorthand, and then transcribe them, but if he did it would have taken longer than to write the usual long-hand report. Eighteen thousand words in one day means a good deal, considering the fact that a column an hour, counting fourteen hundred words to the column, is a pretty good rate for the ordinary reporter. And Mr. Townsend must have stopped somewhere to eat. And he wants us to believe that he came to this task after weeks of nearly equal industry.

But the milk in the cocoanut is that the columns of the "Sun" do not run to two thousand words each. By actual count they contain about thirteen hundred, when the smallest news story type is used. Even if the report had been printed in the smallest type used in the paper it would have amounted to less than eighteen hundred words to the column. If Mr. Townsend's report was no more truthful than his account of his report the "Sun" for once printed a good many things that were not so.

The Right of Privacy.

Shakespeare says something about an engineer hoist with his own petard. Judge Parker is now in a position to testify that a judge can be batted over the head with his own decision. What makes the thing more aggravating is that a woman has done the thing.

Some time ago a young woman of the State of New York, Miss Roberson, found to her great mortification and annoyance that her picture had been enlarged and reproduced as part of the advertisement of a manufac-

turing company with whose wares she did not care to be connected.

She applied to the law for redress. The case was carried into the court over which Judge Parker presided, and his decision was that there was no legal way of preventing such a thing.

Now Judge Parker finds himself greatly annoyed by photographers who invade his premises and take his picture at all times, appropriate and inappropriate, and will not even let him alone when he is attired in his bathing suit.

He would like to know if the law cannot put a stop to it. He finds that it cannot. Miss Roberson has written him a letter of the "now you know how good it is yourself" order, which doubtless does not tend to allay his irritation.

Of course, there ought to be some way to prevent the annoyance of offensive people by persons who insist on taking their photographs, and there ought to be a way to prevent manufacturers from using a young girl's picture to advertise their wares when such use is distasteful to her. There are plenty of pretty girls who would not object to such notoriety.

If Judge Parker has been led by experience to see this obvious truth there is no reason to be sorry for him. Every man should rejoice in an experience which makes him a wiser, even if a crosser man.

Points in Paragraphs.

The average man's idea of a real feminine woman is one who will address him as "darling" over the telephone.

Policeman Carlin caught two burglars at work. He might try his luck now with the Government clerks during the extra half-hour.

A Washington man has been fined \$5 for spanking the son of a neighbor. If this son was like some we know, the spank was worth the money.

That couple which slipped away from the Forest Glen tournament and came to Washington to get married, evidently were determined to play the game to the limit.

A small boy, imbued with the universal Washington "fan" fever, broke his arm chasing a low ball. Many a man has gone broke all over chasing the high ball.

Massachusetts Republicans and Democrats will hold their State conventions on the same day. But not, we trust, for the peace of the Bay State, at the same place.

The strike of the firemen in Heurich's brewery is ended, and with the beer flowing freely once more the populace can again view the Washington climate with composure.

A bartender has eaten chocolate creams and become violently ill. Unlike the young woman with a generous "best feller," his business did not make him immune to that kind of poison.

Representative Dovenor brings the news to Washington that West Virginia Republicans are not worrying about losing their State. We fancy not. All cause for worry ceased when Henry G. Davis was nominated.

Thompson-Seton wishes it to be understood that he did not have a juvenile delinquent on his lawn when his Indian party was christened. It is a sad day for an author when he has to deny things oftener than he does them.

Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that fair and equal justice will be done to all, irrespective of religion, birthplace, or race, will probably cause dissatisfaction in a great many people who would like to be sure that nothing of the kind is likely to happen.

A Philadelphia recounts a singular incident in his experience with labor unions. He let his fourteen-year-old boy paint his fence, and when he wanted the barn painted the local men would not do it for the reason that the boy's work had "fouled the job." Is it coming to the point where a man cannot shave himself without being waited on by the Barbers' Union?

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

"No writer with a real gift and with a real ambition has any business with a home, children, the unintermittent comforts of life which stultify and stifle. If a man has a gift to write, to create—the greatest of all gifts—what more does he want?"—Gertrude Atherton, in North American Review.

Farewell, dear wife; farewell, my children all;

Farewell the comforts of ancestral hall. Gertrude has spoken and her words burn deep.

Nay, pretty prattlers, prithe do not weep. I have no business with a "stiffing" home.

I, with a great creative gift, must roam And bear discomforts that the gift may grow. But woe, oh woe!

Shakespeare (and peer of all who ever wrote)

Did he on wife and children ever dote? Why, no, he left them all to go to town—(Down, little fellow, from my knee get down)

What Shakespeare did I should be proud to do. Creative gift, attend me while we two Give up the creature comforts of this life.

