[illegible] Ledger
[illegible] LEDGER COMPANY
[illegible] CURTIS, PRESIDENT.
[illegible] Vice President; John C. Martin, [illegible] Philip S. Collins, John B. [illegible]
[illegible]TORIAL BOARD:
[illegible] K. Curtis, Chairman.
........Executive Editor
........General Business Manager
Indep[illegible] daily at Public Ledger Building, [illegible] Independence Square, Philadelphia.
[illegible]........Broad and Chestnut Streets
[illegible]........Press-Union Building
[illegible]........170-A, Metropolitan Tower
[illegible]........817 Home Insurance Building
[illegible]........8 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S. W.
NEWS BUREAUS:
[illegible]........The Post Building
[illegible]........The Times Building
[illegible]........60 Friedrichstrasse
[illegible]........2 Pall Mall East, S. W.
[illegible]........32 Rue Louis le Grand
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS
[illegible] DAILY ONLY, six cents. By mail, postpaid [illegible] Philadelphia, except where foreign postage [illegible] DAILY ONLY, one month, twenty-five cents; [illegible] one year, three dollars. All mail sub[illegible] payable in advance.
[illegible] WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000
[illegible] Address all communications to Evening [illegible] Independence Square, Philadelphia.
[illegible] AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.
[illegible]LADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

[illegible] who maintains a proper self-respect, and [illegible] others praise or blame him, wins the respect of all others also.

Th[illegible] Club of a Food Embargo

[illegible]nation of the Washington Gov[illegible] persist in protesting against [illegible] of the free movement of neu[illegible]e North Sea is what was ex[illegible] American vessels have already [illegible] mines or torpedoes and several [illegible]her neutral States have been [illegible] the same way. The diplomatic [illegible]many and Great Britain suggest [illegible] on the shipment of food for the [illegible]vilian population and that the [illegible]ree be rescinded. This arrange[illegible] give food to Germany and it [illegible]he North Sea from the menace [illegible]p sailing its waters. While we [illegible] put the United States on record, [illegible]eans certain that the belligerents [illegible] that this country shall lay down [illegible]ns under which they may wage [illegible]

[illegible] Washington dispatches indicate [illegible] are indirect ways of diplomacy [illegible] as effective as direct ways. Some [illegible] Capital has suggested that if the [illegible]contained in the formal notes are [illegible] embargo will be put on the ex[illegible]od of all kinds and that none will [illegible] to go out of the country for either [illegible] or the Germans. If the President [illegible]rve to use this sort of a steel hand [illegible] velvet glove of courteous phrases all [illegible]ipping can probably be freed from [illegible] menace in the open sea.

[illegible]uffragist Success in Chicago

[illegible] test of the interest of women in poli[illegible]tics made in Chicago seems to have [illegible]roved that the women surpassed the men in their eagerness to register their choice of a candidate for the Mayoralty. Seventy-seven per cent. of the registered women went to the polls, and only 70 per cent. of the men qualified to vote cast their ballots. How the [illegible]men voted is of little consequence in com[illegible] with the fact that they did vote. [illegible] women leaders, of course, sought to [illegible] the yote, as the men leaders did. [illegible]he duty of the organizers of victory. [illegible] can win unless its supporters take [illegible]. The women knew this, and they [illegible] the same tactics as the men, and used [illegible]m more successfully. They have demon[illegible]strated their political capacity, and have strengthened their position in the campaign for a constitutional amendment which will permit them to vote for candidates for all offices in the State instead of for candidates for only those offices created by statute.

