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It seems just about as hard to keep George Creel from talking as the Colonel.

"Why not wise out the U-boat?" inquires a headline. We're for it. Why not?

Perhaps it was threats of the draft, but it seems now that there will be candidates a-plenty.

Mr. Hoover wants us to continue our wheat savings. Well, that's what we're doing, ain't we?

It occurs to us that a genuine battle on the high seas is just what the allied fleet is looking for.

The launching of sixteen ships will represent the Pacific coast's idea of a safe and sane Fourth of July.

Now that the Colonel and "Dear Will" have made peace, shall they be classified with other pacifists?

Lady Randolph Churchill, who seems out after the Nat Goodwin record, is soon to take on her third husband.

The Red Cross drive brought in \$166,489,291, two-thirds more than was asked, and they are not yet done counting.

It becomes more and more apparent every day that the responsibility of saving the situation in Europe is devolving upon America.

We are still unable to report the progress of the aircraft investigation, but American airmen are assuredly getting in the game in Europe.

Considerable time and effort have been expended in rounding up draft slackers. A drive is now being organized to go after the money slacker.

Railroad earnings for April show a decided improvement over previous months. They are expected to mount up rapidly after the new rates go into effect.

The social democracy of Germany has washed its hands of the imperial campaign of the kaiser. But it hasn't washed the blood off that beastly enterprise.

Pullman rates are to be boosted along with railroad passenger rates. The item does not state whether they will get high enough to reach the porter.

Nearly every industry which is not engaged in production essential to the winning of the war is using either coal or manpower, but of which are essential.

A dispatch, referring to the Oatend and Zeebrugge incidents, says that "the U-boats have been damned," but an exchange wants to know why it is spelled that way.

London declares that 1,127 airplanes were destroyed during May, but does not state whose they were. It is a pretty safe guess, however, whose most of them were.

Poor folks in Turkey are said to be subsisting on chestnuts and pumpkin seeds. But the Turks are probably not the only people whom the kaiser feeds on chestnuts.

Members of the British house of commons are exempted from military service on account of doing "work of national importance." The nature of this work is not stated.

If Gen. Crowder's order puts baseball to the bum, perhaps the boys in France will be better reconciled to their lot. The folks at home won't have much on them.

Gov. Capper thinks the cotton goods producer is entitled to scant consideration, which is even so. But the governor has all along insisted on putting wheat prices in the loft.

A newspaper scribe remarks that "the government has made the path of the railroad employe smooth enough, but the way of the traveler is filled with hot clinders and coal suit."

Premier Count Tseruchi seems to think there is no "present" probability of a German-Japanese alliance, but the abhorrence of the idea doesn't seem so manifest as one might wish.

Recalling that Josephus Daniels was once ordered as "Mr. Bryan's secretary of the navy," a writer in the Memphis News-Scimitar thinks it "a pity that Mr. Bryan did not pick all of the cabinet."

ON HISTORIC GROUND

Evidence of the pressure of the French reserves being brought in by Foch is showing in the recapture of several strategic points southwest of Soissons. The Hun also indicates a halting step in his march eastward to widen his salient on the Marne. The worst, unquestionably, is over. He may advance a few miles down the Marne from Chateau Thierry, but that he will ever get his siege guns in a position where they can reach even the outer defenses of the great capital is very much to be doubted. This is the third gigantic effort to break the allied line, and like the others, it has signally failed. The old expression, "So near and yet so far," exemplifies the situation for those afflicted with the "furor Teutonicus."

About Paris is a line of defenses whose circumference is seventy-five miles. It would take an army of 500,000 men to invest that city alone, and it may be defended by a force not one-fourth so large. Some of the forts are on eminences of 500 feet or over and command the valleys of the Seine, the Oise and the Marne. The outskirts of the defenses are at a distance of eleven miles from the Louvre. No city in the world has a more modern system of defenses than that which is the German objective.

However, a bombardment of this great city with its over three million people would have horrors that are unthinkable. The invaders will be stopped long before they can gratify their gloating lust for the bloodshed of noncombatants and the beautiful city where for centuries the highest civilization of the world has been shown will be spared.

