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CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1915.

Great disasters bring us to our senses, while petty annoyances long continued unbalance the reason.

Where Will German Generosity Stop? TERMANY has been making free with the Tterritory of Austria and Turkey in an effort to strengthen her position. She has offered to give to Bulgaria all that part of Turkey which the Bulgarians won in the Balkan War provided Bulgaria will keep out of the present fight, and a few days ago she offered to Italy a big slice of Austria on the same conditions.

She has not yet offered to give a slice of German territory to any of the warring nations. But Austria and Turkey may be expected to suggest that while Germany is in the business of partitioning Europe at the expense of her friends, she should begin to think of buying peace at the price of some of her own territory. It is possible that the suggestion has been made and that Germany is getting ready to surrender Alsace and Lorraine to France and to return Belgium to the Belgians. There are rumors that the war is to end in 30 days, rumors that are at present incredible; but if Germany should seriously consider taking the medicine which she has been prescribing for her friends, no one can tell what desirable result might follow.

Bipartisanship in Fayette County

THE successor to A. Mitchell Palmer as the Democratic national committeeman and party leader will either be a man who likes the kind of bipartisanship the products of which are making a stench in Fayette County, or he will be a man who is opposed to the policy of dividing the spoils before the battle and then making a fake fight at the polls.

Every honest and high-minded Republican hopes that there may continue to be a real Democratic opposition, active and alert and ready to arraign Republicanism for all its mistakes and all its misdeeds. We cannot have the kind of government that we need unless there is an effective opposition party, led by men of honest purpose, aggressive temper and marked ability.

Mr. Balfour's Sensible Admission

ENGLISHMEN of all political parties are supporting their Government in this crisis, so the statement given out by the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, defending the order in council, is remarkable, not for the fact that it comes from a former Conservaer, but be sume it wooled to justifu a digregard of the letter of international law by an appeal to the necessities of the case He admits that, technically, the British have disregarded the rules of the law of nations in ordering the blockade that is not a blockade. But he maintains that the circumstances are such that it was necessary to trample on old precedents and to make new ones.

The distinguished British statesman is undoubtedly right. The conditions under which this war is being fought are unprecedented. Both groups of belligerents have been doing unprecedented things. The Germans have denounced the Allies for their disregard of the old customs, and the Allies have even more bitterly denounced the Germans for their adoption of such methods as seemed to them necessary under the new circumstances. The fact of the matter is, as has been said in this place many times since the war began, that necessity makes its own laws, and that new international law must be made to fit the conditions of warfare with airships and submarines and to regulate the rights of neutrals on the sea when a continent is in arms.

An Improvement to Be Rushed THOSE who have been hoping that the proposed convention hall and the muchneeded stadium might be combined in one great structure will be disappointed by the decision of the city Administration to buy the lot bounded between Market and Chestnut streets, running from the Schuylkill to 24th street. But if the convention and exhibition hall is to be built separate from the stadium it would not be possible to find a site which offers more advantages than the one selected. It is accessible from all parts of the city and it is near the terminals of the railroads that will bring exhibits and visitors from a distance. Enough money is available to pay for a monumental structure that will set a pattern for other buildings to be built along the Schuylkill in the future and give to that water thoroughfare a distinction which it now lacks. Councils is expected to approve the recommendation of the Mayor.

A Call to the Reserves in College MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD is not pessimistic, but merely intelligent, when he says that wars are not to cease. Every one hopes that the provocation to war will soon cease, but few expect any such desirable consummation. All persons with red blood in their veins hope, too, that the time will never come when the men of this nation will be unwilling to lay down their lives for a righteous cause. Peace is not an end in itself. It is but an incident in the operation of the principles of equity and So what is the use of calling, Suntice. "Peace!" when its essentials do not

General Wood's recent suggestion that the vigorous students of the colleges and preparatory schools enter the summer milimry camps and receive elementary military Uon, therefore, deserves the serious melderation of those youths who have \$25 apond for a few weeks outing in de-

WHEN MILITARING STREET at in only the part of continon prudence to his imported world Every youth who second air.

brows something of the use of a rifle and something of the first principles of military discipline and life in the open strengthens the nation's reserve army. And in these days when wars are fought, not by army corps, but by confronting hosts of millions, it is desirable, if it is not important, that we should be about the work of preparing some sort of a reserve of educated men ready to receive commissions in the event of war.

