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The Paris Conference.

The difference between the Col. House now in Europe and the Col. House who visited there on two former occasions at the President's instance is beginning to show.

The earlier Col. House made reputation by his reticence. In Paris, where there is much felicity of phrase, he was dubbed "The Sphinx in a Slouch Hat." He met newspaper writers, native and foreign, in numbers, conversed with them on a variety of subjects, but yielded no word on the subject of his mission. They went away no wiser than when they came. Not a word in any form from any source traceable to him was published as bearing on the object of his visits.

This time he is yielding something. He had a word for the public in London. He has just said a word in Paris. Both deliverances were interesting and of value. Both were displayed in news columns abroad, and both have met the same recognition here at home.

It is to be noted, too, that Col. House expresses himself well. He is brief, as diplomats are advised to be. He sticks to his text. He makes himself clear—something that diplomats are now and then advised against.

The earlier Col. House was but an observer. America was not in the war. The President's desire was for information as to what the nations at war were doing, and what current gossip in Europe was on the subject of the war. Hence his selection of a wide-eyed, open-eared and close-mouthed personal friend in whom he had full confidence to gather what he wanted.

Now it is different. America is in the war. She has taken upon herself the obligations of a belligerent, and has business with her allies. Col. House is more than an observer. He is representing the President at a conference fraught with matters of the greatest concern to this country, and, we may be sure, is giving out nothing for publication which he is not assured will meet with the indorsement of his chief. The colonel has warrant for using his voice.

The meeting in Paris is the first of its kind with America represented. Hence the interest attaching to it everywhere. That interest, it is unnecessary to say, is very great over here—greater probably than "over there." We know why Col. House is present, and, in a way, what is expected of us in the work in hand, but, nevertheless, particulars will be most welcome.

Negligent German-Americans.

While there may be some sympathy for those Germans who are compelled after a long residence here to give up their homes and places of business under the President's proclamation, it is to be remembered that these people have only themselves to blame for their predicament. They have had in practically every case plenty of time to secure naturalization. If they have neglected to become American citizens it is because they have not thought enough of the privilege of residence here to declare their allegiance to the country. There was ample warning three years ago when Germany violated international law and invaded Belgium. Many Germans then, shocked by the faithlessness of their fatherland, secured citizenship here and thus protected themselves against the possibility of future trouble. Those who neglected to do so until it was too late are now suffering the consequences of their indifference. They have enjoyed the benefits of American law and opportunity. They have prospered under our system of government, which they chose in preference to their own, and those who were negligent of their own interests by failing to secure citizenship are now paying a very small penalty compared with the burden that Germany has placed upon all enemy aliens found within her borders at the outbreak of war.

German diplomats keep referring to bluffing as an incident of their transactions. The German game is pinochle, not poker.

The Russian reds are now daring the kaiser to try to frame some form of government that will be revolution-proof.

Mr. Bryan and 1920.

In a signed article in the Commoner, Mr. Bryan, discussing the elections that have just been held, says:

"As between the democrats and republicans, the latter have more reason than the former to rejoice. Massachusetts, which has been going democratic occasionally in recent years, gives an old-time republican majority in re-electing Gov. McCall. The democratic majority in Boston is lower than it has been in seventeen years. The republicans also show considerable strength in Baltimore, Louisville and Indianapolis, but the party out of power generally gains some advantage in the off-year elections. We shall have to wait until the congressional election of 1918 to gain any definite idea of the drift of political sentiment in so far as it is likely to affect the national campaign of 1920."

This is fair and persuasive. In a way it is, in spots, this did prove to be a republican year. The Massachusetts figures were large and impressive, while the returns from Baltimore, Louisville and Indianapolis—ordinarily democratic strongholds—fully rewarded the republican managers for the hard work they had done.

Still, Mr. Bryan is right. Next year's congressional elections will be the test of the political situation—will show "the drift of political sentiment," and afford a line on what may follow in 1920.

On what may follow. The party that carries the next Congress will not by that accomplishment obtain a cinch on the next presidency. Two years must elapse before the presidential election will be held, and in that time, general conditions being so disturbed, much may happen.

Besides, that Congress must meet and make a record before the presidential nominations are made, and that record will enter into the equation of the party platforms. A faulty record would necessarily injure the party making it.

Mr. Bryan, it will be observed, has his eye on the gun. He is thinking of 1920. And why not? He did not think of 1916, because the democratic nomination that year was a foregone conclusion. It went to Mr. Wilson as a matter of course. It would not have been worth anything had it gone to anybody else.

But by acquiescing in the inevitable that year, Mr. Bryan did not take himself out of the field for good. If the bee is still buzzing in his bonnet, he has a perfect right to listen to the buzz. The sound is familiar, and probably he likes it. Once heard, it is not soon forgotten.

