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BRYSERS AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOPPICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915.

The fires of hate will not go out so long as they are fed with hard words.

Protection and "Protection"

If TIM" McNICHOL did not defeat local op-Utlon; neither did "Ed" Vare. It was defeated last November by tens of thousands of "good" citizens who got it into their heads that they could not be prosperous unless Mr. Penrose was sent back to Washington, on which account they voted for him and his affiliated interests.

It is pure nonsense to expect politicians to do what they are notoriously under agreement not to do. It is sheer stupidity "to stand for" anything, provided it is done up in a protection wrapper. Protection, the great economic principle, as a matter of fact. has never been defeated in the United States in recent years. But because protection has been used as a shield behind which nefarious deeds were committed, the Republican party has been defeated. And it will be defeated again unless its leadership is clean.

The idea that the way to get protection is to tie its fate to the coattalls of political adventurers who promote slush funds gives evidence of everything except brains in the heads of the gentlemen who so delude themselves. Protection is one thing and "protection" is another.

Every One Loves a Horse

TF A small boy were asked to choose between ownership of a pony and ownership of an automobile he would unhesitatingly choose the pony.

So long as the natural unspoiled instincts of the human heart have any power the horse will retain his place in our affections. No machine ever invented by the ingenuity of man can compare in charm with an intelligent, well-trained and affectionate horse. He is not merely a device for getting you over the ground. He is a companion and a friend. His soft muzzle in your hand is more delightful than the kickback of the starting crank of an automobile.

When the railroad trains displaced the stage coaches the horse did not disappear. Men traveled more and farther. That was all the effect the new mode of locomotion had. And the motorcar has not displaced the horse, either. There are more horses in the country today than there were 10 years ago. The new device for getting over the ground has made business for itself while leaving the horse undisturbed in his position of supremacy. The indoor horse show, which opened yesterday, is an institution organized long after the automobiles became popular and the exhibitors are men and and will not part with their horses. They loved ponies in their childhood, and now that they have become men and women they refuse to deny the instinct which first led them to cherish the companionship of the splendid animal.

"War of Silver Bullets"

WHEN the German Finance Minister says that if this is to be a "war of silver bullets" Germany is prepared, he suggests by his interview with the United Press correspondent that it is a war of pronouncements as well as of sliver and leaden bullets. His declaration of the ability of his country to meet all the charges of the war and to feed its people, however long the war may last, is a form of campaigning in which Germany has been engaged since the beginning. Indeed, the Germans have used their pub-Helty bureau more industriously than either the British or the French. They hope thereby to strengthen their position in the eyes of the world, to keep up the courage of their own people and to mislead the Allies. It is a legitimate use of publicity, and some of the British and French observers of the progress of the war are regretting that their own Governments have not made a more liberal use of informal proclamations to the people regarding the state of preparedness for all emergencies. Their psychological value is un-

Curfew Will Yet Ring in Philadelphia FIRE failure of Director Porter to get the children off the streets at night because of lack of the necessary ordinance has not discouraged those who believe admission to the school of crime should be made as diffi-

cult as possible for the young.

They are determined, either through legislation in Harrisburg or in City Hall, to empower the police to arrest children found on the sireets without proper guardians after a certain hour in the evening. And they ought to succeed. They may not carry their point this summer, but they will carry it some time in the near future. It took a year to get the Lancaster Councils to adopt an ordice providing that minors under the age of is ahould not be allowed on the streets after 8 o'clock, but no one regrets that the elty has such an ordinance now. It has reduced the amount of juvenile crime, which means that it has kept boys and girls out or temptation while they have not the judgment needed to assist them in deciding what weight and what is wrong. It has made it agier for the children of the poor to grow is to an honest and upright maturity. Curordinances in other cities have had similar results. In some cases they have reduced

gentle crime 75 per cent. But no argument is needed to prove that gys and girls should be at home in the ining tostead of on the streets of a large They can learn nothing good as priye hunits in the school of vice and idla-They must be kept off the atrests, and he heates of some of them are unpleasant make to be made the business of some House

philanthropic persons to provide suitable gathering places for the young in different neighborhoods where they can have innocent amusements in wholesome surroundings. There is a splendid opportunity here for the churches to co-operate with the Police Department in saving the young from themselves and for the community as a whole.

