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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1917.

The Lloyd George Ministry in the Crucible.

To Americans who know nothing of the wheels within wheels of British politics, the merciless assault to which the Lloyd George cabinet is being subjected—an assault which may result in its downfall—is astonishing.

They think of Lloyd George as the strong man of Britain and the outstanding figure of the war in Europe, so far as virile statesmanship is concerned. It is, therefore, all the more inexplicable to confront the possibility that he may be scrapped by a parliamentary crisis, that Britain is going to trust her fortunes to another leader, when, as a matter of fact, no leader of the caliber of Lloyd George is to be found from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Northcliffe has been offered a cabinet post, although late reports say he has refused it. It is even suggested that the Northcliffe-Carson group are to become the ruling forces of the government. Lord Northcliffe is a man of aggressive genius, but nature never intended him for statecraft; he is not a conciliator or a compromiser. Any cabinet of which he is the head would fall speedily through the sheer force of the antagonism which it generated. At least, this is the opinion of those who pretend to know some of the involutions of British politics.

But the fall of Lloyd George would do much to shake American confidence in allied resolution, in their unswerving will "to see the thing through." Apparently, his Paris speech has provoked a storm of criticism through his unsparing revelation of allied blunders and his insistence upon the remedy of centralized control of war operations. To many of the London journals—particularly the Tory organs—this means political control and the subordination of Haig and Robertson to an orgy of civilian and amateur strategy, and a repetition of many of the blunders with which Winston Churchill was credited during his stormy career as first lord of the admiralty.

In our judgment, centralized war control should mean the very antithesis of political control; it should create a board of strategy which would be divorced in every way from political considerations. We believe that the hue and cry raised by such journals as the London Morning Post, for example, is due largely to the fact that they are "Westerners," so called, and believe the war can be decided in no other way than by hammering at the French and Flanders fronts. They will not tolerate any central strategy which might modify that determined upon by the British military experts. This is the real meaning of the vicious flaying of Lloyd George at the present moment.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the American mission abroad is to insist inflexibly upon unity of control. The Lloyd George idea, while it may be repudiated by the British Parliament and cause the formation of a new ministry, necessarily must be adopted in some form, because Washington will not be content to permit further disasters to follow in the wake of a failure to co-ordinate all the fronts.

The Great Danger—Politics.

The allies, notably France, seem to be particularly accursed, at this time, with a lot of ambitious men who are putting themselves first, before the great cause, by playing politics, and the gloomiest news issuing from Europe in many days is to the effect that a schism between the allies' political and military leaders is generating.

The French cabinet resigns under fire. London is all excited over reports that Gen. Haig won't stand for the proposed allied military commission. In Russia, a dozen groups are fighting for power. Cadorna threatens to go on strike.

On the other side is the Kaiser with all his allies and all his allies' resources in the hollow of his iron hand.

Full control as to diplomatic and governmental management has been the Kaiser's strongest advantage, from the start, and, from the start, the greatest danger to the allies has been the inability, if not the impossibility, to concentrate. Their weakness in this particular has already been demonstrated by tons of sacrificed blood and billions of wasted munitions, and, to promote this internal weakness, it would seem, at this writing, that the selfish politician, a creature more contemptible than pacifist, pro-German or any other internal foe of the cause, is coming to the front.

Politics and war mix as do gunpowder and friction matches, and no better.

If there ever was a time when the whole people of the United States, down to the infant who can knit a sock, should make war their sole business, as a business, that time is now. We've got to supply Europe not only with men, money and munitions but with morale, or the present advices from Europe are tremendously deceptive. And it is a crime against God and all mankind not to help the American people understand the matter.

When Reconstruction Comes.

Reconstruction, a condition which America is face, although in a different manner from the Eu pean countries, is perhaps a little too previous serious thought, but as a problem it will present n phases to be solved when the last days of this war c be seen with any degree of certainty.

