The Sun.

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Roosevelt Day.

All over the United States, wherever THEODORE ROOSEVELT was known and loved by Americans, there will be services to-day in memory of his great career, his great character and his great human heart. There is perhaps some pathos in the circumstance that by direct orders from the War Department in Washington memorial observance will extend to our military camps abroad, to that American Expeditionary Force which when living he longed so ardently to join and to which, himself denied the opportunity, he sent all his sons, one of them to render the ultimate sacrifice of patriotic duty.

To-day will add thousands of anecdotes of Colonel ROOSEVELT to the rapidly accumulating mass of material illustrative of his many sided personality. THE SUN'S present contribution is the subjoined incident related in a private letter from his friend for thirty years, WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD. Dr. RAINSFORD writes:

"THE SUN has shown a rare and fine understanding of a very great man—and a very true friend where he gave his friendship. I have many of his letters. When he went as Governor to Albany he asked me to write to him. You will remember how confused then was our State politics. I said the only service I could render him by writing was to criticise things he did or tried to do which I couldn't understand. So I wrote him from time to time asking his reasons for actions taken and at times finding fault with his course.

"One fault finding letter brought me a sharp reply:

"'I am disappointed. You of all men should not have misconstrued me. You should have understood and appreciated what I have done.'

"I replied:

"'Well, I may be wrong, but I am only anxious to do as you asked me to do. You may be very sure that if I have misunderstood you many others who don't speak out to you have also misunderstood you and will oppose you. But since you feel so strongly about it I will not write any more.'

"Next day came this message by wire:

"'Keep on writing.'"

So many men will have so many fine and characteristic things to tell to-day about ROOSEVELT!

More Powerful Than the President!

Professor FERDINAND LARNAUDE, a French member of the committee drafting the constitution of the League of Nations, is quoted as saying that "an executive committee will head the league, instead of a president, and its powers will exceed those of the American Chief Magistrate."

Should this turn out to be the case the committee will be the most powerful executive in the world.

The American Chief Magistrate possesses far reaching powers under the Constitution. In addition to these, he exercises an authority outside of his office so potent it may fairly be said to exceed in its practical effects that of any other ruler on earth.

A world executive committee more powerful than the President of the United States will be an instrument of democracy worth watching.

They Wait for Reenforcements on the Vaga.

The news from the Archangel front is that the American and Allied troops have beaten off the Bolsheviki from the village of Vistavka, while the Bolshevik attacks along the Pinega River have forced the defenders back, although the town of Pinega, which is held by our soldiers, had not been assaulted up to the time the despatches now before us were filed. The situation on the Vaga and the Dvina is thus described:

"The recent defeat of the enemy on the Vaga, together with his failure on the Dvina, typify the spirit of the American and other Allied troops, who are fighting with the utmost determination to hold their positions until reenforcements can reach them."

The Bolshevik forces have suffered in morale as a consequence of these setbacks, but they are "constantly being reenforced, and while their offensive has been temporarily checked there are indications it will be renewed when fresh battalions reach their line." The Bolshevik troops facing the Americans include Chinese and Manchu units, which have been held in reserve but are expected to take part in the fighting at any time.

Thus the Americans and the Allies are "fighting with the utmost determination to hold their positions until reenforcements can reach them," while the Bolsheviki are getting up fresh troops; and ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, in an interview in Paris admitting that the Russian situation is "most disquieting," has said:

"As to military intervention on a large scale, it is not to be thought of."

If military intervention on a large scale is not to be thought of, why not withdraw the soldiers now in Archangel? They are manifestly too few in numbers to hold the positions they were assigned to; they have been obliged to fall back before the Bolsheviki; their strength is not sufficient to add to our prestige, politically or in a military sense.

Keeping Business Alive to Keep Jobs Alive.

CHARLES H. MOYER, president of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, repudiates the men who quit work in Butte because of the reduction of wages in accordance with the union's contracts with the mines providing for a scale based upon the price of copper. Explaining that the strikers are members not of the union but of the I. W. W., MOYER puts into a single phrase the horse sense situation which confronts all labor, all industry, all business of this country:

"The announcement of the reduction in wages paid mineral miners in the copper districts of the country shows the fairness of the producers toward the miners in that they will continue production rather than throw thousands of men out of work."

MOYER knows that there can be no wages, high or low, if there is no business. There can be no business if costs are so abnormal that they are prohibitive.

