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The Circulation of The Bulletin

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100 and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and sixty rural free delivery routes.

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CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
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HAVE THE BULLETIN FOLLOW YOU

Readers of The Bulletin leaving the city for vacation trips can have it follow them daily and thus keep in touch with home affairs. Order through The Bulletin business office.

GOD'S SCAVENGERS.

Now and then we come across a bit of extravagant scientific warning that is amusing. In his book upon "Flies in Relation to Disease," Mr. E. Hindle, B. A., Ph. D., etc., says: "The fly's proboscis is more successful in retarding the progress of civilization and the alleviation of human suffering than all the armaments of our most Christian powers!" Phew!

God made turkey buzzards and flies and beetles to remove filth from the surface of the earth that the air should not be polluted and plagues ensue. Where the carcass is the buzzards gather, and the beetles congregate, and where filth is flies abound. Every scavenger is a protector of the health of man, and there are billions of them and they work in the wilds as well as elsewhere.

Boston made war on filth in certain neighborhoods and made an end of the fly nuisance. They removed the cause.

If we were as much afraid of filth as we are becoming of flies a great many preventable diseases would disappear. The fly is just as guilty of poisoning man as man is of supplying the fly with the poison.

Isn't it time we got at the primary cause of our troubles along these lines?

DRAWN FROM INDUSTRY.

The exigencies of the present war have made it necessary to draw from the ranks of industry 14,000,000 sons of toil who knew nothing of military training in time of peace, and who can imagine what a tax this is upon the output of industry in the battling countries.

We are informed from time to time that great industries in Germany, England and France are paying 20 per cent. dividends and the inference is that business of all kinds is booming in these countries, but a revelation like this leaves not a doubt that business is badly hampered in all the 11 nations now engaged in strife.

This 14,000,000 men represent about one-sixth of the industrial force of the United States, and at an average of one dollar a day reduces the earning capacity of the masses $84,000,000 a week. Instead of being employed to increase the wealth of the nations they are busy destroying it.

Business booming abroad! The only business that is booming is the destruction of property and the butchery of men.

THE TOKEN OF EFFICIENCY.

Under present labor systems the skilled mechanic is becoming scarcer and scarcer and as a result organized companies have to resort to some method to hold their best help in idle times so that they may be sure of them when their labor is needed.

No one ever expected skilled labor would see a day when it would be handed a retainer, as lawyers are, to hold them true to service. Large concerns in this country are paying a dollar a day and more to skilled idle workmen that they may be sure of their services when needed. Among these is the great Remington company.

The wage-paid waiting list is modern, and is business like and necessary. A few surplus hands are held in this way with a view of always keeping the supply equal to the demand.

These are times when business methods have to be on broad-gauged lines in order to ensure success. The close-fisted methods of the long ago in these days spell failure most every time.

Secretary McAdoo is booming the government purchase of German ships again. Hasn't notice been given that they will be seized by the allies and confiscated if caught on the seas during the war under any flag?

The negro who followed Becker in the electric chair left a better impression behind.

DEFENSE THE ONE ISSUE.

The annual meeting of the governors of the states is becoming as regular as the meetings of mayors and the conferences of churches. The next meeting is to be held in Boston and the subject to be considered is need of immediate national defense.

The questions of great guns, first class submarines, up-to-date air craft and a well-trained and efficient citizenship are enough to command the sincere and immediate attention of the ablest men in the country. The nation's unpreparedness at present is simply appalling.

This great government has installed four 14-inch guns, three on the coast of southern California and one for the defense of the Panama canal. These guns are needed at all points of defense along the coast on both sides of the continent.

Boston is a good place for the meeting. A Michigan paper alluding to this important meeting says:

"It is splendidly significant that this conference of governors is going to be devoted to this subject of defense. It shows that Uncle Sam has been prodded wide awake.

"Let's be glad, too, that the governors are going to meet in Boston. Boston is near Lexington and Concord and the graves of the minute men. Boston knew Americans unafraid—Americans who trusted in God and kept their powder dry."

AN OPEN DOOR FOR ALL.

The United States bureau of education calls attention to the fact that the opportunities for learning were never so many or easy of gaining as now. Besides the colleges, universities and normal schools, libraries, museums and art galleries, there is no end to the organized societies designed to give everybody a chance.

