YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—$2.25 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855 | YORK, S. C., TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1918. | NO. 37

"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

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CHAPTER VIII

He had stopped and was standing face to face with Eleanor. He had been wholly unconscious of where he was going, and, recalled to himself by the unexpected encounter, looked up, to find himself in the center of the shopping district, which he had reached on his way homeward.

She was coming out of a store, and going, evidently, toward the cab which was waiting against the street curb. They almost ran into each other.

Mark lifted his hat mechanically, and thought she was about to pass, but suddenly she took him by the arm, and looked at him earnestly, extreme concern upon her face.

"What's the matter, Uncle Mark?" she asked. "You're ill—you're looking frightfully ill."

"Well, it's a pretty hot day," said Mark.

"Yes, but you can stand heat, Uncle Mark. You don't look fit to be around. How long have you been ill, and have you been working all the time, and why didn't you send for me? You know how badly you've treated me, Uncle Mark. As long as I thought you couldn't be bothered with me I didn't care, but now that you're ill—you shan't be ill, Uncle Mark!"

"I'm not ill, Eleanor," said Mark, trying to smile.

"Then why haven't you been to see us? Have you forgotten our talk that night? What's the reason? Tell me!"

"Your father keeps our noses to the grindstone, Eleanor."

"That isn't true, and please don't play with me as if I were a child, Captain Wallace. Come, get into this cab at once! I am going to take you home and have Mrs. Howard look after you till you are better. O—you are laughing!"

It was rather a grim jest to Mark, but it occurred to him that it would help to alienate Eleanor. She drew away from him and looked at him with those keen, scrutinizing eyes that had in some measure discomfited him at the Misses Harpers' school.

"Uncle Mark, you shan't make me angry," said the girl, at the end of her scrutiny. "You are unjust to me, and you are more unjust to yourself. I'm going to make Colonel Howard give you a holiday from that wretched office during the hot weather, and you're coming to stay with us—oh, I see it's no use talking to you now. But I mean what I say."

She stamped her foot indignantly, and it was very hard to laugh just then.

"Uncle Mark," she pleaded relentingly, "do tell me why you are acting so horribly when I am only thinking of you. It's just the way you acted that other night until we got to understand each other. And tell me why you haven't come to us. It isn't just neglect, because if you were really tired of us you would have come out of politeness. Won't you be as you were that night, Uncle Mark? Like the Captain Wallace I have remembered and thought about?"

"Well, Eleanor, the truth is," said Mark, "the work at the office has just about taken it all out of me. And then in my position, of course there are visits that I must pay."

"Of course," said Eleanor ironically. "Go on, Uncle Mark. I shall see through you presently."

"But I have been meaning to visit you soon. Only, you know, I am not in any sense your guardian now, and so, Eleanor, if you want me to be frank, it is a little unreasonable of you to put forward my duties in that respect when I have no compensations."

She started. "You mean that you didn't want to come?" she asked.

"I did want to. But I have so many duties—"

"Thank you. That's quite enough, Captain Wallace. My conduct in intruding on such a busy man has been quite inexcusable. Good day, Captain Wallace!"

She made a mocking little bow and went toward her cab. She stopped and looked back. The brief anger was ended. But Mark was already free from that intolerable interview and stumbling homeward.

He let himself in, wrote out his resignation and mailed it. Then, feeling free from the past, he began to go through his things, packing his trunk and suitcase. He had nearly finished before he wondered why he was doing this, and what his plans were to be.

For the first time he began to reflect that his means of livelihood had been cut away from him. He had only a few hundred dollars in the world, scant savings acquired during his desert services. And he was a civilian!

It affected him extraordinarily. Of a sudden the man, used to the command of men, felt as helpless as a child.

He picked up a copy of the Star and looked through the "Help Wanted" advertisements. It was odd how many jobs there were that a man could fill; yet he could fill none of them.

And he found himself wondering grimly whether the eternal "Young Man Wanted" who was to "work up" could be a man very, very late in his thirties.

No, the army, which had been his master for twenty years, still held him fast. He could not conceive any post that was not an army one. He thought over the possibilities of a career. Of course there were the South American republics—but a man of thirty-five and more has lost the instinct for aimless adventuring. There was the northwest police—but he would probably be required to forswear his nationality. There were various police services west of the Mississippi. But there was the great war, ever drawing nearer and nearer to America. A war of specialists. A war of chance. He felt that he could neither forswear his country nor leave her, so long as trained men might be Uncle Sam's "Help Wanted."

