

The Washington Times

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many will shortly be undeceived if it counts upon the just criticism of earlier times as proof that this nation is unprepared for war.

The Negro and Germany's Offer for Disloyalty

With an ignorance amazing in its profundity, Berlin has withdrawn the State of Texas from its offer of prizes to Mexico and tenders it as a gift to the negroes of the South in return for a revolt against the United States Government.

Could greater effrontery be conceived? Could more crass ignorance be exhibited?

It is characteristic of Berlin that it deals always without knowledge of the other fellow. It was so in Belgium, in Mexico, in Japan. It is especially true in this tender for the disloyalty of the Southern negro. He is and has always been loyal to personified. His devotion, personal and as a race, has been demonstrated through a long series of trials. He is farthest from being a plotter or a conspirator.

No finer declaration of allegiance, no more compelling affirmation of loyalty has been made since the war with Germany appeared inevitable than that made by Roscoe Conkling Simmons, a Louisville negro, who addressing a gathering of his own people delivered the following patriotic and inspiring appeal:

"We have a record to defend, but no treason, thank God, to atone or explain. While in chains we fought to free white men—from Lexington to Carrizal—any returned again to our chains. No negro has ever insulted the flag. No negro ever struck down a President of these United States. No negro ever sold a military map or secrets to a foreign government. No negro ever under the flag, or just an opportunity to serve, to fight, to bleed, and to die in the republic's cause. Accuse us of what you will—justly and wrongly—no man can point to a single instance of our disloyalty.

"We have but one country and one flag, the flag that set us free. It is our language is our only tongue, and no hyphen bridges or qualifies our loyalty. Today the nation faces danger from a foreign foe, treason stalks and stalks up and down our land, in dark councils intrigue is being hatched. I am a Republican, but a Wilson Republican. Woodrow Wilson is my leader. What he commands me to do I shall do. Where he commands me to go I shall go. If he calls me to the colors, I shall not ask whether my color is black or white. I shall be there to pick out the color except the white of the enemy's eye. Grievances I have against this people, against this Government, injustice to me there is, bad laws there are upon the statute books, but in this hour of peril I forget—and you must forget—all thoughts of self or race, or creed, or politics, or color. That, boys, is loyalty."

Berlin did not know the negro of the United States when it offered Texas as the price of disloyalty.

Serious Charges Against a Judge

If every one who disagreed with the findings of a court were permitted to jeopardize the standing of its chief officer, there would be no stability in our legal system. The public is slow to believe accusations against the bench. That very fact makes it of vital importance that the highest standards should be continuously upheld.

The action of Henry A. Wise in filing charges with the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives against Judge George W. Ray, of Norwich, N. Y., is not the first intimation of an unfortunate state of affairs. Some twelve years ago, Solicitor General Hoyt accused Judge Ray of unreasonably retarding the disposition of a case which had been before him for fifteen months. Four years ago, the Cayuga County Bar Association is said to have protested against the court's treatment of a lawyer.

In the case referred to by Mr. Wise, a higher court reversed a decision of Judge Ray because of remarks which he is alleged to have made about the jury. It would seem that these facts are enough to justify an examination of the records. If it can be shown that Judge Ray is worthy of continued confidence all good citizens will be glad to be assured of the fact. But for his own sake, as well as for the protection of the public such charges as have been made should not go unanswered.

It is about time for Indiana to organize an Association of Election Stealers. Prominent members of both parties with social position unassailable are eligible for membership.

Wonder if Yerdaman had heard the stories of German intriguing for a negro uprising when he voted against the declaration of war?

Germany is now lamenting that she did not sign the Bryan treaty, which would have held us off for a year more. But it has been two years since the Lusitania went down.

Says the Rhenische Westfalische Zeitung: "Beyond striving for gold, the Americans have no ideal." That is simply the German way of saying that we have put the dollar mark on the American flag.

The sinking of the Belgian relief ships leaves a smaller amount of food for the Germans in Belgium to steal.

The United States Navy receives a considerable addition to its tonnage through the proximity of Germany to sink American vessels.

The Mitchell-Wagner mountain produced the most diminutive mouse that ever scooted into a hole.

Don Marquis' Column

Spring Sonnet.

They say the brazen girly-girls show, In valiant hosts of marshaled legs and arms, Hath power to move the Man-soul with its charms; Producers say it, and—it may be so; But I, whenever I am forced to go, Find me still wandering from its rude alarms

To some slight girl whose very shy-ness warms, A brain, a breath of lilies, and—you know, The world sets store by orchids, tu-lips, and All sorts of hothouse blooms from Samarcand; I'd not swap a potato crisply fried For all the tulips that have lived and died; But yesterday I found a violet, And then my cup of joy was full, you bet!

