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All things are possible to him who works diligently.

Garrison Rises to the Occasion

VERY level-headed American citizen EVERY level-headed Anter will who faces the facts as they are will agree with Secretary Garrison when he writes to the president of the Army War College that there is no subject of greater importance before the country than the formulation of a proper military policy to be adopted and puraued as occasion permits.

The Secretary of War realizes that he has a splendid opportunity to do a big piece of constructive work, and he has set himself. about it. He has called upon the department commanders and all the leading milltary men, as well as on the officers of the War College, to give him their best advice in framing a plan for creating a military establishment that will be adequate to the admitted future needs of the country. His appeal must move the men to whom it is addressed, for he writes:

This country has never had a well thought out, wrought out and agreed-upon military policy. This is the first opportu-nity within the lifetime of those now active have this done. We have the privilege being called upon to do it. We should of being called upon to do it. We should give to it every ounce of whatever is worth while in us. We should work as if assured that we were to succeed. Even if the de-tails are not all accepted and made ef-fective, the general plan, if well prepared, will remain for years afterward as a monu-ment to those whose labor produced it.

If Mr. Garrison can carry out his purpose, and if he can persuade Congress to approve the plans that are made by the best military talent available, he will carry through one of the most important pieces of constructive work undertaken by any Cabinet officer in a generation. And no one will begrudge the Democrats all the credit they can get out of it.

All Together for Philadelphia

THE verdict yesterday was an overwhelming victory for rapid transit and an imperial Philadelphia. Any lightness in the vote was more than compensated for by the practical unanimity of it. A project that has behind it a favorable verdict in the ratio of 10 to 1 is backed by so formidable a public sentiment that nothing can prevent its accomplishment.

It was the first chance the people have had to speak their will, and they did it emphatically. No man can now doubt what the people want. None can question their purpose or assume that the demand for transit is an artificial, worked-up clamor.

number of places where liquor is sold and decreases consumption. They hope that it will work the same way in Great Britain and Ireland. But before they get through with it the Liberals are likely to be charged by their political opponents with taxing the drink out of the poor man's mouth, while allowing the rich to have all of it that they want. Such a charge would help a political party in the United States, but in Great Britain, where drinking is more general among all classes than it is here, even Lloyd-George is afraid of it.

Suffrage Day

MONORROW is Suffrage Day. A gigantic parade and outdoor meetings will mark the beginning of an aggressive, but in no wise hysterical, campaign in favor of the suffrage amendment.

It is a pity, in view of the argument that women themselves do not want the vote, that women should not be permitted to ballot also on the proposed amendment. But they cannot, and they must rely for a vindication of their rights on the men. They must arouse the interest of the male electorate and then convince it. They must overcome the prejudices which have accumulated during years of political female disqualification. They must win favor for a new idea, which is always difficult, particularly in a Commonwealth notoriously conservative. They have nothing but arguments and the justice of their cause with which to gain votes There is no "Eig Stick" in their hands, no capacity for revenge. They cannot offer votes to influence any politician, as advocates of most other causes can. They must rely entirely on the sense of justice of the male voters.

Women pay taxes, they are amenable to all laws, they are active in all industrial pursuits, they have been driven into business, their facilities for education they have themselves multiplied. The march of events has fitted them absolutely for the ballot. They demand it, therefore, as a right, not as a favor. An argument advanced against them is that they have got along very well without the ballot, that they have not heretofore had it. That is an argument of political inertia, too weak to gain many adherents,

Nations do not advance by standing still. The demonstration tomorrow will be a convincing one. All true friends of the cause should join in it, help it along, combine to make it a magnificent success.

The right to be governed, in America, must mean the right to take part in government.

The Sad Case of the Lobster

THE rights of the lobster are protected I neither by the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution. This disturbing conclusion follows from the decision of Judge Patterson that a chef is not punishable for cruelty to animals when he "pegs" the creatures to prevent them from fighting among themselves. The case had been before the court for three years, so difficult did the ministers of justice find it to decide this momentous question.