As he paced his room, pondering over the situation, it seemed to him that the key to the mystery lay with Hartley. Even yet he had not allowed himself to believe Kellerman a traitor. But it was essential that he should find Hartley, and insist upon a confession, both of his motives in watching the colonel's house, and of those that had brought him to the war department.

Suddenly the telephone interrupted his meditations. A woman's voice at the other end was asking for him.

"Are you quite sure you are Captain Mark Wallace?" it inquired, when he had stated his identity.

"I am as sure as I have ever been," answered Mark.

"Ah, now I recognize you," said the strange voice in a merry ripple of laughter. "And you don't know who I am?"

"If you will state your name—" began Mark patiently.

"Someone who knows that you are in trouble and wants to help you. I'm afraid you won't let me. You seemed to be prejudiced against me when we met before. Well, I am Ada Kenson."

Mark uttered an angry explanation, which he instantly checked. This might prove the key that he was seeking.

"What was that you said?" inquired the voice.

"I beg your pardon. What is it that you want me to do?" asked Mark.

"Come to my house at nine o'clock tonight, unless you are afraid. You will meet nobody but me."

It had been in Mark's mind to look for Hartley in that neighborhood.

"What do you say, Captain Wallace? I can help you very much indeed, and perhaps put things right for you. I am in a position to know a good deal of what is happening behind the scenes."

Mark felt his brain grow as cool as ice. "I'll come, Mrs. Kenson," he answered crisply, and hung up the receiver.

He consoled himself with the reflection that he had, at least, nothing to lose. He waited calmly for the appointment, and arrived outside the house promptly. There was no sign of Hartley in the neighborhood.

At his ring, Mrs. Kenson herself opened the door, smiled, and showed him into a well furnished little parlor. The house seemed to contain nobody else. If Mrs. Kenson's place was, as Hartley had said, one of the fashionable gambling houses of Washington, there was nothing to reveal the fact.

And beyond the fact that their former meeting had been a distinctly unpleasant one, there was nothing in Mrs. Kenson's appearance to arouse antagonism. She seemed a well-bred, rather attractive woman approaching middle age, quietly dressed, and of quiet, if cosmopolitan manner.

"Sit down, Captain Wallace," she said, indicating a chair.

Mark hesitated; Mrs. Kenson noted his hesitation instantly, and he was conscious of it. There was the trace of a lurking smile upon her face. A moment later they were both seated, and Mark was realizing that he would have to revise his opinions of his companion.

"You'll wonder who I am and why I asked you to come here," said Mrs. Kenson. "Well, I happen to know quite a good deal about you, Captain Wallace. All your history, in fact, from the time you entered West Point. It is part of my business to know these things."

Mark bowed and waited, expecting something sensational. He was astonished beyond his expectation, however, by Mrs. Kenson's next words.

"Your long and distasteful stay in the west, Captain Wallace, was not wholly the fortune of the military service," she said. "It was expedient that you should stay there, on account of your unfortunate mistake in adopting the late Charles Hampton's child."

Mark rose in protest, collected himself, and sat down again.

"In fact, dear Captain Wallace, you have been the victim of circumstances," went on Mrs. Kenson. "I suppose you know that the world has changed a good deal during your fifteen years of exile? Well, this war, for example. It's a shocking reversion to barbarism, the nations flying at each other's throats, when their difficulties could have been adjusted by a little frank diplomacy. It was a great blow to the financial interests that are working to reconcile the nations and to develop the world's resources. They would do all possible to end it. I am working for them here. I am not telling you any secret, Captain Wallace, because everybody in Washington knows it. I represent the international peace committee, and I have quite a good deal of influence among the senators and representatives—principally the western ones, captain."

The frankness and audacity of the disclosure astounded Mark. So this was one center of "they," as Colonel Howard had called the nucleus of Teutonic spies and agents in America.

"We are trying our hardest to prevent America from being dragged into this maelstrom," continued Mrs. Kenson. "You, Captain Wallace, were unfortunate enough to be working on the other side. And—I'm sorry, but a little trap was laid for you and Kellerman. You walked right into it. Major Kellerman, who is a very good friend of mine, acted in complete good faith. Don't blame him. Don't blame yourself. Don't blame that wretched fellow who came here the other night to blackmail me. It was inevitable. You see, when you adopted Hampton's daughter you unconsciously put a sort of noose about your neck. There was the possibility of your coming into contact with Hampton's friends. The system is widespread, you know, and quite twenty years old. So—you had to go west.

