MR. TAFT'S MISSION SOUTH WHAT SAVOYARD UNDERSTANDS

It Was to Tell Southern Republicans
How Mcan They Are—If There
Were No Blue Book in WashIngton There Would be No Republican Party Down South—This Section Has No More Intention of
Turning Republican Than It Has of
Furning Pagan—Bryan and Roosevelt.

BY SAVOYARD.

pondence of The Observer. Washington, July 20.—"Come out here Motley; come out here; I want to tell you how mean you are." So spoke Capt. John Lambrith to Mr. John Motley down in Barren county, Ky. "Tis sixty years since." The two were neighbors and had been friends. were neighbors and had been friends. They were partners in business, Lambrith furnishing the money and Motley the experience, with the usual result. The assets of the firm were a jackass, some mule coits, a drove of hogs, several barrels of whiskey, some hundreds of pounds of tobacco in the plug and some thousands, of pounds of tobacco in the leaf. They traded all the way from Kentucky to Georgia, and their operations covered a peand their operations covered a period of several years. When they came to settle Motley had all the money, and Lambrith instituted a suit in equity to settle the partnership. There was an issue out of chancery submitted to a jury, and the common-law rule then maintained in Kentucky that a party to a lawsuit was not a contempt witness in his own behalf, but he could be put on the stand and contempt witness in his own behalf, but he could be put on the stand and interrogated by the opposing counsel. Lambrith had an excellent case that appealed strongly to a sense of justice, but no proof to sustain it, so he put Motley on the stand and Motley, the witness, deposed swiftly and effectively for Motley, the party with the ively for Motley, the party, with the result that the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the bench were very disastrous to Capt. John Lambrith, who immediately walked out of the court house and extended the instantian. "Come out here World" vitation: "Come out here, Motley; come out here; I want to show you how mean you are"—an invitation which Mr. Motley did not accept, for Mr. Motiey was a man of prudence as well as a man of cunning, and had the shrewdness to know that, however it was to contend with Capi ambrith in a lawsuit, it was a very different matter to "goa-projecin," with Capt. Lambrith in a fight, and it was then and there manifest that the captain was in a fighting mood and he was always in fighting trim,
Secretary Taft has been down
South, and if I understand his mission it was to tell the Southern Republicans how mean they are. At any rate, that is what he did. He said were a bread-and-butter brigade

There has never been a real Re blican party at the South, though there are some capable and excellent gentlemen in that section who sin-cerely hold to the Republican creed. have sympathy; it must have sentiment; it must have principle; it must have faith. Whatever the Republican party may be at the North, it-has none of these elements at the South. Except the eight years Mr. has been nothing politically but so many satraples. For ten years they military satraples. They are sa es now of the meanest kind-in all that region between the Potomac patriotic sentiment down there as-sociated with this great big government at Washington, it is in spite of comning of all the devils had been invoked to devise a scheme to crush out all love at the South for the nacould have been made on the plan of the "Republican Southern policy," and Mr. Roosevelt is the worst of all of them. It is intolerable. He would

and that they never would be worth

have forgotten that a place in that

devil's bringing until they ceased

If Mr. Lincoln had lived the South would have been rehabilitated. Upon his death the South was reconstructed. It was as impossible as it was infamous—that reconstruction—as vain as it was atrocious. Thaddens Steven, Charles Sumner, Ben Wade, Zach Chandler, Ben Butler, John A. Logan, Henry Wilson and the other Republican leaders are great names in our political history, and yet as statesmen they were the most hope-less blunderers of all history. Their system was very simple—the negro should be set to govern the Southern States, and turn their votes in the electoral college and their Senators and Representtives in Congress over to the Republican party. Of course, ss, and in many of the Southern in spite of the army. As long as there are men and women at the South who remember carpetbaggery and negro domination, upheld by bayonets, there will be no real Republican party at the South and the organization down harvesting a crop of delegates quad-rennially and marketing them in the ational convention. That is the show it has been for 40 years, and that is the show it will be the next succed-ing 40 years—a bread-and-butter brigade that lays awake of night pesring its wits trying to pick a winner the Republican national convention. or garbage and participate in guessing match. In the main, the price, the goods were short. It was for Arthur in 1884—"the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." It was unfortunate in 1888, and in 1896 it was for Mark

