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PHIRADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1915.

Vever be afraid to give; it is a prelude to getting.

#### Make It a March Election

TTICK no knife into transit and emasculate it by no jokers. The ways are could never be got, it follows that the sale of reased, so let it slide. There is no need to patent medicines should be outlawed entelay the launching. tirely.

Construction of the delivery loop will take the year longer than construction of the Broad street subway. The relocation of swars will be under way in March. It is a work that fits into the digging of the subway itself. The two must go together. By March specifications for the delivery loop will be ready to hand to bidders.

An election in June would hold the whole reject up until fall. An altogether useless and foolish delay would be occasioned. Sothing whatever would be gained; a great deal would be lost.

Transference to the city of the personal property tax has increased the borrowing mpacity of the municipality more than the 0 millions it is proposed to borrow.

It is not enough that necessary ordinances ave been introduced in Councils. They roughly smash open the road for transit, but it is the people themselves who must finally lecide. That their verdict will be favorable a clear, but why wither their enthusiasm or lengthen their suspense? They know what they want and they know that they want it now. They are not looking for rolden apples next year; they want the ubway-elevated system begun this year.

The demonstration on January 14 should to pointed steadily at the one vital issue, mmely, a March election. There is no onger any doubt that there will be rapid transit. The obstructionists have been wept aside. It is now mainly a question of when work shall begin. A March election suft be the slogan. Have done with delay. Get the tortolses out of the road. The very prospect of actual achievement has stupefed and dulled them. They want to delay, to walt, to blunder along in miserly fashion. delighting in postponement. But March is the month; it is the appointed time. Stand together on that, hold fast to it, make it the sue. There is Councils and there are the Councilmen. Are they for beginning rapid transit now or are they in favor of holding It up another year? The question is before them and the public wants an answer,

#### the mintes, under suits of police resultation. NATURE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE WORKER on the fundamental principies of justice.

And they are of immense practical import

to every community where great public

**Buying Death** 

TRAYING to get sured cheap and dying Tearly us a result is a favorite diversion

of the American people. They guzzle patent

medicines with the enthusiasm and reckless guilibility of children turned loose in the

Dr. Reid Hunt recently gave a free public

lecture at the Harvard Medical School. He

pointed out that the absence of the slightest curative power in many of the patent medi-

cines commonly sold was not of so great importance as the presence in them of dele-

terious substances. Analysis of one "remedy"

showed it to contain wood instead of grain

alcohol, "and still another, containing coal

tar, caused 1300 deaths and 13,000 injuries

and diseases." Purity in a drug does not

mean that it is harmless. Pure carbolic

acid, for instance, can kill a little bit quicker

Men who peddle death for a price, after

having smeared it over with lies, deserve the

penitentiary instead of limousines and pal-

aces. But somehow or other they find pub-

lications to share with them their dripping

profits, and their lawyers have been able to

read most of the protection for the public out

of the statutes. No patent medicine of any sort should be licensed for sale unless it car-

ries with it a warranty by the United States

Public Health Service that it will do what

it is advertised to do. As such a warranty

The President at Indianapolis

THE noteworthy thing in President Wil-

L son's Indianapolis speech was not its de-

fense of the Democracy and its policies, nor

its exhibition of him as the masterful and

controlling mind in its councils, but the plea

to the independent voter, sometimes called

a progressive, to join forces with the De-

This was the firing of the first gun for

the campaign of 1916, and it revealed the

processes of the President's mind. He knows

as well as any one else that if he cares for

renomination he can have it on a gold plat-

ter with none to say him nay. He dominates

his party by the force of his superior intel-

lect and the driving power of his determined

will. He can have from it whatever he

wishes. But he has been studying election

returns, and he has discovered that there is

a large body of voters who are not closely

bound to any party, and he knows that

without their support a Democratic presi-

dential nomination would be worthless to

him or to any one else. More of this sort

of appeal to the independent voters may be

expected as the months go by, but no one

can make it more subtly than this one-time

professor of politics, who has grown so great

that even on Jackson Day he overshadows

the sturdy Democrat in whose honor the

"My Kind or None"

A NEW Blockley is not so important to Councils as the architect's fees that go

with it. It must be a Philip H. Johnson

hospital or no hospital at all. Some experts

who have studied the situation are inclined

to believe that "no hospital" would be worth

almost as much to the city as the otherkind;

but that is a matter of opinion and not the

The clever device of chaining lucrative

jobs to Organization favorites by giving

them perpetual contracts is sharp practice

of the kind the courts do not like. They are

inclined to smell a rat in all agreements of

that sort, and to declare them null and void.

be-in court, on its merits and demerits.

