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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1909.

the bright future, instead of wasting one moment of its precious time in vain regrets for a feudal past.

Our Barefooted Days

Poets may sing them in their sweetest songs, artists paint them in their brightest colors, and our memories may deceive us regarding the days of long ago, when we were boys on the farm or in the village, but sober reflection, with the glamour omitted, leads to the belief that more myths date back only a score or so of years than stretch to the days when the world was in its infancy.

When we were fortunate enough to find a nice red apple after the holidays it was a treat indeed; when a half dozen oranges were brought from the grocer's, it meant a delight that was not forgotten for some days.

What were at one time comforts almost beyond belief have now become necessities, while our conveniences have multiplied many fold and the luxuries are steadily growing in number.

Buying and Holding Land. William Waldorf Astor, expatriated American, has many idiosyncrasies, but in one thing he shows a remarkable level-headedness.

Mr. Aldrich and Gen. Jackson. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There seems to be a general inclination to regard Mr. Aldrich's statement that Andrew Jackson is dead.

Mr. Bonaparte's Plan. From the New York Sun. The Hon. Charles Joseph Bonaparte describes a plan of his about nominations to office as "a nebulous thought."

Mr. Loeb's Assailants. From the Boston Transcript. The smugling fraternity and their unwitting captives will have to search for new lines of attack upon Collector Loeb.

Dr. Butler and Football. From the Boston Herald. President Butler, of Columbia, the university where no football is played, has been asked to endorse the game.

Dr. Zelaya's Precipitancy. From the Philadelphia Press. There is more than a suspicion that President Zelaya of Nicaragua believes in the policy of shooting first and making inquiries afterward.

Mr. Moore and Waterways. From the Norfolk Landmark. President J. Hampton Moore, of the Atlantic Deep Waterways Association, knows as much about waterways as Prof. Willis L. Moore knows about weather.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE USUAL TRAGEDY. Now the turkey. Fat and perky. Struts about the yard at morn;

With the advent of the taxi-aeroplanes there will come another way to make money fly, of course.

As an antidotal argument, "rah, rah, rah" is more or less thrilling and attention arresting. It is not very convincing, however.

The town of Bozelleville, Ga. recently wiped off the map by a cyclone, is to be rebuilt. Perhaps the elements down Georgia way would be kinder to that municipality in the future if in the rebuilding it be renamed something like Watertown or Buttermilkburg.

Mr. Champ Clark says Mr. Joseph G. Cannon knows nothing of parliamentary law. The statement is misleading.

The Standard's leading attorneys declare the decision against the octopus is "merely a near-victory for the government" after all.

As convincing as Senator Aldrich must have been, the West seemingly inclines to remain of the same opinion still.

Census boomers viewed Mr. Roosevelt's anti-race suicide ideas with entire approval. Mr. Taft goes about the matter in a different way, however.

Perhaps it was really "the many friends of Mr. Joseph G. Cannon" that invited him to accept the Presidency.

By and by, we may be compelled to write it, Gee! Pinch, O!

The early Christmas shopping movement, begins the Richmond Times-Dispatch. The "T-D" is one paper that never forgets its obligation as a member of the paraphernalia's union.

The recorder of the police court in a Southern city has advanced the fee for a tag from \$10.75 to \$11.75. Is there anything that is not going up?

Margaret Hillington's announced desire to darn socks was more or less interesting. It will be observed, nevertheless, that her new husband's fortune is quoted well up in eight figures.

ANENT SOCIAL MEN. Mr. Aldrich and Gen. Jackson. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Bonaparte's Plan. From the New York Sun. The Hon. Charles Joseph Bonaparte describes a plan of his about nominations to office as "a nebulous thought."

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PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Three Cheers for Father! "What's the matter with father?" Appropriately, it is a man in Kansas who propounds this query, and he offers a series of prizes for the best answers.

A Suffragette Headquarters. The Suffragette Inn is the headquarters of the suffragettes in London. Their weekly paper is printed there.

A Timely Episode. "The sheriff leveled on our scenery in the third act. Fortunately, he had been an actor himself at one time."

At Thanksgiving. I sit me down with health and zest, Unloose two buttons of my vest, Prepare my knife and fork for work, And gaily pass my plate for tuck.

He Didn't Understand. "So you don't want no cranberries?" "No, I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries."

A Big Handicap. "The Eskimo dog song seems to be slow in developing." "Well, there ain't no species of polar tree to locate the scene under."

Mildly Interesting. "Emerson, your little brother has a tooth." "Indeed?" responded the Boston youngster, politely. "And is it an incisor or a bicuspid?"

JARNDYCE VS. JARNDYCE. The Law's Delay in Chicago Recalls Dickens' "Bleak House."

Another case, "Holiday vs. Ewing," was pulled, halted, dragged, shoved, motioned, petitioned, demurred, and appealed through the courts for nearly two years.

The Literary taste of New York City runs to the frivolous. The six "best sellers" during the past month were novels.

The Law and Automobiles. A new automobile law has been upheld by the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

The Poet's Verses. One of the most beautiful verses by Father Tabb is the following, called "Evolution."

