The Sun
AND
THE NEW YORK HERALD.
FOUNDED 1833-1835.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, FEB. 15, 1920.

THE SUN-HERALD CORPORATION,
Publishers, 280 Broadway.
Frank A. Munsey, President.
Ervin Wardman, Vice-president; Wm. T. Dewart, Vice-president and Treasurer; R. H. Titherington, Secretary.

NEWSSTAND PRICES.
Daily, two cents a copy in New York city and suburbs and three cents elsewhere; Sunday, five cents; elsewhere, ten cents.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

East of Mississippi River: By Mail, Postpaid.	One Year.	Six Months.	One Month.
DAILY & SUNDAY..$11.00	$6.00	$1.00	
DAILY only..... 9.00	4.50	.85	
SUNDAY only..... 4.00	2.25	.40	
SUNDAY only, Canada 6.00	3.25	.55	

For all points west of the Mississippi River add $1 a year for daily or daily and Sunday editions.

FOREIGN RATES.

DAILY & SUNDAY..$26.00	$13.50	$2.40	
DAILY only..... 18.00	9.00	1.50	
SUNDAY only..... 9.75	5.12	.86	

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to The Sun-Herald.

European Edition.
Published in Paris every day in the year. Price in Paris—25 centimes, daily and Sunday.
PARIS OFFICE, 49 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.
Information concerning advertising rates for the European Edition may be obtained from the main New York office.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news despatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.
All rights of republication of special despatches herein are also reserved.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

MAIN BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 280 BROADWAY. TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

Mr. Wilson's Astounding Stand in Dismissing Secretary Lansing.

Over the dramatic and, in its last analysis, tragic Lansing affair Mr. WILSON will find the nation dumfounded. Not because the President has parted with his Secretary of State. It is his undoubted privilege to change any Cabinet officer at will. It is the President alone who is responsible to the American people for his administration in part as in whole. Nobody else can answer for him. It is for him, therefore, and only for him to decide whether any Cabinet officer represents and follows him as he wishes to be represented and followed. If the President, for his own particular reasons, wished to change at one stroke his whole Cabinet, if he wished to change it a dozen times over, the American people might become tired of the performance, but nobody could question his right to do what he was doing.

But what shocks the nation and what will cause a deep concern during the rest of Mr. WILSON'S administration is his attitude so unmistakably expressed and so strongly emphasized in his letters to the dismissed Secretary of State that, even under the circumstances of the President's utter and prolonged incapacity to perform his public duties, the public interest counts for nothing.

Mr. WILSON was incapacitated for weeks; yet when the administrative government had to continue to operate somehow as a coordinate, harmonious whole he challenges the authority of anybody but himself to keep it so going. He denies the duty, not to mention the right, of any Cabinet officer to assemble the others, even to ask the views of any one of the heads of the executive departments. He charges the Secretary of State and, ipso facto, the other Cabinet officers who cooperated with him in trying to keep the Government going with a usurpation of power and sort of personal treason to him.

Mr. WILSON might have been incapacitated for years instead of months. Mr. WILSON might have lain indefinitely in a helpless and hopeless stupor while the most crucial interests of the nation were at stake. The Government might have been threatened with bankruptcy or revolution or anarchy. The country might have been invaded by a conquering enemy. The very foundations of the Republic might have been sinking under it. Yet, while the President lay impotent and perhaps unconscious, no Cabinet officer, in the mind of Mr. WILSON, could call a meeting of his official family. No Cabinet officer, by inference, without an illegal and unrighteous assumption of Presidential authority and power could attend such a meeting, to serve or to save this nation.

The nation, we say, must be astounded that nowhere in the President's letters to Mr. LANSING is there the slightest reference to the interest, welfare and safety of the public. Nowhere in these documents is there the vaguest intimation that the interests and rights and safety of the public are of the least consideration. Never mind the country. Never mind the necessities, emergencies and crises of the nation. In the estimation of Mr. WILSON they are nothing, they could be nothing, as compared with the sacred rights and solemn privileges of the man lying sick and silent in the White House, though he might be of no more service to the nation, in however desperate straits it should be, than if he no longer breathed the breath of life.

Yet, reflecting how consistent this sheer disregard of the public interest is with Mr. WILSON'S whole policy and programme since the day he first set sail for Europe, the people of the United States may recover from their first staggering astonishment over the President's letters to Mr. LANSING. They are so like him, they are so much the essence of everything he has said and done in trying to bend this nation to his will, in trying to sacrifice the independence and the sovereignty of these American people to his own international purpose and programme, that they are bound to see these letters, startling though they are at first glance, as figures of familiar face and spirit.