All speculation about Mr. Bryan and others in connection with 1920 is based on the assumption that Mr. Wilson will not stand for a third nomination. But it is only an assumption. Nobody qualified to speak has yet spoken a definite word respecting Mr. Wilson and his future.

Hylan's Announcement.

This expression from the mayor-elect of New York is worthy of attention and of praise:

"I am no man's man. That is good, plain English, and needs no amplification. The people of New York will get a government for the people and by a plain man of the people. They have a right to expect that, and I will not disappoint them. There will be a good, common sense administration of the affairs of New York city. Appointees will be men characterized by ability and individuality. Men appointed to office will be expected to make good for the whole people; that is to say, they must be competent and faithful servants of the people."

It will not be easy for Judge Hylan to live up to this announcement. He was elected as Tammany's candidate by Tammany's exertion, and Tammany demands returns for office bestowed, and grows ugly if the demands are refused. Mayor McClellan discovered this fact, and paid as the penalty of refusal what threatens to be permanent retirement from politics. He has not held office since his term as mayor expired.

Two things will encourage Judge Hylan in the course he has marked out: (1) As a man of pride and position he will want to demonstrate his qualities; and (2) the recent enfranchisement of women in the state should have a pronounced bearing upon local politics.

The representative women of New York, while without the ballot, have never failed to deplore and denounce the Tammany style of government when Tammany has controlled the metropolis. The wide open town aroused their deepest resentment, though they were powerless to give full weight to their feelings.

Now they have the ballot. Now they can make their influence fully felt. This means, of course, that such a government of the town as Tammany in the past has dictated would now bring down upon those responsible for it not only the censure, but the opposition at the polls, of the new voters.

Judge Hylan, therefore, is playing good politics in this matter. He is probably looking to the future as well as to the present. He may want another term in the mayor's chair. Or, being a comparatively young man, he may be thinking of Albany. In either case he would have to appeal for votes to both men and women alike, as both in future elections in the state will appear on an equality at the polls.

Still, wise and creditable as the choice of this course is, Judge Hylan will find it full of difficulties. There are a good many Tammanyites in New York who have no politics but the Tammany brand, and they are going to ask for the style of government they like best, and become noisy and disagreeable if they fail to get it.

German strategists are now faking discouraging letters purporting to be written by American soldiers. The anonymous letter is of the same general family as the "scrap of paper."

Cold storage is a fine demonstration of what can be accomplished in the way of conservation. The difficulty arises from overdoing it.

John Bull's fighting tank is a fine exemplification of the adage "Handsome is as handsome does."

Party Regularity.

What is the value of party regularity in municipal elections? There is talk of testing the question in New York.

Gov. Whitman supported the fusion candidate against the regularly nominated republican candidate in the recent mayoralty campaign, and did so on the contention that party lines should not run in municipal elections. This offended the republican candidate and his friends, and a suggestion is made that the governor be held to account for his course.

The opportunity will come in the next state campaign, when Gov. Whitman, it is expected, will be a candidate for a third term. His friends are proposing him for another race, and he is not saying them nay.

If the opportunity is improved, and Gov. Whitman loses strength, and particularly if he loses the election, because of his irregularity in the mayoralty contest, the result will be of interest to Theodore Roosevelt and Charles E. Hughes, both of whom, as did Gov. Whitman, rejected the republican nominee for mayor and voted for the fusion candidate. Neither man is considered as on the shelf.

In national much more than in municipal elections party regularity is a strong card, and has been so played. Many of the republicans who rejected Gen. Grant in 1872 and supported Horace Greeley, although returning to the party later, never regained their prestige. Preferment never again came their way.

The same fate befell many of the democrats who in 1896 rejected Mr. Bryan, and voted either for McKinley and Hobart or for Palmer and Buckner. They returned to the democracy, and in 1900 voted for Mr. Bryan on a reaffirmation of the silver issue they had repudiated four years before, but they were never able to separate themselves entirely from their one party bolt. The record clung to them, and caused the retirement of some from office.

While the municipal bolt of Gov. Whitman and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hughes was ineffective so far as the candidate they supported was concerned—he was badly beaten—it was a just and courageous expression of a good policy, and it should not cost them anything in any of their future political activities.

After peace is declared the discussions of customary political issues will be resumed. Until then the spellbinders may with good grace enjoy the vacation their previous industry has earned. Knowing just what the money is needed for, the taxpayer instead of groaning under his burden adds liberally to war funds by personal donation, and efforts to create discontent are met with expressions of confidence in the purposes of the national government.

America will assert no envious claims of precedence in military inventions. But that British tank does look like a modern improvement on the old political "steamroller" that was for a time able to flatten everything before it.

Col. Bryan once took the trouble to turn some swords into miniature plowshares. The result has not been perceptible either in warfare or agriculture.

Prussia is noting with concern the fact that it did not take the allies a half century to put together an invincible fighting machine.

