Our Country First

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

For War to Victory

The News Scimitar

PUBLISHED BY THE MEMPHIS NEWS SCIMITAR COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for reproduction of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in The News Scimitar, and also the local news published herein.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By carrier, 15c per week. By mail, postage paid, 1 month, 40c; 3 months, 75c; 3 months, $1.00; 6 months, $2.00; 12 months, $4.00.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

If you have trouble about getting your paper, call Main 4096 or Memphis 659 and the matter will be given immediate attention.

PAUL BLOCK, INC., Special Representative. 250 Fifth Ave., New York; Mallers Building, Chicago; Little Building, Boston; Kresge Building, Detroit.

14-15

GERMAN NEED

For the first time in history a statement from Germany may be accepted at its face value. The statement is that the German people are in need of food. There is no doubt about it.

The presumption is that the allied nations will hasten to remedy the situation after making due provision for their own needs. Perhaps that is as it should be. But what is to be said of a people who fought for falsehood, deception, outrage, an ambition for world dominion, until they were beaten by starvation? Does a war waged for such a cause warrant a hasty provision of food, the lack of which compelled them to end the conflict?

A scarcity of food is no new problem in Germany. It has been acute for at least three years. The first to suffer were the prisoners of war. The next were the civilian peoples, and so far as we know the time did not come when the soldiers were unable to obtain sufficient food to prevent them from fighting with ordinary vigor.

It should be understood that whatever the United States and the allied nations do for the Teutonic allies will be out of charity, and not because there is any obligation upon them.

We shall be untrue to the purposes for which this nation went to war if those who have been responsible for the cruelty to prisoners and to the enemy populations of occupied territory are not adequately punished.

There was no treatment too harsh or too cruel for those who fell into German hands. Prisoners were robbed of their packages, and even the food that was sent to them by the Red Cross was confiscated, and the Germans claimed that they had a right to take all such parcels as the legitimate booty of war.

Those packages were sent to persons who were not fed by the Germans, as they were supposed to be, and then they were robbed of the generous relief that was provided for them.

It will be said that the Germans were as hungry as the prisoners. If they could not feed their prisoners they should have returned them, and if they could not carry on the war without stealing then they might have confessed defeat long ago, for the advocates of systematic burglary will never triumph.

If our observation of human nature is worth anything it leads to the conclusion that the most rampant among the revolutionists were among the fiercest, the most cruel and most barbarous of those who marched through Belgium.

For many months we have said that it would be a mistake to differentiate between the kaiser and the German people. If they had not been in accord with him he never could have led them into war. If they had not liked it he never could have incited them to murder. If they had not rejoiced in it he never could have encouraged them to pillage Belgium.

There is already a great cry going up in Germany against the former kaiser. They are willing that he shall be punished for their sins. There is no record of his word of command ever having been disobeyed. All the horror of this war cannot be put on the shoulders of one man, even though he may be the arch criminal of them all.

The kaiser did not officiate at the trial of Edith Cavell. He did not pronounce sentence upon Capt. Fryatt. He was not present when the Highland prisoners were told that they might go across No Man's Land to their command, nor did his laughter ring with the gleeful shouts of the German soldiers who rejoiced to see them shot down as the climax to a huge joke.

Germany needs sympathy, but we do not owe it to her, and what we do for her must not be in charity, but in the strict observance of duty, and not swayed by sentimentality and brotherly love, for we shall lie if we claim to possess any such feeling.

YET TO COME

One of the tragic features of the celebration of the signing of the armistice, with the shouting and rejoicing, is that some of the most joyful have yet to learn what the casualty list has in store for them.

The dispatches state that the Americans held their watches in their hands, and sent one parting shot to the Germans at precisely 11 o'clock, when the armistice became effective. The casualty list is prepared as quickly as possible, but it will come for days, and each name will have a message of sorrow for some family.

The Americans fought to the last second of the last minute with their usual valor. The Germans did not cease their backfiring until the same time. Days must elapse before the final chapter of heartaches is written in the casualty lists. There is a sob in every name, and hearts will be broken until the last one has appeared upon the nation's roll of honor.

