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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917.

Bernstorff, O'Leary, Hale, et al.

The wary Bernstorff cabled home: "There is no possibility of our being compromised." There wasn't, in all truth, if the American Secret Service—and perhaps the British secret service—had not been on the job. As events have proved, both were working brilliantly, and we now see the utter collapse of Bernstorff's reputation as a diplomatist. He is as bankrupt as his Kaiser.

Even in his zeal to serve his Emperor well, he served him ill. Intrigue had so corroded his judgment that he made an absurd "fumble" in his estimate of the President of the United States. He accounted him weak, soft, flabby. As the result of this monstrous error, he is now banished to Constantinople, his hopes of future preferment wrecked, his standing in the Berlin foreign office vanished. He thought the American people so soft and so pacific that they would not fight. For that mistake, which spells the doom of the Prussian ruling caste, even more disgrace and punishment awaits him when the debacle comes.

The revelations are important not for what they reveal about Bernstorff, but for the indisputable evidence that Jeremiah O'Leary, John P. Keating and "Dr. Hale"—presumably William Bayard Hale—were hand in glove with him. Of course, the presumption that Bernstorff was innocent of knowledge of the sabotage and intrigue of Von Papen and Boy-Ed was absurd; nevertheless, it has been stoutly maintained by a lot of persons who should have known better until the recent past. The connection of various so-called "professional Irishmen" in America with the ill-fated Sir Roger Casement expedition, with the sinister Teutonic plots in the United States, has been more or less a matter of presumption until the present. Now we "have the goods" on various gentlemen who have been shouting their virtue and their innocence to persons who have doubted their whole-hearted allegiance to America in this war.

What contemptible figures they are! Enjoying the hospitality and freedom of American institutions, professing loyalty, and yet conniving with the minister of a foreign country in plots against the laws of the United States. Here is O'Leary, screaming loudly over the suppression of his silly little instrument of sedition, "Bull," mentioned in a dispatch from the German general staff as a reliable, if not discreet, person who knew much about sabotage in munition factories. And Hale, formerly a clergyman of the Anglican church, and a confidant and adviser of President Wilson, going to Berlin as the correspondent of a New York newspaper, and there acting almost as expert adviser to the foreign office on the American situation! Is he not about finished?

The American Embargo Conference, it will be remembered, deluged Congress with several hundreds of thousands of telegrams and engaged in a propaganda which resulted in the fight on the McLemore resolution in the House on the submarine and munition-carrying ship issue. Here we have it "requesting further support" from Berlin. Enough said. Enough to wreck the reputations of a good number of "American" citizens.

"There is no possibility of our being compromised," cabled the vainglorious Bernstorff. 'No?

Have You Made Your Sacrifice?

Every young American who has volunteered, or has been chosen for the national army, is making a sacrifice for the sacred cause of democracy and country. He is giving some of the best years of his life, his job, his profession, his business, so liberty may not perish from the face of the earth.

Now—the question for us who remain at home to put to ourselves is: Can we make any sacrifice at all comparable? Of course, we cannot. Even if we do not eat as much coal as usual, even if we do not eat as hearty a meal, even if we pay more taxes—all these things are as nothing to what the soldier boy is giving.

The point is, how many of us are going to buy so heavily that we will have to economize and pinch until it hurts? Only when we have done this can we say that we have supported the government loan like good patriotic Americans.

That is about the only kind of sacrifice most of us will be called upon to make and even that does not deserve the term "sacrifice," because we are really only enriching ourselves. We save thus more than we might otherwise have done and we escape the Prussian indemnity gatherer.

The Licensing Proclamation.

Hooverism is reaching its critical test in the order just issued from the White House. It brings the Food Administration to the point of full control. The government now has powers almost of absolutism over twenty and more foodstuffs, ranging from wheat to cottonseed and the soy bean. It controls warehouses and elevators, dealers who import, distribute or deal in food commodities. All of these are to be licensed. The license is the badge of regulation from Washington. It is a war measure of almost sensational importance, and it is a milestone in the economic progress of the United States.

