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The Library of Congress for the works of a man named SHAKESPEARE, whose choice of words and phrases is still used as a guide by many of our best writers and speakers.

It is curious that a man who, according to the Congressional Directory, was "educated in the Omaha public schools, supplemented by two years study in Germany and a law course at Michigan University," should have overlooked SHAKESPEARE.

The "Inconceivable" Happened.

The incident of American history recalled to public attention by the correspondent from whose letter we quote herewith is of peculiar interest at this time:

"In THE SUN this morning I read that the President, when asked how the proposed League of Nations would affect the application of the Monroe Doctrine to the case of a Spanish American republic that might voluntarily return to Spanish allegiance, replied 'It is inconceivable.'"

"In point of fact that very thing occurred in 1861 when Santo Domingo, by the desire of its people, was restored to Spanish rule and remained so for about four years. What happened once can happen again."

Senator Knox's Great Speech Against the League Plan.

Senator Knox's address against the League of Nations plan is so able and profound, so clear and explicit, reveals such legal knowledge, radiates such statesmanship and is inspired by such patriotism, that to read the last single word of it as it is printed in full by THE SUN to-day could well be called the first duty of this morning of every American citizen.

In the League document which President Wilson has presented to this nation for approval or disapproval there are not merely weak points, inconsistent points, conflicting points; there are points which lack sense, points which are irrational, points which are fatal.

The League, as it has been loosely and crudely formulated, is not a league; it is a small number of national units conferring upon themselves the power as an international tyranny to dominate a large number of national and tribal units.

It has no clear and specific methods of procedure. It has no rules. Its regulations it can make as it sees fit to make them. Its decisions it can reach as it suits it to reach them.

But, while the League's constitution itself is a mere jumble of words, some of them meaningless, some of them incoherent, there does stand out the distinct, the terrible fact that this nation, going into such a covenant to prevent war, could not prevent war.

This nation, on the contrary, could be called upon, against its principles, against the sacred ties of friendship and blood, against the very laws of God, to make war against some nation it trusted and loved devotedly and in behalf of some nation it mistrusted and despised.

Either these would be the obligations which we assumed and which we should be in honor bound to fulfill, or there would be nothing at all to the League; for Senator Knox repudiates with scorn the suggestion that we can go into the covenant, pledge ourselves to it, and then, if we do not feel like living up to our obligations, turn our backs upon them.

He tells us, in all the sincerity that is in American manhood, that if we do bind ourselves, in law or in honor, we must not default when we are called upon, commanded to do what we have pledged ourselves to do, though it be, in behalf of naked barbarism or of a blighted race, to pierce the hearts of those we honor and those who are our next of kin.

If Senator Knox's next is read and understood by the American people, as they should read and understand it before they consent to the sacrifice of our national birthright, Mr. Wilson's League of Nations will never become the super law and super power over the Constitution of the United States and the sovereignty of the American nation.

"Believe Me, I Do Not Believe in Three Men." Senator HITCHCOCK, who can be delightfully serious and silly at the same time, read to the Senate, with indignation, the following extract from THE SUN'S Washington news:

"One Senator said to THE SUN correspondent: 'Believe me, I felt the same blushing embarrassment that used to come over me as a small boy when some friend with a balky memory forgot the piece he was bidden to recite and broke down in the middle of it.'"

The Nebraskaan's wrath. It seems, was aroused by the first two words of the language credited to the Senator quoted. Said Senator HITCHCOCK:

"Think of attributing such language to a Senator of the United States as 'believe me'!"

of the Legislature to decide whether the opportunities presented are worthy of development, and if so, to adopt a general policy to follow. Mr. LEIGHTON believes the work should be done in most cases by the State, directly or indirectly.

It is his opinion private capital and initiative are available, and they should be employed under reasonable regulations to conserve public rights. There are many intricate legal questions to be dealt with, among them how to collect tolls from users of water power who are benefited by storage development.

Then there is an interstate question, as Massachusetts mills would receive benefit from water storage in New Hampshire, and therefore should contribute financial assistance in some form. Both Massachusetts mill owners and the Massachusetts Commission on Waterways and Public Lands show a disposition to cooperate with New Hampshire in the matter.

It is Mr. LEIGHTON'S opinion that the work could be financed and made self-supporting by payments on the basis of the coal saved.

While measured in money the projects proposed in New Hampshire are relatively small compared with water power developments in other States, the principles involved are important as part of the present movement in the United States to correct the wasteful methods with which natural resources have been dealt heretofore.

and the action of the New Hampshire Legislature will therefore be important as a precedent.

Uncle Sam Loses a Good Legislator. Among the Representatives now in Congress who retire from the House with the end of this session GEORGE W. FAIRCHILD of the Thirty-fourth New York district will be particularly missed.

He began his legislative career in Washington with the Sixtieth Congress, and has been a useful, conscientious and capable lawmaker.

The hardest and most difficult work done in Congress is done in the committee rooms. It betrays no secret to say that it is done by a relatively small number of men.

