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This struggle for what men call success begins early and ends late—ends only in the cemetery, and even there the monuments of success tower in marble pride above the humbler graves.

The Drive to Fame

THERE is only one antidote to failure. Disraeli called it "constancy to purpose."

Success is no property of birth. Riches, place, even happiness, may be; but success is a relative quality, a shining out above one's circumstance as above one's fellows.

Success is innate only so far as strong will and hardihood are there in the fibre of the mind. Life may defeat either of these if health is lacking or if some accident of opportunity forever bars the way to the work on which a man's purpose may fasten. The most abject of failures may erect his life into monumental worth, as Daniel Defoe, bankrupt in business, contemptible as a writer of recipes for success, made himself the everlasting benefactor of mankind when he found his metier in "Robinson Crusoe."

The wedding of vocation and avocation, the union of joy and purpose, makes the successful man. Sometimes it is a matter of the slowest labor; at others it brings success in a flash. Often the deepest of desires cannot win it; again a man finds his goal with ease and creates another still to conquer.

And the motive? Is it always so base as satirists like to suppose? Purpose is the key. Without it, success is a counterfeit of accident; with it, success turns to the satisfaction of aims that embrace mankind. The drive to fame lies deep in social usefulness. It builds a better world each day.

Closing Down the Health Factories

SUPPOSE a man owned a factory, a well-built, well-equipped factory. Suppose its product was next to priceless. Suppose that in the rush season, the time of all the year when the factory could work to best advantage, could pay the highest dividends, the owner closed it down. He had the machinery, he had the power, he even had the workmen; but he lacked a superintendent, and he was afraid to spend the money. So he shoved the workmen out of the door and locked up after them. He thought he was economizing by letting his capital lie idle.

That is no fairy tale. It is the story of seven Philadelphia playgrounds this summer.

—If you want a little sidelight on this typical blunder of Councils, read the current issue of Citizen's Business, the little leaflet of the Bureau of Municipal Research. It calls up the remarkable fact that while the city neglects its opportunities, the suburbs are awake to theirs. Ardmore, one might think, had plenty of yard room and plenty of fresh air without a playground. But Ardmore has given one of these miniature health resorts to its boys and girls. It has learned the lesson Councils cannot learn: that the playground is a necessity, not only as a breathing place, but as a school of the body. Play is essential; but organized, supervised play is a dozen times more important.

War Makes No Contributions

THE only drawback to the perfect antiseptic discovered by Doctors Carrel and Dakin is likely to be the claim of certain violent-minded persons that the war did it. The two doctors were working in the Compiegne Military Hospital; the war brought them many grievous wounds to dress; therefore they were stimulated to the discovery as they would never have been otherwise.

Of course, it is quite possible that Doctor Carrel might not have worked on that particular problem without the war's stimulus. It is even probable that its discovery might have been postponed a few years. But it is a grave question whether in the time that has been thus gained the new compound will save as many lives in the countries at peace as will be snuffed out in the countries at war.

It is not an altogether cheering thought that either of these eminent doctors might have died at the front or in the hospital, from shell or from infection, while a dozen or two of just such potential benefactors were giving up their lives in undeveloped youth.

Ending a Bad Business

THERE will be denial and counter-denial, much water will run under London bridge and much printer's ink will be spread on leaders before conscription becomes a fact in Great Britain. Even after it is a fact the gentle Britisher will remember to call it "compulsory military service," because he doesn't like the word "conscription." But when a British army raised by conscription is in Flanders there will be an end to a bad business.

Whether, in view of the compulsory training of France and Germany, the British Empire can persist in its policy of voluntary enlistment in time of peace, is by no means certain. But there isn't the shadow of a doubt that at this time, viewing the heroic sacrifices of Russia and France, England cannot do her duty, cannot save her face before the peoples with whose destiny her future is allied, except by immediate and far-spreading conscription. She must send her sons as promptly, as fully, as bravely as France has sent her millions. The war is more England's war than France's; it should be fought by Englishmen at least as devotedly as by the French.

The vulgarity of volunteer service in such a time has oppressed many English observers; to be compelled to beg for what should be freely given is humiliating enough; to be subjected to inquiry and sneers if one does not volunteer is inevitable but ineffective. Nothing can be effective except compulsion. And how effective compulsion can be Germany is now indicating, somewhere in Poland.

