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WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1910.

THE LAST OF THE FIGHT.

The best man won. He happened to be black, on the outside; but there is general agreement that he was altogether white in his conduct on the most momentous occasion of his life. A little nervous, perhaps, in the first round, he then took the measure of his fearful looking antagonist and played with him as a cat plays with a mouse to the end. It was a picnic, a holiday excursion, a Fourth of July outing at the White or a bankers' convention at Old Point for Johnson. He never enjoyed anything more in his life, and his behaviour from first to last was worthy of all praise. This does not mean, of course, that prize-fighting is a worthy occupation; but only that, measured by the ethics of the ring, Johnson established his claim to the good opinion of the sporting world. Watchful as a cat, lithe as a serpent, strong as an ox, and fairly bubbling over with good humor, he fought his fight to a finish in the presence of an immense multitude. The hearts and hopes and money of the crowd were against him. Never a gladiator in the old Colliseum at Rome had fewer friends in the boxes and on the benches than this great strapping fellow, and when he stood ready in the fatal fifteenth round to finish his task it was the manager of Jeffries who cried out to Bob Armstrong, one of the white man's colored trainers, "Bring that towel; you know what I mean; don't let him get hit!" Thumbs up!

There was a breeziness about Johnson's way that must have appealed to the good nature of the people in the arena: "Don't rush, Jim. Don't you hear what I'm telling you"; ""Come on, Jeff"; "Never mind, just wait"; "Thought you said you were going to have me wild?" "How do you feel, Jim?" "How do you like 'em?" and so on to the end. After it was all over, with scarcely a mark on his ebony person to show that he had knocked out the most powerful man in the world, the negro maintained his poise and chortled at the amusement he had enjoyed—"He joked me and I joked him. I told him I knew he was a bear, but I was a gorilla, and would defeat him"; and with it all he gave his defeated antagonist this high praise: "He came back at me with the heart of the true fighter."

The New York World, with its turn for statistics, has boiled down the fight into figures, showing that there were only 101 "effective" blows struck during the fight, of which 77 are to the credit of Johnson and only 24 to the credit of Jeffries. The white man reached the negro on the face three times, on the neck twice, on the body thirteen times, on the ribs once, on the head four times and on the shoulder once. The negro struck the white man 77 times, as this statement will show: Face, 53; jaw, 8; nose, 2; mouth, 2; chin, 1; body, 5; chest, 2; head, 4. That was "going some," as they say in Johnson's native State of Texas.

This brings us to the point of saying, again, that Johnson is Southern-born, and as an enthusiastic printer said last night, "It goes to show that when it comes to a show-down blood will tell; it was Jack's old Southern mammy that made him fit for the fight with the Yankee." It has been observed, probably, that the only serious disturbances that have resulted from this battle between the negro and the white man have occurred in the Northern part of our great Christian country: in Pittsburg, which Andy Carnegie has blessed with his benefactions, and where he has preached his homilies on the race question, and in New York, where the sainted members of race equality live. Throughout the South, speaking generally, the people, white and colored, have behaved with dignity and self-possession. Down at Norfolk the sailors made some trouble; at Houston, one brutal white fool cut the throat of an enthusiastic negro; but that was nothing remarkable for Texas. In Atlanta, we are told, "both races were in a nasty humor"; but Atlanta is the heart of the New South, and is more like a Northern town than any other town in these parts.

In the Old South, of which Richmond is the soul, there has been no trouble and no sign of trouble. The negroes of this city are a particularly worthy class of people. They live in peace with their white neighbors, and it would require a far more serious cause than a prize fight between a white man and a negro far away in Nevada to disturb the amicable understanding among them. Jack London says in his account of the fight, which is not much of an account after all, that the fact that these two men of different races met in the prize ring "is significant." "Significant" of nothing, except that the white man was not as good as the negro. He could not have been, else he would not have entered the ring with him, not for the purpose of representing his race, but for the purpose of winning the money. It is hoped that there will never be such another exhibition anywhere.

THE TAX COMMISSION.

Nothing that has happened in Virginia since the Constitutional Convention has had the promise of so much good to as many people as the organization of the Tax Commission. The fact that the Commission has been appointed to look into the gross inequalities of the system of taxation in Virginia, and to remedy, if possible, these conditions, is in itself a matter of large significance.

