THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
1322 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

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

Chicago Representative, A. R. KEATOR, 601 Hartford Building.

Atlantic City Representative, C. E. ABBOT, 603 Bartlett Building.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer. They must not contain over 200 words.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER

Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$5.40 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....35 cents per month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL

Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$5.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.50 per year
Sunday, without Daily.....$2.00 per year

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1914.

Sometimes a man thinks he has become engaged when he has simply been caught.

Mr. Murphy made another mistake in letting any body else keep the club's books.

The man who posed in Paris as the Prophet Daniel queered himself by talking German.

And have you noticed that most of these light-footed dancers are also light-headed?

In the good old days a man could hide behind his wife's skirts, but he can't do that now.

Money may be the root of all evil, but we have seen some evils flourish without any apparent root.

As a general thing when a man sets out to be the host to a poker party he winds up by being the goat.

You have heard of "the man without a country," but Mexico seems to be the country without a real man.

You will have to give the Mexican leaders credit for this: Not one of them seems to be any worse than the others.

As we understand him, Felix Diaz is willing to direct another revolution in Mexico if Uncle Sam will furnish the men and means.

The Chinese government is protesting because an American has started a steam laundry in Pekin. Well, it does look like rubbing it in.

Now that we are going to fix the canal tolls matter, let Great Britain come across with an appropriation for the San Francisco Exposition.

Women hop-pickers in California have gone on a strike. One of the causes of complaint, we understand, is that there are too many frogs in the fields.

If the weather man continues kind today we can forget about the Ulster problem and devote all our attention to seeing that we have our green on straight.

Foreign insurance companies are leaving Kentucky because of a recently enacted State law. And this no doubt insures increased business for the home companies.

A Baltimore woman's nerves were wrecked by having forty different cooks in one year. Looks bad, but maybe we had better suspend judgment until we hear from some of the cooks.

Washington ought to give Ben Johnson one more chance to be good, if he will only hurry up and take advantage of it. If not—well, word has just come from Charlottesville that Walter Johnson is ready to pitch.

It will now be in order to look over those importations of Argentine beef a little more carefully. Bill, the llama, sent to Secretary Bryan as a present by the mayor of Buenos Ayres, is to be deported because he has the foot and mouth disease. So far as we know, too, there is no vacancy in the office of llama of the State Department.

Statistics are on the way to Senator Shafroth to be used as an argument for woman suffrage, showing that though equal suffrage has existed in Colorado since 1893 not one divorce has resulted from political differences between husbands and wives. Didn't know that had been made ground for divorce in Colorado. People living elsewhere seem to find plenty of other reasons.

Driven out of business by the parcel post system the United States Express Company announces that positions with other companies will be provided for its efficient employes and also that plans are being discussed for devoting a fund to the care of those who are too old to continue work. Examples like this are becoming more and more frequent and are especially to be commended to those who are only able to see the bad in the big corporations.

A Federal Fire Trap.

It is an old story that the Patent Office is a fire trap. Several blazes have occurred there in the past few years and only through great good fortune has loss of life been averted. Time and again official reports have told of the great danger that priceless records are in. Loss of these records would be a calamity for which blame could readily be fixed. Loss of life, with executive officials and Congress fully cognizant of its everyday possibility, would be a crime, for which no one would suffer.

Testimony given yesterday before the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds by Commissioner of Patents Ewing is shocking and astounding, when it is realized that it refers to a building occupying an entire square of ground and maintained by the government of the great United States, with thousands of men, women and children employed there daily. Here is one question asked of the Commissioner:

> "If a match were dropped in the assignment and classification room, where they examine records and the employes are packed together, it would start a fire that would burn up half the hundreds of persons employed in that division, would it not?"
>
> "Yes," answered Commissioner Ewing.

As we said at the beginning, this is no new condition. In corroboration we have the following, also from Commissioner Ewing's own lips:

> "The building burned down in 1877, but the present building is even more dangerous than was the burned building. If a fire should start today when work is in progress, it would not be a question of saving any of our records; it would be a question of how many lives we could save."

