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JUNE CIRCULATION.

Daily.

The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed daily during the month of June was as follows:

June 1	47,287	June 16	45,777
June 2	46,541	June 17	45,854
June 3	45,508	June 18	47,781
June 4	45,275	June 19	Sunday
June 5	Sunday	June 20	44,877
June 6	46,657	June 21	44,640
June 7	45,056	June 22	44,823
June 8	46,304	June 23	46,022
June 9	45,020	June 24	45,052
June 10	45,345	June 25	45,405
June 11	47,417	June 26	Sunday
June 12	Sunday	June 27	46,615
June 13	46,254	June 28	46,508
June 14	46,042	June 29	46,423
June 15	45,502	June 30	45,187

Total for the month.....1,198,274
Daily average for the month..... 46,091

The net total circulation of The Times (daily) during the month of June was 1,029,815, all copies left over and returned being eliminated. This number, when divided by 26, the number of days of publication, shows the net daily average for June to have been 39,612.

Sunday.

The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed Sundays during the month of June was as follows:

June 5	39,706	June 19	41,544
June 12	44,225	June 26	39,806

Total for the month..... 165,281
Sunday average for the month..... 41,323

The net total circulation of The Times (Sundays) during the month of June was 144,216, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated. This number, when divided by 4, the number of Sundays during June, shows the net Sunday average for June to have been 36,054.

In each issue of The Times, the circulation figures for the previous day are plainly printed at the head of the first page, at the left of the date line.

Persons leaving the city for a long or short period during the summer can have The Times mailed to them at the rate of thirty cents a month, or seven cents a week. Addresses may be changed as often as desired. All mail subscriptions must be paid in advance.

THIRSTY CRIES FROM GOTHAM'S DESERT.

Oases are beginning to appear in the Sahara made by Mayor Gaynor's revocation of all-night licenses on and around New York's Great White Way. The thirsty ones have laid all other business aside to convince him that he doesn't know the agony of a 1 o'clock thirst, when the tongue "is furred with the fur of the buffalo hide." Workingmen and actors appear from the protests to be the greatest sufferers. They depose that the only real opportunity they have for refreshment is during the forbidden hours between 1 and 6 o'clock. These Amphitryons find it impossible to dine in the manner to which they have been accustomed after the syphons cease from sizzing and the barkeep is at rest. "Bob" Adamson, the mayor's faithful factotum, has been sent out to investigate, and "Bob" has a tender heart. In his humbler days he was a newspaper man, and he has been lending a sympathetic ear to the complaints of many of these cafe proprietors. On his recommendation a few more fountains have sprung up in the desert and something like the status quo ante may yet be restored.

In the meantime the Great White Way is parched as it has never been before. For once the fatality of the warm, dry spells is not laid to the humidity. The mayor has to bear it all, and some of the appeals that have been directed to him would bring tears from a town pump. He didn't know, he says, before he made his Haroun al Raschid tour, how wicked the town was after 1 o'clock. He is now convinced that he didn't know how thirsty it was after the same witching hour.

WEEDS.

The annual weed reminder is due. The same reasons that made it advisable to cut them last year, and the year before, and the year before that apply with equal force this year. Weeds are unsightly and injurious to the public health. If allowed to go to seed they will come up thicker and cover a wider area next season. Get busy with the scythe.

DR. TAFT TRIES TO TAKE A VACATION.

Those who have followed the recent course of events at Beverly will understand, if they never did before, the difficulties that beset a President.

It was given out at the summer capital a fortnight ago that Mr. Taft would take a few weeks' solid comfort, on the links, in the automobile, and then in the Mayflower, the trim relic of belligerent days on the Southern seas. But the Republican party is suffering from growing pains and there are a good many partisans who do not relish the allopathic treatment of Dr. Roosevelt. They prefer the Emmanuel method of Dr. Taft. First, restore the patient's equilibrium by banishing hysteria. Then suggest common sense and confidence. The patient is expected to do much himself. There are suggestions from the doctor, but no strenuous treatment.

