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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1915.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

HELLO, THERE!

Where'er you are, whoe'er you be,
O sad and lonesome friend of mine,
If so you have such need of me
I'LL GLADLY BE YOUR VALENTINE!

(Copyright, 1915.)

That Berlin story of a British plot to capture or kill Sir Roger Casement, the chap who has been trying unsuccessfully to inspire disloyalty in Ireland, reads like a moving picture scenario.

Sterling exchange continues to decline and more in tools of gold are expected in the near future, because now the country seems to have no use for money, even if the government itself is hard up.

That audience of one thousand persons who walked out of a Milwaukee theater when "The Star Spangled Banner" was played but returned for "Die Wacht Am Rhine" accomplished nothing beyond making fools of themselves.

While President Wilson was engaged in writing pointed notes he indited one to Carranza telling him not to annoy the diplomats in Mexico City. If he answers at all Carranza is quite likely to tell the President not to annoy him.

An actor from Kansas City, who imagined himself a millionaire, accused a maid in a Philadelphia hotel of stealing a bar of soap and two postage stamps from his room, tried to throw a detective out of a window and was finally locked up. Well, some millionaires behave just like that.

The Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. has brought suit to recover $37,891 pledged to it during its campaign to raise $1,000,000 in 1911. If Billy Sunday could be induced to tell the delinquent ones, in that emphatic way of his that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," he would probably be more effective than the courts.

"You know President Wilson's policy," said former President Taft to an audience of Canadians and referring to the war. "I'm loyal to the President and behind him in that policy. You wouldn't think much of me if I wasn't." No, the Canadians wouldn't think much of him if he didn't support the President's position, and neither would Americans.

Russia's minister of finance on a recent visit to England, presented to King George 250 cigars in a gold box adorned by the flags of England, Russia, France, Belgium and Servia worked in precious stones. The gift, valued at $127,500, was presumably from the Czar. "How well the Stars and Stripes would look among these flags!" King George is reported to have said upon receiving the present. There is one earthly power that can put the Stars and Stripes among the flags of the allies; and that one cannot afford it.

It is not apparent why the Senate Democrats opposed action on Senator Burton's resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to whether any negotiations had been begun by this government or any official for the purchase of ships interned here under belligerent flags; whether any tenders of sale of such ships had been made to any government official; whether any negotiations have been made for the purchase of neutral-owned ships, and whether any one in the employ of the government or otherwise has secured options upon them with the purpose of selling them to the government. Such information is certainly pertinent to the discussion of the ship-purchase bill and it could readily be supplied by the Secretary of the Treasury. The resolution should be adopted, if in the meantime the Secretary does not voluntarily, or at the request of some Senator, individually supply it.

A New Haven dispatch to the New York World says:

"The question of the democracy of Yale and New Haven, as compared with the aristocracy of Harvard and Boston, has been revived by the Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell, of Boston, a prominent Yale alumnus, and Dean Jones, of Yale. Dr. Bushnell made it public at the banquet of the Waterbury Alumni Association, when he recited the following poem:

"I'm from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod.
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells
And the Lowells speak only to God.

"Dr. Bushnell sent the poem to Dean Jones, of the academic department of Yale, who, after consulting the muse, wrote back:

"Here's to the Town of New Haven,
The home of the Truth and the Light,
Where God talks to Jones
In the very same tones
That He uses with Hadley and Dwight."

The verses cleverly describe a situation which undeniably existed in the old days, and perhaps Dr. Bushnell's lines still apply to social conditions in old Boston, but the World's correspondent must know that they no longer fit the new Harvard. In the university in recent years the irresistible invasion by the spirit of democracy not only resulted in the winning of football games and boat races from Yale, but it bids fair even to strangle the Harvard accent.

Political Situation.

The war in Europe seems absolutely certain to materially affect the political situation in this country. The possibility of this result was intimated long ago. Conditions which have arisen have converted a possibility into a probability.

From one end of the United States to the other there has been a deserved chorus of praise for the administration's protests to Great Britain and Germany—the first in relation to the improper use of the American flag and the second in regard to the safety of American vessels entering the so-called war zone established by Germany around the English coast. Until the preparation and delivery of these two notes the administration was in a slump. The people were resenting a certain supineness—to use the mildest term—which was being manifested by the government. The fact that American ships were being seized and carried to British ports, that the harbor of New York was in a state of perpetual blockade by British warships and that a neutral vessel sailing under American colors to Rotterdam was threatened with seizure by a foreign nation, a course of action which was not to be opposed by the administration, had created considerable hostile comment. Now, however, the situation has changed. Much is to be forgiven if there is really a spirit of independence and self-respect. Even partisan Republicans admit that the President has profited greatly by the utterances of the past week.

