

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)-EVENING-SUNDAY
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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Daily and Sunday... per month, 65c
By Carrier... per year, \$6.00

REMITTANCE
Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only 3-cent stamps taken in payment of small amounts.

OFFICES
Omaha-The Bee Building, 218 N. B.
Chicago-Peoria Gas Building, 110 N. Dearborn

DECEMBER CIRCULATION
53,368 Daily—Sunday 50,005

The prevailing discussion of "dry" bills does not necessarily mean that the discussion is dry.

Fears of an invasion of Switzerland in winter may be discounted. Avalanches move too easily.

Pity the poor movie! The lamentations at the eastern end of the screen suggest the need of a national collection.

Eight of the eleven members of the leak committee are lawyers. Still they had to hire a lawyer to do the quizzing.

No time should be lost if Nebraska is to benefit itself and receive the benefit of federal aid in the construction of permanent highways.

Talk about reduced coal prices is clearly out of order in cold weather. The subject properly comes under the head of unfinished spring business.

Seeing that Ohio went headlong for the man "who kept us out of war," starting a judicial war on those who pushed the road roller smacks of political ingratitude.

The Congress of Constructive Patriotism plans a reserve army of 20,000,000 men for the United States. The task maps the ideal, permanent location for the sign: "This is my busy day."

Japan's legislative body persisted in fighting administration measures and won the emperor's peremptory discharge. The incident no doubt attracts silent admiration in some quarters at Washington.

An incautious Missourian asked W. J. Bryan if his hat is in the 1920 presidential ring. Instantly the quizzier encountered a voiceless frost resembling that which enveloped Champ Clark's houn' dawg at Baltimore.

President Wilson's advocacy of an international police force to maintain peace is another way of hinting that considerable water passed under the bridge since Washington warned his countrymen against "entangling alliances."

Europe no doubt will welcome with restrained glee the proposed two-bit dieting scheme of the White House. Any means of diverting the presidential mind from foreign conversations throws a rainbow of relief over warring chancelleries.

President Wilson administered a timely rebuke to the Marylanders who imagined they knew exactly what the country needs in the way of military measures. Emulating the tailors of Tooley street doesn't get very far in this country.

Official returns indicate a growing use of cigarettes among women. Many millions of last year's output were manufactured expressly for the feminine half. The steady invasion of man's domain in recent years raises serious doubts as to the safety of the pipe.

Talk about government ownership as a cure-all for railroad ills drips from the lips of solons as readily as a motion to spend public money. The chief feature of the talk is the confidence shown in the ability of politicians to run any kind of a job with a salary attached.

Indignation of the dry variety is at the steaming point at Missouri's capital. Managers of a semi-official luncheon to W. J. Bryan surrounded the guest of honor with sinful "wets," leaving the "drys" cooling their heels in the vestibules. Fortunately the affair passed off without raising the roof.

Dreams of Empire

Washington Post

Something like three years ago the steamship Liberia sailed from an American port bearing to the coast of Africa a freight of passengers, headed by one "King Sam," to whom they gave the homage due an apostle and a prophet. The object was to found in the land from which their ancestors came a black man's kingdom.

Now the Liberia is back at Brooklyn, after having been salvaged off the west coast of the dark continent, where it was abandoned by King Sam and his followers. Alas for the dusky Argonauts! The greater portion of them has died from hardships. Tropical fevers, the hookworm and sleeping sickness are fast doing for the rest. Those that are left are scattered among the native villages. The reversion to type is working its inexorable course. The kingdom has vanished. The retrieved steamer, with its "holy room," into which King Sam went to withdraw for "meditation," has come back to its own, where possible it will be overhauled and made to serve less renowned but more practical purposes in the ward of commonplace trade.

It were easy to foretell the outcome of this grotesque combination of ambition and fanaticism or to speak of it as a parody on the high empire that has won continents in a better day. Based on an indefinite object, depending for its strength on a form of appeal that had wrought mightily at previous periods in the world's history, but which gets nowhere in the age of deliberate and mechanical achievement, the adventure was doomed to failure. In empire building the "holy man" of today has his headquarters in some skyscraper office building. Over the portals of his door the only talismanic words inscribed to ward off the undesirable are "No admittance." His subprophets are captains and lieutenants of finance, the minor priesthood carry tripods and levels and make maps and the puff of the locomotive and the glare of the first new factory are the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night.

