Was Gen. Lawton's Right Hand Man

General Lawton's right hand man is to command the newly created army Department of the Northeast. Brig. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards has been put in charge of Uncle Sam's military business in the New England states. Those familiar with army affairs say the appointment is a good one.

It was Edwards who built up the Bureau of insular affairs. He made it one of the most efficient branches of the government and he handled millions of dollars for the government's island possessions. There never was a hint of graft or bad management in connection with the bureau, either. Three Presidents—McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft—learned to regard the bureau as their department of colonial administration and to depend upon its judgment and information for guidance. To General Edwards is given a great deal of the credit for the success of the American rule in the Philippines. And one reason for his capability in this respect is that he knew the Philippines.

Gen. Henry W. Lawton chose General Edwards as his chief of staff early in 1899. Lawton saw in Edwards an extraordinary amount of ability and ordinary good sense and the old Indian fighter set about to train the younger man and to use him in dangerous and responsible work. Edwards was under fire in the Philippines no less than 112 times, and four times he was mentioned in General Lawton's dispatches for conspicuous acts of gallantry. The American victory at the battle of Zapote River, the greatest battle of the Philippine War, was largely due to Edwards' capable handling of the American right wing.

His experience in the Philippines won for him the appointment as organizer of the bureau of insular affairs in 1902. He was at the head of the bureau ten years and displayed such unusual business ability that on one occasion he was offered $30,000 to leave the army and take up work for a large industrial concern. He refused, though his pay as an army officer was less than one-fifth of that sum.

The man's remarkable executive capacity may be a heritage, for his father built up a great mercantile business from a little country store. And Edwards' father wanted the son to follow him in the mercantile business. He offered to take the youth in as a partner, but Edwards would have none of it. He was not going to spend his life poring over dull accounts and checking up sales and disbursements, the told his parent. But the joke is on the general, after all, for the biggest share of his military career—the most important at least—has been devoted to work of a business character. He had accounts galore to handle in the bureau of insular affairs. He was a buyer on a large scale and he had more checking up of sales and expenditures than he ever would have encountered in his father's store.

The general is one of the best liked men in the army. It is said of him that no man in the army can handle a mule team more efficaciously or conduct himself more properly in a ballroom than Edwards. And there is a wide latitude between these two achievements. Edwards has personality. It manifests itself in his every act and word. He has initiative and energy, too, and has a reputation for being able to get an immense amount of work out of those under his command. It is said that his formula for accomplishing this feat is to work harder than any of his subordinates.

ROUND UP WILD HOGS IN OREGON MOUNTAINS.

By International News Service.

Bandon, Ore., April 16.—The high price of pork has caused a general roundup of wild hogs in this vicinity, and the remotest recesses of the mountains are being scoured for the porkers. One drove was brought in through three feet of snow. The wild hogs of this vicinity live principally on acorns. They are branded and rounded up like cattle on the range when ready to ship to market.

COST $5 TO SPEAK ILL OF ROOSEVELT.

By International News Service.

Grants Pass, Ore., April 16.—It cost Maynard Martindale $5 in the Police Court here to use contumelious language in referring to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay. In an argument with W. L. Maple, Martindale declared the ex-President is a "mock Progressive," and that a certain Asiatic nation had figuratively made "Teddy climb a tree" while he was President. Martindale also was accused of bestowing the appellation of "big tooth" on the former Rough Rider.

UNUSUAL INTRODUCTION

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Dick lived on Staten Island and worked in lower Manhattan. At night he walked down to the Battery, unless it was stormy, and took a ferry across the lower bay. And while others homeward bound might hunt the seclusion that the cabin granted, Dick used to turn up his coat collar and take a constitutional trot around the deck. It was generally so cool and brisk that he had little company until the girl appeared as a regular trotter, too.

She was about twenty, he judged, and wore a heavy, mannish-looking coat, with a turned-up storm collar, too, and a rakish dark blue "tam" pulled close over her fair curly hair. Never once did she appear to notice Dick, although they passed and repassed each other night after night on the half-hour trip.

"And how am I to get acquainted with her?" he asked Bernie. "I can't speak to her offhand, and I can't flirt with her. She isn't that kind, Bernie. She's a thoroughbred. I wish she'd trip and tumble so I could hold her up, or something like that."

"Where does she go at the end?" asked Bernie. "Maybe it would be easy to trail her there."

Dick favored him with a smile of full appreciation. This hadn't occurred to him.

