THE GATE CITY

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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY—CONTENTMENT.

Let us learn to be content with what we have, let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

—David Swing.

"Christmas comes but once a year," and it is perhaps just as well that it doesn't occur any oftener.

The usual number of people stand ready to testify that too much Christmas dinner is as bad as none at all.

Abe Martin's latest bit of philosophy is to the effect that you can generally tell how guilty a fellow is by the lawyer he hires.

Appearances indicate to Harper's Weekly that if Governor-elect Foss of Massachusetts keeps on he may yet succeed in re-electing Senator Lodge.

Speaking of low water and the difficulties of navigation, steamboat captains on the Missouri are represented as requesting the catfish to get out of the way.

A Quincy man went crazy and started to burn up a box of Christmas presents he had just received. The Herald explains that the box contained cigars and came from his wife.

New York recently sent a carload of babies to Texas. The Omaha Bee uses none too strong language in characterizing this as taking an unfair advantage of helpless infants.

The January interest and dividend disbursements this year are estimated as high as $226,000,000. In any event they will be larger than usual and should give a corresponding impetus to trade.

The world is growing wiser and better right along. This year fewer people than ever before made the mistake of supposing that the real Christmas spirit was to be found in cases and jugs.

The record shows that 489 persons in Chicago took their own lives during the year ending November 30. The exhibit reflects seriously on the facilities for getting out of that city. They must be sadly inadequate.

Next Friday will be the seventh anniversary of the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago. On that day the Iroquois Memorial emergency hospital, erected in memory of the 600 victims of the fire, will be formally turned over to the city.

The state railway commissioners have given notice that there will be a general reduction of express rates, although their findings in the cases against the five companies may not be made public for some time yet. The board, however, refuses to make the reduction on a physical valuation basis as requested by Attorney General Byers.

In line with the general advance in the cost of living, the cost of being ill in New York, as indicated by the expense of hospital maintenance, has increased practically 100 per cent in many instances during the last ten years. This is the inference drawn by Frederick D. Greene, general secretary of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, from an investigation just completed.

The annual meetings of a number of educational associations and learned societies will be held during the present week. Among the meetings of general interest will be those of the Southern Educational Association at Chattanooga, the American Association for the advancement of Science, at Minneapolis; the American Historical Association and allied societies, at Indianapolis; the American Philosophical Association, at Princeton university; the Archaeological Institute of America and the American Philological society, at Brown university, and the Society of American Bacteriologists, at Cornell university.

A Texas editor received telegrams from Huntsville, Laredo and Louisville, Ky., telling him to look out for packages by express. "We know it's sausage from Huntsville and onions from Laredo," he says, "but what in the dickens can be that package from Louisville?"

Should musical comedy go out, how will Kalamazoo and Oshkosh, Keokuk and Oskaloosa fare for advertising?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Keokuk will not suffer by a dam site. It will soon be known far and wide as the greatest storehouse of electrical energy in the world, barring only Niagara Falls, and its light will so shine before men that it will be like a city set on a hill to be known and admired by all.

A FREAK INQUIRY.

Prof. Alvan A. Tenney of the department of sociology, Columbia university, is engaged in an attempt to discover the relative extent to which different classes of news command the attention of the public. With this object in view he has set twenty-five of his students at work reading files of newspapers and weekly publications of a general character published during the past ten years, each investigator being required to prepare a table showing the amount of space devoted to each subject in each newspaper. He is convinced for one thing that they will prove that within the past ten years religious news has fallen off and sporting news has increased, indicating, he deduces, a growing desire for outdoor life and exercise. He believes that when he has collected all his data he can determine therefrom how much time the average man spends in thinking upon any given subject during a lifetime.

The effort may in some way be worth while, but it is not clear that such is the case. The Council Bluffs Nonpareil well says of it:

For the most part it is freakish. If the professor's reasoning were sound, which it probably isn't, he still might go far astray because of defective premises. He seems to assume that the newspapers give their readers exactly what they want, the several kinds of news in the exact proportion that is wanted. It will be news of the newsiest sort to newspaper men that the problem has been solved. The professor would be on a practical line of research if, instead of reducing to statistical form knowledge of what the newspapers give the people, he would find out what the people want and tell the publishers about it.