What would we not have given if the signing of the armistice had meant the wiping away of all the tears that have been shed, and the stopping of the tears that are still to come? What would we not have given if the signing of the armistice, the restoration of peace, had restored those who have been given as a part of the nation's sacrifice for the cause?

There is consolation in knowing that they have not died in vain; that they fought the good fight, and that the thing they fought for, whatever the cost, was worth the price.

When certain newspapers make the declaration that they have been vindicated by "Wilson," it would be well to look and see if the vindication came from Woodrow or "Swayback."

Perhaps after all it was not a bad thing for the people to have divided their celebration into two parts. One night scarcely could have contained the exuberation.

William offered a few weeks ago to become an hereditary president or something, but we have an idea that he would be willing to make even further compromises.

The Germans appear to be willing to carry out the terms of the armistice. Called on to demobilize, they have gone so far as to disintegrate.

Mayor Monteverde showed himself an adept at writing proclamations on peace.

It will be a great day again when a runaway marriage is good for a half column.

Pershing's watch on the Rhine will soon be from the other side of the stream.

Oh, Man!—By Briggs

Copyright, 1918, by the Tribune Association (New York Tribune).

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN.

What is the one thing that a husband finds it hardest to forgive in his wife, and a wife finds it hardest to forgive in her husband, and that husbands and wives find it hardest to forgive in each other?

You will say infidelity, cruelty, drunkenness. Not at all. The big, tragic sins carry with them a certain romantic dignity that, in some way, partially atones for them, and that at least leave us our self-respect while we endure them.

We can make excuses for the lover swept away by the tidal wave of a great passion. We have a thrill of sympathy for the man who reverts to cave man tactics. We can still love the beautiful soul of the one whose feet occasionally stumble into the gutter.

The things that we can not forgive are just the little daily aggravations—the sordid little meannesses and weaknesses that fill us with contempt and make us despise the one who is guilty of them. They are the pebble in the shoe of matrimony that make it unendurable to any save the saints and the martyrs.

In discussing this subject recently a famous divorce lawyer said: "I have found out that husbands and wives will forgive each other the big sins, and that it is the little jars and frets that lead people into the divorce courts. For instance, the one thing that a woman never forgives a man is laziness.

"She will overlook his philandering and turn a blind eye on practically every other fault, as long as he is a hustler who is always on the job and shows that he can take care of himself and look out for his own. But the minute a man develops a tendency to sit down and take life easily and loaf and allow other men to pass him in the race, he commits the unpardonable sin, so far as his wife is concerned.

"She can forgive him anything easier than lack of energy, and he might commit any crime under the sun and be less despicable in her sight than to be just plain no account. There isn't a woman living who hasn't got more respect for a successful burglar than she has for a man who is a model of all the virtues who can't make a living.

"Of course you will say that there are millions of women who do stick to lazy husbands whom they have to support, but this is partly pride, partly a sense of duty and the sporting instinct that compels us to make the best of a bad bargain, and mostly the appeal that such a weakling makes to the eternal maternal instinct in woman. But her love never survives her discovery that the man to whom she is married is too indolent to do a man's part in the world. And when you think of what a contemptible figure a man is who is so lazy that he lets a woman work and earn his bread and butter for him you can't blame women for holding triflingness in men as the unforgivable sin.

"And my experience has taught me that the thing that a husband finds it hardest to forgive in a wife is extravagance—the kind of extravagance that keeps a man's nose always against the grindstone and makes him turn pale at the sight of a bill collector. So long as a woman is a thrifty manager and keeps her expenditures within her husband's income, a man will put up with almost any feminine faults in his wife, but if she is a spendthrift, no matter what other good qualities she may have, he begins to hate her and to realize that he has made a fatal mistake in marriage.

"Women spend much time and thought and effort in trying to keep young and slim and beautiful to retain their husband's love. I can give them a more potent recipe than that. It's to touch a husband's pocketbook lightly. That will make him so all-fired grateful he will adore her even after she gets grizzle-headed and weighs a ton.