Virginia is admittedly one of the worst taxed communities in this country, and if the Tax Commission do nothing more than show that property known to be assessed at its full value in Richmond, and at 10 per cent. of its value in at least one district of one of Virginia's counties, thus making the unfortunate inhabitant of this town pay ten times as much as his fellow-citizen in the country, enough will have been accomplished to pay all that the Commission will cost

For two years The Times-Dispatch made taxes the subject of serious study, and feels, in some degree at least, responsible for the creation of the Tax Commission, and will, therefore, regard its work with sympathetic interest. It has a great work to do. It will be judged fairly by the extent and value of its service. If it shall give Virginia a uniform and efficient tax system, its work will be felt immediately in all branches of business, and promote astonishing growth in the material wealth of the State.

BUTTING IN AGAIN.

We do not like his name and we despise his politics; but if we lived in the State of Washington, we should join hands with all the good people of that State in resenting the impertinent interference of a distinguished busy-body who imagines that he has been commissioned by some unseen power to regulate the political affairs of this country. Better Piles than Poindexter, in the circumstances; better the worst man in the State of any political party whatsoever than to have the politics of Washington dictated by any man, however high and mighty, without responsibility to any influence than his own brutal and selfish passions. We are much mistaken in the character of the people of Washington if they do not repudiate this impudent attempt to regulate their internal affairs.

WHY THE SOUTH IS MISJUDGED.

A few months ago the Arkansas Land Congress was formed at Little Rock. It was decided, we are told by the Louisville Courier-Journal, to spend $50,000 in advertising the resources of Arkansas, beginning next October. We agree with our contemporary that "every State needs an effective organization of the kind working sensibly and constantly for the general welfare, and it is not enough to hold a convention once a year, occupying two or three days in aimless speech-making. There should be a permanent information bureau and continuous and systematic effort for immigration."

Very true, very true! But one of the first things that Arkansas ought to do is to improve the character of its representatives in public life before it can hope to attain any substantial commercial and industrial growth. That State will be judged by Jeffries Davis rather than by the work, however effective it may be, done by the Arkansas Land Congress.

Prudent men do not care to invest their money or establish their homes in a State which is so indifferent to its good reputation as to place its worst citizens in high position. We must get rid in the South of the demagogue, the mischief maker, the political tramp, if we are to impress the outside world with the sincerity of our motives and the security of our affairs.

NOT A CLEAN CALLING.

It is precisely the "exaggeration and abuse to which the spirit of investigation into affairs public and private (have) proceeded in this country" to which we have objected, and to which all honest newspaper folk must object. It is the embellishment of discoveries, the "assassination of character" with which we have found fault. Muck-raking, at best, is dirty business. Only the cheapest people are employed in it. It requires no special ability; few honest people would prefer to engage in it. The Charlotte Observer would not do it; we know of no decent newspaper in the country that would. This does not mean, of course, that crime should go unpunished or that criminals should be suffered to escape, but it does mean that those who prosecute must come into court with clean hands.

THE SANE FOURTH A SUCCESS.

The newspapers yesterday were so full of fight news and accounts of baseball games, that many persons overlooked the fact that they were lacking in the usual fifth of July news. In 1909, for instance, The Times-Dispatch and other papers printed several columns of dispatches, giving reports of accidents in all parts of the country. Scores were killed by the explosion of fireworks, hundreds were blinded for life, and many lost limbs. In the papers yesterday there were few of these items. New York State reported not a single death and very few accidents, while in 1909, 897 of its future citizens were killed or injured by fireworks and pistols.

The national agitation for a "Sane Fourth" was responsible for this. Mayor Gaynor set the country a splendid example when he prohibited the sale of fireworks in New York immediately preceding the Fourth, and a number of other cities followed his lead. There were bonfires and municipal fireworks and salutes and illuminations, but there were not twenty important cities in the country where the death-dealing cannon-crackers could be bought.

The sane Fourth was a decided success, in preventing deaths and accidents; but it was no less a success in restoring a proper observance of the day in the cities. The authorities knew that they had to substitute something for the fire-crackers and toy cannons, and hence exerted themselves to devise sports and pageants. New York had the "happiest Fourth on record," with more real patriotism than had been shown in years; Boston, of course, was superlatively "nice," and Philadelphia swelled with pride in celebrating the event which took place by accident within its confines.