The Presidential vacation had not been more than a week in full swing before the call came from Ohio. This case lasted three days. Then the President set sail for Maine, which at this time of the year is one of the vacation paradises; but the growing pains are giving trouble there, too, and so the doctor must make a few professional visits—at Eastport, Bangor, and Rockland. The Emmanuel treatment will be adhered to strictly. Better feelings will be strongly suggested. There is nothing organically wrong; only a little touch of reform; and the President will advise that reform, like rheumatism, keeps other ills away, that the Pine Tree faithful should take courage and go to the polls united and invincible. It is only the Democrats who cannot "come back."

The President will have a vacation when he leaves the White House for good, but not before.

EVERYONE SHOULD BELONG TO THE SWAT CLUB.

A learned doctor once wrote an interesting article, the title of which was, "Typhoid Fever: The Story of the Fly That Fails To Wipe Its Feet." A whole nation shuddered at the tale—and began swatting flies. But there were lots more flies than people, so thus far the fortunes of battle have lain against the human warriors.

The doctor, however, was wrong in his estimate of the fly. It never fails to wipe its feet. That's what's the trouble. It wipes them on our food, on the rims of our tumblers, on baby's lips, and on everything else it touches. Unfortunately, too, it is not at all particular where it lights before visiting our food, the rims of our tumblers, or baby's lips. It may have been in a garbage can. In fact, it has a penchant for garbage cans, stables, and other unclean spots, and whatever it collects on its numerous feet, it is quite likely to leave wherever it happens to tarry.

The germs of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and tuberculosis are among the unpleasant things the fly carries about from lighting place to lighting place. That's the reason for the organization of the National Society of Swat.

Everybody should belong.

CHANCE FOR INCOME TAX.

If the new States of New Mexico and Arizona prove progressive, as anticipated, the cause of the income tax amendment will have been helped by their admission to the Union. When the Federation was composed of forty-six States, the approval of thirty-five was necessary for the ratification of an amendment. With forty-eight as the total, the approval of thirty-six must be obtained. Friends of the amendment, therefore, expect to gain two States that favor the tax while the increase in the number required for ratification will be but one. Georgia, Maryland, Kentucky, Illinois, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Oklahoma have ratified the income tax amendment. Rhode Island, New York, Virginia, and Louisiana have rejected it.

THE SPEAKER'S MISTAKEN ESTIMATE OF INSURGENCY.

Adhering tenaciously to the old party loyalty idea that was born when political parties stood for principles—before special interests and designing politicians had gotten a grip on party machinery—Speaker Cannon has been charging up and down the Sunflower State proclaiming himself a dyed in the wool Republican and denouncing Bristow and Murdock as traitors. At Herington, Kansas, the other night he unburdened himself of this declaration:

> Sometimes I wonder why men that kick out of their party organization can't learn something. There are lots of things that I don't get my way about in the Republican party, but I abide by the majority. The man that kicks out of his traces like a balky mule ought to get out of the harness.

In the framing of the tariff bill seven Senators—Bristow, La Follette, Clapp, Beveridge, and company—and twenty-three Representatives said: "If you won't let us say how this tariff shall be framed, we won't play in the game." Now who were the czars?

The Speaker evidently thinks insurgency consists of the thirty members of Congress who voted against the tariff bill. As a matter of fact, these thirty men are but the indices of insurgency. They look to Mr. Cannon like thirty politicians who are disgruntled because some of their pet personal schemes have been wrecked. In reality, they are the voice of nation-wide protest.

It is futile and foolish for Mr. Cannon and his political friends to attempt to stamp out insurgency by denouncing insurgents. Insurgency is too deeply grounded in the hearts of the people to be seriously or permanently affected by any such puerile proceeding.

By the way, has anybody heard anything about the part former Senator Foraker is playing in the Ohio political mix-up?

The fact that this weather's too good to be true doesn't cut the slightest figure with our enjoyment of it.

They say the most popular song on the Great White Way these nights is "How Dry I Am."

It is feared the "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs on the Grand Trunk have been ruthlessly disregarded.

T. R.'s nephew isn't the first man to appeal to his uncle for help in a pinch.

The hay feverites have but a few days more of grace.

BLACKMAIL ALLEGED BY WOMAN SUED FOR BREACH OF PROMISE

Divorcee Declares She Had Motherly Interest, With No Thought of Marriage.