America in all probability will not have to rehabil tate any ruined land or industries, but there will be considerable work here in adjusting the conditions which have swung to wartime preparations, back to their natural channels.

In the following article, Nation's Business, treats in interesting fashion some of the reconstruction problems which Europe faces:

Reconstruction as a term got rather a bad name among us half a century ago, but it labors under no such disability in Europe. There belligerent governments are making elaborate plans for rehabilitating the industries and the districts which have suffered from war, and plans for reconstruction are the order of the day.

Reconstruction as now used in Europe comprehends preparation for a large volume of international trade quite as much as physical rebuilding and re-equipment of plants. According to statements made by officials in England, Germany has gone so far as, not only to organize new combinations among its industries and to arrange for shipping in various quarters, but also to acquire supplies for raw materials in other countries, even being detected in trying to gain control of minerals in England itself.

Thereupon England, too, bestirred itself and created a ministry of reconstruction. In a recent speech the new minister announced plans for the first step in demobilization of the British army, when the time comes. About 1,000,000 men will be hurried from the front, including those whose former employments are kept open for them and the men needed for railways, steamships, and restoration of manufactures.

The plans of the new minister do not stop with men, but extend to materials. Where industries have difficulty in obtaining supplies the government will step in and try to assist them.

Reconstruction in invaded districts is having attention in France. In August a French law authorized expenditure of $50,000,000 for this purpose, under an office of industrial reconstruction. For agricultural rehabilitation in the same districts $60,000,000 have been appropriated. An economic committee has now been created and has set about taking a detailed and comprehensive census of industry for the whole country. Information about the nature of industrial equipment and supplies of materials will be gathered.

Japan, too, is busy, not exactly with reconstruction but with enlargement of its production of articles it cannot obtain in former volume under the restrictions that other belligerent countries have placed on their exports. For iron ore it has turned to the Asiatic continent. Although it had an output of 299,000 tons of pig iron in 1914 it now looks forward to 570,000 tons in 1917, and upwards of 2,000,000 tons when its new enterprises are all in operation; this will equal the present minimum requirement of the country. Since 1914 the yearly capacity of Japanese shipyards has been increased from a tonnage of 200,000 to 1,000,000 tons.

Australia has a different set of problems, and is apparently endeavoring to ascertain what industries should be encouraged by the government. For this purpose it has a national efficiency board, which is classifying industries according to their essential nature.

All-in-all, the future is receiving a lot of attention these days.

The much-discussed Coatalen aeroplane has six carbureters. That settles it. We stick to our one little auto carbureter that won't work.

Kansas City's to have a pump that'll pump 20,000,000 gallons per day. She must be getting ready to feed suffrage hunger strikers.

Teutonic kultur consisting largely in shooting up works of art and anything of historic valne, the Italians are preparing to protect the beauties of Venice.

One of the funny things in this war is that Secretary Tumulty thinks it necessary to publicly deny that he's in jail for treason.

The allies may survive a fight between their political and military leaders, but we warn them not to let our politicians get mixed up in it.

London Post, referring to Woodrow's Buffalo remarks on pacifists, says that "he is a good man to go hunting tigers with." That London editor ought to come over here and take a good look at such "tigers" as David Starr Jordan, Amos Pinchot et al.

The German officer who sank the Lusitania has been made head of a submarine school. It's an appropriate appointment, and we'll know where to look for him when we're able to hang him.

Finland declares independence. Germany takes her capital city without resistance. And Russia has the horrible examples of Poland, Hungary, and the Balkans under her very nose. United we stand; divided we crawl.

The Professor Wondered.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator John W. Smith, of Maryland, referred to the subject of absented-mindedness, and fittingly recalled a story about a professor who had lapses along that particular line.

On returning home to dinner one evening, the professor was met at the door by his wife, who led him into the house with a reproving air.

"Do you know, John," said the good woman, a little poutfully, "that you went away this morning without kissing me goodby?"

