

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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It may be that Representative Igoe is suffering from too much ego.

The Kaiser has forbidden the "tooth-brush mustache." He must have heard from the poor girls who like to be kissed.

Some Americans commit suicide by taking bichloride of mercury, others by shooting themselves, and others go to Mexico.

There might be more inducement to total abstinence if those who practice it were not so mean in bragging about it.

Another precedent has been broken. A New York trained nurse married a wealthy patient, and then let him get well.

Peace is a very costly article, judging by the amount that has been secured since Mr. Carnegie began spending his millions on it.

What Step in Mexico?

Judgment need no longer be suspended as to the manner in which Benton, the British subject, met death at the hands of Villa, the Mexican bandit in Juarez. That he was murdered is the only rational conclusion to be drawn from two circumstances alone.

In the first place ten days have elapsed since the crime, and an account of it has been received by the State Department from a United States consul on the spot. If Benton had been tried and put to death in accordance with military law it is inconceivable that the fact would be withheld from the people of the United States and England, who have been waiting with admirable patience for the truth.

Such superficial examination of the body, ten days after death, as can be made beside the grave, if it ever was interred, will prove or disprove nothing.

The United States, by virtue of the Monroe doctrine, and by the course of the administration with reference to foreign powers, is in a position where it must give heed to Great Britain, whose request for the body of her murdered subject will grow into an insistent demand unless it is complied with.

There has been a rise in the price of stage money. Caused, we suppose, by the enormous use of that kind of money in Mexico.

Still, we are willing to believe that there are some men in Oklahoma who have never been either convicted or accused of crime.

Argentina should know that Mexico began going to the bad right soon after we raised our Mexican Minister to the rank of Ambassador.

Those New York poultry trust officials who have been sent to jail must realize the force of the old adage about chickens coming home to roost.

Wonder if President Wilson asked Prof. Taft, when he called at the White House yesterday, to drop in again in a couple of years, say March 4, 1916.

Now that Argentina is shipping us beef and corn, we are asked to raise our minister to that country to the rank of ambassador. An ambassador is supposed to be a much better judge of beef and corn than a minister.

There is one sure way to prevent the publication of the proceedings of the Senate in executive session, and that is to abolish the executive sessions. The suggestion of a law providing a penalty for such publication will not be taken seriously. How would a lot of the Senators know what had happened?

Apparently Mrs. Baldwin Drummond, formerly Mrs. Marshall Field, jr., will have to pay two income taxes on the money she receives under the will of her first husband, one in the United States and one in England. The British courts have just held that money returned to her from this country is subject to the British tax.

The House District Committee won't do a thing to that bill, originating in the Senate, which provides that householders must remove the snow from their sidewalks. It doesn't hurt the taxpayer of any of his money, doesn't confiscate any of the District's revenue; in fact, it only calls for the expenditure of a little energy by the few residents who do not voluntarily shovel off the snow as a matter of comfort and convenience.

The good people of Cumberland, Md., are righteously indignant over the despicable action of some one resident of that city who has made a fugitive of a political writer on one of its local papers. It's a pathetic story. This writer had a temporary lapse some dozen years ago, for which he was sentenced and served seven years in the Maryland Penitentiary. When freed he resolved to live straight and has done so. Then some unknown enemy made public his past record and he disappeared. Now some of the best people of the Maryland city have advertised in many leading papers asking him to return, pledging themselves to stand by him. There's a lesson in this story which will not be fully told until the one who disappeared returns and the one who caused him to flee is made to suffer a like punishment.

THE OPEN FORUM.

Readers of The Herald Express Views on Current Topics.

To the Editor: Since the passing of the Kenyon bill many articles have been written as to which was the best plan of treatment for these unfortunate women of the former segregated district. Many sentiments have been voiced, but I believe as yet no real conclusions reached. There can only be one way to deal with such a serious question and that is to thoroughly dissect the cause. That there is a large class of fallen women is a well known fact; changing their location does not alter it in the smallest part. They cannot be put to death, as were the women in Biblical days; neither can a cure be effected by marching them up and down the streets, branded with the scarlet letter, and in many instances physically unable, army drifting. God only knows where.

In view of all the talk about giving them good homes, I do not believe that any one is anxious to take them to their own home to mingle with their families, and these unfortunate women are afraid of them, and in such surroundings if suddenly thrust there. They must live somewhere, and there's an army of respectable, and there's an army of respectable girls right here in Washington who are ready to uphold his plan, and not get him. Why should these women from the "red light" district be dragged forth to fill positions that these girls could fill? It has been suggested that the women from the tenement have been offered positions at \$3 a week, yet I know several cases where good respectable women are working for \$2 a week, and some of them with little children, who are poorly fed, and scantily clothed.

If some of these howling reformers and abolitionists would only try and have the salaries raised for girls and women who are working for starvation wages, and lend a helping hand to the homes who are fighting the fight, and back the girls who are fighting that monster, poverty, and nearing the boarder line which leads to destruction and from whence few return.

The Woman's Job. To the Editor: In your edition of Thursday a Miss Ella prescribes in glowing terms "administering the home, rearing the children, &c."