But none the less the volcano is smoldering. No one knows what the effect of our emphatic protest is to be. Both England and Germany may advise us, in diplomatic terms, to mind our own business and then what will happen? If we make good our position, trouble may ensue. If the attitude of the administration is merely one of good-natured bluffing, there will be much resentment in this country. President Wilson cannot afford to march up a hill like the King of France and then march down again.

Some of the Pitfalls Ahead.

The more the situation is analyzed, the more numerous seem to be the pitfalls which are ahead for the administration.

Every one ought to give the President credit for trying to keep in the middle of the road so far as our relations with belligerent nations are concerned. Even the letter of Secretary Bryan to Senator Stone concerning British control of the seas should be accepted as an evidence that the administration is endeavoring to be impartial. The trouble is, however, that the situation is so delicate that no matter whether the President does something or whether he does not do anything at all, offense is sure to be given. A strong undercurrent of antagonism to the administration is already evident in the American population of German birth or parentage. If this feeling increases, the Democratic party is certain to suffer thereby in the next Presidential election. The proportion of the German vote is tremendously large. The attitude of Secretary Bryan on the liquor question has already alienated a goodly percentage of German Democrats and now the impression that the administration is anti-German aggravates the situation.

It is unfortunate that an election in the United States is so largely dependent upon the so-called foreign vote. Every political leader knows, however, that a foreign bureau must be established in each national campaign, with orators speaking a dozen tongues and literature printed in as many languages. The administration will have to be guided with Solomonic wisdom if it is to avoid antagonizing this foreign vote.

The Deficit Is Another Pitfall.

In addition to the embarrassments caused by the attitude which it is compelled to assume toward belligerent nations, the administration is confronted with a most serious deficit in the National Treasury.

Conservative figures place this deficit on the first of next July at $95,000,000. The shortage in the Postoffice Department promises to be the largest in years, aggregating probably $20,000,000. The parcels post is proving an expensive luxury and it is doubtful whether the expenses can be materially reduced even though the rural free delivery is curtailed or the salaries of postmasters reduced. While everybody agrees that this deficit is in sight, there is no evidence of effective decrease in the appropriation bills nor has anybody yet suggested how the Treasury is to be filled. Democratic leaders are absolutely opposed to the issue of bonds and every one knows that any additional taxes would be like the last straw upon the camel's back.

The total budget for next year will, as usual, aggregate over $1,000,000,000. The floodgates have been opened and it is impossible to stem the tide. If there is no extra session, the problem will be acute next winter and will be fresh in the minds of the people as the campaign approaches. Perhaps one of the reasons why some farsighted Democrats are anxious for an extra session is that this very troublesome question shall be grappled with as soon as possible and some rearrangement of the nation's finances be made before election day draws too near.

The Problem of the Unemployed.

Another embarrassing political factor at the present time is the very large number of the unemployed.

One of the moving picture presentations last week showed food being served to the unemployed thousands in New York and another gave a view of the bread line in Chicago. In Philadelphia last week there was Sacrifice Day, when every one was called upon for a contribution to help the jobless. Similar reports come from every city. No one will contend that conditions are right when these things exist. They are certain to loom large in the next campaign.

It does not help matters to have government officials forming themselves into Federal employment bureaus. The fact that such bureaus are necessary overshadows the efforts for relief. If the idle and hungry men are affiliated with and have to be supported by organized labor, the effect is sure to be felt at the polls. The full dinner pail may again become a campaign emblem as it did when President McKinley was elected to succeed President Cleveland.

Other Factors in the Political Situation.

The Mexican question is by no means settled. No matter whether Carranza or Villa or any one else is finally triumphant, the day of reckoning is yet to come. The policy of watchful waiting, while it may have kept us at peace has made possible an era of lawlessness and rapine in Mexico and the time will come when the European powers which grant our right to control this hemisphere will ask damages for outrages committed upon life and property. The administration will then have to pass in judgment before the people; and it looks as if the jury would be called upon to decide exactly one year from next November.