Who Will Share in This Quarter of a Billion "Melon"?

Do YOU realize what the war in Europe means to every railroad, every coastwise, lake and river steamship line, every hotel, every summer boarding house and every dealer in automobiles and automobile supplies in America?

In brief, it portends a season of unparalleled prosperity for all those who reach out their hands to take what is coming to them. There will be no tourist travel in Europe for Americans this summer. American tourists, according to the estimate of the head of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington, spent \$256,000,000 in ocean steamship fares, hotel bills and railroad fares and in purchases from foreign merchants in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914. This is more than a quarter of a billion dollars. If a sum so large as this, or even one-half so large, is distributed this summer by the pleasure seekers who have to seek their "far country" here at home instead of abroad, it does not take much imagination to picture the harvest which will be reaped by those who cater to this class of trade.

The vacation disposition persists in spite of war. If the man with \$500 or \$1000 to spend on himself or his family this summer cannot get to Europe he will spend it in his own country. Thousands of such men will go to the Panama Fair because that has been advertised widely for the past year. It is the first thing that will occur to many of them. But the Panama Fair is not the only thing on this continent worth looking at. Philadelphia should interest every patriotic American more than it is possible for London to interest him, because here the nation was born. Valley Forge and Gettysburg are greater places for him than Waterloo, and the tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon is more impressive than the sarcophagus of Napoleon in Paris. Boston and Concord and Lexington are more intimately connected with American liberty than is the Roman Forum. Those who have roamed the world without first looking at the historic places in their own country may see America at last.

Philadelphia and Pennsylvania will get their proper share of the quarter of a billion dollars annually spent by vacation enthuslasts abroad, if they seek it, and they will get some of it any way, whether they seek it or not. But the alert and awakened buelness sense of the community must perceive the splendid opportunity which now presents itself to attract the attention of the nation to this great centre of historic interest, when there is a multitude so eager to learn what is most worth seeing in its own land.

They talk about railroad corporations "cutting a melon." There never before was such a melon awaiting the cutting for the benefit of those who purvey to vacationists.

Crusade Cannot Start Too Soon

IS difficult to conceive of a more con-L temptible occupation than that of the man who persuades the ignorant that they are suffering from cancer or tuberculosis or some other disease, and then robs them of their money through pretending to cure them of their imaginary ills.

The Federal authorities have begun to prosecute such quacks in New York, and are said to be planning operations in this city. They cannot come here too soon, and they cannot deal with the scoundrels too vigorously. These quacks are even worse than the manufacturers of patent medicines, compounded chiefly of alcohol, which are warranted to cure all ills, from Bright's disease to cholera, for they talk in person to their victims, and by insinuations of manner and tone impress them with the gravity of their ilness and then despoil them at their leisure. Pickpockets are respectable in comparison.

No Prohibition for Iowa Democrata

THE refusal of the Democratic State Com-I mittee of Iowa to make belief in prohibition a test of fitness to serve as a member of the Democratic National Committee from the State indicates that the politicians of the State are reasonably well satisfied with the present situation and are not inclined to subordinate other issues to agitation for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating

But the liquor men of Iowa and other States can force the prohibition issue into the foreground by a policy of blind obstruction to the popular will. They are the worst enemies of their own business. And if they devote their time and money and political ingenuity to frustrating the attempts of the people to regulate the business in a reasonable manner, the people will wipe it out entirely. Or if they cannot wipe it out they will do all that is in their power to destroy it and make every man who sells intoxicants an outlaw.

The refusal of the Iowa Democrats to accept the advice of Mr. Bryan is of less importance than the determination of the Iowa Democrats to do what they can to protect the rights of the people of the State to manage their own affairs in their own way, without the interference of either the Secretary of State or the liquor associations.

Mr. Barnes seems to be proving Mr. Roosevelt's case.

This is an era when America will be full of Americans.

The foot and mouth disease may yet do more to clean up the city than all the antipig campaigns have ever accomplished.

The "invisible" government was not invisible to the Colonel-he was behind the scenes. There would have been no trouble if only he had thought that "invisible government" was "out of sight."

