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.2 Pall Mall Best, S. SUBSCRIPTION TERMS Ty carrier, Dance Only, six cents. By mail, postpaid unide of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage required, Danz Only, one month, twenty-five cents into Only, one year, three dollars. All mail sub-lightens payable in advance.

KETSTONE, MAIN 3000 THE BOOD WALNUT per different all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTORVICE AS SECOND-CLARR MAIL MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 81, 1914.

There was a man who was always too busy to play; he's dead. .

Vital, Not Critical

THE issue between London and Washing-Aton is not critical, for a crisis infers psychological conditions which do not exist and which are not likely to exist.' The Amer-Ican Government is seeking to reach an egreement under which American shipping can operate, with the purpose, first, of securing definite recognition of our rights as a neutral, and, second, with the idea of reach-Ing an agreement which will preclude the possibility of animosity and hard feeling hereafter. The protest, therefore, is a peace measure primarily, brought forth at a time when entire friendliness will mark the discussion. It lays the ground, too, for financial reparation to American interests after the war. It is devised dually to vindicate our rights and to assure recompense for any wrongs already suffered.

The British claim of fraud, while construct-Ively admitted, is not the vital question. The fact is that England has virtually put a ring of steel about all Europe and is subjecting trade from neutral to neutral to as vigorous restrictions as cargoes destined directly for belligerents. The United States cannot admit the right of Great Britain to revive in exaggerated form the doctrine of ultimate destination. Because Italy borders on Austria is no good reason why trade between Italy and the United States which was perfectly legitimate a year ago should be subject to interference now. Might makes right, but not at the expense of the United States.

It is a fact that British orders in council t hundred years ago, against which the infant America protested so vigorously, were little more destructive of our trade than the wast system of surveillance now in effect. As a matter of fact, American Atlantic ports are practically blockaded by British menof-war, which halt and inspect practically every ship leaving port. The manner, too, in which great marine highways have been mined, practically preventing all commerce, is indefensible and is only permitted because there is no combination of nations strong enough to prevent it, or willing to make the pacrifice to do so.

The seas belong to no nation. They are no more England's than were they Venice's when that Imperial city regarded them "as | U. G. I. does not spend any. tis bride and warned all others to cease from their adulterous intercourse." We are standing on such high ground, with such weight of argument behind us, that recognitien of our salient claims is inevitable, sooner or later.

A Credit of \$90,000,000

TUROPE is practically at a standstill pro-La ductively, and its necessities have required it to purchase in abnormal quantities from the United States. The result of this decrease in our imports and increase in our exports is a trade balance in our favor for December of approximately \$90,000,000. The tariff has nothing to do with the git-

untion. It is the war that has brought it about and it is the war that will continue it, provided the Government is able in some way to assure protection of our neutral freights on the high seas. We have become the one great market of the world, and the most vital problem that confronts us in relation thereto is distribution. There is no trouble finding people who want our goods; the thing is to get the goods to them.

The impetus given our foreign trade is likely to put us in so advantageous a position before the world catastrophe is over that it will require years for our chief comuntitors to get back on an equal footing with us, if they ever do. It is not a condition to giont over, but we may well be thankful that the awful cataclysm has not wrecked utterly the whole fabric of social intercourse, and that this great nation can still uphold the arts of peace and commerce.

Sheer Waste of Human Life

E A. WINSLOW, of the State Board of Health of New York, speaking before the American Association for the Advanceor of Science, meeting here this week, said: Pully as tragic as the deaths due to the war were those of 1,550,000 men, women and chil-ren who died in the United States during 1914. July 40 per cent. of these deaths were need-ted than might have been prevented

Doctor Winslow's assertion will be not only horns out but accentuated by social workets in Philadelphia. Evil housing, filthy surnge, cheerless conditions, lack of sunat -in short, a general lack of those essenals which make for physical strength and baseful minds cause a death rate entirely wand proper proportion. Yet Councils hagles over one of the "simple procedures" thich would serve to remedy such waste of Mality, namely, putting into effect the State hausing law.