There are a lot of people in this country to-day whose wits have become so confused during the period of abnormal war conditions that they can't see, as the practical MOYER sees, the plain truth, though it is as big as a house. And among them are not merely members of the I. W. W. and budding Bolsheviki. There are heads of corporations, there are editors, there are members of Congress, there are administrative officers of the Government, who don't know any better. They want to try to sell more wheat than can be consumed by stamping a Government price on it. They want to try to keep the steel industry busy by holding prices so high that consumers are prevented from buying steel. The want to try to keep general production up by forcing general consumption down. But this whole country will come to face the truth, must face it, as it is faced by a Moyer of practical experience and common sense. So, sooner or later, must the whole world. Washington bureaucrats or Russian Bolsheviki.

Hysteria will never solve the problem of unemployment. Laws will never solve it. Prayers will never solve it. Jobs will.

Book Collectors.

The interest excited in book circles by the recent public offerings of libraries is a reminder of the persistence of attraction surrounding book collecting and collectors. Despite the scorn of the utilitarians, and indeed some scholars as well, the process keeps quietly on in the midst of the most practical times the world has known. From the days of LUCIAN, with his inveighing against "bibliomania," the collector has had to stand helpless and unswerving in the presence of friends and family who could not or would not understand his passion. ANCHLON, himself a great collector, undertook once and for all to silence the critics by writing of the pleasures and benefits of rare and fine editions; but the man in the street is always the louder, and the old collector's voice is silenced now. RICHARD DE BURY, once Chancellor of England, thought also to speak a word for his books, and wrote his "Philobiblion"; but neither has this been able to suppress those who know not the passion and its devotion.

Many of the books lately put on sale have unique interest for the student of literary ages in their distinct and individual gestures. So many of the volumes are early editions of the roistering Elizabethans. Even the scorner, we should think, would yield somewhat to the spell of a library where there looked down on him from the shelves the old editions of DRAYTON, DAVENANT, BEN JONSON and the Earl of STIRLING. To pronounce the names merely is to revive in the imagination a "merrie England" that was like nothing else under the sun. Aided by gothic characters in red and black, with woodcut initials and a portrait of the king, the imagination should be able to savor the smack of the times up to the very mug of ale at the Mermaid. We may read of these men in histories of English literature, or read their works in later editions; but there is no mistaking the added flavor that comes with the imprint of a London publisher dated "16—." That imprint, date and old binding nearly annihilate the centuries.

In the world of collectors first editions are not esteemed as highly as original manuscripts; and indeed the signature and the inky corrections on an original go far to place the man at a desk before us. But to collect about us a society, and to people in our imagination the streets and taverns of a sonneteering metropolis, commend us to a dozen such first editions as the effective thing.

Book collectors are from the common run of men, and they do not all do their work according to happy and well directed design. Thus, it is not always the result that an age is so reconstructed or a favorite group of old writers brought nearer to hand. But even where the design is not so well calculated or achieved, the passion is no less real and devoted. For some, a degree of antiquity is in itself a charm, difficult perhaps of logical explanation, but potent in the extreme. "Oh, great gain," writes ABETINO to POGGIO, who had discovered a rare copy of Quintilian, "oh, unexpected felicity! I entreat you, my Poggio, send me the manuscript as soon as possible, that I may see it before I die." And there you have the soul of the collector, speaking his own language to one who sympathizes. It is not a thing to be understood; it is something to accept gratefully for the sake of the enthusiasm that is in it.

Yet it is not always that collectors serve merely this selfish end. Innumerable instances are of record where valuable works have been saved for the world through patient searches and zealous ingathering of bookmen. What we know of TACITUS has its source in a single copy discovered in a monastery in Westphalia and carefully preserved. The manuscripts of AGOBART were barely saved at the last minute when MASSON discovered a mechanic at Lyons on the point of converting them into covers for his books. A more approximate instance yet is the story of Sir ROBERT COTTON, who came upon his tailor, shears in hand, ready to cut up an original Magna Charta with all its seals and signatures.

For those to whom the collector appears an idler, wasting his time and energies, there is no material for conversion in all this. And indeed your devoted collector would not offer it in defence. The one Philobiblion has been written. As for the rest, the bookmen will content themselves with the answer that if collecting is not precisely a virtue, at least it is like a virtue in this: that it is its own reward.

Ex-Professor Herron.

The very general disgust of the American public with the selection of Professor GEORGE D. HERRON of Geneva, Switzerland, to represent the United States, even in a parley with the Russian Bolsheviki, is now sufficiently manifest. How WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE of Kansas likes his colleague we cannot say; perhaps his unuttered emotions on the subject do not matter.

