

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 754 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST. Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY. Under the Direction of SCOTT C. BONE, Editor HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1911.

STRENGTH FROM FAILURE.

One of the most comforting thoughts that can come to us—a thought that will help us mightily on our rocky and toilsome road through life—is the thought that, though in most of our undertakings failure is inevitable, out of our very failures we may acquire strength and courage for the rest of the journey.

"Complaints are vain. We will try to do better another time. To-morrow and to-morrow a few designs and a few failures, and the time of designing is past forever."

You might think that utterance, unless you considered it carefully, a rather hopeless view to take; but, rightly understood, it is a stirring call to duty, to strife, to the expression of all that is best within ourselves. It should remind us how little use there is in the world of idly complaining and bewailing our lot.

"Between two evils, life chooses like a star." "That night and more, upon the breast of sleep, How little do we know that stage we act!"

One great trouble that we are, all of us, such egoists that our individual happiness or its seem for the time being to shut out our view of everything else. If we have sinned, if we have failed, it would seem to many of us that we are doomed to carry the weight of the world's burden on our backs—that no recovery was possible.

Nothing in life is more unhealthy than the act of brooding over one's sins. If we have made a mistake, been unkind, slighted our work, hurt others or ourselves, let us, in heaven's name, try quickly to forget these things. Back there where the sin was lies no hope of recovery. Forward, beyond there, lies the only hope.

Every publicist of standing is wondering how the world is standing the expense of standing armies.

Among the perquisites which are enjoyed by officers of the military-natal establishment is that of medical attention without cost to themselves, under certain reasonable restrictions, which must necessarily be geographical in character to some extent, according to a decision now rendered by the Comptroller of the Treasury in the case of an officer of the corps of constructors of the navy.

And you will observe that this satisfaction is to be worked out, not cried out or lamented out or prayed out, but worked. Let a man shut down hard on the recollection of his failures, and, fronting the world bravely, set about his work, resolved to sin no more.

And even in the face of failure or disaster let us remember that this world of ours is a good old world—good to live in, good to laugh in, good to weep in, good to die in. Around us, though we may not realize it, is wrapped a fine mantle of loving sympathy. Helpful thoughts and helpful hearts are all about us.

The people are not so much opposed to tainted money as they are to tainted Senatorships.

A quiet little church meeting, held the other night at Stamford, Conn., was treated to a surprise word recording. The pastor had just finished a delightful optimistic sermonette upon "Wide-awake Stamford," in which he glowingly depicted the startling progressiveness of that enterprising town.

These things the reverend gentleman dwelt upon with a fervor born of pride not unmixt withunction. He sat, down with suppressed satisfaction and with a holy confidence that he had covered the entire territory and left no

stone wherewith a detractor might bombard that ideal municipality. The congregation was in the act of tuning itself to sing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving for the blessed awakening, when, lo, this strange thing occurred. A suffragette of the most militant variety, well stricken in years, as the Scriptures say, but her eye not dimmed nor her natural strength abated, proceeded to unfold a banner whereon was inscribed a plea for votes for women.

Then, pausing in front of the petrified pastor, she opened fire in tones which rang through the church like a battery. She flouted and scouted the poor parson for his land-agent harangue. She scoffed at the idea that Stamford had arisen from its slumber of centuries. She said if that were so, there would be a hotel for women in the city, where the aforesaid women might, when occasion required, obtain a first-class bath.

The worst thing we have heard said about the new Senator Elkins is that he looks like the man who might have written Richard Harding Davis' novels. The one objection we have to that congressional appropriation for the investigation of "rural ignorance" is that it staggers us to think of the size of the appropriation that will be necessary to investigate the urban variety.

A suffragette says that women are getting so prosperous they do not need husbands. If these women are not more careful in their statements, mere men will soon discover the only use the fair sex has for them.

A girl pastor of a church in Maine is to be wed, and says that she will continue to preach after marriage. That is not unique. Most of them do.

Those Adams County, Ohio, voters who say they sold their votes to get food, probably did not expect to get prison fare.

When we learn that the bill for maintaining our foreign service amounts annually to \$20,000,000, we understand that the age of shirt-sleeve diplomacy has passed.

The New York Sun says there is need in this country for 50,000 poets. What will the other 50,000 do?

A London chemist has discovered a process to take all intoxicating properties out of alcoholic drinks. Many people would be satisfied if he would only remove the headaches.

From the Detroit Free Press: "What are you going to do—spring a life insurance proposition on me?" he asked apprehensively.

From the Chicago Record-Herald: "I don't want any insurance at present in any form whatever. If I ever do, I'll be glad to have you submit your proposition to me. If you persist in annoying me about it, I shall see to it, if I ever do, that you don't write it."