Next President Must Be a Republican

COMBINATIONS in support of foreign trade are now illegal. American traders who wish to co-operate in winning foreign marts cannot do so. There is a law against it.

American-built ships cannot operate on the high seas. Congress has anchored them in port with legal hawsers from which there is no escape. It has burdened them beyond tolerance. It has, in fact, enacted laws which to all intents and purposes prohibit American ships from engaging in foreign trade.

American manufacturers are timid about building great plants for the manufacture of dyes. They know that the termination of the war would mean the entrance of huge quantities of cheap German dyes, against which they could not successfully compete. The Underwood law is a law to prohibit American enterprise from going ahead and grasping its trade opportunities.

Where the Democratic Administration has touched business it has been with the fingers of death. Its policies are unscientific, childish and destructive. Americanism means going ahead; the Democracy has pursued a policy of holding back. There seems to be no industry which it has assisted, no factory which can trace its prosperity in any degree to Democratic law. What prosperity there is has resulted from the negativing of Democratic policy by the Great War.

The next Administration will have to grapple with conditions of enormous moment. The nation's position and trade are becoming internationalized. The horizon is broadening. A statesmanship that contemplates the whole world in its considerations is imperative to take the place of a statesmanship formerly more or less limited to internal affairs. There are policies to be evolved on which the place of this nation in the world will depend, on which will hang the prosperity of the country for generations.

The next President must be a Republican.

$90,000,000 for a Comma

IN ONE day and one operation the war ate up $90,000,000. The Petrograd War Office granted $50,000,000 for the removal of mills and factories from Warsaw to the interior. Experts place the value of buildings and stores destroyed before the evacuation at $25,000,000, while the wrecked bridges on the Vistula are said to be worth $15,000,000. Such is the slight punctuation—no more than a comma—which the fall of Warsaw makes in the tale of war's progress.

Pie Needs No Panegyrist

THE BLUEBERRY season is "open" in New England, and a Boston editor is inspired thereby to the pious task of concocting a paean on pie; as if pie needed eulogy.

Crabbed critics, whose allegation that the favorite viand of Americanism and its most indigenous contribution to Lucullan menus is poisonous to the system, hurl a charge that comes not from their heart of hearts, but from a disordered stomach that can no longer know the beauties or relish the joys of pie.

Every one—except, of course, chronic dyspeptics, whose lack of relish for their food is the just penalty of gastronomic sins of youth—cheerfully acquiesces in the substantial character of pie. Every one knows that pie, well contrived with flaky crust, duly "short" and juicy "fillin'," is a toothsome morsel fit for the palate of gods. In fact, there is abundant room for belief that the divine denizens of high Olympus would have speedily deserted their ambrosia had they had any inkling of the merits of pie. They were unfortunate in that the invention of pie did not add lustre to their golden age. That invention adds distinction to a younger era; its product casts a poetical glory on a period of materialism. In pie we, of the present, have an enjoyment denied to the ancients. All of us should be grateful for it; unfortunately, some of us are constitutionally incapable of that gratitude.

Pie, speaking absolutely, is good. Comparatively, some pie is better than other—the kind that mother devised, for the sake of example. Relative values in pie are, of course, a matter of individual taste and preference. Sour apple, peach, pumpkin, cheesecake, even custard—each has its proponents. Mince pie, to single out one variety, is both meat and drink.

Pie, indeed, needs no panegyrist.

Just wait until the Phillies begin their September drive.

What Doctor Carrel ought to invent is an antitoxin for Kaiserism.

The Kensington Board of Trade's dinner was a regular Oliver Twist affair.

If peace on any terms had been acceptable there never would have been any war.

It was a great day for Napoleon when he captured Warsaw. Later he got Moscow.

The Allies could doubtless get along with fewer volunteers if they had more big guns.

"Motorboat going mile a minute sinks in sound." Must have been a deep bass note.

A perfect antiseptic is all right, but what about working out a mosquito salve that salves?

So far as the Germans are concerned, the Russian army seems to be just a "scrap of paper."