"Now, Captain Wallace, I'm a frank woman, and I'll put my proposition to you. You don't want to see Major Kellerman walk off with that pretty ward of yours, do you? And you can't marry her without a little money. Well, you could be very useful to us in many ways. Would you, without sacrificing your patriotism or revealing any secrets, become a salaried worker of our organization?"

Mark stood up, trembling. "I—don't quite understand," he said huskily; and the picture of Eleanor in Kellerman's arms at the dance swam before his eyes. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Use your influence and army knowledge in our behalf. That little affair of today will soon be forgotten. And we'll help you to put Kellerman out of business."

"Why?"

"Never mind why!" cried Mrs. Kenson furiously, rising to her feet and confronting him with a livid face. At that moment Mark thought she looked ten years older.

"You ask me to become a German spy?"

"Don't be absurd, my dear captain. Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"That's what it amounts to."

"A little influence on behalf of humanity."

"No!" shouted Mark, quite beside himself. "You're infamous. You ought to be put out of the country!"

He strode indignantly toward the door. It was not until he had left the room that he realized how strong had been his temptation.

The electric light in the passage had gone out. The room grew dark behind him. He groped his way toward the door

Suddenly a vivid light flashed before his eyes. He heard, though he felt no pain, the impact of a hard weapon upon the back of his head. He flung out his hands and grappled with a man. In the uplifted hand he felt a heavy stick with a knobbed handle.

He believed his assailant to be Kellerman, and, half unconscious as he was, he fought madly. But the man, Kellerman or not, was more than a match for him. For a few moments they wrestled furiously; then the other got his arm free and brought down the stick upon Mark's head again. And this time the light faded into blackness.

(To Be Continued.)

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOCH

French General Understands War Game Thoroughly.

"General Foch does not sacrifice his own men," the officer replied. "He sacrifices the Germans."

Then he told me a story.

"In another secfor during a battle not long ago," he said, "the colonel commanding a certain regiment that was supposed to advance in conformation with the general plan telephoned to the regiments on his right and left and found that they had not advanced because the wire entanglements in front of them had not been cut. So this colonel remained in the trenches. A little later the brigade commander telephoned to know if the colonel had advanced. He explained why he had not—because the regiments on each side of him could not move and if he went forward, he would be in the air and unsupported.

"'You must go forward,' the general said. 'It is orders.'

"The colonel telephoned again to the regiments beside him and remained in his trenches. Once more the brigade commander ordered him forward.

"'It is orders, the general said again.

"A third time the colonel was ordered forward and he had to take his men out of the trenches. He took them to the crest of the hill in front of them, where they waited all day for the others to join them, and at nightfall retired to their trenches. Although this was accomplished so skilfully that there was but a single casualty—one corporal wounded, whom the colonel, himself, carried back to the trenches on his shoulders—a great risk had been run for a wasted movement.

"Such a performance would be inconceivable under General Foch. He would have known whether the wire was cut in front of all the regiments, and the orders for that regiment to advance would never have been given unless the others could have supported it. General Foch makes war a formidable thing for the enemy, but his men know that he never sacrifices them needlessly."

Another tradition is that in a battle General Foch always goes on the fields himself. This, doubtless arose at the battle of the Marne, when twice the French center was driven back very nearly to the chateau where the general had his headquarters. I asked about this, also.

"It is ridiculous," replied the officer, "to think that General Foch would be so unconscientious as to go to a loophole in the first line trenches just to see 50 yards of Germans."

The officer gave me a description of the scene, when General Foch, commands an army in battle.

"General Foch is to be found in the big room at his headquarters, during a battle," the officer said. "He stands before a large scale map with a pencil in his hand and the telephone receiver at his ear. His staff stands in a semi-circle behind him. There is perfect silence and the only movement is of the general's pencil on the map as he follows the battle and ponders the details of the district where the fighting is in progress.

"He has two gestures. One is persistent and constant. It is his hand rising to his mustache to tug at it slowly and strongly. The other is to wave back into his place in the semi-circle an officer who has come in and made his report. This is a true picture of General Foch commanding in a battle, and the thing that is most impressive is the utter stillness as the semi-circle of officers watches the general before the map."—Fred B. Pitney in Leslie's.