Out of the dusk a shadow, Then a spark, Out of the cloud a silence, Then a lark!

His blindness was a great blow to him, but he accepted it cheerfully and dictated several poems, among which was a lament about the loss, which reads:

And dressed thus, sweet violet, That I, the vanished star, The dawn, and the morning sun, Thy dawn, thy stars are.

And This Was Love. A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is luth to leave, and she is parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart.

WASHINGTON JOURNALISM.

Commissioner West's Retirement to Join The Washington Herald.

No city is more critical of its newspapers than Washington. The population in intelligence, education, and breadth is the highest of any city in the world.

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AT THE HOTELS.

"I would not be at all surprised if the so-called Insurgents in Congress would renew their activities and fight at the coming session of Congress," said Representative R. O. Moon, of Philadelphia, at the New Willard last night.

"This may be partly due to the sentiment for a more effective tariff revision which is so prevalent in some of the Western States, and also to personal political causes. At any rate, we may expect to hear from Speaker Cannon's opponents, but whether they will be successful is a question which I am not prepared to answer, for the simple reason that I am not sufficiently posted on their plans of campaign. The Payne tariff is perfectly agreeable and suitable and acceptable to Pennsylvania interests. Business in our State is very good and growing better every day, and indications point to a busy season."

Representative Moon, in speaking of the Standard Oil decision, said that there was nothing new in the decision, and that he did not think the United States Supreme Court on appeal would render an adverse decision.

"In all probability Congress at this session will take up the Sherman law and make some modifications," added Mr. Moon. "This, however, is not due to this or any other decision, and I am sure the Standard Oil is not popular with the people. The question of modifying or revising the Sherman law was discussed at the last session and is therefore nothing new on the legislative programme of Congress."

Victor E. Ebeling, of Hanover, Germany, is a young mining expert who is on a visit to this country to study American mining, is at the Sherburne.

"The one feature of American life which made a deeper impression on me than any other," said Mr. Ebeling, "is that a man has the best chance in America to make use of his talents and get to the top of the ladder, provided he has a mind to do so. There are lots of wealthy men in America who started with nothing and are to-day the best and most influential factors in the daily life of the United States."

"Money is a great factor in all countries, but the poor man has as good a chance in the United States as his more fortunate situated brother, provided he makes up his mind to succeed. It is quite different in European countries, where the matter who may be talented and pushing, unless he has the means he very seldom achieves the success he may be striving for. America is truly the land of unlimited possibilities, using the words of Mr. Goldberger, the Imperial Commercial and Privy Councillor, who visited this country a few years ago and submitted his observations to the German Emperor."

Speaking of German progress, Herr Ebeling said that that country was busy day and night forging ahead, accumulating wealth and power. "We are building a powerful navy, and the fact that this year's budget is by about \$300,000,000 marks higher than last year's, and far from no doubt, he received with disfavor by England."

"Even though Germany is rushing things for the moment, we could not measure swords or guns with the British navy at this time. I was in England at the time of the Czar's visit there, and I must confess I never saw so many powerful men in my life as I saw in Germany. All they could do with Germany, should war break out, is to destroy our commerce and probably destroy our ports. They could never land troops."

"On the other hand, Germany could never land troops on England's shores—at least not until our navy is more powerful than that of England. However, this is idle talk. Why should there be talk of war between us and Great Britain? We don't want war, but, of course, if we are forced to it, we shall not shrink our duty."

"There are still some people in Hanover who are admirers of the Guelph cause, or who, either directly or indirectly, see the Duke of Cumberland ascend the throne of Hanover. These loyal Guelphs are mostly of the old generation, while the younger people are loyal to the throne of the empire, and are the greatest admirers of Emperor William."

Samuel E. Magill, American consul at Guadalajara, Mexico, who is here on leave, is at the Raleigh. Speaking of matters concerning Mexico, Mr. Magill said that first of all he wished to call attention to the fact that the state in which his consular district is located is the biggest corn growing belt in Mexico, and the fourth most important so far as the cultivation of wheat is concerned, and that both of these products are forming one of the main sources of revenue to the region and are growing every year.

"Not only corn and wheat, but oranges," continued Mr. Magill, "and Mexican oranges reach New York long before the California product, on account of better transportation facilities. On account of this, Mexican growers can afford to stand the tariff, enabling them to successfully compete with the California growers in New York markets."

"Business in Mexico has been dull for some time, but is now gradually picking up. Mexican prosperity depends to a great extent on that of the United States, and a crisis in America not only affects Mexico, but the whole world."

Speaking of the political development of Mexico, Mr. Magill said that the government of Mexico compared most favorably with that of any other civilized country. "It is true, there are some things which can be improved in Mexico, but there is no country, no matter how enlightened, that cannot be improved. These are the real Mexican affairs, however, so ahead introducing modern ideas and doing everything to make Mexico a first-class world power."

