BOSTON PREPARES TREMENDOUS WELCOME FOR PRESIDENT WILSON

Crowned With World's Highest Honors, He Arrives Here Tomorrow

President Woodrow Wilson lands in America tomorrow.

Into the State where the first shots for American liberty were fired he comes to receive the welcome of his own people.

Here he will give first utterance to the people of Boston of the new message he brings from the rim of war—a message of world freedom for all people everwhere, and what he hopes will be for all time.

To fittingly commemorate this great event the Sunday Post has asked Mr. Edward Cummings, of the World Peace Foundation, to write an appreciation of the President's efforts abroad as the foremost exemplar of the "Brotherhood of Man."

BY EDWARD CUMMINGS

There is no danger of overdoing Boston's welcome to President Wilson. Nothing that New England is capable of in the way of a demonstration can fail to seem trivial and constrained in comparison with the unparalleled demonstrations which have everywhere greeted his appearance in the old world.

There is no danger of spoiling him with excessive praise, for throughout the unprecedented ovations accorded him he has constantly made it clear that he distinguished sharply between himself and his high office.

And quite apart from considerations of modesty the antics of his critics at home have constantly served to remind him that Presidents, like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country.

President Woodrow Wilson, who comes to Boston to deliver his first message on the new world to be.

Even if Boston were Paris, and even if he were as popular at home as he is abroad, there would still be no danger of overdoing the celebration, for the simple reason that nothing can exaggerate the significance of this historic pilgrimage in our own national life and in the life of the world. For he is bringing back from Europe something more important than military victory or the spoils of war or the glory of diplomatic triumphs.

He is bringing back the one thing without which victory would be turned into defeat and the sacrifices of the war would be in vain. He is bringing back the one thing that can justify the sacrifices and repay the costs of the great war; the one thing this country professed to be fighting for—an international agreement to penalize war and insure justice and peace throughout the world.

He is bringing back the one thing which is essential to the prosperity and happiness of this nation and of other nations, the one thing upon which the salvation of the civilized world really depends. What more could anyone ask? What more has any public servant or commander-in-chief ever done? The trouble with us is that we do not half realize the importance of what is happening. The great majority of mankind do not know a big thing from a little one until they see it retrospectively through the telescope of history.

Comes With Vital Message

The fact is that the return voyage of the George Washington is one of the most dramatic events in human history. Not because the ship is bringing President Wilson home, but because President Wilson is bringing home the highest honors ever won by the representative of a great nation: the greatest war prize ever secured by any commander-in-chief; the greatest blessing any statesman was ever privileged to bestow upon the world; the greatest boon any philanthropist has ever conferred upon humanity; the most remarkable diplomatic achievement ever known—a unanimous recommendation by 11 nations speaking to and for a much larger group, providing a simple and feasible plan for bringing order out of international chaos and setting up the necessary machinery for running the world in decent and orderly fashion.

More even than that, he is bringing the elixir of life to a war-sick, dying world, and political quacks are trying to persuade the perishing people that he is offering them a deadly poison. He is bringing back the Holy Grail upon which the salvation of this nation and the world depends, and sacrilegious hands would dash the water of life from the parched lips of humanity.

What else could he have brought back that would satisfy the American people? Other nations were getting some tangible rewards. France was getting back her long lost provinces. Italy her Irridenta. Japan, England, all were getting something tangible and material except the United States. She asked no territory, no material advantages; she simply insisted on having what everybody professed to have been fighting for—adequate assurances of justice and peace: an inclusive, open, co-operative league of nations, to take the place of the old war-breeding alliances and unstable balances of power.

Brings Message of New Victory

Forget a few irrelevant things. Forget who the President is, if you like; he will not object. Forget whether or not your party elected him. Forget which of the rival political sects you happen to be born or reared in. Remember only that in the fulness of time it has been given to the American people to fight a new kind of war, win a new kind of victory, inaugurate a new era in human progress, and bring the world "good tidings of a great joy which shall be to all people."

Remember, also, that this achievement has not been the work of one man or of one nation. This proposed constitution for a league of nations represents the composite wisdom of the ablest and most experienced statesmen in the world. The President is not bringing his own personal report; it is the unanimous recommendation of many nations.

Whatever its imperfections, it is the wisest and best thing the human race has ever tried to do; and it is about the only thing so large a part of the human race has agreed to do together. It is the greatest moral, spiritual, political victory the world has ever won. Without it all other victories are barren, and sacrifices vain.

