AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By A

HYPHENATED CITIZEN WHO IS ALSO A GOOD AMERICAN.

(Colonel Roosevelt is a great man, but not infallible. He is IN the forest and sees the trees only and not the forest. If you read the following, and should agree with the writer, why not drop a line to Colonel Roosevelt?)

New York, April 22, 1916.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

I address you as "Dear Mr." because you are using those terms so often. And those who charge you with bad faith claim that you are doing it in order to ingratiate yourself thus cheaply. As a matter of fact, I know that you are doing it because the men who wrote to you showed a related spirit, a spirit that is interested in good, or whom you want to interest in good. But aside from this, I know you personally, and I was thus addressed by you. If I dont't tell you my name, it means simply that my name carries no weight, and it is what I say and not what I am that should carry weight.

Sometime since I said in a public print:

I consider Mr. Roosevelt one of our most patriotic citizens, also one of the greatest men among us, both mentally and morally. Few, if any, deserve more distinguished regard. With all my admiration for his abilities however, I will not allow him to dictate how I shall spell my name, not yet how I shall regard other countries than this, so long as my loyalty to America cannot be questioned. The hyphen (-) is there, Mr. Roosevelt, and there it will remain. I shall always be proud of my Hungarian extraction. No one but one of the "mollycoddles," whom you used to denounce so bitterly, would remove the hyphen at the command of yourself, or any other distinguished gentleman.

I still feel that I am a Hyphenated American, and that in spite of your renewed criticism of hyphenates, I must remain obstinately hyphenated. And I wish to explain why I remain such by telling you my faith as a citizen.

Twenty years ago, I, a native of the great and ancient land called Hungary, a land filled with glorious memories, a land dear to my heart, as also to the hearts of her thousands of sons throughout the world, foreswore my allegiance to the Emperor-King of the Dual Monarchy, and became a citizen of the United States of America. And my act was inspired by conscience, by a sense of duty, by preference, derived from study and observation, which begat a firm conviction that the basic principles of this Republic, as stated in our Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of the United States, and as interpreted by the acts and words of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and other great statesmen and especially in Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address—embody the ultimate reach of justice, truth and liberty for all mankind. To my mind, no poet, no prophet, none of the wise and good of old, or of the present day, had ever written more glorious words than Jeffersons immortal utterance:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

I was enthused with Lincoln's mighty solicitude that this "Government of the People, by the People for the people shall not perish." Because I believe these things with all my soul, because I loved these ideals with all my heart, I became an American. I wished to live for these things, to fight for them, to exemplify them.

Yes, it was with a high conviction of duty that I became a citizen. Like other immigrant foreigners, I had come to this country that I might enjoy the economic advantages here available, and which, because of the newness and greatness of the country, are superior to what may be obtained elsewhere. My act was prompted by no consideration of business or commercial advantage to be attained by citizens, as a compared with aliens—no such advantages appeared in the lines of business in which I was engaged. I espoused this country and its cause for the reason that a man takes a wife; because I had learned to love, to respect, to revere.

One day in August, therefore, I came before a judge in the Federal Court of New York City, and recited my reasons for wishing to become an American. I told him that I read the Declaration, the Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, President Monroe's Message—now known as the "Monroe Doctrine" — Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration, and all the other classics of our free American nation. He was a good judge, also not over-busy at the time, and he listened to my "profession of faith". When he learned that I had not only read the "prophets" of liberty, but had also watched carefully the movement of public events in this country, that I knew most of our senators by name and reputation, and that I had formed definite opinions on all these persons and affairs, he was enthused. "Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "I am glad to welcome such a citizen as you will make." So, that is the way in which I became an "Hyphenate," an Hungarian-American — Hungarian by birth, by lineage, by education; American by choice and by adoption.

