

THE WASHINGTON HERALD
Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1890, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.
Daily and Sunday, \$10.00 per year.
Daily, without Sunday, \$8.00 per year.
Sunday, without daily, \$2.00 per year.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

Manuscripts intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. G. WILBERDING
Special Agent, Brunsvick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909.

Football—Mend It or End It.
The game of football, as at present played in this country, has been weighed in the balance of sound, rational public opinion, and found woefully wanting.

The death list so far this year totals nine. A frightful thing to contemplate. Besides those slaughtered to make a holiday, however, there are countless dozens bruised, battered, and frequently maimed for life.

There is much said in defense of football, of course. But unless it can be rendered safe and sane, that much is not sufficient to vindicate it in the light of its own record.

It is idle to say the game cannot be played differently from the way in which it is now played, without ruining it. As the New York Post points out, that was what was said when public sentiment demanded the elimination of the so-called "flying wedge" a few years ago.

We anticipate proceeding dissent from these views, proceeding largely from undergraduates and young persons. If faculties are wise, however, these interesting juveniles will be given to understand that their views, no matter how seemingly authoritative and convincing to themselves, will not be permitted to prevail.

The college athletic associations should be forced to understand, most unmistakably, that football must be promptly reformed, or abolished. If the former be not acceptable, then the latter alternative is inevitable.

Football as at present played is a monstrous mistake. It has sinned away whatever day of grace it may have enjoyed. It is not a clean, manly sport—it cannot, in the nature of things, hope to be while it walks hand in hand with death.

Unless it is made a better thing—far better—than it is, away with it. Its abolition will, in those circumstances, be a good riddance to both rubbish.

All for a Dollar.
Essayist Hardy, in a "Book on Manners," tells his readers how to do the right thing at the right time and in the right manner.

He points out that no man should permit his personal appearance to be made a subject of mirth, that his manners should be in keeping with his surroundings.

Mr. Champ Clark is an interesting lecturer, but he ought to get some new jokes. That old thing about the next House of Representatives being Democratic is a chestnut.

Ahoy, cold wave! Welcome to our fair city—if it gets here!
A contemporary wants to know what we are to do when an gas is exhausted, says the Richmond News Leader.

If cotton goes much higher, the doctors probably will be holding it responsible for some fashionable ailment.

Who started the wild-eyed story that Mary Garden was to retire from the stage and enter a convent? Inquires the Memphis News-Sentinel.

You will have to hurry if you intend throwing any lemons at "Uncle Joe." Congress meets soon, and assailing the Speaker is strictly a between-sessions pastime.

This "back from Elba" thing will hardly do as a rallying cry of the faithful. The original "back from Elba" man failed to stay put.

It was high time to call the sugar trust down. A little more rope, and the

dollar will do all this, for that is the cost of a marriage license in the District of Columbia.

Pay of Government Clerks.
Government clerks will be interested in the fact that some of the annual reports of prominent army officers contain favorable allusions to the proposition to increase the salary of those on the civil list and to establish a system of retirement.

Well, well! If they are not already talking taxoloparanes!
Now that the horse is gone out in Cherry, Ill., there will be a most enthusiastic and excited stable-door locking, of course.

Mr. Taft emphasizes the limitations of the Presidency. It has been quite a while since a President thought it worth while to do that.

Orleans, Ind., forgot to hold a municipal election the other day. Even in Timpson, Tex., where the mayor's salary is only \$1 per year, they do not forget to hold the elections.

Looking backward, Mr. Taft probably can think of no happier incident of his journey than the stealing of that "possum" some one sent him in the Lone Star State.

The mayor of Plymouth, Eng., advises the putting to death of the reeble minded. He would not, however, if he knew what would result in for him.

"The time has come when we have to be a candidate for Speaker," says the Rochester Herald. Exactly. It is a little strange that that does not seem to occur to the anti-Cannonites at the psychological moments.

A Chicago man lived in this country eighteen years without ever having heard that there is such a thing as a Congressman. A whole lot of voters act on election days as if they never had heard of one, either.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.
Mr. Parson's Activities.
From the New York Sun.

