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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1917.

The Dictatorship.

Who knows but that the historian of the future will assert that the Waterloo of Germany came when President Wilson created a war dictatorship and placed William Gibbs McAdoo at the head of it?

What greater victory for civilization could be imagined than a historic decision which means that the concentration of American power will swiftly proceed to the point where it is ready to strike, and to strike with unexampled force?

Every passing hour makes the government operation of the railroads of this nation loom larger—assume greater significance in relation to the whole vast panorama of the war. It is not too much to say that the man who dominates the railroads of the United States dominates the nation itself. The man who can weld them into a solid, compact, frictionless unit has the mightiest sword of war or peace in his hands that men have ever seen—one that makes the Kaiser's shining weapon look like a pin in contrast.

But we would not stop at calling Mr. McAdoo railroad dictator of the country. Any one who knows his Washington knows that McAdoo has his finger in every pie. The influence of this most masterful character extends everywhere. His enemies have railed at it and excoriated what seems to be his limitless lust for power. But war has power to transmute even brass into gold, and to turn vices into virtues. Today the country has reason to thank heaven it has a man on the job in Washington who wants power and knows he wants it, whose courage and initiative have no limit, who is ready to scour the government catacombs clean of red tape and piffling time-servers, and is not afraid to regiment and harness the whole industrial structure of the country to make the United States a real, honest-to-goodness war-making power.

Mr. McAdoo is out to get results and "deliver the goods." The Lord pity the man who stands between him and his goal! There is hardly any doubt that he will succeed with the railroads, for the railroads have everything to gain and nothing to lose in following his lead to the letter.

But the Secretary of the Treasury now assumes a larger relation to the war even than as railroad dictator—in a sense he can be regarded as the executive end of the tremendous war-making power lodged in the White House. The President trusts him implicitly. He has unlimited faith in his judgment and his power to get things done. The McAdoo horoscope is as clearly written on the horizon as if it were written in a book.

There is the chance, of course, that our new hero will be a failure. That might not be the American Waterloo, but it would be perilously close to it.

There's a Difference.

We hope that you read that fine article by George W. Perkins, one of the country's foremost business men and financial experts, in which he declared that our country is as unprepared for peace as it was for war and that co-operation, not competition, is to be our economic and industrial salvation. It is well to know just where gentlemen of Mr. Perkins' environment, association and development stand.

Mr. Perkins laid particular stress on our government's present supreme efforts to combine, consolidate and co-ordinate the railroads and other big industrial undertakings and added:

"The very things which our government fought for so many years, using the Sherman law as its weapon, it is now trying to achieve, regardless of the Sherman law. And its course is the only possible one."

Naturally enough, Mr. Perkins largely overlooks the difference between combination and co-ordination by the government in behalf of all the people, as in war times, and combination and co-ordination by individuals or groups, in behalf of a few individuals or corporations.

We are making the government one big autocratic trust, for war purposes. Uncle Sam is a close corporation and we propose to wipe out all competition to his business of making war. He is to be one grand, complete, impregnable cinch. The only reservation is our power to wipe out the cinch when we so desire.

Mr. Perkins and others of his make-up cannot fail to see that government's policy of combination and co-ordination is doing so much for the whole nation that return of such policy to the hands of individuals and corporations is becoming more and more unlikely every turn of the wheel. There may be a rush for combinations, when peace comes, but there will be a nice big U. S. traffic policeman at the corners, with his little "Go-Stop" signals.

Morale.

It is not alone the Kaiser who is saying to his people: "We can win the war if YOU hold out and 'carry on.'"

Statesmen in other nations have this characteristic monarchical habit of "passing the buck" to the masses. It is their unwilling tribute to the fact that every last man of them is dependent on popular psychology and public opinion. The Kaiser, of course, exalts the military man at the expense of the civilian, but he is too wise and cunning not to know that the war is now being fought not in the front-line trenches, but in the heart and mind and spirit of the toiling millions behind the lines—the millions who are just beginning to throw his heel off their neck.

