

The Washington Times

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Diabolical, But Not War

The recent airship raid upon London is not merely a new instance of frightfulness. It indicates the determination of the Junker element directing the war to strengthen their own control over the German people by renewing the determination to the allies to fight junkerism to the death.

But the immediate effect, of which junkerism is stupidly reckless, will be the strengthening of the determination of the allied nations, including the United States, of course, to win the war. Just as the Zeppelin bombardments multiplied manifold the number of volunteer enlistments, so the continued murder of helpless civilians, especially of women and children, will make the average American citizen more firmly resolved that, come what may, Germany shall not achieve a victory leaving all wrongs unredressed, frightfulness vindicated by success, and the blood of innocent women and children crying unto God from the ground in vain.

Every now and then some pessimist fears that America is not taking the war seriously enough. Any deficiencies in the matter will be taken care of by Germany itself. The junker seems determined to make this a war, so far as we are concerned, not only for democracy, which will prove his undoing, but a war for the very preservation of civilization from the barbarism of the Hun. It is to be hoped that the records of German military responsibility will be kept sufficiently clear to make guilt personal and that those responsible for murder shall meet the murderer's fate.

Jack At Tea

Among the countless new, interesting and picturesque vignettes which cluster about the central picture of the war, not the least engaging is the spectacle of our American sailors— for they are a lot of youngsters, almost all of them—rapidly acquiring the taste for afternoon tea, in England.

The Japanese tea ceremonial is a rite so special, and exotic, that it is seldom reckoned into any accounting of modern tea drinking. But what the Briton calls his "afternoon tea" is not only tea, but a reasonably substantial "snack," as we say; crisp toast, with the savor of the fire on it blends with the "gentle brew" in a most palatable and grateful refreshment. In Yorkshire—and often elsewhere—the "4 o'clock bite" of the labor or factory worker corresponds with the more elegant refectory which is craved at every fireside, from the squire's house to the humblest cottage. There is no luxury about afternoon tea; it is part of the organization of civilized life.

American visitors in England have fallen glad victims to the attractions of this friendly household rite, and it is only a matter of course that our soldiers and sailors should assimilate readily with our British allies in adopting it. Afternoon tea is far better for a man than his 5 o'clock bundle of cocktails; it is even better than one cocktail. As to the German habit of afternoon coffee—it may be all well enough, but it is not so good as tea. Too good for the Germans, no doubt, but they have little left to comfort themselves with.

A recent telegram from London told of the full sprinkling of American bluejackets about the London tea tables. It is a pleasant picture; let us be glad of it, for most of the pictures of war and its accessories are sad enough.

German Conquests

Plans of the German jingoes to take all of western Russia, including Petrograd, most of Belgium, and the iron district of France, besides recovering their colonies and an indemnity of \$30,000,000,000, are being circulated in Germany with the approval of the government. There can be but one purpose in such a piece of extravagance, and that is to impose on all the inhabitants of the country who are so gullible that nothing is too preposterous for them to believe. Undoubtedly the imperial government is right in depending on the gullibility of most of the people. But the dire doom of awakening cannot be far off.

The food crisis in Germany may be counted upon to give the slumbers a rude jolt. The great masses of the people have been reconciled to the war only by the assurance of success through the U-boat program and the reaping of incalculable benefits. As hunger increases even the rubble must be impressed with the fact that the submarine triumph has failed to materialize. In her desperate need for food Germany has resorted to Norway and Sweden

Don Marquis' Column

The Russian political prisoners seem to have had quite a coming-out party.

Because majorities are often wrong it does not follow that minorities are always right.

There is nothing more exasperating than a cranky typewriter. . . . except, perhaps, a cranky stenographer.

No democracy is real where the politicians are not afraid of the people.

If you want to get an idea across make the public think you got it from them.

A charlatan is often a great man who was found out just a bit too soon by reporters and historians.

A bad man is one whose virtues are dismilar to those of his age.

The world is divided into two sects: people who are thanking God that they are not as the Pharisees, and Pharisees who are thanking God that they are not as other people.

Tolerance is being willing to let every one go to hell in his own handbasket.

A state church is an organization with control of the hand-basket confession.

A man's reputation frequently grows out of an event with which he has had merely a superficial connection.

These anarchists and advance agents of Utopia seem to be all geniuses, and are, therefore, not fit to rule a world with which they are out of sympathy because it has so little genius in it.

Every time a new physical doctrine like the evolutionary theory comes along certain people cry out that they are losing a god, and certain others that they have found a new one. But little gods that are won and lost so easily are, perhaps, of no great importance.

The people who care the most about making the world over into a better thing are usually so fiery and eager that they give themselves little time for reflection.

And the people who keep cool and reflect enough are usually lacking in evangelical pep.

To a Bull.

My head aches and the odor of the dead stalks like their luckless wraiths about the trench.

The wounded groan, and I envision red— And some one screams a woman's name, in French.

I hear a German shout in vulgar joy (A bullet drilled our subaltern, who'd creep With some poor wailing private on his back.)

A noble, heroic boy. They got the private as, in pain, he slept.)

And then the whispered word comes—to attack!

We did attack—ten thousand of us strong. Their guns streamed level death and won the shout;

Destroying angels, with instructions wrong. The first born sparing, wiping youngsters out.

I see the sprinklers over all the waste. And wonder, as I wait a deft conge, How quick the young die, and how slow the old.

With that ambitious haste— And when they sprang from schoolrooms to their play— These boys went running back to primal mold.

