

on the University grounds were torn down. Mr. Gompers addressed a large meeting of students, nevertheless.

---

## PRESS OPINIONS

---

### Can Contempt of this Court Be Avoided?

The Milwaukee Leader, March 11.—On its own motion, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin has heard argument to show that it erred in holding that the citizenship amendment to the State Constitution was improperly adopted and void. The court, to hear argument why it should reverse itself, ignored the rules that it has adopted to estop motions for reopening cases. . . . It was of no concern to the justices of the Supreme Court that the Legislature had initiated the citizenship amendment—that both houses of two successive Legislatures had passed it and that the people had approved it. The only thing that the court could see was the manner in which the amendment had been recorded in the legislative journal. Were the i's dotted and the t's crossed? Had any clerk neglected his duties or pen wiper proved faithless to its obligations? The justices were looking for a flaw and they found one. . . . It mattered nothing that the work of the people had been destroyed and their will thwarted. Piffle had risen to its apotheosis. But when the justices found that they had jeopardized the title of two of their members to office and invalidated the increase in the salaries of all the members of the court, they were staggered with the calamitous consequences. . . . What a difference when the justices themselves were hit with their boomerang and hoisted with their own petard? Ah, that was a horse of another color! It was time to reason calmly. Call in the lawyers, reopen the case, search for precedents. Perhaps a mistake had been made, an error in judgment committed. The court has heard the arguments of lawyers. The arguments are quite conclusive that the court, in running amuck among the amendments to the constitution, made an ass out of itself—even a bigger ass than Dogberry's law. It is pondering now how to "save its face" and its salaries.



### An Appreciation of Pastoriza.

Houston (Texas) Press, March 5.—When narrow-minded bigots charge Joe Pastoriza with trying to wreck Houston, they know they lie. They know that Pastoriza has in his heart a deeper interest for the men and women who form 95 per cent of this city's population than any other man who lives within its borders. They know that he is honest and just. They pillory him because his life is being devoted to establishing a social equality here that will make the poor as influential as the rich. They would crucify him because he threatens to shake the props out from under the seats of the mighty. They shun him because they fear to face the truth. He reveals it to them naked, sometimes, and they turn away and shudder. They want Houston to grow into another of those citadels of Mammon which stain this fair land. They would see it grow into a Sodom or Gomorrah, rather than to see one man establish

human justice and equality among its people. The Houston Press challenges the traducers of this man to show one single true instance wherein his acts or his words have done aught to harm Houston's name or reputation.



### Chicago's Marie Antoinette.

California Outlook (Los Angeles), March 6.—"If they have no bread to eat, why don't they eat cake?" Marie Antoinette is supposed to have airily remarked in those starvation days preceding the bloody time of the French revolution. It was the silly remark of a vain and ignorant queen, and had little to do with the reign of terror that followed within a very few years. Similarly, the foolish remarks of C. H. Canby, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, will in no way tend to produce revolutionary conditions. But they are interesting as being equally as vain and as silly as Marie Antoinette's. Canby is reported as saying: "The poor will not stop eating bread because it is raised in price one cent a loaf, but they will not eat so much of it. They will economize. In a country like the United States, where millions are spent for chewing gum and five-cent cigars, I fail to see how it can be disturbed by a penny rise in the price of foodstuffs."

---

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

---

### NEUTRALITY.

For The Public.

I am a Teuton, or mayhap a Hun,  
A Briton or a Frenchman, Slav or Pole—  
Where'er the bloody tides of conflict roll  
There are my kin, death-armed with blade and gun;  
It matters not for me if lost or won  
The battles are—how overwhelmed my soul  
With joy or sorrow—I must still control  
The racial strains that through my being run.

The vaunting boast and the offending gibe,  
And fools that dogmatize, may cause me pain,  
Yet in my heart no hatreds must be nursed;  
The Nation's welfare and large aim prescribe  
A higher duty than contentious vain—  
In this big country none are last or first.

CHARLES H. WINKE.



### AT THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

For The Public.

By Arthur Sweetser, at the Request of William L. Garrison, Jr.

All morning long, the heavy siege guns of the German army before Antwerp had pounded in our ears. Our big war correspondents' automobile with its Union Jack and Belgian flags had carried us all along the fighting front to the south of the city; past thousands of infantry waiting to go into action; past thousands of cavalry, standing ready

at the saddle for a quick dash; past battery after battery of the light Belgian field guns, either wheeling into position or spitting out flame toward an enemy four or five miles away.