Let the School Code Alone

THERE years of successful operation jusrity the confidence of the framers of the evicanta Education Code, Any attempt vertices it or to amend it radically must firmly resisted. It is probably the very ation of educational laws in Amerand if Punnsylvania hasn't the best sysallo education of any State in the milit is because the several boards of fracture have falled to see and to

neticed Code is comprehensive and by hartformisty upon to it allows but mether did Mr. Bourne,

each district, whether urban or rural, the opportunity to build and conduct schools to provide the type of education most needed by the locality. By careful prevision, it minimizes to the last degree any form of political interference with the true functions of education.

Perhaps the best feature of the code has been its influence in drawing the bestequipped men of the community into the service of the school system. They act without pay and their position is now recognized as one of responsibility and honor. Never before in the history of the Commonwealth have so many citizens of high type given their valuable time and judgment to the administration of our public schools,

1914! Year of Blood

No YEAR has stamped the record of itself so deep in human chronicles as 1914. It marked the end of an era and the beginning of another. It gave birth to the grandest and most fearful of all tragedies, for in comparison with the catastrophe which it fathered all others that humanity has suffered seem almost trivial. It is a year never to be forgotten, but certain to cast its shadow forward over the last of its successors.

To the United States it has been a twelvemonth that can best be described as Micawberism. All industries have been waiting for something to turn up. Prosperity has been just beyond the horizon, keeping company with the end of the rainbow. Bumper crops were not sufficient to balance the heavy losses incidental to the cataclysm in Europe. The increase in railroad rates, at first denied, was delayed interminably. The new banking system provided for last December did not become effective until November. The Mexican situation was a long series of postponements, one week leading to war and the next away from it. A "watchful-walting" year it has been in commerce and business and the general activities of society.

Let 1914 go! It did the best it could, and that was a little more than humanity could stand. It earned for itself a place in history after the manner of a Claudius or a Nero. It leaves few memorials of which history can be proud. Let it go back into the nothingness out of which it came, unrepentant and jubilant, but not half so jubilant as humanity is to be rid of it.

Smug Councils Plays the Game

THE most significant thing about the job-I less men who flocked to the office of Director Harte yesterday was the obviously good character of most of them. "They were poorly clad, but a glance showed that they were not typical 'bums' or chronic failures -not men that 'somehow can't get along.' "

It is evident that the \$50,000 appropriated by Councils for charitable purposes is woefully insufficient. That much and more a week is needed. An industrial revival will be necessary before all can be taken care of, for even the beginning of great public works, with the attendant sympathetic impetus to general trade, would not be sufficient to relieve the situation entirely. But the city can start the ball rolling.

The way is not hard. The United Gas Improvement Company is ready to undertake the expenditure of ten times \$50,000 if authorized so to do by Councils. The substitution of gas for gasoline lamps, at a saving of thousands of dollars annually to the municipality, is the proposal. But Councils does nothing. It rests on its oars. For Mr. Connelly, Socrates of the Finance Committee, has not only become parsimonious in regard to the city's money, but has apparently appointed himself a trustee to see that the

The City Is Man's

THE city is man's and God's is the country. From its asphalt to its domes each metropolis is material evidence of the ingenuity and vigor of humanity. This wonder and that wonder, all are associated intimately with great personalities, and all alike are tributes to the splendor and glory of man. The city is his work, his own creation, his masterpiece of effort, and all who live in it, consciously or unconsciously have their visions warped and their standards of measurement limited by the horizon of stone and marble which surrounds them.

But the country is God's. There are the illimitable spaces, the magnificent splendor. the reach of heaven, the birth and death of day, the miracles of creation, the recurrent harvest. The weather is more important than the theatre, and the rain pours in rich volume as the gift of Providence. All things unite to concentrate attention on the mightiness of nature, the marvelous arithmetic of Providence, the eternal harmonies. It is the soul-land, where the human mind gets into closer touch with the infinities, and every day has its ancient miracles.

So, the man in the country has the more religion and the man in the city needs it more. The one is spiritually influenced, the other finds materialism drawing him like a lodestone all the time. The one takes his vision from books, the other from the skies. The city man needs more help in overcoming handleaps. That is what the approaching great revival movement is intended to give him.

What's trade between friends?

There is an end to everything, even 1914. The United States knows what its rights are even if some other nations do not.

The report that "bandits menace Vers Cruz" is remarkable. It was formally turned over to them weeks ago.