Victories That Are Almost Defeats

RUSSIA'S fighting men who have been active about Lyck are said to be well fed and well equipped. The significance of this fact is apparent even to the amateur military strategist. These men have been fighting in the snows for weeks. They withstood fierce onslaughts of the German troops before surrendering, and then a great part of the defending army escaped. But the prisoners show few signs of hardship. The Germans were able to outfight these men. That is encouraging to every pro-German wherever he may live. The Russians were in such splendid physical condition that they could have fought for weeks longer after being at the front no one knows how long. This is encouraging to the friends of the Allies. It indicates that the Russian peasant is a much sturdier man than the Russian revolutionists have given the rest of the world to understand, and that the Russian commissary and quartermaster's departments are efficiently providing the troops with the food and supplies necessary to keep them in good condition in the field.

But in spite of the splendid fighting of the German troops on the Russian frontier, Germany's greatest peril lies in this eastern field of operations. The Russian resources in men are practically inexhaustible. The Germans may defeat army after army and advance into Russian territory. But every mile that they move into Russia weakens them by withdrawing them the same distance from their base. It was the vastness of the Czar's empire, not the Czar's soldiers, that defeated Napoleon, and the empire is as big today as at the time of the fatal retreat from Moscow. The Russian soldier of the present, however, is a very different man from his comrade of a century ago. So German victories in the East, which carry the Kaiser's troops toward Moscow, are looked upon with misgivings by many experts.

It Was a Baby This Time

WHEN a dog wakes in the night, finds the house on fire and arouses his master in time to save the family he gets half a column in the newspapers. And the harmless, necessary cat is similarly honored when she gives the fire alarm. But when Dominick Tesauro, a two-year-old baby, of Frankford, awoke his mother by crying because the house was on fire and the smoke in the room made his eyes smart, his achievement is dismissed in a paragraph. We know that he was not consciously giving an alarm of fire; but we are confident that the cat or the dog has deliberately informed his protectors of their danger.

No dog or cat has any more intelligence than a two-year-old child, and there are observers who doubt that the intelligence of the animal is greater than that of a baby 12 [illegible]. The child knows its name. It [illegible] called. It understands when [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] little that it knows as is needed to train a dog in his tricks. Therefore, when we praise the dog for saving a family from fire and take a similar achievement by a baby as a matter of course we either give too much credit to the dog or too little to the infant.

The Fight for Transit Is the People's Battle

THE enthusiasm of the audience that gathered at the Academy of Music last night was tempered by an obvious firmness of purpose that augurs good for Philadelphia. The trick ordinance of Finance Committee was ripped wide open. Its illegality was amply demonstrated and the physical impossibility of the kind of transit it proposes was demonstrated.

Why fire 14-inch guns at straw men? There is no expectation among obstructionists that the trick ordinance will be enacted, or, if enacted, put into effect. The business before the people of Philadelphia is not to smash this ordinance—an easy enough task—but to drive Councils to the enactment of the real ordinances, by which means only can a high-speed system be secured. It is a positive, not a negative, fight which citizens have taken up. That means a long fight and a hard fight, constant vigilance, energy and stick-at-it-iveness.

Numbers of citizens have already pledged themselves to attend the next meeting of Councils and every subsequent meeting until that body responds to the demands of the community. Thousands of other citizens who have not pledged themselves are nevertheless determined to be in the fight. And thousands of others have already determined to let their ballots speak for them. The indignation of the community is deep. In a multitude of ways it will express itself. The best way to do so in the immediate crisis is by visualizing for Councilmen the numerical strength of transit advocates.

The people can get rapid transit and only the people can. It is their fight and they must wage it.

Passive Resistance to Knowledge

THE President has had plenty of experience. He knows and he says that "most of the pupils of most of our universities systematically resist being taught." He was speaking in behalf of a small struggling college in Kentucky, which happens to be filled with "people hungry to learn." That is generally the case. There is more learning in adversity than there ever can be in prosperity. It is perfectly possible for a lad to be a good Latin student and an expert automobilist at the same time, but it is extremely unlikely.

There has not been any royal road to knowledge since an eminent instructor in ancient times discovered the lack of such a convenience. Nor is there likely ever to be. That is one of the glorious things of nature—man may inherit much, but he can inherit neither character nor learning. He must work for both and work hard, or be, what so many delight to be, a mere parasite in a world of activity.