But if the worst comes to the worst the defenses of Paris will protect the city from occupation. In 1870 and 1871 with forts only half as strong the city held out for months.

The battlefields of the campaign are historic and the chivalry of the France of today is kept alive by their memories. Rheims is the crowning place of French kings. As a tribute to the heroic courage of the early Remi the Emperor Agrippa here erected a gate in honor of Mars. At Compienne was the hunting lodge of the royalty and the great forest of 36,000 acres will furnish a much-needed vantage for defense. Here Joan of Arc was captured, and all through the white clay hills of Champagne she inspired the hosts she led to victory and for the freedom of France. At Chalons to the southeast is the great military field of 30,000 acres, where for nearly a century French armies have been trained.

The Marne drains one of the loveliest valleys in the world. The hills about Rheims are covered with the arbors from which the best vintage of champagne is secured. The river is a considerable stream and with its canals furnishes the means of transportation for a large population. Now it offers a formidable obstacle to an invading enemy.

In this very region, in 451, Attila the Hun was defeated by the Gauls and his power broken. The modern Germans are not, as we are inclined from their conduct to believe, descended from the Huns. They are called by that name from the barbaric acts of their armies, and the cue was taken from the injunction of Kaiser Wilhelm to his troops departing for China in the Boxes war that they should conduct themselves toward the Chinese as did the Huns of old.

In the degeneration of Germany under the influence of militarism we witness the penalty which a nation, however civilized, must pay for surrender to the rule of despotism and the sword. It is to destroy this menace that the forces of democracy are marshaling as did the people of Rome and Gaul in the same valley of the Marne to drive out the savage invaders and save civilization from such a fall as it was threatened with fifteen hundred years ago.

There may be dark days ahead. We may have to go down into the shadow. But just as sure as we keep our weapons clean and hold steadfast to the highest ideals such as are set forth by our worthy leader we shall finally draw to ourselves such forces as will conquer.

OWNING THE TELEPHONES

Earl Goodwin, who has been urging through the columns of the Washington Times the taking over of the telephone service of the national capital, is one of those public ownership advocates who finds numerous pearls in showings that, not only everything is gold that glitters, but much is gold which might ordinarily be taken for lead. If the district government will only condemn and buy the telephone system it will strike a bonanza which will put Aladdin's lamp to shame!

One thing which has apparently given a stimulus to Mr. Goodwin's crusade is an appeal which the district telephone company has lately made for an increase of rates. This was probably prompted by the rather wide-flung spirit of war-profiteering, but we may assume that the public utilities commission will take proper care of that. The proposition, however, in which Mr. Goodwin is so deeply interested proposes the public ownership of the telephones, a reduction of the rates and an amplification of the service. Anything else you may want can be had for the asking.

Mr. Goodwin warns the company that if the increases which it asked had been granted, the extra money taken in would pay for the entire plant in a few months. To the citizens' federation he declares: "The federation should remember, too, that the government offers to extend the local telephone service at a lower rate; while the telephone company begged to reduce the service and charge a higher rate."

This is a very pretty picture. It would be a pity to spoil it. We trust that Mr. Goodwin's dreams may be realized if the experiment is undertaken. But we have our doubts. It hasn't panned out that way with the railroads. The service has not been materially extended and the rates have not been lowered—not by a good deal. The rates have been raised so as to increase revenues \$900,000,000, the workers have been given \$200,000,000 more, still they are not satisfied. Perhaps rates will go up some more. It comes so easy, you know.

The tendency is unquestionably toward city ownership of municipal utilities, but hopes that service may then be had for nothing are, to a degree, unfounded. It will very likely cost about as much as before and may be no more efficient. Employees would probably organize and exert pressure for more pay, and it would have to come out of the earnings of the service—or out of the taxpayers. Jones would still pay the freight. We trust, however, that the economy of public ownership may show an improvement over the object lessons now available.

