

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY The Washington Herald Company. 425-427-429 Eleventh St. Phone Main 3300

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FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES: THE S. C. BECKWITH SPECIAL AGENCY. New York, Tribune Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis, Third National Bank Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER: Daily and Sunday, 30 cents per month; \$3.00 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL: Daily and Sunday, 45 cents per month; \$5.00 per year. Daily only, 35 cents per month; \$4.00 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1918.

Siberia.

It may cost President Wilson a high price to maintain his ground on the Siberian crisis, but maintain it he will.

It may be a sinister bit of fortune that the Far East should furnish the first real rift between the United States and her European allies, but the issue is not one to be evaded; it is to be met, and the President meets it with his characteristic courage and self-confidence.

There is no reason for making a major issue out of this rift, although German propaganda doubtless will do so. It is purely a difference in a point of view. President Wilson is represented as taking the stand that Japanese intervention at Vladivostok would be justified only to protect human life, and not to protect property. We do not pretend to know whether this is his actual attitude. Nor is it by any means a confirmed fact that Great Britain, France and Italy, in approving the Japanese project base their support exclusively on the logic that the stores at Vladivostok require protection from Bolshevik looting and Prussian acquisition of them.

It is said that the President's Mexican policy furnishes the precedent for his so-called Siberian policy.

But regardless of what transpired in Washington during the Huerta regime; regardless of Vera Cruz and of Columbus, when the United States intervened to protect its own nationals, we have the best of reasons for believing that if the Tampico oil fields were threatened with destruction by Pelaez or other Mexican revolutionists tomorrow, the American government would sanction and effect speedy intervention.

If this is not protection of property by force—camouflaged as it might be by the plea that it was protection of American citizens at Tampico—what is it?

No, the real logic of the American Siberian policy must be sought in Petrograd. The President has not abandoned Russia. He has a feeling of real sympathy for the revolutionary leaders in their travail, of support for their aims, belief in Russia's ability to rehabilitate itself despite the present collapse. He believes it is of vital importance to stand by the Slav equity in the war. Great Britain, France and Italy, forced by stern realities to concentrate on a condition rather than an ideal, are entirely willing to accept Japan's aid in what is to them a real menace—the conversion of the thousands of acres of war materials at Vladivostok to Tentic purposes.

The upshot of the matter doubtless will be the United States will be revealed to the Russians as the best friend they have in the world; that Japan will intervene, regardless of whatever protest the American government may make, and save the situation in Siberia; that Russia, seeing the real menace that lies in mere flaccid inertia and refusal to fight, may be stung into the war mood again.

If she is it will not take her long to decide on which side she will fight—nor unless she has gone mad.

The Telephone Situation.

This is the open season for shooting corporations from ambush. Government ownership sentiment is furnishing the ammunition, and a lot of the firing evidences the fact that half the big guns are going off at half cock.

Government control of railroads does not necessarily mean government ownership, nor does government control of telephones necessarily mean government ownership. In the case of railroad control there was a serious condition which would only have been met by the elimination of all duplication of effort on the part of the individual companies. This emergency was met, and we believe, solved. It was a situation requiring heroic treatment and the patient is convalescing after the shock.

The telephone situation in the District is not analogous. True, there is congestion, but that was due to local conditions—to the influx of from 40,000 to 60,000 additional telephone users. There was bound to be confusion, but it is adjusting itself, and we look for a lessening of our telephone burdens.

The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company is one of two dozen or more operating corporations affiliated with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Their ramifications extend to thirty or forty States. It is a \$500,000,000 corporation, and its business is so interlocked that to grant government control of one company would lead to complications that would be costly and we fear disastrous to interests that are sacred enough to be given full consideration.

We are in a frenzy in this country over business and our principal business is to win the war. Why not settle down to the necessary things—things that are essential to the proper conduct of business? Let us not add to our governmental burdens by adding endless duplications of management.

She May Make a Big Break.

Many people who have closely watched diplomatic and other war proceedings outside of the armistice and fighting are expecting the greatest diplomatic play of the war. Japan is going to get very busy, and she has strong reason for it.

From the start of the war, Japan has not been without her statesmen who favored alliance, secret if not open, with the central powers. Russia's present condition and their own pressing exigencies most strongly tempt the central powers to offer Japan joint control of Russian and Chinese affairs, present and future. Japan, as a whole, however, has cast her lot with the entente and will honorably stick to her agreements. But, Japan is now directly and seriously threatened. In her effort to interfere in Eastern Siberia there is much more than her desire to protect the enormous quantity of munitions and other property

piled up at Vladivostok. That city in the hands of the Teutons means a deadly menace to the future trade interests and rights in the Pacific and it is the Pacific trade that is, some time or more long, to be the biggest object to all the nations, particularly the insular peoples. For her trade's sake, Japan cannot afford to longer risk seizure of the trans-Siberian railroad and Vladivostok by the Teutons.