When, in addition to all these things, there is serious division in the ranks of the party in power; when the Senate is deadlocked over an administration measure which is fraught with suspicion and grave danger; when a promised system of rural credits is not enacted into law, and when there is a fuse attached to every action which has to do with belligerent nations, it is no wonder that the friends of the administration have taken heart during the week because there has been a flash of American spirit. The best thing which the President has done for his party or for himself has been the forwarding of the notes to Great Britain and Germany. As to the wisdom of many of his policies there have been grave differences of opinion. When, however, he makes a show of standing up for American rights he appeals to the entire country irrespective of party and gives a glimpse of sunshine through the clouds which cover his political sky.

Congenital Defects.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

JUST as I entered there was a bright-faced boy of twelve or so leaving the office. "Did you notice that young fellow?" said the doctor. "He has a history that might interest you."

As I sat in the chair the doctor told me the story.

"The principal of a school here, a man I know very well, dropped in to see me one day. He told me about a boy he couldn't do anything with. 'He's at the foot of his class,' he said, 'and he sits at the back of the room all day long and raises the devil. He's so bad I wonder if there isn't something wrong with him. I wish you'd look him over and find out.' I told him to send the boy down and the next day the boy came. I made an examination and I found that he had always had defective sight. He was what we call an 'instrument delivery' child, and his eyes had probably been seriously damaged at birth. I asked some questions and I found that he had been tormented both at home and at school on account of his defect. When his mother would send him to find anything he would get punished for not finding it. And he was always getting punished at school because he couldn't more than half see. The result was he felt the world was against him and he got into bad ways."

That little story set me thinking. There must be many youngsters like that boy, not to speak of the mature folks, who are suffering in similar ways. And there must be many more who go through life and suffer from other physical defects. Often they don't know what the matter is, but they all feel "the world is against them."

Educators are more or less alive to the situation. It provides them with one of the most important of their reasons for insisting on medical supervision in our public schools. Already there is some such supervision in San Francisco. But it is inadequate. To be properly done the work requires the co-operation of a large number of physicians. Under present conditions something might be accomplished by training the teachers.

I asked the doctor what effect his treatment had had upon that boy of his. "It has made a big change in his life. The first thing they did for him at the school was to move him from the back of the room to the front, where he could see things. Now his defect is generally recognized, and the boy, instead of being punished for it, is helped. He feels that he is surrounded by friends instead of foes. He takes an interest in his work and he has become one of the best scholars in the school."

I suppose that not one of us is wholly free from some such physical defect. We are like machines, that with a slight change of gear, would be vastly more efficient. Moreover, these defects of ours are closely related to our moral defects. We are only just beginning to realize the close relation between the physical and moral nature.

The police records furnish accounts of many cases where crimes have been committed as a result of the sense of inefficiency. There are people who become desperate through realizing their own weakness and unimportance.

Haven't you seen people suddenly change from depressed invalids to cheerful workers when they have had duties suddenly thrust upon them, duties that brought them into harmony with the life about them?

I suppose that it is this harmony that all of us are trying to reach. But there are millions in the world who haven't reached it and can't find out what the matter is.

Reventlow's Stupid Insult.

Count von Reventlow passes in Germany as a military expert. He is a military expert who evidently wishes to be classed with Treitschke and Bernhardi in support of war as a national pastime, and as an advocate of the idea that a Hohenzollern, backed by an aristocracy of arms, is divinely commissioned to rule the earth.

However intimate the count's knowledge of military affairs in the old country may be, we must dispute his pretensions to information as to the situation in the United States. He is confident that all Germany will sustain the Kaiser and his coterie in any policy, right or wrong, to which the American people may object. He questions "whether the people of the United States would stand united behind their government in all circumstances."

Of course this expert opinion intimates nothing less than that Americans of German birth or descent are capable of treason and rebellion.

There is a good deal of Prussian sedition in the United States, sustained by men and money from abroad. Some of it is open and defiant. Not a little of it is secret and cowardly. But speaking from an acquaintance with the situation here that Count von Reventlow and none of his tutors ever had, we do not hesitate to say that in case of war between the United States and any foreign country, Germany included, not a thousand traitors would be found in all of our one hundred millions.

Count von Reventlow has slandered his own household. Our fellow-countrymen of German extraction have shown their metal on many a field. To say that the men and the descendants of the men who have borne arms for the republic are still subject to orders from Potsdam is to deny their manhood, to dishonor their sacrifices for political freedom and to give the lie to their oaths and their honor.—New York World.

A LIE IN THE UNDERWORLD.

"Dan the Dude," from the Tombs, Tells What It Is.

A lie's a lie in the underworld very much as it is among upper worlders, according to "Dan the Dude"—Louis Harris is his real name—who is in the Tombs awaiting the outcome of his trial for stealing $60 worth of cloth. And "Dan" ought to know, for in the course of a checkered career he has made his living as a gambler and a thief and has spent a fair share of his thirty-odd years behind the prison bars.

