

THE NEW ORLEANS BEE

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THE ADVANCE IN FREIGHT RATES

The railroads of Louisiana have filed a petition asking leave of the railroad commission to make a general advance of fifteen per cent in freight rates.

The Louisiana railroads set forth the reason for their request in succinct and business like form. They say:

A critical situation existing in the operation of railroads in Louisiana and throughout the entire country, due to the enormous increases which have taken place in the prices of practically all materials and supplies entering into the operation and maintenance of railroads and the recent legislation resulting in heavy increases in wages renders necessary an immediate increase in the revenues of the railroads which can only be secured by advances in freight rates.

The railroads throughout the United States are preparing to make a general increase of 15 per cent in their freight rates, both interstate and intrastate, and the railroads operating in Louisiana, as a measure of partial relief, respectfully petition your honorable body for authority to make a horizontal increase of 15 per cent in the existing intrastate freight rates in Louisiana independent of and without prejudice to the applications now pending for a general revision of the Louisiana intrastate rates.

Your petitioners respectfully represent that the critical situation which they are facing, renders imperative immediate action and warrants the holding of a special session by your honorable body, and they ask that the commission hold a special session at the earliest date possible for the purpose of considering this application and affording the carriers the relief herein sought.

The railroads do not dwell upon the point that they have been virtually compelled by law to make a substantial increase in the wages of their employes, upon the representation of the latter that the increase in the cost of living makes such an increase necessary, but the facts in the case are of such recent occurrence that the public are thoroughly familiar with them. The increased cost of help is however, not the only item in the list of higher operating expenses they are called upon to meet.

The American public is going to rely upon the railroads more heavily during the coming year than ever before in their history. If it is just to require them to pay higher wages, employ more men, put their tracks in shape and furnish adequate rolling stock to care for the anticipated traffic, it is just to allow them to increase the cost of service. In fact, it appears to be not only just but necessary. The railroad men have not yet found out how to transform the pebbles along their right of way into gold, or to change the leaves of the trees into bank bills.

The Daughters of the American Revolution broke the official slate at their annual meeting this week and elected a rank outsider from Independence, Kansas, as president-general. The old spirit plainly has not died out on the distaff side.

LOUISIANA OPINION.

A Lesson From the Past

Ruston Leader: During the civil war we lived at home in the South nearly all the negroes, men over forty-five, boys under eighteen, men physically disqualified for military service and quite a number of men of all ages, to produce the foodstuff for the soldiers, workers in foundries, factories and munition plants, and then it looked very much like starvation with some families, though nobody actually starved, as far as we know. No cotton was planted, but all the farms were devoted to the production of foodstuff. The South was completely blockaded, so that no supplies could be secured from the outside. Now we cannot draw from the outside, because the outside needs all it makes for its own use.

Patriotism That Counts

Monroe News Star: The real patriots of the country are the people who quit trying to see how much money they can accumulate and assist the Government in preparing to defend its honor.

Food Speculators, Beware

Shreveport Journal: This is certainly no time for any attempted "corners" of the nation's food. It is no time for manipulation of the price of any necessary commodity. As a nation and as individuals, we are going to find the cost of living and fighting high enough this year, without any boosting of prices for private profit. It would be well if all the big speculators in the country would follow Mr. Patten's example. And if they are not moved by "patriotic reasons," as he professes to be, they may be moved by considerations less ideal but no less effective. The government itself is going to have something to say about the matter from now on.

Useful for a Brief While

St. Helena Echo: To show our loyalty and prove to the world that we stand ready to suffer and die for the flag, and to spend and be spent in helping to feed ourself and the hungry millions of the earth, we went out in the garden last Monday and hoed a row of beans, clean through and through.

No Fear of a Shortage

Lafourche Comet: One of our exchanges tells us that "It requires five men at home to keep one man at the front." Applications will be received at the Comet office from men who desire to be one of the five at home.

Write Your Own Tickets

Oakdale Journal: Oakdale has more pretty girls and boys than any town in the state, which accounts for the regularity of our weekly weddings.

An Adage Revised, 1917 Model

Alexandria Democrat: An author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughter, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions.