As you see, I became an American because I had learned to love America; not because I had learned to hate my native land, its King, or its people. In our glorious flag, flung to the winds of heaven, memorializing in its thirteen stripes—warm red, like the blood of life; pure white, like the snow falling from the sky above—the thirteen colonies that first defied the Tyrant, and laid the first stone in the edifice of Liberty and Justice, I saw the perpetual pledge of good will to all humanity, the eternal welcome to the oppressed, the down-trodden of the world. I loved that flag. It was my flag. It was the flag of my country. It was the flag of God. But I loved it, and loved my country for the things they meant to me, for the things they meant to the immortal Jefferson and the deathless Lincoln —"all men created equal"; "government by the people and for the people." Their love, my love, knew no sectional limitations, no narrowness. I could love my native land the more, the land of my father and my mother, because I had learned to love America. The flag of America was, and is, to me a flag inscribed with a message to mankind, the message of liberty, equality, fraternity. It was, and is, to me a symbol of these truths which "we hold . . . . to be self-evident." If, so I thought, and so I still think, there are nations which have not yet learned these TRUTHS, that flag is like the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness, in sight of the Israelites of old, when they had fallen into error, so that all who lookes upon it were restored to health and happiness.

This flag of our country, then is the banner of the Lord God of Hosts. It cannot float above the heads of those who would oppress, those who plot against their fellows, those who bear false testimony gainst others. Such people can have no place in its shadow. They know nothing of its meaning.

So it is, then, when the people of my native land, my father's people, the people who gave me the breath of life, and to whom I still owe the debt of nature and the love which nature originates, are accused of wrongs which, as I know, they have not committed; when the brothers I left behind are threatened by forces that depend on untruth, because they are less skilled in the use of manly weapons; are misrepresented by people who have cleverly hidden their own crimes, burn with indignation, because I love justice and mercy, as Jefferson loved them; because I love all mankind, as Lincoln loved them, because I am an American by conviction, even if not by birth. If my native land has sinned, it must suffer retribution. But this I know, be it sinning or innocent, the serpent's tongue is a weapon unknown in the arsenal of God, a weapon unused by soldiers who fight the fight for truth, who battle for liberty and for righteousness. I believe these things, because I have learned them from my masters, the fathers of American liberty.

This, then, is the "faith" of an "Hyphenate," the faith not only of myself, but of thousands beside. I am an American because I chose America as my country, after deep study of its fundamental principles. I claim, then, that I am as truly an American as any could be who boasts eight generations on our shores. I love justice, truth and liberty. For this reason I became an American. For this reason, also I resent the deliberate lies circulated about my native land, and others, by enemies, who have not always been the champions of liberty and human rights. I resent them, because I know them to be lies. As an American, I would fight for my country against all invaders, against all enemies of truth and humanity. But, as an American, who has a voice in the government of this great people, and the right to express honest convictions, I claim the right to help prevent my country from being led into assisting injustice, mendacity, wickedness and greed.

Yet, as some tell us, all this involves "disloyalty." Men of national prominence and position, others also whose loudness of voice gains them a hearing, protest that the "Hyphenated American" is menacing public safety, comes near to doing and uttering treason. Treason! Treason against what? There are "Americans," born Americans, who are less worthy the name than those who have become Americans from choice and conviction; grandsons and great grandsons of the Tories of the Revolution, who still urge us to espouse the "sacred cause" of England, as did also their forebears. I consider myself a better American than such men, even if I am an "Hyphenate."

I have your word that you love the United States and would fight for its flag. I believe, moreover, that your life of patriotic word and action justifies your claim. On the other hand, in the 27 years I have been in this country, and in the 20 years since I acquired citizenship, I have done nothing that could impeach my chaim that as far as the love of country is concerned, you and I stand in the same position, and can discuss the interests of our common country on an equal basis.

Greater misfortune could overtake this country than that you again should become its President. But I see a great danger in it, and as an ordinary one-vote citizen, I feel that I ought to say it in a form that you and your friends may fully understand why, with all my admiration for your great talents and noble career, I cannot support you as a Presidential candidate. My reasons hold, also, for millions more of our fellow-citizens.

