

The Washington Times

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MAY CIRCULATION. Daily. The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed daily during the month of May was as follows:

The net total circulation of The Washington Times (daily) during the month of May was 1,228,786, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated.

Sunday. The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed Sunday during the month of May was as follows:

The net total circulation of The Washington Times (Sunday) during the month of May was 166,257, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated.

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.

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

The shipping post has been restricted in Rockville, which is getting it pretty near home.

The list of White House callers indicates that quite a number of people are "dropping in" these days.

It may be expected that Dr. Wiley's investigation of the peanut will amount to something more than snuff.

A few early watermelons are skulking about in corner groceries as if their very heart trembled in fear of Dr. Wiley.

A welcome evidence of Mrs. Taft's returning strength and health was her presence in a box party at the Columbia last evening.

The "pigeons" used by the detectives in the handbook cases naturally feel that they have been plucked, since all their efforts went for naught.

It is some compensation for the destructive visitations of the storm that the freight rate on plate glass has been ordered reduced by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Anacostia is to become a "Greater Anacostia." Her citizens have decreed it. The movement deserves success.

A wave of kleptomania seems to be sweeping over the employees of the clubs in and around Washington.

Hugh Knox, son of Secretary of State Knox, who has been appointed secretary of the special mission to Venezuela, has been winning the admiration of his friends by his hard work in the State Department as confidential clerk to his father.

Stephen Girard rendered signal service to his country and to humanity along many different lines, but his assistance in furnishing funds for the prosecution of the war of 1812 would alone entitle him to a monument here in the Capital City.

The Alexandria Gazette, which for 100 years never solicited an advertisement or a subscriber, is under new management, showing evidence of progress, calling attention on its first page to its news sources and the fact that it is the oldest daily in the United States.

The grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe pointed out, at the centenary ceremonies last night, that Simon Legree, the most despicable character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was "a renegade Yankee." My! As if it were not one of the facts at which the South has smiled indulgently all these years.

The Persian-American Educational Society convenes here tomorrow for its first annual session and will continue two days. The interchange of ideas between this country and a land of such ancient culture as Persia cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence on both countries and the work of the society will meet with warm encouragement.

Joseph A. Durnbaugh, expert locksmith, died while still on duty at the White House he fought to defend during the civil war. To the hundreds of Washingtonians who knew the aged man, who was employed in the office of the supervising architect of the Treasury, it seems peculiarly fitting that he should die in harness, but his death will be deeply regretted.

Navy officers in Washington, as well as all over the world, will learn with regret of the retirement of Chaplain Henry Howard Clarke, U. S. N., from his duties at Annapolis, where he has looked after the moral welfare of several generations of cadets, being fondly known as "Father" Clarke. He was officially retired in March, 1907, but has continued his duties until this month.

The Automobile Club of Washington is today responding to the worst impulses of the heart by giving an outing to about 250 youngsters from the orphan asylums of the District. The outing is becoming more popular every year, and is entitled to the hearty cooperation and support of every owner of an automobile, who should be glad

of an opportunity to throw a little sunshine into the lives of these unfortunate children.

Every person in Washington who is not stone-deaf will rejoice over the decision of Police Judge Pugh against the screaming, wailing type of automobile whistle. The court holds that the use of such a whistle is a violation of the police regulation against any warning device that is unnecessarily loud or discordant.

Good results should follow the movement, inaugurated by D. J. Callahan in the Chamber of Commerce, to advertise Washington as a residence city. Its greatest advantage is the fact that Washington is, in fact, a delightful residence city. Systematic dissemination of this information, backed by photographic views of the National Capitol, ought to bring scores of new citizens.

SENATOR GALLINGER RESPONDS PROMPTLY.

The Times is delighted to be able to announce today that its editorial suggestion of yesterday concerning the Sixteenth street herds has borne quick and ripe fruit. In this morning's mail it received the following letter on the subject:

To the Editor of THE TIMES: I notice that in your issue of today you call attention to the fact that in the public utilities bills now before Congress the herdic line on Sixteenth street is exempted from the terms of the bills. I have had an impression that the bills were broad enough to cover that line, but fearing that such is not the fact, I addressed a letter to the Engineer Commissioner requesting him to specifically provide for supervision over that company when report is made by the Commissioners on the bills that they are now considering.

In behalf of the people of Washington the Times wishes to convey to Senator Gallinger sincere appreciation of his prompt action. With the chairman of the Senate District Committee feeling as the District does about the herdic problem, there is probably no question that adequate regulation of the herdic company will be provided in the public service commission act.