It looks as if there has got to be, at once, a great diplomatic deal with Japan.

Great Britain and France are willing that Japan go ahead in Siberia, whatever her ultimate object. Russia, very naturally, and reasonably, wants to know, in advance, just how far Japan is to go. Washington seems to be watchfully waiting, though pressed for something definite by Great Britain, France and Japan. It is a rather critical period in U. S. diplomacy and policy. Uncle Sam hesitates to declare himself before knowing how far Germany is going to go in Russia and what the people of Russia really desire, two points on which it is most difficult to draw conclusions or secure reliable information.

What would the Kaiser do under such circumstances? It's a good guess that he'd throw the diplomacy overboard and have hundreds of thousands of Japs go to fighting for his cause in Northern France, Belgium, the Balkans and elsewhere. And when it comes to be solely a matter of diplomatic ability, the results in Greece, Bulgaria, the Ukraine and Western Russia show that the Kaiser wins.

With a first-class navy, a splendid standing army and three years' mighty war profits in her pocket, and with her future threatened, honorable little Japan is ready and willing to fight, and apparently, it's going to take a lot stiffer sort of diplomacy than the allies have yet shown to keep her from doing so, somewhere.

"Can" and "Should."

Nelson Morris, Chicago packer, has got the what-you-can-live-on theorists all stirred up again by declaring that children should walk to school and get along on three movie shows, two pairs of shoes and \$20 worth of clothing a year.

Mr. Morris is only 26 years old, and should learn. Mr. Morris has always had all the car tickets, movies, shoes and clothes that he wanted, probably more than was really best for him.

What a world of difference between those two little words "should" and "can"! And how everlastingly prone they are to quarrel with each other! Yet, yoke them together, and how they do pull! A child can crawl to school on hands and knees, can get along without theaters or other pleasures, can go barefoot and nearly clothingless all the year. It can eat husks. It can never hear music or see flowers. It can exist though robbed of childhood.

But should it? Right here civilization and barbarism go to it with bare fists. Barbaric "can" says that the child can starve, freeze, degenerate, civilized, progressive "should" says it shall not. It is a terrible, a horrible battle. Its issue is as old as mankind. In one corner of the ring, as seconds, are Americans who have known of Jesus Christ; in the other corner, the cave-men.

But, in our times, it is a foolish battle, a battle over nothing. There is no such problem as what a child "can" do, driven to it by private greed or society's negligence. Our problem is to take the "can" and "should" out of the bloody prize-ring, yoke them together and make them pull as a team. Our problem is to give the child the very best of everything that we are able to. To discuss how little we can do for the child is foolish waste of time and energy. We must aim solely at the most we can and should do. Not "can" or "should," the one or the other; but both yoked and plowing the furrow of progress, in God's name and for the sake of humanity!

The New Chief of Staff.

At least one March came in like a lion and we will miss our guess if he goes out like a lamb. Gen. March took hold as Chief of Staff as if he knew what he wanted and how he was going to get it.

It begins to look as if the government would have a bargain sale of red tape soon. With men like Stettinius, Baruch, Goethals, Hurley, Squiers, Black and a few others, we ought to get quick action on many matters hitherto clogged by official procedure.

Gen. Peyton March is just back from the front. He knows what is needed. Let us give it to him freely and without delay.

"T. R." may be blind in one eye and deaf in one ear, but he has the "kick" left. Or is it right!

Pennsylvania's food controller says German agents are interfering with food conservation. He wants "hempen" justice for them. We second the motion.

A small boy noticed that a boarder was away all night. In the morning he said, "Father don't you think it was awful for him to stay out all night? Gee, I wish I was with him."

Wisdom of the Simple.

Representative Norman J. Judd, of New York, remarked during a conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel that some people are not so stupid as they look, and related this instance as an example:

In a small town in the upper part of New York State there was a youth who was considered half-witted by his fellow-citizens. One of the favorite stunts of the farmers of that section was to offer the youth a penny and a nickel at the same time to see which he would take. He invariably took the penny, whereat the agriculturists would boisterously laugh.

"Young man," said a stranger to the simple-minded youth one day, after having witnessed the scene several times, "why is it that you always take the penny instead of the nickel?" "Suppose I took the nickel," whispered the youth, with a cautious glance toward the farmers, "would I ever get a chance to take another one?" Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Sight and Insight.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE. Venus, glowing in the heavens, shed her beauty by the hand of fate. While an Earth-man who beheld her cried his rapture at the star.