Some of the Middle-Western manufacturers want to put "f. o. b. Chicago" on the ammunition circulars.

Next thing you know the "Feds" will have the price of admission down to a loaf of bread. And picking the brand is easy.

When Senator Penrose said that such men as J. Hampton Moore were needed in Congress, it is just possible that he was thinking also of that other statesman, Mr. Vare.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, CAPTOR OF WARSAW

Septuagenarian Chosen by the Kaiser to Enter Polish Capital as His Representative Is One of Many "Aged" Commanders.

By EDWARD R. BUSHNELL

ANOTHER aged commander enters the limelight of the European war! Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who will be 70 years old on his next birthday, is the man who, technically at least, has captured Warsaw. And the taking of the Polish capital, after the failure of two previous campaigns, is unquestionably the crowning military achievement of the Teutonic arms.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA

The advanced age of Prince Leopold makes him a fit companion of the military commanders on both sides of this fray. Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who led the great semicircular sweep around Warsaw to the northeast, came out of retirement to take command of the eastern army. And he is now 68 years of age. The dash to the southeast to cut off the Russian retreat is led by another famous fighter who, according to his age, ought to be on the retired list. He is Field Marshal August von Mackensen, and he is 66 years of age. Thus these three military heroes of the German nation who have driven the Russians out of most of Poland and hurled them back over the Carpathians average nearly 68 years of age.

A Comparison of Ages

Somewhat the same situation exists in the Allied armies on the western front. General Joffre, at the head of the French forces, has already turned his 70th year, while his three leading subordinates, Foch, Castelnau and Gallieni, are all in their sixties. General French and Earl Kitchener, of the English forces, have also passed their 60th birthdays, while Count Cardona, of Italy, has also lived more than threescore years.

Von Hindenburg and von Mackensen have already had their share of applause for their military exploits. Von Hindenburg was Germany's first military hero of the war when he defeated the Russians in their first great clash on the eastern border and took enough prisoners to harvest Germany's crops. Von Mackensen achieved his fame when he came to the defense of hard-pressed Austria and led the expedition that drove Russia out of Galicia and recaptured Przemysl.

It is only fair, therefore, that Prince Leopold should have his turn. Just how much of the credit for the capture of Warsaw belongs to him we do not know. Warsaw fell not so much because of the violence and invincibility of the assault led by the Bavarian Prince, as from the danger of its position to the Russians by reason of the drives of von Hindenburg to the northeast and von Mackensen and von Buelow to the south and southeast. The enveloping movement really made the retention of Warsaw impossible if the Grand Duke Nicholas was to keep open a line of retreat.

In the Czar's Palace

But Prince Leopold and his Bavarian troops delivered the finishing blow in front of Warsaw, and he is probably now occupying the Czar's palace in the Polish capital. The aged Prince has until the present been rather inconspicuous in this war. His nephew, Prince Rupprecht, has played a much more prominent part. The selection of Prince Leopold to lead the Teutonic forces in the centre was an honor awarded him by the Kaiser. He was called from Munich for this very purpose, the Kaiser apparently wishing the Bavarian Prince to represent him when Warsaw was entered.

The Bavarian troops had not achieved a great deal in the prosecution of the war, and since their State has suffered probably the most from the war in the east it was entirely fitting that they should have been the ones selected to force the fortresses in front of Warsaw.

Prince Leopold is a veteran in military experience. His military education was received in the Austro-Hungarian army before Bavaria became a part of Germany. He took a prominent part in the Austro-Prussian-Italian war of 1866. He fought entirely through that war and came off without a scratch.

Prince Leopold was born February 9, 1846. He married on April 20, 1873, the Archduchess Gisela of Austria-Hungary, eldest daughter of Emperor Franz Joseph I. One of his sons, Prince Conrad, is also in the army, and was wounded last winter when commanding an Uhlan division in Galicia.

A LOST BRITISH ISLE

Heligoland Was England's 25 Years Ago. The "Bargain" of 1890.

Now comes the 25th anniversary of England's cession of Heligoland, to Germany. But England isn't celebrating the event. On the contrary, Englishmen are repenting in sackcloth and ashes the exchange of that rocky island for Zanzibar off the coast of Africa.

