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MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1914.

Many a leading lady has driven many a man to drink.

This seems to be the shedding season for the Bull Moose party.

Generally a demagogue is the man who opposes you in politics.

It has been more than a week now since a train was robbed in South Carolina.

We are anxiously waiting to see how many Pullman porters will pay the income tax.

Many a man would rather see his name in the newspapers than to perform a great deed.

The Wilson administration is furnishing a diet of principles, with mighty little pie on the side.

What'll you bet that Col. Roosevelt doesn't turn up in Mexico before the end of the month?

The railroads contend that they have made out a first-rate case in asking for an increase in rates.

We have heard no complaints of hard times in New Hampshire since Harry Thaw reached there.

We know some men whose tastes are such that they would rather ride the street sweeper than the water wagon.

President Poincare has been leading a pet cat about the streets of Paris, and in doing so he has got France's goat.

You can enjoy seeing your favorite baseball player swat the ball much more if you have done your part in swatting the fly.

Still, it looks kind of funny to see Huerta making faces at Uncle Sam when his forces are kept busy keeping out of the way of Villa.

We think the world is getting better, but in some parts of the country people still believe that bloodhounds are efficacious in tracking criminals.

Five million lady bugs are to be distributed among California farmers to drive away a parasite that destroys crops. We had no idea there were that many in the world, even counting the British militants.

Expounders of the doctrine of "efficiency" talk as if it was something they have just discovered, instead of a goal that the world has been striving for ever since the dawn of civilization; though we shall never actually reach it, because with every step of progress the goal is set a little higher.

The New York courts have just awarded a judgment for $48,000 in favor of a man who has been suing his brother-in-law, and his estate after his death, for twenty-three years. Incidentally he spent $186,000 in prosecuting the suit. The "beneficiaries" under the plaza condemnation awards need not abandon hope.

The Department of Agriculture has prepared a diagram showing how to plant a garden 25 by 75 feet, but as it only provides for a lawn, flower bed, peas, onions, beans, beets, carrots, lettuce, parsnips, radishes, kale, spinach, potatoes, cabbage, asparagus, strawberries, currants, grapes, a shed and a walk on either side, few will be interested.

The entire vice district of St. Joseph, Mo., has been wiped out and the city is now struggling with the problem of what to do with its former denizens. Another problem over which the authorities are deeply concerned is the elimination of resorts that have been opened clandestinely in the city's residential district. The latter problem is gradually assuming proportions in Washington.

During our squabble with Spain the newspaper correspondents of Washington had a great deal to say of the heroic deed of a popular Representative, now a distinguished United States Senator, who scattered a regiment of Spaniards in Cuba by raising his umbrella. It's dollars to the hole in the doughnut that historic event will sink into insignificance when Uncle Sam raises Old Glory in Mexico City.

A rare triumph for diplomacy is reported from London in the solution of a crisis which threatened to interfere with King George's visit to Paris. Because of the delicate dictates of his digestive apparatus the King wanted to take his pet Buckingham Palace chef with him, but the embassy chef in Paris positively refused to recognize his rival from across the channel or to receive him at his court. After an hour's telephoning a treaty was ratified, with no apology clause, by which the Paris chef agreed to recognize the second chef from Buckingham and permit him to prepare his majesty's meals. The question of a salute was not discussed.

Ludwig Fulda, the celebrated German writer, who has recently returned to Berlin after a tour of the United States, paid a fine tribute to the wealthy men of the United States at the banquet of the American Association of Commerce and Trade, when he said that the German conception of the United States as only the land of dollar chasers was wholly erroneous and unjust. American rich men, he said, were far more idealistic with their wealth than the German princes and capitalists. Americans were setting an example in ideals which the Germans might well follow. All very true, but Herr Fulda may expect a call down from the Kaiser.

One People to Face the Foe.

Huerta has elected to have the ports of Mexico blockaded by the United States navy. President Wilson has not yet indicated any intention of going further and committing an act of war. The country will know his plans this afternoon, when he will appear before a joint session of Senate and House and ask for authority and means for carrying them out. Whatever he may ask he will receive immediately. Congress and the whole American people will give the President enthusiastic support in whatever steps he may take in Mexico. If these steps mean war, war will be welcomed. Huerta's insults and expressions of contempt exhausted the people's patience and forebearance before they did the President's.

Huerta's last opportunity to stay our hand ended at 6 o'clock last night. A blockade, at least, is now inevitable. As Huerta was fully aware of this, it follows that he invited the blockade, doubtless with a motive. That motive, it is logical to assume, was his own personal safety, realizing that the end of his dictatorship is near. Mexico is nothing to Huerta. With wealth at his disposal, the dearest things to him now are life and liberty. With the United States in control his chances for both are vastly superior to what they would be should he fall into Villa's hands.