"I'll get out at seven tomorrow, and watch the trains," he said. "Tell the old man I wasn't well when I left today. I may not get in till noon."

He haunted the train terminus until 8:15 the following morning. It was clear and frosty, and in his buttonhole Dick had tucked a last lone pink aster from the home garden over at St. George. Then he saw her coming. By daylight she looked even younger, and her hair was surely the curliest blond hair he had ever seen. He hid behind a newspaper until the ferry swung into the slip, and then followed her aboard. She did not pace the deck now, but read a book all the way up. He could not even tell whether she had noticed him at all. At the New York end she took a subway express uptown, and Dick was on the same car.

It happened at about Thirty-fourth street just before the express swung up toward the new tunnel cut. There came a heavy jolt and grinding of brakes, then darkness. And all at once he felt someone jostle him, and a tug at his pocket. Just as the lights went up, the man behind him had seized him by the shoulder, but Dick already had a grip on the wrist that was half out of his pocket.

"No, you don't," he said curtly. "Not this time."

They were working in pairs, he knew at once. The pal of the one he had hold of was calling for the guard and accusing Dick of being the thief. But Dick knew the game thoroughly. Not once in the tussling did he let go his grip, and when the train pulled into the Grand Central station he was smiling as the guard hurried them all off on to the platform and someone blew a police whistle. At the first sound the man who had accused him fled, but was hustled back before he reached the first stairs. And all at once Dick, standing nonchalantly with a neat knuckle grip on his prisoner's wrist, saw the girl near him in the crowd, her eyes wide and friendly.

And just how it all happened Dick never could quite tell, but when the police came it was she who vouched for him. She gave her name as witness, too, and Dick stood a trifle more erect as he heard she was a librarian. His own business references sufficed, and presently the crowd had melted and they stood together on the platform with the ice broken at last.

"It was dandy of you to say all that," he burst out, boyishly. "And you didn't even know my name."

"Yes I did, too. I saw it one day on your suitcase—Richard Conley."

"I don't know yours."

"It's Mollie," she smiled up at him shyly. "Mollie Newcomb. It's a funny sort of introduction, isn't it? But we've seen each other every day for months, and I don't think it was wrong to say I know you, do you?"

"I think it was great," said Dick fervently. "Did—did you know I came up on purpose to see where you worked? I've wondered how on earth I was ever going to get acquainted with you, both of us doing that daily marathon around the deck and never daring to speak."

"It's getting late," said Mollie, irrelevantly. "I have to be at the library by ten. Remember, we have to be in court in the morning. I've never been before, but I don't mind if you're there too. I think you were awfully brave to hold on to that man's hand after he'd tried to pick your pocket. You didn't know what he might do."

"No, and he didn't know what I might do, either," said Dick, grimly.

The next morning he met her in the anteroom of the court. The case was the first called and was soon disposed of. Both men were already well-known to the police. It was only one more instance against them. Dick looked after them as they were led away, remanded for sentence.

"I am sorry for anyone who hasn't sense enough to get a bully good time out of living," he said. "And I felt like shaking hands with those two. Know why? Because they introduced us."