A National Fourth

THE national celebration of the Fourth of July, in Philadelphia, in Independence Square, was begun as an institution last year, when the President journeyed to the shrine of our liberties, to drink afresh its inspiration and feast once more from its inexhaustible sources of patriotism.

Let State and city unite in urging him to come again this year. Let both be liberal in appropriating for the necessary expenses of the undertaking. Governors, Senators, Representatives, leaders in all forms and phases of Americanism should be called on to join in the commemorative services. And from every church in all the nation should arise at the same hour a prayer for peace, led by the President here.

Philadelphia cannot be neglectful of her historic assets. The nation expects her again to do her duty, again as a generous host to assemble her guests together and once more to lead the way and point the course. There is a tension in the world that renders this spiritual celebration necessary. There must be no lagging behind, no hesitation, no draw-

Once the Fourth saw the nation born and once it saw it saved. Let the Fourth this year be laureled yet again by the unprecedented spectacle of a hundred millions of people bespeaking mercy for their desolate kinsmen in foreign lands, while at the same time they accord their solemn testimonial of thanks to the Creator for the peace and quiet which they themselves enjoy.

The Ships Must Come Back Home

THE one regret of those who saw the steamship Northern Pacific sail from this port was that she is not expected to return here. She is now steaming to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Panama Canal and will run between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, a splendid example of the kind of vessels that can be built on the Delaware.

The Delaware-built ships ought to come back to their native waters. No one has any desire to restrict the scope of the business of the great shipyards here, but every alert and progressive Philadelphian would like to see the port developed to such an extent that harbor room could be found here in the course of the year for every vessel launched in our shipyards. Philadelphia ought to be the terminus, or at least a port of call, for every merchant ship built here.

Of course this cannot be, for coastwise steamers are needed on the Pacific. Yet there ought to be a spirit in this old town which would put into every sheet of steel and every plank and every river that goes into a vessel a homing instinct which would bring the ship back here at least once on every voyage that it makes. The time may not be ripe for it yet, but the day will come when Philadelphia will be so instinct with life that it can put a soul even into an inanimate ship and make it show allegiance to the place of its creation.

There Is No Embargo on Ideas

A assuming that Great Britain has returned to Professor T. H. Mergan, formerly of Bryn Mawr College, what purports to be an essay on "Heredity" for a German periodical because they have decided to prevent the importation of foreign ideas into Germany as well as the importation of food and munitions of war. The essay was on board a German ship seized by the British and sent to a prize court. No part of the cargo was forwarded to Germany, not even this apparently harmless essay.

The real reason for its return to America will doubtless be found in the conclusion of the British censors that it is a cipher document disclosing to the Germans much secret information. As Professor Morgan is an experimental zoologist it would be perfectly easy for him to use the terms of his profession in describing the British and in revealing such secrets of British strength as he might be possessed of. The fact that he married his wife in Germantown is sufficient proof that he is a German sympathizer and, f that is not enough to convince the skeptical, his book on the development of the frog's egg is nothing but a gibe at the Frenchmen in the favorite terms of the British of the last generation. No, there is no British embargo on ideas, but a very proper embargo on all documents which might be of value to the Germans.

Smallpox in Camden is under control because it never got out of control.

Colonel Roosevelt's telegram to Senator Walsh proves that he has not lost any of his old-time punch.

