

NEWS OF SOUTH DAKOTA

There is considerable building activity in White and vicinity. Morristown sportsmen have organized a gun club to promote trap and wing shooting.

Charles H. Burke has left Washington and will be at his home in Pierre in a few days.

Articles of incorporation have been filed at Pierre for the Grange Elevator company at Altamont, with a capital of \$20,000.

The congregation of the Aberdeen Christian church has voted to remodel their present church edifice at a cost of \$6,000.

The baseball fans of Humboldt have perfected an organization and completed arrangements for placing a team in the field.

Dudley E. Chapman was found guilty in the federal court at Sioux Falls of having robbed the postoffice at Scotland in October, 1912.

Henry Solem, of Baltic, a prominent resident of Minnehaha county, was thrown from a horse and sustained a broken shoulder and a broken wrist.

The commissioners of Codington county have purchased land for a poor farm adjoining the present one, which gives a total of 156 acres for the county's farm.

April 3 was the warmest day at Meadow since November 28. The night of April 3 and 4 was the first night without frost there since the above date in November.

Home farming for Watertown children from 8 to 10 years of age is being planned by the executive committee of the parent-teachers' association lately organized in that city.

C. H. Ames has been selected as manager of the Clark baseball team for the coming season. Plans are being considered to install shower baths for the use of the ball players.

Arrangements are being made to erect a grain elevator at Newell. A milling company at Belle Fourche is said to be behind the project. It will be the first elevator to be erected in Newell.

A fine new Baptist church building has been dedicated at Lake City with elaborate ceremonies. Clergymen from a number of cities and towns in that part of the state were present and assisted in the exercises.

A sugar bush of 100 maple trees is located on the farm of C. L. Gorham in Beadle county, and since a recent sacking of this South Dakota family enjoy genuine home grown maple syrup like folks who down east.

Work has commenced on the new opera house which will be erected at Hartford, to replace a similar structure which was destroyed by fire some months ago. It is expected the building will be completed the latter part of May.

Chris Scott, of Sherman, is fighting in the juvenile court an action brought by the Children's Home to remove his two children, girls aged 12 and 14 years, from him and place them in the home. Scott charges the action is due to spite work.

Aberdeen experienced its warmest day of the year Wednesday when the mercury reached the 80 mark. While there were no heat prostrations many were thinking seriously of donning their summer attire in an effort to escape the uncomfortable temperature of the streets.

A mass meeting was held at Thomas to discuss the question of consolidating the country schools of the place and vicinity into one school, at a central location. The plan is meeting with favor and may be adopted. It would mean a material saving in annual school expenses.

One of the largest families in the state is that of Mr. and Mrs. Severin Mentele, prominent pioneer residents of Epiphany. They are the parents of ten boys and four girls. The youngest member of the family is a baby, born a few days ago. All the children are healthy and strong.

After being in the hands of the state's banking department for several months the Bank of Springfield has reopened for business. All interests of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank have been purchased and the two institutions merged. New stockholders are in charge.

The first case tried this term by the petit jury in the United States court at Sioux Falls was that of William C. Kinser of Geddes. The verdict was that Kinser was guilty of one count in the "white slavery" indictment. The defendant was formerly proprietor of a hotel at Geddes.

Frank Wisa, of Sioux Falls, fell dead in a drug store there where he had gone to purchase some medicine after telling friends he had not been feeling well. He was 65 years of age and had no family. Mr. Wisa worked at the harness trade in Sioux Falls at an early date and later had a business at Spedden, prominently known over the northwest as head of the Spedden-Paise Theatrical company, has retired from the show business and opened a moving picture theater at Bristol named the Orpheum.

The affairs of the failed Farmers' state bank of Winner have been closed up by the examiner who was placed in charge when the bank closed its doors. The creditors of the institution have received their final dividend. This dividend was for 12 percent, making a total of eighty-seven cents on the dollar that the creditors have received from the defunct bank.

Sioux Falls youngsters are unusually favored. The first circus of the year will visit the town as early as May 8.

The Belle Fourche land office reports 591 filings at that land office since the 320 acre homestead law went into effect, with the rush continuing. The land offices at Timber Lake and Lemmon are also being called upon by many claimants who desire to take advantage of the right given them to secure an additional quarter section adjoining their original holdings, or as a new claimant to get the 320 acre privilege.

TRULY HOUSE OF MEMORIES

Uncle Ab Dusenberry Was Able to Provide Particulars Concerning Ancient Abode.