Farewell, dear wife! Gertrude has taught me that I have ambition Which never in a home can show fruition.

What boots an epic followed by a tea? Or romp upon the grass with children three?

How can I hope to rival Dante's art? While little nestlings in my life take part?

Come, find another one to pay the bills And share your ills. "What else needs he who has the gift to write?" Oh, Gertrude Atherton, what cursed spite Made you delay to pen those words of life!

Till I had taken to myself a wife? I've left my wife and home. Your words struck fire. Stuffed for aye are love and fond desire. But what if my creative gift give out? Oh, fearful doubt!

—Pack.

IN SOCIETY'S CIRCLE

LIFE IS INFORMAL AT WHITE HOUSE

Mrs. Roosevelt Plays Role of Domesticity.

CABINET MEMBERS ARRIVING

Charge d'Affaires of Peru in Washington—Was Familiar Figure in the Eighties.

While the return of Mrs. Roosevelt to Washington can have no possible effect upon society, which weeks ago winged its flight to various resorts, there is always something delightfully new in the mere fact of again having her in Washington.

The President's wife will enjoy life at the White House during her short stay in a manner she was never privileged to do before. Society has no claim upon her, and she will have only the domestic side of life to employ her.

Among other delightful little touches at the White House which show Mrs. Roosevelt's good taste is the arrangement of the south front balcony, where she serves the President and his friends with a cup of tea and light refreshments, or, if the sunlight falls there, she orders the little tea table carried down on the lawn under the trees or the cunning little red and white striped awning erected for the purpose.

There is to be absolutely no formality during her short visit this time, and she will ride, drive and walk without fear of being molested.

None of the children accompanied her, Quentin and Ethel remaining at Oyster Bay.

Secretary Moody returned to Washington today, accompanied by his family.

Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne arrived last evening, and found their extensive quarters in the Arlington Annex gay with cut flowers.

Miss Louise Van Dyke Jones, their niece, who joined them on the New England coast for a short visit, accompanied her here, and will remain for two or three days, while Miss Eliza will return to her home in Milwaukee.

Senator Don Frederico Elmore, charge d'affaires of Peru during the absence of Minister Calderon, has arrived in Washington, and is at the New Willard. Mr. Elmore has not been in Washington for some time, but was a familiar figure in society when he represented his country here during the eighties.

Dr. S. O. Richey will come up from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs and spend two or three days of next week in Washington.

Mrs. Wythe M. Parks has returned to the city from a visit with her parents, Major and Mrs. J. Thompson Baird, of Portsmouth, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Russell, of Carstairs, Scotland, are visiting Dr. Egbert A. Clark, Mrs. Russell's brother. After seeing the points of interest at the Capital they will accompany Dr. and Mrs. Clark to Muskoka Lakes, where they expect to canoe around the lakes and down the Muskoka and Moon Rivers to Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Bernard A. Murdock, 1314 Forest Place, Baltimore, and Miss Louise S. Talow, of Huntington, N. Y., are spending the week sightseeing in Washington.

The Rev. John Gordon, D. D., president of Howard University, leaves the city today to join his family in the Catskill Mountains, at Roseland, N. Y. Dr. Gordon will return to Washington about the middle of September.

SUMMER WEDDING AT BLADENSBURG

George H. Turpin, of Delaware, and Miss Margaret Irene Summers, of Bladensburg, were married at St. Matthew's Episcopal Chapel, Bladensburg, Wednesday.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George F. Williams, formerly rector of Hyattsville parish. The ushers were William Long, of Washington, and George Suit and Robert W. Wells, of Hyattsville.

A reception was held at the home of the bride, which was attended by a large number of friends from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Turpin will make their home for the present in Bladensburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murphy, of Westmoreland county, Va., announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Marbury Taylor, to George P. Collyer, on Wednesday, August 3, at 9 a. m., in the Baptist Church in Nomini, Westmoreland county, Va.

WASHINGTONIANS LEAVE THE CITY

Mr. and Mrs. William T. C. Curtis left Washington today for New England, and will spend some weeks in the Cape Ann district, where they have many friends and relatives.

Myra Curtis left with her parents, and William Curtis, their elder son, will join them in New York and accompany them to New England.

C. W. Willard has gone to Atlantic City, for a short time, and is stopping at Youn's.

Mrs. Camden, wife of ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Spilman, wife of Gen. B. D. Spilman, at their beautiful country place at Warrenton, Va. Mrs. Spilman gave a reception there for her mother yesterday, when all the summer visitors and the country residents were guests.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. John Gibson have gone to Buena Vista Springs for the rest of this month and all of next.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Nixon have left for Atlantic City, and will make the Arlington their home while there.