Morale to the German Emperor means merely abject public subservience to his will. To Great Britain and France and Italy and America it means something different—it means the glow of the people's faith in the righteousness of the cause they are fighting for and belief that life with an unbroken and unconquered Prussian military ring running amuck in the world would not be worth living.

Those of us who are faint of heart are always talking about morale, as if the public were easily made morbid and bilious about the war. In answer to these, it can be said that the public of the allied nations is far more stable and wholesome and solid than they are. Their peevish and querulous fault-finding with the people is simply the reflection of their own morbidity. It is true that the people of all the nations, Germany included—who are footing the war bill—are demanding more and more a voice in its management. This is distasteful to the Tories and the "Old Guarders." They do not yet know that the fundamental of morale in democratic civilization is public responsibility and public knowledge.

German morale, lacking this fundamental element—having no foundation but blind belief in the power of the Prussian fist—can be broken easily when the hard-headed Teuton can be brought to the point of thinking things out for himself. When he finally sees the truth, or a portion of the truth, it will prostrate him. Then he will rise up in wrath and rend his Hohenzollern master to pieces.

Hearts Open But Purses Closed.

A considerable number of American editors are still harping on the matter of assistance for Russia. Some Teuton autocrat will have to walk into their sanctums and set fire to their hair before they'll realize that this war is not an affair of charity and altruism, wholly.

The only thing which we can, in safety, deliver to Russia, at this time, is sympathy, which costs nothing, and this war is certainly a matter of cost. Any material aid which we might render, at this crisis, would finally mean aid and comfort to our enemies, Germany and Austria, unless we are ready to aid those Russians who are making war on the Bolsheviki.

We are getting comparatively little definite and reliable information as to what is transpiring in Russia, but we know, for certain, that such government as she has is selling out Russia, and our own cause, to Germany. "The bear that walked like a man" has degenerated to a bear that snoops around like a dachshund, and, so far as our war policy is concerned, it makes no difference whether the selling out is solely for the German money that's in it, or because of the Bolsheviki's sincere desire for peace.

Our business is strictly war with Germany and Austria, and we've got to keep our eyes solely on the effect of other governments' action upon our prosecution of that business. The Bolsheviki government may not truly represent the people of Russia, but it is surely doing things that will inevitably cost us thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars. Every pound of assistance we might give the Russians, as distinguished from their Bolsheviki government, would be encouragement to them to continue their consent to such government.

We staked the Czar to some hundreds of millions, and he was secretly dealing with Germany, unbeknown to us. What high-class fools we would be to assist people that are parties to the same treachery, openly!

Every day becomes a better day to sell saloon holdings, if possible.

"Me und Gott" may be holding fast in Flanders. But "Me und Allah" aren't getting anywhere, in Palestine.

Our guess is this: War, you may remember or probably don't remember, was forced on the Kaiser. Peace likewise will be forced on him.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Christmas thoughts ran to iron fists and shining swords. It must be awful for a fellow to go through life with such a disposition.

"Score one for the knitting bag," postcards H. B. "My wife brought a live duck home in hers Saturday night."

They've got you beat at every turn. The grocer has no sugar to sell and when a Cleveland druggist gave away pound packages of it the police stopped him.

According to himself, the Kaiser has turned from fighting for territory to fighting for peace. Wonder if the people of Germany will be impressed by the difference.

That Baroness Iona Zollner, under arrest at Annapolis, shows that she's not pro-German by suing her German husband for divorce. What more can Uncle Sam ask?

Bolsheviki complain that the Germans are already breaking promises given in the preliminary peace negotiations. Seems to us that, somewhere, sometime, we have heard that song before.

The bombing of Mannheim, a German commercial city, by the allied aviators, marks another stage in the warfare, since the British frankly acknowledge that it was particularly in reprisal for Hun murders in England. It is a policy that will give the German people a taste of war which they have not hitherto had, for there are many commercial cities in Germany that can be reached as easily as Mannheim.