Confiscate Use of Idle Land

Lake Arthur Herald: Evidently the farmer will have to play as important a part in the coming war as will the army that is to do the actual fighting. No army can fight without being fed, and the government will have to depend on the American farmer to do the feeding. There are millions of acres of idle lands in the United States being held for speculation; lands that are non-producing that should be commandeered by the government and placed in the hands of persons who will cultivate them, without rent, for the duration of the war, which is estimated by military officials will be from two to three years. This would give three or four crops from many idle acres that would go to increase the output of food-stuffs. This is a time when the needs of the government should be considered before profits to land holders. The state legislature of Louisiana, in the extra session which is being so urgently demanded by certain interests, could do much to increase the agricultural output of the state by passing laws that would bring under cultivation many thousands of acres. The farmer who will produce food is of far more importance in this crisis than is the speculator, and with as many astute statesmen as Louisiana harbors it should be an easy matter to formulate a bill that would release these thousands of speculators' acres and place them in the producing class.

One Kind of Happiness.

St. Helena Echo: There is a woman I know that whenever I see her looking happy, I know she has found something new to worry about.

Wants to "Get Even." Anyhow.

Alexandria Town Talk: The government has "taken control" of all those German ships but has not "confiscated" them. Aren't we going to confiscate at least enough of them to balance the ships Germany has sunk?

A Subway Flirtation

By George Haskell

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

Elva Crane never could see any harm in miscellaneous flirtations. She smiled at good-looking men in subways, theater lobbies, anywhere when the mood took her. When, as it sometimes happened, men presumed to speak to her she gave them a freezing stare, or a sharp answer, as though they had been greatly mistaken.

In vain her aunt, with whom she lived, and friends who really cared for her, remonstrated, scolded or implored her to desist before it led to serious consequences, she laughed it off as a good joke, and declared she could take care of herself.

Elva was so attractive and lovable her small peccadilloes were generally forgiven; but to her greatest friend and particular chum, Janet Park, who was often with her during these escapades, Elva's conduct was becoming unbearable. Janet was neither prissy nor puritanic. She was a good talker, bubbling over with humor, and while not so pretty as Elva, she had a personality that grew on acquaintance.

One day when sitting with Elva in the subway, she became aware of the prolonged stare of a young man a few seats away. Looking at Elva she soon saw the cause. Next she saw the stranger smile at her companion.

"Elva how can you make yourself so cheap?" she exclaimed. "But suppose you should ever be introduced in society to one of these men, how would you feel?"

"Why I'd feel as though we had already started an acquaintance," she laughed. "Well, I wouldn't. I'd be too ashamed to look him in the face." "Heaven! What a Miss Prim you are! Get over it dear! It's getting on my nerves."

"Not any more than your performances are getting on mine. We've been pretty good pals, and I hate to say it, but I tell you now, this is the last time I go anywhere with you, if you're going to get every man in the place staring at us."

"I don't see but one," she said unperturbedly. "Well I do, and I wish I were home." "O, come, Janet! Don't get fussed!" she coaxed.

The train had slowed up in a station, and some of the conversation had evidently been audible to the gentleman in question. His eyes narrowed a bit as he listened, and he smiled again looking out of the window.

When the two girls got off he followed them and spoke to Elva in the station. She gave him a freezing look, exclaiming: "How dare you?" "I beg your pardon," he said, and went on.

Janet had hurried on leaving Elva to her fate, but the girl overtook her the next minute. "There!" said Janet, "I hope you've had enough."

"No," she answered, "I'm rather sorry I had to send him off. I like him. I want to see him again." "He looked as though he were somebody," observed Janet.

"Yes, didn't he?" "One day Mrs. Bentley, who gave pleasant little teas and dinners, and was very fond of having the two attractive young girls among her guests, said quite confidentially to her: "I hope to have the son of an old friend here today. He's a splendid fellow, one of the most successful lawyers down town, rich, and a great catch. Now girls, I've given you the tip, let us see which one wins."

Later on she whispered to them that he had arrived, and soon after presented Mr. Stuart Cass. He was Elva's "crush" of the subway. As Mrs. Bentley turned away, he smiled and said: "Are you going to let me speak to you now that we are properly introduced?"

To Put Out Gasoline Fires. The best way to extinguish a small gasoline fire is to spread over the burning liquid a mixture of ten pounds of bicarbonate of soda and twelve pounds of common sawdust free from chips and shavings.

come your wife, but I must fulfill my duty." "We could take your uncle with us, Colla," suggested Ronald.

"I could not think of burdening you with such a charge," resisted Colla. "No, it must be as I say. Everything will come out right if I do my best, dear."

So Ronald was content perforce and Colla went on her steady way. It proved to be a difficult way, and almost cheerless at times. Business was bad and her poor little head fairly ached over unfamiliar business entanglements. She just managed to keep clear of new debts, but the old ones hung about her neck like millstones.

