The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1908.

PRIMARY NOT THE WORST THING.

Despite the disposition on the part of many papers to be done with the primary, we trust and believe that the common sense of the people of Virginia will not tolerate a return to ward bosses and precinct politics. Under the primary there could have been no such difficulty as that which arose in Henrico county between Messrs. Throckmorton and Childrey. Possibly the ballot box might have been stuffed, but then a recount could have been called for, and the voters will at least have known that every one of them gave full expression to his wishes—something that for many voters is an impossibility under the plug-ugly rule of ward meetings and snap conventions.

Virginia of all States should respect and protect the primary, without which test the adherents of Governor Montague would never have believed that they were fairly beaten in the campaign between Governor Montague and Senator Martin in 1905. The primary is not intrinsically more expensive than other methods of making campaigns; it is infinitely fairer; it can be made scrupulously exact and honest, and is above all other methods essentially Democratic, because it records the will of the people without the intervention of bosses. The Democratic party will have reason to think long and carefully before it abandons this system, which is the desire of progressive Democrats everywhere, for a re-establishment of ring rule.

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGES AND PLUTOCRAT'S MASSAGE.

The full capacity of Mr. Roosevelt will not be known until he occupies a pulpit, and assumes the role of a preacher, say, like the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. The many readers of his messages must have been impressed with the repeated exhortations to good morals, as well as the anathemas against the doers of evils, contained in those "informations of the state of the Union." To the relief of his nature and to the wonder and enlightenment of the people, Mr. Roosevelt has differentiated the good citizens from the bad, has pointed out what we shall do and what we shall not do, and has held up to our scorn and anger certain of our obnoxious types and classes. No better example of his talents and learning is to be had than the message dedicated to the Congress on Monday. We subjoin his latest portrait of a plutocrat:

But his counterpart in evil is to be found in that particular kind of multi-millionaire who is almost the least enviable, and is certainly one of the least admirable, of all our citizens; a man of whom it has been well said that his face has grown hard and cruel, while his body has grown soft; whose son is a fool and his daughter a foreign princess; whose nominal pleasures are at best those of a tasteless and extravagant luxury, and whose real life work is the accumulation and use of power in its most sordid and least elevating form.

Notwithstanding his wealth one cannot avoid a feeling of pity for the man depicted above. He has a hard face and a soft body; he has a fool for a son and his daughter is a foreign princess. Now these are not minor afflictions. What a trouble the last of them is, international gossip has only recently furnished several notable instances. His case is the more to be pitied, as the power of the national government cannot be called on to remedy the evils from which he suffers. For no department of the government has been given authority to compel a private citizen, however swollen his income may be, to take the exercise necessary to harden his body, or to have his face massaged that its muscles may relax, or to interfere in the conduct or modify the character of a man's son or daughter as such.

Is Mr. Roosevelt in this morbidly compelling portraiture humoring us for another case of Federal usurpation, or is he merely practicing an art so useful to the sensational clergyman?

THAT BLACK AND WHITE DINNER.

In favoring it with a column of its valuable editorial space, the esteemed New York Times appears to take too seriously the silly black and white dinner of the "Cosmopolitan Society of Greater New York." In saying that this dinner will arouse "passion and resentment" in the South it does an injustice, we think, to the intelligence of observers in this section. Why should the South grow passionate over the folly or the degradation of a lot of soft-headed visionaries and socialistic dilettantes in New York? As for the advanced negro, his ambitions have always been well understood here. Even Mr. Booker Washington, we believe, takes "social equality" when he can get it.

Miss Mary White Ovington, who recommends "more freedom of sociability between whites and blacks," and Mr. Hamilton Holt, who urges intermarriage, fail to strike terror into Southern hearts. More interesting than anything that these feeble sentimentalists can do or say about the negro is the tone in which the esteemed Times comments upon their cavortings. For example, this, of race "feeling":

"Prejudice is not the name for it, since the thing is not a matter to be judged, but a matter as to which belief and conviction are innate. That belief and that conviction are so nearly universal as to be quite beyond the possibility of change."

That from a leading Northern paper is tolerably interesting and tolerably significant. As for the dinner, the Times feels this way:

"This particular banquet, we think, provoking as it must the public disgust and indignation, will serve to call the attention of the community to certain forces of evil that have been rather actively at work of late, and will, if we mistake not, tend in a marked degree to check and destroy them through the odious exhibition now made of what they really mean."

