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Barring Bolshevism.

With nearly all Europe east of the Rhine passing under the shadow of Bolshevism and the certainty that war weariness, half-symmetry and economic unrest in the remainder of the continent make military suppression impossible the world sees at last that the old vilization, with all its institutions is threatened with destruction.

Consequently a mad clamor rises to the Peace Conference for immediate remedial action. The suggested remedies are as fantastic as disease.

One proposes a ring of buffer states about the infected area. But the peoples of the proposed states are already wavering in allegiance to the old order.

Military circles once urged the formation of an "iron ring" of ayonets and boycotts to be maintained until Bolshevism should subside. Revolts in the ring itself ended the discussion of this proposal. A third plan is the reverse of the second. Hoover and others proposed to "feed the beasts" until growing stopped. But even the vast wealth of America is inadequate to feed to social satisfaction the undreds of millions now in revolt.

Bread, bayonets and barrier nations are equally futile to hold back Bolshevism. It demands prophylactics not quarantines. It must be fought here, not in Russia. It must be backfired against not beaten out.

Bolshevism is a desperate appeal to a new tyranny. It is an explosive outbreak of the forces of social progress. It must be met by being, not by confining and repressing those forces.

When old nations crumble and new ones are being born, when millions are dying and social caste is disappearing, when property values fluctuate and flicker out by billions, all institutions are fluid, and must be molded into higher forms or they will dissolve in chaos.

Within these dissolving institutions there is a tremendous, and as yet by no means blind, dynamic force seeking greater freedom and better world. The forces of unrest, aspiration, hope and desire for better things form the mightiest power for good ever released upon his globe. Left to itself this power may become a destructive explosive. Harnessed to the machinery of reconstruction it will build a better world.

The problem of fighting Bolshevism is the problem of rightly using these forces. Directed by passion, despair, hunger and rage they will wreak destruction as they have always wreaked it in the past.

If labor's demand for greater power and rewards in industry is recognized through co-operation with the unions, if great housing programs substitute cities of better homes for slums, if unemployment is fought with shorter hours, abolition of child labor and construction of great public works, if profiteering is checked, co-operation encouraged, education fostered, and all is done as part of a democratic building of society, we shall build the foundation of a wall against Bolshevism.

The army that defeats Bolshevism will enlist the whole community in a crusade against evil, command the sacrifice and solidarity that won the war against Prussianism. Utilize the splendid revolt against injustice that is prevalent throughout the world, and harness all the magnificent energy of war to a fundamental program of social progress.

High Expectations.

Army canteen figures recently compiled show that 95 per cent of the enlisted men smoke; some 80 per cent prefer the cigarette; the rest cling to the old dudder, despite its many disadvantages; as those who have tried to nest an eight-ounce pipe in a form-fitting uniform may testify.

Where on earth have all the old-time Americans gone? We refer to the generation that partook of eating tobacco.

From Colonial days the quid was the American brand. Our English visitors who came over here and gazed upon our spittoons, went home duly impressed, and some of the brightest chapters in foreign books of travel were those dealing with the American backwoodsman's ability to drown the slyly peering rat in his corner forty rods, or was it feet, away?

What has become of the old-fashioned saint, who sat in the amen corner and browsed on his cud through the service with many one spit?

Can it be that the rural stoves no longer hiss through the winter nights?

Are the relative merits of fine cut, and honey dew twist, and natural leaf, and cabin hunk no longer discussed by experts?

Has one of our fine old pioneer customs gone, never to return? We hope not, we hope not. They are taking too darn much of the simple, solid, homely, old wool out of our national weave and leaving us with a lot of shoddy.

Chin whiskers and eating tobacco; how that combination appealed to our boyhood imagination, and how up-stage we strutted on our little native heath when we shed a front tooth and could squirt corn silk juice as far as gran'pa.

And to our mind, even yet, is that a benignity, a homely dependability, aye, a Christian friendliness, about the town square, with his egg-sized cud nestled down behind his whiskers. He was a plain, simple citizen who had in him no guile.

Picture him in spats, with a cigarette! We hope the boys get back home before their manners are entirely corrupted, and they lose all taste for the native, humble pleasures of the countryside.

German expansion is booked for a long siege of that sleeping sickness.

The two chief obstacles in the way of the league are race prejudice and party politics.

The later report that no Marines participated in the Tientsin row doubtless explains why there were no Jap casualties.