That report from Harrisburg that unless the Governor "comes down" the Organization will pass a child labor bill dictated by the employers of child labor instead of a humans measure is perfectly credible. Any folly can be believed of the men in control of the

THE RETURN OF COLONIAL FENCES

The Charm of Houses and Streets Before the Era of Victorian Front Lawns-Let's Get Back the Old Sense of Privacy.

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

MENCES seem to be coming back. To be sure, I learn of the glad tidings chiefly form the pages of those numerous magazines which tell us how to erect a charmingly simple suburban villa for \$3000, and then make us envious by printing pictures of John D. Rockefeller's estate. Actual observation of suburban and rural America does not yet disclose any very concerted return to fences, However, I am hopeful enough to believe that we are really on the way out of our terrible era of Victorian front lawns, that era when every pretty old village in the land had its Village Improvement Society, and more harm was done in a generation than three generations can undo.

The waves of taste, good or bad, which sweep over a community, even a nation, are curlous things. In the post-Revolutionary period America developed a very lovely architecture, which reached its climax, perhaps, around 1820. Just how far this architecture was generally appreclated I am not student enough to say. Golden eras of taste often reduce themselves, upon close examination, to be eras when this or that famous architect was the fashion. Certainly our Colonial architecture was English in origin, and in many cases some of the best examples in the rural regions owe their excellence to the fact that the carpenter-builders of the period worked from set plans in a book-However, we had native architects of genius, like McIntire in Salem and Bulfinch in Bos-Whole streets in Salem are almost perfect. Whole streets in old Baltimore or Philadelphia, are or until recently were-eloquent witnesses to the fact that somebody's good taste, at any rate, was not interfered

Gingerbread Compilations

Then a period of unrest set in, manifesting itself at first in the overelaboration of the existing style. It was not so very long, as time goes, before nobody dreamed of building a new house in the tried and true Colonial style, so befitting our country. One fad succeeded another, and strewed the land with monstrosities, from the New York brown stone city houses to the Queen Anne suburban residences and the small town compilations of wooden gingerbread scroll-

It is only within the memory of the youngest of us that the American architects of the new generation, aided by the really valuable work of the house and garden magazines, have begun to pull taste back to the simpler, saner styles, chiefly, perhaps, Colonial. Such a "magnificent" avenue as Peach Tree street in Atlanta, or the better residence streets of Indianapolis, are mournful reminders of the horrors of our only too recent domestic architecture. We will say nothing of certain suburbs nearer home.

Somewhere back in our fathers' time, when Iron deer were gaily prancing over front lawns and no little home was complete without a French roof, the park idea hit the country. Down with the fences and hedges! was the cry. Village Improvement Societies took up the slogan. Why be exclusive? Why disfigure the roadside with a fence? Why not open up a green park on both sides of the highway, composed of everybody's front yard? Why not, indeed? Accordingly, it was done. The horrid deed was done, and the loss has been incalculable.

Glimpses of Garden

Anybody who can remember an old New England village before the "improvement" struck it has a picture stored in his memory which it is almost impossible to match today. In front of almost every house was a wooden fence. Very frequently these fences were no less works of architectural beauty than the dwelling. They were in style with the house. The Colonial fences had tall, square posts, each often surmounted by an urn, and the palings of the gate were more elaborate, to match the front door, which was glimpsed up the vista of the path. Behind the fence was usually a hedge of some sort, or shrubbery planting, to screen the dwelling and make a privacy for the occupants. The front yard was sometimes a lawn, sometimes-perhaps even more frequently-it was a garden. You merely caught a glimpse of it as you passed the gate-perhaps saw the mistress of the house out snipping at her "posies." Over the fence and the shrubs, however, rose the upper windows of the house, looking down in kindly fashion at the street, but not courting your full stare.

The total effect of a street like this was infinitely more charming than anything we know today. The vista of the street was better, because that last line made by the fences is necessary to frame in the perspective. The houses all looked more homelike and attractive, because they were screened off in a decent privacy. People in them did not have to live on the sidewalk. There was pleasant color and variety and infinite surprises in the glimpses of garden you caught through gates and over walls or fences,

Here was a town, you felt, where each home was a home, where a man shut his gate behind him and entered the privacy of his dwelling fifty feet from the door.

