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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1917.

Japanese Impressions.

Not the master minds whose intricate workings they have marveled at nor the social leaders by whom they have been entertained, nor the thousands of soldiers imbued with patriotic desire to serve their country, nor the thorough adaptability of American manhood to war have made the most profound impressions on the Japanese commissioners now visiting this country.

No, not any of these have counted most impressively with these sharp-eyed visitors from the Orient. For they have great statesmen and great warriors in their own country. And they expected to see great men and women here, and intense patriotism, and a general spirit of loyalty that marks a great country.

But the vast resources, the almost unlimited resources of this country, have made a distinct impression on the Japanese commission.

The Japanese commission had been prepared in advance to see America's resources spread out before them in most imposing array, but with all their imagination they had not conceived any such splendor as really exists in this grand old nation. To say that it exceeds anything they had thought about it is putting it mildly. They have, in truth, been impressed with it to such a wonderful extent that men claim who have gained an inkling of their thoughts that they will carry great messages back to their fellow countrymen about it all.

And it is well that it is so, many of the nation's lawmakers think. For the little Flowery Empire across the Pacific sees how desirable it is to have peace and amity with such a nation of vast resources and stupendous development, how infinitely more advantageous it is to Japan to be friendly to such a nation rather than threatening to lend an ear to the intrigue of militaristic Germany and oppose the interests of the United States.

Agricultural and industrial America will play an important part in the reconstruction of the world. Congress has felt this without reservation, ever since we were forced to place our standard in the battle line beside those of other nations. But Congress had not thought, probably, of the great effect this same agricultural and industrial development would have on cementing friends to us. The evidence that Japan marvels at this and appreciates the part it will play in the reshaping of the world's equation is a surprise—a pleasant one—and as a result Congress will most assuredly see to it that there is no lagging in the great pace which we have set in these lines.

Verily, the arts of peace have their part in war, and have their part, too, in restoring peace and nurturing it after war has been concluded and thoughts of it are no more.

Good-by Congress.

Congress is about to leave Washington for a short time, after the busiest session in history. By their work they have earned the short respite from work which is now accorded them.

During the period in which they have been in session since last December total appropriations aggregate $16,901,966,815, which with the total appropriations for the second session of the Sixty-fourth Congress and the total contract authorizations for the present fiscal year makes a grand total of $21,390,730,940 in appropriations and contract authorizations for the present fiscal year.

Washington will miss the legislators even though they will be gone but a short time for since war was declared this city has been in a state of aroused activity never before known.

There will be no pause or let-up in the busy wartime life of the District during the recess, and when Congress returns it will find that we are prepared to go on to whatever point the powers of the government may decide.

Be Square with Postal Clerks.

There is an evil existing in one of the departments of our government which works unjust hardships on thousands of employes throughout the country. It lies in the Postoffice Department, in the mail service branch.

By the terms of his appointment a clerk in the postal service is required to work eight hours a day. This is time actually put in on the distribution of mail and other duties. But the work of a postal clerk does not stop here.

He is required to learn what is known as a scheme. This means that he must learn perfectly the name of every postoffice in a given State or sometimes in two States. He must also learn the names and the schedules of all mail trains that visit these various postoffices.

According to a local postoffice clerk he was required to study three hours a day for three months before being familiar enough with his scheme to pass his examination. His estimate is reasonable considering the fact that in one state (Pennsylvania) there are about 4,800 postoffices. The examination requires him to know every one of these.

From his testimony it will be seen that after working his legal eight hours a day he must put in three more hours in study. And his study must continue, as the offices are constantly changing, and learning them once is not sufficient as he is required to take examinations twice a year in order to keep familiar with the State he is assigned to learn.

There is no reason why the time necessary for learning a scheme should not be standardized and a clerk given time off for studying. When the government contracts with a man to work eight hours a day, it oversteps the bounds when it forces him to work ten or eleven hours without extra remuneration.

The pay of these men is so pitiably small in comparison to the work they do that a concession as to time should be made to them at once. They do not receive the perquisites of other employes of the government regarding leave, etc. They are given fifteen days leave a year, whereas the regular department clerk receives thirty days. In the summer when others are getting a half holiday on Saturday, he is only allowed to go off when the work in the office is finished. In the Washington city postoffice, it has been found necessary on many occasions to discontinue half holidays on Saturdays and give the men a half hour off each day. A half hour off six days a week equals three hours, when according to law he should receive four hours off.