Full Circle.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Ma bosses pa in every way; Seems like he's awful scared of her, But pa, he says, I'll know some day That's what men marries for.

Then pa, he takes it out on me, And says he will not stand my sauce, For every one must have, says he, Some other one to boss.

And I says, "Yes, but who've I got?" And after while pa says, "That's true. It ain't a fair deal. Tell you what We'll get a dog for you."

So pa bring home a dog for me And though ma raised an awful row, And said he'd be a nuisance, she— She let him stay, somehow.

And now ma bosses pa the same, And I'm still bossed by pa, And so I boss the dog, but blame! The dog—he bosses ma!

(Copyright, 1915.)



NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, April 1.—Modern daughters of Eve in Manhattan are hard to understand. Once they bask in the light and glitter they begin to sneer at the humble apartment, the small salary and the early struggles of the newly married.

Marriage seems to mean a sudden transformation from casual comforts to a great brown stone on the avenue, mauve limousines, French maids and pear-shaped diamonds.

The inequities of the city seem too much for you and me, and they lift their heads. A lady I admire very much went into the dressing room of a Broadway restaurant at the dinner hour.

Two of the prettiest girls she had ever seen stood near her, both in frocks that suggested not the city shops, but the careful fashioning of a tire mother's hands. And both were excited. Their complexions were flushed by cocktails.

They could not wait to get to the dinner table—but had to have a flying start. Said one: "Some strips slipped the news to mother that I have not been working for six weeks. There's a big row at home and I don't think I'll go back. I'm tired of three rooms and an apartment without an elevator."

Said the other: "I don't tell my folks anything. What's the use? They don't know that times have changed. They still live in the backwoods and they think I ought to be home at 11 o'clock. They will have me marrying some counter jumper at \$5 a week and living up in the wilds of the Bronx. Not for me. Either Fifth avenue or I stay single."

Two pretty faces hardened into lines that ill became them. Out on the street in the glare of the cafe sign was a wretched looking creature at the curb with a great basket.

"Lavender, lavender, sweet lavender; who will buy my sweet blooming lavender?" she sang. It is one of the old songs from London town she was a figure along the Strand many years ago. She once told me her story—she got in with a fast crowd and was ashamed even of her parents when she married. Luxury spoiled her and she drifted down the social scale until she became a bar maid—and then when old age came a seller of sweet lavender.

Inside the cafe were two young girls who had the same ideas.

More than a dozen former bellhops are either owners, managing directors or assistant managers of New York hotels. George Boldt, who started as a waiter, used to say that a boy had a better chance starting life as a bellhop than he would starting in a bank. Cornelius Townsend used to be a package boy. Jack McK. Bowman was a riding instructor.

In the past five years several bellhops have been financed in business by patrons of hotels in which they were employed. One had his expenses paid to Europe. Another was remembered in the will of an elderly woman to whom he had been polite and kind.

"Being a millionaire in 1900 ain't the question here," said one. "We want the old bench back."

Here is New York's homemade ditty, introduced by Mark Connelly, the playwright and scribe, at the Dutch Treat show the other night. I know that I'm only the wreck of a man.

Just a poor ice cream soda addict; I went to the bad when merely a lad. With the first five-cent cone that I tasted the devil said: "Why not try a nut sundae?" That was the start of the end.

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

Republican membership in the new Congress bears some resemblance to a Mexican army—nearly all generals.—Chattanooga News.

If the proposed league of nations accomplishes nothing but to compel Germany to keep its promises, that will be something.—Los Angeles Times.

A keen demand for census jobs is reported in Washington. The politically unemployed are always with us, in good times and bad.—New York World.

In defense of the late Congress it is now said that, having broken all records for spending money, it wished to have the distinction also of breaking the record for not spending it.—New York Evening Post.

The difference between Senators Lodge and Reed is that the former looks to know better than to do what he's doing, while the latter can't be expected to know anything much.—Charleston News and Courier.

Everywhere in this country except in the Capitol Building in Washington people have been trying earnestly to think above and beyond party, factional, sectional and denominational lines into God's great, clean out-of-doors of purpose and hope.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

OPHELIA'S SLATE

Frank A. Kidd, after more than a year with the Shipping Board in Washington and Philadelphia, has been reinstated and assigned to the proofroom as copy editor.

