

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning to the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 1322 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER: Daily and Sunday, 25 cents per month

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING, SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1913.

tax that, as has been promised in the case of all those earning below \$5,000, would never touch them, but would fall upon the wealthy alone.

There are scores of Congressmen who would never dare tell their constituents at home why they had voted for a measure which sent Federal tax-gatherers into every home or every street in town or village or to every street office-holder. And yet this is just the kind of tax that the country ought to have since some sort of income tax has become necessary.

Secretary Redfield may not please the job-hunters, but he will certainly give an evidence of good faith to the country if he carries out his announced intention concerning the head of the Bureau of Fisheries.

The work of maintaining and increasing the food supply is certainly far removed from politics. It is vital to the whole country and should be administered by those who are eminently qualified.

Secretary Redfield seems to be more of a business administrator than a politician, for which let the country give thanks.

The revival of the perennial question whether the great metropolis may be classed among "modern hell's," as one of the wickedest cities, on the face of the earth is naturally causing resentment among that class of citizens and visitors who seldom see anything of the seamy side disclosed by occasional outbursts of crime and the accidents that befall less pure-minded persons with an inquiring mind.

Like Paris, New York is undoubtedly composed of diverse elements, and it does not necessarily follow that gross materialism and graft have the whip-hand of spirituality and disinterestedness. One thing, however, is certain—the mixed population of recent years has brought about not only some of the worst forms of materialism, but has alienated from their own city hundreds of born and bred New Yorkers who find themselves lost in the foreign horde.

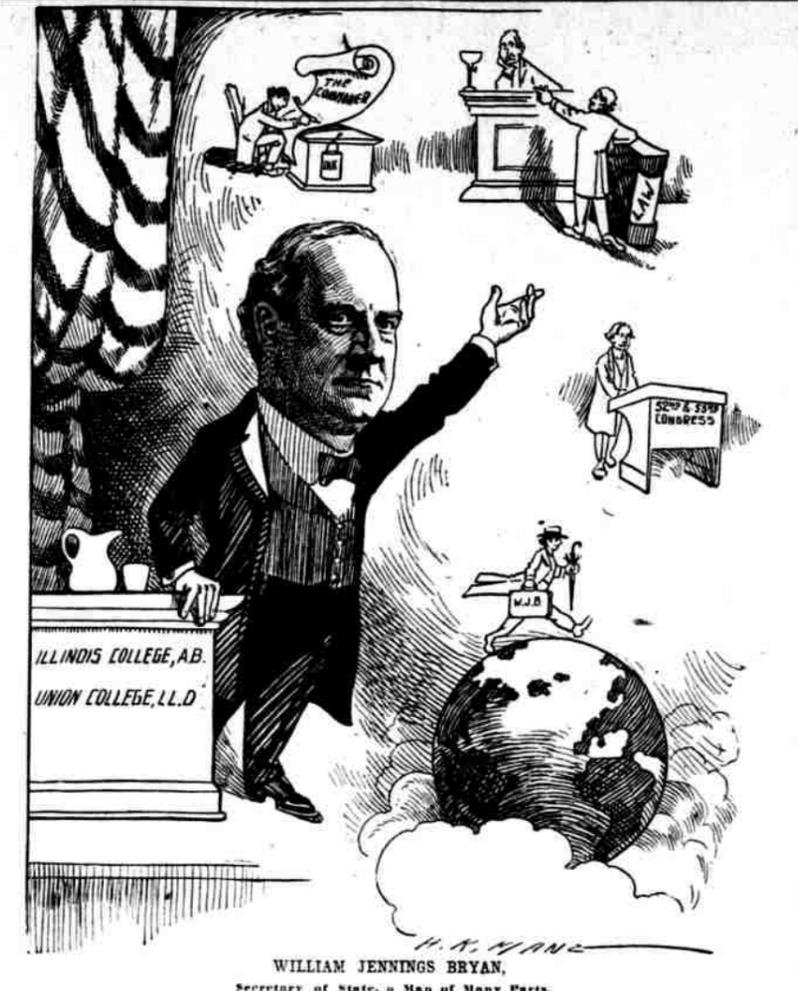
The New York of today is a monster, not only in extent, but in possibilities of vice and crime compared to the comparatively small community of the days that followed the civil war. The excuse given by those New Yorkers, who cater to the popular taste by the spectacular half-night restaurant, with its cabaret performances copied from Paris, is that this form of entertainment is expected and relished by strangers and by an increasing number of adopted New Yorkers themselves.

