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After Stock Swindlers.

A vigorous campaign to run down and punish oil stock swindlers is one of the most useful activities in which the government is now engaged. The impunity with which these fraudulent promoters have operated has been a scandal for a number of years, and it is estimated that since the war they have enriched themselves at the expense of a gullible public to the extent of considerably more than a billion dollars. Estimates of their takings, in fact, run as high as half a billion dollars a year.

Selling of worthless stock to credulous "investors" always has been a profitable and not a specially hazardous occupation, but it is only since the war and as a result of the war that the business has attained its present gigantic proportions. Under the urge of patriotism millions of Americans who never before had been in the investing class sacrificed and saved and bought liberty bonds. And it is upon these millions that an army of jackal promoters has since been preying. Their golden opportunity came during the period when liberty bonds were selling below par. They offered to take bonds at their full face value in exchange for stock which, instead of paying 4¼ per cent, they promised would pay 10 per cent or more in dividends. And liberty bond owners by the scores of thousands "fell" for it. They long ago parted with their bonds, but it is a maxim of the stock swindlers that "a sucker once hooked will bite again," and they keep on sending good money after bad in effort to recoup their losses.

Repeated exposures of the frauds seemingly have little or no effect in diminishing the number of victims. The story of a laundry worker who becomes wealthy overnight stirs ambition in the breasts of a thousand other laundry workers, and they send their hard-earned savings to fatten the bank accounts of the swindlers who invented the original story. Their literature, which an obliging government has carried through the mails, is persuasive and convincing to the uninformed, and knowledge that others have been plucked, or even a previous plucking, does not hold them back. Like the morphine addict, they seem willing to pay the price for sake of the pleasant pipe dreams that come to them under influence of the drug. Awakening in the cold gray dawn they feverishly set about to scrimp and save the price of another pipe.

The government is no miracle worker, and it cannot help one being born every minute, but it certainly ought not to be a party to these swindles by placing its mail facilities at the service of the swindlers, and where there is transgression of its laws the transgressors should be punished. The cynical philosophy of the underworld that "some one else would get it" cannot justify the government in standing placidly by while the getting is going on.

The Weather.

Washington, although it may shiver and complain at the cold wave sweeping over the town today, must remember that it has little ground for grumbling about the winter as a whole. Winter has gone, now, and compared with the experience of New York and the New England states our climate has been notably salubrious. Maine and Massachusetts have had a season of almost unparalleled snowfall, while we have had comparatively none. The northwestern states, too, have passed through a rigorous season, with temperature far below zero most of the time.

Two conditions contribute to shield the National Capital from severe winter conditions which may prevail in cities within a couple of hundred miles of us. The Blue Ridge and the Allegheny mountains form a natural barrier, turning most of the southwestern storms on a course which gives Washington a wide berth. Proximity to the waters of Chesapeake bay warms the atmosphere.

It is said the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and Washington, in the shortage of coal, should feel grateful for the blessings of a mild winter. So, if we shiver today, let us be thankful for the weather we have enjoyed and hope for a delightful spring.

A chart of this early spring weather would look like a cross between a child's drawing of the Alps and the Glen Echo roller coaster.

Dealers are delighted over the Easter shopping. So are mother and the girls. Father just grins and bears it.

No Shrine Week Reciprocity.

It is regrettable that there cannot be automobile reciprocity between the District and Maryland during Shrine week. It would help the celebration in the District and it would help Maryland, in that the roads of the state would be filled with cars and Maryland's beauty would be revealed to many, many thousand strangers from afar. The District Commissioners have directed that during Shrine week Maryland auto tags shall be honored in the District, and the people of the District's mother state will be at liberty to use the District's roads and streets on the same terms as motorists having local licenses. We want our Maryland cousins and their uncles and their aunts, and all their children, to enjoy the festivities and help us in giving the hosts of the Mystic Shrine the biggest welcome ever given to a body of men. It was hoped that Maryland would say something along the line of "same here," and that during Shrine week District tags would be good in Maryland, that the visitors could be given spins in Montgomery, Frederick, Prince Georges, Charles, St. Marys and other famous counties. We wanted to show to the visitors many of those charms of Maryland which are worth a long trip to look on. But it is not to be. The local division of the National Motorists' Association took up the matter with the responsible Maryland authorities. Col. Baughman was courteous and sorry. He was gratified that the District will honor Maryland auto tags, but under the law of Maryland it was not within his power to return the compliment. He regretted that the law is so stern, and the regret is mutual.

Be Careful With Prices.

