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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1914.

But it must be admitted that Mr. Murphy was boss as long as he was boss.

About the surest safety-at-sea plan that anybody knows of is to stay ashore.

Huerta has banished his former minister of justice. He must have tried to administer it.

"Whiskers and religion go together," says an exchange. Oh, quit knocking Mr. Rockefeller.

At any rate, Villa's recent activities have served to check some of the criticism of Huerta.

It would appear that some Democrats haven't got the courage of their platform's convictions.

Our sympathies to King George. Queen Mary is demanding a private telephone line to Paris.

Villa seems to be doing his best to induce the United States to intervene between himself and Huerta.

The people of Peru have sent Mr. Bryan a pet llama. And we understand that Col. Roosevelt got their goat.

"People bill and coo during the honeymoon season." Yes; and when they stop cooing the bills keep on coming in.

Congress will have to be very energetic from now on if it expects to get as much newspaper space as the Federal League.

Now that the Senate has voted for six vice admirals, the manufacturers of gold lace are doubtless looking for an era of prosperity.

Those who are always protesting against giving one man too much power will probably never forgive Col. Goethals for making good.

Now the country is threatened with a mutiny famine, but we suspect that the cold storage houses have enough spring lamb on hand to last for several years.

The member of the British Parliament who has been fined \$5,000 for voting on a contract in which his firm was interested was a very crude operator indeed.

The Houston Post declares that the man who stole the money from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and then returned it was a Bull Moose, for the reason that a Democrat would not have stolen it and a Republican would not have returned it.

Of course, Admiral Dewey is not going to explain the account in his book of the incident involving the German ships during the blockade following the battle in Manila Bay. Some members of the Reichstag are taking a long time to realize that it's up to Admiral von Diederichs to do the explaining.

Washington's former school head, Dr. Davidson, declares the three R's are here to stay. A vaunt, you tango-musician-faddists, the education of our daddies still is regarded by the popular ex-Washingtonian as capable of producing the same kind of learned men and women that have made old English literature classic.

Mrs. Pankhurst is going to write a letter to King George designating a time and place for meeting his majesty. Cable dispatches say she will proceed to the trysting place accompanied by a delegation of suffragettes and "her bodyguard." How would it do to substitute Villa for King George and not give him a bodyguard?

What's the matter with Congress? We have the answer on the highest authority. It's too giddy. Speaking in a Philadelphia Baptist church on Sunday, Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, said: "The ineffectiveness of the Congress is not due to dishonesty. If you hire a lawyer you do not want one who spends every evening in the week at a banquet or dinner or out somewhere else. That is the trouble with Congress." Perhaps, after that, Washington hosts and hostesses will stop inviting members of the House District Committee to late functions.

Awaiting Word from Juarez.

While evidence is accumulating that Benton, the British subject, was murdered by Villa, the Mexican rebel, Americans and Englishmen are anxiously awaiting the detailed report from the United States consul at Juarez, who should certainly be able to throw some light on the hideous tragedy.

It is hideous enough, even if the Villa account of the so-called trial is accepted as gospel. The dispatches all stated that Benton was killed on Tuesday. The Villa account of the "trial" shows that Benton called on Villa at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and that he was "tried" at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Details of the execution are lacking, but the assumption is inevitable that within half a dozen hours of his alleged offense Benton was a corpse.

In London yesterday a statement was read in Parliament indicating that when Mrs. Benton made her plea as a wife to the British Ambassador in Washington she was in reality already a widow. This is her dispatch to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, read to the British legation by Sir Edward Grey, foreign secretary:

I beg to advise your excellency that my husband, Benton, a British subject, yesterday went to Juarez, and after a heated discussion with Villa was thrown into jail. A friend visited Villa on his behalf. Villa said: "I have not got him in prison. I saw him this morning," and declined any further talk on the subject.

Could anything be more savagely infamous, even accepting Villa's account of the farcical trial as true? From an interview with Villa to a trial and a bloody grave in six hours! No wonder an "encouraging cheer rolled through Parliament" yesterday when Sir Edward Grey "related how Sir Cecil Spring-Rice had told Secretary of State Bryan that the public opinion of Europe was likely to be seriously affected by Villa's attitude."

