

# The Romany Folk of This and Other Countries

Some Interesting History of the Gypsies of the World—America Does Not Want Them.

**G**YPSIES—nomads; folk that walk with their feet straight; nut-brown people of glittering eyes; bringers of touch of mystery, adventure, romance, to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mere mention of the word gypsy presents this picture, and when we read, as lately we did, that a band of these more or less nomadic visitors had been deported from our country, we set to musing on the existence, the persistence in the strenuous twentieth century of the Romany.

The recent deportation from our shores of the gypsies brings up a somewhat similar happening that occurred in 1836, when a company of gypsies started from Corfu for New York. The band, come together from various parts of Greece and Turkey, succeeded in getting only as far as Liverpool, for no steamship company would take the gypsies aboard, the United States being closed to pauper immigrants. It was for fear the Bohemian gypsies, the ones just deported, would eventually become public charges that caused the United States officials to refuse their admission. The unlucky band of 1836, held at Liverpool, camped there a long while, but, year after year falling to shanty passage, in time it was scattered.

An authority of gypsy lore declares that there probably is not to-day a circus or theater in the United States that does not have at least one member of its company with gypsy blood in his veins. England, especially, has been taken possession of by the gypsy, and it is estimated that there are now in that country thousands of these

trovert this idea, some hold it probable that there has never been a band of genuine gypsies in America; but the Gipsy Lore Journal makes the statement that in 1715 nine border gypsies, by names Faa, Stirling, Yortson, Flneck, Lindsey, Ross and Roberts, were transported by Glasgow magistrates to Virginia plantations. Mention has been made of the gypsies sent over during our revolutionary war, and there is record of the presence of gypsies in New York a half century ago. Among gypsy names in America we find those of the good old families, that is, good old gypsy families: Lee, Lovell, Cooper, Stanley, Bosvill, etc. The gypsies take intense pride in "family," in spite of their supposed democracy.

To go back to the European gypsies. They appeared in Germany some time earlier than in England, in which country their numbers increased rapidly; here they traveled about in bands, having leaders called court, lord or duke. As early as the eleventh century they lived as serfs or nomads in the Greek-speaking countries of the southeast Europe. The Spanish gypsy is known to us through song and story, but travelers aver he of the present is dirtier and more greasily than picturesque. In Scotland the gypsy flourished earlier and greatly, there intermarrying with the native and not looked down upon. To-day in Scotland quite a number of gypsies are filling posts of honor in the medical and legal professions.

The gypsy calls himself a Romany, never a gypsy. The origin of the word is in dispute, some holding that it was borrowed by the gypsies of Europe from the province called, in



AN AMERICAN GYPSY CAMP.

people. To quote again from the authority cited: "The Romany is still the life of the entire vagabond population of the roads in England, it being almost impossible to find a tinker or petty hawk that is not part gypsy. There are but a few hundred full-blooded tent-gypsy persons in England, but of half-breed, or house-dwellers, who keep their gypsy blood a secret, and of half-breeds (churedi or push an push), of those affiliated by blood—all of whom possess the great secret of the Romany language to a greater or less degree—there are perhaps 20,000."

An astounding number, it seems to us, and yet when one learns how they once overrun the country, it becomes very reasonable that at least that many now remain. Four hundred years ago they entered Britain, slipping in slyly, and in 50 years increased so largely, their depredations were so bold and burdensome, that acts for their suppression were demanded. At one assize 13 poor Romanyes were executed simply on the accusation of belonging to the outlandish gypsy race. The outrages committed by the gypsies at this time were incredible; their presence in the country a most evil infliction—hence the summary punishment.

In divers ways England checked the growth of her gypsy population. During the American revolution she forced this portion of her "human material" into the fleets and armies sent to fight the Yankees, but many of the unwilling soldiers deserted on reaching land, and sought a home on our soil. Railway extension also interfered with the gypsies in England, and the inclosure act, which took away from him the open stretches whereon he had been wont to pitch his changing camp. Doubtless the English gypsy can say feelingly that things are not what they once were.

To-day the gypsy in England is an industrious person, and lives on the fat of the land; not on refuse, the traditional food of the gypsy wanderer. Both men and women work, the latter the better wage-earner of the two; patriarchy with the women is no lost art, neither is horse-trading with the men; and they have control of the trade of mending chairs of split rattan, they buy and sell baskets, brooms, clothes-lines, etc.; they make meat-stewers and clothes-pegs, and they provide music and merrymaking at the fairs. Really, the modern gypsy makes a very good living in England.