Watch Omaha's Smoke!

Omaha is more optimistic of its future today than it was ever before and with good reason. Omaha has been forging ahead with steady and quickened pace for several years, but today it has big things ahead that are sure to make it move even faster.

One of the most noticeable and noteworthy factors of this expansion, which includes all the varied activities of the community, commercial, financial, civic, educational, charitable, is the closer co-operation of the different elements whose interests are identified with its growth and permanent prosperity. This is the spirit that builds and betters big cities. While this spirit has never been wanting in Omaha, it has sometimes lagged, but it is now thoroughly aroused and active and energetic and certain to produce unexampled results. This speeding up for teamwork and combined effort impresses strangers visiting Omaha more than it does our own people and not only elicits from them favorable comment but spurs them on to spread the gospel of Omaha abroad which, in turn, helps to increase the prestige and attracts to us the attention of live-wire people everywhere.

Omaha can well say, in the popular lingo: "Watch our smoke!"

Washington's "Coronation" Ceremonies.

Debate in the United States senate over the extravagance of the quadrennial inauguration exercises is not likely to excite much of sympathetic response from the great American public. Our folks dearly love to see a parade and especially are partial to putting their officials on exhibition, that they may applaud what they voted for. The ending of one administration and the beginning of another is of sufficient moment to warrant its being marked by a demonstration of popular rejoicing. Calling it a "coronation" isn't going to alter the fact that people want it and in order to get it are willing to travel long distances and submit with something of grace to the extortions practiced by the innkeepers of the capital. This spirit isn't confined to America, nor to the present age; it has existed in all times and among all peoples. Veteran senators, who have seen quite a succession of presidents, may have lost interest in the inaugural parade, but if they will look out of the window on the 5th of March next they will see Pennsylvania avenue pretty well filled up with folks whose interest in the event is still keen. "Coronations" may come more frequently and with more of regularity in this country than abroad, but are none the less proper occasions for display.

Tinkering at the Adamson Law.

The Adamson law, having served its primary purpose of swinging a large number of needed votes to the democratic candidate in the late election, is now the subject of a double-barreled examination. The supreme court has before it the question of the validity of the law, while congress is concerned with so amending it as to make it workable, if the court eventually decides it to be good. No better example of the danger of hasty action by a law-making body was ever afforded. This bill was rushed through congress under duress and signed by the president with a flourish, only to develop structural weaknesses showing faults to be expected when no more of serious thought is given to a law than this one had in the making. Even now, with most of its defects made plain, its friends are at a loss as to how it may be patched in order that it may accomplish something of relief for all parties to a possible interruption of railroad traffic. It is plain that no compulsory arbitration act, as suggested by the president, will be enacted by congress, nor will the right to strike be taken from the men. Other amendments are of a nature that will make the law more unwieldy, complicated and consequently difficult of application. Achieving promised reforms through legal enactment is nearly as hard work for the democrats as raising money on which to run the government.

"Unrestrained" Criticism.

President Wilson's rebuke to a visiting delegation because of lack of restraint in its criticism of the National Guard touches a national habit. It is characteristic of Americans to rush out superlatives on any occasion, temperance of expression being lost in the zeal or enthusiasm of the speakers. Bodies adopt "ringing resolutions," the resonance depending on the amount of vituperation or excess of verbal calories and generally find that the effort amounts to about as much as did the storied curse launched by the cardinal lord archbishop of Rheims:

There never was heard such a terrible curse. But what gave rise to no little surprise. No one seemed one penny the worse. Freedom of speech should not be interpreted as license nor does argument consist in invective, or vituperation take place of reason. The majesty of our language is found in its simplicity, its flexibility and its response to all our needs. Criticism may be made most effective when its expression is kindly rather than of a controversial character and is helpful only insofar as it is constructive. Some day Americans may learn to substitute logic for abuse in dealing with public men and public questions.

More Money for Good Roads.

Secretary Houston of the Department of Agriculture has just announced an apportionment of \$10,000,000 among the states for the purpose of encouraging good roads construction. Nebraska's share in this is \$213,541. The availability of which depends upon the activity of the state in road-building. A number of bills for new road laws have been presented to the legislature, but so far all have been on lines that will perpetuate the most undesirable features of the present system. Local control is one of these. If the experience of the state is any basis for judgment, local or county control of road construction is condemned by its results. It permits expression of district notions as to what constitute serviceable highways, but it forbids uniformity, tends to increase cost and seldom achieves permanence. These are three essentials in a serviceable highway system. Nebraska will undoubtedly take advantage of the federal appropriation, even under the archaic system or rather lack of system that prevails, and the agitation will continue until some day the state will have as much pride in its highways as it has in its other possessions.