Commissioner Ewing appeared before the committee to "plead" for a new and modern fireproof building. Suppose, for an instant, that this building were maintained by some business firm or corporation? Wouldn't the "pleading" be done through a grand jury indictment?

We ask, in all sincerity, isn't it about time that Congress stopped harping on the inefficiencies of the District government and the "unreasonable" demands of its people, while it sets about remedying shocking and criminal conditions in buildings owned and controlled by the Federal government?

District Fight Only Half Won.

Much work remains to be done by citizens and organizations enlisted in the cause of the National Capital as against harmful legislation now pending in Congress.

No greater mistake could be made than to assume that because the Senate—a majority of its members having painstakingly informed themselves on the whole subject—has sustained the contentions of the people of Washington so far as the District appropriation bill is concerned, the battle is over. It is not nearly half over. The District bill has yet to be fought out in conference; other bills are pending in the Senate and more are in process of incubation in the House. There is yet grave danger that much of the splendid work that has been accomplished in the past two months will go for naught.

The all important work now is for those men and women, individuals and organizations, who have volunteered their aid in preserving the Capital from the blight of a policy born of ignorance, to see that members of the House become as well informed as those in the Senate. The story of the Capital must be told to them, backed up with the great array of indisputable arguments and figures which are now in possession of the Committee of One Hundred. They must be shown why the Nation's Capital not only cannot expand and progress but cannot ever be maintained in its present condition unless twice as much money is spent on it every year as can possibly be contributed by the 345,000 people of this noncommercial community. Every time a member of the House can be induced to examine the facts and figures a friend is made for Washington and it is just now that Washington is in need of friends.

It must not be forgotten that the House District Committee is still tinkering with the George bill and that every amendment proposed contains a menace in one form or another to the Capital's welfare. The bill is now in such hopeless shape that its author has repudiated it, but Representative Prouty has not abandoned hope, and Washington must fight to the end.

Labor and the Sherman Law.

Congress is being flooded with petitions from labor organizations to include in one of the several bills aimed at the trusts, now in course of preparation, a provision exempting combinations of artisans and combinations of agriculturists from the operations of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Two Presidents of the United States have already been confronted with legislation of this character sent to them by Congress for their approval. To each it came attached to an important appropriation bill. President Taft boldly vetoed such exemption, while his Democratic successor straddled the question. It now seems possible that it may rise to confront President Wilson for a second time during his administration.

Far and wide President Taft was proclaimed as a President with a judicial mind. Nowhere was he credited with being a politician. It requires no stretch of the imagination to ascribe such legislation to the "political mind" of two Congresses and it is just as easy to account for President Wilson's action in declining to meet the issue squarely until it was put to him squarely by Congress. Attached to an appropriation bill, the question of exempting labor from the operations of the Sherman law was put to both Presidents merely in the form of prohibiting the use of any of the sums appropriated by the bill for the purpose of prosecuting combinations of labor under the Sherman law. President Taft expressed his disapproval of a principle thus expressed. President Wilson took the ground that such provision was immaterial in the particular bill, for the reason that other funds were available for any prosecution deemed necessary.

The issue, however, is clear cut. It is well expressed by a correspondent, evidently a union labor advocate, writing in The Herald of March 14, who said:

> Who will deny that the original purpose of the Sherman anti-trust law was to only control the products of labor? Who will deny that the authors of this law never dreamed of including organizations of wage workers? Who will deny that our courts have since read into the law an interpretation that was never intended, and which has now all the force of statutory enactment? Who will deny there is a distinction between the products of labor (pig iron, steel billets and Portland cement, for instance), and the labor power that creates these products?

It is not disputed, we believe, that union labor indorses the Sherman anti-trust law; that union labor indorses government control and supervision of the methods of marketing, by trade combinations or otherwise, of commodities, after they have been produced. This being admitted, it is indeed difficult to recognize a contention that would forbid the government the right to control and supervise the methods of the combinations of the very forces of labor which are responsible for the production and existence of the commodities, the marketing of which is to be so strictly regulated.

