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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1915.

The day hath eyes and the night hath ears lest the wicked should go undetected in their villainy.

Putting Sunday to the Practical Test

WHEN "Billy" Sunday called upon the men in his big audience last night to show how they stood on Governor Brumbaugh's local option plan, and to make the General Assembly realize that public sentiment demanded its indorsement, he challenged those who have been influenced by his preaching to prove that they believe what they have professed. They have accepted his leadership in one thing. Now let them accept it in another akin to the first. Sunday was putting his own work to the test, to discover whether it is straw or stone.

The local option bill is to be reported out of the committee on Tuesday. That bill is the touchstone which will infallibly disclose the amount of sham there is in the purposes of those who profess to be for local option. Those who favor local option this year are for that bill and those who are against it oppose that bill. "Billy" Sunday has thrown his influence on the right side. Now we shall see how strong it is.

France Takes the Trick

WHILE the United States was waiting for the British to seize the Dacia, the French have arrested the ship and taken it to Brest. According to French theory and practice the transfer of a ship owned by subjects of a belligerent to subjects of a neutral is invalid in time of war. The English have admitted that such a transfer was valid if made in good faith, and the American defense of the transfer of the Dacia has been based on its own practice, which corresponds to that of the British. But the situation is changed completely, now that France has stepped in.

The British could defend the seizure only on the ground that the exigencies of war made it necessary. The French can defend their course on the ground that it is demanded, not only by the exigencies of war, but by the long-standing practice of the nation.

It will tax the skill of the most astute diplomatic lawyers in the country to persuade the French that they have made a mistake. The Dacia is, of course, an American ship. The State Department has insisted from the beginning that its transfer from the German to the American flag was made in good faith. It must continue to demand that the American flag be respected whenever it is raised on a merchant ship with the authority of the Government, and that the Allies cannot evade the issue by tossing it about among themselves like a ball.

Most Appropriate

VICTOR MURDOCK explained a few weeks ago that he was through with politics and that after his term as a member of the House of Representatives expired on March 4 he intended to devote himself to literature and the lecture platform.

The National Committee of the Progressive party announced Sunday night that it had elected Victor Murdock as its chairman. This is the same Victor Murdock who is no longer interested in politics.

The unthinking might conclude that the Kansas statesman had changed his mind, but the facts do not warrant any such inference. The Progressive party no longer has any relation to politics. It interests lecturers and literary men as material out of which articles and lectures can be made. Mr. Murdock is only carrying out his announced intention.

"Who Will Guard the Guards?"

BY A vote of 37 to 10 the Senate has concurred with the House in a proposal to require the President to make public whatever indorsements are submitted in behalf of a Federal Judge to be appointed for a Georgia district.

According to Senator Root, the scheme is not only unconstitutional, but is likewise "preposterous, almost insulting." Of course, but haven't our demagogues been teaching for years that every Judge is potentially and inferentially a crook? Therefore, let all the people know who it is that recommends candidates for the judiciary. And if the Standard Oil Company or any other corporation wishes to defeat the appointment of any candidate all it will have to do is send in to the President a strong letter of approval.

This inquisitorial, distrustful, commission-smelling, morality-by-legislation fad became so strong in ancient Rome at one time that an eminent satirist ventured to ask, "Who will guard the guards?" Why not carry the plan to its logical conclusion and insist that indorsers of judicial candidates likewise make public the indorsers and influences that induced them to send in their letters of recommendation to the President?

The Governor Plays His Cards

IT IS in accordance with his policy of laying his cards on the table that the Governor has printed and distributed his workmen's compensation bills accompanied by an explanation. The Commonwealth now knows the kind of law which the Governor thinks should be passed and his reasons for it. If any man, acting in good faith, can show that the provisions of the various bills can be improved the Governor will probably consent to the improvements.

