

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1910.

Lincoln Day. The celebration of the anniversary of Lincoln's birth is very properly becoming a national event.

Against the background of the past the figure of Abraham Lincoln looms up in large proportion. We have long since learned to sympathize with the great burden which he bore, to rejoice in his kindly humor, and to find in his rare judgment an object of emulation.

It is fitting that to-day throughout the land the story of his life serves as a text for essays on good citizenship. His many virtues will be lauded, his patriotism will be praised, and his character cited as a model.

That Maryland legislator who introduced the bill at Annapolis to limit the size of the women's hats to ten inches in diameter reckoned without his host.

Walter Wittig, the father of the bill, is from Frostburg, and the name of the town gives a hint of what is in store for him in the way of an icy mitt, &c.

When a woman reporter went out to interview Mr. Wittig, he admitted that not even his wife was let into the secret. He is an anti-suffragist, and seems proud of it, but thus far he stands practically alone.

Wittig's bill recalls some of the other freak legislation that has furnished subjects for the paragraphs. Some of these have merit, such as the one in Colorado, where tips can be paid only to porters on the sleeping cars. In Texas it will be a criminal offense to swear over the 'phone, if a bill before the legislature goes through.

Delaware has a measure which would tax bachelors and gypsies on the ground that they are undesirable. Nebraska is in favor of bed sheets nine feet long, clean towels every week, and all linen disinfected once a year. A bath each week is one of the requirements in Utah, should a measure before the legislature of that State become law.

Oregon has decided to call a batpin more than nine inches long a deadly weapon. Other States are still to be heard from. There are plenty of freak bills that fall into the hopper and are never resurrected, as the alert reporter is not there to take the "story" in them.

But the gawdy of nations is being well cared for by the men who are sent to State legislatures and to Congress. Some are unconscious humorists, but, nevertheless, will live longer as humorists than as solemn.

Conservation in Olden Times. The man who built the ark has been vindicated. Sir William Wilcocks, the British adviser to the Turkish minister of public works, comes to the front most gallantly in behalf of the wisest man of his generation.

Some Gifford Pinchot arose to fame in the days when the population of the earth was confined to the valley of the Euphrates and of the Tigris. Noah and his three sons were among the industrious dwellers in the pastoral land, which needed conservation, as do the Western plains to-day.

So far, all was well for the Euphratians; but when a controversy arose and the question of conservation was taken to the capital to become a political issue, there was no one left to keep the dikes in good condition. Then it was that Noah showed the wisdom which made his name a household word.

Noah looked over the decaying dikes and came to the conclusion that a boat would be necessary to save his family and chat-

els. He thereupon built the ark, and when the inevitable crash came, he sailed away, while the controvcrts were swept away in a waterslide that had all the earmarks of a political landslide four thousand years later.

The inundation was complete. There was no "Uncle Joe," no smiling Bill, no "Return from Elba," to stay the flood. And Noah, after the houseboat tour about the country, came back and occupied all the land. He rebuilt the dikes, and that was the origin of conservation.

Congress at Work. A visitor to our fair city makes complaint that Congress is interesting enough as a show, but that two hours in the House gallery failed to enlighten him as to what was going on on the floor beneath, and this despite his most careful attention and his most positive inclination to be enlightened.

Perhaps a reading of the Record might have helped him. In this illuminating periodical of recent date we find a colloquy that he would have found entertaining, after a fashion, no doubt:

Mr. James—I make the point of no quorum. The Speaker—There is evidently no quorum present. The Doorkeeper will close the doors; the Sergeant-at-Arms will bring in absentees.

Mr. Payne—Mr. Speaker, I think this will go over to another day, and I move that the House do now adjourn.

Mr. Payne—The Speaker, I withdraw the motion to adjourn.

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might be well for the Republicans to go slow on their scheduled fight against Mr. Harmon in Ohio.

Has a meat boycotter any moral right to eat raw oysters and horse radish?

"Senator Heyburn was only eight years old when war was declared. He should be content to be seen and not heard on that subject," says the Mobile Register.