That is where the Johnson contract ought to

anniversary was observed.

issue.

mocracy.

than impure carbolic acid.

pink lemonade section of a circus.

works must be carried on.

Life a Tissue of Habits-The Royal Road to Achievement-If We Take Care of Our Habits Success Will Take Care of Itself.

#### By JOSEPH H. ODELL

Sow an act reap a habit; sow a habit reap a character"-in this sense man is his own creator. We start life with very little, probably with not more than a will and a capacity. The first conscious acts of life are the formation of habits; children do things because they like to do them or because they are compelled to do them. They do not know at the time that they are building up the self they must carry all through life. "Life," says Amiel, "is but a tissue of habits."

The late Professor James, of Harvard, stated this fact very clearly in his book on psychology: "We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it and a kind heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up, to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as its had one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work.

#### Some Fine Morning

"Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can certainly count upon waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatsoever pursuit he may have singled out."

It is a feature of human nature to wish to do twice what has been done once with some degree of success. This tendency is what makes habit-forming so easy. Seeing that the second attempt is usually less difficult than the first, we understand how powerful becomes the liability to constant repetition, until the liability passes into automatic certainty. In this way movements of the mind or body become instinctive and are performed without any conscious effort.

A habit has been likened to a physical groove in the brain along which impulses run easily, and the more impulses that pass along it the deeper becomes the groove and\* the more easily and inevitably the subsequent impulses travel. This physical groove illustration may be itself illustrated by the history of Broadway, New York. When the city was only a cluster of houses at the extreme tip of Manhattan Island, which we now call the Battery, the worthy settlers brought their cows in to be milked along a path which grew broader every day, because, being in the centre of the settlement, the people on both sides of it drove their cattle that way. As the village extended into the country the houses were built upon either side of the cowpath, which grew still broader each year as more cows went to and from pasture, until at length it became a well-marked road. Travel passed along it naturally, simply because it was well marked and convenient, until it became one of the longest and busiest thoroughfares in the world.

#### Neckties and Thought

If we had to dress today for the first time in life it would be a long and difficult undertaking. We should have to study the meaning and probable place of each garment. To

logue of dry facts and the student is all at once alive to a great dead world in which still glow the beauty and mystery of the present and the future. In literature and art and music and every sort

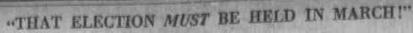
of education there lies this touchstone to a wider and more comprehensive existence. Teachers despair over the duliness of some pu plis, their indifference to the mere facts, bu it is frequently hard to tell what subtle, revo Intionizing influences are working their mighty way unseen. Something of this faith in the revealing power of education lies in the soul of the most efficient teacher.

### EVERY MAN HIS OWN MURDERER

A More or Less Cheerful Meditation on a Gentle Pastime plete. Of course I am referring to the By BURTON KLINE Croats, to the three million Rumanians and

MOST of us regard murder as thoroughly impolite. And yet millions of us are murderers. Most of us are murderers, and without knowing it. There is the pathetic part of it. Great and accomplished murderers are going to their graves unhonored and unsung, without flowers or offers of marriage from the ladies.

