

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1919.

A Zoning Law for Washington.

Senator Calder, of New York, has introduced a bill to "zone" Washington, so that the height, size, and character of buildings may be regulated by a commission.

The need for such legislation has long been obvious, and has been repeatedly urged upon Congress. To any Washingtonian who has witnessed the encroachment of business up Connecticut avenue, as far as Dupont Circle and beyond, the possibility of even more drastic future invasion has been a constant anxiety.

This was a genuine food jag and the young lady got pinched for speeding her car down the avenue right afterward. Another doctor drove a young woman acquiring all the symptoms of a first class bun by polishing off six slices of roast beef.

When this bill comes up for hearings before the Senate District Committee undoubtedly there will be plenty of opposition to it, and perhaps the measure as it stands now may have to be modified.

The Pogroms.

The Jews of Washington are to be congratulated on the courageous stand they have taken against the Polish pogroms. What they have done should prove a world-wide rallying cry for the forces of civilization that are seeking to build a genuine new world of freedom and democracy.

Poland, an ancient empire, and in her day the most feudal and aristocratic of empires, fell two centuries ago because her temperamental people proved incapable of self-government, and were an easy prey for nations less ridden with aristocratic intrigue and tradition.

But Poland has given her escutcheon a blot which cannot easily be washed out, and she must be made to understand without delay that the civilized world will not countenance the massacres and atrocities which have attended her re-birth of freedom and nationalism.

Something more than the withdrawal of the American minister must be done as a manifestation of American displeasure. Economic as well as diplomatic relations must be severed if the Polish government proves unable or unwilling to stop the pogroms.

The leadership on this question has been taken at a mass meeting held in Washington, and it is sufficiently forceful to attract the world's notice.

Kiss Them or Spank Them?

We voice a contrary opinion to this: "The mother who cuddles and kisses her baby when he cries should be punished by law."

So asserts Dr. John B. Watson, professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. He goes on: "Yes, mother love is the most beautiful thing in the world, but it is at the same time most harmful."

Maybe the learned professor knows what he is talking about, but we think he doesn't.

The professor had in mind "spoiled babies." And you can spoil a baby by letting it have its own way regardless of what it should or should not do.

In all our varied experience with criminals, big and small, we have yet to run across one whose family history showed that he had been a "spoiled baby."

Woodrow Wilson has said: "There was nothing which could more quickly cure my battered thumb or bumped forehead than to run to mother and cuddle up in her arms; two kisses, and the pain was forgotten."

The Washington Herald's Poet

Today Rhymes on MY SERVANTS.

First, Messire le Milkman, while still I'm a-dream, Presents me with milk and a portion of cream.

Then a Courier speeds me the news of the world, Which he leaves at my door-step all folded and curled.

While the government lends Me its servants, and sends A uniformed knight bearing letters from friends,

Which have come through the world from its uttermost ends. Aye, though you may think it but little to tell, Was Caesar or Croesus served ever so well?

In order that breakfast be fresh of its bread, My baker has spent the night out of his bed.

And many more serve me—and not only they, But also they serve me who take things away!

As witness the ash-man, The paper and trash-man, And the husky, the dusky, the thrice-welcome man

Who calls for the garbage and empties the can. Yea, truly I think he has made me believe 'Tis often more blessed to give than receive.

Not only the servants who come to my door, But I also am served by a wide-scattered corps.

Or, should I go out, bent on work or on play, A Community Chariot bears me away.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, June 4.—The jazz cafe may not alarm the old front door after July 1 after all.

The majority of the doctors realized that old John Barleycorn was going to go. But they pleaded for a light brew of beer for the workingman.

The tired laborer today needs his relaxation like the tired business man. One of the doctors, "and he obtains it through drinking a glass or so of beer."

A lot of interesting ways of acquiring jags—sans alcohol—were unfolded. One banker in Manhattan used "apples a little and decided to give it up."

There is a young man of my acquaintance who before the war typified Broadway more than any other man I know in New York.

Psychology is being applied by the Broadway Merchants' Association to improve and brighten that thoroughfare all up and down the big street.

Irvin S. Cobb has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Look out for a sequel to Cobb's "About Operations."

Census Bureau figures show that divorce terminates one out of every nine marriages. Still the odds wouldn't be considered at all bad at the racetrack.

Count von Bernstorff makes up a counter-claim for Germany amounting to \$13,000,000,000. Well, we just won't pay it.

