

CHATTANOOGA NEWS

Published by the CHATTANOOGA NEWS CO. Entered at the Chattanooga Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Special Advertising Agents: John M. Branham Co., Brunswick building, New York; Mailers' building, Chicago; Chemical building, St. Louis.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. By Carrier, 3 months \$3.15, 6 months \$5.70, 12 months \$10.00.

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The Philippine congress has adjourned, but our own dear American institution is hardly ever guilty of such indiscretion.

Some of our exchanges are apparently inclined to think the Amsterdam correspondent formerly did business at Mole St. Nicholas.

China furnishes a unique incident in the spread of democracy. The president comes right out and says he is not the man for the place.

A Russian wrestler, now in this country, predicts that Kereny will "come back" and save the country—a very sublime exhibition of faith.

With Henry Ford's \$1,000,000 libel suit in his hands, the Chicago Tribune may not have as much time, as otherwise, to tell the south of its sins.

German soldiers are forbidden to read socialist literature, which indicates that the junkers are apprehensive about the spread of bolshevism.

The food administration considers coffee food for price regulation purposes, and an exchange wants to know if ice can't be put in the same category.

We agree with the Savannah News that we can forego knowledge of details of the plan for conquering the submarine if assured that it is up to specifications.

Senator McCumber has introduced a bill to put the price of wheat at \$2.75, but consumers will be inclined to wonder why he so generously omitted that other quarter.

As President Schurmann, of Cornell university, said, the food problem is the one of most difficulty. The government should not delay in the use of food cards any longer.

Peace with Russia without a treaty makes the Huns suspicious. If the agreement were written and signed up, they could understand it better. Then it would be a scrap of paper.

The New York World thinks Abdul Hamid was born too soon. He might have saved himself a funeral bill and innumerable grocery bills, and the world much distress, if he had not been born at all.

Mayor Hyman says he has discovered that New York has approached within \$10,000,000 of its borrowing limit. But what will Tammany do without bond issues and fat contracts?

The death of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, late British ambassador to this country, is a matter of general regret. His service and residence at Washington had given American people a liking for him. They will be sorry to learn that he died before getting back home.

The funny thing about Bolu Pasha's methods was that he induced newspapers to publish not pacific but extremely bellicose articles. The pan-German party then used these in Germany as evidence to show that their course was justified.

The members of the mob at Estill Springs were none of them masked. They did their part without concealment. There is no question as to the gruesome details of that affair. Gov. Rye no doubt has all the facts in his possession. This occurred in Tennessee, close to our doors.

Bolu Pasha's sensational trial and prompt conviction is in accord with the general public belief in France and in other countries that he was guilty. The plotter who seeks to turn the republic of France from its purpose will thus face the firing squad. Some of the most important evidence on which he was convicted came from the United States. Bolu Pasha's name will go into history along with that of Benedict Arnold, though the one is likely to be punished and the latter was not.

NO CONTESTS, WE HOPE. It is unlikely, it is said, that the republicans of the county will make any judicial nominations this year. The democratic judicial ticket as so far chosen is one that ought to be, and we are sure is, satisfactory to members of the bar and litigants, as well as to the people generally. Judge S. D. McReynolds has been nominated for a second term as criminal judge, an office which he has held most acceptably. Judge W. B. Garvin, who was appointed by Gov. Rye as chancellor to succeed the late Judge McConnell, has made a most admirable record, and to succeed Judge Nathan Bachman, who is about to be elected to the supreme court, Hon. Oscar Yarnall has been nominated for circuit judge.

This is a year when partisan politics ought to be kept in the background, and it is to be hoped that there will be no contests over these offices for which such excellent nominations already have been made.

SCARCELY BELIEVABLE.