You know, it is only the hopeless blockhead who resorts to the bullet or the pellet of cyanide when desirous of murder. That kind of murder is nothing more than a momentary absence of self-control. If you don't believe you are a potential murderer, step out of your door some evening, prepared to call upon the young lady of your choice. An urchin throws a muddy snowball which fetches up against the bosom) of your shirt. In your opinion death is too good for that urchin. The whole train of tragic consequences of that snowball flashes through your mind. Having to dress again, beginning with the very fundamental of the shirt, you may be late to your appointment. The lady of your choice may conceive a poor opinion of you on account of that. She may say you Nay. That snowball may have ruined your life. Well, that urchin was a murderer then. And in your thoughts you, too, are a murderer. Many a real pistol murder results from the over-hasty transation of such a thought into action. In a





What is curious is this:

the three and a half millions of Serbs who

dwell in the land under the sway (not al-

ways gentle) of the Magyars. It is a fact of

equal moment that all the Hungarians are

not of one mind regarding this war. The

men of '48 are dead, it may be, but their

sons live. They remember the hope and de-

spair of that bloody revolution. The mem-

ory lives-though it was long ago that the

last rebel was hanged and Hungary was de-

graded to a province of the Hapsburg em-

pire. And more than one Hungarian does

not know whether his hatred for the invader

is greater than his age-old hate for Austrian

If you doubt this fact, ask the Hungarians

who have come, in their thousands, to this

country. I've been talking to some of them.

It was last evening, and we sat at a table

and when the slivovitsa was sent out in tall,

pale bottles we talked of these things. They

made me one of them, because they remem-

bered a sin of my youth--what time I lived

in their land and translated (for a notable

occasion) that "Szozat" which is the soul of

Hungary. And we sang it once more;

"To the Motherland, unfaltering

Thy faith be, O Magyar!"

did not hear one goo

tyranny.

# HUNGARY WINS ITS INDEPENDENCE

Whichever Way the Great War Goes the Magyar Dream of Freedom Is Coming True-The End of the Thousand Years of Waiting.

#### By VANCE THOMPSON

THE Russian army has invaded Hungary. was to be wiped out. And war against Rus-L It forced the passes of the Carpathians sla was popular-for the Hungarians had not forgotten that she aided the Austrian and in four columns, it is pressing on. Emperor to fasten on their shackles. That was the first thought. But now that the Out of every three inhabitants of Hungary, war has spread-that it is a clear alignment at least one is praying that the raid may become an invasion-victorious and com-

of the feudal forces of Europe (Turkey, Germany, Austria) against the best the world has got in democracy (republican France, democratic England, the agrarian Russia), why-the Hungarians have thought twice. They see that German-Austrian victory means for them a stronger, if not a harsher taskmaster. It means a heavier German hand over Hungary, and the Magyar dream of freedom pushed back and back."

"Meanwhile there is no question of a revolt in Hungary?"

"Not until the war is over. We are in it and we'll fight loyally to the end. We'll go to the last ditch. Our own leaders-our own Premier-our own statesmen have taken us into the war. Whether they were fools or traitors to the race doesn't matter now. We've got to fight it out. But the end of the war, no matter how it is decided, will mean a new Hungary"-and he threw at us a mighty word-a tremendous word: "METyarorszhag!'

#### Self-rule of the Races

After all, for these Hungarians the onl thing is Hungary.

And aren't they right?

This war is being fought for the liberation of nationalities. That is the occult meaning of it all. The German shall not hold in thrall the Pole or the Italian or the Serb. German shall go to German and Slav to Slav. The nations will divide along the lines of race and language, erecting their own

And drank out of tall pale glasses. word for the de

#### Aeroplane Darts

N AMERICAN steel company has refused A an order for 100,000 aeroplane darts for the use of the French. The EVENING LEDGER published a picture of this new instrument of warfare recently. It is about 8 inches long, so grooved that it falls point down, and would, it is said, if it hit a man square on the top of the head, go straight through him lengthwise.

The order was rejected "for reasons of neutrality." It might just as well have been rejected for reasons of humanity. The whole perid shuddered when bombs were dropped on Antwerp. Since then men have become coustomed to such outrages, which apparntly have been perpetrated by Germans and Allies allke. We can conceive of no emerrency which would justify the use of aerodane darts, resistless and death-dealing. They can serve no military purpose. As well mison the water supply. As the war proreases cruelty becomes more and more the true, although the world has been so hilfed by outrages that they are accepted a matter of course.

