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PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THE wonderfully blue waters of the bay of Funchal, off the coast of Madeira, glittered tranquilly.

In small boats a party of American tourists landed from the steamship.

McNab, who had a mania for collecting out-of-date things, announced that he would buy the finest old Madeira wine on the island.

And then the unregenerates laid a deep and wicked plot to commandeer that wine.

So they got back to the steamship well in advance and awaited events.

Just as the whistle blew its "all aboard," McNab hove in sight in a small boat, lovingly caressing a basket.

He tied it to a rope, mounted to the steamship's deck and began to hoist up his precious burden.

But the wicked ones were prepared and when the basket was passing a certain port-hole, a hand protruded and two bottles, cobwebbed and ancient looking, were lifted bodily into the inner recesses of the steamship.

Whereupon the ship's surgeon brought fine cigars and the first mate nugs and biscuits.

Then the purloiner, after a more or less neat speech of triumph, pulled the cork and poured out the clearest, nicest water ever seen!

McNab had paid \$5 each for the bottles, but he never knew—the unregenerates had just enough self-respect left not to tell him the awful truth.

IT HAPPENED last week, when the sun shone brightly and the poesy of autumn was in the air.

I wandered far afield into the lands beyond Collingdale—over the hills and far away, until I came to a tumble-down stone building, decayed with age and redolent with historic memories.

There arose visions of Washington, of Grant, the heroes of our wars.

Memory painted pictures of love and intrigue and bloodshed and the pursuit of peace and then—came the most ancient inhabitant.

"Pretty old building," ventured the writer, seeking information.

"Pretty old," responded the man.

"It's probably played an important part in our country's history?"

"Not that I know of," responded the old man.

"It's been a cow barn nigh all its life."

Whereupon I beat a masterly retreat.

HEINRICH HEINE, the German poet, lay desperately ill in Paris, an exile from his native land, shunned by members of his race because of his change of faith, disliked by those of his new religion.

But though paralyzed, his mind was as clear and acute as ever and his wit as cutting.

Daily he wrote for a French paper; incisive, rapier-like, cutting and sharp were his remarks.

And the butt of his daily joke was one of the Rothschilds.

For months this had continued, and then Rothschild could stand the jibes no longer.

He sent a friend to Heine to offer him a life of ease if he would forego his satirical attacks.

"Stop?" asked Heine. "Stop the attacks on Rothschild? What other pleasure have I left in life? Tell Rothschild that all his millions could not buy health for me.

Tell him that my lampposting pleases me more than it hurts him."

So to the day of Heine's death, Rothschild had to endure.

IN PARIS, Heine had married a French woman of dubious antecedents and utterly at variance with the spiritual nature of the poet.

She was a good nurse, however, dividing her time between Heine and her parrot.

One day she disappeared and a friend, condoling with the sick man, suggested that she had eloped.

"Is her parrot still here?" asked Heine.

"Yes."

"Then she'll come back." And come back she did.

ROMANCE is a thing of the past. Our childhood dreams and fancies have been relegated into the scrapheap of materialism.

The thrill of old is replaced by the certainty of knowledge.

What is it all about? Oh, yes, Robinson Crusoe's tale has been connected with the rest of the world by wireless!

Can you conceive it, Robinson signaling to Friday to come to his aid? Or some one far away punctuating the air with electric flashes to warn him that the savages were coming? Gone are the days of the buccaners, the rovers of the sea!

Robinson Crusoe's tale has been annexed to the rest of the world!

BENEATH the great St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, which may yet be taken by the Russians, is a labyrinth of catacombs, nearly equal to that of Rome.

For miles the subterranean passages twist and turn in Cimmerian darkness.

When a very small boy I was taken into the depths by my father, accompanied by a guide who carried a torch.

Somehow or other, I went astray and wandered off. The reflected light of the torch showed skeletons of Capuchin monks, arrayed in the hooded vestments of their order, standing in silent, gruesome rows against the damp walls; horrors were multiplied in my childish brain.

"Papa!" I yelled, and the echoes sounded and resounded in quivering tones, dying away in ghostly whispers.

And when I was safe with my dad, a moment later, I was the happiest youngster in all Europe.

WHEN William C. Reick was editorial manager of the New York Herald it was well-nigh impossible for any one from the outside world to see him.

But Harold J. Littledale, an English newspaperman, accomplished the seemingly impossible, and here is told how he did it.

He sent word into Mr. Reick that he had a story which he would tell only to him.

Mr. Reick sent a reporter to see Littledale, who declined to reveal his story to any one save Mr. Reick.