If the Times means that "certain forces of evil" in New York have been tending toward racial intermarriage in that city, or anything approaching it, it has our profound sympathy. We cannot, however, share its emotions of anxiety, because forces of that sort are unknown in this part of the world. Nor will our Southern negroes, we believe, draw too many false conclusions in this direction from the maudlin manifestations of the Cosmopolitan Society. Let them rather base their estimate of the future upon the expressions of outraged horror which these manifestations call forth in Northern newspapers.

DOCKS FOR RICHMOND.

Hamburg, Germany, owes its enormous growth of trade to the development of the Elbe. As an example of what this has meant to Hamburg, it may be recalled that in 1877 only 46,000 tons of petroleum came to Hamburg, while 213,000 tons went to Bremen on the Weser. In 1899 Bremen's petroleum traffic was reduced to 86,000 tons, while Hamburg's increased to 269,000 tons. This is only one of the articles of commerce, and the growth of the others is almost equally impressive. No one can doubt, therefore, that under proper conditions the development of inland waterways is a matter of the greatest moment to cities. Prima facie it ought to be a good thing for Richmond to develop as far as possible river-borne commerce, but before taking any such step as purchasing docks and water front at a cost of about $250,000, the City Council ought to obtain answers to these questions:

What is the present and prospective commerce between Richmond and the outer world by means of the James River?

What advantages would this method of transportation bring to our city?

Are the advantages, if any, worth the price asked for these docks?

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch is doing an incalculable service to the State by the publication of its industrial editions. The Times-Dispatch is doing the great work of introducing the various sections of the State to each other. To us all it is a revelation of the progress and vitality of Virginia. —Winchester Star.

Virginia has resources, men and brains. All that is needed is energy and courage. The Times-Dispatch is glad to help the good cause by publishing to the world—but most of all to Virginia—the wealth of opportunity lying unused and undeveloped at our very doors.

The apparent inability of the Richmond ball team to tail-end with any success this season, while undoubtedly embarrassing to us, evidently indicates that the changing fashions have brought pennant-winning into style once more, and hitherto tailenders in other States are herewith warned to act accordingly.

"Count Boni," says the Baltimore Sun editorially, "went so far as to not only scratch the face of the Prince, but smacked it smartly." We beg to ask the Washington Herald, How about the Sun for chairman of the House Committee of the Infinitive Splitters' Union?

As we understand the situation, a little amateur cyclone which snuffs out only some three or four hundred can never attain standing room in the table-talk of Tornadic Texas.

We have small doubt, for our part, that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt would like to see the electoral college turn co-educational.

Look for the silver lining in the cloud. Possibly the wearing of Merry Widows develops the muscles in the neck and improves the chest expansion.

"The aerial navy," says Hudson Maxim, "will be a great bulwark of peace." How about a few nice aerial navies this spring, Mr. President?

Good rhinoceroses are still to be had at $4,000 each, but most large consumers hereabouts are holding up their orders, hoping for a drop after the warm weather sets in.

The Guggenheims are to give John Hays Hammond $500,000 a year, but we believe that they never give trading stamps with their contracts.

From the dispatches it would appear that some of those South Carolina Republicans, in convention assembled, developed a frivolous tendency to cut Capers.

The messages appear to indicate that a kingly crown, quietly left on the White House doorstep, would never be turned over to the authorities.

Hon. Castro will kindly note the extraordinary ease with which the American fleet has captivated Santa Barbara.

Many simple people had always supposed that snake venom had no uses at all, except to the snake.

Rhymes for To-Day

THE DOTTY DIALOGUES.

10. The Decoration from the Grand Llama.

She threw the cold beef to the wind,
And folded up the peaches;
He hollered loudly: "I have sinned!"
And gave 11 screeches.

She mused: "I heard a noise, methinks!—
O, is he hurt, or tricking?"
"I'm off to get my 40 winks,"
Called he. "Please save the chicking."

She wrapped the poultry in her cape
And spent the morning boozing,
But he, although he'd gape and gape,
Could never get to snoozing.

At 12 high noon he found her there,
Her face as red as mottle,
A bit of lemon in her hair,
Her arms around a bottle.

Laughed he: "A trifle stewed, hey, what?
O you look lovely—very!"
She faltered—for his cool tone cut:
"It'sh mos'h ekah-tr'ordinary!"

He sent her backward to her pa,
And gave up his position,
And moved away to Omaha,
And voted prohibition. H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Sound.

"Was he sound asleep?"

"If there was half as much sleep as sound, he was."—Houston Post.

Apparently.