Hereafter, therefore, the chefs may per the lobsters without fear of punishment, and they may throw the lobsters alive into boiling water, also, without bringing down upon their heads the penalty of the law. And the trade in lobsters will survive for a time. But there is no knowing when it will be attacked again, for is it not the height of cruelty to eat brolled live lobsters, to say nothing of those boiled alive? The sensitive feminines who object to these culinary processes imagine themselves treated in the same way and they become sick at heart because of the needless crueity which they believe is practiced every day by hardened wretches. Fortunately, the lobster has not many nerves, and if he loses his claw in yielding to his natural instincts to fight and kill his neighbors he can grow another one if he survives the appetite of those of his friends whom he has not himself devoured. The attack on lobster cookers is likely to be renewed, for there is always a new crop of reformers ready to rush to the relief of the suffering. The oyster has not yet become an object of grave solicitude, but there is still hope, for this beneficent bivalve tastes best when served alive on the half shell and swallowed while his tender heart is still throbbing with love for his mate. If some one does not arise to make a plea for the oysters that are eaten some other will surely organize a society to succor the widows and orphans of those fallen in the war of mankind against the edible creatures of the sea. In the meantime, let us enjoy our meals while we may.

GERMANS AT BAY IN WESTERN ARENA

End of Hard Winter Campaign Reveals Invaders on Defensive Along Lines in France and Belgium-Review of the Campaigns.

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

TN THE minds of all observers of the great war May 1 has been a date marking more than a calendar division. Kitchener had been quoted as asserting that while he had no guess as to the date of the termination of the war, it would begin with Mayday. But however apocryphal this legend, the solid fact that the condltions of weather, of soil, of roads would then be favorable to active campaigning established it as the time when the winter campaign would end, the summer operations begin.

In any review of this winter campaign It is natural to divide the resume into two parts, the campaign in the west and that in the east, Turning first to the campaign in the west, the simplest and easiest method of estimating what it has meant is to return for a moment to the conditions existing when it opened, to the situation in France and Belgium on the morning of the fall of Antwerp and in the succeeding days.

Antwerp fell on October 9, when the German occupation began. In the next few days German invasion flowed over Western Belgium like a torrent released by the breaking of a dam. At the same moment that a German force was approaching Warsaw the bulletins of all combatant nations reported the approach of the Kalser's troops to the Channel, to Calais and to the cliffs of Boulogne, from which Napoleon had surveyed the British shores a century before. Consider now what were the allied preoccupations at this moment. From Switzerland to La Bassee the French army stood solidly in the trenches it had taken up after the German retreat to the Alsne. But in the desperate fighting at the Marne, in Alsace and in Lorraine French losses had been enormous. Efforts to outflank the Germans from the Olse to the Lys had been beaten down by superior German numbers. The process of reorganization of French armies had begun, but had as yet made little real progress, Equipment was still lacking to the soldiers, ammunition was as yet insufficient for immediate needs.

The "Thin Red Line"

As for the British, a "thin red line" was just taking root in the salient about Ypres. After two months less than 120,000 British troops were in the field. On this little army, presently reinforced by the remnant of the Belgian army retreating from Antwerp, the great storm was just breaking in Flanders. For a whole month the world was each day to wait with excited interest to learn whether the jerry construction thrown across Flanders from the Lys to the sea could bear the terrific burden that was being imposed upon it.

Its failure would not in all probability have meant the advance of new German armies to Paris, but it would have meant complete conquest, not alone of Belgium, but of Northern France. It would have meant the capture of the Channel ports, it would have meant fortifying German position in the west almost impregnably,