turning Republican than it has turning pagan. And why should

hopes the South will turn Republican for the protection it gets in the Dingley bill. I have been hearing that for fhirty years—that the South would some day trade its principle for pottage. One difficulty about Mr. Taft's invitation is that the pottage is lacking. The chief industry of the South is growing cotton, the price of which is fixed in the free-trade market of Liverpool—that is, the South that sells; but the South that buys must make its purchase in the monstrously protected American that buys must make its purchase in the monstrously protected American market. Cotton is on the free list. I know that raw cotton cannot be materially protected by a tariff, but a duty on cotton would afford that product more protection than a duty on corn would afford that staple, and there is a duty on corn. Why? Because the men who grow corn are mainly Republicans, while the men who grow cotton manage to return who grow cotton manage to return Democratic majorities. Cotton ties, that the cotton grower must buy, are enormously protected. Binding twine, that the wheat grower must buy is free. The wheat States vote Republican; the cotton States vote Democratic. Would it not be well enough for Mr. Taft to overhaul the

enough for Mr. Taft to overhaul the tariff before he swaps it for the South's politics?

Mr. Taft may be the next President, and whether he is or not, the South would be mightly pleased to see the tariff the issue. Whatever one may think of Mr. William Jennings Bryan's views on finance, there is no question that on taxaffon he is nings Bryan's views on finance, there many ways that we take it as a mat-is no question that on taxaflon he is ter of course, but I think it would be is no question that on taxation he is superlatively Democratic, in line with ——perhaps a little in advance of—— insue and express our appreciation. These who hold with Morrison, Carlisle, Mills on that issue. It was in tariff discussions that Mr. Bryan earned the title "Boy Orator." It was a fervid oration in behalf of Springer's "popgun" wool bill that first introduced Mr. Bryan to the introduced Mr. Bryan to the nation. No one who was there will "The Indian Tribes of Eastern North." nation. No one who was there will ever forget how he swept Congress off its feet on that occasion. Perhaps it was unfortunate that Mr. Bryan permitted them to rub out the word "only" in the tariff plank in 1896, but that platform was made for Senator Teller and his squad.

I don't know wherein Bryan and Roosevelt differ unless it is about the tariff; though it is possible that if Mr. Bryan is elected President in Mr. Bryan is elected President in 1908 he will restore to its former place in department administration the lowest bid. Mr. Roosevelt has not entirely abolished the lowest bid, 'tis true, but he has pretty badly-crippled it, and very greatly discouraged it. He was a-chasing of anoctopus, too, at that very identical moment, and had the thing concerned and its tentacles chopped off. There are some things Solomon did not know—the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and so on. The way of of the sea, and so on. The way of the present octopus-chasing and trust-busting administration with the armer plate trust is another thing assing all understanding.

to billet themselves on the United States blue book. Mr. Taft seems to The Midvale competing company is tion of the average Southern Repub-lican, and, if there were no blue book here in Washington, there would be no Republican party down South. loubtless in the humor to serve notice on Roosevelt that if he wants another octopus run to earth he can do it himself, as Sir John Falstaff would put it.

CHINESE NEWSPAPERS.

increasing in Number and Circulation, Appeal to Patriotism. Century Magazine.

Five years ago a man seen reading a newspaper, of which vory few were then published in the wiple empire, was ridiculed as a follower of the foreign devils. Almost the only pa-Pekin Gazette, containing the decrees and doings of the court.

Now there are ten daily papers of the few won:en's dailies in the edited by women, and being largely dealing just now with such topics as popular astronomy, geography, physical geography, the care of infants and the training of children. The general newspapers are read by all classes, and are constantly increasing their circulation. They contain Reuter's telegrams, news of the country hingth and acumen on live to les. Some are pledged to the correction of old-established customs, and the contents are extremely interesting, worthy of a separate article.