AMERICANS VS. GERMANS

Through Acid Test Without Any Flinching

SPLENDID CONDUCT IN BATTLE.

Here is a Thrilling Account that an Eye Witness Has Told About the First Encounter the Sammies Had With the Fritzes.

In American Trenches in France, April 10.—(Controle American.)—I have just come through the most thrilling experience of my life.

Mingling and touching shoulders with our American troops in their first line trenches, I have seen them shatter their German enemies and carry to a brilliant conclusion the biggest military operation yet attempted by the American army in France.

It will always be one of my most cherished memories that I was privileged to observe with my own eyes the behavior of American troops in their first big "acid test."

And of added interest is the fact that many of the boys whom I bade Godspeed as they went over the top with their bayonets fixed are lads known since they wore knee pants.

Will the American army in France made good? Is the American soldier destined to outstrip the fighters of all other nations in coolness, dash and bravery?

The answer is to be found in the simple narrative I'm going to give of what I heard and saw.

• • •

For some time a German salient opposite a part of the American front had been a source of constant danger and annoyance to our troops. The location of the salient was such that it afforded unusual opportunities for hid snipers and machine gunners, who had, for days, been popping away at every American head that showed itself above the top of the trenches.

It was decided that the salient must be wiped out.

So great was the pressure from officers and men of all the units comprising the regiments designated to make the attack, that it was thought best to permit every company to contribute its quota to the attacking party. But even then difficulties arose, because company commander after commander found every man in his organization stepping to the front when volunteers were called for. In many cases, the attackers were chosen by lot.

The day of the attack was bright and sunshiny, and the warmth of an early spring had sent the army overcoats to cover and everybody was out of doors enjoying the fine weather. I had stood, the day before, in front of one colonel's headquarters and had watched one company quota after another march by in informal review before him and the rest of the regiment, on their way to a little village just back of the lines where they were to meet and be welded into one attacking force.

I have never seen any soldiers in finer fettle than they. Every man among them was proud and cocky to be a member of the first "over the top" party; and as they marched along most of them whistled or sang patriotic songs.

• • •

Dawn the next day found our "over the top" men in their places in the first lines. Then came the long hours of waiting for the attack to begin.

They were to go over the tops in broad day light, after the artillery had succeeded in pulverizing the German trenches, pill-boxes and machine gun complacements.

I had made my way into the trenches shortly after the noon hour and as I passed from place to place there was hardly a face that was able to hide signs of extreme nervousness. There were frequent attempts at levity, but I noticed that very few of the jokes got a "hand."

Nearly every officer and man was smoking.

Soon a colonel came through the trenches, stopping a moment or so to say a few words to every group that he met.

Nowhere had I seen such intimate fellowship between officer and men. The boys crowded around him and eagerly drank in his every word. It was easy to see that he had their entire confidence and that he was a popular leader with them.

"Here is where we show 'em what we're made of, boys," he said a number of times. "The whole world is going to know what we do this afternoon."

• • •

A captain stepped up to him and said:

"Is it true, colonel, that you are going over the tops with us?"

"It is," replied the colonel, quietly.

"But, colonel," protested the captain, "you have no right to risk your life in this fashion."

"I'm not thinking or concerned with that side of it, captain. What I do know is that this attack must be made a success. We can't afford to start off with a fail-down. I'm going over the top ahead of you and your men, because I want you all to realize the importance of success."

• • •

Not very many minutes after this, our artillery, hidden in woods and gullies and under camouflage behind our line, opened up. At first, the firing was desultory, but as the German guns began to reply, our own increased the intensity of their fire until there was nothing but one long deafening roar, louder, from time to time, as the biggest calibres sent their enormous shells screeching and singing over our heads toward the enemy trenches some 300 yards in front of us.

• • •

I thought I had seen violent bombardments in front of Dixmude, up in Belgium, last fall, when in the course of a single day 17,000 shells were exchanged; but that firing was nothing in intensity to what I witnessed on the American front.

In the small space of 30 minutes, during the battle our scores of guns poured more than 10,000 shells into these German trenches and strongholds. And the fire was kept up without a second's pause, for more than four hours!

In our trenches, the initial nervousness of our men soon wore away, and they settled down to their jobs with the seriousness of veterans. Then it was that I had a good chance to study them.

• • •

Folks at home, I never realized until then that our wars are not fought by mature men, but by mere boys. Of course, our new conscript army will be older, but in the American lines with me today was many a lad who is yet to celebrate his twentieth birthday.