Daniel Fellner, after fifteen years on the Buffalo Enquirer, has accepted an appointment in the linotype section.

Looks rather queer to see so many girls lacking wall partners in the dancing hall at lunch time. What's the trouble with the men, anyway? Miss Biggs and Miss Preisels were conspicuous by their absence yesterday.

Lannes W. Phillips, who resigned in 1903 and has since worked all over the South and West, came up from Texas to accept an appointment in the proofroom.

William G. Ellis and Albert E. Doe, Jr., have resigned from the keyboard room.

Daniel A. Campbell, after six weeks in the money-order section, back in the main proofroom with no more hair on his bald head, than when he left.

Watchman John Lantz injured his hand very seriously in one of the revolving doors yesterday.

Arriving late at the meeting of the executive committee of the Bookbinders' Union Saturday night, Eddie Fuhrman announced, "I'm here, Mr.

"SCHOOL DAYS"



Gosh, I betcha my man will be glad to get these pussymillers. She always likes to put pussymillers on the whole lot in the spring and certain in the autumn—

Do you wood comes right after pussy miller don't it?

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE NEWS

Bookbinders' Union No. 4, will hold their regular monthly meeting tonight in Typographical Temple at 6 o'clock. Nomination of officers for the ensuing year will be the business of the evening, and a large attendance is expected. Extra feature—a well-known member of the War Labor Board will address the members.

"Do you know anything about the printer's devil?" shouted Representative B. K. Focht to Col. Stratton while the former was addressing the Pennsylvania Society on Friday evening at the Thomson School. The presiding officer answered "yes." Financial Secretary Rossiter, of the Lewiston Company, also nodded "yes." The large audience listened attentively while the Representative from the Nineteenth Pennsylvania district told of some of his experiences as a printer's devil and also as a publisher. "Old Pennsylvania of Mine," written by Professor W. G. Butler, of Mansfield, Pa., one of the song candidates for the proposed commonwealth was read by Miss Potter and well received. Next meeting of the society April 25, with several G. P. O. men on the entertainment committee.

Just listen. "The many friends of Emanuel Videtta, who had charge of the filing of jackets in Foreman Wallace's section, will be glad to learn that he is now acting as confidential messenger to the chief clerk and is well fitted for the position, the chief requisites of which consist of diplomatic ability, pleasant personality, polished manners, and a neat appearance." With such an array of qualifications Emanuel should be chief clerk.

Massachusetts folks in the G. P. O. are cordially invited to be present at the opening of the Massachusetts Society tonight at the Wilson Normal School, Eleventh and Harvard streets. Hon. Charles G. Hamlin, of the Federal Reserve Board, will be the speaker and a detail of bluejackets will furnish music. Besides the music there will be dancing and refreshments.

As the outcome of an executive session covering several weeks, Mark Barnum has decided to build a garage.

The boys at Walter Reed were happy Sunday because Jimmy Macallister left them 3,900 cigarettes Saturday night as a donation from the day linotype section.

Frank Harvey has been elected skipper on one of the new seagoing Harris presses after completing his course in navigation at 415 Michie avenue.

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President, proceed with the business." Does he need a nerve tonic?

W. Paul Skelton, in the office of the foreman of presswork, is always glad to purchase War Savings Stamps for pressroom folks. Make him work.

Timothy K. Ingles came down from Whitehall, N. Y., to accept an appointment in the linotype section.

Harry Johnson is still absent from the carpenter shop suffering with rheumatism.

James T. Nelson has been reinstated as a canteen helper in the monotype section.

Harry Keenan and Terry Mahoney visited "Doc" Osborne at the hospital Sunday afternoon and report that "Doc" is holding his own though still in a precarious condition.

Mrs. Ella D. Matchett, formerly a dressmaker in the map folding room, is gradually recovering at her home in Mount Ranier after a severe illness.

Hey, Mr. Payne, Don Murray says he's afraid of those "wild cats" in your section.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ALL NEWS GIVEN

News Editor of War Department Says He Played Fair.

Marlen Pew, who for the past year has been the official medium between the War Department and the newspapers, yesterday closed his desk and prepared to resume his former work with the Editor and Publisher.

In bidding farewell to those who sought the news of the department from him, Mr. Pew said: "The worst as well as the best about the War Department is known to you today as much as it is to me. To the best of my knowledge the war record of the department represents a genuine battling average of known failures and successes."