By way of advertisement, or likely because of the seal of reformers who are responsible for the newspapers, copies are posted on blank walls and on boards set up for the ourpose, so that their contents may be perused by those who would not buy. In addition, a remarkable plan secure the attention of the masses has been followed. In different pla-ces in the city and sulturbs have been ntted up reading halls, with benches and tables, where tea is served free, and in the evenings capable men are engaged to read and explain the papers. These man are said to be volunteers, and the halls, over twenty in number, contributions,

of the press, no censorship being ex-ercised. The papers are decent sheets with numerous advertisements, but as yet poorly printed, for the most part idly deteriorate, making reading by a foreigner very difficult even of those sheets which are published in current Manchu, the language of the

These newspapers keep before our attention one of the most remarkable movements the world has ever seen. Each day is published a long list of names of persons, including women who are subscribing to a fund for wiping out the indemnity which the empire is paying for the Boxer uprising. All classes are giving liberally, in proportion to their means, all kinds of societies. Christian All kinds of societies, Christian church and even primary schools, have been offering the contributions of their members. Recently was pub-lished a list of blind story tellers, whose living is easped by going from house to house with banjo, singing and telling romances. Where will it end? This wave of patriotism has swept over the country. Everywhere the same feeling is shown. There is no doubt that these gifts evidence possibilities in the Chinese nature of which the world has never dreamed. with our knowledge of the systematic economy of the Chinese masses, the selfishness, the sordid paraimony of individuals, with our ideas of their lack of public spirit, such phenomena

This talk about the "peekaboo" waists reminds one of the times, about a century ago, when it is said peopl were shocked if a little girl

Charlotte

ome of Those Who May be Men-tioned to Outsiders as Our Fore-most "White Hilterates"—The El-fect of One's Astral Color—Why is a Mowing Machine Unwomaniy and a Sewing Machine Not—The Science of Planting Potatoes—The Su-perior Folks Who Awe One.

BY MRS. LINDSAY PATTERSON.

Written for The Observer. Have you seen the last North Car-olina booklet? If you haven't, lose no time in getting one; read, ponder and inwardly digest, and then file away among your valuable papers, particularly if you are a man and called on to make speeches. There is material in it for a dozen Fourth the worse for a few moment's rest, and your children will be able to hold higher heads when they go to New England. Dr. Battle has rendered lasting service to his State in so if they would be very interesting,
"The Indian Tribes of Eastern North
Carolina," by Dr. Richard Diliard,
and "A Colonial Admiral of the Cape
Fear," by Mr. James Sprunt. Ive
tucked the booklet away in my grip to read on the train, as I'm leaving home for a rest. To be sure I don't know what I want to rest from, but as all the world is taking a rest, I am going to do the same. I hate work—in fact, I think I abominate all useful occupations. The 'phones were crossed the other day and when I answered the ring, a feminine voice asked: "What kind of work do you do?" "Madam," I answered, "I do no kind. I never worked. I don't work now. I never intend to work. Good bye." Then I rang off, exhausted at the mere mention of toil. I think that's why I'm going away to rest.

My trunk is packed, all but the books: choosing them takes a good deal of time, because I read the same ones over and over with ever in-creasing delight, and I can neither carry a library nor decide which volumes to leave behind. Cranford, of course, goes; "Essays of Elia," "Tartarin of Tarascon," Lady Gree "Translations From the Gaelic," cadio Hearn's "Japan," and John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women." I got that book for its fetching title. "Subjection of Women." That will be worth reading, won't it? Then I expect to mow down my family with astonishment when I bring out the North Carolina books and announce casually that I hadn't room in my trunk for more, but I would like for them to read these and pass judg-ment. Aren't you proud of the list, incomplete as it is—poems by Benja-min Sledd, "Idle Comments," by Erwin Ivery;—what a blow his loss was to the literary life of the State!—the North Careline Booklet nier," by Edwin Mims, and poems by John Charles McNeill. I am glad the poems were out in time to take with the collection-"September," "Sundown"—they are all there. I do hope somebody will ask me about North Carolina illiteracy. I shall cer-tainly tell them that these writers are our foremost white illiterates.

