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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1918.

HEARD UNDER THE DOME
Now and then the United States Senate, the greatest legislative body in the world, does things which even some of its most uninformed critics never thought it would do.
Witness the confirmation of Albert Strauss Thursday.
The confirmation took place without a committee meeting to formally approve the nomination, but the majority of the committee being in the city to pass upon it.
Senator Hitchcock, vice chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, acted as chairman in this matter. He merely told the Senate it was not desirable to leave the matter on the executive calendar longer. Several members of the committee had agreed on a vote to confirm Strauss, but a majority was present, the Nebraska said. The Senate understood and without questioning anything voted to speed Mr. Strauss across the platter of honor to his official trip.
Secretary McAdoo, so we are told "just before going to press," was mightily pleased with this action because it disposed of a matter that he had on his mind for some time past. And "Mac" has so many things on his mind, anyway, he does not court the opportunity of leaving any of them there too long. There are enough things going on every day to prevent his mind being burdened with ennui.
Thomas W. Lawson is making a campaign in Massachusetts, which places John W. Weeks, contender for the Senatorial toga, in a class with Boies Penrose.
In a startling pamphlet which he alludes to as the political murder of Samuel McCall, Mr. Lawson makes it perfectly clear that he doesn't have any use at all for Weeks, and that if the entire McCall faction of the Republican party comes over to him on election day he will do nothing to turn them away.
The race is between David Walsh, the Democrat, and Mr. Weeks, the Republican holder of the toga as the present—and with Mr. Lawson as the third candidate. If Mr. Lawson can win the McCall following and independent voters, he can make it possible for Walsh to win. This is a chance at least to get even with Weeks, he thinks, and the vote may turn that way, so some of the folks say there.
As election approaches members of the two parties in Congress, particularly in the Senate, are more than anxious to have the dread day over with. Control of the House and Senate is a prize worth while. If the Democrats keep it they expect to be able to get their reward by national victory in 1920.
If not, they fear that disturbing influences might be brought into the equation which would seriously impair their chances at success two years hence. That is why they are so hard to tell just what may happen this year. The political leaders have been trying to make figures on the national vote, but they are not entirely successful at this and admit there are situations which puzzle them exceedingly.
This is the first war election since 1856.
That year the cry was: "Support the Republican administration because an overthrow of it would mean joy in Spain."
The Democrats tried to combat that issue but they found it hard to do so, and the results of the elections that year were far from satisfying to them.
The Democrats this year are crying: "Support the Democratic administration because an overthrow of it would mean joy in Germany."
The Republicans are trying to combat that issue but they find it hard to do so, and the results of the elections that year were far from satisfying to them.
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"SCHOOL DAYS"
By DWIG
Gwen up that tree, I tell you!
Love I soak you! Gwen!
Somebody's gotta go up an' shake em down, an' you're the lightest, so its gotta be you!
I'd go up in a minnit only I'm too heavy, aint I Skinny?
Go on up, now, Love I knock you into the middle o next week!
That's right, Stab. Balls right, you're the lightest.
Aw, Ball, I dont want to tear my pants! Gosh! My new'n'll kick me if I do.
Them was the happy days.
A cartoon illustration showing a man climbing a tree while others watch and talk. The man is being encouraged to climb higher, while others comment on his weight and the state of his pants.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
NAVAL OFFICER HAD SERVED IN TWO WARS
Engineer John T. Smith to Be Buried Today.