Members of the Washington Restaurant Association announce that they will not increase prices during Shrine week. All classes of men who will be called on to serve the crowds that will be with us in Shrine week should make the same resolve or take the same pledge. In the first place, it is unfair to take advantage of the fact that the population of the city is suddenly increased and boost the price of eating and the cost of sleeping. The fair dealer ought to be content with the vastly augmented trade. In the second place, it is not good business. Washington aims at becoming the greatest city for the gathering of stranger crowds. It aims at becoming the convention capital. It aims at becoming the American center for mighty celebrations, ceremonies and carnivals. It aims at becoming the place for athletic meets which draw great crowds. There ought to be no extortion, petty or grand, practiced on Shriners or any other visitors. Each of the visitors is a potential press agent for Washington. He will be a booster or a buster, according to the treatment he receives here. Let the treatment be fair. Let it be generous. Make a booster of every stranger who comes to Washington. It is broadguage business. At the last inauguration, or before the inauguration ceremonies were curtailed, stories were current outside of Washington of a remarkable uplift in hotel charges. Let us be sure that there will be no foundation for stories of overcharging in connection with Shrine week.

Speed.

The air speed record has been broken again. In fact, it was broken twice on the same day by two American fliers. The highest speed now stands at 281 miles an hour, but the official record is 243 miles for four laps around a one-kilometer course. About two months ago a Frenchman broke the record held by an American aviator by covering the prescribed course at the rate of 233 miles an hour. That was a big advance in speed, and was commented on throughout the world. On the same day, and same course on which the latest speed marvel traveled at the rate of 243 miles an hour, another American flew at 236.5 miles an hour. The old standard of "a mile a minute," which seemed to many of us as the limit of speed which mortals could reach, has long been in the discard. We are moving faster day by day, and men feel that the speed limit is not reached, and that there may be no limit. In his spurt at the rate of 281 miles an hour the flier was going through the air close upon a five-mile-a-minute clip.

Whether or not the subscribers to the naval holiday can change the elevation of their guns seems to be no less moot a question than what the temperature is to be tomorrow morning.

It is peculiarly fitting that an American Army flier should establish a new speed record over the course where the Wright brothers developed the airplane.

Spring fashions are so attractive that it is difficult to blame winter for coming back to have a look at the Easter style parade.

Rejoicing that this is the last day of the "coal year" is dampened by the fact that another coal year begins tomorrow.

Seeing Washington.

The annual migration to Washington of seminaries and high schools is under way, and these large and interesting bodies of student visitors will become more numerous as spring advances. It is a movement which has grown within recent years, and it is no doubt safe to forecast that it will continue to grow. It is pleasing to Washington that these student bodies come. That it is helpful to them has been proved. Many high schools in the adjoining states and those close to Washington, as Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey come to Washington every spring. Many come from the New England states, and the movement has become strong in western New York. When a high school once makes its Washington excursion it comes the next year and the next. The excursion becomes one of the big things to which the school looks forward and on which it looks back. Teachers comment on the stimulating effect of the Washington excursion on pupils, and especially in their study of history and government. The experience of an excursion to Washington, with two or three days of hard work at seeing the show places, gives each visiting pupil one of the greatest conversational topics of his or her career. At the school, in the home and elsewhere the pupil back from Washington talks of the things seen. Many of these excursions are of county high schools and the homes of the pupils are in small towns or in the country. To a school boy or girl an excursion to a famous place several hundred miles away is always a big event, but when the excursion is to such a famous place as Washington, where the President has his office and Congress meets, it is the biggest event in the lives of many of these children. The idea of giving a school an excursion to Washington is one that ought to be generally taken up, and it probably will be.

The Red Fez.

The red fez is one of the distinguishing marks of the Shriner, and citizens not Shriners should not infringe the copyright. There will be great temptation to put on a red fez, for it will be a very popular form of headwear when the temples of the Shrine come to Washington for their convention. Many persons will put on the fez because they feel that they will be doing honor to the Shrine, but Shriners may not hold the same opinion. Many other persons may be tempted to wear the fez because Shriners will be the most popular persons of the time and will have the right of way in everything, but it would be the proper thing to allow to Shriners the exclusive use of the red fez. It is reported that the Shrine committee has asked Washington dealers in novelties and headwear not to lay in a supply of fezzes for convention week. The committee points out that each Shriner is given a fez on his entrance to the order, and that offering red fezzes for sale encourages non-members and some undesirable characters to wear them. In Shrine week we who have not the honor of being nobles should stick to our own hats and let the Shriner have sole use of the fez.

Passed and Passing Words.

If one would be understood it is necessary that he keep his vocabulary up to date. One cannot be in conversational style and use hoopskirt words. We have the old phrase "new times, new manners," or "other times, other manners," and we might just as well have such a phrase as "new times, new words." In the matter of transportation we have trolley, taxi, truck, tractor, jitney, auto, limousine and touring car. And there are others. The old word "hack" has nearly gone into the discard, and one seldom hears of coupe, landau, Victoria, phaeton, tilbury, teacart, drag, barouche or hansom. The family coach, the hackney coach, the carryall, the chaise and stagecoach are met with in historical novels. You do not meet them on the road or in parlor conversation. Perhaps buckboard, surrey, sulky, carriage and wagon may soon be extinct. Then there is old "omnibus." It passed nearly to the point of extinction, but has revived. But it might be called a metamorphic word because it has been changed to motor bus. And, by the way, when a man says anything about a horse car he gives his age—his antiquity—away.