There is no explanation for it but all the same, the things one does without ryme or reason, often turn out better than the best laid plans of mice and men which will

A crowd of us were chatting one morning and I happened to remark saw my favorite color, blue-one lady saw my favorite color, blue—on asked: "Then that is astral color; and if you to be at peace, have astral color everywhere you'll find the colors you look at influence you greatly." Now wasn't ine a sensible woman being guided by furnishing? I can't. So when I was ready to fix over some rooms I began with the dining room. On account of the room was done over in blue and white to match them. Then a bed room was made blue because in summer time, that is such a clean, cool-looking color. That left only the down-stairs library—and a good, quiet background for the pictures was needed. So the carpet is blue, the tiling is blue, the walls are blue— even the ceiling is blue. And the ef-fect of the room is one of abso-lute peace. You will say it is the books, but it isn't-the upstairs li-brary has books and in that room, peace is the last thing that enters my mind. It is blue—the astral color—that makes all the difference. Of course it's sheer nonsense, but it's a

It is simply amazing what fiendish ingenuity is displayed by The Observer person, who does proof-reading, or type-setting, or whatever it is that makes people say in print things they never dreamed of writing. Ordinary printers' errors, in the rush of newspansors work, no one minds and every e-w-i-v-e-t, swivet—an entirely dif-ferent matter. The word may not be in the dictionary, but that makes no

Who ever did promulgate the theory that running a sewing machine is womanly and running a mowing machine isn't? Common sense—so called because it is so uncommon in these people—would seem to establish the fact that a machine that is run by a horse is ever so much easier and pleasanter than one in which a

DAYS OF THE RIGHT HAND

ways sing when I'm happy—and I'd have the best sort of a time. What is the price of a good mowing machine of Those Who May be Mentoned to Outsiders as Our Foremest "White Illiterates"—The Ellitories "The Ellitories reason that I'm going visiting is to get a chance to show off the North Carolina books, and that could be done when there's snow on the ground. I want a mowing machine. Come spend a week with me and we'll try it in the back yard first.

I know the names of two people who after this, will plant potatoes in the right time of the moon—and nose two sadder and wiser individ-uals are Mrs. John Gilmer and my-self. Previous to this harrassing experience we had always paid most respectful attention to the moon's is material in it for a dozen Fourth of July addresses. Do that for a good beginning and then for a better ending, buy a lot of extra coples and give to every teacher you know and ask her to use as a text book Dr. Kemp Battle's "History of the Names of Our Countles." John Hancock and Bunker Hill will be none the worse for a few mounts. The potato tops grew and grew. Jonah's gourd and Jack's bean stalk were nowhere. As ornamental foliage plants these potato tops would rank with the By these private growers, however, highest and most luxuriant, but as its culture is already well understood, about eighteen or twenty potatoes and Tom Thumb ones at that, constituted the crop, it could not be termed a howling success. Science sounds well in print, but it does not work well Hereafter it's moon or practice. Hereafter it's moon or othing with Mrs. Gilmer and my-

Aren't there some very excellent, most worthy citizens, who have the same disastrous effect on you, that salt has on a snall? They have on me—and the result is instantaneous. I don't even struggle—I shrivel right up, and the place that knew knows me no more until the hereinthemselves to pastures new. Then I poke my small horns out of my protecting shell and go tremblingly on my way. It isn't that such people intend to be disagreeable. When it comes to being disagreeable, the regrettable truth is that most of us can give as we get. They are just so everlastingly superior that you wish you could throw stones like David, and that they were Goliath. They never make mistakes, they are never in the wrong, they never talk in haste and repent at leisure—as you and I do. As Lord Beaconsfield remarked of Gladstone—they are "overburdened with principle and haven't a redeeming vice."

