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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913.

people who are so unwelcome in this country. As was pointed out in the debates on the "literary test" in the Senate, it must not be forgotten that many native-born Americans today who are perhaps objecting to the new arrivals are themselves the children of immigrants, some of whom came to this country poor and ignorant.

Few Slums in Washington.

Is there a city in the United States as free from "slums" as Washington? The Herald does not know of one. Yet the inference that must be drawn from the report of the measures, to be taken by the District Commissioners to eliminate all "inhabited alleys" is that Washington is honeycombed with such places.

This is far from the actual facts. Washington has alleys, some of which are inhabited. Many are also paved, sprinkled and swept the same as its principal avenues.

Instead of eliminating the so-called slums, why not go a step farther and see that any and all tumble-down shacks and insanitary buildings are removed, no matter where located? Of course, any plan considered must provide for the housing at low cost of those who are ejected from their homes.

It is a long step, and a most important one, to provide real homes for those who cannot afford to pay but the merest trifle in rents.

The idea is a most commendable one, but in spreading it broadcast the promoters owe it to Washington, the most beautiful city in the country if not in the world, to also impress upon the nation that there are no slums in the Capital in the sense such localities are known in other cities.

A Check to Anarchy.

Six months ago syndicalism as a working creed for labor in the United States had a combative quality. The conservative and more law-abiding policy, which trade unionists have been forced to adopt to prevent labor from suffering through public opinion, has contributed in part to this result.

Strikes initiated by the I. W. W. failed. This has had a discouraging effect. The use of sabotage or its mere suggestion have brought individuals who believe that the end justified the means in collision with the law, and the deterrent effect of the prison sentences imposed on some of the leaders have resulted in a more pacific conduct of the rank and file.

New Jersey, whose courts are traditionally vigilant, has found in the Paterson silk workers' industrial war opportunity to define how far workmen in that State may go in advocacy of destruction of employers' property.

Sabotage is not to be tolerated any more than arson and theft are. On the whole, judicial interpretation of the fundamental right of citizens of a republic has been sensible and logical. The duty of deciding what is liberty and what is license must rest somewhere; at some point the line must be drawn. Were syndicalism to gain in strength, it would be the duty of the law-making bodies to legislate with that specific lawlessness definitely in view.

Thus far the courts and the general principles of law have been sufficient to meet the situation.

Here is an example for the class in business: If Mr. Hockefeller's income is \$100,000 a year, how much income tax will he have to pay?

Some one claims to have discovered a substance that is more transparent than glass. Some politicians must be made of it.

Mrs. Pankhurst will doubtless soon realize that she cannot be a standing sensation in this country. We require a new sensation about three times a week.

What the world thought was Huerta's swan song turns out to be another yelp of defiance.

Tammany is beginning to suspect that, after all, it threw a decayed egg into its own electric fan.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A TWEEDLE TWINKLE. The latest thing for ladies is a semi-swallotail—Fashion Item.

Now that does sound like real biz. For that we will go. The latest thing for ladies is a semi-swallotail.

When Gladys starts a shopping tour Or Mabel has some kale, She'll go and spend her money for A semi-swallotail.

It has a tinsel sound. Gee what! It tinsles like a scale. The latest thing for ladies is A semi-swallotail.

Sure Thing. "I see the English aufragettes have blocked another horse race." "Wonder if they'll ever try those tactics in this country?" "Hope not. They'll get in bad if they interfere with baseball."

There You Are. "It's hard to hire help in my business. I manufacture dynamite and we need cautious men." "Well, why don't you look for cautious men?" "A really cautious man won't take such a job."

Literature in the Country. Extract from the Plunkville Palladium: "We have to thank Miss Lucille Wombat for an Ode to Apollo and a pumpkin pie."

New York Drama. Those shows along the great white way I never could abide. I do not care to see a play That needs formaldehyde.

Danger Not Imminent. "Better go home, Jimmy. Your mother is looking for you." "Has she got the hair brush with her?" "No." "Then I guess I'll play awhile longer."