A blockade in itself does not mean war. It means the isolation of Mexico and it means that we must guard our borders with a strong force, even if Huerta does not make retaliation for the blockade an excuse to throw the throttle wide open and declare war himself. Whether we stop short of actual war or not, there will be work for our forces on land and sea, and they are ready for it. Today will witness a demonstration of patriotism throughout the nation such as has not been called for since the day just sixteen years ago when William McKinley asked of Congress what Woodrow Wilson will ask today. If volunteers are needed they will rush to the flag. There will be no politics and no hyphens before the word American. We will be one people.

Apology Dooms Treaty.

If the treaty between the United States and Colombia, which was signed at Bogota on April 7, contains the words quoted in dispatches from Paris, and there is no reason to doubt that it does, it should not be ratified by the Senate, and it probably will not be ratified.

The treaty provides for the payment to Colombia of the sum of $25,000,000 for the reason, principally, that we recognized Panama when it seceded from Colombia and thereby acquired the Canal Zone by payment of $10,000,000 to Panama. The treaty further provides that Colombia's official shipping and ships of war shall be granted perpetual free passage through the canal. But the vital objection, and the one which should insure its rejection by the Senate, is an apology to Colombia couched in terms obnoxious to the American spirit of independence.

The first article of the treaty as published in the Paris Temps says:

The government of the United States desiring to put an end to all disputes and differences with the republic of Colombia, occasioned by events which have brought about the present situation in the Isthmus of Panama, in its name and in the name of the people of the United States expresses sincere regret for anything that may have interrupted or altered the relations of cordial friendship existing long between the two nations.

It has been officially announced that there was no apology in the treaty. The English of it reads like one. It has no place in a treaty. If Colombia is to be recompensed for whatever loss she may have sustained—whether the United States is in any way responsible is debatable—by the payment of $25,000,000 and the free use of the canal forever, there is no occasion for apology. It is handsome indemnity. Free passage for Colombia's ships may seem a matter of no vast importance now. In years to come, with changing events, the concession may be a valuable one.

But the apology is impossible. It smacks even of party politics, strangely out of place in an international treaty. By what right does President Wilson apologize in the name of the people of the United States for an act inspired by President Roosevelt, placed in that high office by their votes and as much their representative as is President Wilson?

Without regard to the cash payment and the granting of canal rights, the apology in the treaty will prove sufficient to insure its rejection by the Senate.

A Choice in Mourning.

The Democratic platform says: "We favor the exemption from toll of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the canal."

The same Democratic platform also says: "We believe in fostering, by constitutional regulation of commerce, the growth of a merchant marine, which shall develop and strengthen the commercial ties which bind us to our sister republics of the South, but without imposing additional burdens upon the people and without bounties or subsidies from the public treasury."

Charles J. Bonaparte, former Attorney General of the United States, arguing before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals in opposition to repeal of tolls exemption, said: "The whole substance of the transaction is a bounty paid out of public funds by the United States, to the owners of a certain class of American vessels using the canal."

It is a question which plank the platform worshipers will have to mourn over.

Miss Columbia's Free School.

Miss Columbia is a grand little school-teacher. There is no doubt that she can instruct Mexico in deportment and the principles of republican government as successfully as she instructed Cuba in cleanliness and the need for abandoning the deplorable insurrectionary habit. But running a free school has its disadvantages. If the rush of pupils keeps on she positively will have to begin charging tuition.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Seminary Discipline in the Navy.

We do not exactly follow Secretary Daniels in his powerful oratorical refutation of the charge that he is opposed to strict discipline in the navy. By whom has he been accused of such delinquency? From the latest reports at hand relative to the use of wine and beer on shipboard, we should say that the discipline of a young ladies' seminary was mild in comparison with that which he expects to establish in the officers' mess. Is Mr. Daniels a joker as well as a prohibitionist?—New York World.

Rule Works One Way.

If the decision of the rate case should be in favor of the railroads it would not be possible to make it retroactive and allow the companies to collect the increase since the date when they made formal application for it. But when the employes of the railroads demand an increase of pay, and the matter is referred to arbitration, the award is made retroactive to the date of the formal demand. The 5 per cent increase in freight rates would be less than the recent increases in wages, and it won't be dated back. And perhaps the commission will hold that the railroads can stand the process of depletion a little longer.—Philadelphia Record.

Spurious Old Masters.

By JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

Prof. John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers College, author of many good books about art, is writing a rather remarkable set of "New Guides to Old Masters," a little bit on the art museum guide book plan, and yet of an original and quite noteworthy character. Of these "new guides," which are to box the compass of all the important museums in Europe, two have been received—"London, Critical Notes on the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection," and "Paris, Critical Notes on the Louvre" (Scribners). The first as the introductory volume of the series, contains a most interesting general presentation, with some valuable observations on old masters and old mastership as a whole, and a bibliography of the old masters—that is to say, a selected list of the accessible books on the subject.

Mr. Van Dyke is very, very incredulous about a great many of the old masters that are sold by the dealers nowadays, and even about the supposedly authenticated pictures in the museums. His explanation is that workshop and school pieces, and the pictures of sons, pupils and imitators of the great painters, are regularly palmed off for the master's. "The pride of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg," he says, "is forty or more Rembrandts—the finest collection of Rembrandts in existence, we are told; but thirty out of the forty are school pieces or workshop performances, and of the scant remainder there is only one Rembrandt—the so-called Sobieski—of the highest quality."

"Strange, is it not," Prof. Van Dyke adds, "that Rembrandt should have 500 or 1,000 canvases still preserved to him, while his score of pupils have hardly a score of pictures among them? And stranger still that Rubens should have 3,000 pictures, and his forty or more individually known pupils not half a dozen apiece, and some of them not a single picture."

Tiepolo and El Greco, he notes, have absorbed the whole output of their sons, who imitated their style.

And there is the clever forger always at work. "Sometimes he paints a Sienese primitive on an old chestnut or poplar panel, utilizing, perhaps, the old gilding of the ground and even the tooling and stamping of the patterns. He glazes and bakes his colors, scrumbles and varnishes his surface, worms his frame and batters it in a revolving hopper. At other times he takes a fifty-year-old canvas and paints you a glib Daubigny, an astonishing Corot which passes muster under the noses of the experts at the Hotel Drouot."

The signature on an old picture, as Prof. Van Dyke points out, means very little. Forged signatures are found everywhere. "At the Brussels Gallery, picture No 166 has two signatures, Van Goyen's and Cuyp's, and three dates, which suggests the enterprise of its various owners. Paul Potter's name on pictures by Verbeecq and Isaac Van Ostade is not infrequent. Rembrandt's signature appears again and again on pictures now frankly given to Bol, Maes and others, while Albrecht Durer's monogram is still conveniently used on pictures by his contemporaries and followers. Indeed, the forged signature and date are so common that all signatures and dates have come to be looked upon with suspicion."

Mr. Van Dyke has a picturesque account of the manner in which American millionaires are induced to pay large amounts for "replicas" of famous pictures, which are only copies, once bought for a small amount and hung up in some nobleman's or rich man's house. Time goes by; the copy gathers dust; the family fortunes decline, and the pictures are sent to London to be sold, and shortly we hear from the auction room that a "replica of the picture in the king's possession at Windsor" is to be sold. Some American millionaire buys the cheap copy for a fabulous sum—and the delusion carries through to the end.

Time and "restoration" spoil many of the old masters that are actually in authentic existence. Of Titian's work, for instance, there are not more than one or two pictures in existence that are as he left them. Prof. Van Dyke gives us a pitiful account of the butchery to which Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Mona Lisa" has been subjected. "The trip to Italy and back," he says, "has resulted in just a trifle more rubbing of the surface, and every one knows that it had had enough before it left the Louvre." It has been rubbed down and worn off until it has hardly any color left. But it is still a famous masterpiece, and famous with good reason.

What is to be done about all these forgeries and imitations of the art of the old masters? America is full of these "fakes." Nobody can truly say where the genuine leaves off and the spurious begins. Spurious old masterhood has invaded every public museum in America, and probably every private collection of any size. It would be very interesting to have Prof. John C. Van Dyke write a guide to the museums of New York—to turn upon the pictures at the Metropolitan Museum the same searchlight that he turns, picture by picture, upon the museums of Paris and London. Perhaps he will do it some time.

In the meantime, it can be said that in the long run every picture will have to prove itself. Its standing as the work of a master will rest not upon a signature, not upon the fact that it has hung in somebody's collection, but upon historical evidence that is incontrovertible, and upon the concurrent judgment of the best authorities. No one man's "say so" will suffice. There is too much uncertainty about that. Good authorities have made egregious errors. And the doctors disagree about many individual pictures. They will have to thrash it out among themselves—and their mistakes and assumptions will be exposed by patient criticism.

It will take a great many years to find out just what we have, among our art treasures—and what we have not.

Coxey's Second March.

It happens that "Gen." Jacob S. Coxey begins his second march upon Washington at the moment when a great naval demonstration is in progress for the purpose of enforcing upon a neighboring nation the respect that is believed to be due to the government of the United States.