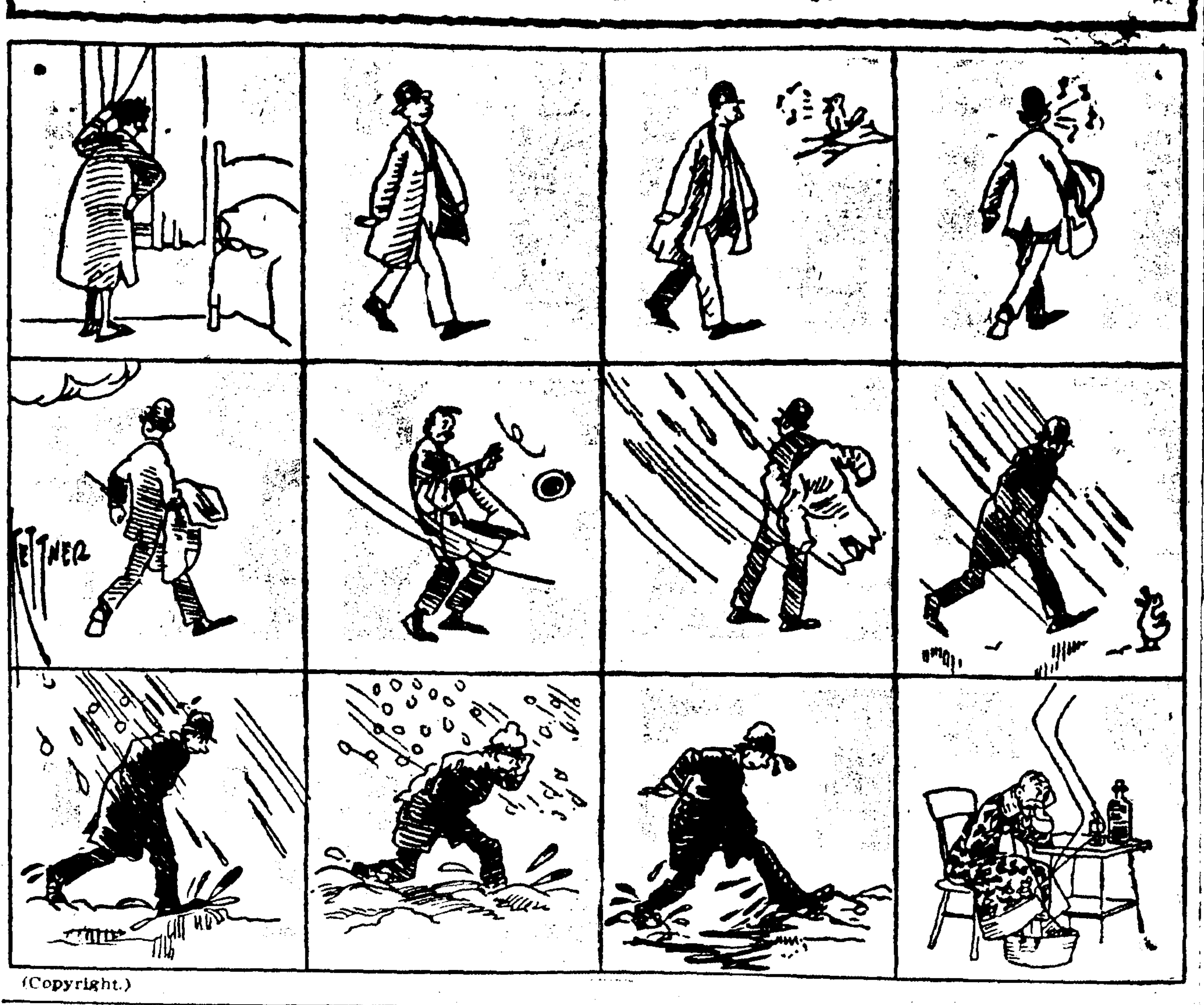
His Reward.

The cheerful liar has friends that are lost to the man who always insists on telling the painful truth.—Atchison Globe.

Impotent Life.

The only utterly impotent life is the loose life, the life that has no center, no rest, no point of obligation, no link of enslavement.

THE END OF AN APRIL DAY



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OFFICIAL WASHINGTON HAS MET THE EXIGENCIES OF WAR CALMLY

By Kenneth MacDougall, International News Staff Correspondent.

Washington, April 16.—Evidently realizing that war is a matter of efficient administration and careful preparation, the capital has settled down for the campaign with a spirit of tranquilit ythat is nothing short of remarkable.

When I alighted from the train after a hurried trip from New York I expected to find Washington seething with excitement. Excitement, however, is about the last thing one will find in the capital today.

Evidently the thrill of the President's declaration of war has passed. The general public goes about its daily occupation as if war were quite the usual thing. Comparatively few soldiers are seen on the streets, and with the exception of the policemen on guard at the White House gates, before which two solitary suffrage pickets still keep their weary vigil, there is little to indicate that we have plunged into the seething rapids of international conflict.

After being properly identified I secured a pass which enabled me to enter the huge building which houses the departments of Army, Navy and State.

Once inside I was again impressed with the calm manner in which official Washington had settled down to work. There was no confusion. No display of uniform, just the clicking of hundreds of typewriters and the tingle of numerous telephones.

I made a visit to Lieutenant-Commander Belknap, official censor of the Navy Department. He gave the correspondents cheery greeting, but indicated that the Navy Department had nothing startling to give out.

We had hardly left the room, however, when the censor caught us in the hall. In his hand was a small slip of paper and his eyes were gleaming with suppressed excitement.

"Here is something that may interest you," he remarked, dryly. "A report to the Navy Department from Guam states that when called on to surrender the commanding officer of the German auxilary cruiser Cormorant ordered the ship destroyed. The vessel was blown up and sank almost immediately."

