

The Washington Times

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THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1911. SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL: Daily and Sunday \$0.20...

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

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

Now, this is going to extremes when a Washington husband, as charged in the divorce proceedings, hits his wife with a shoe.

The President will not take that aero ride. It will be remembered that it was other people whom he wanted to see "drop in."

Another bright spot has been discovered in the early morning skies, and Washington is beginning to arrange a series of comet parties.

Now that Chief Willis L. Moore has explained to us just why the weather should be hot, let's wipe our brow and permit the processes of nature to take their course.

If Representative Willis wishes to set the House on fire it would almost be better for him to do so with a speech rather than with a box of mischievous matches in his pocket.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce ought to have a few appetites for the luncheon in honor of Aviator Atwood tomorrow. They have been expecting it every day since the Fourth.

Now that the question of putting a man in jail for trying to kill himself has been revived, why not revive the cheerful pastime of burning a few switches, just to keep the memory of the Dark Ages alive?

Oratorically speaking, the selection of John Barrett as a substitute for the President at the ground-breaking for the San Diego exposition is one of the wisest moves Mr. Taft has made in the whole course of his Administration.

One thoughtful Washington woman celebrated her own birthday by sending a generous donation of ice cream to Camp Good Will. Somebody is having a birthday in Washington every day, and Camp Good Will can profitably use a great deal of ice cream.

Social Washington is looking forward with no small degree of interest to the return of Hoke Smith to the Capital, where as a member of the Cleveland Cabinet his home was a center of many happy gatherings. He will not begin his service in the Senate, however, until the winter.

The settlement of the Alsop claim in favor of this country and against Chile shows that our fellow-citizen, Hon. Hannis Taylor, who, together with another Washingtonian, Crammond Kennedy, represented the claimants, has something more than a theoretical knowledge of the broader aspects of the law.

The District has a new and able champion in the person of Representative Dyer of Missouri. Mr. Dyer was a Washington boy who, after a few years' sojourn in St. Louis, came back as a member of Congress. He has declared for representation for the District in the House.

campment of the G. A. R. at Rochester in August, recalls that the last encampment honored with a Presidential presence was in Washington in 1902, Colonel Roosevelt addressing the veterans. President McKinley attended the Philadelphia gathering in 1899.

The law has been claiming numerous young women in Washington this summer, but it has nothing on medicine. Not all the ambitious girls who have determined on entering a profession and working for a living want to be Portias. In the list of nine persons who have just taken the examination for licenses to practice medicine appears the name of one woman.

The action of the District Commissioners in approving pensions to widows and families of deceased firemen and to disabled employes of the department calls attention to the fact that Congress has as yet done nothing toward amending the policemen's and firemen's pension law, which does not now produce sufficient money to meet demands. A bill diverting certain license fees to the pension fund has been pending for two years, and in the meantime the policemen and firemen have to suffer.

Annual outings of business men engaged in the same class of work have become popular in Washington, but none is more successful or more thoroughly enjoyed than that of the city's motorists, who held their yearly picnic at Huntville, Md., yesterday. Being in the business of raising flowers, the excursionists did not mind the shower of the forenoon, as they appreciated its commercial value. The sky cleared, however, in the afternoon, and the outing was delightful. Every person who attended congratulates the committee on arrangements, John Robertson, Jr., W. W. Kimball, Otto Bauer, Ed S. Schmid, and W. A. Bollinger.

CHEAPER GAS IN THE GEORGETOWN DISTRICT. The noteworthy feature of the reduction in the price of gas in the Georgetown district from \$1 to 85 cents per 1,000 cubic feet is not that the company has yielded to public demand and progressive business policy—but that the consumers of gas have waited for lower rates with such surprising patience.

The Georgetown Gas Light Company has been a prosperous institution. It has never been exploited by stock jockeys, as has its sister corporation, the Washington Gas Light Company. Its stock is only \$150,000. It has no bonds. Certificates of indebtedness to the amount of \$225,000 stand against it, but these securities were sold for cash, in which respect they are vastly different from the certificates of the Washington company, which were issued as a stock dividend. Business with the company has been good, dividends of 10 per cent have been paid with considerable regularity and a property value in excess of the total capitalization has been created. No reason exists why the price of gas should not be reduced; it could have been reduced several years ago, so the Georgetown consumers are getting no more than they have long been entitled to get.

The outlook for continued prosperity for the Georgetown Gas Light Company is excellent. With its good record, with the big value in its properties, and with its rapidly extending business at a lower rate, it will have no difficulty in financing the construction of a new plant and the laying of mains in the big territory it is supposed to serve. The section north of Georgetown and west of Rock Creek is building up rapidly, and the Georgetown company enjoys the exclusive privilege of supplying it with gas. The company should not only sell a great deal more gas than it ever sold before, but it should make more money, and undoubtedly will.