Earl Simonson.

Our Own Wall Motions.

SPRING IS HERE! BOO-HOO! I SHALL IDELE WITH A SEIDEL ALL THE GOLDEN DAY!

THE KETTLE DRUMS.

Here's a bit of dialogue I overheard in a cabaret the other night: "What's all the racket, folks, 'tisn't doin' in front of the orchestra?" "They're the drummer's traps," was the reply. "So? Hardware drummer?" Mac.

Greenwich Village Correspondent.

After many weeks of comparative monotony the village at last has a real sensation. Molly's celebrated february is haunted. Artists and painters starting out for the evening's secret at 10 or 2 a. m. have seen, pressed against a front window pane, the sad but familiar face of their old friend Mike, the waiter. Whenever they have spoken to him he has instantly vanished.

It was less than a year ago that Mike disappeared from Molly's. He was seen again in the flesh. Once the village took up a collection as a reward for the recovery of Mike, dead or alive, and 48 cents was realized in cash and pledges.

Mike, it will be remembered, was one of the best natured Hungarian goulash handers that ever made his public appearance in shirt sleeves. Single handed he used to deliver the orders of fifty or sixty villagers and the eighty or ninety slummers who visit Molly's daily. And how many things you asked for, Mike always brought you at least one of them.

But Mike was naturally a high-brow and the strain of listening to the scraps of conversation that he could not avoid ultimately began to tell on him. He can't stand it much longer. I have heard him mutter many times, half to himself. And once when a youthful Bohemienne observed to a hook-nosed Mexican revolutionist, "Don't you think Hank's a bit of a snob?" Mike, who was in the air as if he were going to beam some one, indeed.

Sooner or later the poor fellow was bound to break down. Just what caused his eventual dissolution no one can say. His heart must have become weakened, and it is barely possible that in some extraordinary fit of absent-mindedness one of the villagers offered him a tip.

Opinions on Prohibition.

CONFUCIUS—We tried it here in our time, and a man invented opium because of it.

TENNISON—It'll be the death of poetry; but probably that's the reason it's so popular.

SHAKESPEARE—Thou canst not shake thy third head at me; thou canst't never say I advocated it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Les Libertes, NAPOLEON—Prohibition is all right for the dead; but—sub rosa—I got away with Austerlitz on brandy.

HUERTA—It wouldn't bother me now.

RABELAIS—Abandon booze all ye who enter the grapejuicer!

BYRON—I wrote "Don Juan" on a hundred bottles of Burgundy. The water drinkers tried to answer it. But who were they anyway?

DANIEL WEBSTER—A sign of national decadence. A country that is too cowardly to drink is in the to bog.

ROBERT BURNS—I should prohibit the use of alcohol in the arts and sciences, but not otherwise.

SWINBURNE—After Watts-Dunton took my brandy from me I petered out.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

DON MARQUIS.

WILL DANCE IN BARE LEGS

Harvard Boys Can in Cambridge, But Not So in Boston.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 7.—Even if the city censor of Boston has forbidden to dance in their bare legs in that place of propriety, the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club boys, in their feminine roles, will prouette with undraped legs at their initial and private performance here tonight. Of course they'll have to go to Boston Thursday they'll have to wear stockings in their back to nature scenes from "Barnum Was Right." Censor John J. Casey has decreed that their bare legs would be a shock to discreet Boston. Mayor Curley agrees with him. And that ends it. There will be no bare legs in Boston.

Consciences at Front Untroubled Over War

George Bernard Shaw Writes of Attitude of Fighters Toward Moral Issues Involved in Hostilities Between Nations.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

If, as is likely enough, you are in a hopeless moral muddle about the war, you may be curious as to how they reconcile it with their conscience at the front to heap death on destruction in the amazing manner I have tried to describe in the two previous articles, and whether I write as a human being or a fiend when I shamelessly avow that I enjoyed my week at the front much more than I enjoyed my last week at the seaside.

To take the latter and lesser point first, war does not blot out the glory of the sun or the spacious beauty of the broad fields of France in their dazzling robe of snow; and a hungry and social man does not enjoy a meal and good company at quarters or headquarters any the less because the table is a mess-table, even when the windows are shaken by occasional shells going or coming.

Talking about the war among soldiers is not depressing and sometimes revolting, like talking about it among civilians. To the civilian the war is often not a war at all; it is a squabble to be conducted by writing anonymous postcards and throwing a dead cat back over a fence or a garden wall. To him, when a British soldier kills a German soldier, it is a heroic deed; when a German soldier kills a British one, it is a dastardly assassination.