Jerusalem will have to be abandoned by the Turks. Religious feeling as well as art will be spared the domination of ruthlessness.

America will not exempt ball players from military service. Germany ought not to exempt her high-salaried musicians.

Kerensky has again called attention to the fact that Petrograd is a hard place for a philanthropist.

The Nobel peace prize has been temporarily overlooked in the pressure of more urgent matters.

With the aid of the tank Gen. Byng solved the world's greatest rapid-transit problem.

SHOOTING STARS.

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

Naive Inquiry.

"The cook burnt the steak again," exclaimed the experienced housewife.

"Dear me!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins. "Wouldn't ordinary coal have been a little cheaper?"

"Speaking of preparedness," said Uncle Eben, "dar ain't no amount of preliminary razor grindin' dat'll make up foh de lack of fast work in de actual incounter."

Invariable Exception.

Again the old familiar cry
That we have learned to know too well—
"The price of everything's too high—
Excepting things I seek to sell."

Fame at Last.

"I jes' knew we'd be famous one day or another," remarked Farmer Corntossel to his wife.

"How do you mean famous?"

"Why, since our boy went into the Army everybody is pointin' us out an' talkin' about Josh Corntossel's father and mother."

Interesting Distinction.

"One way to find out who likes you and who doesn't," remarked Miss Cayenne, "is to learn to play the violin."

"What has that to do with friendship?"

"The people who like you will call you a violinist. Those who don't will call you a fiddler."

In This Cold World.

Oh, the chilly proposition, have you met him on your way—
The man who never lets himself be affable or gay,
Who contemplates existence with a silent, gloomy air,
Till the world is like an iceberg where he plays the polar bear!

The winter wind is bitter when it settles down to blow,
Yet there's energy and sparkle in the flurry of the snow;
There is many a chill in waiting when the leaves begin to fall,
But the chilly proposition is the chilliest of them all.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING

The Naval Militia. The Naval Militia has the same relation to the Navy as the National Guard to the Army. Naval militiamen in time of war are known as the National Naval Volunteers and become active members of the Navy and serve as bluejackets and officers in the main or reserve fleets, or wherever else they may be assigned. All matters relating to the Naval Militia come under the bureau of navigation of the Navy Department.

The state of Massachusetts was the first to establish a Naval Militia, doing so March 29, 1890. The next was the 1st Battalion, Naval Militia, New York. It was founded in 1891, using the U. S. Granite State, a "dreadnaught" of 100 years ago, as as armory. There is now Naval Militia in twenty-two states, the District of Columbia and Hawaii.

Training in this militia consists of drills for which the battalions are divided into divisions, and of instruction in navigation, infantry, ordnance, seamanship, signals and the use of the radio. This is further supplemented by practical experience. Naval militiamen may enroll in the National Naval Volunteers, in which the period of enrollment is three years. The advancement, as well as pay, depends entirely upon merit, each man receiving approximately $1 and upward per drill.

Marine companies have been formed in connection with the Naval Militia, and have been called to active duty in the Navy. An aviation section is also attached to the Naval Militia and a training station has been established.

* * *

Foreign Languages in Graded Schools. Officials of the bureau of education who have recently looked into the matter say that only 19 cities out of 163 of 25,000 population or over teach foreign languages below the seventh grade of the elementary school. In twelve of these cities German is the foreign language taught; in three cities German, French and Spanish are all taught in the elementary grades; in one city German, Italian and Polish; while in the three remaining cities the languages taught to elementary school children are French and Spanish, alone or in combination. In a few cities it was found that the foreign language is taught in all grades from the first to the eighth; in others the instruction does not begin until the fifth or sixth grades. The number of elementary school children taking German ranges from 40 in one city to 22,000 in another.

Few superintendents, it is said by experts of the bureau who made a survey recently, favor the teaching of German or any other foreign language in the lower elementary school, though many of them believe thoroughly in foreign language study for students in higher schools. Most of the superintendents feel that, especially in the lower grades, should be taught "one nation, one language, one flag."

A typical condition is pointed out by the experts as being present in Baltimore, where the introduction of German as a subject of instruction in elementary schools in 1874 was partly due to the fact that there were a large number of German private schools, in which the atmosphere was entirely German. But the introduction of German into the public schools the private schools were eliminated and the children gradually came under the influence of American ideas.

* * *

Disabled Soldiers. Canada is giving considerable attention to a matter that will soon have to be faced by the United States: namely, the problem of the disabled soldier. In Canada this is being tackled by the Canadian army medical corps, the military hospitals' commission and the board of pension commissioners, supplemented by provincial commissions, according to our government experts who have their eyes on such matters.

The Canadian army medical corps is concerned most intimately with giving the active medical and surgical treatment required by the men over seas, and the military hospitals' commission limits its activities more or less completely to caring for men in Canada who are convalescent or require treatment of a special nature.