"Keep an eye on Judge Gaynor," advises the New York Herald. And after a while, of course, the eyes may have it.

The Kentucky legislature has passed an act providing for the extermination of a certain variety of bees. Not political bees, however—nor in Kentucky!

Mr. Laurence Irving severely lambasts a dramatic critic, referring to him as "colorless, uninteresting, and dull." Mr. Irving has been stealing the critic's business.

Finland has a new diet. Prunes, we suspect, inasmuch as the Czar furnished it.

Where to Begin. From the Indianapolis News. Senator Cummins' scheme to give the trusts a hair cut is fine. Suppose we begin with the better trust.

Mr. Vardaman Hard Pressed. From the Savannah Press. Vardaman has ceased to be losing by a hair down in Mississippi, and is now hanging on by the skin of his teeth.

Theodore as a Scuttler. From the Atlanta Constitution. What if T. R. should decide to send a shipload of undesirable tonnage to the south pole and scuttle it in mid-sea?

Davis in a Listening Role. From the Cleveland News and Courier. Jeffries Davis says that he is close to the soil, from which it may be supposed that he has his ear to the ground.

A Reciprocal Feeling. From the Boston Transcript. John Wesley claims, of Tennessee, tells a New York reporter that he never knew what real war was until he left Congress. Neither did Congress.

Commendable Hesitation. From the Boston Transcript. Dr. Wiley refuses to "cut off his nutritive nose to spite his snuff box." Besides, the time may come when a surgical nose will relieve the plash of humor.

Senator Heyburn's Youth. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Senator Heyburn in his speech regarding the "rebel" flag the other day said he was eleven years old when the war closed. Judging from the way he talks the war must have closed about two years ago.

A Pointer for Congress. From the Philadelphia Record. It should be constantly borne in mind that the only object of Congressional investigation of the desecration of graves is to ascertain the cause and to remove them if within the reach of legislation. A mere exhibition of statistics by government experts is of no more use than gathering chaff.

A Big Assignment. From the New York Mail. "And who will 'cover' Halley's comet?" asked the city editor.

Marine Henry. Oh, Col. Henry Watterson. He is a clever man, sir. When the stars and stripes were first hoisted, 'By Gemini, I swear!' —Boston Transcript.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SAYS MR. POLOMIUS. There's nothing in this borrowing of woes galore. I only leads to sorrowing. And nothing more.

No bank will then come hurrying To pay you, son, For all the useless worrying You've ever done.

A Possible Reason. "Why don't we ever get any fresh jokes?" "The joke trust has 'em all in cold storage."

Paced Too Rapidly. "Walter, ask the orchestra to play something different." "Any particular selection, sir?" "Something slower. I can't chew my food properly in waltz time."

The Society Whirl. "Dear, can you help me to receive next Thursday?" "Sorry, love, but I'm on picket duty with the shirt-waist strikers."

Not Too Onerous. St. Valentine is next in line, And we can meet his tariff, Our tribute pay, In handsome way, Yet still escape the sheriff.

Idle Conjecture. "They say the new King of Belgium is very democratic." "Do you suppose he ever answers the telephone in person?"

In Motor Parlance. "Noticed any signs of spring in your automobile jaunts about the parks?" "Well, I see the 1910 models in Jonquills are out."

Literary Confidences. "My ambition is to write a history of the world. There is no task more difficult, I imagine." "Oh, I don't know. My ambition is to compose a new anecdote."

Not Permitted in His Court. From the Louisville Times. Years ago there lived in Louisville a lawyer who was of the rough-and-tumble kind, possessing more native wit than legal here. He made a practice of practicing law on the spur of the moment, and went into the court room time and again without having prepared his cases. He is gone now, and so is the judge who vented a degree of judicial wrath upon him, so the story can't hit anybody. This learned judge had listened as patiently as possible to an hour or more of trite platitudes and references to the laws of this glorious free country, but, seeing no real meat in any of the discussion, he checked the barrister at length by saying:

"Mr. X—, you cannot practice law by ear in this court."