Mr. FAIRCHILD has been a member of the Appropriations Committee, where brains, independence and knowledge are required; and Mr. FAIRCHILD has won by his labors in the committee a reputation he should be proud of, and probably never thinks about.

In such enterprises of public improvement when undertaken by lovely women mere man has no right or reason to intrude. His advice is not asked; it is not wanted.

Not all the secrets of Polichinello whispered along Broadway are credible, but there was one, told soon after the death of CHARLES FROHMAN, that has proved true.

The great producer was a poor man. Of all the millions that came to his hands in the many years of his triumph, only \$452 was left for his heirs.

To die poor is not of itself a virtue. In some cases, where the happiness of dependents is at stake, it is a misfortune or a sin.

In the case of FROHMAN the empty treasury was another sign of what the man's life had indicated; his utter indifference to money and his absolute devotion to his profession. If he had wished, undoubtedly he could have died rich.

When General PERSHING went to France in the spring of 1917 his imagination must have worked overtime concerning the tasks of preparation for landing an army in France.

Establishing what later came to be called the Service of Supplies, training his army in the methods of warfare evolved out of the "war of positions," and planning the campaigns to be conducted by his forces once they had been transformed from raw recruits into trained soldiers.

But it is scarcely to be conceived that he ever thought one of his tasks would be to direct the organization of an American Expeditionary Force University, which institution of learning was scheduled to be opened in Beaune, France, yesterday.

Although "university" may, in the pedagogical sense, be rather a far-fetched title for this institution, it is doubtful if any army in the field ever before had anything to compare with it.

them that the old system of post schools on a modern and more elaborate scale would have to be revived for the emergency. It was also foreseen by General Staff officers in France that once hostilities ceased there would be a long interval before all the men could be returned to the United States and this interval could be put to no better use than giving to men who needed or wanted it the instruction they lacked.

It was announced that divisional schools would be established in place of the old post schools. As soon as the armistice was signed the plans for these schools took actual form. The response of the men has been gratifying.

Up to the end of February approximately 150,000 soldiers had enrolled for vocational and other training. The A. E. F. University may not last longer than its first term; but as one illustration of the interest army officers take in education it will be watched with interest in the service.

Mere Man's Protectors. An unusual and highly gratifying interest in the morals of men is exhibited by many of the ladies of this country which cannot but edify the objects of their solicitude.

Recently a powerful organization of women's clubs in this city demanded of the designers of feminine apparel that they shall hereafter cut evening gowns with greater liberality of material and with less exposure of the female form divine, in order that the young and innocent of the sex romantically designated as the stronger should not be subjected to undue allurements by their dancing partners or dinner companions.

Now another body of far sighted women has called upon the dealers in women's more intimate garments to banish them from the shop windows, where under present conditions they are notoriously displayed in such manner as to enable all passers-by to inform themselves as to their material, detail of adornment and general outline.

A committee has been appointed to interview the merchants who seek trade by frank display of such wares, and one trip through the shopping district will convince the least obedient that if its members are to perform their allotted task thoroughly they have an arduous season ahead of them.

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Planned to utilize some of the spare time of the men in the period that must ensue before they can be brought home, its courses comprise only a three months term in such subjects as engineering, science and music, liberal and fine arts, with the possibility of agriculture being added to the curriculum.

The president of the A. E. F. University is Colonel IAA M. REEVES, a former Regular Army officer who was for some years president of Norwich University, Northfield, Vt., who volunteered on our entry into the war. The facilities of the institution are elastic enough to provide for 15,000 men if as many as that register, the necessary force of instructors being selected from the 50,000 men in the army who, according to the records of our General Staff, are qualified to act as teachers.

The establishment of this university is the outcome of the condition of literacy found among the drafted men. While the army was in the process of making, officers often found it difficult to get men with sufficient education to act as squad leaders and corporals in their companies. It became plain to

From ribbon cans \$7,750,000 gallons of syrup were made in the United States in 1918, according to the first estimates of this product by the bureau of crop estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture. One-third of this was made in Louisiana.—THE SUN.

If duty call or pleasure beckon you from the buxkboard into full view, by all means take the Lower Road. You had best go in the middle, but the trip can be made in a two wheel cart or in a buxkboard. It is a precedent condition that it be autumn.

After you leave St. Francisville you seek for the most part, a crooked path between rocks, gravelly as Joseph's coat—red, yellow, blue, green, mottled. The road—that is, they call it a road—itself is bright red, descending now and again to the bright gold sands of a dry bed of a stream. Trees are the forest, sweet gums blazing like a forest of scarlet, red, blue, green pines, and here and there pecans and yellow hickories.

Now and again there is a clearing, tufted with wild rice, with bunches of cotton, poor relation of the Delta varieties, just knee high to a bum-bleebe, as the darkeys say. The weevils get it, and, not worth the labor of picking, it waves its white rags in the wind.

In one of these clearings you are sure to come upon a cheerier scene. Delectable odors—the sweet smell of wood smoke and something with it reminiscent at once of the leaves in New Orleans and of winter breakfasts—will whet your appetite and your curiosity before your nag jerks a buxkboard into full view.