The average person gets out of life just what he puts into it, no more and no less. An infinite capacity for resisting the introduction of knowledge is not so peculiar a characteristic as to entitle the possessor to a place in the side show. It puts him with the majority and dedicates him forever to a low level of mediocrity. That is why, no doubt, the rewards for demonstrated ability are so rich and numerous.

Of Course, the Plumbers Are Guilty

IT DOES not matter what they are charged with, plumbers are always guilty. They have not a friend who dares arise to defend them, and when they need defense they have to pay for it at exorbitant rates. Even then they do not escape. The 36 plumbers who have just been found guilty of violating the anti-trust laws were doomed when they were indicted by the Federal Grand Jury, and the verdict in the United States District Court in Des Moines was a foregone conclusion.

Every householder knows that the plumbers continually violate the anti-trust law, and the law against spitting on the sidewalk, and the law requiring bakers to sell a pound loaf of bread for five cents, and the law against selling liquor on Sundays, and the law against speeding automobiles, and the law against building wooden houses within the fire limits, and the pure food law, and the law regulating freight rates, and every law under the sun, from the ancient blue statutes against chewing tobacco within half a mile of a meeting house, and the law against kissing their wives on Sunday, to the latest statute passed by the most advanced Legislature in the most progressive State in the freest land under the sun. In the classic language of Shakespeare, the plumbers are the goat and have to take it.

The Turks at the Suez Canal are a sort of on-again, off-again, gone-again proposition.

For Turkey in Europe there is nothing left but Constantinople, and there won't be much of that.

The Utes have joined the Piutes on the warpath, and now it is the Ute-Piute or the Piute-Ute insurrection.

Being a ship these days is very much like being a clay pigeon at a trap-shooting contest for the championship.

Perhaps the bigger politicians in town will not "hit the trial" until after election, and then it will lead to the deep woods.

The real trouble with [illegible] joke of Mr. Bryan's, which he has never been able to explain away, was that it needed explanation.

It was not necessary for Colonel Roosevelt to fill out an employment card at the Salvation Army headquarters in New York. Everybody knows that he is out of a job.

Philadelphia may not see so good baseball as it saw last year, but at least the contests at Shibe Park will be contests. It was so easy last season that it was scarcely worth while to go out.

The Russian is remarkable for this. He can be decisively whipped more times than anybody else under the sun and never know anything about it. News takes long to travel in the domain of the Czar.

Uncle Sam, who started in the insurance business to carry war risks that seemed too great for the private companies, has discovered when a loss comes that the risk is too great for him also, and he has stopped insuring ships bound for the war zone. The only justification for his entrance into the business has thus disappeared.

THE POETRY OF PIE AND PUDDING

Fannie Farmer Caused the Tyro Bride to Bake as Mother Used to Bake and Saved Many a Home From Wreck and Ruin.

By BURTON KLINE

YOU are all acquainted with the kind of person who, unwilling or unable to earn a reputation for greatness, cheerfully assumes one. The world is full of him. "Who's Who" is full of him. He creeps even into the permanent "Who's Who" of history, and stays there. There is only one class of people more numerous. These are the men and women who genuinely deserve a better repute than they have to enjoy, who ought to be known at least for their deserts, and who somehow contrive to pass from the stage without eliciting a murmur of applause. They live on tiptoe, and tiptoe off to die.

In this latter class belonged a certain country editor, who possessed a genius for journalism which, had it not been circumvallated by a damning laziness, would have sent him rocketing to the topmost rungs of his profession. In proof of his undoubted genius we have his remark to one of his assistants, that there are always two topics to interest any reader, no matter how dull may be the news of the day. The two topics are, "Ways of Making Money" and "What to Eat."