Let no one deceive you. The adoption of some such constitution as this is a matter of life and death for civilization. Let no one blind you by throwing the dust of remote and imaginary difficulties in your eyes. Our present business is to get this thing started. That is difficult enough; and the other difficulties can be worked out if we only start now and start in the right direction. We are at the parting of the ways. If we go wrong we are lost; for we shall be on the wrong track, and the further we go wrong the worse off we shall be.

Follows Teaching of Patriots

If anyone tells you that this is an un-American programme, tell him that, on the contrary, it represents the triumph of American ideas, principles, hopes, policies and aspirations. If anyone says it is contrary to the teachings of the Fathers of the Republic, remind him that American citizens have always taken a leading part in the constantly increasing efforts to establish the reign of law among the nations, and find judicial substitutes for suicidal war.

If anyone tells you that it means abandoning the Monroe Doctrine, tell him in the words of President Wilson that it means, on the contrary, that the humane and chivalrous principles of that doctrine shall be adopted by all the great nations of the world. If anybody says it means abandoning the guiding maxims of the past, tell him in like manner that henceforth all the great nations shall agree to avoid entangling alliances.

If anybody tells you it means limitation of national sovereignty tell him it does not mean limitation of any legitimate sovereignty, but a vast extension of national opportunity.

If anyone tells you that loyalty to this new constitution will undermine your national patriotism, tell him that this proposed family of nations is just as essential to the national welfare as the national family is to the States, and the State family to the municipal family, and the municipal family to the private family. There is no conflict of loyalties in this hierarchy of municipal, State, national and international families, patriotism, flags. On the contrary, each needs the other for its own fulfilment. Each calls for all the rest.

If anyone says this is the constitution of Utopia, tell him that you prefer Utopia to perdition. Let us assure the great free peoples with whom we have passed through the horror of war that we are profoundly thankful for the great victory for freedom which our united front has already won upon the field of battle, and that we are still more thankful for the assurance of a united front in winning the still greater victories of peace.

Time Will Perfect Plan

Let us assure them that no misguided selfishness or political sophistry can ever make the embattled nations forget that united they stand, divided they fall. For it is writ large across the face of universal history that no civilization can long endure which does not grow faster in constructive morality than it does in destructive power. Knowledge is power. Power for evil and power for good.

If the warring nations had had a little more knowledge and destructive power they might have blown one another off the face of the earth during the last war. It is not safe for the world to know any more until it gets some international morality. We need a league of nations to make even more knowledge safe for the world.

It is a matter of national pride and satisfaction that the representative of our own nation has had so large a part in formulating plans for the new world order, and that he has been chosen to present the report of the assembled nations. But now the crucial question is whether we as a nation are worthy of this honor which has been conferred upon us; whether we are prepared to do our part.

No one pretends the plan is perfect. But nobody has a right to criticise unless he can suggest improvements, for something has to be done to meet the practical problems created by the great war. It is not a party question. It is not even a national question, because we can no longer separate our own welfare from that of the world at large.

If this league fails the great war fails, Washington fails, Concord and Lexington and Valley Forge and Yorktown fall, the voyage of the Mayflower fails, the voyage of Columbus fails; the great family religion of the Prince of Peace fails; the coming of the kingdom of God on earth fails. Therefore, stand by the President. Back up the League of Nations. We must not fail.

The Best Ages for Marriage

It is said that thousands of so-called "old maids" would be wearing wedding rings today if they had only made a little study of their matrimonial chances and profited by it—if, for example, they had known the best period at which to secure a husband, and in what particular class of men to look for him.

Thus it is useful to know that the great "harvest time" for the spinster is between the ages of 25 and 29; for, rather strange to say, it is during these five years that a woman's chances of a husband are at their rosiest, when one spinster out of every eight wears a wedding gown.

At the ages of 20 to 24, when she naturally considers herself more attractive to men, the odds against her are much greater—actually 12 to 1; and at the later period, 30 to 34, if she marries at all, she will be the only lucky one of 22 of the same age.

At 15 to 19 she has only one chance in 72; and after 34 her prospects of the altar dwindle, until at 40 they are only one in 39.

If a woman has already worn one wedding ring, and is hoping for another, she will find her chances better even than when she was a maid; for in the race for the matrimonial stakes the betting is always on the widow, against the spinster.

Thus between 20 and 24 the widow's chance of a husband is 60 per cent greater than that of the spinster of similar age. Between 25 and 34, it is nearly twice as good; and during the next 10 years it is as 48 to 25.