Another evidence that the reduction in price is nothing more than was to be expected is the fact that the Washington Gas Light Company holds a majority of the stock of the Georgetown company. The gas business is, therefore, monopolized in the District of Columbia. So far as the consumer is concerned, there is but one company. For the monopoly to charge one rate in one part of the city and another rate in another part is manifestly absurd. This condition has prevailed for several years, but the guiding forces back of the monopoly have evidently come to realize that there is no excuse for failure to make prices uniform.

GARMENTS THAT FASTEN DOWN THE BACK. Embarrassing developments incident to the fact that her waist fastened down the back caused a West Virginia young woman to hand the mitten to a youth who was on the way with her to the parsonage. In the first moments of humiliation and surprise, the youth of one-and-twenty, who couldn't even keep his true-love knot from coming untied, may fancy that the sun has gone down while it is yet day, and that life holds nothing else worth while in store. It is the normal feeling of despair incident to his age.

With no disposition to minimize the value of the prize he has lost, it may yet be said that he little dreams what he has escaped by not having to wrestle hereafter with those fearful and wonderful creations which fasten down the back. It is generally believed that they are fashioned by patients in the psychopathic wards after designs by the inventor of the celebrated Fifteen puzzle. At all events, they furnish a large number of recruits for the wards in question. The ingenuity of dress-makers is no longer displayed in the novelty of texture and design, but in the number of hooks and eyes which can be concealed along the smallest number of linear inches of a new gown.

The aptness with which the eighth hook fits into the ninth eye is never by any chance discovered to be an illusion until the long row has been completed far below the waist line and the whole achievement is found to be awry. By that time the party has commenced and the taxicab is running up a bill which looks like a payment on the purchase price. It is undeniable and undenied that women in whom lurks the patient soul of a Florence Nightingale grow irritable, if not downright unreasonable, under the ordeal, and make no effort to conceal their astonishment that a feat to which the building of Rome was a summer course in architecture has not been accomplished in five minutes. When at last, with fingers weary and worn and eyelids heavy and red, the exhausted husband has finished the joiner, the opera is over and nothing remains but to go to bed.

The West Virginia youth may comfort himself. If a hard necessity should reduce him to the use of skewers and safety pins for the remainder of his bachelor days, he may give thanks that it is only with his own unruly raiment that he must wrestle.

CONTROLLING CHILDREN ON THE STREETS. Every person who is doomed to city life in the summer will appreciate the following plaintive protest, written to The Times' "Mail Bag" and signed "Disgusted."

To the Editor of THE TIMES: In the name of a distracted neighborhood, will some one tell me why we have no curfew law, and, if not, why not? Of all cities in the United States, the City Beautiful needs a curfew law. The young ones of the street by 9 o'clock. The children are around the streets yelling like a lot of Comanche Indians, so that their elders cannot read or write a line, or even talk in peace. What are the parents to do?

Between the cars, which take passengers on Dick Turpin rides, and the hoodlums I shall soon be a subject for a sanitarium. I am compelled to walk the road (sorry to say), and when I go am wondering where I shall land at the end of my journey—on my head or feet. DISGUSTED.

"Disgusted" touches the raw edges of a serious problem, whose solution lies way beyond the enactment of a curfew law. In the first place, where is the man or the community that is willing to undertake the job of keeping children from making a noise? In the second place, where are city children to spend their evenings, when almost every square foot of ground, except in the streets, is covered by a store or a house, and when it is unbearably hot indoors? Are we to require our children to sit down in the parlor with folded hands and shut lips, and spend their time twiddling their thumbs? If not, what are we to do with them?

It would take 1,000 special policemen, working at nothing else, to guarantee "Disgusted" the quiet for which our correspondent pines. Even they could not enforce a curfew law to the letter. A better remedy is more attention to children on the part of parents and a liberal display of patience on the part of all of us.

ELECTION OF SENATOR HOKE SMITH. The progressive movement in national politics receives a distinct impetus by the election of Hoke Smith as Senator from Georgia to succeed Senator Joseph M. Terrell, the ad interim appointee who was named to fill the place made vacant by the death of Senator A. S. Clay. Mr. Smith's first term as governor of Georgia was marked by the adoption of a number of progressive measures, including the strengthening of the railroad commission of the State. Unfortunately, however, his term of office coincided with the year of the panic, and the prevailing discontent found expression in the defeat of the governor at the following election. In the election last fall, however, he was once more returned to office by an overwhelming majority, and had just been inaugurated during the first week in June. The legislature which has just assembled has now elected him to fill the unexpired term of Senator Clay, which will be a period of four years from last March.