The President and China.
From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Dr. Wilson on the College.
From the Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Meyers and League Island.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mr. Longworth's Possibilities.
From the Providence Journal.

Mr. Tillman's Economy.
From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Clark's Diversion.
From the Chicago Evening Post.

Mr. Taft's Apples.
From the Boston Herald.

Dr. Lowell on Football.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Daddy's Little Joke.
From the New York Press.

Passengers on a subway car coming from Brooklyn Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh.

The car was crowded, but Brooklyn-wise, all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle-aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match.

The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment, and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face. "That will about do for you," said the big, rufous guard. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a touge hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man, and said in a silvery voice that all could hear: "Oh, papa; how could you?"

Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.

A Soft Snup.
From Fun.
"Hail, all in!" said Amzi Cloverbud of Israel Peppered, as they drew rein in the road leading to the village.

"All in," said Israel.
"I reckon I'll finish up mine by Sat'day. What are you doin' now?"

"Not much o' nothin'. Havin' a kind of a soft snup, an' I ain't milkin' but nine cows now, an' I take it easy in bed until 'most 5 o'clock mornin'. Fact is I ain't got much to do this fall but dig ten or twelve acres o' pertaters and grub out six or eight acres o' my timber land an' git it ready to seed down in the spring."

The girl in old rose turned and said to her companion: "You've got to be a little more of a snup."

That Full Feeling.
Doctor—Do you have a stuffed feeling after eating?
Patient—Do I? I feel like a Philadelphia ballot box.

odiferous persons behind that concern would have been out in the highways and byways with blackjacks, sandbags, and things.

Margaret Illington remained in a state of single blessedness an even shorter time than she remained in the State of Nevada.

Well, well! If they are not already talking taxoloparanes!
Now that the horse is gone out in Cherry, Ill., there will be a most enthusiastic and excited stable-door locking, of course.

Mr. Taft emphasizes the limitations of the Presidency. It has been quite a while since a President thought it worth while to do that.

Orleans, Ind., forgot to hold a municipal election the other day. Even in Timpson, Tex., where the mayor's salary is only \$1 per year, they do not forget to hold the elections.

Looking backward, Mr. Taft probably can think of no happier incident of his journey than the stealing of that "possum" some one sent him in the Lone Star State.

The mayor of Plymouth, Eng., advises the putting to death of the reeble minded. He would not, however, if he knew what would result in for him.

"The time has come when we have to be a candidate for Speaker," says the Rochester Herald. Exactly. It is a little strange that that does not seem to occur to the anti-Cannonites at the psychological moments.

A Chicago man lived in this country eighteen years without ever having heard that there is such a thing as a Congressman. A whole lot of voters act on election days as if they never had heard of one, either.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.
Mr. Parson's Activities.
From the New York Sun.

The President and China.
From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Dr. Wilson on the College.
From the Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Meyers and League Island.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mr. Longworth's Possibilities.
From the Providence Journal.

Mr. Tillman's Economy.
From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Clark's Diversion.
From the Chicago Evening Post.

Mr. Taft's Apples.
From the Boston Herald.

Dr. Lowell on Football.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Daddy's Little Joke.
From the New York Press.

Passengers on a subway car coming from Brooklyn Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh.

The car was crowded, but Brooklyn-wise, all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle-aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match.

The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment, and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face. "That will about do for you," said the big, rufous guard. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a touge hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man, and said in a silvery voice that all could hear: "Oh, papa; how could you?"

Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.

A Soft Snup.
From Fun.
"Hail, all in!" said Amzi Cloverbud of Israel Peppered, as they drew rein in the road leading to the village.

"All in," said Israel.
"I reckon I'll finish up mine by Sat'day. What are you doin' now?"

"Not much o' nothin'. Havin' a kind of a soft snup, an' I ain't milkin' but nine cows now, an' I take it easy in bed until 'most 5 o'clock mornin'. Fact is I ain't got much to do this fall but dig ten or twelve acres o' pertaters and grub out six or eight acres o' my timber land an' git it ready to seed down in the spring."

The girl in old rose turned and said to her companion: "You've got to be a little more of a snup."

That Full Feeling.
Doctor—Do you have a stuffed feeling after eating?
Patient—Do I? I feel like a Philadelphia ballot box.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.
TWO METHODS.
I say a man should go through life as straight as any string.