Patient: "Do you think raw oysters are healthy?"

Physician: "I never knew any to complain."—Judge.

Natural Inference.

Visitor (in prison): "And that convict standing over yonder?"

Guard: "He's a trusty."

Visitor: "Indeed! What trust was he connected with, may I ask?"—Puck.

That Lump.

"Poor little girl!" said the benevolent old lady. "There is a lump in your throat. Are you sad?"

"No'm," lisped the little girl in the big sunbonnet. "It's a lump of chewing gum." —Chicago News.

The Tie That Didn't Bind.

"You like him all right, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, why don't you get together and be friends?"

"I owe him too much money."—St. Louis Times.

Horrible Misalliance.

"I'm afraid there must be insanity in your family."

"Why so?"

"I hear that your daughter jilted the man who runs the elevator in your apartment-house to marry a poet!"—Young's Magazine.

BACK AT THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

Having exhausted the vocabularly in praise of Virginia sausages, the Richmond Times-Dispatch is now devoting much of its valuable space in telling of the superior qualities of Bill Skillitt's eggs. It is to be presumed that Mr. Skillitt keeps some hens.—Knoxville Tribune.

* * *

The Times-Dispatch is boasting of Richmond as a convention city. We have no disposition to controvert the proposition so long as the town can boast the 10-cent julep, but 10 cents is all the Richmond julep is worth. —Houston Post.

* * *

There are now 3,160,000 unemployed men in this country, not counting Patrick H. McCarren, of Nooyork.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. He is not to be counted in that class. He is one of the busiest men in the country. Just watch him.—Albany Journal.

A man from the State of Washington went crazy the other day while traveling through Missouri on a fast train. People can't be too careful what States they travel through in these days.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. We wonder if he was going toward or away from Kansas.—Radford Advance.

* * *

The prohibitionists had better go slow. A New York man dropped dead on Monday when the bartender refused him a drink.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.—It would appear that the wires are crossed on this story. It would not stretch credulity nearly so far if the statement had been to the effect that the man dropped dead when, on demand, the barkeeper had promptly come across with the licker.—Atlanta Georgian.

* * *

Another answer is suggested to the inquiry of the Richmond Times-Dispatch as to what Thomas Jefferson would think if he were to return to the United States. After seeing the Pacific battleship fleet, the Atlantic squadron and a visit to the navy and shipbuilding yards he would probably conclude that we have contracted some rather entangling foreign habits whether we have alliances or not.—Chattanooga Times.

* * *

"Grub hub of the world" is what Colonel Henry Sydnor Harrison, of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, calls Richmond. Huh! The grub of Rusty Richmond is coarse and uncanny as compared with grub of Joyous Jacksonville. Now, isn't the Jacksonville "spoke" driven into the Richmond "hub?"—Jacksonville Times-Union. Both appear to have wheels in the head and waggin' tongues.—Danville Register.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Three hundred tons of tobacco are distributed annually among the sailors of the British navy. It is sold to them at cost.

China may be a land of opportunity to the business man with money, but any young man who is willing to work will find better opportunities every day in the large American cities.

The Pope has expressed his intention of presenting the lion sent to him by the Emperor Menelek to Venice, as representing the symbol of the Lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of the city.

More patents were applied for and more patents issued and reissued by the United States government in 1906 than in any other year in its history. The number of applications was 56,482 and of patents 31,965.

Water pipes of terra cotta were used in Crete forty centuries ago. Those supplying drinking water consisted of a series of subconical tubes socketed into each other, with collars and "stop ridges," so constructed as to give the water a shooting motion, thus preventing accumulation of sediment.

James B. Reynolds and Samuel B. Donnelly, who recently were appointed by the President to investigate labor conditions on the Isthmus of Panama, will accompany Secretary Taft on his trip to the Isthmus, beginning April 30th.

The body of Ponce de Leon, the explorer, lies in the Church of San Jose in San Juan, Porto Rico, and Florida citizens are trying to get possession of the bones for burial in the country he searched for the fountain of youth.

According to authorities from 85 to 95 per cent. of the men in civilized lands are right-handed and have developed the low right shoulder. This, however, is no new phenomenon, for even the ancient Greek sculptors had noticed it and posed their subjects so as to make them appear more symmetrical.

Some time ago the death of the man who was supposed to be the last survivor of the Light Brigade was announced. It turns out, however, that there is at least one more survivor of the famous charge at Balaklava living in this country. He is Thomas Kenzie, of Newtown, Ct., who is seventy-three years of age, but still hale and an active worker.

