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SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1921.

Mr. Harding's Firm Policies.

Our local contemporaries do not seem to think that President Harding's inaugural address took a firm or a very definite stand on any particular question except that he would like to be on good terms with everybody. The Times, for example, says he announces "no clear cut policies."

The World finds him "still groping in the dark." Even the Tribune appears to regard him as "indicating a spirit rather than a policy."

But when the captain of a ship runs up his flag and nails it to the mast does he intimate a spiritual suggestion or does he declare he is ready for business?

What is a policy if it is not a clearly expressed and strongly championed course of conduct? What is a definite stand by a President of the United States if it is not when he plants both his feet squarely and firmly on the ground?

Only to repeat what THE NEW YORK HERALD said yesterday of the inaugural address, Mr. HARDING declared flatly against foreign adventures. "We do not mean to be entangled," He declared flatly "America can be a party to no permanent military alliance."

He declared flatly "It can enter into no political commitments or assume any economic obligations which will subject our decisions to any other than our own authority."

If all that is not a definite and a firm and a killing policy against the League of Nations what in the name of plain English is it?

Again, in his admirably clear and arrow straight promise on debts, expenditures and taxes, he said "We can reduce abnormal expenditures and we will. We can strike at war taxation and we must."

Is that groping in the dark or is it standing out in the sunshine with an attitude nobody can mistake?

as a demonstration of American interest in the enterprise. They aim to make the subscription as wide as possible and MILLS M. DAWSON, the treasurer, will be glad to receive any contributions, even though small, at 23 West Forty-fourth street, this city.

Hampstead is the Keats neighborhood in a special way. It was there that the young poet visited LEIGH HUNT, living at his cottage for some time. FANNY BRAUNE, KEATS's sweetheart, lived next door to Wentworth Place. In the villa itself he wrote both versions of "Hyperion," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and other poems. In the grounds a plum tree under which tradition says he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale" still flourishes.

What Can Germany Pay?

Whatever the indemnity demands of the Allies and whatever the counter proposals of the Germans, it is the simplest and the clearest proposition that Germany cannot pay more than she has the ability to pay and the Allies cannot get from Germany more than there is to get.

On the premise that Germany ought to pay all that she can without economic ravage of that productive country and without forcing perhaps an alliance with Bolshevik Russia which would spell calamity for all Europe and perhaps for the world; and on the rational theory that the only way to determine what Germany can thus pay is to dig down to the bedrock facts of her economic, industrial, commercial, financial and social condition, THE NEW YORK HERALD for three months has been making a first hand, painstaking investigation of those very facts and circumstances in all parts of the country.

In THE NEW YORK HERALD tomorrow will begin the first of the series of its articles on the results of its German investigation by RAYMOND SWINO, chief of THE NEW YORK HERALD Bureau in Berlin. These papers will be not merely important; they will be astonishing and sensational. Their interest and their value will be of international moment.

The Iron for Parrott's Guns.

In the Palisades Interstate Park, a great playground of New York city and State, lies a tract of 10,000 acres, once called Greenwood and owned by ROBERT P. PARROTT, the inventor of the Parrott gun, and his brother, which had a not unimportant rôle in the civil war. On this tract was produced the iron, dug from mines and smelted in a cold blast charcoal furnace, which, transported over the hills to the West Point foundry at Cold Springs, was made into cannon. The most important product of this foundry was the Parrott gun, an effective weapon of longer range than any the South could make or buy, and which an officer of the Confederacy who suffered from the deadly precision of its first fire described as "excelling any artillery ever before brought on the field in siege operations."

The early iron industry of Orange county is almost forgotten to-day. Few traces of it remain except the stacks of the old Greenwood furnace and of the Queensboro furnace built in the latter part of the eighteenth century and still to be seen near the road from Bear Mountain Inn to Tuxedo. We are indebted to R. D. A. PARROTT, a nephew of ROBERT P. PARROTT, for the little known history of his uncle's part in developing the mineral resources of this region.