The trouble with the income tax is that before the Government can get the tax the citizen must get the income. There is too much talk about international

law. There is not any; the nations are just making it now. Governor Blease has pardoned 1544 con-

victs. The penitentiary authorities are expecting most of them back soon. The arguments in favor of the ship pur-

chase bill would be more convincing if not Representatives of thousands of workers yesterday indorsed the rapid transit plans.

Everybody is for them, including Councils,

and everybody except Councils says so. The Progressives want to be represented on the new Trade Commission. They need it. They have little enough representation anywhere clas.

Jonathan Bourne, the former great states man and militant refermer, relies now for It gives every school district the fame on the use of an old but unusual word. In true to take tion will the money senator Lodge did not know what it meant,

"BILLY" SUNDAY AS EVANGELIST AND MAN

Some of the Secrets of His Marvelous Power - "Psychological Preaching." Versatile in Interests and Activities. Sunday Outside the Pulpit.

By TOM C. MIRKIL

TUCH has been said and much more writ-MUCH has been said and Buck anday, the baseball player evangelist, fearless flayer of sin and sinners, the man who in seven short weeks turned Scranton and the entire Lackawanna Valley upside down and inside out, who flashed across the vision of 200,000 people like a meteor to disappear and leave behind him and his series of remarkable meetings a wake of memories and results that bid fair to endure.

Billy Sunday is great, gauged by his own achievements. To arouse in something like half a million men the desire to lead better lives, to be truer to ideals, is in itself an accomplishment that challenges comparison with the very great of all time.

If it is admitted that the man's work and his achievements are worthy, then there is little room to debate their degree. He simply does more than any man of his kind in the memory of the oldest living inhabitant. It is not pertinent to adduce the fact that a certain percentage of his converts do not "stick." For that matter neither do a certain percentage of the initiates of a lodge, a certain percentage of applicants for insurance. a certain percentage of evidence taken under oath. The utter fallibility of human nature must be admitted. It has yet to be claimed that defections from those Mr. Sunday enlists for better living are any more numerous than from those secured by other men or other means.

Sincerity and Psychology

In judging his methods two things must be considered. The first is the nature and character of the men interested locally in a "Billy" Sunday campaign, the second is the freedom and directness of the operations. More convincing than either is a personal knowledge of the evangelist, and when this has been attained by any one through weeks of repeated contact under all sorts of trying conviction upon the ear of the listener, all doubt of the man's sincerity vanishes.

When a campaign is in prospect, he has the city organized for months ahead. By unconscious and almost imperceptible degrees he directs general interest to religious matters, arousing at the same time a great amount of curiosity in himself and his coming. At this stage of the proceedings he makes not the slightest effort to conciliate any one. The result is that local forces are active, alert, united. These forces are the church forces, and if the man stopped there the Sunday meetings would not be the great success they invariably are.

But the very first thing he does when he begins to talk is to attack the church folks, or rather the abuses they permit, and the flaying he gives pastors and people alike at once challenges the interest and attention of those outside the churches and they begin to attend the meetings. They do not admit it, but they go to hear an attack upon men and women whom they believe have a "holierthan-thou" attitude toward the rest of the world.

Secrets of His Versatility

Once Sunday has his crowds, the laws of psychology make the rest certain. The evangelist puts a simple proposition so simply that very few men or women with normal intellects can refuse assent.

It is at this point that the great humanity of the man is seen to be a determining factor. Born a farmer, his father dead before the boy ever saw the light of day, raised under conditions that early made him know the problems of life, struggling from his youth up, fighting for every mental acquisition that has come to him, he never for an instant has lost touch with life.

An omnivorous reader, he never retires to his study; a shrewd thinker and a deft logician, he never gives himself up to the pleasantries of philosophic contemplation, A great traveler, he at every angle touches elbows with every phase of life-official, religious, criminal-no element is foreign to him. With something very like inspiration he can gauge his hearers in a moment and direct his thoughts to them in exactly the terms best suited to their dispositions.

He knows that a great mass of people can never direct their minds long in a definite channel, and so he constantly varies the line of his thought, always recurring to the main theme. He knows that emotional stress cannot long be maintained, and that contrast is the basis of emphasis. Therefore just before the climax of each sermon he introduces some note of pathos-sometimes out of line with the main body of his discourse- and this enables him to clinch the final thought with that emphasis which results in hundreds and hundreds coming forward and taking a stand for the church and for God, when the invitation is given.