BARRY FARM CITIZENS HOLD THREE-DAY FAIR

Notwithstanding the high winds of Friday night, the regular monthly meeting of the Barry Farm Citizens' Association was well attended. The association plans for a three-day county fair for the latter part of August. Prizes will be given for the best home garden products.

The annual election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Elgie S. Hoffman; vice president, Samuel J. Jones; recording secretary, John Baddy; assistant recording secretary, Walter L. Craig; financial secretary, Elias Blunt; assistant financial secretary, Verne S. Bumbry; treasurer, Mrs. Daniel Webster; chaplain, R. W. J. E. Scott; sergeant-at-arms, Charles A. Monroe. The following were elected as board of directors: Daniel Webster, Norval Tallafiero, Joseph Blunt, Albert Bumbry, Fred Dyson, Ulysses J. Banks and Mrs. M. E. Roberts.

Red Cross Will Continue Its Home Service Work

Home service work of the American Red Cross will continue not only through the period of demobilization, but also as a peace-time activity and will be expanded in some communities to include others besides the families of soldiers and sailors.

Red Cross officials are anxious that the service to soldiers' and sailors' families shall not be interrupted. They will adhere to the present policy of giving help only to those who ask for it and never going where the offer of assistance is unwelcome.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs. APRIL FIRST. (Copyright, 1915, by the McGraw Newspaper Syndicate.) I wildly hate my fellow-men. And always have since life began. I hope the thunder and the rain Will make his dearest projects vain. I hope his spring days chilled with snow.

Will fill his pathway full of woe, And with a ceaseless icy flurry Entomify his days with worry— P. S. Please note that all this droling is just a bit of April Fooling. And that in honor of the day I do not mean a word I say.

BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING NEWS

Mrs. E. M. Hardester (Johnnie) of section five, was given a farewell luncheon yesterday by friends in the printing division. The decorations were yellow, and this color scheme was carried out in the refreshments in a most interesting way. Mrs. Hardester has been clerk in section five for about two years, and though her many friends are mighty sorry to see her resign, still they are wishing her and her brand new husband all kinds of good luck. Mrs. Hardester links the best promotion is from clerk to housekeeper.

Mrs. Fannie Handback, wetting division, night force, is greatly missed by her co-workers, now that she has been transferred to day work.

The regular monthly meeting of the Plate Printers' Union was held Sunday afternoon at Typographical Temple, with President Clark presiding. Matters of importance were discussed, and delegates to the Maryland convention were elected. They are: George Herman, Thomas McQuade and Frank Coleman.

By agreement, Harry Eibel, George Goldsmith and Ollie Velmer were to divide their winnings from the duck-pin tournament. Harry was the only one to get any money, and the three have picked Harry for the lump sum. The game will be played at the Recreation Alleys on Wednesday at 4:30. Everybody welcome.

Mr. Brandenburg, of the stamp division, is on the sick list.

Will the gentleman who helped Miss Elizabethweeney win the bowling prize please come with his part of the coin? She may be found at the desk in section 5.

One of the principal arguments used in behalf of the election of Charles J. Hainsworth, one of the candidates for the presidency of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is that, being a plumber, he will immediately stop all leaks.

The following have been appointed to positions in the examining division: Charles C. Hall, Fred Mottisinger, Homer Trusty, John H. King and Charles L. Richardson. The first four have just been discharged from military service.

Edward F. Williams, machinist, experienced a bit of hard luck last Friday night as he was leaving the bureau. A sudden gust of wind blew him off his feet, and he fell head first into the street. He was flying down Fourth street toward the Highway Bridge. Ed thinks that they may be found somewhere over in Virginia. He offers a reward for their return.

Mrs. Leona Payne, wetting division, night force, is having some very good news. Some one arrived safe and sound in the good old U. S. A. last Saturday.

Victor Bilschlag, of the engraving division, was back on his old job again yesterday, having fully recovered from a recent operation. The doctors tell Vic that he will be able to play baseball as good as ever, and that is some good.

Mrs. Sullivan, who has been absent from the stamp gummying division for two weeks, was unable to return to her duties on account of a bad cold.

Folks living in the vicinity of 1407 Buchanan street thought they were being serenaded last night. It was only several members of the progressive rookie trombone section of the band developing their embouchures.