The Earth, at perihelion, blazed upon the breast of Night, And a resident of Venus breathed an exquisite delight.

Each looked and longed and when at last each turned his eyes away, Scanned the star whereon he stood and muttered "Common clay!"

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"PEACE WITHOUT ANNEXATIONS OR INDEMNITIES"



In 1916 the Republican national platform contained a Federal railroad rate-making plank. It was put in there, of course, to square Mr. Hughes with his decision in the now famous Shreveport case.

But the Democrats shot grapsheet and canister at that with their heavy artillery. They insisted that this was a return to centralization of the most insidious sort and that it should never, never be tolerated in this nation.

But in the railroad bill now being whipped into shape in conference the Democrats have gone the Republicans one better, and maybe two. They have centralized in a way that puts to flight all their contention of 1916.

Several reluctant and unambitious delegates to the St. Louis Democratic convention of 1916, men who had long heads but no long hair, insisted among themselves that the Democrats should have a Federal rate-making plank in their platform.

"No, no," said some of the leaders. The Republicans have such a plank and we can make votes by assailing it. That's good stuff here in the West. We can make 'em sweat before they get through with it."

And they did—and they made appreciable gains for their ticket on this account, among others. The only purpose of writing this, at this time, is to let the people know that plans of mice and men and politicians sometimes go astray and often conflict with their previous plans. It is the most notorious example in national politics in many years and there is a possibility that this fall the matter will form the theme of some stump oration over the country. Barely, possible, we should say.

Col. Harvey seems bent on making note of Secretary of War Baker's brother's connection with some company or other in Ohio which is doing work for the government. The sin, so we are led to believe, is not in this so much as it is in the fact that after the Baker brother was supposed to have retired from the company he is still found to be connected with it. We very much doubt whether Col. Harvey is doing himself or the country any good by this so-called "expose."

The mysterious Mr. House has a fund of information on all subjects, of course, and is a valuable member of the White House society just

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs. UNREACHABLE. When blustery winds best your path What use is it to yield to wrath, And try to vie in puny way With all the bluster of the day? Just take them as they come, serene, And meet them with a smiling grin As if no wind that ever blew Could reach the inner soul of you. (Copyright, 1918.)

now, without a doubt. But information gathered from one source is essentially not as complete as it should be. Ambassador Gerard's years of contact with the German people should have put him in a position to be of assistance, even if he did hasten to print things which it appeared he wanted more to make money from than to enlighten the world from a patriotic standpoint, nevertheless, his advice should be sought. The President doesn't have to take it, after it is all said and done, anyway.

Viscount Ishii performed a signal service for humanity when he returned from his American trip and began to interest his fellow countrymen in the principles for which the greater part of civilization is contending just now. The apathy prevailing in the viscount's native land was not unlike the American apathy of a year and a half ago. We hope the response to the national duty will now be as aggressive and effective on the part of Japan as it was on America's part when we woke up to our peril.

One of Carranza's best friends—a man high in the esteem of President Wilson and of the Mexican people—says the Mexican head didn't know what he was doing when he congratulated the Kaiser on his birthday. This man also says this unhappy occurrence was the natural outgrowth of extreme Mexican politeness, such as Carranza possesses. This dual explanation must suffice for the present. This, too, in spite of the fact that it doesn't quite set right with people of this country.

Someone has started the story hereabouts that Bryan and Hearst had a conference recently at Palm Beach and that they are agreed on some things with reference to the future of the Democratic party. Both stand out, however, as possible candidates for the presidential nomination in 1920 and the belief is, on the hill, that they were merely sparing to see which one actually held the hope that he would land the plum. There are others in the same class with them whom they apparently had to admit are likely to be given careful consideration by the national convention and by the party leaders. Locally there are those who believe that neither Mr. Bryan nor Mr. Hearst can land the place.

THE OBSERVER.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

If such a thing could be brought about as bringing Herbert Hoover and the farmers of the West together for a frank and comprehensive discussion of the troubles now besetting each, it would be a great step forward. Mr. Hoover is considering the matter now, so we are informed. He can do good by following up this lead, and the nation and the farmers, we are sure, would profit by it. Numerous Congressmen endorse the idea.