ROBERT P. PARROTT was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1824; he was assigned to the Ordnance Department, and after some service in the Creek Indian wars was stationed at West Point. He resigned from the army to take over the cannon factory, and he finally succeeded in acquiring 7,000 acres of land in Orange county with the mineral rights and the Greenwood furnace.

The furnace was on the edge of a small lake in the midst of a vast wooded tract. The houses of the furnace men, miners and wood choppers were scattered through the mountains. The labor of these men was irregular; the free use of the land for grazing, the opportunity for securing free wood for domestic use, as well as for making baskets, spoons and ladles, and the use of the woods for hunting and fishing "all tended," writes Mr. PARROTT, "to make the mountaineers indifferent to discipline." Nevertheless, many of them enlisted and went to the front in the civil war, and those who remained did yeoman service at the iron mines and furnace. An important branch of the work was the cutting of 10,000 cords of wood and turning it into charcoal.

The Greenwood charcoal iron was selected for making guns on account of its remarkable tensile strength. This quality was the achievement of years of experiment and investigation by ROBERT P. PARROTT. To him the production of strong iron was a task and at the same time a means to a patriotic end. Because he used this superior metal he was able to have guns of high effectiveness at the front when the civil war began. And he kept on furnishing them as fast as the West Point foundry could make them until the end of the war. Writing of the Parrott gun R. D. A. PARROTT quotes his uncle's words describing it:

"I was led to the construction of my gun wholly by my own experiments and conclusions. It is a hooped gun of the simplest kind, composed of one piece of cast iron and one of wrought iron. It has no taper, no screws, no successive layers of hoops. It is, however, no hasty expedient; but devised upon the result of years

of experience and practical trials, and has a definite and consistent plan."

He made no claim for originality in inventing a hooped gun; neither did he claim that the rilling of the gun was original. His system, however, was new, he had the strong iron he needed and he conceived improvements on all other big guns.

Mr. PARROTT cites as an evidence of his uncle's staunch patriotism the fact that when he was importuned to raise the price of his guns because the Government could not do without them he refused, and that when the end of the war came he proposed of his own accord to cancel contracts for work unfinished. "The Government accepted this loyal offer and the manufacture of Parrott guns ceased."

The Greenwood furnace was thus clearly linked with the operations of the civil war from the first to the last shot fired; and these early iron workers, by availing themselves of their resources of ore and wood and carrying their industry to its high point of excellence, became national benefactors and achieved a position of historic importance. The Greenwood tract, increased until it included more than 10,000 acres and representing thirty-three separate purchases, remained after the war in the possession of ROBERT P. PARROTT's brother. The fact that the owner of so large a tract cooperated with the late E. H. HARRIMAN made possible the expeditions working out of the plan for the extension of the Palisades Interstate Park across the divide to the western boundary of the Hudson Highlands. The old furnace, near what is now the town of Arden, made its last blast in 1871, but its track, already properly marked with tablets, will be preserved.

A Grave in Arlington.

That the body of the unidentified American soldier killed in France, in honoring whom the nation is to pay tribute to all its defenders who died in the great war, should rest in Arlington National Cemetery has been objected to because, it has been asserted, Arlington is intimately associated in the popular mind with the Union heroes of the civil war while no suggestion of sectionalism attaches to the arms of the United States in the recent struggle against the Central Empire.

To allow a consideration based on the history of 1861-1865 to prevent the burial of one who gave his life for his country in 1917 or 1918 would be most unfortunate. Indeed, the selection of a national cemetery for the ceremonial interment of a representative of the forces which upheld the flag of a united nation half a century after the close of the civil war enforces realization of the complete restoration of national unity in a manner which must impress all who are capable of understanding its symbolism.

No ground can be too sacred, no environment too imposing, for the dust of this man who sacrificed his life for us. Arlington offers an appropriate and beautiful resting place for a hero whose name is lost but whose deeds are a deathless heritage to his countrymen.