"What a dear, dear old house!" said Miss Amarantha Gushington to Uncle Ab Dusenberry when he was taking her for a drive during the first week she was out of her "summer people," and they had stopped before an ancient and deserted house.

"These dear old houses!" said Miss Amarantha. "I love to people them with the people and the things of the past! So much of romance, of human weal and woe, of song and story, are woven into the roof and warp of their history. This looks to me like a veritable house of dreams, an abode of which there are tales to tell, a bit of romance embodied in wood and stone, a veritable house of memories. Tell me some of the romance of this house, won't you, dear Mr. Dusenberry?"

"Wal," said Uncle Ab, "I reckon mebbe I kin. I've heern many a time how when old Bill Skinner lived there one o' his gals, Elvira Jane I think it was, took her head to elope with Buck Pillsbury, an' a round of the ladder broke an' kep' her from going into a bar o' rawwater just as Bill's old bulldog come out on the scene an' Bill hisself come lopin' out of a lower window with his shotgun, an' his wife who was a cross 'tween a rattlesnake and a hyena once she got her mad up, arriv with a long iron poker in one hand and a horse-whip in the other, when they got done with Buck he had to go home on his hands an' knees part o' the way, an' Elvira Jane run off with a map peddler the next week. Her mother was married five times, an' three o' 'em was livin' at one time, same as if she belonged to Newport's best society. Her father was married four times, an' her brother Jep 'loped with his stepmother's sister from this house, an' a couple o' years later she 'loped with his brother an' he married her sister, standin' right at the front gate, with the preacher standin' in the road. Bill's mother married a farm hand in this house when she was sixty-five years old and the farm hand was twenty-nine. So, take it by an' large, there's really been considerable romance mixed up with the old Skinner place, an', as you say, it's a kind o' house o' memories."—Puck.

Queen Elizabeth. She—Elizabeth—was a hard mistress to serve. Irresolute and yet obstinate, she frequently refused to act or decide, procrastinated, delayed, hesitated, while her ministers watched disaster approach or opportunity vanish. Even her most influential advisers found it impossible to overcome the inveterate trait of indecision. Their correspondence shows them driven almost to despair in times of exigency at the queen's vacillation and unreasonableness. An indorsement by a clerk on a letter of 1600 still exists in faded handwriting to testify to this habit. "A letter which her majesty willed me to write to her secretary, and to send it by post, but before I had fully ended the letter she sent me to bring it to her before it was closed, which I did upon the point of six o'clock, and then her majesty having read and scanned it three or four times and sometimes willing me to send it away, and sometimes altering that purpose, commanded me at last to stay both the letter and the post."—E. P. Cheyney.

A Hearty Meal. "When I was a little girl," says a friend of the Companion, "I had the honor of being introduced to Mark Twain. It was just before Thanksgiving, and I very proudly told him that I was going to spend the holiday with my aunt in New York.

"Really," he drawled, with the most flattering show of interest. "Well, I hope you will feel, after dinner, just as I did when I went there to a banquet a few months ago."

"Of course I instantly demanded to know, 'How was that?'"

"Very thankful," answered Mr. Clemens, with preternatural solemnity. "Very, very thankful because I still had one article of apparel that wasn't too tight a fit for comfort."

"Oh, I know," I guessed eagerly; "your shoes!" But the humorist shook his head.

"No, no," he corrected with gentle sadness; "my umbrella!"—Youth's Companion.

Teacher Should Have Known. The naughty boy of the class came into school half an hour late. He apologized to the lady teacher and, pulling an orange from his pocket, gracefully proffered it as a propitiatory gift.

Just a trifle to his surprise it was promptly accepted and put into the teacher's desk. When dinner time arrived the young man showed reluctance to depart.

The teacher, with covert amusement, watched him as he awkwardly hung about, and finally inquired: "Well, Tommy, why don't you go?"

"Want me orange," he muttered. "Your orange? Why, you gave it to me. You said you had brought it for me," expostulated the teacher. "Yes," admitted the youngster, aggrieved, "but yer knowed I was only kiddin'."

Times Have Changed. "Men used to be accused of going to the opera in order to see the ballet."

"Yes. Times have changed. Now wives say the opera plots are improper, but take us to see the classic dancing."

Some Climates. The northern parts of Norway and Sweden extend well up into the Arctic circle, while the southern parts come down to the latitude of Glasgow; so there is a wide range between the winter temperatures in those countries. The same applies to Canada.

Uncle Eben. "Some men gits credit foh habbin' a good disposition," said Uncle Eben, "mosly because dey is so fixed dat dey's in a position to have purty much their own way."