The ultimate test of the success of the Food Administration will be with the consumer. "Is Mr. Hoover going to keep down prices? Is he going to keep me from being gouged and misled by the man who sells me groceries or the middleman behind the retailer?" the householder will ask. That question remains to be answered. The Food Administrator's primary duty is to meet the demands of the war. He has worked in Belgium, France and England, and he knows that in those less fortunate lands the primary problem is not the price of food, but the problem of getting any food at all. For that reason, knowing that the great objective is the defeat of Teutonism, he will mold his policy to the safeguarding of the food supply of our allies, along with his educational policy of food conservation in the United States.

Nevertheless, he knows the primary importance of preventing a wild, gambling era of food-price inflation in this country. It is safe to say he will keep a

weather eye on the behavior of the middlemen under the new regime. He will watch them to find out whether they have mended their ways to any extent under the burden of war, or whether they have failed to take any account of the governmental threats against profiteering. If the latter proves to be the case we are willing to make a bet that the "food gamblers" will meet their match in Herbert Hoover. They cannot fool him; they cannot intimidate him. He is the type of man who is not afraid to resort to force when it becomes necessary.

The Municipal Milkman.

New York and Chicago are threatened with milk famines, milk investigations and milk prosecutions. Also, they are paying more—much more—for their milk than they ever paid before.

In New York the consumer is held up for from 14 to 16 cents a quart. The milk distributors laid the blame on the producers. The president of the Dairy-men's League replied:

"The average price paid dairy farmers for milk is 6 1/2 cents a quart, and dairy farmers are paying double the amount for feed they paid two or three years ago."

He had the books to prove his assertion. Clearly the distributing system is at fault. The city milkman is making too big a profit, or he is doing his work in an inefficient manner. Probably the latter more than the former is true, excepting with the very large distributing concerns. A dozen different milkmen drive their wagons along the street early in the morning, passing and repassing over each others' foot-prints, duplicating trips in and out of yards, wasting time, energy and money. There are two solutions—

Monopoly and municipal milk distribution. Of the two, city-owned and operated milk depots and delivery wagons give promise of the lower prices and better service.

Politics and Patriotism.

Men who play politics during the war and who make the oncoming army of Liberty pawns in their little game are apt to be relegated to oblivion. The people deem war too serious a vocation to let ambitious politicians boost their stock by means of it. It is to the credit of America that few of her statesmen are doing this. Perhaps none of them is guilty. We want to be fair with them all—perhaps some of those whose acts convey the impression that they are thinking in political terms while their minds should be nothing but patriotic are in reality quite oblivious to their own political interests, and are trying sincerely to help their country and not themselves.

The President said profits and patriotism do not harmonize. Equally well might he have said that politics and patriotism do not. And just as the people agreed that the profiteers shall not plunder the nation, so will they see to it that the politicians shall not do so under the guise of war activity.

In keeping with the occasion, it rained during the whole of Fire Prevention Day.

Speaking of wartime profiteers, why hasn't someone made a howl against the knitting needle manufacturer?

Now we are going to have the real figures of Washington's wartime population. The police census of the city begins November 1.

Remember that when you buy a liberty bond you are not giving your money to anyone, but are saving it for yourself at 4 per cent interest.

Supt. Whittaker is restored to his post at Occoquan. He can be pardoned for not feeling very hospitable toward his "suff" visitors in the future.

It begins to look as though we would have nationwide prohibition without governmental action. At current prices the fire juice fountains threaten to eliminate themselves.

Although beefless, meatless and eggless days are quite new, there is no innovation to the staid day, especially for those who travel on the Fourteenth street carline.

The National Defense Council is going to overlook Washington in its study of the housing problem throughout the United States. And the problem is probably greater in this city than anywhere else.

One Oklahoma man has done his share toward wiping the anti-draft riots stigma from the State. He has given four sons to the army, two daughters to the Red Cross and saves his money for liberty bonds.

Helping the Client.

Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, smiled the other evening when reference was made to the youthful lawyer who is just about entering the legal game. He said he was reminded of an incident along that line.