Funeral services will be held this afternoon for Assistant Engineer John T. Smith, U. S. N., a veteran of the civil war, who died Wednesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. P. Simpson, at Livingston Heights, Va. Mr. Smith had seen service all around the world with the fleet, entering the navy in March, 1881, having received promotions to the rank of acting second assistant engineer, and was honorably discharged in June, 1870. He was commissioned with the rank of lieutenant in 1873 and was retained in the same year. Recalled to active service in 1878, he was stationed at the Washington Navy Yard on the monitor Massachusetts and served at Norfolk Navy Yard during the Spanish-American war.
His body will be interred in Arlington National Cemetery.
Honorary pallbearers will be Rear Admiral Aaron W. Weaver, U. S. N.; Chief Engineer Absealom Kirby, U. S. N.; Lieut. Commander Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral John Lowe, U. S. N.; Chief Engineer George W. Sennar, U. S. N.; and Rear Admiral George W. Baird, U. S. N.
He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. H. P. Simpson, and Medical Inspector Charles Gordon Smith, U. S. N., now with the A. F. E.
PLAGUE DEATHS IN WASHINGTON RISE SUDDENLY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE
have been loaned to the camp for the period of the epidemic.
Several new treatments for influenza and pneumonia have been developed by the camp physicians and they may be adopted by other army camps for the treatment of similar cases.
The medical staff is confident that the quarantine can be raised from the camp by the end of the week with safety.
Druggists Answer Call For Medicines.
An appeal by the Washington Chamber of Commerce for druggists to aid needy families suffering from influenza was answered by twenty-one more druggists yesterday. These druggists have agreed to donate \$10 worth for such cases as are certified by physicians as worthy of assistance.
E. A. Holmen, 53 East Capitol street; Nelson Drug Company, North Capitol and R streets northeast; George W. Murray, 30 D street southwest; Alex. Schneider, 216 Fourth and half street southwest; P. P. Withers, 307 P street; Washington Homeopathic Pharmacy, 1907 H street; People's Drug Store, Seventh and K streets; Hurlburt Drug Company, Fourteenth and J streets; W. L. Board Pharmacy, 1912 1/2 Fourteenth street; N. V. Pattie, 850 Georgia avenue; J. C. Williams, 70 North Carolina and I street; Rink's Pharmacy, 1437 H street; William Scherer, 5300 O street; Piney Branch Pharmacy, Fourteenth and B streets; W. S. Bachrach, 1714 and I street; Rink's Pharmacy, 1213 Fourth and half street southwest; Eugene R. Nichols, 191 Pennsylvania avenue; W. R. Hill, 230 M street; Robert L. McGuire, 80 U street; T. A. Judd, Seventh and P streets southwest.
The following contributions have also been received by the Washington Chamber of Commerce for needy influenza sufferers:
Semmes Motor Company, 410; John P. Agnew & Co., Inc., 5; National Electrical Supply Company, 25; American Sign Company, 5; Ivan C. Leet, Leet Brothers, 2; Lewis M. Thayer, 5; James A. Head & Co., 10; S. Kann, Sons & Co., 50; H. Abramson, 25; McGill & Denham, 5; Jacob L. Lapidus, 20; Frederic J. Haskin, 5.
Epidemic Wanes in New York.
New York, Oct. 25.—Both influenza and pneumonia showed a further marked decrease today in the number of new cases reported, while deaths from both causes were slightly fewer than in the preceding twenty-four hours.
Today's new influenza cases numbered 405 as against 440 yesterday, a decrease of 54. Pneumonia cases today were 902 as compared with 938 yesterday, a decrease of 36.
Dr. Royal S. Copeland, health commissioner, urges wide use of the preventive vaccine, especially in view of a prediction voiced today by sanitary experts that the spring will witness a return of the epidemic.
TWO GOOD REASONS.
"Why," he severely demanded of the proprietor of the moving picture palace, "do you persist in having your pipe organ play with such overwhelming and stentorian volumes of sound?"
"In an endeavor to drown out the conversation of my patrons," he replied. "And why?" we inquired of some of the patrons, "do you talk so loudly during the show?"
"In the hope," they answered, "of being able to be heard by each other over and above the blare and uproar of the pipe organ."—From Film Fun.