Of course, when that trade was made neither England nor Germany foresaw the value of Heligoland as a naval base in such a war as they are now engaged in. Curiously enough, many Germans at that time viewed the trade with indifference, while some short-sighted Englishmen complimented themselves on the trade. What wouldn't England give for Heligoland today?

Germany has made Heligoland a veritable Gibraltar. This triangular shaped island, with solid cliffs of granite, fairly bristles with guns of the most powerful calibre. In fact, the island is so strongly fortified that Germany believes it is absolutely impregnable. They would even match it against Gibraltar.

But its greatest value to Germany is the protection it affords for the German navy and the screen it furnishes for aeronautic and other operations from the coast. There are now two islands, though originally one. In 1720 an eruption of the sea cut Heligoland in two. The larger portion is known as Rock Island, with Dunen-Insel a quarter mile to the east. Dunen-Insel has a magnificent harbor deep enough to take the biggest battleships. Then there are bases for submarines. On top of Rock Island are sheds for Zeppelins and airships.

Originally Heligoland belonged to Denmark, but in 1807 the islands were seized by the British and ceded to England in 1814. It was in 1890 that the British made their unfortunate trade with Germany.

Today Englishmen are reflecting upon what would have happened had they retained Heligoland. The double island is situated only 27 miles from the German mainland and commands the mouths of the Elbe and Weser Rivers. What if England had utilized its military and naval advantages? What if Germany had never had the opportunity of doing so? What if? IF—but that "if" is why Englishmen gnash their teeth every time they think of that unfortunate "bargain" of 25 years ago.

NOTHING IN A NAME

It will be noted that the prediction that the Progressives will win in 1916 comes from ex-Congressman and Defeated-Senatorial-Aspirant "Victor" Murdock, whose baptismal patronymic nobly bolsters up the theory that there's nothing in a name.—Boston Transcript.

THE DRUNKARD'S FUNERAL

"Yes," said the sister with the little pinched face,
The busy little sister with the funny little tract:
"This is the climax, the grand fifth act.
There rides the proud at the finish of his race.
THERE GOES THE HEARSE, THE MOURNERS CRY,
THE RESPECTABLE HEARSE GOES SLOWLY BY.
The wife of the dead has money in her purse,
The children are in health, so it might have been worse.
That fellow in the coffin led a life most foul.
A fierce defender of the red bartender,
At the church he would rail, at the preacher he would howl.

"He planted every deviltry to see it grow,
He wasted half his income on the lewd and the low,
He would trade engender for the red bartender,
He would homage render to the red bartender,
And in ultimate surrender to the red bartender,
He died of the tremens, as crazy as a loon,
And his friends were glad, when the end came soon.
THERE GOES THE HEARSE, THE MOURNERS CRY,
THE RESPECTABLE HEARSE GOES SLOWLY BY.
And now good friends, since you see how it ends,
Let each nation-mender flay the red bartender,
Till we force him into business where his work does good.
Let him learn how to plow, let him learn to chop wood.

"The moral,
The conclusion,
And the verdict now you know:
'The saloon must go,
The saloon must go,
The saloon, the saloon, the saloon
Must go!'"

"You are right, stubborn sister," I said to myself.
"You are right, good sister," I said.
"Tho you wear a mussy bonnet
On your little gray head,
You are right, little sister," I said.
—Vachel Lindsay, in the Chicago Evening Post.

LIGHT IN THE LAND OF DARKNESS

One of the Most Popular Books Among the Blind Patrons of the Public Library Is Helen Keller's "Story of My Life"—Religion Follows Fiction in Circulation.

NOT only did Philadelphia have the first public library in America, but the first embossed copy of any portion of the Bible for the use of the blind to be printed in America was printed in this city. That was in 1833, when the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind turned from its presses the book of St. Mark.

Since that time, mostly through charitable organizations until the formation of the Free Library, Philadelphia has been trying to provide reading matter for its sightless citizens. To those of us who have the use of our eyes blindness is a grievous affliction to contemplate. But there are approximately 1200 blind persons in this city. Of course, many of them are read to by members of their families or their friends, but a goodly proportion depend for mental enjoyment upon the books in embossed type circulated by the Free Library and the Overbrook School.