No soldier on service goes on like that. All the thoughtful soldiers (and war makes soldiers very thoughtful) clearly understand that there is a morality of war quite distinct from the morality of peace, just as the morality of the jungle is distinct from the morality of an interview with a missionary; but they do not ridiculously condemn the actions of their enemy in terms of the peace morality whilst they justify their own in terms of the war morality.

Confusion does not trouble the higher command in the least. The Quakers cannot teach an army commander, much less a commander-in-chief, anything about the horrors of war. He can shake hands wholeheartedly with President Wilson both on that point and on the abstract desirability of avoiding a victory. A victory for anybody is a victory for war; and whether your general is professional enough to desire a victory for war or human enough to deprecate it, the practical moral for him is the same: he strains every nerve to avoid a victory—for the other fellow. And the other fellow does the same.

Thus all the tangle and tedium of the controversy between the pacifist and the militarist disappears on the battlefield; for whether you fight for victory or fight to make victory impossible, the result is the same: you fight like the very devil anyhow. The pacifist who is a pacifist in the reading of I am rightly informed, is a collection of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's sermons, which he has had translated expressly to be read aloud to him, produces exactly the same result in the mind of the soldier as the pacifist and Thor with which he is absurdly credited, or as the enthusiastic atheism of Frederick the Great.

I did not ask Sir Douglas Haig or Sir Henry Rawlinson whether they sympathized with Quaker Stephen Hobhouse or with fire-eating Admiral Fisher, not because it would have been indiscreet—for they put me extremely at my ease by their frankness and hospitality—but because it did not matter. For good or evil, when the sword is staked on the sword, Cromwell, Washington, and Lincoln must go through with it as resolutely as Ivan the Terrible, Alexander, or Napoleon. The more they desire the end of the war, the harder they must fight to reach it.

When clever literary amateurs like Von Bernhardi or the late General Butler pontificate about war being a biological necessity, it is well that the biologist, should demonstrate that if they understood biology they would know better; but when the enemy's barrage rains on you or his bayonet makes for your stomach, the biologist does not matter. He is necessary only in that the best parry is a thrust, and the best way out of a barrage the way toward the gun. One does not trouble about the danger of damp sheets when the enemy is present, and wanted, as much as you like, that both we and the Germans ought to have managed better than to go to war, now that we have done it, we must put our backs into it, not sparing our souls at any moment, and the soldiers spare their bodies abroad.

Good Fight First Duty. They tell me that even the German prisoners often show an eager interest in the safety and success of their new comrades. This is not really more strange than that French and British soldiers should be fighting on the same side, or that Irish soldiers whose patriotism consists in an implacable political hostility to England should carry her flag, or the French should fall in the supreme duty of putting up a good fight. This may seem to you a queer morality, a boyish morality, a silly and destructive morality; but it is real as a profession of biology, and you can understand it if you will never be any use to your country or any other country during a war. Please note that it is, within camp limits, a cosmopolitan, super-national, essentially neighborly morality, therefore one which it especially behooves a pacifist to understand.

A celebrated civilian playwright put into the mouth of a romantically pious king the sentiment that "It is a sin to med that hath his quarrel just." Setting aside the obvious comment that there are no just quarrels in the world, because when people quarrel they cease to be just, and if they had been just before they quarrelled, they would not have quarrelled at all, it is a sin to med that hath his quarrel just. This is one of the main objections to war as an institution, and the one that will

NAVAL MILITIA GETS READY FOR SERVICE

District Sailors Prepare to Leave for Norfolk on Monday Night

Preparations for departure, Monday night, for Norfolk, are under way at the armory of the District Naval Militia, Water and O streets southwest.

Answering yesterday's call, members of the naval militia arrived at the armory at 8 o'clock this morning and were ready for the first muster at 10 o'clock.

Scenes of activity reigned at the armory today. All morning long men in citizen clothing were arriving, and quickly changing to sailors' garb. Under the arm of each there rested a shining piece of military equipment of the sailor. Although all members of the organization have not yet reported to the armory, it is expected that all will have answered roll call by tonight.

120 Going to Norfolk.

The full contingent of the Naval Militia of the District is 160 men. Of these, 120 probably will be sent to Norfolk, while the others will remain here for a time.

Just what will be done with the men when they reach the Norfolk navy yard is not known. It is generally conceded, however, that they will be held in the barracks there, in general service, which corresponds to the "unassigned" status in the army. As vacancies occur on board the ships they will be called on. The members of the District naval militia are national naval volunteers, following their muster-in today. The physical and practical examinations were held today, while those of the petty officers have been held for the last three weeks. The petty officers who passed the examination will retain their status in the national naval volunteers.

Four Divisions.

The District naval militia has four divisions, of forty men each. Three of the divisions are seamen's divisions, the other one being what is known as an engineer division.