Speed in the Air.

The recent record breaking flight of the cross-continent aerial mail, during which an average speed of ninety-eight miles an hour was maintained, does not by any means gauge the speed which may be attained by airplanes. A record of 193 miles an hour has been made by a machine of the sort type under normal conditions and 201 miles going with the wind. This test was made at the Buc Aerodrome in France by ROMANUS, and the first named figures were reached in reverse tests which were conducted under close scrutiny.

Before the advent of the flying machine our ideas of speed in the air were measured by the flight of birds. Comparisons between the animate and inanimate agencies which have conquered the air are interesting.

Experts agree that the speed championship among the feathered tribe belongs to the peregrine falcon, commonly known in this country as the blue duck hawk. This graceful bird, whose employment in the ancient sport of falconry has made him a favorite object for the brushes of the greatest painters, is credited with a speed of 200 feet a second, or approximately 136 miles an hour. The peregrine falcon relies upon his great speed to capture his quarry, and his flights are not sustained like those of the wild goose, snipe, upland plover, arclet tern or any of the other stayer among the feathered tribe. The snipe is said to cover 1,000 miles or more at a single flight, while the upland plover, which breeds in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in the Dominion of Canada, spends his winter in the Argentine. The wild goose is known to cover tremendous distances without stopping to rest, while the habitat of the tern embraces the poles.

Next to the falcon the palm for speed among the birds goes to the canvasback, one of the heaviest and largest of the duck family, which is credited with being able to cover 145 feet a second, or 97 1/2 miles an hour. With the wind in his tail he will beat the 100 mile an hour mark handily. The blue winged teal, which shares with his green winged brother the distinction of being the smallest member of his tribe, can cover 130 feet in a second. This makes a record of around 88 1/2 miles within the hour, and those who have tried to bring down either the canvasback or the blue winged teal when they are going in a hurry—as an old guide once said, "with a date for supper and half an

hour late"—know that the figures vouched for by *Oving* and other authorities on game birds and their habits and flight are correct. Everybody who has shot at teal going up a flyway, as the small rivers which are traversed by the birds in their passage north and south are termed, knows that any teal that is not led by at least fifteen feet is a live duck. The neophyte who shoots at the leader of the flock and finds that he has killed the last duck in the line learns a valuable lesson on the speed of the man who kills his first canvasback from a battery, snipe box or point.

That able citizen the redhead flies at the rate of 120 feet a second, or 81 1/2 miles an hour, while the Canada goose beats the air with his sturdy pinions with power enough to carry him along at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, his record to the second being 110 feet. This is an astonishing speed for so large a bird, but it is unquestionably accurate, as all those who have noticed his flight in a group of ducks will attest. The gadwall and wiggon come next at 90 feet a second, or 61 1/2 miles within the hour, while the pintail, with a tract, increased until it included more than 10,000 acres and representing thirty-three separate purchases, remained after the war in the possession of ROBERT P. PARROTT's brother. The fact that the owner of so large a tract cooperated with the late E. H. HARRIMAN made possible the expeditions working out of the plan for the extension of the Palisades Interstate Park across the divide to the western boundary of the Hudson Highlands. The old furnace, near what is now the town of Arden, made its last blast in 1871, but its track, already properly marked with tablets, will be preserved.

There has been considerable discussion as to the relative speed of the smaller game birds, many contending that the snipe was as fast as the dove. The exaggerated flight of the former may have had something to do with this belief. Figures show that the dove is the equal of the pintail in velocity of wing. Anybody who has watched a dove come to a water hole late in the evening knows that he is a speed phenomenon. The quail surpasses the snipe by ten feet a second, covering 75 feet to the latter's 65. No wonder his whistling pinions startle the hunter, no matter how experienced he may be in the pursuits of the field.