ASSERTS GRISWOLD NEEDS GOOD CANING

Heart-Broken Youth Wants $50,000 for Alleged Damages to Affection by Jilting.

(Continued from First Page.)

suit with an effect of harmony in coloring obtained through the medium of a brown bow tie and brown socks and a soft brown striped shirt. His hands are large and freckled.

"I knew," said Ruzzielamb, "that there'd be an awful roar when this came out. I suppose that if I went up to Stamford or Rowayton just now they'd get after me so hard I'd have to take refuge up some tree. My mother told me I'd better not try to get any satisfaction for being jilted. And a few days ago a friend of Mrs. Smith met me and grabbed me by the arm and said:

"'Boy, do you know what you are doing? Don't you do it.'

"But he was a friend of hers, not of mine. And I was certainly sore, and I am yet. She got me to love her, and then, after promising to marry me, changed her mind and just threw me away. I'd be a fool to stand for it.

"And the worst of it is," he said, "I love her yet. Yes, I do. I've tried hard not to go on loving her, but I do. It's just the same now as when I was a boy eighteen years old—nine years ago. I can't think of any other woman being able to take her place. Ever since I met her girls of my own age or younger have always seemed insipid and foolish compared to her.

"Can't Help Loving Her."

"I knew she was a good deal older than I was, but she was so full of fun, she was so witty; she encouraged me so enthusiastically about my violin and piano playing; she was such a wonderful hostess; her parties were always so much fun and she always shone brighter than any one else at them—I tell you right now, after the way she has treated me I can't help loving her. That's what makes me all the madder at what she's done. That's what has made me bring this suit for damages."

Griswold paused and readjusted his neat bow tie.

"You know," he said, "Helen—er, Mrs. Smith—has a roof garden on her house. She has a fad for sleeping out of doors. She sleeps up there winter and summer. Well, in lots of her letters she speaks of sending me tender wireless messages from up there in that garden. Doesn't that sound as if she loved me? And she used to be so glad that her little boy, that we had the nickname of 'Pip' for, was so fond of me.

Denies It Was "Puppy Love."

"She always tells me about him in her letters. And she used to laugh and tell him to kiss me and say 'Good-night, papa.' And the little fellow always did, willingly, too. It wasn't 'puppy' love with me; it was the real thing, and it took nearly nine years for her to find out that her's wasn't."

"I knew no man would be a hero in the public eye coming out as the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit. But it is the only redress I've got for being badly treated—for spending my youth worshiping a false goddess.

"Yes, those photographs are of Helen and myself playing at Romeo and Juliet—me going up the rope ladder; she at an upper window waiting to receive me. Of course, it was just a little bit of merriment or burlesque. But she was always inventing little funny romantic stunts like that for us to perform.

"I wrote a poem about one of them—our experience at her famous cat ball, where I appeared as 'The Frog Who Would a-Wooing Go,' and she appeared as Miss Tabby Furpaw. It was published in one of the Stamford papers."

"What this fellow Griswold needs and deserves is a caning," said Mrs. Smith to a reporter in discussing the suit. Mrs. Woodruff, who inherited about $2,000,000 from her father's estate, and who lives luxuriously at Linden Lodge, her handsome estate, had hurried away from Stamford to avoid being interviewed. She had boarded her steam yacht the Viking, and was anchored far out in the bay, expecting to sail on a two days' cruise, when a reporter succeeded in reaching the yacht and getting aboard. At first Mrs. Smith refused to talk, but later consented to give her side of the story. With her were several friends and her twelve-year-old son.

Says Griswold Wanted Money.

"This fellow Griswold," she said, "was like a son to me. His people are poor, and several years ago his mother introduced him to me. He was musical, and I thought I would make a protege of him. For several years I treated him as I would my son, and if I ever wrote to him it was only in a pleasant, vein and cheerful, while on the other hand if he ever had any other thoughts toward me it was puppy love.

"Really, the whole thing is too ridiculous to notice, if it were not for the seriousness of the blackmail feature. For several years I assisted him financially—it seemed he would never work and was always getting into debt and then appealing to me. Some time ago he underwent an operation for appendicitis and I advanced him $3,000 for the time he was in the Stamford Hospital.

