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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Making Another World War

Litvinoff, the Bolshevist ambassador who has been negotiating at Copenhagen, and who apparently enmeshed Minister Hapgood, predicts that the Allies will soon make peace with Soviet Russia; that, though formal recognition may be withheld, the blockade will be lifted and trade resumed.

Let us face without disillusionment what such action implies. The Bolshevist propaganda is carried on with an assiduity which rivals German propaganda, and many are fooled. But it is possible to see the main facts through the fog. What these main facts are can be made clear by considering the concrete case of Poland.

Poland, despite a crucifixion more cruel than Belgium and northern France endured, now has an army of 500,000 men in the field. To protect Poland's eastern frontiers it has been necessary to call men from the work of repairing their ruined homes. A war is in progress which in ordinary times would be called a great one. Polish soldiers, with poor arms and little ammunition, stand in the snow with cut-up blankets for uniforms, a living wall to oppose the Bolsheviki. The scenes of Valley Forge are repeated on a larger scale—the same bloody tracks from unshod feet, the same cold and hunger. The story of heroism is such as to melt a heart of stone.

These are our allies, and these it is proposed to abandon and desert. As part of the pretended "peace" Lenine will doubtless agree, verbally, to desist from invasion. But the Poles know the value of Bolshevist promises. The Poles believe that as soon as it is deemed safe the attacks will be resumed. Poland, against her will, is forced to become militaristic. Her freedom will quickly go if it is not defended. Yet if Litvinoff is accurate in his prediction soon Poland is to be at the mercy of a country which for one hundred and fifty years enslaved her.

Not only are the Poles to be deserted, but if the blockade is lifted goods and materials will flow into Soviet Russia and be used against Poland. Thus we will aid her enemy. Not to oppose Soviet Russia is to become her ally. Again there is a case with respect to which there can be no neutrality.

And as the Poles will be abandoned so will be the Ukrainians, the Letts, the Lithuanians, the Finns, the Armenians, the freedom-loving Cossacks and the peaceful Siberians, as well as all in central Russia who do not stand well with the Bolsheviki. The states bordering on Russia have governments which in Bolshevist jargon are bourgeois. Bolshevist principles require unceasing war against all such. Even when military operations are not carried on there will be persistent efforts to "bore from within"—to foment industrial troubles and to create social hate.

Soviet Russia is a menace to the peace of the world—as much a menace as was the Kaiser's Germany. If the league of peace is established and a council of nine created to consider threats of war the case of Soviet Russia must at once come under discussion. As things now stand it would be necessary to blockade and to make military preparations. And if this must be done why strengthen Soviet Russia and make her more capable of resistance? Those who refused to believe Germany meant trouble were largely responsible for the war. Are men of similar foolishness to be allowed to mature another world tragedy?

When Railroads Were Efficient

Frank H. Tayant, assistant to the chairman of the Association of Railway Executives, has compiled some interesting railway statistics.

First, as to the responsibility of the increase in railroad rates for higher living expenses. Before the war it cost 16½ cents to transport a suit of clothes from Chicago to Los Angeles, and now but 5½ cents more. New England shoes are carried to Florida for 6 cents a pair. Beef is brought from Chicago to New York for two-thirds of a cent a pound. A typewriter is freighted from New York to St. Louis for 66 cents. It still costs less to convey an article across the continent than from a New York terminal to a private house. The new freight rates have obviously contributed little to the 80 per cent rise in living costs.

Even more instructive is the story of developing efficiency when efficiency was permitted. In twenty years ton-miles have grown 190 per cent, passenger-miles 170 per cent, the number of employees 85 per cent, output per worker 60 per cent and the average trainload 130 per cent. Wages went up and rates went down, or were kept down because of greater mechanical economy. Since 1917, when the railroads went under government control, the transportation product per man has decreased, in spite of higher wages, and so, inevitably, rates have gone up. The law that when production diminishes per man either wages or consumers must pay the bill holds true. Those who seek to lessen product per worker level a blow at wages or at the consumer—often at both.