If the courts have read such an interpretation into the law, we must regard it as a rational reading, with a strict view to justice. If the law is wrong, let us repeal or amend the law and not seek subterfuges for its evasion.

If a woman can find nothing else to worry about she will weep over the possibility that her baby boy may grow up and marry some woman who won't be good enough for him.

Uncle Sam may have to establish a patrol along the Mexican border—to protect the Mexicans from Gov. Colquitt as much as anything else.

It was a very bright, but a very mean, suggestion that the administration will never intervene in Mexico until some Democrat gets hurt.

It strikes us that mutilating a famous painting is a mighty poor way of proving that women should be allowed to vote

Morning Smiles.

No Choice.

Mother (to her boy, who has just struck his little sister with his Teddy Bear)—"Why did you hit your sister in the face, John?" John—"'Cos it was the only part of her I could see."—Punch.

Wonders of Nature.

"Nature's works are marvelous."

"Yes. Isn't it fortunate that she provided every woman with some real hair to pin braids and switches to?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why He Drowned.

Reilly—"Pat was drowned yesterday."

Fitzpatrick—"Couldn't he swim?"

Reilly—"Yes, but he was a union man. He swam for eight hours and then quit."—Current Opinion.

Times Have Changed.

"Our viewpoint has certainly changed."

"That's so. Statesman they were naming babies for in 1890 are now thought lucky to be out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strictly Business.

Gibbs—Is it true that Hunter is neglecting his business to court a gay young widow?

Dibbs—No; his business is to make money, and she has carloads of it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Canine Customer?

Ed Cook was a butcher was considerable native wit. One day just before dinner, when his shop was full of customers, a man whom he did not like very well came in and asked for a dime's worth of dog meat.

"All right," said Ed, "will you have it wrapped up or eat it here?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Forethought.

Mrs. Whann, the weeping widow of a well-known man, requested that the words "My sorrow is greater than I can bear" be placed upon the marble slab of her dear departed.

A few months later the lady returned and asked how much it would cost her to have the inscription effaced and another substituted.

"No need of that, marm," repiled the man, soothingly; "you see, I left jes' enough room to add 'alone.'"—Current Opinion.

Taste Extremely Delicate.

The recent death of Lord Wolseley has brought out many anecdotes. On one occasion, as the soldiers were dining and the orderlies were hastening back and forth with pails of steaming soup, Wolseley stopped one and ordered him to remove the lid of his pail. The man promptly obeyed. "Let me taste it," said the general. "But—" began the orderly. "Let me taste it, I say:" and he tasted it. "Disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "It's for all the world like dishwater." The orderly saluted. "That's what it is, sir!" he said.—Christian Register.

THE NEW MEMBER.

By EMORY J. HAYNES.

My friend was unexpectedly elected. Politics never had interested him. But no question of human welfare had ever failed to stir him. And as the result, his neighbors sent him to the Capital.

"I woke up that first morning in a hotel," he narrates naively, "and looked away to the splendid pile of the Capitol, where I was to be shortly in attendance, with the thought, 'So I am a lawmaker!' Frequent visits to that city for years had never taken me up those marble steps. My uppermost thought was far from the sublime. It constantly ran through my head, 'I wonder how they do it here?'"

This quiet, brainy man of success in business mingled in the lawmaker crowd. He was accustomed to recognition among men, and that many men knew and accosted him was no new experience.

The first unexpected sensation was the every day, common place aspect of the gathering. This was not Mount Olympus, nor were these demigods. The task of lawmaking seemed only an ordinary day's work. No one showed awe, nor reverence, though many showed awkward hesitancy. There was much standing around, hat in hand, with the question writ all over their faces, "Place me. Here I am." This feeling was a dominant one for days. A few were evidently already placed. They came there placed, they were old hands at it and were ready to place other men, showing a smiling superiority as they patronizingly offered to place a newcomer.

He shortly became aware that he was ticketed, that a handful of the old operatives in this lawmaking factory "spotted" him, and "had him on the list." He frequently exposed himself to these few to ascertain just what was being planned to do with him. And little by little their intentions began to leak out to him. But for the most part he was unimportant. This wearied him, as being a boy's play business and a crass waste of time for a busy, forceful man of affairs such as he had always been. He was but a marble in a game, and it never seemed to come his turn to be played.