This advanced Socialist and internationalist has given a clear idea not only of his conception of world federation but also of his powers of adulation in a little book printed year before last under the title "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace." We quote from page 10:

"WOODROW WILSON has dared to believe divinely; and his faith that a federate world is possible, and the challenge of that faith to the nations, is the most creative collective act since the French Revolution. By his faith he has set a goal from which mankind can never take its eyes; he has sent forth the word that can never return. If the continuation of man upon the earth is inevitable, the final fulfilment of this word is inevitable. By the projection of one man's faith, humanity has been made to turn an unexpected corner, and there to depart irrevocably from the paths of its past ongoing. The horizon of history had mightily shifted, the whole prospect of mankind had resplendently changed, and the rostrum of the American Senate had become as God's burning altar, when, the address of the President concluded, the reverent wonder of the hour went abroad encircling the world as a divine visitation."

The appointment of this ex-clergyman and ex-professor to negotiate with the representatives of LENINE and TROTZKY cannot be due to gratitude for the foregoing slush and the rest of the slush contained in Mr. HERRON'S book on "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace." It would be disrespectful to the President's moral qualities to assume that he could be moved to gratitude by such sacrilegious praise. It would be disrespectful to his intellectual perceptions to assume that he can be grateful to HERRON—particularly at the present time—for HERRON'S excessive and unauthorized interpretation of the President's plans and purposes with regard to world federation.

There must be some other reason.

A Realist Maeterlinck.

It is probable that MAETERLINCK has most been made known to New York by his play "The Blue Bird" and its companion piece "The Betrothal," and popular opinion of him here can well be judged by the fact that matinee audiences of those plays are largely children sent by parents who may have enjoyed the writer's symbolism but also saw in the plays charming spectacles sure to delight childhood innocence.

It might not, therefore, greatly surprise his admirers here to learn that MAETERLINCK for a time, even after his own country had suffered much from Prussian barbarities, could not, certainly did not, denounce the cruelties as did other great Belgian writers; until long after VERHAEREN had written of the Prussians: "Let us know how to be pitiless, that we may have no more need for pity."

But the mystic was at last aroused from his seeming efforts "to find some basis for future intercourse and forgiveness," as one critic has described his spiritual state, and in one of his essays in a recently published collection MAETERLINCK flamed forth with these realistic words:

"If we do not destroy, root and branch, the military power of an enemy who is in secret alliance with the evil influences of the earth; if we do not, here and now, by an irrevocable compact, forearm ourselves against our sense of pity and generosity, our weakness, our imprudence, our future rivalries and discords; if we leave a single outlet to the beast at bay; if, through our negligence, we give it a single hope, a single opportunity of coming to the surface and taking breath, then the vigilant fatality which has but one fixed idea will resume its progress and pursue its way, dragging history with it and laughing over its shoulder at man once more tricked and discomfited."

There is comfort in the knowledge that MAETERLINCK has been elected to the French Academy, for that is testimony to his popularity in Paris, where there is now a famous American historian whose attention may be drawn to the Belgian writer's sturdy words as to what Prussianism will do with history if allowed too early an opportunity of coming to the surface and taking breath.

Proposed Export Duty on Cotton.

The suggestion of this correspondent is not infrequently heard:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Put an export duty on cotton!

"First, because it will raise a large amount of much needed revenue for the Government.

"Secondly, because it will protect the American manufacturer against being undersold by the foreign manufacturer, who buys his raw cotton here, makes it up and offers it for less than the domestic goods.

"Thirdly, it will enable the home manufacturer to compete with the foreign and pay his hands good wages.

"Fourthly, Great Britain, having put an embargo on many articles of American production, should be made to pay for the privilege of buying our cotton.

"Put an export duty on cotton!

"J. B. JAMES.

"NEW YORK, February 8."

We assume that Mr. JAMES and those who like him are in favor of the taxation of exported cotton are familiar with the fifth clause of the ninth section of Article I. of the United States Constitution:

"No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State."

The proposal, then, must be for an amendment of the Constitution permitting Congress to tax exports. When the Confederate Constitution was framed this particular inhibition as to commerce was omitted, and as a matter of fact heavy export duties were levied on cotton by the Confederate Government, first by military orders and afterward by statute.

Woman's Dress.