The report of the United States consul at Juarez can scarcely make the affair less shameful; it may make it much worse. Here are some of the questions the people want answered. Did our consul know of what was transpiring in Juarez? Was he appealed to in behalf of Benton? Did he make representations to Villa? Did Villa, representing a faction armed by consent of the United States, disregard them? Delay in ascertaining all the facts is trying patience on both sides of the water, but in this instance we are compelled to recognize and admire the restraint exhibited by the British Parliament, press, and public while waiting to discover whether there is a crime against one of their countrymen to be avenged and who is to pay the penalty and who to inflict it.

It appears that Col. Roosevelt will go to Spain and size up the Progressive sentiment there before deciding whether to run for governor of New York.

District Day in Congress.

Perhaps there were a few more Representatives than usual at a District day present in the House yesterday, but it is doubtful if at any time there were more than one-sixth of the total membership in their seats. A bill inimical to the interests of the taxpayers of Washington was up for consideration and unfortunately for the Capital the men who might have defeated the measure had not had the opportunity to familiarize themselves with the questions involved and were not there to vote. As The Herald has repeatedly pointed out District legislation goes through the House by default.

It is a lamentable fact that the House District Committee is in control of men who, for various reasons, are unfriendly to District interests. Being Democrats their lead is naturally followed by such of the new members—practically all of them Democrats—as have not yet had the time to study the situation for themselves. Thus the progress of the Capital City, during this first regular session of the sixty-third Congress, has become a thing of politics. The new members, let us hope, will be thinking for themselves by next session, but much damage may be done meanwhile.

A baker's dozen members took part in the debate yesterday, and reference to their politics and length of service in the House is interesting. Here are the six who championed the cause of the people of Washington:

Mann, Republican, eighth term.

Kahn, Republican, seventh term.

Campbell, Republican, sixth term.

Stafford, Republican, fifth term.

Hayes, Republican, fifth term.

Oglesby, Democrat, first term.

The seven who supported the Igoe bill, adding to the tax burden of the small home-owner in Washington are:

Igoe, Democrat, first term.

Smith (Minn.), Republican, first term.

Prouty, Republican, second term.

Sisson, Democrat, third term.

Borland, Democrat, fourth term.

Barnhart, Democrat, fourth term.

Sims, Democrat, ninth term.

Of course the support of the Nation's Capital cannot possibly be made a political issue. Democrats can hardly afford to fall, even accidentally, in line with a policy of a retrograding Capital.

In the course of the debate yesterday Representative Kahn, of distant California, said:

"My constituents have never indicated any desire for me to vote against

Beneficial Loan Companies.

To keep in good heart those debtors whom the anti-loan shark law, now in effective service, relieves, there is a splendid encouragement in the proof daily given of the feasibility of the beneficial loan organizations which are intended to take the place of the shark's trade.

In Washington, institutions of this character have been in operation for some time, and their helpfulness is attested by scores of persons who, finding themselves in need of immediate money, were able to borrow, at reasonable rates of interest, and without other security than the indorsements of worthy men who could testify to the honesty of the prospective borrower.

An institution, similar to one of the most successful of these beneficial loan companies in Washington, has just been organized in New York, and there is every reason to predict that it will reflect upon its predecessors in the Capital and other cities a glory that will be of mutual advantage.

It seems cruel to say that debt is a disease; it seems even harsher to say that debt or poverty is a crime. Yet most who examine into it will be apt to acquiesce, however reluctantly, that it is, a habit, save, of course, where unusual and infrequent circumstances have conspired to make it inevitable.

The problem with debtors—honest debtors—is, therefore, to cure them of the habit—or disease. It is in the failure to provide a permanent cure that previous loan companies organized benevolently have been futile. The success of the institutions accomplishing good for the poor lies in their efforts, usually crowned with actual achievement, to afford permanent relief.

To this end, they eliminate charity from their scheme of things. Borrowers are not given anything. They are made to pay for the money they have the use of. They are made, not by nagging or dunning, but by a gentle education in obligations to feel the uplifting sense of responsibility.

How much has been accomplished in Washington by these beneficial loan companies cannot be estimated save in general terms. But the sum total of the benefactions is expressed in this, that every man who is honest, industrious, and frugal, can defy the despair that debt used to press upon him.