Consequently "Dan" knows that mysterious realm which New Yorkers call their "underworld" like a book, and when visited yesterday afternoon in the Tombs he described the code of ethics that prevails among the men and women whose livelihood depends on methods which the law does not permit. He was explaining what he had said on the witness stand the day before, when he told how he had lied to Magistrate Appleton last spring, but added he was not under oath at the time.

"Sure I lied to the judge," he said. "I thought if he didn't know my record he'd turn me out, see? That was a true lie, that was self-preservation. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, you know, and that goes with us underworlders.

"Of course, it's different when you're under oath. A lie's a lie then, and that's a sin."

"But would you lie under oath to save your mother?" he was asked.

"Certainly I would—that's blood. Wouldn't you?"

"And would you to save yourself from prison?" was the next question.

"Of course," said Dan, "but," and he unconsciously gripped his questioner's arm through the bars in his eagerness to drive home his point, "not if it was goin' to hurt anybody else more than it would help me.

"I've got a conscience," he continued, "and it would worry me to lie under oath, but if it was blood—that is, if it was to save my mother, or sister, or brother, or a very good friend—I'd do it. And I would to save myself. That's self-preservation."

It's all a question of comparative benefits, as Dan sums it up. Nobody of the underworld would welch on a friend or lie to hurt any one else. In the final analysis it is the greatest good for the greatest number that wins.

"Of the 2,000 or so people that I know in the underworld," said Dan, "99 per cent of them want to be honorable. By the time a man like me gets to be thirty he knows this ain't the life. It's our environment that gets us into it. How about Judge Rosalsky? Yes, we were young fellows together, but he was smarter. I take my hat off to him.

"I don't envy no man. I don't want to be better than anybody else. But I do want to be better than what I am. I know it's in me, and that's what I want most."

The conversation drifted back once more to lying. Dan's pale eyes almost flashed when he talked about that subject, and he struck the iron bars before him as he spoke.

"Would I lie if it would get a friend in wrong?" was his final shot. "Certainly not. I'd do ten years in prison first."—New York Tribune.

THE REAL LINCOLN.

Not Typically American, but a Wholly Exceptional Individual.

On the 12th of February we shall be treated to a familiar performance. Hundreds of loquacious speakers throughout the country will arise from the dinner table and confide to their audiences a profound conviction that of all our Presidents Lincoln was most completely the man of the people, the most thoroughly and typically American. The official duty of these speakers will be that of eulogizing Mr. Lincoln. Their real purpose will be that of flattering their audience. If Mr. Lincoln was so entirely a man of the people, the people must be very like to Mr. Lincoln. In point of fact Mr. Lincoln was superficially a man of the people, and fundamentally a unique, distinguished and wholly exceptional individual. In certain salient respects he was the least typical of Americans. Americans, particularly those of Lincoln's own generation and neighborhood, were essentially active, aggressive and objective men whose lives were given over to practical external affairs, who subordinated everything else to the demands of practical achievement, and whose individuality consisted in living ordinary lives in an extraordinarily energetic manner. They were superficial, discursive, easy-going, quarrelsome, and wholly incapable of preparing in advance for any task or responsibility. In all these respects Lincoln differed from his fellow-countrymen, and upon these differences his eminence depends. He was not particularly ambitious, aggressive or practical. In spite of his lively social feelings, he lived a contemplative life, in which the intellectual interest obtained full expression and which attained a high degree of internal concentration. He fought hard and well, but he never quarreled. During his formative years he quietly but unconsciously prepared himself for great enterprises. He trained his mind because he enjoyed hard intellectual exertion. His style shaped itself under the influence of the Bible and Shakespeare. Thus at a period and in a country favorable to the cheap performance and the easy victory, Mr. Lincoln tempered his reason and his spirit for a great performance and a costly victory. Was there anything typically American about that?—New Republic.

Morning Smiles.

Blissful Ignorance.

"They seem to be so well suited for each other." "Yes, neither of them has brains enough to realize what a frost the other one is."—Buffalo Express.

Delights of Travel.

"Mr. Waysupp—"This is a great big land of ours." Mr. Blase—"That's right, and a fellow doesn't realize it till he travels. Why, you can actually go to places in this country where you don't owe anybody."—Puck.

It Can't Be Done.

Mrs. Hicks—"Have you ever tried shopping by mail?" Mrs. Wicks—"My dear, one cannot shop that way; one can only buy things by mail."—Boston Transcript.