President Wilson's Mistake.

The Washington Herald believes that President Wilson is the greatest man of this age. We have supported him in every issue, because we believed in him and admired him. We will continue to support President Wilson, but we express our disapproval at his effort to assume the position of political dictator for the United States. When President Wilson issued an appeal to the American people in behalf of the Democratic party we believe that he made the one regrettable mistake of his administration.

We say this not because our political faith is Republican. Neither is it Democratic. The Washington Herald has no entangling alliances either political or otherwise. But we emphasize that President Wilson made a mistake, because the fundamental principle of a democracy is political freedom.

When President Wilson speaks the world listens and obeys. He has spoken many times in the past month and every word has met with the approval of the world. When we refer to the world we eliminate the enemy as part of it. No one has raised a dissenting voice against the will of our President. America feels proud that such an honor should fall to an American.

At this particular time President Wilson wields a greater power than Alexander, Napoleon or the Kaiser could have ever hoped to hold should their ambitious dreams of world dominion have materialized. And rightly so. These three emperors strove to rule the world by conquest, by force, by murder. Such criminal intentions cannot hope to succeed. Crowned with partial success for the moment their course must lead to a destructive end. But President Wilson is a world power because he rules by the laws of freedom, justice, equality; virtues which know no defeat and must ultimately prevail.

Mighty as the President's power is, we do not think that it entitles him to govern, or even influence, the electoral will and judgment of the people of a republic. It is one of the very first elements of our Constitution that the choice of the people in the election of public officials should be their own choice. Politics deteriorates only when this free will is trampled by designing outward influence. Democracy is the one principle for which we are at war.

President Wilson declares in his appeal to voters that the minority in the present Congress has unquestionably been pro-war but anti-administration. Here we have another principle of democracy. It is the privilege of a representative of the people, and the people themselves to be anti-administration whenever their self-judgment dictates such an action. Suppose President Wilson's administration would not be in accord with the people. Would it be improper for the people to turn anti-administration? Unquestionably not, for the objecting voice of the people could give us an administration in keeping with the wishes of the people.

President Wilson says that his power to administer the great trust assigned him by the Constitution would be impaired if a Republican majority should be elected to either house of Congress. If a Republican majority is elected we believe that it will reflect the wishes of a majority of the people. This is after all the people's war and each has his voice in determining its destinies. As a people's war each has responsibility and each patriot assumes it, we believe, not to the detriment of the President's trust but to share his burden in carrying it to a successful conclusion.

"Often President Wilson has thrown precedent to the winds and won the plaudits of the public. His political appeal to "My Fellow Countrymen" is also unprecedented, but we say that it is not in keeping with the high office which President Wilson holds and certainly not in keeping with his praiseworthy actions of the past.

"We do not believe that "politics is adjoined," using President Wilson's own words.

Learn to Live Outdoors.
Most of us are already planning what we shall do "when the boys come home."
They have been away so long, on such a dangerous, heroic mission, that when they come back we will love them more, and treat them better than ever before. We will appreciate them—and take time from our foolish hurrying for love and comradeship. We will spend more time enjoying the human companionship of the boys and each other.

But if we spent more time with them we'll have to spend it out-of-doors—for THEY won't stay in the house to play!
The men in the army and navy, drawn from the cooped-up places of modern social and industrial life, have suddenly been taught the uses and delights of plain, every-day fresh air. They like it so well that they won't be content with any other kind. They have learned what it is to sleep under the stars—a joy once reserved to tramps and poets. They have watched the exuberant glory and triumph of rosy sunrise, and learned the solemn beauty of creeping twilight.

"In Flanders Field, where poppies grow," they have learned a new and mighty language of the common grass and flowers, and thrill to the song of the lark that braves the battlefields as they never thrilled to solemn organ tones.
A day in June or October is more to them than a square on the calendar. It is a God-given time of sun and air, and work and play, and friendship and service—a glorious period of full use of mind and soul and body—for splendor of living unguessed in the old cooped-up life of indoors.

The soldiers have learned that outdoors is not just an interlude between work and home and amusement. Outdoors is freedom and health and happiness—and if we want to work and play with them hereafter we too shall have to follow them out of doors.
What allied statesman has the nose to sit down to a peace table with a German?
Look out for this "kamerad" stuff. There's a hand grenade concealed somewhere.
Mastery of retreat we concede to the Hun; but look at the practice he's had.
" Tanks awfully " doesn't mean the same to the Huns that it means in the slums.