AT MERCY OF EXECUTOR.

Widower, Single or Remarried, Has No Say in Willed Support.

Middleton (N. Y.) Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

The will of Mrs. Rachel Gillespie, of Montgomery, admitted to probate by Surrogate Sweeney today, provides that her husband, John H. Gillespie, shall have his support and maintenance from her estate during his natural life, or should he remarry, such support and maintenance to be provided by the executor, but she adds, "and I hereby order and direct and provide that my executor shall be the sole and only judge of the amount, quantity and quality of the said support and maintenance to be furnished my husband."

Morning Smiles.

Presumptive Evidence.

"What makes you think Mr. Lovetwed has been drinking?"

"Why, when the charlotte russe was set before him he tried to blow off the foam."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Thing for Him.

Furniture Dealer—Here's a folding article you might like sir—a comfortable settee in the day time and a bed at night.

Customer—No use to me; I do night work. Show me something that I can use as a settee at night and a bed in the daytime.—Boston Transcript.

A Trick of the Trade.

"Stop!" thundered the client at the barber, who was cutting his hair. Then he continued, in somewhat milder tones: "Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible, blood-curdling stories of ghosts and robbers while you are cutting my hair?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," replied the barber, "but you see, when I tell stories like that to my clients, their hair stands on end, and it makes it ever so much easier to cut."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Stopover Ticket.

As an express train was going through the station one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced and fell out. He fortunately landed on a sand heap, so that he did himself no great injury, but, with torn clothes and not a few bruises, said to a porter who was standing by:

"What shall I do?"

"The right mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to stop off."—Chicago Daily News.

Doctor's Accomplishes.

"The doctor was worried about the condition of his patient. 'I think I shall have to call in some other physician for consultation.'"

"That's right; go ahead," said the patient, quite cheerfully. "Get as many accomplices as you can."—Exchange.

Appeared Just the Same.

A celebrated vocalist was in a motor car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, said:

"We are happy to state that he was able to appear at the following evening in three pieces."—New York Globe.

Brain Exercise.

There has been serious trouble in a certain school. One of the teachers said he was no believer in the old-fashioned system of teaching.

"What is wanted," said he, "is something which will make the children think and reason for themselves. Mere addition and subtraction are too mechanical."

In accordance with his idea, he gave his pupils 100 questions, of which the following is a specimen:

"What is it that can go up a spout down, but cannot come out?"

"The brain-fever hospital thereabouts were full of children for weeks afterward, and the teacher was dismissed without a character, yet the answer to the riddle was very simple: 'An umbrella.'—London Tit-Bits.

The Jackson Home.

The Jackson home stands at Christian Shore, Portsmouth, N. H. It was built in 1669 by Richard Jackson, and people of his blood still live in it. Some, in fact, do say that the Wetmore house, in Middletown, Conn., was even then over twenty years old, having been built in 1649 of thereabout. Judge Wetmore's descendants do not occupy it. There are several houses in Dutchess County, N. Y., of about the same age. These structures are our American antiquities. They should be everywhere saved from man's destructive hand. Time alone will not pull them down.

What is the charm about an old human habitation? In Egypt the Pyramids, more than 3,000 years old, were not man's dwellings. Within the bounds of this continent our nation has nothing to compare with the public structures of older continents. But 250 years as a home is very respectable in comparison with the home house in Europe. Certainly if the doorway, the well, the stone walls inclosing the fields, and other homely features be taken into account.

In rural France they pointed out to me dwellings "500 years old." But I found it hard to believe that those very houses had been occupied as dwellings for so many years. Indeed, most of the old houses of the peasants were so near worn out and unfit that they could not shelter a Yankee family. A house will wear out at last like a coat.

At and near Fishkill, on the Hudson, there are several habitable dwellings 200 years old.

The restless American was a vital fellow in old times. He attained great age and "brought forth fruit in old age." His vitality showed in a large family. Of these large families many children showed the same mighty tenacity of hold on life.

To look on a home of 200 years of men of the same blood is to stand almost in awe of such physical vigor. And yet these men wholly neglected to form themselves into a single athletic club. They chatted up no "smashed records." But dwellers in a city apartment house today never will smash their records of what it is to be a man.