IOWA INTERESTS THREATENED.

Senator Lafayette Young, upon his arrival in Des Moines from Washington for the holiday vacation, renewed his request for a special primary to determine who shall succeed Senator Dolliver for the short term in the United States senate. He believes the voters of Iowa are anxious to express themselves on the subject, and in a published card addressed to them says:

"I am a candidate for election to the office of United States senator and expect to make an honorable effort to be elected. If continued in the senate, as I have said before, I intend to take up the Dolliver educational bill which proposes to aid every agricultural college in the Union; also to establish feeders or helpers to such institutions; also to educate mechanics and to teach girls domestic economy.

"I respectfully ask the Republican party in pursuance of its later policy to order a special primary for the purpose of naming tthe successor to the late Senator Dolliver. I believe the masses of the party are anxious to have an opportunity to express themselves. Such opportunities should be given to them. I can see no reason why a primary should not be ordered."

In the same connection, in an interesting interview, Senator Young warns the farmers of Iowa that there is a tremendous agitation in the east for the removal of the tariff on farm products. Tillers of the soil in the radius covered by The Gate City will thank us for reproducing what he says of the danger that threatens them:

"The farmers of the west scarcely realize the determined feeling in New England in behalf of the removal of the protective duties from all the products of the farm. Massachusetts elected a governor last November by 50,000 majority. He had no other issue than the removal of import duties from the products of the farm. He promised the workingmen of New England cheaper farm products. Hence he got the votes of the workingmen of Massachusetts. Removing a duty from farm products would be placing Canada ahead of our own country. Canada has a lower rate of taxation, a lower scale of wages and Canada has not spent millions of dollars in improving harbors and lakes. The removal of the tariff duty would be presenting to the Canadian farmer all the privileges of the great American market without a cent of competition. This sentiment is so strong in New England that no Republican senator has raised his voice against it.

"Vermont is not so intense upon the subject as the other New England states. It can readily be seen that the issue of high wages to the factory employe and cheap food products is one hard to meet in New England. The only defense against this is to refuse to consider immediate revision of the tariff.

"If there shall be another revision, the farmer will be the one to be punished. This is an Iowa issue. It is an Iowa farm issue. So far as I am concerned, I intend to stand by the Iowa farmer in this battle. It would make no difference what reason might be given for the renewed revision, the result would be placing the agricultural schedule before congress. Duties on agricultural products when standing alone, assaulted by New England, the south and the moutain states, will perish.

"The repeal of the tariff on food products would not only let such products in from Canada but from Mexico, Argentine and all the Central and South American states. If we are going to do these things, why continue to spend millions of dollars in irrigating western lands? With duties removed from food products, the spending of millions of dollars, part of it coming out of the pockets of the Iowa farmers, on reclamation and irrigation schemes, would be a crime.

"In my judgment there is little that congress ought to do just now. But Mr. Sulzer, a representative in the house from the state of New York, representing one of the city districts, has introduced a bill removing all duties from farm products. The city of New York wants to buy cheaper foods. Nobody has proposed to make a corresponding reduction on the duties imposed on manufactured products. The manufacturers want to kep their protection and take it away from everybody else. Such a course is not a square deal. The protective tariff should protect everybody or nobody."

Senator Young says that President Taft's administration is gaining in popular favor and it is generally admitted that the President is becoming quite a politician. He is master of the situation as it is at present, Senator Young declares. He does not expect much from the present congress, but would like to have the interstate commerce laws amended, giving that body power over the issuance of stocks and bonds. Senator Young agrees with him in this position and believes such an amendment will be made.

THE RAILROAD POINT OF VIEW.

Front page statement of Great Western folder: It costs more to haul the farm produce of this country from the farms to the railway stations than it does to operate all the railroads of the United States, comprising nearly half the mileage of the world. This statement will be found in the report of the industrial commission made to the congress in 1901, Volume VI. Yet farm mortgages pay a higher interest than railroad bonds, and the profits of the farmer average over twice as great as those of the railroads.