Beardless volunteers they were everyone of them; strong limber, clean cut American boys from high schools and factories and offices, most of whom could have stayed out of this war, but who had come in because their veins pulsated with real, red blood, and the spirit of adventure and fight stirred their entire beings.

• • •

A boy I had known for years came hurrying along, saying as he passed me:

"Billy Smith just went over. Got it in the head from a machine gun."

I had known Billy for a fine, big, jovial fellow. His entire company will mourn his loss.

More than one boy looked at his wrist watch as the minute approached to go over the top. But the American artillery fire only increased in volume and everybody began to wonder if it would stop.

"What will we do if it hasn't stopped when the time comes to go over," a captain asked of a colonel.

"Why go right on over," the colonel answered.

• • •

Five minutes before the leap, every man was ready to climb out of the trenches.

Not one out of ten of the entire outfit was showing a trace of nervousness now. They all seemed relieved by the thought that in a few minutes the terrible shelling would stop.

Exactly on the second, the artillery quit firing.

And at the same instant every man went over the top!

To me, peering after them the German trenches seemed at just that minute, miles away.

Practically every German gun had been silenced now, and I could make out clearly our men dodging across No Man's Land toward the enemy trenches.

I went down into the post dugout where, I knew, all reports would be rushed by couriers.

Before the first courier arrived, rockets had gone up from the German trenches.

But they were American rockets and they meant that our troops had gained their first objective.

The first courier stumbled breathless, hatless and perspiring into the dugout, and saluted the officer in charge:

"Sir," he panted, "we are in their trenches. Our artillery has pounded their wires and dugouts all to hell—excuse me, sir—all to pieces; we've captured some prisoners who threw up their hands and surrendered long before we got to them. The rest of the Germans ran away and have retired to their fourth line of defense. We're now blowing up the rest of dugouts. Only two of our men have been killed. From the looks of things I guess we've killed a lot of the enemy."

And so it went for the next hour. Every courier brought good news. There hadn't been a hitch anywhere in the American plans, and everything had gone off like clockwork.

The enemy, who had been taught to sneer at the American army, had run away, refusing to stay and meet our boys, bayonet to bayonet.

THE PRAYER OF THE BELL

People of Verbena, Alabama, Have Adopted Pretty Custom.

There's a little town about 60 miles south of Birmingham on the Louisville and Nashville called Verbena. The town is well named. It is redolent of the old-fashioned southern flower. It is peopled by simple farm folk. Some substantial citizens of Montgomery keep summer homes there.

There are few sounds about the place. An occasional mule team rattles down a red clay road drawing an empty wagon to the general stores or bumps pleasantly back toward the Chilton county hills. Occasionally a gentle wind causes the leaves of the oak trees that shade the town to sigh one of those sighs of content that men breathe after a good meal or a good sermon, or a well rendered piece of music.

It's as peaceful a place as can be found in Alabama or any other place. It might well have been modeled after Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn."

But there's a new sound there now. It is the Angelus of Strife. It calls the people of Verbena not only to worship but to deeds.

Every afternoon at 6 o'clock the bell of the Verbena church rings. It continues to ring for two minutes, and while its brazen song is lifted the people of Verbena stand and pray.

With heads uncovered and bowed, each man, each woman, each child, each saint and each sinner, repeats these words:

"God bless our president, our soldiers and the nation, and guide them to victory."

When the sound begins, the observance of its call is universal. Men halt in the street. Wagons are pulled up on the road. Women rise from their knitting or pause in the cookery, for they have early suppers in Verbena. The plowman halts his work and each repeats the prayer.

Verbena calls it "The Prayer of the Bell," and it is said that men who have never been known to pray before, answer its call dutifully.—Springfield Republican.

—A warrant has been issued for J. Crim Mixon, Jr., assistant city treasurer of Columbia, charging him with "breach of trust with fraudulent intent" on account of an alleged shortage of $20,000 or more in hi saccounts. Mixon had been missing several days.

MUST FACE THE FACTS

Soldiers To Fight and Others to Work.

THE FATE OF ALL IN THE BALANCE

This is No Time for Useless Waste—The Eight Hour Day Should Be Suspended During the Period of the War—Those at Home Must Fill Gaps Left by Those Gone to the Front.

Manufacturers' Record.