Miss E. S. Love and Miss Dent have gone to Atlantic City and are at the Chaifonte.

W. Scott Ward is spending some days at the Mount Vernon, Atlantic City.

SECRETARY HAY SEES ST. GAUDENS

Visits Sculptor in Home at Windsor, Vt.

MISS ROOSEVELT'S VISIT

People of New Hampshire Will Give Reception in Honor of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland.

The Secretary of State, who went to his summer home at Lake Sunapee with Mrs. Hay several weeks ago, has been paying a short visit to Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, at his home at Windsor, Vt. He returned to Newberry last evening.

Miss Roosevelt has gone to visit friends at Northeast Harbor. She attended the President and Mrs. Roosevelt from Oyster Bay as far as New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman entertained a dinner party at their Newport villa last evening, in compliment to Mrs. Henry May and her son Gerald May, who are their house guests.

Governor Bachelder, of New Hampshire, and other prominent people of that State, are planning to give a large reception at Center Sandwich, in honor of ex-President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who are spending the summer there.

Miss Edith Wetmore scored a success in Newport yesterday as advance agent for the garden party to be given at Mrs. Edmund Berwind's villa, "The Elms," August 6. Miss Wetmore was greeted with applause wherever she chose to hang out posters, and advertisements for the fête. She will see cream the day of the party.

Miss C. J. Graham has gone to Magnolia, Mass., and is at the New Magnolia, where a number of prominent New York and Washington people are stopping.

Baron and Baroness von Bussche, of the German embassy, who are constantly entertained at Lenox, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Dixey, who entertained charmingly at Fairview, in honor of Nelson Winthrop, of Paris.

Truxton Beale and his bride are at Bar Harbor for the summer, and have leased the yacht at Lenox, which is in the bay, and will spend much of their time in cruising.

Mrs. J. B. Edmonds, who is spending the summer at the Hesperus House, Magnolia, has had as guests for a week past Mr. and Mrs. Barker, of Taunton.

Mrs. Walter Demegre and Mrs. Britton were among the guests at the four-day party at Hamilton, Mass., to the Tea Kettle, at Magnolia, where the party refreshed.

Mrs. Mary Henry Reynolds and her daughter Alice have taken a cottage at Mount St. Marys, Frederick county, Md. Captain L. Paul Reynolds, U. S. N., who is now stationed at Norfolk, is paying a short visit to his mother and sister.

Washington people who recall the sprightly social stunts of Representative Butler Ames in Washington last winter, when he participated as a waiter in the Fair of All Nations, and again as a speaker at the Russian Bazaar, with Countess Cassati at his head, will be highly grieved to hear that he is now ill at his home, near Gloucester, Mass., on the north shore, the trouble being an attack of malaria fever.

Mr. Ames' physician has declared that the attack is only a slight one, and he will return to the open air of society within a week or two. He has been lionized as was never a Congressman by society girls before.

BANK PRESIDENT ARRESTED; INSTITUTION HAD FAILED

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 29.—Earl W. Card, president of the Medina National Bank, which failed a few days ago, has been arrested by Deputy United States Marshal Conklin.

The arrest of McCord is believed to be the result of an investigation begun by the depositors' committee.

The committee recently announced that a public meeting of the depositors would be held August 12 in Cooper Hall, which time a report was to be presented. The arrest of McCord may lead to a change of the committee's plans.

BRIGADE AT WORLD'S FAIR.

ST. LOUIS, July 29.—Swift's Mission Brigade, of Allegheny, Pa., visited the Pennsylvania Building at the World's Fair grounds and paid respects to the Liberty Bell. Headed by the Grand Army of the Republic Band, of Allegheny, the brigade marched to the building and executed a number of drills.

SMILED WHEN SENTENCED.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Adolph Koenig, convicted last week of strangling to death Mrs. Mary E. Kaufman, of 129 West Fortieth Street, on May 3, was sentenced by Judge Cowing yesterday to die in the chair during the week beginning September 1. He chuckled and smiled broadly when sentenced.

HOW JAPAN MADE READY.

A story is being told which sheds an interesting light on the marvelous foresight and precaution that characterized the preparations of the Japanese for the present war.

Some years ago a Japanese agent came to Philadelphia with a letter of introduction to a prominent Philadelphian who had traveled in Japan. The letter was written by a Japanese officer who knew the Philadelphian, and it stated that if he would help the bearer in what he desired the favor would be greatly appreciated. The favor was for the Philadelphian simply to introduce the agent to a first-class firm of detectives.

This was done and the agent described as a responsible person. He had plenty of money and a bargain was made with the firm, the latter to receive a large sum of money. The detectives were required to dress in the clothes of laborers and secure work in Cramps' shipyard and then to gather full information about the Russian battleship Variaz, then in early course of construction.