How is progress to be resumed? Only by improvements and by the elimination of labor wastes. Otherwise the standard of living, so far as transportation costs enter into it, must fall.

Neglected Fighters

The demoralization which is now so manifest in the army is not due solely to the wholesale demotion of officers made necessary by the reduction of the regular army. It has been caused chiefly by the feeling that the officers who fought overseas have been discriminated against. Demotion, it appears, has affected the fighting officers much more harshly than it has the officers who remained at home.

Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, since control of the machinery of the military establishment is in the hands of the officers who stayed behind. Their influence is all powerful with the Secretary of War. The latter, in fact, has almost slipped out of notice in the last year.

Discrimination against the fighting branch is deplorable. Yet, in a way, the fighters were discriminated against all through the war. The War Department never seemed to get a glimmer of the idea that modern wars are fought not by armies alone, but by entire nations. All activities in war time become military activities. Secretary Baker couldn't see that. He fought persistently against any extension of the draft. He did what he could to prevent the man power of the country being mobilized under military direction. If such a mobilization had been effected at the start, we should, perhaps, have missed the spectacle of men in one draft category being sent abroad to fight at $35 a month (time of payment very uncertain) and men in another category being turned into industry at $8 a day.

It was the same pathetic story. Those who went to the front gave up everything. Those who stayed at home profited, in addition to being sheltered.

The government's failure to grasp the first principle of war as applied to national effort also deranged economics. It vastly increased the cost of the war to everybody, and, at the same time, it involved that invidious discrimination against the fighting man from which he still suffers.

What we owe to the fighters doesn't reach them. Others have had the first call.

The Blaine and Grant of 1920

In a flight of high imagination *The Sun's* Washington correspondent sees William G. McAdoo and A. Mitchell Palmer playing in the next Democratic National Convention the spectacular rôles played in the Republican National Convention of 1880 by Ulysses S. Grant and James G. Blaine. They are to be the two towering rivals for the Presidential nomination, whose evenly balanced cohorts are to hold the convention in deadlock for more than a week. Also, if history repeats itself, they are both to lose the prize, which will go to a "dark horse," like Garfield, who in 1880 publicly disclaimed being a candidate.

The parallel is interesting, but fanciful. The Republican convention of 1880 marked the clumination of the long struggle for control of the party between the so-called "stalwart" and "half-breed" factions—the reactionaries, led by Conkling, Cameron and the minor "bosses," on the one hand, and the progressives, led by Blaine, on the other. It was a contest which stirred Republicans everywhere, and which created a broad cleavage between opposing ideas and groups. A real political drama was staged at Chicago in 1880.

But what genuine political emotions could be aroused by a duel in the next Democratic National Convention between Mr. Palmer and Mr. McAdoo? They have both been members of the Wilson Cabinet. Both are tarred with the blunders and failures of Wilsonism. What is there to choose between them? Both live dimly in a reflected greatness. Each comes from a strongly Republican Eastern state.

A Democratic National Convention this year which would be the arena for a real combat between rival elements in the Democratic organization would be worth going many miles to see. The Democratic party is not yet moribund. But out of self-protection it must reorganize now, as it reorganized at the end of Cleveland's second term. To have any hope of success it must cut away definitely from the Wilson tradition.

McAdoo and Palmer are hardly the protagonists to lead in such a break-away. Against either or both of them some anti-Administration aspirant must appear in order to give historic consequence to the next party gathering. Whoever may now be the most active aspirants for the Democratic nomination, the real leaders in the convention—not necessarily rivals—promise to be Champ Clark and William J. Bryan.

