

The Washington Herald

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1915.

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

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

A HINT. In the midst of all your hurry, And your worry and your flurry, In the pressure of your shoving, Take a little time for lovin'.

The wireless station at Sayville, L. I., is not working well. As a matter of fact it always has worked badly.

It looks as if every resident of Washington would like to have the street car tracks extended along some other street.

The "tango parasite" is the latest menace of Broadway, according to the testimony in the case of the New York heiress who has been going the pace.

The German soldiers are said to consume three times as much alcohol as the allies, a fact that will make more enemies for them as soon as it becomes generally known.

Chicago has a Morals Court and the other day the police raided it and arrested 200 of the spectators, some of them friends of those on trial, and others who were there out of morbid curiosity.

This has been one of the briefest shad seasons of recent years and the supply of this splendid food fish was far from plentiful.

Washington has every reason to be proud of its high school cadets, whose annual review and drill ended yesterday with the victory of Company M. of the Central School.

Having been perpetually barred from appearing on the principal vaudeville circuit, the New York woman recently acquitted of murder it is now announced is to pose for moving pictures at a large salary, no doubt in scenes associated with the tragedy.

There is something inexpressibly horrible in the suggestion of a manufacturer of explosives that the bodies of the horses and men killed on European battlefields be used to obtain the necessary annual sinews for the making of nitro-glycerine.

No explosive aside from nitro-glycerine has the shattering effect necessary, said the manufacturer. "Glycerine is produced from but one source—animal sinews—and there is no way of increasing the production unless we can make use of the bodies of the horses and men killed on the field of battle."

In choosing a successor to Gen. George H. Harries to command the District of Columbia National Guard, President Wilson has an important position to fill. While he was a resident of Washington and could give the necessary time and attention to the District militia, Gen. Harries brought the organization up to a high standard of efficiency, but of late years his business connections have kept him elsewhere, and while the spirit and ambition of the militia has not suffered there has necessarily been deterioration from a military standpoint, due to the lack of an active commander on the spot.

Two Slanders Exposed.

It is too bad to spoil the sensations that provide entertainment for the morbid and a living for the professional reformers whose specialty is discovering that most of the people with whom they do not associate are bad, and that only a public fund to be dispensed by them can bring redemption.

The Consumers' League of Philadelphia, after investigation find that the shop girls of that city are decent and that low wages have not driven them to immorality. It would not be necessary to dignify such slanders with denial, if people would first inquire as to the sources of knowledge displayed by slanderers for a consideration.

We have had so many preachers of discontent in the last decade that it became almost necessary to put fumigation wagons on their trail. One prominent member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet took to the Chautauqua circuit in the West one season, just to soak the grass so that it would not catch fire from the perfricatory oratory of the men who traveled the circuit to abuse somebody or something, and call themselves reformers.

There is only one way of escaping from ourselves. That is by entering into the minds and the feelings of others and into interests outside ourselves.

The silly season comes in the dog days, after the harvesting is done, and the Chautauqua circuit is more sensational if less entertaining than the circus. It will soon be running again and no one can tell who will be made to furnish new thrills. They have handled about all humanity in the cities except the preachers. It wouldn't be surprising to have a campaign made against the city preachers as agents of the devil, just to convince our country cousins that there is not even a Lot or his wife to save the cities from the Divine wrath because of their wickedness.

When Julia Ward Howe was getting close to her 90th year, she said to one of her friends that the older she grew the more she enjoyed life. "The sweetest honey lies at the bottom of the cup." The secret was that each year she made her life richer in thought, in affection, and in the capacity to see and to feel with others.

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A Landslide in Sing Sing.

The people, that is to say the majority, again rule in Sing Sing prison, and the bosses have been overthrown. Incidentally a blow has been delivered at those venerable and oft-proved theories of the saving remnant and the triumph of brain over brawn.

Staat's-Zeitung says American note "may be called without a diplomatic masterpiece. What would you call it with restraint? And what d'ye mean, restraint?—Wall Street Journal.

As a Soldier Thinks of War.