"Less than six weeks ago he came to me and asked for a loan of $600. I refused him. Then he became abusive and said nasty things about some of my friends. I ordered him from the house, and when I did he looked at me and sneeringly said: 'Your letters will look nice in print, won't they?' But do you know I did not think any man could be cur enough to give out the letters of a woman friend and helper as this man has done.

Doubt Thrown On Sanity.

"Now, that he has started this thing, I want to say that I do not believe he is alone in it. His mother was forever asking me for money. Only last March his brother sent me a begging letter, which I refused to notice. From that time on Russell did not act as usual toward me."

In the complaint Griswold has entered in supreme court against Mrs. Smith, he says he became acquainted with her when he was a high school pupil and that from that early date there was always a close affection between them.

Mrs. Smith's husband, from whom she is divorced, was at one time mayor of Stamford. Her father was James D. Smith, a banker, and commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

In her letter to Griswold, Mrs. Smith addressed him as "Siegfried" and signed herself "Brunnhilde."

The Love Letters of Brunehilde to Siegfried

Relating to the Modern Version of the Ancient Romance as Revealed by the Suit Brought by Russell Griswold (Siegfried) Against Mrs. Helen Woodruff Smith (Brunehilde) Charging Her With Breach of Promise.

ONE of the earliest letters that "Ruzzie" got from "Brunhilde," in 1902, when the razor smote only pin feathers from his chin, is written on a bit of foreign letterhead bearing a Vierge etching of St. Peter's dome and the lettering "Roma." In the foreground of the etching "Brunhilde" had sketched in the figures of a man and a woman walking arm in arm, and she wrote:

Not ROMA, but Stamford.

Perhaps, some day, we shall be on our way to St. Peter's like the little Russell and his Brunhilde in this picture! In the meantime we will enjoy the ramparts of Stamford and Rowayton! So dry the tears, my sweet little boy, for there's honey in my heart for you. Next Saturday!

(There is the drawing of a heart pierced by an arrow and the symbol of an eye followed by a big K, which, Griswold says, in their cipher meant "I kiss.")

Says "Love Me Or I Cannot Live."

Newport, August 15, 1905.
On board the Viking.

Geliebter Siegfried: A thousand thanks for your charming letter and the cards—also the series of photos, "House, dog, and owner." Very good!

I was charmed to know that you missed us—a leetle—and that you were going to have a picnic.

..... [IN MEMORIAM.] .....

That was a fine idea.

We are sleeping on deck—Floss and I—on the air-mattress, and regularly eating three times a day—and seem to be otherwise strenuously engaged in doing nothing.

EXCEPTING.

occasionally to write a note to you or Morse or Julie. What I likes most is to be thinking of you and have a card or letter come flying from your hand into mine!

Next address is
Yacht Viking,
Marblehead, Mass.
Care Eastern Yacht Club.

WRITE soon upon receiving this word—O do, Ruzzle, and luf me a leetle—or I cannot lif. BHLDE.

Sends Picture Of Boo-Hoo In Tears.

Linden Lodge,
Stamford, Conn., Tuesday Eve.

Dear Ruzzielamb: I was terribly done up today when I found you had come and I was not here (as per expectation), but I thought you would telephone and waited till the last moment, thinking if you did come I would see you en route, as I went directly to the center of the town on my way to Riverside. Plans were changed by a queer chain of circumstances. The commodore telephoned from New York he would be home at 11:45 instead of 3 o'clock, as usual, and Pip, who was not well, wanted very much to get away in the auto before his arrival. We consequently took a basket-luncheon and "flew do coop."

I wanted to see you very much, and felt bum when Mary said you came just after we started and just before the Com arrived. My what a narrow escape! Ye gods! (Picture of a pair of upraised arms.) Oh, oh, oh!

Tomorrow I go to the city, but, for heaven's sake, I hope to see you before you go. Please try, yes? And write me a line soon how you are and how you feel in your heart, mind, and eye.

"I am I," just the same.

Your Bhlde fond and true (Boo-hoo), because I missed you.