These conditions are driving men away from the postal service in hundreds and the offices are continually unable to move the mail properly. First-class mail is handled on time, but there have been instances at the Washington office where circulars and other matter has remained in the office for a month before going on to its destination.

Teutonic "Romance" in the South Seas.

The Seeadler belongs to the same Viking breed as the Emden and the Moewe; admiration for the enemy sea rovers who flung the "skull and crossbones" at its masthead, a la Capt. Kidd, need not be withheld; it is a modern romance fit to be placed in the Hall of Fame alongside the history of the proud galleons which sailed the Spanish Main, or of the eternally fascinating romance which Robert Louis Stevenson wove about that old, lovable, wooden-legged sea dog, "Jack" Silver.

Here is the mysterious German raider in the South Pacific, news of whose dread advent thrilled shipping circles ten days ago. She is still at large, like a reckless criminal certain to do large damage before finally caught in the maw of Fate and enemy cruisers. She is a hundred times more courageous than the submarine, for she sails the ocean, a lone, hunted animal, eluding the powers which have taken control of the seas, and swooping down when the opportunity offers on some hapless schooner or sailing vessel with an enemy cargo.

The allies have combed the sea for all these outlaw craft, and have sunk practically all of them. No one knows whence the Seeadler came, nor where it is going; it has a secret base, or port, although it feeds like a cormorant on the booty it gathers at sea. Three American sailing vessels are numbered among the victims of this raider. Is it little wonder that they will henceforth be refused export licenses, that they are to be confined to coastwise shipping? There are no tender mercies from German submarines or German raiders, and we have not scoured the seas clean of either of these vermin—at least, not yet.

The Seeadler is now stranded and abandoned; but it lives on in the captured French schooner Lutece, with a desperate crew provided with machine guns, rifles, bombs, and two months' supplies. It has been given a new lease of life, and its commanding officer, a marine daredevil, if there ever was one, is acting the pirate role in a swift motor craft, armed to the teeth. The attacking power of the original party is thus doubled. We will hear more of both of them before long in the environs of Tahiti, of Fiji, Guam, and the Society Islands archipelago. They may even dare to approach Australia.

How are these pirates to be put out of business? The United States has no naval craft to patrol the Pacific. Britain has a small Asiatic fleet which is busy on other matters, and Japanese destroyers are patroling the Indian Ocean. If the Seeadler's crew is to be caught, Japan undoubtedly will do the business.

The Washington Herald yesterday morning asked how many American sailing craft had been sunk "spurlos versenkt" by submarines. It amends that query to include German raiders. In the present instance the master of one American schooner, with three of the crew, were left to the mercies of Neptune in an open boat, and finally landed on Mopeha Island in a state of exhaustion. Others were taken prisoners, and left, when "military necessity" dictated, marooned on a barren desert island, without food or water. No one knows whether they are still alive, or whether the belated effort to rescue them will be successful.

If there is a lair, a nest, for Teuton raiders in the Pacific, that fact should be unearthed without delay, and the neutral responsible for it be brought to book.

BUY THAT BOND TODAY.

Give your subscription to The Herald to your favorite candidate in The Herald's contest.

Fooling all of the people all the time, seems possible in Germany.

Tris Speaker did not cop the batting honors this year, but he was first in the liberty bond league.

Up in Boston girls are taking jobs in bowling alleys. Making a little pin money, as it were.

A small-town Pennsylvania paper says "the woman in the case is a decided blond." Quite right, she probably decided it herself.

According to a dispatch, down in New Orleans, a turnip has been dug up with the words "Kaiser doomed," plainly inscribed thereon. Has Winsted, Conn., lost one of its enthusiastic citizens?

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was recently approached by a German amusement company. "What will be your price for a tour of the principal cities of Germany," they asked. "Alsace-Lorraine," she returned without hesitation.

John E. Redmond's son has been honored for gallantry. What a record; the Irish leader loyal despite attack, his brother buried in Flanders, his son given the Distinguished Service order. Real Irish blood is a real asset.

Bolo Pasha, now under arrest in Paris as a spy, had as his guest at a dinner in New York in 1916 William Randolph Hearst, Capt. Boy-Ed and Von Papen. You never can tell who is going to sit next to you at a banquet.

Guynemer.

The hero of a hundred fights,
With fiery soul to fear unknown,
No longer scales empyreal heights
Nor ranges depths of air alone
To mark the foeman's albatross
Limned 'gainst the blue of distant sky;
Who counted death a gain, not loss,
As swift he onward sped on high,
Could he but grapple with that foe
And send him hurtling far below!