This they did, and the Japanese government was supplied with every detail of the construction and armament of the Variaz. The officers at Cramps' docked up, but, begosh, ye looked as bold as a sheep.

LITTLE POEMS OF WASHINGTON LIFE

VII.

A YOUNG SKEPTIC.

My Uncle Ned says, out t' the Zoo, You know that owl says, "Who-o-o!" Well, he says you walk right 'round' that feller And he'll keep those eyes so big and yeller Right on you! And you keep walkin' slow, And he'll twist his head off, first thing you know, An' just give a little kind o' cough And that head'll tumble right spang off! He told me that out t' the Zoo, But I don't believe it, do you?

My Uncle Ned says, out t' the Zoo, You know them birds goes "Coo-coo-coo!" He says one time, oh, a long time ago, Them doves was folks like Aunt Em and her bean, And they spooned and they spooned, till all they could say, Was "I love you-ou!" just that foolish way. I hope I'll never be that kind of folks, To turn into ring-doves, and have 'em make jokes, And sit all day saying "Coo-coo-coo!" But I don't believe it, do you?

My Uncle Ned says, out t' the Zoo, That great big mouse-colored kangaroo Got out one day and begun to hop, And got to goin' and couldn't stop, And hopped up higher until he went Right over the Washington Monument! And scared the niggers and startled the town, And they had to have a b'loon to git him down— That's what they had to do, But I don't believe it, do you?

My Uncle Ned says, out t' the Zoo, "Some night we'll come, jes' me and you, And steal o' Dunk, and take him away, And feed him up on your grandpa's hay, And keep him hid out there t' the farm Where he can't possibly do any harm, And then we'll take him to some far clime, And have just the gorgeouset kind of a time." I don't b'lieve he will, do you? But I jes' let him think I do.

CANADIANS CHEER LORD DUNDONALD

Great Enthusiasm Shown at Farewell Reception.

His Utterances Applauded—Borne on Shoulders of Scots to Windsor Hall—May Return.

MONTREAL, July 29.—Lord Dundonald, late general officer commanding the Canadian militia, bade farewell to Montreal last night amid an immense popular demonstration. Hundreds of war veterans, among them many wearing the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, gathered in the rotunda of the Windsor Hotel, where farewell speeches were made. In his reply, Lord Dundonald referred covertly to the danger of an "insidious weakening of the ties which bind Canada to the mother country," and added:

"Comrades, keep both hands on the Union Jack. If that flag be not revered as is its due, no matter from what quarter, you see, to it that its folds are kept unsoiled."

Borne in Triumph. With a wild rush, the veterans surrounded the general and lifted him to the shoulders of two stalwart Scots, who bore him, amid thunderous hurrahs, to the Windsor Hall, where the Caledonian Society gave their farewell.

In a drizzling rain 5,000 persons followed Lord Dundonald's carriage to the station, where he started for Quebec to be present today at a reception in his honor. On Saturday he will sail for England in the Tunisian.

Lord Dundonald intimated that he was not leaving Canada forever, which strengthens the belief that he will return in the fall, when the general elections are expected to occur, and run for a seat in the house of commons.

WU TING-FANG RECALLS HIS SON TO CHINA

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 29.—Wu Chao Chu will not answer roll call at the opening of the fall term of the University of Pennsylvania.

The bright son of former Minister to the United States Wu Ting-fang, who was valedictorian of his class in the Atlantic City High School, said that he was packing his trunk and intended to return to China. He would leave Atlantic City by the end of the present week or early next week.

His father, who is vice president of the foreign man shock him, had written him to come to his native land.

A SHORT RIDE.

P. A. B. Widener, the traction magnate, of Philadelphia, told the other day a story of the boyhood of his son, Joseph.

"When Joe," he said, "was a little fellow, a visitor, calling at my house one day, found him in the drawing room busy with the drawing room chairs, which he had ranged in a row. The visitor sat down on one of the chairs and Joe remonstrated.

"Here," he said, "this is a train of cars." "Very well," said the visitor, "I'll be a passenger."

"But Joe didn't want this grown-up man for a passenger, and so he said: "Where do you want to get off?" "Chicago," was the reply.

"All right," said Joe. "This is Chicago."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Poultney Bixelow, who has accepted the chair of foreign relations at Boston University, had completed an address before the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago. A young man congratulated Mr. Bixelow rather awkwardly on this address, and the learned traveler said:

"That is a doubtful compliment. It reminds me of a remark that a friend of the groom made at a New Hampshire wedding.

P. R. R. TO CONTROL MARYLAND LINES