DOG LAW WANTED

The editor of the Hardeman Free Press doesn't take much stock in the theory that Tennessee's dog laws are already sufficient. And he wants better ones enacted. Like many others interested in the situation, he probably considers the production of more sheep and fewer dogs the best testimonial to the efficacy of any dog law. In a recent issue of his paper he urged:

"Let us have a dog law that will compel the owner to keep his dog up. The dog is kept up and we have more meat and better meat and if the dog is kept up we will have fewer dogs and better dogs. The farmer cannot raise sheep in this country on account of the prowling dogs. There has been setting hens enough broken up and the eggs sucked, in this town, to pay for every dog in the county. Let's get rid of these dogs and raise a hog or fifty chickens instead."

There is little doubt but that if present laws were strictly enforced a great improvement would be shown. But we do not believe they are sufficient. No law, we believe, will be effective in the protection of sheep which does not contemplate the keeping of fewer dogs. This we think might be accomplished by providing for the annual registration of all dogs—with a good smart fee for the service—and keeping them confined on the premises except when accompanied by the owner. We believe that the registration fee requirement would cause a large number to be dispensed with. The fees could go to a fund for the reimbursement of those who suffered losses from dogs.

It is recognized, of course, that no law accomplishes its purpose unless it is enforced. And laws will not enforce themselves. Some attention will have to be given to that feature of the situation. But Tennesseeans have been learning a good deal about it. It need not be more difficult to enforce a dog law than a liquor law. Make it somebody's business to enforce it, and then put the onus law behind him as a reminder. It is one of the best enforcers of languid laws we know of.

SEEING RED ABOUT RUSSIA

Writing under the caption "Too Late" the New York Times whips itself into a frenzy over the situation in Russia. It asks if the allies are to sit idle while "Germany swiftly molds the plian mass of Russia into the new German empire." It tells us that province after province is passing into the German maw, and that some action must be taken before it is "too late."

All tools at hand, whether American, British, French, Chinese or Japanese, should be used to rescue Russia from the Germans and the Bolsheviks. We would like to hear from Mr. Elbin Root upon this subject. He has been to Russia. He has been secretary of state. He is a man of great ability and a true patriot. He made a report in person to the president and the secretary of state upon his impressions. We do not say that the country should accept without argument any recom-

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.) "Here comes Mrs. Stryver up the steps," cried Mrs. Jarr, retreating from the front window. "Oh, dear! I know she saw me, or I could have you tell her I wasn't in!"

These remarks were addressed to the ever-faithful—despite the call of ammunition factories and the street car companies for conductresses—maid of all work, and then some, Gertrude. Gertrude, with half-swathed in that impromptu housework head-gear known as a "dust cloth," to distinguish it from a "dust rag," which is a rag to dust with, was cheered by an interruption of the ceaseless industry which Mrs. Jarr inspired. She stood stock still and grinned, dust rag in hand.

"Put on your apron and cap just as quickly as you can," commanded Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, dear, why do people always do when you are trying to get your housework done?" Mrs. Jarr went on plaintively. "And especially people who have a dozen servants to do their work for them? What does Mrs. Stryver want now, anyway? Well-to-do people never call on poor people unless they want something."

By this time Mrs. Stryver was at the portals, and Gertrude, holding the scene only a moment to put on her cap and apron, admitted her. "Well, this is a pleasant surprise," cried Mrs. Jarr in greeting. "You are come to tell me about Memorial day."

"Well, no," said the visitor. "I just dropped in to see you. I haven't been well all for the last week or so; over-exertion with all my Red Cross work. Dr. Smerk says I simply must go away for rest and recreation. It must be your wonderful will power that keeps you up, Mrs. Stryver. Dr. Smerk says, 'And he prescribed a tonic. But I can't see it doing me one bit of good, for I have had one of my dull headaches for the past few days. But I never let on. I keep those around me cheered up and never complain, no matter how I suffer!'"

"I am just the same, my dear," said Mrs. Jarr. "I never say a word and I commendation of Mr. Root, but do know that the president I as heard from Mr. Root, and there is a fair inference that the two statesmen are in agreement upon this single phase of the world's complicated situation."