Sky scout was he in heaven's blue
Who trailed his foe through fields of
Or scanned with sight as eagle's true
The hidden battery in its lair!
Around him burst the screaming shell
As dauntless he sped on his way,
While far below flamed fires of hell
That showed where battle held its sway,
A knight in quest of joustings there,
The king of airmen, Guynemer!

Dead eagle of aerial plains
Who half a hundred fights had won,
In years to come when Silence reigns
O'er fields where War its course has run,
Proud France will mourn above thy tomb,
And travelers from distant lands
Will note where poppies reddest bloom
Above thy dust, and reverent hands
Will tend and guard his resting place—
This knightliest soul of France's race!

H. T. SUDDUTH.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF BASEBALL

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Relief For Commission.

Before the food and fuel administrations were created the paths were kept warm between the Capitol and the Federal Trade Commission. Members of that executive body were much beseiged by the solons to settle innumerable problems. The Trade Commission, in fact, was not only asked to go the limit in accomplishing things possible to accomplish, but was actually besought to do many impossible things.

The assumption of many of the duties by the newly-created arms of government, therefore, removes the trade body from the limelight to some extent—and the Commissioners now have their prayers answered that they be allowed to concentrate their works upon a few of the pressing matters which they started before the war problems came on. The change is not only a relief to the Commissioners, but it also promises to bring about a condition which, while keeping them busy, will at least enable them to make definite progress in many directions.

Several Congressmen, who were discussing recently the load thrust upon the Trade Commission, declared, with commendable unanimity, that of all the tasks assigned a governmental body during the summer there were none more numerous and heavier than those thrust upon this body. It was agreed that if the food and fuel problems had not been passed it is to be doubted if a year hence any of the present Commission would have been on the official payroll. They would have been rushed out of existence, the members agreed, and if any one of them survived his address would probably be some remote point where he would have gone to escape the oppression of official life.

The Federal trade body was created to fulfill a want in American government, but it was not expected that any magicians or miracle-workers would be available for appointment to its ranks. It is humanly possible for men on this body to do great good in American business—and such good has been done—but when it comes to asking them to do some of the things that Congressional members and the public were requiring of them, during the late spring and early summer, it was beyond human possibility to comply.

Congress realizes this now—and it is confidently believed that the public is beginning to come to the same realization.

Welcome Adjournment.

Speaker Champ Clark persists in the statement that Congress may not finish its labors as soon as expected. That was his statement only a few days ago, when he renewed his prophecy that the lawmakers "would be here right along."

Generally speaking, however, members feel that they'll get a rest of six or seven weeks to prepare them for the ardors of the regular session, beginning December 3. That session will more than likely span another summer, and those lawmakers who wanted to avoid that seem doomed to disappointment, according to some of the older solons. The possibility that home fences will need attention cannot draw the members away if their country faces a crisis. It is up to most of them to make the next few weeks count, therefore, and to resort to prayer and good works to bring about a condition that will enable them to do advance campaigning for next year.

Would Divide America.

Attempts to divide American sentiment are manifold. They are seen on every hand by Congress, and it is a slim mail that bears no evidences of them to the members.

Under the alluring caption, "India Offers Ten Million Men," for instance, the suggestion is made that if Great Britain will promise India freedom as one of the results of the war that country will come into the conflict whole-heartedly and gladly.

It is impossible for America to take position back of this proffer, of course. It would cause the utmost embarrassment. It would be treading on dangerous ground. Manifestly it is no time to broach this subject. It can end, at this time, in only two embarrassments: The first that, if it is pushed with vigor, it will cause the people of India to become restless under British domination; and, second, that it will cause disagreement and misunderstanding among the people of Great Britain and her allies.

Either end helps the kaiser, but both ends would serve his purpose so pronouncedly that many members of Congress insist that such proposals at this time actually gain both inspiration and resources at the hands of the kaiser's paid masters of intrigue.

The earth will hear no more of the wooden horse of Troy after a hundred years have passed. Such a tactical move as stuffing that great dummy equine with soldiers will pass into the list of acts of the most antiquated treachery. The promotion of discord within an enemy country, or countries, is an insidious, if not unforgivable, war practice that will find its place in history eventually as the worst expression of Germanic treachery and perfidy. Hohenzollern intrigue will stand convicted for centuries, and beside it the Troy episode will stand out as almost ennobling.

May Go Abroad.

Some of the members of Congress are likely to spend their brief vacations across the water. There is talk on the Hill that a number of them have under advisement the plan of taking private trips to the war zone, there to study the situation in their own way and unhampered by any great amount of society and military gold lace.

