

SEA POWER AND ITS TRIUMPH IN WAR

Sir Eric Geddes Calls It the Birthright of the British Race, and Says That It Has Again Been Salvation of the World.

London, England.—"How the sea gull mocks the sea lion." Thus the legend on one of the series of medals issued by the German government during the war "for the comfort and encouragement" of its people. The medal, which was intended to commemorate the exploits of the German raider *Moewe* (sea gull), was reproduced in *The Christian Science Monitor*, just before Germany made her final effort on land to break the ring encircling her. It shows a sea gull flying home with its booty over the heads of two very impressive-looking sea lions, one on either side of a narrow sea. But first and last it is the inscription on the reverse of the medal which after all, gives the keynote to the whole; for that inscription reads, "Dedicated to the British Vice-Admiral Dudley de Chair."

Thus did the German government itself involuntarily acknowledge the part played by the man who organized the British blockade proclaimed on March 1, 1915, and who, at the beginning of the war, commanded the tenth cruiser squadron, the force which, with the *Grand Fleet* at its back, was the chief instrument in maintaining the blockade which experts agree in declaring was the fundamental and decisive cause of the Central Empire's final collapse.

Sir Eric Geddes reaffirmed that fact recently in a speech at the opening of the Sea Power Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. "The blockade," he declared, "is what crushed the life out of the Central Empires," and he added: "That blockade was exercised by another little advertised power—the tenth cruiser squadron, a squadron, the name of which will go down to history with very great credit. The tenth cruiser squadron, with its famous cruiser the *flagship Albatross*, from 1914 to 1917 held the 800-mile stretch of gray sea from the Orkneys to Iceland. In those waters they intercepted 15,000 ships taking succor to our enemies, and they did almost under Arctic conditions, and mainly in the teeth of storm and blizzard, and out of that 15,000 they missed just 4 per cent, a most remarkable achievement under impossible conditions. Behind the blockade was the *Grand Fleet*, the fulcrum of the whole of the seapower of the Allies. If ever testimony were needed of the value of sea power, I can give it. In every individual case when an armistice was signed by our enemies, and in one if not two cases, before, the one cry that went up was 'Release the blockade.' If anything more strikingly demonstrating the value of sea power can be given, then I do not know it."

In the previous course of his speech Sir Eric had observed that the present was an opportune time to recall what sea power has done for them. "It has been the birthright of our race. Nor for the first time, again it has been the salvation of the world," he declared. "I can find no apt simile to describe what sea power is to us and to the human race—the sea power of His Majesty's navy. From the first day that this devastating and world-wide struggle burst upon the world, the British Navy held all fleets impotent. With a silent, irresistible and grim force His Majesty's navy has crushed the life out of the enemy countries and secured for all time the freedom of the world. There was no annihilation of the enemy in the shock of battle, but that was only because he had such a lesson at Jutland that he would not come out. He chose physical safety with its consequent loss of morale, ending in mutiny and inglorious surrender. The once proud German Navy is now dishonored in the eyes of the world. That is not what the navy of a sea-born race like ours would have done. On that never-to-be-forgotten day, August 4, 1914, the British Navy secured the sea communications, and throughout those sea communications have been held. They have been threatened by the deadliest menace that has ever threatened them, the power of the submarine, but they have been held.

"In that holding the Royal Navy has had the priceless co-operation in dangers of all kinds of the mercantile marine. That co-operation has created

bonds of affection which can never be broken and never will be broken. We are justly proud of the heroic deeds of the British Army and its brilliant strategist, my old chief, Sir Douglas Haig, General Allenby and other distinguished British generals. But of what avail would their heroism and ability have been without sea power? Of what avail would have been the gallantry of our allies? British sea power has sustained and enabled us to sustain Italy and France in coal, food and munitions. Munitions for ourselves have been brought on the shoulder of sea power. The British expeditionary force crossed the Channel under the wing of the White Ensign. It has gone on crossing until that very big army had eventually brought Germany to her knees. During the war the British Navy has escorted 16,000,000 men across the sea and the total loss from all causes, including marine risks, submarine and storm, is less than 500. Sea power storm, is less than 5,000. Sea power the vital operations in Mesopotamia, Palestine and Salonika, operations which resulted in the defeat of Germany and Bulgaria. But for that sea power Germany would have overrun the world, and in three or four months would have obtained her desires."

