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FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1913.

American market and the increase of
importation will tend to force the
price down. By stimulating foreign
production the reduction of tariff rates
may ultimately bring some relief to
the consumer all along the line.

Secretary Daniels' Innovation.
The Secretary of the Navy has de-
cided to abolish the nautical terms of
"starboard" and "port," and to use in-
stead the plain English expressions of
"right" or "left."

This appears but a small matter, but
it is not. The change sounds simple,
but is not. Much of the romance and
the glamour of the sea tales will have
to go by the board with this innova-
tion, and, oh, what about the writers
of those thrilling marine yarns a la
Marryat or Roberts, &c., filled with
all-absorbing, blood-curdling stories of
life aboard ship and on the limitless
ocean waves.

We doubt whether Mr. Daniels knew
the far-reaching results of his ukase.
What will become of the denatured
annals of piracy? What is to be jet-
tisoned next by landlubbing desk men?
Shiver your timbers! Are we never
more to hear gunwale, shrouds, taff-
rail, yard-arms, davits, or jibboom?
Farewell spanker-sheet or martingale-
guy. What, anyway, is to be the fate
of the nomenclature of the schooner,
brig, full-rigger ship, clipper, &c., in
these days of mastless and sailless
great seafighters?

Alas and alack! Maintop-gallants,
stunails, mizzentops, peak halyards,
clue-garnets, bowline-bridles, they will
have no more meaning for the old-time
salt than the A B C to the incipient
kindergarten boy. Instead of "star-
boarding the helm" let us simply push
the rudder to the "right side." Instead
of "below or aloft," it is to be "up-
stairs and downstairs," instead of "up-
per deck," it will be "second story."
It is to be "front and back" for "fore
or aft."

Oh, shades of Neptune! Oh, ye
sacred memories of Farragut, of Nel-
son, of Drake, even of Columbus! Has
it come to this?

"Staggering" Humanity.

The bill adopted by the British Par-
liament, making it possible to release
hunger-stricken prisoners on parole,
but reimprison them when they are
well again, is a measure as sensible as
it is necessary. Not the least of its
advantages is that it will render un-
necessary the practice of forcible feed-
ing, a measure that tended to make
martyrs of those concerned. Under the
new law the punishment will be more
effective and will have no glamour about
it. It will cease to be possible for per-
sons convicted of grave crimes to make
a triumphant exit from jail by dint of
a few days' fasting.

While welcoming the law on these
grounds, it is still felt that it will not
go to the root of British "militant"
suffragism. That root, in our estima-
tion, is financial and must be reached
by a measure making the monetary
fines inflicted by criminal courts re-
coverable as a civil debt and abolishing
the option of evading the consequences
of going to prison.

Some of Mrs. Pankhurst's followers
have been threatening to "stagger" hu-
manity, a phrase which made a deep
impression in England. Such words
have an unfortunate effect on the lead-
ers of lost causes, such as a resort to
violence in order to hasten the advent
of equal suffrage in Great Britain. The
anarchists of Houndsditch and of Paris
also promised to "stagger" humanity,
but they were suppressed quickly. The
world's sympathy is a powerful force,
but "staggering" humanity will not en-
list it. The Russian nihilists won sym-
pathy in proportion as they were exiled
and tortured. They forfeited that very
sympathy when they resorted to crime.

The appeal of martyrdom is emo-
tional and illogical and is most success-
ful against a cruel and vindictive gov-
ernment. English rule is liberal, hu-
manitarian, and mild. If humanity is
to be "staggered" by unlawful acts, the
result will be the very opposite of what
they had desired.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

LITERARY FAVORITES.
Would I again such joys could know
As when I first read "Ivanhoe."
—Baltimore Sun.
Those days I'd have back if I could,
Thrilled by the deeds of Robin Hood.
—Oakland Inquirer.
Oh, when my soul find such delights
As when I read "Arabian Nights."
—Brooklyn Eagle.
And all us kids in boyhood's morn
Just fairly ate up "Dora Thorne."

Minding the Kids.

Father ages rapidly on mother's day
out.

Not Dismal.

"You can drive your own automobile,
can't you?"
"Well, I do it. But I'm not altogether
prepared to claim that I can."

A Kind Hen.

"Did you see that kind hen?"
"What did she do?"
"Went and laid an egg in that blind
man's hat."

Called in Conference.

In endless interviews,
Our boss and office boys now meet
The boss, it seems, takes all the teams
And asks the latest news.

His Penultimate Views.

"Why don't you try to be more popu-
lar?"
"Aww, what does a popular man get
out of life except a bigger crowd in his
frustration?"

The Key.