In sum, as the winter phase opened, German armies were on the offensive in the west, as they were also advancing upon Warsaw in the east. Success or failure for their second great offensive hung in the balance for at least a month. The extreme limit of allied effort consisted in rushing new formations, as they could be assembled, into the storm-beaten gap between Armentieres and Nieuport, where, under the eye of the Kaiser himself, German military power was writing an imperishable page in the history of devotion and courage, Now, to measure the distance between October and April, it is but necessary to revert to the April situation in the same fields. In that later time French offensives were being carried on in Alsace, about St. Mihiel, in Champagne. English forces were attacking north and south of Armentieres. For months the German energy had been concentrated in the heavy effort to meet fresh allied troops with numbers not equal but adequate to parry dangerous thrusts from Alsace to Flanders. Everywhere on this broad front, too, ground was being lost, not much, not of decisive value, but actually the German line had been recoiling slightly for a continued period of time, Neuve Chapelle, Les Eparges, Hartmannsweilerkopf, Hill 60, all marked recession under pressure.

appears the monotonous record of alled advances checked, of French assaults that broke down under "our artillery fire." Prisoners once taken by the thousands are occasionally reported by the hundred. English and French claims, official reports of trenches taken are denied with extreme acerbity, but for the most part the denial and the staccate insistence upon ground held furnish the body of the reports.

We are then face to face with a complete change, a change that had come almost imperceptibly, by such fine gradations as to awaken no real comment when it had become absolute. Germany in the west from February to the latter half of April, has been on the defensive. More and more her energies have been exerted, not to attack but to repel attack.

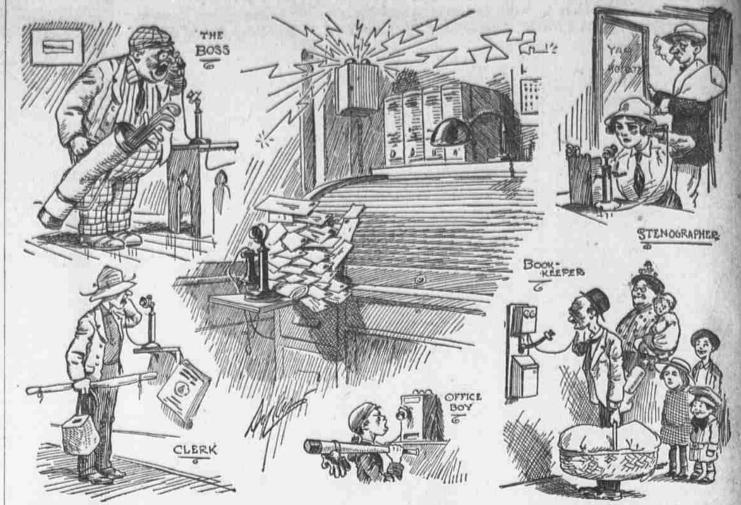
Now, in this period in which her foes had been advancing daily in numbers and in efficiency, in the time which had seen the arrival of the first armies of English recruiting, which would now be succeeded rapidly by others, for the enlistment had assured this, what had the Germans accomplished? For the thousands and thousands who had given up their lives at the Yser, about Ypres, for the terrible month of fighting in Flanders, for the series of struggles that marked the approach of spring, what had Germany to show?

Teuton Claims in May

Just this: she had held her lines. From December 1 to May 1, with incidental local changes, she had retained her footing in France, her occupation in Belgium. But in doing this she had definitely accepted the defensive. In October her champions, her press, talked about the capture of Calais, the second advance to Paris, the slege and fall of Verdun. But in April the same voices were proclaiming that the contest was a draw, that German defense could not be broken. To support this they pointed to the lines themselves, to German resistance, as splendid as German attack had been.

Thus reviewed, the second phase, so far as the west is concerned, becomes simple enough. It saw the rise of a new German offensive, a fresh effort to dispose of one enemy-France-for England was still but a French auxiliary, holding a section of the French line. It saw the failure of this offensive, thanks to Belgian and British devotion. Then it saw the swift transfer of the German effort to the east-a repetition of the attempt to dispose of one enemy before the other could come up. But always with the perfectly clear condition that the Russian foe must be disposed of before French and English menaces became too dangerous. In sum, Germany had to beat Russia completely in the winter campaign, given her failure in Flanders. In sum, in the west Germany had in the winter phase passed from the offensive to the defensive.