OUR APOLOGIES TO "KENTUCKY" WITH A PROMISE.

We have been stabled in the house of our friends. We have been assassinated in our own domain. We have been given the coup de grace by an intimate, whose blow, unintended, is so much the more to be regretted.

A seeker after wisdom wrote as follows to The Times Question Box: Will you please publish a recipe for mint julep, the kind that is made with fresh mint leaves? Yours truly, KENTUCKY.

The query is of the sort to be encouraged, the questioner one to be treated with deference and consideration. It is therefore that the answer disturbs us and makes us to bow our head, to reach for the sackcloth, and to hunt last winter's ashes. The able and erudite editor of the Question Box being strictly temperate and quite unlearned in the lore of the tumbler and spoon, the jigger and the strainer searched in some untoward place the information asked. We know not where 'twas sought and in blissful ignorance we hope to be of where 'twas found, for this was the printed answer:

"This time-honored drink of the plantation is made by CRUSHING three or four sprigs of mint and RUBBING them with a tablespoonful and a half of sugar and two and a half tablespoonfuls of water. MIX AND CRUSH them well, then add," etc.

Why waste good liquor? Why not have stopped the desecration after the ambrosial mint, crushed and ruined, had sunk despairing to the bottom of the glass? We tremble as we hear the agitated ghosts of a thousand old Virginians rapping on the sanctum wall.

We hear old Colonel Carter protesting and Raleigh Smith crying out. We proclaim our innocence, but we are not innocent; it was in The Times. But we promise to do better. The editor of the Question Box shall be educated. That department shall not err again for want of demonstrated knowledge.

The Q. E. D. of the mint julep shall be made plain so that those who would drink may read and those who would read may drink. And to "Kentucky" we make, sah, our most humble apologies.

JUSTICE MOURNS DEGENERACY OF RESENTMENT.

Touchstone drew up an elaborate classification of the lie as an epithet, every species of which could be avoided except the "lie direct," and even there he found a saving loophole in that virtuous subjunctive "if." It was but the beginning—if, indeed, it may be regarded as the beginning—of the shedding of ink on the fruitful subject of the lie as a cause for quarrel, and now comes forward one of the leading members of the English judiciary who regrets that it is so much safer to call a man a liar these days than it was in the good old times. He has reached the conclusion, he says, that the world in general does not think it a very serious matter if a man's neighbor calls him a liar. "You can smile, meet him in society, go out and play golf with

him, and shake hands with him," said the learned justice, and then he added: "I wish people resented more this imputation of being liars."

From the legal point of view, Justice Williams must have known that the application of such an epithet would be conducive to a breach of the peace, but he apparently belongs to the muscular school of jurisprudence, which regards it as a virtue to love peace well enough to fight for it. The age of chivalry is not dead so long as there are men who feel a stain as a wound, and the English judge wishes to maintain the high level of knightly resentment.

He more than squinted at an explanation of our present day degeneracy in the matter of resentment by intimating that men stood for being called liars largely because of the fact that they are liars. The large and growing proportions of a certain club founded by the Colonel made the epithet almost a commonplace, and then of course it lost its force.

It is still a matter of geography, to a great extent, as to when and where to call a man a liar. It is not only the Virginian in the book and play of that name who insists that the sobriquet be accompanied by a timely and palliating smile. The Virginian in the flesh is a little touchy on the subject. Even in the more sensitive South "the code" has practically passed away, although pistols and coffee for two sometimes loom in the background in the course of such correspondence as that between the governor of South Carolina and Col. "Tom" Felder, the Georgia attorney. But if the code duello has passed, the code of statute law in that irascible section practically recognizes the lie as equivalent to a first blow, and the second is more than apt to follow. While the spirit of the law justice grieves over the com-plaint of shop-keeping England, he may comfort himself with the thought that somewhere the lie direct is a characterization "which no good man will deserve and no brave man will bear."

PRIVATE VEHICLES AT THE UNION STATION.

An interesting question concerning the rights of owners of private vehicles at the entrances to the Union Station is raised by a correspondent of The Times, who signs himself "Traveler," in the following letter of inquiry:

I have frequent occasion to go to the Union Station and have always stopped from leaving my car at any convenient approach by a so-called policeman, evidently in the employ of the Terminal Taxicab Company. "Will you kindly tell me if the above company has a monopoly on all the near approaches to the station, and must those who go in private conveyances use the extreme southeastern entrance, remote from ticket office, baggage room, and train shed?"