This is profoundly true. It is especially true of the second topic. From his earliest to his latest days man is deeply, and sometimes poignantly, concerned about his eating. The habit of eating is well-nigh universal. It comprehends much of the joy and most of the tragedy in the human lot. Let him that hath too much, and him that hath too little to eat, foregather and debate which of them suffereth the greater woe.

The Joyous Aspects of Eating

But for this one brief moment let us put behind us woe. Let us forget the excesses of last night's rabbit, and concern ourselves with none but the joyous aspects of eating. Let us ponder the poetry of pudding and prunes. Let us not forget that the viand, as well as the violet, has its appointed place in verse. Has any of you forgotten how Homer smacks his lips over the bills of fare of his gods? How Rabelais trolls upon his tongue the imaginary morsels of Gargantua's feasts? You who love him, have you forgotten how many pages your Dickens consecrates to the transports of the human soul, while its gross physical habiliments are being replenished about the bounteous and boisterous board? How many of you have read the mighty masterpiece which Alexandre Dumas wrote upon "The Art of Cookery," teeming with tasty recipes and larded with luminous, luscious and alluring strophes?

Which brings us to mention yet another member of that fraternity doomed to pass from earth with too little acclaim.

For there died in Boston the other day a lady whose name will never—aye, but need never—be graven upon immemorial marble or bronze. It is emblazoned, rather, upon material far more durable than that. Thousands of blushing brides and happy bridegrooms, millions of elderly housewives, long loved and lauded of their worshipful husbands, have graven upon the inner secret portals of their hearts the simple syllables of Fannie Farmer's name.

The Longfellow of the Gas Range

Great women have lived before, and will live after this. Some of them have written great poems, great plays and novels. Some of them have founded empires, or have born and reared the men who did the coarse work of founding an empire. Others have summoned their peerless powers to reform. Still others, unhappily, to waste and wreckage. But certainly not among these latter belongs Fannie Farmer. She was the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow of the gas range.

Yet do not scoff, we conjure you. In her sweet and simple volumes on the art of broiling a steak, of panning the impassive oyster, of rendering mealy and miraculous the meat of the unresisting potato, Fannie Farmer may have sounded no high note of passion. But let Sophocles and Shakespeare walk their lonely paths aloft in peace. Longfellow, at least, will welcome Fannie to the Elysian Fields, and there present to her his Blacksmith. Like the poet of the quiet Charles, Fannie Farmer ministered to the humble emotions of the average. Not for her the glittering effrontery of the "a la's," the tinkling timbales of this or of that, the lordly champignon, the aristocratic oignon, nor the sybaritic sauce supreme. No, as it is not the Lucullus of ancient Rome, nor yet his modern counterpart at Newport, who makes the world, so Fannie Farmer saw that the real furtherance of human destiny rests upon the broad and capable shoulders of the Joseph Smiths and the Benjamin Browns, who do the world's work and who need their evening steak to keep them brave and blithe and strong. And for them she wrote accordingly.

Steaks the Fount of Progress

And who shall say that her accomplishment is less than a great poem written, a battle won? Stoutly Fannie stood at the very fundamentals of society. Do not all poems, all lofty passions, all brave ideals spring, after all, by that marvelous alchemy ordered of Nature, from the steaks we eat? Aye, the dinner table is the very cornerstone of civilization. It is the fount of progress. It is the laboratory from which, as by magic, leap all the grand achievements of man. For does not the beef you eat today become tomorrow's brilliant thought, and the next day's brilliant accomplishment? All bridges, all skyscrapers are built of steak. The potato is the real Shakespeare. Dante was an onion. And therefore who shall rise to deny that Fannie Farmer has sponsored more noble actions, more permanent contributions to human greatness, than all your Elizabeth Tudors, your Queens of Sheba. Joan of Arc liberated France. But Fannie Farmer banished dyspepsia, and nourished a nation!