"BUT, OPERATOR, I KNOW SOMEBODY'S THERE!"



BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES (1) International-"April Shadows."

(2) Scribner's-"The Freelands." (3) Collier's-"In the German Trenches."

(4) Vogue-"In the Wake of the Paris Openings.'

(5) Everybody's-"The Springtime Gem."

SPRING FANCIES

S PRING is a time of mixed emotions. After the lethargy of the still white winter, the intoxicating sweetness of the spring breeze, the fragrance of budding trees and flowers and hedges, the subtle enticement of lambs and heifers and colts at play, and all the poignant thrill of life stirring and green things growing stir up a keen susceptibility to both the pleasures and the pains of the changing season. Among the pleasures are taking off one's flannels, helping to open the baseball season and drinking iced tea with white ribbons, or gin rickeys without. Among the pains are housecleaning, moving, giving up oysters and reading summer-resort booklets.

The women have the additional pain this year of throwing away all their last summer's dresses because the skirts are too nar-Or there is the equally harrowing row. alternative of two weeks of the dressmaker while all the skirts are turned upside down and trimmed with ruffles of contrasting material.

It is springtime in the magazines, as well as out of doors, and in spite of all the hackneyed witticisms about the springtime poet, he and she have contributed some very charming verses for the occasion. Helen Hoyt appears in The International (1) with a charming, tripping spring poem, called "April Shadows."

Shadows, shadows, shadows,

even the slope from which the fortress hill rises is freshly plowed. An earnest this, of what you are soon to behold even when be-neath the monstrous missiles of great guns screaming over your head. Life, the vitality of nature and the heart of man, triumphant over death's temporary ravaging.

Gay Paree Trying to Be Gay Another picture of spring, as it struggles

to surmount the horror of the European . maelstrom, is given by Vogue (4) in a gossipy letter from Paris.

Spring in Paris, indeed, is welcome. Sunshine is a joy after the months of rain and dull weather, and it is an added comfort to think of the men in the trenches as warm, instead of half frozen, and as dry, instead of standing all day in mud and water, chilled by a damp raw wind. But the work for their relief goes on much as usual. Women knit without ceasing, and thousands of pairs of socks and mufflers are still being sent regularly to the front.

It is said that in England, when a sturdy young chap is encountered in the street in civilian's dress, he is presented with a small white feather. This may account for the num-bers of young khakl-clad Englishmen who have suddenly appeared on the Continent; and al-most every Englishman who crosses the Chan-nel comes to Paris. Dull as the French capital is, it proves as irresistible a magnet as when clad in its usual gay attire. The tearooms and cafes are more and more crowded with uni-forms, and their terraces are literally blazing with medals plnned to army coats of varied color. The recent warm days have restored to the open-air cafes their old-time air of gayety and unconcern, and except that the brandy-and-soda has replaced to a certain extent the sweet sirups to which the Parisian is so devoted, the life of the cafes goes on much as usual.

The Porte Dauphine is open for vehicle traffic, and the trench dug there early in September has been filled up. The sheep and cattle herded at Longchamps during the first days of the war have long ago been led to fields and pastures new, and the marks of their hoofs are being slowly but carefully obliterated. L'Ave-nue de Bois de Boulogne has been repaved, and along the broad walk nurse maids in voluminous cloaks and gay beribboned caps push the flag-decorated "prams" containing their small charges, while little tots of four or five launch their toy aircraft or drag their small cannon alongside. The bridle path alone is descried. No one rides in Paris when horses are needed at the front.

for Councils to give effect to the verdict of yesterday. There is a technical procedure to be followed which requires time. It is important, therefore, that at the next meeting of Councils an ordinance be introduced authorizing the borrowing of the money. The primary object of the election yesterday was to make possible the beginning of work this summer. Unless it is begun this summer the cost of yesterday's election was an utter waste of city funds.

The public is sincere in its expectation that Councils will do its part to get quick action, and it confidently hopes to see actual construction operations under way before many weeks have passed.