Maybe the Easter candy manufacturers used shellac because they found it cheaper than sugar.

Even 3 per cent is too high a ratio of immigration of communist agitators.

The British government is reported as still without a policy as to the Ruhr. The French have very largely relieved the British of the necessity of a policy.

Mussolini says men are tired of liberty. Russians are very tired of the brand they acquired.

Ruhr miners at least waited until winter was over before going on strike.

SHOOTING STARS.

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

A Relief.

You prize the friend that prides himself on being frank and true;
Who talks about your faults, howe'er it may hurt him and you.
You know that it's his sort on whom you're likeliest to depend
When troubles overcast the sky and bitter tears descend.
But just the same you sometimes wish that he could comprehend
That no one finds perfection, no, not even in a friend.
And though you vow you want the truth, and want it good and strong,
You kind o' like the fellow who will jolly you along.

You kind o' like the bird that sings a song of careless cheer;
You kind o' like the flowers that blossom idly, far and near;
You kind o' like the merry rhyme whose strains so idly fall;
You kind o' like a lot of things that are no good at all.
But there is just one fact that stands out palpable and clear,
The thoughtless smile is always better than the thoughtless sneer,
And so many folks are ready to remind you when you're wrong
That you kind o' like the fellow who will jolly you along.

Spring Sport.

I tells you de excitement's gettin' thick aroun' de place.
De vi'lets an' spring beauties, dey is gwine to run a race;
An' de brook is all a-shiver,
An' de trees is all a-quiver,
A-waitin' foh to see which one can make de mostes' has'e.

We is gwine to love de winner foh his courage an' his pluck,
An' we's gwine to love de loser 'case he didn't dave mo' luck;
We is watchin' an' a-waitin',
An' we all is calculatin',
Dat dis spoht is 'bout de fines' dat de township ever struck.

A sound projector recently used in New York magnified the human voice 12,000 times. It must have seemed almost as loud as some of the conversation carried on during performances in the concert halls.—Boston Transcript.

The least dependable of horticultural products is the crop of the family tree.—Long Beach Telegram.

WASHINGTON OBSERVATIONS

BY FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE

Another "dirt farmer" from out of the west has arrived in Washington, with aspirations to become a member of the Federal Reserve Board. He is Walter H. Chappell of Kansas, who covets the place made vacant by the recent death of Milo D. Campbell of [illegible] candidate for the "dirt farmer" position on the Reserve Board when Campbell was appointed. He and his friends, therefore, are beginning again just where they were left off. Chappell has the support of the Kansas delegation and of the big farm organizations. He is without banking experience, but is a real farmer and has made a political reputation in Kansas as a county commissioner at Chanute.

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Huston Thompson, whom Woodrow Wilson has nominated for United States senator from Colorado, has been contributing articles to Henry Ford's "Dearborn Independent." They deal with the policies and problems of the Federal Trade Commission, of which the young Colorado lawyer is a member. Thompson discloses a bit of his political theory in the latest article. He defines as "the greatest social problem of our time, the absorption of our political and economic philosophy by an engulfing mercantilism."

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Men and organizations in charge of welcoming the Shriners to Washington in June are juggling with some interesting figures. They expect the normal population of the capital to be doubled by an influx of 400,000 visitors. San Francisco bank deposits in the fortnight of the Shriners' sojourn at the golden gate in 1922 were $22,000,000, greater than in any previous two weeks on record. As San Francisco entertained only ninety temples and Washington expects 130 or 140 with a correspondingly heavier attendance, the wealth likely to pile up in District banks is easily calculable. San Franciscans raised $400,000 for the Shrine conclave, and spent $298,000. Washington is trying to mobilize a fund of $300,000. The capital's piece de resistance in the way of decorative glory will be the "Garden of Allah," to be planted in Pennsylvania avenue, past the White House, between 15th and 17th streets.

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This is how the modern American man of affairs does it—when he can afford it. Bernard M. Baruch came up from his South Carolina hunting lodge this week en route to Hot Springs for Easter. He planned to entertain there his youngest daughter, the apple of his eye, and a couple of her friends. Hot Springs hotels, he found, were bespoken for Eastertide since Christmas. Baruch thereupon tarried in Washington just long enough to long-distance a private Pullman compartment car to be put at his disposal at Hot Springs. In it he and his party are now luxuriating.

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If Europe finds itself in a maze about America's international intentions the old world can hardly be blamed. No sooner does Hiram Johnson arrive on the other side with assurances that the "isolationists" hold the fort in the United States than Henry J. Allen, former governor of Kansas, breezes along with contrariwise assertions. To interviewers in Paris this week Allen said that co-operation with Europe will be the keynote of the republican platform in 1924, "aloofness from world affairs" having been abandoned. So now Mother Europe, having promised some day to pay her money, can take her choice.