Both Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Bryan condemn the proposed League to Enforce Peace, while President Wilson and former President Taft favor the plan. This lineup makes senatorial debate unnecessary as a means of gauging American sentiment.

New Taxes on Industry

New York Financial World

By April 1 next Uncle Sam will be penniless, if the present rate of outgo of revenue is maintained until that time. We as a nation are at peace, but we are preparing for war, even if we do not expect it, and it is costing a pretty penny. Therefore the lawmakers at Washington who prepared the "pork" barrel treasury-milking scheme and voted hundreds of millions for \$25,000,000 warships and other shooting things, have decided to issue about \$25,000,000 three months' treasury bills to tide the treasury over to the mid-year tax period, and also on an increase of internal revenue taxation. The inheritance tax at present taxes estates of decedents according to the amount devised, the highest tax being 10 per cent. The highest rate in the new legislation is to be 15 per cent, and smaller estates will pay an increase of 5 per cent. With many states taxing inheritances very heavily at present, it is clear the lawmakers are still persistent in efforts to get after big estates. The tax that will be felt most by all business, big and little, however, is that which is adapted from the English and Canadian war measures—the "excess profits" tax. A tax of from 5 per cent to 8 per cent on the profits of both individuals and corporations which are in excess of 8 per cent on the capital invested will be levied, according to the plan, and the measure will be passed before March 4. The excess profits feature will, however, not go into effect until January 1, 1918. The tax will work out this way: Suppose a business with \$100,000 capital makes \$15,000 annually. The excess over 8 per cent is \$7,000 and the tax on the \$7,000 will be from \$350 to \$500.

Whether wisely or unwisely, the United States has decided to wear gloves of mail, and the law having directed that the bids for the warships to be authorized shall be advertised "immediately," the secretary of the navy is finding he has to pay war prices for everything and is very wroth thereat. He should blame congress for having forced him into a rush "preparedness" program. The shipbuilders cannot buy their raw material at peace prices, nor can the secretary do so, should he elect to build the ships, or some of them, in government yards. It is the same thing with building up our coast defenses—everything entering therein is sky-high in price and likely to remain so until the feverish buying, both at home and abroad, lets down. If congress would only exercise ordinary business prudence and make its expenditures fit its income and cut out the "pork," the present taxes, which are burdensome enough in all conscience, would be sufficient to meet the national outgo. Letting contracts for a host of warship all at once when it is certain the shipyards of the country, overcrowded as they are, cannot build them and yet keep faith with the shipping industry and complete vessels ordered long ago is about as senseless as ordering a dozen eggs for breakfast when one or two supplies the need.

Real and Sham Drys

New York Times

Not without sympathy for the sorrows of Superintendent Holsapple of the South Dakota Anti-Saloon league, the Times hopes that the South Dakota legislature will pass a "bone dry" prohibition law. Limited prohibition is a compromise with Satan, a misnomer, a half-way measure that no true dry should consent to since the Webb-Kenyon law has been sustained by the supreme court. Mr. Holsapple is for a law that will allow each South Dakotan a quart of whisky and a case of beer a month. Whatever be the size of the allowance, it must not be allowed. Prohibition must prohibit. If the forces of evil say it can't, if they want absolute, not limited, prohibition, it is because they disbelieve in the rugged resolution of South Dakota. They think that while she is willing to consent to a false prohibition which shuts the saloon, but permits domestic tipping, she would rebel against a dry home. They wrong her. She is prepared for the best. The tolerant and easy-going Mr. Holsapple, better calculated for these latitudes than for severer South Dakota, hears the ominous growing thunder of the true prohibitionists. "I would lead a movement to close every church door to the anti-saloon league, and a clergyman tells the Sioux Falls Argus leader Mr. Holsapple cannot shelter himself in the name 'Anti-Saloon.' The genuine drys will inform him that the home mustn't be made a saloon.

