

Baltimore Morning Herald
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Baltimore and the Rest of the World

Dawn

When like a mist the light gleams in the east
And like a sea enshrouding fog it lifts,
And far above the clouds part company.
And rays of purple splendor gild the rifts;
The while the sparrows, high among the eaves.
Awake to sing their carol to the day.
The city sleeps, unheeding, like a child.,
'Till clang! The milkman sounds the reveille!

Obliging Mr. Dempsey

From the Chestertown Transcript.
Mr. Harry Dempsey, our P.M. has purchased a peanut roaster for the accommodation of his patrons.

Interesting, If True

From the British Chemist.
When benzoynaphtylamid is treated with nitric acid, two isometric monitronamidobenzonphtylamides are formed, one yielding monononamidobenonaphtylamide, and the other adydrobenzodiamidononealena.

Mr. Thomas R. Clendinen, president of the memberless park board, and a city director in the Western Maryland Railroad, is a tall, well built gentleman in a white waistcoat and patent leather shoes. His mustache—which is snowy and graceful—and his gleaming pince-nez give him the appearance of a prosperous Britisher, but, in truth, he was born in the United States, and is of “sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry.”

At the age of 14 he ran away from home and entered the Confederate Army. While wearing the gray, after the battle of New Market, he enjoyed the privilege of sleeping beneath the blanket of the slim but determined youth who has since become the honorable mayor of Baltimore.

When Mr. Clendinen was made president of the park board he believed this his official actions were not of sufficient public interest to be revealed. This modesty, however, was soon

dispelled by Councilman Howser and certain other gentlemen, and at present he is an advocate of the open door.

Mr. Clendinen is the dean of a local law school, the law partner of Mayor Hayes and an Episcopalian. He has come into the public eye recently as the attorney of people with grievances against the city. Once he permitted his portrait to be printed in a "History of Baltimore," and another time he acted as United States district attorney while Mayor (then district attorney) Hayes, his partner, patron and friend, made a trip to Europe. His father was a captain in the navy, in dress he inclines to fastidiousness.

From far away Japan comes a wail of protest against the "faking" methods of the American reporter. It is voiced by one "F.A.G.," high critic and knocker in ordinary on the staff of the Kobe Chronicle. Thus he proclaims:

"The omniscience of the newspaper man is something wonderful—I have somewhat of it myself, and therefore I can easily recognize the faculty—but some are more omniscient than others. For example, a Manila paper, quoted by the Chronicle the other day, said that "Aguinaldo was able to talk fair English, though he never cared to use it, and only allowed a word or two to slip when among his intimate friends.

"Here, then, the omniscient newspaper man comes to supplement the knowledge, even of Aguinaldo's most intimate friends. They have only heard the word or two that Aguinaldo lets slip in conversation, from which it would be impossible for them to arrive at the conclusion that he speaks fair English, but the newspaper man, who has probably never heard Aguinaldo speak a word of any language, nevertheless knows that Aguinaldo speaks fair English.

"That is the sort of inside information which puts a man in the front rank of his profession, and one cannot therefore be surprised a little lower down in the same article to have some interesting anatomical information—also very much of an inside nature. An American officer, asked by Aguinaldo whether his congratulations on the insurgent chief's submission to the United States came from the heart or the mouth, replied that they were from the heart. I have heard of the language of the heart, it is true, but I always understood that it was expressed by the mouth, if by the eyes, or by languishing glances, but, according to the newspaper man, the officer's congratulations came direct from the heart, without any intermediary, it is wonderful marvelous!"

The same "F.A.G." in another place indulges in a playful dig at the idiotically faithful manner in which the slant-eyed officials of his adopted country enforce its laws.

"A somewhat remarkable instance," he says, "has just been brought to my attention. As the time for sending the necessary particulars for the income tax is now at hand, some of my readers will be interested to learn that having once sent in the necessary particulars for the next fiscal year, they are bound to pay, even if they should die meanwhile. No exceptions or allowances can be made. This is not a joke—my temperament is much too perilous to permit such frivolity—it is plain, sober, serious, earnest fact.

"A foreigner died last year after some three months of the fiscal year had elapsed, and, of course, the income he had been receiving ceased. When the application for income tax was made to the executors, the latter pointed out this fact, and said that as no income had been received after the date of death it was evident no income tax should be paid. But the authorities triumphantly pointed to the fact that the income tax return sent in by the deceased was a statement applicable to the 23d year of Meiji, and the fact that death had interfered with the

earning of the stated income was one in which they could take no cognizance. Dead or alive, the income tax must be paid.

“So, perhaps, it would be well to qualify the statement of income in the return with the words ‘unless it should predecease payment’ or something to that effect. As the executors have declined to pay, presumably the deceased will be fined for persistent non-payment of a tax based on an income he did not earn. It is curious, but it is the law, and the man who, in Japan, says “the law’s an ass” runs the risk of being prosecuted for constructive libel on the officials.”