Their twisted faces, near enough to read. Are poignant chapters of their slanted years;

Their eager eyes, the gushing as they bleed. The simple power of their absent tears.

All point an inexperience of fate; They do not die like derelicts, in beds, Clinging with frenzy to their firmly held underparts.

They rather underrate The great adventure. But their toiled heads Are not unnumbered by the Saint who shrives.

Ah, Metal that so cancels quick-lived youth (And this resolves an economic riddle) Hold back while I enunciate a truth. And then dispatch me to the tidless Styx.

Ten million lads who fall in rhythmic files More than ten of non-conscriptive age Who stay at home and let their valor run.

Chiefly to potent life Some day the world may find a truer gauge— But I am young, and, Bullet, near the sun.

—JOHN R. KENNEDY.

No having time enough is no excuse. If you haven't time enough to do what you know you should do, take eternity.

As men grow older they slow up in effort not so much through lack of power as because success is far off. They have grown to look so much alike.

An alibi may fool the judge, the jury, and even your own lawyer. But your wife and the recording angel will know about what the facts were.

It is never intended, when Senators took an oath to support the Constitution, that they should use the Constitution as a bulwark of German aggression and intrigue.

The only question remaining is the order in which the roll of fallen despots will be called. Following Nicholas and Constantine, will it be Wilhelm, or Ferdinand, or Mohammed VI?

The Liberty bond is a tie that binds a man to his country.

The acquisition of the Jamestown Exposition site reminds Virginians anew that the original Jamestown was founded several years before the Pilgrim Fathers planted their considerable feet on Plymouth Rock.

War Questions

The Times receives every day questions concerning service in the war and other matters relating to the war.

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Baker's Three Advisers Gave Up Good Posts to Aid Nation

Keppel, Dean of Columbia; Frankfurter, Law Professor, and Lippmann, Editor, Work Hard for Nominal Pay.

Justice Brandeis was elevated to the Supreme Bench. But Mr. Frankfurter volunteered for the emergency and has been violating the eight-hour law in Secretary Baker's office ever since.

Then there is the case of Walter Lippmann. Mr. Lippmann gave up his desk as associate editor of the New Republic to come to Washington, not to accept a position, but to take a job at a "nominal" wage, the sum total of which will just about equal the interest on the royalties he receives from his books.

Some of the Congressional and newspaper critics have seen some significance in the fact that all three of Secretary Baker's confidential advisers have German names, but Dean Keppel was prepared at once with a name.

"Both of my parents were Irish," Dean Keppel said, showing again that Shakespeare was more or less right in observing that there's nothing in a name.

Dean Keppel is a graduate of Columbia College, of which he now is dean. He worked for Harper & Brothers after leaving college, but returned to the law as a secretary to President Seth Low. When Nicholas Murray Butler was made president of Columbia University, Dr. Keppel was named secretary of the university, serving in this capacity for ten years.

For the last seven years he has been dean of Columbia College, serving that same period as secretary of the Association for International Conciliation and finding time for considerable writing, including a volume on Columbia University for the Oxford Press.

Dean Keppel offered services. Take the case of Frederick P. Keppel, for instance.

Dr. Keppel was dean of Columbia College at the outbreak of war, and was in the United States when the college administrator. He couldn't enlist in the regular army, because of the law limit. This is violating no confidence, for Dean Keppel is the father of five children, his youngest being only a few months old.

So Dean Keppel told the authorities of Columbia that he wanted a leave of absence for the war. Then he took a train to Washington and offered his services to the Government in any capacity in which he could be of use.

There was a clerical vacancy in Secretary Baker's office, a job paying just about enough to pay Dean Keppel's room rent and furnish a pull away on all days. Since then he has been coming to work with the 9 o'clock clerks, but he hasn't quit with them.

After a night before Dean Keppel called it a day.

Frankfurter Also Volunteered. There then's the case of Felix Frankfurter.

Mr. Frankfurter was Secretary of the Stimson's right-hand man when the latter was Secretary of War under President Taft. He had been associated with Stimson before that.

When the war broke out he was law professor at Harvard law school, and up to his ears in work, not only in his law school, but in the legal cases he fell heir to when Associate

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Army Orders

Second Lieut. Frank W. Brooks, Jr., Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps, resigned.

Second Lieut. William Mintzer, Cavalry Officers' Reserve Corps, resigned.

First Lieut. Frederick D. Hansen, Ordnance Officers' Reserve Corps, to Washington chief of ordnance.

Officers of Coast Artillery Corps relieved from duty as instructors in military science and tactics at close of academic year, to report to the commanding officer of the coast defense battery assigned to duty.

Capt. Sanford Jarman, detached officers' list, coast defense of Chesapeake Bay; Capt. Clifford C. Carson, detached officers' list, coast defense of Chesapeake Bay; Capt. William S. Bowen, detached officers' list, coast defense of eastern New York; Capt. Joseph Matson, detached officers' list, coast defense of San Francisco; First Lieut. William D. Fraser, detached officers' list, coast defense of San Francisco.

Officers of Adjutant General's Officers' Reserve Corps assigned to active duty, to report to commanding general, Southern Department, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Major Jennings C. Wise, Major Throp M. Wilder and Major Rene E. Frantz, all of the Medical Reserve Corps, assigned to Mineola, Long Island, N. Y., aviation section, Signal Officers' Reserve Corps.

Capt. Harold W. Jones, Medical Corps, Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Capt. Walter Clarke Howe, Medical Reserve Corps, honorably discharged.

Major Henry Dwight Rice, Ordn