Picture Made by Lightning.

A log of mahogany which has been sawn through at Belfast was found to contain right through a very clearly defined "photograph" of a small deer and a large animal running.

The "photograph" was probably transmitted by lightning during a storm and the pictures must have been taken a long time ago, as the tree, being four feet in diameter, is an exceedingly old one.

Every plank on the log right through shows the images clearly.—London Standard.

Cannon's Impertinence.

The impertinence of Speaker Cannon and Payne and Dalzell ought to be rebuked in a manner never to be forgotten in this country. Their effrontery should cause their overthrow as the dictators of the House. Of course, Boss Cannon is the only one who has power in the House of Representatives. Payne and Dalzell are simply cuckoos. —Milwaukee Journal.

STATE PRESS

The Pathway of the Fathers.

The people of Virginia do not want a primary that is an effectual ban to the entrance into a campaign of a poor man. They do not want officials who have to anticipate their salaries for a year or two to enter a primary, but they do want an opportunity to vote for their choice of men, and to have that vote safeguarded by law and the expense borne by the State. They do not want ward meetings and courthouse clique to turn out a convention nominee, and then be taxed $1.50 for the privilege of voting for whoever is handed up to them.

The present primary plan is not a good one. It should be changed, but we doubt if the public prefers to have it abolished, rather than to wait until another Legislature can perfect it. We believe the people had rather vote directly on the question of choice between the gubernatorial candidates now in the field, than have the nomination made in convention under existing circumstances.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Dreads Fire.

Mr. Bryan shows no disposition to reciprocate Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance of his political fads and theories by espousing the President's program for four new battleships and a greater navy. Probably, Mr. Bryan recalls the blunder he committed when he rushed headlong into the Paris Treaty in support of the McKinley administration, and is now resolved to look before he leaps again. —Petersburg Index-Appeal.

Plea for the Primary.

The Times-Herald believes in representative government, but the people should not delegate powers which they can best exercise directly. If we should nominate our candidates in convention rather than in primary election, why should we not elect them in the same way?

Let the Roanoke convention perfect the primary plan, not destroy it.—Newport News Times-Herald.

Economical.

If it is a dead sure cinch, as a number of people assert, that the Denver convention will nominate Bryan, what is the necessity for the delegates going all that distance to do it. Why not let Marse Henri Watterson send a letter making the election unanimous and save expense.—Fredericksburg Journal.

JOHNSON IS FORMIDABLE.

Republicans Realize That He Would Be Hard Man to Defeat.

Any Republican candidate can defeat Bryan, and if Bryan is to be the choice of the Democrats, it makes little difference who is nominated by the Republicans. The only question will be the selection of the man best qualified to be President, and it is generally believed Secretary Taft is that man. But with Governor Johnson as the Democratic candidate very many Republicans will feel that the question of availability is of the utmost importance.

The only ground upon which we have withheld our support from Secretary Taft is the opposition of the negro and the labor vote to his candidacy. We have always been ready to acknowledge his admirable fitness for the office.

With Bryan as the candidate Taft can win easily. What will be the outcome if Johnson is the nominee?

New York has refused to indorse Bryan and Massachusetts will follow suit. The South is not in love with the Nebraskan. There is a movement of mighty power in the Democratic party to prevent the nomination of Bryan and to bring about the nomination of Johnson, who stands for the same ideas that have made Governor Hughes popular. He can appeal to the people, and the conservatives are also with him. His record is clean, and the fact that he is little known is rather to his advantage. He is the most formidable man the Democrats could nominate.

The danger is that Mr. Taft may lose New York, Ohio and Indiana. We believe he will not. We believe his splendid record, his approval of Roosevelt's policies and Roosevelt's approval of him will more than offset disaffections. We believe the vast majority of new voters are Republicans and will be for Taft. But it is well to look the facts in the face and to realize that the movement for Johnson has great strength behind it, and that Johnson will be a hard man to defeat.—Springfield Union.

LEGALIZED SLANDER.

Suggested Method of Preventing Libel by Ex Parte Papers.

"After fuller investigation," the divorce lawyer in the Von Hermann suit now declares there was no basis for his charges involving Miss Julia Marlowe.

That "fuller investigation" ought to have been compelled before publicity was permitted to the accusations. Our court procedure should provide such preliminary inquiry by commission. Not a suit should be given full standing in court—carrying with it publicity—until a commission of inquiry, or some equivalent judicial device, has learned that there is merit in the action and that its allegations have a reasonable basis of truth.