Morning Smiles. How Could She Know? She'll never go anywhere again with you as long as I live.

Works Both Ways. A Boston doctor tells fat women that by tugging they can get thin. And he might tell thin women that in watching fat women tango they can laugh enough to get plump.—Concise Monitor.

Why They Did It. The sweet young thing was being shown through the locomotive shops. "What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with her parasol.

When I Had Need of Him. To the Editor: I permit me to commend you for publishing in Thursday's issue the verses entitled "When I Had Need of Him." They express in a very effective way the universal instinct of human hearts to call upon the great All-Father in the hour of need and stimulate the faith, so much needed in these days of materialism.

FLOOD WARNING SEEN. Heavy Snow East of the Rockies Means Danger in Spring. Heavy snow now covers the greater part of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, and coming so late in the winter, increases the probability that the spring flood this spring, but they are threatened with it at the present time, and they should be insistent in keeping their claims for relief before Congress. It is so easy for Congress to put off the consideration of this problem when no serious floods occur, but this is a good time to impress upon the members of both Houses at Washington that it is a matter of life and death to the people of the South, and that no serious floods will follow the melting of the snow now on the ground, but the danger that threatens at the present time cannot be minimized.—New York Commercial.

Funds Are Needed for Charities.

At a meeting of the joint finance committee, held Wednesday afternoon, the imperative needs of the Associated Charities and Citizens' Relief Association compelled the committee to issue an appeal for \$10,000 to enable these philanthropies to continue their work for the relief and prevention of distress in the District of Columbia.

Hundreds of calls are being received from those who must look to these two general nonsectarian charities for assistance. The extreme cold weather of the last two weeks has served only to increase a burden that already was pressing heavily upon these agencies. The 3,000 families, or 14,000 individuals, cared for last year had fair to be considerably increased in 1914.

The Associated Charities aims always to help the poor to help themselves. Its work is educational as well as remedial. The Citizens' Relief Association provides emergency relief, which is disbursed without charge, dollar for dollar, by the visitors of the Associated Charities.

Contributions sent to Howard S. Reeside, treasurer, 925 H street northwest, will be gratefully acknowledged by the donors.

Citizens' Relief Association: WILLIAM J. FLATHIER, Treasurer. MICHAEL L. WELLSER, President. Joint Finance Committee: HOWARD S. REESIDE, Treasurer.

Political Procession.

When Thomas Jefferson Scully and William Edgar Tuttle, Democratic Congressmen from New Jersey, are missed from their usual evening conferences in the Willard way the guess is good that they are aiding their beloved party up Pacific way in the State which gave the nation a President, while with more Democratic in Congress than in the hands that Jersey has known in many years.

Both Scully and Tuttle are young business men who apply business methods to the maintenance of a political organization. Possibly at heart they hardly subscribe to the lofty sentimentalism which is all too prevalent in the administration intrincher with a term twice that of a House member, but the word passes that the special campaign to elect a successor to Brenner in April must be conducted first on a national and not an incidental with commendation of the President as an actual issue, but not overlooked.

At the outset of this contest, the Democrats admit the district is normally Republican and pains are taken to proclaim in advance that defeat would only not reflect against the White House way of doing things. Also the district, comprising all but two townships of a very populous county, is practically one big workshop filled with working men and women in mills and factories. They are wabbling some over the tales of the unemployed and what they know of the "land of opportunity at home. They are inclined to blame somebody and the administration is handy with a special election, giving excuse for a blow. Hence the question mark is prominent in the minds of the people like Scully and Tuttle came into the White House consulting room, along with that other astute and soft-voiced political adviser, Tumulty, by name. Possibly the Tumulty declaration of Senator Hughes in favor of any one candidate, thus marking him as the choice of the administration.

Hughes has picked out Anton Peterson, a civil engineer of Passaic, and other ambitious Democrats recent designation of a favorite by Washington, either by Executive or Senatorial approval, active in Democratic affairs, declare themselves entitled to consideration, also votes.

The Republicans are so sure of reclaiming the district that a dozen candidates are seeking the nomination and there is hope of winning back the Progressives of last year who went to Brenner, having no candidate of their own. There will be much pondering in Executive circles before the President decides and take a personal hand in the fight, and already the managers have figures ready to use in case of defeat—figures showing the normal tendency toward Republican sentiment after a list of Republican members since 1896.

Shades of 1896! Think of the McKinley and Hobart campaign and subsequent ones sending almost solid Republican delegations to Congress from New Jersey, while now Browning, one lone Republican, including two Democratic Senators. With the election of McKinley New Jersey had eight House members, but each one chosen with him was a Republican, and several held on many terms. James Smith was a bold, but Democratic Senator, along with William F. Sewell, a Republican, but two years later Smith gave way to John Kean, a Republican.

Few Democrats broke in prior to the 1910 smash of things, and when they had to be let in with the increase to a dozen districts, but no such overwhelming majority was expected, nor do the Democrats hope to keep it up, however well backed by the administration at Washington, and one equally eager at Trenton. The need of Republicans in Jersey is a big leader of national size. Hobart and Sewell did well in their time, but their successors have hardly come to the forefront of battle.