The ship purchase bill will never be any deader, so why does the Senate committee persist in trying to find out what it died of? The average daily attendance at the Panama Fair has been 64,000. This is more than

went to see "Billy" Sunday save on his most crowded day. Those who are expecting "Billy" Sunday to bring about a political regeneration in Pater-

son have apparently forgotten that he had just as good a field here. That New York suffragist who was knocked down by an automobile and then asked the owner if she had hurt his car, has a proper

approviation of the stern qualities needed to

defend her cause. A great deal more patriotism would be aroused by looking at the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall than at the bell jacked up on a freight car at Kutztown junction on its way across the continent.

No friend of the President will advise him to let one of the best men in his Cabinet retire to accept the Chief Justiceship of the New Jersey Supreme Court, Secretary Garrison may not need more Cabinet honors, but the Cabinet needs more men of his ability.

Every Philadelphian who goes to Atlantic City from Camden for 22 cents less than it would cost him to go from this sity is thankful that New Jersey has a considerate Pub-He Service Commission which believes that it on against the contingencies of life in smould be easy for people to get a breath of

"WHITE-MAN-WHO-DOES-NOT-LIE"

General Scott's Knowledge of Sign Language Gives Him Extraordinary Power Over Indians. Witchcraft Causes Many Uprisings.

By VANCE THOMPSON

THE norm of news values has been knocked on the head by the Great War. In ordinary times the adventure of General Hugh L. Scott in going single-handed into the Piute country and bringing out four war-painted chiefs would have got itself reported in big type in the front page.

Of course, General Scott is a silent man; a brief dispatch to the Secretary of War said 'Successful," and let it go at that, Probably that is about all he told the Utah war correspondent when he rode into Salt Lake, the four chiefs riding alongside. A silent man. Do you know what the Indians call him?

"Secrets" of Power There is an entire biography in that nickname of his: "White-Man-Who-Does-Not-Lie." Time and again when the Indians have flared up into rebellion he has been sent to them; the moment they heard the great Chief of Staff was on his way trouble halted and his arrival meant peace. It is because the Indians trust him and (it is a melancholy truth) he is almost the only White Man they do trust. He is the Man-Who-Does-Not-Lie. That is the source of his power. His promise that they shall have fair treatment suffices. At his word they ride in decilely to be hanged or shot-if that he the sentence-wholly assured that they will get the "justice" he promised them.

And General Scott is, I believe, the only White Man who can converse with the Indians of every American tribe. It is not that he speaks every Indian language, I do not think he is familiar with any spoken language; but he knows the sign languagethis mysterious method of communication which is known to all Indians. The Eskimos understand it; it is understood by all the natives of North and South and Central And it is not a simple thing. There are about 2000 different signs. The language is so copious and precise that anything may be discussed in it-anything from cosmogony to philosophy. General Scott is the one white man who has mastered the strange and world old language. It has brought him close to Indian thought and feeling. It has made him the one man, civilian or soldier, who is known, trusted, loved by all the scattered red tribes.

Black Magicians and White How did he learn it?

That is his secret, and the knowledge will die with him.

I have no intention of writing about the 'trouble' for which the four chiefs are to be tried. It would not be fair. They will answer as they must, and I do not wish to darken their difficulty. But within the last year or so there have been two similar outbreaks. At the heart of them lay the same mysterious cause. And that is witchcraft.

Of course, you do not believe in witchcraft, It doesn't matter in the slightest whether you do or do not; the point is that the Indian does believe in it. In every tribe, on every reservation, there are witch men. They are black and evil magicians. If they are not placated they kill men, women, cattle, sheep by their sorcery. Every Indian knows this. His only protection against them is the medicine man or good magician, who also has to be paid. So between the black magician and the white magician life for the Indian is not a simple thing. You can imagine readily Tr WOULD be easy to fall into the error of | enough that the Indian attacked by a sorcerer is not daft enough to take his complaint to the agent of the reservation; he knows too much of the white man for that. What he does is more effective. A little over a year ago these things happened-all the outside world heard was that there had been an "Indian uprising"-here are the exact