How delicious such health must have been! These old stone walls testify of strength, and they were constructed in the then wilderness. What beams were hewn, and they were lifted at such "barn raisings" as Titans alone could have handled. These foot square girders, hewn from hard wood. I run my finger down the chip of the adze and wonder at the strength of the blow. Not a worm has dared touch these rafters. Dry rot eats away the arch of Titus in Rome. But these attics are not defaced by the tooth of time. The ancient split shingles seem our eternal protection.

What faces have looked through these tiny chamber windows. Birth and death, the wooing and the funeral, the whole human trilogy, joy, work, sorrow, has resounded within these walls. The performers often changed, but the score never changed.

The English Windsor Palace is not so impressive. The line of kings could not write their personalities on the walls they did not pile. This Yankee's grandfather dug this well with his own hands. "Art thou greater than our father, Abraham, who dug this well and drank from it, both he and his cattle?"

How changeless the vista of the eternal river, as seen from these stone doorsteps. And the wandering line of sunny mountains, faithful comforters after a day of toil. Six generations of shirt-sleeved freemen sitting on this glorious old "porch" Sunday afternoons. Many of them—yes, most of them—with the open Bible on their knees. Here, curled up, the little lad resting from his play. Here, in exactly the same spot, the boy an aged, tottering man, sat after hour, at last. The ever faithful sunset glories flaming in those very gates, so he dreams, his fond old mate too soon departed. He is waiting.

An old family dwelling preserves records as no parchment can keep them. You remembered so many things connected with each room. In this room—how many of you have been married? And speaking of weddings, as you stand in that room, you see her as she came through that door. That is the door. See her now? How radiant she was, passing down the aisle of crowded neighbors and kin. The flowers she carried? The same flowering garden where she plucked them is at the south of the dwelling. The very earth loves your family, and will grow flowers for your daughter's wedding.

Who can ever be lonely, who ever solitary, in rooms each of one of which is vocal with voices of long ago? Our little life is so brief at best. What selling price can tempt us to part with an acre and a home house that is loyal to our family name? By these things we defy that hateful oblivion which would efface us.

Corn Oil for Cooking.

The discovery that oil made from corn can be used economically as a substitute for other oils in cooking has been made by Prof. L. E. Sayre, of the school of pharmacy at the University of Kansas. Corn oil is a by-product from cereal manufacturing. It is comparatively cheap, selling at 50 cents a gallon for the refined grade. Olive oil sells at \$2 a gallon and cottonseed oil at 75 cents. Corn oil has a pale yellow color and a pleasant taste similar to freshly ground cornmeal. Its properties, according to Prof. Sayre, are very similar to those of olive and cottonseed oils.—New York Times.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

Why Commodore Vanderbilt Went Into Railroad Building.

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

THE late Charles A. Clark was associated with Commodore Vanderbilt from the day when the commodore abandoned his vocation as a steamboat and steamship owner and constructor, ownership, and management. Mr. Clark served with three generations of Vanderbilts, the commodore and his son, William H. Vanderbilt, and one his sons, the late Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt. For many years he was vice president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, having authority over the financial department.

Probably no man, excepting Chauncey M. Depew, knew more of the inside of the Vanderbilt railroad proprietorship than Mr. Clark. He was a part of the personal characteristics of the three generations of Vanderbilts who were in authority than Mr. Clark. After he retired from active service, when he was 65 years of age, he was fond of telling his friends what some of the personal characteristics of the commodore and his son, William H. Vanderbilt, were.

When asked Mr. Clark if he ever knew what it was that induced Commodore Vanderbilt to abandon his vocation as a steamboat and steamship owner and manager and take up railroad building, he replied: "The commodore was 62 years of age when he began his career as a railroad man. He had at that time, I presume about \$5,000,000, and that was accumulated in the early '50s a very great fortune. Daniel Drew at that time had probably just about as much, and these two men, when acting together, could make or break the money market."

"With such wealth and power as the commodore had most men of that day would have been content to ease up a little. They would have thought of retiring from active life, but Commodore Vanderbilt was not that kind of a man. He had not changed his vocation he would have remained an active and aggressive steamboat and steamship owner until he died."