Easily Explained.

Representative Rufus Hardy, of Texas, remarked at a dinner that most things are easily explained, and told the following story as an illustration, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

One afternoon the mistress of a rather pretentious home happened in the parlor, and was not a little pleased to observe that one of the chairs was plentifully covered with dust.

"Come here, Jane!" she imperatively called, going to the hall door, "I want to show you something!"

"Yessum," answered Jane, waddling into the parlor, wiping her hands on her apron.

"I want you to look at this chair," said the mistress, pointing to the offending piece of furniture. "It is literally covered with dust."

"Yessum," was the easy rejoinder of the imperturbable Jane. "I spose nobody ain't set in it lately."

ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

With high hope flushed, the Kaiser rushed
To pulverize the foe;
A swift retreat he had to beat—
His bravest were laid low.
"The truth to tell, that out-hells hell!
They put us on the run
Who're doomed to feel the iron heel
Of him they call the 'Hun.'
It may be true, that courage new
Has come to those we hate
Since they have seen the eagle keen
From that trans-Atlantic state.
But, don't forget, we'll crush them yet—
Germania's God is nigh!
To smash their tanks, to sweep their ranks,
We're ready now to try.
Forward with God—they'll feel His rod!
The thing's as good as done!
O welcome day, when this world may
Salute, as Lord, the 'Hun'!"

Against his foemen's forces then
A mighty wedge was driven;
Recoiled once more the Kaiser's men,
The worse for having striven.
The power in whom they put their trust
Had once again betrayed them—
The gory god of force and lust
That 'gainst the world arrayed them.
It seems that they will keep it up;
That nothing less can teach them—
That till they've drained the bitter cup
The grace of heaven can't reach them.

(When brought to own their fathers' God
By punishment condign,
They'll "beat it" to their native sod
Nor stop this side the Rhine.)

JOSEPH B. QUINLAN.

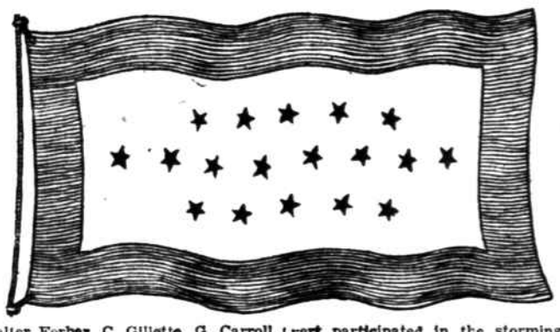
OUR NEW TRAIN CREW

Eighteen of Herald's Family Join Colors

The Washington Herald has pledged itself to further the interests of the United States in the war on Germany and Austria. It believes in the righteousness of the war on a treacherous and traitorous enemy of civilization.

The Herald believes in upholding the laws of the President and of those under him—reserving to itself the right to criticize or condemn such acts as appear to be contrary to the public weal. This must not be construed as opening the door to captious criticism or ill-founded judgment.

The Herald has contributed men and money to the cause and will continue to serve the country to the best of its ability. Just now we are proud of the fact that the flag illustrated above is testimony that eighteen of our young men are in France or preparing to go to France to fight for the same sort of liberty we enjoy here. Those of The Herald family who are on this roll of honor follow:



Raymond Bryan, Clyde McCurdy, Raymond Fendrick, Paul S. Bulla, Victor C. Olmstead, Louis F. Keemle, M. H. Stocking, Clarence Bussius, Walter Ferber, C. Gilliette, G. Carroll, Frank Allen, Arthur Wrenn, Arthur Van Oss, William Covert, Jack Casey, Eugene Foster, and G. E. Harris.

"Bill" Covert, as he is known to his companions at The Herald office and in local athletic circles, was the first of the family to join the colors, enlisting in the now famous Princess Pat regiment of Canada. This was long before America entered the war. Covert participated in the storming at Vimy Ridge, where he was 'gassed' and otherwise disabled. Only two months ago he returned to Washington to convalesce, later going back to Canada for an operation. Last night "Bill" again returned to Washington. He will now stay in the National Capital for a brief period, after which he will go back to the Dominion for another operation.