The opinion prevails in Canada, it is said, as it must in all countries, that the bodily or mental disability due to military service must be brought to a minimum before a disabled soldier can be considered to have become capable of working effectively and of supporting himself in competition with his fellows. Further, it is considered important that when it is necessary and possible, disabled men must be taught occupation in order that they may become capable. Further, if it is necessary, ex-soldiers must be assisted in obtaining employment. Such problems as these are being faced right now by the Canadian government, and it is just such problems that our own government officials must study to be prepared for what certainly must come if the United States is to go whole hearted into the great war.

Pensions and other advantages must be given in compensation for any disability resulting from military service; the magnitude of the pension and of other advantages will vary in accordance with the extent of the disability in respect of which they are awarded.

In choosing the occupation for which a man is to be trained, his inclinations, his previous experience, his physical and mental capacity and his present condition have to be considered. Employment may be found for ex-soldiers through special federal and provisional bureaus and the co-operation of large corporations. In France, it is stated, arrangements are being made to remove a serious disadvantage which would otherwise prevent employers from engaging disabled men, by providing a scheme of insurance which will relieve employers from liability for the accidents to which disabled men, by reason of their disabilities, are especially exposed.

* * *

Supply of Chromite. The importance of chromite as a war supply in the manufacture of armor plate, armor-piercing projectiles, stellite for high-speed tools, and automobile and other special steels can scarcely be overestimated, according to experts of the geological survey.

The chief sources of supply for the United States during the past few years have been Rhodesia, New Caledonia, Turkey and Greece.

The greatly increased trade, especially in steel, and the consequently larger demand for chromite, have stimulated the search for it in the United States, as shown by the phenomenal increase in production, the amount sold in 1915 being only 255 tons, as against more than 47,000 tons in the following year.

In Maryland and Wyoming there has been only a small production, but in the Pacific coast states, especially California, the advance in the output has been remarkable. In Oregon the production was more than 3,000 tons; in California it was nearly 44,000.

It is evident, the survey's experts state, that for some time to come California will furnish the chief domestic supply. With a lively demand and good prices bodies of ore farther from the lines of transportation will be worked. The production from some deposits this year is expected to far exceed that of last year.

Prospecting for chromite may disclose other supplies, it is believed by experts of the survey, and the most profitable deposits will be those in areas of serpentine that are adjacent to cheap rail or water transportation or connected with it by good roads. Cheap concentration may in places improve the grade of the ore available for profitable mining.

With the known supplies of chromite and others whose discovery within the limit of praticable transportation throughout the United States is confidently expected, there is good reason to believe that the domestic output of chromite could be so increased as to go far toward supplying the domestic demand if our imports, except those from Canada, were cut off.

* * *

Wasted Eggs. Approximately 5,016,000 dozen eggs spoil needlessly every year in cold storage simply because some one has let clean eggs get wet or has washed dirty eggs before sending them to market, according to the specialists at the Department of Agriculture.

Careful investigations of large quantities of stored eggs shows that from 17 to 22 per cent of washed eggs become worthless in storage, whereas only 4 to 8 per cent of dirty eggs stored unwashed spoil. The experts say that the explanation is simple. Water removes from the shell of the egg a gelatinous covering which helps to keep air germs out of the inside of the egg. Once this covering is removed by washing or rain which gets to eggs in the nest, germs and mold find ready access to the contents and spoil the eggs.

This enormous loss in storage eggs largely can be prevented, it is suggested, if producers and egg handlers, especially during March, April and May, will refrain from washing eggs destined for the storage markets and take pains to reduce the number of dirty eggs by providing plenty of clean, sheltered nests for their hens.

Millions of eggs spoil in storage because they have been exposed to dew, rain, dirt and sun in stolen nests in the grass or fence corners.

In view of this great loss of valuable food, the department is urging country storekeepers and hucksters not to accept washed eggs for shipment in case lots. Shiny eggs, especially in the early spring, probably have been washed, the experts say. All washed eggs purchased should be sold locally for immediate consumption.

* * *

Industrial Accidents. During the past few years there has been widespread interest in the subject of industrial accidents and their prevention, and important safety campaigns have been carried on by many employers and by many private and public organizations. No doubt these efforts have been successful in reducing the huge toll of death and suffering which modern industry levies upon its workers. But the effectiveness of all such efforts has been seriously handicapped by the general lack of information regarding the prevalence, causes and effects of accidents in the industries of the country, according to officials of the bureau of labor statistics.

Such detailed information has been recently collected by the experts of the bureau for a large group of plants engaged in the building of different kinds of machines. The character of the machines built varied greatly, from mammoth locomotives and ships to delicate electrical apparatus, but it is of interest to note that they are all of a type for which the war has made enormous demands. Therefore, although the present study was made prior to the war, the information regarding accident hazards in the industry is now of particular pertinence.