Astonishing is the news from Europe today. According to the reports that come through Holland, Germany is about to renew the war on northern Russia. It seems that the Best-Litovsk negotiations broke up in a row because the central powers would not concede to the Russians on the question of evacuating occupied territory. It was then that Trotsky declared the war at an end, but refused to sign a peace. Now the kaiser has held a conference with his military advisers and declares that the armistice has expired and that even if Russia is not at war with Germany, the latter country will continue the war with Russia. Probably the main interest of Germany now is to get the fruits of the peace with the Ukraine, Germany and Austria-Hungary are on the verge of starvation and must secure foodstuffs from the Odessa region. The bolsheviks are invading the Ukraine and threatening the new republic. Evidently it is Germany's intention to send a force in the Ukraine so as to protect that region. They may also advance on Petrograd. This was the threatened outcome in Russia from the first break-up. Logically there would be civil war and the Germans would assist the faction where interest lay.

But what of Germany's attitude before the world in renewing an obviously unjust and unnecessary war and occupying more territory? What will be the effect on its own people? How may such ruthless aggression, the most heinous in a long series of offenses, be taken?

The theory of Trotsky and Lenin is that the Germans may enter their lands, where they will be surrounded by a starving people, but thereby they will win no advantage for themselves. Napoleon marched too far into Russia. It would take millions of Germans really to occupy that great land. The troops are needed elsewhere.

The news is of such strange import that we can scarcely credit its accuracy.

"UNTIL TOO LATE."

The following thoughtful observation is taken from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Somehow, people don't think of such things until it is too late, but as one gazes at the figures one cannot help thinking of all the really useful, beautiful, humane and wonderful works which might have been completed for a fraction of the cost of the war."

What a wonderful old world this would be if all the treasures and energies and property which have been sacrificed in wars had been utilized in improving and building the waste places and providing facilities for comfort to make the old planet a fit place to live in! What a veritable spirit of inferno that leads us to fight, to kill and to destroy! What a confession of the impotence of our boasted civilization!

There are people, even heads of nations, who do sense in advance war's horrors, men who fain would sit down and count the cost, but there is a school of statesmanship in Europe which considers war as a great game and which only waits convenient opportunity to precipitate it among the children of men. The balance of the world has not yet perfected a means to isolate or neutralize this menace to peace. The hopes of mankind are built upon its accomplishments in the settlement of the present great conflict.

The seeds of war are sown and cultivated in secret diplomacy and in withholding from the people the right to determine their own affairs. They find good soil in suspicious and jealous rivalries. Insidious propagation of international hatreds, which often have no real cause, serve to fertilize the spirit of militarism. Finally, a stage is reached wherein the world becomes a sort of powder magazine which only needs a match to cause an explosion.

The populace are thrown into the breach and at each others throats, though they may never have known or had cause for bearing each other the slightest ill will. Then some feudal despot sits on his throne of safety and decrees that the butchery must continue. Until civilization is willing to acknowledge its vassalage! People do not think enough of the awful consequences "until it is too late," as the Chronicle suggests. But they are doing considerable thinking just now. They are bearing the burden without complaint, but they will be heard from if every effort is not put forth to make the settlement one to last for all time. It will take the world a long time to recover from the effects of this supreme struggle—if such a thing is even possible. The back of labor will be bent for generations yet unborn. If again we listen to the siren song and are impressed with the tinsel of military pomp, our terrible lessons will have been learned in vain.

Sometimes Col. George B. M. Harvey hits the nail on the head. In the midst of a mess of rather cheap criticism of the war department he calls attention to one thing that is being bent for generations yet unborn. If again we listen to the siren song and are impressed with the tinsel of military pomp, our terrible lessons will have been learned in vain.

STEEL AGE PASSING.

In one of his syndicate letters Fred-eric J. Haskin discusses the approach of a period when we shall have "a world without iron." Among other things, he said: "The accessible mines of the world are all being worked to the limit of their producing capacity. Throughout our own west mining regions that have long been dull or deserted are booming with business. That red stream of molten metal, which is the life blood of industry and as necessary to war as the blood of men, is pouring from the furnaces in such volume as the world has never seen before. Millions of tons of steel are being hurled away on the battlefield, and they are destroying millions of other tons in structures and carriers that must be replaced after the war; it is a double waste.