Before he had finished there was a mad rush for the telephones. The first resistance to American naval forces had been made, the war was becoming more than a formal declaration—here was action.

Pressed for further details the censor indicated that none were available, but promised to furnish the full particulars when they were received.

The excitement caused by the censor's announcement soon subsided and I continued my wanderings.

Secretary of War Baker was attending a meeting of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, Secretary of the Navy Daniels could not be reached until later, so I dropped in on Admiral Leigh Palmer, chief of the Bureau of Navigation.

I found Admiral Palmer a considerably younger man than one would expect in such an important position. I asked him if he was satisfied with the number of recruits that were being enlisted daily, and by chance struck him in a vulnerable spot, for his face lit up with a smile.

"Do you want to do something for the navy?" he asked, motioning me to a seat. I assured him that I most certainly did.

"Then give the facts to the public and help us get enough men without a draft."

Pointing to a large map hanging on the wall he drew my attention to the little paper tabs which marked the different recruiting districts throughout the country.

"Here, as you see, are numerous recruiting stations," he continued, locating the paper marks with a long wooden pointer.

"These recruiting stations are all operated by the enlisted men of the navy. It is the enlisted men who bring in the great bulk of desired recruits. Of course each station has an officer who passes on the candidate and turns him over to the examining physician, but the real work is done by the sailors.

"Before war was declared we were getting on an average of 150 accepted recruits a day. On the day the President signed the proclamation we jumped to 768, and I expect to pass that figure in the near future."

Curious to find out what his attitude was toward dropping the bar to permit a lower standard of enlistments, I inquired on this subject.

"Most certainly not," he exclaimed, with some heat. "We have not let down the bars and have no intention of doing so. In the first place it would be detrimental to the spirit of the navy, and in the second it would be unfair to the men who have helped make the navy what it is.

"We now have in our navy a higher type of seaman than can be found in any other navy in the world. Mentally, morally and physically our sailors are wonderful. They appreciate this fact and try to bring in only men who conform to their standards.

"Do you realize what the navy offers to the young men of the country? Take a boy who enlists at eighteen and retires after twenty years' service. He draws from sixty to seventy dollars a month for the rest of his life. In other words, he retires at thirty-eight with a good income. Now that is figuring he only gets to be a chief petty officer. If he gets to be a warrant officer he has a mighty good income. Some men have risen from the ranks to be lieutenant-commanders. They are, too, among our best.

"No sir, we are not going to let down the bars to fill up our ranks. We don't have to and have no intention of doing so.

"There has been a great deal said about the gulf that separates the enlisted man from the officer. Now, while that is so from a standpoint of discipline and necessary from that standpoint, it is not the sort of gulf that most people think it.

"If you could climb in one of the turrets during target practice and see the officer in charge of the turret in working clothes, figuring out problems and conferring with his men, you would not think that gulf was such a horrible thing.

"Everybody works together in a turret. Some of those gunners have made a scientific study of gun-pointing, and they know their guns as you know your books. Their advice is valuable advice, and an officer realizes this for all its full worth.

"Of course there must be discipline or the whole organization of the navy would topple like a house of cards. We haven't the ironclad rules which the German and British navies are subjected to, but we must have discipline, and we have it. The men themselves wouldn't want it any other way. They realize that there must be a head to everything. The bond of sympathetic understanding between the officers and men of the United States navy is one that will last as long as we have a navy.

"The youth of the country and the men who really want to fight realize that the navy is the first line of defense. They know that we will be into it before the army gets a chance. If it takes six months or a year to get a large enough army in shape the brunt of the work will fall on the navy, and for this reason the navy is going to have plenty of men when it needs them.

"All through the country the Navy League is doing great work. The members have each pledged themselves to deliver one recruit apiece. Think what that means!

"Women in every part of the nation are doing their best to stimulate interest in recruiting, and they are doing well.

"In Knoxville, Tenn., the Board of Trade for many years past has sent a fully equipped train around the neighboring States to stimulate an interest in the possibilities of the South. They decided that because of the war they could turn their shoulder to something of benefit for the nation, instead of their own locality.

"They came to us with a proposition. They had the train and the district was one which could hardly be scraped by the usual recruiting methods. If we wanted the train to send around a navy exhibit they would take charge of it for us. We accepted, and a complete recruiting station on wheels went out from Knoxville.

"This is but one of the ways in which the civilians can help us, and if a few more patriotic citizens do their part we will soon have all the men necessary.