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Canton, Ohio, which sent William McKinley to the House and to the presidency, and Atlee Pomerene to the Senate, may be the next to dispatch a woman "congressman" to Washington. Buckeye gossip is to the effect that Mrs. Joseph H. Himes, wife of the "lame duck" representative from the McKinley district, aspires in 1924 to the place her spouse recently lost. Like him, she is a republican. She was a Miss Eileen Canfield of Los Angeles, and is young and good-looking. Husband Himes began life as a cinder pitman in a steel mill and ended up a millionaire. Mrs. Himes is a comrade of Alice Roosevelt Longworth and, like the latter, haunted the galleries of Congress on big days.

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Early in April the trial of our big $1,000,000,000 claims case against Germany will begin. A mistaken idea prevails that the Germans have the privilege of filing counter-claims. That right is specifically denied them in our treaty of peace, as it is in the treaty of Versailles. Nor are American claimants in any danger of having to collect in illusory German marks. It has been decided that, for claims purposes, the mark shall be deemed to be worth its exchange average for the three months preceding our entry into the war. The rate works out at 17 cents and a fraction, which is roundly 7 cents below the mark's pre-war worth.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Lord Northesk, Suitor of Follies Girl, Is of the Scottish Clan of Carnegie

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Lord Northesk, who has announced that he is following Jessica Brown, the American Ziegfeld Follies' girl, now on her way across the Atlantic on board the Olympic to New York for the purpose of marrying her in this country toward the middle of April, is the eleventh earl of his line, barely twenty-two years of age, and succeeded to the family honors and to the extensive estates and to his father's very large fortune, in December, 1921. He is descended from a younger brother of David, first Earl of Southesk, head of the house and Scottish clan of Carnegie. He bears on his escutcheon a naval gold crown, in the center of the breast of the golden eagle, which is the heraldic device of all the Carnegies, and above it is the word "Trafalgar," in royal recognition of the fact that the seventh Earl of Northesk was third in command of Nelson's fleet at the great battle of Trafalgar.

The original titles of the first Earl of Northesk were Earl of Ethie, of Ethie Castle, Arbroath, in Forfarshire, and Baron Lour, also Lord Egglismadie. But none of these three titles, created by Charles I, appealed to Lord Ethie, and accordingly he secured from Charles II, in 1667, permission to change them into those of Earl of Northesk and of Baron Rosehill, retaining, however, the dates of their original creation. The present earl was known as Lord Rosehill until he succeeded to the family honors on his father's death.

Ethie Castle was at one time the home of the celebrated Scottish Cardinal Beaton, who played so great a role in the history of the northern kingdom. But it has been in the possession of the Carnegies for many hundreds of years.

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Some centuries ago a lady of the Carnegie family murdered her two-year-old child in its nursery, which afterward bore the stigma of the association—so much so that it was closed up, the door fastened by screws and heavy wooden shutters nailed to the outside of the windows. Those who occupied the rooms above and below this gruesome chamber would often hear, in the watches of the night, the pattering of little feet over the floor, and the sound of little wheels of a child's cart being dragged to and fro, a peculiarity connected with the sound being that one of the wheels creaked and chirruped as it moved.

Generations rolled by, and the room continued to bear its sinister character until the ninth Earl of Northesk, grandfather of the present peer, and a colonel of the Scots' Guards, determined sometime after his accession to the honors and estates to probe the ghostly story as to its truthful or fictitious basis.

Consequently, he had the outside shutters removed from the windows and the heavy door unscrewed. Then, in the presence of several members of his family and retainers, he forced open the door. When it was opened, and the windows had been raised, the room proved to be quite destitute of furniture or ornament. It had a large hearthstone on which a quantity of ashes still rested, and some fragments of small bones, including pieces of a child's skull and of thigh bones, while by the side of the hearth was a child's little go-cart on four solid wooden wheels.

Turning to his only daughter, Lady Helen Carnegie—afterward Lady Helen Lacy—the earl asked her to wheel the little go-cart across the floor of the room. When she did so it was with a strange sense of something uncanny that the listeners heard one wheel creak and chirrup as it ran.

The room is now devoted to ordinary uses, and the ghostly sounds are no longer heard. The remnants of bone and the ashes found on the hearth have been consigned to consecrated ground in the family mausoleum, while the little go-cart is preserved with reverence as one of the relics and treasures of the historic house of Carnegie.

One cannot quite reconcile oneself to the idea of this go-cart—this pathetic relic of so cruel a tragedy of hundreds of years ago, coming into the possession of one of the Ziegfeld Follies' girls, who, while endowed with exceptional good looks and fascination, can scarcely be expected, in view of her antecedents, to look upon it or to treat it with a fitting spirit of reverence. Sentiments of reverence and of veneration are not precisely the characteristics and qualities for which the New York Ziegfeld Follies' girls are the most conspicuous, and one wonders what will be the fate of this memento of a particularly atrocious crime, and of the martrydom of a two-year-old scion of the great house of Carnegie, to which the great American ironmaster and philanthropist of Pittsburgh, the laird of Skibo Castle, was so proud to belong.