"They say life should be a grand,
sweet song."
"Is that your's pitched in?"
"A flat."

NATION'S MEN OF AFFAIRS IN CARTOON



Court Gossip of Interesting Events on Two Continents

Not a few rulers of the world are pros-
perous business men. The most con-
spicuous example is the German Kaiser,
who besides among his principal inter-
ests a tile and china factory. The general
conduct of it is based upon rules and regulations
laid down by the Emperor himself. In-
deed, it is said that the sovereign is not
above engaging employes himself, adjust-
ing their wages, and even desiring cer-
tain of the wares turned out. The Kaiser
is a model employer, anxious as to
the comfort of his men at Cadenau, who
have been provided with cottages and
pensions and given a share in the profits,
which are reported to approximate
\$50,000 a year.
It is a matter of common knowledge
that the Prince of Lippe-Deimold is a
dealer in butter and eggs on a large
scale, while as a side line he has a busy
brick factory that adds materially to his
income.

The King of Wurtemberg is the prop-
rietor of two hotels within his domain,
one at his beautiful capital, Stuttgart,
which are reported to be worth some-
thing like \$45,000 annually to him.
The Emperor of Austria, like the Kaiser,
operates a tile and china factory. The
establishment, situated near the
Austrian capital, employs more than
1,000 skilled workmen. But his greatest
revenue he derives from his famous
Hungarian vineyards.

The King of Saxony, too, has business
interests in the world-renowned porcelain
factories at Dresden and Meissen.
Perhaps the most unconventional of
the royal business men is the King of
Serbia, who, in addition to several shops
doing a general trade, is said to pro-
mote the sale of a patent medicine and
to run a motor car agency.

There is not a particle of foundation
for the ridiculous statement of two
London papers that Emperor William
cherished a wish that his only daughter
should marry Prince Arthur of Con-
naught. The Emperor never would have
contemplated the possibility of his child
becoming the wife of a junior member
of any Imperial or Royal family.
Emperor William's original plan for
his daughter came to nothing. In fact
it was of a chimerical nature altogether.

PEORIA

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

Peoria is the second city in the third
State in the Union, which ought by all
rights to give it a population of half a
million. But Peoria, according to the last
census, had 66,359 people, including Chi-
nese, Orientals, and millionaires not
taxed.

Illinois is less infested with great cities
than almost any other State. Outside of
Chicago it has very few troubles. Peoria
is just large enough to crowd a New York
ball park uncomfortably, but it is a real
metropolis in Central Illinois, and, al-
though fifteen railroads enter it, not one
of them presumes to run through it.

Peoria is famous because of the whiskey
which comes from it. This accounts for
its small size. Most every one seems to
want to be where the whiskey goes to, not
where it comes from.

Peoria is located in the heart of Illinois,
on the Illinois River, which contains more
fish and motor boats than any other river
of its size. The city was founded almost
100 years ago, and would have grown
faster if it had not been so particular.
Peoria has sent more villains to jail in
the last ten years than any other city of
its size and has less left.

Peoria is engaged in manufacturing the
implements to till the soil of Illinois and
buying the grain back. It also sorts out
the freight business of Illinois. Two mil-
lion freight cars pass through Peoria every
year. If the stricken men of Peoria were
to go into politics they could elect the
Mayor.

Peoria has the only insane asylum in
America where the patients are not under
restraints. It has the finest old folk's
home in the country, the finest playground
in Illinois, the finest parks in the State,
and is so well equipped with hotels, clubs,
skyscrapers, schools, and government
buildings that there is nothing left for it

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT TELLS THE INSIDE STORY OF HIS LIFE

Former Soldier, President, and Party-maker Writes "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography"—A Personal Account of Himself.

Thirteenth installment.

I had at the time no idea of going into
public life, and I never studied elocution
or practiced debating. This was a loss
to me in one way. In another way it
was not. Personally I have not the
slightest sympathy with debating con-
tests in which each side of a subject is
assigned a given proposition and told to
maintain it without the least reference
to whether those maintaining it believe
in it or not. I know that under our sys-
tem of the world-famous, but I
emphatically disbelieve in it as regards
general discussion of political, social,
and industrial matters. What we need
is to turn out of our colleges young men
with ardent convictions on the side of
the right; not young men who can make
a good argument for either right or
wrong as their interest bids them.