In the United States the gypsies are not so well known as in the compact isle; there are not so many, and they travel from Maine to Texas they can give a locality but a glimpse of their mode of life. We are more or less acquainted with the be-shawled, bare-headed fortune-teller, that goes from house to house, and with the gypsy musician; many of the door-to-door peddlers we recognize as of gypsy blood, and the keepers of small tin, crockery and basket stores, and the infrequent itinerant tinkers and cutlery men.

It is said that gypsies established two villages in this country, one in New England, the other in Pennsylvania, and that in these villages Romany is still spoken, though secretly. To con-

Wallachian, Romany; some argue that it is a corruption of the Hindi "Dom," the name given to one of the wandering people of India, known from ancient times. The jealousy-guarded Romany language is supposed to be a Hindi dialect derived from the Sanskrit, but very greatly corrupted by admixture with the many languages of the many lands visited by the nomads. The name Gypsy is a corruption of the word Egyptian, is used in several languages (Spanish, Turkish, Albanian, Hungarian), and accounts for the belief that the wanderers originally hailed from Egypt. The French call them Bohemians, the Italians, and also the Spanish, allude to them as Zingaro. It is said the Romany dislikes to have one word of his vocabulary learned by an outsider, a stranger, and if a word is stolen he at once drops it himself and adopts a new one in its place, borrowed from a country foreign to the intruder. Be-



A BELLE OF THE CAMP.

this true or not, the Romany is still a secret language.

The gypsies are witty and philosophical, as witness by their proverbs: Never buy a handkerchief or choose a wife by moonlight.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush or hedge.

It's like a kiss, good for nothing until it is divided between two.

He's too proud to speak to a poor child.

To see an old friend is as agreeable as a good meal.

The gypsies, as a race, are a healthy people, their open-air life giving them robustness and endurance, and live to advanced years. They really are not so dishonest as reputed, and when trusted often display a fine sense of honor, kindness and friendliness. The men quarrel amongst themselves, but show zealous faithfulness when one of the band falls into trouble. They are uneducated, childish, quick-tempered, but not the immoral, dissolute lot generally believed. It is computed that the number of gypsies now in existence is about 900,000, and it is thought they are on the increase. In Transylvania they are very numerous, and Turkey harbors about 100,000 of them; in Persia there are about 15,000; in Spain, 60,000; in Hungary, 40,000.

KATHERINE POPE

## ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

Members of Family Who Love and Believe in One Another Often Lack It.

A young woman is spending her life in a work which requires intimate association of many people who have high ideals, but who also have wide variety of experience and temperament.

This variety, says Youth's Companion, naturally leads to frequent differences of opinion, and causes different standards to be set up. The young woman recently put the matter plainly in a letter to a friend.

"Good, sincere and true as they are," she wrote, "it is hard for our workers to maintain a right spirit toward each other. We do not love or respect other the reverence that we feel, and we do not feel enough reverence. It sometimes seems as though we were so constituted as to develop in each other just those qualities which compel the opposite of reverence. We suffer for it deeply, but it grows in spite of us. Can you not help us to be more careful and thoughtful of the touch of our lives upon the lives of others? It is a terrible thing to have a day ruined and our souls shriveled because in coming in contact with some one we allow that person to put us out of sorts, or we put that other person out of harmony, or both. I do not want to give you the impression that we are wranglers, for this is not true. We do believe in each other and love each other and love our work; but we are differently constituted, and have different methods and tastes, and we are often unjust to each other without intending to be so. The fact that we suffer for it, and that we try to find a remedy, proves our desire for a more consistent life. Please send us some message, if you can, that shall be a help to us."

Surely very many people will be touched by this appeal, for the case which it discloses is far from being isolated. If the person addressed in this letter could answer it wisely and make the answer effective, the answer would be worthy of a place in many a home, school and office, and in every place where people of varied training and attainments must associate for mutual ends.

"No man liveth to himself." Even the narrow circle of the home life has its sevenfold tie, binding it to other lives—a tie that unites him to father, mother, brother and sister, and later, to wife, son and daughter. No one of these seven is precisely like any other, and this sevenfold cord is but one strand in the interwoven thread that binds us to our fellow men. It is not enough to learn how one shall keep himself unspotted from the world; the art of living together is equally important.