For the eggs, coffee, rice, potatoes, onions, milk, cabbages, meat and poultry consumed in the city of New York during the year 1909 the farmers received $274,289,000, the consumers paid $464,471,000. The freight bill was approximately $25,045,000, leaving $164,812,000 for the middlemen. The railroads serving New York have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in the necessary terminals, and $640,000,000 have been expended upon street car and subway facilities for the convenance of the people, but practically nothing is being done to reduce the expense of the distribution of the food supply.

For the year 1905 the net returns to capital averaged 15.1 per cent in the case of manufacturers, 9.8 per cent in the case of agriculture, and 4.4 per cent in the case of the railroads. The statistics of the United States government are the basis for these figures. The net earnings of the national banks, for the period from 1870 to 1907, have averaged 11.5 per cent on the capital. Little wonder that money has poured into mills and factories, and farms are doubling and trebling in value, while the railroads are compelled to go to foreign countries for new capital, which they can obtain only at a heavy discount.

In 1905, of the total expenditure of the railroads, 57 per cent was for wages, while of the total expenditure of manufacturers 24 per cent was for wages. Yet the average wage paid by the railroad was 12.6 per cent greater than the average paid by manufacturers.

In 1909 the gross receipts of the railroads were about $2,400,000,000, while the value of the farm crop was nearly $8,800,000,000. The railroads give employment to three-fifths as many men as the farms, but receive less than three-tenths as much money.

A Keokuk Poet of Hoosierdom

A real Keokuk poet who hides his light under a bushel too much is Rev. Dr. Ezra Butler Newcomb, pastor of the First Westminster Presbyterian church. Born and bred of a famous Indiana family, Dr. Newcomb has absorbed all the poetry of that distinctly literary state, and some of his Hoosier dialect verse is quite as good poetry, quite as good philosophy and quite as deep in its insight into Hoosier human nature as anything James Whitcomb Riley ever wrote.

This Christmastide, Dr. Newcomb gave to each of his friends one of these poems, printed de luxe, and bearing as a frontispiece a wonderfully faithful photograph of the author. The portrait is autographed, and above it is the couplet:

I'm wishing a mighty good wish for you—
Keep y'r Chris'mas the whole year through!

In at least one copy which is shown The Gate City by its recipient there is the following in autograph:

(Apologia.)

Jim Riley, he's th' only one
Kin make Hoosier talk like it orter be done;
That's th' rail fact, an' so, says I,
Other folks ortn't t' never try.

Which is more modest than true. The rail fact is, that Ez. Newcomb orter keep right on makin' Hoosier talk; somebody's gotter do it, now th't Jim Riley's dyin' and nobody kin do it quite as well as Newcomb kin. Here's the proof in this latest poem:

At Christmas Time.

They's no new thing 'at I kin say
Or think, concernin' Chris'mas day;
The things worth sayin' has been said—
The things worth readin' has been read;
An' yit I love the old day so
'At I can't let it pass, 'y Joe,
'Ithout a word o' Chris'mas cheer
To sich as you, 'at I hold dear.

'An jest this much I must remark—
'At anywhere, twixt sun and dark,
In any place, by any way,
They ain't no folks to whom I'd say
A Chris'mas greetin' more sincere
Than sich as you, 'at far or near,
Is illustratin' right along,
The sentiments o' that old song
The shepherds heard at midnight, when
The "Peace on Airth, Good-will to Men"
Was soundin' over Bethlehem's hill
An' Bethlehem's Star was standin' still.

'Ithout no care for prose or rhyme,
I'm sayin', 'at the Chris'mas time
Will be best kept by you 'an me
If we shall allus try to be,
In every season, bringin' joy
To everybody, man or boy—
An' holdin' sympathy an' love
To'rd men on airth an' God above.

Ths ain't a-tellin' nothin' new,
But jest recallin' to your view
The truth 'at we sometimes fergit;—
That angel song is with us yit;
An' Christmas time for us is best
When we're a-doin' for the rest;
An' bringin' cheer to heavy hearts;
An' servin' God with all our parts.

So, what I say o' Chris'mas time
You've heard before, in better rhyme;
But, 'cause I love the old day so,
I can't consent to let it go
'Ithout a lovin' line or two
To them I love as much as you;
An' wishin' for you every year,
A bigger chunk o' Chris'mas cheer;
With more o' peace and less o' strife
A-workin' in your common life;
With more o' love to God an' man
A-gittin' into every plan;
An' knowin' every day more love
From men on airth an' God above.