The fleetest of the four legged animals is no doubt the horse. Man of War, reckoned the greatest of his kind, was unquestionably capable of lowering all records for a mile under the conditions which governed the trials of Salvo and Roamer, and it was held that with 110 pounds and track, a mile in 1:33 would have been within his powers. That would have been at the rate of a trifle more than thirty-eight miles an hour.

Nature evidently intended that the denizens of the air should reign supreme in the world of speed.

Federal Protection for Game.

There has always been a wholesome respect for the Federal courts. Violators of the law know that punishment swift and sure awaits them if they run foul of Uncle SAM.

The force of this has just been brought home to a resident of New Jersey who was arrested for killing wild geese out of season in contravention of the provisions of the Federal migratory bird treaty act, which closes the season for these and other migratory water fowl on January 31. A fine of \$200 accompanied by a jail sentence of ten days should act as a warning to others who have found it convenient to plead ignorance of the game laws when haled to court for killing birds out of season.

It was the custom not so long ago to regard laws for fish and game protection as something in the nature of a joke and in communities where the game warden was a sort of half fellow well met there were undoubtedly violations which were winked at. Ruffed grouse, known in some localities as partridges, have been netted in numbers during August and September by poachers, who find a market for these splendid birds at hotels in the mountain resorts in this and other Eastern States. The birds ultimately reach the tables of those who are sufficiently initiated to ask for ovis.

There is no finer game bird extant than the ruffed grouse and there are many interested in his preservation who would like to see the same sort of punishment which was inflicted on the killer of wild geese out of season visited on all who take ruffed grouse in a trap at any time or kill them outside the period designated by law.

Congress paid deserved tribute to the heroes of France and of Great Britain when it bestowed the Congressional Medal of Honor on the unknown soldiers who are buried, one at the Arde Triangle, the other in Westminster Abbey. Their graves are shrines to which mighty peoples will send their grateful representatives as long as our civilization endures, and the decorations conferred on them will record our admiration for the feats they and their companions performed.

President HARDING is sure to live in history. He is the first President of the United States inaugurated under prohibition.

The report from the recent fur auction at St. Louis is to the effect that the prices ranged from 10 to 70 per cent. under the prices prevailing at the May auction and 25 per cent. higher than the prices at the January sale. But only to an expert does this settle the great question, Is it better for a woman to buy that fur coat now or to wait until autumn?

Poems Worth Reading.

Ballade of Change.

Where are the hoops of crinoline. The whickered gallants' top hats gray: The epigrams that flashed between them. Folk who had ample time to stay?

Where are the manners gravely say. The codes old diaries confide? The years have swept them all away. Only the trees unchanging bide.

Where are the bustles worn serene By dames humped up like beasts of prey: The capes that with such dashing men. Swains wore to opera or play?

Where do the coaches' brave array. The dog carts and the broughams hide. The prancing tandems, where are they? Only the trees unchanging bide.

Where are the chaperons so keen. Left innocents to harm should stray: The lancers, loved of king and queen; The trains that in long splendor lay?

Old idols have turned back to clay. Democracy is now our guide. And aunts grow shorter every day— Only the trees unchanging bide.

Prince, when decorum once held sway. A bounding female rides astride; Modes, manners, fallen to decay— Only the trees unchanging bide!

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Washington's Headquarters.

Written after a dozen hours on and near the Hudson, by the author of "Washington's Headquarters."

Pray tell me, is there hereabout. A house both quaint and hoary. That does not figure more or less. In old Colonial story—

In narrow lane, on broad highway. By Hudson's far famed waters. That was not, for a while at least, George Washington's Headquarters?

No doubt he was a gentleman. As soldier brave we know him. And when it came to statesmanship. All others stood below him:

But if he lived here, there, elsewhere. We'd have no trouble proving. That General George Washington. Just took the cake for moving.

If he thus freely moved it was. Because he so desired. Or did he fall to pay the rent. And thereupon was "fired"?

Or were there boarding houses where. Great George did dine and sup. And when presented with a bill. Said "Kindly hang it up?"

