

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY

Telephone Main 208. (Private Branch Exchange)

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 1322 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER: Daily and Sunday, 45 cents per month

Daily and Sunday, \$1.35 per year

Daily, without Sunday, 35 cents per month

Daily, without Sunday, \$1.05 per year

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL: Daily and Sunday, 45 cents per month

Daily and Sunday, \$1.35 per year

Daily, without Sunday, 35 cents per month

Daily, without Sunday, \$1.05 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except under the name of the writer.

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

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING, SPECIAL AGENCY, Rooming Building

Chicago Representative, A. R. KEATOR, 118 Harwood Building

Atlanta City Representative, MR. C. K. ABBOTT, Bartlett Building

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1913.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

Theodore Roosevelt very promptly—and very naturally—objects to Mr. Munsey's plan to amalgamate the Republican and the Progressive parties.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

The fact is that the foundation upon which the proposed amalgamation rests—that the total Taft and Roosevelt vote exceeded the Wilson vote by 1,200,000—is like the shifting sand.

First, that the tariff policy of the Democrats will again prove disastrous to the country.

Second, that the sober, conservative sense of the American people will never allow the election of a radical and unsafe man to the Presidency.

Here are two propositions which, if not instantly conceded, must at least be regarded as reasonable.

Every one knows what happened during the Cleveland administration. There was idleness and distress everywhere, due to the inability of American manufacturers to meet foreign competition.

There is no question that in the past there has been an undue protection which has fostered monopoly, and that there have been instances of favoritism which were almost criminal.

If the Democratic leaders, in their rearrangement of the tariff schedules, go no further than to make an equitable distribution of the burden of taxation and abolish extortionate duties, thus relieving the people without closing any factory doors, the distress of 1893 will not be repeated, and the Democratic party can remain in power indefinitely.

It is doubtful, however, whether

this conservatism will prevail. The present outlook is that the doors are to be thrown wide open for the incoming of foreign products.

And if the American people should decide that a moderate and proper protection is both wise and essential to our material prosperity, which way will they turn their faces in 1916?

It is to be admitted that the American people are more radical now than ever before in their history.

Under Roosevelt's leadership we abuse the courts with a freedom hitherto unknown. Woman suffrage gains victories without a struggle.

If this be true, and if there should come about a repudiation of the Democratic tariff legislation, then there remains the Republican party as the only political affiliation of those who believe in protection and in safe government upon constitutional lines.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

Mr. Roosevelt's antagonism will put a quietus upon Mr. Munsey's proposition. As a matter of fact, the plan is cumbersome and impractical.

But the Republican party, if it is to take effective advantage of the opportunity which may come to it through the logic of events, must appreciate the great change which has taken place in public sentiment.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE HIKE TO ALBANY. Some suffragettes recently walked from New York to Albany to lay a petition before the Governor.

The shades of night were falling fast when through historic Yonkers passed a girl who bore 'mid snow and ice a banner with the great device: "Votes for Women."

Strung out behind her came more girls With ruffled bangs and tumbled curls. And every marcher, be it said, Had something pinned on her which "Votes for Women."

Oh, woman, yours is a strong heart In life you play a valiant part. 'Twill surely win the battle yet. Such heroism ought to get "Votes for Women."

Sign These Documents. A drama called "The Child" has been staged. Now we need one entitled "The Papers."

London Fog. "We English are a prosaic lot." "We never build castles in the air."

January 12 into blocks. January 12, 1913.—The British decide that they don't want New Orleans.

Retrenchment. There was dining, there was wining Underneath the holly bough. Now we're paying for our playing; We're economizing now.

A Joyful Job. "Why can't I mix cocktails like you do?" "A man must really love his work, Womankind to get artistic results. You do not put the same affection into the job that I do."

A Business Letter. "I see a girl's name on this egg." "It is."

WASHINGTON'S WOMAN SHOW. Historical or Legendary Ancestress to Be Feature of Parade.

From the New York Sun. If the weather behaves itself on March 4 the most exciting part of the inaugural parade will be the woman's division.