This is the degree of discrimination right, and is the Terminal Taxicab Company empowered to encourage an undue exercise of its right to use the station's public service accommodations?

There are many who would probably like to know the same thing, so your answer will be of interest.

The Washington Terminal Company owns the Union Station and the grounds immediately adjoining it, including the street-like space and plaza in front of the station.

The Terminal Taxicab Company rents the privilege of using the street-like space in front of the west wing of the station and the covered driveway along the west end of the station as a taxicab stand.

This is private property, over which the Washington Terminal Company has the right to exercise absolute control. It can permit whom it pleases to enter upon that property and use it, or it can prohibit whom it pleases. Its authority has been definitely established by the District Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal that could pass upon the question, in an opinion on the liability of the taxicab company to payment of the District license for public automobiles. In that case the court ruled as follows:

We are of the opinion that the space occupied by the taxicab company on the ground and within the building of the terminal company is a cabstand within the meaning and scope of the proviso. It is true that space is the private property of the terminal company, which is not bound to open to general public use, and it is the right to contract for its exclusive use by the taxicab company.

This settles the right of the terminal company to exclude private vehicles from the front of the west wing and from the west driveway of the Union Station. The company has no right, however, to prohibit owners of private vehicles enjoying reasonably accessible approach to the station, and it is to conserve this privilege to private persons that the police regulations provide for parking private vehicles in front of the west wing of the station. Persons in private vehicles or in hired vehicles not owned by the Terminal Taxicab Company have the right to drive up to the main central entrance to the Union Station, get out of their vehicles, and enter at that point. If they want to leave their vehicles standing for any length of time they must have them parked in front of the east wing.

Nobody at the Union Station has authority to require a person in a private vehicle to enter from the "extreme southeastern entrance," where "Traveler" intimates he was obliged to enter. All one need do if directed to that point, or if denied the privilege of drawing up to the main entrance, is demand his rights. He can make serious trouble for anybody who attempts to interfere with him.

"I Love to Talk About When, and Why, and What to Do," Says Ghodsea F. Ashraf, Here Seeking Knowledge

She's the Only Persian Woman in the World Without a Veil.

PERSIAN-AMERICANS WILL ENTERTAIN HER

Here to Study That She May Teach in Her Own Country.

Ghodsea F. Ashraf claims to be the only Persian woman in America. What is more, she is the only Persian woman—she thinks—in the world who does not wear a veil.

That snacks of the circus a little, as if she were the only something or other in captivity. But it is a very momentous statement, especially to Ghodsea Kharnoom—that's a pretty Persian way of saying Miss Ghodsea. For it really means, Miss Ghodsea thinks, that she is the only Persian woman not in captivity, the only one at large, at liberty, free. It is quite as if she were the only uncaged nightingale of all Persia.

When she told today that she was the only Persian woman who had put off the veil; told what it stood for, that veil, which, as it were, insulates the magnetism of the Persian woman, shuts in her spark of life so that it never quite shines and warms as it ought, it was not hard to understand why she is both proud and glad of her distinctions.

And Ghodsea is a very lovely young woman. She is about five two, and has black hair so plentiful that it hides her ears, of which there was a glimpse to show they were well placed, and black eyes and lashes. She has a dark complexion, mostly coffee, but with small teeth that sparkle like dew in the lips of a red, red rose. She has a delicate nose, with a slight arch, and of just the hue and shade as her other complexion, which not all noses are. She has shapely hands, though with small nails, and a graceful, healthy figure, but not like an American lady. She is twenty and looks it, and most deliciously acts it.

She was not hard to understand how she felt about anything that she chose to talk of. For she is not only pretty and clever and wise, and though her English has a marked touch of the foreign upon it, she speaks distinctly, grammatically, and with ample choice of words.

Talks as She Thinks and Feels.

It is one of Miss Ghodsea's charms that she talks as she thinks and feels; and she thinks and feels a great deal. And she had a great deal to tell. She is a pioneer, with a pioneer's delight in doing a new thing first. And she makes it sure that she is a pioneer that will bring others, that will give other Persian women an opportunity to be educated at home and to leave their land

and come to America to be educated. And she has a pioneer's courage; she fears nothing.