I've always thought quite well. Of George; The chap must have been clever. Where dined he, the President, but— The boarding house never!

And therefore, while I'd not refuse. On one in his high station. I think his Wandering Willie ways. Screen for an explanation.

L. C. EVANS.

Lost Anchors.

From the Athenaeum. Like a dry fish flung inland far from shore. There lived a sailor, warped and ocean-bred. Who told of an old vessel, harbor-drowned.

And out of mind a century before. Where dived he, the President, but— A legend that had lived its way through. The world of ships, in the dark hulk had found.

Anchors, which had been seized and seen no more. Improving a dry leisure to invest. Their misadventure with a manifest. Analogous to the road who runs.

The sailor made it old as ocean grass— Telling of much that once had come to pass. With him, whose mother should have had. No sons.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. And the Old Men Shall Dream Dreams. From the Kansas City Star. The old men sit by the fire and doze. And dream of their souls' content. They were gallant enough in their time. And dream of their souls' content.

But the gold of their youth is spent. They were rovers, daring and eager then. In their manhood's radiant dawn; They are rovers still, for their souls at vent.

New York in No Danger of Epidemic

Modern Sanitary Methods Could Check Quickly an Outbreak of Typhus or Other Disease from Abroad.

From an article by Dr. Alois H. Doty, former Health Officer of the Port of New York, in the "Medical Record."

History furnishes abundant evidence that protracted wars which physically exhaust a nation are followed by devastating outbreaks of infectious diseases. The principal reasons for this are not difficult to determine—poverty, filth and overcrowding, frequently associated with an inability on the part of the Government to enforce protective measures.

Those factors diminish individual resistance to all forms of disease. We would expect the outbreaks to be limited where the people were intelligent and the Government stable and capable of enforcing sanitary regulations.

Conditions in France at the present time bear witness as to the truth of this deduction. Although this country was practically the seat of hostilities and the scene of most extreme desolation during the recent war, a quick recovery has taken place and we have no report of the ravages of what are known as quarantinable diseases—cholera, plague, typhus fever and smallpox.

We may very properly believe it to be true that the spread of quarantinable diseases depends chiefly upon an unhealthy and insanitary condition of the people, associated with but little or no enforcement of modern protective measures, and that they may be safely held in check if proper means are employed.

Among intelligent people and under modern sanitary regulations there is no reason to fear that an outbreak of these diseases may not soon be controlled and eliminated. Experience with modern protective methods fully justifies this assertion.

Previous Outbreaks Controlled.

Unfortunately, the public tends to believe that since typhus fever, plague and cholera are not controlled in the East, they are not controlled in the United States and to be followed by the same serious consequences that occur in the alleged home of these diseases. Unfortunately this erroneous belief is encouraged by some public health officials who have not had long practical experience with these conditions.

Those who have dealt with quarantinable diseases only in Eastern countries, where the conditions for their dissemination are most favorable, believing that like results may follow an outbreak in the United States. This reasoning is absurd and quite inconsistent with the facts.

Outbreaks of typhus fever have occurred at various times in New York city and have been successfully handled with no alarm on the part of the public—for instance, an outbreak occurred in 1876 and one in 1893. The latter outbreak, as was well known at the time, was traced to some newly landed immigrants in New York who soon after their arrival opened the disease and transmitted it to many others in crowded tenement house districts in the lower part of the city some days before the Department of Health became aware of its presence.

General sanitary measures were promptly carried out. The cases found were removed to the hospital and their clothing disinfected and suspects were kept under careful observation, with the result that the outbreak was soon under control and the disease disappeared.

At the time of the outbreak of typhus fever which occurred in the city in 1907, the Department of Health was unable to provide proper hospital care for the cases of typhus fever discovered about the city—almost entirely in the tenement house sections—and it was necessary to keep many of them under observation in their own apartments. As far as possible the sick were isolated and cleanliness insisted upon. There was but little disinfection, for the Department of Health had very limited equipment for this purpose, yet with these simple protective measures the outbreak was successfully dealt with.