It is no salve for a cruel inquiry to reflect that it is unethical to inflict it. It does not mitigate an offense of attorneyism to believe that high-minded lawyers would not do such things. High-minded men possibly do no wrong to whatever group they belong.

The thing to do is to prevent libels in the form of legal statements. Don't leave the field of ethics.

A court auxiliary that would sift evidence and separate the sheep from the goats in all classes of litigation would perform quite as valuable a function as the ultimate tribunal itself.—Kansas City Times.

Millionaire Senators.

Some rich because they are Senators; some Senators because they are rich.

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, the other day had one of the current lists of millionaires in the upper branch of Congress. It carried him as the third richest man in Congress, one whose credit would be $25,000,000. There were thirty other supposed millionaires on this Senate list. "Discount those figures by 90 per cent," said Senator Elkins, in all seriousness, as he surveyed the names of his very rich colleagues, "and they will be more nearly correct. It is the honest truth that many of the men listed in the Senate by these writers as worth all the way from $1,000,000 to $60,000,000 each would be willing to take 10 per cent of these estimates in cash to-day. Run over the names of the wealthy men of the Senate," continued Mr. Elkins. "There are admittedly some wealthy men among its members. They are nothing like as rich as they are represented to be, but with only one or two exceptions you will find they are self-made men, who started in very modest circumstances. In some ways this kind of exaggerated talk about millionaires predominating in the Senate is not just. I have personal knowledge from my long business associations that the figures are greatly exaggerated. Observers, familiar with affairs here, know that very rich men do not control in matters of legislation. They bear their part of the work, according to their ability and service, just as do all other Senators."—Kansas City Journal.

Not a Question of Locality.

The truth is there is too much talk about the women in one city or State being better than the women in some other city or State. Not but they all deserve the highest praise that can be bestowed upon them, but because it sometimes is made to appear that any American wife falls short in some way of being good enough for the man who gets her.

The goodness and the loveliness of our women should not be made a local question at all. Nor should the choice of a wife be permitted to degenerate into a sectional question.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Unwise Father.

Met with in the drawing-room, a certain German professor is an entertaining old gentleman. To him, recently a lady said, when one of his compositions had just been rendered by one of the guests, "How do you like the rendering of your song?"

"Vas dot my song?" replied the professor. "I did not know him."—Tit-Bits.

Voice of the People

No Delay at Locks.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your report this morning in regard to the inspection of the harbor yesterday by the committees from the Chamber of Commerce, Business Men's Association, etc., aboard the tug Cunningham, you state that they were delayed fifteen minutes at the ship locks. This is a mistake, as there was no delay at the locks except the time consumed in lowering the water to river level, and working of locks. I will appreciate it very much if you will publish this statement.

Respectfully,
JNO. R. HOPKINS,
Assistant Dockmaster.

Richmond, Va., April 29, 1908.

THE TIME BY WIRELESS.

A Scientific Proposition of Great Maritime Value.

An important maritime project was submitted yesterday afternoon to the members of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, when M. Bouquet de La Grye, Doyen, of the Section of Geography and Navigation, suggested the possibility of transmitting simultaneously by wireless telegraphy to the shipping of the world the time of day based on the meridian of Greenwich or that of Paris.

The wireless station at the Eiffel Tower can transmit radiographic messages to a distance of 1,250 miles, so that all of the Mediterranean and a large portion of the Atlantic is within its zone of communication. But if, as proposed, instead of the tower station, which is only 900 feet high, a wireless post were erected on the Peak of Teneriffe, at a height of over 11,000 feet, practically the entire surface of the earth would be within reach of its radiographic communications.

The Academy appointed a special commission, under the chairmanship of M. Becquerel, its distinguished president, to examine the possibility of carrying out M. Bouquet de La Grye's proposal, the realization of which would render immense services to navigation; and should they report in its favor, the various governments would be invited to come to an international agreement by which the hour of noon or midnight would be transmitted daily to every ship in the world fitted with wireless apparatus.

Midnight would probably be chosen because of the tranquillity of the atmosphere at that hour, and the absence of the sun's action, which at midday interferes with the transmission of the Herzian waves.

M. Poincare, the eminent mathematician, consulted as to the feasibility of the foregoing project, said he saw no material obstacle to its realization.—London Mail.

Jamaica Negroes at Panama.