The No-Compromisers

Says a confused correspondent of The Tribune:

"Your editorial in to-day's issue headed 'Progressing' asserts, very justly, that 'the way to get the treaty ratified is honestly to place blame and to accord credit. Should the Senate arrogantly declare it has no compromise or concession of any kind in mind, what would the Chamber of Commerce do? It would roundly berate the Senate.' Just so. And now let us turn to the statement of Senator Lodge, as quoted on the first page of the same issue (the italics are mine):

"'The Democrats are not offering any compromise,' Senator Lodge continued. 'They have not offered any specific proposition since talk of a compromise began. They are rapidly coming to the position where they will accept the reservations they rejected. *And there will be no change made in them. They will accept the reservations substantially as they are, or there will be no compromise.*'

"His idea of a 'compromise,' then, is that the other side shall accept his position *in toto*. If this is not an arrogant declaration that the Senate majority 'has no compromise or concession of any kind in mind,' just how arbitrary and discourteous must Mr. Lodge be before you will admit his arrogance and his full share of blameworthiness for the disgrace brought upon the country?

"Such argumentation as you are now making in the face of the facts does not carry conviction. It only shakes the confidence and cools the affection of those who formerly looked to the editorial page of The Tribune, confidently and affectionately, for an Americanism that was higher than partisanship and a vision of the national honor limited by no factional blinders. CHARLES B. GOING.

"New York, Dec. 24, 1919."

It is a common weakness of men to see others wearing blinders when wearing such themselves. The remark of The Tribune to which there is objection implied that the Senate has not arrogantly declared it had no compromise or concession of any kind in mind. The statement happens to be true. It argues looseness of thinking to assume, as our correspondent does, that Senator Lodge is the Senate. To establish an offense by him establishes nothing against the Senate. He is simply one among ninety-six. His reservations, which are a composite of many views, rather than an expression of his own, have not yet been voted for by a majority of the Senate. So the Senate as a body has not been arrogant, for it has not acted.

As the Senate is disunitary, the Presidency is unitary. The difference is vital. A President, if he wishes to compromise, encounters no impediment, while the Senate, from its very nature, is divisional. Individually a large number of Senators, seemingly a majority, and perhaps two-thirds of the membership, have plainly indicated their desire to consider candidly any offer submitted. The President and the group of fifteen Senators called the "irreconcilables" are the only ones who have declared they have no concession of any kind in mind. Any one honestly interested in assessing blame for the deadlock should note the similarity between the attitudes of the President and Senator Borah's "battalion of death."

Nor is our correspondent just in his references to Senator Lodge. The Senator may not always be as sweetly tolerant as he might be, but the very utterance our correspondent quotes refutes the charge brought against him. He does not say the reservations must be accepted without change, but merely "substantially." This differs much from the President's no compromise or concession of any kind. Moreover, to make the cases parallel it would be necessary for the President to submit an offer, as the Lodge Senators have done, *and for the same to be flatly rejected*. No one has a right to assume a rejection which has not occurred. Senator Lodge has obviously sought for weeks to pry some sort of concrete proposition out of the White House. He may well think, as a matter of tactics, the best way to get it is not to relax pressure. Moreover, the very fact that he should labor to get an offer argues an intention to consider it if made, and suggests that the stiffness of his words is not to be taken too literally.

The President's course has been unreasonable and dictatorial throughout. He has sought, against the Constitution, to debar the Senate from its part in treaty-making. The instrument which he demands shall be accepted without change is plainly written to give the President exclusive management of foreign affairs. Properly the Senate will not surrender its prerogatives, and naturally in the struggle against one-manism the league of peace idea has occasionally been in the line of fire.

The Tribune has favored a league of peace. It has also favored preserving to the people of the United States, as the Constitution prescribes, control over foreign relations. The two principles are altogether compatible. The holdup of the treaty is due not to the President's solicitude for a league of peace, but to his determination to rule alone. When he is willing to surrender with respect to the latter point the treaty will be ratified, and the way to assist in getting it ratified is to refuse to support him in his efforts to gain practically unlimited power.