There are very many reasons why you should not again become President, some reasons why you should not even use your great power in choosing another to become our President. You made one President, indeed, and, according to your own verdict, and according to that of the country, he did not make good. Why should you risk it again? But, in support of my contention, that you yourself should not become President again, I will have many reasons to urge.

In the first place, and most important of all at the present time, you have expressed yourself very strongly against "hyphenated citizens." Millions in this country, even among your admirers, were very much displeased even those who know that you meant it well, feel that you have insulted them. They will never feel that you are their President even if you should be elected, which I consider quite likely, if you should accept the nomination. The very fact of the great parties nominating you and Mr. Wilson will be considered by a large number of very good citizens as a bid for their resentment.

The man we want for President in the present world-crisis should not be a partisan like Mr. Wilson or yourself, or even one who, with the best intentions, uses partisan language. The man we want must be of the "Lincoln" type, one who would sum his policy in such immortal words as "With malice toward none, with charity for all"; a man who can temper his own indignation at injustice, or apparent or alleged injustice, with the conviction of the great words of Scripture, "vengeance is mine, saieth the Lord, I will repay." Indeed, at the present time, no grander ideal could be advocated than is embodied in the teachings of those great men who founded our Republic, teachings opposed to every form of prejudice and misrepresentation, and inspired by a spirit of good will and mutual understanding among all people.

Particularly at the time of the present world-crisis, we cannot champion the cause of any one of the warring nations against the others— except in so far as any of them has suffered from misunderstanding and misrepresentation — but, actually and fundamentally, to advocate consistent observance of those grand principles of justice and humanity which should move us, as a nation, to maintain a real and generous neutrality, because that, in possessing a common humanity, all peoples belong to us und we to them. Not only is our citizenship composed of representatives of every nation under heaven, but also we have drawn heavily from all of them in way of inspiration of life and in the arts of civilization. We cannot be consistently American, and forget the world's debts to any one of them, no matter what their errors, past or present, or however much passing rumors may tempt us to condemnation. We cannot withhold from

ENGLAND, a generous share of our admiration, because we cannot forget her Shakespeare, her Byron, her Pope, her Isaac Newton, prince of philosophers, nor yet her Darwin, grandest of scientists, her Dickens, master of laughter and tears, not a host of other resplendent names among her sons. We cannot forget her Magna Charta, cornerstone of human liberties, not yet her long and vigorous warfare against the iniquities of the slave-trade. Nor do we find it in our hearts to condemn

GERMANY, the land of music, science and philosophy; the birthplace of Luther, Kant, Virchow, Goethe, Schiller; the country made sacred for all time by the wondrous harmonies of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Bach, Mozart, and a galaxy of others who cannot die while music lives. We cannot deny our debt to her scientists, her chemists, her explorers of the secrets of nature, of medicine and surgery, her tireless, thorough workers in a score of arts and industries, whose discoveries have advanced civilization and originated new departments of human activity. We have too much to learn from her in her achievements of practical good government, state socialism and the innumerable excellent metohds of securing respect for laws, made in the interests of the majority. If we feel hatred for

FRANCE, we must forget Voltaire, Racine, Dumas, Balzac, prince of fiction writers, Rousseau, and others still, who have enriched literature beyond computation. We cannot forget the romance of her history, the fierce upheavals in the cause of human freedom, her grand mistakes and immense achievements, the glorious story of Napoleon's empire, not yet the troublous path trodden by her people to the goal of liberty and popular government. There is still a strain in her Marsaillaise Hymn that stirrs the heart with the thought of human inspirations and the inevitable battle with tyranny and wrong. While liberty endures France must live on. And

ITALY, is still the Holy Land of genius. Her name is woven into the fabrics of every art. It stands beautiful in association with many a holy life, many a glorious memory, many a colossal achievement. The "Glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" must remain glorious and grand, while history is read and learning is cultivated. We cannot close our hearts to the land of Michael Angelo,Cellini, Galileo, Raphael, Dante and Fra Angelico; the land that bore Columbus, the land that was fought for by Victor Immanuel and Garibaldi. We owe it too great a debt. So it is, also with Greece, with

HUNGARY, with AUSTRIA, with the BALKAN peoples, even with RUSSIA, so vast and so far away. Their peoples are among us and of us; their histories are all stories of human hope, human effort, human error and human achievement. Where they err, we may err also; where they have achieved we have profited. Their hearts beat in rhythm with our own. We are all human together.