The power that ran this factory—my friend was a factory owner—came in from far away. The power was in the wind, and fitful like the winds. Sometimes one felt this demand of the people; sometimes there was no demand, no popular wind. Then a boss made a wind, as on a sultry day one uses a fan. You could tell the difference. In either case the new lawmaker felt that he was a feather held up to show which way the wind blows.

He was not expected to be judicial, not an originator. He was just a recorder of influences. He was a mere vote. He was by no means to take the State in hand de novo, and devote his intelligence with conscience to making the needed new law.

There was always a fear of making himself absurd, ridiculous, foolish. Ridicule is deterrent. He would not expose himself to be laughed at in trying to mend and patch the State. He had often wished that he was king for a day. Now he was an elected king for two years. But it is different, dreaming of being panoplied with power, and trying to use it when you have it.

There were so many other kings all about him, smoking and putting their feet up on mahogany chairs in committee rooms, and slipping down to a cafe, and dozing through sessions, a room full of lawmakers was generally absurd. And he felt himself to be absurd in spite of his best endeavor.

There was one thing that seemed fitting—his small salary. For he was doing less than two of his own employes—to whom he paid as much. That is, in money. But he did not come here for money. His recompense was to be the patriotic sense of usefulness to the State. He was little useful. Therefore, the pay in conscious patriotism was small. He often yawned and stretched his legs under the costly table, and wished he was back at work among men who are in earnest—the other manufacturers.

This strong man did make himself felt. It could not be otherwise. But, being no politician, he only spoke for himself. He could not "set up the cards." He could not count noses and match votes. He was genial, attractive and made friends from boyhood. But lawmakers do not get together on that basis. Policy, as the gain, is the basis in capitals since the world began. This man had no regard for policy. And he had got all his gain from another factory, far away.

The decided majority of his associates were quite his equals in moral probity and pure patriotism. They had dreamed it would be a pleasant honor to be elected. But they did not wish to return. They felt the entanglement of the ropes of the managers.

They were not here to fight, though doubtless they ought to fight. But what is the use? Our term will soon be over. Business and our professions are a free-man's life.

"The elected man is in bonds, unless he is one of the few who handle the ropes. Come and try it just to see how they do things here."

FIRST ROBIN ON THE JOB.

Yonkers, N. Y., March 16.—The first robin of spring has reached the East. Also the first bluebirds. Alderman D. R. Dedrick says so. He saw both today.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

Words of Wisdom from Edward Everett Hale.

(Written expressly for The Herald.)

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

"I was on my way back from a winter's sojourn in Southern California to my home in New York in the spring of 1894. On the morning of the third day out, I went into the smoking compartment to wait until my sleeping-car section had been made ready by the porter for the day. There were two persons in the compartment—one a man with bushy hair and beard, who was listening attentively to a man about thirty years of age, somewhat overdressed, but whose face and tone of voice showed me that he was speaking with enthusiasm upon a subject in which he had great interest."

In this way William R. Grace, who had twice been mayor of New York City, and who was the founder of an important mercantile house which carried on extensive commerce with the coast of South America, began the narration of an incident whose recollection seemed to cause him a good deal of amusement.

"I had been seated not more than five minutes when the younger man began to talk to me. He spoke of a magnificent city which had grown up upon a site which only thirty years earlier had been uninhabited land. He rattled off figures telling of its population. He spoke of its banking capital and of the great commerce it had developed. His manner of talking to myself and to the stranger was that of a man who thought his hearers were antagonistic, although we had said nothing. At last he said: 'I tell you, gentlemen, that city will in the course of ten or fifteen years have Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and New Orleans all beaten. It is going to be by and by the greatest metropolis upon the American continent.'

"The enthusiasm of this man began to be a little wearisome, and I at last said to him:

"'How long have you lived in that city?'

"'I have lived there ten months,' he replied, 'and I ought to know all about it in that time.'