A Mystery.

Newedd—"Did you spend so much money as this before I married you?" Mrs. Newedd—"Why, yes." Newedd—"Then bless me if I can understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him."—Chicago Tribune.

Some Speculation.

"Young Spunkleigh invested $100 and acquired $1,000,000."

"Good Lord—how did he do it?"

"Bought an engagement ring for a steel king's only daughter."—Florida Times-Union.

Making Change.

Mr. Openhand—I don't see any possible use for those proposed half-cent pieces.

Mr. Flintskinner—They will be a great help in the cause of charity.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Explained at Last.

Wife—Henry, I wish you would tell me why a barber's pole is red, white and blue. Is it patriotism?

Hub—Oh, not at all! You see, the red represents the blood he draws, the white the lather he uses, and the blue how he feels when he doesn't get a tip.—Boston Transcript.

RATING YOURSELF.

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

But for the heroic maid Joan of Arc France would be today merely a dependency of England, a conquered and subject colony.

By what magic did a poor, unlettered peasant girl of eighteen, who knew nothing whatever of warfare, who had never before been away from her humble village home, lead a great army to victory? Whence came the power and wisdom that enabled a timid, shrinking maiden to infuse new life and courage into the disheartened legions of France to do what great generals had failed to do?

The magic, the power, the wisdom, the heroic courage that saved a great nation from defeat were born of self-confidence. In spite of ridicule and opposition, Joan clung to her belief in her divinely appointed mission to save France. Nothing could divert her from her purpose. To all objections her answer was that "voices" called her to it. "God willed it."

It is this divine self-confidence, this unwavering belief in one's mission in life, that accomplishes all the marvels of the world.

A great many men and women who wonder why people do not believe more in them carry the reason in their very faces. Everybody who looks at them sees there a confession of weakness, a lack of self-faith, a doubt of their own ability. And when we see that people do not believe in themselves we do not believe in them.

How is it possible for a man who has no confidence in himself to get the confidence of others? How can one expect others to believe he will ever amount to anything when he says by his very eye and manner, "Do not take much stock in me; do not believe I can do much of anything, for I cannot. I do not believe very much in myself. You are mistaken if you think I am capable of doing any very important work." How can any one reach a faraway and desirable port, who is always waiting for the tide to take him along? If one never takes the initiative if he can help it, how can he expect to get anywhere worth while?

There is nothing more fatal to success than self-distrust. It is a crime. The man who takes no stock in his own ability has nothing upon which to base assurance of victory.

The man is not quite right who sneaks and skulks and gets in a corner—the man who always takes the back seat in the hall or the church, as though he were afraid somebody would see him; the man who effaces himself, who always depreciates himself, who always begs you to put somebody else on the committee, who always thinks, no matter what the occasion, somebody else can do better than he can.

He who slinks out of sight, who never thinks he is just the man to do this or that, who believes that perhaps somebody else could do much better, shows that he has no faith in himself, that he does not really believe in himself. As he has lived with himself all his life, he is supposed to be a better judge of his own ability than others, and people naturally take him at his own rating. As a rule, the world accepts a man's own estimate of himself.

When you go to a man for a position, or a favor, or an order look him in the eye and tell him what you want. Approach him fearlessly, with confidence and assurance, with a consciousness of ability and strength, and you will be much more likely to get the thing you desire. Your own moods are contagious, and the man you approach will feel your confidence or lack of it very quickly.

Many people are all the time "queering" their own interests by communicating their doubts to others. It is a very difficult thing to clinch a bargain with a great big doubt in your own mind. To convince another, you must be convinced yourself. Doubt in yourself cannot bring conviction to another.

Doubt, uncertainty, fear of failure, lack of faith in oneself, are the great enemies of mankind.

"The just honoring of ourselves," says Milton, "may be thought the foundation from whence every worthy enterprise issues forth." The miracles of civilization have been performed by men and women who justly honored, by believing in themselves. The list of those who, amid jeers, discouragements, obstacles of all kinds, have "banked" solely upon their belief in themselves is a long one.

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WILSON AND THE NEGRO RACE.

President's Attitude Discussed at Spingarn Medal Presentation.

Oswald G. Villard told 2,000 negroes last night at the meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in the meeting house of the Ethical Culture Society, that President Wilson could not be relied upon to make good his pre-election pledges in regard to the negroes. These remarks followed the presentation by Gov. Whitman of the Spingarn medal to Dr. Ernest Everett Just, as being the negro who has done most for his race during the last year.