In a Western town some time ago a man was arrested on a burglary charge and a young lawyer was assigned by the court to defend him. During the progress of the case the youthful attorney turned to a veteran member of the bar who happened to be sitting close by.

"By the way, Mr. Smith," said he among other things, "how long do you think I ought to address the jury in this case of mine?"

"I think you ought to speak an hour," answered the veteran. "Even longer if you can."

"I had intended to speak only fifteen minutes," returned the young lawyer. "Do you really think I ought to extend it to an hour?"

"Yes," was the rather jolting rejoinder of the veteran. "The longer you speak the longer you will keep your client out of jail."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Flag of Freedom.

O flag of freedom! Neath thy folds A nation great its sway still holds! We greet thy stars and stripes today— The Stars that shine with undimmed ray In mighty constellation bright; Thy stripes of crimson and of white That guard thy starry fields of blue And bind our hearts to thee anew!

Old Flag, you tell of storm and strife, Of Freedom won, of peaceful life That ever broadened neath thy sway, As o'er a continent your way You held in march of Destiny O'er lands that stretch from sea to sea! And then the seas themselves you spanned And Freedom brought to Orient land!

Today we greet you, Flag of Right, For now beneath your folds unite Once more, with purpose true and stern, Heroic hearts that glow and burn! While gathering hosts, armed for the fray, Gladly follow where you lead the way; For still you float in Freedom's van! The symbol of the hopes of man!

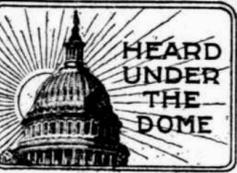
Across the sea a challenge came With roar of guns and flash of flame! The Right and Right the line was drawn And Freedom's last great fight was on! America that challenge heard; Her answer all the world has stirred! See! Screaming on the winds of France Her flag and march of flags advance! Nor will these allied flags be furled Till Freedom triumphs through the world.

—H. T. Suddrith, in the New York World.

HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE TO GET THE KAISER?



If They Did Business in the Trenches the Way We Do at Home?



The Tariff Again.

If any one of the lawmakers had reported to his people sounds of lamenting on the hill because, during the lately ended extra session, all political questions were dead and buried, he would have been guilty of misrepresentation, we believe. There was, in reality, little partisan politics. "No" a single measure the next session promises some diversion in this respect, however. An earnest endeavor to restore the tariff to its old position at the head of the political list is to be made, and it is to have the active support of some of the most energetic business men of the East. Just how far it will get with Republicans is hard to tell.

Karl Roebing and Wilbur Wake-man, of the American Protective Tariff League, are beginning the affair. At the outset they make the statement that "No" a single measure has been passed by Congress to protect American industries and labor from foreign competition after the war, and because the imports from neutral and belligerent countries have increased and are increasing beyond anything known in our history under the Underwood tariff law, "it is in the interests of American production and labor that an aggressive campaign be conducted."

A number of Senators who were in the city yesterday received letters from these gentlemen soliciting their aid in the endeavor. The letters, apparently, fell like rain on both Democratic and Republican members were handed the documents. And both, strangely, tossed them over for future reference. The Republicans, it was admitted by one of their number, wanted to see just what there is to the commencement of the affair, while the Democrats are curious to see where it will lead. The Democrats feel that their position is safe. The Republicans feel that Democrats have renounced their free trade principles to a considerable extent, and that there is grave danger that they will justify their position to such a degree that the Democrats will not be punished but rewarded for their efforts.

The near approach of the political campaign, of course, is expected to hasten the political division of Congress. There is a puny asset or a poor opinion in order to create issues, and there must be issues in order to make campaigns. There are patriotic issues that appear to have been created in some of the districts and the States, but these are not alone political lines, so for most part there must be a reopening of the partisan affair, in order to carry next year's campaign on a proper manner. The tariff issue may be clouded by others of transcendent importance, but the effort to keep it at the top is to be made during the forthcoming regular session and will have to be either created or rediscovered there.

In La Follette's Leadership. By his speech at the conclusion of Congress Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, won the leadership of the anti-war party in the United States.