After mentioning in conclusion the names of Lord Jellicoe, Sir David Beatty, and Sir Roger Keyes, Sir Eric Geddes remarked: "The country must not forget those who prepared for the harvest in the few months before the war, those who brought the navy to the last button and gun into the sea, upon the declaration of war, and who, for six months afterwards, laid the foundation of that great navy behind the navy—Lord Milford Haven, Lord Fisher, and Mr. Winston Churchill. Sea power has brought us to the end of the war and there is no single occurrence in the whole drama and in the finish of more significance than the German Admiral. "The German flag will be hauled down at sunset and not hoisted again without permission—truly a very remarkable garnering of the harvest."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Preachers' Sons.

An old tradition has it that the sons of ministers do not amount to much. The boy of the parsonage usually bears the blame for all the mischief of the parish, and the elders predict for him a bad end.

The facts, however, do not justify this ill opinion. The Philadelphia Ledger reminds us that one-twelfth all the men whose biographies appear in "Who's Who" are sons of preachers. England's Dictionary of Biography reveals even a greater preponderance in favor of the parsonage.

The Literary Digest believes that, "instead of being amiable vagabonds, the sons of ministers come pretty close to the rank of top-notchers in every field of human progress."

The following are a few of the noble men of ministerial descent: Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Bancroft, Parkman, Sloan, Gilder, Henry James, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Addison, Lockhart, Goldsmith, Ben Johnson, Cowper, Charles Kingsley, Henry Clay, Charles E. Hughes, Agassiz, Samuel F. B. Morse, Mergenthaler, Linnaeus, Jenner, Cyrus W. Field, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir W. Robertson, Nicol, Alexander McLaren, Henry Ward Beecher, Swedenborg, Jonathan Edwards, Spurgeon, Lyman Abbott, Norman McLeod, Robert Hall, Adolph Monod, John Abernathy, Alexander Campbell, Presidents Buchanan, Arthur, Cleveland, Wilson.

Some one has said that the aroma of the parsonage pervades all the writings of gentle-souled Addison. Sir Roger was woven out of the dreams of his father's fireside. That preacher has lived greatly who marks with precision the hard, high path for his son, and sets his feet and his heart therein.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

A Sly Dog.

"Before we were married," she complained, "you always engaged a cab when you took me anywhere. Now you think a street-car is good enough for me."

"No, darling, I don't think the street-car is good enough for you; it's because I'm so proud of you. In a cab you would be seen by nobody, while I can show you off to so many people by taking you in a street car."

—*Tit-Bits*.

ANSWERING AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

How much did he leave? Well, not very much, measured by the world's coarse dollar standard. To be sure, after years of toil and thrift the other heirs were paid off and he became the owner of the old homestead farm. When he had gone the farm and insurance provided for the needs of the aged wife. His children, also, after the estate was settled up, received small legacies.

But after all are not money and land the last values a man can leave behind him when he is summoned to join the innumerable caravan?

This farmer left the fragrant memory of a life without reproach. Unknown to himself he was a kind of visible conscience in the neighborhood of which he was a part. Not all followed his example, but they were not quite satisfied with themselves unless they made the effort to do so. He never sought public office and never held one higher than that of school trustee, but by virtue of his character a real country leadership was his. When his body was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard people came from far and near to show the place he held in their esteem.

Long before the phrase "community service" was coined he had lived with the interest of the country-side at heart. In his young manhood he had been a promoter of community song. Those were the days of the singing school and he had gone from neighborhood to neighborhood as singing school director. Hundreds learned to enjoy music and to sing under the direction of his baton.