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Few families have furnished a larger number of distinguished officers to the royal navy. Thus, in addition to the seventh Earl of Northesk, who took part in the battle of Trafalgar, there was his son, Lord Rosehill, who was lost on board the battleship Blenheim, and his brother, the Hon. Swynfen Thomas Carnegie, who was a distingushed admiral, while the eighth and ninth Earls each married the daughter of an admiral. The Lords of Northesk, like the Lords of Southesk, are descended originally from a certain John de Balinhard, who flourished in the fourteenth century, and who, on receiving from King David II a grant of the land and of the barony of Carnegie, in Forfarshire, assumed the name of de Carnegie. Of the origin of the de Balinhards, no record remains, all the early family charters having perished in a fire at Kinnaird House in 1452.

Lord Northesk has no seat in the house of lords at Westminster, his peerages being exclusively Scottish. Indeed, he will have to wait years before there is any probability of his being elected by his fellow peers of Scotland to be one of their sixteen representatives in the upper chamber at Westminster.

Lord Northesk by reason of his youth, is so little known, that a few months ago he was obliged to publish an advertisement in the English press, warning people against a swindler who had assumed his name, and organized a number of frauds in the western counties of England, especially in Devonshire. The man was subsequently caught, and is now undergoing a term of penal servitude.

IN A FEW WORDS

The beauty of the league of nations is that it is always there to save a nation's face.

—MRS. OLIVER STRACHY.

There isn't a newspaper in this country that has a competent military critic, but on the other side every paper has one.

—ADMIRAL SIMS.

In breach of promise cases the spirit of revenge and wounded pride predominates, not the agony of broken hearts.

—JUSTICE McCARDIE.

In Mexico, as in the rest of the world, there will be in the future two political parties, that which looks to the future and that which looks behind.

—PRESIDENT OBREGON.

There is more real poverty in this country than in Europe. The nations there are merely trying to get money from us to fight each other.

—HARRY BACHARACH.

The reason you rarely ever see one of the upper classes drunk on the streets of London is because they go home in cabs.

—J. SEXTON, M. P. (labor party).

The strong and masterful man who lays down the law and insists on its being obeyed, by virtue of the right of his manhood, is enjoying a new popularity among the fair sex.

—EDWARD CECIL.

We must revise our idea of success in this country or every boy will grow up with his ambition centered on being a base ball player or a prize fighter who can get $500,000 for a single fight.

—REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

Abolition of divorce by constitutional amendment is a long way ahead, because there are unfortunately so many middle-aged men who want new and younger wives.

—JUSTICE MORSCHAUSER.

Our alleged naval experts are ten years behind the times, and are evidently toying with the idea that our two strongest rivals on the seas—Japan and England—will never fight us.

—REAR ADMIRAL W. F. FULLAM,
U. S. N., Retired.

The world of commerce is poor ground for a woman to leap off from into history. One cannot play Juliet in cuff protectors or Helen of Troy with telephone receivers clipped over the head.

—ANN VENNING.

Art is anything that is well done.

—STANISLAVSKY,
Moscow Art Theater.

France will have another revolution on their hands if they attempt to follow America's example of prohibiting lovemaking in the parks.

—MONS SIMONSEN.

The Library Table

By The Booklover

Among the many novels of each year whose interest lies in the treatment of individual characters and situations, without any broad or general significance, there is occasionally one of epic quality. Such is Knut Hamsun's "The Growth of the Soil," and such also, in a somewhat less universal way, is Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Sussex Gorse." The subtitle of "Sussex Gorse" is "The Story of a Fight." The fight is not between individuals, but between a man of indomitable purpose and a monster of the soil—the great, shaggy Moor of Boarzell.

"The moor was on the eastern edge of the parish, five miles from Rye. • • • It was hummocked and tussocked with coarse grass—here and there a spread of heather, growing, like all southern heather, almost arboreally. In places the naked soil gaped in sores made by coney-warrens or uprooted bushes. Stones and roots, sharn, shards and lumps of marl mixed themselves into the wealden clay, which oozed in red streaks of potential fruitfulness through their sterility. The crest of Boarzell was marked by a group of firs, very gaunt and wind-bitten, rising out of a mass of gorse, as the plumes of some savage chief might nod mangily above his fillet."