Sometimes through the doors of our dugouts here on the firing line a batch of American papers and periodicals is handed in with the mail that under the most abnormal conditions is delivered with laudable regularity. It is amusing to read these distant commentaries on the war, here where the postman that brings them to us has to crouch to shelter himself from the enemy's fire.

The world is not permitted to know the full details of the defeat of the "silk-stockings," and evidently there is an explanation not as yet forthcoming. Perhaps there was apathy in the "silk-stockings" party, or possibly, even likely in such a community, treachery or fraud at the polls.

Diversion.

FORTUNATE are those men who can lose themselves in any wholesome diversion. And particularly fortunate are they if, during their working hours, they put heavy demands on their physical and nervous vitality.

The most bored man I have ever known has enough money to live comfortably and to enjoy life. But he seems to be in a continuous state of discomfort.

I know another man, a friend of his, of the same age, who has been endowed with about the same amount of this world's goods. But, of the two, he seems by far the younger. He enjoys life hugely. He says that as he grows older he has a better time. The other day I saw him coming out of a theater. Beside him were two children, his niece and nephew. They had been at a comic opera.

Since that time I have seen him at ball games, at motion-picture shows and walking in the park, always accompanied by some youngster, occasionally by more than one and always having a good time.

For most people there is unquestionably a period in life when pleasures pall. Often they wonder what the matter is. Sometimes they blame the world, or nature, or God. They never blame themselves.

With the loss of the capacity to enjoy there is likely to be the loss of sympathy. Here we find an explanation of the increasing crabbedness of many people as they grow older. They become more and more shut in on themselves. And yet it is themselves that they most long to escape from.

There are many things which he cannot do well, and some things which he cannot do at all. I look upon this condition as advantageous, rather than as a defect. If all men were perfect, and each so good as he is, the world would be a most uninteresting world.

When the statue of Webster, which was the gift of New Hampshire, was placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol, it was my lot to deliver a eulogy upon Mr. Webster. In my address I alluded to the career of the old courtier, in which Webster first appeared as a lawyer from destruction and its conversion into a public library building.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

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OUR COUNTRY—OUR PRESIDENT. A History of the American People. BY WOODROW WILSON. A NEW COLONY.

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In 1718, the very year God. Spotswood rode through the western forests of Virginia to a summit of the Blue Ridge, the French had found a short way to the Ohio by following the Miami and the Wash-bash down their winding streams.

It was while they thus edged their way towards the eastern mountains and drew their routes closer and closer to the rivals on the coast that that adventurous, indomitable people, the Scots-Irish, came pouring of a sudden into the English colonies, and very promptly made it their business to pass the mountains and take possession of the lands which lay beyond them, as if they would deliberately go to meet the French by this way.

For several years after the first quarter of the new century had run out immigrants from the north of Ireland came crowding in, twelve thousand strong by the year.

By 1730 a straggling movement of settlers had begun to show itself even upon the distant lands of Kentucky. Still farther south, however, the Carolinians went constantly back and forth between the Indian tribes of the country by the Mississippi and the English settlements at the coast.

He had come with a commission into the English army in the late war a mere lad of fourteen (1719), and, finding himself still unskilled in arms when England made peace at Utrecht, he had chosen to stay for six years longer, a volunteer, with the forces of Prince Eugene in the East.

Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell of "A Famous Address by John C. Breckinridge."

GETTING A START.

YOUR WEAKNESSES.

By NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR. If the normal man lives, nobody has ever told me the place of his residence, and I have never known of him save through irresponsible rumor.

Not a few of the mistakes which men make are due to the fact that they do not realize their deficiencies and attempt to accomplish what they do not know at all or can do very imperfectly at best.

Scattered throughout the country are probably 50,000 lawyers who would have made good farmers, good shop keepers, good teamsters, yet they either voluntarily went into law or were forced into it under the mistaken idea that a professional man stands higher than a tradesman.

Many a foolish, but ambitious, parent has driven his boy into roads which he was unable to travel, and as many young people of their own volition have allowed perverted ambition to force them into channels which they could not navigate.