(Picture of tears falling from "boo-hoo.")

Going Into Exile, Says Denver Epistle.

Denver, Col., March 28, 1907.

Dearest Siegfriedchen — Your card with the indistinguishable fire came this morning just as I am leaving Kitty and Denver. Oh, continue to write to her care. She will forward to me. My address at present is secret. I will write whenever I can through K. Be sure to destroy this and explain to Florence that, though unable to write as often as I wish, I am with the sweet little "bunch," and my heart is overflowing of homesickness and longing and stifled love. May the gods have you in their care and keep you in the happiness you deserve. Adieu, mein liebe kind. I say it in deep sorrow, as I go to my exile. Yours always. BHILDE.

Evelyn Thaw's Words Are Quoted.

Denver, May 23, 1907.

Geliebter Siegfried—All your letters are with me safe at last, and today the most beautiful of all. Thank you 1,000 and 1 times for all these dear messages, and if you have waited in vain for a response it was on account of my traveling about and my fear to write at this present time. All my letters were held up for twenty-two days by the absence of my attorney from Sioux Falls, and now when you write, and please—please do send two envelopes—the outside readdressed to Mrs. R. L. Riggs, 1907 Franklin street, Denver, Colo. You need not put on inside one unless you wish to, as Kittie always hands over Connecticut and New York mail unopened.

Be sure to destroy this evidence of my whereabouts and do not say I am here, or anywhere, unless in a vagrant way—"out West." Best is to say as Evelyn Thaw did, "I don't know." This may seem unimportant to you, but it is vitally important just at this stage of my "residence," which I could make more clear to you later. Do this for me, Kid, please, by all that's dear in past, present, or times to come. Ye gods—if the fall ever does come! I take the homebound train, and we will celebrate, you bet. This wait is killing. I manage to keep busy here every minute (I am helping Kittie keep house), and that helps me from despairing reflections. I wish this could go by wireless, for I long to have you know that it was the pen and not the heart that was cold and silent. But you know that it beats eighteen to the dozen for you, and that I am, mit luf as always, your BHLDE.

More Love Poems. Requested By Writer.

Denver, Col., Evening, June 8, 1907.

Lieber Kleiner Sgfd. — Your poem with picture came to cheer me this morning. Got postal this evening upon my return from a matinee, "The Cingaree," at Manhattan Beach. That sounds homelike, doesn't it? But it doesn't look so, as the beach seems to be mountains. I saw no beach. Kittie and I went in a big auto—Mr. Riggs, driver—and on the way we were caught in a hailstorm.

It is my first experience with a Western hailstorm, and I was so taken up with the size of these pelting bombs that I forgot how they hurt, as they hit your nose, etc. When we reached shelter the heavy bombarding on the roof was a new and strange sound to me. Ye gods, it was funny. I wish you could have heard it. You would certainly have been struck by it!

Oh, love, if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Tho' all the bitter winds should blow
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'Twould be a true Arabian night!

Where do you get your love poems? If you write them out of your head they are hard to beat. Write some more, even if they are hard to believe!

How is your mother? And you? How are you?

Not blue, I hope. Oh, don't be blue. You know Dante once wrote nobly and patiently in exile: "Can I not from any corner of the earth behold the sun and stars? Can I not under any region of the sky speculate on the sweetest truth?" That is the best thing to do.

You don't know how I think and dream while I do household work with Kittie.

I am Bridget, the hired girl, some times, and sometimes I am Lady Helen; sometimes I am Miss Woodruff-Smith, but I am always your Brunhilde—your poor, little, old Hell!. Please continue to send me a few of your well-chosen messages—poetry or prose—original or extracted, they certainly are absolute luxuries (or should I say necessities?) at this terrible far-away distance. And I appreciate every effort you make to cheer the heart of Thy BHLDE.

Who is waving you a tender adieu. This kind. (Here is ihscribed a big "K.")

Budget of Goodies Brings Good Cheer.

Denver, Sept. 10, '07.