The New York City Federation of Women's Clubs has adopted this resolution on a subject mere man must not pretend to know about:

"Whereas the designers of women's evening gowns have led fashion to the extreme limit of indecency, and this is having a most demoralizing effect upon the youth of the country; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we women of New York do all in our power to urge women to dress modestly, and that we, through a committee appointed by the President of the City Federation, seek to control indecency in dress by appealing to designers of women's fashions and the leading shops and by a public appeal to women."

If the members of the Federation actually hold that evening gowns have reached the "extreme limit of indecency," the remedy is in their own power. The dress of woman is her concern. She can make or break the designer, the manufacturer, the dealer. Woman wields an authority in trade nobody dare dispute. Her approval spells success; her disapproval means ruin. To her all who have to do with the manufacture and the distribution of clothing bow without question, and if she decrees that present time evening gowns shall go, go they must.

After one of the riots the authorities in Seattle arrested thirteen leaders. They were an array of Slovinskys and Ivan Kerenskys and names of that sort. Out of the thirteen there were two Americans, one of whom said he regretted that fact. The others were aliens and more than half were Russians. I am informed the Commissioner of Immigration at Seattle stated he would take no steps toward the deportation of these men. My suggestion is that if our Government officials will proceed under the Federal laws to deport these aliens we will have less trouble from these strikes.—*Representative* JOHNSON *of Washington.*

To enforce the law is never popular; it involves exertions executive and administrative officers much dislike. Notoriety can more easily be obtained by proposing a new statute and abusing Congress for not enacting it at once.

One of the most amusing fancies of that rising young dramatist GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been proved a fact worthy of note by this war. So far over 20,000,000 pounds of chocolate and other varieties of saccharine confection have been shipped to and consumed by the American Expeditionary Forces. SHAW has only erred slightly, then, when in his "Arms and the Man" he says, through the mouth of a puppet, that "you can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes. The young ones carry pistols; the old ones chocolate."

Senator KENYON expressed his surprise that assistant clerks of several Senate committees are paid $1,800 a year, although the committees have "not had a meeting for two or three years." Can any friend of humanity fail to grieve at the mere suggestion that a $2,500 a year clerk having nothing to do but gossip for two or three years should be deprived of an $1,800 assistant clerk to gossip with?

"Who," demands Senator SHERMAN, "who, in the dramatis personæ at the Quai d'Orsay, represents Prince METTERNICH, who TALLEYRAND?" and just as one flatters oneself that one knows the answer the persistent Senator reminds us that a gentleman from Elba landed in France "and started a hundred day whirlwind campaign that dispersed the Congress of Vienna," and wants to know who is playing NAPOLEON in Paris now. Then one's mental playbill is all mussed up again.

Senator SMOOT with his office staff works harder and longer hours than any other Congressman, his friends say. This is not surprising when it is known that the Senator makes a digest of every bill introduced which has a ghost of a chance to be reported out by a committee. Senator LENROOT, a former official court reporter, put through a provision to have digests of all bills introduced in either house made and supplied to members and others interested by the law section of the staff of the Librarian of Congress. The Washington Press Club will pass a vote of thanks for the relief and present Senator LENROOT with the freedom of the club.

To-day the nation looks toward Sagamore Hill!

BETTER DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Suggestion of a Conference of Employers and Workers.

From the London Daily Mail.

Until the servant—or, as she now wishes to be termed, the domestic worker—is trained she will never improve her social status. No title, no uniform will bring about the changes for which she asks, though, added to a thorough understanding of her duties, both will assist to achieve for her the honorable and dignified position which she desires and would then deserve.

On the other hand, the housewife will soon discover what the industrial employer is beginning to discover, that skilled persons, working under good conditions, produce a larger output than is obtained from the bored and over tired worker. Mistresses and servants should meet in conference to discover how best to obtain for the worker the training without which she cannot achieve the position she desires and which will make it worth the while of the employer to pay high wages for a fixed number of hours of service.

How the Croix de Guerre Is Worn.

From the Red Cross Magazine.

Thirty men from the Walter Reed Hospital turned out for a party at the A. R. C. Woman's Club in Washington. Empty sleeves were en regle, and when a dance was to be encored each man borrowed his partner's hand to complete the clap. For the sheer audacity of youth in full flower, observe you "this man's army." More than one man had a Croix de Guerre concealed about him. "Where are they?" asked one girl.

"In their pockets," answered her partner, "they mostly wear them there."

Base Ingratitude of a Connecticut Nut Cracker.

Farmingville correspondence Ridgefield Press.

