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The French Ambassador Writes a Book. Elsewhere on this page is reprinted the comment of Mr. William Dean Howells, best qualified of all critics on our side of the water, upon the new volume of the French Ambassador.

M. Jusserand himself would be the first to concede that his has not been a difficult mission in any ordinary sense of the word. He would be the first to bear witness how many and how moving have been the evidences that have come to him of the depth and breadth of American affection for the French Republic.

But the most successful single detail in all M. Jusserand's service at Washington has been that he has never under any circumstances attempted to capitalize this sentiment or this sympathy in any fashion that might awaken bitterness in America.

But no such selfish thought has ever actuated the French Ambassador. He has at all times thought of the preservation for all time of a friendship which might, perhaps, be usefully exploited at the moment, but would inevitably weaken with exploitation.

And the result is unmistakable. If American admiration and affection for France have always been the strongest of our foreign sympathies, there never has been a time when they are so unmistakable and so potent all over the country.

To M. Jusserand, too, is due no little credit for this. His whole thought, his whole energy, his whole effort has been directed toward preventing anything that might injure, forward anything that might help, not the transient interest of his nation, but the permanent interest that his nation and ours must have in the survival of a relation which began in our own Revolution and contributed mightily to our liberation.

More than one American who has gone to France bearing letters from the French Ambassador has gone warned in advance of the duty to avoid anything that might do injury to American self-respect.

No ambassador who has come to our shores in all our history has more scrupulously refrained from even the semblance of intrigue, of interference, of meddling with American affairs or American politics.

And it is not too much to say that no ambassador has ever come to this country who has displayed greater respect, affection, understanding of the best in America and Americans than M. Jusserand.

All this is disclosed in his book, as it has been disclosed in countless other places and ways. It is a book that every American should read; it is a book that deals luminously and accurately with things that are too little known and too frequently forgotten.

But what is best about the book is the thing that is best about its author; it is the expression of a friendship for our own country in which there is neither selfishness nor self-seeking.

No one will imagine that M. Jusserand has been a less faithful or less useful Ambassador of France because he has remained a friend of America in all his relations, personal and official. Rather those who, as Americans, care most for France will congratulate that nation on the good fortune that gave her the present ambassador in a moment of world war.

"Treason!" Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, arising in the Senate to defend the Wilsonian Mexican policy, so-called, denounces criticism as "treasonable." "Treason!" shouts National Chairman McCormick when the President's course in ordering the National Guard to the border and keeping it there for police duty is assailed.

Manifestly the leaders of Democracy are afflicted with some sort of notion that their party has accomplished a partnership with Providence akin to that of which the Kaiser so frequently boasts.

No other explanation of their present mental attitude is plausible. Nothing but a consciousness of equality with the angels could give such throbbing indignation to their protests against the baseness of ordinary earthworms who fail to comprehend the grandeur of their conduct and its infallible righteousness.

What they fail to realize is that the general public is aware of no canonization of Democracy, the President or officialdom in general. Nor is characterization of criticism as "treasonable" an entirely adequate defence of any official policy—in this republic.

The Police and the Car Strike. Scant streetcar service is attributed by the operating officials, not to lack of men to run the cars, but to inadequate police protection. Mr. Shontz's ideas of what the police ought to do for the company and Mr. Hedley's ideas differ considerably from those of Mayor Mitchel and Police Commissioner Woods.

Interborough officials appear to think that the police should act, in effect, as company guards. Mayor Mitchel doesn't see it that way. "The police are not going to be used as strikebreakers," he announces. That is a good, sound policy.

So far there has been comparatively little rioting, and what there has been has been well handled by the police. If the strikers and their leaders are wise there will be none in future, for every riot damages their cause. But if there is disorder, if property and lives are menaced, the police must suppress it, as they have been doing, promptly and thoroughly.

That is their duty, and the public welfare demands it. That is quite another matter from acting as special guardians for each railway man still in service, to segregate him from union picketers. It is the company's job to keep its men at work and to furnish reasons for loyalty sufficient to offset the unionists' suasion.

Standard Traffic Rules. Now that traffic regulation, with all its pomp and panoply, not omitting the uplifted, white-gloved finger of the cop, has penetrated into the utmost recesses of city, town and village, the need of uniform traffic laws has become downright urgent.

The general idea is excellent, and it has accomplished much in the way of safety and expedition wherever introduced. The hardship on the travelling motorist has lain in the variable character of the rules to which he is supposed to conform.

The village tinsmith or barber who dons a uniform Saturday and Sunday afterwards stands at the intersection of Main and Front Streets always makes up in majesty what he lacks in experience. If his rules are familiar to visitors and residents alike the likelihood of mishap or dispute is very materially lessened.

A standard code of traffic regulations is exactly what the Safety First Federation has urged upon the New York State Association of Chiefs of Police assembled at Kingston. It is a codification of the rules obtaining in the principal cities of the state. Most of it is familiar to every motorist hereabouts. If it were adopted generally throughout the state, all motorists would gradually learn to conform to its provisions as a matter of habit and the safety of all users of the streets, afoot or awheel, would be vastly increased.

News from Special Sources. The official Press Bureau in England has just been charged with a lack of imagination. It cannot be said that the Naval Press Bureau of Berlin suffers under a similar disability; if it has any weakness, it is that its memory is not strong enough to check and regulate the exuberance of its fancy.