In the way of development of will, energy, and influence, it will have to be admitted that the women of the past, and the women of the present, are not far apart.

And to those Executives and legislators who gave opinions as to what the plain, straightforward Sherman law could do without amendment, the makers of that law said: Try the Sherman act and see if it will not do a great deal more than some of you really would like it to do!

Pernicious Fee System. The action taken by the Hyattsville Council on Friday night is an official rebuke to the men who had undertaken, not only to injure the fair name of our enterprising little suburb, but also to annoy and harass visitors who had occasion either to go there on business or auto through on their way to some other place.

Harry Vardon at Home. From the London Daily News. The hundreds of people who on Saturday last saw Vardon go thrice around his home course at Totteridge in sixty-nine strokes may have been surprised to find that Edward Ray, the new champion, took a back seat for the day.

Lost His Job. "Woodrow Wilson, said a Princeton man, 'often illustrated with a story the chief drawback of school-teaching.' This drawback is an arbitrary tone, a tone of command, due to the constant ordering about of the young. Dr. Wilson's story is about a youth, an ex-teacher, who got a clerkship in a bank.

Convincing. From Crawford. In regard to the turkey trot, which was conducted by the cadet corps at Crabshead, I find it's always part of the performance where they give reward valentines.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

The True Mission and Place of Andrew Jackson in History.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Surges, of Osgood, N. Y. Andrew Jackson as the man was greater than the hero, and the battles that he fought in civil life were greater than his battles in the field.

The battle of New Orleans may justly claim a place among the historic battles of the world, not because it covered the defenders of that city, from their leader to the last soldier, with the ranks with glory, but that it was the victory of American fortitude and military sagacity over European discipline and superior knowledge of the art of war.

What is it, then, which connects the battle of New Orleans with the patriotic sentiment and the devotion to Democratic principles which it must in some manner excite and sustain, in order to give it the powerful hold that it has on popular feeling and to make good its acknowledged claim to perpetual commemoration?

I answer: It is no paradox; the fame and glory of that battle do not make and constitute the fame and glory of Andrew Jackson. On the contrary, it is the name of Jackson and its association with the great Democratic President that is the true secret of the prestige that belonged to him.

Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party and the formulator of its distinctive principles, saw the tendency of power to slip from the hands of the people, and he saw the danger to our free institutions would not arise from attempted monarchic or imperial revolution, but by the usurpation of privileged classes—classes, I mean, holding themselves privileged to govern in the name of what they called a greater stake in the country—that is to say, more property and more money than the general body of citizens, and by presumption or interference to rule the state and control its affairs for the common benefit, which, as human nature is constituted, must inevitably result in the ruin of the people.

Of legislation for classes and in the interest of sections, under the pretext of a paternal and fostering care for the people and the national interests, Jefferson on our table stands as an epitome of all the continents, Greece and Turkey, in this season of peace, join hands to send curatives; its almonds are grown for it in Morocco, Southern France, Spain or Italy; the Straits settlements yield their tribute of nutmeg; the ginger comes all the way from India or West Africa; the cinnamon from Ceylon, and other spices from Zanzibar, Hongkong, or the Indies.

Half a dozen lands from Germany to British Guiana provide the sugar. Queensland links hands with New Zealand and Argentina to supply the meat. Russia, with Denmark and Canada, in furnishing the eggs, and so on through the long list of tributary lands to Egypt, Greece, with India and the United States, grows the cotton for the cloth in which the pudding is enveloped for the cooking. Thus, in the Yuletide pudding we have an emblem of good will from the entire world, which, at this season of the year, links the earth in bonds of kinship; and it is only fitting that the pudding should be as universal as its genesis. London is the capital of his majesty, the plum pudding, from which he sends his largesse to every land on the face of the globe to be enjoyed equally by the lords of the manor, and among the snows of Canada. There is one firm in London which dispatches every year 30,000 puddings to every point of the compass. About sixty tons go to France, 100 to Germany, 100 to other European countries. More than 100 tons go to India, Australia, and Africa. These puddings vary in price from 3 shillings a pudding to 2 guineas each, and three shillings a pudding, some of them containing articles of jewelry which cost anything up to 10 guineas.