Both workmen and employers seem to be agreed that some kind of a law should be passed. The employers think they should not be asked to give half-pay for ten years to men who are totally disabled. The workmen, or some of them, would like the law to compel employers to give full pay for ten years. It has been suggested that the compensation given to injured alien workers whose families are in Europe should be less than the compensation given to American citizens whose families are in this country. And some far-seeing men have urged that the compensation laws of other States should be considered before the General Assembly acts, lest the employers here be handicapped by such an increased cost in operating their mills and factories that they cannot compete with the factories and mills in States where less onerous laws are in force.

It is apparent that the differences are on matters of detail only. The fair-minded men on both sides ought to be able, therefore, to get together and agree on a workable law.

Intimation of Connection With "Fake" Ordinance Is "Slanderous"

THE intimation that the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is not living up to its agreement, has failed to urge the Union Traction Company to give its sanction to the Taylor program, and has in one way or another aided or connived at the palpable efforts of politicians to knife the entire scheme is denounced by Mr. Stotesbury as "slanderous."

This means that the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is not in sympathy with the Connelly-Seger-Costello program, that it does not countenance the hold-up, that it stands fast by its previous determination, that it considers the plan a good one, that it stands ready to fulfil its agreement to equip and operate the new system provided the Union Traction Company stockholders can be brought into line, which it hopes they may be.

In these circumstances, it appears that behind the conspiracy for delay and betrayal are mainly politicians only. It seems that there is an attempt to hold up the transit company and the city at the same time, to prevent them from working in harmony, to put and keep them at swords' points for the greater profit of the gang.

Let citizens turn out in force Thursday afternoon that they may see with their own eyes how they are represented. The vision of the master must be on the servant. The lash of public condemnation has before this whipped recalcitrant and "easy" legislators into line. It can do so again, here in Philadelphia, and it will do so unless citizens are so apathetic in defense of their own interests that they will do nothing to enforce their rights. In such a case they would deserve to be betrayed.

The immediate thing is to make the demonstration at next meeting of Councils so emphatic that no Councilman will dare ignore it or venture to vote against the wishes of his constituents.

Before then, of course, Mr. Stotesbury's position will have been barricaded by a public statement, "made over the signatures of all the directors of the Rapid Transit Company, disavowing any part in or connection with the Connelly-Seger-Costello ordinance against which the public is so justly incensed," and which is generally so excoriated that any intimation of sanction of it is regarded by Mr. Stotesbury, and justly so regarded, as "slanderous."

When Is a Woman Old?

THIS is a question which managers of Young Women's Christian Associations in different parts of the country have answered in different ways. In a New England city they have decided that a woman ceases to be young at the age of 35, and must give up those privileges in the association buildings enjoyed by active members.

In the absence of further evidence it may be assumed, for the sake of those above the limit, that the managers think that a woman of 35 has reached the age of discretion and no longer needs the motherly oversight which they give to the less mature.

The necessity of fixing an age for administrative purposes does not, however, settle the question when a woman passes the boundary beyond which she may no longer be called young. But what is youth, anyway? Is it a matter of years or of inexperience or of point of view? Every one knows women of 60 who are no wiser than 15-year-old girls in their outlook on the serious problems of life, and girls of 18 are often better qualified to assume responsible burdens than women of 38. Yet, in spite of this, there is something magical about the word youth which makes every woman and many men reluctant to admit that the sun has set on that glorious time, and that they are in the twilight zone that precedes age.

Woman always delights to think herself young and attractive to the eye, and so long as she does think it she delays the fatal day when age shall overtake her. Some of them are so successful that they die young at the age of 70, with none of their buoyant joy in life abated.

Count Okuma, the Japanese Premier, says that the liberty of China is sacred. Sacred to whom? The Chinese?

With 619,000 visitors for the first week the Panama-Pacific Fair seems to be proving that it is worth looking at.

If the Chinese boycott the Japanese in California, on what ground can they object to being boycotted by the Americans there?

Although the French do not respect the American flag on the Dacia, the Belgians, at any rate, salute it when they see it in their country.

Przasnysz was too much for the Germans, after all. They had to give it up after struggling with it for a few days. Most Americans give it up at the first glance.