"'Well, my friend,' I replied, 'if the city is all you claim for it when you lived there twenty years you will know more about it than you do now. For I have observed that the men who have lived the longest in a great city are those who realize how little after all they know about it.'

"The man glared at me and in a few moments went out. The gentleman with the long beard and long hair and who wore a queer kind of hat turned to me and said:

"'It was almost too bad to throw cold water upon that young man's enthusiasm. Yet what he said and his manner of saying it are another illustration of the profound truth which I learned many years ago. I discovered in my early life the the men who talked the most thought the least and that the man who had the smallest things to brag about are usually the loudest braggarts. The great men are silent.'

"I was so interested in what this man said and by the gentle dignity of his manner and a certain atmosphere of high authority about him that I asked him if he would tell me his name.

"He said, 'My name is Edward Everett Hale and now, having introduced myself to you, I want you to return the compliment.'

"I told him who I was and he took my hand again. We had a long conversation that day and in the course of it he repeated to me that he had been guided throughout life to some extent by his perception of the fact that the men who talk the loudest think the least."

Tomorrow—"Blaine's Remarkable Memory for Faces and Names."

(Copyright, 1914.)

Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

John Skelton Williams, the new Comptroller of the Currency, is by all odds the most dignified man connected with the present administration. Even when seated at his desk, engrossed in his work, and the room entirely stripped of callers, he is dignified. Nobody has ever seen him lean over his desk on his elbows. Usually he sits upright, straight as the conventional arrow. If he leans at all it is from his waist. He never relaxes the upper portion of his spine, no matter what engages his attention. Winter or summer he keeps his coat on. And that is not all. He not only keeps his coat on, but he keeps it buttoned up—each and every day in the year.

Tom Heflin, the handsome Alabama statesman, was approached a day or two ago by a colored man whom he had got appointed to a government job.

"Mistah Tom," said the negro, "will you lemme have three or fo' dollahs 'til tomorrow mawnin'. I's goin' to a pahty."

"Can't spare it just now," said Tom. "The first day of the month approaches apace and I need the money."

"But I'll give it back to you in the mawnin'."

"How'll you be able to repay it so soon?"

"Oh, I'll give you back the same money you gives me. I jes' wan' it to kind o' rattle around in mah pocket."

Wrisley Brown, one of the keen-minded young attorneys in the Department of Justice, went to a small town in the Middle West a while ago to get some inside facts about the condition of a certain bank there. As he had been in the same locality a short time before, he feared his name might excite suspicion, and so when he registered at the little hotel he used an assumed name that occurred to him.

All day long he busied himself about the town and went to his hotel at night tired and footsore.

"Let's see, what's your room number?" asked the proprietor, when Wrisley went to the desk for his key.

"I forget," said Wrisley.

"What's your name then? I'll look it up."

For the life of him, Wrisley couldn't remember what name he had used when he registered that morning, and the register had been put away.

"I forget—er, that is——" began the usually self-possessed Wrisley.

"What! you don't know your own name?" shrieked the hotel proprietor. And he looked scared half to death. Nor would any amount of explanation go down.

"I'd be afraid to have such a fellow in the house," said he.

And as there was no other hotel in town Wrisley Brown was obliged to tramp the streets all night like an outcast.

Shortly after James M. Cox, now governor of Ohio, settled in Dayton, he heard that a certain lawyer there had been circulating a scandalous report about him. He verified the facts, satisfying himself of the guilt of the attorney, and then asked the man to come to his office. When the lawyer entered the office, Cox locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then he inquired quietly:

"Mr. Blank, what would you do if you knew that a man had invented and was circulating a scandalous story about you?"

The lawyer said he supposed he would overtake the man and try to lick him.

"That's what seemed to me the logical thing to do," commented Cox, still quietly.

"And," he added, "that is what I got you in here for."

Without further formality he began to "beat up" the lawyer the best he could, and when members of the office force broke open the door to see what was up and witness the entertainment, both men showed signs of the conflict. Most of the furniture in the room was broken.

The lawyer had to go to the hospital for a week, but it did not cost him anything. Cox insisted on paying the bill.

(Copyright, 1914, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

ARMY ORDERS.