Wealth Possession As a Trust

Chicago Tribune

Almost no opposition has been evoked by the apparent intention of the administration to raise both income and inheritance taxes. No orators are out calling property holders to arms and no tax reform advocates, a vociferous set at their quietest, are rallying their forces. The proposal to increase these taxes, like their original imposition, has been taken with amazing calmness. The United States does not realize that it is on the way to accomplish a social revolution. Inheritance and income taxes are convenient sources of revenue, it is true. The government needs money. But their acceptance as means of getting money implies the acceptance of a significant philosophy of wealth. It almost means that we think of wealthy men chiefly as trustees of national wealth and not absolute owners of it. We accept their trusteeship because they have earned their way to it. We will not accept wholly trusteeship by their children. The dangers of concentration of wealth are generally recognized and have been for years. But we have adopted a means of diffusion, a method of correction, quite unconcernedly. There has been no blowing of trumpets. No popular orator has taken up with the subject as a means of regenerating America. With all our evangelistic treatment which social taxation offers, we have accepted a great reform without hysteria and uproar. The United States is getting on.

People and Events

A list of contributors to a new weekly in New York includes the names of George Louis Beer and Felix Frankfurter. The combination insures a literary picnic.

The "leap year girl of Toledo," Miss Florence Stevens, didn't land the man, but she landed a judgment of \$8,000 against Edgar J. Leucks for damages to her honor. Some 300 letters of fluffly stuff turned in by Leucks convinced the jury that Florence was a financial renovator.

Aurora, Ill., wove an aurora of curiosity about a show window decorated with potatoes at \$6 a bushel. The spuds, jewelry-like, reposed in beds of cotton, half covered with sanitary pajamas, and never batted an eye as strangers shifted their gaze from the fruit to the price tag.

The Elgin Watch company has just effected the largest group of settlements under the Illinois workmen's compensation law. About \$50,000 was disbursed among families of twenty employees who met death by diphtheria and typhoid fever through drinking polluted water from the artesian well of the company's factory.

A truly-for-sure bone dry measure drafted by the attorney general has been submitted to the Kansas legislature. Should the bill become a law, anybody caught bringing the demon into the state wins a fine of from \$100 to \$1,000 for each offense and from 30 to 365 days in jail. Corporations hauling the stuff are subject to the above schedule of fines.

Although 300 serious-minded delegates to the women's department of the National Civic federation in New York heard world problems discussed, one silent woman commanded attention than the orators. Miss Anne Morgan touched off a cigaret and the smoke curl sent to the ceiling caught the eyes of the crowd. It was the only smudge in sight.

TODAY

Health Hint for the Day.

Warm baths conduce to sleep if taken before bedtime and followed by a glass of hot milk.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

British compulsory service act received royal assent. Russia claimed failure of Austrian attacks in Galicia. Germans claimed new success in Africa. The great battle was reported in progress. British delivered organized bombardments, damaging German lines along western front. United States mails public its note of protest against British interference with the mails.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

Mrs. Charles Powell gave a small lunch party, at which she was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Nichols. The present were Mrs. Doane, Mrs. Rodia, Mrs. Wakeley, Mrs. Kuntze and Mrs. Woolworth.

Ten of the members of Triangle Lodge, Knights of Pythias, gave a banquet at C. S. Higgins on Douglas.



quest at C. S. Higgins on Douglas, Harry Merriam presiding.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore gave a reception in honor of her daughter, Mrs. L. M. Appel of Denver. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Hillman, Mrs. Max Meyer, Miss Lake, Miss Newman and Miss Sonnhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Moores entertained the Butterfly club at their handsome new home on South Eighteenth. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Black, Dr. and Mrs. Coffman, Misses Curtis, Wakeley, Doane, Fonda, Hinebaugh, Morse, Mansfield, Hefley, Tremaine, Sharp, Coburn, Crandall, Messrs. Cook, Rogers, Moores, McCormick, Rustin, Redick, Smith, Clark, Stephens, Fonda, Griffiths, Marsh, Keller, Heall and O'Reilly.

Miss Neely Stevens played for the members of the Ladies' Musical society.

Mrs. Balbach is at work on a large painting of Niagara Falls which shows considerable dash and vigor.

C. E. Coleman gave a very pretty luncheon, entertaining the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Daniels, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. J. C. Whinnery, Mrs. Allan Koch, Mrs. Dr. Kuhn and Mrs. P. B. W. Cooke.

This Day in History.

1679—First fire engine received in Boston from England.