It is a regrettable fact that, from having been one of the most religious of communities, the metropolis has a hard time to induce people to attend the churches at the Sunday services, and is compelled to resort to all sorts of possibly sensational methods to secure anything like a considerable congregation, yet like an oasis in the desert of doubt and indifference, certain parishes are doing a noble work and far from the cabarets and frivolous entertainments of Broadway are museums and art galleries and other refined institutions that appeal to the best class of New Yorkers and strangers. In short, the metropolis supplies exactly what the resident or the visitor is looking for, and if its manners have deteriorated, its thoroughfares become a menace to life and limb and the idleness that leads to poverty and the poverty that conducts straight to crime are manifested by occasional hold-ups, starting in their audacity, still New York, on the whole, is no worse, if as bad in this respect, than either London or Paris. That time, to use the Shakespearean phrase, is out of joint everywhere, is an admitted fact, and in the demoralization that spares no community, it is only natural that the Western metropolis should take her share. The situation may be summed up in these words: Many of those New Yorkers not bound down to the counting house by business indefinitely, prefer to reside somewhere else.

COL. CHARLES LYMAN. JOHN A. JOYCE. A Christian gentleman has gone. And gallant soldier of renown. While thus they remain, one by one. From sound and dry, field and town.

Sanitary bubbling fountains are installed on one of the trains running between Chicago and Minneapolis.

NATION'S MEN OF AFFAIRS IN CARTOON



A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE HIKING SUPFRAGETTE. She loves to hike along the pike. When it is for the cause. It makes her smile to think each mile will help make future laws.

She sets a goal, then takes a stroll; On all our roads today. And she confers this does impress That arch oppressor, man.

The suffragette, she may be met On all our roads today. To freedom she, with girlish glee, Perambulates her way.

Look! Look! A milkman's horse has no business hanging around a hydrant.

Drifted Apart. "Yes, the engagement is off. "What came between your two loving hearts?"

"I hardly know. I told her I was unworthy of her, and she agreed with me so heartily on that point that our engagement kind of languished after that."

In Our Suburb. "Can I borrow your umbrella?" "I don't know. Wombat has it, and he seldom lets go of anything he has. I'll give you an order on him for it, however, and you can try your luck."

A Wholesale Find. "Henry, what is this hair doing on your vest?" "My dear, any man is liable to acquire a stray hair in passing through a crowd."

A Windy Month. Our old-time friend, the man in the street, With March here, by the way, Is apt to see much history. On prominent display.

A Good Idea. "I gave up kissing for Lent," remarked the girl demurely. "I'd like to call on you the minute Lent expires," declared the young man.

March 19 in History. March 19, 1423—Joan of Arc gets a new suit of armor armor that buttons down the back.

He Always Laughs Last. "He laughs best who laughs last." "Then what a hearty laugh the Englishman who is listening to the anecdote must get."

Is Sleep Only a Habit? From the Boston Globe. That more than six hours' sleep in twenty-four is only a habit, and a bad habit at that, is the contention of a Brooklyn physician who comments on the alleged experience of an unnamed Harvard professor in successfully substituting a sort of trance state for the genuine article.

During his professional life of more than half a century the Brooklyn doctor declares that he has never slept more than six hours a day, has never made up for lost sleep, has gone entirely without sleep for two weeks at a time, counting his labors just the same, with only such snatches of sleep as he could take while walking or driving on the road or in the streets while visiting his patients. He holds that sleep is a function of the ego or the personality rather than of the brain or body; that as a rule "one who sleeps the most works the least," and that "for continuous work the brain needs nutrition rather than sleep."

All of which may be quite true in the doctor's case, but his experience is exceptional, if not phenomenal.

Tried to Cremate Himself. From the Montevideo Journal. "I'll die before I'll go." These words were uttered by Will G. Oakley, when informed that guards were here to take him to the penitentiary to begin a life sentence for the murder of his stepfather, P. A. Wood. A few minutes later he placed a crumpled newspaper under his shirt and set fire to it. Screams of prisoners attracted the attention of deputies and they extinguished the flames.