Will the Legislature do Something?

Cedar Rapids Gazette: "I wonder if the legislature will pass a law exempting moneys and credits from taxation. I wonder if the lawmakers will have the good sense to adopt some such law as the Minnesota statute providing for a mortgage registry tax."

These expressions were uttered by a prominent Cedar Rapids business man yesterday. He is deeply interested in the upbuilding of Iowa. Moreover he pays heavy taxes, and never kicks on his taxes. He is not a tax dodger.

From the tone of his voice when he was giving utterance to his sentiments, the writer inferred that he was not at all hopeful that the legislature would get busy along proper lines. He seemed to fear that the lawmakers of Iowa had not yet, in sufficient numbers, reached the point where they fully appreciate the real needs of the state.

It is a matter of regret that there is little confidence that the legislature which convenes soon will take up the tax question in dead earnest and do something quickly. There does not seem to be the necessary appreciation of the situation on the part of the lawmakers. However, if the commercial clubs, the various trade organizations, the newspapers and the other good boosters get after the legislature with a sharp stick, something might be accomplished. It is not too late to start a united agitation that will induce the legislature to act.

Some of the loss of Iowa's population has been due to natural causes. There's no question about that. But some of it has been due, also to Iowa's failure to be modern in its taxation laws. Two years ago a then resident of Iowa said he hoped that the legislature then about to assemble would revise the tax laws. He said if something was not done he would leave the state. The something he hoped for was not done. Nothing was done. And within the next year he left the state, going to California, and taking with him three hundred thousand dollars. There are others who have followed his example, or who preceded him to the far west. They have gone because they found Iowa's laws out of date, while other states have been more progressive.

The lawmakers will assemble within a few days for the purpose of legislating in the interests of Iowa.

Are they going to really legislate in the interests of the state?

What will be their answer?

The Cattle Were Saved.

While a ferryboat was taking cattle across the Trent two animals jumped on board, in addition to three that were being carried. When in midstream all the animals crowded on one side of the boat, which capsized and the ferryman was drowned The catttle got safely ashore.

The Adventures *of* Mr. Peter Ruff

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

'Ill Blows the Wind that Profits Nobody"

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There was nothing about the supper party on that particular Sunday evening in November at Daisy Villa, Green Street, Streatham, which seemed to indicate in any way that one of the most interesting careers connected with the world history of crime was to owe its very existence to the disaster which befell that little gathering. The villa was the residence and also—to his credit—the unmortgaged property of Mr. David Barnes, a struggling but fairly prosperous coal merchant of excellent character, some means, and Methodist proclivities. His habit of sitting without his coat when carving, although deprecated by his wife and daughter on account of the genteel aspirations of the latter, was a not unusual one in the neighborhood; and coupled with the proximity of a cold joint of beef, his seat at the head of the table, and a carving knife and fork grasped in his hands, established clearly the fact of his position in the household, which a somewhat weak physiognomy might otherwise have led the casual observer to doubt. Opposite to him, at the other end of the table, sat his wife, Mrs. Barnes, a somewhat voluminous lady with a high color, a black satin frock, and many ornaments. On her left the son of the house, eighteen years old, of moderate stature, somewhat pimply, with the fashion of the moment reflected in his pink tie with white spots, drawn through a gold ring, and curving outwards to seek obscurity underneath a dazzling waistcoat. A white tuberose in his buttonhole might have been intended as a sort of compliment to the occasion, or an indication of his intention to take a walk after supper in the fashionable purlieus of the neighborhood. Opposite to him sat his sister—a fluffy-haired, blue-eyed young lady, pretty in her way, but chiefly noticeable for a peculiar sort of self-consciousness blended with self-satisfaction, and possessed only at a certain period in their lives by young ladies of her age. It was almost the air of the cat in whose interior reposes the missing canary, except that in this instance the canary obviously existed in the person of the young man who sat at her side, introduced formally to the household for the first time. That young man's name was—at the moment—Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald.