A Mean Trick. "What are you punching your brother for?" "He went and used the clean place I had picked out on the roller towel. It was the only one left, too."

Our Export Parcel Post. To the Editor: Postmaster General, Burman takes our export parcel post 12 cents a pound, eleven pounds, to Great Britain, and the rest of the world 12 cents. The British Postmaster General, Hon. Herbert Samuel, taxes the export business of his subjects less than 8 cents a pound, eleven pounds, to the United States, 7 cents.

Mr. Samuel was here on a visit to Mr. Burman the other day. We hope this meeting was used to modify our parcel post convention with Great Britain, to place the parcel post exchanges of the two countries on a common low rate basis.

Mr. Hiltchcock's old excuse that the party-stricken condition of our revenues would not allow him to reduce his export taxation of our people will not hold good now when we have a large postal surplus.

Mr. Burman is today practically dictator of both our foreign and our domestic parcel post services. He may abolish the murderous discrimination of our domestic parcel post against the business of our coast districts with customers a few hundred miles away, and he may also, at his will, so reduce his enormous taxation of our exports as to greatly increase our business with the outside world. Existing conditions make it almost imperative for manufacturers on our Atlantic seaboard, whose goods are distributed in small parcels, to move their plants to Europe, because from Europe their goods can be posted at once to the outside world and to the majority of their old home customers at lower rates than from their present locations. We respectfully pray for relief from both of these evils.

JAMES L. COWLES, For the Postal Progress League.

Monroe Doctrine Not Dead. To the Editor: When Diaz and Taft embraced on the steps of the Rio Grande, it was a saying: "After Diaz, the deluge." It has been shown the truth of the saying.

It is now asked: "After Huerta, what?" The answer is simple: It is Hell. It exists now in Mexico, and will exist anywhere wherever clericalism usurps political and intrudes for sway. And it will continue in that unhappy land unless what the United States throws down its bars and gives commercial freedom in arms and munitions of war to all Mexico: alike to every faction—Clerical, Constitutionalists, Cientistas, and Catholics, in survival of the fittest. Brutal? Well, "war is hell"—always was and always will be. And while it goes on in Mexico, the rest of the world must keep hands off and only in the event of any nation other than American, mixing in, shall the United States step in, and say: Stop, the Monroe doctrine is not dead; so, not even consigned to the "dark closet" of long forgotten treaties.

Andrew Jordan Green.

A Weighty Reason. From the New York Globe. There never was such a baby; there never was, never had been, and never could be under any conceivable circumstances on earth.

The World's Turquoise. From the Indianapolis News. Ninety-nine per cent of the world's turquoise comes from the mines of Nishapur, in Khorassan, the Persian city, by the way, in which Omar Khayyam was born and is buried.

DAILY SHORT STORY

CUPID AND THE CAPTAIN.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

"And not a romance among them?" queried Mrs. Dane, casting laughing eyes at the rough bearded head of the captain. "Not even a tiny one."

"You will certainly pay the penalty for that last remark," hinted Mrs. Dane darkly, and nodded her head until the curls danced. "Your ship will sail the next morning, and you will be gone."

"You've worried him already," put in Dane. "Capt. Bangor is content to pilot his ship safely through a sea of fog and icebergs. Matrimonial seas are a different proposition."

"My barque is certainly a faithful spouse," laughed the captain. "She obeys my orders and braves all the elements with me. In port she is ever my haven."

"You're mistaken," said the Dane, and the captain nodded. "You will never attain happiness without a wife whose hair is as black as mine."

"Mark my words," laughed Dane. "When my wife is silent and wears that cunning expression in her eyes there is trouble brewing for some one."

"The captain only smiled. The outcome of the enigmatic smile was a letter written by Mrs. Dane to the friend whom she had been visiting in the city of New York."

"Dear old Nellie," she read when the letter came. "I am so glad to hear from you. I am so glad to hear from you. I am so glad to hear from you."