"Remember, we want only the finest type of young men. Well, I have a lot of work to do, so you'll have to excuse me," and, with a hearty handshake, the Admiral ushered me to the door.

This is just a fair example of the quiet, matter-of-fact atmosphere that prevails at the capital. Every one in the various departments is moving along on a schedule thought out long in advance. The emergency has come—they will meet it.

CIVIL SERVIC EREFORM

Yesterday under the auspices of Mrs. George P. Thompson, there was a symposium on Civil Service Reform at the Sophie B. Wright High School, which was attended by the pupils of that school and of the Normal school, and by a delegation from the General Federation of Woman's clubs now meeting in this city. Addresses were made by Mr. W. H. Beasley of the United States Civil Service Commission; Mr. J. J. Darrieux, of the New Orleans Civil Service Commission; Mr. W. O. Hart, of the National Civil Service Reform Association, and Mrs. Thompson.

A FORGOTTEN LETTER

By SUSAN E. CLAGGETT.

The morning was dismal. In that it was no different from the other mornings that had preceded it for six weeks; but day after day of dull weather had at last had its effect upon Patience Winthrop, and she was undeniably depressed. This was strange, because, as girl and woman, she had spent her life in a village that was more or less enveloped by fog. But today she hated the fog, the sea, everything pertaining to the place she had called home for thirty-odd years.

She had been watching night after night with an old friend who for long had promised herself, and her acquaintances, that her life would go out "when the sun crossed the line."

Mrs. Wainwright took to her bed twice a year about ten days before the first equinoxial storm, and there she would stay until the day following the twenty-first, when she would get up feeling as spry as sparrows. Her neighbors had heard her demands for so long they had no other thought than that she would be about as usual after her ten days' rest. And then the unusual happened. Her life went quietly out as Patience Winthrop watched with her alone.

This was two days before, and is only pertinent to the story in so far as it shows one of the causes of the depression that was pressing her down, like a great hand choking the breath out of her. The other was the finding of the letter.

In the gray dawn of the September morning as she was turning the leaves of the Bible lying upon Mrs. Wainwright's bedside table, she came upon it, her own name staring up at her from the yellowing envelope. Mrs. Wainwright saw it in her hand and gave a little gasp.

"I forgot it, Patience. When I remembered I did not see you and then I forgot it. John gave it to me long ago, but I forgot. He hadn't ought to have given it to me. He knew old people's mem'ry ain't good. But he did an' I jes' plain forgot it." She lay quiet for a little while, then asked the time. Patience told her.

"Four o'clock an' the tide's runnin' out an' it's most time for the sun to cross the line." Her breath came haltingly. "I'm—going—out—this—time—Patience, an'—I'm—sorry—'bout—the—letter—for—you've—been—real—good—to—me." She ended with a sigh. That was all.

All through that day and the next Patience had felt that life was not worth the living. She had not read the letter. For some reason she was afraid, but as she stood by the window peering out into the grayness of the fog and listening to the ceaseless rush of waters against the headland whereon stood her home, she held it tightly clasped within her hand.

It was ten years since she had heard John Wainwright's name.

She heard the bell booming its warning from the lighthouse across the harbor and faintly, afar off, the whistle of a siren. A steamer was in distress off the shoals.

The rubbing of her cat against her brought her back to the warmth of the tidy room as a knock sounded upon her door. It was late, too late for visitors, and she paused an instant before opening it. She heard a fumbling against the panel as if a hand was searching for the latch, and she reached the door as it fell open. A man staggered in, lurched forward and sprawled upon the floor.

He had fallen face downward and it took all of Patience's strength to turn the heavy figure and draw it toward the stove. Then she went systematically to work to restore consciousness.

It took long. Not until he opened his eyes and looked full into her face did she know him, and then all she said was, "Why, John!" But she dropped on the floor beside him, lifted the heavy head onto her lap and began crooning over him with unaccustomed words that sounded strange coming from lips that had never before used them.

He was ill for weeks, and in his delirium, he talked much about a letter. His insistent demand brought again to Patience's mind the one she had found in his mother's Bible, and she read it. It was short.

"Dear Patience," she read. "I ship tonight on the Prince George, which sails at daybreak. This is sudden, but the mate was took sick an' Cap Baker come after me. Write me a line to Kingston, Jamaica. Cap don't know when he'll be home, as he's trampin' it an' may go roun' the world. I love you, my girl, and want you to marry me when I get back. John."