But as long as Mr. WILSON remains in the Chief Magistracy the American people never can feel that this country of theirs is the first and the highest thing in the view of the President of the United States. They never again can be confident that the nation is secure.

Three Lonely Soldiers.

Three years ago, on March 13, 1917, a Belgian soldier, FELICIEN LECLERCQ, wrote a letter to THE HERALD in which he said:

"How often in all this rough winter times, when we are in the trenches of this Mystic Flemish plain, we feel how much one's heart wants motherly affection, and how much we look out for warm hearts?"

And he wondered if in the biggest town of the world there was a marraine de guerre to send mental comfort to three poor soldiers. The letter was signed by LECLERCQ and his two friends, EMILE SCHOELENS and SYLVÈRE VANDE WALLE, and the Censure Militaire started it on its way.

Time passed. Great events happened. The United States got into the war. Germany was smashed. President WILSON went to Paris. The Senate did not ratify the treaty. THE HERALD and THE SUN were amalgamated. New York was snowbound. A wonderful three years. And three days ago the letter was delivered.

Where has it been all this time? There is nothing to show. In fairness one should not shout "BURLESON!" War also can upset the best regulated post office department. But we hope Messrs. LECLERQ, SCHOELENS and VANDE WALLE have come through the war unscathed, that they are no longer lonely or poor in any sense of the word, and that they are sharing the prosperity which is again coming to Belgium as the reward of courage, devotion and patriotism.

A Vicious Sport, Imported.

One more hunting system has added its evidence of the need of a further effort, a really systematic educative campaign, to teach every one of our male citizens, native and foreign born, the reasons why this country will not have its songbirds slaughtered. The Audubon Society has to its credit any amount of valuable work in the cause, and so has the State Conservation Commission, which makes itself largely responsible for the enforcement of the law and the punishment of law breakers. It does not reflect upon either body to say that their activities might be supplemented.

As many of the reasons for songbird protection are coldly practical as are sentimental. Educative campaigners ought to have at their disposal some one's genuine understanding of the bird slaughterer's nature. They could then decide whether to base their "literature" mainly on the appeal of the beauties of bird life to the celebrated poetic sensibility of the hunters or on the brutal logic that fewer insectivorous and graminivorous birds means more bugs and weeds, more bugs and weeds means poorer crops, and poorer crops dearer food.

This "literature" ought to be so displayed that no gun bearing citizen able to read his mother tongue could possibly miss seeing it. A dwelling to dwelling canvass, laid out according to a census, would be impracticable. Yet something approaching that standard in thoroughness ought to be done. It will not suffice to inform the hunter that if he does kill protected birds and is caught he will get in serious trouble. He may be presumed, as a rule, to know that already. Plenty of examples have been made year after year. It is reported a quite common practice of the offenders is to hunt in couples; one man goes ahead with the gun, the other follows at a wholesome distance, picking up the pitiful game.

And no conceivable provision of policing would be a true preventive. To make it so every grove and hedgerow within easy holiday reach would have to have an inspector on fixed post. The thing is to stop at the source the impulse to go hunting songbirds, not the gunner afield or his charge of shot.

In October last more than $1,800 was paid in this State by fifty-seven persons for killing or having in possession birds of kinds which it is lawful at no season to kill or have. The highest single fine paid was $100. It may or may not have been a grave lesson to the culprit. Assume that it was. Even then, no feasible severity in fining or in equivalent jail sentences should, or appears to, operate as a general deterrent.

The preliminary question is, of course, what does the hunter shoot the birds for? Here a confusion is likely to arise. "Oh, well, these are hard times, and the poor devils kill 'em for food." An amiable attitude, but a complete mistake. The poor devils—who may or may not be abjectly poor with wages where they are—kill the birds for sport.

To kill them for food is not, in this year of grace, profitable business. Indeed, it is so far the reverse that the most brutish stupidity would never dream of spending money for cartridges for poaching, instead of spending it over the butcher's counter, if hunger were the motive. The cheapest cartridge with which a small bird can be killed by a tyro marksman without smashing the body to rags is the .22 calibre shot cartridge. They come to more than half a cent apiece. The meat on a bird of sparrow size amounts to two small mouthfuls. And then the .22 is not the fowling piece weapon of the hunter. He commonly has a cheap single barrelled shotgun. Its ammunition comes to a nickel a shot at the lowest.

In order to get good value for his nickel the gunner for the pot would have to wait chances at compact flocks such as one sometimes sees of red winged blackbirds in the fall, or chances at huddles of birds on the ground, or bird laden treetops or wires. And he doesn't. His bags show it. He often has a large percentage of birds which are always, or nearly always, solitaries in habit. He likes robins and birds of that size because they are nobler game than chickadees, but he shoots at any feathered thing he sees. One gunnysack opened by an officer last autumn contained a kinglet—the second smallest bird we have, with a body no bigger than the tip of a woman's finger!