This is as it should be. The measure of a patriotic celebration is not the amount of red liquor and brown that can be drunk, and the noise that can be made, but the public rejoicing of the people in the blessings of a free Government and the maintenance of order. The old-time Fourth of July speeches may be out of date, but the spirit of the speech is the correct spirit of the day.

A HARD NUT TO CRACK.

The Republican spellbinders, who are soon to begin their annual task of fooling the people, have plenty of hard work ahead of them. They have much to explain and much to conceal and much for which to ask forgiveness. They have a number of bad laws to interpret and they have few good laws that they can honestly defend. Above all else they have the tariff hanging over them, as a sort of Nemesis about to overtake them. The most astute cannot make the people believe that the tariff is anything but iniquitous and the most glib cannot claim that it is what the country needs.

Every day a new nut is found in the Republican basket, hard to crack and hard to digest. The latest of these is the report on the Philippine tariff, which is in itself a practical example of how a low tariff works. When the Republicans insisted on seizing the Philippine Islands and embarking this country on a career of conquest, they finally had to give some show of justice to their newly acquired fellow-citizens. Unwillingly at first and always with hesitation, the Republicans increased the freedom of these people, and at last, it will be recollected, practically gave them free trade with America. A few articles were put on a low tariff rating, but most of the things that the Philippines produce are allowed to enter this country duty-free, while our goods have the same rights in the Philippines.

It has now been eight months since the new Philippine tariff went into effect, and during this time wonders have been wrought. The Filipinos are prospering as never before; trade has been brisker than it was ever known to be; Philippine products are coming into this country in great abundance and at very low rates. Nobody has been injured; no legitimate business has suffered; everybody has benefitted.

How are the Republicans to get around this? They may argue, of course, that the increase in the Philippine trade is due to the general business advance, and they may say that what is justice for the Philippines and prosperity for the Islands, is not justice for other nations and good policy for our Government; but facts are facts, and none can dispute that the Philippines began to improve from the hour the old tariff was removed. There is no answer to this.

GOOD OLD GOOD MANNERS.

We sympathize with the lamentation of a correspondent of the Charlotte Observer at the disuse of the good old-fashioned "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir," and we also agree with the Observer in its deprecation of any tendency to omit these forms of address. We utterly disagree with the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot that their use indicates in any way a sense of servility, and that "it is only among the lower classes that such a mode of response is practiced." We do not care what Charles Campbell, the Historian, said on the subject fifty years ago. There is something very sweet to our ears in this old-fashioned way of "being polite." It sounds so much better to say "Ma'am?" than to say "What?" "Huh?" or "Hey?" and there is a gentle courtesy in saying "Yes, ma'am" or "No, sir" that is utterly lacking in "Yes" and "No."

We are getting away from too many of the customs of another and better day. The time was when gentlemen took off their hats when speaking to ladies, and in one very good old town that we know it was always regarded as quite the proper thing for young fellows to lift their "lids" to their elders. All these matters are matters of courtesy and are not to be despised among gentle folk.

THE SOUTH HAS FOUND ITSELF.

The South is coming. Its people are in better condition than they have been at any previous time since the war closed, forty-five years ago. They live better. They have more. Their barns are filled with the fruit of the fields; their rivers have been harnessed to millions of spindles; their banks are bursting with the wealth their people have made by honest industry and steady toil. One of the surest signs of the progress of the South is to be noted in the constant increase of its trade with other countries. The last annual review of the foreign commerce of the United States shows that there has been an increase of 110 per cent. in the exports of the Gulf Ports in ten years, and an increase of not less than 240 per cent. in the imports of these ports. The increase has not been so great at the Atlantic Ports of the South, but there has been a most gratifying growth of the foreign business at all the ports in the South.

Take the port of Charleston, for example. Only a few years ago it was apparently one of the least progressive of the Southern towns. During the fiscal year ending June 30, its foreign exports aggregated in value $8,104,821, an increase of $4,060,584 on the business of the previous year. The import business also showed a remarkable increase, the gain for one year amounting to $1,595,726. These are not large figures, as large figures go in the greater commercial centres of the country, but they show in a most significant way how it is that the South is growing.

At Norfolk, at Wilmington, at Savannah, at every point along the South Atlantic Coast the story is the same. There is no more thrilling story in the history of industry and commerce than the story of how the South has found itself.