At the corners a half mile from his home stood an old-fashioned school house where the rude pine benches and desks were all decorated with the jack-knife's carved initial. Under his inspiration and direction a modern country school building was erected. The plain clapboard church building of his fathers was getting shabby, and was foremost in putting across a campaign which reared to the worship of God in the open country a fine stone edifice.

Sunday morning, rain or shine, summer and winter, he and his family drove nearly three miles to attend divine service. As leader of the choir, as Sunday-school superintendent and as a member of the official board of his church he showed his willingness to help his fellow Christians. Sunday evening the family drove to church again, and even in haying time the work was planned so that there might be time to go, for a restful, but inspiring hour, to the Wednesday night prayer meeting.

Religion in his home was vital and winsome. Family prayers were as regular as breakfast, and again at bed time, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" the priest, the father and the husband read the Bible and prayed. As the children left home for school and college they knew that they would be remembered when the household knelt at the family altar. All of his children naturally became Christians. They never argued that they had to go to church so much in their youth that religion became repellent.

The orchards which this farmer set out yield their fruit to his grandchildren. Other men reap harvests from fields from which he removed stumps and stones. The home and lawn which he made beautiful, after all these years still attract the notice of the passer-by. Children born since his death listen to music which, though they know it not, is the echo of his voice. They get their lessons in the comfortable school houses of which he was the architect. The community yet kneels beneath the spire his faith helped lift into the blue, and his life still lends argument to the creed of creeds.

Without knowledge gained in college halls, without wealth, without far-flung fame he served his own generation and his own community. Such men as he are the real pillars of the Republic. They are the builders of fairer, finer country life that is to be.—*The Country Gentleman*.

Peace to Be Signed in June.

Paris, Jan. 23.—The preliminary peace treaties with Germany thereby officially ending the war will be signed early in June is the announcement that Marcel Hutten, correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* makes in that paper.

RAY R. WHITLEY NOW IN GERMANY

The following are extracts from letters written by Ray R. Whitley to the home folks, Princeton, Route 1: Somewhere in Germany, Dec. 15, 1918.

My Darling Mother:

I will write you a letter this beautiful Sunday afternoon. This is the first pretty day we have had since I have been in Germany, in fact it is the first time I have seen the sun since I left Belgium. The weather is simply fine, hardly cold enough for ice. We have not had any snow, but have had lots of rain, at least it is cloudy and foggy most all the time. The sun is shining bright and it makes me feel fine.

Well, I am living on the banks of the Rhine. It is a pretty good sized river. There is some of the most beautiful scenery along the river I ever saw. I have several cards of scenes on this river and of the town we are now in. I will enclose some of them so you can see some of the scenes on the Rhine.

We came into this town (Pfaendord) last night. Coblenz is just across the river. It is a real large city. I am living in a real nice place, with a nicely furnished room all to myself. I have a good bed and all the conveniences I could ask for in the army. These people are just as good to us as they can be. The people here have just brought into my room a waiter of jam cake and coffee and I tell you it was grand. I am very much surprised to see how they act toward the Americans. Even the kids seem to think the world of us.

We have had a very nice trip over northern France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany thus far. I cannot tell you how pretty the country is. If I had my picture sitting on my old trunk or some of these mountain tops or some of these beautiful bridges you would hardly believe it was me.

I have been in some very interesting places in France. I was in the great Chateau-Thierry drive in July and August, and was on the Verdun front and through the Argonne Forest, two of the hottest sectors on the entire front. I have driven through some severe shell-fire hundreds of times when it looked almost impossible for one to escape. I have jumped from my bunk at all hours of the night, seeking secure shelter from the enemy bombs that were making the huge stone buildings crumble and fall as though they were nothing. I have been in gas several times, but had on my gas mask in time to keep any of the poison from harming me. I haven't a scratch today to prove that I was ever in the war.

I have a good place to write now. If you could see some of the places I have been in you would wonder at me writing at all, but I have done the very best I could. Here's hoping it will not be long before I can talk instead of write.