The Jamaican is at once the most amusing and the most aggravating individual on the isthmus. In dress he apes at one time the peacock, and at another he would put a ragged crow to shame. In language he oscillates between "Rasselas" and "Mother Goose," and in his speech he mixes the accent of a London cockney and an almost unintelligible jargon peculiarly his own. Bombastically standing upon his rights as a "British hobject," he has, on the other hand, says the Bohemian, the stamina and endurance of a jellyfish, and when he "gets 'um fevah," he literally wilts. He uses "require" for "need," says "back ahead," and if vigorously and profanely reproved querulously objects with "Now, mon, you ah not privileged to talk to me like that." He comes in hordes to the post-office for mail as often as he sees a boat in the offing, and as he seems to go through the world with a multiplicity of names he is not discouraged if informed that there is no letter for "John Whiteside," but, irrepressible, asks if there is anything for "James Allen."

He is generable peaceable, and his most violent combats, like those of our professional pugilists, are generally vocal. Like all negroes, he is fond of music, and his specialty is hymns, which he sings lustily, together with such favorites of the hour as "After the Ball," "Two Little Girls in Blue" and other favorites of the Northern music halls of twenty years ago.—New York Sun.

Trees That Climb.

In this temperate climate of ours we can form little idea of the gigantic climbing trees of tropical countries. It is not uncommon to find here very thick growths of some old vine, twined all about a tree until it is so closely covered that it has the appearance of a huge climbing tree instead of a vine, but we know that beneath the twining growth is the straight, strong supporting trunk of the tree.

In the tropical forests the trees themselves are climbers, and they form an important feature of tropical vegetation. In some of the dense parts of these forests these climbing growths make it almost impossible for the traveler to pass through.

The tree trunks are everywhere linked together by sipos, the woody, flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the taller independent trees. Some are twisted in strands like cables, others have thick stems contorted into every variety of shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.

It is said that these climbing trees do not form any particular family. There is no distinct group whose especial habit is to climb; but species of many and the most diverse families, many of whose members are not climbers, seem to have been driven by circumstances to adopt this habit.—Chicago News.

Royal Engine Drivers.

The Khedive of Egypt has a private railway from his palace at Ras-el-Tin in Alexandria to his country place at Moutazar, and when he goes from one place to the other he drives the engine himself. The line is ten miles long, and he seems to get keen pleasure out of the excitement of running an engine at full speed. During his last visit to France he rode on the cab with the driver of the express from Calais to Amiens and handled the levers himself.

Other royal personages have sought diversion from cares of state at various times in engine driving. The King of Spain is very expert and fearless as a locomotive engineer. Before his marriage he used to ride on the footplate of the royal train with the driver and take lessons in managing the engine.

Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, is another royal engine driver. Recently he drove the express from Abbeville to Paris under the superintendence of the engineer.

The Marquise of Downshire vies with royalty in following this pursuit. He has a private railway at Hillsborough, and an engine which he drives himself at a speed of forty miles an hour.—New York Sun.

Good Grammar.

A gentleman not unknown to fame had left his corner seat in the crowded carriage to go in search of buns and milk, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments.

To his protestations her lofty reply was:

"Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madam," he replied, "were you the directors' only wife I should still protest."—Church Guardian.

Reserved for Company.

The teacher asked: "Elsie, when do you say, 'Thank you'?" Elsie's face lighted up, for that was one thing she knew, and she confidently answered, "When we have company."—Chicago Tribune.

Tolerant Orientals.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese have shown throughout their history great toleration in matters of religion. Even the persecution of Christians in the seventeenth century had its origin purely in political reasons.—Japan Chronicle.

Imperial Family of Japan

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Tokyo.

It is undoubtedly true that no other monarch in history ever saw such a change in the affairs of his people as the present ruler of Japan has witnessed during his reign. Mutsu-hito became Emperor when he was sixteen years old, and he will be fifty-six if he lives until November 3d. He is the 121st ruler of his dynasty, belonging to a line of monarchs which stretches through the unparalleled period of 2,568 years. Greater progress has been made in the forty-one years of his reign than in all the time since Jimmu Tenno, the first historical ancestor of the present son of heaven, sat upon the throne in 660 B. C.

Although the seclusion of the present monarch causes much comment, his person is hedged about with much less formality than was put around his ancestors. In the olden time the Mikado was altogether secluded from the public. No one but his wife, his concubines and his most important ministers were ever permitted to look upon his august face. When receiving he sat upon a matted throne, and his face was protected from view by a richly embroidered curtain. It was a strict rule of etiquette that his sacred feet should never touch the earth. It is said that the present Emperor never walked until he was eighteen years old, which may account for his awkward gait, which is still noticeable.