Our correspondent does not yet see what the struggle is over, but some day he will, and when he does he will not attribute partisanship or narrowness to those who successfully resisted action that would mark a long step toward Mexicanizing our institutions.

On the Edge of Sahara

A few more such "dry" celebrations, and those who specialize in wetness would have need of no more New Years. It never rains but it pours might serve for the motto of the night. Or, if that metaphor is extravagant and unsuitable for a people standing on the desert's edge, the facts of the occasion can be expressed by saying that the night was generally hot and dry and dusty, but that the oases never were so moist.

The package system seems to have been responsible for this flavor of the celebration. You either had your package or you did not. If you did not there was no hope—that touching picture of hotel proprietors crowding forward eagerly with arms full of bottles to save their parched patrons from cracking proved to be true only in the headline sense. On the other hand, if you did bring a package, there was no half-way measure conceivable. If every member of the party brought a package there was still no middle ground. You could not take home half-sipped nectar. Or at any rate you did not. You stayed and drank it up, with results memorable in the history of even New York's New Year's Eves.

That was, however, only on the oases. The private dining-rooms, the private homes, had nine-tenths of the packages. For the rest of the world, for the streets, for the general atmosphere of the scene, it was a new and strangely quiet occasion. The coming drought sent its hot breath upon the night, and New York had a very clear forerunner of what effect prohibition will have upon our historic occasions of carnival and cutting-up.

Was it likable, shall we approve and applaud real dryness when it completes its reformation of our wild doings? Too soon to tell, would be the prevailing view, we think. There are sloppy, dull excesses that never will be missed. Carnival is not a word properly applicable to everything done in its name in New York. So there will be some gain, surely. As for the losses, let other New Years tell.

Dr. Osler's Son

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Tribune is so rarely at fault in any statement that I believe it cannot fail to appreciate the correction of a mistake made in to-day's notice on the life of the late Sir William Osler. Sir William, who did so much for humanity, for the United States and Great Britain, had a son, Revere, who was killed at the front, early in the summer of 1917.

I know this to be a fact, as I count Sir William and Lady Osler among my personal friends.

Revere Osler was a great-grand-nephew of Paul Revere.

MARY MITCHELL FINDLEY.

New York, Dec. 31, 1919.

Picking the Winner

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your correspondent Alden W. Welch, in trotting out Admiral Sims for President of the United States, says, in passing, that General Wood "hasn't a chance." It would make "mighty interestin' readin'" for Mr. Welch to give some faith that is in him regarding General Wood's chances, for he is by far the leading Republican candidate, and despite the efforts of our Mr. Penrose, your Mr. Barnes, Pussyfooted Crane and the Crockers he will, to use a sporting phrase, "just breeze in."

RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 31, 1919.

What Europe Wants

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Every indication from the outset of negotiations in Paris has pointed toward one policy on the part of the Allies. They desire a strong European league of nations and an entente with the United States. Isn't that what we want, too? Why on earth, then, don't we get together and give the world peace?

JULIA T. WATERMAN.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1919.

Alchemy of the Stockyards

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal)

A scientist says that by detaching certain atoms from lead you can produce gold, but the Chicago method is to detach a lead pipe and flatten it upon the head of a prosperous looking citizen, repeating the operation till the right citizen is struck.

The Conning Tower

Solemn Thoughts on the Occasion of the New Year

Soft, soft the curtain falls o'er joy and strife—
The drama of another year is ended;
A moment's hush hangs o'er the House of Life,
A hush of peace and meditation blended.

And now while calm, sweet melancholy fills
My soul, the curtain lifts, new scenes revealing—
A rosy dawn peeps from the distant hills
O'er trackless fields, untrodden, rich, appealing.

A virgin scene, an empty stage—I wait
In pensive mood, enrapt in awe and breathless,
For new ensembles from the hand of Fate,
For trivial tricks and deeds heroic, deathless.

I fondly muse what I myself shall do
In this new drama now to be presented;
For I, like all, must enter at my cue,
Speak, move, and exit, hissed or complimented.