Coxey's movement is more than contemptuous of the government of the United States. It is a wanton insult to the people of the United States. Starting from Massillon, Ohio, on an errand that is idiotic if not criminal, his first recruits are gained by a jail delivery authorized by local officials who have vagrants in custody that are troublesome.

If Massillon's example in this respect shall be followed by other towns en route to the capital, there will presently appear at the seat of government a mob that no foreign foe could possibly place there. These forays are encouraged by some people on the theory that they are funny. They are highly dangerous.

Coxey is nobody's fool. He is rich while his dupes are poor. He rides while they walk. He is inclined to be predatory only in a lawful way. The fools who follow him may at a moment's notice be persuaded to run the whole gamut of riot.

Instead of opening the jails to re-enforce this enterprise, as Massillon has done, some true American town with an honest constabulary ought to fall upon the whole crowd in force and disperse it, as was done with Kelley's "army" in California. If Coxey himself should feel the weight of a country policeman's club, it would be a jolt delivered in season, in wisdom and in justice.—New York World.

MANUFACTURED SENTIMENT.

Man "Interviewed" on Tolls Not Here Since Civil War.

The Washington Herald has received a communication from Ovid Bell, president and manager of the Fulton Gazette, Fulton, Mo., inclosing the following from the Washington Post of March 31.

"Some persons might get the wrong impression about the sentiment in Champ Clark's Congressional district on this tolls fight by reading a telegram from Ovid Bell, the editor of the Fulton Gazette, printed in a Washington paper recently," said Joseph W. Adams, of Bowling Green, at the Raleigh. "This telegram, erroneously dated Mexico, Mo., indicated that the people of Callaway County are not behind the Speaker in his position on tolls. The fact is that they are almost solidly supporting him. Editor Bell is not numbered among his supporters, because Mr. Bell wants to be appointed postmaster of Fulton immediately, when the term of the present postmaster does not expire for three years. I understand that the Speaker declined to recommend that the incumbent be turned out before his term expired and Mr. Bell appointed—hence the editor's pique."

Mr. Adams, who is a prominent citizen of Bowling Green, served with former Senator Cockrell in the Confederate army, and was with Gen. Cockrell when Vicksburg surrendered, at which time he had to subsist on mule meat.

"I do not hesitate to say that Speaker Clark is the most popular citizen of Missouri today. Notwithstanding the position taken by other members of the House, the people are back of the Speaker in his patriotic stand against the surrender of the American nation to Great Britain. There can be no mistaking the attitude of the Missourians. That was indicated by the mass meeting in St. Louis, which, called to condemn Representative Igoe and Speaker Clark, turned around and indorsed them and condemned the other members of the Missouri delegation."

In his letter to The Washington Herald Ovid Bell says:

"I wrote to a friend of mine who lives in Bowling Green, Mo., whose name is Adams and asked him about Joseph W. Adams, the person alleged to have given out the interview. I received a letter from him promptly and from it I quote the following: 'Joseph W. Adams, of Bowling Green, Mo., is my father. He hasn't been in Washington since the civil war and never gave out an interview in his life.'

Concerning the postmastership Mr. Bell writes:

"The fact of the matter is I have never asker Speaker Clark or any one else to have the present postmaster in Fulton removed. Writing to Speaker Clark on November 17, 1912, I said: 'When the time comes for a Democrat to have the Fulton postoffice, I would like to be the appointee, provided you can give me the place without embarrassment to yourself.' In the same letter I also said: 'The time of the present postmaster does not expire until June, 1916. He is a good official and a clever gentleman, and I have no disposition to urge his removal before the end of his four years.'

"In the letter which I have just quoted I laid particular stress on the fact that I desire its contents retained as confidential. Later on Speaker Clark wrote a Fulton gentleman that I wanted the postoffice, disregarding my request, and I wrote him on April 18, 1913, as follows: 'Please allow me to withdraw my name for consideration as an applicant for the postmastership in Fulton.'

"As for the sentiment of the people of this county on canal tolls, after my telegram was published in Washington, a member of Speaker Clark's official family telegraphed a gentleman in Fulton to know the facts concerning sentiment here. The gentleman who received the telegram interviewed fifty representative Democrats, including nearly all of the city and county officials, and then replied that forty-seven of them stood with the President and three with the Speaker. I happen to know that one of these three men has Speaker Clark's indorsement for a United States marshalship, and I am informed that another of the trio is an applicant for the Fulton postoffice. I think the canvass made by the Speaker's friend shows pretty clearly that I did not misrepresent local sentiment in my message."