Now that is all gone. In the older communities the people themselves have swept the fences away. In the newer communities, like city suburbs, the development companies in many cases have purposely built without fences to show their wares better. In either case the result is pitiful. House after house, unfenced and unscreened, stares at you with the vulgar insistence of a billboard as you pass. Being still human and still loving domestic privacy in our hearts, we have transferred all our gardens out back, which, when you come to think of it, is a quaint result of the campaign to make each estate contribute to the general pleasure! We are all back yard dwellers, now, for we still fence off from our neighbors, while opening up our front yard to every casual passerby. The best house looks commonplace when seen in all its nakedness over a strip of bare lawn. The average suburban house looks positively indecent-either vulgar or painfully homely. And no house has any of the old charm of mystery, the hint of a pleasant privacy, the glimpse of a bit of garden, the pretty air of retiring away from the traffic and watching the world pass, through the vista of its gate.

Homes Instead of House Plans

It is a very precious thing, this hint of privacy, this charm of domestic retirement. It cannot but react on the dwellers in the house, on the passers along the road. Personally I am convinced that taking down the fences does more to destroy that "sanctity of the home" the anti-suffragists are always prating of, than the ballot could ever do. At any rate, by tearing down all fences and walls and hedges, we have done great injury to the appearance of our towns and suburbs. we have bartered what should be their rightful beauty for a row of glorified billboards, either advertising the wealth of the householders or the varying tastes of the architents.

Let us build fences once more, and walls, and let us plant hedges and shrubs. Let us dwell in homes instead of house plans, If we are to return to the fine domestic type of dwelling which flourished a century ago we must remember that that type was incomplete without its fence, unless it chanced to be flush up to a city curb. Even Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, had a fence around his dwelling, though he did have wooden statues of himself upon the fence posts.

LOVE

If you love your friend better than your friend loves you, Do not grieve with the pain of pride! Know yourself fortunate. You are the happier of the two. For it is good to be loved: It is better to love. It is sad to be hated: It is sadder to hate. You are as weak as your hate is strong. Resolve it to nothing! Hate is a costly thing and not worth the price. You are as strong as your love is strong. Let it take in the whole world, Some as your heart's dearest. Many as your brothers and sisters. All as worthy a kind thought, a salute and a comradely touch of the hand. -Ethel Marjorie Knapp in the Craftsman.

SEA SHELLS IN AN INLAND WELL

AWELL was recently drilled at Charleston, S. C., to a depth of nearly 2000 feet below sea level and at that depth struck water bearing sand which yielded a natural flow of more than half a million gallons a day of extremely soft water, suitable for botter supply. I. N. Knapp, of Philadelphia, who was the engineer in charge of the drilling operations, realizing the opportunity afforded by a deep boring of this kind to add to the sum of human knowledge, carefully saved a complete set of samples of the materials penetrated by the drill and sent them to the office of the United States Geographical Survey at Washington.

One of the interesting results of these studies was the finding of the shells of oysters and other marine organisms even down to the botom of the well, all of which, except those found within 75 or 80 feet of the surface, belong to a species which lived during past ages and are now extinct. The shell of one species belonging to the oyster family and known to acientista as Exogyra upatolensis Stephenson was floated out from the bottom of the well by the natural flow of water. The story which this shell tells is an interesting one to students of earth history.

When the oyster was alive the Atlantic Ocean covered the present site of Charleston and probably extended for nearly a hundred miles farther inland, but the bottom of the sea on which it lived was probably not more than 50 or 100 fathoms deep. The rivers from the land sarried sand and mud into the sea and gradually filled it, but as the filling progressed the sea bottom slowly sank. Sometimes there was a pause in the sinking, and at other times there were even upward movements which temporarily lifted the sea floor entirely out of water; but in the main the movements were downward until a relatively recent prehistoric time, when an upward movement caused the strand line to retreat to its present position.

In the sands and clays which filled this downward sinking ocean basin, salty ocean waters were entrapped and buried, and these waters, now more or less mixed with land derived waters, were encountered at various depths in the Charleston well; they are referred to as "fossil waters," because they have been locked in the earth and prevented from circulating.