And who shall compute the boundless happiness she dispensed along her path meanwhile, dropping her benefits as casually as the rose its petals, the violet its scent! Come, ye happy brides and bring your garlands and your tributes! How many young households, without the indispensable Fannie, could have been so happy? How many bowers of bliss has Fannie Farmer not created! She wrote recipes for broiling steak—we read them as recipes for happiness. She caused the tenderest, timidest tyro bride to bake as mother used to bake. The toughest ham, that might have toppled to the ground the frail fabric of the home, had only to go into the pot, according to the infallible rules of Fannie, and lo! it issued good, meet for man and his wife, a promoter of peace and concord and esteem bet[illegible] them. Who knows how much encroaching Elizabeth [illegible] Farmer has bidden to ba[illegible] say," he faltered [illegible] is no nearer?

She was the mortal enemy of the doctor. She kept down the pitiable population of the hospital. She emptied the penitentiary. Is it too much to say that many times Fannie Farmer has cheated the electric chair?

What are we to say of such a priceless boon, of this free and generous gift from a soul that had no thought but to comfort the weary and feed the unfed? Out of her own mouth alone can we praise her. "Well done," Fannie Farmer. Your work was as good as your steaks. May you be famed according to your desserts! May the daisies bloom upon your resting place! And bright be the jewels in your crown!

BUT IT ALWAYS ROLLS BACK

A PROBLEM FOR MOTHERS

When Will a Baby, Born September 30, Be Five Months Old?

Newton Newkirk in Boston Post.

"Dear Newt—We have in our home a darling little baby boy who was four months old on January 30 last. When will he be five months old?
"MOTHER."

That's right, mother. Whenever you want information come to me. No matter what the information is about it's all the same to me. Free information is cheerfully given in this column on every thing from a baby's age to the fifth dimension.

Your little tootsums boy is 4 months old, eh? What a cunning little thing he must be. Of course, he is more cunninger now than he will be when he begins to cut his teeth. You made no mention of father, mother. I hope father is well. I wouldn't want you to think I am knocking father at all. Far from it, but, just between you and me, I don't think I would let father hold tootsums or lug him about very much. What does a man, even though he be a father and husband, know about handling a baby? Father is just as likely to pick tootsums up by the heels as any other way, and also liable to let the dear little thing slip through his hands to the floor. Safety first for tootsums, mother. However, you want to know when your baby will be 5 months old. You say he was 4 months old last January 30. Very well. Listen:

Tootsums will be 5 months old on February 30, and, no, just a minute, mother. I don't mean that exactly. On second thought I see I spoke hastily. As a matter of fact there is no such date as February 30. Ha! Ha! Tee, hee! That was laughable, wasn't it, mother? Quite absurd and ridiculous in the extreme. Now let us get down to brass brads on this, mother.

Since tootsums was 4 months old on January 30 one would naturally suppose that the child would be 5 months old on the 30th of the month following, but in this case the month following—February—ain't got no 30th. Right there's the rub, mother, and we'll have to govern ourselves accordingly.

Offhand, I should say that tootsums will be 5 months old on March 2, because—naw, naw, that won't do either. For if he's 5 months old on March 2 then he'll be 6 months old on April 2, and when we get around to the first anniversary of tootsums' birth we're gonna be all balled up, and, excuse me a moment, mother, I'm called to the telephone. I may be back, mother, and I may not.

How Gold Crosses the Ocean

From the Chicago Herald.

It would be natural to suppose that shipments of gold bullion back and forth across the Atlantic would be attended by considerable precaution, but there is probably no other place in the world where the transport of great wealth is carried on with such simplicity.

One of the great liners has two strong rooms, the smaller being in close proximity to the captain's quarters, while the other is next to the provision department. The small, strong room has its walls, floor and ceiling lined with two-inch steel plate, and contains nothing in the way of furnishing other than shelves. This has more than once contained enough gold to buy the liner many times over. The locks, which are of the double variety, are rendered still more secure by covering the keyholes with steel hasps, which are themselves locked in place with massive padlocks. This strong room, being located in the most frequented portion of the ship, is passed by persons at all hours of the day and night—in itself the greatest protection.