The new Senator is active and aggressive in the cause of the people, and will bring great strength to every movement in their behalf. From the very beginning he may be expected to loom large upon the national horizon.

Thinks Miss Tuckerman Did Not Stop Chimes. Acquaintances of Miss Emily Tuckerman in Washington are not inclined to believe that she is responsible for the silencing of the Field chimes in Stockbridge, Mass., for the first time since 1878.

Miss Tuckerman, whose winter residence is at 1712 H street, has a villa at Stockbridge, where she spends the summer months. It is stated that she objected to the sounding of the chimes a half hour each evening because it disturbed her hour of meditation, and, though unsuccessful in having the practice stopped last year, she has been this season.

Steel Rail Company Attacks Road's Rates. Complaint against the Baltimore and Ohio and Norfolk and Western railroad companies was filed today with the Interstate Commerce Commission by the West Virginia Steel Rail Company, charging that the combination rates on steel rail from Huntington to other West Virginia points are excessive, and demanding \$1,778.85 as reparation.

Do You Know Togo? Here Is An Introduction to Famous Japanese Admiral, Soon to Be Uncle Sam's Honored Guest

Preparations Now Being Made for Entertaining Him Here.

"THE SILENT ONE" IS IDOL OF HIS COUNTRY

Classed Along With the Mikado as the Two Greatest Men in Oriental Empire.

Idolized by the Japanese as their national hero and respected by the world as a man of wonderful ability in naval warfare, Admiral Togo—grim, silent, and unfathomable—the genius that made the navy of the Flowery Kingdom invincible during the war with Russia, is to visit the United States as a guest—honored guest. From the President of the nation down to the underlings of the Government, all will combine to make Togo's days in America as pleasant as sightseeing and banqueting can accomplish.

Ask a Japanese boy or girl who are the two greatest men in the country, and the answer will be: The Emperor and Admiral Togo. A sailor has nicknames Togo many things, among them being "The Silent One," "The Nelson of Japan," and because of his absolute devotion to his country and his personal effacement, he is sometimes known as "The Ogre." Whatever the world might say, he is the master seafighter of Japan, and his name will forever ring through the history of the nation of Little Brown Men.

And now this man, is on his way to America. He has just left the coronation of King George V, and while in London he was lionized. But London found him about as communicative as a shellfish. He talked only when he had something very important to say, and then never about himself or his deeds. Reticent almost to the point of absurdity, Admiral Togo makes but few friends on his trips. He realizes that more and more admirals are necessary for the navy, and he has a straight-lipped mouth closed.

Arrange Program For His Entertainment. While the Japanese embassy staff and the White House staff are busy arranging a program for his entertainment—which at present is no more than tentative, by reason of the fact that Togo will not be here until after August 6, and if Congress has not yet passed the bill, he will have left Washington—the doctored warrior is on his way to America. The country he is to visit by special request. He is to spend more time in Europe, but he changed his mind when the United States Government invited—ever insisted—to become its guest. He will be allowed the privilege of visiting the navy yards scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. He will be received by the Chief Executive—if Mr. Taft is here—and by Senators and men of public life. Togo is not even to make his bow to this little brown man with the small, inscrutable eyes and thin lips, like "Stonewall" Jackson, who at the battle of Bull Run—"Why will you not go to the conning tower, where you will be safe?" an officer of the Japanese fleet once asked him. "Who would be thrown into mourning if you were killed? Who could take your place?"

Silence and Duty All That He Lives For. "I am not that important," answered the admiral, ducking a shell that exploded above him. He was kindness it to his officers, yet at a dinner a man of his character would be expected to be. He never gave unnecessary orders. In fact, silence is a religion with him. Silence and duty. He lives for nothing else. Even his family is a secondary consideration when duty is in the balance.

A little illustration to show his grit and devotion to duty. He had been assigned to the supreme command of the entire Japanese naval forces. At the time he was a sick man, hardly able to leave his bed. The government called upon him for immediate sea duty—namely, to attack the great and seemingly invincible Russian fleet. His wife, afraid of the consequences should he leave a sick bed, went to him with tears in her eyes. "Ask them to wait, my lord, you are not well enough to go to sea." Togo struck her twice across the face. "Woman, you speak foolishness," said he.

The admiral immediately went into active service, and his wife, faithful and loving, dispensed with all her servants and did the household work herself, as is the custom. Even her children she denied herself, sending them to another city with their grandmother.