New York has 21,000 persons in its madhouses.

GOSSIP ON INTERNATIONAL SUBJECTS OF GREAT INTEREST

The heaviest burden which M. Poincaré will have to bear during the tenure of his office as President of the French republic, is the collar that he must wear as the great master of the League of Nations, a position which is always filled by the chief executive of France. The collar consists of medals, such as the size of a franc piece, engraved with the arms of the principal French towns and joined together by a massive chain, the links of which are fastened to respective bundles of letters, rods. Attached to this chain is a cross well eight two feet in length.

As the entire decoration is made of solid gold, the weight, of course, is considerable, and small men like Thiers or Loubet found it quite a task to wear the same. But then the French President fortunately is not called upon often to remember himself with this grand cross, which is a large cross as well. I recollect quite distinctly that the only occasion on which M. Loubet was seen to wear his grand master's collar was on the day he was invested with it, with great ceremonial.

Amesbury, which gave its name to the estate made so mysterious by Stonehenge, and which now likely is to become British crown property, needs no prologue of the time of the Druids to give it romance, as it claims to have very thorough which Bishop Ambrosius, in the sixth century, made into a sanctuary, wherein those persecuted, or expelled, found refuge, and where, in the spot always has been regarded by ecclesiastical students as the very heart and center from which flowed the teaching of Christianity and civilization. And all those who are acquainted with old English poetry will recall that it was there that Gullinver tried to forget her past.

The three gladiators had had the contest, and at the close the victor, Queen Victoria, opened Parliament at the beginning of her reign. The office of carrying the crown before the girl Queen was entrusted to the Duke of Argyll, with such pomp and circumstance as the military pompitude, placed a guard around the spot, a somewhat uncomplimentary action, considering the time and place.

To Reader at Cincinnati: As near as I can get it, the use of an umbrella first is recorded about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one day, they appeared on the streets of London, a man carrying a strange-looking apparatus. At times he would carry it by his side and again he would spread it, holding it aloft. He was a Viennese and had brought the curious device from far-off Vienna. The like of it never before had been seen in England and it excited a great deal of curiosity and brought ridicule and abuse upon the man's head. Crowds would follow him, hooting and jeering and even pelting him with stones. But he was not dismayed and persisted in his practice day after day.

Finally others took it up and he lived to see his example followed by almost the whole of London's populace. That man's name was Jonas Hanway. He was the first European to carry an umbrella.

Interest for Woman Suffrage. From Harper's Weekly. St. Brice's Day, which we passed in the calendar about a fortnight ago, was appointed, and seems as a day of special meditation and intercession for the woman suffrage movement of Great Britain at services to be held in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and other cathedrals, churches and chapels throughout the country. A memorial, asking every one to participate, was signed by Canon Wilberforce, Mrs. Brantwell Booth and other eminent ecclesiastics and laywomen and laymen. It is to wonder how the good people who attended these services directed their meditations, especially in regard to Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, who one day, often, do you suppose, in the intercessions as "Thy servant Emmeline" or "that woman?" Never mind. The idea was a good one. Woman suffrage in England still rests very much on the knees of the gods and is a mighty good prayer-meeting topic.

DO YOUR BEST

The little boy who believed in the force of example, hung an immense ostrich egg in front of his hantam hens and said, LOOK AT THAT AND DO YOUR BEST. Libbey's Lumber Yard is always "doing its best" to serve its customers, and when we do our best there isn't any lumber yard in the world that can beat us.

White pine doors, \$1.50 to \$2.75. Cypress Pickets and Palings, dressed, \$2.50 per 100. Crating Strips, 65c per 100 feet.

The Frank Libbey Lumber & Mill Work Co. Sixth Street and New York Avenue.

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

People have the idea that former Gov. Vardaman now Senator from Mississippi, goes about blowing flames of phosphorus from his nostrils, flashing his eyes twice, snarling, hating negroes and eternally in search of a fight. But each of these particulars fails to coincide with the facts.

Stays Senator Vardaman: "I keenly dislike a fight; yet my life has been just a series of fights. It seems as if no matter what cause I espouse, or what opinion I express, everybody else, immediately feels it necessary to rise up and take the opposite view. I'll venture to say that if I went to a Sunday school convention and got up and read the deacon's prayer, some fellow would promptly stand up and contradict it."