"President Diaz is responsible for this forward and upward movement. It is true that he has been compelled to use measures which to the outside seemed unnecessarily harsh. This is not so, however, when it is taken into consideration that the great majority of the Mexican people are benefited by his policies. There is no more popular man in Mexico to-day than Diaz; he has never had any opposition for the Presidential chair and has been re-elected, judging from present indications, by a unanimous vote. Carral, who is the vice president of Mexico, is Diaz's candidate for re-election, and the chances are that he also will be re-elected. The name of Enrique Cuel, former Mexican Ambassador to the United States, has also been mentioned in connection with the vice presidency. Should there be any truth in this report, and should Mr. Cuel run and be elected, there is a possibility of Diaz's being brought to office every qualification. Mr. Cuel, being an Anglo-Saxon on his father's side and Mexican from his mother, he knows how to please the American element without surrendering any of the features which make for Mexico's progress."

THE DIME NOVEL THEORY.

Youth's Favorite Reading Comes in for Grave Accusations.

When a boy goes wrong somebody is sure to ascribe his conduct to the influence of "dime novels." It is doubtful if any of the people who offer this explanation know anything about the fiction to which they so glibly refer. The term is in itself more of a tradition than anything else. A good many years ago an enterprising publisher issued a series of novels and tales of various sorts in cheap form and paper covers, each very selling for 10 cents. As volumes of fiction had been high priced these dime novels had great vogue, the readers by no means being confined to children.

While many of the stories in the series were of wild adventure, usually of the Western sort, with Indians taking an active part, others dealt with domestic and sentimental themes and none were of a vicious or immoral type. The style was not of high literary order, but did not compare unfavorably with the fiction that appears in more pretentious publications to-day. The popularity of these publications and the fact that they were fiction, and not scientific or religious literature led to much condemnation from the public at the time; but it may be doubted if they ever did any real harm except where the craze for reading them interfered with other pursuits, such as the craze for novel reading or for amusement interfered with useful occupations now.

But the dime novel of that type seems to have disappeared. At least it is no longer seen in the hands of adult readers. The ragged, grimy books seen in the hands of newsboys and others of their kind are not the dime novels, but are seen by the observant on news stands of the 3 cent, not the dime variety, and the books have a proportionately cheap look—an impression strengthened by the worn and scuffed covers, the ragged covers. They are obviously intended for youthful perusal only, but it is doubtful if they are vicious in character or purpose, though their influence may not be uplifting, and it would, of course, be better if the readers could be persuaded to devote themselves to better books. At all events, no definite statement concerning them is ever made beyond the one connecting them with the commission of crimes by youths. If these 3 cent novels are really of an immoral and evil type and encourage youth to crime, it is time they were censured and condemned. It is said that the late Charles A. Dana used to read this sort of literature habitually when riding on the trains to and from his suburban home. It is better, perhaps, for a kind to create depravity in youth it is likely that he would have made the fact known. If they are not vicious, but merely trivial, the question then is whether or not it is better for a boy who knows no better literature to read them or to read nothing at all, and who shall decide that?

Graft Is World-wide. The impression prevails, both at home and abroad, that public morality is lower in this country than elsewhere, and that grafting finds its largest development on this side of the ocean. This is because of the insistence on the part of the American people on washing all of their dirty linen in public. Whenever a case of corruption in office is brought to light, and many cases where it is merely a matter of without sufficient proof, the American newspapers rush the story before their readers, embellished with the most startling headlines, and many of them incidentally record it as not an isolated one, but has the peculiarity only that the facts have come to light.

As a matter of fact, on close analysis, the chances are that there is less of crookedness and graft in the departments of the Federal and State governments in the United States than in any other European country. The difference is that in most European countries the facts as to corruption are glossed over or covered up. The offenders may be found guilty, but the publicity is reduced to the smallest dimensions.

It Has a Stronghold. In spite of the talk about the sugar trusts, the business of the trust continues good. The people must have sugar, even if it is refined by Satan and shipped to the ultimate consumer direct from the demitasse bowl.

The Limit. "Would-be hunter—Aw, me man, what's the game law limit in this locality?" Guide (grimly)—Two deer and one guide.

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

No wonder that one's spirit freezes! They're always finding new diseases to rob us of our breath; each day the scientists affright us with something new that ends with "itis" and scars us half to death. In olden times the ills were simple; they ranged from jaundice to a pimple; and simple was the dope; the doctor came, as smooth as satin, and spoke some words in bughouse Latin, and bade us keep up hope. He'd prop us up and mildly jolt us by putting on a linseed poultice, or he would feed us pills; and then he'd soak us for a dollar, which maddened us until we'd holler, and thus forget our ills. In those old days, in men's cherished, we seldom of a sickness perished; we'd live till bent and gray; as old, old men we'd drool and drivel, until like autumn leaves we'd shrivel, and like them blow away. But now, when we are feeling dizzy, the learned physicians all get busy, and stand around our bunk, and feel our pulse, and prod and poke us, and say we have some blamed old "itis," all itises are mites. Then one of them his weapon greases, and saws us into three-inch pieces, regardless of our squeals; he takes us all apart, and pokes us, and sews us up again, and soaks us for seven hundred weeks.

WALT MASON.

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The Onion Cure.

"According to the magazine," said Mrs. Birmingham, "the onion scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I guess that's right," rejoined Birmingham. "Likewise, a broken neck will relieve a man of catarrh."