"This is all obvious. But where does it lead? Has the world such resources of metals that it can afford to throw them away? For while men and crops and herds will spring up to take the place of those destroyed, the metals that we take out of the earth, and also the coal and the oil, are limited in amount and do not reproduce themselves; when they are used, there will be no more."

The foregoing presents a rather ominous picture from which numerous lessons may be drawn. One of them is the alarming sluggishness with which we absorb the necessity of conservation. We use our resources in a prodigal manner until we get down to "the very red" before ever concerning ourselves about a continuous supply for the future. It has been so with our timber, our soils, our coal, our iron and our petroleum. When available supplies are approaching exhaustion, the matter of conservation becomes irksome and difficult.

Mr. Haskin notes a statement from Andrew Carnegie fifteen or sixteen years ago that the supply of first-class iron ore would only last sixty or seventy years, but declares that a more recent study by the geological survey indicates that Mr. Carnegie's limit may be considerably extended. The rapid development and exploitation of ore beds coupled with the gradual decay of steel structures bring nearer an inevitable crisis when substitutes or supplements must be devised and determined upon. In this connection, it is pointed out that whereas the past century or two have been characterized as the "steel age," scientists now predict that a cement age is impending.

Steel has always played such an important role in warfare that some curiosity is aroused as to what men will fight with, assuming that there will come a time when weapons of steel can no longer be obtained in quantities. It is interesting to note that Mr. Haskin does not speculate upon the possibility of a time when men shall no longer want to fight as worth considering, but it is conceivable that the exhaustion of war necessities might compel more attention to the production of the things more conducive to the comforts and conveniences of life. Many shifts of population and methods of civilization are foreseen in the adjustment of the world to the new order.

What is said above takes stock largely of first-class iron—ores that yield 60 to 70 per cent. of metallic iron. The quantity of the poorer grades available is, of course, much greater. These are gradually being brought into use and will make possible the use of iron and steel in the industries many generations longer. But extraction of the pure metal from low grade ores is more expensive and difficult than with the better ores. Supplementing the use of steel with concrete in construction work will, however, tend by so much to relieve the strain of the demand upon the metal, the life of which may be lengthened still further by the application of more intensive methods of salvage and reclamation.

One of the difficulties which is shown as making the production of steel more expensive and difficult is the exhaustion of ore beds which are in proximity to the coal- or coke- used in the conversion processes. Already ore is being imported from Cuba and even from Chile. Lapland has large deposits of iron, some of which, in times of peace, have been brought to this country. It may be, and probably is true, that the regions adjacent to both poles are rich in minerals, but means of investigation and development have not yet been devised. The situation suggests a policy of economy, conservation and substitution.

TWO EXTREMES.

Sir Gilbert Murray, one of the ablest of the English writers on the war, thinks the danger is from extremists. He says: "As so often in the war, the whole interests of the world are threatened with disaster by the two extreme parties. To make a revolution here would be ruin. To use the German and Austrian revolution, if it comes, as a mere instrument for conquering and injuring those nations and extending the British empire would be almost as ruinous, and even more wicked."

He says the military party in his country hates Russia, hates revolution and suspects every one. On the other side there is an immense wave of democratic sentiment. "They have no sufferings to complain of except overwork, and do not pretend they have, but they hate war for quite good motives," he says. "They hate, with some justification, the methods of the ministry of munitions, and they are just in a mood to pick quarrels. They are angry at their wives having to stand for hours in queues, and then perhaps come away without butter or meat. They are full of wild suspicions of profiteering and food hoarding. They loathe the government press, with its atmosphere of intrigue and camouflage and one-sided war propaganda. "Their heart goes out to the Berlin strikers, and they want to strike out of sympathy."