All together for Philadelphia.

Who Will Mute the City's Noises?

Now that the season of open windows is upon us the annual irritation of useless noises has begun. The rattle of steel-tired vehicles over roughly paved streets makes conversation impossible in some parts of the city, besides wearing out the nerves of those who have to listen to the din. The constant strain of attention decreases the efficiency of the workers, if it does not shorten their lives.

Rough pavements are not necessary, and even the smooth pavements, which act as a drum and sounding board carrying sounds a long distance, can be improved. Wooden pavements, properly laid, deaden sound instend of increasing it.

The clangor of the bells of trolley cars and the screeching of the wheels as the cars turn the corners keep hundreds awake in the early days of summer until they get accustomed to the noise, and, even later, prevent sleep when the nerves are tired from unusual strain. But it is not necessary to enumerate all the irritating sounds which assail the cars. The societies for the suppression of useless sounds would have a membership almost as large as the popula tion of the city if any one believed that the noises realty could be suppressed within a reasonable length of time.

The posts may write about the symphonies of the cities played on muted strings, but the strings are muted only for those who have more imagination than nerves.

Taxing Drink in Great Britain TINHE British Ministry has decided to limit I the production and consumption of alcoholig drinks by increasing the taxes on them and thus making them more expensive.

This is a method that will commend Healf to political sconomists, whether it meets with the approval of the moralists or not, for wary student of demand and supply knows. dist as the price of a commodity soes up number who can buy it goes down, and nat when a shortage is impending the inare in price automatically conserves that surphy and delayy the exhaustlon of the stock-

It is really an adaptation of the American or aigh Branse that the British are row as alrest. High license, hore, limits the | the severity of his punishment.

With its usual enterprise, the Evening LEDGER tomorrow will devote a full page of pictures to the illustration of the suffrage activities of that day. This will be in addition to the regular page of pictures, which visualize the general news events of the day. The full suffrage page will be changed during the afternoon, as the parade progresses, and in the late editions will be found a full pictorial history of the great pageant.

Do the muscular Christians use smoking tobacco?

If the streets were only as clean as the street cleaners looked yesterday afternoon there would be little more to be desired.

Spain knows where to come when it wants to buy ammunition. But will Germany protest against the sale of cartridges and shells by Americans to this new customer?

The American merchant marine will have to remain in the jitney class until some statesman arises big enough to remove the restrictions that hinder its growth.

It would be necessary to search a long time to find a better textbook on the way the game of politics is played than could be made from a properly edited report of the Syracuse trial.

Some one will be certain to charge President Thompson of the Boys' Central High School with opposition to the Germans hecause of his order forbidding the pupils to go out on the street to buy wienerwurst at DOOL .

When a man who has been proved guilty of robbing his employers admits that the proof is good and confesses his guilt, it is fitting that he should be compelled to do works meet for repentance before he is praised very bighly. He may be only trying to mitigate

What German Reports Show

Read the German official statements for October and April, and the transformation is instantly evident. In October each bulletin reports new advances, towns taken, districts occupied, the arrival at the sea, the approach to Warsaw, Until April 20 there

THURLOW WEED'S GRANDSON

THURLOW WEED, after making a reputation as journalist and politician in western New York, went to Albany in 1830, at the age of 33 years, and founded the Albany Evening Journal. He set out to oppose the policies of Andrew Jackson. He acquired a wide reputation and a national influence. It is admitted that he was more largely responsible than any other single leader for the nomination of Harrison for the Presidency in 1840 and Taylor in 1848. He was active in the campaigns for the nomination of Clay, Scott and Fremont. For years there was no political manipulator in the country equal to him. The only office which he ever accepted was that of State printer.