New York, March 5. Men have written. Of the picket. In the gray and the dusk. Of dawn. Where shadows. Loom into specters. Ghastly and fearsome. And wan. And too they wrote. Of the Caesars. Of the war and the death. And strife. Where men kill men. In hatred. Trading a life. For a life. I write today. Of the tears of mother. In the gray and the dusk. Of dawn. Waiting for word. Of sons. Gone and forever gone. Of mothers. Who gave to their country. In the gray and the dusk. Of the dawn. Of the flesh and bone. Of their bodies. A pawn and another pawn. That is enough poetry. I'm not a poet anyway. I cut my hair. And wear clean collars. And pay my bills. Sometimes. Sword must be met with sword. The world must be safe. And the Kaiser must quit railing. But somehow today. I do not feel like jesting. I feel like writing poetry. Of the tears that are sowing. In the gray and the dusk. Of dawn. At high noon time. And always. Of the tears. That are ever drawn. From hearts. That see shadows and specters. Ghastly and fearsome. And wan. Shadows. That loom into specters. Of some. Gone. And forever gone.

DAYLIGHT SAVING

In Carlsbad, Austria, I happened to be sitting with friends at a table in an open-air restaurant at 10:30 in the evening. We were the only people in the place. The town seemed to be asleep. In this health resort people went to bed at 9 o'clock or 9:30 and were up at about 6 o'clock, drinking the waters, at 6. "It feels like 1 o'clock in the morning, doesn't it?" someone said. We rose heavily with the sense that we had been dissipating. In this resort I met an American who was in the morning, an attractive figure in that motley procession. "How delightful it is," she said, "to be up and about so early in the morning. I never realized before what a lovely part of the day it was. I am almost tempted to keep up the habit after I get home. But I suppose it wouldn't be the same. It would be too lonesome."

"Everybody's doing it." The words of the popular song explain why in so many ways we all tend to be conventional. We don't want to be different. Most of all, we don't want to be "lonesome." We want to be "in it." In Carlsbad you weren't in it if you didn't go to bed early and get up early. You were unfashionable. You not only missed one of the benefits of the cure, but the visitors were talking, but you also missed that early morning procession.

There was a young Englishman among the visitors at the time who was interesting because he wouldn't conform. He took a special pleasure in sitting up late at night and getting up late in the morning. He told me with pride, when I talked to him about the interest of the early morning procession, that he hadn't seen it and didn't expect to see it. He was perfectly satisfied to join in the procession that took place at the fashionable hour in the late afternoon.

"I like to go to a Continental city," he said, "where there are many famous sights to be seen and not so near one of them." He thought that those remarks of his showed originality. But they really showed conformity to a definite type, bored and superior.

Two years ago I happened to be in Stockholm when the daylight saving plan was first tried throughout Sweden. At midnight, in the big restaurant crowded with people, the clock, according to schedule, was turned back an hour.

"Now what has really happened?" said one of the men at the table who had a weakness for taking what he considered the practical view. "People are merely fooling themselves again. When it is 6 o'clock in the morning they will think it is 7 and they'll get up because it is seven. Why take all this trouble and fuss about the country for nothing? If anyone wants to get up at 6 o'clock let him get up at 6 without resorting to self-deception like a child."

He couldn't be persuaded to see that there was any difference between individual action and collective action and that turning back the clock was a practical matter.

FACTS FROM HOOVER SHOW HOW U. S. AIDS

Food Statement Emphasizes Help Allies Have Received. That the allied nations of Europe would have suffered much more severely since the war began without the aid in foodstuffs of the United States is emphasized by the facts in a statement just issued by the Federal Food Administration.

The statement contains figures showing that from July 1, 1914 to January 1, 1918, the total amount of food sent from this country to the allies would supply a year's rations for 57,000,000 persons. England received far more than her proportion, on a basis of population, while the amount sent to Russia was comparatively small. France and Italy received much.

Among the items of food exports mentioned by Mr. Hoover are wheat and wheat flour, 284,000,000 bushels; pork, 2,000,000 pounds; sugar, yearly average, 448,000,000 pounds; oats, 212,251,500 bushels; corn, 24,210,259 bushels; rice, 2,818,962 bushels; butter, 28,808,100 pounds; cheese, 103,667,907 pounds, and condensed milk, 126,356,679 pounds.

DR. LYNN L. KENNEDY FUNERAL TOMORROW

Dr. Lynn L. Kennedy, a resident of Washington the past year, died at his home in the Wallcraft apartment yesterday. He was formerly a resident of Louisville, Ky., going from there to Alabama, where he remained until his health began to decline.

Funeral services will be held at the Mt. Pleasant M. E. Church tomorrow morning at 11:30 with Dr. Copenhafer, the pastor, in charge. Dr. Kennedy is survived by a wife, two children, his parents and two sisters. The body will be taken to Louisville for burial.

LIFT BAN ON TRADERS.