The very sight of them sends me to the mourners' bench alongside Jer-emiah and Niobe. I wish all the superior people would go to the same town, at the same time, on urgent business, lose their return tickets, and be forced to stay

In housekeeping aren't you called upon for different decisions occasion-I was looking up the character of two prospective stable boys-or rather their lack of character. It wasn't a question of which was the better, but which wasn't the worseway the old darkey summed up the situation. "One of 'em drinks regier but don't git drunk. The other one gits drunk but don't drink regier."

understand another? Do not we all live and move and have our being in a mental Tower of Babel; standing side by side, working shoulder to shoulder, hand reaching out lovingly to hand, bearing one another's burdens, and yet, all alike unable to comprehend the strange soul-speech of our nearest and hearest? And so life goes on, until it goes out—until from the Tower of Babel was pass on down into the valley of silence where no speech is, yet where he shall know

DRY? TRY BUTTERMILK.

"Steve" Sumner Converts Union by

ance crusader, used practical methods yesterday to convert 500 members of the Milk Wagon Drivers' "Steve" opened a can of buttermilk and a keg of beer in the union meet-ing at 145 Randolph street and alfects of the two beverages them-

The result was that 18 members drank the beer and ramained unconhowever, tasted the buttermilk and swore allegiance to Sumner's crusade The union afterwards passed a resolution indorsing Sumner and many signed the pledge which "Steve" had prepared.

It was a hot afternoon and the hall where the meeting was held was crowded—conditions that made the experiment possible. Just after Pres-ident A. W. Neer called the session to order the beer and buttermilk were brought in and placed on the plattween the two.

"I have been charged with injuring the union through my advocacy of temperance," he said, "and I want to lemonstrate that I am in the right.
am going to leave it to the union Summer then drew a glass of beer and offered it to a driver, who drank

'How do you feel?" Sumner asked "Pretty good," was the reply. He was given another glass.
"Now how do you feel?" Sumner

sponse, amid applause,
"That's just it," aunounced the union temperance demonstrator. "You drink one glass of beer and want more. Now we will try the butter-

A driver consumed two glasses of buttermilk and acknowledged that he had enough. Another was persuaded to drink three glasses, but that was all cared to imbibe.
Summer then gave the following gures to show that it cost less to drink buttermilk than beer: Average amount of liquid co

per man
Daily 3 quarts
ost of three quarts of beer 30 cents
out of three quarts of buttermilk

"In a year," said Sumner, "each camstor can save \$21.90 at this rate."
The vote then was taken on the informement of Sumner and showed a ubstantial majority in his favor. Steve" afterward issued a statement in which he denied that most of the all drivers were intemperate.

"There are a large number of our

The Department of Agriculture Has Brought to This Country Many Veg-etables of Value as Foods—The Japanese Udo Likely to Rival Cel-ery and Lettuce as a Popular Win-ter Salad.

Correspondence of The Observer. Washington, July 20 .- The farmer who is not prejudiced against new crops and who desires to develop his land to its highest productive capacity proved species and produced new by intelligent experiment will be inby intelligent experiment will be in-

terested in some recent plant importa-

States Department of Agriculture. One of these plants, the Japanese udo, now successfully grown in America, will probably rival the celery ing made by the Agricultural Departand the lettuce as a popular winter salad. Its edible qualities have long been recognized in Japan, where it is served in every teahouse, and China. to which country it is probably indigenous; but in America and to Americans, with the exception of a few travelers and residents in Jaexperimenters, it is still unknown. By these private growers, however,

As a market product, the udo is yet to be placed on trial, but to its friends, who are enthusiasts, predict truck growers and hotel managers it will soon become a favorite with the American housekeeper. Every sort of claim is made for its table properties, and its crispness, the delicacy of its flavor, and the grace with which it lends itself to a French dressing of vinegar, salt, and olive oil is a theme

and its adaptability to a variety of

climates fully demontrated.

The root stalks which produce the shoots of the udo may profitably cultivated for ten years. They are grown, according to variety, either from seedlings or root cuttings, and the method of culture closely follows that of the asparagus. It is be-lieved that the udo may be grown in open ground as far north as Nor-folk, Va.