The sermons, prepared with great care, built up by many changes and additions, are not selected until he enters the pulpit. Many times he changes his mind after he has taken a place on the platform. The slang which is such an advertised feature of his talks is pronouncedly evident only in a small number of them. Vehement thought and emphatic delivery, however, characterize every public utterance of the man, and this too when he preaches four sermons a day, any one of which would utterly exhaust the average man.

The Man Himself

"Billy" Sunday's personal habits are simple. He cats heartily, but of plain foods. His single nerve stimulant is coffee, of which he is very fond. When under stress he is restless. If a conveyance is not in instant waiting, he will start to walk. Wherever he is he engages some one in conversation, and more often he asks questions than answers them. To this and his habit of miscellaneous reading is to be attributed his astonishing versatility.

Agriculture he knows as well as most farmers. Medicine and law he can discuss freely with professionals. Some preachers find that he is not sound theologically, but sone say he is not sound. There are two or three things he is afraid of. One is being formal. In the privacy of his apartments he acquits himself like an athlete in training, Never seeking society, he is at home on every rung of it. To those who are his guests he has a frank, simple cordiality. Art and science he knows as well as the average amateur, and his capacity for figures is staggering to those who find that the multiplication table taxes their memory,

No estimate of the man would be fair which did not take into account his remarkabte love of family. Mrs. Hunday shares completely in the work and triumph of the very start recognised the fact tourible for implants, get swips for law part in year for Pranes.



it is unobtrusive. He, however, makes frequent public avowal of what he owes to her, and in all important councils concerning his work she has a voice, and often a deciding

Strong likes are usually contrasted with strong dislikes, but if Mr. Sunday has a strong dislike for any one he conceals it masterfully. The breadth of his friendship is phenomenal. So is his memory of names and faces. These, of course, account largely for the element of personal popularity of the

In his 52d year, "Billy" Sunday seems to be at the zenith of his power as an evangelist, with organization perfected, himself experienced, ripened, heart mellowed, soul expanded, eyes to the east, marching forward to still greater conquest for right living, right thinking and right hoping.

HOW I WOULD ABOLISH WAR

No More Money, No More War-"If I Were Rothschild."

By SHOLOM ALEICHEM A Sketch by the Yildish Mark Twain, Translated for the Evening Ledger.

F I were Rothschild, oh, if I were only Rothschild, guess what I would do? To begin with, I'd see to it that my wife is always provided with an extra threepence, so that she won't bother me every Thursday about the last Saturday provisions. Then I would redeem my Sabbath Kapota, or rather my wife's fur coat, so that she may stop picking at my brain about the cold. I would next buy the house I live in, the three rooms, the cellar, attic and all-she is always complaining of lack of space, you know. I'd say to her: "Here are three rooms for your cooking, washing, baking and leave me alone, so that I can go on with my teaching undisturbed."

I'd marry off all my daughters. What a relief! All my wants attended to, I'd look after the town's needs. I would order a new the old one is full of holes and is always dripping. I'd have the bathhouse rebuilt entirely. One of these days it is bound to collapse and cause a terrible calamity. The hospital is certainly not in better shape, so it, too, will have to be reconstructed. I would put up a real hospital with cots, and doctors and medicines and soup daily for all patients, as they have it in real cities. I would build a home for the old and organize societies to "clad the naked," to marry off all old maids and to bury the dead.

If I were Rothschild I'd put a stop to war. I would abolish it completely.

Would you like to know how? By means of money. For instance, England got at the Boers. Why? Wherefore? Because it wanted the gold mines. They also say that the Germans, French and the others are brandishing their swords in the face of the Chinaman, they want him to cut off his pigtail, and dress himself in pants. What business is it of theirs if he prefers the queue and the smock? Let him walk head downward, if it so pleases him. Here is the Turk in his red fez: why do they always talk of cutting him up and dividing

him? And each of them wants the best share. One says, "You take Stamboul and give me the Bosporus." Says the other, "No. I'll let you have Stamboul and take the Bosporus for myself." The third comes along and says: "I don't give a darn for either Stamboul or Bosporus, I want the Dardanelles!" Immediately a general outcry is heard-What? the Dardanelles? The Dardanelles is public property. It must belong to all. Thus the wrangling goes on, until the Germans begin to war, and human blood is shed like water, and streams like rivers into the sea. Here are Dardanelles for you!