Aliens Must Be Permitted to Work THEE United States Court sitting in Callformin and the State courts of New York re establishing precedents which will make atmoult, if not impossible, for any labor situators to block the building of the new onways here. Thousands of laborers will a needed to handle a pick and shovel in the evations. America does not produce ther enough of this kind to meet the deand, and never has produced enough. The rah lummigrants built the great railroad rs two or three generations ago, and their dency was not affected by their lack of papers. The Italians, Hun-Spenship rians and Poins are doing the coarse work lay. But New York politicians, respondto the demand of labor leaders, secured a parsage of a law forhidding the employint of any allena on public contracts, rk on the new subways in New York city a slopped a few weeks ago because some tilling agitators sought to have the law The New York courts, however, h wine and far-seeing discretion, declared ar and law is invalid because it is contrary while policy. The aliens are once more he trenches fighting the battle for comable transportation on Manhattan Island. Arisona a law forbidding any employer size work to more than one alien out of ry free hunds has been invalidated by at couris on the ground that it derealiforms of their natural rights withthe process of law. The right to work interting he be a filtern or bet, 60-

The people, it is true, have voted a million for a new Blockley: but overruling the popular will is one of the easiest things Councils does. It even overrules the statutes of the State, if Mr. Charles Seger and some of his friends do not like them. Men who think that people who live in tenements ought not to have bathtubs, on the ground that they are not used to cleanliness, cannot be expected to care very much what conveniences the sick are afforded.

## Stand and Deliver

THE farmers of the United States who L raise grain cannot get any profit out of the great price they are willing to pay for it on the other side of the sea, "because the whole profit is eaten up by the extortionate charges for ocean carriage," says the Presi-He proposes, therefore, that the dent. United States buy ships to enable these farmers to get full profit out of the great price Europe is willing to pay. And as the price in Europe rises cent by cent, cent by cent it rises in the United States. The President's plan might very properly be described as a scheme "to increase the cost of bread in the United States for the greater profit of a few farmers and many speculators and for the punishment of those who have to buy what they eat."

More police or more tabernacle.

No more wooden cars for New York subways. Steal and more steel.

The English Government has ordered half a million razors in this country-probably for the use of its African troops.

There is one way to assure noninterference with the Dacia by England. Make Mr. Roosevelt her captain.

High ocean freight rates are due to the war, of course, and also to the decision of owners to get all that the traffic will stand.

Selling municipal bonds by popular subscription is one of the easiest things the Blankenburg Administration does. There are always plenty of buyers, but never plenty of bonds.

Now Paraguay has joined the revolutionary movement which has been making its way around the world. A few international policemen with good shooting irons are needed.

who naval collier Protous is the longest vessel that has yet passed through the Panama Canal, but the Proteus will be dwarfed to a birch bask canoe when the Ship of State sails over the Isthmus on its way to the Panama Fair.

There is no more worthy philanthropy in the city than the Child Federation. The record of its first year's work is such as to cheer the heart of every one interested in the conservation of human life and in the preservation of those primal virtues which fourish about the hearthature biosted with when this declarate and the power of | healthy children.

put the studs in the shirt, to discover what to do with the unattached collar, to decide which was the back and which the front of each article, would present a series of serious problems. To adjust the necktle alone would involve a large amount of physical and mental effort. Yet each day we dress and undress without giving the process a single thought. Habit has enabled us to perform the series of intricate acts unconsciously and while thinking of an entirely different subfect.

Sir James Paget has made an estimate that an expert pianist can strike 24 notes in a second. Each note necessitates the passing of a nerve current from the eye to the brain and from the brain to the fingers. Each note requires three movements of a finger, the bending down and raising up, and at least one lateral, making no fewer than 72 motions in a second, not to mention the movements of the wrist and elbow and shoulder, and each requires the control of the will to regulate the speed, force and direction, Paderewski or Hoffmann can do it easily for an hour without pause. But the only way in which the performance is possible is by the unconscious action which nothing but habit can give.

Habit does away with the difficult task of making up the mind on every movement or action which must be performed in life. If a man has the habit of doing honest and careful work, he does not have to discuss the question every five minutes of how well a thing needs to be done; there is only one way to do it; and he cannot do it any other. If the habit of study has been acquired, the student does not have to fight every night to decide whether he will sit down to his books or spand the evening at some place of amusement; he goes to his studies automatically, as if it were the only course open.