"You don't really mean it, Mary?" returned the professor, laying aside his hat and gloves. Surely you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I am not!" declared Mary, with great positiveness. "Not a single kiss did you give me!"

"Is that so?" rejoined the professor, with a thoughtful expression. "Then who in the deuce did I kiss?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Verdun.

"They shall not pass!" In dugout and in trench
The phrase was muttered as the Polius fought.
The earth and sky were but a shambles, fraught
With gas and bursting shells and with the drench
Of shrapnel. Yet, in all the battle-stench,
Mid horror heaped on horror past all thought
The thin line stood. A miracle was wrought;
They could not break the Will that held the French.

Each human soul must face its own Verdun
That crisis when the armies of despair
Attack the fortress in a serried mass;
Not by brute strength may this great fight be won,
But only by the Will that can declare
In face of all Hell's hosts, "They shall not pass!"

BERTON BRALEY.

JITNEY GIN.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling and Gunga Din)

Now the Row is all a-gloom
As the very devil's tomb
Since the price of gin has lofted till it's doubled,
And the old familiar glow
Of the days of long ago
Has become a frown immeasurably troubled.
For their good old jitney gin,
With a stick of kindling in,
s a glorified decanter of the gods,
nd where once the bar-fly shone
a kingdom all his own
he poor, unhappy publican in drowsy ennui nods;
dly nods and keeps his gin
r the Gang's not coming in
nce a nickel buys a trickle
nd the trickle's mighty thin.
t the curb they stand and sigh,
'or the happy days gone by
When the jitney was a coin beyond derision;
When it banished sorrow's yoke
Through the haze of barroom smoke
And brought to life a sweet, celestial vision.
Then they filled 'er to the top,
Drank it down without a stop,
While the barkie added treasure to his pile.
It was gin! gin! gin!
With a stick of kindling in—
But no more the ginners grin,
Shouting "Fill 'em up ag'in!"
For a nickel buys a trickle
And the trickle's mighty thin.

Indianapolis News.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early—There's a Reason

What attitude, some people are asking over the country, will be assumed by Republican members of Congress, both House and Senate, when they return for the regular session?

From opinions expressed by some of the Republican leaders, that is not a hard question to answer. They will be quite as patriotic as any other members. They will do everything expected of them to help carry on the war in the most effective manner possible. While they will differ here and there on details, just as Democrats will, and just as the country expects all men to do, they will stand for the large things which mean the vigorous pushing of the war to a successful outcome.

It will be hard for both sides to keep politics out of the legislative equation, and it would probably be hard for any body, constituted as this one is, not to indulge in antics now and then that make for strength in the home districts, among certain classes. But that will be largely missing during the coming session, although, of course, we must not take into account individual sallies now and then by men who have fanciful visions to follow. They may be expected to do almost anything though it be the essence of indiscretion. This number will be small, and of them the electorate at large need take no account. The outstanding fact is, at this time, that Congress has realized more since it has been home than when it was here, that America is in a serious affair and that it behooves all men in high places to stand steadfastly for American principles and American vigor in carrying on the war.

Next year every member's seat will be subject to election, in the House. Some of the members will not run again, but most of them will. They may lose political prestige by refusing to play political games during the session, but they will gain immeasurably from an American standpoint if they put their hands to the plow, and, keeping their heads to the front, cut deep a furrow of rich, virgin patriotism.

As some one said before we got a chance to use the line which has been running through our heads for months, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country"—and this is something for the legislators to try on their records during the coming session.

Labor's Part in War.

The necessity of uniting every force America has to the end that we may win the war and WIN AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE is seen in the importance attached to labor's co-operation with other interests. The time is here when the man in the overalls is our salvation. As Mr. Vanderlip said at the Press Club the other evening, the soldiers will not win the war, BUT THE SUPPLIES which the soldiers must have, and which money can buy will win the war. That is the careful, sincere statement of one of the country's most thoughtful men, and one who is one of the most patriotic and the most bountifully endowed in financial acumen.

