

THE WASHINGTON TIMES. FRANK A. MUNSEY

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RIOTING AT THE MINES.

The strike at the mines in Pennsylvania has reached that stage at which the maintenance of public order and respect for the law become the leading issues.

Within the past few days some of the collieries at Wilkesbarre have had enough, or nearly enough, men to start work.

It is clear that if this condition of things continues it will become incumbent on the State authorities to assert themselves.

KING EDWARD'S CONDITION.

Perhaps it is not surprising that, in spite of the encouraging bulletins regarding King Edward's convalescence, considerable doubt exists in the mind of the public as to whether or not he will be in a condition to be crowned on August 9, the day now set for the ceremony.

It is a noteworthy fact in connection with the bulletins that the attending physicians do not commit themselves on this point.

EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Touched with the delicate green of early May, Or later, when the rose unveils her face, The world hangs glittering in star-strewn space,

CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

Too Large a Crop.

Buffalo Express—Booth Tarlington wants Indiana to vote \$500 a year for distilleries among Hoosier authors.

Who Do Our Level Best.

Washington Sentinel—King Leopold of Belgium has promised to visit Washington, D. C., next year, but it cannot be promised definitely that a Senatorial punching match will be provided for his majesty's entertainment.

Hurrah for the Optimist.

Boston Transcript—There are compensations in all things. Poor people are able to economize on ice this summer,

Treading on Yankee Toes.

Hartford Courant—These mobs in Paris may tramp about the Place de la Concorde all they want and may call each other names to their hearts' content, but when it comes to hooting

The Vision of an Enthusiast.

New York Tribune—It is gratifying to know that Mr. De Windt has succeeded in making his trip from Russia to America by way of Siberia and the Bering Sea.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Hon. Herbert Putnam, the Librarian of Congress, will spend the balance of the summer at West Chop, on the Massachusetts coast, near Martha's Vineyard.

Mr. Joseph A. Wilkerson and son, Eugene, left yesterday for a month's jaunt through Virginia on their wheels.

Mr. Edward C. Fitz Simons has engaged quarters at the Monterey Inn, Blue Ridge Summit, for August. He will be accompanied on his vacation by a sister and niece.

Mr. P. M. Prescott, Jr., is spending his vacation at the Imperial, Narragansett.

Major Charles McCawley, who is conceded to be one of the most popular bachelors of the army in Washington society, is being generally entertained at Bar Harbor, where he is spending a portion of his leave.

Mr. Joseph Owens is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Owens, at Catonsville, Md.

Messrs. John F. Walters and Horace Turner are home from their vacation to the former's home in the Blue Mountains, where they went the first week in July.

Mr. D. C. Lyman is spending his summer holiday at Jordan White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. H. W. Barr, of Capitol Hill, is spending his vacation at Medora, N. D.

Mr. C. D. Ratcliffe, of the Union Savings Bank, left Tuesday evening as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Telford on their private car for the South and Cincinnati.

SONG OF THE POET LIVES FOR AGES.

By JOHN A. JOYCE.

"Caesars, emperors, kings, queens, princes, and millionaires all pass away like the morning mist, and their memory and monuments are lost in the waters of oblivion; but the songs of the poet survive over the dynasties of earth and are repeated on the lips of mankind down the crowding ages."

True poetry is philosophy, whether expressed in prose or rhyme. Three elements constitute the genuine article—truth, beauty, and sublimity.

Poetry is the top flower of literature, and exhales a perpetual perfume, through the ages, whether expressed in the lofty lines of Homer, the love-lit lyrics of Horace, or the divine philosophy of Shakespeare.

It is a notorious fact that poets are born as such, and not molded by scholastic training. There never was a school or college that graduated a poet, for he is inspired by his Creator, at birth, with the mysterious thoughts that bubble up from the well-springs of his heart and soul, drifting unconsciously with the muses that wing their heavenly way around the heights of Parnassus.

It is a personal misfortune to be created with a poetic brain, yet the flights of fancy and songs of patriotism and love that the genuine poet gives to

the world are a sweet recompense to his secret and solitary soul for the loss of golden dross, so prized by the sordid world.

Caesars, emperors, kings, queens, princes, and millionaires all pass away like the morning mist, and their memory and monuments are lost in the waters of oblivion; but the songs of the poet survive over the dynasties of earth and are repeated on the lips of mankind down the crowding ages.

While warriors, statesmen, and historians secure some lasting renown, the poets of all the ages—and there have not been a dozen—receive from posterity the laurel crown of immortal earthly fame, shining through the centuries like the blaze from an eternal volcano and diffusing the light of heart and love through this flitting, frantic, breathing world.

Poetry is a punctuation point of philosophy, a musical seal of patriotism, an expression of the soaring soul, pinioned with hope for immortality!