As for the effusion in the New York paper, it strikes the casual observer as pure hysteria, unless, indeed, it is simply partisanship, and it may be both. There is no call for this wild excitement. Germany is aggrandizing herself in Russia, but she is looking to the future and is at present getting very little out of it. Her expectations of finding great grain stores in the Ukraine were notoriously disappointed.—Louisville Evening Post.

At this juncture we need to revert to calm reflection. Because the war has not gone well there is a disposition to do a lot of half-baked thinking. "Do something about Russia," shouts the excited person, but he has nothing to suggest except to "seek" the Japs on the Bolsheviks. We don't hear of many real military men talking this, however. They know that it would be a physical impossibility for Japan to send a large force into the main portion of European Russia. There is no surer way of landing the Russians in the lap of Germany to do with as they will than to encourage such an expedition. True, it will be bad enough off as it is, but let us as long as possible keep the Russians away from the western front.

Everything is said to be fair in war, but it strikes us that telling the girls they cannot be slender and sylphlike if they eat too much sweetening is a mean sort of conservation scheme.

It is comforting to be assured that the poultry crop is meeting the general demand for expansion which the war has created. East Tennessee promises an increase of 25 per cent. President Wilson's White House flock of sheep has proved very profitable indeed, which is but an earnest of what might be the case all over the country if there were fewer dogs.

Now that Illinois has acquitted the Praeger lynchers, the Chicago Tribune and the New York papers will probably emit a few columns on the decadence of a southern civilization.

An impression seems to be percolating into the minds of people—even of candidates for the legislature—that the large number of laws passed is no criterion of efficient public service.

appealed to Belasco—and this was drama personified. After that the rehearsals for "The Warrens of Virginia" went smoothly, for the child part of Betty Warren was being played with more than adequate skill by Miss Mary Pickford.

In fact, we are told by Belasco himself in the Photoplay Magazine, at the premiere of this play Mary Pickford was the most composed member of the entire company. "From the first she gave promise of the ability that has since made her the greatest motion picture artist in the world." Further:

"Before she left me, Miss Pickford said: 'Mr. Belasco, remember, no matter where I am or what I am doing, when you want me just let me know and I'll come.' I did not see her again for a number of years, but I watched her grow in popularity. Then came the time when I wanted to produce a child's play, 'A Good Little Devil,' the delightful fairy drama by Rosemond Gerrard and her son, Maurice Rostand. By this time Mary Pickford was famous and had become known throughout the land as the 'queen of the movies.' But I sent for her and she came to me that day.

"Mary! I said to her, 'I have a beautiful part, one that is just suited to you. You will make a great success in it and I need you in it.' 'Do you really and truly need me?' 'I certainly do.

"Then I'll come back to you," she said. Her success in the difficult role of the little blind girl was phenomenal. Nothing like her remarkable performance of a child's part had ever been seen in New York or elsewhere. And her reward came when she was sought by managers with such eagerness that she commanded the highest salary paid in the world for a picture actress in the world."

It was at the end of her first three seasons with Belasco that the case for motion pictures was reaching its zenith, and as the bread-and-butter problem was still an issue with the little actress, with no new Belasco part in sight, she applied for work at the old Biograph studios and was engaged as an "extra." For several summer weeks she remained an extra, always "on time, obedient, quiet and unobtrusive." Finally, however, apparently by chance, she was cast for a part—a leading part—in which she supplied the opposite of a good-looking young leading man—Owen Moore—and the two, "enacting fictitious love scenes in the tawdry glare of the studio lights, found real love, and they were married."

Mary Pickford is such a modest young person, writes Edwin Carty Ranck in the American, that, aside from the necessary publicity attached to her screen career, but little has crept into print regarding her private life and particularly the patriotic war service she is rendering. Last summer she "did her bit" by producing "The Little American," a poignant protest against the atrocities committed by the Germans in France. Since then she has sent two ambulances to the Red Cross for use "overseas" and has "adopted" 600 members of the Second battalion, First California field artillery. They are known as "Mary Pickford's Fighting 600," and she has agreed to keep them supplied with tobacco and other delicacies for the duration of the war. Each of the "boys" carries a gold locket containing the miniature of "one of two or three people in the world who are so popular enough to cause a traffic jam on any street of any American city at any hour."

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