Dearest Sgf'd: Your budget of goodies came to cheer me up this morning. Strangely enough, this happens to be the day we celebrate, so K. and I are going to see "The Three of Us," and then blow the Two of Us to soda with thanks to the other One of Us for the treat. I think I'll take a "Golden Gate," one of the high-priced drinks, and maybe it will open the way to "the sweet presence of a good diffused," but thoughts affectionate so often occasion that presence that there will be nothing new about it, except the drink, meiner Sgfd.

We are busy packing and doing the thousand last things that take time and strength, besides a daily visit to the doctor, before we take the homebound train (not the Cold Molasses Special) and fly to your outstretched arms. What a bold remark! Perhaps I ought not to have said what I thought I'd like. With this goes two handkerchiefs, not for tears, but to wave them when we heave in sight—not to flirt with, but to repose in Ruzzie's pocket (upper left) to be used after the soda and the like!

I seem to have a hunch on sending you "hanks." These I think quite tony for fall, and so just make some little use of them, kid. With my love and many thanks for all your gentle attention. The inclosed envelope is to be used after September 16. Hope I may receive a line here before leaving. Yes; I saw what was written on the back of the engraving, making the back as loving as the front. And now for the farewell word, perhaps for some time. But the wireless will be all the busier, and thoughts tender and true will be coming thick and fast. So don't fail to be at the coil. Everwheresoever, yours as of old, BHLDE.

"Wished For You A Thousand Times."

Allyn House, Hartford, Sept. 10, 1908.

Dear Little Ruzzie: Your greeting was charming and like a strain of music pressed warm upon the heart. All the postals came, too, and delighted me. They are worth framing.

I wished a thousand times you were at the fair today. The horse races were exciting and the Midway was alluring and the whole human spectacle was vastly interesting. The cat show is fine. Many compliments on the beauty of the cats, the big lot of them, and the general good orderly way in which it is being conducted. We took two second prizes. The Manx was not judged before I left. I had my fortune told by a fakir today. It is inclosed, that you may know the worst. Isn't it funny, anyway? Good night, Ruzzie, with thanks upon thanks for the love thoughts and the hope that you will keep me in your close affections till we meet. Ever your same BHLDE.

"Hold Out Arms; Give Me a Squeeze."

Sept. 16, 1908.
Wednesday—Late.

Shur'n mi darlint, that was a lovely note you were after sendin' me today, an' I thank ye for it from the bottom of mi heart.

Begorrah, we had a foin afternoon, and no mistake—only it was too soon gone. But we'll have another—longer and swater when I come back, if ye plaze. So hold out your arms till I spring into them, and give me a nice, big squeeze! I've been as busy as a whole beehive today, and it's toim I was in bed dreamin'—of you, mi bye; so here's a swate good-night kiss for ye and lots of the same goin' by wireless from up country. Don't forget to write me at the Allyn House Hartford, Conn., as I'll be wonderin' how ye are and what the divil yer doin' and whether yer thinkin' of yer colleen, so far away. Good-by, mi darlint; good-by. Faith, an' I'm your own little 'ELLI.

Sends Thanks From Roof Garden.

Stamford, Sept., 19, 1908.

My Beloved Sgfd: Difficult to find a moment at the desk, but I always manage a quiet talk over the coil. So last night I sent you from the roof garden countless numbers of thanks, and, Bhilde-greetings for the precious little note that came yesterday. I am busy as a whole hive of bees with lessons, fall clothes, letters, bills (more especially bills), and the thousand-and-one things that come up in this noisy, dreary, daily life. This morning, by way of shaking off the cobwebs and sogginess, I danced four straight two-steps (solo) (phono.). "Ranting Rube," "Women," "El Capitan," "Silence and Fun." I vum it was fine hot work. Now I go to market, but these ink drops will serve to show how readily my thoughts go to my dear young Seigfried in spite of everything. Always and unto ashes, thine.

BHILDE.

Acquires Many Playful Sobriquets.

Ach Meiner Gellebter Siegfried: Thank you many times for prompt attention for the favor asked, and in addition the charming note which I was looking for and "vich made me to laugh." But I was sorry to hear of another cold—vat ist? Mine is still with me, so I have not had to get another! I am going to the city tomorrow (shopping and piano recital at Carnegie), coming home afterward. I wish you were coming mit me. When you can get over to these diggin's let me know and I'll be on deck. Always, always your faithful

HONEY LAMB (new), SUNBONNET NELL (by request), POOR OLD PAL (popular), QUEEN OF THE CABIN (seldom heard).

