

is the time to be generous with useful things, but frugal with the useless 'accessories.' Wholesome food, suitable clothing and uninterrupted education for the children—these are things in which we cannot afford to economize, or we shall pay the penalty in the lowered vitality and decreased earning power of the citizens of to-morrow.

"We must have national frugality on a large scale if waste is to be prevented in such proportions as will really count in the conservation of our food supply. Such economies as the housekeepers of the country have it in their power to effect fall far short of the real and imperative need. Let us by all means urge the housewives not to waste a single slice of bread or an ounce of meat; but let us also assure

them that they, in turn, shall be protected against the far more wanton waste of the food speculator.

"The disheartened housekeeper should know that, while she is conscientiously measur-

Jeannette Rankin on the Food Problem

ing the food for her children, the apple harvest is not going to waste in the fields for lack of transportation facilities. She should know that it is possible to prevent the price of bread from soaring and that it will be done.

"The mothers of the country should be assured that the grain which they save will not be made into alcoholic drinks, but into bread for the hungry children beyond the seas.

"The food problem will grow beyond the range of the family cook-stove and kitchen-cabinet," she says, and adds:

"No small part in the 'New World' of Europe's women has been played by the establishment of community feeding on an unprecedented scale. Public food kitchens, under government control, have long been established in France and Germany, and are now under way in England. Undoubtedly, as time goes on and the need for economy grows more stringent, in this country also we shall be forced to adopt, in our congested cities and industrial centres, the greater economy of co-operation instead of the lesser economy of saving.

"Women should, therefore, prepare themselves not only for a thrifty administration within their own kitchens, but also for professional and paid work, which must be done in connection with public food kitchens, free school lunches and other forms of community feeding. Such food measures will have a double value in that they conserve the food supply and also the strength and energy of our women."

There are other problems of graver import which Miss Rankin would include in the greater conservation campaign which she outlines for the women of the land. She directs them to the waste of productive energy reflected in the official reports which deal with the records of infant mortality and tell the sorry story of the sacrifice of women's lives in the service of maternity. The elimination of such appalling waste is, she says, a matter for much more urgent concern than the devising of petty economies in the kitchen.

WHEN war broke out, Leonid Andreyev abandoned the camp of the pacifists in Russia and became one of the most vigorous and probably the most eloquent of the Russian apologists for war. And now, since it is politic to speak of such things, he confesses, in an article published in the *Retch*, of Petrograd, and translated for the *New York Times*, that he joined the ranks of the chauvinists, not to reverse the vivid preachments of his book, the "Red Laugh," but to press for the culmination of an universal revolution which he saw as the logical evolution of the great war. He believed, he says, that the war will end "in a European upheaval which will bring in its wake the destruction of militarism, permanent armies, and the creation of the United States of Europe."

He is convinced that the main mission of the Russian army is to carry the crimson banners in a crusade which must not end until revolution is provoked in Berlin and the House of Hohenzollern has shared the fate of that of the Romanoffs. "To bring this day nearer," he says, "the day of revolution in

Berlin, is the next problem of the Russian revolutionary guns, a problem which can be realized only through a victory over the soldiery of Caesaristic Germany. So long as Germany figures, even though nominally, as a victor; so long as the hunger and misfortunes of the German people are glossed over by the false blare and glare of trophies and conquered territories; so long as this eternally deceived people still believes in an eventual victory over the Allies, a victory which would bring back to the German Empire its past glory and power—the faith in Wilhelm will not diminish sufficiently to go over into an open revolt.

"We need to strike only a few powerful, decisive blows to bring down to earth the pile of would-be victories and mythical greatness and transmute the name of Wilhelm into a symbol of national hatred.

"This is the great problem which was placed upon the shoulders of the happy Russian people, 'the people in arms.' In order to gain a victory over the army of the Kaiser, our troops must maintain the firmness and order which is essential to the conduct of war. We need 'discipline'—not the kind of submission which is exacted in the name of strange, foreign purposes, but the kind that is self-imposed, in the name of a common and a great purpose. Let our military organization preserve all its iron coherence. Without it no victory is possible. Soldiers, and not a mob, defeated the Russian autocracy; soldiers, only soldiers, can defeat the German Government's troops.