She has come hither for that. She is going to learn a great deal in Chicago, where she will study arts and sciences, including music and painting. She already knows a great deal, at home, in Tehran, where before a few girls had a chance to go to the missionary schools, her father had teachers for her and her little sister. She learned some English even before she went to the missionary school four years ago. Mirza Fazelollah Khan, her father, who is a surveyor, and wealthy, it may be judged, is keen on this education idea. When the missionary school was established it was not located near enough to his home. So he moved his home and located it near enough to the school.

And Ghodsea Kharnoom's mother, she, she helped to teach me; women's works, like to knit and to sew. Yes, she is—you would say a gentlewoman, lady. The mother is of a family that carries "khan" after its name, like the families.

All Felt It Would Be Best.

She proved she was not afraid of anything. There was no weeping when the left home, she said. "They all felt that it was the best thing to be done—for herself, her family, her friends, her



GHODSEA F. ASHRAF. Young Persian Woman Who Is Here to Study That She Later May Teach in Her Native Land.

country. "I love my country—it is my duty, and my pleasure, for it is a lovely country. But my father would not weep; he said they would all be there when I came back in four years. I think they will," she added wistfully. "Anyhow, they do not miss me."

As for her, she cried, she was not homesick. She had come out of Persia on a passport of a young man whose sister she was represented to be. There were four other young men with them. All, how wondrous a world it was! Out of Persia, which was left behind with the veil, through Saigon, in Ceylon, through Vienna, into and out of Germany, across the flats of Holland, into mighty London, and thence across the great sea into the shadows of towering New York! There was a Strada's voyage for you.

Of course, she would like to see her friends here; made her happy. There seemed to be so many friends in the world—strange unexpected friends in sprang up at the thunderous commands of genius of the whippers of fairs. So in all that wild, starting journey of the world she had been unafraid.

Met by Her Friend Here.

When she got to Washington she was met at the station by Mirza Ahmed

EUROPEAN PRINCE SAYS VENEZUELAN DISTRICT CASTRO

Dictator Thoroughly Discredited There, Asserts Returning Traveler.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Prince Lazarevic, Pretinivitch of Serbia, who arrived here today from Venezuela on the steamer Caracas, made the statement that former President Cipriano Castro, who is reported to be on his way to Venezuela to stir up another revolution, is thoroughly discredited with the people of that country.

"The people of that country are tired of civil war and are bent on improving their material condition," he said. "The basic conditions of the country are good, political security now exists, and there is no likelihood of any disturbance during the constitutional presidential term of Gomez, who possesses the full confidence of the people."

The prince said he had been in Venezuela to study the people and the country.

Thirty-eight Dentists and Medicos Quit Georgetown

Georgetown University stands alma mater for fourteen new medicos and twenty-four new dentists. The appropriate degrees of doctor of medicine and doctor of dental surgery were conferred upon them at the annual commencement of the medical and dental schools in Gaston Hall by the president of the university, the Rev. Father Joseph Hinumel, last night.

Joseph Richard Brown made the valedictory address for the graduates in medicine, and Philip T. Flavin for the graduates in dental surgery. Prof. Joseph S. Wall addressed the medical graduates, and Prof. L. C. F. Hugo the dental class.

Those who graduated: Medical school—Park Mitchell Barrett, George Driver Bragaw, George Joseph Brick, Joseph Richard Brown, A. B.; Leo Joseph Brown, A. B.; James Francis Gorman, Lionel Elean Hooper, John F. Kane, William Clement Kennedy, Joseph J. Kelly, James Lewis Howard Milligan, A. B.; William Joseph Stanton, Alexander Contee Thompson, A. B.; John F. Zychowicz.

Dental school—John Thornton Ashton, Herbert Borchardt, James F. Bradley, Oliver Blaine Clevenger, William James Davis, Norman Lee Downs, Valentine Stephen Duff, Philip T. Flavin, Placido Flores, Wesley Henry, Arthur Lander Hibbard, Frank Kelly, James Lewis Gibbs King, Hugo Lehman, Howard Linton, Albert Henry Maple, Henry Florence Mess, Philip Edmund Minor, Carl Frederick Nelson, Norman Lee Shearer, George Walter Sibley, Eugene Hunter Tennent, Julian Eugene Whitaker, Albert Burns Willson.

Speaks and Sings and Is Altogether a Delightful Young Person.

TWENTY, YET SHE AIMS TO BE A PIONEER

Plans to Remain Here Four Years and Then Return.

Sohrab, a Persian newspaper correspondent.

"He was more afraid than I!" cried Ghodsea Kharnoom, with another bit of laughter.