Russia is the center of attraction for some of the members. There have been so many conflicting tales coming from this huge but extremely infantile republic that some of our law-makers are supercurious to see what conditions actually prevail over there. Others admit an interest in the French situation. They want to learn more about conditions surrounding American camps. They want to see if immorality is rare or frequent and whether the country there has been made unsafe for immorality. And still others want to visit the Scandinavian countries to investigate, if they can, to what extent Germany has been receiving United States importations to those countries. And they want to know, too, what possibility there is, if any, of Sweden or Norway or Denmark eventually becoming on the list of America's enemies.

All in all, it will be a wiser Congress that meets in December. And the chances are that it will need to be, for the race down the home stretch of the war has not started. There is much yet for Congress to do, and it will need to be in the possession of the latest facts, both foreign and domestic, before it can go forward intelligently. Congress, after all, is the bulwark of our American government and upon it is thrust the duty of providing the administrative forces with the means to carry out their well-seasoned intentions.

THE OBSERVER.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A REFLECTION.

The only things I'm envious of
Are deeds of Service and of Love.
The only things I truly hate
Are devil's deeds of cynic fate.
The only man that I would be
Other than him the world calls Me
Is that great soul of worthy pride
I might have been had I but tried.

(Copyright, 1917.)

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

New York, Oct. 5—The downtown hotels—now that winter is on the way—are formulating plans to put the skids under the Lobby Loungers, those Broadway pests who consist of two-thirds clothes and the rest nerve and free lunch. The Lobby Lounger lives on the fat of the land and has most of the fat up around his ears.

He has apartments in the corridors of the best hotels, travels in the highest class revolving doors, smokes the finest cigars to be found and dines whenever he can reserve a fork at a free lunch counter. He sticks to the hotel lobbies like a mortgage on a farm and you cannot get him farther away from the raditor than you can throw Trinity Church by its steeple.

He strolls about the lobbies with a fuzzy hat, a hand-painted vest, an illuminated necktie and a sut that would make a chameleon cuss the administration. He talks of his yacht and when somebody throws away a slightly vacant cigar, he is injured in the rush.

The lobby lounger is the only individual who can wear a derby hat in July and talk of millions at the same time. When it is his turn to motion for a waiter he tells a story. Using the same kind of toothpick as Charles Schwab is enough excuse for him to refer to his friend Charlie.

If you try to put the acid test on a Broadway lounger, he will drink it and dodge the check. His idea of an important engagement is looking in the mirror. He will butt into any private conversation and walk away with it—and if ht is snubbed he will only smile. Hotel men realize that the Lobby Lounger is hurting the downtown hotel district. Many times they succeed in fleecing guests, but in any event they are always bores.

Now special squads of private detectives will roam the hotel lobbies and spot the loungers. They will be given whispered instruction to "get the air," and if they do not they will be thrown out bodily.

The horrors which war may bring upon innocent people have begun. Song publishers are swamped with patriotic verse by ambitious song writers, who realize that now is the psychological time for the war song.

The following apostrophe to Mercy was received the other day in Tin Pan Alley. For fear of a successful misunderstanding upon the part of the reader, it is offered as its author would have it in poetic form:

The author also condescended the information that the lyric was composed following a day in the Zoological Park in the Bronx, presumably as a spectator. Here it is:

"Where is my wandering boy tonight?
The little Bronnix Mother said.
Perhaps he's on a battlefield
Among a bunch of dead.
Maybe he's in a hospital
Without a leg or arm
Heavings! I hope my wandering boy
Ain't come to no harm."

Suffrage has invaded Broadway. Along with the Gaiety Girls and the Wriggly Chewers and all the rest of the collection that winks and twinkles and gleams and glares at the throngs on the Great White Way, votes for women has sailed skyward to join the honorable company of electric signs. Down from the tallest building at Forty-fifth street and Broadway the message is flashing in huge letters that are costing the New York State Woman Suffrage party a heart-breaking sum. The sign reads:

"One Million New York Women Want the Vote!"

EASILY ANSWERED.

Speaking at a recent dinner, Congressman William W. Hastings, of Oklahoma, referred to the conservation of wool, and told of a little incident that happened at a country school.

The teacher of the aforesaid school was instructing a class of youngsters on the many things that are made from wool, and finally turned to a youngster named Johnny Brown.

"Johnny," she said, "can you tell me where wool comes from?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt response of Johnny, "it comes from the back of a sheep."

"Good!" commented the teacher, and then asked, "can you tell me what your trousers are made from?"