The federal government itself is realizing, as never before, the desirability of a wide distribution of the scientific information it has collected at large expense of time and money, and many of the bulletins and circulars issued by the government are now affecting directly the everyday procedure of education. The Boys' and Girls' club work in the department of agriculture and the circular letter service of the bureau of education illustrate two different types of the information service of the federal government, both of recent development.

In the two years ending June 30, 1914, the bureau of education issued 112 numbers of its Bulletin, representing about a million separate copies and covering nearly every phase of educational endeavor for the direct use of school officials.

A host of other organizations making no claim to a place in the formal school system are nevertheless doing active work of a directly educational nature. The Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, women's clubs, parent-teachers' associations, musical societies, art centers; these are doing a work whose educational importance is only beginning to be apprehended.

The influence of the fraternal organizations is directly educative.

The whole vast field of religious instruction in churches and Sunday schools represents an educational problem that is seldom viewed as such because of the larger spiritual issues that are felt to be involved, and because of the traditional separation of church and state in America.

Chautauqua, farmers' institutes, lecture courses, the grange, Young Men's Christian association and Young Women's Christian association, social settlements, summer camps, the periodical and newspaper press—these are as truly educational agencies as the schools.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Since whiskers will soon be fashionable goats are likely to be in style once more.

This is a beautiful world, but man makes a terrible time changing the boundary lines.

Satan never claims the Lord is on his side. His emissaries often beat the devil at that.

The Kaiser has what is left of Warsaw. It may be a joy; and very likely a burden, too.

The motion pictures passed by the censors show that there is something elusive about good taste.

There is no use of calling this a cold, backward summer, for it is a soused, shivering tramp.

If the war in Europe, as Jane Addams says, is an old man's war, there is nothing very feeble about it.

The patched-trousers brigade must be thrilled with a feeling of anxiety at the prospect of shorter coats!

We should admire William Jennings Bryan's wonderful spirit if it was not garbed in flimsy conceit.

Now they are trying to make out that a twilight baby will never become a sunrise success. Mercy me!

Every day in these times must lend assurance to the fellow who so often says: "The fools are not all dead yet!"

The Man on the Corner says it is a steady job like the traffic policeman's, but he can't get into the limelight.

Stock in an ammunition factory that pays 20 per cent. makes a man think war is a blessing when it is only a blight.

If an American is a glorified Englishman, what will Henry James be when he becomes an Englishman by adoption?

In the game of war the Russian generals do not get checkmated. The Kaiser has no doubt they understand the game.

Every generation shows its genius in new expressions. Those who used to be called loafers are now spoken of as efficiency experts.

Missouri needn't sneer with pride because she has a donkey that chews tobacco. Connecticut would not think of speaking of just one.

Who can blame a superdreadnaught that has a firing zone four miles greater than ours for thinking the American navy is a joke?

It takes a brave and devout woman to lend five sons for the defense of her country and to feel thankful for the return of one legless patriot.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

It is worse to be born envious than to be born with a hair-lip. It is a sore spot no earthly surgeon can heal, and an affliction for which divine aid is usually invoked. Envy sets its roots in weakness and blossoms into misery; a neighbor's success makes one afflicted with it grow lean. It is a severe handicap, for to be without envy is to be great. Envy increases its power of annoyance in proportion to selfish desire. Those who are only a little envious can hide their own guilt, but those who are grievously envious disclose their own consciousness of inferiority, and expose their guilt to all. If they only knew the things they envy us of afford us the least happiness, they would laugh at their own folly. What we don't know seems to increase our discomfort. Envy is capable of giving one a foretaste of hell on earth. It inspires one with meanness and, like the scorpion, has the power to sting itself to death.

When I read from Cicero: "There is not a moment without some duty," I feel thankful I do not feel the pressure. It isn't healthy to be too conscious of the urge of life. The nerves resent the pressure. Some people think it to be a fine manifestation of piety to leave their duties to the Lord, apparently unmindful of the fact that they who dodge duties are liable to avoid gains. Many people seem to be confused concerning the duties of life because they are so numerous; but those who simply think it is their duty to do right go rambling right along in the full enjoyment of life. It doesn't pay to so strain our eyes looking for duties to perform that we get a strabismic view of life, or spiritual jimjams concerning divine requirements. Doing right keeps us in the straight path, and duties just blossom along it like violets by the edge of a brook; and George Eliot tells us "the reward of each duty done is the power to do another."