That is not killing for food. However, the next point to be made in establishing the hunter's motive puts his nature in a somewhat better light. Shooting little birds, in some parts of Europe, was quite the thing for a man of spirit to do; there was nothing unlawful or wicked about it in the estimation of his fellow citizens. Americans who know northern Italy know the esteem in which thrushes are held there as sportsmen's trophies and delicacies to serve on toast. Dr. WILLIAM J. LONG has told how he once took pity on the clumsy failures of a sportsman he ran across in the Campania. Dr. LONG "squeaked" some shy little birds into range and then discovered that "the wretch was shooting skylarks." The Italian countryside is, or was not long since, proverbial among travelled ornithologists for its impoverishment of bird life. This is the reason.

It is easy to imagine the mental processes of the immigrant thus trained. Being poor, he never did have enough of the gentleman's sport of shooting at home. Is not America the land of freedom, and a lately settled wilderness teeming with game? It *is* teeming with what he regards as game. His first Sunday afternoon's outing shows him that. What if his neighbor does seriously warn him that we have an unreasonable way of suppressing the natural sporting instinct? He probably adds that if you hunt in such and such places you aren't likely to be caught. Possibly the risk adds a certain spice agreeable to the palate of his temperament.

The moral: Catch your man anxious to be hunter early and make him see the point; sensibly worded "literature," rather explanatory than either minatory or wheedling in tenor, should accomplish a good deal.

We should like to see the educative experiment well tried.

The Centenary of a Useful Woman.

In noting the fact that SUSAN B. ANTHONY was born a hundred years ago to-day it is interesting also to remember that every considerable reform of which she was an advocate has come to pass.

She fought for the abolition of slavery, for total abstinence and for equal suffrage. Slavery disappeared when she was still in her most active years. When she died, in 1906, many of the States had agreed with her views on prohibition and votes for women.

Miss ANTHONY would have deserved the gratitude of the women of this State if she had given them nothing more than what she got the Legislature to grant in 1860: the right of married women to the possession of their earnings and the guardianship of their children.

British Navy's War Artists.

One of the greatest complaints the American artists who went to France to picture the war for the Corps of Engineers have to make is that "the war was too short." By this they do not mean to imply they wanted more blood shed and more lives lost, but merely register a comparison between their opportunities for observation and those of their British and French colleagues who had four years to work in as against their six months. Of what greater opportunities British war artists had we now have a record in the report made by Rear Admiral Sir DOUGLAS BROWNRIGG of the British Navy, to whom in 1917 was given the task of finding the right artists to preserve for the Admiralty a pictorial record of the naval and mercantile activities of the war. According to Admiral BROWNRIGG there were twelve of these artists, some very well known to American art lovers through their work. They were Sir JOHN LAVERY, GLYN PHILPOT, Captain PHILIP CONARD, AMBROSE MCEVOY, CHARLES PEARS, NELSON DAWSON, Lieutenant G. S. ALFREE, MUIRHEAD BONE, FRANCIS DODD, W. RANKEN, BERNARD GRIBBLE and Lieutenant ARNOLD FORSTER.

Much diplomacy was required at times to get these men where the Admiralty wanted them to be to obtain pictorial records. Such was the case when it was desired that Sir JOHN LAVERY should record the arrival on Sir DAVID BEATTY'S flagship of the German Admiral VON MEURER when he made arrangements to surrender the German fleet. LAVERY was stationed behind a group of electric lights on the deck of the Queen Elizabeth when VON MEURER came aboard and was thus hidden from observation. When BEATTY and VON MEURER were conducting negotiations in the cabin, LAVERY, attired in the uniform of a navy post Captain, sat at a table with his sketching kit hidden behind a pile of books where he was supposed to be taking notes of the conference.

Every artist was obliged to bend time and circumstance to opportunity. On the day of the actual surrender of the German fleet MUIRHEAD BONE appeared to have completely disappeared from the Queen Elizabeth. No one had seen him at breakfast time and he did not turn up until 7 P. M., having been in the foretop sketching since 7 o'clock in the morning. Admiral BROWNRIGG comments in most unmilitary language, "What an enthusiast and what an artist!"

Lieutenant FORSTER spent his leave in the summer of 1918 up in a blimp patrolling between Scotland and Ireland, one of his paintings having an interest for us, since it shows the convoy with the largest number of American troops that ever crossed the Atlantic together.

Strong Words Spoken by Strong Americans.

When the "lost" battalion which never was lost, and had not even strayed from its course, was called on to surrender by a German officer who had not yet completed his education in the school set up by General PERSHING, Colonel WHITTLESEY answered promptly "Go to hell!"