A notable feature of the recent survey is the measurement of accidents according to their severity. Previous studies have been chiefly concerned with the frequency of accident occurrence, and have counted all accidents as of the same value. A broken finger and a broken back have been counted alike in computing accident rates although clearly the latter is immeasurably more serious. The method offered in this newest report is to measure each accident according to the resulting amount of time lost. To do this, of course, it is necessary to express fatal and permanent injuries, as well as temporary disabilities, in terms of workdays lost. This is done by valuing a fatal injury, on the basis of life insurance experience, as equivalent to the loss of thirty years of a man's working life, while total permanent disability was rated at thirty-five years. Other injuries are credited with lower time losses in proportion to their probable effect upon earning capacity.

Applying this method to the accident data for the machine-building industry, some interesting results were obtained. Thus, in the 194 plants covered by the investigation the number of accidents occurring in 1912 was 13,647, resulting in 37 deaths, 411 permanent injuries and 13,199 temporary disabilities. This is equivalent to an accident frequency rate of 118 per 1,000 full-time (300-day) workers and a severity rate of 5.6 days lost per worker. These rates may be contrasted with the experience of a representative steel plant during the same year, for which the frequency rate was 154 and the severity rate 14 days lost. Accidents in the steel plant were thus only about one-third more frequent than in machine building, but their severity was two and one-half times as great.

One of the fundamental inquiries in a study of this character is whether or not accidents are decreasing. A precise answer is difficult, because of the fact that very few plants had reliable accident records over a period of years. For one group of plants for which such information was obtainable for the years 1910 to 1913 the frequency rate shows no decrease, but the severity rate, after running as high as six days in 1910, eight days in 1911 and seven days in 1912, drops to three days in 1913. This decrease, it is suggested, may reflect more thorough safety organization effected in some of these plants in 1912. The fact that the frequency rate shows no decline is certainly due to the more complete reporting of minor accidents in the later years, according to the officials.

THE BRITISH SMASH.

From the New York Herald.

The large haul of prisoners argues strongly against the withdrawal excuse which will be advanced by Berlin and bears out the British official statement that the attack came as a complete surprise to the enemy.

From the New York World.

Nothing could have been more timely than the smashing drive of the 3d British army through the Hindenburg line. The allies needed a victory, and needed it badly.

From the New York Times.

Doubtless the British operations were hastened by the intelligence that many German divisions were on the way from the Russian front to Flanders.

From the Springfield Republican.

In any case the smashing of the Hindenburg line at vital points is likely to have far-reaching consequences.

From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Such a bite as Gen. Haig took out of the Hindenburg defenses approximates a disaster.

From the Boston Globe.

The British army has furnished one of the most splendid surprises of the war. Penetrating a line of fortifications supposed by its makers to be impregnable at a single stroke is a magnificent achievement.

From the Chicago Herald.

The British have made a bad break. To be more accurate, two of them. They have broken through the front German line and through the Hindenburg line in the rear.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The British success is a blow to the pessimistic theory that there can be no smashing victory on the western front. We may yet see the Germans driven back on their own soil, a condition which would solve the problem of the various fronts.

From the Boston Transcript.

The "contemptible little army" has done a stroke which will never be contemptible in the history of arms, and which is not held in contempt even at Berlin today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE STAR

District Census. In The Star of November 19, 1867, is a tabular statement of the returns of the local census takers by wards, resulting from the lately taken enumeration. The grand total in the District was 86,041 whites and 39,451 colored, or 125,492 in all. Of this number, 105,770 resided in Washington, 11,692 in Georgetown, and 8,030 in the county. The Star said:

"These figures are approximate, but the officers of the education bureau, under whose supervision the work of making the census was done, will immediately enter on the work of making up the data from the returns, and will probably in a week be able to publish the full official result, showing not only the corrected total number of white and colored in the several wards and districts, but a summary of all the details included on the blanks. The members of the metropolitan police force deserve credit for the manner in which they have performed their duty."

* * *

Flower Venders. "There is one feature of street life lately noticeable in the city of New York," says The Star of November 20, 1867, "which we should be glad to see introduced here and which we doubt not would flourish to the great and manifest profit and pleasure of both sides in interest. We allude to the numerous little flower stands on Broadway, where the hurried and worried business man may buy and carry with him, to light up and beautify his dingy downtown temple of Mammon, those tiny, but delightful, reminders of country life at a cost varying according to taste from 3 to 25 cents, and where the jaded sewing girl and the overtasked apprentice boy may pause in passing and gladden their weary eyes with sweet and suggestive glimpses of far-away flowerbeds and regale their much-abused sense of smell on long-forgotten odors, without cost or favor.