And have no secrets from his wife. But tell her everything. My chum says his wife is no sphynx.

He goes and tells her what he thinks. The neighbors ought to know.

The Only Chance.
"I managed to get the last word with my wife this morning."

The Modern Politician.
"Always be polite to every one, son."

Her Coy Advice.
"Whyn't you speak for yourself, John?" Inquired Priscilla.

Pinkville Happenings.
"Whyn't you speak for yourself, John?" Inquired Priscilla.

Another Strange Episode.
"Queer case, this. Four years ago a fellow got into an argument with another fellow and was forced to swallow his words."

United on That.
"Ther's a wide difference of opinion as to the desirability of a quiet wedding."

BOOKWORMS GROW LITERARY.
Tastes Are Influenced by Character of Books Devoured.

Philadelphia—William R. Reimick, of the department of public documents of the free library, says that insects which devour books become educated and change in character, according to the books which they devour.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

Reimick says that the more books a bookworm devours, the more it becomes educated and changes in character, according to the books which it devours.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.
A Violet Suffragette.
One of the militant British suffragettes of England bears the name of Kitty Marion, which sounds sufficiently pacific.

But Kitty is far from being a quiet-purring creature. She achieved imprisonment by throwing a brick, and then she proceeded to enliven the jail. At first she merely refused food, but that did not satisfy her ardent temperament.

She proceeded to barricade her cell with bed slats. When the keepers smashed the door she fought them tooth and nail. Afterward she pulled the straw out of her bed, tore up a Bible, and set fire to the pile.

She impelled all the inmates and herself made unconscious by the smoke. It is difficult for mere man to see these performances went to show the fitness for the ballot of the ungentle Kitty, or of any of the more rational of her sex.

She demonstrated only a few possibilities of feminine perversity and has earned description by alienists as a "psychological freak." It is not probable that her methods will command approval. For such acts men are sent to prison without question or without special study by alienists.

Party Nominations.
The conference at Cincinnati upon municipal problems received some interesting suggestions from Mr. Bonaparte, former Attorney General. One of these relates to the difficulty of applying the theory of free primary elections practically to the nomination of candidates.

The theory is that the people will spontaneously select the best citizen for each office. This sounds well, but it is seldom possible. A candidate or candidates must be in some way indicated in advance, else there can be no concentration.

But who is to do this in the absence of nominating conventions? In practice, the power is usually usurped without formal authority. Mr. Bonaparte suggests an advisory committee to be elected at the party primary.

He would have this committee to be the head of the committee, a sort of elective "boss." He would not have any nominations for this position on the official ballot, but would require each voter to vote his choice in the privacy of the election booth.

Corn in Indiana.
Indiana has increased its corn crop by 3,882,000 bushels this year, not alone by greater crops, but by improved methods.

A part of this result is attributed to the fact that the State has had a Roman colony at Purdue University. The lecturers addressed large and attentive audiences and their instructions were clear and specific as to planting and care.

There were also corn schools and corn exhibits, where a better understanding was reached as to the best kind of corn to cultivate and what constituted the quality in corn that was worth the labor and expense of all the fertilization and cultivation that had been urged.

The increased expense to the grower may have been somewhat startling at first, but the increased returns in most cases more than justified the expense. Indiana has all the advantages of soil and climate to make forty bushels of corn to the acre its minimum rather than its average product.

Breadless People.
There are many substitutes for bread, which is almost unknown in parts of southern Europe. In the country near Vienna, the staple food of the people is sturz, a kind of porridge made from ground beechnuts, which is taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk, at dinner with broth or fried in lard and with milk again at supper.

This sturz is also known as helden, and takes the place of bread not only in Steiermark, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on polenta, a porridge made of boiled maize.

The polenta, however, is not allowed to granulate, like Scotch porridge or like the Austrian sturz, but is boiled in water and then, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as it is hot, and is in every sense the Italian peasant's daily bread.

The modern Roumanians are held by many scholars to be descended from the ancient Getae, or other words, to be cousins of the Italians; and, curiously enough, a variation of the polenta, called mamaliga, is the national dish of Roumania.