Does Senator Newlands think that the neutral Powers can bring the war to an end? If he does his faith in moral suasion is sublime, if not ridiculous.

When the Governor remarked that the man who shouts about immorality in politics is usually the laziest about voting, he probably uttered the conclusion which he reached last November after reading the election returns.

There must have been some error in that dispatch from Berlin announcing that the Kaiser had conferred the "Pour le Merite" Order on Field Marshal von Hindenburg. The field marshal would accept nothing with a French name, not even cognac.

MARCH BEGINS THE LIVING CALENDAR

Romulus Made a Mistake in Naming It—The Early Anglo-Saxons Unlocked Their Word-Hoard With Better Effect.

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

IN THE time of Romulus, founder of Rome, the month of March stood at the head of the calendar. The legal year in England began with the 25th of March until the middle of the 18th century. They are dull and spiritless, nowadays, who think of March in the formal terms of the dictionary, "the third month of the modern calendar." Such is not its true meaning—not at all.

A poet sang, for all poets are singers, though not all singers are poets—a poet sang:

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

Then a few verses farther on:

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living Calendar:
We from today, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.

If you have never had that thought, or rather, that emotion, your calendar is a dead and lifeless thing, like a dead language to those poor drones who lack the gift and grace of adventurous receptivity. The tall larch of the poem is before the door of Wordsworth. Let us see if any American can speak his language. Bryant responds to the charm of March:

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to Northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

The Disgrace of Mars

This year, when the houn'-dogs and cur-dogs and wolf-dogs of war, aye, the whole yelping, snarling, crazy pack of war-dogs, biting even worse than they bark, are making a bloody bedlam of Europe, the name militates—that is the word—against a due appreciation of meritorious March. Romulus chose the appellation, desiring to honor his putative father, Mars. Such is one account of its origin, but Ovid avers that the month of March was in existence long before Romulus. However that may be, Mars has latterly fallen into ill repute. He is drunk, reeling, roaring drunk, and goeth about seeking whom he may devour. He is much more respectable in the pages of Bulfinch's Age of Fable than in the cable dispatches of the modern age of science. Let us try to preserve our judgment of March from the evil association of its namesake's orgies.

The early Anglo-Saxons called the month by a name which has a much pleasanter etymology. "Lencten-monath" was the appropriate title bestowed on it by the viking people. It has a fine Beowulfian flavor. It is connative and descriptive, a condensed nature poem, picturing the month itself, which

to Northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring.

"Lencten" means spring, and in its Germanic form refers to "the lengthening days." From it our word "Lent" is derived.

It is true, however, that the old Anglo-Saxons had another designation for March—"hlyd-monath," loud or stormy month. This fact merely calls attention to the infinite possibilities of March weather. There is nothing humdrum or monotonous about March weather, and it yields itself to the purposes of cheerful, yet varied, conversation as does the weather of no other month of the whole year. There is winter to talk about in March, and spring also; and something can be said in favor of both. March never—well, hardly ever—violates the proprieties by welcoming Sweet Springtime without giving Old Winter a grand send-off.

"Winter, Frosty But Kindly"

Of course, with its snow and ice, winter has not escaped calumny. As Bryant lamented, they are not numerous who utter forth its praise, but James Russell Lowell, in one of his most delightful essays, has spoken a good word surpassing well. Shakespeare defends winter by the method of negative comparison, when he says that its winds are not so unkind as man's ingratitude, and somewhere else he speaks in positive fashion of

a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

Thomson, in his "Hymn on the Seasons," apostrophizes:

On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore.

Though the poets and prosemen are inclined to regard the season itself as typical or symbolical of sorrow and desolation, it is little more than a "manner of speaking," and there are many of them who see a matchless splendor of beauty in the accompanying snow. Passages in Spenser, Cowper and Whittier immediately come to mind. Swinburne describes

Acadian Atalanta, snowy-souled,
Fair as the snow, and footed as the wind.