"Washington is not utterly and hopelessly barren in this respect, but very nearly so. Our public may occasionally, it is true, gratify its taste for flowers; but to do so they must brave the presence of a most unsentimental and villainous-looking Phyllis or Chloris, tricked out forsooth in ragged and frowsy overcoat and dirty pantaloons, with face unwashed and beard unkempt, who will, for a price that in the good old time would almost ransom a prince, furnish to the simple-minded lover of nature stupendous pyramidal combinations of floral wonders, rivaling a prize medal cauliflower in size and shape, and showing in clearly defined and closely packed concentric layers all the colors of the rainbow. They are very gorgeous and awe-inspiring, but they are not what the common, everyday sort of people want. They are too costly and too cumbersome. Few can afford to invest the cost of a week's board in a bouquet so called; and, besides, who cares to present to the lady he chances to escort to the opera or meet on the promenade a hothouse levy so formidable in its proportions that she must send it home in a furniture car?"

* * *

Counterfeiters Captured. During the summer of 1867 much excitement was caused by the discovery that a number of counterfeit United States bonds were in circulation. The perpetrators of this fraud were not discovered for some months afterward. The story of their apprehension is thus told in The Star of November 23:

"The counterfeiters of the seventhirtys have been arrested. Col. Wood of the secret service bureau, Treasury Department, after weeks of persistent and earnest labor, in which he was assisted by United States Detective Nettleship, was enabled to trace the authors of the counterfeit to the village of Paulsboro, Gloucester county, N. J., and subsequently ascertained that the work of engraving and circulating the legal tenders was done in that village by William Spencer, alias William E. Brockaway, and seven confederates. Mr. Wood made affidavit on the 9th instant before United States Commissioner Whitehead at Newark against William Spencer and Hannah, his reputed wife. Warrants were at once issued for the arrest of Spencer and his wife, who were found by the officers at St. James' Hotel in New York on Friday, November 15, where they were preparing to leave for Europe. On Tuesday morning they were taken to Newark and bailed in the sum of $40,000 to appear for an examination next week. The woman had the amount named on her person and readily produced it as bail.

"The Paulsboro establishment was in operation as long ago as 1865, and it is estimated that the parties engaged in the business have netted upward of $1,000,000. The spurious issues of the notes were made from lead impressions of the genuine plates at Washington, secured by a confederate of the counterfeiters, and the several branches of the transfer work were also the work of confederates. All the parties engaged in the counterfeiting had become wealthy as a matter of course, and now reside in different parts of the country. Government officers have been dispatched to arrest them, and it is probable that they are all in custody. Spencer is the owner of a magnificent residence in Philadelphia and is said to be worth at least $200,000. Spencer is a tall, intelligent and gentlemanly-looking man, and his wife, in appearance, is very ladylike. The government officials are now searching for the presses, etc., upon which the work was executed, and the probabilities are that they will be found today or tomorrow."

* * *

For a National Trade Body. A demand for a national chamber of commerce similar in scope and purpose to an organization now having headquarters in this city was expressed in The Star of November 23, 1867:

"It is an undoubted fact that a great deal of the talent of the country is now given exclusively to manufacturing and commercial pursuits. This is well, but so closely do our business men devote themselves to the most direct means of making money that they are content to leave the work of government to others. Active practical men in business pursuits dislike to enter the political arena. But there is another means of bringing their influence to bear. It has been suggested in several quarters that a convention of delegates from all the boards of trade in the United States should be arranged to meet in some central city with a view to forming a national chamber of commerce. The friendly meeting of representatives of different sections would bring about a better understanding, and an important part of their business would be the means of projection and protection of great national improvements. Congress would naturally take into consideration suggestions emanating from such a body, and by holding their meetings in this city during the sessions of the national legislature the dignity and importance of the National Chamber of Commerce would have their full effect."

RIGHT NOW.

Now is the time to be happy, now is the hour to be glad,
Now is the day to be merry and never a moment be sad;
Never an instant grow lonely—friends all about us and they
Make, if it's only in spirit, a beautiful thing of the day.

Now is the time to be busy, busy at things we love best,
Now is the time to be knitting and sewing and all of the rest;
Now is the hour for glad service, and whichever way we shall turn,
Oh, what a light do we follow, guarding and helping it burn!

Now is the time for our dreaming, daring and looking ahead,
Now is the hour to draw closer and, where we can, loveliness spread,
Loveliness both of our fancy and blossoms enriching our way,
Now is the time to be happy, just living and hoping today!

—Myrtella Southerland, in Detroit Free Press.

AROUND THE CITY.

It is a street of second-hand smells. Also, there are noises—the Babel shrill of foreign parent voices outclashed by the raw Americanism of their juniors; the insistent call of the push cart, and always, always the comings and goings of job lot humanity that must buy other people's cast-offs, because—everybody knows why.