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry on Cabarets

SAY! Did you ever burst right into Bohemia and with the aid of a complaining pocketbook try to help yourself to a hilarious evening?

Tag me—I'm it. Of course, I don't mean Bohemia in the highbrow sense—nix. Not one of those quaint retreats with the lemon-colored atmosphere where sad-eyed Artistic Temperaments forego their chop spaghetti with a fork and bark hand-made repaete at each other over a beaker of absinthe—nix.

I mean the Bohemia so called by the Buyer of Max Platin's Universal Emporium, Waukesha, Wis., who hits New York along in August and leaves the imprint of his sandals all over Longacre Square and adjacent by-ways.

The Bohemia, so called, which is composed of incandescent lights disguised as rosebuds; Bulgarian waiters, and a menu card which, without any disguise, leads the unwary directly to a Petition in Bankruptcy.

The Bohemia, so called, where the wise virgin trims her lamps about nine o'clock of an evening and when said lamps get to flashing over the Martini and other happy waters, believe me, the suckers rise to the surface so fast that the waiters have to hand out eyeshades.

P. S.—Ecclesiastical virgins with untrimmed lamps are not to be found in this Bohemia, so called.

Ever since we've been back in New York, Peaches has been handing out hints that she'd like to have me take her over the hurdles into that Fair Land where rag-time and breaded pork chops do a sister act—to one of those real devilish New York Cabarets.

Rob his ankles, Doctor; the blood has rushed to his head! I tried to explain to friend wife that the Cabaret is an institution invented solely for the purpose of giving hiccupps to Gold-plated Strangers, but Peaches was strong for a Peek at



"It Was a Brave Sight to See Them Deploy by Fours."

the Night-Life of New York and it was up to me to furnish the opera glasses.

She wanted to know if I thought she could toy with a tenderloin steak in some Musical Soup-House without having a policeman call her by her first name.

I told her I was away on sick leave the morning Cabaret Etiquette had been passed around, but I'd ask my friend Herd Hardy about it.

Hep is that they call in the laura-jeans Prince of Good Fellows.

As near as I can size him up a Prince of Good Fellows puts in twelve hours a day trying to stab himself to death with Bronx cocktails, and the other twelve hours are devoted to screaming for help and ice-water.

Mind you, I'm not knocking Hep. Far be from me to aim the Hammer.

When it comes to falling off the street sprinkler I can do an annette-kernmann that gets loud applause from all the members of the High Tide Association—so tuttle-tut on the knock!

His father cut out the breathing business about four years ago and left Hep with \$200,000 and a long dry spell on the inside.

Hep has been in the surf ever since. His only recreation between bars is golf. He invented the G. A. R. score in that game—out in '61, back in '66.

I explained my sad plight to Hep over the 'phone and, later on, with Peaches all dolled up like a Corot landscape, we met Hep by appointment in front of Bustafiddistrings Cabaret.

Hep in his man-about-town scenery was a sartorial dream in black and white. He had everything on, including half a bun.

The head waiter met us at the edge of the reservation. Hep slipped him something that made a noise like five dollars and the H. W. bowed. Hep slipped him again and he bowed lower. Hep slipped him another little map of the mint and H. W.'s forehead scraped the floor. Hep ceased slipping and the H. W. came up on the other side and led us to a table.

The room was a-dazzle with Gaudy Lights. Rag-time music hurried away from a preoccupied orchestra, hit the ceiling, bounced off and scampered around the tables. Laughter, both refined and careless, tried to drown the clatter of dishes—and won out. Cigarette smoke and Mary Garden perfume clinched in a death struggle all over the place and Mary put the boots to Murad every time.

"So this is Bohemia!" sighed Peaches as the head waiter pulled out a chair and dared her to sit down. "John, dear, do point out the celebrities to me, won't you?"

"They haven't come in yet," I gurgled, and Hep let loose a laugh so nearly like that of a nervous coyote that four waiters rushed up, prepared to take any kind of a tip.

Just as we were sinking gracefully into our plush chairs, and the Sicilian brigand was about to take our order, who should float into the dry-dock but Max Mincestein, one of Hep's friends—after 2 A. M.

I don't know how Max ever pressed close enough to get on Hep's staff. Max has money. He'll always have it—the same money.

When the waiter returns with the check Max is the busiest talker in the bunch. Max loves money. Money loves Max. They are inseparable.

Whenever Max passes a bank he takes off his hat and walks on his toes.