THE SUNSET-CLOUD.

By JULIEN E. JOHNSTONE.

A fleecy cloud, 'em like a ship of pearl, Or shining silver splendid in the sun, Sailed in a sea of gold ere day was done,

And such an argosy! Oh! never yet Sailed ship so splendid over sunny seas; Not 'em the gorgeous galleon, inset With rubies, opals, and emeralds, and

THE ERA OF PUBLICITY— THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By WALTER S. LOGAN, of the New York Bar.

"The newspaper is the great organ of publicity. Its ability to make and unmake men rests simply in its power to tell or not to tell what they do."

A recent decision of the New York court of appeals, adverse to the asserted right of privacy, has been somewhat criticized.

I think, however, that the position can be sustained on principle, as well as authority. It seems to me that the right of publicity is more important to the community than the right of privacy to the individual.

On a lonely country highway a hundred years ago a man might drive anywhere and anyhow be pleased without doing harm to his neighbors, but if a man would now try to run his automobile up Broadway on the wrong side of the street the police would have to interfere or business traffic might be seriously interrupted and dangerous accidents follow.

Our fathers might live in a country farmhouse a mile away from their nearest neighbor, and if they chose to locate their pigsty under their parlor window it concerned no one but themselves. We live in fourteen-story apartments, where whole communities use the same entrance and elevator, and it is a matter of public concern how the housewife cooks her dinner and hangs her clothes out to dry.

It seems to me, however, that publicity is quite as important to the individual as to the community itself. Society is now an organism, and all the atoms composing it are interdependent. The position that any atom or individual shall occupy in the social mass or community depends not only upon his own abilities and worth, but upon the appreciation that the rest of the mass or community has of that worth and those abilities.

Our Edison is the product not only of what he has done, but of what the newspapers have said of him. He might have gone on inventing till the day of his death, and he would have been no better off and the world no wiser for it if it had not been for the publicity which has followed closely upon every step he has taken.

Publicity is something that a bad man may well fear and an incompetent man avoid, but it is the thing that will be the making of a man with good instincts and great abilities. The merchant cannot sell his wares, no matter how merchantable they may be, unless his customers in some way come to know of their merits. The man whose success in life depends upon his intellectual or artistic abilities needs to be known himself as much as the merchant needs to have his wares known.

I should say that the twentieth century is to be a century of greater publicity than the world has ever known before, and that the man to succeed, in public or in private station, must be a man who in some way has become known to the public.

The newspaper is the great organ of publicity. Its ability to make and unmake men rests simply in its power to tell or not to tell what they do, and in the ultimate it is usually found that it is not the newspapers but their readers who determine what shall be published in their columns.

I should say, therefore, that the newspaper will occupy a place in the twentieth century such as it has never occupied before.

DOINGS IN THE WORLD OF SOCIETY

Wedding of Miss Frances E. Stewart to Mr. William A. Foy at St. Joseph's Church.

High Altar Ablaze With Lights as Party Entered Church—Reception After Ceremony at Residence of the Bride—Wedding Tour Through West and South—Will Reside Here on Return.

Pretty Church Wedding.

St. Joseph's Church, Capitol Hill, was the scene of a pretty church wedding yesterday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Frances E. Stewart and Mr. William A. Foy.

The high altar was ablaze with myriads of wax candles as, to the strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin," the bridal couple entered the church preceded by the maid of honor, Miss Fanny Foy, niece of the groom, and Mr. William Stewart, brother of the bride, who acted as best man.

The bride's gown was of white mousseline de soie built on a foundation of white silk. The toilette was finished with a large white picture hat. The bride's bouquet was a large shower cluster of white roses and ferns.

A small reception for the relatives and intimate friends followed the ceremony at the bride's residence, 113 Tenth Street northeast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Foy left for an extended wedding tour through the South and West. They will reside in this city.

At Kennebunkport, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Wilson are at their country home at Kennebunkport, Me.

Spending Summer in Maine. Mrs. R. O. Bailey and her mother, Mrs. Moody, are spending the midsummer at their old home in Maine.

A Trip Abroad. Miss Emma Gray, of 2015 Kalorama Avenue, sailed for Europe Tuesday to remain for several months. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. H. M.

Colonel and Mrs. Bingham.

Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Bingham are spending the summer at their place in Nova Scotia.

Aurora-in-the-Alleghenias. Mr. and Mrs. George A. R. McNeil are at Aurora-in-the-Alleghenias.

At Greenbrier White. Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Stealer and their children are occupying the Bruce cottage at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Devantier's Return. Miss Clara Devantier has returned to the city from Elizabeth, N. J.

Sailed for Europe. Col. William F. Sefton and daughters, Misses Elizabeth A. Sefton and Rose M. Sefton, sailed for Europe on Tuesday.