### The Easier Way to Succeed

Professor Virchow, of Berlin, wrote: "How often have I found myself in a state of despondency and with a feeling of depression! What has saved me has been the habit of work, which has not forsaken me even in the days of outward misfortune-the habit of scientific work." To cultivate good habits is to found a partnership with nature. For example, food is more easily digested, the functions of the body are more regular, the faculties are truer in their exercise and the mind is more contented and happy in an industrious life than in a lasy one.

This is Nature saying, "I am on the side of the worker." The triumphs of men of good habits-and the list comprehends almost all that the world delights to honor-are proof that they enlisted the forces of the universe in their own behalf.

#### A Dot on the Map

From the Des Moless Register and Leader. Dironing over his geography masignment in a long, drowny afternoon, a boy suddenly became miled with a thirst for knowledge, for new faids, for a giunnee of the wooder that lies beyond the pares of description about other committee. A little dot on a map grown futo strange and defisibiliti places under the magic would of southful places under the magic would of southful places under the magic would of southful places under the magic would be an a may four a con-From the Das Moinza Register and Leader.

momentary lapse of self-control.

Nagging wives are daily doing murder. I once had a large, sweet-natured St. Bernard dog. I also had some chickens. One day one of the more immature chickens broke a leg. I put the leg in a splinter and the chicken in a box. The box I placed on the back stoop, near the spot favored by my dog for his matutinal nap. The chicken cheeped. The dog stood it for a long time. Then he walked over and with every justification pried open the slats of that box and killed that cheeping chicken. Cheeping wives have been killed in just such a mood of impatience. The electric chair is an insensate object. Had it a conscience and a voice, what cries it would utter at its work!

Take the case of an employer who suddenly discharges an old and faithful employe. He murders that employe with a word, as neatly as if it were done with a shot. Invalids may be slowly murdering the generous or defenseless wights upon whom they are dependent. John Keats was murdered by a critic. Pinin people, not geniuses, but fust honest corner grocers, are being hacked to pieces every day by thoughtless criticism, by more successful competitors. Jealous and mischlevous people actually pursue murder as a pastime. A few of the downright diabolical variety make it a fine art. In some fashion we are all murderers, The glutton sinks his own teeth in himself every time he sits down to the table. Probably he cats mince ple for breakfast, with nobody to tell him differently. The person who fails to tell him differently is himself a murderer.

But there is one type of human being that nature, with elaborate cunning, seems to have fashloned deliberately to do murder. Wherever these people meet they recognize each other in a flash. They form a sort of guild. Of course, the one universal instrument of murder is in every one's handor rather mouth; but in the mouths of these people the instrument takes on a sharper edge, and their skill in the use of it is as much a natural gift as Caruso's gift of song. The instrument-can you have failed to guess it-is, of course, the Tongue. And the guild is the great and universally distributed Grand Order of Gossips.

The man who shoots another goes to the electric chair. The gossip goes to afternoon tea.

#### The Teachers

Washington Gladden, in the Atlantic. It may be safely said that many schools in It may be safely said that many schools in which morals are never taught from textbooks or by formal exercises furnish a most stimu-lating drill in the higher and finer moralities every day. Many of us know teachers who, without much preaching, convey, in all their intercourse with their pupils, the influences and qualities which purify and invigorate character. A considerable acquaintance with teachers im-presses me with the belief that the feeling of their responsibility for the moral weifare of presses me with the better that the feeling of their responsibility for the moral weifare of their pupils and their appreciation of the values of tharacter are steadily despender among them. No profession is to recred that shallow and self-secking bersoos do not find a place in it; but I believe that as much erroueness and devoicen may be found among the tempere of ner common appuble as among the tempere class of persons—the classy not excepted

crepit feudalism of the Austrian Empire; few Hungarians-save those who are in one way or another in its pay or tied to the wheels of government-would weep at its downfall.

#### Victory in Defeat

For in the defeat of Austria they see a new and free Hungary-the hope and dream of '48 come true-the splendid dream of Kossuth Lajos made a reality.

"And how many Hungarians are there?" I asked.