Some people think they are saved by grace, some by faith, and some by works, and they give no thought to a life of service to or of good influence among their fellowmen. How many ever think they may be saved some, but not much. The safe idea may have narrow or far-reaching boundaries. There is nothing definite about being saved any more than about being good, or strong, or rich—it is possible to be better, or stronger, or richer. It is not what we seem to be, but what we are that tells. The man who "does not intend to do much business this week, but next week intends to make business ache" defers where others accomplish. What makes for salvation is responsive activity to good thoughts now, not next week. Some people depend too much upon thinking good thoughts, when doing good deeds is what counts. Some men who join the church never get far enough into the spirit of it to feel sure whether they are associating with the goats or the sheep.

I wonder how a person can become too intellectual to be intelligent? Perhaps over estimating mentality, coddling pride and hitching both to conceit is what makes some intellectual people appear weak and silly. If conceit and learning did not mix any better than oil and water it would be impossible for well-informed persons to succeed in making monkeys of themselves. A little learning is not as dangerous as an over supply of worthless pride; and it doesn't make much difference whether it is the pride which lends haughtiness to the soul, or prompts one to ape humility and lick the dust, for pride goeth before a fall, anyway. The intelligence that is all wool and a yard wide and takes on indelible color has no vanity in its warp or woof.

When a man of 70 says he feel as young as he ever did he may believe himself, but no one else believes him. It is not likely that he intends to prevaricate, but he does not remember how young he felt in the long ago. The exuberance of life at 70 which makes a man believe his own falsities is worth having. Life is spent for more than half the world before they are 40; and to see the current of life running high in a mortal beyond three score and ten is wonderful; if we are in the habit of regarding it as being common-place. It may be true that a man is never any older than he feels, but the world presumes to judge his age by his looks, and he usually looks it. Age makes the head light and the feet heavy; and it is fortunate that "the evening of a well-spent life brings its lamps with it." Gray hairs should be respected by none more than by those who have been silvered by time. He is indeed fortunate whose foolishness and wisdom seem well balanced at 70.

A bright paragrapher writes: "Eve had the best husband in the world—at that time." Since she had the only one how could a comparison be made. How is it possible for a man to be better or worse if there is no one else to compare him to. Since Adam was not sharp enough to beat the devil, or shrewd enough to keep a cotract and preserve his own domain, it is not in evidence that he was so very capable; and as he blamed his wife for his errors he falls considerable short of the manhood which commands respect today. Adam left no autobiography, and it must have been difficult for the writer to learn much about him, since our knowledge of the early ages is all traditional. The record of Adam as a pioneer is far from being satisfactory, and our inheritance from him does not indicate that there was any best lived in his day.

A man usually gets the best glimpse of his own folly when he ventures to build a house for his family according to his own plans. The average man knows just about as much about planning a convenient house as he does about constructing a Latin dictionary. When Mark Twain built a house with the kitchen where the attic usually was located, the world was amazed, although it recognized that it is better to be below the odors of the kitchen than above them. The primitive house was all kitchen and smoke, and the parlor was in the front yard. Man's original idea of a house has increased from a box to a wonderful arrangement of many boxes. The kitchen has been tried at every corner, and is now believed to be properly located if it represents the pleasantest and airiest room in the house. Man as a builder is slow. It took him centuries to discover that a chimney would take him out of smoke and misery. It has taken him ages to recognize that out of door life is the true energizing life.

If honesty is the best policy the demand for sincerity is always far in excess of the supply. I am not as inclined to attribute this to original sin as to present duplicity. There was a time when men must have maintained a higher average for honesty of purpose than they tdo today. The first family erred in wanting to know too much—it would eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; but today the men of earth have gone to the other extreme and seem to delight in knowing too little. Instead of recognizing the practical worth of the Golden Rule and doing as they would be done by, they prefer to do as they have a mind to. Here in the 20th century we witness millions of armed men representing a score of nations engaged in killing their brethren, and their explanations why are far from satisfactory. The Cains are on the increase and the Abels are perishing by thousands. Man seems to prefer to be a victim of deceit and ignorance to becoming a sincere son of God.