London—Increase of duties on beer has raised the price 93 per cent as compared with the price in 1914.

London—The Senate yesterday confirmed the nomination of Frank Davis, Jr., of Cleveland, Ohio, as Assistant Attorney General.

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"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG



The bully.

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

The German objection to the League of Nations as embraced in the counter-proposal reads like it might have been written by Hon. Senator Lodge—Charlotte Observer.

That old saying, "Life is not all beer and skittles," soon may have to be amended to read: Life is not any bed of skittles.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Notice the expert on finance attached to the German delegation to the peace meeting remains at Spa—probably for treatment. His circulation is bad.—Savannah News.

A New York wife alleges, in her plea for divorce, that her husband received 1,000,000,000 kisses from another woman. Must have used a comptometer, and a rapid one at that.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Texas adopted prohibition and suffrage at one gulp, presumably a sort of conscience fund for Albert S. J. and J. W. B.—Philadelphia North American.

Herr Noske is one German who seems to understand adapting Napoleon's "whiff of grapeshot" prescription to modern times.—New York World.

The assertion of a Swiss paper that the Hun founder in life would seem to be a startling intimation that their natural element is something else.—Philadelphia North American.

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A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE RED AND THE BLUE. When Honor summons me to dare and do I trust my blood will prove itself true-blue.

That I may show so that all men may see That I'm a Son of Knightly Chivalry, But when the call for sympathy shall rise, And on mine ear there fall my Brother's cries, Then may it prove that I was truly bred Of those whose blood was ever warm and red!

Hostess—Please don't stop playing. Miss Jones, Lady at Piano—But don't I bore you? It's possible to have too much of a good thing, you know. Hostess—Yes, but that doesn't apply to your playing.—Boston Transcript.

"Well, doctor, do you think it is anything serious?" "Oh, not at all. It is merely a boil on the back of your neck, but I would advise you to keep an eye on it.—San-Francisco Chronicle.

Romantic Myrtle—Oh, don't you just long to be a bride and live in the vine-clad cot? Matter-of-fact Polly—Well, yes. But I wouldn't overlook a chance at a rubber plant flat at that.—Browning's Magazine.

Red—Do you believe that apparel oft proclaims the man? Greene—Why, yes; if it's loud enough.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You college men seem to take life pretty easy." "Yes; even when we graduate we do it by degrees."—Boston Transcript.

There is a good deal of similarity between salad and women's clothes. The less there is, the more it costs.—Kansas City Star.

"Some people would borrow trouble," or buy horns for a dilemma."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Chatty Waiter (glancing out of window)—The rain'll be here in a minute or two now, sir. Angry Customer—Well, I don't order it, I'm waiting for a chop.—Pearson's Weekly.

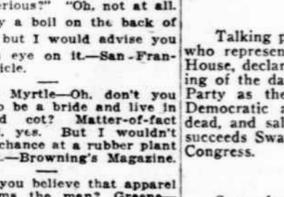
Teacher—Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause? Willie—Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"I wish I knew what I could use tiny pieces of cloth for," mused the wife. "Make guest towels of them," observed the husband.—Life.

"Heuler is greatly perturbed over the prohibition measures." "I did not know that he was addicted to the use of intoxicants." "Oh! he isn't. He's president of a corkscrew factory."—Life.

Dr. Mott Gets D. S. M. Secretary Baker yesterday awarded the Distinguished Service Medal to Dr. John R. Mott, of the Y. M. C. A., in recognition of the latter's services for the army.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE DIPLOMAT, BUT HE IS



THEODORE M. JUDD.

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'Round the Town

With CAPT. I. WALTER MITCHELL

If you your lips Would keep from slips, Five things observe with care— Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how and when and where.

—COL. SAM R. STRATTAN.

Where Folks Vote By Mail.

While discussing the matter of suffrage for the District of Columbia with Representative Charles A. Kennedy, of Iowa, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, he informed me that Iowa's residing in Washington may vote by mail in all state and general elections. Describing the process Mr. Kennedy said the absent voter first makes application to the State auditor for a ballot containing the names of the several candidates. The ballot is then marked by the voter and mailed back to the auditor who forwards it to the proper voting precinct, where it is entered. The voters must register in person or by mail every four years.

I am informed that Wisconsin and a few other States have adopted this sort of political mail order scheme.

"And the Last Shall Be First."