Shall I be cast for fortune's favored pet,
Enjoying wealth with all its power and glory?
Shall I do aught the world would ne'er forget,
Some act to crown me in immortal story?

Or shall, perhaps, my better vision fail
And I be led to heinous crimes appalling,
With grim remorse thereafter, mayhap fail,
And untold tears for my remissness falling?

Perhaps through unsailed seas my path shall lie,
Where rich rewards of golden truth shall call me:
The polar or the equatorial sky
May see the strange adventures that befall me.

Amid obscure, sequestered rustic lanes,
Perchance, with Nature I shall hold communion,
Or, called to seize the governmental reins,
Avert a crisis and preserve the Union.

Not e'en the gods know what my lot may be,
So queerly Fate assigns, so blindly, wildly;
But if such stuff as this should fall to me,
I think I'll be—surprised, to put it mildly.

TAPENTRY.

Study of "The Merchant of Venice," because of its reference to the Jew, is to be discontinued in Newark; and now some Scotchmen want "Macbeth" banned. The A. F. of L.'s protest against "Love's Labor's Lost" is yet to be filed.

It is assumed that Shakespeare is studied in the schools to give students a taste for reading, but the opposite effect generally is achieved. Compulsory Shakespeare gives a student about as much love for literature as compulsory chapel gives them reverence for religion.

TO CELEBRATE LUCINDA

This old spread of white-and-blue
In its every thread is true;
Time nor tub had power to fade it,
Bright of hue as when she made it
And into its fabric wove
Her charming name—Lucinda Love.

Samplers all too often bear
Mottoes of a priggish air;
Rather stalking-horses they,
For a maiden's vain display.
Their prim graces cannot move
Me like this name—Lucinda Love.

Take my choicest Windsor chair—
I'll find one just as good, somewhere;
Claim my Terry mantel clock—
I'll duplicate its tick-a-tock:
No other spread, the earth above,
Was ever signed "Lucinda Love."

Use and beauty here combine;
Weight and color, warmth and line.
In her did skill and taste unite
Who wrought this web of blue-and-white;
Long dead, whom I know little of
Save her sweet name—Lucinda Love.

G. S. B.

Until Prof. Broun includes O. Herford's "This Giddy Globe" in his list of Must books, we shall continue to think of him as a fallible critic. The book is dedicated to Woodrow Wilson. "With all his faults," says the author, "he quotes me still."

To Hilda, Who's Going to That There Dinner

I don't care if your eyes are brown or blue;
I don't care if your hair's a golden hue;
I don't care if your skin is smooth and svelte;
I don't care if your folks have lots of geld;
I don't care if your cheeks are like the rose;
I don't care if you have a Grecian nose;
I don't care if you drive a motor car;
I don't care if you golf around in par.
There's only one thing that I really ask—
"ON WHICH HIP, HILDA, WILL YOU HAVE THAT FLASK?"

ELEGY.

Among the recipients of the Ford bonuses are many broad-minded men who are willing to forget that Mr. Henry Ford didn't know who Benedict Arnold was.

When the census man asks "your trade, profession, or usual occupation," some are going to answer correctly, but add that their usual occupation is contribbing.

Next Time Try a Bookstore

Sir: It might interest you to know how you are losing royalties. Last week I thought I would purchase a book of your verse for a Christmas present. First, I tried Saks & Co. and found nothing. The girl at the Poetry counter had never heard of you. At Gimbels' I fared a little better; they had one copy of "In Other Words," but it was too soiled to give away. Then I jammed my way into R. H. Macy & Co.'s. The girl at the book counter said she remembered having a call for some of "Adams' stuff," but after we had both looked for twenty minutes without success I gave up, and took home a copy of "Songs to a Little House."

Next time I will call up your office first and save myself a hunt. CLINT.

Oh, cheer up! Perhaps 1921 will start more happily.