There was a dispute. The Magyar with the heaviest voice said nine millions; another said there were less than eight, and he added: "Even in our own land we are in a minority"-which led to ample discussion. Geographically the country is a basin, ringed round by mountains. In this hollow a half dozen nationalities are shut up. It is the Magyar's land, but he does not sit at the head of the table. The German immigrant sits there. Then in the south of Hungary are the Serbs-three millions and a half. Naturally enough their eyes are on Servia in these heroic days; and their hearts are there. They would fain be a part of that ancient kingdom.

How many Croats there are in Hungary no one seemed to know; perhaps there are a million or two, and their dream is of a greater Illyria, which shall unite Bosnia. Herzegovina, Montenegro and, it may be, Dalmatia-a splendid dream. Then in the north of Hungary are the Moravians, who hope to found-with Bohemla-a new Czech State. The Rumanians of Transylvania have their dream, too. It is the old dream of union with their brother Rumanians of

the Balkans, of Bessarabia and of Macedon. And so there is not in Hungary one way of thinking-since there are six. But all these races are one in their hatred of the Austro-German lords of the land.

"What we Magyars want is a simple thing -we want our own government. We want Magyar rule. And we've fought for it for over a thousand years. We'll get, it, toothat is what we shall pick up out of the ruins of this war."

#### Heads or Tails They Win

And another Hungarian said: "Whather Austria loses or wins-we win." "How can that be?"

"A victory will leave her as weak as a defeat. You can't haul an old tottering structure about as Austria has been hauled about in this war." he explained, "without knocking it to pieses."

"So that is why a million Magyars have been doing the heaviest fighting for Austria -why they have indeed done the only real fighting?"

"I don't think any one reasoned it out in advance," he said.

"Simply went to war?"

1.4

"You see they had to. The Hungarians had no choice. They were in the army, or they were drafted into it with on chance to revolt as bullocas in a yoks. And than," he went on, "at first the war was popularit was a 'Hurrah, hoya!' war. The murdered Archduke was to be avenged. Hervia

governments-exactly the governments which are the natural products of their civilization. The right of one race to rule another alien race is being fought on a hundred battlefields. I admit the question is not quite so simple as that; but in its broad essence it is true. It was posed in the battles of the Balkan war. when Turkey alone was the issue. It is being asked again of Austria-and Germany. And what of the five millions of Germans who have settled in Russia-preferring Russian "tyranny" to Prussian militarism? And the Croats and Serbs of Hungary? Well, they are there by choice. They are national refugees-like the millions of their brothers in America; and their wishes, one way or the other, can have little weight with the nationalists who stand by flag and country. Wherefore-raising the tall, pale glassesthey drank to the formidable word and to a free and independent Hungary. One of the aspects of that new freedom upon which they were eloquent was the economic aspect. Hungary, although over a thousand years old, is practically unbroken ground. Under a national, modern and self-respecting government it would offer innumerable chances for the prospector, the exporter, the manufacturer. As it is, Hungary is a country of buried and sleeping wealth. The Magyars will dig it up-once they are their own masters.

These things they said sitting at table? and then they sang Vorosmarty's national hymn, whereof there has been mention, for they are a singing race. A fighting, singing. klasing race-worthy of freedom. And they shouted "Ej! Haj!" and the glasses clinked.

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

The groping spires have lost the sky, That reach from Termonde town: There are no bells to travel by, The minster chimes are down, It's forth we must, alone, alone, And try to find the way; The bells that we have always known, War broke their hearts today.

They used to call the morning Along the gilded street. And then their thymes were laughter, And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air Like scraphim betrayed; God must have heard their broken prayer That made my soul afraid. The Termionde bells are gone, are gone, And what is laft to say? It's forth we must, by bitter dawn, To try to find the way. It's forth we must, by hit To try to find the way.

They used to call the children To go to sleep at night: nd then their songs were tender And And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain Within the empiy tower, We shall not hear them sing again At dawn or twilight hour. It's forth we must, away, away, And far from Termonde town, But this is all I know foday-

The chimes, the chimes are down!

They used to ring at evening To help the people pray, Who wander nos bewildered. And samuelt find the way. -thrain Managal Combling, In Atlantatic,