Just how much that amounts to—whether it is a puny asset or a poor asset—cannot be exactly told at this time. But whatever it is, or whatever it eventually becomes, it belongs to Senator La Follette, his colleagues and the State. No one has had either the opportunity or the courage to approach the Wisconsin Senator, and his title to the leadership therefore cannot soon be wrested from him.

No one at the Capitol, however, will admit that La Follette simultaneously won the pacifistic crown. There is a distinction between the titles and most of the Congressional leaders are quite acute, and

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

By John Kendrick Bangs.

AS TO OUR WANTS. I knew a man who was content With having little all his days— And O the smiles with which he went About his daily tasks and ways!

He clearly proved how happiness Could glorify us with its touch If we could but forget the stress Of wanting overmuch! (Copyright, 1917.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By D. O. PHANTYRE

New York, Oct. 12.—Prominent men in Gotham are doing their bit in New York by serving as Minute Men. It is their duty to be ready at any time to appear at theaters between acts, or at movie palaces between reels, to help whip the national inertia into an enthusiastic froth by a four-minute oratorical appeal.

One of the minute orators is Copeland Townsend, the hotel man. He had at odd moments memorized his speech and sat around in his private office awaiting the call.

The other afternoon the phone tinkled at his desk. It was from headquarters to appear at a movie theater on Lexington avenue "where an act" was being called, through the speaking tube.

"It's all right, mister," was the consoling reply. "Just keep quiet. You'll be all right. They'll be nice to you here."

Mr. Townsend looked again and saw before him the drab walls of the psychopathic ward at Bellevue. He leaped from the taxi, caught another cab and hurriedly arrived at the theater barely in time to deliver his patriotic treat.

As hospital interne came out to the taxi, the driver explained: "I had a tough time getting my car in the park. He needed the strait-jacket, but I got away from me."

The 1st of October in New York is an event in domestic history of apartment house dwellers comparable only to a young earthquake. It is moving time—the time of annual exodus to fresh fields of jammed dumbwaiters, stalled elevators, fresh hallways and other built-up sedentary dispositions.

Men who have wondered all year if the chap next door would like to sit in a little game observe the newcomers apprehensively. Every apartment dweller fairly reeks with curiosity. All of which leads up to the telephone call the other day, telling an employer why Jones wouldn't come to work that day.

"This is Jones. Can't come down to work today. Wife won't let me. The folks overhead that's been raising Cain all winter and makin' life miserable for us below is movin' in, and I've gotter stay all day at the front window with the missus and help her sneer at their furniture."

Seen around the town: A Hindu yogi, with his crystal ball, entering a Fifth avenue building, a sign on Westchester road reading: "Wanted—A woman horsehooper." A woman cocaine victim weeping in front of the Palais Royal, Allan Russell and her husband applauding a poor act in Vaudeville. Guy Bolton, the playwright, standing in the shadows watching the crowds enter the lobby to see his new play. A man peddling goldfish on Broadway. A Western governor eating at Child's. A group of French sailors trying to whistle "The Star Spangled Banner." A little Japanese girl taking a nap under a flower bush in Central Park. A girl artist taking her marmoset to a Washington square tea. A woman and a man quarreling on the steps of a big church. A Wall street banker driving his automobile through heavy traffic for mental relaxation.

A servant employed in a Paterson, N. J., home, killed the child of her employer because of a grievance against the family.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.



PLAIN TALKS By J. D. BARRY.

"Yes," he said, ruminating, as we stood at the edge of the lake, looking across the blue expanse, backed by jagged mountains that were covered with trees and here and there with snow. "I used to go to the fashionable resorts. Now I know better. My life there was altogether too much like my life in town. I'd meet business men like myself, some of them associates of mine, and we'd chew over the same old problems. One day, when I was starting on a vacation, I was talking to my doctor and complaining as usual. He said, 'You're a damn fool.' He said, 'Well, naturally the words started me a little. I was interested enough to ask him why he thought so. 'He said 'You've got sense enough to make money, and you've got sense enough to make it give you good service. Instead of going to that fashionable hotel, why don't you go into the wilderness or into some 'little place where the life and the persons are different from what you're used to? Why don't you get out of your rut and refresh yourself?'"

