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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

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.

THE MORNING DEW.

When eyes grow moist with tears of rue I think of them as Morning Dew Sent from above in gentle showers.

Tears seldom fail to do their part In the enrichment of the heart.

New York detectives who captured a dynamiter posed as Germans, and the rest was easy.

The downpour yesterday afternoon warped the early crop of straw hats and put a few wrinkles in the new summer uniforms of the policemen.

The third wife of a Kansas City man, who complained that he kissed her too much, has been granted a divorce. He is probably grateful for the ad, anyway.

Some seers and astrologists say this nation will engage in war this year, and some say it will not. And even our diplomats and statesmen can do no better.

A New York concern advertises that it will buy "old artificial teeth in any condition." Visitors to the big city should take the hint and keep their mouths shut.

Dr. William C. Farabee, leader of the University Museum's Amazon Expedition, writes that he has discovered some Pikipitages, Indians hitherto unknown to ethnology, and he offers no circumstances in mitigation.

The fact that United States marines are on guard at the Sayville wireless station has nothing to do with the German situation, according to Secretary Daniels. Another disappointment. Most of us hoped that it had.

Carranza soldiers are reported as firing on United States aviators to test their marksmanship. If this sort of thing continues Washington will have to send orders for a little live target practice to the troops in Mexico.

The estate of a man named L. V. Harkness, who died a year or so ago, has just been appraised at \$100,000,000. It would seem that there are a lot of multi-millionaires in this country who have learned how to keep their vast possessions under cover.

Employees of the Cleveland street railways are demanding an increase in wages which, if granted, probably will cause 3-cent fares to be abandoned. It will be no easy job to make Cleveland recognize the necessity of making revenues and expenses meet.

A physician of Hot Springs, Ark., has been arrested following the death of a patient whom he had refused to permit to take any nourishment other than water for thirty-six days; but if the treatment had succeeded he would no doubt have been proclaimed as a newly-discovered scientific genius.

A disgraceful orgy marked the adjournment of the New York legislature on Thursday, during which a score or more school teachers danced with the lawmakers to the music of a boys' band in the gallery and a cabaret singer stood on a desk and shouted vulgar songs.

Representative Bennett, on the floor of the House, criticized the State Department for failure to secure the release of an alleged American named Solomon Schwartz, a prisoner in England. Secretary Lansing's aides announce, however, that not only has there been no negligence or delay, but there is doubt about Schwartz's citizenship. Pending further developments the evidence appears to be on the side of the State Department.

Indications are that W. J. Bryan will not be chosen as a delegate-at-large from Nebraska to the national convention and that his brother will be beaten for the Democratic nomination for governor of the State. It may be that the Nebraska secretary of State did not reflect the view of the people when he rejected the protest against placing William Jennings' name on the primary ballot on the ground that he was not a Democrat.

"I earnestly hope that Germany will accept this government's proposition," says Mr. Bryan. "If she fails to do so I am earnestly hoping that diplomatic relations will not be broken off, and that negotiations will continue, with a view to reaching a settlement on the theory that nothing is final between friends." And, of course, with the understanding that while the negotiations continue our "friends" continue to murder our citizens and plot to destroy our industries.

A Convention Without Bryan.

Bryan, once masterful and bold, but just defeated in his efforts to get himself elected a delegate to the Democratic national convention from his own State, while his brother, a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, was "enthusiastically licked," came to Washington to see what comfort he could get from certain of his friends here.

The former political leader explained his coming to Washington at this time in a somewhat subdued tone, smacking of the martyr, saying he wanted to do all he could to prevent the country going to war with Germany. He gladly accepted the opportunity to make a speech before the Woman's Single Tax Club, in which he gave utterance to the rather familiar phrase about war being "a crime against civilization," and still more twaddle about war. He refrained from saying anything about war with Mexico. Even his epidermis may have been too sensitive for allusion to that topic in view of all the circumstances.

In his conferences with certain of his followers here, Bryan insisted he is not fighting the President, but "only discussing with the legislative branch of the government matters that concern that branch." In other words he is doing a little peace-at-any-price lobbying before Congress against the President, and tells us what everybody knows, if he knows anything, that Congress alone has the power to declare war, and "the President is required to respect the authority of Congress in the matter of war making."