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reach the surgeon at night because the medical officer "sleeps somewhere in Long Island" is dismissed by the Comptroller with the statement that no attempt having been made to reach him, that phase of the question is not in issue.

It is the part of wisdom to check the tendency to impose all sorts of expense on the government. It ought to be pretty well known by this time by army and navy officers exactly what they are entitled to in the way of free medical attention, and unless an officer is disabled in the line of his duty he should be prepared to stand the cost of medical attention when he is taken suddenly ill and must call in the civilian physician. The Comptroller may be regarded by claimants as an official without much compassion, but his functions are evidently greatly needed at times in certain directions.

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STORIES OF THE TOWN.

By Fred C. Kelly.

Pippin Makes a Discovery.

"I suppose you'll be late, as usual," remarked Mrs. Pippin, when she noted that Pippin was still coked back in the big chair with his newspapers. "Yes; it looks as if you would wait until I'm all dressed before you start, just as you always do when we're going to the theater." She talked as she stood preening herself in front of the mirror.

After those observations, Pippin started in and got busy at the quick-change work. Even after giving Mrs. Pippin a half hour's handiwork, he'd have overhauled her—except for one thing. Mrs. Pippin asked him to button her dress up the back. It always upsets Pippin, a job like that. This time it was a particularly technical task, because there was a layer of stuff that had to be looked, then a row of something like sixty-one buttons no larger than a cross-section of a pea to be jabbed into as many buttonholes that were even smaller.

Pippin always trembles at the possibility that when he thinks he's all through, the buttons and buttonholes may not come out even, and he will have to go through the entire French-maid job again, from the beginning. This time he was careful enough to overcome that danger, but Mrs. Pippin made several disparaging remarks about the clumsiness of masculine fingers, and Pippin felt deep mortification because he realized that there was truth in what she said.

Then he noticed something. "Turn around a minute," he told Mrs. Pippin suddenly. "Now back again." He walked around her two or three times, sizing her up, as if she were something he was thinking of buying. Then he'd look at his own clothes and back at his wife's. "Sure, they're wrong," he exclaimed, "but I don't know how to fix 'em. They've been worn for years. All women's clothes button wrong. That's why it's been a matter of common jest for all these years that a man's awkward when it comes to fastening up female garb. Look at the buttons on my coat. Do you see, they don't. They button up on the right side just as the Almighty intended things to button. Now look at yours. Look at any outfit you've got in the house, and you'll find it buttons up on the left-hand side—the wrong side. No wonder you call me awkward. And what's more, the buttonholes run up and down instead of crosswise. Well, I'm glad I happened to notice it at last."

Then he started in to direct a lot of men building a skyscraper there in the lobby. "I couldn't see the skyscraper, but he did. He had a force of about 50 men hoisting stone and steel, and he passed the job.

By and by he went back to his room and tried to sleep, but inside of half an hour he came down again to tell me about the man out in the back yard who was changing hens into horses and rubbing black cats in his hands until they turned into pink goats.

Four days after that I heard that my visitor had been taken over to the hospital with a bad case of d. t. s., and had passed on. He was calm enough when he was telling me about the things he was seeing, but it wasn't a cheery line of talk to listen to. Of course, those things don't happen so often around a hotel, but when anybody does see things—robin eggs, blue buffaloes, purple giraffes, or anything—the night clerk's the man that has to hear all about 'em."

Mr. Edmond is a polished man of the world, a traveler, and a student. He knows his geography well. He found his wife's friend, Lord Carrington, who was the subject in the House of Commons, playfully chided the late Sir William Harcourt, who a short time previous had received a service of silver from Kirkcaldy, as "the only Englishman who had carried bullion out of Scotland."

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MEN OF ENGLAND

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

VIEWERS AND INTERVIEWS

Lord Minto has brought home with him many pleasant memories of his term of office in India, though he does not take the trouble to conceal the fact that he will be glad to get a prolonged rest after the strain and responsibilities of his duties out there.

The lord tells many a good story of his life in the British dependency. One of the best of these relates to an experience that befell him when one morning he paid a visit to "Snowdon," the official residence of the commander-in-chief of the Indian forces at Simla. It was still early in the day and Lord Minto was anxious to see Lord Kitchener.

The viceroi found his way barred by a sentry, who, though an Englishman himself, did not recognize the viceroi. Lord Minto tried to explain his mission, but the soldier remained obstinate. "But, see here," expostulated Lord Minto, "I am the viceroi."

The man shook his head. "We set all sorts here," was his unflinching reply. "Last week we had a cow that had been killed by the grandfather of Queen Victoria. We had to put a strait-jacket on him, so you would better push off."