"It is true," said Mirza Ahmed Sohrab, who was present at the interview. He said it solemnly, and then laughed. "Yes, I was embarrassed. I had not seen a Persian woman for so long."

Ghodsea Kharnoom will study for four years before she returns to Persia to teach. She will not put on the veil again. The law requiring the women to wear veils is both religious and civil. But she says she will not. She has made up her mind to it, and it is easy to see that there's an end of it.

She told what the veil means. She regards it as a sort of uniform of servitude or, perhaps, only intellectual servitude. Mahomet, she explained, had said upon men the command that they show reverence unto women. A veil was the symbol of the spiritual presence that enveloped them. But she declared that the priests had made a superstition that it was the token that the Prophet meant women to be kept apart from men; that they must not be educated, that they must remain ignorant and oppressed. But now, especially "since the constitution—it was made about forty years ago—was in force, men were putting away polygamy, for example, simply because they had learned and, it was not only a new woman in Persia, but a new thought in Persian and a new Persian.

Women Not Much on Leaving.

She told why no other women left Persia. Husbands don't leave Persia, she said with a laugh. They are satisfied. When the young men go away they don't often send for their sisters. One cannot go except with a husband or a sister. Besides, they could not travel alone even if they left Persia. She mentioned casually that there were not many women in America—nor many thousands elsewhere than in Persia. They stay at home—it is a very lovely country, she said.

But she will learn, oh! ever so many things, and go home and teach all Persians—not to leave home, but to be wiser and better, to be wiser with other peoples. She spoke of the King lovingly. "He is beautiful and wise," she declared, with grave enthusiasm. "He studies so hard—and he is so beautiful."

And her brother, too, studies hard, and is superintendent of a school at nineteen years old. Her brother had written to her to come home and fetch him to America. Her brother wrote, too, that her mother was so patient to make content her friend who wanted her home again. "Her sister studies at the night school," she said. "She comes here, too," she exclaimed hopefully.

Ghodsea Kharnoom sang that is one of her accomplishments, that her voice is like her beauty—dainty and graceful and strong. She sang with the unaffected charm that made her remarkable personality so gracious.

Of Course She Had to Be Coaxed.

She had to be coaxed just a little because she was homesick. She did not leave her chair, but of a sudden her long lashes shut in her eyes, and she began. It was a weird sort of a chant, that seemed to have in it the song of the bul-bul, and a purple twilight, and the odor of almond trees, and the gentle fall of rose leaves by the river's brim. When she had done, and had opened her eyes and was asked, she said her song perhaps did have a school, "she said it was a prayer. Yes, of the evening, of the early night."

And one or two other things; she wore a blue dress and a white shirt waist, and she does not think Omar Khayyam was a very great poet, but that Hafiz and Saadi—especially Hafiz—were. And though she never saw men before, she isn't any more afraid of them than she is of the women who have been so good to her in their strange clothes.

She finds the strange clothes quite comfortable and she will wear her Persian costume at the conference. Will she be afraid to speak to all those people? Well, she is not afraid of anything, she says, and she loves to talk. Only her English—"Ah, you do think it will be all right. You make me happy to say so. I shall not be afraid."

Concerts Today

By the U. S. Marine Band, at Marine Barracks, at 4:30 p. m.

WILLIAM H. SANTELMANN, Leader.

PROGRAM. March, "National Emblem"—Bagley Overture, "Pocahontas"—Santelmann Barcarole, "Love Tales of Hoffmann"—Offenbach Waltz solo for cornet, "Josephine" (Musical, Arthur S. Witcomb.)

By the Fifteenth Cavalry Band, at Iowa Circle, at 7:30 p. m.

GEORGE F. TYRRELL, Director.

PROGRAM. March, "Winter"—Gumble Overture, "Jubel"—Weber Valse, "The Druid's Prayer"—Davson ("La Priere").

Selection, "Alma, Where Do You Live?"—Briquet Idyll, "The Mill in the Forest"—Ellenberg (By request.)

American fantasia, "Tone Pictures of the North and South"—Bendix Royal Tambour et Vivandiere Rubinstein

Final, "Darkie Tickle"—Hunt "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Peary Made Good; He Admits It to Students

TROY, June 15.—Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary delivered a long address at the commencement exercises of Rensselaer Polytechnic institute yesterday in which he reviewed the attempts made since 1909 to discover the North Pole and what the end comes I can know "the gaunt frozen apex of the earth."