That there should be war among these peoples, our fellow-men, is the grand calamity of the ages, a catastrophe, a cataclysm. It is humanity and civilization that are at stake, not mere local or national interest. Because all this is true, the path of duty is clear. America has her grand opportunity as the real, as hitherto the professed, exponent of justice, liberty and the rights of all humanity.

"We, as a nation, cannot afford to be guided by the passing animosities of warring nations, while the whole world of mankind is dying because too many have forgotten the eternal principles, upon which our nation was founded. As individuals, we may have our sympathies, for the one belligent and against the other, but, if we lose sight of the claims of humanity at large, lose interest in the one grand cause, the advance of civilisation and the propagation of right and justice in the world, we have only been false to ourselves, and to the allegiance which we swear, when we declare ourselves Americans.

You, Mr. Roosevelt, surely in good faith expressed hatred toward some peoples and you are not an individual! Your election now would mean that the whole country endorses the things you have said, when, as a matter of fact but a small portion does endorse them.

The nations of the world look to us to be just, to be generous, to be neutral on all points that seperate human beings into hostile camps. The people of the world look to us for the example set by a free people, made up of all nations on earth, and professing to be the pioneers and champion of the greatest and grandest ideals of the ages.

The next reason why you should not be President is because 70,000,000 Germans in Germany, 50,000,000 Austrians, the Austrian Government, Turkey, Bulgaria, and other nations who are equaly in sympathy with the Central Powers, consider you, rightly or wrongly, as their avowed enemy. And we should not have in the next four years a President, who has taken such an attitude towards the great Nation of Europe, to which so many of our citizens are related, and with whom we have commercial and numerous other human connections. The other nations, who believe that you are favorable to them, are not entirely pleased because of the fact that you did not go to greater lenghts in their aid.

Am I less an American because I am a lover of the German people?

I was born in Hungary 58 years ago. In my school days we hated Germany in prose and poetry! But soon the Hungarians learned that Bismarck was not the German people, and Bismarck was of the same clay as others, and not infallible, and many of us Hungarians thought Austria was responsible for the war between two nations now so closely allies. I am very glad that my native land has been charitable to the erstwhile enemy, unlike the French who have hated for forty years after almost everyone who harmed them or those that suffered are dead and the real loss long forgotten.

For the last twenty years in this country I have read little but English. I learned from books, newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and England, vividly, portrayed, the character of their civilization. I read in a book published only a few weeks before the war broke out by an English author who lived eight years in Germary about the "simplicity of the great mass of this God-fearing people and the beauty of their home life." I read — always in the English language—about the very genius of the German language adapted to the expression of love and tenderness; I read a great deal of the scholarly analyses, of the painstaking thoroughness of German methods, of the world debt to the patience of German thinkers; of the debt that our own educational institutions owe to Germany. Books were filled with magnificient tributes to German poets and German composers. Books were published showing that Germany was the land not only of Virchow and Helmholz and Haegel and Kant, not only the land of Goethe, Schiller, Wagner, Beethoven, but also of a great common people. The American people do not want our Army and Navy to join those who want to overun and lay wast this land.

It is likely, it is a plausible story that this great nation, this great people will turn the world to barbarism as we are told they would.

Certainly I love now the Germans but that does not mean that I hate the other nations at war. And as much as I want to have the right to express myself for the German cause, others with equal rights can love the others but should always stick to the truth and not declare those citizens who are not of one opinion with them to be anti-American.