"Yes, ma'am," frankly answered Johnny, "from father's old ones.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

PLAIN TALKS By J. D. BARRY.

Several years ago I wrote an article on "Sin." I found the subject so attractive, leading into so many avenues of speculation, that I went on with it, writing article after article.

What interested me most was to discover, if I could, the kind of sin that this was worse of all kinds.

Somewhat to my surprise, I thought I found it in the sin against sympathy.

Much of our think is like an uncovering of layers in the mind. We believe or assume that we think this thing or that thing. But when we have occasion to express our opinion, when we look intently at the subject, in itself and in its implications, we often find that we think something quite different.

Writers who have put their opinions into words, who face these opinions as things outside themselves, have many monuments of astonishment.

It is as if thet subconscious mind came up and said: "Now, excuse me. I will take charge of this matter. You, man on the surface, you top layer of the mind, step aside."

When I learned that I thought the sin against sympathy was the worst of all sins, I became much more interested in it than I had been before, and I caught myself watching for its manifestations. I noticed that they often came from very good persons, or from those that considered themselves good, and they often came from persons in groups who considered themselves good.

The sin against sympathy is sometimes covert, sometimes open. And at all times, in effect, it is unpleasant. Covert or open, it poisons the air. It can be committed without apparent intention. The sinner may speak words that in themselves have a friendly sound and that only partly conceal an unfriendly spirit. Through the sin against sympathy some members of families more or less continuously torment other members. In the poisoned air children suffer hideously and, incidentally, learn to commit the sin against sympathy themselves.

From generation to generation the sin passes.

But what is sin against sympathy?

You may say that, somehow, the phrase sounds rather sentimental, perhaps a little maudlin.

If you think so, you have a wrong idea of what sympathy properly means.

It has, of necessity, nothing to do with sentimentality. But it has something to do with sentiment—that is, with feeling.

When we try to take the point of view of another, we put ourselves in sympathy with him. When we take the antagonistic point of view we are on the way to committing the sin against sympathy.

For the antagonist creates resentment, and thet resentment creates the desire to punish.

The sin against sympathy is always inspired by the desire to punish.

Besides the tragic aspects, the sin against sympathy has aspects that are comic. It shows how the tragic and comic can go together. For the most absurd reasons persons will commit the sin against sympathy.

Shakespeare seems to be extreme when he lets one character tell another in "Romeo and Juliet" that he will quarrel with a man because his eyes are of a particular color.

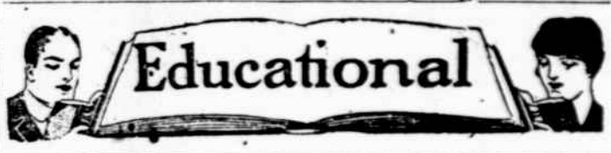
But there is nothing so extreme here. Think of that sin against sympathy made every day throughout the civilized world on account of color in the skin!

And the sins against sympathy on account of differences of opinion in regard to matters small and great, matters even of taste, difference in income, in speech, in religion, in origin, in clothes!

There are those who find it difficult, if not impossible, to be civil to persons who are ill clad. They want to "put them in their place." And as for opinions, not only will persons be unsympathetic, even angry, with those disagreeing with them, but they will falsely attribute opinions in order to justify themselves in disagreeing. It is for this reason that nearly all controversies are founded in part or wholly on fabrications.

In the past newspapers have been terrible offenders in this regard. They have cultivated the habit of sinning against sympathy. One reason is that it makes writing that is considered "strong" as well as interesting. The newspaper that never took sides, or, rather, that took sides by trying to interpret all sides with sympathy, would be a novelty. The old-fashioned, conventionally minded readers would consider it weak. But the readers keen for the truth and alert to follow into new paths would find it very refreshing, a relief and an inspiration.

The sin against sympathy is conspicuous among the sins that lie behind all wars. If men could escape from it, the solution of thet problem of war would be easy. In fact, war would never show its face. Men would be in the state of mind to consider one anothers' claims, and in this way they would protect themselves from a vast amount of woe.



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What They Say at The Washington Herald

Kissing and Advertising

"Dad," said the little maid of 12 summers, "every morning when I am going to school the boys catch hold of me and kiss me."

"Well, Ethel," replied dad, looking over his paper, "why don't you run away from them?"

Ethel fidgeted and cast her eyes down upon the carpet.

"I did one morning," she said hesitatingly, "and they didn't chase me."

I laugh—and ponder over the moral when I have ceased. And then this——

When she did not offer the temptation, the boys did not chase after her.

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