After hostilities ceased certain Germans with whom HERBERT HOOVER had come in contact in Belgium while that land was suffering the misery of invasion made tentative social advances to him. Mr. HOOVER sent word to them that so far as he was concerned they "could go to hell."

Now General HENRY H. BANDHOLTZ, who has served as the American member of the commission to Hungary, has returned to Paris, and a reporter who was on the spot reveals the fact that, the Rumanians having announced their fixed determination to incorporate Hungary in their country, General BANDHOLTZ summed up the refusal of the commission to be frightened or fooled by telling the alarmed Archduke JOSEPH to say to the Rumanians they "could go to hell."

The words of power reverberate along the battle line, echo from the chamber of the philanthropist, and season the well weighed counsel of the diplomatist. They are not to be misinterpreted. They carry finality with them. They put an end to argument. They defy the hair splitter.

"Hell" is a strong word, a locution of might. Its violence excludes it as an expletive from the ordinary conversation of polite persons. There is the quality of a curse in it used as WHITTLESEY and HOOVER and BANDHOLTZ used it. But the phrase in which they embodied it appears to possess a universality of application and a quality of comprehensibility which endow it with undeniable usefulness. Nobody misunderstood for a moment what WHITTLESEY and HOOVER and BANDHOLTZ meant when they were moved to employ it.

We reprehend profanity and violent talk. Diaconal oaths are strong enough for life's emergencies. The common swearer by his stereotyped and unoriginal oaths merely confesses his lack of wit, the paucity of his vocabulary. But there are crises when rough talk seduces even the judicious and we have observed that, unchastened and unrebuked, WHITTLESEY and HOOVER speak from some of our most approved pulpits. It will not be different with BANDHOLTZ.

It was announced that members of the American Legion who volunteered to help in the work of removing the snow would get 50 cents an hour if they wished to make it. Is it possible that the Mayor thought he was paying the former soldiers a compliment in giving them a chance to work for love?

Now that by official proclamation grip has ceased to be epidemic the ordinary citizen is free to sneeze when and where he feels like it without feeling he is a criminal caught in the act.

"Girls to-day are a sad lot," laments a "Victorian woman" writing in the London *Daily News*. Just as wrong as she can be! Girls to-day are a joyful lot. It is their critic who is sad, and she is sad because post-Victorian girls are not sad.

If for any reason one is substituting for the member of the family who customarily does the marketing, one should refrain from so foolish a thing as blithesomely ordering a dozen eggs. First read the market reports and determine which of the nineteen grades or kinds, or whatever may be the differentiating term for eggs, you are prepared to buy. These nineteen kinds or degrees sold at wholesale on the day when a study was made of the puzzle at from 30 cents to 70 cents a dozen. It is a puzzle in many respects, and in none a greater puzzle than in the fact that the highest priced originate nearest and furthest from the breakfast table. "Nearby [New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania] white extras, 70 cents." That sounds reasonable, but oddly enough the only other 70 cent grade, degree or kind is listed "Pacific coast, express, white extras." What's the matter with Kansas?

Professor ALGERNON PASSIN of Columbia says that feminism will lead the world to chaos. This is really nothing but the-woman-that-thou-gavest-me argument, first used by Great-grandfather ADAM in the Garden of Eden.

What about the other Cabinet members who by consenting were accessories to Mr. LANSING'S terrible conspiracy? Off with their heads!

Positive Facts.

Spain is organizing a Foreign Legion for service in Spain and Spanish possessions.

* * *

The Belgian Government would put at the disposal of France all the coal possible.

* * *

Until 1919 cigar tobacco brought a higher price at the farm than any other type, but last year cigarette, chewing, snuff and export types tobacco went to 41 cents a pound against 21 for cigar tobacco.

* * *

The Canadian Government has placed orders for forty-nine steel cargo steamships with approximately 280,000 long tons dead weight, of which fifteen are already in service and one about to be delivered.

* * *

Pacific coast eggs, introduced in the Atlantic coast market two years ago, now command a premium of from one to two cents in the New York market because of the extra grading by their packers.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Old Chair.

Empty it bides beside the waning fire,
And, as the embers slowly curl to smoke,
It dreams of all the sad and happy folk
Its days have known: a maid in gay attire
Waiting impatient for some gallant squire;
A mother, grieving that her boy is grown
Too much a man to be quite all her own;
A lad who hums a song of love's desire.

It dreams that once again the children climb
Into its cosey depths and gravely read
Quaint fairy tales of "once upon a time"—
And as it wakes to mourn o'er vanished need,
Two glad young lovers steal across the floor,
And, nestling close, its ancient joy restore.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Like a Leaf.