THE OPEN FORUM

APPLAUDS FOOD CAMPAIGN.

Eleanor Warner Says Present Economy Is Blessing to Nation.

Editor The Washington Herald:

"Every cloud has a silver lining," appears to be true, even in these black days when the sadness of a horrible world war, the anxiety over the soaring prices of life's necessities and various other reflections fill our minds.

"There is, for instance, a wonderfully bright lining in the cloud which hovers over the food problem, and those who through patriotism or necessity must curtail their daily rations, will profit immensely in many ways, for it is sad but true that one-half we eat keeps us alive—the other half kills us.

"'The least dominion over the palate,' says Emerson, 'is attended with good results not easily estimated.'

"The most noticeable effect, of course, will be in a most surprising decrease, not only in the size of the grocery bills, but drug and doctor bills as well, resulting in cleaner, more active brains, much relief for the overtaxed livers and stomachs and consequently more amiable dispositions!

"All healthy things are sweet tempered, and there is no surer road to health than through that shockingly abused organ—the long-suffering stomach.

"In every age a few enlightened individuals have demonserated and enthusiastically recommended the peculiar and manifold benefits to be derived from a simple, restricted diet—not only as a cure for physical ills, but as a very remarkable aid in developing the mental and spiritual powers. But the vast majority of sense-blinded mortals wedded to their flesh-pots seem destined to learn this marvelous truth only through much pain, disease and suffering.

"Pope Leo, always frail and delicate, ate so little that the average man would consider it fasting. His rule was to eat only what he needed—not what he desired. He absolutely controlled his appetite and thus lived to the ripe old age of 93, after bearing the burdens and anxieties of the Vatican for twenty-five years.

"One of Emerson's biographers says: 'It was a happy peculiarity of his constitution that he could go from morn to dewy eve without food.'

"Cervantes wrote 'Don Quixote' on three bowls of porridge brought by his jailer. Thorian spent $8.74 on food in one year and found that by devoting six weeks to labor he could supply his physical wants for the remainder of the year, thus having plenty of leisure for his intellectual pursuits and pleasures—in a word, that he could become master of his days instead of a slave to his body.

"Franklin and his autobiography says that he found a simple, frugal fare left him with a clearer brain and keener comprehension, and once in reply to some of his critics, he said: "Friends, he who can live, as I can, on sawdust pudding (coarse cornmeal) and water is not dependent on any man's patronage."

Byron wrote his finest poetry on biscuit and soda water, and found that this simple diet made him feel lighter and more lively and gave him greater self-control. He declared that he did not wish to be the slave of his appetite and thought great eaters were stupid and prone to anger. He lived on thoughts more than food, says one of his biographies.

"Balzac says: "Three sous for bread, two for milk, and three for cold meat keep me from dying from hunger and my mind in a state of peculiar lucidity.

"I have observed, as you know, the wonderful effects produced by diet on imagination."

Swedenborg, who also lived on a very simple meager diet, says: "Men become gross and stupid in every regard to spiritual truths so far as they indulge the sense of taste and yield to the allurements of the sense of touch."

"Surely if the ox can acquire and maintain sufficient strength on a diet which contains no meat, no whiskey and no beer—puny man might do as much!

"To one long accustomed to the inventions of modern cookery such absurdly plain and frugal fare will naturally appear most unattractive, but after one has acquired a real instead of a fictitious appetite, he will have keen hunger for a sauce adding sweetness and zest to the simplified dish.

"It requires an unusual amount of will power as well as courage, however, to fly in the face of long established customs, and so the easy going majority, for fear of being considered lunatics have their marvelous array of pigs' feet and pickles and still afflicted by aches and pains.