But I shall come along and say: "Pray, brothers, listen to me. What is it all about? I know what you are all after. So here you are: a trillion for you; a trillion for you; two trilliens for you. With God's help you will repay something in the future." You get the idea? It is a business stroke, and it is a great moral act. I stopped slaughtering one another like steed and swine war is stopped. There is no more need of arms, armies and the whole outfit. And the hate and jealousy of nations will all vanish-no more dislike of Turks, English, French, Gypsies, Jews-the whole world will assume s

different face just as the prophet foretold. And perhaps I'd go still further on, if I were Rothschild. Maybe, I'd abolish money altogether. No more money! What do we need money for? It is a certificate, and an illusion, a sin that tempts all,

If there were no money the temptation would not exist. Do you understand me? But you say to ma: "How would one manage to buy food, then?" The answer is: "Look at me; I manage it now!"

The French Yellow Book

From the New Republic. In July the Germans believed what they did

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS IN MANY COUNTRIES

The Giving of Gifts-Frolic and Pageantry, Bells and Guns, Orient and Occident, Past and Present.

By WILLIAM RADER

CHARLES LAMB wrote, "Of all sounds of all bells, most solemn is the peal which rings out the old year." Despite the inevitable solemnity which broods over the deathbed of the old year, the new is welcomed with warm greetings and hearty anticipations.

The delty Janus was represented by the Romans as a man with two faces, one looking backward, the other forward, implying that he stood between the old and the new year with a regard to both. It is the forward look that characterizes popular new year celebrations. Men meet each other with greetings of good will. There is an unusual social freedom which, on occasion, may break down the barriers of conventional conduct and give expression in fantastic and spectacular observances.

Wassail, or Egg-nog?

The wassail bowl, in England-of ale, nutmer, sugar, toast and roasted crabs or apples-and the egg-nog, in the United States, are a part of the New Year's celebration. In Scotland New Year's is more generally celebrated than Christmas. There is observed among all classes a custom of giving and receiving. It is the day of the bagpipe and good will.

Persians celebrate the day by exchanging presents of eggs. The Druids distributed as New Year's gifts branches of the sacred mistletoe. In Anglo-Saxon and Norman England, New Year's gifts were common. For a long time the custom of offering gifts to the govereign was observed.

Wolsey, it will be remembered, gave Henry VIII a gold cup, and it is recorded that Bishop Latimer handed Henry a New Testament with a leaf doubled down at Hebrews 12.4: "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin."

In the old days of Rome the Emperors exacted from their subjects tribute of a pound of gold.

As a church festival, New Year's is of subordinate importance. One of the customs, however, generally observed by the churches throughout the world, is the watchnight service. In this country this service is quite generally held in churches of all denominations. In the confession of sin, earnest prayer, singing of hymns, and preaching, the worshipers prepare themselves spiritually for the new year. When the old year passes, and the clock strikes 12, the mood of introspection is changed into one of joy and congratulation.

The Chinese New Year's

Among all nations that observe the new year, it is a period of preparation, conviviality and merriment. The Chinese share this spirit on February 18, when differences are adjusted, debts paid, gifts exchanged and the joss houses and streets resound with the noise of fire-crackers, which splutter, crack and blaze with the inherited hope of driving the devils away.

There has grown, up in the United States a new form of New Year observance.

The "mummer" of Philadelphia is a development of the "bell snickler" of 50 years ago, and the fiesta hints of the New Orleans Mardi Gras The American no longer stays at home if he happens to live in the city, and drinks his egg-nog or wine by his own fireside as the clock strikes 12. Instead, he goes to the streets, where he blows a horn. wears a masque, throws confetti and yells at the top of his voice. Then he will go to a fashionable cafe and make himself believe he is seeing the new year in by eating and drinking.

In San Francisco the streets are illuminated and thronged with people, who compete with one another in making hideous noises. More recently this unrestrained impulse of good will has been organized and reduced to some intelligent form of order, so that the celebra tion takes the form of a gorgeous pageant. In Pasadena and Los Angeles flowers are used in street pageants, and the New Year's greetings are expressed on a magnificent scale of beauty and decorum.