Nothing is a Name. Nothing—don't believe there is anything in a name, after all. Nothing—Why? Nothing—Because Prudence is going to be a Name-Tonkers Stateman.

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Doings of Society

The Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, was host at a luncheon yesterday at his home in Calumet place. His guests included the Chilean Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador, the delegates to the Pan-American financial congress from Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, and Ecuador, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of Labor, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Peters, the counselor for the State Department, Mr. Lansing, the Third Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Phillips, the director general of the Pan-American Union, Mr. Barrett, and Dr. Rowe.

Mr. Walter S. Penfield entertained at luncheon yesterday in the presidential suite of the Willard, having as his guests Mr. Ramon F. Arosemena of Panama, Mr. Ramon Ariza, Jr., of Panama; Mr. H. R. Wilford, Mr. A. G. Clapham, Mr. Francisco J. Yanes, Mr. J. E. Lefevre, Mr. Arista of Arjona, Mr. Moralez, and Mr. Guardia.

A brilliant gathering of five hundred guests was present yesterday afternoon at the reception given by the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Naon in celebration of the 16th anniversary of the independence of Argentina. The rooms of the embassy, at 1806 Corcoran street, were beautifully decorated with white roses and blue ribbons, in the colors of the Argentine flag. The reception was thrown open for the elegant and tea was served on the roof garden and in the spacious reception rooms.

Mr. Walter S. Penfield entertained at a luncheon yesterday in the Presidential Suite of the Willard, having as his guests the members of the delegation of Panama to the Pan-American financial conference.

The marriage of Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of Speaker and Mrs. Clark (Clark, and Mr. James M. Thompson, of New Orleans, La., and Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the late Speaker and Mrs. Clark at Bowling Green, Mo., in the garden at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Among the bride's attendants will be Miss Imogene Thompson and Miss Dorothy Thompson, sisters of Mr. Thompson; Miss Anne Bennett and Miss Susan Bennett, daughters of Mrs. Clark's brother, Mr. Jacl Bennett, of Kansas City; Miss Murray Sanderson, of Bowling Green, Mo., and the Misses Roberts, of Alexandria, who were the bridesmaids of Miss Clark at the Friends' School.

Mr. Stanton Norman was hostess at bridge yesterday afternoon. Miss Minnie Conrad, of White Post, Va., is at the Willard for a few days. Miss T. M. Colten and Miss M. Colten, of Washington, accompany her.

Mrs. William F. Dennis entertained thirty guests at bridge yesterday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. L. D. Newell, of Kentucky. Mrs. Dennis is at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Howland, of Virginia, who are her guests. Mrs. Edward W. Eberle, Mrs. Charles Nelson Riker presided at the tea table.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Riker, will leave for their summer country home in Kentucky and at the seashore, leaving Washington about the last of June.

Noble Cavalier Giacomo Fara Forni, Consul General from Italy to the port of New York, accompanied by Mrs. Fara, is at the Willard for a stay of some length.

Mrs. J. H. Oliver, wife of Capt. Oliver, U. S. N., was hostess at a luncheon of sixteen guests yesterday at the Army and Navy Club. The guests included Mrs. William S. Benson, Mrs. C. J. Badger, Mrs. John J. Knapp, Mrs. Victor Blue, Mrs. C. F. Glenn, Mrs. Logan Waller Page, Mrs. J. H. Hays, Mrs. C. L. Hume, Mrs. John Hood, Mrs. Edward W. Eberle, Mrs. A. J. Hepburn, Mrs. J. V. Chase, Mrs. W. C. Braisted, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, and Mrs. R. H. Jackson.

The marriage of Miss Madeline Williams, of West Virginia, and Mr. West will take place Tuesday, June 1, at noon, at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. J. H. Howland, in the presence of a family party. There will be no attendants.

Immediately following the ceremony Mr. Parker and his bride will leave for a trip to the Pacific Coast. They will be at home at Soldiers' Home after July 15.

Miss Sara Bell Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. G. Williams, and Mr. Gilbert Luttrell Lucas will be married in Baltimore Wednesday, June 23, at old St. Paul's Church. Miss Williams is the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Williams, and Mr. King Stone, who will be an event of next Wednesday.