"There has been in Washington," Mr. Villard said, "an outburst of prejudice and a lot of anti-negro legislation of one kind or another. This has given us concern, in view of the fact, I regret to state, that we are not sure that the gentleman in the White House is to be relied upon to make good his promises made during the campaign that if he entered the White House he should do everything in his power to advance the interests of the colored people and to be the President of the entire nation."

This was the first discordant note in a hitherto harmonious meeting of blacks and whites, mostly the former. Before that all had been admiration of one race for the other. After that negro and white did not mince words about the treatment accorded the black. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the official organ of the Association to Advance the Colored People, even went so far as to suggest race warfare as a way out of present abuses.

"In this, as in all great causes," he said, "if peace and patience cannot win, war and strife must."

Dr. Just, who was the recipient of the Spingarn medal, is head of the department of physiology in the Howard University Medical School. He is thirty-one years old, and was graduated from Dartmouth with the highest honor in his class in 1907, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He is engaged in biological research work in addition to his academic duties. In presenting the medal, Gov. Whitman said:

"In the pain or loss of one race all races are affected, and it is due from all tonight to honor a man who has done most in the past year for the negro race. His distinguished scholarship is of a nature so high that it is not only a credit to his race, but to the white race as well.

"I am glad our country shows justice to any race for what has been accomplished by Dr. Just. It is gratifying that education, improved conditions in living and opportunities have not drawn him away from his own people. The success of this young man is an inspiration to white and black alike. Unless the Federal Constitution is wrong his rise is as dear to white as to black. Speaking for the State, we are all of common hopes and ambitions that the stronger race should help the weaker, asking nothing more than justice for all."

Following Mr. Villard's anti-Wilson remarks, Prof. William Pickens, colored, of Wiley University, spoke on "The Negro, a Challenge to American Christianity and Democracy." He left unmentioned none of the social and political disabilities under which his race is suffering, and left untouched none of the appeals to race prejudice.

Other speakers were Mirza Ali Kuli Kahn, representative of Persia to the United States; Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and Lindon Bates, jr.—New York Tribune.

DOG MAIL CARRIER DEAD.

His Pal Refuses to Leave Grave and Pouch Will Be Late.

For ten years the mail has been carried from the Fernwood railroad station to the Yeadon borough postoffice, a distance of one mile, three times each day, no matter what the weather was. The residents of Yeadon never have had cause to complain of the service, and the government never paid a cent for it.

Two sheepdogs did the work.

Today, one of the dogs having gone back to the dust whence he came, and his "pal" refusing to leave the little mound in the rear of Justice of the Peace William B. Evans' property, the mail will likely be late.

The residents of Yeadon from this day forward will have to allow for human fallibility, while they kick their heels against the postoffice radiator. And the government will have to send a monthly voucher to the man who gets the job that the dogs filled out of sheer patriotism.

It is Collie who is dead. He just naturally passed away early yesterday morning. Colonel's piteous moaning brought Justice of the Peace Evans down before daybreak, and he found Colonel standing across the dead body of Collie as though he knew that the next thing was burial, and he wanted so bad to protect his "pal" against any such. The justice of the peace took Collie's death to heart almost as deeply as Colonel did, and man and dog stood together as equals, as mourners, while Collie went into his grave.

Ten years ago Collie and Colonel started as real patriots to carry the mail. The pouch came from Fernwood station to the postoffice three times a day, one end of it in Collie's mouth and the other between Colonel's firm jaws. Only once on each trip did they pause, and that occurred halfway between the two extreme points.

No one ever told them the time to go for the mail.

When the clock said ten minutes to train time they were off. Postmasters have come and gone in those ten years. Tariffs have been tinkered with and the war has kept other more handsomely compensated patriots from devoting their whole time to their work since then, to say nothing of headache epidemics, bad colds and deaths of grandmothers. But, while others have gotten days off, with pay, Collie and Colonel kept on working, without.

They say some dogs are human. That may or may not be. But it is a fact that some dogs get human treatment. So far as their services to the government are concerned, this is not true of Collie and Colonel. Some one once proposed that the Postoffice Department be appealed to to buy these loyal servants to Yeadon borough's common good a pair of pretty dog collars. But they never got so much as a dog biscuit.

It is said that Colonel cannot live. He must die of a broken heart; or, if not that, then starvation. For he won't eat. All he does is stand by the grave of Collie and whine and hang his head low.

Meanwhile the postmaster is seeking a man to carry the mail.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

Poultney Bigelow Takes Issue with Admiral Chadwick.