An equal enthusiasm is manifested by agricultural experimenters on the subject of the Main horeradish and the methods practiced by the Malin peasants in its culture. Imported to America from the little Austrian village of Malin, the growing of this horseradish is now a small but profitable industry in New Jersey, its superiority is evidenced not only in its flavor and erspness, but by the fact that it produces more and larger roots, matures earlier, and nets the farmer \$100 more an acre than the American variety. Allied to the American and Austrian varieties, in that it is a member

of the same family and is put to the same common uses, is the wasabi, the horseradish of the Japanese. It differs from ours in color, being usually a light green, while in taste it is said to possess a fresh sharpness, which distinguishes it from both the Malin and American sorts. In Japan the wasabi is grated and served as a conbut even then I was surprised at the ly eaten in that country. The roots are also picked, and from the leaves is made a pepper sauce by pouring them to stand for a few hours. By a here is already under way, and several years yet.

Following the cultural methods as before the claim is made that it is a valuable import, but there seems little doubt that it has come to stay. and will richly enforce our already long list of edible plant immigrants. In Japan it is said to produce two tons of roots to the acre. It grows in running water or in wet soil, fed by underground springs, and matures A billside shaded by persimmon

trees, and following the course of a mountain stream, is a favorite loca-tion for its cultivation in Japan. Its entomological enemy is a small cater-pillar, which eats holes in the leaves. The marketable roots are dug in June, and at this time the young suckers field where they mature. During February or March, fertilizers (usually liquid manure ore rape-seed cake) are used, and the plants hilled up to increase the number and size of the When dug the roots keep for roots. iong time. In the Nile Valley 600,000 acres

of its rich soil is yearly devoted to the cultivation of what is called the horse bean. It is an ideal forage plant, whose value has been fully recognized by the English, large quantitles of these beans being shipped to England and fed to the omnibus and cab horses of London.

With her ultimated resources of soil and climate America should readily find suitable regions for the cultiva-tion of this desirable plant. California which is a favorite State for plant experimentation, is growing a these beans, and southwest Texas, with its mild winter climate, seems to possess every qualification for their speedy and complete adoption. The beans are planted thickly in rows and grow to a height of four or five feet. Planting is done in the autumn, and the crops mature at a season when the farmer has usually exhausted his store of summer forage crops. This fact alone would appear to justify unusual effort to establish its use in this country, and supply the Southern farmer with a valuable winter crop and those in the North with a new food for their stock.

Down on the low lands of South

Carolina, where rice culture was once Carolina, where rice culture was once an important industry, yearly yielding the planter a handsome profit on his labor, the fields have become practically waste land. This condition is due to the opening up of large plantation in Louisiana and Texas, where the rice is more cheaply and consequently more profitably produced. To discover what will grow best on the abandoned fields of South Carolina, and restore to them their former companying a value in the agricultural world, is a question now interesting a large number of people. The plant-er, whose income has been so ma-terially lessened by the decay of rice culture, is naturally the one most con-cerned in the discovery of new crops for his old fields; but there is no class of people throughout the State of

pert, the disinterested enthusiast whose knowledge and skill, vitalized many a barren waste, and made the desert itself yield riches. He is too frequently regarded as a laboratory dreamer whose theories should be disregarded by the practical farmer. But the scientist is, above fill, a careful experimenter, and if he has visions they are such as help his fellows, as visions always have in every field of endeavor since the world began. To his explorations in foreign countries we owe many of our foreign countries we owe many of our new crops, By selection, hybridizing, and careful breeding, he has imof South Carolina now look to aid them in their search for something

tions from abroad by the United to take the place of the once valuable rice crops. On many of these abandoned fields a rush grows wild. Acting upon this suggestion of nature, an effort is bement, with the co-operation of pri vate growers, to replace this worth-less rush with a better one. Both China and Japan possess a native rush whose qualities enable them to manufacture a matting unequaled else-where in the world. That of Japan ranks in fineness, while the Chinese is tougher, and, for ordinary uses, more durable.