Although practically motionless, these fossil waters are under heavy hydraulic pressure due to the weight of the waters which have percolated from the landward direction down through the seaward dipping sand layers. When the sands containing the fossil waters are tapped by wells the hydraulic pressure forces the water up through the drill hele to the surface, thus producing flowing artesian wells. The water from the 2000-foot level at Charleston shows only slight indication of having been mixed with sea water, but the waters from some of the higher levels contain enough of the ancient sea water to give them a distinct salty taste.-Bulistin of United States Geological

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

(1) Metropolitan-"The Twilight Sleep in America.'

"THAT WILL DO!"

(2) Ladies' World-"Both Sides of the Question. (3) McClure's-"Twilight Sleep in Amer-

"TWILIGHT SLEEP"

OTHERS and babies have been a source of inspiration to the painter, the poet and the sculptor for centuries. A dozen of the greatest masterpleces of all time are Madonnas. Many of the most famous and beloved lyrics ever written are lullables and poems to motherhood. This flattering response of the world of art has not been paralleled in other fields-among the sciences, for instance.

In the world of medicine, of research and discovery, there has, until the last few years, been little progress in the understanding and care of that universal and agonizing ordeal of childbirth. This is especially true in comparison with the progress made in the fields of surgery, anesthetizing, sterilization, etc. In so far as these independent discoveries are applicable, they have been applied, and every medical library includes volumes on obstetrics. But aside from the general advance in the practice of medicine, these books show practically no records of improvement in the methods of handling these cases. Through the centuries, while pain has been so enormously relieved and alleviated in other directions, every mother has been called upon to endure much the same terrible agony that is suggested in the solemn curse laid upon Eve in the garden said, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children."

This feeling has lain dormant among many women, half realized, to be brought to full consciousness by the attitude shown toward the discovery of twilight sleep. Many doctors are today indorsing it publicly, after having denounced and scoffed at it only last fall. They now admit that they had not taken the trouble to investigate thoroughly and carefully. Their reconsideration was due to the publicity given the matter in the magazines and consequent insistence of the women of the country that it have a fair trial. After several months of luli, the magazines burst out with several articles on the subject. Mary Boyd and Marguerite Tracy, the two women who wrote the original article in McClure's last June, have an article in the Metropolitan for March (1):

The war and twilight sleep were the two news features of the fall of 1914. stood out strikingly against each other; on the one hand, the brutalizing and cheapening of human life by war; on the other, the humanizing and safeguarding of lifegiving by painless birth; one representing the hopeless the other the hopeful future; one senting the obedient acceptance of m authority by men; the other representing the repudiation of medical authority by women. For in the violent controversy over painless childbirth, which broke out in medical journals upon the popular presentation of the subject in general magazines, the laywomen of America took a silent but effective part; had, indeed, the last word. The force of their demand sent the doctors to Freiburg. This sending of the doctors is the first big thing that the American women accomplished by their persistent demands on individual doctors.

In the fall these doctors returned to America. The discussions which had been so vituperative in the medical press were taken up open-mindedly in the monthly meetings of obstetrical societies by the men who had been to Frieburg. One by one American obstetricians who have been experimenting have come round. Where they failed a number of years ago, they are now succeeding. They are analyzing their re-sults, and they ascribe their early failures to variability in the drug which they used, and to lack of any guide in the regulation of desage to the individual patients.

Drs. McPherson and Harrar, in a report on a series of 100 cases delivered under twilight sleep in the Lying-In Hospital, of New York, write "A phenomenon as interesting as the twilight sleep itself is that detailed descriptions of the technique which has been followed closely in this study have lain idle in the literature for six years, with no one taking advantage of them. Those who did make trial of the pro-cedure (the narcotic, that is), wandered far afield, both in method and in the object to be

obtained." There is probably no local or national medical body in America which has not had a session or many sessions on twitight sleep. The full records of most of these will not be published for many months, but we know that only in one city did the body of medical men officially disapprove the agitation for twiight sleep. This was in the Medical Society of Milwaukee Co which condemned the whole idea in a sweeping resolution, without discussion. Three days later the Women's Association of the Milwaukes Maternity Hospital put itself on record in an emphatic resolution condemning the action of