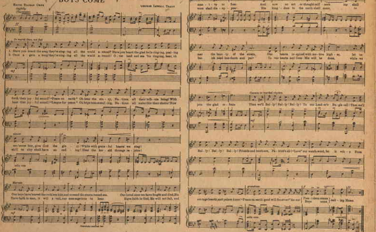
Widows Win

And the widow scores not only at every age, but in both sections of the matrimonial field. It is true that it is a close race for the bachelor stakes, the widows capturing only five more in the thousand than the spinster; but when it comes to fascinating widowers, they win "hands down," taking three for every two that fall to the spinster's lot.

Here's a Song to Welcome President Wilson and to Honor His Historic Visit to Boston

FEB 26 1919
©CLE444721

AS OUR {PRESIDENT COMES / BOYS COME} SAILING HOME



Everyone and everything is ready to welcome our chief executive to Boston.

There has even been a song written for this gala day.

Miss Edith Rojean Orne of Cambridge composed the words and George Lowell Tracy of Boston the music.

The song is called "As Our President Comes Sailing Home."

As you see, the music has a joyous, spirited lilt, with a martial undercurrent of drums and bugles.

The words, too, are indicative of the national gladness in welcoming home our leading countryman, whose inspired thought has played such an important part in formulating the League of Nations.

Try over the song and get into its spirit. It will voice your own feelings of rejoicing and welcome.

SMILE-A-DAY CLUB

Put Frog Under His Hat

In a letter to the Roosevelt Permanent National committee, of which William Boyce Thompson is chairman and which from its national headquarters at 1 Madison avenue is collecting funds for a national memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, William Church Osborn, ex-chairman of the New York Democratic State committee, tells an amusing story of Theodore Roosevelt's boyhood.

"When he was about 16, or perhaps a little younger," writes Mr. Osborn, "he and my brother, Frederick S. Osborn, were mutually interested in collecting birds, and he visited my brother at Garrison, N. Y., on a collecting expedition one week-end. The boys were returning from a glorious day in which they had collected every known variety of birds and animals, and found their storage places entirely filled, when T. R. ran across a particularly interesting frog. For lack of a better place to keep it he put it on his head, slapping down his hat as a cage.

"As the boys walked down the highway they met a carriage driving leisurely along the road in which were seated the Governor and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Sr. Being polite boys, they naturally uncovered in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Fish, and to the great joy of the latter the frog hopped off T. R.'s head. There was a wild scramble for its recapture, and Governor Fish was instantly forgotten. To Theodore Roosevelt, aged 16, a frog was of vastly greater importance than the Governor of New York."

* * * *

Not in Boston

Of pests we have a many in this vale
of vice and sin.
Our streets are full of dust and dirt
and also full of din,
The chauffeurs and the chauffeurettes
take huge, supreme delight
In honking horns on buzz carts from
which smoke comes black as night.
The trolley pounds on flat wheels and
clangs its raucous bell,
The wind blows every which way and
newsboys loudly yell;
To cross the street you risk your life,
and like enough a cop
Will pull you in for getting hit, and
traffic has to stop.
And if upon the sidewalk, yer aminding
yer own biz,
Some burly thug comes plowing through
and busts you in the phiz;
And there are many other pests, but
the wuss derned one by far
Is the yap that brings a burning butt
into a crowded car.

ANGELINE.

* * * *

Two of a Kind

"My dear, the doctor says I'm in need of a little change."

"Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine."—Baltimore American.

Thought It Was Housework

General C. C. Williams, chief of ordnance, said at a Washington dinner party, according to the Detroit Free Press:

"The pluck of our boys is tremendous. If you ever hear anything suggestive of funk on the doughboy's part, you can rest assured that investigation will clear it up.

"Like the case, you know, of the chap who said:

"'I'd like to volunteer for the infantry, but mother won't let me.'

"'What!' said a listner. 'A big six-footer like you, and your mother won't let you!'

"'No,' said the young man calmly; 'so I've volunteered for mine sweeping.'

"'Mine sweeping? Good gracious, that's more dangerous than infantry fighting, by a darn sight.'

"'I know it is,' said the young fellow, 'but mother don't.'"

* * * *

It's an Art

"How you do stutter, my poor lad! Did you ever go to a stammering school?"

"N-n-no, sir. I dud-dud-do this naturally."