"A day is dawning, however, when sorrow and suffering shall have taught their lessons, when men will use higher faculties more and their stomachs less, thus purifying the gross flesh and making them finer and more responsive instruments for the the manifestations of the divine spirit within, which, under our present artificial conditions and customs, is so often stifled and smothered.

"Genius is always ascetic, and piety and love. Appetite shows to the finer soul as a disease and they see beauty in rites and bounds that resist it.

"ELEANOR WARNER."

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

THANKS ORPHANS' FRIENDS.

Harriet Winslow Asknowledges D. C.'s Aid for French Children.

To the Editor of The Washington Herald:

"The Washington committee of the Fatherless Children of France Society wishes through you to thank all those whose sympathetic help in substituting our War Relief Christmas Cards for their usual Christmas presents made it possible for us to collect in less than two weeks, and with practically no expense, $6,000 for the relief of suffering among the orphans of France.

"This sum, together with pledges from those who will 'adopt' children after January first, will enable us to help 200 children for a year to be kept in their own homes and properly fed and clothed; and the committee wishes to express its deep appreciation of the interest shown by the many busy Washingtonians who have, in many cases, come long distances in very trying weather, in order to contribute to the work.

"We feel sure that they will be glad to know of the success of their efforts.

"Yours very sincerely,
"HARRIET WINSLOW,
"Treasurer."

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

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE SMILE.

A smile is but the sunshine
That streameth from the heart;
A little bit of "funshine"
That comes to do its part
To help you and your fellows
Along your troubled way,
And generously mellows
The outlook of the day.

It eases off the worries
That lurk along the path,
The little gusts and flurries
That urge the soul to wrath,
And when the sun is hidden
Deep in the arms of night,
A little smile unhidden
Will lead you to the light.

(Copyright, 1917.)

PLAIN TALKS - By John D. Barry

The amusing picture made by William James, the psychologist, of savages in the heart of Africa looking with amazement at Livingstone, the explorer, as he sat concentrating on a newspaper, offers a suggestive illustration.

What actually was the eye medicine that, from the savage point of view, held him there motionless?

Was it wholly in the newspaper?

Surely not. It was partly in himself, in his knowledge and experience of life that enabled him to offer the newspaper a multitude of sympathetic contacts.

In his concentrating there was evidently no effort whatsoever. There was eager reaching out for news on the part of his hungry brain cells.

Do the good scholars in school have a hard time or an easy time?

As a rule, they have an easy time. They are so interested that they enjoy their work and they also enjoy their successes.

But to some of them the competitive element in school work can be a means of torment.

It is sad to think of the danger done to ambitious young persons by their determination to excel others. This damage many educators are now trying to avoid by encouraging study for its own rewards, not for the rewards of competition.

It is also sad to think of the young persons who are encouraged to regard study as a bore, inevitable in school life. Some of them, so long as they remain in school, never learn how to study, never experience the joys of concentrating.

What are some of the aids to concentration

First, there is interest. One trouble with many students is that they wilfully resent their studies. By a change of attitude they could make their work much easier.

Secondly, there is practice in concentration, by means of brief intervals devoted to thinking of one thing only.

Thirdly, there is the habit of mentally dealing with one thing at a time and making oneself master of one's thoughts.

Most of us are slaves of a very capricious machine called the mind, a machine that can be the cause of fearful disturbance.

It is only the few that succeed in putting it in its place and making it behave properly.

Those who do succeed get a big reward every day of their lives.

They know how to concentrate in ways that are healthy and efficient.

They are the miracle-workers.

But the miracle is really no miracle at all.

It can be achieved by any one who really cares to achieve it and who will keep practicing till practice becomes second nature.

Concentration opens up unexpected interests. It makes surprising and inspiring discoveries.

Things involved to most minds become simple to the mind that turns on them the power of concentration.

Why has Edison wrested so many secrets from nature?

The language is misleading. Secrets are not "wrested from nature."

Edison feels such an intensity of interest in nature, such understanding, and sympathy with her processes, that every now and then she whispers to him some of her deepest secrets.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Winds of the World, by Talbot Mundy. Illustrated by Joseph Clement Coll. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.50 net.