I am an admirer of the Kaiser, whom you yourself have called a real man, an able man, a good man. Am I a bad American if I believe that you were right in your Estimate, and that those who say he is a devil, are wrong? Why should I believe those who said, first that the Kaiser was a veritable devil, a world menace; then militarism, then Prussianism; then the men, then the woman—and finally call Germany a nation of beasts and swine?

Few people know, for instance, my native people who came to this country, who are illiterate. But on pieces of paper they have written, through people who can write, the names of those who have loaned them 25 gulden, 5 gulden, or 1 gulden, to make up the money that brought them over, or the names of the people and the amounts they owe to others. When they arrive here they start to work, are frugal and when they have saved a little they go with those pieces of paper to the banker and have him send over the money to the people to pay back their borrowings. And all this because they are honest. They go down to the mines, in danger of their lives, for the little money they receive. They have helped and are helping to build up this country. Are such people as these the kind that spoil the morals of our country? Are they to be treated like enemies of the country because they have not become dehumanized and willing to join the enemies of their native land, to kill the brethren they left behind, and help devaste the land of their birth?

You must believe, Mr. Roosevelt, all that I have said to prove that I really love this country. It would be an insult to my intelligence if I did not. Its flag, the way I interpret it, is a pledge of hope, of high ideals of manhood and of civilization; for the oppressed of all nations the symbol of brotherhood and "inalienable rights." I believe, therefore, it would be very cruel in anyone to ask me to sabre the sons of my aged sister which would mean to kick the crutches from under her arms in order to release Belgium, nor do I commit treason when I say that to avenge real or alleged violations of international law, I would not take up arms against the brethren I left behind. But, I assure you, if they should attack the people of this country, or our institutions, I would fight beside you or beside any of our native-born Americans, and with the same vigor as any of them, because I should feel that I was fighting for justice.

I do not believe that the submarine commander who torpedoes a boat, which, in his opinion, carries death-dealing ammunition intended to destroy his brethren, can or does dishonor our flag. I do believe that those Americans who are on such a ship are the ones that are dishonoring the United States. And as I believe, millions of other people believe. How can you stand by what you have said and expect that we should welcome you as our President? How can you be our representative and our loyal servant when we have no confidence in your ability to be neutral, truly and in real American fashion at the present time?

Every event, everything, is suceptible of more than one honest interpretation. You have your own views and there is no question in my mind but that you are absolutely honest. Why cannot you believe that the others, we, the hypenates, are honest in our opinions also?

This unfortunate hyphen talk has torn asunder the citizens of this country and arrayed them in two opposite camps. There is a great piece of work that remains to be accomplished, waiting for the powers of such a man as you really are if you could outlive your prejudices. You cannot do it from Wahington, you can do it or can help to do it as a citizen without an office. Only a day or two ago, I passed a crowd on Broadway listening to an ignorant speaker who wanted questions asked, and I asked him a question which was not against the spirit of the listeners, but simply my pronounciation was mistaken for German. Half of the crowd was willing to send me immediately to Germany and some of them wanted me to go to the Reichstag. How will we do away with their ignorance and bias?

I am back from a recent trip of 6,000 miles through the country. It is not as bad inland, but even there it has made its mark. And it ought to be corrected. It will not be corrected by you becoming President, which naturally would only antagonize at least half of our people. Indeed, the very best fight, the very campaining, would become a preaching of hatred instead of arguments.

I am sure that your desire to become President is because you feel that you will try to do, and will do, the right thing by the people and will be honest to your oath as President. But, Mr. Roosevelt, are you the only man in this great country that can fill the position?

Or is Mr. Wilson? Or is some other candidate? Is it possible that we are compelled to choose which one of several conspicuous citizens we shall advance to honor, rather then to consider the interests of the whole people as the matter of the first importance?