Literature Well Paid. From the Florence Blazer. Bello to the maid—A bouquet from Lieut. Braum. Must have cost 20 marks at least. Why, a poem with it as well!

Officer's servant—That cost more still, fraulien.

The Matrimonial Pig. From the Kansas City Times. "To have two wives is polygamy. What is it to have ten or twenty wives?" "Mahogany, I guess."

TODAY IN HISTORY

Lincoln's Birthday—February 12.

To-day is the 101st anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. The centenary of his birth was appropriately celebrated throughout the country last year, at which time so much was written about him, and, in fact, during the entire year of 1909, and a number of new volumes of his life appeared, and almost every periodical in the country treated of some period or other of his career.

New York State was the first to make the birthday of Lincoln a legal holiday, and it is now celebrated as such in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Connecticut, Delaware, Minnesota, New Jersey, and North and South Dakota.

In view of the fact that Lincoln's birthday is again being so generally observed this year, readers will have an abundance of opportunity to read of the man, the President, and the martyr.

February 12 is the birthday of a number of other notables. Cotton Mather was born on this day in 1663. He was, in many respects, the most conspicuous figure in the early history of New England.

Benjamin N. J. Looming, the historian (1813); William W. Story, the sculptor and poet (1819); It is the day on which Lady Jane Grey was beheaded (1554), and the day on which Bell began his first experiments with the telephone in 1877.

Denver's Woman Judge. At Special Sessions She Will Try Women and Juvenile Offenders.

Speculation is rife at the city hall and in Democratic circles over the appointment of a woman assistant to police Magistrate Stapleton, which appointment was recommended by Mayor Speer.

Mrs. Mary A. Pate, at present one of the matrons at the city jail, is said to be the lucky one to get the appointment.

She has proven herself a most capable woman in handling women prisoners and young offenders, and, besides, as a member of the Democratic State central committee, chairman of the Democratic Women's organization of the county, and president of the Jane Jefferson Club, perhaps yields more influence than any other woman connected with the Democratic party.

The appointee will hold a special session of the police court in the afternoon, when women and juvenile first offenders will be tried. She will not decide any cases, but will act merely in an advisory capacity.

A Paper Trail. From the Praegerian Standard. Assume—I see there's some talk upon the question of abolishing capital punishment. Would you vote to abolish it?

Loge—No, sir; capital punishment was good enough for my ancestors, and it's good enough for me.

Conversational Powers. From Cook. While—Pa, what are "conversational powers?" Pa—Oh, any of the South American republics.

THE BIG STICK

WOL. III. NO. 39. WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 12, 1910. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY. Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

THE REAL SHOW. The real style show in this town is a continuous performance, and may be seen any day on Capitol Hill.

Recently The Big Stick sent one of its reporters to have a look in on one day's doings. The principal model on this occasion are mentioned in connection with those particular styles for which they are noted.

Secretary Charles Goodwin Bennett is a model in pose and dress parade—just plain, unvarnished, and looking good enough to eat.

Senator Beveridge is the ultimate in aristocratic outdoorism; sociological momenta, real or imaginary.

Senator Newlands passes conclusive judgment on waterways—knowing everything that can be found in the books on that subject, and a lot more that cannot.

Senator Shively has his hands full as Senator Beveridge's colleague and not getting lost in the shuffle to consequence.

Senator Lodge is the last word on Senatorial dignity.