The kindliness of winter is suggested by Emerson:

Housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

There's a fireplace in Whittier's "Snow-Bound," and in Charles Dudley Warner's "Backlog Studies" it is apotheosized as the conservator of all the homely virtues. Campbell pictures the home comfort of a winter's day:

And when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in the little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!

Old Herrick, too:

To our fire we can betake,
And enjoy the crackling brake.

Hawthorne's "Fire-Worshipers," in the "Mosses From an Old Manse," is full of seasonable suggestion.

An Anglo-German Copartnership

Goethe, reviewing the poems of one of his countrymen, proves the international oneness of literature when he tells of winter, "storm-borne from the Pole"—"while the poet rejoices in the shelter and comfort of his home, and cheerily bids defiance to the raging elements. Furred and frost-covered friends arrive, and are heartily welcomed under the protecting roof; and soon they form a cordial, confiding circle, enliven the household meal by the clang of glasses, the joyous song, and thus create for themselves a moral summer." Then we find companions braving the inclemencies of the wintry heavens. "At length a cheerful inn receives the half-frozen travelers; a bright flickering fire greets them as they crowd around the chimney; dance, choral song, and many a warm viand are reviving and grateful to youth and age." Shenstone, too, has paid his tribute to the welcome of an inn, and his famous quatrain, which had the warm approval of Johnson, is graved over the fireplace of a little New England house of public hospitality.

But all this is too much about winter, and perhaps is better fitted to shorter days and to a more robustious season than the one which ends in the present month has thus far shown itself to be.

March, however, should have been named January, from Janus, who looked both forward and backward. O, merry, marvelous month of March! It is the beginning of the year. It is the commencement season. It is Nature's Triumphal March.

Man's Inhumanity to Man

Spring has suffered no neglect from the poets of praise. In perhaps only one instance has she been disparaged in the name of poetry. "I have hated thee, O Spring!" cries Giovannitti. For what?

No storms, no tempests, no hurricanes,
No spasms of long-nursed follies,
No violence of coveted passions,
No brazen display of warm desires and unclad sins,
No exaltation of fecund motherhood,
Nothing but the recurrence of an old fashion, the re-wearing of the discarded, ignoble dress of green, a new coat of perfumed rouge over the wrinkles of the same old yellow face of the world.

What can all the man? Is not spring the time of rebellion, of bursting vigor, of high and noble ambitions? Is it not the time of casting off the old forms, the old creeds? Wordsworth was also a revolutionary. It was in early spring when he heard the thousand blended notes that brought sad thoughts to his mind:

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Here is interpretation of Spring. Wordsworth did not call her names because he was out of sorts with the world. He was, indeed, so well acquainted with Nature that he was not embittered with the world. Yet

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Nature speaks a various language, which, in spring as in winter, has an international oneness. These are words of the Bengalese poet, Rabindranath Tagore:

The Southern gate is unbarred. Come, my spring, come!
Thou wilt swing at the swing of my heart. Come, my spring, come!
Come in the lisping leaves, in the youthful surrender of flowers;
Come in the flute songs and the wistful sighs of the woodlands.
Let your unfastened robe wildly flap in the drunken wind.
Come, my spring, come!

GOETHALS' IRON ANCESTRY

Joseph B. Bishop, in Scribner's Magazine.

It might be said that many generations had united in fitting Colonel Goethals for his great task. The history of his family dated back to 860, in which year one Honorius left Italy with the Duke of Burgundy for France. In a fight with Saracens, Honorius was struck across the neck with what was capable of proving to be a deadly blow, but because of the fine quality of his armor and physical strength of his person no injury was caused. His escape won for him the title of Boni Coli. Certain lands were given to him in the north of France, now forming Holland and Belgium. His nickname was translated into the native tongue as "Goet Hals," meaning, as it had in Italian, "good neck" or "stiff neck," and in course of time it was united in one word and became the family name. The family divided, part settling in Belgium and part in Holland. Colonel Goethals is descended from the Holland branch, both father and mother being Dutch. His parents migrated from Holland to the United States, and he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 29, 1858. (The name has been Americanized and is pronounced Go-thals.)