The duty of Congress, so some of its leaders think, is plain. There is a prodigiously large labor question to settle and the issue may be upon the body sooner than it was thought possible when we entered the war. The administration may pave the way for its settlement independently if legislative action, but it will be up to Congress to make good the part that President Wilson has essayed to outline toward this end.

And what of labor itself, in the meantime?

That is a mooted question. The difficulty of solution is not alone n the fact that only a small portion of labor is organized, and therefore incapable of compact utterance or concerted action, but in the fact that much of it has not been educated, in the hurry and hustle of the past few months, to the duty of pulling in the harness with all other labor of the same class as well as other classes of labor.

The latter defect may be cured to wonderfully large degree by the spirit of patriotism which just now appears to be sweeping over many classes of unorganized labor, and which seems to be filtering through a satisfactorily large class of organized labor. As in all things, if the spirit of patriotism gets to working in the labor body of the country, and if relations between labor and capital are as patriotic as the expression of patriotism by each body, the problem will be easy of solution. If it doesn't the affair will be impossible of satisfactory solution, and America will pay the price in blood and lives and money. It appears heartless to say it, but it is the truth.

Weeks for President.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts has sailed the bounding main and has knocked about the world, ending up in a blaze of glory by representing his State well in the United States Senate. He has been mentioned for the Presidency, is being mentioned now, and will be mentioned when the time comes for the Republicans to name their standard-bearer.

Just what the Senator's own aspirations are some of his friends confess just now they do not know. If he has any aspirations, of course, they must be mammoth ones, for no tiny aspirations could find lodging place in the great frame which this Bay State citizen possesses.

It was stated last year in the presence of some of his friends that Weeks was a "get rich quick" man, and therefore could not be used effectively in bringing the elusive vote into the Republican column. Some of Week's friends insist now that they have an antidote for that argument, and if given a chance to apply it will do so in such a fashion that the entire Republican national convention, three years hence, will be soothed and calmed by it.

After the defeat of Justice Hughes last year there were many Republican leaders who insisted that in 1920 their party would have to look toward the setting sun for a candidate. They had stayed by the rising sun and the midday sun too long, they declared. The future demanded some candidate who comes from the along-toward-evening part of the country. If this idea prevails as much three years hence as it does now, it will bar Senator Weeks from consideration. If it doesn't, then his name will probably be formidably set before the convention.

But in any event, it may be put down here incidentally, the chairman of the National Committee will be chosen quite as carefully as the Presidential candidate, and other facts than his mere location will be taken into account in his selection.

To Stone's Secretary.

Miss Jessie L. Simpson, secretary to Senator Bill Stone of Missouri, has resigned her position to go to the front as clerk to the auditor in Pershing's expeditionary force. As country pastors used to say when the "leading citizen" left to say when the greater place in the city, "what we lose the other fellow gains." Miss Simpson will not only have the experience of her life, but she will perform her duties in a satisfactory way, and "when Jessie comes marching home again," she will be able to win more votes for the Senator on her own account than some of his constituents will be willing to give the Senator on his own account. She may not approach any of the dangers the members of the Russian League of Death experienced in their historic drives, but she will be able to say that she did her part—and a little bit more. And through it all she will be able to give Senator Stone occasional bits of news from the front which ought to aid tremendously in solving some of the problems which the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations will have thrust before it in the coming years.

THE OBSERVER.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

New York, Nov. 16.—In the lobby of a big Fifth avenue club the other evening a group of scientific men were discussing the war as being the necessity that will bring about some startling inventions. If the sprinkling of intellectual luminati were not stamped by genius, it is probable that an ordinary bystander would have tapped his forehad knowingly.

One of them was telling about a scientist who is already telephoning to aeroplanes without wires. And another quoted a famous inventor who said that it would only be a short while until all telephone wires would be abolished as unessential.

"The fact is," he said, "that telephone wires do not in reality carry our messages. Every scientist knows that. Back of it all is the great process of thought which we are only beginning feebly to understand.