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At the age of fifteen Reuben Backfield, despising his father, whose philosophy of life was summed up in the words, "I've no ambitions, so I'm a happy man," resolved that one day he would own Boarzell moor and subdue it. Five years later, when his father died and the farm of Odiam, on the edge of the moor, became his property, his task of conquest began. Year by year he worked and saved and purchased section after section of the moor and brought it under cultivation, meanwhile sacrificing to his great purpose all the joy and kindliness of life. His ageing mother, his brother, his wife, his children as they came, his second wife and her children, his one real friend, who was the only woman he ever truly loved, were all sacrificed to the moor. Finally, when he was eighty-six his victory was complete and the last acre of the crest of Boarzell became his; but he sat in his lonely kitchen, deserted by all except his blind, idiot brother. Of his two wives and his eleven children all had fled from Boarzell or had been killed by it. But "I've won," he said softly to himself. . . . "I've won—and it's bin worth while. I've wanted a thing and I've got it, surely—and I aun't too old to enjoy it, nuther."

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The recent unhappy events in the Levant makes especially timely "A Short History of the Near East," by William Stearns Davis, favorably known as historian and novelist. Commentating in his final chapter on the latest bloodshed, the author says that of all the treaties designed to liquidate the world war, that of Serves, between the western powers and Turkey, was the one most obviously writ in water. "At this moment," he says, "it seems probable that, to the outraging of all western public opinion, and especially that of America, the Turks will be granted a circumscribed and tenuous occupation of Constantinople for at least a little longer . . . This is a pitiful fulfillment of the promises of many Franco-British statesmen during the world war. It represents apparently a non-moral temporary arrangement dictated by sordid expediency and promises new wars in the not distant future." The history gives the background of the age-long struggle between orient and occident, showing how European ambitions have combined with local jealousies to perpetuate the conflict.

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"The Best Short Stories of 1922 and the Year Book of the American Short Story," just published, is the eighth in the series compiled by E. J. O'Brien. The stories chosen are twenty in number, and some of the authors are Sherwood Anderson, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ben Hecht, James Oppenheim, Wilbur Daniel Steele, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner and Waldo Frank.

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A life-long devotee of extreme realism in fiction and an opponent of the classic standards imposed by the French Academy, Edmond de Goncourt, at his death in 1896, left a fund to establish an annual prize to be awarded to the young writer producing the most remarkable prose work of imagination of the year. The award of the Goncourt prize of 5,000 francs by the ten members of the Goncourt Academy always causes a storm of discussion in France and a milder flurry in this country. In 1921 the prize went to Rene Maran, a negro writer, for a 'strong" but disgusting novel of the jungle, "Batouala." The prize for 1922 was given to Henri Beraud, because of his two books, "Le Vitriol de Lune" and "Le Martyre de l'Obese." Beraud is thirty-seven years old and corpulent. He was formerly dramatic critic of the Mercure de France and at present is on the staff of Le Petit Parisien. The first of his two books crowned by the Goncourt Academy is a tragedy of the events leading to the death of Louis XV; the second is a farce of the adventures of a fat man, and is dedicated to a number of fat celebrities, including Marshall Joffre.

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The first issue of a new bi-monthly magazine called Orient appeared in February. It is to be a magazine of art and culture, with the purpose of showing the spirit of the present renaissance in Asia and making known to western peoples the art, literature and philosophy of the east. The initial number contains an article by Romain Rolland entitled "Homage to Siva."

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In a recent letter to Christopher Morley of the New York Evening Post, George H. Locke, librarian of the Toronto Public Library, says that he asked the question of the students in the Ontario Government Training School for Librarians—"What dozen books of prose fiction would best represent the works of Canadian authors to readers who wish to know something of Canadian life?" The books chosen were as follows:

Kirby, "Golden Dog"; Leacock, "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town"; Parker, "Seats of the Mighty"; Hemon, "Maria Chapdelaine"; Duncan, "Dr. Luke of the Labrador"; Thomson, "Old Man Savarin"; Connor, "Black Rock"; Halliburton, "Sam Slick"; Laut, "Lords of the North"; Wallace, "Salt Seas and Sailor Men"; Connor, "Sky Pilot," and Pickthall, "The Bridge."

* * * *

A volume of unliterary letters by a literary man has just been published in "The Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper," edited by his grandson. Cooper's most vital interests were not literary, but political and social, and his letters are concerned with public affairs and gossip. Almost his only comments on American writers of his own time are slurs upon Washington Irving, of whom he was perhaps jealous. His own books he mentions chiefly in connection with their commercial value.

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It is reported that the Russian soviet government has placed Tolstoi on the index. The playing of a Tolstoi drama in Russian is expressly forbidden.

CAPITAL KEYNOTES

BY PAUL V. COLLINS

"Hitch your wagon to a star," especially if gasoline goes to $1 a gallon, as predicted by some statesmen.

A brilliant and imaginative writer of Washington, star-gazing, has conceived the notion that all that is necessary to break the monopoly of the Standard Oil Company is to "harness the stars." He even professes that the experts of the United States bureau of standards have rigged up the necessary harness and prepared to start the machine. Let us see how a star-driven machine—an automobile hitched to Jupiter or Venus, or the double team—would go whizzing past the traffic policeman.