The present method of carrying on de-
bates on such subjects as "Our Colonial
Policy," "The Status of a Slave," or
"The Proper Position of the Courts in
Constitutional Questions," encourages
precisely the wrong attitude among
those who take part in them. There is
no effort to instill sincerity and inten-
sity of conviction. On the contrary, the
net result is to make the contestants
feel that their convictions have nothing
to do with their arguments. I am
sorry I did not study elocution in col-
lege, and I had no desire to do so. I
did not take part in the type of debate
in which stress is laid, not upon getting
a speaker to think rightly, but on get-
ting him to talk glibly on the side to
which he is assigned, without regard
either to what his convictions are or to
what they ought to be.

I was a reasonably good student in
college, standing just within the first
tenth of my class. I remember, how-
ever, although I am not sure whether this
means the tenth of the whole number
that entered or of those that graduated,
I was given a Phi Beta Kappa "key."
My chief interests were scientific. When
I entered college, I was devoted to out-
door natural history, and my ambition
was to be a scientific man of the
Audubon, or Wilson, or Baird, or Coues
type—a man like Hart Merriam, or
Frank Chapman, or Hornaday, today.

My father had from the earliest days
instilled into me the knowledge that I
was to work and to make my own way
in the world, and I had never supposed
that this meant that I must enter busi-
ness. But in my freshman year the died
when I was a sophomore he told me
that if I wished to become a scientific
man I could do so. He expressed the
idea that I really intensely
desired to do scientific work, because
if I went into it I must make it a ser-
ious career; that he had made enough

money to enable me to take up such a
career and do nonremunerative work of
value if I intended to do the very best
of it. I realized that I must not dream
of taking it up as a dilettante. He
also gave me a piece of advice that I
have always remembered, namely, that
if I was not going to earn money, I
must not spend it. As he expressed it,
I had to keep the fraction constant, and
if I was not able to increase the numera-
tor, then I must reduce the denominator.
In other words, if I went into a scientific
career, I must definitely abandon all
thought of the enjoyment that could ac-
company a money-making career, and
must find my pleasures elsewhere.

After this conversation I fully intended
to make science my life-work. I did
not, for the simple reason that at that
time Harvard, and I suppose our other
colleges, utterly ignored the possibilities
of the naturalist and observer of nature.
They treated biology as purely a science
of the laboratory and the microscope, a
science whose adherents were to spend
their time in the study of minute forms
of life, and in making section-cuttings
and the study of tissues of the higher
organisms under the microscope. This
attitude was, no doubt, in part due to
the fact that in most colleges then
there was a not always intelligent copy-
ing of what was done in the quarters
of naturalists. The sound revolt
against superficiality of study had been
carried to an extreme; thoroughness
in minutiae as the only end of study
had been reached.

There was a total failure to under-
stand the great variety of kinds of
work that could be done by naturalists.
Including what could be done by out-
door naturalists—the kind of work which
Hart Merriam and his assistants in the
Biological Survey have carried to such
a high degree of perfection as regards
North American mammals. In the en-
tirely proper desire to be thorough and
to avoid superficial methods, a student
was to treat as not serious, as un-
scientific, any kind of work that was
not carried on with laborious minute-
ness in the laboratory. My taste was
specialized in a different direction, and
I had no more desire or ability to
be a microscopist and section-cutter
than to be a mathematician. Accord-
ingly I abandoned all thought of be-
coming a scientist. Doubtless this meant
that I realized that I was not doing
devotion to science which I thought I
had; for, if I had possessed such devo-
tion, I would have carved out a
career for myself somehow without re-
gard to discouragements.

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

By FRED C. KELLY

Maurice Connolly, of Dubuque, is the
most highly and variously educated per-
son in the new House of Congress. And
he represents an agricultural district in
the Iowa corn belt.

The man was trained by Georgetown
University, Cornell, the New York Law
School, Oxford, and Heidelberg, in the
order given. He knows practically all the
polite arts, and has had a glimpse at
nearly everything one can learn in the
schools and colleges from Chaucer to vet-
erinary surgery.

Connolly also is the greatest human ex-
emplification of anti-climax. From early
boyhood he has prepared painstakingly
for the diplomatic service.

Just imagine setting your head and
heart in a high place in the Diplomatic
Corps, a position of honor, income, ease,
suede gloves, wood violet, white spats,
and things, and then ending up at Wash-
ington in a check suit, felt hat, string
tie, and a pair of slippers, with a "monkey
wrench" district in the corn
belt of Iowa! It is almost like having
set one's boyish ambition on being a
railroad engineer and then being forced
into a bank in young manhood.

Besides having to do a term in Con-
gress, Connolly is president of the Du-
buque Country and Golf Club, and he is
a bachelor. All these things, however,
cause him little distress. The thing that
annoys Connolly the most is the way
people pronounce his first name. Many
insist on making it Maw-russ, as in the
works of Montague Glass, and others
say it is Maw-roon, as with Masterlock.