KEEPING COOL IN SUMMER

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

It is a strange and unaccountable fact that mankind never seems to get accustomed to the condition that summer is the hot season.

Birds and animals know better than humans appear to that the torrid time is approaching. In proper season the birds begin to moult, horses, dogs and other creatures of their sort start in to grow a thinner coat, so that when summer really arrives they are, in a measure, prepared for its advent.

Not so with the majority of men. As winter nears, they will lay in a supply of coal, put up storm houses, apply weather strips to draughty windows and doors, make the loose skylight taut—in a word, will expend much thought, time, muscle and money in getting into a state of preparedness.

They will also buy heavy clothing and wraps, furs, mitts, ear-muffs and what not.

Light summer draperies and rugs and upholstery will be replaced by the warmer, more cosy, more substantial winter fittings.

Then, when the mercury gets into the zero region, there is nobody caught unprepared, unless, of course, those who are in no condition to make preparations anyway.

But how differently do men and women act in advance of summer! The oldest inhabitant will exclaim with wonder and surprise, in case the mercury marks 90 degrees or over, early in June.

Hot days and uncomfortable days have been coming just like this, each season during his 87 or 97 years, as the case may be.

He can recall the time when he was a small boy, and stole away to get a coolin' dip in the Ole Swimmin' Hole on the seventeenth of June; he remembers the date, because his grand-'ther fit at Bunker Hill, and was reminiscencing on that very day; telling how the little band of Colonial troops chased the Red Coats, etc. etc.

That anniversary was a sizzling day, forsooth! The young leaves dried up on the trees; the cattle, well-nigh overcome by the sudden hot wave, weakly sought any available shade. Men sweltered, or dropped in their tracks in fields and highways, in foundries and market places. It was for sure a powerful hot day, like a breath of caloric from that place our Universalist friends claim is only a myth. And so on, and so on.

Why yes!. He has to admit that the mercury is just as high today; in those good old times men did not set such store by thermometers, nor measure humidity so accurately as they do now. But that memorable 17th of June was a sizzler, and no mistake!

And of course it is some hot today, too. In a real hot country, like India, or in any town of Cuba, for instance, people would not rashly battle against such deadly heat; but would let it have its way, dropping all active avocations during the middle of the day, taking that time for a restful siesta and waking up in the late afternoon, refreshed and strengthened, to take up work with new zest, after the wilting mid-day heat had passed over.

They would have dressed for its coming, also. Taking a hint from the wisdom of the birds and the beasts, they would have donned the thinnest and coolest of summer garb. Men, women and children would appear in summer white. They would shed the heavy hat, cast off the binding neck-scarf, the imprisoning starched collar, the weighty shoes which blister the feet, the mid-winter underwear.

Not so the Oldest Inhabitant! Well, yes; it's purty hot, he admits. But from some mistaken notion he clings to the flannels which kept him cosy during January's blizzards; he is inclined to rheumatiz, you know, and might take cold!

He has kept his rooms at a temperature of 80 or thereabouts, during the Fall, Winter and Spring, by piling coal into the furnace. Many a night, when the wind was howling, the snow drifting, ice making faster than you could think about it, he has blessed the man who invented the steam heater; and he has piled on blankets, all the time rejoicing that he lives in a snug house, and recalling for the benefit of members of the household, the attic room in which he used to sleep when a boy, where, on a snowy night, the white feathers would drift in through the leaky roof.

That was in Winter. Does he take an opposite course when July comes? Does he arrange to cool the house by the same system used to warm it, having iced air forced through the radiators, as the hot steam used to come during winter?

Does he throw wide all the windows, stop grumbling and buy electric fans, shed his garments as do the animals and birds, eat lighter food, although enough of it to provide plenty of nourishment at the time that the body is apt to have lowest vitality during the wilting heat?

Does he apply his intelligence to his system of daily living—following again the customs of the races inured to conditions in hot countries, taking advantage of Nature's aid in the shape of juicy fruits, cooling vegetables, easily digested grain foods?

There is more than mere accident to the dark races' love for the watermelon, the light, cheap, easily procured banana—one of which is said to have in it as much nourishment as a pound of beefsteak—the juicy pear, or plum, or peach.