Whatever answer may be given to this letter, the letter itself will prove as good an answer as can well be made to many people who experience the same failure, but who have thought less deeply into the causes, and have prayed less earnestly for help to overcome a sin that so easily besets those whom God has placed together in the most intimate of earthly relations. When death comes, and those we love and respect are removed too far to be helped by our thoughtfulness or comforted by our penitence, we often begin to learn a lesson which should have been considered long before.

It is the matchless charm of the religion of Christ that He lived His life not only in purity and obedience to the will of God, but in sympathy, gentleness and patience displayed while He lived and labored among men. It was His love and His kindness or of cruelty toward the humblest of the children of man among whom we must live and work on earth. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

**UNPROFITABLE HOARDING.**

Castoffs of Body and Mind Do Naught But Accumulate for the Waste Heap.

Money hoarded means interest lost. The old stocking is as undesirable for the keeping of money as the unsound bank. This is a financial truism, says Youth's Companion.

It is equally true of goods and chattels. The gown of winter before last, stored in a capacious attic, gathers the comfort and ease which it might bring to some poor woman. The worn overcoat, kept by its owner "in case of need," fails of its proper service in the actual "case of need" of the half-dressed laboring man out of work through illness.

So of the cast-off clothes of the mind—discarded magazines and books. The increasing piles of these waste interest on the top shelves of the well-filled library, while the active minds of men, women and children less well supplied hunger for the food of the printed page, until ungratified desire dies, and they sink to the level of the unreading mass.

Whatever has service in it should be passed on promptly from hand to hand until that power of service is exhausted. The rubbish-heap is more creditable than an unused accumulation of useful things. Hoarding is bad economy in every department of life. Losing interest on savings is foolish imprudence, whether the interest is reckoned in dollars and cents or in gratitude, relief and comfort.

**Dats Roly Poly.**

Make a rich biscuit dough, roll thin and spread with dates that have been steamed, chopped and stewed in a little water until tender; sprinkle with sugar, roll and steam nearly an hour then set in the oven to brown slightly. Dates are a wholesome fruit, too little appreciated; a natural laxative, sweet enough to be pleasant, and easily prepared in many delicate methods.—Good Literature.

**Parsnip Soup.**

Scrape and cut a pint of parsnips into small pieces; put into a kettle with three small potatoes, sliced, one small onion, a pint of milk and a quart of water; cook until the vegetables fall to pieces; run through a colander and then season to taste with salt, pepper and butter.—Good Literature.

**Unrepentant.**

Visitor—But there is an essential difference between right and wrong.

Convict—Oh, there wouldn't have been so much difference if I had had a good lawyer.—Puck.

## TALK OF NEW YORK

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE BIG EASTERN METROPOLIS.

### THE YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS

Several Sons of Wealthy Houses Are Dabbling in the Game—Expense of Choosing One's Neighbors in a City.

**N**EW YORK—It used to be thought that a rich man had no show in politics. But now that so many Crokers, Murphys, McCarrens and McLaughlins have become rich in, by and through politics the old jibes against inherited money do not "go" any longer. Some interesting figures in local political activities now are rich and well-bred young men. You might number the mayor. Though he began life as a reporter and politician as a \$10,000-a-year clerk, he has command of wealth through his wife, a daughter of John G. Heckscher.

One of Mr. McClellan's friends is Congressman Francis Burton Harrison. Young Harrison's father was Jefferson Davis' private secretary when McClellan's father was organizing armies to drive Davis out of Richmond. Harrison's mother is known as a writer and in society. His wife is the daughter of a many-times millionaire of the Pacific coast. No man in local politics has a fairer future. Young as he is, he has been nominated for the lieutenant governorship.

A rival of Mr. Harrison in politics is his college classmate at Yale, Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose "cutting out with a million" in his father's will made such a stir, and who has declined a nomination for congress. Cornelius is the only one of the younger Vanderbilts who has shown business ability. He has a creditable fame as an inventor, and in the recent military maneuvers in Virginia toiled as a lieutenant in the dust. Incidentally he was knocked out by the heat, for he has not inherited the iron constitution of the old commodore.