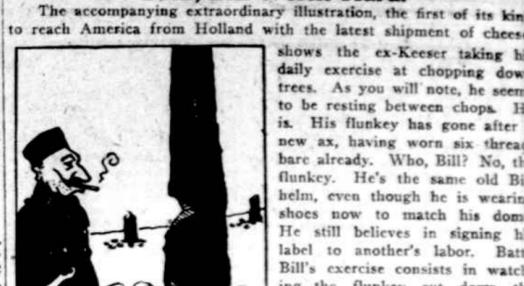
R. H. Fitchman, of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, has been absent for several days because of the death of his wife's brother, William A. Darling, who was buried at Arlington Cemetery.

"Fit to Win" at Dental School.

"Fit to Win" and its sequel, "Homeward Bound," official films of the United States Public Health Service, will be shown to members of the National Capital Dental Society at the George Washington University Dental School, 1225 H street northwest, at 8 o'clock tonight.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL

Gosh, Bill Works Hard. The accompanying extraordinary illustration, the first of its kind to reach America from Holland with the latest shipment of cheese,



shows the ex-Keeser taking his daily exercise at chopping down trees. As you will note, he seems to be resting between chops. He is. His flunkey has gone after a new ax, having worn six three-barreled axes. Who, Bill? No, the flunkey. He's the same old Billhelm, even though he is wearing shoes now to match his dome. He still believes in signing his label to another's labor. Batty Bill's exercise consists in watching the flunkey cut down the trees. When the flunkey strikes a tough tree full of knots, Bill gets fatigued and has to be carted back home for rest and Pilsner. He exercises the same way he used to hunt. The animals were already shot before he banged at 'em. Thereby giving the answer in a nutshell: Bill himself!

Confessions of a War Bride

I counted the strokes of the clock as it chimed the hours of the night. Sometimes I sobbed over events which I could not control, or pondered futilely over what was already done, or planned an impossible future. Just so do all women agonize and waste themselves at times, but seldom does a girl agonize so uselessly as I did that night.

The destinies of nations, and his own buried ancestors, had made Hamilton certain what he was. No wish of mine, no tears could have saved him or could change him.

In the late winter dawn I awoke, half frozen, and threw off my long cloak. The keys in a pocket rattled ominously. I slipped on a gown and crept between the sheets before the maid came in with my coffee and toast.

"You are not sick, mademoiselle," she asked anxiously. "No, thank you. Only tired after last night's excitement," I replied. I knew I must look decidedly wan and I was sorry that I was not up to the part I was booked to play that day. Dr. Certes was due at noon. I had already planned how I would meet him in a morning paper and opened it at the story of our fire. I read it carefully, then turned back to page one and saw a black head.

"Home Troops Come Back." The number of Bob's division and regiment were printed. I had to repeat the figures aloud to be quite sure I had read them correctly. The ship was on the Atlantic, the troops would reach New York in a week. I sat up and ate my breakfast. I had a motive in life, though it might have been a very bad one, judging from the flood of tears which came near to diluting my coffee. But I wiped them away with energy. I had much to do before Bob reached home.

First—I must erect Certes. And I must be friendly. I must never let him suspect that I suspected him.

I was successfully disguised but as I studied myself in the glass, I realized that some little thing was lacking. I could improve the general effect. I phoned down to the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Hender, have you any gum in the house?" "Goodness, no, miss," came her answer, "but I'll send for some."

Fifteen minutes later a maid brought up the gum and she nearly dropped it as she threw up both hands at sight of me.

"I beg pardon, Miss Vanderym," she stammered, "I thought you was some new kind of burglar. I didn't recognize you at all!" "How lovely!" I said. "Cheer!" ("To be continued.")

W. B. Moses & Sons

Furniture Carpets Linens Upholstery

SHOP TALK

To offset the slack season it has been the custom in most establishments to lay off part of their force. This we do not think is a good policy, and to keep the workmen busy during dull season we are offering a special discount on all work done during this month.

Drapery Department

It would be well to anticipate your slip cover and awning wants for the summer season to come and have the work done at this time at a large saving to you.

Upholstery Shop

That worn suite or chair. Now is the time to have it reupholstered.

Cabinet Shop

That piece of broken furniture you have been meaning to have mended for some time. Do it now.

Finishing Shop

That suite or odd piece of furniture that looks dull and scarred. Let us refinish it now and make it look like new.

Carpet Shop

Repair and renovating of carpets a special feature of this shop.