The loyalty of India to England has been one of the interesting things about this war. It is so interesting that it is small wonder that if offers material for fiction. And here, by the author of "King, of the Khyber Rifles," a man who knows his India well, is a hair-raising tale of adventure, intrigue, peril, uncertainty, that centers in the loyalty of an Indian regiment and the failure of German "diplomacy."

The chief characters in the book are three, Kirby, the English colonel of a Sikh regiment; Risalder-Major Ranjoor Singh, whom Kirby trusts as he trusts himself, and Yasmini, the dancer, to whom the winds of the world have whispered their secrets and who plots and plots again for the sheer fun of the thing.

Yasmini is the most remarkable of the three, a creature of fiction merely, yet unendingly interesting; only the Russian ballet dance as she dances; she sings, she intrigues, she holds court among all men, great and small; she is surpassingly beautiful and incredibly clever, and no man knows for sure on what side she stands. She has a great part to play in the book, and the trick by which she slays her enemy at the end is well worth waiting for.

The Tortoise, by E. F. Benson, author of Michael. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.50 net.

Mr. Benson has left the realms of the smart set and has gone into the country, where he pictures for us a delightfully rural community, in which a group of fascinating though quite ordinary people live their drab lives and see the sunshine shining through the gray clouds now and again.

This might be a new "Cranford," so wonderful is the characterization, with just a slightly stronger touch of the masculine and a little more emphatically modern. The village church, the village artist and the village celebrity in the form of a novel-writer—they live and love, hate mildly, seek romance with small enthusiasm, but win to a place where they are content. They have their problems, but they leave the solution to Providence.

Although "The Tortoise" is a delightful experience, not so deeply stirring as "Michael," but very satisfying.

The Victorious Faith, by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Harper and Brothers. Price, $1.00.

Among the books, born of the stress and travail of the hour, that seek to point the way to a constructive faith for those who would hold fast to eternal truths, is "The Victorious Faith," by Horatio W. Dresser, recently published by the Harper's. It is a most readable volume, and an inspiring one, without having recourse to the well-meaning platitudes that too often corrupt the argument of those who seek to uplift the world by means of the written word.

The author succintly formulates the only tenable philosophy, which differs at many points from that of the typical advocate of peace or of preparedness. It is a voicing of the new vision that has been taking shape among us as the war grows in enormity and significance. The old faith has waned, and the complacent optimism of the past has been revealed in its blindness to the actual state of the world. The indifference of our own country in the midst of great prosperity to the nations of the Old World is a typical illustration.

Long Live the King, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "K." New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated in color and tint. Price, $1.50 net.

Mrs. Rinehart has written many charming books. But we doubt if she has ever written anything more charming than this tale of the little Crown Prince who became King.

It was a small kingdom, and it was on the verge of revolution. All that stood between was a frail old king and a tiny child, a boy of ten who wanted just to be a boy and have a good time once in a while. But then he had been brought up to know that a future king must be polite and considerate and dignified. And he was all, bless his little heart—for being a king and being a boy at the same time is hard work.

The amazing part of it is that in the midst of intrigue and treason and the hanging over an abyss of anarchistic tendencies, the child remained so much a child and so entirely untainted. There is a delightful love-story woven in among the threads of the somewhat intricate plot, and we love Hedwig and the big blonde soldier nearly as well as we love the little Prince.

This is a real story, rich in romance and the play of emotion. It comes as a real treat to the fiction reader who wants something fresh and tender and human.

A Banjo at Armageddon, by Berton Braley, author of The Herald's daily poem. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.00 net.

This is a book of verse by a writer who speaks to the every-day man. The author's work has appeared in about all of the most popular magazines. He writes in a colloquial style of familiar things and familiar characters. His Pipes o' Pan are a street piano, his daisy meade a base ball game, his Sir Galahad, a police reporter, a fireman, or a traffic "cop." He eschews subtitles and is not afraid of hearty humor. He strikes his homely lyre to the inspiration of the war, in celebration of the joy of outdoors, and in honor of many workaday adventures. He sings the ferry boat, the electrician, and the spell of the Rialto.