If that be so, then we have reached the point at which we should discuss changing the method of our government even as our fathers prescribed it in the Declaration of Independence, "That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

I do not believe that Mr. Hughes is the right man. He doesn't relish the prospect of being thrown on the ash heap after he has served the people. The American people do not decorate with medals their great servants and therefore forget the services rendered. I would not vote for Mr. Root, who, in my opinion, partly shared by yourself, has used for nearly fifty years his great mentality to undo what the Fathers of the Republic have planned, namely, the grand institution of equal opportunities for all. In my opinion he has been thinking more of certain classes—the "malefactors of great wealth", to use your own phrase—and he would, judging by his past, use the great office of President to serve the interest of the few as against the many. He ought not to be considered at all after the people of the Empire State repudiated him as they did.

But there, are I am sure, hundreds of people in both parties competent to fill the position, and neither you nor Mr. Wilson should want this position again, from any motive either great or admirable. You desire to run will injure your party and will insult millions of good citizens. Mr. Wilson also has spoken too much and too often against foreign-born citizens, who, as he demands, should disregard nature and cease to feel regard for those from whom they sprung. (He himself would not do the same.)

Yes, Mr. Roosevelt, I do know you pretty well. I have read your books. I have watched your entire career. I believe that you are an honest man, a wonderful man, a great patriot. But there is something in you which qualifies you better for other positions than that of the Presidency. The country needs you more somewhere else, You have not that particular quality capable of "Charity for all and malice toward none."

At the present time in this country it is not the illiterate immigrant, nor the hyphenate, who still loves his mother or his brother, who has brought our institutions to such a condition that a great man is needed to restore them to the people. Its the "malefactors of great wealth" who have done it, and there is no other man who could better fight them than yourself. From the President's chair you cannot do it. You did not do it when you were President nor can you do it now.

When Morgan with other capitalists, called upon you as the President of the United States, and told you "We want such and such, if not, we will create the biggest panic that ever existed," you would have found the remedy had one been available to the President of the United States at the time you could not and did not do it.

The conditions of our country are such that it is worth your while that you sacrifice your personal ambition. One of the great German philosophers said "It is worth while to forego pleasure to avoid pain"—pain to others!

Is not the Ford Michigan-Nebraska incident the handwriting on the wall? Why should you help the politicans to thwart the will of the people? The people want peace. They want a President who thinks, talks of, and works for peace by peaceful methods. Offending our own people, even the "hyphenated" ones, does not show such a spirit.

What hope has this country if you, a great leader, would act like a professional politician and accept the nomination of the Republican Party in the clutches of the same bosses who stole your nomination and election four years ago?

What hope, also, if Mr. Wilson, who is as much disliked by his own party as by all other parties, obtains the nomination simply because, as the claim, he is the only one who can be elected by the Democrats; in other words, not because he is the man, but because he can hold the patronage.

Mr. Roosevelt, these are the impressions of a man who honestly admires you and who has taken pains to study the needs of the country. I know where you are needed more. The people have no means to express their wishes. You are the man to create that. You have been President; why do you not aspire to a nobler high place in history—the fame of the world's grandest champion of liberty and true Americanism—that could not be won by merely another four years in "White House" as the chosen representative of a dominant party? Seize your real opportunity! we may have to wait longer for one to claim the glories predestined—as it might seem—for yourself.

„Ich bin zwar kein Stratege."