Bryan's defeat as a delegate to the Democratic national convention is the more poignant to him, because he can no longer participate in the party's platform-making, which had become such a habit with him that he is credited with writing the entire platform at Baltimore four years ago, even down to the one-term plank. This and the lack of opportunity of making another "cross of gold" speech will be a sore disappointment to him. In truth, Mr. Bryan seems to have passed the days of his greatest influence.

Urgent Need of New Loan Law.

Proof is complete that the existing law limiting the rate of interest on money loaned in the District of Columbia to 1 per cent a month, a law enacted to protect the poor borrower from conscienceless usurers, has not only defeated its own purpose, but has made conditions far worse for many of those it was intended to benefit. While the old law permitted bare-faced robbery, the new one made it impossible for lenders of money without security to do business here at all, with the result that persons desperately in need of money have been driven into Virginia, where they have been fleeced with a ruthlessness that even the usurers who once operated in Washington would have been ashamed of.

There is pending before Congress a bill increasing the maximum rate of interest to 2 per cent a month, which, it is claimed, will permit reputable money lenders to do business at a profit. Two per cent would seem to be a fair and reasonable rate on unsecured loans. If under conservative management money cannot be safely and profitably loaned here at this rate it is a serious reflection on Washington borrowers in general, and money should not be loaned to them at all. There is no reason, however, to believe that this is the case.

The high character of those citizens who appeared yesterday before the Senate Committee of the District of Columbia in advocacy of the pending measure gives sufficient assurance of its merits and the necessity for its enactment. Their accounts, too, of the infamous extortion practiced in Virginia as a result of the present prohibitive law, are quite worthy of credence. That law was hastily drawn, ill-considered and enacted under pressure of over-zealous but impractical agitators. That it has proved worse than a failure is not surprising. The pending bill was drawn after careful investigation and deliberation, and is a rational measure, fair alike to borrower and lender. It is to be hoped that it will speedily be enacted into law that present criminal practices may be put to an end.

Conflicting Theories of Economy.

District Commissioner Kutz, addressing the House Committee on the District of Columbia, said that in the opinion of the Public Utilities Commission, composed of the three District Commissioners, neither a reduction of overhead charges nor other desirable results would follow amalgamation of a Washington street railway with an electric lighting and power corporation. It will be recalled that these same Commissioners, in their recommendations to Congress for centralization of power in the District government, gave as their chief reason the economies that would be effected. It would be more economical they urged to have entire control of the public school system vested in themselves instead of divided between the Board of District Commissioners and the Board of Education. Also, economy would result from giving the Commissioners exclusive control over the water supply of Washington instead of permitting it to remain partly under the direction of the War Department. The superiority of the administrative ability of the Commissioners, compared with that of the directors of the street railway and power plant would, perhaps, enable them to economize on education and the water supply, if they were given sole control, even though Congress apparently was not convinced that such would be the case. But would it not be possible for the Commissioners, constituting the Public Utilities Commission, and charged with the supervision of these corporations, to impart some of their genius for economy to the single directorate of a consolidated street railway and power plant, in the interest of better service at lower cost?

Quigg Quibbles.

Lemuel Ely Quigg, who is notoriously sensitive about all issues of political honor, feels that Justice Hughes's supporters reflect upon his "integrity" by urging his nomination, because the justice "has said that he is not a candidate." The Colonel has said that he is not a candidate too, but Mr. Quigg persists in reflecting upon the Colonel's integrity by urging his nomination. —New York World.

Factors of Health.

By JOHN D. HARRY.

In speaking of a man that died not long ago, a friend said to me: "He was very successful and happy. Well, he ought to have been. He led a well-regulated life."

Later, in thinking over this remark, I asked myself what it meant. We all wished to be happy and successful. If a well-regulated life could make us so, it was decidedly worth following. First of all then, what made a well-regulated life?

For a time I amused myself by thinking about some of the people I had known. Were they well regulated in their lives or ill-regular? Examples of the ill-regulated at once stood out, the bored, the resentful, the dissatisfied, the hurried, the complaining, nervous, and the mentally and physically dyspeptic, in other words the sick.

Now, I thought, I had a point to start from, the physical. It was, besides, what most people regarded as the foundation of life. Without health of the body, there could not possibly be a well-regulated life. Ill health, indeed, implied lack of regulation.

One of the healthiest men I know, whenever any one asks him how he keeps so well, usually says something like, "By not thinking about myself if I can help it." I once asked him if he didn't ever think about his health. "Not consciously," he said. "I try to be sensible in my way of living, that's all. Perhaps it's temperamental. I don't like overdoing."