Some of us recall the time, not so very long ago, when this part of the country was prostrate, and its growth forms one of the most thrilling epics in the history of the world. The South is just beginning to feel its strength. Watch Richmond grow!

WHERE REGULATION IS NEEDED.

There was nothing at all unusual about the disastrous wreck which occurred Monday at Middleton, Ohio. In every way it was the same old story: A passenger train, trying to make up time, ran into a freight train, twenty persons were killed, many were injured, nobody was able to place the blame. The crew of the passenger train insist that they were obeying orders and the freight engineer declares that his train was where it should be at the time. The chances are that if an investigation is held at all it will result in a verdict of "not guilty" for all persons concerned and will leave the matter exactly where it is.

This is the first serious wreck in several weeks, but it is only one in that long story of disasters which claim many thousand victims during the year and fill the newspapers with gruesome stories of the needless sacrifice of human life. Now and then a railroad can report—as the Pennsylvania did this year and the Erie last year—that not a passenger was killed during twelve months, but most of the railroads have their death lists running into scores, and many of them are responsible for the deaths of hundreds during the course of a year. When the total ghastly list is finished for the year there are at least 10,000 deaths and 100,000 accidents.

When one contrasts this tremendous toll with the record of European railroads the whole American railroad system stands indicted of murder. We kill in this country a dozen men in railroad accidents where the English railroads injure one, and our mortality from rapid transportation is at least ten times as great as that of any other nation in the world. If foreign countries have been able to reduce the number of accidents to a minimum, there is no reason why we should not do the same thing, and our failure to adopt proper precautions against accidents is absolutely without excuse.

Congress has been doing a great deal of railroad legislation in the last few years, and has been asserting to the fullest its right to "regulate" interstate railroads. If it can provide for the charges which railroads may make it can certainly provide for the precautions which railroads must take. It would be a good thing if some of the men who were most anxious to regulate the railroads would spend some time in enacting laws to prevent accidents, in requiring every interstate railroad to use all the modern safety devices, to install effective block systems and to put an end to the killing of men who trust their lives to the safety of travel.

BRIAND'S PROBLEM.

The reading public has been so much interested in political events in England and Germany that it has overlooked important happenings in other countries. The situation in England, to be sure, deserves all the attention that is being given it, because it marks an epoch in the English Constitution and possibly a turning point in the life of the English nation; but, while Parliament has been grappling with great problems of state, Spain has been in ferment, China has been passing through a great revolution, and now France appears to be moving.

The more or less well informed political writers who send long reports on foreign affairs to American newspapers for publication on Sunday are now directing their attention especially to France, and they tell us that Premier Briand is playing as large a part in French politics as Mr. Asquith is playing in England. Some of them are inclined to hail Monsieur Briand as a modern Gambetta, and they declare that he is bringing order out of chaos in France in a most remarkable way.

If Briand is really doing half of what the foreign writers say he is doing he is solving one of the greatest problems of modern political history. As every one knows, France has long been a country without political parties. The people are much divided in sentiment, and are utterly without organization to crystalize opinion on the great questions before the nation. They do little more than choose men to the Chamber of Deputies in whom they have confidence; the political affiliations of the men, their platforms and the principles for which they stand are all of minor importance. The people fight the battles of their local leaders very bitterly, but politics is personal, and consequently without aim. As a result, when the Deputies gather, they form not into parties, but into cliques, and where we have two great parties, they have at least a dozen factions. There are, for example, four or five varieties of socialists, none of whom has any political principle, and most of whom are at dagger's points with the others.

This has made the task of any Premier difficult almost beyond description. He has no stable party on which to rely, and his only hope of carrying through the Government policy is by choosing those parties which are in the least opposition to each other and by uniting them against those whom they most fervently despise. Clemenceau did this for years, often at a hazard and with no assurance of permanent success, but he was forced to retire in the end, a victim to a system against which he had contended, a martyr to a rule which he hated.

Briand has taken the bull by the horns, and where he has been unable to hold the majority he has insisted on the Government policy and has fought it out on the floor of the Deputies. As recently as last week in carrying out his policy he told the opposition that he could not rely upon mere factional support, but would carry through his policy as best he might regardless of opposition. He used Parliamentary language, of course, but he told the opposition to go to the devil, to fight if they would, to yield if it pleased them. Of course, he is having difficulties, and he will probably be unable to get the approval of the Deputies to half the laws he introduces, but he is on the right trail, and he deserves the support of every man who wants to see a stable government in France.