"The more we delve into this process of thought—whatever it is—the more we come to the conclusion that the material phenomena is the projection of thought. We know that every material thing comes from a thought or an idea.

"We are ariving at the conclusion that even space is thought, for we are annihilating space every day through a thinking process. It will not be many generations before every ship at sea is controlled by thought from shore. Our trains are going to be run without fuel, and we are going to grow gasoline just like we raise corn."

Col. William Hayward, former public service commissioner of New York, is preparing his regiment of negro troops for service in the trenches. Every man in the regiment save Col. Hayward is colored.

The other day one of the petty officers approached Col. Hayward. "Colonel," he said, "I is jest wonderin' if over in Yurrup there will be any chance for us niggahs to play any African golf."

"African golf?" said Col. Hayward. "Just what is African golf?"

To make a short story still shorter it was explained that African golf in the vernacular is shooting craps.

It has long been the fashion to believe that the men who conduct the large hotels in New York were descendants of Jessie James. Perhaps it took a war to change this opinion but it has been changed.

They're getting their menus down to simple fares. The meatless and wheatless days are costing them much revenue but they are sticking to them strictly.

John McK. Bowman, who directs four large hotels, is spending all of his valuable time in Washington helping Hoover. George Boldt, jr., Copeland Townsend and L. M. Boomer, other important hotel men, are devoting all of their time in New York to speaking and lecturing on how to save food. And all the other hotels big and small are doing their bit—despite the fact that it means a financial loss.

Seen around the town: A Broadway beau monde in a purple silk hat. A millionaire trying to keep awake at a musicale. A waiter reading Molnar. John Mason, the actor, rebuking a young man for smoking in an elevator with ladies. A police captain telling a blind man a joke. A well known debutante buying a zippy story type of magazine. "Bud" Fisher in uniform blushing as a recruiting officer pointed him out to a crowd. A French sailor laughing at one of those lap dogs that resembles a three leaf clover. A priest leaping into a Broadway automobile that had become unmanageable while the movie cameras clicked. A Russian immigrant girl giving a penny to a war relief fund.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

RESIGNATION.

Some wight may rob me of my purse,
And fix on me the pauper's curse;
Misunderstanding it may be
May place some stigma dark on me;
My ways may run through care and pain,
But if some bit of love remain,
I'll plod along and calmly face
The tribulations of the chase.

(Copyright, 1917.)

"PROTECT YOUR BOY"

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE, of the "Vigilantes."

This is written to every father, to every mother, to every brother, to every sister, to every uncle, to every aunt, to everybody who has a boy that he or she loves.

Your boy is either at the front, or in the camps, or waiting to be sent to the camps—which means that some day he will be sent to the front; for Germany is a nation as strong as it is cruel, as powerful as it is merciless; and this war, which we must fight or become, as Belgium has become, a nation of corpses and slaves, will take all our men, all our money, all our fortitude, to win.

You loved your boy when he was at home, didn't you? You did for him all that love, and care, and kindness, and tenderness, and devotion could do to keep him straight and clean, and happy. * * * You loved him that he was yours. He loved you for the love you gave him.

Now he has gone, or is going, away. It is right that he should go. It is God's will that he should go. He goes to defend you whom he loves against those that would rape and rob and kill; that would make this land of ours a shambles and a shame; that would make the words "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" a bloody sneer against the vast background of time.

And now, as he goes, you must say to him, "God bless you, and bring you safely back to us!" * * * You kiss. * * * Your hand lingers in his—lingers, quivering—and then withdraws * * * And he has gone * * *

He has left you. For a time he has gone from your life and you from his. * * *

He will be exposed to many temptations—even as would you at his age. Many men and many women will try in many ways to tempt him to do the things that he should not. Life is life; and to be human, and young, is to be all that the words human and young mean.