The strong room, located near the provision department, is 12 feet long and four feet wide, and it often happens that both these rooms are filled to capacity with gold bullion.

Indefeasible Rights of Neutrals

From the New York Evening Post.

No plea of extreme necessity, or of life or death for England or any other Power, can avail to set aside the indefeasible rights of neutrals at sea. If through ignorance or excess of zeal they are infringed upon by the captain of an English man-of-war, his Government may be made to smart for it. By diplomatic claim or by reference to an international court, all such breaches of international law may be duly assessed in money damages. Command of the sea does not mean that you may do whatever you please at sea. Your conduct there in time of war, as upon the land, is to be judged by the law of nations, no matter how many army corps you may be able to mobilize or how many big guns your battleships may carry.

Various Companionships

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot, or does not, share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE REAL POOR OF WARTIME PARIS

Professional People Seek Government Aid—French Capital Sees Itself the World Centre of the Future—Its Reviving Gaiety More Sunshiny Than of Old.

By CHARLES DAWBARN

Author of "Makers of New France," resident correspondent in Paris of the London Times, special correspondent of the EVENING LEDGER.

THE town has revived in the most extraordinary fashion, so that the Americans who inhabit the hotels have a quite different view of Paris from that of their countrymen who were in the capital during the early period of the war. The sun has come—almost the weather of Nice—and everything is gayer in consequence.

The streets are dark at night, of course, and the taxicabs dart like angry fireflies across it to the imminent deadly risk of the pedestrian. The chauffeur is the one wild creature left in the woods of the metropolis; nothing can tame him—not even an accident a night. Is he not insured? Parisians would receive without a tremor the news that all the chauffeurs and concierges had been sent to the front and dealt with by the enemy. Both classes are impossible and refuse to improve. I went flat-hunting the other day and had an example of the concierges' manner. Most of these janitors were having lunch and would not be disturbed. One shouted: "The rent is 5000 francs ($1000); it is too much for you." I replied that it was too much—but not merely the rent.

National Assembly Helps the Poor

Rents are supposed to be low this year, but this has not been my experience. No abatement is visible yet; and the landlord must certainly temper his demands if he wishes to let his property "Que voulez-vous?" The widow and the orphan cannot pay the old price. If M. le Proprietaire insists—well, his house will remain empty.

But the worst hit by the war are not the very poor. Their case will be looked after by the Parliament. In 1870 an excellent arrangement was made: the Government paid one-third, the city one-third and the landlord sacrificed the rest, so that the tenant paid nothing. But this only applied to rents reaching $120; beyond that the tenants had to pay in full. But today prices have risen in France, and no doubt Parliament will exempt from rent those who pay $200. This leaves an enormous number of people unprovided for.

A Hard-hit Army

Emile Fabre reckons the army of professional people affected by the war at 25,000; perhaps he is right. In this category he places lawyers, doctors, professors of all sorts, singers, painters, sculptors and theatrical artistes and employes. Many of these people have to live in fine houses because of the requirements of their occupation and not because they want to. The professor teaching Latin or living languages has to receive pupils in a drawing room that must not smell of failure; in the same way the lawyer must be suitably lodged or the council of his order will tell him to move. The actor often pays a rent which is out of proportion with his salary, because he gives lessons in diction and has to "receive"; the sculptor and painter of big pictures must have a big-sized, well-lighted "atelier," and that costs money.

These people are badly off, says Emile Fabre, and he ought to know, for he is one of the leading playwrights of the day with "Ventres Dores" (the Gold Bugs) to his credit, a play, by the way, which defied the old maxim that you should never put money on the stage. It is all about money, and yet it succeeded here and in English-speaking countries.