Here we are! Wear luncheon is making rapid. A patient, pony plug with a rope harness goes round and round, snorting as he sniffs the wood smoke, stepping over the drive rope with mechanical accuracy once in each revolution, and snuffing now and again at a leaf. His mission in life is dull but worthy. He drudges, sirs, to make the world sweeter. May you, with half his legs, do half as well. He is turning a mill which is a clothes wringer sort of affair, but narrower and with rolls of iron instead of rubber. Between the rolls wear is feeding ribbon cane stalks, stripped of the flowing leaves which give it a name. The watery juice spurts and splashes as the cane is squeezed flat; it's a wasteful method, but some of the juice actually does get into the barrels.

Hard by is the kettle, which is no kettle at all, but a trough, made of black iron. It is perhaps six feet long and two feet broad. Stones bridge it over the fire. Grids or partitions reach almost across it, one from this side, another from the other, so that the juice poured into the upper end winds its way drunkenly zigzag to the further end. Meantime it has boiled and boiled, and while it went in clear as crystal, it drips from the other end a thin trickle of brown syrup.

Syrup as it is syrup. You can't buy it here, but you can buy ribbon cane in cans and bottles, but 'tain't real. It is made efficiently and scientifically, and there isn't a twig or a leaf in it to show it was born in the open air. Even this poor substitute for the home made kind is almost unpurchasable, which is to go to the point, stuff won't keep long—like many of our life's sweetest things.

Maple syrup is well enough in its way, and honey will do in a pinch, but never tree grow or bug lived that could distill the fine, full bodied smacking goodness that is ribbon cane's birthright.

Under the name of "The Burden of Reality." A Maximum Fixed Rate Asked For in the New System of Taxation.

Transport got fourteen distress calls on stormy trip.—Newspaper Accounts. Not from the Fourteen Points, let us hope.

Even before the promised reduction of a cent a quart in the price of milk comes word that "smart" tailors will have to raise the price of a decent suit of clothes from \$100 to \$150. Lack of money in the play here, the milkmen would have taken off that cent sooner or the tailors raised their prices later, so that a citizen of moderate means could lay out a budget scientifically constructed to cover both food and clothing.

The Reed amendment forbidding shipment of rum into dry territory having tardily been made to apply to the District of Columbia, except so much of the District as is occupied by embassies and legations, the problem comes up as to the status of the White House when the President gives his diplomatic receptions. There is a California decision that a Federal Judge carries with him the immunities and privileges attaching to Federal territory wherever he may be in the United States.

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The Promise of March. The river roars; even the rascal brawls; yet is there muttering, though the notes be rude.

In all the watering sound—a certificate of something mellow as the twilight falling.

The clouds that span the heaven's western arch Are grim and leaden masses, yet at heart.

Lo, beauty, glowing in a sunset ray! Thus is behind the thrill and threat of March.

The prelude and the promise of the May. CLAYTON SCOTLAND.

We Are Alone. From the Unknown. We come to meet the miracle of life and unaccompanied enter in the strife.

Toward the Unknown. We go to meet the miracle of death and solitary do we yield our breath.

For the unknown. Our majesty we cannot delegate, for no man's death we are alone.

So be it known. This is the law of Nature's wisdom bare; the sovereign moments never may be shared.

McLANNON'S WISDOM. A yellow lighthouse holds its lonely watch above the waste of sand and chaparral.

The tropic island thrusts from the bright sea. No sign of life on all the gray-green coast.

Beyond the pharos, sharp edged terrace. The tropic island thrusts from the bright sea.

And glide back like an escalator's shift. To show bold cupid and bicipud peaks of Cuba's southeast coast, in stately range.

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WHY THIS RULE? A Golf Bag Must Be Sent as Baggage on the Long Island.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: On Lincoln's Birthday I decided to take advantage of the holiday by playing a game of golf, the first since my discharge from the army.

As though they wrangled in a riotous mood. Yet having undertaken where force and are lost in lute-like and melodious calls.

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The Sun Calendar THE WEATHER. MINIATURE ALMANAC. Standard Time.

Eastern New York—Fair to-day and probably tomorrow; not much change in temperature; moderate northwest winds.

Washington, March 1.—The storm that was centered over Lake Erie Friday night passed rapidly northward beyond the Gulf of Canada.

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

Stations. Temp. Bar. last 24 hrs. Wind. Clouds. Precip. Albany, 46 30.02 40 Clear

LOCAL WEATHER RECORDS. Barometer at 8 A. M. 30.02. Humidity 75. Wind from S.W. 10.

EVENTS TO-DAY. Dr. Stephen S. Wise will preach on "The Jewish Nation," Carnegie Hall, 9 P. M.

"Recognition Dinner" in appreciation of services rendered to the Brooklyn Jewish Community by the Brooklyn Jewish Community Center.

Annual meeting of the Society of Mount Sinai Hospital, 10:45 A. M.

Meeting of the General Motors Club, Metropolitan Museum of Art, lectures, 8 P. M.

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