At least 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 able-bodied men who have been producers, should be called from business activities into the army, for we should create as rapidly as possible an army of at least 5,000,000 soldiers for fighting in France, and at least 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 more should be trained in this country to take the place of those who are now going over, thus withdrawing from business activities of the farm and the factory and the store 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 of men. We must also turn into munition-making and like activities millions who must produce the things that are needed for war. Thus there will be brought about an enormous labor shortage in the country. There will be a great famine in farm labor, in factory labor and in all other kinds of work.

Unless the young and the old who are not called into camp as soldiers and the laboring men not drafted for army service enormously increase their productive work, we shall have a labor shortage which will mean a lengthened war.

The responsibility of increasing the labor potentiality of the country rests upon every man and woman in it. We must cut out a great amount of labor now done by men, and put them into productive labor. It would be criminal to permit 500,000 men to continue to produce and handle the liquor trade of the country. It would be criminal to continue on the golf courses of the country the thousands of men and boys who are used as caddies. The golfer must learn to carry his own sticks or not to play. It would be criminal to permit able-bodied men, white or black, to do a great deal of the interior work such as they now do as hotel waiters, and in other capacities which can be done by women. Moreover, we must all learn to conserve labor as well as food, and we have no right to expect of hotels the prompt service of bell boys and waiters, to which we have been accustomed in the past. We must learn to depend upon ourselves to a larger extent than heretofore.

Men must be released from employment in many directions in order that they may be turned into productive activities on the farm and in the field and in the office work which must be performed.

The man who insists upon the eight-hour day merely because through the power of a union organization he has been able to force the eight-hour day on the country is not doing his duty to the soldier who is risking his life.

The laboring men of the country owe it to the soldiers and to civilization to increase their hours of labor instead of trying to decrease them.

The eight-hour day for labor at the present time is an outrage upon every soldier who is risking his life and who is working from twelve to fifteen hours a day under the most trying conditions, exposed to all the hardships of the camp and trenches in order to save the labor and the laborer's family from the ruthless barbarism of Germany. We cannot see how an honest-minded laborer can possibly get the consent of his conscience in the sight of God and mankind to be willing to work only eight hours a day in this terrific hour of sacrifice

The farmer and his employes generally work from sunrise to sunset, and, traveling in the south recently, we have seen men ploughing up to 7.30 and 8 o'clock at night, though they had started their work at 6 o'clock in the morning. These men are working long hours, and doing their utmost to increase the output of foodstuffs in order that the mechanic and the clerk and all others may be saved from starvation, but the mechanics, gladly getting the benefit of the long hours of farm labor, are, to a large extent, refusing to work more than eight hours a day, and when they work longer than that they are demanding pay over and above the regular rate per hour. These men have not yet learned the seriousness of the situation. This war has not yet burned itself deep into their souls. Their leaders are using this war situation for the purpose of trying to fasten on the world a shorter laboring day without regard to the cost in lives that this condition now must work.

We believe that President Wilson himself has a duty to perform by publicly appealing, if necessary, over and over again, to the laboring men of the country to lengthen their hours of work, and to recognize that while they are being saved from the dangers of the battlefield they are proving recreant to their responsibilities by reducing their hours of labor and constantly striking over some trifling question. The present situation is a reflection upon the integrity and honesty of heart of the laboring people of this country. We believe they have been unwisely led by self-seeking agitators and officials who feel that their only hope of retaining their domination over labor is to constantly fight to create on the part of laborers a demand for shorter hours of labor.

There may be justification for a fight such as this under some conditions in peace times. We know that no great and successful man ever won his way by limiting his labor to eight hours a day; nevertheless, we are willing to grant in peace times the right of labor to reduce its time to eight hours if need be. But this is not a time of peace; it is a time of unspeakable war, of unvoiceable woe and agony, of suffering such as the world never knew, and at such a time as this every latent power of manhood and womanhood should be quickened into a living, burning patriotism, willing to sacrifice and be sacrificed to save our soldiers and the soldiers of our allies from death.

Every man who lessens his hours of labor is helping to increase the number of deaths of our soldiers, and every organization which collectively or individually brings on a strike of laborers is lengthening the war and adding enormously to the number of men who must suffer the agonies of the battlefield and death itself.

If President Wilson would take this stand before the public, not once only, but repeatedly, and urge these facts, for facts they are, upon the people of the country, we do not believe it would be possible for labor unions to justify themselves in their own conscience for reducing the hours of labor.