He had no sons, but his only child, a daughter, married William Barnes, an Albany lawyer. His grandson, William Barnes, who wrote junior after his name until 1913, set out in early life to win the place in the Republican party which Thurlow Weed occupied in the Whig His physical resemblance to his disparty. tinguished ancestor is said to be remarkable. not a resemblance of face, but of figure and carriage. A man who knew Weed has said that when he first saw Barnes pacing up and down one of the long plassas of a Saratoga Springs hotel, prior to a Republican convention, the likences to Word, whom he had seen similarly pacing up and down the corridors of a New York hotel, was startling.

Barnes was graduated from Harvard in 1883, and returned to Albany, where he worked for a time as a reporter on one of the morning newspapers. The next year he astounded the city by buying the Journal. He wan young, and those who did not like him insisted that he was freah." He stalked about the city with his chin in the air, as if he owned the town. He was not conclliatory, and he had supreme faith in his shilly to accomplish what he had not

"CHEAREFULNESSE"

Chearefulnesse Doth expresse A settled, plous mynde, Which is not prone to grudging, From murmuring refined.

-Anne Collina.

out to do. And he was not backward about letting it be known what his purposes were. Indeed, he informed some friends when he bought the Journal that he had invested \$100,000 in the Republican party.

Twenty-six years have passed since he set out on his career. He has risen to the post of dominant leader in the Republican party in the State, even if he has not yet nominated a President. His grandfather, however, had nominated his first President at the age of 43, and Barnes is now 49. But he did his best to name a President in 1912. He was aware, as were all other Republican leaders, that it would be almost, if not quite, impossible to re-slect President Taft. A conference of leaders was held in the Union League Club, in New York, late in 1911 to discuss the situation and consider available candidates. Mr. Barnes sat silent during the discussion, listening to all that was said. When every one else had spoken he arose, and delivered himself substantially this way: "Gentlemen, my candidate for the Presidency is Hughes." There was a surprised look on the faces of his hearers. "You know how much I disilke the man and how bitterly opposed to him I have been. But we want a man who can win the election, and I do not know any man with whom we should be more likely to win than with Hughes." And then he set forth his TellSong.

Some day the story of why Hughes was not nominated will be written. Mr. Harnes knows, and so does Colonal Roossvelt, and so does Mr. Taft. But this is an article not on the history of the 1913 campaign, but about a man who early in life set out to become a political leader and succeeded in what he undertook. His grand father would probably call him a Sunday school politician, so greatly have political standards G. W. D.

Netted all across would it feel to step on them? How Would they trip me as I pass?

Gentle-spreading, cloud-gray patterns, Pala and delicately laid. Lovely trees, with twigs and branches. All of shadows made.

I will dance among these branches! In and out the sunny spaces! Where the shadow trees are lying, Where they bend in hollow places.

I will dance an April dance, In between the branches gray; and out the soft young shadows. In I will skip and play.

John Galsworthy, who writes such wonderful lyric prose, gives a sense of springtime and young love in his serial story in Scribner's (2) to set the pulse a-flutter.

May blossom was beginning to come out along May blossom was beginning to come out atoms the hedge of the private grounds that bordered that bit of Cockney Common, and from it, warmed by the sun, the scent stole up to her. Familiar, like many children of the cultured Familiar, like many children of the cultured classes with the pagan and fairy tales of nature, she forgot them all the moment she was really by herself with earth and sky. Those great creatures in their breadth, their soft and atirring continuity, rejected bookish fancy. They woke in her rapture and yearning, a first of long delight, a never-appeased hunger, Crouching, hands round knees, she turned her face to get the warmth of the sun and see tace to get the warmth of the sun and see the white clouds go slowly by, and catch all the songs that the birds sang. And every now and then she drew a deep breath. It was true what dad had said: There was no real heart-lessness in nature. It was the theartlessness in nature. It was warm, beating, breathing. And if things ate each other, what did it matter? They had lived and died quickly, helping to make others live. The sacred swing and circle of it went on forever, full and harmonious under the friendly stars. It was won-derful to be alive? And all done by love. Love? More, more, more lovel And then death, if it must come! For, after all, to Nedda death was so far away, so unimaginably dim and distant, that it did not really count.