* * * *

In a Glass House

(By author of that dark, dark mystery, "Lost in the Cellar, or the Ton of Coal," "What Did William Tell?" "Oh, Promise Me That You Will Lend Me Five," "When All Goes Dry Good-by Mince Pie," "Waiting—Waiting—Waiting for the Collector," "Don't be in a Hurry," "Scoot!" "A Pair of Sevens or Her Big Feet," "I Long for You, So Don't Be Long, Adelia Long," "I Cannot Live Without You, or The Lover's Lament to the Heiress," "He Was Too Cheap, or The Table d'Hote With Wine Thown Out," "Fudge in the Rough or Milk and Sugar," "I Hear You Calling Me or The Busted Flush," "Greene's Green Greenhouse or Gooden Green," "Will the Drug Stores Sell to Boozers When Saloons Are On the Blink?" "How a Mosquito Did Its Bit," and one other that was pretty punk, but is being rewritten).

"Vanilabene!"

* * * *

His Work Didn't Suit

Dera—Agnes married a self-made man, didn't she?

Edith—Yes, but she compelled him to make extensive alterations.

* * * *

To the Rescue

The heroism of France has made the French language popular, says Argonaut. On this head there is a story illustrating the tact of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador. A Senator at a luncheon said to M. Jusserand:

"Take—eer—eska voo voo-ly—I mean—er—paxy-moi—sill voo play—er—"

M. Jusserand laid his hand on the Senator's shoulder and in his excellent English said:

"My dear sir, my very dear sir, do please stop speaking French. Your accent is so Parisian that, positively, it makes me homesick."

* * * *

Try It Yourself

The Forgetful Poet has written a timely poem which he hopes your knowledge of history will enable you to complete. For my part, I think it is rather hard.

One hundred —— —— years
Have passed since that great day
When ———— was born
To found and serve the U. S. A.
A soldier and a statesman,
Hero of —— ——
The gallant, brave, victorious,
Incomparable ——

* * * *

Fair Young Thing—Now that Arthur has a bachelor's degree, I wonder if it will prevent him from proposing?

* * * *

Teacher—Names the five zones.

Pupil—Temperate, intemperate, war, hospital and zero.

Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my housework."—Mrs. B. B. Zielinska, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. Josephine Kimble, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Hair On Face

DeMiracle

Ordinary hair growths on face, neck and arms soon become coarse and bristly when merely removed from the surface of the skin. The only common-sense way to remove objectionable hair is to attack it under the skin. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, does this by absorption.

Only genuine DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. At toilet counters in 60c, $1 and $2 sizes, or by mail from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

FREE book with testimonials of highest authorities, explains what causes hair, why it increases and how DeMiracle devitalizes it, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. DeMiracle, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York.

Why There Are 21 Guns in a Salute

"Why just 21 guns for the President?" inquired the inquisitive person, "Why not 22 guns, or even 23 or 19?"

The practice of firing salutes on all occasions grew to scandalous proportions in England in the early part of the 17th century, and many leading men of the country complained of the waste of ammunition when salutes were fired when officers' wives came on board and when they left the vessels, when toasts were drunk and on any other occasion when it pleased the skipper to pay his respects to any one, at the country's expense. One old writer records the firing of a salute of one "faucon," a three-pound charge, when the captain's wife came on board, and the firing of a "minion," a four-pound charge, when the vessel passed another vessel on board which the captain's father was a passenger.

The salute of 21 guns, given to the President when he arrives on board a man-of-war and when he leaves the vessel, is also the salute to foreign sovereigns and to the chief magistrates of all other countries. It is the royal salute of Great Britain in England, but in India the royal salute to the King-Emperor is 101 guns.

The salute with guns is said to have had its origin in the desire to show friendliness to the vessels of a foreign power. It used to require several minutes to load a gun, so that if a vessel fired a gun it was impossible to reload fully at once. The vessel was momentarily disarmed, thus indicating its friendly trust in the strange vessel, the same idea which governed the striking of sails and the lowering of swords' points in salute.

Between the rounds, before the days of rapid fire guns, the old chief gunners used to walk up and down, pausing between ordering the fire. It was generally supposed that they regulated their orders so as to give the men exactly enough time to reload by muttering to themselves after the order "Fire one!"

"If I wasn't a gunner I wouldn't be here—

"Fire two!"

"If I wasn't a gunner I wouldn't be here—

"Fire three!" and so on, until the correct number of rounds had been given.