In the Adirondacks. Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Saks, who have been spending some time on Long Island, are now at Lake Massawepie, in the Adirondacks.

Guest of Miss Sylvester. Miss Cordelia Haager, daughter of Col. J. H. Haager, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of Miss Laura Sylvester, of Columbia Heights. Miss Haager is a well-known vocalist, and is en route to Boston to complete her musical studies.

To Be Married in Europe. Mr. Maurice J. Karpelles, formerly of this city, now of Providence, E. I., sailed for Europe on the 29th instant to be married to Miss Mietze Fergis, Prague, Austria, on the 14th of August. The couple will visit this city in September, prior to taking up their residence at

THE DUTY OF FORGETFULNESS

By L. L.

"We are all likely to make mistakes from which we learn the lesson never to do it again; but it is the mistakes, and not the lesson, which our neighbors remember."

The copy book morality of an earlier generation urgently insisted that one should let no day go by without learning something.

Today we live by reversing outworn maxims, and it may be well to reflect that the truly wise person allows no day to pass without forgetting something.

The people who cannot advantageously forget a great many things which they know are few, indeed. The amount of useless lumber which the average person has stowed away in his memory is simply appalling. In many cases it actually prevents the acquisition of more useful knowledge. Clear out the trash and start afresh.

The man who has been laboriously learning things since earliest boyhood is likely to be stocked up with a great many ideas which are not in the least adapted to the life of the present day. He is, for example, impressed with the necessity of saving string, and he painstakingly unties

knots in the same and puts it away in a box, to be used in tying parcels in the future. Then, since no given piece of string is ever exactly suited to the second parcel on which it is used, he ties up a heavy bundle with a slender piece of twine, and the bundle comes to pieces.

His notions of morality are often analogous to his string. Instead of being a compact and serviceable article, ready to be cut into any length required, his code of morals is apt to be a miscellaneous lot of notions from which he selects one more or less fitted to a given case.

It would be an infinite advantage to most people to forget some of the things which they know about their neighbors. We are all likely to make mistakes, from which we learn the lesson never to do it again; but it is the mistakes, and not the lesson, which our neighbors remember.

Who is not conscious of things in his own life which he would give worlds, if he had them, to know that his neighbors had wholly forgotten?

GOSSIP AND CHAT HEARD IN WASHINGTON HOTEL LOBBIES

Congressional Campaign Book.

Representative Overstreet of Indiana, secretary of the Republican Congressional committee, left for New York yesterday. In the lobby of the New Willard, Mr. Overstreet said the Republican campaign book would be issued next Monday, the deliveries beginning that day.

The book, he says, will be full and comprehensive, and will be of great value to speakers and campaigners.

"I am satisfied with the political situation," said Mr. Overstreet. "I know of no cause for alarm; the country is prosperous. We have made a splendid record, and I feel sure we will control the next House."

Mr. Overstreet says the labor troubles in Pennsylvania cannot affect the Republican vote in any other State, as the coming of the Democrats claim, that the Republican vote in the Keystone State will be affected because of the coal strike.

A Former Panama Hat Fad.

"The last Panama hat I ever wore, I bought in Topeka, Kan., in the summer of 1878," said Mr. Arthur Quick, of Kansas, at the National yesterday. "I paid \$5 for the hat, and it was of the same quality of Panama that sells today for \$50 and \$60."

"The first boom in Panama hats that I recall was before the civil war. Ships came up to Philadelphia loaded down with the hats. Everybody wore one, for the best of them could be bought for \$5 apiece. "I don't understand why they should sell so high now or what should cause a revival in the craze. We make better hats in this country and they wear just as well."

"But I suppose it is like everything else. It will have its run, and next year some other form or style of hat will have the go."

Hot Contest in Tennessee.

Mr. R. Moore Mann, of Nashville, Tenn., at the Elliott last night, commenting on the political contests for Congressional nominations now waging in that State, said:

"In Tennessee there are four contests for Democratic nominations for Congress. In the Sixth district Representative John Wesley Gaines is opposed by M. H. Meeks, who served a term in the State Senate. They are making an active canvass, with the indications favoring the return of Mr. Gaines."

Representative Snodgrass is opposed by Morgan C. Fitzpatrick, chairman of the State Democratic committee. Representative Rice Pierce is opposed by Dorsey Thomas, while Representative Sims has several opponents. The chances are that the entire Tennessee delegation will be the same as in this Congress."

Mr. Sims is a member of the House District Committee, and Mr. Pierce is a member of the Appropriations Committee and the subcommittee having charge of the District appropriation bill.

A Democratic House Next Session.