In olden times the Emperor traveled in a curtained car of state. His name could not be spoken aloud by the rank and file of his subjects, and when written had to be left unfinished by omitting the last stroke of the writing brush. The first time a Japanese Emperor's name was ever written in full during his lifetime was when the present sovereign issued his edict promising the people a constitutional form of government. No person is permitted to look down upon the Emperor, so that when he drives through the streets the blinds of upper windows must be closed and no one dares to climb on anything to get a view of His Imperial Majesty. Formerly no one was permitted to look upon the Emperor through spectacles, but in recent years this rule has been modified in the case of persons who must wear glasses of necessity. But it is still wrong to see the Emperor through glass, and to avoid any chance of any one's seeing him through a window, he grants audiences and does his work in a room in which all the blinds are nailed down.

The legal cause of this extravagantly reverent attitude of the people is found in the third article of the Constitution of Japan, which says: "The Emperor is sacred and inviolable." Further explanation of this clause is made in the official commentary on the Constitution: "The Emperor is heaven-descended, divine and sacred. His hallowed throne was established at the time when the heavens and the earth became separated. He is pre-eminent above all his subjects. The law has no power to hold him accountable to it. Not only shall there be no irreverence for the Emperor's person, but he shall not be made a topic for derogatory comment, nor even one of discussion." Thus it will be seen that the Japanese consider their ruler too sacred to be talked about, and have inculcated in the law of the land a prohibition of the use of his name in ordinary conversation.

The Emperor has no dissipations and practices the utmost regularity, spending nearly his whole time in the discharge of his official duties. He is said to resemble the German Emperor in the faculty of being able to choose trustworthy assistants. Although His Majesty cannot read or speak any language other than his own, he is an inveterate reader of newspapers, keeping his interpreters busy translating the utterances of the foreign press for his information. Quite in conformity with the idea his subjects have about his divinity is the claim that he never shows emotion. If there are moments when his anger gets beyond his control, no reports of them ever reach beyond the palace walls.

The Emperor always wears a military uniform, and has done so ever since he discarded Japanese dress years ago. Not only when he appears in public, but when working at his European desk, he is dressed in the full uniform of a general or admiral. His interest in the equipment of his soldiers was illustrated by an incident of war times. A body of troops was passing and he ordered one of the privates to be sent to him. He examined the soldier's shoes and asked a great many questions about them. Then to satisfy himself he sent for a pair of the same kind and wore them for two or three days to test their comfort.

The one hobby of the Mikado is his love of poetry. No day passes without his turning out forty or fifty poems, which, according to Japanese rule, must consist of either sixteen or thirty-one syllables. His capacity in this particular is so great that the official court poet estimates that during the past thirty years His Majesty has written fully 70,000 poems. It is told that when the Emperor was only eight years old his father gave him a number of subjects for verses, and he has had an unvarying love of this kind of composition ever since. Each January the Emperor selects a subject, and the public is requested to send in poems on this theme. Thousands of responses are received, and the Bureau of Poetry is rushed for months in the work of passing upon them all. Finally the committee selects what are considered the six best poems, and these are read at court and published in all the papers. Of course, this honor is regarded very highly by the successful competitors. This year the subject was "The Pine Tree Beside the Shrine." The Emperor's contribution was "The Evergreen Pine Tree Stands Beside the Shrine, Which Guards the Empire Immovable." Among the six successful contributors there was only one woman, who wrote: "In the garden fronting the shrine, the cranes play under the pine-tree foliage." While the translation destroys the meter, an understanding of the idea may be obtained.

The present court poet is seventy years old, and it is said that he is soon to retire from office on account of the arduous duties attached to it. There is a story which shows that although the Mikado may be supreme in ruling the Japanese nation, the court poet is the boss of his department. Years ago when the Emperor and his poetical adviser were both young men they made a trip together from Kyoto to Tokyo. They traveled along for several days in sight of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain. Of course, the view inspired the Emperor to dash off a number of effusions. In trying to determine which of the lot was the best a dispute arose, and the discussion became so heated that the court poet resigned on the spot. However, his august master declined to release him, and in the overtures which followed it was agreed that in future His Majesty should accept the rulings of his minister of muses without question. And even to this day the court poet of Japan is not a figure-head.