**March of Trade on "The Avenue."**

HAT the richer Vanderbilts have been doing recently is shown in a humdrum transfer of real estate on Fifth avenue. Here the family are gradually buying up plot after plot—in a region where land sells for from \$5,000 to \$25,000 per front foot—to control the neighborhood of their homes. They have stopped the march of trade up the avenue. It beats against Helen Gould's city house as a barrier and there stays. The Hotel St. Regis is above the dead line, but a place where you may find dollars for one roat due is not classed with ordinary hotels as a "nuisance."

The most notable achievements in this war of millions to prevent a natural development have been this far: One million paid by George Vanderbilt to buy a cellar opposite his house, on land that had cost \$750,000 a few months earlier, where he feared that a sky-scraper would be erected. William K. Vanderbilt paid \$350,000 for three old dwellings opposite his French renaissance chateau, again to block a modern building.

Mr. Sloane, a Vanderbilt son-in-law, has now paid nearly \$2,000,000 for three houses of better class in the same neighborhood. Upon part of the land thus "saved" Morton F. Plant has erected a "show place"; the great new Union club house is another high-class occupant, and two modern residences built to fence off other things still await an owner.

The problem of having "good neighbors" is quite as vexatious in the city as in the country, and costs more. None of these Vanderbilts ever spends more than three weeks in the city. As I before remarked, Cornelius is different.

**The "Simple Life" Man.**

O A society thus occupied in wrapping itself in cotton wool, a message comes from luxurious France telling of "The Simple Life."

Charles Wagner is one of those men about whom you hear a great deal all at once after he has been growing in public esteem for years.

He is a Protestant preacher in Paris. Once, when I was in York, England, I had occasion to climb early one morning upon the top of a tramcar filled with workmen. To one of them I mentioned that I lived in Brooklyn.

"You know Dr. Talmage, then?" he asked.

"I do, extremely well."

"Then," said the man, earnestly, laying his hand upon my knee, "you can tell me—I read his sermon every week—does he practice what he preaches?"

Wagner does. He looks the peasant that he is. He is big and powerful in build, with heavy shoulders, a broad face and a manner of hearty simplicity. It is his theory that modern life is growing so complex that heroic measures are necessary; that we must get back to nature and natural ways of doing things. It is not a bad doctrine for New York.

Wagner comes endorsed by John Wannamaker; he goes to visit President Roosevelt, another sturdy specimen who enjoys a simple existence when he can.

I shall be surprised if there is not a

campaign of "simplicity" this winter. I have reasons, one of which is that the movement is already well advanced in England, where we get our thinking done, upon social topics. When it got so bad during the London season that there was no time to do anything, save eat and sleep a change was bound to come. How about theaters, for instance? To live, even in London, a theater must close at such an hour that poor people, who are necessary to its success, and who must work next day, can get to bed. But how about the fashionable who at eight o'clock begin an hour-and-a-half course dinner? How much fun do they get out of the theater after that? New York has been using these late hours.

I cite another sign. Comic operas fresh from London satirize the newest fad before it appears. They can, because the same men make the fads and the comic operas; men of brains, that is to-day. Society people invent nothing. The funniest thing on the stage to-day is a song and dance in "The Schoolgirl," where three clownish fellows introduce horseplay with tops, mechanical toys and butterfly nets. You remember the aesthetic craze and D'Oyley Cart's "Patience"?

**The Harness Horses.**

**H**ARNESS racing has been more legitimate since the sharps discarded the wind shield, but public interest has gone with the records. However, the season lasts longer than it used, and there is talk that Lou Dillon may yet break records. The slowness with which the records of pacers and trotters have been whittled down of late suggests the query whether sulky time hasn't nearly reached the limit. The bicycle sulky with pneumatic tires and low seat knocked a few easy seconds off the records made by horses about equally good, but no improvement upon the pneumatic has been suggested, and the wind shield is discredited as introducing an unnatural condition.

But consider: John B. Gentry paced a mile as long ago as 1896 in half a minute more than the "even two." Star Pointer did the same, and later lowered the record to 1:59 and a fraction. Alix trotted a mile in 2:03, ten years ago, and the record dropped only a second and a quarter in nine years. The wind shield brought three papers and three trotters within the two-minute class, but that, like Rip Van Winkle's drink, "don't count." Practically one minute was knocked off the trotting time in a century; if only one second and a quarter was lost in the last ten years of that time the process is slowing up.