The world heard more of Togo in the days that followed than did his family. Just before his flagship, the Mikasa, sailed from Sasebo, his eldest daughter paid him a parting visit. As she left she asked him if he had any message for her mother. "I think of nothing just at present," the iron man answered, "unless you tell them I am well and happy"—he was still weak from his illness—"and that they must not distract my mind from duty by sending letters."

It sounds brutal, but it is not so. Togo's God is stern duty—nothing else. He loved his wife and children, but he believed his country needed him more and that if he was to give his beloved a full measure of service, he must not have his mind on aught else. This rule sent home by his daughter was strictly carried out. During the grinding struggle, when each day perhaps would be his last, he neither wrote nor received any news from his family. They might have died of fever or been carried away by the enemy and it would have been the same to him.

But Togo Has His Human Side as Well. But even Admiral Togo has his human side. After the fall of Port Arthur and while the fleet was refitting at Sasebo after the final struggle with the Russian fleet, he remained with them as long as possible. He avoided the joyful demonstrations that awaited him at the hands of the populace in



ADMIRAL TOGO

Tokyo, because, he said, he was not now on duty and his wife and children were more to him than pageants. This simply shows that duty is Togo's fetish.

Even the navy department of Japan did not wholly trust him even after they had made him supreme commander of the united fleets. They sent spies after him who watched him at all times. They wanted to see whether it was love of country or hatred for the Russians that animated the grim Togo, who did hate the Russians, but hid it under a cloak of silence.

"If this grudge is all that makes our Togo ready to take command he will blow hot and then cold. If it is love of country he will never give up; he will conquer or die," argued the navy department. So day after day the spies followed him, but they could make no satisfactory report. Togo knew he was watched and finally resorted to a ruse to allay their suspicions and to prove his loyalty. Under the greasy and strict Japanese code—Togo's code—military death is the penalty for failure or disgrace. The famous hara-kiri knife, three inches long, is the symbol and the instrument of that code. Before leaving to attack Port Arthur, Togo seemed to relax some of the stern discipline he was noted as enforcing. "Bring your wives and children and we will be merry for a day before we leave port."

Midnight Reception in Admiral's Cabin. The wives and children came and met a happy party was held on shipboard, followed by the stoical leave-taking, a characteristic of the Japanese. Then night fell. The last merry-maker had gone and the shores were deserted. On the great black men-o-war-men naught but forced discipline. Togo, ever mindful of the presence of spies, strict Japanese code—Togo's code—invitation to his country and to the Mikado. He ordered all captains and officers of the fleet to report to him that night on the flagship singly and in order of seniority.

One by one they entered his silent cabin. He spoke no word of greeting, but he bowed and made a slight gesture of recognition. In full uniform, his sword girt on, he sat solemnly upright, and resting on a cushion that lay before him was the keen bladed hara-kiri knife, the knife of the Samurai.

As each officer entered and saluted, he was graciously acknowledged the salutation. He spoke no word. None was needed. With a grave gesture toward the guest away and bade the next approach. It was midnight before the kum pantomime in the dim light of the admiral's cabin. And when Japan's navy sailed away in the gray morning every officer in the fleet knew he carried the Emperor's commission either for victory or

Subway Motor Cars At Capitol to Go

The two little automobiles that ply in the subway between the Senate office building and the Capitol will have to go. Bids will be opened at the Capitol, July 21, for a small double-track electric line, equipped with cars, which will operate in the subway at the Senate end of the Capitol and also for a line at the House end. It is said that some of the more timid Senators fear the automobiles are not safe. They run sometimes as fast as five miles an hour. Mrs. Taft is an admirer of the automobiles. She took a ride in one, and was so pleased she made several journeys.

Justice Gould's Sister Meets Death by Drowning

Death by drowning of his sister, Miss Mary E. Gould, of New Boston, N. H., was the news received late last night by Justice Ashley M. Gould, of the District Supreme Court. Miss Gould had visited frequently in Washington and Maryland, where she has many friends. For twenty years she was treasurer of the Florence Savings Bank, of Northampton, Mass. The accident occurred while Miss Gould was upon her vacation. She was fifty years of age, being born in Nova Scotia and removing when a child to Hampshire county, Mass.

Bogey, Playing in Street, Falls on Electric Rail

Burned on the face and head by falling against the underground rail while attempting to jump across an excavation for the car tracks in Ninth street, near R, northwest, twelve-year-old Edward Wolf, 1819 Fifteenth street northwest, is in a serious condition in Freedmen's Hospital. Slipping on the tracks, he fell into the excavation. Young Wolf, with several companions, was playing in the street last evening, when he attempted to jump across the tracks. Slipping on the loose earth, he fell into the excavation.