Capt. Archie Miller, Quartermaster Corps, in addition to his other duties, will report to Capt. Warren M. Whitside, constructing quartermaster, Front Royal, Va., for assignment as assistant to the constructing quartermaster.

Second Lieut. Sidney Erickson, Philippine Scouts, will proceed to Manila, P. I., for duty.

First Lieut. Edward P. King, jr., Sixth Field Artillery, will proceed to New York City for duty with the organized militia of New York.

The following named medical officers of the organized militia are authorized by the President to attend and pursue a course of instruction at the Army Field School for Medical Officers, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.: Maj. John A. Denton, Louisiana National Guard; Maj. Hugh Scott, Oklahoma National Guard; Capt. Seth A. Hamel, Kansas National Guard; Capt. Charles O. Boswell, New York National Guard; Capt. J. R. Cameron, Nebraska National Guard, and First Lieut. Henry W. Kennard, Maryland National Guard.

The following named officers of the Quartermaster Corps are relieved from duty in the Philippine Islands, and will report to the adjutant general of the army for further orders: Lieut. Col. John M. Carson, jr., and Capt. Frank S. Long.

Capt. Howard L. Laubach, General Staff, will proceed to the places hereinafter specified for the purpose of making the annual inspection of the military departments of the educational institutions named, and upon the completion of this duty will return to his proper station in this city:

Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, Baton Rouge, La.
Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, Agricultural College, Miss.
Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark.
University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station, Tex.
Oklahoma Agricultural College, Stillwater, Okla.
Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kans.
Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Mo.
Kemper Military School, Boonville, Mo.
University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Mo.
State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
Iowa State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, Ames, Iowa.
University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebr.
South Dakota State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Brookings, S. Dak.
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn.
North Dakota Agricultural College, Fargo, N. Dak.
College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.
University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy, Lake Geneva, Wis.

Capt. S. J. Bayard Schindel, General Staff, will proceed to the places hereinafter specified for the purpose of making the annual inspection of the military departments of the educational institutions named, and upon the completion of this duty will return to his proper station in this city:

Kentucky Military Institute, Eau Gallie, Fla.
University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.
The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.
Clemson Agricultural College, Clemson College, S. C.
North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, West Raleigh, N. C.
Fork Union Military Academy, Fork Union, Va.
Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.
Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.
Maryland Agricultural College, College Park, Md.
St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.
West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Delaware College, Newark, Del.
Wesleyan Military Academy, Wesleyan, N. J.
Rutgers Scientific School, New Brunswick, N. J.
New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.
Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R. I.
Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.
Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.
Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.
University of Vermont and State Agricultural College, Burlington, Vt.
New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, Durham, N. H.
University of Maine, Orono, Me.
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y.
Bailey Military Academy, Greenwood, S. C.
Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.

Capt. William T. Merry, General Staff, will proceed to the places hereinafter specified for the purpose of making the annual inspection of the military departments of the educational institutions named, and upon the completion of this duty will return to his proper station in this city: West Texas Military Academy, San Antonio, Tex.; the Peacock Military College, San Antonio, Tex.; New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, N. Mex.; New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Mesilla Park, N. Mex.; University of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz.; The Harvard School, Los Angeles, Cal.; San Diego Army and Navy Academy, Pacific Beach, Cal.; Agricultural College of Utah, Logan, Utah; University of Nevada, Reno, Nev.; Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.; Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.; University of California, Berkeley, Cal.; St. Matthew's Military School, Burlingame, Cal.; Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oreg.; University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.; University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho; State College of Washington, Pullman, Wash.; Montana College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Bozeman, Mont.; University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.; State Agricultural College of Colorado, Fort Collins, Colo.

Capt. James P. Robinson, General Staff, will proceed to the places hereinafter specified for the purpose of making the annual inspection of the military departments of the educational institutions named, and upon the completion of this duty will return to his proper station in this city: North Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega, Ga.; Riverside Military Academy, Gainesville, Ga.; Georgia Military Academy, College Park, Ga.; Gordon Institute, Barnesville, Ga.; Georgia Military College, Milledgeville, Ga.; University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.; Morse College, Atlanta, Ga.; Sewanee Military Academy, Sewanee, Tenn.; Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, Tenn.; Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn.; University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Bingham School, Asheville, N. C.; State University, Lexington, Ky.; Kentucky Military Institute, Lyndon, Ky.; Western Military Academy, Alton, Ill.; University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.; Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.; Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind.; University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.; Michigan Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich.; Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio; Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio; Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio; Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.; Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa.