"Now I never knew exactly what led the commodore to think of the railroad as his future vocation. But I have always had the suspicion that it was a remark made to him by John M. Forbes, of Boston. Forbes, you remember, had the courage to take up the Michigan Central Railroad and complete it just about the time of the Mexican war. He was the originator of what became the Burlington system, which for many years was owned by Boston capital."

"Along about 1852 the commodore met John M. Forbes and they were introduced with him. Forbes at that time told the commodore that with the construction of adequate railroad facilities the great west would be opened to agriculture and that the enormous supplies of grain to be moved from the prairie to the manufacturing towns and to the seaports. It was this, Mr. Forbes said, which led him to take up the Burlington railroad."

"I know that the commodore had great admiration for John M. Forbes, and I always suspected that what Mr. Forbes told him made a profound impression on him. It was already the owner of the Harlem Railroad. He bought that originally as a sort of speculation. He realized that the neglected and despised Hudson River Railroad, whose terminal was opposite Albany, would be naturally a line over which agricultural products of the West would be moved from the Lakes to the seaports."

"Understanding this clearly, it suddenly occurred to the commodore that if he could control the half dozen railway lines which connected Albany with Buffalo, and then could get control of the bridge across the Erie river, he would secure a railroad property which would find ample business offered at Buffalo by the steamers that brought grain from the West. He was a little ahead of his time, but he was naturally a correct, and it was inevitable that he should afterward plan the extension of his system from Buffalo to Chicago by the railroad that skirted the north shore of Lake Erie and afterward secure the control of the Michigan Central. Curiously enough, the Michigan Central, which passed into the ownership of the commodore, and the Lake Shore, which were at first strong competitors, and the Lake Shore was built with the idea of competing with the Michigan Central."

"Now, I do not know positively that it was John M. Forbes who inspired the commodore with the idea of taking up the railroad business, but little things which the commodore said, and little incidents that came under my observation, convinced me that it was that gentleman who opened the eyes of the commodore to the opportunities which the building up of the West were to offer to railroads that had terminals on the Atlantic seaboard."

SLICING UP AFRICA.

How Germany Gets Portion with England Cutting Out Portugal.

From the Omaha Bee.

Germany's energetic moves for a larger slice of the continent of South Africa appear to be more successful than is generally believed. In this connection the Monday squabble with France over Morocco and the Agadir Bay incident a year ago brought a roar from the lion and a scream from the French eagle, but when the tumult subsided Germany took over from France a slice of Central Africa which substantially improved its grip in that section.

The treaty just concluded with Great Britain disposes of various boundary territorial bounds for each. According to early reports of the terms, the settlement made between Great Britain, Portugal, Germany and Portuguese West Africa German, though Portugal will for a time retain nominal control to save the face of the republican government.

A fat consolation purse of something over \$100,000,000 in British and German money goes to the empty treasury of Portugal in installments, which will be most welcome and opportune. Mozambique becomes British. From Mozambique to Gassaland territory extending from the eleventh to the twentieth parallels is divided, the northern half attached to German East Africa and the southern half, adjacent to the Transvaal, becoming British.

Angola, on the west, lying north of German Southwest Africa, will become a German protectorate. It is a vast tract of territory 322,000 square miles in extent, with a native population of 6,000,000 and 5,000 whites, of whom about 2,000 are functionaries.

Warships for the Scrap Heap.

From the Boston Transcript.

The vigor with which Great Britain is pruning its naval list to secure absolute usefulness is shown by the admiralty's current announcement that it has twenty-four vessels on the "scrap list." All these are cataloged as obsolete, though not one of them is twenty-four years old. The four battleships thus cataloged were launched in 1891-92, and the cruisers generally are of the 1890 output. If we were to follow the British example, we would consist of the scrap heap our oldest battleships, those of the Massachusetts class, which represent the ideas of almost a quarter of a century ago, and not a few of our cruisers.

Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRID C. KELLY.

From a superficial size-up, one seems to be justified in saying that a wicked trust could expect little sympathy from Representative William C. Adamson, of Georgia.

Adamson is the chairman of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce which will have a great deal to do with bringing trusts to bay under the present program of the administration. And he looks the part of a man who would stand a trust with much glare.