But there is one way in which you can still be with him—by which the hand of yours that aided his baby footsteps—that helped him in his little lessons of primer and of arithmetic—that guided him past childish dangers—can still reach out to help him.

Better than we, the Young Men's Christian Association realizes the power of evil associates, of rotten environment, of the sodden dangers that are bound to pitfall the road of those that are human, and young.

These men want to give your boy the things that you, who love him, can no longer give him. They want to give him the loving care that you can no longer give him. They want to give him clean places to live in, clean books to read, clean games to amuse, clean music to hear and sing, clean drinks to drink, clean associations with which to associate. They want to send him back to you as honest, as fearless, as gentle, as clean as when he left you.

To give him these things, this attention, this love, this care, will take money. These people that would do it, do not want your money for themselves. They want your money only that it may be spent in caring for your boy. They can now do what you no longer can. Will you help them to do this thing? Or will you, now that your boy has gone far away, turn your back and leave him to be stained, and coarsened, and corrupted in the hands of those who would exploit him in sin for profit, and in corruption for a price?

Evil women, rotten men, and the counterfeit joys that dwell in the glittering hell holes where rum distorts the brain and stimulates the body, beset the path of every young male human being in the world.

Protect your boy from these things now.....Or else don't blame him too harshly if a different boy comes back to you from the boy who went away.

READ THE NEEDS OF FRANCE.

A French Woman, Prominent in War Work, Interviewed for The Washington Herald by a French-American—How the Eyes of La Belle France Do Flash, Monsieur!

By GEORGE SAINT-AMOUR.

"The needs of France!" exclaimed Mme. Mathilde Archinard, "it would take a week to tell them and a book to print them. But France does need above all other things:

"Clothing.

"Food—food—food.

"Money—to help her rebuild as she and her brave allies drive the Boches from her territory.

"I visited the French front immediately after the battle of the Marne. Your Ambassador helped me get permission. It was difficult. I was the first woman.

"Ever since I have been working for France, for Belgium, for humanity.

"I have helped establish schools to teach French. I myself am teaching young American officers and privates to speak French—a working French, as you would say, m'sieu, so they will be happier and better able to take care of themselves when they reach France—and are wounded, perhaps.

"I want these big strapping American boys to be able to tell a French peasant who runs across them, what they need.

"And if they can make known their wants, they will wait no more—for France appreciates the beautiful spirit of America.

"Yes, m'sieu, we appreciate it, we French people, and we will help America, when the day comes. Tell America to help us get modern farm machinery—farm tractors, your great reapers and binders, your plows that plow three, five, ten furrows at a time. For we in France have not quickly adopted the new farm ways—we are too old and conservative, I guess."

Mme. Archinard laughed. "You think it is funny to speak of French people as 'conservative,' do you not?" she asked. "They are conservative in everything—but fighting! The hated Boches should be so badly beaten that they will become a fifth-class nation," said the fiery little woman, who is only a little more than four feet tall but who has the energy of a small Corliss engine.

Paul Archinard, sr., madame's husband, is in France, working for the Red Cross. Paul Archinard, jr., her son, expects to leave for France soon to join the French fliers. He has been notified to keep himself ready to go.

He is madame's only child, but she does not whimper. "It is too bad. It is hard to send Paul to the fliers—to die," she said. "But it must be so, eh?"

Allies Switch Winter Offensive To Run Germans Out of Italy

By BASIL M. MANLY.

The plans of the allies, it was learned here today, contemplate not only protecting Italy from invasion, but transferring the scene of offensive operations from the French front to the plains of Friuli for the next six months at least.

This decision, it seems, was reached with great reluctance by the allied staff officers because it violates one of the cardinal principals of classical strategy—"Never permit yourself to be swerved from your principal line of attack by the actions of the enemy." But now that the decision has been made, it is welcomed by French and British officers, and the Italians are overjoyed.