A. Santos, Diedrichsen, Brazil, and Julian Vera Leon & Co., and Miguel Benatoli, both of Venezuela, have been removed from the Enemy Trading list. It was announced yesterday by the War Trade Board.

TODAY HOMER RODEHEAVER GEORGE BREWSTER PERCY S. FOSTER AND ENTIRE SUNDAY TABERNACLE CHORUS IN SPECIAL RECITAL

Open to All—No Tickets Billy Sunday Tabernacle 7:30 P. M., Wednesday

AMUSEMENTS.

Belasco--Tonight, 8:30 to 10:30. Mat. Today, 2 to 10:30. Oliver Morosco Again Presents the Wickedest of Comedy and Music SO LONG LETTY WITH CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD. Great Cast and Oh, Boy! Those California Girls.

STARTING NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT THE WINTER GARDEN SHOW, DOING OUR BIT With FRANK TINNEY, Henry Lewis, James J. Corbett, Ada Lewis and 150 Others.

NATIONAL TONIGHT, 8:20. Mat. Today, 2:20. SAM LOUIS BERNARD & MANN IS FRIENDLY ENEMIES A New Comedy Drama

STARTING NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT WED.-SAT. SEATS TOMORROW. Klaw & Erlanger's Musical Comedy Triumph. "MISS SPRINGTIME" With Mith, Melody, Magnificence. ORIGINAL NEW YORK CAST OF 30.

THURSDAY, 4:30 Philadelphia Orchestra LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor. Soloist—Carlos Salzedo—Harpist. Tickets, 2, Arthur Smith, 100 G St. N. W. NOTE: Season tickets must be assigned. "No" Post. Otherwise they will not be accepted at door.

HEIFETZ GREAT VIOLINIST RECIPE—FRANCIS WELCH'S NATIONAL THEATER Seats on sale at Mrs. Greene's Office, in Droup's, 23th and G.

POLLY Tonight, 8:15. Mat. Today, 2:15. POLLY Musical Comedy. 100 Stars and 500 SINGERS, DANCERS, COMEDIANS. THE BIG RAGTIME REVUE

"LET'S GO" 35 BIG MEMBERS Also HALF A KINSHIP

ULANI—From the Moulin Rouge A truly wonderful show presented as a complete of good singing, brilliantly done and with a beautiful orchestra. "Let's Go," at Polli's, a pleasant attraction. Polli's, 23rd and G.

"Let's Go," which opened at Polli's last night, is one of the best shows the musical comedy company has produced this season. Patrons of the house have a surprising treat in store for them this week.—Herald.

In "Let's Go" the Musical Comedy Players have one of the best productions of the season.—Times.

No phase of a plot is attempted in the production of good comedy, singing of popular and catchy songs and carefully chosen and carefully chosen and carefully chosen. It provides more than two hours of clean, wholesome entertainment.—Star.

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. No War Tax. Next Week—"THE MAYOR OF DUKING"

2D "POP." STAR CONCERT Sunday, March 17, at 3:30 P. M. MARY JOSEPH JORDAN MALKIN

B. F. KEITH'S 25c DAILY 7:30 SUN 1:30 HOLYS 2:30 to 4:30 "BIG HITS."—Times

Corrigan & Co. CROSS LOUISE DRESSER In "Some Reminiscences" Row & O'Brien Sater, Imhof, Conn & Co. Orpheum, Six O'Clock to Six.

GAYETY Burlesque De Luxe. LEW KELLY AND THE BERMAN SHOW. Next Week—"STEP LIVELY GIRLS"

MATS. STRAND EVENS. 15c THIS WEEK ONLY THE UNBELIEVER

Playing to Absolute Capacity. THE ONE GREAT MODERN SPECTACLE. CONTINUOUS FROM 10 A. M. TO 11 P. M. WITH A SPECIAL DAILY MILITARY PROLOGUE DAILY at 3:15, 7:15 and 9:15.

GARDEN EVENS. 15c TODAY AND THURSDAY MARY MILES MINTER IN POWERS THAT PREY

LOEW'S COLUMBIA Continuous 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. More, All. 10c. No. Night, 10c. 10c. NOW PLAYING BILLIE BURKE in "Eve's Daughter."

PLAZA Mat. 10:30-11:30. 434 9th St. N. W. TODAY—LAST TIME BESSIE BARRISCALE In "MADAM WHO"

HOWARD UNIVERSITY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Presents Tourgee A. De Bose in a PIANO-FORTE RECITAL Wednesday, March 6

HOWARD UNIVERSITY CHAPEL. Tickets at Howard University Conservatory of Music.