WHY NOT, INDEED?

With Rumania compensated out of former Russian territory, Bulgaria compensated out of former Albanian territory, Serbia compensated out of former Polish territory, and the bolsheviks compensated out of the "bolsheviks," why should not the war stop some time?—Galveston News.

It's just as easy as a flash when you think about it. And the plan suggested has heretofore been quite a fashionable one in the settlement of European quarrels. It is altogether probable that it would obtain a much readier hearing in Germany than a proposition based upon international ethics.

The president, however, has some original ideas which he wants to see tried out. He is not so much averse to the remaking of the world's map as he is concerned about its staying put. We want it so adjusted that we can take our minds off of it and think of something else.

UNEXAMPLED IN HISTORY.

David Lawrence telegraphs from Washington to the New York Evening Post:

"The president has been beset heretofore by the fears of many of his supporters that peace discussion was injurious to the morale of this nation, especially when just beginning to prepare for war. Sufficient progress toward an understanding of Mr. Wilson's purposes has now been made so that official Washington no longer is apprehensive about the effect in this country of a statement of peace terms."

Nothing like the present series of exchanges of views ever before occurred in the world's history. They are made possible by the fact that some of the cables between the belligerents are not cut, and in addition the wireless is used.

The president is seeking to bring the combatants to an agreement on principles. Then the details will be taken up. Many of these may be practically agreed upon before a peace council actually is held.

A great advantage of the method now being employed is its openness. Nothing is secret. There can be no intrigue. Every leader must expose his hand. "This is what has proved so hard for the enemy, and if they are shedding unnecessary blood on the east they will not be able to continue the negotiations at all."

The War in Society.

"Henry, I don't like Mrs. Jenkins." "No." "She's so—abreast." "So what, Clara?" "Abreast. So up on the war." "Not a defect in it?" "Yes, because she doesn't really know. When I give up a whole day to the Red Cross and have to get the children off to Aunt Emma's and all, I don't have time to read the morning paper, and she bursts in on us and says, 'Oh, isn't it awful about Kaledines?' or, 'Oh, isn't it grand about Cambrai?' and it makes me pretty hot to think we none of us have the time to read a little and know her up! Now she's going around and telling everybody that what we need to win the war is unity."

"The already has four knitting bags; she has a little and she has the time to read a little and know her up! Now she's going around and telling everybody that what we need to win the war is unity. "The reverse of taking your pleasures sadly?" "Yes. When there's a gap in the conversation and somebody has to fill ever, tend by so much to relieve the strain of the demand upon the metal, the life of which may be lengthened still further by the application of more intensive methods of salvage and reclamation."

Some Birds of Towms.

(Columbia State.) Pigeon Roost, Ky. Lark, N. Dak. Parrot, Ky. Sparrow, Ky. Swallow, Ky. Wren, S. C. Crow, W. Va. Blue Jay, W. Va. Nightingale, Ala.

Audience Disappointed.

(New York Times.) A chorus of boos, catcalls and hisses greeted the Hippodrome last night when, at the close of the overture which began the Chicago opera concert for the benefit of Italian and French war orphans, it was announced that Amelia Galli-Curci, the soprano, soprano who has aroused tremendous enthusiasm in the musical public of New York in the last fortnight, had a cold and would be unable to appear. Several hundred of the audience, mostly young people, were jammed in the lobby around the box office for an hour waiting to get their tickets valued to be refunded today, and among those who stayed through the performance by other members of the Chicago company there was much voluble dissatisfaction.

Rosa Raisa, who has received much praise as a dramatic soprano, was also unable to appear for the same reason. In both cases officials of the Chicago opera attributed the hoarseness of the singers, with whom such misfortunes have been extremely frequent, to the change to the New York air, and particularly to the vagaries of the New York climate in the last few days.