WAR CASUALTIES SELDOM FATAL

From the London Spectator.

The French Government has issued some remarkable figures showing the percentgae of wounded men who have recovered, or are recovering, and are, or will be, fit again for service. The figures are taken up to December 1:

Wounded, but fit for almost immediate return to the front, 54.50 per cent.
Wounded and on leave, 24.59 per cent.
Wounded and still in hospital, 17.40 per cent.
Permanently disabled and unfit for further service, 1.46 per cent.
Wounded and died from wounds, 3.48 per cent.

The enormous proportion of complete recoveries testifies to the "humaneness" of the modern bullet and to the great skill of the surgeons. But there is another point. It is obvious that in a long war the majority of wounded men will return to the front. When we speak of the casualties of an army we must remember that it would be quite misleading to deduct them bodily from the fighting strength of that army. Casualties nowadays are chiefly temporary casualties.

"WHY, IT'S STILL A-POPPING"!

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

(1) Century—"Peace and Disarmament."
(2) World's Work—"How Big an Army Do We Need?"
(3) North American Review — "Are Naval Expenditures Wasted?"
(4) Metropolitan—"Hanging Round the Nation's Capital."
(5) Everybody's—"Every College Should Introduce Military Training."

Bringing the War Home

IT WAS inevitable during the present war epidemic that our national temperature should rise a degree or two above normal, even though we managed to escape the actual fever. Of course, says every one, rolling his eyes and crossing his hands, it is earnestly to be hoped that the United States will not be involved in the war. But the hoping is not earnest enough to keep a good many from talking about our duty toward this and our responsibility toward that, and our national pride, until the thermometer goes up another degree.

There is also to be considered the rather voluble school that holds that having the largest army and navy in the world is the best precaution against being drawn into war, in spite of the object lesson which England and Germany have just furnished on this point.

As the first glamour and strangeness of war wear off the magazines devote an increasing amount of space to articles on national defense and domestic phases of the situation. Across the February cover of World's Work is printed in big red letters, "A Manual of National Defense."

Not only entertaining, but broadly philosophical, is an article on our relationship to the war and our best means of keeping out, by Morgan Shuster in the Century. Mr. Shuster, who is perhaps most famous for his brief but brilliant career as Treasurer General of Persia, maintains a neutral attitude in his article (1):

Whether one knows it or not, he has become brutal since this war. Just as slaughter house employes become brutalized by their work and its sights, so must any person become so who reads the war news for a considerable period of time. * * *

The fact seems to be that while excessive militarist sentiment and unreasonable military and naval preparations on the part of a number of rival nations and races may actually provoke and bring about a vast calamity within the briefest imaginable time, the admitted inability of a nation successfully to resist unwarranted attack will neither eliminate the dangers nor mitigate its sufferings in the hour of national peril.

If not by disarmament, how then shall peace be sought? Treaties, conventions and even the accepted law of nations have been shown to be inadequate to preserve peace. They are not self-executing. Indeed, many treaties and declarations have proved and are proving a fruitful source of discord between both belligerents and neutrals. There seems to be only one hope, and this is education in its broadest sense—education which will give to every person what Doctor Butler has called the "international mind"; education which will bring us to understand and realize the aspirations and ambitions of other races and peoples, just as experience of human nature in the case of an individual enables him to realize and make allowance for the foibles and idiosyncrasies of his fellowmen. National honor must become as sensitive as individual honor. It must be considered just as wrong for a nation, alleging its own welfare, to violate its own solemn obligations, as for a man who had made a contract to break it on similar grounds.

In the meantime, each nation should maintain defensive forces proportionate to its size and wealth.

This last paragraph, with which Mr. Shuster closes his article, rather puts it up to the United States as to what is proportionate to its size and wealth. And this is just the question which others are asking. In "How Big an Army Do We Need?" in the World's Work, George Marvin writes (2):

Speaking generally, the great nations of Europe can easily mobilize and embark their forces within one week after the declaration of war; and from the time of leaving their home ports 10 days may be considered as the time required to cross the Atlantic.