1689—Indians attacked Dover, N. H., and massacred many of the settlers.

1756—Mozart, who was a world genius in music, born at Salzburg, Austria. Died in Vienna December 5, 1791.

1785—Charter granted the University of Georgia.

1830—Webster delivered his famous speech in reply to Hayne.

1840—Commodore Isaac Chauncey, distinguished naval officer of the war of 1812, died in Washington, D. C. Born at Black Rock, Conn., Feb. 20, 1772.

1888—Incandescent lamp patented by Thomas A. Edison.

1884—Marquis of Salisbury resigned the British premiership.

1893—James G. Blaine, statesman, died in Washington, D. C. Born at West Brownsville, Pa., January 31, 1830.

1900—Foreign ministers to China demanded the suppression of the Boxers and other hostile secret societies.

1901—German emperor was made a field marshal of the British army. Allied with the British.

1905—Largest diamond in the world was discovered in the Premier mine, in South Africa.

1906—New railway from the Nile to the Red Sea opened by Lord Cromer.

1909—Secretary of the Ambassador Bryce signed the Newfoundland fisheries treaty.

The Day We Celebrate.

Dr. F. J. Despecher, the dentist, is just turning his fiftieth year. He was born in Paris and in sympathy with a Frenchman through and through, with numerous relatives in the trenches.

Merle C. Rush, clerk in the rural mail service, is celebrating his fortieth birthday today. He hails from Mount Pleasant, Ia.

John T. Dilson, attorney, was born January 27, 1854, at Roseville, Ill. He prides himself on having always been a staunch republican.

William II, German emperor and king of Prussia, born at Potsdam fifty-two years ago today.

Rev. Thomas Nicholson, one of the new bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, born at Woodburn, Ontario, fifty-five years ago today.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, born in London sixty-seven years ago today.

Rev. Lenox Mills, Anglican bishop of Ontario, born at Woodstock, Ontario, seventy-one years ago today.

George Fox, the Quaker well-known traveler and lecturer, born at Algheny City, Pa., sixty-one years ago today.

Albert Wickland, former Federal league base ball player, last season with Indianapolis American association team, born in Chicago twenty-seven years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders.

The fifty-eighth birthday anniversary of the kaiser will be celebrated today in Germany.

Women in New Orleans are to give a "famine parade" today as a protest against the high cost of living.

St. Paul's second annual carnival of winter sports is to be formally opened today with a grand parade of marching clubs. The carnival will continue through the coming week.

"Bily" Sunday and his party of evangelists arrive in Buffalo today and on Sunday will begin an eight weeks' campaign in that city.

Henry D. Estabrook of New York is to be the chief speaker at the annual dinner of the Kansas State Bar association in Topeka tonight.

Storyette of the Day.

When Governor Head was in office in New Hampshire, Colonel Barrett of the governor's staff died and there was an unseemly scramble for the office, even while his body was awaiting burial with military honors. One candidate ventured to call upon Governor Head.

"Governor," he asked, "do you think you would have any objections if I were to get into Colonel Barrett's place?"

The answer came promptly. "No, I make no objection to your taking the place of the undertaker if willing."

The Bee's Letter Box

Meat Packer and Farmer.

Stromberg, Neb., Jan. 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Most people think the packers are the cause of the high price of meat, but it is quite the contrary. In cities it was not for the packers the meat industry would be so uncertain that production of meat would be a hazard which the New England states could not afford to invest in. If it were not for the present plan or standard of marketing no banker could afford to loan money to farmers to feed stock. If we had not central markets where could a stockman ship his stock without taking a gambler's chance of not being able to sell? Supposing that every city had a public abattoir, do you think it would make the stockman sure of a market? It would not. The markets one week would be high and the next week there would not be any market at all. As it is the packer is the farmer's friend and in his cheap plan of distribution he is a blessing to the consumer as well as the farmer.

H. J. SMITH.

Need of Healthful Amusements.

Blair, Neb., Jan. 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is considerable agitation about the pool halls as amusement and recreation, with the thought that boys and young men are traveling a downward road at a twentieth century pace, according to the opinion of some mothers who express their ideas in these columns.

While evils may arise from this source, the writer is not just exactly ready to believe the entire foundation of wrecked lives of youth is made from this material. It may be true that sin plows the furrow across the brow, but it is believed that disrespect for mothers' commands and counsels of "young America" today has an important bearing on the subject.