"So you acted on his suggestion?" "Not then. I didn't know enough. I went to the fashionable resort where I'd been going for years. Then I found the doctor had put an awful crimp in it for permanent. I went back. I told him he'd spoiled my vacation."

"What did he reply?" "He said I'd never had a vacation, really, and I'd better learn to take a real one. He offered to show me how I'd go with him."

"Did you go?" "Yes, the next year. In fact, he almost pulled me out of my office. That year I kept thinking so till I got up to the little fishing village where we settled down and put on some old clothes. It was funny. I don't know how important I was in the city and how much they needed me in the office. I didn't care."

"The doctor must have been pleased." "He wasn't especially. In fact, when I told him he wasn't surprised. 'It's what always happens when there's a real change,' he said. 'It's particularly noticeable in your case because you haven't had a real change in a good many years.'"

"He must have been slightly annoyed." "I felt like killing him once or twice. But, generally speaking, I didn't mind. I say that he was right."

"The war?" "Something that's coming out of the war, and may be more than the war itself. I mean high prices and their effect. Self-respecting family men who earn \$75 a month or so are falling behind. Some of them are losing their grip. The struggle is getting too much for them. Ask the charity organizations. They'll tell you pitiful stories. A wide division is taking place among us—between the rich and the poor. It's threatening to create a vast, half-submerged class. It's well the thought of it is almost spoiling my vacation. Even when I go to sleep, I'm carrying its carrying its threats and making the future dark."

"Must pay Alimony Till Suit Is Decided"

Instead of only saving his wife 25 or 30 cents a day, as she charged in her suit for limited divorce, John Gouvanas, a Greek, must pay her \$5 a week temporary alimony by a decree signed yesterday by Justice Widons, holding an Equity Court. The decree also restrains the husband from interfering with his wife, and puts an end to her fears that he will kill her.

Army and Navy News

Best Service Column in City. Announcement has been made in New York City that the Q. M. C. U. S. A., wants for immediate service in France a regiment of dock clerks, timekeepers, checkers, bookkeepers and stenographers. Only male whites are eligible. Those who volunteer and are accepted will be sent to France at once and will remain in service during the war. Volunteers should apply to Capt. M. A. Kerwin, room No. 38, Army Building, No. 20 Whitehall street, New York City. Those joining will be eligible to advancement according to their efficiency.

Payment of increases in pensions of widows of men who fought in the civil and Spanish wars and the Philippine insurrection, provided by an amendment to the pension law attached to the service insurance bill, will begin with the disbursements November 4. The pensions were raised to \$5 a month, the increases ranging from \$5 to \$13 a month. Applications are not required from those affected by the amendment. The increase does not apply to widows of soldiers of the War of 1812, the Mexican war, the Indian wars, or army nurses.

Approximately 2,500 carloads of food and other necessities are being delivered daily by the railroads to the national army cantonments and the

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For the Epicure when it is made with Carry's



Delicious Ice Cream. Eat a Plate of Ice Cream Every Day. Carry Mfg. Co. Telephone Lincoln 507 or 5101

What They Say at The Washington Herald

HITTING THE NAIL---

In an address to the National Editorial Association, in New York, on June 19, 1916, Mr. John A. Steicher, of Leslie's Weekly, said: "The newspapers that are winning their way in the community are those that print the news just as it is, without bias, shading or exaggeration. The winning newspapers are those that do not overlook the great God-fearing constituency that cares little for startling crimes or shocking divorce cases. The Bible still has a place in the best of our homes."

The Washington HERALD is a daily newspaper that holds a secure place in the confidence of its readers, with the largest percentage of home circulation of any paper published in this city.

Publicity in The HERALD is a steady glow, not a passing glare. It is to the sensible, every-day, average American that the business men are appealing when they use the advertising columns of this great HOME paper. Well-balanced advertising appropriations provide for liberal space in The Washington HERALD, Washington's fastest-growing paper.

DOES YOURS?