The statistics of the books furnished by the department for the blind of the Free Library have to be cautiously handled. It is necessary to bear in mind always that a work which ordinarily may be published in one volume requires anywhere from 8 to 20 in the American Braille, which is the most common type for the blind. For example, the Bible requires 60 volumes of the old Moon type and 19 of American Braille. Twelve volumes of the Moon type are required for the dictionary, and an abridged one at that.

At the same time the taste of the blind differs but little from that of other readers. This explains why a majority of all the books circulated among the blind may be classed as fiction. Last year 21,974 books for the blind were circulated. Of this number 13,535 were devoted to action. Thus 57 per cent. of the books circulated among the blind were fictional works, while among the library patrons who read with their eyes slightly more than 60 per cent. asked for books of fiction.

Here the reading taste of the blind and the seeing diverges. Whereas books classed under the general head of Sociology, ranked next to those of fiction throughout the city, the choice of the blind for books on religion is far ahead of all other classes but general works. This is quite natural, because blindness is an affliction for which religion is the natural solace. Volumes on religious subjects circulated among the blind totaled 1641. These consisted of Bibles and books devoted to religious topics.

Books classified General Works lead those on religion with a total of 2885 volumes for the year. This classification, however, includes the magazines and other periodicals, which many of the blind read regularly.

One of the books most eagerly sought by the blind is "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller. Copies of it are always in demand, for the achievements of this wonderful girl are always an inspiration to the blind, as well as to those blessed with sight.

Then the Free Library contributes to the musical education of the blind. In addition to providing two periodicals devoted to music it has a collection of sheet music which is circulated freely. The readers study the music with the fingers and then memorize it.

Although there are nearly 1200 blind persons in Philadelphia, there are only 263 individual borrowers from this city. The library, however, sends its books to 258 blind persons in other parts of the State outside the city and to an additional 274 outside the State.

The value of the department for the blind in the Free Library, as well as similar libraries for the blind all over the country, will be considerably enhanced when the standard Braille type is used by all printing establishments for the blind. This is to be done within the coming year, through an agreement made by all the educational institutions for the blind.

DR. CARREL, SOLDIER OF HUMANITY

Famous Surgeon, Who Left America For His Own Country When War Broke Out, Is a Militant Crusader Against Disease—Continues the Battle in French Hospitals.

By SAMUEL HARRIS

THE part which Dr. Alexis Carrel is playing in the great war beyond the sea is the part which for 20 years he has been playing in the great war against disease. In those 20 years—not many, after all—how amazing has been his contribution to the advance of surgery! This wonder-worker whose discoveries have repeatedly made him the benefactor of the human race is still a young man. He is only 42.

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

Announcement comes from Paris that Doctor Carrel, in collaboration with Doctor Dakin, of the Lister Institute, has discovered an antiseptic which will make infection in wounds impossible. Leading surgeons of France are said to be discussing the news as entirely authentic and expressing their gratification over a highly important development in the history of their profession. Doubtless the French doctors are in possession of more detailed information than their brethren in America, but the reports received on this side are sufficient to have aroused the keenest interest on the part of Philadelphia physicians and surgeons, and to have convinced them that a long step forward in the prevention of infection has been made possible through the work of Carrel and Dakin.

When, in 1913, Doctor Carrel was awarded a Nobel prize in recognition of his genius as the creator of a surgery of the vascular system, a large part of the American public looked upon him as a fellow countryman, and were accordingly gratified by the honor which had been conferred upon him and upon the nation, but when, immediately upon the outbreak of the conflict in Europe, he volunteered his services, in any capacity, to the French Government, we remembered that he still was a citizen of France—and we found in his departure a text for our lamentations over the seemingly unjust demand upon civilization in the sacrifice of so many geniuses of science and art to the fortunes of war. Out of Doctor Carrel's work in the military hospitals has come, apparently, a new title to the honor of the present and the gratitude of the future. There are many reasons to think that even on the borderland of battle he may write other momentous chapters in scientific history.