Consider how, in the same ten years, bicycle records have dropped by fractions, not of seconds, but of minutes, without essential improvement in the make of wheels. The time may come when it will take wheelmens ten years to squeeze out a second or so less of time at the mile. I can remember Robert Bonner wisely speculating whether the man on the wheel would ever catch the horse at that distance.

**The Shipbuilding Suits.**

**M**UCH interest is centered in the suits against the shipbuilding trust. The fact that no poor people were bitten in this steal does not lessen interest, for it was the crowning outrage of "over-capitalization."

Senator Smith of New Jersey, the receiver, has been selling the plants one by one. There were eight, besides Schwab's Bethlehem steel works. The first four of the eight brought at auction a trifle over \$700,000. The trust had been capitalized at some \$67,000,000.

Never was steel more audacious. Nothing that could advertise it was lost sight of. Poor Leroy Dresser was brought in because he was a brother-in-law of George Vanderbilt, and that gave the conspirators a chance to whisper the Vanderbilt name. Lew's Nixon, the cleverest ship designer in the country, perhaps, but no financier, was exploited. It was nearly the ruin of both these men. "Jim" Hill was building his great ship at one of the eight yards, paying for the material himself because the yard wasn't strong enough to take so great a contract; but that arrangement was concealed.

The personnel of the trust's victims adds interest. One of the largest sellers hereabouts was Gov. Odell, a shrewd citizen, hardly the kind one would expect to see caught with chief. Another victim was the widow of Fernando Wood, the war-time Tammany mayor of New York. Still another was Charles H. Kavanagh, a knit goods manufacturer up-state. It is his suit that is to be tried.

"High finance" is queer. Here has been worse than highway robbery, and no one suggests that anyone be put in jail. Kavanagh's action is a suit against the former directors of the Trust Company of the Republic, Dresser's company, which financed the deal, to compel them to pay into the trust treasury the amount its stock depreciated through their monkeying with the trust.

It somehow does sound complicated, but perhaps that is the best they can do at present.

**Retort Courteous.**

At a dinner party in Avondale the other evening a callow youth found himself seated between two young men who own a merchant tailoring establishment.

"I—aw—have been placed between two—aw—tailors, it seems," remarked his duds.

"Yes," replied one of the young men, "and at the present stage of the game we have only one goose between us."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## CAMPAIGN MANAGERS

MEN WHO ARE DIRECTING THE POLITICAL CONTESTS.

### WELL KNOWN IN CAPITAL

Washington Has a New Interest in the Battle for the Presidency—Senator Gorman as a Leader.

Washington.—President Roosevelt is back in Washington to stay. He will make a flying trip to Oyster Bay the day before election in November, will vote the straight republican ticket early in the morning and return to Washington election day afternoon in order to be in the executive offices when the returns come in at night.

The president's presence in Washington has a stimulating effect on the life of the capital. What has been a country village in point of energy and life has now been transformed into a capital city. Strangers are visiting Washington in larger numbers and the white house is again the Mecca for politicians and statesmen.

While the president takes a deep interest in the campaign it cannot be said that he is in any way directing it. That work has been turned over to other hands and Mr. Roosevelt is surveying the field from the viewpoint of an ordinary citizen. This is the impression he gives visitors who see him. He is ready to discuss the outlook, but like most citizens, is inquiring as to what the real workers in the field are doing. The fact is the president has very little time to devote to politics just now, as in addition to the routine business of his office, he is getting material together for his annual message to congress.

This annual message is a formidable undertaking. It is a compendium of the government's record for the past year. For weeks and months past bureau chiefs have been busy collecting the data of their offices for submission to the heads of their departments, and the chief officers in turn have been collecting these bureau reports, studying them, and soon will complete their digests of what has been going on in their departments and submit them to the president. The president goes over all these department and bureau reports, gets a comprehensive view of all that has been done and then advises congress in a set message of the progress that has been made, the problems that have arisen, the policies that have been followed during the past year and suggests wherein congress may provide useful legislation for future government.

**Cortelyou as Manager.**

While the president is not running the campaign there are other men taking care of his interests. When he selected Secretary of Commerce and Labor Cortelyou to be chairman of the national committee and thus be his personal representative in the political contest, there was no end of criticism, grumbling and prediction of disaster and blunder, on the part of politicians who believed that no man, not trained in the practical school of politics, should be selected to direct the campaign. Mr. Cortelyou's experience had been in the line of routine government work and later of executive experience, but he was not believed to have any knowledge or appreciation of what is known as "political politics."