By intuition they realize that such watery fruits have in them all the cooling properties which the system needs during the hot season; also that it is much better to eat more juicy fruit and drink less ice water, which chills the stomach and may start no end of disorders in that much abused organ.

Then as to dress. Happily, after much criticism, there have been persons brave enough to put aside the starched collar, the heavy clothing, the killing underthings, clung to because they were the vogue back in Colonial times.

Cool, breezy cotton has replaced the midwinter woolens, collars have been rolled over, sleeves lopped off in women's costumes; men have dared to adopt the "shirt-waist" rig, the thin coat, the featherweight hat, the soft-collared style of get-up. That there are a few women and men who go to extremes in summer garbing does not detract from the common sense of the average styles in vogue.

It is a strange fact that a person who willingly pays eighty cents or a dollar for a box of candy "which perisheth," grumbles at adding a dime or a quarter more to the price of thin underthings, cool, silky hose, light-weight garments, the wearing of which would entirely revolutionize his opinion of summer; make him superior to the tortures of heat and humidity.

He will spend much more in cold drinks, ice cream sodas and the like; will swallow patent nostrums advertised to keep him cool, when really the help he needs should come from the haberdasher and the laundryman! When the price of an electric fan, for at least one room of the house, would bring him untold comfort; when awnings, porch and window and door screens, a piazza, no matter how primitive, screened in, a hammock, and a few other hot weather comforts, would leave him strong in body and mind to meet the caloric and to snap his fingers at old General Humidity.

Much drinking of chilled liquids except at meals is a mistake. They only serve to make one realize that the human body has seven million pores, through which perspiration oozes if only one fills the system with liquids to make it ooze! Intelligent self-control is necessary in this respect, if one would obey the injunction, "Keep cool!"

THE DICTAGRAPH.

Sunday Morning Talk

DOES GOD SEND TROUBLE?

There are times when even plain men turn theologians. One can hardly live in this perplexing world and form no theory as to the method of its government. What has God to do with our human affairs, we ask ourselves. From time to time the public or private calamities that shock our minds bring the problem nearer. The untold sufferings in war-ridden Europe, the recent steamboat horror in Chicago, the almost daily record of cruel tragedies on land or sea that fills the papers, these present themselves to the thinking person, anxious to believe that he lives in a normal universe, and cause much difficulty.

Some there are who always lay the burden of any kind of trouble on the Almighty. They find a sort of consolation in the belief that whatever blows fall on men are sent by God. In the presence of calamity they lower their eyes and speak of the sad event as a dispensation of Providence. They bow themselves to endure what they regard as the divine will.

All of this may be thoroughly admirable in spirit but it does not always reveal a clear understanding. Neither is it calculated to increase the love of the average man for the Almighty. Because he cherished a belief of about this sort the primitive savage felt himself surrounded by a host of spiritual forces malevolent at heart, forces that hate the ways of man and beast, despise their pleasures and rejoice in their pain. He lived in constant terror of his gods. Can the modern man have a sentiment essentially more tender than this toward his deity if he must charge up to Him the whole sorry tale of human disasters that so wring our hearts?

I am one of those who believe, not that God sends, but that He only permits trouble. He allows the great natural laws to take their course. Effect is suffered to follow cause with unerring certainty. God does not override nature in favor of one who breaks a law of nature. Trouble comes in this world in consequence of human ignorance or disobedience but that is by no means equivalent to saying that God sends trouble.

We get sick because we are human. The body is part of the material order, subject to those laws of physics, chemistry and mechanics that obtain everywhere. When, through accident or disease, the machine gets out of order we suffer the consequences. We fail in business or in domestic life because we either cannot or will not fulfill the conditions of success. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. We die because we are mortal. The human machine is made to last just about so long and then it goes to pieces no matter what care we give to it.

But if God does not send trouble, why, at least, does he permit it? Only a hint toward answer is vouchsafed to us but a hint that will, perhaps, serve as a clue to the labyrinth. It is that through the sharp discipline of pain man learns what he could learn in no other way. Suffering is permitted, but it is ordained that strength may come out of the suffering.

God caused no member of that family circle to die in order that the other members may be made more tender-hearted and sympathetic. Our relative died because his physique was hopelessly undermined and death came to release him from an impossible situation. But now God can so overrule the bereavement as to make it reveal in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness, of sympathy, of tender-hearted consideration for others as we have never known before.