Since the Germans dug themselves in after the battle of the Marne, just three years ago, there has been no open field fighting in the West. Now there will be in Italy just the style of open fighting in which the French and British are certain that they excel and can inflict the heaviest losses. That is why they are glad to see the offensive shift to Italy. The troops also welcome the release from the cold, monotony and endless hammering of the trenches. The change is expected to put new life in the veterans.

No American troops will be sent to Italy, according to present plans, but the United States is looked to as a source of supplies and munitions. Gen. Pershing, it is felt, will have his hands full getting his rapidly increasing forces into the trenches and preparing them for the spring drive on the French front.

The decision to do more than simply protect Italy from further invasion was influenced by several considerations. First was the danger to France if Germany should sweep across the plains of North Italy. This danger is remote, as France is protected by the Alps which east of Nice extend to the seacoast. Nevertheless, Napoleon once demonstrated that these mountains are not impassable and France has no desire even to have a threat of invasion from the south.

The greatest factor, however, is the desire of all the allies to end the war quickly. On the French front the process of wearing down Germany's man-power is necessarily slowed down at least 50 per cent during the winter, while in the Italian plains, 200 miles south, a vigorous offensive can be maintained throughout the year.

A third consideration of great weight is that by an offensive in Italy Germany's advantage of being on the inside of the circle and having the shorter line of communications is nullified. In fact, owing to the bad condition of the Austrian railways, the French and British will have superior lines of communications.

This shift of the offensive to the Italian front for the winter must not be taken as even a serious modification of the plans for the spring drive on the French front, in which Uncle Sam's soldiers will have their first real test. So far as it is concerned, the important effect is that the United States will be called on to play a much greater part as regards both munitions and men.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN GERMANY

As Told by the Newspapers We Get from the Teutonic Empires and Neutral Nations.

Germans' Idea of Their Own Goodness.

There is a curious instance of this blunted faculty in the Rheinisch-Westfaelische Zeitung:

"When shall we Germans learn the bitter lesson that it is useless for us in the innnate goodness of our disposition, in the magnanimity that bubbles forth from our bosom whenever we spy from afar an opportunity for befriending and benefiting a beaten opponent, to hope for gratitude in return for our noble treatment of the enemy?

"A high Prussian government official who has traveled half the world over narrated to us his experiences in Benares. There, in the sacred stream of the Ganges, bathe the healthy and the sick, while the sacred animals are defiling the waters which thousands of human beings imbibe amid a religious ecstasy. To all this the Briton remains indifferent.

"Suppose Benares were to become German, what would happen? Instantly an order would be issued forbidding bathing in or drinking of the waters of the Ganges. And what would be the consequence? A general revolt of the Indians, who would consider their holiest aspirations outraged."

Army and Navy News

Best Service Column in the City

U. S. Marines at Quantico, Va., bombarded "an enemy city" this week, and the only buildings left standing after the terrific fire were churches and hospitals. It was only a miniature city, to be sure, and the buildings were not more than a foot high. Cities in miniature are used as objectives by Marine Corps artillerymen in training there, and the little buildings in them are plainly labelled "gun factory," "barracks," "church," "hospital," etc. The marine gunners are careful in training to avoid hitting buildings marked "church" or "hospital," and in practice they show wonderful marksmanship in razing buildings adjacent.

The depot quartermaster at Chicago has been authorized to ask sealed proposals for the delivery of 10,000 standard bicycles to be used by army messengers and couriers. Each bicycle is to be equipped with an attachment in which the rider's rifle may be carried, consisting of two supports holding the gun parallel to the frame. These supports must be so designed as to permit the easy removal of the weapon. Specifications sent out to possible bidders call for a "well-balanced design." Each machine must be of construction sturdy enough to insure its supporting around 200 pounds, as the average equipment of the rider will weigh at least 50 pounds.

TO ENTERTAIN VISITORS.

The Women's Bar Association of the District of Columbia, will entertain at dinner Saturday, December 8, at the Hotel Lafayette, in honor of several notable women who will be in the city at that time to attend various conventions.