Eine satirische Spiegelung der Ereignisse vor Verdun im französischen Tischgespräch giebt eine lustige Skizze des „Journal des Debats": „Man war bei der Suppe. „Ich bin zwar kein Stratege," sagte mein Nachbar zur Rechten, „und ich würde mir um keinen Preis der Welt eine Kritik erlauben; aber diese furchtbaren Angriffe der Deutschen gegen unsere Front geben doch zu denken. Um einen solchen Angriff vorzubereiten, sind für den Feind Wochen und Monate der Arbeit nöthig, die unserem Generalstab nicht entgehen durfte. Ich wiederhole: Ich bin zwar kein Stratege — aber man hätte einfach unser ganzes Heer nach Douaumont hinwerfen müssen." In diesem Augenblick wurde die Steinbutter herumgereicht, und mein Nachbar zur Linken that folgenden Ausspruch: „Ich bin zwar kein Stratege, und ich finde die Leute lächerlich, die sich auf einen kleinen Napoleon aufspielen. Aber etwas fällt mir sehr auf. Man sagt, daß wir große Verstärkungen nach Verdun geworfen haben. Ich verstehe zwar nichts davon, aber man sollte sich doch sehr davor in Acht nehmen, unsere Front zu entblößen, weil die Deutschen leicht einen Angriff an einer anderen Stelle ansetzen können. Ich überließ meinen Nachbar zur Linken dem zur Rechten, damit sie sich ihre weiteren strategischen Sorgen mittheilen könnten, und hörte auf die Weisheiten eines Herrn mit einem friedlichen Bauch mir gegenüber, der da sagte: „Ich bin zwar kein Stratege, und es liegt mir fern, dem Hauptquartier Vorschriften zu machen, aber ich muß sagen: Unsere Generäle schlafen. Warum wartet man denn mit dem Gegenangriff so lange? Die Anstrengungen unserer Feinde sind erschöpft. Zum Teufel, nun durch, durch ihre Linien! Wir müssen sie bis zum Rhein zurückwerfen!" — „Ich bin zwar kein Stratege," meinte ein schüchterner alter Herr mit sanfter Stimme, „aber ich wäre mehr für eine Schein-Offensive an einem anderen Punkt der Front, durch die man den Hauptstoß des Feindes von der gefährdeten Stelle bei Verdun ablenken müßte." Die Tafel war zu Ende, und ich hoffte, mich im Rauchsalon von diesen kriegerischen Gesprächen zu erholen, als mich ein Unbekannter höchst energisch bei einem Westenknopf nahm und rief: „Ich bin zwar kein Stratege und will Niemanden tadeln. Aber es giebt nur eine Möglichkeit. Das muß Jedem klar sein: die Offensive, die große allgemeine Offensive vom Kanal bis nach Turkestan!" Ich warf einen Verzweiflungsblick auf die Dame des Hauses, die mir denn auch in meiner Noth zu Hülfe kam und, indem sie mir eine Tasse Kaffee reichte, erklärte: „Ich bin zwar kein Stratege, aber wenn ich Oberbefehlshaber wäre, würde ich meinem Georges seinen Urlaub um ein paar Tage verlängern . . . ."

Wenige Leute haben heute graues Haar.

Apotheker sagen, Damen benutzen das Salbei-Thee- und Schwefel-Rezept.

Haar, das Farbe und Glanz verliert, oder wenn es fahl, grau, matt und leblos wird, enthält nicht genug Schwefel. Unsere Großmutter bereitete eine Mischung von Salbei und Schwefel, um ihr Haar dunkel und schön zu erhalten, und Tausende von Männern und Frauen, die ebenmäßige Farbe, jene prachtvolle dunkle Schattirung des Haares schätzen, die so anziehend ist, benutzen nur dies altmodische Rezept.

Heute kaufen wir diese berühmte Mischung, durch Hinzufügung anderer Bestandtheile verbessert, wenn man eine 50 Cents-Flasche „Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" fordert, welches das Haar so ebenmäßig dunkelt, daß Niemand möglicherweise bemerken kann, es sei benutzt worden. Man feuchtet einfach einen Schwamm oder eine weiche Bürste damit an und zieht diese durch das Haar, indem man zur Zeit einen Strahn nimmt. Am Morgen ist das graue Haar verschwunden; aber was den Damen an „Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur" am meisten gefällt, ist, daß es nach mehrmaliger Anwendung nicht nur das Haar schön dunkelt, sondern auch Glanz und Pracht zurückbringt und ein Ansehen der Dichte giebt.

„Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" ist ein angenehmer Toiletten-Artikel, der dem Haar Farbe und Jugendlichkeit verleiht. Es ist nicht für die Kur, Linderung oder Vorbeugung von Krankheit bestimmt. (Anzeige.)