Then one day came the strangest happening of all in the strange link of peculiar incidents that surrounded Colla's young life. Ronald was giving Djahlma some directions about the garden, when there entered the yard the counterpart of Djahlma. In an instant Ronald realized that this must be Djahlma's brother. The twin rushed into the arms of one another—a startling greeting, for neither spoke.

Solemnly the new arrival placed his finger on his lips. He tried apparently to convey some explanation as to the cause of his appearance to Djahlma. Ronald was intensely interested. He reasoned out that Kariza, too, had come under the ban of silence.

He realized that his mission, making of him an exile like Djahlma, must be an important one. Perhaps it involved the interests of Colla. Apparently Kariza made Djahlma understand that he had a message or explanation of importance to impart. Ronald followed them curiously, and they were so excited and engrossed in their present personal affairs that his presence was unheeded.

At the rear of the garden was a cemented tennis court. Over near the toolhouse were several barrels of sand. One of these latter Kariza proceeded to wheel up to one end of the cemented space. He threw off his outer suit. He drew from some inner pocket a strange-appearing device. It was a sort of a metal funnel, with a short handle attached. He dipped it in the sand, braced back and began making "sand pictures."

Many a time Ronald had read of persons among the denizens of India who had become experts in this line. Here was one of them. It was proved forthwith. It was marvelous, the accuracy, the fineness, the art with which Kariza prosecuted his work. Delicately, skillfully as a master painter with his brush, Kariza outlined and then filled in across the cemented space the features of a child, a little girl.

"Colla," uttered Ronald, "it must be that." "Her father," he added, wondering, as they stood out upon the unique canvas the portrait of a military-appearing man.

Then followed the outline of a ruined house, a temple and a casket, such as is used to hold treasures, and then from the folds of his robe Kariza drew forth a rusted metallic box, and threw open its cover and revealed a mass of glittering gems.

And now Djahlma seemed to understand, and Ronald, too, understood as well. After the years the stolen fortune of Colla's father had been discovered, and the honest, loyal brother of Djahlma had sacrificed his home and kin in behalf of the daughter of Col. John Brentwood, the master of his brother.

So Colla was rich and all her business troubles ended. And there was a speedy wedding. And what of Djahlma and Kariza? They would not return to their native land. Yet the ban of silence was unrenowned. It was by chance that one day Ronald in the city came across a native Hindoo traveler, a priest. He told him of his mute friends.

There was a ceremonial removal of the ban of silence, paid for liberally by Ronald, and the curse removed. Djahlma and Kariza sang for joy.

The Ready Reply. A distinguished young professor of theology at a French Protestant university was known to be of humble social origin, and the students found him rather "heavy" in the matter of speech in his first lecture. Many days had not passed, however, before they discovered, at their own expense, their professor's ready wit.

One morning some of the students put near his desk a bundle of hay. The young professor was quite calm to the occasion. Looking calmly at his audience, he said in the most natural tones, "Gentlemen, which of you has forgotten his breakfast?" At another time the students put a log of wood in the same place. He looked at it in the most amiable manner and said sweetly: "I am always glad to see a new pupil join my class."—The Christian Herald.

Inconvenient Humanity. "Pop, you're always kind to animals, ain't you?" "I try to be, son. We should all be kind to animals, particularly afflicted ones." "Well, tell me, pop, how's that poor blind tiger, Gus Bangs says his father says you went to last night?"

Pleasant Outlook. The Sutor—What will your father settle on the man who marries you? The Girl—All the rest of the family, I suppose.—Puck. Accounted For. "Charles walked away with the prize for the best poem." "I suppose that was because he had the best poem."

Girl's Best Compliment. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid by one girl to another came to our ears yesterday when we overheard the former say: "Why, she'd look pretty in a flannelette nightgown."

LIBRARIES FOR GERMAN ARMIES

By Charmion von Wiegand. (Daughter of Karl von Wiegand, famous International News Service War Correspondent.)

New York April 24.—A German may get along with little to eat, if the situation demands it, but he can not get along with out books. Reading to him, is mental meat and drink. The German Government, realizing this characteristic of its people, has organized a vast system by means of which the army is supplied with reading material of every sort and variety. This is nothing more nor less than a large traveling circulating library, which loans books even in the furthest trenches on both the east and west fronts.