"The next House, in my opinion, will be Democratic," said Delegate Mark A. Smith, of Arizona, at the Barton last evening. "But we will not make many gains in the West. It will be in the East where most of the changes will be made. The existing labor troubles will make votes for the Democrats."

Delegate Smith was not a candidate for re-nomination, because before the Fifty-eighth Congress assembled in December, 1902, he believes Arizona will have been admitted to the sisterhood of States, and her Legislature will have elected two United States Senators.

Mr. Smith's friends are confident the Democrats will elect a majority of the Legislature, and that he will be one of Arizona's first Senators.

Mr. Smith will not leave for home before September, when he will be prepared to take an active part in the campaign.

Ex-Governor Murphy Returns Home.

Ex-Governor Murphy, of Arizona, who has been here on official business with the Treasury and the Interior Departments, left yesterday for home. While here Governor Murphy stopped at the Arlington.

Results of Goebel Murder.

"The results of the murder of Governor Goebel more than two years ago are still apparent," said Mr. C. C. Leigh, of Kentucky, at the Riggs House.

"They are to be found in the enmity and hatred which exists today between men and families who were warm personal friends before that tragedy. It engendered hatred which will be handed down from generation to generation, for Kentuckians never forget. There are today in Frankfort men who were neighbors, associates socially and in a business way before the Goebel-Taylor campaign, who never speak to each other and are in fact deadly enemies, all because they took sides in the greatest political controversy waged in a single State in many a long day."

"The blot that crime placed upon the State will long remain, for it gave the fair State of Kentucky a bad name for political quarrels. Although the affair is being gradually forgotten by people outside the State, and we hope it will soon be forgotten, it bids us every now and then, and will be a factor in one way or another for years to come."

"Some day when the people of Indiana elect a governor who will do his constitutional duty and honor a requisition from the governor of another State, we hope to bring back to Kentucky some of those alleged to have been implicated in the murder and who are under indictment, and to have them tried for their part in the tragedy."

Tesla Bobs Up Serenely.

Baltimore American—Tesla looms up again. This time he proposes to move street cars without trolley wires. This is not a new idea; but Tesla may have invented a substitute for the trolley

Three Sonnets of July.

By FRANCIS BARTLETT.

I. The gold-mailed rider on the weather-vane, Uncertain where to go, his good steed turns

Now west—now south—now, where the blue sea burns,

Fares boldly—as at last, his course were plain.

The robin hit hope's immemorial strain;

A bracebound seagull the sky's blue depths spurs;

And on each brambled leaf that heavenward yearns

Is writ the prophecy of longed-for rain.

The bay is as some tranquil mountain lake,

Strewn with white petals, drifting where they will.

A thousand perfumes through the cool wind break,

As from the flowers, July's rich life tides spill.

Sweet Aphrodite—hast now power to slake

The red drops—that her charms may longer thrill?

II. Powdered with gold, the maple's plummy tips;

The leaves nod gently—and for sleep prepare;

The windows of the meeting-house a-fare,

Gleam like the beacons, in whom trust the alps.

Through waves of purest rose, the sun's disc slips

Behind the hills. I hear a bird's soft prayer;

The whir of wings, cleaving the fragrant air;

The laughter rippling from a child's red lips

Across the bay, the homing boats are swinging.

Their sails, like the wings of silver, blowing free;

In heaven's broad fields, the moon flower's bud is springing.

White as the foam that flecks a wind-swept sea;

To the tired world, the convent bells are ringing—

"The peace that passeth knowledge—be with thee."

III. It is so beautiful, this July night,

And I am so a-flood with happiness—

That through my heart there creeps a vague distress,

Lost, being winged, it may perchance take flight.

As when cloud shadows chill the noon-tide light,

Or, as when birches, the sun's lips caress,

With rapturous fears, none but themselves may guess,

Thrill tremulously, within their bosoms white.

Oh, summer day—too fair—too fair to die!

If thou should'st hap to meet the days long dead,

That knew my suffering—tell them love is by,

And has the old-time longing comforted.

Chance it may solace—to know one less sigh

Drifts from the world, whence they—unwilling—fed!

—Boston Transcript.

What Is a Gentleman?

The following extracts are taken from the advertisement of a German publisher: "A gentleman does not use eau de cologne and read gossipy volumes from a circulating library."

A gentleman does not borrow good works which he is in a position to buy. A gentleman does not talk about the latest literature when he is acquainted only with what is said of it by the reviewers. A gentleman does not cut books with his fingers, even after having washed his hands.

A gentleman does not buy only six-penny cheap editions. These are interesting additions to the many definitions of a much-abused word.—London Evening Chronicle.

Pulling the Hole in After Him.

Cleveland Plain Dealer—Possibly Anulindro's self-effacement has something to do with his desire to avoid the attention of certain of his late con-