His Devotion to Japan Strikingly Shown in War With Russia.

MUCH LIONIZED, BUT DOESN'T LIKE IT

Pudgy in Appearance, and Doesn't Possess Martial Aspect—A Real Plebeian.

for death. The navy department would have been trusted. It was but a few days until the trust of his countrymen turned to abject adoration. With one swift, eagle-like stroke, he had reduced the Russian battle-ships to so many blackened and twisted hulks.

It was without doubt the greatest naval feat and naval victory of the century, and the seafarer and skill of the little brown man who had guided the Mikado's ships to victory was the marvel of European and American naval officers. It was then he won his title of the Nelson of Japan.

Showed Remarkable Bravery in Battle. Of Togo's bravery, and at times foolishness, little need be said. He was a sick man during the battle. That must always be remembered. But Togo, with reckless courage, directed the movements of the great fleet from the bridge, exposed to the fire of the enemy. There he stayed until an old feudal retainer of the Togo family, assisted by a score of officers, persuaded their admiral to go to the conning tower, not, however, until after a six-inch shell had exploded in the chart room directly below the bridge and killed everybody in it. Togo realized it would be foolhardiness to stay in a place so exposed, especially as the operations of his vessels could be accomplished equally as well from a point of safety.

Togo's naval training was received in England, where, as a young man, he attended the naval school at Greenwich. He inherited his taste for the sea from the famous old clan of which he came, the Satsuma, noted as fierce sea warriors. Returning to Japan, fresh from college, he was employed in several capacities. In 1874, when war broke out between China and Japan, he was in command of the Naniwa, a cruiser composing the first flying squadron of the Japanese navy. He greatly distinguished himself all during the bitter war, and earned the reputation of being a first-class fighting man and a superior officer.

Those who have served under Togo, say he is a man who cannot be defeated. Once when challenged to climb the mast by another officer who gained the top almost before Togo had started, and who said, "Togo, I beat you," the Silent One answered, "No, you did not beat me, I was left behind."

His Appearance Isn't At All Military. Togo is now sixty years old. He does not resemble the high caste Japanese in appearance, because he is not of noble birth. He is underized, pudgy, with a close cropped head of iron gray hair, and eyes that are not markedly almond shaped. His uniform fits badly and his bearing is not what people call "military." There is absolutely nothing, unless it is his eyes and chin, that would proclaim him other than an ordinary man. He could easily travel incognito.

But this is the man who will be received and lauded as a hero by the great United States in August. Commander Hiraga, of the Japanese navy, attaché of the embassy in Washington, is now making arrangements for his entertainment. The commander said yesterday that Togo would only be accompanied by one naval aide. In explaining the modesty of the admiral's entourage, Commander Hiraga said: "Admiral Togo is a man of simple tastes. He is modest and retiring, and does not like display, and as much as he appreciates the honor of the invitation on the part of the American people, he is the last man in the world to make a pageant of his sojourn here."

That is Admiral Togo, who is to be the guest of the American nation.

Concerts Today

By the U. S. Marine Band, at Marine Barracks, at 4:30 P. M. WILLIAM H. SANTELMANN, Leader.

PROGRAM. "Washington Centennial" March, "Washington Centennial" Overture, "Plaque Dame" Suppe, "Valse Petite," "Filtration" Stock, "Fantasia," "Carmen" Liszt, "Idyl," "On Guard" Neeske, "Invitation to the Dance" Weber-Weingartner (Transcribed for military band by William H. Santelmann.) Humoresque Fantasia, "The Merry Widow" Lehár (arr. Lampe) "The Star-Spangled Banner."

By the Fifteenth Cavalry Band, at Smithsonian Grounds, at 7:30 P. M. GEORGE F. TYRRELL, Director.

PROGRAM. March, "Souvenir de Sussie" Veresneck Overture, "Martha" Florenty, "Waltz," "Vienna Beauties" Ziehrer (a) Corset solo, "Palms" Strauss (b) Love song from "Madam Butterfly" Salome Dance, "Dance of the Seven Veils" Tobani Selection, "When Sweet Sixteen" Herbert Polish Dance No. 1, "Scharewewka" Final, "Wanderlich" Ganne "The Star-Spangled Banner."

By the U. S. Engineer Band, at Washington Barracks at 8 p. m. JULIUS KAMPER, Leader.

PROGRAM. March, "Branibo" Maquet Overture, "Barber of Seville" Rossini Waltz, "Golden Sunset" Halls Selection, "Martha" Flotow "Daisies" from floral suite in G-flat Major "Alma, Where Do You Live?" Brigtet "The Star-Spangled Banner."