Underneath this greenery lies
One unsuited to the skies,
Like an earth sprite she was seen
Nor sun nor shadow but between.

Shimm'ring through the leaves that spread
An umbrella overhead,
Dipping, darting as birds do,
Like them singing blithely too.

What had death to do with her
Shining brightly without blur?
An illumination brief . . .
She has vanished like 'he leaf!

WILLIS STEELL.

Some Dilemma.

"Alas," cried the poet, "alas and alack,
How haplessly troubled am I!
For though I possess a poetical knack
Which no one can truly deny,
And though I'm in love with a beautiful girl
Who causes my pulses to thump
And sets all my senses and brain in a whirl,
Her name is 'Euphemia Gump!'

"What use is my lyrical talent to me
Although all my heart is aflame,
What kind of a poem, I ask, would it be
Which chanted that sort of a name?
To me it's her name and its cadence is sweet,
But wouldn't I look like a chump
Should I scribble verses designed to repeat
The name of Euphemia Gump?

"'Euphemia' isn't so hopeless, and yet
There's only one rhyme that I know
To which that dear title could ever be set,
And that is 'Anaemia'! Oh,
I love and am loved, but my muse must be mute,
And I but a dull leaden lump,
For who could imagine a song to the lute
That carolled 'Euphemia Gump!'?

"Perhaps you imagine that when we are wed
And her name is altered to mine,
My troubles and woes of this sort will be fled,
And I can write many a line
Of verse to the name of my beautiful wife;
Alas, your kind thought meets rebuke,
I never can write her a rhyme in my life,
For my name's Bellal McGluke!"

BERTON BRALEY.

Axe of Glory.

The sceptre of King Solomon
A wealth of jewels bore,
And Alexander's naked sword
Ruled all the world of yore;
Immortal on the walls of Time,
Beside these two is hung
The plain old fashioned woodsman's axe
That Abraham Lincoln swung.

From wilderness to Washington
He chopped his way along,
And laid its steel against the root
Of slavery's ancient wrong.
The symbol of efficiency,
And honest labor, too,
Oh! let us keep its edges sharp,
Its handle sound and true.

MINNA IRVING.

Night.

From the Canadian Magazine.

The drummer sounds the summons to our room,
The light encircled playground soon lies bare
And desolate, except where buildings loom
Limning their shadows on the vacant square.
A gramophone grinds out a raucous song
And boisterous laughs resound along the halls;
Now comes the muffling silence; slowly throng
The multitude of stars where darkness falls.
Inside the room stentorian breathings sound
Or preparations made for nightly rest.
Without the windows, silence sleeps profound;
Now comes the moon above the far hill's crest.
Asleep the buildings seem in pallid light;
Adream, we prisoners pass the peaceful night.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

His Drink.

From the Detroit Free Press.

His breath is sweet
As lilac's bloom,
He tried to drink
His wife's perfume.

Fairyland.

From the Edison Monthly.

Last night I was in Fairyland, in reality, truly Fairyland,
And Fairyland was decked en fête—oh, never sight so rare!
And underneath the people walked on merely ordinary land,
Without a thought that fairies romped above them in the air.

The lights were bright in Fairyland, for it was night in Fairyland,
And Fairyland was glittering in a brave and gorgeous show,
A lovely, lightsome airy land, an altogether merry land,
Bedecked with hosts of elfin gems that only fairies know.

Oh, would you see my Fairyland, and fare with me in Fairyland?
Then go down town 'most any night and kind o' cast your eye
Above the crowds and trolley cars, and see that bright and airy land
In myriads of electric signs against the purple sky.

E. F. NOBLE.

A Driver.

A man there was named Henry Hive
Whose one obsession was to drive.

When he was quite a tiny boy
He drove big nails for pure joy.

Still later as a college lad
He drove his father almost mad.

He drove a car at breakneck speed,
Which drove his pocketbook to seed.

At golf they thought he was a dub—
He always used a wooden club.

But when there came the recent war
He found what he'd been driving for.

There was not any sort of drive
That didn't enlist Henry Hive

(Except, of course, you understand,
Plain drives troops made through no man's land).

Drives to raise this and lower that—
He was in all first at the bat.

And when the war was done, instead
Of quitting he drove straight ahead.

The martyred Reds, so much oppressed,
Weighed heavily on Henry's chest.

Statesmen and cops became forlorn
Beneath the lash of Henry's scorn.

But, as with passions too profound,
Poor Hive drove his into the ground.

In other words, for lack of breath,
He simply drove himself to death.

The doctor came and shook his head.
"Too bad he wouldn't work," he said.

MERTON MEANS.

A HAPPY CITY.

And there was great joy in that city.
—Acts, viii., 8.