My illustrious and gallant friend, Admiral Chadwick, has not been himself since the outbreak of Germany from her normal boundaries, for he has gone so far as to assert that England has stolen "even" her national anthem from Germany.

Permit me to point out to the historian of the Spanish war that the standard German student "Kommersbuch" of Silcher and Lahr credits the music of "God Save the King" to "H. Carey, 1742," and the German text to a Dane named Harries, who published on January 27, 1790. Peter's "Liederschatz" confirms the "Kommersbuch," and adds that the music is that of the "englische Nationallied, "God Save the King" "—also that it was first sung in Berlin in 1793—a difference of half a century in favor of the allies! So much for the claim that England stole her anthem from the devastators of Rheims and Louvain.

Permit me now to notice the conditions under which Prussia, and not England, stole this glorious anthem.

Frederick William II marched an army to the Argonne in 1792, for the purpose of suppressing the movement for liberty in the new French nation. On the very heights where now William II is vainly seeking to force his troops forward, the Prussians of 1792 were compelled to retire before the ragged levies of Kellerman and Dumouriez, who knew little of Potsdam "Paradeschritt, but who, on the other hand, first astonished Europe by the war cry, "Vive la Nation!" and the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise." No wonder that French troops today fight valiantly on soil sacred in their history to their first victory as a nation in arms, with a national war-cry, and a national hymn. This was the great battle of Valmy. The Prussians retired from Valmy with their tails between their legs, and to console them for this humiliation, Frederick William II (great-great-grandfather of William II), dedicated an Arch of Triumph in Berlin called "Das Brandenburger Thor," and as a suitable corollary to this monumental piece of political humbug, he stole not only the music from England, but even the words from Denmark—for a German named Schumacher worked the Danish words over so as to flatter the defeated hero of Valmy! Furthermore, let me say in closing that "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" (which means "Hail to thee of the Victor's crown") is not a German but a Prussian national hymn. The song has ever been unpopular with the German people because it glorifies a monarch conspicuous for his unmanly qualities. So unpopular indeed was that hymn in my youth that it was not even included in Bleibtreu's famous collection called "Kampf-und Freiheits-Lieder" (Leipzig, 1866).

The gallant admiral has, I fear, been the victim of his impatience to say something unkind regarding the mother of modern civil liberty and self-government. Treitschke fell in the same way—he could be serenely historical on most subjects, but if anybody said England, then swiftly returned his old malady—furor teutonicus—delenda est Anglia!—Poultney Bigelow, in the New York Evening Post.

WHITE HOUSE AIR SULPHURIC.

Forestry Department Only to Blame for Phenomenon.

Dry throats, watering eyes, and twitching nostrils were common at the White House yesterday when the usual fresh air that circulates in the branches of the big trees on the White House lawn was tampered with by the forestry squad sent by the superintendent of public buildings and grounds to spray those same trees. High officials and mere employes alike were vexed by the fumes of sulphur which pervaded the entire atmosphere around the Executive Mansion.

Long lines of hose were laid from a tank wagon full of a sulphur and lime mixture and the spray pumped high into the trees. A brisk northerly wind was present to playfully waft the spray here and there.

"Miserly offered the man who saved his life half a dollar."

"Did the man accept it?"

"Yes, but he handed Miserly 20 cents change."—Boston Transcript.

THE OPEN FORUM.

America's Attitude Toward Great Britain on the Flag Question.

Editor of The Washington Herald: If we are looking for pretexts for trouble, it may be that we are justified in nagging Great Britain about the use of our flag by unarmed vessels in time of stress, even though we cannot deny that other nations, including the United States, have under such circumstances used the flags of neutrals.

If we are not looking for pretexts, then we are, to our injury, nagging about nonessentials and putting as much emphasis on them as upon grave invasions of our rights, magnifying in one case and minimizing in the other.

Suppose Great Britain in good nature takes the reprimand in good faith and orders her ships not to even carry on board the customary United States emblem, and suppose the Lusitania on its next trip, say, with United States mail, with the Secretary of the Treasury and his family, the American Ambassador to France and his family, and hundreds of other Americans on board, enters the Irish Sea flying only British colors, and in violation of international and moral law is torpedoed and sunk and all on board perish.

Would the fact that our property was so illegally destroyed and our people murdered under the British flag diminish the crime or the cause for war? Would it make any material difference to us if both the boat and flag, carrying our property and such people, belonged to the United States?