* * * *

"If you should take a teaspoonful of water, and focus upon it all the heat coming from a blue star and could conserve all the heat, it would take a million years to raise the temperature of that water one degree," says Dr. Coblentz of the United States bureau of standards, the expert who has invented an instrument for measuring star heat. His instrument is so delicate that it is sensitive to the heat of a tallow candle lighted fifty miles from it, and it detects the presence of unknown dark, and therefore invisible star, billions of miles away, so he knows how near it would come to running a machine. He has not confirmed the report of running John D. Rockefeller out of business with starry competition.

"All the heat, from all the stars in the sky," says Dr. Coblentz, if it had been focused upon a thimbleful of water when Liberty Bell first rang, and left so focused until today, would not have raised the temperature of that thimbleful more than 1½ degrees fahrenheit. That, too, is with the assumption that all the heat had been conserved and accumulated."

* * * *

The same day that witnessed this alleged hitching of wagons to stars, also brought more scientific news, along parallel lines, in a cable from Paris reporting that Jules Guillot of Vichy had succeeded in harnessing the electricity of the sunlight, so that he was able to extract power and light without cost of operation.

There have been many partially successful efforts to focus with mirrors the direct rays of the sun upon tanks of water, thereby creating steam power, but this capturing of the electricity—rather than sun heat—from the sunbeams, is quite different, and may be revolutionary.

"With an apparatus measuring three yards square," he says, "I light ten lamps of fifty candle power each, and heat my flat. With a larger apparatus, it would be easy to light a whole town."

Presumably, he means by accumulating electricity gathered while the sun shone, into a storage battery, from which it would be used in the night for lighting, in addition to the all-day use of the power. A home equipped with such a wireless light and power apparatus might even become independent of certain municipal monopolies.

* * * *

The inventor's scientific explanation of his discovery is, that, while the atmosphere is full of both negative and positive electricity, it has been impossible, heretofore, to separate the two kinds, and they neutralize each other. It is known that ultra-violet rays, striking an electrical current discharge it, or neutralize it. The sun's light is rich in ultra-violet rays, and so long as they could not be extracted out of the beams, these neutralized the power. He has captured these ultra-violet rays with special antennae. The ultra-violet acts upon the negative rays only, so, when he controls their action, and then "pits the two currents against each other" he gets light and power.

That is far simpler, surely, than Einstein's theory of relativity, and almost as clear as his later theory which he "cannot express in words," but must rely on the mathematical high sign to make clear.

* * * *

"Buy your coal early," cries a coal distributor. No one who undertakes to foretell what any market is going to do with prices, is entitled to remain at large. But prices have not yet gone down materially. The public is educated up to current prices, and so $16 a ton shocks nobody too rudely. There are many nervous ones who are overanxious about the future; they know that "Christmas is coming." But about the time the thermometer touches 90 in the shade—or 100—there will be a lot of folks who will forget that they are going to need coal next winter, and so they may not be forming in the line of would-be buyers. There will be a bigger rush to "buy long" immediately after the first 50-cent drop, than will be crowding counters while they are dodging sunstrokes.

The mine operators have contracts with the miners which run to Septemper 1. What conditions will be after that date no one now can predict. Some retail companies are accepting orders for summer delivery, subject to September current prices.

The thankless job of advising any one when to speculate on coal prices is not ours. These are just a few suggestions to think over. It is a distributor who says "Buy your coal early."

* * * *

It is but a few days since a number of goodhearted American ladies insisted that this government should immediately and unconditionally recognize the present soviet government of Russia. They were quite peeved with Secretary of State Hughes for not coinciding with their sentimental views. Now that the soviets have condemned to death a Roman Catholic archbishop and a number of other prelates because they persisted in opposing the government ban on teaching any religion, it befalls that, instead of rushing to honor the soviets this government has occasion to protest against their barbarity and to remind Russia of how America had fed millions of starving natives of that distressed country. If such humanitarian acts of sympathy fail to impress the soviets with the obligations of civilization there can certainly be no consideration by civilized governments of admitting Russia into the family of civilized nations.

* * * *

To some candidates for American citizenship the new law seems a hardship, which requires that the wife of a foreign-born citizen must also stand examination before she, too, can be naturalized. It is well known that some men rely on the fact that their wives are members of church as entitling them also to all the benefits of proxy, here and hereafter. It won't work.

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For a while it looked as if there was going to be a close race in Washington between a great Hall of Literature (a sort of pantheon where authors will be commemorated, not buried) and a stadium which will seat 100,000 spectators of athletic games. Now it doesn't look so close.