After a long wait he was taken into the august presence.

"Well, young man, what's your story?" asked Mr. Reick.

"It's a hard-luck story; I want a job," said Littledale, and then he was ushered out.

BRADFORD.

CURIOSITY SHOP

It was John C. Calhoun, who in a speech delivered May 21, 1835, coined the phrase, "cohesive power of public plunder," saying:

"A power has risen up in the Government, greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks."

That other well-known phrase, "die in the last ditch," originated with William of Orange, who, on being asked by Buckingham whether he did not realize the inevitable ruin hanging over the Commonwealth, replied:

"There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin. I will die in the last ditch."

Dorr's rebellion took place in Rhode Island in 1839, the bone of contention being a de-

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

stred change in the old Constitution, which dated back to Charles II. Rival factions were formed—the "Suffrage" and the "Law and Order" parties.

Each elected a set of State officials and each sought to gain control of the State Government.

Thomas W. Dorr was chosen Governor by the Suffrage party and attempted to seize the Government, but was sentenced to imprisonment for life, being pardoned subsequently.

Cold slaw, a dish essentially American in its popularity, is said to have been invented by the early Dutch settlers, who called it kool-slaw.

John Bull's sister Peg is really Scotland—a poor girl raised on porridge and water and quartered in garret exposed to the north wind.

In Arbuthnot's satirical "History of Europe" she is represented as madly in love with Jack—John Calvin.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Popularity Assured

That proposed bus line on Broad street should become immensely popular with the young folk, for bussing has ever been a popular pastime.

A Bitter Dose

Petrograd and Jaroslavl, Budapest and Crewe, Kaiser Wilhelm, General Pau— Drive me nearly crazy.

But the worst is yet to come. Tasting rather pill-y, Reading like prescriptions all—

"Take some Przymysl-y" } Choose your own

"Take some Przymysl-y" } Spelling.

'Twouldn't be Tolerated Here

From the Buenos Aires Standard.

"Again I was welcomed by my cheery hostess, and once more partook of her simple yet palatable fare."

Casualties

From Allied sources we learn that 4,356,771 Germans were killed, 1,699,326 were wounded and 800,457 were taken prisoners, in the last four days of fighting.

From German sources we learn that the total German loss to date was 11 slightly killed, 43 seriously dead and 66 comprehensively wounded.

Fowl Play

"Why have you given your hen such an outlandish name as Footpad, Jinks?"

"Because she's laying for me."

The Natural Sequence

It now behooves all good exchange editors to dig up the Ingoldby Legends and reprint "The Jackdaw of Rheims."

Heartburn, Probably

From the Elkhon (Md.) Democrat.

"Fire of an unknown origin totally destroyed the contents of Clarence H. Krauss one night last week."

Huh!

Mary had a little lamb, And then I heard her holler: "What does that water think I am? He charged me half a dollar!" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Domestic Discord

"My husband used to call me his lovely lute."

And now? "Now he picks on me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What's In a Name?

"We're giving our pastor a new drawing room carpet on the occasion of his jubilee. Show me something that looks nice but isn't too expensive."

"Here is the very thing, madame—real Kidderminster."—London Punch.

Altruism

Teacher—Johnny, you have been writing your own exercises.

Johnny—I know, mum; it takes all pa's time to think of his own.—New York Sun.

A Fall Time Singer

Golden punkins gleamin' bright Never seed a purtier sight Laying in a batch, Trouble dis way's fraid to steer— "Come right in an' have a cheer!"

Die Land's de land' for me, No whar else Ise born; Possama 'ramin' roun' so free, Nuff to make a darky grin— "Bring yo' folks an' call ag'in!" —Jacksonville Times-Union.

Sign of the Times

A Baptist Church in Paterson has spoken the last word in business administration of religion. This is the sign erected in front of the edifice:

Love and Sunshine Company, Wholesale and Retail Christians; Distributed Joy and Goodwill. In Essentials, Unity; in non-Essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity. The Church with the Royal Welcome.

A Villainous Joke

Which of the embezzled emperors is the friend of the Euro-peon?

This is Too Punny

We labored hard to pen a pun. An hour passed, and it was done; We nearly died of sheer surprise; We pinched ourself and rubbed our eyes; For, as we looked on it in pride— And, as we said, so nearly died— We found we'd made a double hit (Of wisdom, infamy or wit) For then we saw, and not till then, We'd penned a pun that punned a Penn.