„Warum fluchen, mein Theurer? Benutze „Gets-It" für Hühneraugen."

Es ist die neue Mode. Einfach. Sicher wie der Tod. In zwei Sekunden angewandt.

„Aber, John, ich wußte nie, daß Du solche Ausdrücke gebrauchst! Ich habe Dir schon oft gesagt, daß es vergeblich ist, diese Bandagen, Salben, Bänder, Pflaster und Eisen für Hühneraugen zu versuchen. Hier ist „Gets-It", es ist einfach wunderbar, wie leicht, glatt und ganz es Hühneraugen abfallen läßt. In nur wenigen Sekunden ist es angewandt. Es trocknet sofort ein. Siehe Deine Strümpfe sofort an, — es klebt nicht, rollt sich nicht auf, macht kein Packet aus Deiner Zehe oder drückt auf das Hühnerauge. Es ist schmerzlos, einfach wie vom Baum herabfallen. Lege nun Rasirmesser und Scheeren beiseite und benutze „Gets-It". Dann hast Du ein besseres Temperament und sieht länger mehr Hühneraugen oder Hautbärten."

„Du würdest Dich nicht ärgern, wenn Du „Gets-It" für diese Hühneraugen benutzen wolltest, John!"

„Gets-It" wird von Apothekern überall für 25c. die Flasche verkauft, oder direkt von E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill., versandt.

(Febr6,März19,Apr30,Juni11)

Seht jeden Morgen rein, frisch und gestärkt aus und fühlt Euch so.

Trinkt ein Glas sehr heißen Wassers vor dem Frühstück, um Gifte fortzuspülen.

Man lebt nicht nur, um zu leben, sondern um gut zu leben, gut zu verdauen, gut zu arbeiten, gut zu schlafen und gut auszusehen. Welch' ein glorreicher Zustand zu erringen, und wie leicht ist es doch, wenn man sich nur an das Frühmorgen Innen-Bad gewöhnen will.

Leute, die gewöhnlich bei'm Aufstehen müde und abgespannt sind, arge Kopfschmerzen haben, von Erkältung verstopft sind, belegte Zunge, saueren Magen und übelriechenden Athem haben, können sich so frisch wie eine Blume fühlen, indem sie jeden Morgen die Schleusen des Körpers öffnen und alle inneren, giftigen, stagnirenden Substanzen ausspülen.

Jedermann, ob krank oder gesund oder leidend, sollte jeden Morgen vor dem Frühstück ein Glas sehr heißen Wassers mit einem Theelöffel voll Kalkstein-Phosphat trinken, um aus Magen, Leben, Nieren und Eingeweiden die unverdaulichen Rückstände, saurere Galle und giftigen Mikroben des Vortages zu spülen; dadurch wird der ganze Verdauungs-Apparat gereinigt, erfrischt und gestärkt, ehe man dem Magen weitere Nahrung zuführt. Die Wirkung von heißem Wasser und Kalkstein-Phosphat auf einen leeren Magen ist wunderbar erfrischend. Es entfernt alle die saueren Gährungen, Gase, Abfälle und Säure und regt einen guten Appetit für das Frühstück an. Während Sie sich des Frühstücks erfreuen, entzieht das Wasser und der Kalkstein unbemerkt dem Blute eine große Quantität Wasser und bereiten alle inneren Organe für eine gründliche Reinigung vor.

Die Millionen von Leuten, die mit Hartleibigkeit, Verdauungs-Störungen, Magenleiden, Rheumatismus behaftet sind; andere, die fahle Hautfarbe, Blutkrankheiten und kränkliche Gesichtsfarbe haben, werden dringend ersucht, ein Viertel Pfund Kalkstein-Phosphat in der Apotheke zu kaufen, das nur wenig kostet, aber genügt, um irgend Jemanden zu einem wahren Enthusiasten innerer Sanitation zu machen.

(Anz.)

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