"It isn't because men are tightwads that they can't forgive their wives' extravagance. The majority of men are anxious to lavish everything they can possibly afford upon their families, but when a man sees his wife throwing away in idiotic expenditure the money he has toiled and sweated for, he also sees her throwing away his opportunities and wasting his life.

"Money to a man means work and anxiety and exhaustion of mind and body. It means forcing him to go on when sick and tired. It means the sacrifice of a thousand inclinations and desires, and when he sees it slip through the fingers of a woman as if it were so much water, he is appalled at her utter lack of appreciation of all it has cost him.

"And when at the end of a year, or many years, he has nothing to show for all his work and striving but a sheaf of paid bills, his wife becomes just a vampire to him, one who takes advantage of the position the law gives her to suck his life blood, and he hates her the more because he is so powerless to struggle against her.

"And the thing that husbands and wives find it hardest to forgive in each other is nagging. As long as a woman is good-natured, good-tempered and drives with a loose rein, her husband will put up with a lot of bad cooking and bad management and still be happy, though married. And as long as a man refrains from continually reminding his wife of every little mistake she has ever made and gives her a reasonable amount of freedom, she still thinks that she drew a matrimonial prize, no matter if she does have to do her own cooking and trim her own hats.

"It's the husbands and wives who continually pick on each other and interfere with each other and harp on each other's faults and peculiarities, who get on each other's nerves and enable we divorce lawyers to ride in limousines. For matrimony is like life. It's the little things that count.

(Copyright, 1918, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

JOURNAL OF PELEG POLLETT.

Arose betimes this morning and repaired to a fashionable inn to break my fast.

There on the table I noted two strange objects of small dimensions. I questioned the varlet as to what they might be, for never in my life had I seen their like before.

"They are the rolls," he said to me.

So I took one and tried to force it open, with no result. Then did I try a nut-cracker, with no better. I do believe nobody has ever succeeded in breaking that roll. I asked the varlet, and he said it was so. Many had tried and failed. It was the most adamantine substance ever I saw.

So I placed the roll in the pocket of my surtout and did fetch it home with me, where I shall, with a steel drill, bore a hole in it large enough for the insertion of a handle, and shall then have a very suitable hammer for all purposes of my household.

* * * *

OMAR TO THE KAISER.

A swinging cable underneath the bow,
A jug of cyanide, a hand grenade and Thou,
Before me in the Wilderness! Ah,
The Wilderness were Paradise enow.

—E. H. S.

* * * *

A man was arrested for using indecent language in one of our street cars the other day, but the judge released him on suspended sentence when he proved he was talking about the kaiser at the time.

* * * *

A Wall street man of our acquaintance has a unique plan to rid himself of time-wasting callers. He is old-fashioned and has no "secretary."

He has a bell on his office door and when it rings he gets up and puts on his hat and gloves and picks up his cane. If the visitor proves to be someone he doesn't want to see, he says, "So sorry. I am just going out."

If the caller is one whom he wishes to visit with, he says, "So fortunate. I have just come in."

And still people say there is no diplomacy in Wall street.

* * * *

TO A PIECE OF LIMBURGER.

Quoth a foolish Teutonical princelet,
"Just already once watch me evince yet
I'm a Nap or a Caesar."
(He got banged in the beezer)
Aisne't that rough on a Verdunt young quincelet?

—H. Belden.

* * * *

Dear old Charlie Butterfield, for a long time manager of the Elks' club in New York, and known to several million people, has written us from Milford, Mich., to the effect that he is farming out there, and has just threshed 3,000 bushels of potatoes. "Potatoes," he says, "will win the war," and we believe it. If they would take the kind of potatoes we have been getting lately and shoot them out of the cannon over there, they would put a crimp in autocracy in record time.

* * * *

"We have committed no atrocities," says Prince Max, "and besides, we have given orders that they shall be stopped at once."