Treatment by Star Gazing

Hosteen Klaz, a good magician, was sitting in his hogan near Luki Chuki, when Wrestling Brave, a Navajo Indian, rode up and said his niece was ill and it was not known what had caused her illness. He wanted the good magician "to try the star-gazing ceremony" and find out what was the matter with her. At first Hosteen Klaz refused, and told him to get some one else, saying: "There are plenty of star-gazers in the country besides myself." Finally he consented to accompany Wrestling Brave to the hogan where the sick girl lay. He waited until midnight, when the clouds had cleared away and the stars shone bright. Here I quote the good magician's own words:

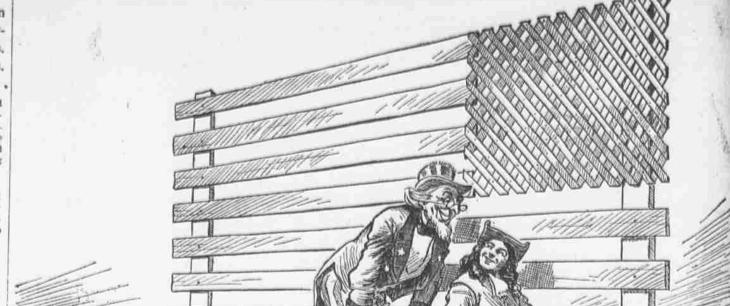
"In my art I use a piece of mica and a very clear crystal called 'The Big Star.' I anointed myself with the medicine called the eagle's tear drops. I went out and sat down a short distance from the hogan and looked up into the heavens. For a time I could not read anything in the sky. It was suspected that some sorcerer was practicing his art on the girl. I looked at her star. It threw its rays down on the sick girl, and in the light of the rays I could not see anything that was out of the way. I went inside the hogan and told them the girl was not bewitched. The relatives of the girl-her uncle and brothers-told me she was bewitched or the medicine man would have cured her long ago."

So the star-gazer remained and the next night he tried again. Squatting in front of the hogan he stared at her star. Then: "Finally her star burned up and I had to come in. I went into the hogan and told them I couldn't find out anything, as her star had burned up. They wanted to find out what that meant. They told me to go out again and look into the heavens and find what it meant by burning up. I said I did not know what it meant, as that was the first experience of the kind that had ever happened to me. Then they asked another star-gazer, Ne di Cloie (Hairy Face) to gaze at the stars, but he refused and covered his head. So I said I would try with my hand."

"The Ceremony of the Hand"

The little Indian maiden lay unconscious: for three days she had not eaten or spoken. And over her Hosteen Klaz began "the ceremony of the hand," He covered his hand with corn pollen. His hand began to tremble; then it began to move and "it became so strong it pulled me all over the hogan." At last the hand began to talk the sign language. Said the magician: "My hand would whiri in a sort of circular motion, mixing up things so I could not determine what it was trying to say to me. It seemed to say that at some previous time, perhaps a couple of years before, this girl was bewitched by some one probably by two persons, as my hand pointed up with two fingers."

Too hand selend the girl's dress and made as if to throw it but of doors; this meant she



SPROUTING

would die. And then the hand pointed out the direction where the sorcerer lived. Even as the hand pointed the girl gave a cry and died. Wrestling Brave bowed his head, but his nephew, Naye Notah, touched him on the shoulder and said a very strange thing. It was this:

all Dentilling

Marion

"Since yonder is the man who caused the maiden's death, let us go to him and let him

So Wrestling Brave and Naye Notah and other nephews set out; they crossed a valley and came upon the sorcerer sitting in front of his hogan. Naye Notah caught him by the hair; another nephew seized his ankle and looking round about him Wrestling Brave saw an axe and picked it up and therewith split the witchman's skull. This is the way they "let him kill them."

"Come and Be Hanged"

When they got home they found the squaws washing the body of the dead maiden. And they saw that she had a black spot just over the heart and another black spot on the back under the right shoulder-the marks of the witchman's magic bullet-so they knew they had done well.

Of course, you don't believe in witchcraft; but the Indians do. And having killed they take to their guns and refuse the coaxing of the agent to "come in and be hanged." It is quite natural. Only one voice they cannot resist. That is the grave, truth-telling voice of General Hugh L. Scott, the "White-Man-Who-Does-Not-Lie."