While chopping wood Andrew Brady noticed his dog chasing a gray squirrel. In springing from one tree to another limb the squirrel lost its balance and fell to the ground, where it was grabbed by the dog. Andrew released the squirrel, which showing signs of life, was placed at the foot of a tree. In a few minutes Andrew thought he would look it over. As he approached the squirrel it jumped on him and ran up his leg. The animal sank his sharp claws in at every movement and Andrew tried to knock it off with the axe. Finally he shook it off and it ran up a big oak and disappeared in a hole. Andrew still bears the marks where the squirrel dug in.

A Fair Warning.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Notice—The party who received wrong overcoat by mistake in Oregon Grill Christmas evening at 7 o'clock return same to grill. This party is known. He attends the Century Methodist Church and will be arrested.

The Burden Bearer.

Atlas bore the world on his shoulder.
"Great snakes!" we cried, "who worked that mandatory off on you?"

TRADE BRIEFS.

During the war many Norwegian ships were contracted for in Holland, but could not be delivered because they were under German restrictions not to be used until a certain time after the war. Germany has recently removed all such conditions, so that Norway will probably be able to get its ships within a short time.

The importation of shoes into Cuba is constantly increasing, and the opportunities offered should be carefully studied by American manufacturers desirous of extending their foreign sales. Shoes intended for Cuba should be packed in cases similar to those used in the United States for domestic shipments. An inside tar paper lining is advisable to keep out dampness, and cases are generally wire strapped to avoid breakage in transit.

In a normal year Italy imported about 35,000 ploughs. Of this number Germany supplied more than three-fifths, Belgium about one-fifth, and the United States and France the remainder.

Consul-General Robert P. Skinner reports by cable from London that the Ministry of Shipping announces increased tonnage available for bringing imports to Great Britain to the extent of 10,000,000 tons of goods a year. Already the amount of space available for commercial cargoes in the North Atlantic is doubled, and instead of cargo competing for space, space is now competing for cargo.

According to preliminary statistics just issued the total value of Spanish mineral products for 1917 was $245,383,732, an increase compared with 1916 of $72,193,244. The value of ores at the pit amounted to $87,023,572, and the value of the mineral products from the smelting works was $157,460,160.

The American consul at Valparaiso advises that German mooring concessions have been cancelled and that other companies can now apply for the places formerly occupied by German vessels.

Reports regarding the crop of grains and grasses in western Siberia in 1918 indicate that this year's harvest has been only fair or middling. There was a particularly dry season west of Lake Baikal.

A shipper of Argentine hides, wool and quebracho extract desires to get in touch with importers of these articles in the United States. The address in this country of the inquirer can be obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce or its district or cooperative offices by referring to File No. 27604.

No matches are manufactured in Panama, all being imported.

A branch of the Bank of Chosen, Corea, has just been opened in Tsinanfu. This is the second Japanese bank to establish a branch in that city, the Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited, being the first. These two are the only foreign banking houses represented in Tsinanfu.

BURLESON EXPLAINED.

He Is Bringing America Back to the Idyllic Ancient Days.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The growing habit of stigmatizing Burleson of Texas as a blunderer and Bolshevist is unseemly and unkind. To the philosophic mind he is a reformer seeking to restore to a country given over to heat and haste the calm and contemplative manners, the simple, idyllic ways of Jeffersonian days, and give to a feverish and neurasthenic land the silence and serenity of the chaparral glades of the Rio Grande valley, whose peace is emphasized by the melancholy music of the whippoorwill, the joyous intimacy of the sand flea, and the clinging ardors of the woodtick. War and the welkin are antipathetic to his bucolic nature; noise and hustle offensive to sensibilities that are virtuous and Virgilian.

He has taken over the wires to restrain them, and the phones, noisy and noxious instrumentalities of a vociferous civilization, to hush them; and by judicious management he may discourage the absurd system grotesquely termed the transportation of intelligence. Transportation and intelligence—Fudge! Mere catchwords of a fussy and fatuous age. Let us hark back to days when the impatient husbandman drove forth his lusty steer, when the backwoods statesman swore by the bulls that bought him, when twenty miles a day was speed enough for democracy, and rum was the tipple of a free people, unawed by spouters and unwashed by spouts.

The thorny chaparral is the Nirvana of Texas. Into it intelligence never enters, nor out of it emerges. The silences of the mesquite jungles will restore the shattered nerves of a frazzled world if we but understand the ideals of Burleson and grasp the moral of the Lone Star Foozler. Telephonitis and telegrafuenza are diseases to destroy, evils to deter; and good old Mr. Burleson will heal the vapors of the century if we but give him time, law, and money enough. He is engaged in as noble and moral a work as the aridian hydropaths warring on the Demon Rum. Encourage him.