A new and wonderful guess at the circumstances attending the loss of the U-29, the submarine commanded by Otto Weddigen, has been given out for American readers a year and four months after the event. According to this account, the brilliant officer met his fate in Cromarty Firth, but not before he had torpedoed a dreadnought battleship. The story is described by the British Admiralty as "a fresh fabrication," the truth being that the submarine "was rammed and sunk in the open sea by one of his majesty's ships, in March, 1915, while she was attempting to attack part of the fleet."

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Obviously all such uses nullify the value of the fire escape for the purpose for which it was planned and to which the law limits it. Blocked fire escapes have been responsible for much loss of life, yet in spite of all the authorities have been able to do there has been scant improvement made. Commissioner Murphy intends to bring into court persistent offenders and insist that fines be imposed, trusting that this course will convince habitual lawbreakers that it is for their welfare in one respect, if not in another, to reform.

East Siders who store provisions in the bathtub are not particularly sanitary, but they do not thereby endanger their own lives or those of other tenants of the building. The tenant who blocks the fire escape is a menace. Success to Commissioner Murphy's campaign!

Covenanters. When Sir Edward Carson declared that it would not be a bad day for Ireland if Mr. Redmond and he were to shake hands on the floor of the House of Commons he shocked some of his more inflexible followers—the desperate loyalists of the North who still think themselves bound by their Solemn League and Covenant to resist all compromise and to defend the kingdom, if need be, by taking arms against the King himself. Their present differences and dissensions recall the perplexities of the Covenanters of old.

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"The Spectator" justly observes that, "if the Unionist party is now to be dissolved by internal dissensions, there will be nothing left but a welter of warring groups, distinguished now by the names of party leaders, now by those of particular localities, now by special policies." To hold these groups together is a prodigious task, nor is it made easier by the conviction that the immediate aim is a settlement equally unsatisfactory to Sir Edward Carson himself, to his avowed opponents and to his jealous supporters, the Die-hards of Northeast Ulster.

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It may be questioned whether it is worth while to contradict the fables of the Germans, considering how brilliantly and effectively they annihilate each other. The first news of the sinking of the U-29 was given out in this brief announcement published on March 23, 1915, in the English papers: "The Admiralty have good reason to believe that the German submarine U-29 has been sunk with all hands." The moment this information reached Germany the official and semi-official purveyors of news proceeded at once to invent descriptions of the disaster. The gallant Otto Weddigen was undoubtedly a victim of British treachery. The Admiralty's announcement was suspiciously reticent; hence it was easy to believe that the submarine was sunk in some underhand way. Probably a wicked merchantman had rammed her, and—oh, to be sure—what could be more likely than that the chivalrous commander was actually engaged at the time in rescuing some unfortunate British seamen? That was it! He was treacherously slain by those he sought to save.

So, without a shadow of evidence, with nothing at all but the British Admiralty's announcement to go by, the legend was manufactured on the spot and supported as highly probable even by such sober writers as Captain Persius. About three months later the whole German press published the following official confirmation: "With regard to the manner of the destruction of

U-29, it has now, as we hear from an authoritative quarter, been learned from a special source that this boat was sunk by an English tank steamer. This confirms the rumors which were in circulation all along that the boat fell a sacrifice to treacherous British cunning." Now we have a new story, and in another year we may expect another version. Germany's "special source" is inexhaustible.

Fire Escapes, Not Lumber Rooms. Commissioner Murphy of the Tenement House Department announces a vigorous and continued campaign to clear tenement fire escapes of household furniture placed there by ignorant or careless tenants. It is a task of huge proportions. In all parts of town tenants, particularly of small tenements, seem to find the fire escape extremely useful as a sort of storage room or a play place for the babies. It is used as an extra sleeping chamber by many families on hot nights, and usually they neglect to remove the mattress when they arise. When it becomes a playground for the baby it is boarded up and fenced in, generally with old boxes.

Obviously all such uses nullify the value of the fire escape for the purpose for which it was planned and to which the law limits it. Blocked fire escapes have been responsible for much loss of life, yet in spite of all the authorities have been able to do there has been scant improvement made. Commissioner Murphy intends to bring into court persistent offenders and insist that fines be imposed, trusting that this course will convince habitual lawbreakers that it is for their welfare in one respect, if not in another, to reform.

East Siders who store provisions in the bathtub are not particularly sanitary, but they do not thereby endanger their own lives or those of other tenants of the building. The tenant who blocks the fire escape is a menace. Success to Commissioner Murphy's campaign!

Covenanters. When Sir Edward Carson declared that it would not be a bad day for Ireland if Mr. Redmond and he were to shake hands on the floor of the House of Commons he shocked some of his more inflexible followers—the desperate loyalists of the North who still think themselves bound by their Solemn League and Covenant to resist all compromise and to defend the kingdom, if need be, by taking arms against the King himself. Their present differences and dissensions recall the perplexities of the Covenanters of old.

The cause for which we fought and swore so boldly, shall we now give up? Then, because quarrels still are seen With oaths and swearings to begin, The Solemn League and Covenant Will seem a mere God-damne rant, And we that took it, that have fought, As low as drunkards that fall out: For as we make war for the King Against himself, the self-same thing, Some will not stick to swear we do For God and for Religion, too.

"The Spectator" justly observes that, "if the Unionist party is now to be dissolved by internal dissensions, there will be nothing left but a welter of warring groups, distinguished now by the names of party leaders, now by those of particular localities, now by special policies." To hold these groups together is a prodigious task, nor is it made easier by the conviction that the immediate aim is a settlement equally unsatisfactory to Sir Edward Carson himself, to his avowed opponents and to his jealous supporters, the Die-hards of Northeast Ulster.

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