In conclusion Mr. Bell writes:

"Fifteen years ago I was private secretary to the late Representative Richard Parks Bland. After his death I worked several months as a 'cub' reporter in the Washington bureau of the Philadelphia North American. Since that time I have been secretary of the State Democratic Committee of Missouri and president of the Missouri Press Association. Naturally I have a good many acquaintances in Washington and the alleged interview will do me an injury in their minds. All of my kinspeople are Virginians and they, too, would be misled by the article."

New York Hotel Arrivals.

Special to The Washington Herald.

New York, April 19.—Washingtonians arrived and registered today as follows:

Navarre— G. Bowen.
Theresa— Mrs. H. J. E. Doying.
Grand— S. Parker. Mrs. S. Parker. E. A. Louther.
Park Avenue— J. A. Sullivan. D. Sullivan. J. Sullivan. Miss M. Sullivan. Miss M. H. McCarthy.
Longacre— I. Volant.
Union Square— H. C. Gray.
Broadway Central— H. Knox. Martha Washington—
Grand— C. V. N. Burchell.
York— A. C. Ellis.
Cumberland— Mrs. H. S. Hardcastle.
Continental— W. L. Hoblitzell. T. J. Williams.
Herald Square— L. M. Thayer.
St. Denis— J. Rosenberg.

Arrivals from Baltimore were R. T. Carroll, Latham; J. P. Kelsey, Grand Union; P. Burkerson, Grand; Miss T. M. Blondell, Park Avenue; J. F. Edeler, Grand; Dr. T. B. Futcher, Belmont; Mr. and Mrs. B. A. George, St. George; Miss D. Maloney, Grand; H. Powdermaker, Breslin; J. H. Trimble, Hoffman House; J. H. Alexander, Longacre; A. Davis, Endicott; J. C. Gorman, Navarre; J. S. Hall, Grand; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Haslette, Pierrepont; H. C. Ridgely, Herald Square; A. Schoemis, Navarre; J. D. Sears, York; W. H. Smith, Grand; E. W. Thorn, Flanders; Mrs. G. Whitelock, Sherman Square; S. W. Witcox, Flanders; W. P. Woodring, York.

Electricity from the Skies.

Very little more is known of atmospheric electricity than Franklin discovered in this city in June, 1752, when he proved that the electricity of the air and the electricity of the laboratory are one and the same. Various devices have been made for measuring the force of the current in the hope that it would assist in forcasting the weather, but the magnetic envelope that apparently surrounds the globe and wraps it with a network of currents is still a baffling mystery. The report, therefore, from Madrid that a Spanish physicist has succeeded in reaching out into the air with special apparatus and bringing back electricity enough to light fifteen lamps and keep them lighted during a prolonged test, is of the highest importance if true.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Make the Boys Work.

Why not a popular movement for boys to become better around home and at school? Instead of making hikes, why should not boys learn to work during vacations? Boys must learn to work, finally, and the sooner they begin the better. A boys' movement based on more idleness will result in more politicians.

Why should there not be a boys' movement to aid parents rather than a boys' movement to aid another set of schemers?—E. W. Howe's Magazine.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

The Conquest in Which He Took the Greatest Pride.

Written Expressly for The Herald.

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

"Railroad men, and, I think, civil engineers, and the public regarded as the most dramatic and sensational of all the achievements of Edward H. Harriman as a railroad builder the construction of the viaduct or causeway across the Great Salt Lake whereby a saving of some thirty-five miles of the Union Pacific system was made possible," said the late Charles S. Cox, himself a prominent railroad executive and a personal friend of E. H. Harriman, the friendship having been established when both were young men.

"I remember hearing engineers say that Mr. Harriman was dumping millions into the Great Salt Lake and would never get back a penny," continued Mr. Cox. "He was advised by competent engineers to desist from this purpose of constructing a causeway across the Great Salt Lake, and was told that the bottom of the lake, if there were any bottom, was probably miles below the surface.

"Harriman, however, persisted in this work, and he at last was able to report to his board of directors that the undertaking was to be a success, and that the trains of the Union Pacific could cross the Great Salt Lake by means of a causeway made of rock.

"It was always the presumption of railroad men that Mr. Harriman himself regarded this as chief among his achievements as a railroad builder, yet I have the best of reasons for knowing that this was not a correct opinion.

"I heard, shortly after Mr. Harriman's death, from very high authority that several gentlemen, one of these an English railroad manager, were invited by Mr. Harriman to take a trip over the Union Pacific lines. They called upon him after the trip was ended to thank him for his courtesies, and they said that they presumed the construction of the causeway across the Great Salt Lake was regarded by him as his greatest achievement as a railroad builder.