I spoke his name rapidly when I introduced Max to Peaches, but as she

He was the night-watchman of an apartment house uptown, but I gave her an easy speech to the effect that he was Bill Mendelsohn, a grandson of old man Mendelsohn, who once wrote a wedding march so carelessly that it is now used as a coon song.

She gasped and gurgled with delight—in Bohemia and having the time of her young life, so I let her dream. In the meantime Hep, with a bucket of wine, was busy trying to put out the fire in the well Max used as a neck.

Every time a waiter looked at our table Hep's roll would blaze up. Peaches presently concluded she'd broaden out a bit on Art and the Old Masters, so she asked Max if he liked Rembrandt.

Max looked at her out of the corner of his eye and murmured, "Much blinged, but I'm up to here now!"

Then he pointed at his Adam's Apple and fell asleep.

Hep was beginning to see double. Every once in a while he'd stop humming "Here Comes My Daddy Now—"



"The H. W.'s Forehead Scraped the Floor."

Papa, Papa, Papa, Papa!" then he'd close one eye and with the other look over at Peaches and hand her a sad, sweet smile.

It's a gay life, boys! When our expensive food finally arrived Hep was gazing at his fingers and wondering how they got on his hands, while Max, the genial pest, with his chin driven through his shirt-front, was over on Dream Avenue, about to hitch up his favorite night-gare and take a spin through Bugland.

Peaches was toying with a spoonful of consomme Juliens and I was parlaying shoestring potatoes back on my fork, when suddenly there came a great clanging of bells, doors rattled and banged, women screamed and the orchestra fell out of a back window—all except the bass fiddle. He fell in a hole of soup left for him by an obliging but hurrying waiter.

Max woke up suddenly, looked about wild-eyed and slid gracefully under the table.

Hep, with a roll of bills in each hand, tried to stand up and defy the universe, but he toppled over among the wine-coolers and passed peacefully away again in cold storage.

A fat man with a beard and a dialect ran around in circles exclaiming that he was the proprietor, but nobody planned a medal on him, and he burst into sobs.

Then he rushed over to our table and yelled, "Get out! Get out!"

"Why should we get out?" I inquired, placing a piece of fried chicken tenderly in his outstretched hand.

"Because it's closing up time and I always forget about it. The police have to come and remind me."

Then he threw the fried chicken at the lady cashier and faded out of our lives.

I looked in the direction of the door. Yes, there they were—an Army Corps of Cops, marching steadily forward into the Palace of Pleas, fearless in the face of danger.

It was a brave sight to see them deploy by fours and reaching forward with their nightsticks knock a hunk of beefsteak out of a hungry diner's hand.

I grabbed Peaches by the elbow and beat it from Bohemia while the beating was good.

The last I saw of Max he was acting as a foot-rest for the General commanding the Fifth Brigade, while Hep slept peacefully on amid the up-turned wine-coolers and the ice-floes.

Bohemia, eh? So this is what they call Having A Good Time in New York!

Mr. Umpire, I called you Bad names—put me on the Bench.

This Burg is the home of the Gink who can't keep his Temperature down unless he is continually sniffing the odor of burning money.

This Gink's idea of being a gentleman is to get into a Tuxedo make-up and swap gags with a bunch of booze biters while Mama has to tie herself up in a Mother Hubbard and stay home alone till Papa gets through being a Good Fellow.

Cabarets, eh? Hereafter, mo for the little Pto-maine Parlor where the dillpickle hide behind the bowl of pulverized sugar and wink at you when the waitress splashes an omelette on your shoulder.

But Peaches thought it was all perfectly lovely. "And you'll take me some night soon," she marshmallowed, "where we can see some real turkey trotting, won't you, John, dear?"

Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Vom Schauplatz des europäischen Völker-Krieges

Die Anzeichen mehren sich täglich für die Annahme, daß die deutschen Armeen im Westen wie im Osten erheblich geschwächt worden sind, um irgendeine größere Bewegung auszuführen. Nur so kann die fast beängstigende Ruhe, die seit einiger Zeit über beiden Kriegsschauplätzen lagert, erklärt werden. Aus der langen Dauer der Ruhe darf man schließen, daß es sich nicht nur um Truppenrückzügen in gewaltigen Umfang, sondern vielleicht auch um große Entfernungen von der Stelle handelt, wo die deutschen Truppen sich zuletzt befanden. Es unterliegt kaum einem Zweifel, daß die Lage in den starpathen, wenn nicht bevorstehend, so doch in den nächsten Tagen eine Entladung des Hundesgeschalles für notwendig erachtet. Es ist daher keineswegs ausgeschlossen, daß starke deutsche Streitkräfte sehr bald in Südrußland, in den starpathen oder in der Gegend von Stanislaw erscheinen werden, um die ununterbrochene Bewegung nach dem Norden, im Rücken der russischen Karpathenstellungen, wieder aufzunehmen.