"Yes, let these steel formations, once they have been purified by a new revolutionary parole and by new names of revolutionary leaders, remain! If it is unthinkable for our army to conquer without discipline, victory is still less feasible until our entire army is permeated with a consciousness of the new and great problem which fell to it after the dethronement of the Romanoffs. Only the army, which means discipline, only the revolution, which means the people inspired with freedom, can conquer the Imperial Army of Wilhelm and bring to Europe peace and liberty."

THE footlights illuminate a lot of evidence nowadays—especially at times of musical comedy—that stage beauty at least, is only skin deep. From the clamour of the opening chorus to the dancing din of the finale there is no stint about the epidermal display and no lines are needed in the dialogue to emphasize the inference that the race for popularity goes to the stripped rather than the strong. The bare facts usually speak for themselves.

But for the solid sort of success—lasting fame and all that—we must, according to Walter Prichard Eaton, in the *Theatre Magazine*, go deeper than the cuticle to discover the causes which have promoted the more eminent actresses to their places in public favour. Beauty may even be a handicap, he says, and adds that it certainly is not an absolutely essential quality for stage success. "The players who, on the whole, have lacked the aid of an obvious physical allurements, have actually achieved the solidest reputations," he says. "There is Sarah Bernhardt, for example! And Rejane, and Simone. The marvellous Sarah, most famous actress in the world, is certainly not a beauty, and never has been in the twenty-five years that I can remember her. I have seen her look lovely as the passions of a character swept over her face and electrified her figure. But beautiful she herself never was."

Mrs. Fiske he describes as "interesting, alert, piquant—but hardly beautiful in the common use of the word." Miss Margaret Anglin, he concedes, "is finely chiselled of feature, even patrician; but one would hardly call her beautiful." Nazimova at times is positively plain, he says. "Was Ellen Terry a beauty?" he asks. "As Portia, yes—the dearest, finest, prettiest creature ever seen. Yet didn't she have a snub nose? Certainly Irene Vanbrough isn't a beauty, nor Mary Shaw, nor Mary Nash, nor Marie Tempest, nor, in the movies, Mae Marsh and Mary Pickford—two of the best. Possibly you might stretch a point, and call Mary pretty, or at any rate pleasant to look at. But she isn't a beauty, surely. Yet she is the queen of the films, by virtue of her ability to express emotions effectively in front of the camera."

JUST TO READ ALOUD

A TRAVELLER who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle, hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump, he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried:

"Thank God, they are Christians!"

ELLEN rushed into her mistress' apartment and cried:

"Please, Mrs. Midgley, Kate has been tryin' to light the fire with paraffin, an' she's been blown out of the window!"

"Oh, well, it's her day out, is it not?" calmly rejoined the mistress.

A MORMON'S wife, coming downstairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband. "Is he very ill?" she asked, anxiously. "He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off." "Do you think," she asked, hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bed-side during his last moments?" "Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

A KANSAS CITY man, who is very active in the affairs of his lodge, was spending the week-end at Excelsior Springs, a near-by mineral-water resort. He confided to a friend that he would like to scrape an acquaintance with a striking-looking woman they were both admiring.

"Why don't you try?" asked the friend.

"Couldn't think of flirting with her," came the horrified reply. "Her husband and I are brother lodge-members."

The next week-end the friend again went to the springs. On one of the prominent promenades he soon saw the lodge member and the striking-looking woman they had admired, walking arm-in-arm and apparently much taken up with each other. At the first chance he asked his friend for an explanation.

"Thought her husband was a lodge brother of yours," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer. "I looked him up on the books, and he hadn't paid his dues!"

THE LAST DRAFT



Democracy: "On what grounds do you claim exemption?"

—The New York Times.