Mme. Galli-Curci's cold caused the cancellation of the matinee of "Roméo and Juliet," in which she was to appear this afternoon. In its place will be substituted a matinee of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" on Wednesday, by which time it is expected that she will be able to sing. Tickets for today's matinee will be good for Wednesday, and for any unable to go on that day there will be a refund. It is expected that Miss Raisa will be able to sing on Wednesday night in the first performance of Mascagni's "Isabeau."

Does Wall Street Know?

(Louisville Evening Post.) Discussing the engrossing question of possible peace, the New Republic observes: "Stock exchange operators, to judge by the behavior of quotations, are taking the rumors of peace more seriously than the editors of the metro-

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

By Condo



THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

(Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. The New York Evening World.) Mr. Jarr was a little late the other evening, and when he did reach home he found Mrs. Jarr greatly perturbed.

"Now, my dear," began Mr. Jarr, "I've telephoned you I'd be late, and I swear, cross my heart, I haven't touched a drop. I just dropped in at the club a minute and talked with the fellows, and—"

"Oh, what do I care where you've been or what you've been doing?" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "But, of course, if we were all dead and laid in our graves you'd stop in at the club. And it is fatal, you know that?"

"What's fatal? What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why, the whooping cough!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Yes, the whooping cough! The children have it, and I've been so careful with them, too! But Willie simply won't wear his rubbers, and Emma went out last Wednesday without her mittens and now see what's happened!"

"Of course I'm sure, and now for six weeks I won't be able to get out of the house." "Why not?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Whooping cough isn't fatal!" "Yes, it is, it's often fatal," said Mrs. Jarr. "I think people who have children that have the whooping cough and let them run the streets and go to school and infect other children should be put in jail!"

"I think so, too," said Mr. Jarr. "Or, at least, they might wear people or carry a sign in the street cars saying 'Keep Away. Our Children Have Whooping Cough at Home!' For you know whooping cough can be carried in people's clothes." "I suppose you telephoned Mrs. Rangle to keep her children away from our house?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Didn't do anything of the kind!" replied Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I've got other things to do besides making a telephone bureau of myself. Nobody warned me. Why should I warn anybody? Besides, I want to go to the knitting league tomorrow, and if those gabby women and Mrs. Rangle is the worst, I knew it they'd be telling me to keep away from them!"

Just then a muffled and very hoarse politan newspaper. The stock exchange does not believe that the peace is as remote as ever. This editorial writers insist on believing. Both groups of authorities have access, presumably, to the same information. Both employ, presumably, the same logical apparatus for drawing conclusions from the facts. Which group of authorities should we, the plain people, who have access to only fragmentary information, be safest in following? Most of us would select the stock exchange operators. It is not that we are under the delusion that the hard-headed business man can see farther into the future than the only less hard-headed editorial writer. But the stock exchange stakes its money on its belief, while the editorial office stakes only its reputation.

Let us say at the outset that the average man in the street has just as much information about the war, provided he cares to take the trouble to read all that is offered him, as any man connected with any newspaper. The newspapers have no "inside information" about war and peace. What they hear they immediately publish. When they draw deductions, or attempt prophecy, they use the matter that has appeared in their news columns as a basis for the argument.

With the stock exchange the situation is radically different. Stock quotations, when they depend upon such a thing as a possibility of early peace, are governed mainly by rumor. If there is such a thing as "inside information" about peace in Wall street it is certainly confined to a very few. So far as actual, specific information goes the man on the stock exchange who bets his money on the possibilities of peace has the same information, no more or less, than the ordinary man who reads the newspapers. But there is a strong feeling about Wall street that there is big money to be made by learning or guessing the coming of peace. Therefore, the doings of the big operators are watched very closely. If they begin to buy, the rumor is soon about that somebody has secured "inside information" about the coming of peace.

such a simple melody and the song appeared to them. The British soldiers adopted "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" at the beginning of this war for the same reason. The American soldiers have not yet chosen the song they will sing most eagerly, but several are being vigorously sung, and from them may yet come the one song that will outlast them all.