NEW LIST OF YANKS CAPTURED BY GERMANS

- Private Simon J. Doucette, Boston, Mass.
Private Edward C. Delaney, Providence, R. I.
Private Charles A. Diehl, Chautauque, N. Y.
Private (first class) Tony Diegoli, Plymouth, Mass.
Private Raymond J. Coleman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private (first class) John Francis Clark, Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Private Pietro Capua, Rome, Italy.
Private Raymond J. Cosgrove, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private (first class) Charles Frederick Colberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private (first class) Samuel Held, New York, N. Y.
Private Charles B. Hauswirth, Schenectady, N. Y.
Private Edward Chevalier, Fairhaven, Mass.
Private Alexander Chioiti, Reading, Pa.
Private Paul L. Bellizzi, New York, N. Y.
Private (first class) James M. Beese, East Wareham, Mass.
Private Harry A. Bonfield, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private William Buhl, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private Moses Berkowitz, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private Ivan Harley Budd, Philadelphia, N. Y.
Private (first class) Henry J. Blain, Acushnet, Mass.
Private Leo Alfred Amo, Cape Vincent, N. Y.
Private Norman Allen, New Bedford, Mass.
Private (first class) John Carroll, Eltingville, N. Y.
Corp. John F. Dooris, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Corp. Bartholomew Buckley, Whitman, Mass.
Sergt. Charles Dempster, Boston, Mass.
Sergt. Louis F. Domiano, New York, N. Y.
Private Stanislaw Piastak, Buffalo, N. Y.
Sergt. Oliver Dredger, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private Herman A. Dalhouse, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private Fred O. Schuette, Farmers Retreat, Ind.
Private (first class) Kenneth Oscar Sachrison, Erie, Pa.
Sergt. William Owens, Pottsville, Pa.
Private William G. Shannon, Bolivar, N. Y.
Corp. Bruce Liebermicht Kramer, Shippensburg, Pa.
Corp. Emanuel Robert Bigler, Carlisle, Pa.
Private Joseph Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private (first class) Charles S. Clepper, Carlisle, Pa.
Private William Ladshaw, Arnold, Pa.
Private Charles H. Strickens, DuBois, Pa.
Corp. Leon John Loveless, North East, Pa.
Private Pasquale Antonucci, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Private (first class) Roy C. Goodrich, Bradford, Pa.
Private Frank Freund, New York, N. Y.
Private Carter Edwards, North East, Pa.
Private Adam Matuszewski, New York, N. Y.
Private Claude W. Sell, Catawissa, Pa.
Private Donata Cugini, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sergt. Frank Shank, Carlisle, Pa.
Private Allen Oshinsky, New York, N. Y.
Private Vitoantonio Yasi, Swampscott, Mass.
Private James Benjamin Chapman, North East, Pa.
Private Wm. Tann, Jasonville, Ind.
Private Charles W. Wheeler, Lincolnville, Pa.
Private Robert C. Warnick, Bloomfield, Ind.
Private Michael Pittosh, St. Clair, Pa.
Corp. Floyd O. Titus, Erie, Pa.
Private (first class) William J. Gardner, Pottsville, Pa.
Private John Fred Spage, Erie, Pa.
Private Efron Salazar, Espanola, N. Mex.
Private Frank L. Baker, Marion, Iowa.
Private (first class) Edward Gurney, New Haven, Conn.
Private Moses J. Goulet, Kawakawin, Mich.
Private Joe Candrar, Minneapolis, Minn.

3,257 Dogs Impounded During Year in D. C.

According to the annual report of George W. Rice, poundmaster, 3,257 dogs were impounded during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918. Four hundred and seventy-five of these were redeemed and released, the remainder being killed.

Huns Massacre the Wounded.

It is a funny thing, but a soldier in action always thinks it's the other fellow who is going to get bowled over. Men were dropping all around him wounded or killed or because the fire was too hot to proceed. I ran along exultant and tremendously excited.

Their Thanksgiving Prayer.