In classic language, "it's a cinch" that the stadium folks will take up all the slack in the advertising which the literary pantheon lets out. They know it pays to advertise. It is just that which constitutes the main difference between highbrow literature and a whooper-up foot ball game which pulls 100,000 spectators in spite of the rain. Why, a treatise on "Ether: Its Properties and Life History," which ran 100,000 would cause its writer to gasp for oxygen. That's literature. A foot ball game in a stadium like Washington is to have, which did not hang out "S. R. O." before the game started, would be a polar wave renewing the ice age, if not a jar of liquified air down to absolute zero. That is the difference between a college professor's salary and Babe Ruth's.

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EDITORIAL DIGEST

Proximity of Andrew Jackson to White House Once More an Issue.

If Shakespeare had ever carried out his threat of laying a curse on any vandal who would move his bones it would probably have been a tame affair whatever form it might have taken compared to the storm that has been raised in the press and elsewhere over the proposal to move the statue of Andrew Jackson that stands across the avenue from the White House gates. It seems a far cry from 1923 partisanship to the bronze reproduction of a national hero who died more than three-quarters of a century ago. Nevertheless the storm has a decided democrat-versus-republican tinge.

"President Harding wants the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson removed," reports the Scranton Times, to be replaced with one of Washington. Although the paper sees "a certain fascination, hard to describe," in the famous statue in which Old Hickory, "doffing his plumed chapeau" sits astride of a horse precariously balanced on two slender hind hoofs, the President, it says, regards it as "an unfitting monument for Washington's most beautiful square," and his desire to have it removed "to a less conspicuous site" has no partisan animus.

"As a matter of cold, non-partisan fact," the republican New York Tribune announces, the sole concern of those who advocate the change "is that the statue of Jackson is an abomination. Replacing it by the figure of Washington—a mediocre statue by the same sculptor—will not be a great improvement but it will at least place in one of the most conspicuous parts of the capital a statue which does not call forth the jocular comments of most of those who pause to look at it." However aside from its esthetic phase, the Tribune seems to be entirely safe in the prediction that if the statue of "one of the heroes of the democratic party is removed during a republican administration there will probably be no dearth of good democrats who will rise in vehement denunciation of the act as one of wanton partisanship." In fact according to the Oklahoma City Oklahoman (democratic), "the country is being stirred from one end to the other by the insidious movement."

Organized opposition to the proposed change comes from the Nashville Historic Society, which sends to President Harding resolutions to the effect that:

"When Andrew Jackson and his brave soldiers were fighting for the freedom of America * * * the British had burned the White House and torn down the American flag. And as Jackson was one who restored the White House and its flag to the American people we deem it most appropriate that his statue remain in the place accorded it by a grateful people who erected it in 1853, eight years after his death."

That, comments the Pittston (Pa.) Gazette, one of the few republican papers to defend the present location of "Old Hickory," "is saying in detail what could be said with even more force in general terms. It is this—a public edifice or monument is part of the record. Those who come after the record has been made and half-forgotten are not always fit judges of whether a statue or building should be preserved. And the presumption is always in favor of the statue or building."

In the dispute as to whether Washington or Jackson should occupy the prominent position opposite the White House if either were now without memorials, "the greatest distinction should be given to Washington, of course," the Raleigh News and Observer (democratic) concedes; "but there is not honor to any man in Washington equal to the stately Washington Monument, which towers over all else in Washington as Washington towered over all other Americans. No additional honor is needed or could be given the great Virginian. It would add no whit to his prestige to give him a distinction long ago conferred upon Jackson and would be an affront to the memory of the Tennesseean."

Granting that Jackson "should be memorialized in the city of Washington," the Chicago Post (independent republican) is, nevertheless, at a loss to understand "just why an atrocity in bronze should be allowed to do the memorializing." To this position the Buffalo Times (democratic) replies that "the statue, we are told, is a poor work of art. That is neither here nor there. The only valid excuse for taking down Jackson's statue would be to put up a better statue of Jackson in its stead."

The important question to the Cincinnati Enquirer (democratic) in the controversy is, "what good purpose can such removal and substitution serve?" In the absence of convincing reply to that question, it asks again, "Why not permit the stern old democrat, statesman and soldier to sit his charger there in perpetuity? Everybody expects to find him there. It is there that he belongs. In any other setting he scarcely would be the same to the thousands and thousands who annually look up to him with friendly, reverent approval. To move him aside even to make place for the great first President seems an ungracious humiliation to the memory of a man who in his lifetime never made way for anybody or anything when he believed himself to be in the right, nor, perhaps, when he may have suspected himself to be in the wrong. Let the general remain!"

Colored Mammy Design Opposed.

To the Editor of The Star:

As you know, there has been money appropriated for the erection of a statue commemorating the colored mammy of bygone days.

A picture in The Star of March 22, 1923, portraying a suggested design for the aforementioned statue, created a great deal of adverse comment among the well thinking colored populace of the city.

The picture in no way depicts the true type of colored mammy, inversely it gives the colored race a chance for complaint, and I for one would suggest a truer, nobler model than the one shown.

ELMER A. SWANN.