But at one corner the other morning the sun lay like a yellow blanket on the pavement and the leaves swirled down from the trees as if dying were a gay sort of dance. Also, there was a box, and on the box sat a small girl in blue holding a baby with rings in its ears. The girl was a skinny little tacker, with a dark face, mostly eyes, and as she cuddled the baby her crooning voice somehow suggested olives, Vesuvius, wayside shrines and banana carts. But there was nothing Latin about the fat, bald-headed baby, except the rings in its ears.

As a cross-cutting woman came to the box the small girl was kissing the baby on its baldest spot, where the fuzz had rubbed off from lying down, and the baby was gurgling out that inscrutable symphony of infancy composed by Eve's little Cain. And as the two made a picture worth looking at the woman paused and offered the baby an apple from a bag. The baby dimpled coquettishly and burrowed its face in sister's shoulder. Which proved, of course, that her name was Theda Bara. The girl took the apple.

"Thank the ladee, Maggee."

The baby waved its arms and kicked out two pink socks—one heel and a row of toes outside showing pinker than the wool.

"She Amerry-can baby"—the girl explained it with a pride that was something fine to see. "She is not no dago. She have earrings because my marmer she say so, and her saint name is Magdalena—but my par-per he say it is Maggee for Amerry-can—and if she be a boy she be President, maybeso."

"Why, that is splendid. And what is your name?"

"I am Marree-ah, after the Moth-er of God. My mar-mer give me to her at the cathe-dral in Milan. I wear blue all the time I am a child. When I am beeg I have a pink ribbon bow in my hair and a green dress and felluh to go with. But the bambino—no, the babee she come when we get here. No boy shall call her dago. I will fight heem. I will keel heem if he call her dago."

That's about all, only——

One would like to know in advance what America will do for Maggee, whose saint's name is Magdalena, when she is no longer a fat, bald-headed baby with rings in her ears.

And for dago Marree-ah, when the time comes for pink ribbons and a green dress with a felluh on the side? Quien sabe?

* * *

A man was providing a free show for two women who sat behind him in a car.

He was a well dressed, clean scrubbed man, but he had on the back of his neck that demoralizing thing we call a pimginnit when we have it ourselves, but which otherwise is heartlessly known as a boil.

The women must have especially relished the ill that the man's flesh was heir to, for at every stiff movement of his head toward the man who was with him they looked at each other and giggled and giggled and——

Well, of course, all of us get into nervous gusts of laughter now and then, but there is always a time to stop. But the women didn't stop—they kept on giggling and giggling.

If the sufferer heard he made no sign of resentment. Ridicule goes with boils.

His companion, however, obviously, was not of the mold of which saints are made. He gave several backward glances, which the women construed flatteringly—it is a habit we dear girls have—and then he said right out in meeting:

"I don't wonder foreigners dislike to hear American women laugh—especially women over forty. It sets my teeth on edge."

The women were honestly under thirty, but——

That time they laughed no more.

* * *

He was a dark-skinned man whose brows hung like black awnings over eyes that were never born in this town. And he was reading a paper in a car. When he got out he left the paper on the seat.

A jaunty-looking colored man across the aisle got up to take possession, but before he could connect, another younger and still jauntier colored brother two seats behind the paper made a slide and the victory was his.

Then he settled back with the extra breath that stands for satisfaction, and started in to read.

The man who had lost out made the best of defeat by pre-empting the vacant seat behind so that he could share the news over the lucky one's shoulder—but——

After one instant's bewilderment he treated himself to a chuckle which a nearby white man shared.

But the man who had the paper read on with the air of one who is getting important news right off the flimsy—though he didn't look like a man who could read Yiddish.

* * *

In front of an Avenue hotel:

Two men were discussing an office of some sort. The earthy-earthy one, with a lumpy contour and two chins, must have been a possible candidate, for he remarked with bumptious humility—though he didn't look like a humble man:

"Of course, I've got to run if they insist, but, as I said to the committee last night, while I appreciate the honor, and all that, my first concern is for the good of the organization, and I doubt if I am big enough for the place."

The other agreed with a promptness that obviously jarred the possible candidate, whose name may or not have been Mr. Uriah Heap.

"That's exactly what I said about you. We can't afford to pick a lightweight, I said. What we want, sir, I said, is a man who can carry the heavy responsibilities of the——"

And, as a benighted she-person walked out of ear-range, she wondered what sort of an office it could be that required more weight than that carried by the earthy-earthy man with his lumpy contour and two chins—and with another a-coming.

* * *

As a car turned a corner the passengers could see a horse stretched on the cobbles in the rigid abandonment of death.

He was a common brown horse that had worked out his youth and strength and life, as those long ago brown men who dragged the stones to make Egypt's sphinx worked out their youth and strength and life, and then died and were forgotten, as the horse would be forgotten as soon as some boss had finished blaming a driver and sold the carcass to whoever buys dead horses.