Mary Pickford breathes a prayer—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Douglas Fairbanks does his share—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Francis Bushman rolls his eyes, Theda Bara cries and cries, "Fatty's" hit with many pleas—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Marguerite, Miss Clark, pipes out—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Dustin Farnum gives a shout—"Heaven bless the movies!"
French Max Linder cutsy-cloves, and Valetka wears smart gowns—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Alice Joyce hums the refrain—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Charlie Chaplin twists his cane—"Heaven bless the movies!"
Sidney Drew and wife look shy, Mabel Normand winks an eye, was Kate, and I hold hands and sigh—"Heaven bless the movies!"
—Harold Seton in Film Fun.

WILSON REQUESTS PEOPLE TO RETURN THE DEMOCRATS

of the United States had chosen to support their President by electing to the Congress a majority composed of those who are not in fact in sympathy with the attitude and action of the Administration.
I need not tell you, my fellow countrymen, that I am asking your support not for my own sake or for the sake of a political party, but for the sake of the nation itself. In ordinary times divided counsels can be endured without permanent hurt to the country. But these are not ordinary times. If in these critical days it is your wish to sustain me with undivided minds, I beg that you will say so in a way which it will not be possible to misunderstand either here at home or among our associates in the other end of the sea. I submit my difficulties and my hopes to you.
WOODROW WILSON.
Democrats Praise Stand.
Democratic Senators and Representatives generally praised the stand taken by the President and said that it was the one thing needed to bring about Democratic victory in the Congressional elections.

ADVERTISING TALKS

It can't Be Done.
By S. E. LEITH.
I doubt if there is a combination of words which has proved more generally detrimental to business advancement. I always feel out of place with the man who starts to argue about the good old times that used to be, and what can't be done any more.
They talked this way thirty years ago, to my own personal knowledge, and I have found somebody willing to talk that way ever since. It seems incredible that men can possibly acknowledge their belief that the success in business that was possible under old conditions cannot be equalled today. Truly you can't do things this year in just the same way that they were done thirty years ago, but you can do them so much better, so much easier, and with so much greater assurance of success.
Very few worthy business enterprises that have been started in the United States have failed. Don't forget this. Thirty years ago men did not hesitate or stop and think of what they had to contend with. Practically speaking, there was no typewriter, and no telephone, no trolley car, no automobile, and no flying machine to save time in business. They had no advertising as it is known today. The efficiency bug, the statistical bug, or the merchandising bug had not been discovered by the business scientist, and people were struggling just to get along and pay off the mortgage. Today, of course, is another day, but it brings to the business man all the advantages of thirty years of unprecedented progress and business development, and it is only a rank piker who sits around, lamenting the old times and acknowledging that it can't be done.
It can be done and even more. The trouble is with the individual and not the time. Progress with the times, give the people what progress calls for, and success is attainable now, just as much as it ever was.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

BUY BOND\$
DON'T LET MR BAK BONE KNOW MR FEAT ARE GOLD
A cartoon illustration of a woman with a large bonnet and a man with a top hat, both looking at a sign that says 'BUY BOND\$'. Below them is a speech bubble that says 'DON'T LET MR BAK BONE KNOW MR FEAT ARE GOLD'.

THE TEUTON FLAG.

Tear down the Hun Kaiser's flag;
Halfmast Hate's polluted rag;
Destroy it, all who can;
Deep sink it in the waves.
It binds our fellow-men;
To groan with fellow-slaves.
It shields a pirate's decks;
And 'neath its bloody folds
Are heard the clank of rustling chains.
Awake the burning scorn,
The vengeance long and deep;
That, till a better morn,
Shall neither tire nor sleep.
Swear once again the vow,
By all we hope and dream,
That what we suffer now,
The future shall redeem.
G. A. HOLLINGER.

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

ALL GOOD
If on the morrow it be clear,
Why I'll be glad and full of cheer
For all the wealth of golden light
To lead me on from morn to night.
And if tomorrow bring me rain,
Why I'll be full of cheer again,
Because despite it be not fair,
Its falling clarifies the air.
And if a tempest rends the skies,
Once more will cheer flash from mine eyes,
As, facing it all fearlessly,
It blows 'tis vigor into me.
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