Take any trust magnate you ever saw in the picture books and he is almost certain to be the direct opposite of Adamson. Your typical wicked trust chief is sleek, fat, well dressed, smug and complacent. Adamson isn't any of those things. And he is either ignorant or intolerant of the extravagances, frivolities and monkey-business of current civilization. All he thinks about is plugging away at his job and he has not had any fun for years and years. He hates baseball and automobiles and hasn't attended a theater since he came to Congress back in the late '90s.

One day, a few weeks ago, Adamson had occasion to go by a golf links where he satly garbed you men were irritating small gutta percha spheres with stout clubs.

"What are they doing yonder?" inquired Adamson.

"Playing golf," replied his companion. "What did you think they were doing—laying brick?"

"Huh. So that's golf, eh?" murmured Adamson. "I've often heard it spoken of."

No games or amusements, indoor or outdoor, ever tempt Adamson from the strait and narrow path of constant toil. The only sport he gets out of life is the meagre enjoyment afforded by reading ancient history and mythology. When he reads history he doesn't bother with persons whose names he has never heard of and could call the entire roll without consulting his notes. He has a sense of humor, too, and would read Mark Twain or Bill Nye by the hour if he felt like taking the time.

At the time he was elected to Congress Adamson was a lawyer with precarious inclinations who liked to participate with his friends in outcroppings of "free" work, but goes clear back to Herodotus himself, who was dashing off ancient history back in the days when the stuff was still being made. All the old Greek and Roman deities and their family connections he knows intimately and could call the entire roll without consulting his notes. He has a sense of humor, too, and would read Mark Twain or Bill Nye by the hour if he felt like taking the time.

But from that point he showed a reversal of form. He not only gave up all thought of everything save toil on his arrival here, but even quit smoking.

In his dress, too, Adamson leads the simple life. He gives the impression of having slept in the clothes he has on, and his necktie is one of those tied-in-the-factory devices, besides being worn always under one ear. It is a good sport proposition whether Adamson's tie will be found under his right ear or the left ear, but it is certain not to be within forty-five degrees of his front collar button.

One of the predominant traits of Adamson is his impatience. He can't sit still more than a few minutes at a time and whatever he has to do he earnestly desires to do it right away. Now that he is chairman of one of the trust-sweeping committees, he will be almost constantly in session, and he will be inclined to hem or brow beat or procrastinate about taking it place on the blue box at the crack of the whip.

When the House is in session, Adamson goes in and sits in his place briefly, and then happens to think of a piece of paper, a pencil or an eraser he wants from his office. Whereupon he walks upstairs to the committee room, but he is not there long before he becomes uneasy lest something is taking place on the floor. Once back on the floor he is certain there must be some mail to look over at the moment. If he has any important say that he tramps back and forth from the House floor to his committee room on an average of fifty times a day.

Adamson has an unmitigated horror of letting a bunch of men sit around a table for half an hour. If a mail arrives at 10 o'clock and another at 11 o'clock he would not think of waiting until 11 and doing up the whole bunch at once. He answers the 10 o'clock mail, goes away, and comes back right on the dot at 11 o'clock for the next mess.

The first distribution of Congressional mail ready shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning. Adamson has this sent to his house and has a stenographer there all night to be ready to fly at the job of answering it about 6:30. The next mail comes about 10 o'clock, and he is disposed of that before he eats breakfast. So it goes throughout the day—every day in the year, Sundays, Christmas, Arbor Day and all.

Chairman Adamson has a knack at getting things done, too—sometimes by methods of his own. In this connection he may cite the time he was assigned to weed the potato patch. That was many years ago when Adamson was a small boy, but it is typical.

His father said: "Charlie, remove all the grass and weeds from those potatoes."

Young Adamson looked the patch over and saw that he was in on a lovely job. Nearby was a large piece of ground all bare from having had the sod removed. Not a weed had yet sprung up. He wished the potatoes were there. And that led him to ask himself:

"Why not?" Why not remove the potatoes from the weeds instead of the weeds from the potatoes, as his father had suggested. He plopped up the bare ground, dug up the potatoes and planted them anew, leaving the weeds behind him to do the work.

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Worth Knowing.

Out of every \$10