Nach allen Berichten zu urteilen, ist es weder den Russen gelungen, irgendwelche Fortschritte in den starpathen zu machen, noch haben die Deffereider und Ungarn an irgendeiner Stelle die Weichen der Russen durchbrechen können. Jeder Quardruffh Zerrain wird unter großen Opfern an Blut und Munition unmittelf., und wie der russische Bericht erklärt, sieben die Soldaten mandual bis zu den Süßen im Schnee, und müssen sich an den mandual feigaben Söben heraufarbeiten. Rußland will damit die Unmöglichkeit, in Ungarn einzufallen, erklären. Die Entladung der Russen ist dießmal nicht so sehr die Deffereider, die unter denselben, sehr unüberwindlichen, Hindernissen zu kämpfen und zu leiden haben.

Seit mehr als einer Woche melden die Russen Fortschritte auf der Linie Warfield - Kufow - Ulasof, aber bisdane, der bis zum Ausbruch des Weltkrieges stets als Deutschfeind sich aufspielte, wie folgt vornehmen: Seit Jahren hat Deutschland seine Rüstungen betrieben. Die deutsche Armee war niemals mächtiger und obenlo ist die Flotte nicht zu verachten. In den starpathen wurden entsprechende Wengen Kriegsmunition aufgehäuft. Das Deutsche Reich hat die ihm zur Verfügung stehende Zeit für den Eroberungskrieg gewährt. Und im Jahre 1904 hat derselbe Lord Salbane, schreibt die N. J. Staats-Ztg., in einem Werk über die Einfuhrzölle in anferer Zeit das Folgende über Deutschlands Rüstungen zu sagen: "Das Deutsche Reich ist aus einer Anzahl kleiner Staaten entstanden, von denen jeder seine eigenen Bollwerke hatte. Die Einigkeit mußte erst erkaufte werden. Diese Einigkeit gründete sich hauptsächlich auf Freihandel innerhalb der eigenen Grenzen im Austausch für gegenseitigen Schutz des Ausland gegenüber. Ein großes Meer mußte geschaffen werden zur Verteidigung der ausgedehnten Grenzen eines Landes, das auf der einen Seite Frankreich, auf der anderen Rußland zu Nachbarn hat. Man mußte darauf bedacht sein, kräftige Soldaten heranzuzüchten und Vorposten treffen, um im Falle eines Krieges im eigenen Land gegenseitigen Schutzmittel herzubereiten. Wie man sieht, weiß Lord Salbane seine Kenntnisse des Landes, das England vernichten möchte, je nach Wunsch zu verwenden."

Aufstand in Indien. London gibt einen Aufstand in Indien zu. Behauptungen Mann seien beteiligt. Aber wahrscheinlich sind es erhebliche mehr. Die auf dem Aufstand beteiligten Eingeborenen nennt London "Banditen". Das sind die Volksgeoffen der Indier, die in Frankreich für England's Ersten kämpften und unter falschen Vorwänden gelassen aus der Heimat auf Schloßfeld geführt wurden. In Frankreich kämpften englische Soldaten mit Indern Seite an Seite gegen Deutschland, und in Indien schienen englische Soldaten die Indier über den Säulen. So kommt England für die Simulation und für die Freiheit der Völker.

England befürchtet Zusammenbruch des Dreiverbandes. Berlin, via Sawille, ein Artikel, den die in Brüssel erscheinende "Independence Belge" veröffentlicht, spiegelt die gegenwärtig in England herrschende Stimmung wieder. Den Ausführungen des genannten Blattes zufolge befürchtet England den vollständigen Zusammenbruch des Dreiverbandes. Diese Befürchtung stützt sich in erster Reihe auf die Tatsache, daß Deutschland, außer den von ihm in's Feld gestellten tüchtigen Truppenmassen noch über vier Millionen Mann Wehrdienst verfügt und folglich eine Streitmacht zu Gebot hat, die jener der Alliierten numerisch sowohl als qualitativ weit überlegen ist.

Strafjunge (ruft eine schnell vorbeifahrende Droschke an): "Sei knuffiger, haben Sie Zeit?"—Droschkeknuffiger (rasch anhaltend): "Na, wohl!"—Strafjunge: "Na, dann fahren Sie etwas langsamer!"