It seems idle to attempt any description of a person who, in the past, had secured a certain amount of fame under a varying personality; and who, in the future, was to become more than ever notorious under a far less aristocratic pseudonym than that under which he was at present known to the inhabitants of Daisy Villa. There are photographs of him in New York and Paris, St. Petersburg and Chicago, Vienna and Cape Town, but there are no two pictures which present to the casual observer the slightest likeness to one another. To allude to him by the name under which he had won some part, at least, of the affections of Miss Maud Barnes, Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald, as he sat there, a suitor on probation for her hand, was a young man of modest and genteel appearance. He wore a blue serge suit—a little underdressed for the occasion, perhaps; but his tie and collar were neat; his gold-rimmed spectacles—if a little disapproved of by Maud on account of the air of steadiness which they imparted—suggested excellent son-in-lawlike qualities to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. He had the promise of a fair mustache, but his complexion generally was colorless. His features, except for a certain regularity, were undistinguished. His speech was modest and correct. His manner varied with his company. To-night it had been pronounced, by excellent judges—genteel.

The conversation consisted—naturally enough, under the circumstances—of a course of subtle and judicious pumping, tactfully prompted, for the most part, by Mrs. Barnes. Such, for instance, as the following:

"Talking about Marie Corelli's new book reminds me, Mr. Fitzgerald—your occupation is connected with books, is it not?" his prospective mother-in-law inquired, artlessly.

Mr. Fitzgerald bowed assent.

"I am cashier at Howell & Wilson's in Cheapside," he said. "We sell a great many books there—as many, I should think, as any retail establishment in London."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Barnes purred. "Very interesting work, I am sure. So nice and intellectual, too; for, of course, you must be looking inside them sometimes."

"I know the place well," Mr. Adolphus Barnes, Junior, announced condescendingly,—"pass it every day on my way to lunch."

"So much nicer," Mrs. Barnes continued, "than any of the ordinary businesses—grocery or drapery, or anything of that sort."

Miss Maud elevated her eyebrows slightly. Was it likely that she would have looked with eyes of favor upon a young man engaged in any of these inferior occupations?

"There's money in books, too," Mr. Barnes declared, with sudden inspiration.

His prospective son-in-law turned towards him deferentially.

"You are right, sir," he admitted. "There is money in them. There's money for those who write, and there's money for those who sell. My occupation," he continued, with a modest little cough, "brings me often into touch with publishers, travelers and clerks, so I am, as it were, behind the scenes to some extent. I can assure you," he continued, looking from Mr. Barnes to his wife, and finally transfixing Mr. Adolphus—"I can assure you that the money paid by some firms of publishers to a few well-known authors—I will mention no names—as advances against royalties, is something stupendous!"

"Ah!" Mr. Barnes murmured, solemnly shaking his head.

"Marie Corelli, I expect, and that Hall Caine," young Adolphus remarked.

"Seems easy enough to write a book, too," Mrs. Barnes said. "Why, I declare that some of those we get from the library—we subscribe to a library, Mr. Fitzgerald—are just as simple and straightforward that a child might have written them. No plot whatsoever, no murders or mysteries or anything of that sort—just stories about people like ourselves. I don't see how they can pay people for writing stories about people just like those one meets every day!"

"I always say," Maud intervened, "that Spencer means to write a book some day. He has quite the literary air, hasn't he, mother?"

"Indeed he has!" Mrs. Barnes declared, with an appreciative glance at the gold-rimmed spectacles.

Mr. Fitzgerald modestly declaimed any literary aspirations.

"The thing is a gift, after all," he declared generously. "I can keep accounts, and earn a fair salary at it, but if I attempted fiction I should soon be up a tree."

Mr. Barnes nodded his approval of such sentiments.

"Every one to his trade, I say," he remarked. "What sort of salaries do they pay now in the book trade?" he asked guilelessly.

"Very fair," Mr. Fitzgerald admitted candidly,—"very fair indeed."

"When I was your age," Mr. Barnes said reflectively, "I was getting—let me see—forty-two shillings a week. Pretty good pay, too, for those days."

Mr. Fitzgerald admitted the fact.

"Of course," he said apologetically, "salaries are a little higher now all round. Mr. Howell has been very kind to me,—in fact, I have had two rises this year. I am getting four pounds ten now."