ESCAPING EMBEZZLERS.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, who has shown that he is as shrewd an observer as he was a successful judge, has added another to his political proverbs. "It is coming to pass," said he recently, "that business men prefer to let criminal offences against them go rather than prosecute them." In other words, a man lets a thief escape rather than take his chances of convicting him before a jury, and after a long, nerve-wrecking trial.

This is a hard saying, but a true one, if recent reports are correct. It used to be that when a man committed a crime against his employer, embezzled or made fraudulent returns, he was given a chance to make the shortage good, if he had a decent reputation, or was at once haled into court. If guilty, the employee was speedily convicted and sent to prison. It was often cruel, but it was always beneficial to the community.

Nowadays, the thing is different. If a man embezzle, attorneys are at once called in. They delay the case as long as possible, worry the injured employer until his life is miserable, allege all sorts of foolish objections at the trial, and generally manage to hang the jury, if they do not acquit the man. That this is true, the usual question at the end of such trials fully attests: men do not ask whether or not the man was found guilty, but "did the lawyers get him off." An employer who dares go through this long torture either has much involved or else has a high regard for the well-being of his fellow-employers: it is generally cheaper and less annoying to let the small embezzler go.

As we pointed out some days ago, our court system and the apparent failing of our juries is the cause for this. Our law has become too complex; our legal quibbles have become too numerous; our regard for a "fair trial" has given a form of trial that is anything but fair to the prosecution. If Mayor Gaynor will suggest a remedy, now that he has pointed out an evil, he will have won another title to fame.

The new pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Montgomery, Ala., preached his first sermon to his church last Sunday morning. It will surprise some persons possibly to know that his subject was "Help From Above." Some of our brethren up North have recently put in moving pictures as expository helpers in their work, and this new preacher at Montgomery will be looked upon doubtless as a left-over from the post-pliocene period of religious development.

We join the Charlotte Observer in favoring his visit to Charlotte; but he would not find any larger game there than wild geese, and he never was very much of a shot on the wing.

Jeffries can now go fishing some more.

By the way, now that the fight is over, does anybody happen to recollect what has become of the Virginia League?

What's the sense of having a sane Fourth if the people are so insane as to drown themselves when they cannot blow off their heads with cannon-crackers?

After all, there is this consolation: the fellows who have been getting a cent a word for their stories about the fight will have to write now for a cent a page—and then seek publishers.

The Columbia State asks us for information about the Pattersons, of Tennessee. They are of South Carolina origin. The original Patterson emigrated to Tennessee a good deal more than half a century ago from Abbeville county, whence so many eminent men have gone out to bless and build up the world. There is a bridge in that county to this day that was named for the elder Patterson. It crosses Long Cane Creek. The Pattersons were originally Seceders, or Psalm-singing Presbyterians, and a very sturdy lot they were; but none of the South Carolina sort would have pardoned Cooper.

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John A. Johnson.

Could you give me a sketch of Governor John A. Johnson? A. B. C.

The following is taken from the New International Year Book: "An American public official, Governor of Minnesota, died September 21, 1909. He was born of Swedish parentage near St. Peter, Minn., in 1861. His father was of dissolute habits, and when the son was thirteen years of age, died of alcoholic dementia in a county poorhouse. Young Johnson at once left school and took the support of his mother. He began work in a grocery store, and later worked in a drug store and in a general store. During these occupations he found time to read such books as fell in his way. He became later timekeeper for a railway construction gang. When he was twenty-five years of age, the editorship of the St. Peter Herald, a Democratic paper, became vacant, and the place was offered to him. Although he had done no newspaper work, his wide acquaintance and popularity made him successful in this post. He became in a few years part owner of the paper. In 1894 he was nominated as a Democratic candidate for the State Senate, but was defeated. Four years later he was successful and served as Senator in three successive Legislatures. During this service he showed no especial ability, but became known as a clean, honest legislator, with much skill in securing votes. In 1902 he was defeated for the State Senate. In 1904 the Republican party was disrupted in Minnesota by internal dissensions, chiefly over the question of the taxation of railroads. Johnson, who strongly favored an increase in such taxation, was nominated for Governor by the Democrats. The division among the Republicans and his power with the Scandinavian voters won him the election by 7,800 votes, although Roosevelt carried the State by a plurality of 161,000. In 1906 he was re-elected by a plurality of 72,000 votes. During the presidential campaign of 1908 Governor Johnson was the most prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination, after W. J. Bryan. He received the indorsements of the delegates of his State, and forty-six votes were cast for him in the national convention. He made no aggressive effort to secure the nomination. He declared he would not serve another term as Governor, but he was nominated on August 19, 1908, and was elected by a plurality of 20,000 votes, although Taft carried the State by 85,000 votes. Governor Johnson, although many acts of a radical nature were passed during his administration, was regarded as belonging to the conservative wing of the Democratic party, as opposed to the followers of W. J. Bryan. By many he was considered the strongest logical candidate for the next Democratic nomination. He was a man of the highest moral character. Though not a great orator, he had a magnetism that drew men to him. His popularity in Minnesota was not limited to those of his own party. In 1907 Governor Johnson was given the degree of LL. D. by the University of Pennsylvania."