"Come," he says, "it is just; you have

killed; come in and be hanged." Without anger, without hesitation, they mount and ride in at his side. It is an amazing thing; the most amazing thing happening in these mad days. Two of these young braves argued with him. . They refused to be when a man dies his soul goes out through the top of his head, and if you choke him with a rope his soul can't get out. Gravely the General acquiesced.

"That is true," he said, "and I give you my word you shall not be hanged-come in

and be shot!" Blithely they rode in. They were condemned. Fifty soldiers were drawn up to shoot them. Shouting and waving their hands the boys dashed along the line on their wild ponies. And not a shot was fired. So they wheeled their ponies and rode back

again-and 50 bullets got them. The power of the "Man-Who-Does-Not-Lie"; there is nothing like it. And when you read of another "Indian uprising" you may bear in mind that back of it lies the Indian's desperate, eternal fight with the dark forces of his black magicians a. I understand,

THE SEA OF MARMORA

With the strongest fleet ever assembled for battle reported fighting its way through the Dardanelles toward the Sea of Marmora, this quiet Turkish sheet of water suddenly has taken on a thrilling world-importance, for this soon witness the last scene of the mighty Europe from the narcotic effects of eastern

provisions for guarding this sea between Asia and Europe against hostile power. The Box-phorus, its approach from the Black Sea on the north, is a deep, water-filled, twisting valle whose surface almost all the way is at mercy of the enclosing mountain heights. the south, the Dardanelles, while of greate. breadth than the Bosphorus, form an easily de-fended channel, 47 miles long, and commanded by its shore heights.

Marmora Sea is a wonderful amphitheatre for blueat water, it is inclosed by a hilly shoreline which is bold and steep upon the Asiatic side. From east to west, the sea is 175 miles long, while its extreme width is about 50 miles. It

has an area of 4500 square miles.

Constantinople, the objective of the invading fleets, lies tucked away near the northernmost point of Marmora, at the opening of the Bos-phorus inlet. In the west and south are sev-eral considerable islands, of which the largest, Marmora, has been famous for its alabaster and marbles since the days of Grecian sculp tural and architectural glory.

The Sea of Marmora is the most famous and important sea of passage in the world. Be-hird its waters, along the northern shore of the Black Sea, are the most fertile and favored provinces of the Russian Empire, Russia's gran-ary; while on the eastern Black Sea coast lies Russia's greatest oil port and her famous oil bearing hinterland.

FRUGALITY

Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourself by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Let your industry and your parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children if the Lord gives you say, and that in moderation. tion. I charge you help the poor and needy. Let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income, for the good of the poor, both in our society and other; for we are all His creatures; remembering that he that giveth to the poor lenders to the Lord.—William Penn.

A THRILL AWAITING BRYAN

From the New York Herald.

Whether Mr. Bryan will resign today or some other day may be uncertain, but one thing very certain is that when he does resign he will for note in his life experience the thrill that goes with knowledge that a materity of the American people heartly induces one of his acts.

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

vation.

MOEDENDENCE

(1) The House Beautiful-"Seed Catalogs (2) Vogue - "Flowers as They Are (3) Harper's Monthly-"The Control of Soil Fertility.

(4) Current Opinion—"Elements of Conusness in the Courtship and Mating of (5) Review of Reviews-"Better Seeds for the World's Food Supply."

GARDENS

PRAGRANCE of flowers, sparkle of champagne, smiles of fair women, all the alluring froth of the world, rests upon a shadowy background of toil and weariness.

But by one of those fortunate chances which go to make up this curious life of ours, there is a splendid and alluring compensation of the work for its own sake, in the long row to hoe, the grapes to pick and crush, the weaving and scrubbing which enter into the creation of our precious lilles of the field. A whiff of fragrance over the garden wall makes up for a spring and summer's toil, an hour or two of smiles and beauty in the evening give zest to long hours of daylight drudgery. With characteristic inconsistency, it is the hoers and weavers and tollers of the world who achieve happiness, while the lilles of the field are notoriously bored and blase.