At that critical moment an officer happened along who knew Lord Minto. Repression in itself was hateful to Lord Minto, who has inherited the Whig traditions of his house, and personally is a man of generous and sympathetic nature. "But you are the viceroi," he said, "and it was necessary that you should be recognized."

Lord Carrington, president of the board of agriculture of England, has been given another of his fascinating act homes to farmers at the offices of the board. When he instituted this feature, in 1906, it was regarded as a revolutionary departure, defiant of all the canons of red tape, but now these "at homes" have come to be regarded as quite the regular order of things. They are generally attended by about 150 young farmers who are in London for the cattle show.

The man had asked Pitt for permission to drive his carriage from his residence in Whitehall through the Horse Guards. "No," replied Pitt, "I cannot do that, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I will make you a peer."

This peer was the first man connected with trades that was given a seat in the House of Lords, and the present Lord Carrington—the farmers' friend—has carried on the family tradition by a constant display of an entire absence of "sidling."

A reader of my description of John Redmond disagrees with me as to the man's real personality. I must maintain my estimate.

Mr. Redmond is a polished man of the world, a traveler, and a student. He knows his geography well. He found his wife's friend, Lord Carrington, who was the subject in the House of Commons, playfully chided the late Sir William Harcourt, who a short time previous had received a service of silver from Kirkcaldy, as "the only Englishman who had carried bullion out of Scotland."

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Athletes Promote Gambling. "I object to football on Puritanic grounds," said Dr. E. K. Slosson, of Chicago, who was seen at the New Willard. "Not because it gives pain to players, but because it gives pleasure to spectators. Let the students play football as much as they like and stop when they get tired, according to any rules or none. If there is nobody watching them, they will not injure themselves much and others not at all. The evil of the prize fight lies not in the fight, but in the prize. The real value of an athletic contest," continued Dr. Slosson, "may be represented by a fraction whose numerator is the number of players and whose denominator is the number of watchers. Presently about 100,000 people watch the game, the sport is a spectacle, and the spectacle into a gambling device. For every man who takes part in an athletic contest personally there are a hundred who take part by proxy and a thousand in absentia."

"The multitude watching the game from a distance the numbers appearing on the bulletin board, the ticker, or in the papers might as well be produced by a roulette wheel. This, in fact, may be expected as the next step in the evolution of the game. As the fox hunters have dispensed with the fox and the produce exchange with produce cultivation, every acre of tillable land in Arkansas and create within its borders homes for larger numbers of people.

"It was only a few years ago," continued Mr. Remmel, "that a Northern farmer who came down to our State to live had to fight with a shotgun and in the court for a year and a half to get the deed to his land. He cut down the fence which he built around his land. The old-timers objected to the fences on the theory that the Yankee was no better than they were. He was no better than hunting for his cow, just as they did, instead of cultivating his ground.

"It is a different story to-day in Arkansas. The State and its citizens want homesteaders to go there, and they are willing to do all they can to help the newcomers succeed. The prospective settler will not only find a hospitable people, but he will also find that the State is filled with high-class opportunities. Land is still very cheap, and there is lots of it. Almost anything can be made in the temperate zone of Arkansas. The State is also rich in many natural undeveloped resources."

The movement of the land into the Culebra cut is noticeable for many yards away from the big ditch. Said Representative Scott Ferris, of Oklahoma, who has just returned from Panama after a week spent in inspecting the canal route. "It is impossible to see this morning's wall, I am told, and Col. Goethals admitted that the only method which can be followed at that point is to continue to remove the lands. The banks are sufficient to stop the slides. Col. Goethals is certainly making the dirt fly."

Florida Fears False Boomers. That people from the North should never buy land in Florida unless they have seen it is the advice of H. H. Richardson, secretary of the Board of Trade of Jacksonville, Fla., who was seen at the Raleigh.

"We have a splendid State," said Mr. Richardson, "but any one who expects to find an El Dorado will be disappointed. We believe Florida is the land of opportunity, but we want to warn the public against extravagant statements such as are often made by the 'boom' men. There is no possibility of exaggeration in telling of the possibilities of Florida. The best policy is to stick to absolute facts and keep your feet on the ground. I am told that a prospective settler who had bought land was at the depot packing up his things to return to his home. He declared he had been swindled and had sold some of his live stock at a sacrifice preparatory to leaving. He was surprised that the board of trade should insist on the slant of the boom men. He had bought land was at the depot packing up his things to return to his home. He declared he had been swindled and had sold some of his live stock at a sacrifice preparatory to leaving. He was surprised that the board of trade should insist on the slant of the boom men. He had bought land was at the depot packing up his things to return to his home. He declared he had been swindled and had sold some of his live stock at a sacrifice preparatory to leaving. He was surprised that the board of trade should insist on the slant of the boom men."

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