Emile Fabre, in the red dressing gown with clerical cap in which he works, looks like a Cardinal of the Catholic church. Rightly, he says: "My professional confreres want help from rates and taxes. Their income has stopped and is not likely to be resumed for some time. The Government must come to the rescue." And he proceeds to say that America will not buy Paris pictures or statuettes or jewels cunningly set or any of the other art products of Paris, for she is herself hard hit by the war. In 1870, of course, it was otherwise. The artists continued to manufacture, and the public outside France and Germany to buy. But now every part of the world is affected; there is no money for luxuries.

"I can't think of anything but the war," he said. "I read the French papers, then the English and Italian, then I begin over again."

The theatrical industry, of course, suffers considerably, and it is one of the leading industries of Paris. Is there hope for it? Not so long as the darkness lasts. People cannot go to the theatre because there is no vehicle to take them home. Trams stop running at 9 p. m., at which time the "Metro" ceases, and there are no cabs at a later hour; the omnibuses have been mobilized like their drivers and carry meat to the front. Unless the means of transportation improve there is nothing in the theatrical enterprise to tempt the manager. He has shut up shop to wait for better times.

But we are a volatile people, the sun shines, the sky is blue—hurrah for the days when the war is no more! That is our present mood. And it is good for business, for hope is in the air, the hope that says: "Paris is to be the great world centre, from which will flow all new ideas. Fashion will come back again, though some pretend she has gone forever, 'quelle folie!' and, with it, an amazing development of arts and crafts."

And Paris will be a vast entrepot for the art treasures of the world, a showroom for silks and satins and furbelows, a granary of ideas, a world university of philosophy and science, with a command of capital that will give employment to her millions and enable her to reach heights of industrial development as yet undreamed of. Know you there is gold in France unexploited? It is notorious that French savings have gone to bolster the foreign manufacturing and mining industries and left their own neglected. That is to be changed now.

The new France, of which we hear so much, will renew certainly the wardrobe of her ideas, theatrical as well as industrial. The peculiarly Parisian play, frisky and frivolous, with its triangular propositions, will be improved away to something clean and wholesome in consonance with the new spirit. I cannot imagine that this new world of strong young men fortified by the virile life of out of doors will want to spend their evenings in an overheated atmosphere of perverse artificiality. The gaiety of Paris will have to have more sunshine in it. It is Emile Fabre's idea, and he knows how to write the new kind of play.

IN ARCADIA

"Oh, Echo! sweet nymph of the rock and the wood,
Come give me some counsel—I'd smile if you should!"
Echo: "You should!"

"I long have believed every sibyl a sham;
Are you eager to tell me how foolish I am?"
Echo: "I am."

"Fair nymph, I'm prepared to believe all you say,
And to do as you bid me—advise what you may!"
Echo: "You may."

"Then a secret I'll whisper: sweet Echo, I love!
Am I wise in my course, or do you disapprove?"
Echo: "Approve."

"Her eyes are deep azure; her lips, Cupid's bow;
And of all womankind she's the fairest, I know!"
Echo: "I know."

"Her laughter is music—her speech like the tune
Of some fair mountain streamlet. You'll hear it eft-soon!"
Echo: "Eft-soon?"

"Since she promised to meet me, I know she is near,
But so light falls her foot that no rustle I hear."
Echo: "I hear."

"Her poise is so graceful, no nymph it would shame,
And the wind, through the leaves, to my ear breathes her name!"
Echo: "Her name?"

"Ah, at last I can spy her!—She comes through yon dell.
If, Echo, I whispered her name, would you tell?"
Echo: "You tell!"

"No, I don't think I'll trust you—you are not discreet;
And the things that you hear you're too apt to repeat."
Echo: "Repeat?"

"Yes; and now, lest my love catch me flirting with you,
I am sure 'tis but prudent to bid you adieu."
Echo: "Adieu!"

—George B. Morewood, in [illegible]'s.