I speak of him with knowledge and gratitude. He has cured me of my mad passion for precision, accuracy and speed. The motto of Señor Don Perfidio Jamon y Frijole, the sage of Saltillo, is mine forever hereafter. "Mañana! Poco tiempo!"

A misguided friend in New York telegraphed me Christmas week and Burleson's Boston Bureau of Speed and Speech phoned me that the message was on its leisurely way. It has not reached me yet. When the Burleson pony express gets started, when the mocking birds are thrilling in the mesquite and pecan, and the paisano is croaking by the resacas my message may come. But what care I? The joust I was bidden to is over; the baked meats have gone the way of all flesh; the roysterers are recovered, and my withers are unwrung.

I bespeak the philosophic attitude toward genius such as that of Burleson, the hobbler of haste, the strangler of speed. His is the artistic, the mañana temperament. Time was made for slaves. A bas the bourgeoisie! Viva Burleson, who takes the wire edge from haste!

Actuated by an idle and frivolous curiosity, I phoned the Burleson Boston Bureau of S. and S. to-day to inquire about the progress of my message; but as the sweatless toilers were getting ready to strike for less work and more pay I was rebuked for breaking in on their meditations. I subsided. I know my place. The spacious days are here.

QUINCY O'HARA.

BOSTON, Mass., February 7.

DETONATING NAMES.

An Attempt to Explain Admiral Dewey's Famous Phrase.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Contagious phrases sometimes take a deal of examination before one arrives at what carries them. Such an enigma is Admiral Dewey's widely pointed "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

At first view one wonders why so commonplace and obviously routine an expression should be labelled for immortality. Nor is it true that it was the heroic setting that ignited an otherwise tame phrase; for this command ushered in no world shaking battle, but, to the contrary, was sung up upon a scene rather histrionic and topheavy.

It might, to be sure, be argued that the very banality of the phrase is its immortalization; its cool casualness, its very negation of the heroic; but I have a small theory that the circumstance which rescued it from an oblivion that has without question levelled a score of exactly similar commands is the presence of the name "Gridley."

What is more arresting than a vivid and colorful name? And what consequently should rivet to immortality more decisively even a tissue of pedestrian words? Would that order have attained its commanding quotability if it had run, "You may fire when ready, Smith"?

The name of color works, it is conceivable, many prodigies which are not ascribed to this adventitious and often blind chance cause. Would Garabed have hypnotized without that bizarre name?

Somewhere I have read that Job Hedges attributed no little of his success, or at any rate a propulsive start toward it, to his arresting and infectious name.

Similarly, how many reputations are fostered by a fortuitous array of initials, particularly when there are three: for instance, J. E. B. Stuart, C. K. G. Billings, Charles G. D. Roberts. And who now remembers Mrs. Southworth's novels, although Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has a secure niche in many memories?

To pin a prismatic name to a weak epigram or to preface your son's undistinguished patronymic with detonating initials may or may not immortalize. But is there not food for thought here, a possible summa cum of health in a modicum of hint?

STANLEY K. WILSON.

OAK LANE, Pa., February 8.

BROSNAN'S PRIZE BRANDY.

A Thimbleful the Reward of a Man Who Made a Good Guess.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* With four friends, one a member of the New York Stock Exchange, I went into Brosnan's in 1895. I had never seen him before nor did I know of him.

I said: "Mr. Brosnan, if I name first guess, where you were born, will you give us the best in the place?" He replied, at once, with a twinkling eye, "Yes." I said, "Castle Island."

He at once produced a bottle of brandy with the excise seal signed by George Washington and measured out a thimbleful to me alone, and to the others he gave a bottle of brandy, fifty years old; in other words, he kept his promise strictly. One never forgets such a place, or man, or circumstance. I was told Brosnan never drank any liquor.

CHICAGO, February 5. VINDEX.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Blueberries of the Church Acre.