President Roosevelt had his own idea, however, of the kind of man he wanted to run the campaign. He believes thoroughly in political organization and knowing Cortelyou's genius for organization in government work he concluded the same quality would be valuable in a political campaign.

Chairman Cortelyou has not disappointed the president, but he has disappointed his critics within his own party. The old line politicians take their hats off to this young general who has brought into politics the genius and ability that proved so effective in conducting a government department. Even his political opponents express admiration for Mr. Cortelyou's quiet and effective method of managing a campaign. The visitors at the republican headquarters in New York and Chicago all struck with the business air that characterizes them. The whole force works with the system and efficiency of a well organized business house, all of which is the result of Mr. Cortelyou's methods.

The young chairman has not forgotten the few lessons he learned in practical politics, of which the public had no general knowledge. He had a close association with the late national chairman, Hanna, and his address and tact are now being used effectively persuading those interested in republican success to open their pocketbooks.

**The Democratic Managers.**

The democrats also have a well organized national headquarters, but it required a longer time to get them into smooth running order. To aid in this they secured the services of Senator Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland, a past master in politics and statescraft.

Washington is particularly interested in the campaign now that known citizens are pitted against each other in directing the amount its stock depreciated through their monkeying with the trust.

It somehow does sound complicated, but perhaps that is the best they can do at present.

**Always Tell the Truth.**

Father—I hear, my boy, that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This grieves me to the heart. Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering upon you. Will you promise me?

Boy—Yes, father.

Father—Very well. Now go and see who is knocking at the door. If it's the rate collector, say I'm not at home.—Stray Stories.

**A Black Sheep.**

Mrs. Highmud—I worry me sick to think how my little boy is growing up without a taste for literature.

Friend—Hasn't he any?

Mrs. Highmud—Not a bit. I bought him a beautifully bound copy of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and I actually had to whip him to make him read it.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Uncle Sam's Bar for Cupid.**

It is a serious question with the military authorities whether there should not be some modification of the rules regarding enlistments in the regular army. The rule regarding the admission of married men into the ranks, it is contended by some of the authorities, might well be abrogated, or at least modified.

There is now severe punishment meted out to a man who conceals the fact that he is married when he enlists in the army. It has been suggested that the punishment under these circumstances is out of proportion to the infraction of army rules and it is proposed to reduce the punishment so as to retain desirable men in the service, notwithstanding the fact that they are married. Many army officers contend that the best soldiers are often those who have wives to look after them or to provide for.

The principal objection to married soldiers is that in the transfer of troops involving travel beyond the seas and long periods of absence from home stations the soldier with a wife becomes somewhat of an impediment. The wives sometimes give trouble and if husband and wife are separated there is dissatisfaction and occasionally a desertion. This objection, however, is believed to be offset by the better character of the men who are married. They are apt to be staidier and more attentive to their duties.

The authorities have encountered some difficulty in getting the best material into the ranks of the army. Just now the navy seems to have the call, as the life there is more attractive and the opportunity greater for seeing more of the world. Army life in time of peace is rather monotonous and young men after the present short enlistment of three years do not care to reenlist. There is a suggestion that the term of enlistment be extended to what it formerly was, that is, five years. It was thought that the privilege of rising from the ranks and receiving commissions would be an inducement to intelligent young men to enter the army. This is not found to be the case, however, and the only explanation that seems to offer is that there are better opportunities in the labor and business world for strong, healthy and intelligent young men.

**Negroes of Washington.**

The sociologist who wants to study the race question might camp down here in Washington and have at his range all types and classes of the colored population of the capital city every degree of excellence and evil in the negro from the millionaire, educated colored man down to the most brut type of the negro degenerate. The colored population of this city is to a great extent a barometer that reflects the sentiment of the race throughout the country. The aspiration of the better classes as typified in the Booker Washington movement is reflected in the upper crust of colored society in Washington. The brutal instincts that lead to the horrible crimes whose retribution usually comes in the form of lynching are observable through the lower strata of the negro population here. Major Sylvester, chief of police, declares that if the idle and evil negro were eliminated from Washington this city would be the most peaceful in the world.