Since the very beginning of the war a great many regiments have published trench newspapers. Regular German papers are hard to get at the front, and the average soldier knows less about what is going on than the people at home. Any reports, which are therefore obtained are printed by those regiments which are lucky enough to have a printing press.

The idea of having a library was first hit upon by a division stationed on the Russian front. Books were borrowed from home and an old wagon was used to transport them right up to the trenches. Within three months the experiment was such a success that 16,000 books had been loaned. Not one was lost. The story reached the ears of Hindenburg, who was so impressed by it that he had a long consultation with Ludendorff. The result was a plan to organize a library to meet the needs of the entire fighting army. Within one year \$162,500 was raised for the purpose and several hundred thousand volumes were bought, the publishers and book dealers letting the books go at a big discount.

This supply of books is divided into divisional and hospital libraries. Each library contains 1,000 volumes. The divisional libraries are packed in cases containing 125 books and are kept in wagons—this being the easiest way of sending them straight to the men on the fighting lines. Each case forms a complete library in itself. It is figured that there is eight months' reading for a division in eight such boxes. That is, a man may read 1,000 books in that time, if he wants to. The charge for borrowing a book is one and a quarter cents per day.

In connection with the library reading rooms have been established behind the lines in some places. They are intended, primarily, for the academically educated. Technical and scientific books are in great demand.

It is also surprising what serious books the average soldier reads. As de from fiction, books on philosophy, history, religion, popular sciences and art are read. A remarkable interest is taken in good literature. I venture to say that Goethe is the most popular author read. Many a soldier has been found dead on the battlefield with a copy of "Faust" in his pocket. Schiller and Shakespeare (in English as well as in German) are great favorites. The whole tendency seems to be to get away from the war or any thought of it.

There are at present over 250 divisional libraries circulating among the troops, and it has been found necessary to form a central bureau for the library and place it under command of a general. He knows at all times where each library is. Reports are sent to him as to which books are most frequently read and what books are called for. Under his supervision the same library system has lately been arranged for the Salonki front, and it is now being installed for the Serbian troops occupying the region from Constantinople to Jerusalem.

Each one of these divisional libraries costs, with its wagon for transportation, \$437.50. At the end of the war these libraries will become the nucleus of a comprehensive garrison library system.

In addition to the books for the fighting army, there are also hospital libraries, run much on the same plan. As many of the wounded are not strong enough to read, the books are largely illustrated or else very light reading.

All books taken away from travelers on the borders are sent to the same source—that is, unless you demand that your books be returned at the end of the war.

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CADORNA WARNS ITALY OF AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE

By Camillo Cianfarra. International News Staff Correspondent. Rome, April 24.—Austria's second punitive expedition against Italy, which up to some time ago had not been officially admitted as probable, and was regarded as extremely unlikely by a large number of public men here, has now become a certainty. Italy is calmly awaiting the day when the Austrian and German heavy artillery will begin to thunder along the Trentino and Garsu fronts. The Italian General Staff has even deemed it advisable, as a precautionary measure, to inform the public that such an offensive is being prepared and that it is coming and that the only thing the General Staff is ignorant of is the exact sector where the Austrians will strike.

The men selected to convey to the public at large the news of the impending offensive was General De Rossi, one of the army commanders and Cadorna's right-hand man. Writing in a Milan newspaper, General De Rossi says that most probably the sectors threatened are those on both sides of the River Adige, and that undoubtedly the enemy will endeavor to push his right wing as far as Brescia, and his left as far as Verona.

Apparently Austria believes that the new punitive expedition will increase the number of the peace advocates here. The Austrian press for a long time has harped on the possibility of a separate peace with Italy as the result either of a great, bloody military disaster or of economic exhaustion.

'Les Saisons' de Haydn Chant par le "University Chorus" Solistes—Laura Sorenson, Spang, soprano; Bentley Nicholson, tenor; Richardson Leverick, basso. A L'OPERA FRANCAIS. Jeudi, 25 avril 1917 à 8 heures P. M. Mises reserves, \$1.00, 75c, 50c. Chez tous les magasins de musique.



EXCURSION TO THIBODAUX AND HOUMA SUNDAY, APRIL 29th. \$1.50 Round Trip. Special leaves Union Station 7 A. M. Returning, leaves Houma 7 P. M., and Thibodaux 7:30 P. M. same day.

Spend Sunday in the Country. The Business Man's Train. Lv. New Orleans 8:15 P. M. Ar. Houston 7:15 A. M. Ar. Galveston 9:30 A. M. Ar. Dallas 7:35 P. M. Tickets and full particulars.

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