For a time she struggled with herself, then said huskily:

"John, I have just read your letter, the one you left with your mother." She held it before him. "When you are well there will be time enough to talk this out between us. What I want to know now is, do you still mean what you put down there?" pointing to the letter.

"Mean it?" he whispered faintly. "I'm not the man to change," his voice trailed off.

Getting Experience.

"Is your boy Josh doing well?"

"Of course," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Josh has managed to be so patient with his last boss that I'm kind o' hopeful he'll be able to come back to the farm and get along with me."

[illegible] Difference.

"I hop[illegible] find your daughter much [illegible] since she went to college." "She's educated," replied the old-fashioned mother, "but I can't say she's improved."—Life.

Farmer the Last Line of Defense

Columbia, Mo., April 16.—In event of war the last and final defense of the United States will rest upon the American farmer and his ability to produce according to Deon F. B. Mumford of the College of Agriculture of the University of Missouri.

"This is a time of great responsibility and brings with it the greatest opportunity that has ever been presented to the farmers of this country," he said. "High prices are wise and patriotic if he exerts every energy towards maximum production.

"Maximum production will come by widely extending the acreage planted to food crops and by growing a maximum crop on every acre. Maximum crops may be aided by applying fertilizers, planting tested seed of known productiveness, cultivating with unusual thoroughness, putting more corn intended for live stock feeding in silos, thus increasing the feeding value of an acre of corn and planting all waste ground to some profitable crop for man or animal."

Dean Mumford says the methods to be followed in securing maximum production have been definitely worked out by the colleges of agriculture, and that the farmers of any State may get this information quickly and without cost by applying to the various State colleges of agriculture.

These institutions and all other agricultural forces are ready to cooperate with the farmers in meeting a food crisis.

The farmers of America will not wait to be called to the colors, in the opinion of Dean Mumford. They are already preparing the third and last invincible line of defense—the production of an inexhaustible supply of food that will be the deciding factor in the world-war.

Already the nations of the world which are engaged in the great struggle may be facing a world-wide famine, he said. Success or failure in the European war will depend upon the ultimate supply of food.

Chicago, April 16.—Mobilization of an army or farm workers, uniformed and drilled for efficiency, is under consideration by leaders in the movement for national preparedness.

The tractor plow, the cultivator and the hoe must have equal standing with the dreadnought and the army rifle if America is to take a share in European war, according to the views of E. W. Davenport, dean of the agricultural college of the University of Illinois, who to-day pointed out the danger of recruiting a great army at the expense of the nation's food producing forces.

"America's fields are capable of producing from 25 to 40 per cent greater crops if they are tilled by an increased number of workers," said Dean Davenport, "and the production can be increased as much again by the use of fertilizers. Both means should be employed.

"Every nation at war is in distress for food. America must see to it that it does not share in their misfortune. The nation must prepare definitely for more labor on the farms. Recruits, unfit for service at the front could be mobilized on the farms."

U. S. DAILY WEATHER REPORT

Monday, April 17, 1917.

Forecast till 7 p. m. Tuesday.

For New Orleans and vicinity: Showers, light southerly winds.

For Louisiana: Tuesday and Wednesday, showers.

LOCAL METEOROLOGICAL RECORD

Temperature Record

Yesterday's temperature record at New Orleans, as shown by the thermograph of the U. S. Weather Bureau, on the roof of the Postoffice building, was as follows:

Time	Temperature
7 a. m.	62
9 a. m.	70
11 a. m.	71
1 p. m.	75
3 p. m.	78
5 p. m.	75

Weather Record

The following is the weather data for April 16, 1917, at New Orleans:

	7 a.m.	2 p.m.	7 p.m.
Temperature	62	..	71
Rel. Humidity	97	..	90
Wind	SE.5	..	SE.9
Weather	Pt. Cloudy		Clear

RIVER FORECAST

The Mississippi River below Vicksburg, and the Atchafalaya will rise; on account of recent rains, crest stages are indicated as follows: Natchez, 49.2 to 49.7 feet, April 20th to 25th; Baton Rouge, 36.8 to 37.3 feet; Donaldsonville, 28.7 to 29.3; New Orleans 18.7 to 19.2 feet; April 25th to 30th; stage of 41.5 to 42.0 feet at Simmesport and 39.5 to 40.0 feet at Melville by April 25th; the Red River, below Shreveport, and the Ouachita will change very little during the next 48 hours.