"Four pounds ten per week?" Mrs. Barnes exclaimed, laying down her knife and fork.

"Certainly," Mr. Fitzgerald answered. "After Christmas, I have some reason to believe that it may be five pounds."

Mr. Barnes whistled softly, and looked at the young man with a new respect.

"I told you that—Mr.—that Spencer was doing pretty well, mother," Maud simpered, looking down at her plate.

"Any one to support?" her father asked, transferring a pickle from the fork to his mouth.

"No one," Mr. Fitzgerald answered. "In fact, I may say that I have some small expectations. I haven't done badly, either, out of the few investments I have made from time to time."

"Saved a bit of money, eh?" Mr. Barnes inquired genially.

"I have a matter of four hundred pounds put by," Mr. Fitzgerald admitted modestly, "besides a few sticks of furniture. I never cared much about lodging-house things, so I furnished a couple of rooms myself some time ago."

Mrs. Barnes rose slowly to her feet.

"You are quite sure you won't have a small piece more beef?" she inquired anxiously.

"Just a morsel?" Mr. Barnes asked, tapping the joint insinuatingly with his carving knife.

"No, I thank you!" Mr. Fitzgerald declared firmly. "I have done excellently."

"Then if you will put the joint on the sideboard, Adolphus," Mrs. Barnes directed, "Maud and I will change the plates. We always let the girl go out on Sundays, Mr. Fitzgerald," she explained, turning to their guest. "It's very awkward, of course, but they seem to expect it."

"Quite natural, I'm sure," Mr. Fitzgerald murmured, watching Maud's light movements with admiring eyes. "I like to see ladies interested in domestic work."

"There's one thing I will say for Maud," her proud mother declared, plumping down a dish of jelly upon the table, "she does know what's what in keeping house, and even if she hasn't to scrape and save as I did when David and I were first married, economy is a great thing when you're young. I have always said so, and I stick to it."

"Quite right, mother," Mr. Barnes declared.

"If instead of sitting there," Mrs. Barnes continued in high good-humor, "you were to get a bottle of that port wine out of the cellarette, we might drink Mr. Fitzgerald's health, being as it's his first visit."

Mr. Barnes rose to his feet with alacrity. "For a woman with sound ideas," he declared, "commend me to your mother!"

Maud, having finished her duties, resumed her place by the side of the guest of the evening. Their hands met under the tablecloth for a moment. To the girl, the pleasure of such a proceeding was natural enough, but Fitzgerald asked himself for the fiftieth time why on earth he, who, notwithstanding his present modest exterior, was a young man of some experience, should derive a rapture from such primitive lovemaking which nothing else in life afforded him. He was, at that moment, content with his future, a future which he had absolutely and finally decided upon. He was content with his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, with Daisy Villa, and the prospect of a Daisy Villa for himself,—content, even, with Adolphus! But for Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald, these things were not to be! The awakening was even then at hand.

The dining-room of Daisy Villa fronted the street, and was removed from it only a few feet. Consequently, the footsteps of passers-by upon the flagged pavement were clearly distinguishable. It was just at the moment when Mrs. Barnes was inserting a few fresh almonds into a somewhat precarious tipsy cake, and Mr. Barnes was engaged with the decanting of the port, that two pairs of footsteps, considerably heavier than those of the ordinary promenader, paused outside and finally stopped. The gate creaked. Mr. Barnes looked up.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's that? Visitors?"

(*To be continued*)

Kind Words From Home.

"If people would only say what they think instead of waiting to write it," the woman remarked, "it would be a lot easier old world to live in. Now, there's the girl. She writes me from way back there in Kentucky that I am the sweetest thing in the world. That I am so patient and lovely and so handsome. She is telling them all how handsome I am. I am so clever she writes, and so smart! She's telling them that, too. If she had said all those things to me when she was here we wouldn't have had quite so many pitched battles as we did. I don't believe. I am quite sure we wouldn't."

Curious Paradox.

It is a curious paradox that the man with the strongest will is the man who yields the most quickly to opposition. He saves all his strength to throw it into the line of least resistance. He is a good general and does not waste himself battering away at an impregnable position, but makes a flank movement at once.

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