Still, the worshiped New York Commercial says: "Our own Major Andre regretted that he had but one life to give for his country."

Probably there is a duller, less inspirational place than a newspaper office on New Year's Day.

If there is, we'd hate to be there.

F. P. A.

WHY, WILLIM! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

JUST DROPPED IN TO HELP OUT AROUND THE KITCHEN

Books

By Heywood Broun

One of the secrets of the amazing success of the Catholic army chaplains in France was the breadth of the sympathy of these men. No one was outside the pale of their interest and attention. We find, for instance, in "Father Duffy's Story" (Doran) an entire paragraph devoted to a dramatic critic.

"In this sector," writes Father Duffy in describing one of the most hotly contested points in the line, "we had a visit from Sergeant Alexander Woollcott, who is well known in New York as a dramatic critic, and who has been assigned by G. H. Q. to the duty of reporter for 'The Stars and Stripes.' He is always on hand when there is trouble, and the field of war becomes a pleasant place for me whenever he is there. We have swapped stories and discussed men and books in the weirdest places. He is communicative rather than inquisitive, and one never thinks of him as a reporter, but he gets all the information he wants and all the more effectively because there is no appearance of seeking it."

Sergeant Woollcott is himself the author of a book called "The Command Is Forward," and, although we cannot remember at the present moment, we suppose that, as the custom goes, there is a friendly paragraph some place or other in his book for Father Duffy.

Books which amuse are welcome, but we like better those volumes from which one may derive instruction. Such a book which has just come to hand is called "The A B C of Etiquette," published by G. F. Harnden, of Brighton, England. In it are such useful hints as "The menu card should be glanced at: not critically examined," and "Second helpings of soup and fish are usually declined." Of course, the latter is a little indefinite. For our part we should prefer to know under what circumstances they may be accepted.

However, in spite of its wealth of detail about social custom, the book indicates that there are moments when the most unconventional conduct is permissible. Thus we find, "Gentlemen talk to one another without introduction after the ladies have left the dinner table."

Recently we expressed the opinion that of all the characters in modern fiction we thought Lena Lingard, of Willa Sibert Cather's "My Antonia," would be the most stimulating person to take to the theater, because, according to the hero of the book, "I used to watch a play with Lena. Everything was wonderful to her, and everything was true. It was like going to a revival meeting with some one who was always being converted."

Houghton Mifflin, the publishers of "My Antonia," have looked into the matter more closely and offer some other observations on the theatrical conduct of Miss Lingard which do not seem so enticing.

"When the young man of the story took Lena to the theater," writes the publishers, "he left her, after the second act, 'in tearful contemplation of the ceiling,' and went out into the lobby to smoke. Through the next scene Lena 'wept unceasingly.' When the play closed his breast pocket handkerchief, 'worn for elegance' and not at all for use, 'was wet through.' Must it be concluded that you are most easily captured by the liquid type of lady?"

No, we are willing to retract. Lena would not do for a theatrical steady. We should hardly dare to take her to see Jane Cowl.

In fact, on second thought, we would rather take Little Eva. She, of course, would have to be home early, and one could get away at the end of the second act.

"Please make a New Year's resolution," writes Manuelo, "that you will not apologize so much in your column during 1920. It spoils the effect of your writing."

We don't know that we can do that, for we are always fearful of being caught on top of a dogma. The book which we think very good indeed may not be half as fine as it seems to us. We can't resist the temptation of saying in the first flight of enthusiasm, "Anybody who doesn't like 'Miss Roe,' by Jane Doe, has wasted his time in learning his letters." Two weeks after we are in a perfect panic for fear that we have unjustly hurt the feelings of some worthy reader, and so we feel constrained to add that maybe we have overestimated "Miss Roe" and that people who don't like it need not despair.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we are still of the opinion that Willa Sibert Cather's "My Antonia" is among the best of recent American novels and that it deserves the attention of every discriminating reader.