Yours all right, HELLIE.

"Think Tenderly Of Your Honey Lamb."

Linden Lodge, Stamford, Conn.,
December 29, 1908.

Dear and Only Ruzzie: Thursday I am going to invite Floss and Mouse to luncheon in the cabin—12 to 1—and I would like very much if you would come and try the "food for the gods," not to mention the "flow of soul," which will be greatly increased by your presence! You might call me up at your convenience. Thank you for your note and the lovely card, which gave such a funny little squeak when I opened the box and took out the ordinary mail. Too cute for words! I hope to see you Thursday, my dear kid, and until then think of your "honey lamb" tenderly as possible. Your "honey lamb," HELLI.

Blessing and Hug Wafted By Wireless.

Newport, R. I., August 8, 1909.

Dear Ruzzie: Your card came, so I think everything is safe that you send to this station. One thousand thanks. We start in a few moments for Vineyard Haven. Just waiting for the morning papers, so I stole this moment in which to waft you a wireless and to send you a blessing and a tight hug. Your honey lamb,

HELLI.

Station No. 6, Newport, R. I., N. Y. Yacht Club.

"Ruzzielamb's" Poem About Frog and Miss Tabby Furpaw.

There was a frog
Whose name was Wog,
And he lived down by the sea;
Of love he knew
A thing or two,
But still his heart was free.

One night, they say,
He chanced to stray
Within a ballroom fair;
His eyes grew big
As he spied the pig
And other animals there.

The cats of the town
Of great renown
Were there in finest array;
They had given the ball
And a good time to all
And their hearts seemed bright and gay.

There were rabbits, too,
But rats were few,
And the ducks and geese were there;
The owl and the moon,
With their merry croon,
Looked on with a stead stare.

The frog was dancing
And gaily prancing
With all his comrades so gay;
But soon he was missed—
He'd winked at and kissed—
Miss Tabby Furpaw, they say.

Though the cat seemed pleased
With the kiss just seized,
Her friends were indignant, indeed;
So Miss Tabby, too,
With a heart true blue,
Sought her frog in his hour of need.

She soon was missed,
They both were hissed
As a diligent search began;
The gamecock said,
As the moments fled,
"That frog we shall certainly tan."

Almost in despair
They looked in the air
And to their surprise did see
The cat and the frog
On a golden log
Floating o'er an Ambrosial sea.

What's on the Program in Washington

TONIGHT.

Amusements.

Belasco Roof Garden—"As You Like It," 8:30 p. m.
Columbia—"The Little Grey Lady," 8:15 p. m.
Casino—Motion pictures and vaudeville.
Cosmos—Motion pictures and vaudeville.
Majestic—Vaudeville.
Masonic Auditorium—Motion pictures.
Georgetown Open Air Theater—Motion pictures and vaudeville, 7:45 and 9:15 p. m.
Glen Echo—Dancing and motion pictures.
Luna Park—Music and vaudeville.
Chevy Chase Lake—Section of Marine Band.
Arcade—Music and motion pictures on roof garden.

Excursions Today.

Steamer St. Johns leaves Seventh street wharf 7 p. m.
Old Point Comfort and Norfolk—Steamer leaves Seventh street wharf 6:45 p. m.
Caladonian excursion to Marshall Hall—Steamer Charles Macalester leaves Seventh street wharf 2:30 and 6:30 p. m.
Fred D. Stuart Encampment, No. 7, and Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F., excursion to Chesapeake Beach—Trains leave District line 2:30, 5:30, 7:45 and 9:45 p. m.
Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis electric line—Summer excursions to bay points, Ocean City, Rehoboth Beach, Pen-Mar, and Atlantic City. Full information at city ticket office, 1424 New York avenue.

(The Times will be pleased to announce meetings and entertainments in this column. Phone or write announcements.)