The man looks peaceable enough, for all the oddity of his hair, which is worn like that of the old-time great-grandfather, almost long enough in the back to brush. His face is ruddy, and there is a good-humored look about his light brown eyes that reminds one of the late Ed. Taylor.

He wears a dark frock coat, white vest, and white string tie. Place him on a horse and he will attract attention even in Washington, where one sees all kinds. Riding horseback is one of the best things that he does. He rode horseback all the way from Texas, where he was born, to the family's new home in Mississippi, when he was seven years old.

Another thing Vardaman does well is to talk. Even in every-day conversation it is difficult for him to stick to ordinary language. If he wished to ask a friend for a match he probably would refer to the light as a sulphur-tipped fragment of the mighty pine-felled in one of God's wooded forests, or something like that. He likes to discuss things that happened away back "in the morning of time" or "in the lap of the ages."

A number of years ago, when Vardaman was elected to the Mississippi Legislature, he made up his mind that he would be Speaker of the House, then Governor, and finally United States Senator. He did all these things, but not in the order he wished, for he was always defeated for an office the first time he runs. He was defeated for the State Legislature, and the next time got it without opposition. Then he was defeated for Speaker of the House, and the next time was elected by unanimous vote. He ran twice for Governor before he was elected, and once for United States Senatorship. Now that he and Williams are both here, the State of Mississippi can brag about having the two greatest figures of the South in the same pictureque representation in the Senate.

Postmaster General Burleson was the victim a few years ago of a newspaper error that cost him about \$10,000. Naturally he was so mad that he earnestly desired to maim, cripple, and kill somebody responsible. The fact that he had the fence for private use, intending to send it down to Austin, Tex., and put it around some property he owned there.

When the government bought the old Pennsylvania Railroad station property in Washington, the purchase included a high iron fence. Burleson, who was on the Appropriations Committee, bought the fence for private use, intending to send it down to Austin, Tex., and put it around some property he owned there.

The newspaper man referred to got the impression that Burleson was a philanthropist and was going to give the fence to a Texas town to go around its fine new courthouse. That was the story he sent out, and Burleson was obliged to make good on it. The cost of the fence, along with the freight, amounted to \$1,500 or so, and naturally he didn't feel at all clubby toward the enterprising young correspondent. But the latter apologized with such humility and contrition that he felt sorry for him and became his steadfast friend. Also, he came around to the view that the thing was a first-rate joke on him.

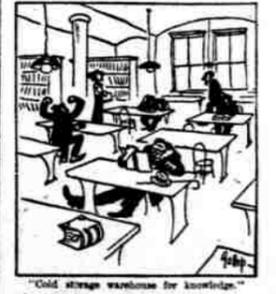
Even an automobile mishap in the night season may have its sunny side tucked away somewhere. Take the case of a Michigan man who was driving a Michigan, for example. As readers of this highly moral and instructive column may recall, Sweet and William C. Redfield, now Secretary of Commerce, were campaigning in Michigan last fall when

LIBRARY

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Sitwah."

A library is a cold storage warehouse for knowledge. After knowledge has first been canned in books it is then placed on library shelves, where it can be gotten at any hour of the day by a tall young lady with spectacles, for the benefit of the public. It is a great comfort to know that wisdom is immortal, and that even though the man who produces a throbbing thought may forget it and afterward while begging for his dinner, his immortal words will sleep forever on some library shelf.

Libraries are pleasant, sunny places, lined with rows of books, and are rarely overcrowded. This is one of their best features. No one ever had his toes trampled on while trying to get into a public library. No lives have been lost by panic-stricken mobs, fighting to get out of a library. Libraries have burned down, it is true, but the seething attendance inside always puts on its hat and walks out without harm.



Nowadays the town of 2,000 people which hasn't a library is viewed with suspicion by its neighbors. Libraries are of two kinds—Carnegie and home-built. About twenty years ago Andrew Carnegie started on the task of speckling the map of the United States with libraries, and built many hundreds, to the intense disgust of the enterprising towns which had just finished paying for their own buildings.

Moral: Procrastination is the protector of the tax levy. (Copyright, 1913, by George Matthew Adams.)