Saluting between different powers is not by any means merely a matter of courtesy, and on more than one occasion international difficulties of a most serious order have been precipitated by the failure of one power to salute another.

Seven for Consul

The number of guns to be given to public personages is graduated all the way from the President's 21 guns to the seven given for a consul. No other salute to an individual is permitted to be fired in the presence of the President.

H1446
T

HOODOOS SURROUND US AND ONLY THE CLEVEREST CAN ESCAPE THEM

Superstitions That Put Us on Our Guard Wherever We Go and Whatever We Do

"Hush, Mandy!" warns Mary Boland. "You mustn't whistle in my dressing room—it's unlucky." (C) Press Illustrating Service.

Frieda Hempel will never get left on her "left" superstition. She steps upon the stage with her left foot first, wears flowers on her left side and clasps a jewelled charm on her left ankle.

If Mabel Garrison should lose her lucky ring before a concert—well, you'd have a chance to redeem your ticket, for she won't sing without that ring. (C) Press Illus. Service.

Clara Clemens (Mark Twain's daughter) is horrified because her maid has placed her slippers higher than her head. (C) Press Illustrated Service.

In photo at top Claudia Muzio finds the only infallible way of dipping into the future is tea leaves, and her mother does not seem to object. (C) Press Illustrated Service.

BY CORNELIA DINGLE

What is your hoodoo?

Are you afraid of five-leafed clovers? Of 13 at table? Of having your shoes higher than your head?

Or do you smite your chest with manly valor and cry "A fig for superstition! There is no taboo in my category!"

Most folks will not admit they are superstitious, but if you followed them closely, you would probably see them walk out into the gutter rather than go under a ladder or cancel a business appointment falling on Friday the 13th.

Nearly every actress and singer has her code of taboos. Some of them are rather expensive charms, as are Mabel Garrison's ring and Frieda Hempel's jeweled anklet. From the front line trenches came a regular shrapnel volley of new hoodoos. Every shell the Germans fired, declared the boys, bore the "number" of its victim, and no shell-proof dug-out could guarantee safety to the boy whose allotted shell had sped from the cannon's mouth.

Floyd Gibbons, the Chicago war correspondent, relates in the American Magazine a little story concerning a common superstition among the soldiers.

The Match Superstition

He tells of the meeting of three men on the steamer Laconia—himself, another American named Kirby, and a Canadian aviator named Dugan. Gibbons passed around his cigarette case and Dugan held a match while the two lighted their "fags" from it. As Dugan blew out the match, he laughed and said:

"They say it's bad luck to light three cigarettes with the same match, but I think it's good luck for me. I used to do it with my flying partners in France, and four of them have been killed; but I am still alive."

"That makes it all right for you," said Kirby, "but it looks bad for Gibbons and myself. Nothing will happen, though. I don't believe in superstitions."

That night the Laconia was torpedoed. In the terrible confusion that followed, Gibbons noticed as he looked up the side of the ship from his lowered boat, "a bulky object descending in the darkness."

"It was a man. His arms were bent up at the elbows, his legs at the knees. He was jumping, with the intention, I feared, of landing in our boat, and prepared to avoid the impact. But he had judged his distance well. He plunged into the sea three feet from the edge of the boat and disappeared under the water, leaving a white patch of bubbles and foam on the black surface. He bobbed to the surface almost immediately.

"'It's Dugan!' shouted a man next to me.

"I flashed a light on the ruddy, smiling face and water-plastered hair of the little Canadian aviator. As we pulled him over the side he spluttered out a mouthful of water; and the first words he said were:

"'I wonder if there's anything to that lighting of three cigarettes off the same match. I was in the boat trying to locate the bow rope and I got tangled up in it. When the boat came down I was jerked up back onto the deck of the ship. Then I jumped for it. Holy Moses, but this water is cold!'"

That "Unlucky" 13

The number 13 is perhaps the king among hoodoos. The 13 superstition is supposed to have originated at the "Last Supper," for Judas made the 13th person present. Since then it spread and gathered momentum, and has been commented upon in writings of several centuries.

Thirteen is, of course, the number of the American colonies—and now look at us!

This fact was not lost upon London journalists of those days, for in 1778 an enterprising editor tries to hoodoo the rebel colonies with this imposing list of 13's.

"Thirteen is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are 13 dried clams per day . . . that Mr. Washington has 13 toes on his feet and the same number of teeth in each jaw . . . that a well-organized rebel household has 13 children . . . that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tomcat with 13 yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

But we survived, didn't we?