In reality, it is just plain Maurice, as in
Morris chair. A good way to get along
amicably with Connolly is to avoid any
nomenclature variations.

The phase that will make Connolly
most noticed here, though, is a gift of
oratory that approaches genius. "Those
who go in for metaphor of the Edmund
Burke school are destined to gasp when
Maurice Connolly gets up in the House,
rests his chin on his chest, thrusts his
right hand into his belt, and begins to
just his legs, and begins to show sam-
ples.

Connolly shines, too, as an after-din-
ner wit. He is mostly Irish, though the
Maurice in his name serves to create
confusion. It is like asking a stranger to
guess the nationality of persons with
names like Otto Ryan, Patrick Cohen,
Ivan Perkins, or Ole O'Shah.

Senator Vardaman of Mississippi was
riding along peacefully on the train when
a stranger came in and sat down beside
him. The stranger was one of those
talkative ones and he began to talk about
things "out where he came from," until
Vardaman, out of politeness, felt oblig-
ed to ask him where he lived. He was from
Oklahoma. That led to him asking Vardaman
where he was from. Then the talk
entitled had their husbands during their
lives in the public service during
the war) survived and been invested with
the insignia of Knights Commanders of
the Most Honorable Order of the Bath,
and he began to brag about it. He
would have been recommended, had they
survived.

ONE OF US.

Wilson is a first-class sort
Am a proper man,
Goes in for the good old sport;
He's a fan.

For four years he's ruler of
All our goodly clan,
He's a fan, worthy of our love;
He's a fan.

Maybe you're no Democrat
But you'll lift the ban
When you know for certain that
He's a fan.

H. R. Lovelace is walking from San Francisco to
Bangor, Me., about 1,000 miles.

Theodore Roosevelt

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

By FRED C. KELLY

Representative Stephens, of a Los Angeles
grocery store about twenty-five years
ago. The telephone number was Main
56—or something like that—and Stephens,
of course, had occasion to call the num-
ber frequently, and he was a customer
of a century ago. The other day he picked
up the receiver of a phone in the Capitol
to call his hotel, and found himself
calling Main 56. For some unaccountable
psychological reason, the number of that
wholesale grocery had popped back into
his head and asserted itself after all the
mounting years.

Senator Mose Clapp never gets on
a railway train than he sooner gets on
a conversation. He finds that the average
conductor has a point of view that is
likely to reflect not of the common
people. And Clapp figures that a man in
public life cannot afford to overlook an
opportunity to find out what the people
are thinking about. For that reason you
never see Mose Clapp buying much
reading matter from the train boy. He
can read an old time, but when he gets
on a train he desires to engage in con-
versation.

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THE OPEN FORUM

Mexican Government Recognition.

To the Editor: Your paper, I know,
always sticks up for fair play. That's
why I ask you to publish this letter.
It's not intended as a boast or knock
for anybody, but it is a plain statement
of conditions that I know exist, and
it should prove interesting to your
other readers, if for no other reason
than its revelation of how the wheels
go around.

We all agree that President Wilson is
free of entangling alliances with big
money interests. That goes without
saying. But does he realize that he is
playing right into their hands by his
attitude in the Mexican situation? He
has let it be known that his policy is
to delay recognition of the existing pro-
visional government until complete peace
has been established and the regular
Presidential election has been held in
our sister republic.

In the first place, the election cannot
be held until the guerrilla warfare in
the northern States is ended. The
Huerta regime has found the treasury
looted by the Madero government. There
is little or no money on hand with
which to take the forceful measures nec-
essary to put down this long-durance
opposition. First, the country's finances
must be rehabilitated. The Money Trust
of Wall Street is perfectly willing to lend
the necessary millions, and more, but
on onerous terms that amount to polite
blackmail. It is using President Wilson's
attitude as a club over Huerta's head
to force these terms.

Mexico is so rich in natural resources
and future possibilities that there is no
reason why its government should not
raise the money needed, except the de-
sire of the Money Trust to get an un-
just rake-off from an unfortunate coun-
try. If Uncle Sam would recognize the
Huerta government there would be no
difficulty in raising a considerable loan
that would insure quick peace and pro-
sperity and an early election. But big
money says "No!" not until you accept
our terms." And Mr. Wilson is unwittingly
playing big money's game.

I wonder whether he is shrewd enough
and "practical man" enough to see
where he stands, or, rather, where he
has been put. Let's hope he will, if
only for the sake of a square deal.

O. H. THOMAS.

Children in the public schools of Stratford, Con-
necticut, are treated with the aid of American dental
assistants.