"How Lyman Trumbull Took Mental Relaxation." On the late afternoon of a December day in 1871, the day on which Congress met at the beginning of a regular session in the lobby of one of the large hotels at Washington watching with intense interest various members of Congress who lived at that hotel and who came in one after another in somewhat straggling procession.

"There came into the lobby of the hotel a man upon whom my attention was immediately fixed. He was tall, slender, of somewhat ungainly build, and he walked with a certain swagger which, although that may have been due to the accumulation of slush which was upon the old-fashioned streets with which he projected his feet. Over his shoulders was a queer garment. It seemed to be half shawl, half cloak, but it must have been very comfortable and abundantly protected the wearer from the weather."

"He had a small mouth, thin lips, rather large nose, and high cheek bones, and from his eyes down suggested the true ascetic. But I observed that, through his spectacles, he was all intellect, and that he had no passions, good or bad, excepting the one which was created by intellectual power—passion for knowledge and for the authority which knowledge gives."

"I knew the man of recognized intellect, and I knew the man of recognized intellect, and I knew the man of recognized intellect."

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ARIZONA KICKLETS.

Givadam Gulch Is Holding Its Own. As a Private Citizen. By N. QUAD.

Our esteemed contemporary has a column article this week on the subject of us because we attended the dog fight at the rink last Saturday evening. Yes, we were there, and we are happy to say that we had \$10 on the winning dog. We did not attend the affair as the editor of the Kicker, as Mayor, or as postmaster, but as a private citizen.

The manager of a theatrical company in Chicago, who had evidently heard of various combinations visiting us, writes to inquire just what sort of play will take best with our audience. It would be a good-natured way. Those who saw us at the dog fight understood that we had left our dignity of position behind us for an hour and had become like the rest of the same as any other individual in the audience.

Making a Hit. The manager of a theatrical company in Chicago, who had evidently heard of various combinations visiting us, writes to inquire just what sort of play will take best with our audience. It would be a good-natured way. Those who saw us at the dog fight understood that we had left our dignity of position behind us for an hour and had become like the rest of the same as any other individual in the audience.

Fair Warning to All. The pines of glass which were shot out of the City Hall window by Capt. Eady's cowboys one day last week have been restored, and his honor the Mayor (who is surely) hereby gives fair warning to all-cowboys, teamsters, or any other class—that the Indians or the posse at those windows will find somebody popping away at him. We don't object to the boys having fun and indulging in pistol practice to their heart's content, but a line must be drawn somewhere, and we draw it at public property. The front doors of the hall are provided with iron knobs. Any critter sober enough to shoot can stand and bang away at those knobs by the hour and no one will disturb him. The windows are a different thing. Copies of this notice will be sent to all ranches for twenty miles around, and we hope the warning conveyed will be heeded by all.

A Base Canard. The story floating around town to the effect that Capt. Kennedy had arrived from the West, was so untrue that we had to cut sticks from Indiana is a base canard and should be trampled on by every respectable person. The other day, when the captain came to this office to subscribe for the Kicker, he referred to the scandal and produced documents to prove his character. Instead of stealing a horse he drove off and sold three cows which he supposed belonged to an estate in which he had an interest. He was not chased out of the State, but being all ready to go, he happened to take a train just ahead of the Sheriff. He didn't come here as a suitor from justice, but to see if the pure air wouldn't help his asthma. He will remain for several weeks yet, unless the Indiana officers come along and get his identity mixed up, and we bespeak for him the surety and good will of all our people.