Legitimate amusements should obtain in hours of recreation and the pool hall as conducted today may not be the best, but there is a chance of evolution, and we still believe we are superior to some races where bull fighting is a pastime. Let fathers and mothers of the present age learn to "shun every appearance of evil," injecting same into the minds and hearts of youth, and the organized ministry of the day will be out of a job.

With the closing of the pool halls and Nebraska "dry as a bone" after the 1st of May, the tightening cords of the perfect law of liberty will be felt as never before. A correspondence school of common sense may be helpful some fine day in quieting social unrest that has mothers and others guessing, with ancient hens like the one cackling in Agnew's backyard furnishing the principal topic, and eventually the little child shall lead them who now hang around the pool hall to a mother's sorrow. In that day it is believed the hand that rocks the cradle will show its true power and morals of society agreeably improve.

T. J. AITCH.

Tagore and Peshkoff.

Omaha, Jan. 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: Lieutenant Peshkoff, of the Russian, in his modest way, gave us a vivid description of the life of a soldier in modern trenches, a life full of monotony and excitement, a life filled with drudgery and ingenuity, a life devoted to the art of killing and reviving of the nearly dead, a life full of hatred and love, a life teeming with all imaginable cruelties and sympathies, a life devoted to one ideal—to save his country, to fight for it, you, to die for it.

Every soldier is proud of his country, proud of his nation of which he is a part. He is imbued with a great ideal—patriotism.

It is true Lieutenant Peshkoff did not fight with his compatriots. He enlisted in a foreign land, lost his right arm by a bullet from the gun of the enemy, who was fighting his compatriots on their native soil. He told us that this cruel and gruesome, horrid and terrible war does not brutalize men, that the better part of humanity is not lost or forgotten even in the midst of the carnage. Soldiers of opposite sides help each other when disabled and powerless to help themselves, even if a moment ago they were enemies trying to kill each other, but as soon as the battle is over they are ready to assist each other and comfort the stricken.

The love for the beautiful and noble is not dulled or obliterated by the terrible scenes and surroundings which stare the soldier in the face every minute of his life in the trenches. At his leisure moments he creeps out from the dugouts to listen to the beautiful songs of the birds who are singing the return of the spring and the awakening of a new life full of hope and sunshine. Every soldier is proud of his country, proud of his country, ready to die for it, ready to sacrifice his life for the one great idea—nationalism, patriotism.

But now comes Tagore, the Hindu philosopher, poet, singer, and cruelly shatters all our ideals, all our idols in which we believe and which we teach our children to believe, of which we are proud, of which we boast—our nation—nationalism.

Tagore declares that he believes in it; Tagore declares it; denounces it as something wrong, something of a monstrosity, something that is harmful and something which should be eradicated. Nationalism, to his mind, is brutal; nationalism is selfish, egotistic, destructive; nationalism is immoral.

That is Tagore's philosophy, his cult, his creed.

To which of the two conceptions would you adhere?

I, for one, would rather follow the creed and cult that teaches us that nations, like individuals, put idealism before materialism and material property must not dominate spiritual welfare, and in our mad race for material aggrandizement we must not sacrifice idealism in the process. We must believe in nationalism as one of the noblest achievements of mankind for which it is worth fighting or even dying. Without nationalism there cannot be patriotism and without patriotism there is no object in life.

Power, wealth and riches in nations, as in individuals, are passing, while moral and spiritual achievements and endeavors are lasting and enduring.

DR. E. HOLOVITCHNER.

THE NON-MILITANT.

New York World.

I love my A. B. X. Y. Z.

In Algebra arranged.

I love the dotted heavens to see

In astral charts displayed;

Over Logic's page I gladiated;

Of this I save no thought.

No tutor here can give me more

Than from my soul I leave.

My books hold charms,

But 'twere to know them

Not 'em my soul to save!

I love the school-room's ordered bust

Of platform, desk and aisle—

The thoughts that through the silence rush

Like soldiers, file on file;

I love the discipline that holds

Rude youth within its grip—

The ruling hand that firmly moulds,

Nor 'e'er is shown a slip.

Such order in the air

But—"Fall in line!"

Not 'em to save a ship!

I hold the school-day purpose high.

The school-day privilege dear;

One casts its flame across the sky,

The other rates its glory high.

I love the field of battling minds

The seat of scholar's strife;

My soul its glory finds