United States mails and the far greater number of Americans going to Europe are carried by English and French steamers, and no belligerent has the right to sink these steamers without giving the passengers and the crews a chance for their lives. Therefore, the main thing which concerns us is the threat to unlawfully destroy and sink these vessels. Yet our government solemnly abjures the British government not to permit them to raise our flag in order to diminish the chance of illegal destruction of American citizens.

Should a submarine, by misuse of our flag on a British ship, be prevented from torpedoing such ship, could Germany be heard to complain that she was wronged in being prevented from doing an act forbidden by international law and good morals?

HOMER GUERRY.

Physician Denounces Twilight Sleep

Editor of the Washington Herald: It seems strange that just at the time when the United States government is about to put in operation the most drastic laws for the regulation of the sale of habit-forming drugs, that such a large proportion of good people should be going wild over the so-called "Twilight sleep," which is nothing more than morphine medication and in its most dangerous form. The twilight sleep tablet as used today is to eventually create an army of "dopes" without number and it seems to me that the time has arrived when a host of good, well-meaning women who do not know what they are talking about should be informed that their energies are being put to a dangerous cause. The formula if used as directed often calls for from 1-2 to 3 grains of morphine, given within six to ten hours, and is invariably followed by the birth of a morphine-doped infant and records show that many die or never fully recover.

ROBERT B. JOHNSTONE, M. D.

Taft's View on Arms Shipments.

Editor of The Washington Herald: I read in this morning's New York World that former President Taft, in an interview at Toronto, Ontario, gave utterance to the following in regard to an embargo on munitions of war:

"We would be fools of the most exasperating type if we did not permit the export of munitions of war from the United States to any nation who will buy; and this reason I have not stated publicly before—because there is a large amount of capital invested legitimately in the manufacture of war engines and materials in our country, and this probably would be injured beyond recovery should we take any such action."

When so illustrious as advocate of "Peace" can place monetary reasons higher than the principle itself, may we not expect some noted temperance orator soon to give utterance to a parallel like this:

"We would be fools of the most exasperating type if we did not permit the sale of whisky, wine, beer and all inoxicants to any one who will buy—because there is a large amount of capital engaged in that manufacture in our country, and this probably would be injured beyond recovery should laws be passed forbidding their sale."

Two strong and consistent arguments in the causes of Peace and Temperance, are they not?

"Consistency thou art a jewel."

L. T. C.

SOCIALISTS MAY HIKE HERE.

Meyer London, New M. C., Urges a March on Washington.

Meyer London, Socialist Representative-elect, urged the enlistment for a march on Washington of 100,000 unemployed wage earners, recruited from the ranks of Socialists in and about New York, yesterday when he was the principal speaker at a "conference" on unemployment in Union Square. Nearly two thousand persons attended the meeting. Mr. London was interrupted by Jacob Cohen, who stood near the speakers' platform and demanded what course Mr. London intended to pursue after he had taken his seat in Congress.

"All I can hope to do is to present in Congress our point of view," responded Mr. London.

"But you'll get down there," persisted the heckler, "and you'll do the same as all of them do, you will vote with the capitalistic members of Congress, and then you'll be the same as they are."

"Let him alone, I'll take care of him," urged Mr. London when five stalwart men threatened to remove the questioner. "I'll vote with a Republican, a Democrat, a Progressive, or even a Mormon or a prohibitionist when he's right," he continued. "We are going ahead and you should know it. Haven't we even seen a one-time President stealing our platform? But he's welcome to it, even if they do call it progressive."

Mr. London's next interruption was an automobile truck being used in carting material away from a subway excavation, and which ran into the center of the crowd.

"There's another sample of it," Mr. London said. "If we were people who show physical fight, they wouldn't dare disturb this peaceful gathering in that disgraceful way."

Many of Mr. London's auditors promptly offered to "throw it out," but ten of the thirty policemen detailed to watch the Socialists guided the chauffeur's efforts and he finally got the vehicle where he wanted it, and Mr. London resumed his speaking.

The other speakers were Algernon Lee, chairman of the meeting; Jacob Panken, Ludwig Lore and William Karlin. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the city, State and Federal governments to provide work for all the unemployed. Mayor Mitchel and Comptroller Prendergast were scored for failing to accept the Socialists' invitation to speak at the meeting, and the mayor was bitterly denounced for giving charity to the city poor through the Hotel De Gink and the bundle day methods and for appointing Elbert H. Gary and George W. Perkins to conduct the relief work.—New York Herald.

In the year 1913, 120,000 persons left the United States with the intention of settling in Canada, compared with 10,149 in 1913.