Several veteran soldiers were discussing the inevitable subject of jobs for fighting men at the Capitol. A soldier of the Spanish War declared the comrades of 1898 would probably be pushed to the rear in the rush of returning world war veterans for employment in the arts of peace.

"Well," Grant Jarvis, secretary of the House Committee on Pensions, commented, "there is a modern maxim which applies to this matter. It is, 'the latest thing has the right of way,' and the boys from 'over there' are sure the latest thing in the veteran line."

Old Kentucky Was Well Represented.

"This seems like Kentucky Day," was the comment of Capt. DeLoe W. Trayer, who presided at the Maine memorial service of the Army and Navy Union at Arlington, Decoration Day. He referred to the fact that two of the principal speakers, Representative John W. Langley and William J. Fields, are from Kentucky, while Col. Barry Bulkeley interpreted the famous poem, "The Picnic of the Dead," of the noted Kentucky poet, Theodore O'Hara, who was a soldier in the war with Mexico, and served as a Confederate soldier in the Civil War.

Important Query for Secretary Daniels.

A matter that is interesting the members of the Daughters of Liberty was put up to me by Miss Clara E. Townley. "Why is it," she asked, "that sailors are required to wear those hideous wide-bottomed trousers, while our soldiers wear trousers that are tight at the bottom and neatly encased in leggings?" Can any of my shipmates furnish Miss Townley the desired information?

Tribute to Commander Van Dyke.

The United Spanish War Veterans of Washington have received general orders from the new commander-in-chief of that organization, William Jones, of New York City, in which a splendid tribute is paid to the late Representative Carl C. Van Dyke, who was head of the association when he died in this city recently. "He was one of nature's noblemen," the order states, "and was gifted with all the qualities of a soldierly gentleman. In his death the U. S. W. V. has lost one of its most priceless treasures." It is ordered that the charters of all camps be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Recalled Pictures of the Past.

Walter Burton, one-time hotel proprietor of this city, has been here on a visit from Rehoboth Beach, Del., where he is conducting the Hotel Henlopen. He has been stopping at 1328 Vermont street. Mr. Burton was much interested in the museum of that have been made here incident to the great war. He recalled the old days at the Capital and incidentally painted some word pictures of the past. He was greeted by his numerous friends here.

Ambulance Corps of Political Army.

Talking politics at the Capitol yesterday, Capt. Charles F. Ogden, who represents the Fifth Congressional District of Kentucky in the House, declared that Senator Watson gave birth to the brightest saying of the day when, in a recent speech, he described the Republican Party as the political ambulance corps following in the wake of Democratic administrations, gathering up the wounded, dying and dead, and salvaging what is left of the waste of war. Capt. Ogden succeeded Swager Shirley, one of the Democratic Samsons of the last Congress.

Heid the Horse of Assassin Booth.

Some days ago I wrote a story about Italian Joe, a local character, who has been a familiar figure on the streets of Washington since the Civil War. My old-time newspaper associate, John B. McCarthy, 248 Third street northwest, recalls Joe's stunts as a vendor of cough drops, and his "me too" spiel, and informs me that Italian Joe was accidentally given an overdose of limelight at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln. It seems that Joe was hanging around the old Ford Theater on Tenth street the night on which the nation was plunged into grief. Some of the boys of that time knew of a secret place in the rear of the playhouse at which they could sneak in and see the play. Joe had gone into the alley for that purpose, when John Wilkes Booth brought his horse there and demanded that Joe hold the animal until he returned from the stage entrance, promising to pay him liberally for his services. Joe, of course, had no idea of Booth's murderous mission, he explains, or he would have turned the animal loose and informed the police or soldier guards. When the assassin rushed from the rear door Joe observed that he limped badly as a result of the injury to his leg while springing from the box of the martyred President. Reaching his horse, Booth gave the Italian boy a violent shove and sprang into the saddle and was off like a shot.

When it became known to the authorities that Joe had held Booth's horse he was subjected to all manner of "third degrees" and severe cross questioning, but he acquitted himself honorably. Joe will not talk much about the tragic-historic event. Whenever it is mentioned to him, he becomes a human sphinx.

"I no lika to talka about dat," he will say.

ALUMNI HOSTESSES TO GRADUATING CLASS

Members of the Alumni Association of the Washington College of Law were hostesses to the graduating class of that institution at the annual reception tendered at the home of Miss Edna Sheehy, 2024 P street, last night.