Oliver Herford, in his new style book of geography called "The Giddy Globe," speculates on what might have happened if "concealed in the cargo of Hypothetic Nebulæ destined for the construction of the Terrestrial Globe was a Protoplasmic Stowaway that sprang to being in the shape of a Critic, just as the work of Creation was finished."

"We may be sure," continues Mr. Herford, "that he would have found many things not to his liking; technical defects, such as the treatment of grass and foliage in green instead of the proper purple; the tinting of the sky, which any landscape painter will tell you would be more decorative done in turquoise green than cobalt blue.

"Like the foolish Butterfly in the Talmud, who (to impress Mrs. Butterfly) stamped his tiny foot upon the dome of King Solomon's Temple, our Critic might have declared the World 'too flimsy in construction.' He would certainly have found fault with the Solar System and the Plumbing—the absence of heat in winter, when there is the greater need of it, and the paucity of moisture in the desert places where it never rains.

"The comicality of the Ape family might have provoked a reluctant smile, but much more likely a lecture on the impropriety of descending to caricature in a serious work.

"At best our Critic would have pronounced the freshly made World the work of a beginner, conceding, perhaps, that he 'showed promise' and 'might go far,' and if he wished to be very impressive indeed, he would pretend that he had penetrated the veil of Anonymity and hint darkly that he detected evident traces of a Feminine Touch!"

Piling It On

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer)

The statement that "consumers set the prices" is the last word in outrage—the last insult piled on injury. We might as well accept all blame and say nothing. We'll get it anyway.

The Question of Whom

When Will Grammarians Catch Up With Language?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The simplicity of our relatives is due to the fact that they, with one exception, have no gender, person, number or case, and thus are seldom misused. Who alone, having a nominative, possessive and objective case, retains some of the much bewailed lost inflections, but how long will these be retained? In the past confusion has invariably led to the adoption of the simpler forms, and who shall say that whom may not go by the board in time?

There is nothing new in claiming that a violation of the canons of the language is poor English. That is the common practice of grammarians. I echo Mr. Ferguson's hope that some day perhaps the grammarians will catch up with the language and give up their longing to recast it and run it into what the late Dr. Fernald called "traditional molds from which it should come forth with cogs and cams and dovetails to be interlocked with mathematical precision." This eminent grammarian, who long ago recognized the loose way in which who and whom were used, said: "There is just one of the relative or interrogative pronouns that has a semblance of declension, and we are at our wits' end how to handle it. We are appalled at a word that riots in the luxury of a nominative, possessive and objective case—who, whose, whom. . . . It must be admitted that a somewhat advanced knowledge of English grammar is required for the correct use of who and whom in certain special constructions."

To me English grammar is merely a systematized statement of facts based upon approved English usage. These facts establish the controlling principle, and the language reserves to itself the right to sacrifice the niceties of syntax for euphony and strength. We need correct English, of course; but not that correctness which is so deadly that it takes a vigorous blunder to relieve the dullness. In using the language, one should bear in mind that the correctness of a form or of a construction is not impaired by the fact that nothing analogous to it exists in the language, any more than that the correctness of a word is to be challenged because there is no other in the language that resembles it in sound or spelling. All the rules of grammar and rhetoric should be based on good usage, for that is the only standard by which the correct use of words is to be judged.

We have learned from the past that the changes in our language are a part of its life, and from the present we may learn that the error of to-day may become the established idiom of to-morrow. Once again I hear the old rule: "Never end a sentence with a preposition," and the absurdity of it strikes me forcibly when I recall the noble words that Lowell applied to his native land and to President Garfield—"The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for, and good to be buried in."

In his "Expressive English," Dr. Fernald tells us that Father Taylor, of the Seaman's Bethel, of Boston, while addressing an audience, became involved in a sentence which he could not complete. He paused a moment, then exclaimed: "Brethren, I've lost the track of the nominative case, but one thing I know—I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven!"

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