Philadelphia's Comic Supplement

Philadelphia has the mummers' pageant which is peculiar to this city. Each year this representation of festive Philadelphia increases in size and significance. This year it premises to surpass all previous years in its fantastic, artistic, unique and original designs significant of the city's prospertty and the nation's progress. It will be the camte supplement of the year or history making

In his masque of Christman, San Junior

introduces "New Year's Gift in a blue coat, serving manlike, with an orange and a sprig of rosemary on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread, his torch-bearer carrying a marchpane, with a bottle of wine on either arm."

In this character Jonson represents the prevailing moods of New Year's of old England and of later America. They differ from those of Thanksgiving, which was originally a Jewish festival; of Easter, which is ruled by a sacred historical event; of Christmas, which is pre-eminently a day of holy memory and of the fireside. New Year's is the hour

"when every eye Wears symptoms of a sober jollity."

Shooting Out the Old Year

Men are never so jolly as when they are celebrating the inevitable. It is something of this spirit that is in the old Epicurean injunction, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In the wild and often senseless manifestation of merriment witnessed in modern cities on New Year's Eve there is evident this deeper feeling, that as we cannot control the years the best thing to do is yield to them with a merry heart.

In this connection a word should be said about the use of powder on New Year's. In old England the bell is still the voice of the deeper consciousness. When the Englishman would utter his best thought he rings a bell. The chimes play the melody of his soul. In America the gun is fired. One of the differences between the United States and England is illustrated by the gun and the bell. It has been the custom in certain parts of the country to shoot out the old year and shoot in the new. Early in the morning the country boys were wont to get up and steal out with the old flint-lock or the pistol and make "the welkin ring" by shooting out the old and welcoming the

new year. Not the least among Tennyson's poems is sounds the merry bells of England and rings in the true and good. It is a hint of the higher possibilities of the occasion and of the still more impressive ways to recognize the passing of a year. We are just beginning to behave intelligently on the First of January. Philadelphia is setting an example of combining fun with philosophy, merriment with sanity and the frolicsome with good taste in furnishing a pageant in which the happy good will of the people is mingled with the sober significance of a new beginning for every life.

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The Shovel Mightier Than the Sword

From the New York Tribune. Fighting is still an absorbing game, we con-tinue to believe, despite the reports which lay stress on trench digging and other similar aclivities. Building the Panama Canal was pretty absorbing work for steam-shovel men and engineers alike, and that was no more than trench digging. There is no question, however, that the present war has finally swept out of existence the last of the old trappings which once were synonymous with martial doings in the popular mind. If war is still a thrilling, interesting oc-cupation it is not because of any decorations with which it is idealized.

A battlefield without swords may be a very scientific affair, but it is certainly a long way from fighting as we have been brought up to regard it. As a matter of fact, the sword has actually been discarded, by official order, in our American army. Instead, an officer carries a magazine gun, amounting to a miniature rifle. Evidently the British officers are working out the same result as a matter of practice and

PILGRIMAGE

I will tread on the golden grass of my bright When the passion-star has paled, when the night has fled: I will tread on the golden grass of my bright In the glow of the early day when the east is

And a giant boulder stands by a black-burned wood; In my bright field a broken beech tree leans; And a rough-built, falling wall and a rotting

Sear, like a scar, the spot where a house once

My eyes are mute on the white edge of the awn, My feet fall swift and bare upon the way * * * The long, soft hills grow black against the sky. The great wood moves, unfolds; the high trees

The worn road stretches thin, and the low hedge And a strong, old bridge looms frail o'er a

a white flower turns and breathes, and turns again. * * * Does it live, as I live? Does it wake, as I waked, from a dream?

(How merciless is the dawn! how poignant the hush of my soul! How changeless the changing skyl how fearful that wild bird's call! I hear the nutch such of his wing, the push of his breast-he is gone! How swift is an con of time! how endices, beginningless, ail!)

I tread on the golden grass of my bright field; The sun's on a hundred bills; the night has feet; I tread on the golden grees of my bright field; In the glow of the early dec. 4ml the cast is

-Laure Company to the Fernies.