On a crest of the undulant moorlands,
where the granite of Maine fronts
the ocean,
A shrine has been built, like a pharos
beholden afar in its shining.
All of stones from the fields rose its
walls, unsmitten by tool of the
mason,
Like Solomon's temple of old; and
stanch as the fane of Iona
It sweeps the blue sea and wide coast
with one gaze of serene benediction.
A Zion indeed is its hill, for sunshine
and fair elevation,
Its acre a dial of green with belfry
and cross for the gnomon.
And here do the blueberries flourish in
all but miraculous plenty,
As though they must know the soil
hallowed. Where sweetfern and
bay yield their fragrance,
The full ripened clusters hang gravid
on their bushes in luring abundance,
Tiny wavelets of glimmering sapphire,
on emerald pools of their verdure.
Impatient to taste their wild sweetness,
the plucker invades the lush
thickets,
Thrusting fingers the fruit seems to
welcome, rejoiced that its gifts
be not wasted.
O succulence tender and dulcet, with
summer's own flavor impregnate!
Suggesting the melt of ripe pear flesh,
and partly the tang of crisp apple.
And lovely the bloom, shy and waxen,
that adorns the fresh skin of the
berries.
Evanescent almost as cool vapor, of
delicate pallor cerulean,
Dissolving from sight in the handling,
to leave the dark indigo burnish.
What surprise when the teeth cleave
the pulp, to find it bereft of deep
color,
And only gelatinous gray, like a thimble
of vitreous sherbet!
What potency then must abide in the
dye of the skin's fragile membrane,
To yield all the wealth of the stain that
the berries in cooking surrender!
For verily purples of Tyre, Amorgos and
murex of Cyprus,
Surpass not in opulent splendor the
depth of this juice amethystine,
That tinges a child's eager lips with the
hue that emblazoned a Cæsar.
Sometimes on one spray of the berries
appears every stage of maturing.
Snuggled close to the full ripened
azure, adolescent spheres pink as
arbutus,
Then newly formed infantile green, like
pellets of jade or smooth beryl.
Erect little breasts of the summer,
apout in your shapely profusion.
What symbol demure and elysian you
furnish of nature's sweet bounty!
Still giving in lavish affection to hunger
no matter how thankless.
And still, though the passions of men
tear the earth in the frenzy of
battle,
And the furrows and pits of their strife
gash her bosom with pitiless
wounding,
This, this, is her answer unfaltering,
to pour them fresh gifts from her
torment.
While her voice seems to rise from these
thickets, so laden with fruit of
her moulding,
"Let men choose their own ways of
conquest, I triumph by wealth
of bestowal.
Returning the kind for the cruel, and
for smiting, new richness of
blessing."
When One said to His friends long ago,
"If ye bear me much fruit, happy
are ye!"
His benison surely extended to this
lowly, luxuriant meadow.
That in its unmeasured abundance, of
His cross a meek parable yieldeth,
Where all that the sin of the world
could wreak in its venom and
torture
Broke foiled on the rock of His love,
like the waves on the cliffs of
this coastland.
And still from the wounds of the nails,
and the fount of the spear's ruthless piercing,
From the Body so rent like the earth's
in the uttermost conflict with evil,
He gives all the thirsty to drink and
feeds all the hungry with manna.
Repaying this age's neglect with a
richer, more passionate yearning,
And winning the flame of its love at the
last by His high Self-bestowal.

GOUNGUIT, Me. ELIOT WHITE.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Memorial Day, February 9, 1919.

Now take the measure of the man,
His days of toil are o'er,
We see him in a clearer light
Than ever shone before
Along the path he bravely trod,
Of man unfearful—but in fear of God!

A leader bold and pilot sure
Upon the seas of thought,
His compass ever pointed true
Unto the goal he sought,
The pole star of a perfect trust
That truth should win—and surely must!

Beyond the grave no envy runs,
Forgotten is the strife
That weird'd around his daily deeds
Through his eventful life;
But never may the world forget
How well he served—and serves it yet!

WILLIAM DENNISTOUN MIRONE.

Along the Way.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

If you can't shout hallelujah
As you travel on the way,
You can keep the quiet spirit
And look thankful for the day.

When the heart keeps time to song
As a feller goes along,
He's gittin' out the country
Where the thorny troubles throng.

If you can't be on the hilltop
In the big blaze of the light,
You'll know that even the valleys
Keeping heaven still in sight.

It will keep time to song
As the shadows dream along
And its paths lead from the country
Where the thorny troubles throng.

The Lure of the Blue Carib.

When the northers blow with sleet and
snow,
And the tongue of the wind is gith,
In my soul I feel a something steal—
'Tis the lure of the blue Carib.

There's a shaut in the gale, in stay and
sail,
From the spanker to doing-gib,
Through the futtock strand I hear it sand—
'Tis the lure of the blue Carib.