OUT OF MY window
* * *
WHEN THE whistles blew
* * *
I SAW a woman
* * *
STAND FOR a moment
* * *
AND THEN reach down
* * *
AND PICK up her child
* * *
AND HOLD it tight
* * *
AND KISS it
* * *
OVER AND over again
* * *
AND UP from the basement
* * *
CAME TONY the janitor
* * *
WITH HIS silvered hair
* * *
AND HIS grizzled face
* * *
AND JUST for a moment
* * *
HE STOOD quite still
* * *
AND WHATEVER it is
* * *
IN ITALIAN
* * *
THAT A man will say
* * *
WHEN HE knows great joy
* * *
IT WAS that word
* * *
THAT TONY cried
* * *
AS HE threw his hat
* * *
HIGH IN the air
* * *
AND ACROSS the street
* * *
WHERE A service flag
* * *
WITH TWO red stars
* * *
HAS WEATHERED the winds
* * *
FOR MANY months
* * *
A WOMAN came
* * *
AND FROM down the street
* * *
THERE CAME a man
* * *
WHO HAD gone wild
* * *
AND WAS running fast
* * *
WITH HIS hat in his hand
* * *
AND HE never stopped
* * *
TILL HE'D climbed the steps
* * *
WHERE THE woman stood
* * *
AND HIS two arms
* * *
AND HER two arms
* * *
REACHED OUT
* * *
AND THERE
* * *
ON THE steps
* * *
AND UNASHAMED
* * *
HE HELD her tight
* * *
AND SHE held him tight
* * *
AND THEY kissed
* * *
AND THEY cried
* * *
AND WIPED their tears
* * *
AND A little boy
* * *
WITH A soldier dad
* * *
AFIELD IN France
* * *
RAN OUT of his house
* * *
WITH A little silk flag
* * *
AND HE was so small
* * *
THAT HE didn't know
* * *
JUST HOW great the news
* * *
THAT THE whistles brought
* * *
BUT HE did know
* * *
FROM HIS mother's face
* * *
AND HIS mother's tears
* * *
THAT SOME wonderful joy
* * *
HAD COME to her
* * *
AND HE'D heard her cry
* * *
THAT THE war was done
* * *
AND HE knew that war
* * *
WAS A terrible thing
* * *
AND UP in our window
* * *
WITH NO service star
* * *
AND NO one to send
* * *
MY WIFE and I
* * *
LOOKED DOWN on the street
* * *
TILL THE street grew dim
* * *
AND THERE came a mist
* * *
THAT BLINDED our eyes
* * *
AND WE couldn't see
* * *
I THANK you.

News of Memphis 25 Years Ago. | Twice Told Tales | News of Memphis 10 Years Ago.

NOVEMBER 13, 1893.

The Berliner Tageblatt tells how Kaiser Wilhelm went hunting—that while riding at a full gallop he slew a wild boar that had been trained for the occasion, his tusks sawed off and crippled.

Senator J. Z. George, of Mississippi, is in Memphis to investigate the low price of cotton, which is hovering today around 7¾ cents.

The Lyceum theater burned to the ground yesterday with a loss of $50,000, and a benefit has already been arranged for its reconstruction.

The L. & N. railroad has purchased the Chesapeake, Ohio & Northwestern road for a cash payment of $6,000,000 and bonuses.

The first electrical stamping machine, capable of turning out 30,000 letters a day, is being installed at the Memphis postoffice.

The Cossitt library, recently built and dedicated, is the object of a subscription campaign for books, headed by Chairman E. C. LaHache.

Miss Patti Rosa last night concluded her engagement with "Dolly Varden" at the Grand opera house.

Chancellor Caprivi, of Germany, is seeking from the reichstag an extension of commercial reciprocity with other countries, and is backed by the kaiser.

NOVEMBER 13, 1908.

Emperor Kuan Hsu, of China, is reported dying at his imperial palace and Prince Chun has been made regent of the huge empire.

Gov. Patterson, in an address at Union City, Tenn., last night, told his audience that night-riding must cease.