To transplant these valuable rushes and domicile them in South Carolina can hardly be regarded as a wild scheme even by those most skeptical tical work, and a report of the first year's trial has just been received at Washington and is encouraging. While the sample sent on for inspection shows the rush to be still too brittle and too short for commercial record, so when we moved use, it is not unreasonable to suppose Kansas I polished up my brittle and too short for commercial In plant culture every condition is carefully noted, and oftentimes apparently insuperable obstacles blood. I came back with branch carefully noted, and oftentimes apparently insuperable obstacles have mud smeared over me from top to ing experimentation.

Should the Japanese rush prove it-self an alien to the end in the fields and gradually I forgot the art. of South Carolina, the perennia and way."
of the agriculturist may be relied upof the agriculturist may be relied up"Well, what did the Missouri do to and final success. Notwithstanding " many

tisements to the contrary, it is generally known by the public, as well is by the brewers, that American beer is inferior to that made in Europe. This is not due to any want of integrity in the American between the contrary, it is back and laughed in sudden recollection.

"That was a funny experience, I declare. A chum of mine and myself started out to row for a few hours to any want of integrity in the down stream till it began to grow American brewer, for his expensive plant and strict regard to hygiene attest his good faith. Neither the state of the stat plant and strict regard to hygiene attest his good faith. Neither is it due to a lack of skill in the brewing, his methods being all that could be his methods being all that could be desired.

The trouble lies deeper and may be found in the mixed barleys and in-ferior hops used in the manufacture of American beer. To the farmer, in co-operation with the brewer, we of American beer. To the farmer, in co-operation with the brewer, we

must look for the remedy.
When the growers shall have imwhen the growers shall have improved the quality of American hops and replaced with pure races the stopped the rowing. and replaced with pure races the "And you never feel that you owe mixed barleys now in use, we may the Missouri a grudge, do you, for hope to see produced in this country a beer akin to the fine brews of which will be regular in yield, color and flavor. To secure a pure-race barley is a

type, from Moravia, is now being suc-I decided that all things come to him nation so addicted to the use of relation who waited and that I would wait ishes as the American, the wasabi will a lineal descendant of Rechab undoubtedly be well received. Its culwhile it is now growing well in New York State and in the vicinity of Washington City, its success as a product cannot be determined for rather than use the American kinds, American hop smells of garlic, and is which is due to different methods of culture in this country and abroad. In America the hop garden is filled with plants bearing male as well as female flowers; in Europe the malebearing plants are rooted up and thrown aside, thereby eliminating the seed, which are regarded as especially

objectionable.

The aroma of the hop, which determines its value more than any other characteristic, is due to the amount of lupulin it contains and here again the American hop falls far short of the European standard, and is classed with the low grades produced in Russia and Beigium. It is humiliating to learn that the reputation of our hop inferiority is so well established on the continent that many of the most prominent growers and brewers there have never seen it. In a recent classification by an eminent Bohemian scientist the American hop is not mentioned.

But the faithful and patient agriculturist and the discriminating er are on the trail of better things and it is not too much to predic that at no distant day our beers will have achieved a more honorable po sition than they now hold,

Riding a Camel.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dr. Nachitigal, the celebrated African explorer, once said to a youth who expressed a sentimental desire to cross the Sahara on camelback:

"Young man, I'll tell you how you can get a practical idea of what riding a camel in an African desert is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it, along with a savage dog, into a wagon without any springs. Then seat yourself on the stool and have it driven over uneven and rocky ground during the hottest parts of July and August, being careful not to eat or drink more than once every two days and letting the dog bite you every four hours. This will give you a faint idea of the exquisite poetry of camel riding in the Bahara."

and half-way back, taking the car for uphill traveling. You know, I am getting very old, and I don't take a hill as 'spry' as I once did."

"And so at Lake Champlain you simply lie on the grass and sleep?"

"It does sound mighty trifling. I know," admitted Justice Brewer, "but I do work pretty hard all winter, and then, I think sometimes it isn't such a bad art, after all, to loaf successfully.

"Somebody once said that loafers are born to their parts, anyway, and I think a man has the have some training and a good deal of talent to idle away his time pleasantly. In my summer cottage I never get bored or disgusted, and yet most of the

TRAILING THROUGH THE RED DESERT.

The wallows are white-edged with alkall, Like the foam uncaked on a dead man's lips;
Two tiny clouds hang in the sky.