Const Defense Firing.
The task of hitting such a target as a moving vessel seven miles distant is one that would perplex a layman. Some of the distinctions are thus summarized by Col. Garland V. Whistler in Harper's Weekly: "A variation in the thermometer of ten degrees modifies the weight of the shot by 2 per cent, and this will change the range ten yards. A twenty-mile head or rear wind, which is only a good breeze, will change the range sixty-five yards. The same wind across the line of fire will deflect the shot thirty-six yards. In addition to these corrections allowance must be made for the change of range due to the speed of the vessel. Assume that the vessel was coming toward the battery at twelve miles per hour, which is at the rate of six yards per second. Now the time of flight for the shot for this range is eighteen seconds. And, therefore, the range of the target would change 108 yards, while the shot is traveling from the muzzle to the gun. If the vessel is not moving directly toward the gun allowance must also be made for deviation."

Queer Pets of Englishwomen.
In other days one read of greynobles and spaniels as the favorite pets of English aristocracy. But their day seems to have passed. The Duchess of Marlborough is said to have a special fondness for serpents. She spends days also in the park at Blenheim with the gazelles, which in her society seem to forget their traditional shyness. Her other pets are grotesque-looking pelicans which may be seen about the shores of the ponds. Lady Warwick, the titled Socialist leader, especially loves white animals, and in her grounds at Warwick are white peacocks, kind of white birds, even a white elephant. Her special treasure is a white parrot which is said to be more than a century old. Lady Cadogan likes snakes as jewelry, and dotes on lizards while Lady Churchill has a pet crocodile. Miss Rosa Broughton, well known in London society, is charmed with her hyena.

THE TURNING WORM.
Mary had a little hat, which hit her father hard; and when she went into a house, she left it in the yard. She wore it to a theater, when it was a dirty shame; for no one else could see the stage when little Mary came. And so the usher got a hook and tied it to a mop, and climbed upon a fire escape and tried to reach the top. He vainly poked and reached and stretched, and climbed and clumb and clim, but could not reach across the vast expansive purple rim. And still the hat shed gobs of gloom upon the festive scene; men simply could not see the show behind the gauzy screen.

"Why does she wear an acre lot upon her empty head? Why not pare off a rod or two?" the angry people said. Then up spake Mary to the crowd, and thus she proudly cried: "I wear this on my head because I've nothing much inside." WALT MASON.

(Copyright, 1909, by George Matthew Adams)

Washington Journalism.
Commissioner West's Resignation and The Washington Herald.
Announcement is made that the Hon. Henry Litchfield West has resigned from the District Commission of the District of Columbia, where he has served with distinguished executive ability since his appointment in 1902, and will become a partner of Mr. Scott C. Bone in the operation of The Washington Herald.

The newspaper business is Mr. West's first love. He was one of the best-known journalists in the country when he was honored with the official position which he leaves on account of "homesteadness."

In common with all The Herald Washington contemporaries, we congratulate the return of Mr. West to his chosen profession, and we congratulate both Messrs. Bone and West upon their personal association. They have a fine property in The Herald.

From the South Bend Tribune.
Henry Litchfield West, recently resigned as Commissioner of the District of Columbia and one of the best-known men in Washington, will, on December 1, become jointly associated with Scott C. Bone in the conduct of The Washington Herald. Both Mr. West and The Herald are to be congratulated. The business direction of the paper will be in charge of the former Commissioner. The Washington Herald has won success by deserving it, and the affiliation of Mr. West means that the record is to be maintained in even a larger and broader manner than ever.

From the Knoxville Sentinel.
The Washington Herald has made a valuable acquisition in Henry Litchfield West, who has resigned his position as Commissioner of the District of Columbia. Mr. West and Scott C. Bone, editor of The Herald, were formerly associated on the staff of the Washington Post. Though Mr. West will have charge of the business management of The Herald, it is unlikely that his pen will be silenced. He is a writer of distinction on legal and historical subjects.

From the Nashville American.
Henry Litchfield West, for seven years a Commissioner of the District of Columbia, has resigned the job to return to newspaper work with The Washington Herald. This comports with his taste and training.