The city to which reference is here made was Samaria, once the capital of Israel, but now given over to idolatry, with a mixed and selfish population that thought only of a sensuous and materialistic pleasure. But so joyous was this same people at this time that special note is made of it. And the joy was occasioned not as one would be led to think from its character by a chariot race, a heathen festival, a triumphal procession to celebrate a victory of soldiers on the battlefield or a royal marriage. Philip, a disciple of Jesus, was the cause of it; he preached Christ unto them; he healed the sick, and because of his preaching and healing there was great joy in that city.

The greatest joy we have is in giving joy to others. The selfish heart is a joyless heart. Samaria had joy because some one gave it joy, and the happiest man in that town was Philip himself. He had helped others, and this made them joyous, and they in turn gave the joy to others until the whole city thrilled with the new life which this humble man had passed on to it. If we in turn are touched with the compassion that moved Philip we can render such service as will make of this city a joyous place.

This means sacrifice, and no joy is had without it. Philip was telling of a life given for others, the sublime story of the Cross. His own life in going to Samaria was a sacrifice, for he left a life of ease and comfort that he might tell to others the wonderful panacea for trouble, care, selfishness and sordidness. He held not his life dear unto himself; he was willing to give it in that wicked city if thereby the people could rejoice in the power that would give it lasting joy and true pleasure.

A self-centred life is a joyless life. It may have its amusements, its pleasures, its nights of gayety, but that is not real joy. True joy springs from the transformed heart, from the beautified life, from a life lived as was Philip's life—for the people of Samaria and for the people of New York. It is this loss of self, this nonpleasing of ourselves, that is the surest way to success in life. He lives longest in the hearts and lives of others who has forgotten himself and tried to bear the burdens of others, not for selfish popularity, but because he loved the weak and sought to make life's joys grow in barren places and life's flowers perfume its stagnant pools. Those whose names fill in the niches of history's great ones that have brought the greatest joy to the world are the men and women who have not thought of themselves, but have died that others might live.

It is not so much what we say but what we do that wins men to better things; not what we preach but how we act that saves souls and puts the red lifeblood into an anæmic world. After all, the world is quickest touched not by the great building but by the great heart; not by the cold word on printed page but by the warm word as it comes from living lips; not so much by the house of mercy as by the merciful hand laid on the fevered brow; not so much by the house that shelters the wanderer as the beautiful face which enshrines motherhood at whose knees lonely children gather.

Never were there greater opportunities of giving joy than here and now. This world is Samaria over again; this city is Samaria. Hungering for bread, shall we give it a stone? Thirsting for the water of life, shall we give it to drink from a stream polluted by sin? The city is waiting for the warm, loving words and healing of Philip, and wherever he goes the sick will become well, the lame will walk and homes will be made happy.

HARLAN G. MENDENHALL,
Moderator of the Presbytery of New York.

MRS. BREESE'S SNOW PLAN.

Working Details of a Method of Clearing the Streets Quickly.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD:
I have read Mrs. Beatrice Breese's letter on clearing only one-half the sidewalks of snow and your editorial article commending it. The suggestion is a good one, but will meet with objections from drivers of vehicles and their occupants unless elaborated, which, with your permission, I will attempt categorically as follows:

1. Before an inch of snow has fallen the Street Cleaning Department must man the gutters with, say, two shovellers to every two blocks, to remain at this work exclusively in relays, clearing the snow from the gutters to the centre of the roadway during the snow fall as well as afterward, when the snow will be pushed back into the gutter by passing vehicles.

2. Each householder must at the beginning of the snow fall and until it stops clear a pathway two feet wide across the sidewalk from his front steps, and a similar pathway from his basement step, depositing the snow thus cleared in the roadway over the gutter, not in it.

3. The householder must next clear, say, three feet wide on his entire outer or roadway side of the sidewalk as far as the curb, depositing that snow also over the gutter, not in it.

If this plan is strictly enforced by the Street Cleaning and Police Departments the streets, when the snow stops and the work is completed, will be found as follows:

1. A clear walk for pedestrians about three feet wide along the entire route.

2. A clear gutter ready to remove one-half the snowfall by the action of the elements and at no cost.

3. A clear walk for passengers alighting from vehicles in the roadway to the stoop and basement entrances.

Clearing the outside of the sidewalk as against the clearing of the inside for deposit over the gutter into the roadway is suggested in order to save the long carry which would be necessary in clearing the inside half and also in order to avoid the double tier of snow to be left at completion of the job, and in either event the clearing of the pathways to stoop and basement across the sidewalk would balance even.

The plan as a whole would be a tremendous economy over the present method of clearing the whole sidewalk and choking up and piling snow in the gutter, the worst feature of the whole scheme. After the lapse of a few days of sunshine it will be found a comparatively easy job on the part of the Street Cleaning Department and the householder to remove such snow as was previously undisturbed. E. B.