Life-Saving Service, etc.

Please tell me something of the work done by the life-saving service last year. X. Y. Z.

The United States Life-Saving Service consists of 281 stations, of which number 201 are located on the Atlantic coast, sixty on the Lakes, nineteen on the Pacific, and one on the falls of the Ohio River. During the year ending June 30, 1909, the men of this service were called on in 459 disasters, involving 6,377 persons. Property endangered in these disasters was worth $15,449,060, and of this the service saved $13,187,840. Only eight persons lost their lives where the service reached the ships. The cost of the service for the year was $2,215,000.

Magnetic Declination, etc.

What is the magnetic declination at this date for this latitude? A SUBSCRIBER.

Four degrees eleven minutes thirty seconds, west. The annual change is plus three minutes. Your other question will be answered as soon as we can get the information.

Captain Willard.

Please tell me when Hon. Joseph E. Willard expects to return from Paris. A READER.

Captain Willard is expected to be in Richmond by July 20.

BARON SCHON RISES THROUGH OWN MERITS

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

BARON VON SCHON, who has just been transferred from the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at Berlin to the post of German ambassador to France, owes his elevation to the nobility to his own merits, for his father, from whom he inherited a very large fortune, was a great manufacturer of woolens at Worms, while his mother was one of the heiresses of the Hessian house of Heyl von Herrnshoffen, which may be said to possess the monopoly of the patent leather trade of Europe. He received his barony for his services as German ambassador at St. Petersburg, and, thanks to his great wealth, will be able to maintain the German embassy in Paris with unprecedented splendor.

Baron Schon possesses in a very marked degree the good will and friendship of the Empress and of her sons. He made their acquaintance at Berchtesgaden, where he owns a villa and where the Kaiserin spent some time with her children a few years ago while recovering from an illness. He became, at their request, their constant escort in their daily walks, and being a man of most agreeable manners and appearance, with plenty of amusing and entertaining conversation, he soon became a great favorite, and in this manner was brought more especially under the eye of Emperor William, who also developed much liking for him, and frequently invited him to accompany him on his summer holiday cruises on board the Hohenzollern along the coast of Norway.

With all that Baron Schon has some very decided opinions of his own, and when first secretary and councilor of the German embassy in Paris insisted upon resigning rather than identify himself with the policy of his chief, the late Prince Munster. The prince, who was at the time very old, made a number of mistakes, notably in connection with the Dreyfus affair, and being very obstinate and reluctant to admit that age had dimmed his faculties, and that he was no longer able to keep abreast of the situation, constantly differed with his first secretary until the position became intolerable.

It was while at Paris as secretary that Baron von Schon had occasion to show his mettle as a man of presence of mind and pluck. It may be remembered that the state funeral of old Marshal MacMahon was followed by popular disturbances in Paris, the mob getting out of hand and defying the police. Many of those who had taken part in the ceremony were unable at its close to find their carriages, and were forced to make their way home on foot. Among them was Baron von Schon, in the striking uniform of an officer of German dragoons. Making his way on foot across the Place des Invalides he was soon surrounded by a hostile crowd of hoodlums yelling "Down with the Prussian! Death to the Prussian!" at the same time hooting and hissing him. Von Schon was quite alone, having become separated from his friends. He never turned a hair, sauntered along without hastening his step in the slightest degree, but carried himself in a manner that prevented any one from actually jostling him. In fact, it was his cool and courageous bearing that saved him from any actual injury until he reached the portals of the German embassy, where, fortunately, a large body of police were assembled. It must be remembered that just then the Dreyfus scandal had aroused the indignation of the masses of Paris against everything German to the utmost, and that, regardless of the consequences of their behavior, they might easily have precipitated their country into a war with Germany by subjecting von Schon to bodily harm had they not been deterred by his cool indifference to danger.