We believe, on the contrary, that there is enough of manhood and patriotism in the laboring people of this country, when once they fairly understand the issue, to voluntarily increase their hours of labor. If we did not have this faith in the laboring men of America we would feel that there was but little hope for the future of a country where millions of its able-bodied citizens such as our laboring people, were wholly unwilling to sacrifice something for the soldiers who were dying to save their families, while they earned larger wages than ever before in their lives, and earned every week far more than the soldier is paid per month.

These facts should be published by every paper in America, and reiterated over and over again. They should be proclaimed by every public man who has the nation's welfare at heart, and who is willing to tell the truth to the public, even if, temporarily, he loses a few votes thereby.

Have we in public life men of sufficient integrity, men who dare to go contrary to the present attitude of a large body of people and preach this doctrine, that the laboring man of the country should by longer hours fill up the vacuum created by the millions of men drawn into our armies?

Upon the answer to this question may rest the future of all civilization.

JAPAN AND THE ALLIES

Flowery Kingdom Has Been True to Her Undertakings

The action of Japan in landing troops at Vladivostok to protect her interests and those of the Allies has called out varying comment. There is a considerable hostility to Japan in this country which begets suspicion of everything she does. The opposition of the trades unions of San Francisco and other west coast cities and of the farmers of California, due to fear of local Japanese competition, has been given national importance by attempts through state legislation to violate the treaty rights of Japanese aliens resident on the coast. Race prejudice in our people has been fanned by the unfair and bitter exploitation of irresponsible newspapers. To this has been added the sincere feeling of distrust of Japan among American friends of China, who credit Japanese statesmen with the desire to control Chinese politics, business and development for the benefit of Japan. On the other hand, the unfortunate race troubles in California, especially in respect of alien land holding and use of schools and the not wholly satisfactory solution of them, have served to confirm in the minds of the Japanese people a growing conviction of the unfriendliness of America toward them. By action and reaction, the ancient bond of warm friendship between the two peoples has been weakened.

The warnings of Mr. Hobson against the danger of Japanese attack upon us have been given more attention than they deserve. The senate of the United States dignified them by a resolution directed against supposed Japanese plotting for a foothold at Magialena Bay, when there was no basis at all for the suggestion. The Zimmermann letter to Mexico, inviting her to secure Japan's assistance in attacking the United States on her southern border and taking Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, fed fuel to the embers of suspicion. From time to time the public has been regaled with the suggestion that Japan, violating her express treaty obligation to England and her obligation of honor to all her Allies in this war, would combine with Germany and make a formidable combination against us. Japan's failure to send an army to the Western front has been emphasized as a circumstance showing her unwillingness to join in real defeat of Germany.

All these insinuations do injustice to Japan. Japan's attitude in respect to China is not unlike ours in our Monroe Doctrine. She thinks she has a justified interest in preventing the exploitation of China by European powers and the establishment by them of powerful bases of territorial control in her immediate neighborhood. She seeks therefore to maintain a right to be consulted when China proposes to make governmental concessions to occidental powers. In this field of home action there is ground for controversy over the issue whether Japan is dealing justly with China and whether she is not using duress to acquire a guardianship over her inconsistent with independence. Viscount Ishii has assured us that Japan is pledged to the open door for all in trade with China, and no specific instance of its solution has been shown. Insisting on our Monroe Doctrine, we must make a nice distinction to condemn Japan's assertion of a similar policy in respect to a close and weak neighbor who for years has been subjected by European countries to unjust pressure for concessions of territory and privileges.

Those who fear Japan's uniting with Germany against us should remember that to Germany Japan charges her great national l umiliation after she had won the victory in her war against China and by treaty had secured Port Arthur. It was Germany who spoke for the European powers in compelling Japan to give it up. Japan has not forgotten it. In the performance of her treaty obligations with us and with England Japan has been scrupulously honorable. In maintaining her right to be classed with the great civilized powers Japan has been more sensitive in fulfilling her promises than we have been in our dealing with China. Since 1909 Japan has had with us a gentleman's agreement, not embraced in formal treaty, to keep down Japanese immigration by withholding consular certificates necessary for emigrants from her country. She has faithfully kept it. In six years the number of Japanese male laborers in this country was thus reduced by 15,000.