These results accomplish in the presence of an outbreak of typhus fever, the limited facilities to which I have referred, we may be assured that with the hospital service and the complete equipment now at the command of the Department of Health of New York and other cities there is no reason to believe that the outbreak of any of the quarantinable diseases cannot be promptly and successfully dealt with.

Eight Years of Misrule.

Phillip Hone's Review of the Results of Jackson's Administration.

To TAKE THE NEW YORK HERALD: On the morrow of the inauguration consider the words of Phillip Hone, Mayor of New York in 1826, who wrote in his diary in 1837 as follows:

March 4—This is the end of General Jackson's Administration—the most disastrous in the annals of the country, and one which will excite "the special wonder" of posterity. That such a man should have governed this great country, with a rule more absolute than that of any hereditary monarch of Europe, and that the people should not only have submitted to it but upheld and supported him in his encroachments upon their rights and his disregard of the Constitution of the country, is equally astonishing and equally indignant of future generations.

Four months later in the same year he wrote: July 4—We are normally in the enjoyment of the liberty which was bequeathed to us by the men of the Revolution; we have the glorious Constitution which they framed for us, but eight years of misrule have left us nothing but the empty name. Independent, too, we are of foreign control—and long may God preserve us from the tyranny of public opinion, supporting the measures of the most oppressive character, has destroyed that proud and manly personal independence which was heretofore the characteristic of our countrymen, or bound down by a most but invisible chain of party spirit, a badge of slavery like that of Wamba or the serf of the north.

The people of New York have no Phillip Hone, but they have THE NEW YORK HERALD to chronicle the conclusion of the eight years now finished.

J. K. HARRIS.

Railroad Safety.

One Sure Way to Prevent Accidents Like That in Indiana.

TO TAKE THE NEW YORK HERALD: Railroad accidents like that at Porter, Indiana, will be impossible to prevent as long as the safety devices in use are, as they must be, dependent on human action, which is almost certain at times to fail. However, there is one thing that can be done, in fact should be done, and that is to force the railroads all over the country to abandon their policy of rivalry as regards the making of fast time with their crack trains, making it a State prison offence for an engineer to cross the main line of any other road at the same level without first bringing the train to a full stop and being positively sure of the way.

This was formerly the rule and is yet where so-called derailing devices are not installed. If a railroad company believes that it must make the time now demanded by the public it should be compelled either to elevate or to depress its tracks at such points. This would of course be expensive, but would the expenditure exceed the expenses which will now have to be met in the way of settlements of damages to relatives of the dead and injuries to others?

AN OLD RAILROADER.

RAMSEY, N. J., March 5.

A Bonfire of Novels.

Remedy for Discouraged Wives Offered in "Don Quixote."

TO TAKE THE NEW YORK HERALD: It is curious that in the series of interesting letters you have been printing about the discouraged wife no comment has been made on the cause of her discouragement, namely the reading of a certain book. Apropos of this her husband asked: "Is there not a tendency nowadays to sneer at the affairs of every day home life and to overemphasize the spectacular?" There certainly is, and it need hardly be said that the spectacular means doing something to get talked about—going on the stage, writing a book or painting a picture.

Now not one person in ten thousand or a hundred thousand has the ability to do those things and get talked about, otherwise success. And if you don't succeed, what then? Well, those who have got a glimpse behind the scenes of obscure Bohemia know. Compared with that a happy home—but enough.

In a chapter of "Don Quixote" the curate is represented as consigning to the flames the works of chivalry which were responsible for the mental aberration of his friend. Would we had some like him nowadays to make a bonfire of the novels and scenarios which induce young persons to turn their backs on the home and go out into the world in search of adventure and glory without as much success as the poor Don! NEW YORK, March 5. STRINVER.

Mr. Schall's Disclaimer.

His Name Has Been Used Without His Authority.