O the purple shade of a palmy glade
Where dangerous eliars drib
By a frosted lagoon I'll dream a noon
In the lure of the blue Carib.

When the moon frames the sedgy banks
And the night does its starry nib
Like a bethel spectre the Cold's secretary
Mid the lure of the blue Carib.

Then so long to cities of Morale's lies
And the cold hearted worldly crib
I'm athirst for the shoals of coral seas
In the lure of the blue Carib.

C. J. TAYLOR.

The Sun Calendar

THE WEATHER.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
Standard Time.

Sun rises ..... 6.59 A M Sun sets ..... 5.32 P M
Moon sets ..... 2.22 A M

For eastern New York, cloudy to-day; to-morrow fair, moderate westerly winds.

For New Jersey, fair to-day and to-morrow; little change in temperature; gentle to moderate west and northwest winds.

For northern New England, partly cloudy to-day; fair to-morrow; gentle shifting winds.

For southern New England, cloudy to-day; fair to-morrow; moderate westerly winds.

For western New York, cloudy to-day, probably light snow near the lakes; generally fair to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—There is a severe disturbance off the middle Pacific coast, the general depression moving southward into northern California and eastward into Alberta, but the main precipitation thus far has been confined to western Washington, western Oregon and extreme northern California. In the remainder of the country, except in the Atlantic and east Gulf states, pressure is generally high, but the weather therefore has been much unsettled, with snow in the Plain States, the lake region, the upper Ohio Valley, the middle Atlantic States and New England, and rains in Arkansas and Mississippi.

It is considerably colder from the Ohio Valley southwestward, but elsewhere the temperature did not change materially.

There will be local snows Sunday in the lake region, the Ohio Valley and Tennessee, and rain or snow in the Gulf states, mostly rain, that will extend during Sunday night into the south Atlantic states.

In New England and the middle Atlantic States the weather will be fair Sunday and Monday, and it also will be fair Monday in the south Atlantic and east Gulf states, Tennessee, the Ohio Valley and the lake region, except upper Michigan.

It will be colder Sunday from Maryland southward and southwestward to northern Florida and the east Gulf coast, also in the lower Ohio Valley and Tennessee.

It will be warmer Monday in the upper lake and western lower lake region, the lower Ohio Valley, western Tennessee and the east Gulf states.

Storm warnings are displayed on the north Pacific coast.

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

Stations.	Temperature. High.	Low.	Barometer.	Rainfall last 24 hrs.	Weather.
Abilene	44	28	30.34	..	Cloudy
Albany	30	24	30.02	.01	Snow
Atlantic City	34	22	30.06	.02	Clear
Baltimore	38	22	30.05	.18	Cloudy
Bismarck	15	-8	30.44	..	Clear
Boston	36	28	29.96	..	Clear
Buffalo	36	24	30.04	.02	Cloudy
Charleston	52	44	30.02	..	Clear
Chicago	28	14	30.26	tr.	Clear
Cincinnati	36	24	30.20	..	Clear
Cleveland	30	20	30.18	.08	Cloudy
Denver	32	28	30.22	..	Clear
Detroit	26	14	30.16	tr.	Cloudy
Galveston	62	56	30.08	.12	Cloudy
Helena	32	10	30.18	..	Cloudy
Jacksonville	60	46	30.04	..	Clear
Kansas City	24	18	30.38	.08	Clear
Los Angeles	58	50	29.96	..	Clear
Milwaukee	24	10	30.24	.06	Snow
New Orleans	60	44	30.08	..	Clear
Oklahoma City	30	20	30.36	.02	Clear
Philadelphia	36	24	30.04	.04	Clear
Pittsburg	30	20	30.14	.08	Snow
Portland, Me.	30	20	29.90	..	Clear
Salt Lake City	42	28	30.14	..	Clear
San Antonio	54	46	30.14	..	Clear
San Francisco	60	54	30.06	..	Cloudy
San Diego	58	52	30.10	..	Cloudy
St. Louis	34	18	30.28	..	Clear
Washington	38	32	29.98	.06	Clear

Prevailing winds are westerly.

LOCAL WEATHER RECORDS.

Barometer	29.10	29.41
Humidity	58	58
Wind—direction	S. E.	S.
Wind—velocity	3	3
Weather	Cloudy	Clear
Precipitation	None	None

The temperature in this city yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

8 A. M.	33	1 P. M.	33	6 P. M.	34
9 A. M.	34	2 P. M.	33	7 P. M.	34