Just now the colored people in this city are very much worked up over the "Jim Crow Car" proposition. The adjoining states of Virginia and Maryland have laws in operation that compel the segregation of the negroes and put them into cars that are known by that name or less euphonious terms as "Jim Crow Cars." The Washington negro is as a rule very assertive, and as there are no federal laws regarding his place on street cars and railroad cars he does not hesitate to push himself, sometimes offensively, among the whites, but as soon as he gets out of the district he is unceremoniously chucked into a car by himself. This is very humiliating and the colored people of the district have held meetings with the purpose of forming some sort of an organization to contest the constitutionality of these Jim Crow laws. So far the meetings have resulted in nothing but talk.

**Senator Gorman.**

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only at his farm at Laurel, Maryland, and an hour's run out of the city.

Few public men are better known at the capital than Mr. Gorman, and it is safe to say few are more respected. He has thousands of acquaintances here now who are particularly interested in the campaign because they believe that Mr. Gorman is one of the actual, if not not the titular, head of the national democratic committee. He is as impetuous as Mr. Cortelyou, is diplomatic and tactful and back of all this has a lifetime's experience of the ins and outs of politics. He is expected to turn many a trick that will help to advance any opinion or make any prediction beyond the general statement that with harmony and hard work there is a chance to win the election.

**Cupid in the Army.**

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The authorities have encountered some difficulty in getting the best material into the ranks of the army. Just now the navy seems to have the call, as the life there is more attractive and the opportunity greater for seeing more of the world. Army life in time of peace is rather monotonous and young men after the present short enlistment of three years do not care to reenlist. There is a suggestion that the term of enlistment be extended to what it formerly was, that is, five years. It was thought that the privilege of rising from the ranks and receiving commissions would be an inducement to intelligent young men to enter the army. This is not found to be the case, however, and the only explanation that seems to offer is that there are better opportunities in the labor and business world for strong, healthy and intelligent young men.

**Of the Undesirable Class.**

The sociologist who wants to study the race question might camp down here in Washington and have at his range all types and classes of the colored population of the capital city every degree of excellence and evil in the negro from the millionaire, educated colored man down to the most brut type of the negro degenerate. The colored population of this city is to a great extent a barometer that reflects the sentiment of the race throughout the country. The aspiration of the better classes as typified in the Booker Washington movement is reflected in the upper crust of colored society in Washington. The brutal instincts that lead to the horrible crimes whose retribution usually comes in the form of lynching are observable through the lower strata of the negro population here. Major Sylvester, chief of police, declares that if the idle and evil negro were eliminated from Washington this city would be the most peaceful in the world.

Just now the colored people in this city are very much worked up over the "Jim Crow Car" proposition. The adjoining states of Virginia and Maryland have laws in operation that compel the segregation of the negroes and put them into cars that are known by that name or less euphonious terms as "Jim Crow Cars." The Washington negro is as a rule very assertive, and as there are no federal laws regarding his place on street cars and railroad cars he does not hesitate to push himself, sometimes offensively, among the whites, but as soon as he gets out of the district he is unceremoniously chucked into a car by himself. This is very humiliating and the colored people of the district have held meetings with the purpose of forming some sort of an organization to contest the constitutionality of these Jim Crow laws. So far the meetings have resulted in nothing but talk.

**Always Tell the Truth.**

Father—I hear, my boy, that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This grieves me to the heart. Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering upon you. Will you promise me?

Boy—Yes, father.

Father—Very well. Now go and see who is knocking at the door. If it's the rate collector, say I'm not at home.—Stray Stories.

**A Black Sheep.**

Mrs. Highmud—I worry me sick to think how my little boy is growing up without a taste for literature.

Friend—Hasn't he any?

Mrs. Highmud—Not a bit. I bought him a beautifully bound copy of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and I actually had to whip him to make him read it.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Uncle Sam's Bar for Cupid.**

It is a serious question with the military authorities whether there should not be some modification of the rules regarding enlistments in the regular army. The rule regarding the admission of married men into the ranks, it is contended by some of the authorities, might well be abrogated, or at least modified.

There is now severe punishment meted out to a man who conceals the fact that he is married when he enlists in the army. It has been suggested that the punishment under these circumstances is out of proportion to the infraction of army rules and it is proposed to reduce the punishment so as to retain desirable men in the service, notwithstanding the fact that they are married. Many army officers contend that the best soldiers are often those who have wives to look after them or to provide for.

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