Springtime and Death

A very different sense of springtime is given in a recent article by Albert J. Beveridge in Collier's (3), describing a recent trip from Berlin down into northern France. "It is a grimly incongruous picture he draws, of death and rotting decay spreading over the budding fields which should be stirring with new life and hope.

new life and hope. Tour are many miles into France when the faunt walls of shell-destroyed houses first flash faunt walls of shell-destroyed houses first flash faunt walls of shell-destroyed houses first flash moment at a good-sleed town: three wagons, how the station platform, and one more borne in four stalwart soldiers; along the central of four stalwart soldiers; along the central of four stalwart soldiers; along the central statistics, some 200 sturdy, bearded, middle of statistics which has the first basis for a provident to the first basis with brook of some space, some 200 sturdy, bearded, middle of a space, but beyond the town a fock of some space, but beyond the town a block of the station how the first source borne block of a roadway a steam roller grunting. There are borned on the statistics to the statistics to the space of the first source stracted

Birange and rown in its revening rout. Strange psychology, you are more attracted by the phenomena of fresh and growing life surrounding this havon than you are by the cannon's heavy handiwark. The pais green of winter wheat, already coloring faintly the helds below, actomishes you more than the huge pock-marks due un that faces of the high ex-picatives, shill about life has erarising death-

In Everybody's (5), Virginia Roderick describes "The Springtime Gem," the emerald.

"It is springtime-always springtime," great American gem expert who loved emeralds said to me-said it in a dingy office in busiest downtown New York, with eyes lighting as if It were, indeed, the fresh green of new leaves and grass that filled his vision. For Pliny, the emerald out-greened nature. "Ne other color," he said, "is so pleasing to the sight; for grass and green foliage we view, indeed, with pleas-ure, but emeraids with so much the greater delight, inasmuch as nothing in creation con pared with them equals the intensity of their green. Besides, they are the only gems that green. Besides, they are the only sum fill the eye with their view, yet do not fatigue

Just now the perennial appeal of the emerald is specially reinforced. The wave of fashion, which affects jewels as well as sleeves and skirts, has tossed it high. No other stone is so liable to defects-not only unevenness of color, but cracks and inclosures of foreign material that make its clear green "moasy." At present \$1000 or even \$2000 a carat is not ax-Two emeralda ceptional for average sizes. weighing nearly 14 carats each, owned in New York, are easily worth \$50,000 each. * * * The Cuar's superb collection includes one of 30 carats which is considered the finest cut emerald in the world.

Perhaps it is through the intrinsic significance of its living greenness that the emerald has gathered beneficent rather than baneful associations. With its "undying freshness" it has been accounted the symbol of immortality -and of conquered ain and trial. It was sup-posed to have been brought by miners at in-finite peril from the mythical home of the triffin. One curious notion, quite untraceable, was that the emerald rendered its wearer ingriffin visible if he were unmarried. as a test for the constancy of lovers: If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring. If faithless, like those leaves when withering-

MY CONSCIENCE Sometimes my Conscience, suy he, "Don't you know me?" And I, says I skeered through and through, "Of course I do. For course 1 do. You are a nice chap ever' way, I'm here to say! You make me cry, you make me pray, And all of them good things thataway— That is, at night. Where do you stay Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says ono't more, "You know me-shore?" "Oh, yes," says I, a-tremblin' faint, "Tou're jes" a saint! Your ways is all so holy-right, I love you batter ever' night. You come around-tel plum daylight, When you air out o' sight!" And then my Conscience sort o' grits

His teeth, and spits On his two hands and grabs, of course, Some old remores. And beats me with the big butt-and O' that thing-'tal my closest friend 'Ud berdly know me. "Now." says he, "Be keerful as you'd orto be And allus think o' me!"

-James Whitcomb Biley, in The Century,

"IKE WALTON'S PRAYER"

The poem by James Whitcomb Riley. The Walton's Prayer," which we published in ea-tenue of April 15, should have borne the follow copyright credit: ", ross the Locast a oppyrighted, Mil, the nothe-Merrill G