Each of the following-named officers will report to the commanding officer, Fort Monroe, Va., for the purpose of witnessing target practice of the Atlantic fleet, to be held during the period from March 21 to April: Maj. Robert K. Callan, Coast Artillery Corps; Capt. James L. Walsh, Ordnance Department; First Lieut. George A. Wildrick, Coast Artillery Corps; First Lieut. John T. Rowe, Coast Artillery Corps. Upon the completion of this duty Capt. Walsh will return to his proper station.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Capt. W. A. Gill, detached supervisor of naval auxiliaries; to member of naval examining board, Washington, D. C.

Capt. A. T. Long, to duty supervisor of naval auxiliaries, Norfolk, Va.

Lieut. Commander J. S. Graham, detached Idaho; to Illinois.

Lieut. Russell Wilson, detached Navy Department, Washington, D. C.; to New York.

Ensign J. E. Boerner, detached Pittsburgh; to Intrepid.

Ensign C. E. Beard, detached Pittsburgh; to Intrepid.

Passed assistant Paymaster E. H. Douglas, detached Intrepid; to naval training station, San Francisco, Cal.

Passed Assistant Paymaster M. H. Philbrick, detached Kearsarge; to Idaho.

Passed Assistant Paymaster C. R. Zimosky, detached St. Louis; to navy yard, Mare Island, Cal.

Assistant Paymaster Andrew Moray, detached Bureau of Supplies and Accounts; to Annapolis.

Assistant Paymaster J. R. Ewald, detached Annapolis; to St. Louis.

TAFT "LION" IN ST. PAUL.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 16.—Former President William H. Taft arrived here today to deliver four lectures before the University of Minnesota Law School. This will be a busy week for the former President as a long program of receptions, luncheons and banquets have been arranged. This afternoon Mr. Taft attended the funeral of Charles A. Willard, who was a personal friend of the former President.

SOLON'S SON FINED FOR PRANK.

New Haven Conn., March 16.—Rufus H. Clapp, of St. Paul, Minn., son of United States Senator Clapp; Frank W. Buxton, of Wellesley, Mass., and Philip H. Fox Dersmith, of Montville, Penn., Yale students who were arrested in a local theater for throwing confetti and other matter on the stage during the performance were fined $5 each and assessed the costs today. They pleaded guilty to the charge of breach of the peace.

THE OPEN FORUM.

Herald Reader Upholds Commissioner Harlan's Report on St. Paul R. R.

To the Editor: Apropos the editorial in your paper entitled "Harlan's Epistle to St. Paul," I take the liberty of respectfully calling your attention to the report of Commissioner Harlan in docket, No. 923, of the Interstate Commerce Commission's current report which is the subject of your criticism. In the interest of a correct understanding of this case, I trust you will be good enough to publish this letter.

From a careful reading of this report it will be apparent to any one having any knowledge whatever of railway accountancy that upon the statement of facts therein Mr. Harlan's criticism or "stump speech," as you have chosen to term it, was anything but severe. I assume that you do not undertake to question the accuracy of the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This commission is not a small organization. The accountants employed in investigations of this character are men who are recruited through difficult competitive civil service examinations. As for the qualifications of Mr. Harlan, I would respectfully refer you to any railway official with whom he may ever have come in contact.

From the moral and ethical viewpoint there can be but one logical conclusion "concerning certain accounting methods of the St. Paul road." Any corporation, railway or industrial, which wantonly violates the law should be prosecuted, not only by the sovereign but should be subjected to civil proceedings by its creditors whose security is impaired. In this case the officials who juggled the accounts were, of course, primarily responsible. They were unmoral, if not dishonest. The St. Paul's very lame attempt to wriggle out this affair by blaming its conduct on its deceased comptroller is really amusing. The men higher up should have been more ingenious than to try to shift their responsibility on one whose lips are forever closed.

