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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

Washington's Christmas Tree.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." This well expressed the feelings of the tremendous gathering at Washington's first Community Christmas Tree party held last evening under the shadow of the Capitol.

With the majestic surroundings the scene was most impressive when the sweet-voiced singers joined with the musicians in heralding the glorious tidings of the birth of the Christ-child.

We extend our sincerest thanks to each and every one who aided The Herald in making the event the success it was, and sincerely hope it will be repeated every Christmas Eve.

Labor as a Commodity.

The president of the American Boiler Manufacturers' Association in an address before the National Founders' Association is reported to have said: "Stripped of all sentimentality, it is a fact beyond dispute that labor is a commodity, and should only command in the market a fair price."

The position taken in this passage is one commonly taken by the manufacturers. It is in some of its aspects a survival from the period of unlimited competition which existed in the first part of the nineteenth century.

There is one good thing about the Mexican war—it has not developed any new Chautauqua lectures. Down Boston way, we understand, they speak of it as the Chewlansqua.

A woman means to wither a man when she calls him fresh. Christmas calling has gone out of fashion. Presentia, and not presence, is the rule now.

It is very questionable whether labor should be regarded as a commodity. Those who produce in our factories are the very basis upon which modern civilization rests.

manufacturers, but by the general public. To merely prattle the phrase of "supply and demand," as many manufacturers do, is no answer to the demands of labor leaders.

Why Change the Name?

Why change the name of the Avenue of the Presidents back to Sixteenth street? An amendment to the District appropriation bill providing for the change, offered by Representative Sisson, was agreed to in a moment by the House on Monday and no one inquired the reason.

Perhaps the name of Avenue of the Presidents is too high sounding for Mr. Sisson, but we consider this splendid boulevard well worthy of it, sweeping as it does from the distant heights, near where Lincoln once stood under fire of Confederate guns down to the historic White House, home of the nation's Presidents.

We hope and believe that the Senate will see the wisdom and propriety of retaining the name bestowed by act of Congress by striking out Mr. Sisson's amendment. That the name of a city street should be the subject of two acts of Congress in two or three years in itself seems a waste of legislation.

Julian Hawthorne ever gets back into the Atlanta penitentiary what they will do for him will be a plenty.

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With the Political Procession.

By F. B. G.

Judge Warren Gard, who left the bench to try his hand at legislation and not get too far away from the actual arena of politics kept at work until the final fall of the gavel before leaving for his home on the banks of the Miami, at Hamilton.

The wonder is that some anti-Southern frenzy has not developed over the choice of Pass Christian as a vacation lodge by President Wilson. Only a few miles from his retreat is Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis during his sojourn in New Orleans but his actual home was a few miles from Pass Christian on the small stretch of coast line accorded to Mississippi.

Evidently something is foreboding for Kentucky when Senator Ollie James and Secretary Tumulty talk it over at lunch with Tom Pence as a general advisory board, but the Kentucky Democratic contingent in Congress rejoices to behold the Hon. Ollie in such close conjunction with the mighty, and so near the desk, that generally has the last word in decision.

Senator Chilton goes to the banks of the Kanawha with renewed cheer in his soul for the Christmas vacation, thanks to the appointment of Stewart Walker as United States attorney for Northern West Virginia. The Walker appointment is absolutely the achievement of Senator Chilton, and he now knows he has been active enough in bringing it about.

Junior Brown, the industrious Congressman from the second district, cannot complain of the Walker appointment, as it removes one possible candidate for the Congressional nomination next year. Brown has a close call last year for election, but including a return to the legislature and election of the Hon. Mansfield Neely to Congress, accomplished absolutely by the soft push of the button on the Watson desk, indicated to Chilton and all other Democrats of the State the tight grip that Watson retains on affairs in West Virginia, even if his big office is at it Wall street, New York.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—Slats days on a peanut diet is the basis for an application filed by Dr. Thomas J. Allen, president of Aurora College, for the Nobel prize of 1914.

The Original Survey of the Northern Pacific.

(Written Expressly for The Washington Herald.)

By E. J. EDWARDS.

USED to think that I knew pretty much all that was worth knowing about the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad, as well as the important facts relating to the climate and characteristics of the Northwest through which the railroad runs," said the late Col. Daniel L. Lamont to me in the summer of 1912.

Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

"In our business," Detective William J. Burns, was saying here one day, "there are times when a good lie or two is absolutely essential."

"Of course," explained Burns, "we don't care if the lying, but someone who may be the subject, though it certainly sounds more polite and genteel." Burns cited a couple of illustrations in proof, as he declared, of the justification of lying.

Some years ago when Burns was in the United States Secret Service, one of his most important cases was that of the famous Monroe head counterfeiters. It was a particularly important case inasmuch as the counterfeit bill was one of the first ever issued, but practically defied detection even by the experts.

"You're here," replied the reporter, with conviction, "on the trail of the Monroe head counterfeiters." Burns had been afflicted with a weak heart he would doubtless have died right there. Or, if he had merely given one convulsive move of an eye winker, it would have confirmed the young man's suspicion.

"I really have no right to give it out," said Burns, "but Chief Wilkie is going to be here from Washington this afternoon, and I'm going to talk him into giving the story to you. All you'll need to do then will be to sit tight for a day or a day and a half and then you'll have an exclusive yarn that'll shake the town before the year is over."

"When do I get it?" asked the reporter, eagerly. "Oh, come back here at 4 o'clock, or half past," suggested Burns with a yawn.