A lot of fuss over a little thing, perhaps, but it occurred to us that William Penn looks rather inky compared to the rest of the City Hall tower.

One Bad Turn

Brown (whose new cook is worse than the last): It was you who recommended that new cook to my wife, wasn't it? Jones (with diffidence)—Yes, old man. Brown (vengefully)—Then, I must ask you to come home to dinner with me tonight.—London Sketch.

A Prayer

God of the warring nations, God of the ways of peace, God of the plow and the sword, And bid the warfare cease! Hark to the prayers of children, Their small hands lifted up, And from the world forever Remove this bitter cup!

In years of peaceful living Thy servants have forgot The grief that fed our rage, And now, their blood grown hot, They challenge each the other, And with no heeding for The necklaid sword of avenger, They clatter forth to war— Oh, God, remove this madness, And make Thy servants sane! Remove the fields of carnage, Where wounded and where slain Are trampled to gory remnants! Our God, of war and peace, Remove from men their blindness And bid the warfare cease!

A wife stands all forsaken And peers into the storm, Above the smoke of battle She marks the vultures swarm. No loved one hears her pleading Back to her husband's arm— Beside where she stands weeping A baby starves and dies, God, lift the burden from them Who bear the burden most! God, touch the hearts of rulers! God, turn each warring host From ways that lead to slaughter Back to the paths of peace! God, hear the plaints of women And bid the warfare cease! —Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Houston Post.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

A FRIEND put into my hand the other day an old pamphlet written by John Roach, the shipbuilder of Chester, which describes rather fearlessly the causes of the decline of the American merchant marine and denounces in positive terms what has been called free ships. Both these questions are uppermost in the minds of the people at the present time, and it is curious to note that they occupied a somewhat similar position 40 years ago.

Roach was an Irishman, who came to this country as a boy early in the 30s, and first went to work in a foundry for 35 cents a day.

In the course of his long career as a ship and engine builder he failed four times, and had he survived, undoubtedly would have successfully passed through his fourth failure to fortune again.

He built four of the warships which were known as the White Squadron, the beginnings of our present modern navy, and it was due to his suggestion and advice that the United States ventured upon the development of its navy along modern lines.

Roach was responsible for a large proportion of the iron steamship tonnage which carried the American flag after the Civil War. It is said that his yards built in all 114 ships of the most modern type for their day.

He was naturally a stern advocate for the protection of the ship industry in this country, and one had only to mention Clyde-built ships to him to start him off on a tirade.

IN ROACH'S pamphlet which my friend handed me, I find an explanation of the disappearance of our flag from the merchant marine of the world.

"When our Civil War began," the shipbuilder states, "we had a large commerce but a small navy, and the latter, to protect national life, purchased 215,978 tons of our best steam tonnage. The War Department absorbed by charter and otherwise, 757,611 tons more. Of the remainder, to avoid war rates of insurance or destruction by Clyde-built cruisers, under the rebel flag, 801,313 tons sought refuge under the flag of England or other European bunting, while 104,605 tons were actually destroyed by the Alabama and other pirates.

"Of the ships of all sorts employed thus by our Government few were afterward of any commercial value, though resold at comparatively low rates, partly because of the alterations they had undergone in the process of adapting them to war uses, but more on account of the revolution which had taken place in commercial naval architecture and in the application of motive power."

ROACH comments upon this procedure as one of the most extravagant and ruinous methods that could have been devised for supplying the United States with a navy.

But at the opening of the Civil War, as at the beginning of every other war in which this country has engaged, something like this has had to be done.

We always have been unprepared. Indeed, the method appears to be the approved method of augmenting naval services all over the world.

We chartered ships during the Spanish War, and England, Germany and Japan, with their subsidized lines, also have found it convenient to take over certain vessels from their merchant marine in war times.

It has been generally understood that it was during the period of our Civil War that England—and to a lesser degree Germany—took advantage of our preoccupation to snatch away from us the commerce-carrying trade of the world.

From 1850 until the opening gun of the Civil War was fired our foreign trade increased regularly and enormously, and in 1860 it was questioned whether the United States merchant marine was not first. In any case, it was a close second to that of England.

DURING that long-continued strife, however, England had her opportunity and was keen to take advantage of it.

Some persons may have thought that our present concern to regain our proud position on the seas while Europe is busy is a trifle unethical, but to the persons who feel that way about it Mr. Roach 40 years ago supplied the answer.

Listen to this: "England saw the opportunity thus afforded her and availed herself of it to the utmost. She spent millions on millions in subsidies under various forms; she used even the agonies of our strife for her own advantage