It was a scene of utter desolation, of hopeless tragedy, of scores of almost unoccupied villages. Suddenly we bore into a small town on the edge of the River Nethe, barely half a mile from the German positions and almost the next point of capture in their inevitable march. With one move, all of us jumped forward. Why, we asked, were the streets filled with villagers? Why, in this land of tragedy, where smiling had almost been forgotten, did we see all the natives out on their doorsteps, laughing, shouting, radiant with happiness? The scene was almost weird.

We followed the crowd down the main street to the village square. There a huge mob of hatless people were jamming about something of great interest to them. To us, it seemed the eighth wonder of the world, for the nearby Germans, the pounding of the guns, the certainty of capture seemed to have been entirely brushed aside in the childish joy that had come over the populace. In all our trips we had seen nothing like it, and we feverishly worked our way through the jam to get the solution.

Ah, well enough we realized its cause when deep down in the midst of that dense crowd we recognized two heavy English armored motor cars. The great nation across the Channel that had been driven out of Belgium faster than it had come in was now come back. The plucky little people that had been left entirely unaided by their powerful allies to the mercy of a ruthless conqueror now saw in these two machines the return of all the might and power that that nation stood for. Well might they feel that their struggle had not been in vain, that they were to be left no longer to fight an impossible battle.

They were magnificent machines, too—huge cars with armor extending down over the wheels almost flush with the ground, and a devilish looking machine gun mounted in a turret on top. On one of them, with a bronzed, heavily lined face, smiling kindly on the simple people about him, stood a splendid specimen of the English naval reserve officer—a big, powerful man in the neat, natty khaki uniform and clean-cut naval hat. I approached.

"You're an American, you say? Come from Boston?" he inquired. "That's strange, I left New York only a short time ago, after a flying visit to Boston. My name's Josiah Wedgwood. I was over there in the interest of the Singletax movement."

"Yes, it's been hell here. We've been out on the firing line continuously for the last four days, no rest, no relaxation. We can make fifty-five miles an hour in these machines, and when they tear past the German forces and squirt these guns on

them, you might think it was the devil himself let loose. We get rush orders to appear in any part of the field; in fact, we've just left a German column that we caught along the highroad, wriggling about trying to find out what hit it. It's frightfully nervous work; we can only dash up, squirt in a rain of lead and tear off before they know what's got them. It often gives just time enough to hold up a surprise attack till the regular forces get into position.

"We pretty nearly got caught yesterday—ran into a nest of them and only extricated ourselves by the greatest luck. Good fortune has been with us so far—we come and go so quickly they haven't yet got us, but when we get near we're in a perfect rain of lead all the time. The infantry fire is not so bad, for there's pretty good protection for all but the man at the gun; but they'll get us sometime with their smaller field guns. Our only salvation is that we can travel so fast."

"They're nice people, aren't they, these Belgians," he said, as a pretty little village girl came forward with some tea and crackers made especially in their honor. "And they seem so grateful that we're back here again.

"Well, give my friends in the States my best regards when you get back. I don't ever expect to get out of this mess. But we must be off—there's trouble down the road—they've sent for us in a hurry."

And the two big machines rushed madly out of the little town, through a lane of hand-wavings, cheers and smiles. The sadness settled in once more. Heaven knows what happened, either to the machines or the town. Four days later, Antwerp was a German city and the little force of British that had fought so bravely but futilely was fleeing with the remnants of the Belgian army back towards France.



## THE OLD SERVANT'S ROOM.

For The Public.

Madam Norton, as people called her, had been ill for weeks, and yet she had continued to rule the incomings, the outgoing, the details small and great of all the household. She was a determined and very capable person, masterful, and as such a maintainer of family dignities and traditions as any Duchess of Wrexhe.

One midnight Madam Norton opened her eyes, feeling suddenly without pain or weakness. She saw that the tired nurse was asleep in a chair, and she rose to reprimand her but forbore because the room seemed so strange, so sad, so dark, in spite of the shaded lamp. She walked past the nurse, noting without surprise that she herself was dressed as if for a journey, and that she went through the door without opening it. She passed over the house, as in the old days, years before,