Prohibition als Nothelfer.

London. Die Aufmerksamkeit des britischen Publikums ist auf die Enthaltungfrage gerichtet. Für den Augenblick hat sie sogar den Krieg in den Hintergrund gedrängt.

Das dröselige Verfügen geplant sind, ist außer Frage; allein das Publikum ist geteilter Meinung; soll die Prohibition eine totale, oder soll der Genuß alkoholischer Getränke unter sehr strenger Kontrolle gestattet sein?

Verschiedene Londoner Morgenblätter erschienen mit ganzseitigen Anfragen, in denen Petitionen abgedruckt sind mit dem Vermerk, die Petitionswörter der Bewegung möchten sie aufschreiben und dem Kanzler des Schatzamtes, Lloyd George, zuwenden. In diesen Petitionen heißt es: "Ich bin durchaus für Aufgabe der Prohibition und des Verkaufs von heranziehenden Getränken während des Krieges, da ich dies als dringende Voraussetzung eines raschen und erfolgreichen Verlaufes des Krieges ansehe. Ich werde jede dahingehende Maßregel der Regierung nachdrücklich unterstützen."

Die Petitionsidee hat die Unterstützung von Kaufleuten, Geschäftleuten und anderen Arbeitgebern, die nur im Zusammenhang mit dem Krieg für eine derartige Regelung der Frage zu haben sind.

Das Gefühl für persönliche Freiheit ist in England so stark, daß es zu einer Niederlage der totalen Prohibition führen kann. Aber auf der Seite der erperten Maßregel kämpft alles, was unparteiisch ist; denn von Tag zu Tag wird die Auffassung allgemeiner, daß, wenn die Arbeitnehmers des Reiches, Getränke zu sich zu nehmen, beachtet werden sollen, daselbe Schicksal auch die Arbeitgeber treffen müßte.

Man nimmt an, daß das Kabinett für solche Prohibition ist; unter der Reichsverordnungs-akte hat es die Vollmacht, diese ohne weitere gesetzgeberische Maßnahme durchzuführen.

Seite so, morgen anders. In einem in der New Yorker "Times" veröffentlichten Interview läßt sich Lord Salbane, der bis zum Ausbruch des Weltkrieges stets als Deutschfeind sich aufspielte, wie folgt vornehmen: Seit Jahren hat Deutschland seine Rüstungen betrieben. Die deutsche Armee war niemals mächtiger und obenlo ist die Flotte nicht zu verachten. In den starpathen wurden entsprechende Wengen Kriegsmunition aufgehäuft. Das Deutsche Reich hat die ihm zur Verfügung stehende Zeit für den Eroberungskrieg gewährt. Und im Jahre 1904 hat derselbe Lord Salbane, schreibt die N. J. Staats-Ztg., in einem Werk über die Einfuhrzölle in anferer Zeit das Folgende über Deutschlands Rüstungen zu sagen: "Das Deutsche Reich ist aus einer Anzahl kleiner Staaten entstanden, von denen jeder seine eigenen Bollwerke hatte. Die Einigkeit mußte erst erkaufte werden. Diese Einigkeit gründete sich hauptsächlich auf Freihandel innerhalb der eigenen Grenzen im Austausch für gegenseitigen Schutz des Ausland gegenüber. Ein großes Meer mußte geschaffen werden zur Verteidigung der ausgedehnten Grenzen eines Landes, das auf der einen Seite Frankreich, auf der anderen Rußland zu Nachbarn hat. Man mußte darauf bedacht sein, kräftige Soldaten heranzuzüchten und Vorposten treffen, um im Falle eines Krieges im eigenen Land gegenseitigen Schutzmittel herzubereiten. Wie man sieht, weiß Lord Salbane seine Kenntnisse des Landes, das England vernichten möchte, je nach Wunsch zu verwenden."

London erwartet schwere Zeiten. Londoner Blätter stellen dem englischen Volke schwere Zeiten in Aussicht. Die deutsche Unterelbode werde ein ganz gewaltiges Steigen der Lebensmittelpreise zur Folge haben. Wir müssen uns auf große Opfer vorbereiten, schreibt die Evening Post. "Die Sinaushebung des Krieges wird sich für England so schlimm gestalten wie für Deutschland, denn die schreckliche deutsche Unterelbode wird ebenfalls während der nächsten Monate noch verheerend und viel Unheil anrichten."