Ten Years in America

It was while he was yet a student in the University of Lyons, in the city of his birth, that he began the interesting and important researches which have made his name famous in two hemispheres and evoked the highest tributes from the leaders in medicine and surgery. He was graduated in 1900, but had acted as interne in the Hospital of Lyons from 1896 until that date. He then became a member of the university faculty.

The merest chance brought him to the United States less than ten years ago. He was visiting friends in Canada, and attracted by his interest in the new ideas being put into practice at the University of Chicago, he came across the border. His fame had preceded him, for though he was then but 32 years old, he had won distinction by having perfected the technique, now in common use, for sewing together severed arteries and veins. He was offered a position in the physiological department of the University of Chicago and accepted it, but in 1907 resigned to join the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York.

It was in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute that he made the experiments and discoveries, some of them sensationalized out of all keeping with their true significance, that made him known to every reader of the newspapers and magazines in America. On the fourth floor, near a window overlooking the East River, he might, in those still recent days, have been discovered at his desk, looking over his notes—a short man, compactly built, his face bearing the bleach of the laboratory worker, his hair sparse, his eye wonderfully penetrating. About him that instinctive authority to be expected in a great surgeon. In manner and talk, a modesty that amounts to shrinking. For Doctor Carrel does not claim his great triumphs for himself, but accords full measure of praise and appreciation to his associates. He shares publicity, in each instance, with his collaborators. When he appears in his white working jacket, with high, closely buttoned collar, he looks like a militant medical crusader—which he is.

His Name Is Scientist

Though a prophet of the prolongation of human life, he is not a philosopher. He is a laboratory surgeon. His job is surgical science. These characterizations may seem to conflict with the nature of the tasks he is performing today in the military hospitals of his bleeding country, but they indicate the spirit and method of his achievements before this war came. Advances in surgical science are brought about by two groups of men—operating surgeons like Murphy, Keen and the Mayo brothers, and researchers and experimentalists like Rouse, Meltzer and Carrel. Doctor Carrel might have had a large and profitable practice, but preferred the laboratory. Scientist is the peculiarly fit description to apply to Alexis Carrel.

Always he has been intensely occupied with his work. Maybe that is why he still remains unmarried. Summers it has been his custom to visit the various institutes for scientific research in France, Germany and Austria, studying new developments and noting the application made of his own discoveries.

Even as a student at the University of Lyons, as already mentioned, he began his researches along the lines of vascular surgery and organ substitution. He then conceived the idea of utilizing healthy animal organs to perform the work of those that had become diseased or injured by accident or otherwise. Furthermore, he reasoned, after the successful demonstration of the theory in lower animals, why could not mankind profit by similar substitutions? Later successes in experimentation have startled the world.

He has succeeded in taking living tissue, even vital organs, from animals and causing them to grow and functionate in other animals of the same species. He has proved that the leg of one dog can be joined and made to grow upon the leg of another dog. He has taken the great blood-channel of the aorta from one dog and sewed it into the other, with successful results; and has changed the kidneys of cats without injuring the feline health. He has removed glands, cartilages, bone and other tissue from live animals and kept it alive for weeks, though removed from any living organism whatever. The big fact is established that the various organs have an individual life and vitality, and that this life and vitality will continue when they are separated from their original setting. How effectively this amazing disclosure can be adapted to the human being remains to be seen. Unverified reports from Doctor Carrel's present field of labor indicate that it is being utilized to some extent in the case of wounded soldiers.

A New Era in Surgery

The more extravagant commentators on organ-transplantation speak of the emergence of Frankenstein from fiction into fact. For instance: "If tissue will thus live and grow in the body of another, if it will live and grow away from any animal organism whatever, it would seem as if Doctor Carrel might construct a new and living arm from the parts of others—a possibility so amazing that it is at first unbelievable. And yet, in the light of Doctor Carrel's experiments, merely a matter of deftness and skill, not at all of deep study. The thing is all worked out." With the discovery of surgical Frankensteins, however, Doctor Carrel has never been at all concerned.