One of the new favorites in training camps has the following ridiculous words, which can be fitted to the first melody that runs through one's mind, a quality to make them successful as a soldier song: "Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw! Good-by, maw, with yer old hee-haw! I may not know what this war's all about, But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out!"

And O, my sweetheart, don't you fear, I'll bring you a Turk an' a kaiser, too. An' that's about all one feller can do!" There's a note of pure fun in these words that will appeal to the soldiers, because they know how hard they are engaged in such serious business that when they are resting they want the extremes of frivolity. The man who sings of home and mother in a war camp quickly makes himself unpopular.

SULLIVAN WANTED TO GO TO CONGRESS

(Washington Post.) "Like his predecessor in the ring, John Morrissey, the late John L. Sullivan entertained a secret ambition to be elected to congress," remarked Jerry Halsey, of Boston, at the Willard. "But Morrissey succeeded where Sullivan failed. I happened to be with Sullivan here in Washington a few years ago, and the big fighter, who after all was a better philosopher than many men, took me out on Pennsylvania avenue, and pointing to the dome of the capitol, said to me: 'I would like to have gone up there like Morrissey did if I had grabbed the opportunity. My friends wanted to send me to congress, but I wouldn't let them, and now, when I'd like to go, it's too late. Morrissey had more sense than I. When he quit the ring he looked ahead. Maybe he didn't adorn congress, but he made capital out of it.'"

"I think Morrissey was the greatest fighter that ever entered the prize ring," Sullivan told me. "The battle between John C. Heenan and Morrissey, in Sullivan's opinion, was the greatest fight in the history of the ring. "Sullivan was really a gentleman at heart. He was human, and he knew his fallings. For a man as big and strong as he was, he was exceedingly sensitive. He knew he had no education, but he really enjoyed editing his speeches, if they could be called that, with the phrase, 'Yours truly, John L. Sullivan.'"

Hot Water for Sick Headaches

Tells why everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it before breakfast.

Headache of any kind is caused by auto-intoxication—which means self-poisoning. Liver and bowel poisons called toxins, sucked into the blood, through the lymph ducts, excite the heart, which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head, producing violent, throbbing pain and distress, called headache. You become nervous, dependent, sick, feverish and miserable. Your meals sour and almost nauseate you. Then you resort to acetanilide, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritant toxins. A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, drunk before breakfast for awhile, will not only wash these poisons from your system and cure your headache, but will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary canal. Ask your pharmacist for a quarter pound of limestone phosphate. It is inexpensive, harmless as sugar. If you aren't feeling your best, if tongue is coated or you wake up with bad taste, foul breath or have colds, indigestion, biliousness, constipation or sour, acid stomach, begin the phosphate hot water cure to rid your system of toxins and poisons.—(Adv.)

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SUFFERED AGONIES WITH HER HEAD

Was Almost Desperate, Says Arkansas Lady, but Relief Finally Obtained Through Use of Cardui.

Ft. Smith, Ark.—Mrs. I. B. Clift, of this place, writes: "I am the wife of a groceryman in Ft. Smith, also Van Buren, Ark. For the benefit of my friends and all other women, I am writing this.

"I have been troubled all my life with... All my life, from the time I was 13 years old, I suffered agony with pain in my head... Our family physician doctored me but did me no good. A friend told me about Cardui, and how much good it had done for other women. I was almost desperate, so I decided to try it. I took two bottles... and felt so much better in every way that I took another bottle, then another, which made my fourth bottle. That has been five years ago, and I have been... ever since. I think Cardui is a wonderful medicine, and I advise all women, who suffer from womanly troubles, to take it." "Cardui is recommended for weak, ailing women, who need a strengthening tonic medicine to help build them up, and assist in restoring normal, natural conditions. If you suffer, as most women do, at times, from womanly troubles, try Cardui, the woman's tonic. Forty years of successful use, are back of it. At all druggists.—(Adv.)