Dec. 20, 1918.—I have received lots of mail from home lately. It almost makes me feel like I have seen you all when I get a bunch of mail like that. Yours was written after the armistice was signed. I was so anxious to hear from you after it was signed. I knew it was a great day of rejoicing all over the world. The continuous roar ceased on the front at 11 o'clock. I did not hear a shot fired after then. It was just like the sun coming out after a severe storm. Everybody wore a smile of satisfaction. The old frown of suspense and that care-worn look of a dark future had vanished. I tell you it was the brightest moments I ever spent. I was so glad it came to an end before the bad, rough weather. Most all of our work was at night, and it was raining most all the time. I have driven all night some of the darkest nights I ever saw and we could not have one light. Sometimes the roads were bad and full of shell-holes and I could not see anything but the flashes of the high explosives that the enemy was sending over. It was the hardest work I have ever done to drive under such circumstances, but I stood it several months and I guess I could longer.

We have everything we can eat, and, too, it is good. We eat lots of syrup. I am looking forward to the time when I can get some of that good home-made syrup. All the soldiers are foolish about sweet things. I am still on the Rhine. I can

thump a marble cut of my room window into the river. I don't know how long we will be here.

I am feeling fine today. I think I am twenty pounds heavier than I was when the war closed.

Jan. 1, 1919.—I wonder what you all did Christmas. I never wanted to be home as bad in all my life. There were not many minutes that day that I was not thinking of you all. We had a very good dinner and a Christmas tree. The company furnished lots of tobacco, cigarettes and candy. I was on guard Christmas day. I walked post Christmas eve night and Christmas day. It was snowing that night and real cold. It snowed just enough to look like Christmas. It has snowed a little twice. I guess if nothing happens I will be home next Christmas.

This is an ugly day for the start-off of a new year, but that is nothing strange here. I have never seen so much bad weather in my life. The sun has not shone but about two days since I have been in Germany. We do not have so much rain or snow, but it is cloudy and rains a little every day.

I don't have any idea when I will start home. I guess you know as much about that as I do. I am with the third army or army of occupation on the Rhine. You can see in the papers what we are doing. If it is winter when we get home I guess the sea will be pretty rough. I wish we could have as fine a trip going back as we did coming. The sailors said the sea was the calmest they ever saw it. I did not get sick at all. We came over in about the fastest transport on the sea. It was a real boat. Three came together. We came across in eight days.

I had a pass to Coblenz yesterday afternoon and sure did enjoy it. I have visited several of the largest cities in France.

With love to you all,
Your true son,
Wag. RAY R. WHITLEY,
Truck Co. No. 5, 1st C. A. P., A. E. F.

MATTERS OF INTEREST.

Four Peoria, Illinois distilleries are to be converted into manufacturing plants for the production of sugar products from corn, according to announcement just made. Starch, gluten feed, corn-cake, corn oil, and similar products, will also be manufactured.

By nearly a unanimous vote, the Nebraska House has recommended for passage a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for a new capitol building at Lincoln, with a memorial tablet commemorating the part Nebraska soldiers played in the great war.

Contracts for building 34 steel ships in California yards have been canceled by the United States Shipping Board, according to R. H. Brotherton, director of industrial relations. Emergency Fleet Corporation, and examiner for the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board.

That the price of beef in the United States is due for a drop at an early date, as a result of Great Britain's purchasing heavily in Argentina is the opinion of Frank J. Hagenbarth, president of the National Woolgrowers' Association. The price of pork and mutton will be bound to drop this year, according to Mr. Hagenbarth, says a Salt Lake City dispatch.

Figures that have been made public by Gen. Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, show that on Nov. 11, the day on which the armistice was signed, the United States was represented on the western front by 1,950,000 men. France, on November 1, the last day for which official figures were available, had 2,559,000. The British and the Portuguese attached to the British Army totaled 1,718,000, while the Belgian and Italian forces on the western front aggregated about 200,000. These totals are all based upon what is termed the "ration strength." This includes every soldier who has to be fed.