It seemed to me that this model of regulation did himself an injustice. Subconsciously, perhaps instinctively, he showed that he had a genius for taking care of himself. He knew just how far he could go without harm. He maintained a perfectly harmonious balance.

Most of us have to be more conscious in our care. And yet, as we all know, there is danger in our consciousness. We can sympathize with the remark once made by a lover of coffee: "Before I got married I used to enjoy drinking coffee. I never thought of its doing me any harm. And I actually believe it didn't. But after I got married my wife began to worry about my coffee-drinking, and she got me worrying. Now whenever I drink it I feel that it may do me harm and, of course, it does. Where it used to be an everyday kind of enjoyment, now it's an indulgence that I have to pay for."

Obviously, too much thinking about danger to ourselves results in many a disorder and, in itself, is one of the worst kinds of disorder. The case of the coffee drinker, however, illustrates the growing tendency on the part of people today to avoid all kinds of stimulant, whether it does or does not intoxicate, a tendency, on the whole, good, though it may carry individual hardships. But we may make things unwholesome for ourselves simply by our attitude toward the things. Fear a certain kind of food and, harmless though it may be in itself, it becomes a foe, the more deadly in proportion to the strength of the fear.

I know people who, all their lives, have avoided certain kinds of food. This thing or that they could not endure the thought of eating. Sometimes their aversion can be traced to an aversion of a parent. It might be called hereditary by people who love that word. It is much more likely, however, to be imitative. It may come, too, from some childish aversion of the eye or from some association. I know a middle-aged man who, to this day, dislikes the sight of boiled rice and will not eat rice in any form for the reason that, as a boy, he used to be urged to eat it at home on the ground that it was good for him.

If our attitude toward food is friendly food is likely to be a friend to us, unless we abuse the friendship. Most of us have learned from experience that a single overindulgence in something we care for can completely alienate that kind of food, perhaps forever. Here we show how inexorable we can be in punishing ourselves. There are those who take pride in being able to eat only a few things, usually expensive. They believe that in this way they reveal superior taste. Perhaps they do. But they also show that they possess limited judgment and that they are ill-regulated.

To be well regulated in the matter of health signifies, after all, not a definite thing in itself, to be arbitrarily applied to every one, but a relation. All healthy people are by no means controlled by the same laws of health. In the matter of food, the old adage of one man's meat has daily application. There are those who, taking plenty of physical exercise, keep well. And there are those who keep well without taking physical exercise. Similarly, there are differences between the amount of sleep required and of social diversion and even of religion. To some perfectly good people all religious feeling and inspiration is incomprehensible. They were obliged to go through religious exercises they would justly feel that they were the victims of outrageous tyranny, somewhat as the martyrs of old used to feel. Their regulated lives would be upset. They would be far worse off than they had been before.

The truth is, it seems to me, that this foundation matter of physical regulation is not nearly so physical as it looks. It is largely, if not wholly, mental. Our physical being rests on our thinking, in a very true sense, rising out of it. There are those who go so far as to say: "The mind is not in the body; but the body is in the mind." Whether we choose to accept this apparent contradiction of the senses is not important; what is important for every one, however, is to recognize the truth that lies behind it and to follow its implications, of paramount value in the effort to achieve a well-regulated life.

Women and Preparedness.

That women are naturally pacific is a fact upon which optimists base their belief that the spread of woman suffrage in the world tends toward the eventual establishment of universal peace. But those who deduce from this generalization the belief that the women of the United States are for the most part antagonistic to national preparedness jump to a conclusion that is not tenable. The recent Presidential primaries in Illinois bore testimony to the fact that the women of that State, far from being "mollycoddies," are more devoted to the cause of preparedness than the men. —New York Sun.

For Form's Sake, Anyway.

Democratic newspapers are so busy nominating a Republican candidate for President that it seems almost unnecessary to go to the expense of a convention, yet we feel that a Republican convention will make a better choice than a Democratic newspaper. —Philadelphia Press.

OUR COUNTRY—OUR PRESIDENT A History of the American People WOODROW WILSON

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Although the Act of April 30, 1914, had worked its drastic remedy, peace, accommodation, the rational relationship between race and those upon which alone a reasonable order of life could rest, were, it might be, further off than ever.