Landing equipment was received last night. This equipment consists of picks, shovels, maddocks, and other implements needed to throw up trenches. Other equipment to be carried by the men will consist of rifles, cartridges, belts, bayonets, hammocks, two suits of "blues," four suits of "whites," overalls, and pack carrier outfits. There are many men employed in the Navy Yard who are members of the District naval militia. It is generally conceded, however, that they will be held in the barracks there, in general service, which corresponds to the "unassigned" status in the army. As vacancies occur on board the ships they will be called on. The members of the District naval militia are national naval volunteers, following their muster-in today. The physical and practical examinations were held today, while those of the petty officers have been held for the last three weeks. The petty officers who passed the examination will retain their status in the national naval volunteers.

Can Sleep At Armory.

Members of the naval militia will not be required to stay at the armory tonight after 8 o'clock, although those who desire may sleep there to avoid taking a long trip home. Guards will be maintained at the building during the night continuously.

Those in charge of the District Naval Militia are: Comdr. R. E. Brumett, commanding the battalion; Lieut. D. Johnston, commanding the first division; Lieut. W. R. Hoefler, commanding the second division; Ensign J. B. Barrett, commanding the third division, and Lieut. Joseph J. Porter, commanding the fourth division. Other officers are Lieut. F. L. Mudge, chief engineer; Lieut. H. L. Crawford, executive officer; Lieut. C. G. A. Johnson, paymaster; M. R. Finley, assistant paymaster; Lieut. A. P. Tipton, surgeon, and Chester G. Groff, assistant surgeon.

CHINA BANS OPIUM TRADE

Government Takes Over All Stocks of Drug.

The opium trade, immemorial scourge of China, has come to an end. The Chinese government, according to a dispatch to the State Department today, has formally taken over all private stocks of the drug and will use it for the extraction of morphine for medical purposes.

So extensive were the private holdings, and so high the present prices of the drug, 400,000 tons per cent, that the government has been forced to issue thirty-year bonds to finance the seizure.

WHAT'S ON PROGRAM

Interesting Events of Importance Scheduled Today.

- Reading of paper, "The Relations of Art to Philosophy," by Mrs. Virginia del C. Johnston. Public Library, 4:45 p. m. Lecture, "Let Us Forget," by Miss Louise Curtis Powell. The Fordham, 8 p. m. Corps attached to President's Own Garrison, No. 14, 8 p. m. Federation of Citizens' Association, board room, Municipal Building, 8 p. m. Meeting of Biological Society of Washington, Cosmos Club, 8 p. m. Lecture on Christian Science, by Charles I. Chesnut, Ingrain Memorial Church, Tenth street and Massachusetts avenue northeast, 8 p. m. Meeting of Maine State Association, W. C. T. U. Hall, 323 Sixth street northwest, 8 p. m. Annual business meeting, Friends' Alumni Association. Talk by Congressman M. Clyde Kelly before Pennsylvania Society, Eleventh and E streets northwest, 8 p. m. Tea by College Equal Suffrage League, suffrage headquarters, 1233 Rhode Island avenue, 4:4 p. m. Odd Fellows—Canton Washington, No. 1, Patricians Hall, 8 p. m. Amusements. Belasco—"Very Good Eddie," 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. New National—"Twin Beds," 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Pells—"New Fell Players," in "Alma, Where Do You Stand?" 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. G. B. Keith—"Vaudeville," 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. Gayety—"Burlesque," 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. Loew's—Photoplays, 10:30 a. m. to 11 p. m. Grand—Photoplays, 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. Garden—Photoplays, 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Tomorrow.

- Lecture, "Martial, the Epigrammatist," by Prof. Kirby Flower Smith, before Washington Classical Club, Fairmont Seminary, 4:30 p. m. Lecture, "Some Books That Have Influenced Social Reform Movements," by Dr. George F. Bowerman, before Liberal Religious Union, All Souls Church, 7 p. m. Open House at W. H. A., 1230 14th street northwest, 8 p. m. Address, "Why Peace Movements Have Failed," by Percy H. Skinner, before Assembly of Washington, Studio Hall, 1113 Connecticut avenue, 8:15 p. m. Examination of candidates for officers' reserve corps, Fort Myer, 9 a. m. Address, "Individual Liberty and Social Control," by Percy H. Skinner, before Secular League, Pythian Temple, 9 p. m. Address by Judge R. H. Terrell, before Woman's Peace Association, 704 T street northwest, 8 p. m.

TO HONOR U. S. UNIFORM

D. A. R. Expected to Discuss Movement for Saluting Wearing.

The movement to show respect for the uniform of this country by saluting the individual wearer was given impetus today, when Mrs. William Cumming Story, president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, said the matter probably will come up for discussion at the annual meeting of the Continental Congress of the D. A. R., April 16.