NEW YORK, February 14.

What Hinders Production.

From the Washington Star.

Jud Tunkins says one thing that hinders production is the temptation to keep walking around in the hope that some movie producer will pick you out as a type.

FOR A BURGLAR'S EARS.

Reward Offered by a Citizen Who Has Been Robbed Once.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD:
You may or may not know there are hundreds of robberies taking place in New York every day in apartments and dwellings. The reports of these do not get in the papers. You may or may not know that our police force seems absolutely unable to do anything to check this state of affairs.

I enclose a copy of a letter to the chief of police of New York city in which I call attention to the fact that there have been nine recent attempts to rob the apartment house I live in, three of which have been successful. I have posted a notice in the hall of my apartment house and will circulate it elsewhere, as follows:

NOTICE OF REWARD.

I hereby beg to offer the following reward to any one who will produce me satisfactory evidence of a burglarious attempt to enter my apartment at 710 Lexington avenue. I will give $25 for each of the ears of the burglar. I will give $50 for his nose. I will give $100 if he is blinded. I will give $250 in case he receives injuries that result in total disability preventing him from continuing his burglarious profession.

At present the policemen take no trouble to apprehend burglars, and no personal emolument follows the efforts of amateur police work; therefore the perpetrators of these outrages have an almost sure prospect of going free.

A cooperative society offering rewards as above would appeal to many of the idle unemployed and with a prospect of mutilation in view the burglaries would cease. EVANS R. DICK.

NEW YORK, February 14.

ARMIGEROUS SMITHS.

The Effect of Their Heraldic Devices on Long Island Names.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD:
In regard to the letter of "E. C. B." in your paper of February 1 about the Smiths of Long Island, permit me to offer a better explanation of the terms "Rock" Smith and "Bull" Smith than the old traditionary tales that are on a par with the legend of Washington and the cherry tree.

The distinctions of the rock and the bull were most probably heraldic in their origin, the Smith families of prominence in the settlement of this country being armigerous and of very ancient lineage. Among the Yorkshire (England) branches, some of whom removed to the north of Ireland during the political and religious troubles of Puritan times, the bull figured in their coat of arms, both on shield and crest, sometimes the entire animal, sometimes demi, sometimes only the head. Another branch of this wide Smith family bore on shield and sometimes as crest a great rock, always in connection with some bird or animal. The descendants of these various branches, the best of the stock, were thick in New England and New York in Colonial times, and in the forgetfulness of heraldic matters the reasons of the old terms of distinction were soon forgotten and replaced with cock and bull stories. "Wait" Smith was so called because that was his name; the Waits and Smiths intermarried. I have never heard before of the "Blue" Smith to whom your correspondent refers. ONE OF THE TRIBE.

NEW YORK, February 14.

A MISINFORMED MARINE.

Constantinople Hears a False Report About Two Deported Anarchists.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD:
My advice in handling all radicals, I. W. W., Reds, Bolshevists and other such citizens of the U. S. A. is to follow the example of the White Guards' actions with reference to Berkman and Goldman, anarchists.

And if you have any trouble securing a volunteer firing squad—of course you won't—why just call on the marines that are stationed here.

You can't handle the Turks with white gloves, so don't expect to handle such people with white gloves.

A. U. S. MARINE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January 21.

Our friend of the Devil Dogs has heard a false report. The White Guards did not execute the deported anarchists. We are thankful to say, too, that the civil authorities handle disturbers of the peace here without calling on the military, though it is agreeable and comforting to learn that marines are unimpaired as to vigor and patriotism.

SOME ROBINS STAY NORTH.

Maybe One of These Dull Colored Birds Was Seen at Scarsdale.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD:
The dull colored robin observed by James Owen at Scarsdale is not a harbinger of spring. Occasionally a few of these birds remain north throughout the year. The plumage of these nonmigratory specimens is always much duller than the bright prenuptial dress of the birds that return from the South in the normal spring flight.

During the very severe winter of 1918 one of these dull colored robins remained in my orchard throughout the cold season and could be seen many January and February mornings when the temperature was below zero feeding on frozen russet apples which still clung to the trees. G. D. TILLEY.

DARIEN, Conn., February 13.

WARNING TO SIR OLIVER.

A Report on the Wickedness and Intellect of Fallen Angels.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD:
Sir Oliver Lodge is in contact with those minions mentioned in II. Peter, ii., 4. The word hell therein is misrendered from the Greek root "tartarus," and refers to the space outside earth's atmosphere, where the fallen angels now personate the dead and work their counterfeits.

All hardom is back of these 6,000-year-old sin mongers. Let us beware these spiritual bandits, as we are no intellectual match for them.