We do not realize how much Japan has helped the Allies in this war. By her capture of the German stronghold in China and the German island in the Pacific she has cleared the Allied traffic in that ocean from attack. She has by her torpedo destroyers guarded the troopships and commerce of Great Britain from India and Australia and from far east through the Mediterranean. She has not sent a large army because of the difficulty, danger and cost of transportation and because of her fear of the effect of such European service on the morale of her troops. She has made and furnished to Russia war material essential to her campaigns. She is naturally anxious to prevent the Germans from establishing, through her released prisoners and by their intrigues with the Bolsheviki, a new Pacific base at Vladivostok. So may we and all her other Allies be anxious. Japan finds further ground for landing troops in Vladivostok in her own domiciled citizens in the state of anarchy there existing. More than this, there are many war supplies stored in Vladivostok furnished by Japan's merchants to Russia and not paid for. We can be confident she will observe her honorable obligation to retire from Vladivostok when the just reason for her use of force there ceases.

The total number of Japanese residents in this country engaged in business or labor probably does not exceed 85,000, and of these perhaps 64,000 are on the Pacific coast, 10,000 in the Rocky Mountain region and the rest in the east. Those in California are less than 3 per cent of the population of the state. They are industrious as farmers and laborers and they know the value of their products and their labor. They are generally law-abiding. These facts show that the intense feeling against them finds little of justice to support it.

We hurt Japan's pride in refusing Japanese residents the rights to become American citizens. This is the crux in our relations. With the number of Japanese residents so small and within control as it is and with our naturalization restrictions as to literacy and knowledge of English the Japanese vote would have little weight or danger even on the west coast. The concession would clear all clouds between us and our Allies of the land of the Rising Sun.—William Howard Taft in Philadelphia Ledger.

WINNING THE WAR

Congress Adopts Practical Means to Bring this Result.

On the first day of April the congress of the United States did one of the most practical things it has yet done to win the present war. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, introduced a concurrent resolution which was immediately passed by both houses of congress, as follows:

"Resolved by the senate (the house of representatives concurring), That, it being a duty peculiarly incumbent in a time of war humbly and devoutly to acknowledge our dependence on Almighty God and to implore his aid and protection, the president of the United States be, and he is hereby, respectfully requested to recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer, and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnity and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of our cause, his blessings on our arms, and speedy restoration of an honorable and lasting peace to the nations of the earth."

The Sunday School Times of Philadelphia, after passage of the above resolution, requested statements from various senators and representatives in congress. Introducing Hon. W. F. Stevenson as "one of the coming legal lights in the house, though a new member," the Times quotes Mr. Stevenson as follows:

"The fact that congress unanimously passed this concurrent resolution is impressive evidence of the need of such a day of national humiliation and fasting and prayer as is proposed. It is indicative of the state of mind of congress at the present time—and the feeling in congress over the events of the last few weeks is much sobered. I believe that our country will be involved to the extent of several millions of men before this war ends. Surely if we do not smash the enemy's lines this summer there will be a call for a million and a half more men. We say that our belief is in the righteousness of our cause and in our faith in God—that we stand on the side of whatever is right in national affairs; if we really believe what we are saying about this, there never was a bettr time to implore him for help."

PRACTICAL ECONOMIES

Some Easy Ways to Make Savings in the Home.

With Liberty bonds and war saving stamps and taxes of all kinds to meet, we are all delighted to learn of any reasonable economies which we can practice just as well as not. A true economy, you know, is not going without what we need, but it is rather making the best of what we have.

Every home collects large quantities of paper. Sometimes this can be sold, and at others part of it at least amounts to just as much to use at home. When the children tease for something to do, give them a basin of water and a bundle of newspapers. Show them how to tear off single sheets of newspaper, how to moisten it thoroughly, and pack it into a tight ball. This is really more fun than making mud pies and not nearly so mussy.

The balls can be tossed into a box and allowed to dry in the sun. They should be tightly wadded to be just right. They can be burned in the range and will give heat enough to boil the tea kettle or to get a light breakfast, and will take the chill from the room if burned in the open fireplace.

Save all the ends and odds of soap from both the bath room and the kitchen until a quantity of these has been collected. Melt them in a basin with three times their own quantity of water. Beat in a tablespoonful of borax to each pint of the jelly, and store in tumblers. This is excellent to use at the sink in the kitchen or for making a suds to wash out colored garments.

Keep a stock pot for soup which will take care of every left-over scrap of meat, gravy and suitable vegetables. By saving and drying celery tips and parsley, and utilizing all remnants, a good soup is always available, especially if one keeps a few chicken or beef buillion cubes on hand for flavoring. When such stock is used to dilute canned soups, the result is very delicious and nourishing.