Gaiety reigned at the Chickasaw Guards' armory ball last night, when the city's debutantes were introduced to Memphis society.

Former Gov. James K. Vardaman will speak at the annual memorial of the Elks at the Bijou theater, Sunday, Dec. 6.

The city "fathers" are getting things into shape preparatory to moving into the new courthouse.

Chancellor von Buelow, of Germany, will meet Emperor William at Kiel Monday to settle differences arising between the two after the prince's declaration that he would quit unless the emperor was more reserved in his utterances.

A mimic impeachment trial was held at the "Y" last night against J. Allen Wardle, 1323 Carr avenue, who "introduced" a bill in "legislature" changing the American government from a republic to a monarchy.

Marquis Dr. Chrete, of Paris, is the guest of Miss Alan Pepper at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pepper, Adams avenue.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION

WHAT SWITZERLAND DID.

To The News Scimitar:

Far be it from me to try to deprecate in the least that tremendous amount of sacrifice the U. S. A. people impose upon themselves in order to bring comfort and solace to millions of stricken victims of German madness; but—and I shall feel extremely glad in being called a liar—there was not one single daily in all U. S. A. and Canada that has devoted more than a dozen lines to the equally tremendous amount, in proportion, of strain financial and other; Uncle Sam's unpaid and very old granny, called "Mother Helvetia," has been put to, long before the world war was started, and infinitely more so since the struggle has been in progress.

Switzerland's inhabitants are far from being what we call in America "rich." My own native town, once reputed the wealthiest of its size in central Europe, used to number about a dozen "millionaires" (i. e., in Suisse financial code, people possessing $100,000 or thereabout); but she lost her rep of "the little Rothschild burg of Switzerland" after the then famous railroad debacle in 1877 and the subsequent collapse of the Parisian X—bank, of sinister memory.

Now, for the last three years or more, Switzerland has been swamped with thousands of refugees of all nationalities and description, and as only about one-half of that country's soil is tillable—as a former Suisse surveyer I ought to know—the couch Switzerland has been resting upon since 1914 can not possibly be called a bed of roses.

It is a d—d puny reward (pardon my expression!) for having been first in saving France and England from destruction by the lovely Hun, mind you.

If Switzerland had not been able to hold her eastern border against the Austrian invader (she was Johnny on the spot, but not an hour too soon), I'll bet you that the coasts of U. S. A. and Canada actually would be under the German heel.

Washington, of course, knew all about it, but the U. S. people won't give Switzerland credit for it, simply because they can not realize it and never will. Why? Our average American knows of Switzerland about as much as I do of the big planet Uranus.

Truly yours, FR. SOMMER.
Blytheville, Ark.

MOVING PICTURES.

Loew's Princess
Continuous 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.
TODAY AND THURSDAY
WM. S. HART in "RIDDLE GAWNE"
James Montgomery Flagg's Comedy, "Hick Manhattan," with Peggy Hopkins.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
MARGUERITE CLARK in "WILDFLOWER"
With Harold Lockwood and Jack Pickford.
Paramount-Artcraft Special Success Series, the Rarest Treat of the Season.
All Seats All Times 10c Including War Tax.

THEATERS.

LOEW'S LYCEUM
Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.
A DECIDED HIT
"The Oriental Girls"
An Opera Comique in 1 Act.
O'Neal & Wamsley
in "Comicalities of Life."
Elsie Ferguson
In the Romantic Photo Drama, "Heart of the Wilds."
Other Feature Acts and Pictures.
Matinees, Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays 10c and 15 Cents.
Nights—10c, 20c, 30c.
INCLUDING WAR TAX.
ENTIRE NEW SHOW TOMORROW.
Big Shows—Little Prices

Orpheum
Week Beginning Monday, Nov. 11
A Sparkling Musical Comedy.
"The Reckless Eve"
—With—
Ester Jarrett, Cecil Summers
—And—
DEWEY and ROGERS
6—OTHER BIG ACTS—6