The moment the visitor was gone, Burns rushed to the long distance phone and called up Chief Wilkie in Washington. He told him that something frightful had happened and to come to Philadelphia on the next train. Wilkie did. Burns laid the situation before him and they began to grope for a substitute story to give to the press, in order to drive the counterfeiters' story clear out of the paper's mind.

When he was working on the San Francisco graft case Burns received a similar call from a reporter who had heard that he was about to arrest some aldermen. And that was exactly what he was fixing to do. But if the report got out the aldermen would have covered their tracks. Burns looked the reporter in the eye and said, in a hurt tone: "I wish you would tell your managing editor for me that I don't like his jokes."

CHRISTMAS AT ARLINGTON.

Victor and unguessed side by side Are resting under the old tree Reminds the oak at Arlington Alone with their precious God.

Victor and unguessed side by side As peace in the timbered shade Glorified forms of Blue and Gray With flowers in equal bloom.

I hear their chorus Christmas morn: Their voices shall never cease Till Gabriel sounds his shining horns Calling soldiers to the feast.

These spirits breathe far above, Their wings are spread in the sky The war they sang with patient love When they struggled with GENT AND JOYCE.

DAILY SHORT STORY

POLLY IN TOYLAND.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1913.)

The toy department was a fairland of the most wonderful playthings gathered from all parts of the world and Polly dropped Uncle Dick's hand and started on an exploring expedition all by herself. Dick Carleton, having sundry commissions to execute for Santa Claus, was relieved that Polly's bright eyes were directed to the toy department and that her acute little ears could not hear his remarks to the saleswoman concerning a certain doll's house that Polly had admired.

"What a puffy little house!" cried Polly in unbecoming imitation of her mamma's dearest friend. Thereupon she disappeared within the wigwag and examined the interior. The floor was covered with the skin of some wild animal and there was a cunning three-legged kettle hanging over some crossed sticks.

"Dear me," said a delightful voice; "what a lovely little place in which to live a rag!" "Are you an angel?" asked Polly. "No, indeed!" laughed Bettina Vaneas. "Tell me what you are doing in there, little girl."

"I'm coming in to see it," she whispered in a wailing voice; "and now I want my Uncle Dick!" "Come here, dear," said Bettina. "No, how long have you been in there?" Polly's ideas of time were exceedingly vague. "Only a few days," she replied. Bettina was startled. She was not accustomed to children who were so quick to find a quiet seat out of the track of the Christmas shoppers and little by little she drew from Polly the story of how she had become separated from Uncle Dick. They had come out to look for a present for Polly to give grandmother and grandmother. She had selected for grandfather a most alluring book. "I know he would like it," said Polly. "It was about the cutest little girl's book was called 'Fatty and Her Pity'."

"Indeed?" cried Bettina. "And what did you get for grandmother?" "You will never guess!" exclaimed Polly. "I wanted a doll's hair brush and comb—I know grandmother would love to give it to me for Florence, my best doll—she would like to have it, you see. But Uncle Dick wouldn't let me buy the book or the brush and comb just going down stairs to get something sensible—when I saw the wigwag and went in."

"Now, you must tell me your name and your address, Fatty," said Bettina. "My name," said Polly calmly, "is Polly Carleton and I can't remember where I live—you see, it never mattered until I got lost." "You were looking intently into Bettina's lovely face, with its exquisite rose coloring, its lustrous dark eyes and long, curling dark lashes.

"Who are you?" asked Polly bluntly. "I'm here in my Uncle Dick's watch," said Bettina blankly. "You have seen me in your uncle's watch?" repeated Bettina blankly. "Polly nodded. "Once I spiced Uncle Dick and held Aunt Betty's hand now."

Morning Smiles

Too Hard. The incident in the Glasgow court when a suffragette threw apples at the judge recalls a little-known story connected with Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt.

Overhead in Smoker. Wye—Thanks! (puff, puff). Capital went this. Aren't you going to smoke, too? Exe (examining the remaining one)—No, I think not. Wye—What's the matter? Did you give me the wrong one?

World Disenchant Regularly. The colored porter approached a genial gentleman from Missouri the other morning as a through train was nearing St. Louis.

No Argument for Him. From the Ladies Home Journal. "What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

This Has Rounded the Cape.

"Do you play golf?" he asked the little lady, as they started off on their Mutsenberg run for a gambol with the merry surf boards. "I could try, of course," she replied. "But I haven't had much experience. I don't think I should even know how to hold my maddy."

Welcome to Burglar. Mrs. Black woke her husband one night and whispered: "Larry, there's a burglar in the parlor! He's just bumped against the piano and struck several keys."

Many Members Will Not Return Before February 1 on Account of Appropriations. The holiday exodus of members of Congress was completed yesterday. A large number of Senators, however, will spend Christmas in Washington, many of them occupying the homes which, for all practical purposes, have taken the place of their homes in their respective States.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' th' Year. Original from written for The Herald by JOHN KENDRICK LANGRISH.

CONGRESSMEN DEPART FOR HOLIDAY SEASON

The completion of currency legislation has added a sense of physical and mental relief to the traditional jollity of the Christmas season. Many members now out of town will not return until about February 1, although Congress will reassemble January 12.

Routine appropriation bills will occupy the early part of the post-Christmas session and a large number of members having no direct interest in departmental appropriations will postpone their return to Washington.

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