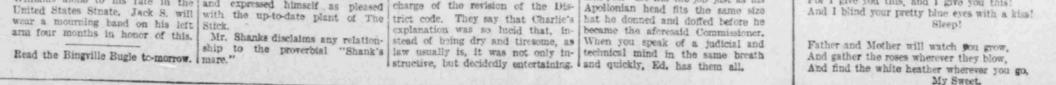
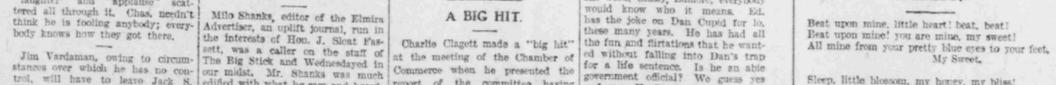
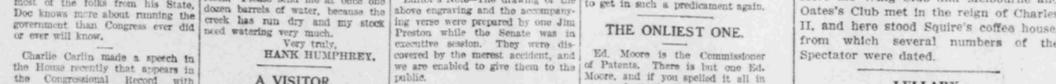
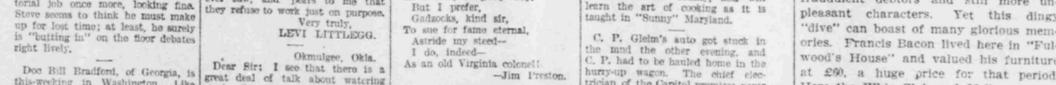
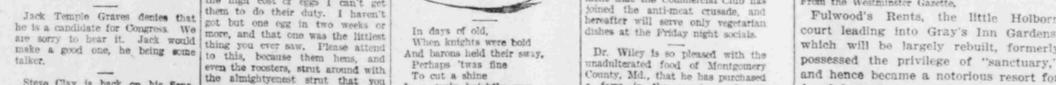
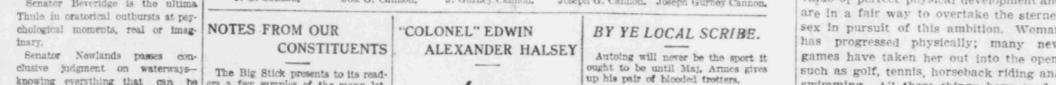
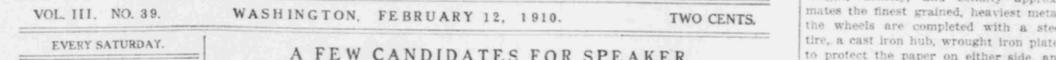
Mr. John D. Hainel sets the pace in standstill, and makes it hard to keep.

Mr. "Jimmy" Burk is the man who invented the art of mixing sunshine and roses so satisfactorily that they cannot come unmingled if they want to.

Mr. Longworth is the world's one perfect son-in-law.

Mr. "Orest" is the handiest man that ever came down the pipe, and admits it unblushingly.

POLITICAL POINTERS. Jack Temple Graves denies that he is a candidate for Congress. We are sorry to hear it. Jack would make a good one, he being such a talker.



AT THE HOTELS.

"The people of Nebraska and the West are with the President and his administration," said George D. Mellekjohn, of Omaha, Neb., who is in this city en route to New York on law business.

Mellekjohn, who was born and reared on a farm in Wisconsin, and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin later on, emigrated to Nebraska, where he engaged in law practice. In that State he filled the office of county attorney, State senator, and president of the senate.

He was chairman of the Republican State convention in 1878, and lieutenant governor, and as such presided over the famous joint convention to canvass election returns of 1891, in which the Supreme Court sustained him. He was a member of Congress from 1893 to 1897, Assistant Secretary of War from 1897 to 1900, when he resigned. After that he resumed the practice of law.

Since then he has been decorated by King Oscar, of Sweden, as a Knight of the Royal Order of the Sword. At any rate, Mr. Mellekjohn continued his interview, and in speaking of President Taft's administration, said:

"They have confidence in him and his policies. 'No President has shown greater earnestness, fidelity, and zeal in his efforts to execute the pledges of the party to the people as enunciated in its platform as has President Taft.'

"Republicans of my State," said Mr. Mellekjohn, "after having survived the epidemics of Bryanism and Populism, are not to be ejected into the camp of the opposition through the so-called Cannonism, Aldrichism, or in any other meddlesome form."

"In my opinion the high prices of commodities are not due to the Republican tariff measure, but to the incomparable increase in the quantity of gold in the last decade and the consequent change in the purchasing power of the dollar. During this period the increase in prices has been gradual, whereas it would have been a rapid increase since the passage of the tariff measure, had it been due to that legislation."