"To their surprise, Mr. Harriman replied that he did not so regard the building of that causeway. He said to them that he took the greatest pride in the conquest by Union Pacific civil engineers and skilled artisans of the great floods of the ——— river.

"These floods threatened completely to destroy the colossal irrigation works of the valley and to ruin many thousands of acres which had been subdued to highly profitable cultivation. Damage of that kind was sure to ruin thousands who had invested all their capital in these reclaimed lands.

"By order of President Roosevelt, Mr. Harriman said, the government engineers and forces attempted to prevent complete disaster and to conquer the floods, but they were unsuccessful. Then the President communicated with Mr. Harriman, seeking the aid of the Union Pacific engineering corps. Thereupon Mr. Harriman gave orders that the entire available forces of the Union Pacific should at once undertake to conquer the floods and to control the river so that the millions of property could thereby be saved. He gave orders that this work should have precedence over every other—even train schedules—and that there should be no hesitation about the cost. It was nip and tuck when the Union Pacific forces began this work. At last they conquered the great river, which saved the irrigation plant, and they prevented the devastation of thousands of acres of reclaimed land.

"That, Mr. Harriman told these gentlemen, he looked upon as his chief achievement in railway construction and operation.

"He was asked if the government had ever reimbursed him or the Union Pacific Company. He smiled with a characteristic expression, shook his head gently, and said that although President Roosevelt had recommended that an appropriation be made to reimburse the company, it was not made. Instead, the government was making preparations to attack the Union Pacific Company with intent to dissolve it."

(Copyright, 1914.)

Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell of "A Political Reminiscence of an ex-Postmaster General."

Morning Smiles.

Expensive Boarding.

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?

Capt. Storms—Yes; he charged me $3 a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor.—Christian Register.

Not His Good Fortune.

"You say you haven't anything to be thankful for?" said the clergyman to one of his parishioners. "Why, look at your neighbor, Hayes! He has just lost his wife by influenza."

"Well," said the parishioner, "that doesn't do me any good; I ain't Hayes."—Dallas News.

Looked Alike to Him.

Diner—I think I'll try some fish today.

Waitress—Bluefish or whitefish, sir?

Diner—It doesn't matter; I'm color blind.—Boston Transcript.

Too Busy by Day.

Judge—Why did you rob this man in broad daylight?

Prisoner—Well, judge, you see me dates for night work were all taken up.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Calling on the Poor.

"Did you call on those poor people?"

"Oh, yes," answered the amateur welfare worker.

"And what do they need?"

"Well, I didn't go inside. The house looked so fearfully squalid that I just left cards."—Pittsburgh Post.

Costly Habit.

"My husband sees pink elephants when he drinks."

"Mine has a worse delusion than that. He sees green dogs. It's very expensive, too."

"How's that?"

"Why, he goes and buys licenses for 'em."—New York Globe.

Getting in Line.

The late Cy Warner, who deserted railway literature for a real railway job in Montreal, told this story at a luncheon not long before his death.

A Scotchman came upon an automobile overturned at a railway crossing. Beside it lay a man all smashed up.

"Get a doctor," he moaned.

"Did the train hit you?" asked the Scotchman.

"Yes, yes; get a doctor."

"Has the claim agent been here yet?"

"No, no; please get a doctor."

"Move over, you," said the Scot, "till I lie down beside you."

Building on Field of Waterloo.

When the centenary of the battle of Waterloo is celebrated next year visitors to the famous field will find that it has largely lost its rural appearance, as it has become a favorite site for building of country villas. There are no fewer than fifty now on the field where Napoleon met his doom, and many of them are built on the very spots that were occupied by the combatants. The field is an ideal situation for country retreats. The completion of good motor roads from Nivelles and Charleroi has done much to stimulate villa building.—Glasgow Herald.

JOHN D. BARRY WILL WRITE FOR THE HERALD

By special arrangement, The Washington Herald will shortly give to its readers contributions from the pen of John D. Barry, the noted novelist, essayist, and lecturer, whose works have delighted hundreds of thousands of readers. Mr. Barry, a graduate of Harvard, class of '88, was formerly dramatic critic of Harper's Weekly and Colliers, but he owes his fame chiefly to his novels, among them "A Congressman's Wife" and "A Daughter of Thespis." He is now living in California, writing a notable series of essays for the San Francisco Bulletin. Mr. Barry's articles will appear on the editorial page of The Herald.

JOHN D. BARRY.

Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

Senator Moses E. Clapp wears a vast white vest and has a face as stern as a savage, but he has a keen sense of humor and goes in for quiet little practical jokes. One day two old friends happened to meet in Clapp's office and at once they sat down to hold a little reunion.

"We'll walk up town and—and look around a bit," suggested one.