Let the young man who finds a wishbone, a four-leafed clover or a pea-pod hung over the door of a girl's house enter only if he intends to marry her, for these things will make him propose whether he likes it or not.

Three in a row,
Meet your beau;
The one in the middle
Will have him

seems to indicate that if the fellow himself walks in the middle he will remain a bachelor.

It has always been thought unlucky to return home after starting out, but the old Virginian version adds that it's all right if you sit down before you start out again.

If you have an opal don't mind wearing it if your birthday is in October, or if the stone is set in diamonds.

There is really no stopping-place in enumerating superstitions. There are taboos in almost every profession, and in every sort of home from cabin to White House and palace.

Hylan on Bolsheviki and the Profiteers

Mayor Hylan cannot escape the camera and the interviewer, even at Palm Beach. (C) Underwood & Underwood.

A public man cannot escape publicity by running down to Palm Beach, getting into a bathing suit and hiding in the surf. The reporters hunt him to his lair among the pebbles. His opinions in a bathing suit are just as important as in a morning coat or a dinner jacket.

Mayor Hylan had no sooner escaped from New York the other day when the reporters fell upon him at Palm Beach and demanded to be told his opinions on Bolshevism, profiteering and federal and municipal politics.

He announced first of all that he did not want to be Governor of New York State or President of the United States. His only ambition, he said, was to be the best Mayor New York city had ever had. Asked if that meant he was looking for a second term, he said he had not given a second term a thought yet.

About the Bolsheviki he said:

"There is rapidly shaping in this country a movement, the result of which means a destruction of both property and personal rights. Unless something deters the movement, the people are likely to divide into two classes: those led by agitators, called Bolsheviki, who are a menace to our form of government, and the reactionary element, with powerful influence and enormous wealth, absolutely blind to the rights of others.

"What we call Bolshevi is the extreme of violent radicalism which is the result of reactionary conditions equally as extreme. In other words, a violent protest of the masses against the selfishness, corruption and injustice of the classes.

Certain Men Responsible

"A certain few men in this country are responsible for Bolshevism and the red flag followers. These few men control the necessities of life, the food supplies of the United States.

"Many people in our great cities, particularly in New York, where we have about six million population who cannot pay the prices charged for these necessities, find fault with our form of government for allowing such a condition to exist. They contend that there is one law for the poor and another law for the rich. When they see the poor man pay the penalty of his misdeeds and the rich man immune from the law, all of this gives food to the agitator and troublemaker, who incites the wrath of the people against law and order.

"The great masses throughout the United States begin to feel the oppression of the profiteers in the necessaries of life.

"The quicker the federal authorities put an end to the profiteer of the necessities and bring the profiteer to the bar of justice, the better it will be for the millions of people in the United States.

"We have no place in this country for Bolsheviki, Bolsheviki makers or red flag paraders."

WHO SAID IT?

One of the famous phrases of the war is attributed to Pershing:

"Lafayette, we are here."

General Pershing denies the responsibility of it. Modestly he affirms that he could have thought of nothing so dramatic. After all, Colonel Stanton of Pershing's staff is said to be the man who made the historic utterance. But tradition is hard to down.

Just Forget the Third Step and You Have the Plaza Waltz, Boston's Very Own Contribution to the Newest Dances

Mr. Champagne posing with Misses Alison Bradshaw and Jean Brac of "The Crowded Hour" company in his new Plaza Waltz. (Photo by R. Wright.)

The Plaza Waltz—Boston's very own dance.

And now for the dance steps. Take regular dance position with your partner. (Remember what was said in an earlier article in this series about position?)

Keep in mind the old-fashioned waltz, but forget about the third step in the measure. That is, instead of bringing the feet together on the third count (as in the old-fashioned waltz), you hesitate and at the same time turn on either your toe or your heel (which toe or heel depends on the direction you are going).

The complete "square" is done in the following way:

When you turn to the right in the Plaza waltz you (this applies to the gentleman) step back with your left foot (one count), to the side with your right foot (second count); and (third) twist your left toe in on the third count.

Next: Forward with the right foot (one beat), to the side with your left foot (second beat), and (third beat) twist in with the right heel.

Now you have done two sides of the "square." The other two sides are merely repetitions of the first two sides, that is, the third side of the square is the first movement (above) repeated; and the fourth side is the same as the second movement (above).

This completes the waltz movement.