SOUTHERNERS SAY NAY.
Object to Ingersoll's Speech Being Retained in National Cemetery.
From the Chicago Evening Post.
The Confederate veterans of Montgomery, Ala., have protested against the retention in the old Lee mansion in the Arlington National Cemetery of a framed copy of the speech of Robert G. Ingersoll in which he drew a picture of the Southerners of the days before the war as men who sold babies away "from the mother's breast," and used the words "cruelly unpeasable, outrage infinite," to describe general slavery conditions.

Mr. Ingersoll's speech at the head of the Arlington National Cemetery, where the Confederate dead are buried, has aroused the resentment of Southern visitors to the time and again. There is no sound reason why it should have a place in a cemetery where the government not only cares for the Union dead, but cares just as tenderly for many thousands of the Confederate dead.

Just beyond the porch of the Lee mansion Gen. Wheeler, of the Confederate service, lies side by side with Gen. Schofield, of the Union service. Gen. Wheeler's record in the Southern Army is told on the shaft which stands at the head of his grave. In Texas the other day a dinner was given to President Taft, and on the printed card were words to the effect that Texas came into the Union in 1846 and intends to stay in it forever. Mr. Taft has just returned from a trip through the South, where he was greeted and acclaimed as the President of a country always to be united. Ingersoll's speech can be spared from the walls of the Lee home in Arlington.

Russic Optimism.
From the Chicago News.
The pessimistical tourist found the freckled farm boy sitting on the turnstile, twanging a penny Jew-harp. "You needn't be so all-red happy," warned the tourist, as he slowed up his horse. "Do you know what the alarm-bells predict?" "No," indeed, mister," drawled the lad, pausing in his tune. "Dad only has one alarm, and he won't let me see that."

"Well, it predicts that there'll be an earthquake within the next ten days that'll shake you inside out."

"You'll hurt me, mister. I broke six miles for dad this season, and I guess when it comes to shaking you up they beat a dozen earthquakes."

"Well, the week following there is to be a cyclone that will toss you over into the next county."

"Couldn't please me better, boss. There's a circus over there that week, and I'm shy of railroad fare."

"Hain't you a hard nut. Know anything about comets?"

"Never saw one in my life."

"Well, Halley's is due next year, and it is liable to hit this old earth and put you out of business with a billion sparks."

"The farm lad grinned.

"Billion sparks, mister? Gee! Ma always did say I'd have a brilliant finish, and I guess that's what she meant. So long!"

No Let Up.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
"Ther's the devil to pay at my house."

"Better to go to church then."

"Well, ther's the preacher to pay."

AT THE HOTELS.
"Life and property is just as safe and secure south of the Rio Grande as it is north of the Rio Grande," said Arnold Shanklin, American consul general to Mexico, at the New Willard last night.

"Americans who have lived in Mexico know this to be the truth, and American capital which is invested to the extent of nearly one billion dollars in Mexico is ample proof of the truthfulness of the assertion. The day of the revolution in Mexico is long past and law and order and progress and peace are the order of the day. And it is a great mistake to think that after Diaz's death there will be upheavals in Mexico, and that the present order of things will undergo a change. Under Diaz's regime Mexico has entered upon a career of law and order and prosperity and quiet and peace; in other words, the Mexican people have become accustomed to the present order of things, and would not under any circumstances do anything which would be against their own interests or that of their country."

"Diaz will be re-elected and his choice for vice president, whose name is Corral, will also be elected. Gen. Reyes was mentioned by his admirers as Diaz's running mate, but he never attempted to make a fight against Diaz. Reyes is out of the race, and Corral, who is Diaz's choice for the vice presidency, has a clear field. Reyes has been sent to Europe on a mission concerning military service in Mexico."

"The meeting between Presidents Taft and Diaz has strengthened the latter's hold upon the affections of the Mexican people, and has shown to them that Diaz has the confidence and support of the American people."

"There have lately appeared a number of articles attacking Mexico and charging that country with permitting poison to be practiced within her borders. There may be grounds for charges of this kind, but I am perfectly satisfied that the story is unwarranted beyond all semblance of truth. But why go to Mexico to find fault before remedying the same