Briefly stated, aside from the naval part of the problem, the solution which the United States must be ready to furnish is to meet successfully the following invading troops, either singly or together:

100,000 men on 10th day (Canada and Mexico).
200,000 to 300,000 European troops on Atlantic coast, 17th day.
200,000 Asiatic troops on the Pacific coast, 27th day.

500,000 men on the 27th day.

The land forces of the United States consist of the regular army and the organized militia of the several States. The mobile branch of the regular army contained in November, 1914:

30,481 men in the United States proper.
20,863 men in oversea garrisons.

51,344 regular army.
119,087 paper strength mobile organized militia.

170,431 total.

The United States has about 100,000,000 inhabitants, and is vastly endowed with great military resources. There are about 800,000,000 people in Asia; there are about 350,000,000 people in Europe and 150,000,000 in both the Americas. All people think they have a right to live and that their right is superior to the right of others. It is the same old story. The Panama Canal is the key point. The question whether a white or yellow civilization will predominate will be decided in America. It rests with the American people to determine what will be done under the circumstances.

Pork Barrels

Of course the next step, after deciding how much additional defense we should have, is the getting and spending of further appropriations. This is usually very easy and pleasant—for the spenders. Just how easy is described in an article in the North American Review (3), by no less an authority than George V. L. Meyer, former Secretary of our Navy, under the significant title, "Are Naval Expenditures Wasted?"

The American navy during 15 years has cost 45 per cent. more than the Kaiser's navy. Yet today Germany's navy is more powerful than ours.

It is interesting to analyze some of the appropriations between 1895 and 1910. In 1896 a site was purchased in Frenchmans Bay, Maine, at a cost of $24,650—far above the assessed valuation—and later an additional amount of $600,000 was expended to obtain there an absolutely unnecessary coaling station, which has since been dismantled, as it was practically unused.

At the Portsmouth Navy Yard, so called, in Kittery, Maine, a dock was built at an expense of $1,122,800, and later it was found necessary to blast away rock in the channel in order to reach the dock at an additional expense of $745,300. Between 1895 and 1910 improvements, machinery and repairs and maintenance in the yard amounted to $16,857,693, although there was a large navy yard within 70 miles. At Port Royal, South Carolina, a dock was built at the insistence of a Southern Senator, at a cost of $450,000, which proved useless, and although the original cost of the site was but $5000, it was not abandoned as a naval base until $2,275,000 had been expended.

The United States has over twice as many first-class navy yards as Great Britain, with a navy more than double the size of ours, and more than three times as many as Germany, whose navy is larger than that of the United States.

The fundamental cause of excessive expenditures is due to the fact that appropriations are not made with the sole view of the battle efficiency of the fleet and its military requirements. Politics and log-rolling, as I have shown, have entered into the makings of appropriations by Congress. That we have not been getting proper return for money expended in the navy is not known to the majority of our people, nor is it realized to what extent political influences have misdirected the appropriations during the past 25 years. The remedy will only come from absolute publicity.

These inside revelations by an ex-Secretary of the Navy recall the closing story in Art Young's whimsical "Hanging Round the National Capital," in the Metropolitan (4):

Over in Smithsonian Park, Policeman O'Connell was accosted by a stranger from the rural districts and asked if he could tell him where the Government kept the pork barrel.

Teaching the Young to Kill

"President Schurman, of Cornell, believes every college should introduce military training," is the very explicit title of an article in Everybody's (5). President Schurman writes:

We must create a reserve volunteer army. I am a firm believer in the intrinsic value of military training, even apart from its utility to the public in time of war. If wars were banished from our planet I would retain military training side by side with athletics as an instrument of physical education in our universities; and not only for its physical advantages, great as they are, but also for its moral, mental, social and civic effects and reactions. I have long felt that this military training is one of the best things the undergraduates receive at the University of Cornell.

THE SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes
February, fair maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February, fair maid!

—Tennyson.