CARDINAL POINTS OF BOLSHIEVISM.

The five cardinal points of Bolshevism are, according to M. Oudendyk, formerly Dutch minister in Petrograd, as follows:

- One: High wages.
- Two: Don't work.
- Three: Take other people's property.
- Four: No punishment.
- Five: No taxation.

A garden means flowers. It means digging out weeds. The garden of the soul needs weeding every day.—*Queen's Gardens*.

MILLS GO ON FORTY-EIGHT HOUR BASIS

American Woolen Company Announces Change in Its Time Schedule, But With Wages Reduced to Meet Innovation.

A Boston dispatch says that the four mills of the American Woolen Company at Lawrence, Massachusetts, have gone on a basis of 48 hours weekly, but with wages reduced to meet the present 54-hour arrangement, the American Woolen Company is the first large textile concern to give favorable recognition to any part of the demand of the United Textile Workers of America. This announcement following a conference with the agents of the four Lawrence mills. The company says that in the event that more business warrants the working of longer hours at times, it will pay its employees at the rate of time and a half.

In a statement issued to the committee of its employees having the question in hand, the company says:

"As a result of our recent conference with you, we have learned that the desires of the majority of our employees is for 48 hours' work and for 54 hours' wages. This means an increase in the rate of wages of 12 1-2 per cent. We feel that a further advance in wages such as you request would naturally increase our risk of meeting successfully the competition from foreign manufacturers and might result in idleness for our mills and consequently unemployment for you. In view of the extremely dull business outlook, and remembering always the dangers of competition with foreign manufacturers who pay wages much lower than the wages paid by us, and competition from manufacturers in this country whose hours of employment are longer, the directors of the American Woolen Company do not approve of your request for an increase in wages. You will remember that since January 1, 1916, your wages have been advanced 87 per cent, while the cost of living from July, 1914, has advanced in industrial communities, as stated by the National Industrial Conference Board, not over 70 per cent, and the tendency in the cost of living is downward.

"For these reasons, and with the best interests of our employees always in mind, we will not increase the rate of wages, but will pay you 48 hours' pay for 48 hours' work, and should future business make it advisable for us to run our mills more than 48 hours per week, we will pay you time and one-half for overtime.

"Although we think that 48 hours per week will not give the best economic results for our employees or for ourselves, yet the directors of the American Woolen Company are in sympathy with the desires of its employees for shorter working hours and will, beginning Monday morning, Feb. 3, open its mills on a new schedule of 48 hours per week."

Flies Across Continent.

Americus, Ga., Jan. 26.—Maj. Theodore McAuley completed his trip across the continent Saturday by arriving at Arcadia, Fla. He then started back, intending to spend tonight here. It was learned tonight at Southern field. He had not arrived, however, at a late hour, and it was thought rains over this section forced him to land prematurely.

It was understood that Major McAuley, who flew first from Fort Worth, Texas, where he is commanding officer at Taliaferro field, to San Diego, Cal., would make the coast-to-coast flight, stopping at Jacksonville, Arcadia, however is an inland town almost as far south as Palm Beach.

Pope Seeks Intervention.

Paris, Jan. 26.—Pope Benedict has requested intervention by Monsignor Ratti, papal delegate at Warsaw, Archbishop Bilozeski of Posen and Archbishop Szepczycki of Lemberg to end the conflict between the Ukrainians and Polish troops, according to a message received in Paris by the Polish National Committee.

It is said that General Petlura, head of the peasant army of the Ukraine, will send a subsidy of 1,000,000 rubles to the Ukrainian troops fighting the Poles in Galicia.

The Red Cross Mission sent by the International Red Cross at Geneva has arrived in Cracow to take care of Russian war prisoners still in Poland. Arrangements are being made to repatriate a million Russian war prisoners.

Wordsworth said: "True knowledge leads to love." One more argument for the right sort of education.