Senator Briggs was an able, lovable Senator trained as a soldier and engineer, but hardly ambitious to be a political general. He, too, is dead, dying a few weeks after his term expired.

Before 1910 some new Republican leader may arise, and great will be the joy from Hoboken to Cape May when one gets the right grip on things in the old way of Hobart, Sewell and Company, with connections financial and moral on the New York side of North River.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' Year. (Written expressly for The Herald.) BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. APOLOGY FOR WINTER. Now why should not the winter wear And bluster in his windy way. And harrowed with drifts the pave. And rouse to turmoil all the day? He hath been Moparch of the zone, And ruled with pride elite. And now before the Spring his throne And power he must abdicate!

HISTORY BUILDERS.

A Tribute to an Almost Forgotten Poet. (Written expressly for The Herald.) BY DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

IN the long life of Col. Edward J. Allen, of Pittsburgh, full of adventure as it was in his early years, he met many men who became prominent as soldiers in the civil war, as authors, and as men of great affairs. Col. Allen, when only twenty-one years of age, was the leader of the party which blazed a path from the Missouri River to the Pacific, and he was one of those who under the sponsorship of Capt. George Britton McClellan, built a difficult highway in the heart of what is now the State of Washington.

Col. Allen was one of the fortunate men who had personal and intimate acquaintance with that man of rare poetic genius, Richard Realf. "I became intimate with Realf," said Col. Allen, "and in the intimacy I discovered the qualities of a most lovable man. He had the genuine poetic attitude. I wish he were more widely known and better appreciated, for his poems have fire and depth. I suppose in our hurry we miss the worth and delicacy of many fine souls. I have learned that poems go by vague to a great extent. Few remember how Gen. Lytle's poem, which begins: 'I am dying, Egypt, dying,' which was written just before he was killed in battle.

"Realf told me once that he knew Gen. Lytle and was a comrade in arms with him. How well I remember Realf's guilelessness. His face was full of candor and enthusiasm illuminated his countenance.

"Realf was of English birth and parentage, and he came to this country while a lad. I knew but little of his early life. He became one of the associates of John Brown, whom Realf regarded as a sort of inspired prophet. But he was not with John Brown at the Harpers Ferry raid. When the civil war began, Realf enlisted, and he was a soldier both in action and in spirit, but, curiously enough, the war did not inspire him to any work that will live. However, it did not inspire any of the poets in that way except Mrs. Howe, when she wrote 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' Whittier, Longfellow, and James Russell Lowell.

"I found Realf a companion of such vivid and rare appreciation that his impressions, peculiar quality of voice, and his rapt interest in his subject, come before me clearly now. He was a most companionable guest, but a very sensitive man. Many an evening before taking up the burden of the Rockefeller Institute, he wrote editorials for the Pittsburgh Commercial, whose successor is the Gazette-Times—he used to talk over with me the incidents of his life.

"It was one which had been full of tumult, great hopes, sorrows, agony, and some spiritual exultation. An after-dinner talk with him, at my home, was a great pleasure to me.

"Poor Realf was not the kind of temperament that could endure the burdens of life. I was in San Francisco when I learned of his death. I wish I could have been with him in his last hour, for the touch was a friend's hand and the encouraging words from a kindly spirit might have meant much to him. His last poem was the epitome of desolation in words, 'Nil Nisi Homum De Mortuis Est.' It ended with a cry at his head and at his feet." Others had done this when I went to his grave, and I, too, planted mine there.

DISCOVERIES UNDISCOVERED.

Experimenter with Radium Says He Is More Often Wrong Than Right. Dr. Robert Abbe, of New York, who probably has had more experience with radium than any other practitioner in this country, and has felt free to give the public the benefit of his findings, as well as demonstrating them before professional bodies at home and abroad, now expresses himself with admirable candor to the effect that he has been more often wrong than right. What are the most effective methods of employing radium he would not dare say at this stage. He has thought he knew, at times, but experience only magnified the puzzle. He has enlisted the invaluable services of Dr. Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, to find out. It appears, thus, that radium is a mystery, even respecting what little was supposed to be known about it. As to what is admitted to be only conjecture, that affords the scientist scarcely a tangible clue to work on. Dr. Carrel hopes to find a clue and make some headway with it in the course of the next few days. But his first task will be to rectify the errors made up to the present time, due to working on what Dr. Abbe calls a "true little theory" with a confidence now discovered to have been misplaced.—Providence Journal.

The Better Way. After all, isn't it better to have the winter packed into February this way than if it had been spread along through December and January as well?—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

One Day Behind. Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack? Jack—who has just settled a dressmaker's bill—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper!—London Opinion.

ON SALE TODAY NEW VICTOR RECORDS FOR MARCH Dance Records INCLUDING SOME ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE BY THE FAMOUS VICTOR MILITARY BAND. 35382—Peg o' My Heart. 35383—The Horse Trot. 17530—Pepper Pot. 17524—Toreador. 35384—La Brulante. 17535—An Aboard for Dixieland. F. G. Smith Piano Co. 1217 F STREET