"The tariff measure cannot be an issue in an agricultural State like ours, where the high prices of farm products have made producers independent."

"I believe the President is standing for the greatest good to the greatest number of his countrymen."

The former ex-Assistant Secretary of War said that he had just returned from an extensive tour of the West and South, and that he found business everywhere in a most satisfactory condition, that it had entirely recovered from the panic, and that the future was exceedingly bright.

A Henry Marshall, vice president of the Interstate Land and Building Co-operative Association, of New York, is at the Riggs.

Referring to politics in the Empire State, Mr. Marshall, whose pronouncement is of a decided British accent, said that New York is O. K., that Gaynor is O. K., that Roosevelt is O. K., that Hughes is O. K., that Taft is O. K., that Tammany Hall is O. K., and that, in fact, everything and everybody, including suburban real estate in New York and Washington, is O. K.

"Mayor Gaynor is no man's man," intimated Mr. Marshall in his discourse of O. K.'s. He is giving the city of New York a clean and independent business administration. His appointments to the various public offices are satisfactory in every respect. He has the best of prospects of being elected governor of New York, if Democrats should place him at the head of the ticket."

"President Taft's administration is looked upon as acceptable, but it must be admitted that it is not like that of President Roosevelt. There is, in fact, nobody like Roosevelt. The general impression seems to be, at least as I size up the situation, that Roosevelt will certainly go back again to the White House."

"The population and business in New York is growing to such an extent that the place is expanding in every direction, resulting in increasing the value of suburban real estate. I understand that Washington real estate is also a good investment."

Dr. Thomas E. Satterthwaite, of New York, who was seen at the Shoreham yesterday, said that he was here in connection with the Therapeutic Congress, which is to hold its annual meeting in this city in the first week of May next.

He said that the question of standardizing the American pharmacopoeia would come up for discussion, and that every effort would be made to have the government of the United States take charge of the matter and issue an official American pharmacopoeia. Dr. Satterthwaite suggested that it would be a good idea if all civilized countries would agree on a standard pharmacopoeia, which, if done, would help greatly to prevent errors in prescriptions.

"Dr. Jonescu, of the University of Bukharest, is pretty well known as a writer on questions concerning surgery. But I do not believe that his stovaine discovery has the general endorsement of our surgeons and physicians. It is too dangerous, for various reasons, and therefore it is not the best and safest anesthetic."

"Mayor Gaynor during the short time of his incumbency as head of the city of New York has accomplished a great deal in placing the city government on a clean and businesslike basis. I am not a Democrat and I did not vote for him, but I am quite sure that the candidate of the Republican party for mayor, if elected, would not have been as successful, in every way, as Gaynor has been so far. Gaynor has had the experience and knows exactly what ails New York, and how to apply the remedy."

"The home-coming of Col. Roosevelt will be a great event in New York," said Dr. Satterthwaite. "Roosevelt is popular with all classes of New York, and even Tammany will join in the celebration. He is particularly popular with the Irish people on account of his martial accomplishments. They like him for that quality more than for any other. If he were to run for mayor or governor of New York to-day or at any time in the future, he would be elected by a sweeping majority. Not only Republicans would vote for him, but Democrats as well. Party lines would be disregarded entirely."

New York is a Democratic city, and although I am a Republican, I think that it is best to have a Democratic mayor, provided we can get a good and honest one like Gaynor."

And Discomposed. From the Sketch. The Stranger—Was the new candidate much put out when they threw the stale eggs at him?

Native—He was, Sorr. He was awful discomposed.

Tastes Agreed Perfectly. From the Boston Transcript. He—I am very fond of you. She—Then we shall get along splendidly. I am very fond of myself.

Best upon mine, little heart! best, best! Best upon mine! you are mine, my sweet! All mine from your pretty blue eyes to my feet, My Sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss! For I give you this, and I give you this! And I bind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss! Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow, And gather the roses wherever they blow, And find the white heather wherever you go, My Sweet.

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