Last year Doctor Carrel described to the American Surgical Association his operations on the hearts of animals, but gave no promise of their significance to human surgery. But in human surgery his work, as has been already said, has been of the utmost value. Thanks to the "Carrel suture," if a man is shot through the leg, and a big artery is smashed, the broken vessel can be linked with a vein and circulation continued. If a big artery becomes filled with a clot, which often causes gangrene, it can be connected with a vein above the knee and that vein will take the life-giving flow of arterial blood. Another benefit of this suture is to give humanity a whole new process of blood transfusion—the transmission of healthy blood from a strong man to a sufferer in dire need of it.

Doctor Carrel's discovery of a successful and satisfactory method of blood transfusion was made through constant experimentation with animals, and in his study of cultures of cancer not a few chickens have yielded up their lives to science. Anti-vivisectionists may object, but in the war against cancer and the other like malignant foes of mankind there is something to be said for the Jesuitical theory concerning means and ends.

America hopes to see this French patriot and devotee of science back again. Meanwhile, as a writer on medical topics has said, "We stand on the threshold of a momentous area in surgery. The process of organ substitution will sooner or later apply to man. Reconstruction will supplant destruction. The new surgery, together with science of eugenics, may not rob old age of its terrors, but will achieve a new humanity, more immune from disease, disaster and decay."

"A SMALL-TOWN MAN"

Such Was Christ, Whose Way of Speaking Was a Folk-way.

He was a small-town man, and no world-builder. He preached the Kingdom of God, knowing God for a spirit and having an increasing realization of the Kingdom as a state of being. But He had no program. He followed the inward voice, and followed it instinctively, with the freedom of a river in its natural channel, with no fretting of the flesh. But where the voice left Him uninformed, he was simply a man from Nazareth; His social outlook was the outlook of a villager. All the great prophets of Israel had come out of the wilderness; their words were full of the terrible things—thunder, earthquakes, fire on the mountains.

But the words of Jesus are all of the small town—the candle and bushel, the housewife's measure of yeast, the children playing in the street. The rich He knew only as the poor and the oppressed know them; the kings of His parables were the kings of fairy tale and legend, such rulers and potentates as make the stuff of the village story-teller. His very way of speaking was a folk-way: the pithy sentence, the pregnant figure. He saw God reflected in every surface of the common life, and taught in parables which are, after all, but a perfected form of the quizzes and riddles dear to the unlettered wit. That is why so many of them are remembered, while His profounder sayings escaped His audience. It is evident from the form of these, blunted as they are by re-translation, that they were many of them cast in the matched and balanced sentences of Hebrew verse, which accounts in part for their easy retention.

He was a man wise in life, but unlearned. He read no books but the Scriptures; wrote nothing; took the folk-way of transmitting his teaching from mouth to mouth, and trusted God for the increase; and he had the folk-way in his profoundest speech, of identifying Himself with the Power that used Him. He dramatized all His relations to the invisible. And with it all, he was a Jew of the circumcision. He grew up beyond Judaism as a stalk of grain grows from its sheath, but never out of it. Always to the death, it was there about the roots of His life.—Mary Austin, in the North American Review.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Our idea of an American who is slow to take a hint is one that hangs around until Villa orders him out of Mexico.—Washington Post.

There is no more evidence of any need for government-owned ships now than there was when the measure was shelved at the last session.—Boston Post.

The bare, unpleasant fact stands that the American case is flatly rejected. The United States cannot recede from its attitude, nor mitigate its denial of the British claims.—Buffalo Commercial.

German submarine activity is rapidly bringing the war to a close, averaging five victims a day, at which rate it will take only about 25 years to wipe out the entire British merchant marine.—Boston Transcript.

Arbitration, which Britain proposes, is a suitable means for adjusting commercial differences and assessing damages; a course which destroys human lives is not a matter for arbitration, so long as it is adhered to. Life is not a matter of compromise.—Springfield Republican.

The Administration intends to seek public opinion on the proposed defense plans, and it may rest assured that every town and village will enthusiastically favor the erection of a great fortress within the limits of its own boundaries.—New York Sun.

To nurture a system of politics within the prison (Sing Sing) and to put prisoners in the way of meddling in every issue and controversy, personal or otherwise, that arises in connection with it, is to foster a spirit of insubordination and revolt and lay the foundation for a large amount of trouble for the more judicious officials who must inevitably step into the shoes of men like Mr. Osborne.—Springfield Union.