How the good British housewife of a century ago would have opened her eyes in amazement at the very suggestion that a plum pudding could be made for 3 shillings. In those maled "good old days" she had to pay 3 shillings a pound for currants and more than a shilling a pound for raisins. For sugar, she had to pay 10 pence a pound, and for butter, 10 pence a pound. Almonds were three times their present price, and spices were ten times.

While 15 shillings was asked for a bottle of French brandy. One can easily understand that 15 shillings was considered cheap for a family pudding in the days of "Good King George III."

And yet so high in favor stood the plum pudding that in the year of 1813 the good folk of Paignton, in Devonshire, England, feasted on one so colossal that it turned the scale at 800 pounds and required three days and three nights to boil in a brewer's copper vat. But the Paignton pudding was a mere infant compared with that leviathan which made glad the hearts of the good folk of an English village of aught some years earlier—a pudding which counted its humped villagers could lift an inch from the ground.

That Paignton, however, was not to be beaten by her north country rival, as showed in the year 1855, when, to celebrate the opening of her railway, she banqueted on a pudding which weighed a good ton and a half and cost 45 golden sovereigns to make.

Providence suggests a feast of giants ranging as it does from 57 pounds of flour and 25 pounds of raisins to 260 quarts of milk and 144 suitcases.

It is, however, when one comes to consider John Bull's "aggravate" plum pudding that we reach truly staggering, if appetizing, figures. Picture for a moment its stupendous proportions as it makes its stately progress in the wake of a procession of 5,000 straining horses, or drawn by a score of panting locomotives—for nothing less will suffice to transport its total of 8,000 tons of succulence.

Established in the shape of a sphere, it would tower to a height of ninety feet, and its circumference would be so colossal that fifty goldiers with outstretched hands could scarcely have circled it. Two thousand five hundred tons of raisins have gone into its making, with

COOKS

By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Swab."

A cook is a genius who is able to combine the contents of a most market and a grocery store in such a manner as to tempt a man to overeat himself whether he is hungry or not.

Cooking is the greatest profession in the world. There are upwards of 25,000,000 cooks in this country alone and a number of them are good cooks. The difference between a good cook and a bad cook is greater than the difference between Heaven and the fourth latitude.

A good cook can take an old shoe, a little salt and some edible debris of various sorts and make a soup from them which would cause a Republican to forget last November's election and sing for joy. A bad cook can take a cross section of a sweet and toothsome young cow and annex it so successfully that the hungry diner will eat his napkin instead.

Cooking is a duty of woman and salting the result is a duty of man. The more duty the sadder the world. But cooking also can be made a pastime, an accomplishment, an art and an inspiration. In which case it sends the results soon become a disputation.

On cooking depends the happiness of matrimony. Love usually lasts as long as a digestion. Good cooking cements a family unbreakably together, while bad cooking drives a husband and wife to the luncheon counter and the divorce court.

In spite of all these things, nobody pays much attention to cooking. We spend millions in this country teaching our girls to write in a neat round hand, which will go out of style as soon as the new copy books come in. But we spend very little on teaching them how to take a pint of flour and treat it with beneficial results.

Education cannot produce kitchen geniuses, but it can mitigate the amateur cook to a wonderful degree. In these days of conservation the American stomach appears to have been overcooked. Until medical science is able to install new digestive equipment at a small expense the American stomach ought to be conserved with jealous care for the benefit of the American people.

Such, in brief, is the pudding which appears John Bull's Christmas and New Year's appetite. That digestion as well as appetite proves equal to the demand, it would be heresy to doubt; for have they not the late Dr. Andrew Wilson's authority in saying that "the individuality of plum pudding, the more has been grossly exaggerated," siding with the boy who "demands another slice" High medical authority—of course, British—insists that plum pudding is a most nutritious dish. People now and then, no doubt, eat too much of it, but, taken in moderation, it is one of the best foods for young and old.