TO TAKE THE NEW YORK HERALD: It has just come to my attention that my name appears among a list of "honorary vice-presidents" in a pamphlet distributed at a mass meeting held February 28 at Mr. Schall's residence, which is a resolution introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Frederick A. Britten.

I wish to protest most emphatically through the columns of your widely read paper against the absolutely unauthorized use of my name in connection with this movement, with which I am in no sympathy whatever. I trust that you will see fit to publish this letter, thereby obliging FREDERICK MULLER SCHALL, JR. NEW YORK, March 5.

Signs of Spring in the Ozarks.

From the Times-Independent. During the few days of exceptionally springlike weather recently large flocks of ducks were winging northward, were basking round and bud on the maples located near to the city, which is a sign to learn that Gap Johnson of Hampus Ridge, Ark., had prematurely struck twelve or fourteen of his children out of their winter flannels.

The Spring Hike in Kansas.

Equipped note to the South Kansas Tribune. The annual spring move is now on. Chester Greer is moving to the Smith place in Radical district; Stephen Bracken has moved to the Tabert-Alexander place; Mr. Ferrell goes on the J. Dennis place; Griffith Sawyer farms on the Smith place in Radical district; Chester Graham is farming the upper Coast place; Wesley Hynes, from near Fredricks, moved to the old Campbell place, and Mr. Dileben to the Springer place.

Only a Station Needed.

Then Upper Central Park West Would Cease to Be an Island.

TO TAKE THE NEW YORK HERALD: The Public Service Commission held on Wednesday another of those subway station in regard to a new subway station at 194th street and Central Park West. A crowded roomful of people asked for the station, but the attitude of the commission seemed to be that there had been no such growth of population in that section as to demand additional transit facilities.

And the principal reason why population does not grow there is the lack of adequate transit. How long will it take to overcome that impediment? The elevated express trains give good service morning and night to the district below City Hall Park, although to get on them from 194th street there are first seven local stations to be passed. But even this service is not available to points above City Hall except those on the extreme west border of the city. Nor is it available outside rush hours or on Sundays and holidays.

The local elevated trains must be used to the theatre and shopping districts and to most of the business sections, and they are exceedingly slow. From that little island at the north end of Central Park West the Bronx, Washington Heights and points north, and even Morningside Heights, are well nigh inaccessible.

It is not good business for the city to give Central Park West the same sort of treatment that has resulted in the rapid development of upper Broadway. The subway is already there, rolling merrily along under the feet of the weary pedestrian. All that is needed is a station. Why not build it at 194th New York, March 5. G. C. SELBY.

Champ Clark's Fairness as Speaker.

TO TAKE THE NEW YORK HERALD: The finest tribute to Speaker Clark that I ever heard was paid by the late E. J. Hill, Representative from this district, his strong political opponent. Mr. Hill said: "Clark tries so hard to be fair to the opposition that he often leans over backward." G. E. CURTIS, NORWALK, Conn., March 5.

Why William Allen White Likes Enigma.

From the Emporia Gazette. Make no mistake about Enigma; it may be regarded as a highbrow town. The fact that a few college professors and other long-haired highbrowed cattle live here does not change the fundamental facts. There was more telephone inquiry for Enigma than for any other town in the State. Enigma is a town whether Stranger Lewis had flogged the place with a name that sounded like a cork coming out of a catchpot bottle than there was to know whether the dormitory bill passed in the Senate. Enigma has a highbrow veneer, but she is good old fashioned folks at heart.

Inaccessible.

King Alfred burned the cakes. "Now that the servant problem is rising, such incompetence won't be tolerated," said the waiter. Is it not good business for the city to give Central Park West the same sort of treatment that has resulted in the rapid development of upper Broadway. The subway is already there, rolling merrily along under the feet of the weary pedestrian. All that is needed is a station. Why not build it at 194th New York, March 5. G. C. SELBY.

The Brighter Dawn.

From the Atlanta Constitution. A little time with sorrow. But in her darkest night. We dream of a to-morrow. Unutterably bright!