Which meant that they would set out and buy each other a number of drinks with which to fill in and cement the chinks of the renewed acquaintance.

"Just a minute, Bill," said Clapp, beckoning to one of the pair before they started out. And when they had retreated to a far corner of the room for a confidential chat he told him:

"It just occurred to me that you might not have heard about old George there going on the water wagon. Oh, yes, he quit the stuff and hasn't touched a drop now for more than a year and a half. Fact is, he gets insulted if anybody ever mentions it. So you want to be careful not to breathe a word about things to drink or you'll make a lifelong enemy of him."

Then to the other man, a moment later, Clapp said casually:

"George, if you'll step into the private office here, I'll give you that letter you wanted."

When he had him thus to one side, he whispered:

"I just wanted to caution you not to suggest any form of alcoholic drinking while you're with Bill. Maybe you haven't heard about it, but he swore off drinking seven or eight months ago, and it has been a hard struggle for him to stick to his good resolutions. It would be an awful thing, now that he has practically won out, to lead him back into the old life. Oh, yes; he was hitting it up pretty lively there for a while. Well, good luck."

So the two wandered uptown, and spent the afternoon looking in the shop windows, each fearing to speak the thoughts that lay uppermost in his mind.

Secretary Josephus Daniels has a violent aversion to divorce. He thinks that when a man gets married he ought to stick it out. Whenever he sees the word "divorced" in the record of a naval officer up for promotion, Daniels shakes his head dubiously, and the man's record, otherwise, has to be just that much better.

On the other hand, Daniels, as is well known, is a great booster for matrimony. On several occasions since he has been at the head of the Navy, he has shifted an officer from one vessel to another or from a boat to shore duty, to give him an opportunity to get married.

As one of Daniels' assistants remarked one day:

"If you keep on trying to get the whole Navy married, you'll have to expect a few divorces."

Raymond W. Pullman, Washington newspaper man, was talking to a foreign diplomat who took himself rather seriously, and who pronounced his words peculiarly. He had to ask the man to repeat a word that he couldn't understand.

"If you understand Latin," observed the foreigner haughtily, "you wouldn't have to ask me to repeat that."

"If you understand English," replied Pullman, with all the quiet courtesy he could summon, "I wouldn't need to understand Latin."

Representative Percy E. Quin, of Mississippi, lives in a section where magnolia trees are perhaps a little more numerous than they are anywhere else in the country, if not in the entire world. People have to cut them out almost as they would weeds. So a few days ago one of Quin's constituents wrote him as follows:

"Please have the Agricultural Department at Washington city send me four or five nice young magnolia trees. I want them for the front yard."

Another constituent wrote Quin asking for tobacco seeds. "And please be sure to send me both varieties," he added. Quin wrote back and asked him what he meant by both varieties.

"I want both chewing and smoking tobacco," the man replied.

Judge Warren Gard, member of Congress from Ohio, always looks dignified—so much so that a colored employe at the Capitol remarked one day that Gard looked to be utterly "irreproachable." However, Gard is not "irreproachable." One can approach him with impunity, and his seeming dignity isn't really there at all. He cracks quaint little jokes whenever he feels like it. For example, one day a young woman pranced by a group of men and women were Gard was sitting, and she had her hair done up in a Psyche knot.

"What is a Psyche knot?" somebody asked.

"It's a knot on a nut," gravely replied Gard, without changing his calm, judicial expression.

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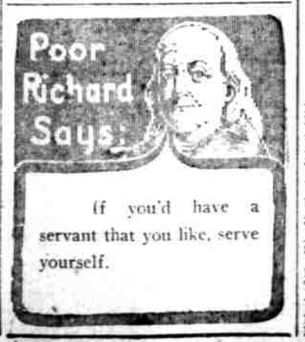
POSTMISTRESS IS EIGHTEEN.

Sandusky, Ohio, April 19.—Miss Mary Jane Fitz, eighteen, when she enters upon her duties as postmistress at Venice, succeeding Postmaster Henry Brown, will, she believes, be the youngest postmistress in Ohio.



THE OPEN FORUM.

Anti-Suffragist Replies to Alice Stone Blackwell's Letter.

To the Editor: Replying to Miss Alice Stone Blackwell's suffrage letter as published in this morning's Herald I must admit her logic is fine, but that the ground is all wrong.

The whole issue rests upon the fact that the suffragist-feminist movement is a revolt against the constitution native to the human race, and moreover it is too against the universal experience making for the well-being of the race. So by a judgment which employs both the deductive and the inductive method of reasoning—as every sound conclusion must—feminist-suffrage is weighed and found wanting. Wanting in genuine advantage to civil society.