Pope Pius X has a brother, Angelo Sarto, who, despite his seventy-six years, retains the position of letter carrier, and postmaster at Grazie, a village five miles distant from the city of Vicenza. For directing the post-office there and walking back and forth with the mail bag to the Mantua railway Angelo Sarto receives the munificent salary of a few shillings a week. This he finds insufficient to live upon, and as the present Pope is exceedingly scrupulous about aiding relatives, he has been obliged to obtain his additional means in a most unorthodox manner. He has been guilty of a scandalous game of roulette, and has been caught on the money of Leo XIII. His aged brother has traveled all the way to Rome to solicit an increase in his salary. The Italian government, in default of assistance from the Pope, has granted him a bonus of 150 lire in recognition of his long service to the state.

The old man, in his simple, touching plea, emphasized the fact that he had never omitted, during his long tenure of office, to hoist the national tricolor flag over the post-office on national holidays.

Pope Pius almost lives as simple a life as his postman brother. He has an inbred distaste for luxurious habits, and shortly after the death of the papacy he was horrified at the number of servants in his kitchen at the Vatican. "It is unnecessary," he asked, "to have seven waiters in order to make me a little soup?" Until he was made pope, Pope Pius used to sleep in a room with windows hermetically sealed, even in the hottest days of the Roman season. During his last illness, however, the doctors forced him to a room in which every window could be opened if occasion required. Quite naturally, the pontiff has benefited by the change.

Need of Breeding Cavalry Horses. From the Buffalo Commercial. While the showing of the squad of cavalry that went to Stockholm to represent the United States was creditable, there is a strong feeling among American horsemen that had the cavalryment been supplied with better mounts the record of their achievement, when pitted against the best of the world, would have been even better than it was.

In fact, it is considered really wonderful by members of the National Saddle Club and Hunt Association that with a lot of horses selected at random they finished as high up as second and third, when called upon to compete with cavalrymen representing nations that have been bred for years to meet the perfect type.

There is no doubt that this country can produce as good horses as any in the world, but it is equally true that the breeding of the finest strains of horseflesh has been seriously neglected during the past decade. Government officials are coming to see that the thoroughbred has a higher and more important place than the race track. Other nations have, for many years, fully realized the necessity of care in breeding horses for cavalry purposes, and the result is that in attempting to compete with these cavalrymen are seriously handicapped.

There are evidences that stronger interest in the subject is developing among army men, and it is not too much to predict that the result of the competition at Stockholm will be greatly to accelerate this interest. Anti-racing legislation should not be permitted to interfere with the raising of thoroughbreds, for it is necessary that the cavalry arm of our army should be supplied with the very best mounts as that the foot soldiers should be equipped with the latest appliances of modern warfare. It would appear that there is a great opportunity for the government to turn its attention more seriously to the subject of horsebreeding, which it could very well do, especially in sections of the country ill under its control.

Not Far Wrong. Eliza Dyer, New York's cotton leader, returned from Europe recently on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. A reporter asked Mr. Dyer if the duty she was paying on French brandy was too high. "I don't make them cost more than they would have paid for them in New York."

"Well, even so," Mr. Dyer replied, "we men need have no regret about the cost of our wardrobe. Look at the unfortunate ladies!"

"I have just left Paris, where all of the smart women are wearing delicate light white straw bowler hats mounted in front with bunches of white algerine as thick as your wrist. To be without one of these hats is to be shabby, and yet, simple as they are, they cost as much as \$100 each."

COOKS

much attention to cooking. We spend millions in this country teaching our girls to write in a neat round hand, which will go out of style as soon as the new copy books come in. But we spend very little on teaching them how to take a pint of flour and treat it with beneficial results.

Education cannot produce kitchen geniuses, but it can mitigate the amateur cook to a wonderful degree. In these days of conservation the American stomach appears to have been overcooked. Until medical science is able to install new digestive equipment at a small expense the American stomach ought to be conserved with jealous care for the benefit of the American people.