Let no one, then, pity the gardener! Rather, in this day of brick and paved cities, he is to be envied his little plot of soft, crumbly, brown soil, in which, as in a little world of his own, he plays the part of creator, ruler and absolute autocrat, disturbed only by the ravages of anarchist worms and bugs.

Now that the frost is almost out of the ground and the seed catalog season is at its height, numerous magazines give gardening advice, ranging from the amateur to the most All gardeners and their wives-or husbands

will appreciate the whimsical tone of a typical spring time dialogue by Dallas Sharpe in The House Beautiful (1):

"What is it you are so interested in?" she demanded, laying down the new magazine.

"A seed catalog."
"More seed catalogs, why, you read nothing else all last night."
"This is a new one," I replied, "and I declare I never saw turnips that could touch this improved strain here. I am going to

"How many catalogs have you?" Only six so far."
Only six so far? And you plant your

"In April, the middle of April, though I may be able to get my first peas in by the last of March. You see, peas"—she was backing away—"this new Antarctic pea will stand ing away—'this new Antarctic pea will stand a lot of cold; but beans—do come here and look at these improved Kentucky wonder pole beans,' holding out the wonderfully lithographed page toward her. But she backed still farther away and, putting her hands firmly behind her, looked at me instead very solemnly.

I suppose every man comes to know that I suppose every man comes to know that unaccountable expression in his wife's eyes soon or late; a sad, baffled expression, detached, remote, as of things seen darkly or descried afar off—discernible, but very remote. Two minds with but a single thought, so you start; but soon she finds, or late she finds, that as the heavens are high above the earth, so are some of your thoughts above the carth, so are some of your thoughts above her thoughts. She cannot follow. On the brink she stands and sees you, through the starry spaces, drift from her ken in your fleet of dreams—or seed catalogs. I have never been able to explain to her the seed catalog. Her unit of garden measure is a meal—so many best seeds for meal—so many beet seeds for a meal; so many meals for a row, with never two rows of anything, and with all the rows of dif-ferent length. Now, I go by the seed catalog. planting not after the dish, as if my oni vision were a garden peeled and in the po but after the bushel, peck, quart, pint, pound ounce, package—so many pounds to the acre instead of so many seeds to the meal.

Vogue gives a semiofficially elite indorsement of gardening, as an occupation even for the lilies of the field (2): So fashionable has gardening become of

late, it is strange that no rural bard has taken occasion to play upon the susceptible theme of "the woman with the hoe." Today, if one attempts to make a summer morning call upon a smart woman at her country place, the powdered footman very likely lifts his eyebrows that ever so little a powdered footman may, and says, "Madame is at work in her garden at this hour." Then if you may, you wend your way to the garden to find madame in a simple cotton frock, covered with a capacious chintz apron, a big shade hat, sauntiet gloves, and actually digging in the soil. There have always been women who have loved their gardens and really worked in them, but it is only recently that fashionable women have wakened to the occasion to play upon the susceptible theme that fashionable women have wakened to the fact that digging in old Mother Earth no only gives them a certain cachet, but a slim-mer waist line, and the envisible rose and cream complexion of the dairy maid.

Our Kinship to the Soil In an article on "The Control of Soil Fer-

years ago. * * * In 1908 Italy's harvest of cereals alone was five times that of New York, though her area is but twice as great. Counting her systematically cropped forests, 84 per cent. of her territory is worked by men and women who understand the uses of their land as thoroughly as a mechanic understands his tools, .
The problem of infertile soils seems to be

not one of forced feeding or the use of drug stimulants, but air, light, deep plowing, in-tensive cultivation, exercise, suggesting further interesting analogies with modern medical practice. Such soils are sick. Open the windows of the fields, let in the air and sun-light to the roots of the plants, and the oxygen will cleanse the poisons from the air

they breathe and from the soil solution which they feed. The United States Bureau of Soils has now isolated 37 organic compounds, none of which had previously been known to exist in the soil. Its patient work has slowly transformed our knowledge of the soil, and we begin to perceive that it is a highly complex organism, with vital functions akin to those which we ourselves live and breathe, perpetually changing, a crucible, like the stom-ach of animals, where organic compounds are formed and reduced, and where the mineral plant food elements are transformed as they are in the course of human metabolism. These discoveries are no summons to waste the mineral content of the soil, or to neglect the use of mineral fertilizers. They are a call to the intelligence of the farmer, a cry for self-reliance and discriminating cultivation.