God sends ruin on no man's business. Ruin comes because of some essential weakness in that particular mercantile arrangement. But when failure comes, be it from misjudgments, from dishonest partnerships, or from whatever cause, God puts beneath the defeated man the everlasting arms of his love and shows him that there are some things in life ten times better than gold. That one has a hard time in this vale of tears is no evidence that God is displeased with him. It means merely that he is having some of the tougher lessons in the school of life in order that finally, like the Captain of our Salvation, he may be "made perfect through suffering."

THE PARSON.

Stories of the War

The Siege of Verdun.

The Germans hammering at Verdun, the fortress on which the drive of a year ago went to pieces like a wave on a rock, may continue for years and years without making the slightest impression. The underground life with which the trench combats of this war have familiarized the world and to which the modern soldiers already are accustomed, here has reached its climax in an immense underground city prepared for the defenders of the key to Northern France.

Miles upon miles of streets, alleys and public squares, chambers stocked with wine, flour and tinned meats, and lodgings, recreation rooms, a bakery equipped to make bread for fifty thousand men and heat, light and plants for apartment houses have been constructed facing the meadows of the valley of the Meuse surrounding France's barrier which has been placed in the path of whoever attacks from Metz.

On the level of the old moats of the ancient fortress, 75 feet below the summit, the galleries begin. There are no evidences in the most perfect military preparations that already have been completed of any lack of ammunition necessary to stand an old fashioned siege. Here also the staff is quartered and an entire army corps can easily be accommodated under ground with everything necessary for its livelihood for months.

The last violent bombardment by the German's long range guns was a wasted effort. The stronghold was not even scarred. Nor are the Germans so near as one has an idea. The correspondent this morning visited the trenches facing the most advanced German line, ten miles out beyond Cumiere, near Champneuville, situated at the end of the Meuse. The French position, on a hill, is exceedingly strong and can be held by a comparatively inconsiderable force. It is being intermittently shelled by the Germans, and one shell, bursting in a trench just ahead of the visiting party, killed three soldiers.

The spirit of determination and the serene confidence of the men are inconceivable to those who have not seen them. They seem to feel their positions are impregnable and that it is only a question of time when the Germans worn out by fruitless efforts to break through their line must weaken.

Vacant Land Cultivation in Germany.

Vacant lot and waste ground cultivation are being pushed vigorously. The conditions for vacant lot cultivation are particularly favorable because so many German towns have pursued the polisy of buying up great tracts in their suburbs. This little town owns a tract of good soil in its center, which has been reserved for a new church, schoolhouse, parsonage and small park. This is offered in small lots free to those who will undertake to raise vegetables.

In Bavaria there are great tracts of high moorland, belonging to the communes, the general government and the military department. This high moorland only requires to be drained and treated with phosphate to produce good crops the first year, and many prisoners of war have been set at this work. It is a great boon to the prisoners. It gives them occupation and a chance to earn a few cents to buy tobacco and little comforts. Thousands of acres are reclaimed already.—A Tourist.

"Mother, Mother, Let Me Go!"

John L. Stoddard, famous American lecturer, describes Tyrolese patriotism in the following manner:

One of my friends, whose eldest boy is a prisoner in Siberia and whose second son is in the field, now starts with his remaining three sons—all as volunteers—to fight for "Kaiser und fur vaterland." A worthy woman tells me with flashing eyes that her four sons, her son-in-law and a grandson are already in the firing line, and now her husband, 67 years old, is going as a volunteer.

"Nothing can keep him back," she says. "It will be hard, for food is dear and scarce, but I should be ashamed to have him stay."

From my own house have gone a youthful gardener and my second gardener's son, a gifted woodcarver, just 18 years of age. They came the other day to stand before us in their uniforms, so proud, so brave and—oh, dear God—so full of hope!

The signal which should summon them to join their company at the station was to be given at midnight by three bugle calls. We waited for it in the darkness of the garden. The young lad sat beside his mother. I could see she held the boy's hands clasped in hers. The murmur of the fountain was the only sound. Suddenly, like an electric shock, the signal came—three clear and thrilling blasts. The boys sprang to their feet to say farewell. I dared not look upon the parting from their parents. It was too sacred. Yet I heard no sobs—not then. Only at last came the imploring words of the young woodcarver:

"Mother, mother, let me go!"

