

tion in existence that rawhides their men like it does I would like to hear from it. Seven days a week and 12 hours a day, and \$12 a week to support a family—fine corporation to work for. Can they be made to close on Sunday, so their men would have one day to get acquainted with their family.—Jas. Connors.

HOW ABOUT MRS. SURATT?—

If the account of the "official murder" of Miss Cavell in Belgium by the German military authorities is authentic, then indeed have the Germans proved themselves as worthy colleagues of the "unspeakable" and uncivilized Turk?

I ask the world the question, what woman, worthy of the name, would not gladly assist her fellow countrymen in distress, under similar circumstances, as Miss Cavell did?

In many previous reported "so-called" outrages, committed by the German authorities or officials there were extenuating circumstances. Even in the case of the Lusitania there were features that may have justified the German act, but in the cold-blooded murder of this one solitary woman there appears to be no justification.

Up to the present I have been as strictly neutral as one possibly could, but this latest atrocity has caused a revulsion of feeling, and I am forced to the conclusion that any extension of "Germanic kultur" would be detrimental to the best interests of civilization.

Miss Cavell's name will go down the ages as an honored one and be remembered with pride, when that of the kaiser and any of his bloodthirsty associates will be universally execrated. Her martyrdom will not be in vain, for the book says "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."—John Tweedle.

ENFORCING THE LAW. — If Mayor Thompson took the oath of office to enforce the law then why doesn't he enforce the full law, and

not only part of it? I think the law goes a great deal farther than closing the saloons on Sunday. If it does, I think he should be indicted for not enforcing it.—Abbe Holzman.

LOADING THE MITT. — We can tell a thing in more than one way, and two meanings can be taken from any one thing said, and when too hasty we can take the wrong one. There has been quite a bit written on neutrality and Americanism, and I can take but one meaning from them all. A strict neutral believes in not helping the nations at war by selling them munitions, rules or no rules. It is against the rules of real Americanism. Americans are supposed to be humanitarians and to assist others to kill is not humanitarianism.

A prizefight is no comparison to murder. When two fighters enter a ring they are supplied with gloves and other paraphernalia, but no one dare hand either a gun or help them with more than they have. They fight to a finish or quit when the referee says it is enough, and great care is taken that neither is killed. In order to be neutral we must refrain from butting in to other nations' affairs and you can bet that I won't butt in too close to even the prizefighters' affairs.

The only way to become strictly neutral is to lay down and die, but I guess the most of us do not want to be neutral that way.—Frank Smith.

Whenever a shell comes screaming in the direction of Polly, a pony now in the transport service at Gallipoli she stretches out her forelegs, let her head drop to the earth, closes her eyes and is instantly "dead." Then when the shell has passed she rises again.

A New York store advertises fall costumes "for ladies of larger proportions." Wonder if they mean "fat?"