The joint committee of Senate and House, which Congress had appointed to accompany the execution of the Act with a thorough-going inquiry into the actual condition of the South filled thirteen volumes with the reports of their investigations.

They found no justification for what the white men of the South, desperate to free themselves from the rule of negroes and adventurers, had done; they drew forth from their witnesses little but what was dark and of evil omen; they made no serious attempt to understand the causes which underlay conspiracy and chronic disorder; they only laid before the country a mass of undigested testimony, crude, unverifiable, and uttered their expected condemnation of a people at bay.

But the country began to see for itself the real philosophy of the painful story. Significant rifts began to show themselves in opinion. It began to be plainly evident to all who were willing to look facts in the face what Mr. Stevens and his radical colleagues had really accomplished by their policy of Through.

The reconstruction, whose object had been the rehabilitation of the southern governments, but the political enfranchisement of the negroes, had wrought a work of bitterness incomparably more difficult to undo, than the mere effects of war and a virtual conquest of arms.

They had made the ascendancy of the party of the Union seem to the men of the South nothing less than the corruption and destruction of their society, a

Monday: A Demoralized Civil Service.

Among the army officers reporting at the War Department yesterday were Lieut. Edward Kelly, C. A. C., and Chaplain John Rockford, C. A. C.

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SEEN AND HEARD BY GEORGE MINER Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald.

Havana, Cuba, April 11.—Among my fellow passengers on the boat from Vera Cruz to New York is a pathetic little figure of an Englishwoman with three children. The eldest is a boy of 12, large for his age and with a broken shoulder. The others are girls of 3 and 6.

The woman is Mrs. Edith Henry. She is on her way back to her native place, Plymouth, England, penniless, with a broken heart and a soul weighed down with tragedy.

She has lived in Mexico nine years and for the last five, during the revolution, she has been in constant terror. Her husband was an engineer employed in a mine on the western border of the state of Mexico. They lived in a house comfortable enough for a little village where, with the exception of two other Englishmen, they were the only foreigners.

Cleaned Out by Raiders. Every now and then during the last two years bands of Zapatistas had ratted through the village, taking what they could lay their hands on. They had cleaned Mr. Henry pretty well out of money and clothes and had just \$10 in gold left in the house. They had never, however, offered him any physical harm. He believed if they came again he could bluff them off with a show of firearms, especially as he knew that there was now a Carranzista force not many miles away, and he doubted if the bandits would dare to stick around and put up a fight, as they are generally arrant cowards and only kill when they are provoked.

He and the two Englishmen were well armed and they agreed if the bandits came again to show resistance and drive them away.

When the bandits did come again, on the 14th of February, and began shooting at them as they entered the village. With the first shot, the other two Englishmen took to their heels and scurried out their back doors, through the cactus and chaparral, to the foothills.

The Story of a Raid. Henry stuck by and stood outside his door, gun in hand. Mrs. Henry and the children hid in the house. She fired some shots. Then she saw Mr. Henry being dragged to the house to be searched for the butt of his musket. He only succeeded in breaking the lad's shoulder. They started to march Mrs. Henry, but she pleaded so piteously that they spared her. However, they took everything in the house—food, money, clothing, jewelry and even the wedding ring from her finger. After insulting her, they went on.

By and after she crawled out and found her husband's dead body lying in front of the door. She dragged it to the back yard, dug a grave with her own hands and buried it. Then she hid till night came, for the outlaws were carousing around the village.

Under cover of darkness she went to the hut of a Mexican woman who had been her servant and always acted kindly. This native hid and fed Mrs. Henry and her three children and did the best she could for the boy's shoulder for three days, until the bandits had left the neighborhood.

Of course, the British consul, Mr. Nelson, took charge of her and found her a place to stay. The vice consul, Mr. Reginald Milne, took up a subscription among the English colony, by which he was enabled to purchase for her first-class transportation from Vera Cruz to New York and from there to Plymouth via Liverpool.

Of course, the British government would have sent her back without subscription, but she would have had to travel in the steerage, and as Mrs. Henry is a refined and cultured lady that would have been a cruel hardship on top of all she has suffered.

Mexico is full of such stories as this. Few of them ever get told.

Boats Crowded with Refugees. It was an oddly assorted ship's company that we took across the Gulf of Mexico, first to Progreso and then stopping at Havana. Every berth in the

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