Not Any In Ours. While on a business trip to Florence last week we had the privilege of a close inspection of a vehicle called a bicycle. This was the first time we ever saw one, except at a distance. After we had finished our inspection the owner showed us how the old thing worked, and suggested that we try it. We had never met with anything on wheels which we could not get on to and stay as long as we pleased. We were riding with a certain confidence that we tackled that bike. We know how we got on, but as to how we got off will ever be a puzzle to us. We can't make out whether the thing bucked with us or ran away, but when we came to we had a scaly wrenched five inches long, our nose was badly warped, and we had a mouthful of dirt and grass to chew on. Some men might have tried it again, but we didn't. When we went anything more in that line we'll get it in the way of a stampeding herd of steers, or try a timber-side down a mountain. Our friendly feelings for the bicycle will undergo no change, but as for the critter itself we warn it that we'll get it in the way of a stampeding herd of steers, or try a timber-side down a mountain. Our friendly feelings for the bicycle will undergo no change, but as for the critter itself we warn it that we'll get it in the way of a stampeding herd of steers, or try a timber-side down a mountain.

Unwise William Wise. Col. Hinchey's wagon train arrived from the railroad Wednesday afternoon, and at about 6 o'clock his horse (who is a queer fellow) was taken to the stable, where a man named William Wise who he proposed to capture the town at 8 o'clock. Mr. Wise hadn't allowed for any change in Givadam Gulch in the last five years. He figured that things were just as they used to be, when a lone duffer could ride into town with a boot, shoot right and left with a yell, and in the course of five minutes have the streets all hissing and something to brag about for the rest of his life. We were ready, in company with the city marshal, at 5:30. At exactly 6 o'clock William Wise came down the river road like a cyclone, hair flying, a gun in either hand and a warhorse on the end of his tongue. At 6:56 his cayuse was dead in the road and William was in the town lockup and wondering where he was at. Next morning he was fined \$5 and his guns were confiscated, and when he walked off he kept looking behind him and trying to make out how things had happened that way. Any other duffer who feels like capturing the town is invited to communicate with us by mail or personal interview.

Reforming a Road Agent. In returning from Red Valley the other afternoon we were stopped at Buckshot Creek by an ugly-faced critter, who commanded us to halt. As he had the drop on us, we handed over our personal effects with a sigh, and he rode off. He was about to ride away when we proposed a game of poker, and the idea struck him favorably. The two of us sat down on the grass and started in, and at the end of forty minutes we had won back our valubles and the critter was dead broke. On the last hand out we held only a pair of kings, and we knew from the run of the cards that he had a full house with ace high, and yet we bluffed him out of his horse and gun. He was a mean-looking cuss, and he had no scruples about robbing us, but he was a man of his word. He made no kick about being cleaned out, and there was something like a tear in his eyes as we asked us if we knew where he could strike a job at \$1 a day. We don't see how he can get another start in the highway robbery business this fall, and we have considerable hopes that he has cleaned out will lead to his reformation and salvation.

Railroad Travel Safe. Interesting illustrations of the great degree of safety attending travel on American railways are given by a prominent newspaper in an article based on Interstate Commerce Commission figures which show that during the six-year period, 186-11, only one passenger out of every 4,736 received injury of any kind, and only one out of every 2,751,123 was killed. Commenting upon these figures the paper says: "It is a fact that the country is now thirty-four miles, and there are taken on the average 1,751,123 such journeys in safety in each journey which results fatally. If that were to hold out these 1,751,123 safe journeys at two per day for each business day in the year, it would take him 3,751 years. To have begun in time to meet his death, he would have had to start in the year 1778 B. C., 63 years before Moses led the children of Israel through the Red Sea." By 190 B. C., when Mohammed was "regulating" Rome by modern methods, the commuter would have ridden 2,000,000 miles, and have had \$2,000,000 yet to go. When Phidias, in 460 B. C., was carving the Olympian Zeus, our wayfarer would have been but one-third of the way toward his death; and even in the year 50 A. D., when Alfred the Great was letting the griddle cakes burn, this traveler would have spent the equivalent of 20 years on the trains running at thirty miles an hour, and would have had eighty-seven years more of actual travel to spend before meeting his fatal accident."

Importance of the personality of the teacher in any system of schools is emphasized by Dr. P. P. Clark, United States Commissioner of Education, in a recent report from the United States ship and district superintendent in the United States.