The celebration of June week at Annapolis will attract large numbers of prominent folk from Washington. Gen. and Mrs. George Barnett will go with this week for the annual dinner at the Naval Academy and the June ball and will be the guests of Maj. and Mrs. Scoble, who is the guest of honor. Col. Ed Kelly Cole, commandant of the Marine Barracks at Annapolis, and Mrs. Cole.

Miss Julia Littell, daughter of Col. and Mrs. William Littell, was hostess at a luncheon yesterday in honor of Miss Clara Hunter, whose marriage will take place June 5. Among the guests were Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Wadsworth, the Misses Sorbin, and Miss Magruder.

Mrs. Rudolph Kauffmann, Miss Kauffmann and Mrs. Rudolph Max Kauffmann will be at home informally this afternoon at Airle.

Miss Marie Toombs, of North Carolina, and Miss Edith Ehrman, of Baltimore, will be at the Willard for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robert Joy, of Keokuk, Ia., arrived in Washington to attend the graduating exercises of their daughter at Mount Vernon Seminary. While here they are at the Powhatan.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Dear took possession of their new apartment in the Woodward yesterday.

Col. and Mrs. E. F. Ladd left Washington yesterday for Boston where they will remain indefinitely.

Prof. and Mrs. Hazen have gone to Magnolia, Va. Later they will go to spend the summer.

Judge Alexander B. Hagner and his nieces, the Misses Williams, returned to Washington yesterday from Atlantic City.

Mrs. Breckinridge, wife of the Assistant Secretary of War, and their children will leave Washington next week for a family party. Mrs. Breckinridge's mother, Mrs. Woodman, who has a cottage there.

Mrs. William Lewis, who resides at 1323 Twentieth street northwest, entertained delightfully at bridge on Monday evening.

A distinguished audience was present at the Belasco Theater last night for the performance of "Columbia Triumphant in Peace," in which David Bispham sang the leading role. Among those occupying boxes were Mrs. Christian Hemmick and Mrs. John J. White.

Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Tenny, of New York City, celebrated their golden wedding yesterday at the New Willard where their two sons, Messrs. Dudley H. and Dudley Tenny, were present in their honor. The table was handsomely decorated with golden yellow flowers.

MANY WANT LINE EXTENDED. The Public Utilities Commission faces a puzzle this morning when it takes up for hearing the question of granting the capital Traction Company papers that extend its tracks down Seventeenth street from U to I streets northwest. Yesterday afternoon the commission received the bulky mass of papers that looked like it might have been the stenographic report of the Barnes-Roosevelt trial. They opened it and found 90 signatures asking for the line.

This places the odds in favor of the permission being granted, although dark clouds may appear at the hearing today. The proposed line would be south in Seventeenth to I street, east to Thirtieth, south to H and east to H street, connecting with the Capital Traction line in Seventh street northwest. The petition yesterday was from Luther L. Apple, 1706 T street northwest.

Morning Smiles. Up-to-date Religion. "We're 'Placopolamus. What are you?" "I forget that's called, but it's the latest thing."—Life.

House of the M. D. Louquacious Lady (to doctor who has told her to put her tongue out)—But, doctor, you told me to put my tongue out a few minutes ago, and you haven't even looked at it. Doctor: I know. I wanted to write this prescription in peace.—Cartoons.

Sitting Up Baby. "Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles most?" proudly asked young Poppy. "Well—" answered Smith. "I can't see that he looks so very much like the side of a house."—Woman's Home Companion.

Not His Fault. Sergeant (disguised to Private Jones)—"Stop! Don't waste your last bullet. Nineteen are quite enough to blast away without hitting the target one. Go behind that wall there and blow your brains out." Jones walked quickly away, and a few seconds later a shot rang out. "Good heavens! Has that fool done what I told him?" cried the sergeant, examining the target. "I have never seen relief when he saw Private Jones coming toward him." "Sorry, sergeant," he said apologetically, "another miss."—Boston Transcript.

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