Dra W. W. Knipe and J. O. Pelak, both of New York, report two groups of cases. These men are among those who went to Freiburg that summer; both are also among those who had tried and failed with scopolamin-morphine in

the past and discarded it as dangerous. Both ascribe their early failure to ignorance of the Freiburg technique. Doctor Polak writes: "We contend a woman is entitled to the relief of pain during labor if the

"We contend a woman is entitled to the relief of pain during labor if she can get it without undue risk either to herself or the child. We no longer ask our patients to submit to surgical operations without ether or gas. You say labor is a normal and physiological process; one wouldn't think so after 20-odd years of consultation in obstetrics in Brooklyn and New wouldn't think so after 20-odd years of con-sultation in obstetrics in Brooklyn and New York. Over 50 per cent, of all our gynecology is the result of badly conducted physiological is the result of badly conducted physiological labor. Poor diagnosis in labor is more frequent than in any department of medicine and sur-gery, except, perhaps, cancer. The practitioner has not made the progress in the art of obstetrics diagnosis and procedure that he has in other branches, or he is blinded by the dictum that it is all a normal process."

What Some Men Say

This frank and open attitude of Doctor Polak is in striking contrast to the point of view of some doctors and ministers quoted in the Ladies' World (2):

Letter from well-known Methodist clergyman Letter from well-known Methodist clergyman to a physician who is using twilight sleep with success: "For God's sake, Dr. L.—, do not urge the use of this agent in obstetrics. You are opposing God Almighty; for hath he not said to woman, 'In pain shalt thou henceforth bring forth thy young?' If you persit in introducing this agent, God will surely punish you."
Dr. J. J. Kindred, of Long Island City, writes: "My mother and others of her day managed to do without it. Childbirth is no joyride under any circumstances. While in Europe I was on my honeymoon, and did not stop to investigate twilight sleep."

Another doctor is quoted as saying: "I know

Another doctor is quoted as saying: "I know of no more pleasing sight than that of a strongly built woman giving birth to a first child with strong and painful birth pangs."

Constance Leupp and Burton Hendrick. writing in McClure's (3), say:

The fact is that it was not until the latter half of the year 1914 that American obstetricians gave the Freiburg treatment a genuine trialin the last eight months ther been 3000 scopolomin-morphine the United States, one-third as many as Freiburg has had in 10 years. In all the largest cities representative obstetricians are using the In the early days the rumor started that scopolamin-morphine caused among mothers. Evidently the story was in tended as a hoax, since it rested on the supposed assertions of a New York physician, who afterward disclaimed responsibility for the statement. Strangely enough, this ridiculous idea has gained considerable currency, and actually prevents many women from accepting the treatment. It may cause temporary aberrations, as ether and chloroform do, but these always pass off as the drug is eliminated from the system.

MAKE A GARDEN

From the Ohlo State Journal. An incentive to following this advice is & couplet by Dorothy 'urner, as follows: You are nearer to God in a garden

Than anywhere else on earth And so it is a sort of religion to make a garden. If then you ignore church religion or Bible religion, do not neglect garden religion. It is no whim. The best psychology supports the idea. The fact is, if you are mixed in your thoughts and are filled with doubts, make a garden, and you will find your whole intel-lectual atmosphere brightened. By what? "Some call it God."

PEACE

pray for peace; yet peace is but a prayer. How many wars have been in my brief years! All races and all faiths, both hemispheres My eyes have seen embattled everywhere The wide earth through; yet do I not despair Of peace that slowly through far ages nears. Though not to me the golden morn appears;

My faith is perfect in time's issue fair For man doth build on an eternal scale, And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;

The millennium came not; yet Chrict did not

Though ever unaccomplished is His word; Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we Supreme, when in all bosoms He be heard. George E. Woodberry, in North American Re-

> THE LOST CHORD Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at case And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

I knew not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then But I struck one chord of music Like the sound of a great amen

It flooded the crimson twilight Like the close of an angel's psaim, and it lay on my fevered spirit With a touch of infinite caim.

It quieted pain and sorrow Like love overcoming strife; It seemed the harmonious scho From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace, And trembled away into silence As if it were loaths to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the organ.
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again I shall hear that grand amen.

-- Addiside Proctor