JOSEPH GREIG.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., February 11.

A Pleasant Ozark Evening.

From the Kansas City Star.

"Enjoy yourself at the dance last night?" asked an acquaintance.

"Yep; tollable!" replied a prominent young society blade of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "I licked the fiddler."

Consolation.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

It's a mighty good thing that you ain't great enough to set the river on fire, for in that case what in the world would the fisherman do for a place to loaf the time away?

The Sun
AND
THE NEW YORK HERALD.

THE SUN was founded by Ben Day in 1833; THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. THE SUN passed into the control of Charles A. Dana in 1868. It became the property of Frank A. Munsey in 1916. THE NEW YORK HERALD remained the sole property of its founder until his death in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which continued in his hands until his death in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey in 1920.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES.
MAIN BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 280 BROADWAY. TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.
BRANCH OFFICES for receipt of advertisements and sale of papers:
PRINCIPAL UPTOWN OFFICE—Herald Building, Herald Square. Tel. Greeley 6000.
HARLEM OFFICE—205 WEST 125TH ST., NEAR SEVENTH AVE. Tel. 794 Morningside. Open until 10 P. M.
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS OFFICE—535 WEST 181ST ST. Tel. 9098 Wadsworth. Open until 10 P. M.
DOWNTOWN OFFICE—206 BROADWAY. Open day and night.
BROOKLYN OFFICES—EAGLE BUILDING, 303 WASHINGTON ST. Tel. 1100 Main. 24 COURT ST. Tel. 5458 Main. Open until 10 P. M.
BRONX OFFICE—518 WILLIS AVE., AT 148TH ST. Tel. 9666 Melrose. Open until 10 P. M.
Principal Foreign and American Bureaus.
WASHINGTON—The Munsey Building.
CHICAGO—208 La Salle St.
LONDON—40-43 Fleet St.
PARIS—49 Avenue de l'Opera, 38 Rue du Louvre.

There are about 650 advertisement receiving stations located throughout New York city and vicinity where The Sun and New York Herald advertisements will be received at office rates and forwarded for publication.

Daily Calendar

THE WEATHER.

For Eastern New York—Rain and snow to-day. To-morrow cloudy and colder; fresh, possibly strong, northwest winds.

For New Jersey—Rain in early morning, followed by fair and much colder in afternoon. To-morrow fair and continued cold; fresh northwest winds.

For Northern New England—Rain on the coast, snow in the interior to-day; much colder by night. To-morrow cloudy and colder; strong south, shifting to west, winds.

For Southern New England—Rain in early morning, probably turning to snow to-day; much colder. To-morrow fair and continued cold; strong northeast, shifting to northwest, winds.

For Western New York—Snow and colder to-day. To-morrow cloudy, with snow flurries; continued cold.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Disturbance has developed in the last twelve hours over southern Virginia, and the lake region disturbance has moved to the St. Lawrence Valley. To the westward high pressure extends from the Dakotas to Texas. Snow has fallen in the lake region, the Ohio Valley and also in the Appalachian region from West Virginia to the Carolinas. It is decidedly colder in the middle Mississippi Valley, the Ohio Valley, Tennessee and the north portion of the east Gulf States. There will be snow Sunday in New England and the north portion of the middle Atlantic States, and thence westward to the great lakes. In other portions of the Washington forecast district the weather will be fair. The temperature will fall decidedly in the middle and south Atlantic States Sunday and the cold weather will extend into Florida by Monday. Lower temperature will continue in Atlantic coast districts for several days.

Observations at United States Weather Bureau stations taken at 8 P. M. yesterday, seventy-fifth meridian time:

Stations.	Temperature High.	Temperature Low.	Rainfall Last 24 hrs.	Bar-ometer.	Last 24 hrs.	Weather
Abilene	48	20	30.36		..	Clear
Albany	44	14	29.94		..	Cloud
Atlantic City	40	36	29.80		..	Cloudy
Bismarck	—	—20	30.56		..	Clear
Baltimore	50	34	29.70		..	Cloudy
Boston	44	30	29.98		.08	Clear
Buffalo	36	34	29.72		.36	Snow
Cincinnati	34	34	30.08		.08	Snow
Charleston	64	48	29.86		..	PtCld
Chicago	10	10	30.10		..	Cloudy
Cleveland	34	34	29.86		.08	Snow
Denver	40	10	30.24		..	Clear
Detroit	34	34	29.86		.14	Snow
Galveston	60	58	30.28		..	Clear
Helena	34	14	30.30		..	Cloudy
Jacksonville	64	54	29.98		..	Cloudy
Kansas City	24	14	30.32		..	Clear
Los Angeles	72	50	30.14