As the doldrums might hold two help-

The sand in the hills is red, blood (Oh God! for a dash of the correlation) and the foreman reels as he rides a And the limping herd mouns in and pain.

JUSTICE BREWER TALKS MINUTE CHAT WITH THE JURIST

Declares That He is Nothing on Earth but a Loafer From June to Oc-tober—The Missouri River Put a Stop to His Career as a Fisherman —He Also Had One Hunting Ex-perience, Which Was Enough,

BY RUTH HALE.

Correspondence of The Observer. Washington, July 20.—"Oh, I'm nothing on earth but a loater," said Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, with his characteristic twinkle; "that is from June to October. I am absolutely no account to anybody in the world, and Jon's Jones of Tank and June 1988. and I don't make a single unnecessary move from the time I leave

Supreme Court till I get back to It. Then how do you squander your illotted twenty-four hours a day "During the summer time I gerally go up to my little cottage the shores of Lake Champlain. don't do any fishing or rowing Missouri river is responsible for the but that's nother tors. Missouri river is responsible for that, but that's another story—and I had one experience with hunting which resolved me to rest on my laurels thenceforward; so there is really nothing for me to do but lie on the grass up there and sleep."
"But why did you let the Missourt

"Humph, you just ought to see that water. It is so muddy and thick that no self-respecting fish would stay in it for long, and the only things used to be quite a fisher when I was a boy, and was very proud of my past moved over yielded to intelligent and painstak-ing experimentation. toe, and nothing but some big-mouthed catfish to show for my day's

> your rowing?" Justice Brewer threw his head

do you know we couldn't make feet against that current. I long pole and shoved along as fast as he could and I walked along the

carrying away in its swift current Munich and Pilsen. It is impossible "I never miss them any more. I'll to produce with mixed barleys a malt tell you about my hunting experience and why it is that I never do that

any more.
"I always liked to go along with matter of breeding backed by unremitting care and devotion. Sweden the hunting parties, just for the outling. I couldn't shoot. I don't really think I could hit the side of a house Hanna barley, another wonderful if I tried; but I liked the excitement of taking my gun and dogs, following cessfully grown in California. Experimental brews are to be made of this who had a State reputation for ac-

shooting and were almost home when some man in the crowd said I couldn't my gun against his side. About that which may be had for 24 cents. The time a big jack rabbit jumped out studied in Japan, the wasabi will be subjected to careful experimentation absent from the imported product, like to have that rabbit for my supjust flew around the rabbit, but he

kept straight on running.
"'Well.' I said, just watch a real hanter, and I stuck my rusty gun against my shoulder and blew the rabbit's head off. After the party caught breath again they wanted me to try my hand at some real game, but from that day to this I have never shot at any living thing, be-cause a man who wilfully tempts his luck like that deserves a downfall I was quite ready to rest on my

"Did the sport never appeal to you enough to warrant taking it up in earnest and learning to hit things?" "I liked it; yes, but I couldn't shoot quick to save my life. something stumbled into my Une of fire I began to take very careful aim. and by the time I decided that where I was pointing would coincide with the whereabouts of the creature when I shot, there wasn't a thing in sight to shoot at."
"I know the Missouri river didn't destroy your love for walking, be-

avenue." I said, triumphantly, glad of something I could prove. "That is right. I do lots of walking to keep me from getting old and fat. I walk half-way to the capitol and half-way back, taking the car

my summer cottage I never get bored or disgusted, and yet most of the time I am lying stretched out in my yard or the near-by woods, doing absolutely nothing. My neighbors drop in to chat occasionally, but for the most part I am perfectly good for nothing the whole summer long."

"That is a terrible arraignment. I wonder if anybody else could say it with impunity?"

"Mrs. Brewer does," he answered, with a dry smile."

It became known here to-day that Alfred Beit, the British dismend king, who died this week, kept secret a romance of, his life which involved

Whether the woman was the mond king's wife or not it could be learned, but presumably she not. No one suspected the exist of the romance of Mr. Beit's life til the knowledge that he had in