Conspicuous among his outstanding qualities is a courageous cheerfulness.

NEWSIE NOTES.

"Wanted a Tortoise-Shell," by Peter Blundell (John Lane Co.) is the title of a tale dealing with a humorous and entertaining search for a male tortoise-shell cat—a species supposed not to exist.

Ellwood Hendrick, author of the recently published book, "Everyman's Chemistry," called attention in an interview not long ago to the industrial wastefulness of this country. One of his suggestions is that "old newspapers, saved and repulped would replace millions of dollars if converted into pails, barrels, building board, and so forth. But who wants to save an old newspaper? Probably 50 per cent or more of the blast-furnace slag could be turned into Portland cement. By defective use of coal, we are wasting every day from 25 to 50 per cent of its value."

In "Mark Twain's Letters," arranged by Albert Bigelow Paine, will be found Twain's answer to a little French girl's question about which of his own books he liked best. "My favorite? It is 'Joan of Arc.' My next is 'Huckleberry Finn,' but the family's next is 'The Prince and the Pauper.' (Yes, you are right—I am a moralist in disguise; it gets me into heaps of trouble when I go thrashing around in political questions." Just this season "the family's next"—"The Prince and the Pauper"—has been brought out by the Harpers in a special holiday dress with colored illustrations.

Army and Navy News

Best Service Column in the City

A three-story wooden building is being rushed to completion for the accommodation of additions to the force of the Navy Department brought here since the beginning of the war.

The new building will be entirely of wood. It will occupy the ground between buildings now standing on Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, running from New York avenue south to E street northwest.

The offices will be used for work now done in the Navy Annex which has become over-crowded. Every effort is being made to complete the large building within thirty days.

Maj. James W. Mills, of the Ordnance Reserve Corps, has been assigned to active duty. He has been ordered to Washington to report at once to the chief of ordnance here for assignment to duty.

Capt. Elmer A. Klein, of the Medical Reserve Corps, has been given active duty. He will report to the commandant of the Army Medical School here January 7, for duty. Capt. Klein has been on duty at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.

Capt. Charles B. Ward, of the 136th Infantry, National Guard of the United States (Minnesota), has resigned his commission, and it has been accepted by the President.

First Lieutenant Hugh R. Spencer, Medical Reserve Corps, has been added to the staff at the Army Medical School here. Lieut. Spencer has been ordered to active duty and will report here to the commanding officer, Stationary Laboratory, No. 1, for assignment to duty.

Maj. Robert L. Messimer, of the Ordnance Reserve Corps, has been ordered to active duty here. He will report to the chief of ordnance for assignment.

Maj. Frank B. Gilbreth, of the Engineer Reserve Corps, has been ordered to report in person to the Chief of Staff here for assignment to active duty.

The resignation of Capt. Lemon Missigman, Engineer Reserve Corps, of his commission has been accepted.

Second Lieutenants Mitchell Handy, Lutellus Smith, jr., and Henry C. Kinsey, jr., have been ordered to report to various officers in Washington for assignment to duty.

BAND CONCERT PROGRAM

By the United States Soldiers' Home Military Band Orchestra, John S. M. Zimmermann, director, assisted by Miss Nora T. Sherier, soprano, tonight.

"My Country 'Tis of Thee."
March, "Thundering Cannons".....Wanek
Overture, "La Burlesque".....Suppe
Soprano solo, "Selected".....Miss Sherier
Selection, "Songs of Scotland".....Lange
Fox trot, "Oh You, Daddy".....Eastwood
Waltz suite, "Artist's Life".....Strauss
Popular songs:
1. "Beautiful Queen of the Nile".....Hubbell
2. "Whenever I Think of You".....Grant
Finale, "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time".....Von Tilzer
"The Star Spangled Banner."