Such, in brief, is the pudding which appears John Bull's Christmas and New Year's appetite. That digestion as well as appetite proves equal to the demand, it would be heresy to doubt; for have they not the late Dr. Andrew Wilson's authority in saying that "the individuality of plum pudding, the more has been grossly exaggerated," siding with the boy who "demands another slice" High medical authority—of course, British—insists that plum pudding is a most nutritious dish. People now and then, no doubt, eat too much of it, but, taken in moderation, it is one of the best foods for young and old.

Pope Pius X has a brother, Angelo Sarto, who, despite his seventy-six years, retains the position of letter carrier, and postmaster at Grazie, a village five miles distant from the city of Vicenza. For directing the post-office there and walking back and forth with the mail bag to the Mantua railway Angelo Sarto receives the munificent salary of a few shillings a week. This he finds insufficient to live upon, and as the present Pope is exceedingly scrupulous about aiding relatives, he has been obliged to obtain his additional means in a most unorthodox manner.

The old man, in his simple, touching plea, emphasized the fact that he had never omitted, during his long tenure of office, to hoist the national tricolor flag over the post-office on national holidays.

Pope Pius almost lives as simple a life as his postman brother. He has an inbred distaste for luxurious habits, and shortly after the death of the papacy he was horrified at the number of servants in his kitchen at the Vatican. "It is unnecessary," he asked, "to have seven waiters in order to make me a little soup?" Until he was made pope, Pope Pius used to sleep in a room with windows hermetically sealed, even in the hottest days of the Roman season. During his last illness, however, the doctors forced him to a room in which every window could be opened if occasion required. Quite naturally, the pontiff has benefited by the change.

Need of Breeding Cavalry Horses. While the showing of the squad of cavalry that went to Stockholm to represent the United States was creditable, there is a strong feeling among American horsemen that had the cavalryment been supplied with better mounts the record of their achievement, when pitted against the best of the world, would have been even better than it was.

In fact, it is considered really wonderful by members of the National Saddle Club and Hunt Association that with a lot of horses selected at random they finished as high up as second and third, when called upon to compete with cavalrymen representing nations that have been bred for years to meet the perfect type.

There is no doubt that this country can produce as good horses as any in the world, but it is equally true that the breeding of the finest strains of horseflesh has been seriously neglected during the past decade. Government officials are coming to see that the thoroughbred has a higher and more important place than the race track. Other nations have, for many years, fully realized the necessity of care in breeding horses for cavalry purposes, and the result is that in attempting to compete with these cavalrymen are seriously handicapped.

There are evidences that stronger interest in the subject is developing among army men, and it is not too much to predict that the result of the competition at Stockholm will be greatly to accelerate this interest. Anti-racing legislation should not be permitted to interfere with the raising of thoroughbreds, for it is necessary that the cavalry arm of our army should be supplied with the very best mounts as that the foot soldiers should be equipped with the latest appliances of modern warfare. It would appear that there is a great opportunity for the government to turn its attention more seriously to the subject of horsebreeding, which it could very well do, especially in sections of the country ill under its control.

Not Far Wrong. Eliza Dyer, New York's cotton leader, returned from Europe recently on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. A reporter asked Mr. Dyer if the duty she was paying on French brandy was too high. "I don't make them cost more than they would have paid for them in New York."

"Well, even so," Mr. Dyer replied, "we men need have no regret about the cost of our wardrobe. Look at the unfortunate ladies!"

"I have just left Paris, where all of the smart women are wearing delicate light white straw bowler hats mounted in front with bunches of white algerine as thick as your wrist. To be without one of these hats is to be shabby, and yet, simple as they are, they cost as much as \$100 each."

"Last month an American girl enticed her husband into a shop on the Rue Royale and tried a bowler hat with a huge egret."

"Do you think this one looks like a bowler hat?"

"It is!" It looks to me like a monk's salary," he said.

FRASEL, The Magazine Man, 216 Knicker Block, 11th and G Sts. We give Herald 25¢-40¢ discount rates.

NOTICE I am the Washington Agent for all the leading magazines. Send for catalogue. My prices are the lowest. I can duplicate any offer made by any publisher or agency. Order Xmas gifts now.