The few passengers in the car contributed an ejaculation or two, and a man said to the woman with him:

"There's the end of one poor stiff."

He said it with offhand kindliness and with the finality of one who knows annihilation when he sees it, and yet——

Balaam's ass earned eternal pasturage in the Elysian fields—and—to change from Koran to Bible:

Did not He say that every laborer is worthy of his hire?

And as the horse on the cobbles had labored with no return in this world——

Oh, well, what's the use! One can only ask the same old question that living humanity has always asked of the dead:

"Whither goest thou?"

And answer there is none.

NANNIE LANCASTER.

HEARD AND SEEN.

While the government wrestles with the problem of food production and conservation, there is—or, more properly, was—a hen in a southern state doing her level best to beat the egg record.

That she failed in this laudable attempt was no fault of her own, since Nature was against her from the start, evidently. The Department of Agriculture has received a letter from her owner, telling all about this curious hen.

The letter follows, exactly as written—typewritten, at that:

"I have no dought in my possession a hens Egg that is a freak of nature about a year ago I bought a Wight Leghorn Hen then about a year Old she never laid an egg she seemed to be suffering with an enlargement of the gizzard or some other peculiar Disease yet she seemed allways very healthy having a good appertite & never Sick her waight was about five L B s. she was a burden to herself & all so dead expence to me. so to day I decided to kill her & hold a Postmortem examination I discovered to my surprise the yelk of an egg had grown to the Anonymous size of Seven & a half & ½ inches in leangth & twelve 12 inches in circumference waight two 2 L Bs & ¾ & the white of the egg was —— it to little peaces round like a button verrining in different sizes each one like a button a pockets they were very tuff it must have been the white of the egg as they were all over the yelk and all togeather more in the egg bag it to had grown the intire size covering it all over it was cut the egg bag that held this Terrible waight in place because just as it was cut the yelk bounced out with a force with these little round peaces all over it. her legs were very short peccularly shaped the hip as I would call it was high upon her back they meet and formed two little pockets were between the legs and the back one on eather side. she walked allmost flat to the ground like a duck her Liver Heart and Gizzard were of the proper size & color but very much out of place her skin was of a tuff nature while her fleash was tender I have disposed of her fraime as I did not know what to do with it at the time. but I have kept the yelk & egg bag I will fourard it on to you for an examination if you so desire I will keep it on Ice waiting to heare from you."

* * *

Germany is responsible for many things.

Annabelle no longer puts seven lumps of sugar in her tea, to mention but one small wrong Germany has inflicted upon the world. If it were not for Germany Annabelle might put fourteen lumps of sugar in her tea, if she could crowd that many lumps into one small cup.

Germany has reached her mailed fist into the homes of us all.

The most hopeless provincial is beginning to feel that things are not exactly right with the world.

But there is one thing in the United States that Germany has not been able to upset as yet, and that is the institution of marriage. Those who love each other are getting married as of old, and the same old wedding bells ring out.

The War Department recognizes marriage.

"The purpose of the selective service law," says Provost Marshal General Crowder, in his new regulations, "was not to suspend the institution of marriage among registrants."

I know of a young man of this city who acted upon this ruling of the provost marshal general before the ruling was made. Common sense is the same in all honest minds. This young man, having been engaged to his sweetheart for four years, with the marriage date set a year in advance, was married last summer.

And not long ago, having been married just four months to the day, he bethought himself that it would be a fine thing to buy exactly four of those big yellow chrysanthemums, then in bloom, and carry them home to his bride.

So he went to a florist shop on F street to select his four chrysanthemums.

"I want four of those yellow chrysanthemums," he said to the saleswoman.

"Four?" she asked.

"Yes, just four," he said.

It is an amusing and instructive pastime to watch the devious ways in which people can make mistakes and do things wrong, when you think there is no possible way for them to make mistakes.

Four chrysanthemums was the number the young man asked and paid for. He carried his flowers home, thinking all the way how his young wife would take them from the box, one by one—one beautiful blossom for each month of their married life.

Perhaps he made his mistake by not taking the saleswoman into his confidence.

She was a kind woman.

She gave him five chrysanthemums.

* * *

This same young husband carried a pie home to his wife the other day. The adventures of a young husband are many. If you think carrying a freshly baked pie home is not an adventure, try it some time when the oven in your flat is on the blink and you are reduced to the consumption of pies of unknown lineage.

Running the gantlet is mild sport compared with transporting a juicy, fat pie from its habitat downtown to the home of the ultimate consumer. A pie under these circumstances takes on an importance which one would not grant it usually.

You become quite aware of the pie.

The pie is no longer a confection of two layers of dough surrounding other foodstuffs, but becomes an instrument of torture, a seemingly alive thing whose aim in life is to precipitate itself on the floor or down the back of the nearest person.

In case the pie is of the variety known as apple, its fiendish character is intensified