A German Mother—Five Sons in the Army.

"Occasionally the same faces do reappear—for example, that of an old woman with smoothly parted hair. I addressed her, for I recognized her as a former serving woman.

"'Is your son at the front, too, Mrs. Reinhard? That is your name, is it not?'

"She smiled and nodded.

"'Five, sir,' she answered simply—'five of them.'

"'Five? I asked in amazement, 'And all at the front?'

"'Yes, five—that is, now there are only four. One of them, Albert, has fallen. For four weeks I heard nothing from him. But now it is written here—fallen in France.' And she pressed her finger on the list of one of the countless names.

"'Are the others also in France?' I asked in order to say something.

"'No, only Ernst. Oswald and Franz are in Russia, and my youngest, Erwin, is in the Carpathians.'

"'How many mothers like that you have, O Germany!' I thought when she left.

"After a short time she came again, silent and shy, as at first, I heard the rattling of the paper and the rustling of her dress as she seated herself in front of the casualty lists. Soon she rose again. She wanted to go. I remembered having spoken to her at that time. So I asked her whether she had again heard anything of her sons.

"She sobbed softly. 'Yes, Franz,' she whispered and left. I glanced into the opened book. There it was, 'Musketerr Franz Reinhard.' And following these was the fateful word which permits of no hope, no doubts, only a few letters—dead.

"And she came again and again. Ernst was heavily wounded, Oswald stricken with typhoid.

"'If only Erwin comes back!' she sighed one day—'if he only comes back! He is my only one now.'

"'Are Ernst and Oswald'—

"She did not let me finish, but nodded. I grasped her hand.

"'He will come back,' I said, overcome by the feeling of confidence which surged over me in sympathy with the lot of this women. 'Just wait; he will come back.'

"A few months passed. In these serious days I had almost forgotten the woman and her hard lot. Then I met her one sunny day in the park. With shining eyes she was pushing a wheel chair in front of her. When she spied me a look of recognition passed over her features and, stopping, she said with quiet joy:

"'You were right, sir. There he is, my Erwin.' And her hand pointed to the wheel chair in which sat a young soldier, scarcely 20 years of age, whose breast was decorated with the iron cross.

"I pressed his hand.

"'Well, I hope that you will soon be better. Young people always recover very quickly.'

"He smiled resignedly and said with a shrug of his shoulders:

"'Both legs.'

"I felt the words penetrate my heart like thrusts of a dagger. This handsome young fellow a cripple!

"'But he has the iron cross,' said the old woman radiantly, 'and now they cannot take him away from me again. Eh, Erwin? Now you will stay with me.'

"The young soldier gazed into her eyes with a smile.

"'Yes, mother.'

"And proud, like a young mother, the old woman pushed her son, who had been given back to her, on in the wheel chair, * * * a German mother!"

OTHER VIEW POINTS

The United States is expected to do the necessary police duty of this hemisphere and it must either do it or serve notice that it is going to quit and turn the job over to a board of trustees or an international police commission. It will be the chief loser by such a step and it can hardly insist upon the right to enforce the Monroe doctrine once it takes such a step.—Waterbury Republican.

The New York constitutional convention is now getting down to business. It is discussing under the favoring guidance of Mr. Root the plan for a short ballot, reducing the elective state officers to four, leaving the other departments of the government to the executive to organize. This is something like it. It is constitution-making and not legislation.—Hartford Courant.

Considering that we failed to protect the French legation at Port au Prince from violation by a negro mob the United States could not do otherwise than assent to the landing of a French naval force from he Descartes. Hayti offers another conspicuous example of where the Monroe doctrine must be abandoned or made to work both ways in case a European nation is irritated beyond polite bearing.—Hartford Times.

This country has had no unusual expenses since Dr. Wilson came into office. We have been at peace except for the frivolous spurt at Vera Cruz, and probably that did not cost more than $50,000 above the current expense of the army and navy services. Our expenditures on the Panama canal have been reduced to a very small figure, and indeed the new democratic method of accounting excludes that cost from the treasury deficit. In short, we have had nothing more than our everyday life to provide for, and yet we are all mixed up and behindhand in our revenue business.—Hartford Courant.

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