Raising Ancestors

This analogy between the soil from which we sprang and our own lives is carried further by Royal Dixon, whose studies of plant

life are reviewed in Current Opinion (4); he asserts that the flowers woo and marry: Before the mating of any pair of plants occurs, there is at this stage in the evolu-tion of many among them a brief period of what must be called courtship. The happ and gallant wooer adorns himself gorgeously

with brilliant flowers, each having powdered faces, calling to his love on every breeze. He maust charm or there will be no response. In considering this plant courtship, there is one point which needs special emphasis-a point which must necessarily be reiterated time and again. It is the existence of some guiding force, too impulsive to be mechanical, too versatile and efficient to be instinctive, which controls the actions and manners of plants in all the stages of their reproductive functions. functions. There is an almost human sa-gacity in these actions; in the display of brilliant colors and soft perfumes to attract their lovers; in the cunning which in imprisoning a bee if he should arrive be-fore the pollen grains are ready to be sifted on his back, and of holding him, sometimes days at a time, until he can go forth laden with the pollen that is to adhere to a pistil. and so find its way to the ovary and perform the great miracle that results in seeds; in the many similar tricks which they use to hold; all working entice and to hold; all working together toward that one great aim of plant life-

reproduction. There is similar emphasis in an article on breeding grains by E. B. Powell, of the University of Illinois, in the Review of Reviews

It is conceded, in theory at least, that to be well born is a right. It is known that to be nicely hatched—from the ancestral standoint-is distinct cause for congratulation point—is distinct cause for constitute the We are now discovering that to give the plants the best available grandfathers is the part of wisdom. Therefore, all over the land, part of wisdom. part of wisdom. Therefore, an other blossoms bags over sweet peas and other blossoms that no outside pollen may come a-lovemaking and destroy the purity of their cherished

strains.

Germany has 46 breeders of rye, 84 breeders of wheat, 54 breeders of barley and 13 breeders of oats. Now that the price of land in the United States is so high, the farmer must get the most possible from it or conduct a losing business. When a notable individual appears in the field, its destination must as be the elevator; it must be destined to become an ancestor. come an ancestor.

"GERMANY, 1915"

Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia Univer-Zeitung the following poem, entitled "Germany,

Fronting the world, she stands eract in valor, strength and self-respect.
The threats, and insults of her foes.
She answers grim, with scorn and blows.
In peace, a wisely ordered state; In war, she shows herself as great.
Witness the drenching blood that stains
Polonian, Gallic, Belgian plans, Polonian. Whilst Britain's coasts at specters stare That leap from sea, or drop from air

The world ere now such marvel saw The world ere now such marvel saw
Never, and halts twixt rage and awe.
Vain rage! This stark, consummate might
Is girt with adamantine right—
The right to live beneath the sun,
The right to hold what has bess seen
By toil and science, thrift and art.
In camp to farm, in school and mart—
A right which still without avail
Revenge and cant and greed assail.

Before such prowess rage must sink, And generous minds be bold to think-Hypocrisy hath here no place: Barbarism?—that imperial race! By Heaven, you Germany, today Heiding so splendidly at bay Those variessated tribes of men. Those variegated tribes of Is not a thing to hunt and pen

tility" (3), in Harper's, Robert Bruere attacks
the popular notion that solis wear out, as in
New England and the Past;
Take Italy, for example. Her soils were
constrained for their fertility more than 2000

All glary that the gods allows