The baron speaks English perfectly, and possesses, in spite of his bourgeois origin, a very extensive knowledge of court life, acquired as grand master of the household to King Edward's sailor brother, the late Duke Alfred of Edinburgh, when sovereign of the German Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. It was a post requiring the exercise of the utmost tact, owing to the prejudice against the duke in Germany on account of his English birth and education, and likewise by reason of the difficulty of reconciling the pro-English views of the duke, whom ill-health had rendered very irritable in his closing years, with the German ideas of his nephew, the Kaiser, at Berlin.

It was through the Empress that von Schon was restored to diplomacy as German envoy at Copenhagen, where he contributed in no small measure to bring about a much friendlier feeling between the courts of Emperor William and of Denmark, and where he acquired the favor, both of the Dowager Empress of Russia and of Queen Alexandra. The friendship of the widowed Czarina was of much use to him when subsequently transferred as ambassador to St. Petersburg, where his former intimacy with Iswolski, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been his Muscovite colleague in the Danish capital, was also of considerable advantage both to himself and to his mission. It was also by reason of the kindly feeling entertained towards him by Queen Alexandra, and, indeed, by the entire English royal family, which had learned to know and appreciate him when at Coburg, that he was selected to accompany the Emperor and Empress on the occasion of their last state visit to Windsor.

The fact that a man of such known cordiality towards England, and who is so great a favorite with the entire English royal family, should have been removed from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs at Berlin in order to make way for so notorious an enemy of everything British as Baron von Kiderlen-Waechter, bodes ill for the friendly relations between Germany and England.

Baron von Schon is married to a very charming Belgian woman, a daughter of Baron von Groote, who for so many years represented the late King Leopold in Japan. Perhaps the best thing to be said in von Schon's favor is that his departure from Berlin causes general regret. For, while Minister of Foreign Affairs, he managed to satisfy the Reichstag, the late and the present Chancellor, and the Emperor, without in any way trespassing upon the authority and initiative of either of the latter in the conduct of the foreign affairs of the empire, for the management of which he was accountable to the Imperial Parliament.

The new Duke de Clermont-Tonnerre is the eighth holder of a dukedom which was created at the end of the seventeenth century, and the founder of whose family, Count Sibaud de Clermont, of the Dauphiny, distinguished himself in the twelfth century by fighting for Pope Calixtus II, against the anti-Pope, Maurice Bourdin, who assumed the title of Gregory VIII. His descendants acquired the name and the arms of Tonnerre through the marriage of Bernadin de Clermont with Anne de Husson, heiress of the last of the Counts de Tonnerre, in 1496. Among the most famous members of the house have been the Marquis Gaspard de Clermont-Tonnerre, who, as field marshal, commanded the left wing of the French army at the battle of Fontenoy. Francois de Clermont-Tonnerre, Bishop of Noyon, was elected member of the Academy in 1694, and founded the prize for poetry which the Academy gives to this day each year. Stanislas de Clermont-Tonnerre presided over the French National Assembly in the last days of the monarchy at the close of the eighteenth century, and was killed in the massacre of Royalists on that sanguinary 10th of August 1792.

The seventh duke, who died last week, was formerly first secretary and charge d'affaires of the French embassy in St. Petersburg, and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the battlefields of 1870. He was much interested in archeology, the society of which he presided over for several years running, and was vice-president of the Jockey Club, of which he was one of the pillars. His son and successor is one of the best known figures on the French turf, and is particularly interested in steeplechasing. He is married to the eldest daughter of the Duc de Gramont by the first of the latter's three wives, Isabelle de Beauvau-Craon. (The Duc de Gramont's second wife was Marguerite Rothschild, and his present consort is one of the Ruspolis of Rome.) The new Duke of Clermont-Tonnerre has no sons or brothers, and the next heir to the dukedom is Count Charles de Clermont-Tonnerre, a cavalry colonel on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the military forces of France in Algeria.

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