"Suffrage is off the ground of right-reason because sound philosophy insists that the family is a moral body. For both God's revelation to man and the science of biology informs us that the unit of the race is the monogamic family; as the family is the lowest terms to which the race can be reduced and maintain itself.

From this ground it logically follows that the family is the primary form of government, while three of the ten commandments are devoted to the natural laws rightfully in control of the action of the several members of the family. Even though the so-called radical mind may take the attitude that the ten commandments are of no more authority than a syllabus, all the governments of Western civilization are based upon this understanding of the human constitution. For whether one goes to Blackstone, or back still further to the norm of his structure of civil law, the result of one's investigation shall prove the self same fact, viz.: That in so far as our laws are logical extensions of the human constitution laid down by the Creator of man Himself they are just and equitable.

Incidentally we may then thank God for this, that our own beloved country is a goverment of laws, not of men. What is the law is the question—what are the norms of the natural law by which to judge the propaganda of feminism-suffrage?

Certainly the basic constitution is plain, the State is a collection of families. Hence the unit of the State in the nature of the case is the family, not the individual. Here is the crux of the whole matter. The anarchist-Socialist-feminist-suffragist declares that the individual should be, what it has not been since Almighty God thundered forth the human constitution from Mount Sinai, the unit of civilization. It may be that some of the good old States shall stagger from off the ground of right-reason and set two political heads upon the body of the family. For we are told often enough that "suffrage" is coming. Yes, perhaps so, but the devil is always coming, though we have no need to embrace him, even if we do.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY.

THE NATION'S CITY.

Minnesota, Proud of It, Indorses Half-and-half Principle.

Thousands of visitors go to Washington, D. C., every year. No one ever heard one of those visitors hint that the American Capital was too fine. But thousands upon thousands of those visitors have been heard to express pride in every factor which contributes to the noble beauty of their Capital.

Washington can never be the city of those alone who reside there. It is the nation's city. The nation conceives of it on a scale far beyond the just proportions of an unofficial city of the same size. The nation owns half of its property. The nation reserves the right to manage all of its property. Hence, since 1878 the nation and the people resident within the District of Columbia have divided evenly the cost of maintaining the American Capital on a national scale.

In every Congress since this half-and-half principle was adopted there have been men who disapproved of it. Some of them have honestly felt that the development of a capital city on broad and beautiful lines was a luxury for which they had no right to tax their constituents. Some have believed that the people of Washington should pay the whole cost. But the greater number who have attacked it have done so because they did not believe in "the city beautiful" because their conception of government was that of a barren and unimpressive agency, because their own lives were empty of the rich ministrations of beauty. To this last group, generally speaking, only one extravagance was more utterly unjustifiable than playgrounds, and that was the extravagance of city planning.

These men have their following, of course. The four bills which they have pressed through the House of Representatives—intended to weaken permanently the half-and-half principle—indicate that this following is large enough to threaten seriously the welfare of the Capital. But let there be no misconception of that following. It is stronger in the House of Representatives than anywhere else in the country. Among the people who are represented in the lower House it has practically no following at all.

Minnesota believes that State and nation are rich enough to make their capitals clean, healthful, beautiful, dignified. She has raised her standard high in the noble building she has provided for the State officials. She looks now to her representatives in the National Senate to reflect her larger and finer conception of the National Capital. She believes that half the cost of maintaining the government of the District of Columbia is not too much to pay for the nation's complete control over the nation's seat of government.—Editorial in Minneapolis Tribune.

Shoo Fly!

It is amusing to see how the ancient "chestnut" which Champ Clark spring on Congressman Hardwick, of Georgia, "Shoo fly, don't bother me," is accepted by newspaper writers of today as a brilliant original sally. The older generation will recall that the retort is a borrowed one. When the late Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, afterward governor of this State, was a member of Congress, he disposed of an interruption in the House by the sprightly "Sunset" Cox, of Ohio, saying, "Shoo fly, don't bother me." Congressman Cox was a peppery proposition, given to annoying his opponents in debate, and the way Butler brushed him aside was enjoyed by the country. But Speaker Clark drew on his memory for his wit.—Springfield Republican.

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

(Written Expressly for The Herald.)

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE PRISONER.

(Copyright, 1914.)

I keep a special cell for pain
Here in my brain,
And there,
Dark days or fair,
I let it lie forgotten and alone
To feed on its own moan;
And then, when all its power to sting is gone,
I ope the door of memory again
And let it pass along the road
To some less chill abode;
And strange to say,
Sometimes when poor old pain has gone away,
I find, long after his retreat,
The later memory of him is sweet,
And in my soul a greater strength appears
For that I once in days that were
Held Pain a Prisoner.