Aside from his love of poetry, the Emperor has absolutely no amusements. When a young man he was quite skilful in the practice of archery, and for a time spent a portion of each day in drilling a company of troops. The fact that he is susceptible to sea sickness is said to be the reason why he does not have an imperial yacht. Whenever it becomes necessary for him to journey on the water he travels in a steamer chartered for the occasion, or utilizes one of the battleships of the Japanese navy. Although His Majesty has a number of country palaces and game preserves, he rarely or never visits them, preferring to remain at the capital of his empire.

The Empress of Japan is a noble and inspiring woman. Her name is Haruko, and she is the daughter of a noble of the highest rank. She is two years older than the Mikado. The sacredness of the imperial personages was shown by an incident which occurred when it was determined that the court ladies should adopt European dress. At this time great difficulty was experienced in getting clothes to fit Her Imperial Majesty. The profane hands of a dressmaker could not be allowed to touch the person of the Empress, so a court lady had to pose as a model until the garments were gradually made to fit.

The Empress also has poetic inclinations, and is herself the author of several volumes of verse. One of the features of all state occasions is the singing of a song by the school children which was composed for them by Her Majesty. During the rendition of this song the children stand with their heads bowed as if in prayer. The Empress takes a great deal of interest in all school work, and has in her private apartments a large collection of the best speciments of poetry, painting and composition done by the pupils of the empire.

A story is told which reveals the kindliness of Her Majesty's character. Some years ago when the castle in Tokyo was burned the Emperor and Empress were forced to take temporary quarters in a nearby house, which was old and rather out of repair. Although the proportions of the place were ample it was altogether lacking in the luxuries of the palace. A representative of the people expressed to the Empress the grief which her subjects felt because she was denied her usual conveniences. She arose to the occasion by writing a graceful little poem in which she said that it mattered little how she was situated so long as she was sure of a home in the hearts of her people.

Another story illustrates Her Majesty's consideration for the happiness of children. One of the little princesses once conceived the unreasonable idea of wanting to give a cherry-blossom party in December. Although April is the earliest that these trees may be expected to put forth their delicate flowers, skilled artisans were called in, and after much labor created the desired effect by pinning to the trees myriads of pink and white blossoms made of tissue paper. Thus the whim of the eccentric little princess was gratified.

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To-morrow—The House of Mitsui.

"His Father's Business"

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HOUSED AT LAST.

Mexico Has Caught and Penned the Tropic of Cancer.

At last the tropic of Cancer has been nailed down. The elusive imaginary line dividing the temperate from the torrid zone, that used to seem so intangible in our geography days, has been put in its proper place on Mexican territory and snugly housed so that it may never again be tempted to stray from home. It was so hard for poor old Cancer to remember that it belonged about 23 degrees north of the equator, just as far as Capricorn was on the other side. Reports came in to the Mexican government that the crab was inclined to ramble over the border at night, though hampered by a sidewise method of locomotion, and thus might provoke international complications. The Texas ranges gave notice that the geographical character of the animal would not save it if it dared to venture on United States soil.

"Ah, I have cet—we will pen heem in a building!" exclaimed a Mexican scientist to whom the difficulty was propounded. "A special house for heem beside the railroad, and then the Yankee tourists, will they not almost pay for the privilege of looking at Senor Cancer?"

This happy suggestion was adopted and a comfortable stone dwelling was put up for the accommodation of Cancer on the line of the National Railroad of Mexico. It is situated 383 miles south of the United States border. On the south side of the house are the large lettered words "Tropico de Cancer" and "Zona Torrida," while the north side proclaims "Zona Templada," or "Temperate Zone." The average American is not used to seeing geography advertised.—Rochester Herald.

To Acquire Gracefulness.

A plain girl who knows how to stand, move and sit with ease, is far more admired than the beauty who is clumsy and awkward. Some girls, of course, are naturally graceful. But there is no reason why those who are lacking in this respect should not add to their charms by carefully cultivating the art. An erect carriage, a graceful walk, a graceful manner of sitting and rising, are absolutely necessary if a girl wishes to be really charming.

And it is quite within her own power to acquire these virtues. In the first place, she must study her own defects, and the faults of other girls, also, in order that she may avoid them. Do not try to copy the graceful girl offhand, so to speak, by forcing yourself into what, to you, would be unnatural poses, and attitudes. That is not the way to cultivate gracefulness. In fact, by doing so you will probably only make yourself more awkward and clumsy. By always trying to avoid the little faults, however, which prevent a girl becoming graceful, you will, as time goes by, find yourself drifting quite naturally into the ways and manners of the graceful girl.—New York Weekly.