May I ask, Mr. Editor, if you would knowingly strike a blow at the entire accounting profession? In the interest of honest accounting, such conditions as this should be made public. What difference does it make whether the St. Paul falsified its records in 1910 or 1914? To any one familiar with the organization of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the apparent delay can be readily accounted for. All the interstate railways in the United States are required to file their annual reports with this commission. Often these reports are delayed in transit. When they are received, a detailed check and audit is made of each report. Much correspondence with railway accounting officers is necessary to correct errors and secure uniformity, and railway officials are invited in visiting and inspecting the thousands of railway record offices in all parts of the country. Practical experience in accounting in the service of railways is a prerequisite to the employment of these examiners of accounts. As every annual report must be carefully digested, it is not surprising that bad practices and even discrepancies do not crop out for three or four years. I happen to know that the reports of the commission are very carefully prepared and edited, and before being given out to the press are passed upon by the commissioners in conference.

The system of accounts is largely the work of Prof. Henry C. Adams, of the University of Michigan, who was formerly in charge of statistics and accounts under the commission. Prof. Adams is eminent in the field of statistics and railway economics. Of all the divisions of the commission, to any one with an open mind, I think it will be apparent that the statistics and accounts division are least open to criticism either as to organization or personnel.

Your valuable publication is either misinformed or has misconstrued this report. It is indeed a serious matter to attack a large railway corporation with a multitude of stockholders scattered in all parts of the world, and muckraking attacks on business inspired by ignorance and jealousy are deplorable indeed. Business is not inherently bad as many misguided people are trying to make the American people believe. There is a dividing line, however, between right and wrong and such reports as Commissioner Harlan's are honest reminders of that fact.

ROBERT E. LITTLE.

Pessimistic on Helping Farmers.

"To the Editor: After reading your editorial referring to "enormous sums for the farmer," I am tempted to ask you for space to write a few lines to let you and your readers know that the farmer knows but little—"heap little," to—about those "enormous sums" for his benefit.

Those "enormous sums" means graft—nothing but graft. It was graft when it started—it was graft when it ended—it is graft all the way.

If you would know the truth, play detective a little while, go back to the starting point of these graft schemes, get a line on the first movers—those who lobby with and button-hole Senators and Representatives—and you will find some crank who needed a good Federal job was at the bottom of the move. And every year he comes a little stronger, gets a little bolder, and yanks more graft from the Federal treasury.

Oh, this farmer—mudsill of national prosperity and the only creator of real things—how many political sins are committed in thy name?

The writer was born and raised on the farm; he has lived all his life with and among farmers; he knows their needs; he is acquainted with their struggles. And he knows what they get in the way of help from the Federal treasury—nothing but a few garden seed in the spring from their Congressman or Senator. These "enormous sums" you read about and write about, go to pay grafters and cranks who know as little about the farmer and his problems and the needs as you do, Mr. Editor, from your "sanctum" on New York avenue. And they care 10,000 times less for the farmer if possible than you do. I have seen these grafters at work among the farmers—I have heard them try to impart knowledge to him—and I could but wonder at their nerve.

I respect the man, no matter who he is nor from whence he comes, who can impart real knowledge. I love the man who "knows and knows he knows." But for the pretender and grafter I have unutterable contempt.

S. R. B.

HIS BUSY DAY.

New York, March 16.—John Winschinsky, of Brooklyn, had a brief and lively career as "masher" today. This is what happened to him.

He was thrown off a street car for flirting with women. He then resumed his mashing operations on several women in the street. One young woman gave him a thrashing with her mesh bag and then he was arrested.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' th' Year.

(Written Expressly for The Herald.)

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ST. PATRICK.

(Copyright, 1914.)

"St. Patrick was a gentleman—"
'Twas thus the good old song began.
And finer praise I do not know
For anybody here below,
For perfect gentlemanliness
In this old world of joy and stress
Comprises all a man can be
In Honor high and Courtesy.