The Business Doctor

By Roe Fulkerson

"Do you know what the title of that book means?" inquired the Business Doctor of the stenographer who had "Quo Vadis" lying on his desk. "It means 'Where goest thou!' And you ought to tear that cover off, put it in a frame and hang it up over your desk so you would get a chance to ask yourself that very question every day. In the language of your crowd down at the ten pin alley 'you don't know where you'r goin', but you'r on your way!' You sit here from day to day making your little pothooks in your note-book, then translating them into plain United States via the typewriter route with no more thought of your future than a red speckled lady bug crawling across a coat collar!

"Where goest thou?" Are you going to punch typewriter keys for the rest of your life? Make some plans! Set some goal to work for! Plan a career and instead of filling in your leisure time reading the literature of dead and gone days accumulate some facts that will be of help to you in this age. Those were the romantic days, but these are the dollar days. You, in common with half the other young men under twenty-five studied just long enough to get an $18-a-week job and then quit. You started out in life to find a job rather than to plan a career.

Success in business life means simply the accomplishment of a plan. It means that a man has arrived at the goal for which he set out. As that aim or ambition is high or low so is his success great or small. The man who plans to be biggest man in his particular line will be just that if he will bend his energies all in that direction. If he plans to get an $18 job, right there he will stop.

Make some plans and work toward them. Set a goal and fight for it. By the time the first victory is won the fighting habit will be second nature. The really big men in the business world once made eighteen dollars, then fifty, then a hundred, and then more a week and by the time the hundred was accomplished they went on to yet greater success with little exertion because of the momentum gained in the original effort. Success had become a habit.

Records are never made by rudderless boats on the great sea of business, but only by those which set out for some certain port and take advantage of every wind and tide to help them on their way, and no matter what other portion of the ship may be neglected there is always one man to keep her headed constantly in the direction of the port and if you will plan a career of any sort and maintain this singleness of purpose characterized by the man who handles the rudder you will also land at the port you aim at and land promptly.

John Wanamaker in a talk to his floor men in the New York store said that it cost him fifty thousand dollars every year to correct the mistakes of his clerks, but that it would cost him ten times that sum not to do so.

The merchant who knows just when an article or a line of merchandise has reached the point where it must be moved regardless of cost is the man who accumulates money rather than accumulating stock.

Advertising will govern what people say about your business provided you back up every ad you write with service.

"When a man learns to get 'em to try 'em on, he has graduated in the school of salesmanship," said the manager of a Washington department store. "That's all there is to it in any of the ready made departments. Clothes, for men or women, hats for both sexes, shoes, cloaks or any thing that people can put on and see in a mirror are three-quarters sold when it is on and they see how well it looks. I have laughed in my sleeve to see a particular woman who would have gone out without buying a hat for her child caught by a clever salesman who simply put the hat on the child, who tearfully refused to give it up."

Concerts Today

By the U. S. Soldiers' Home Band, at 4 P. M.

JOHN S. M. ZIMMERMANN, Director.

PROGRAM.

March, "Grand Reunion" ..... Zimmermann
Overture, "Soldiers and Sweethearts" ..... Bergenholtz
Idyl, "After Sunset" (request) ..... Pryor
Selection, "Hoffman's Love Tales" ..... Offenbach
(Requested.)
Characteristic suite, "Musical Scenes From Spain" ..... Langey
1. Gypsy March. 2. Cachuca. 3. Habanera. 4. Bolero.
Excerpts from "The Soul Kiss," ..... Levi
Rag novelty, "Dill Pickles" (request) ..... Johnson
March, "The Conciliator" ..... Clark
"The Star-Spangled Banner."

By the U. S. Engineer Band, at Lincoln Park, at 7:30 p. m.

JULIUS KAMPER, Chief Musician.

PROGRAM.

March, "Staunch and True" ..... Teike
Overture, "Fra Diavolo" ..... Auber
Baritone solo, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" ..... Rollinson
By Corporal Jenkins.
Selection, "Trovatore" ..... Verdi
Waltz, "Tales From the Vienna Woods" ..... Strauss
Serenade, "Les Milliens D'Arlequin" ..... Drigo
Idyl, "The Mill in the Forest" ..... Ellenberg
Gems from the "Dollar Princess" ..... Pall
"The Star-Spangled Banner."