

WHAT LINCOLN THOT OF THE PROFITEERS

F. B. Carpenter, the famous artist who painted the historical picture of "Lincoln and His Cabinet issuing the Proclamation of Emancipation," has left among his memoirs the account of a remarkable interview which took place between President Lincoln and Andrew G. Curtin, the War Governor of Pennsylvania. The bill empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to sell surplus gold had just passed, and Secretary Chase had gone over to New York to superintend the transaction.

Governor Curtin referring to this said: "I see by the quotations, Mr. President, that Chase's movement has already knocked gold down several per cent." As Mr. Carpenter recounts it, this gave rise to the strongest expression he ever heard all from the lips of Mr. Lincoln.

Knitting his face in the intensity of his feeling, the President said:

"Curtin, what do you think of those fellows in Wall Street, who are gambling in gold at such a time as this?"

"They are a set of sharks," replied Curtin.

"For my part," continued the President, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table, "I do wish every one of them had his devilish head shot off."

Yet the "profiteers" to whom Lincoln referred, gambled only in gold. The "profiteers" of our day are gambling in food, coal, and in other necessities of life!

The American people, however, will find a way to deal with these speculation buccaneers, just as they have found a word to describe their activities. "Profiteering" was the instant paraphrase of "Privateering,"—with apologies, of course, to the latter profession. For privateers at the least operated under some form of authority and shadow of right, such as Letters of Marque; but the "Profiteers" scour the Spanish Main of trade and commerce, literally under the Skull and the Crossbones of the Captain Kidds of Industry:

It would doubtless astonish some of these "cute" and "clever" gentlemen, were anyone to tell them they were playing a foolish game. They are so sure of their own wisdom and smartness! But they are playing the most foolish game in the world for themselves, their children and their children's children! The days of piratical finance, if not over, are no longer respectable. And all the donations and benevolent restitutions this side of the day of judgment will never make them so again.

None of these things deceive anyone but the donors. America—and the world,—is on! The pendulum of public opinion is swinging—and swining backward—irresistably backward to the standards of business honor. Donations are no longer accepted as just as good substitutes for the foundation principle, on which all sound civic life is based. The profiteer of today will be the apologist of tomorrow; and if not he, his descendants will endure the days of explanation which are so disconcerting to ill-gotten profits and gains. The Arabs have a saying,—There is no God but God and the profiteers are likely to discover that the only wealth that in the long run carries with it peace and honor as well as comfort and luxury, is the wealth that is not gained through taking advantage of their country's necessities or grinding the faces of their fellow men.

A Letter From: Earl Colby
The following is a letter received by Mrs. E. N. Colby from her husband who is in France:
Camp DeSouge, Bordeaux, France, 12/8/18.

Dear Ava and All:
Will write a few lines so you will know where I am. We arrived here on Dec. 3rd, about 9 a. m., from Le Mans. We are in

a French-artillery camp about 20 miles from Bordeaux; it is the finest camp in France, so they say; good tile barracks, baths, mess halls and all. If I have got to stay in France I would not mind being stationed here for a while. I am writing this with the doors and windows open and the thermometer at about 65. I can't help but think of the difference between this and the weather you are probably having. Maybe I will get out of the cold weather this winter, but think I could stand it pretty easy now, as I am so accustomed to the outdoor life sleeping in trucks and box cars and on the ground; but I know I am physically a hundred per cent better off than I was a year ago today.

The boys are playing ball outside. The country here is level and has a very sandy soil. It is also a funny looking country and I have yet to see a wooden house and barn as all buildings are constructed of concrete or stone. You hardly ever see a 4-wheeled wagon or a team of horses hitched together, as they hitch one in front of the other. I could tell you a thousand things that seem so funny from our ways, but will save them until I get home, which I hope will be soon, as I sure would love to see you and the folks.

There is a lot of dope going around every day about our getting home, but I have got so I let it go in one ear and out the other. I don't think there is an American in France but what is anxious to get home as soon as he can, but I suppose we will have to wait our time and turn.

Now I can tell you of our trip over here:

We were on the boat "Sobral," a German boat interned by Brazil, and lent to the French government to transport American troops. It took us 13 days to make the trip and I guess we took in most of the Atlantic ocean. One day and night it was pretty rough and half of them were seasick but I was not at all. We had a submarine scare and fired off the guns but saw no sub.

We landed at Brest on Nov. 3rd, about noon, stayed there until Nov. 8th and got to LeMans the 10th. We were in LeMans for two weeks, sleeping in dog tents, then we went to Havre, A and B Companies and got 88 trucks of English make and 6 Dodge touring cars and brought them to LeMans and left them. We stayed there until Sunday morning, December 1st, and landed here on December 3rd about nine o'clock. We stopped at Rouen one day and one night. I enjoyed the trip great. I would like to make a convoy to Paris and to the army of occupation before I come home, but am afraid it will not be my good luck. I have received only one letter since I have been here, but that is not funny as we have been on the move so much that none of the outfit has had mail but once. One of the fellows got a letter written last June and sent to Buffalo.

I do not know what we are going to do here. You never know until they say, "Roll packs," where you are going or when, but will keep you as well posted as possible. This is the first letter I have written except on my mess kit or on a board, but there is a nice Y. M. C. A. here.

We have very good feed here, not much variety but enough. We had beef stew with potatoes, stoved tomatoes, beans, bread and coffee, and all you wanted of it, too, for supper tonight.

Well, seeing I cannot be home for Christmas, will wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, the gang included.

Will have to close, hoping to see you soon. I am as ever, your loving husband,

ERLE N. COLBY,
Co. B, 106th Supply Train,
American Expeditionary Forces, via New York.

A LETTER HOME FROM THEODORE CARROLL

Thanksgiving p. m.
My Dear Mother:

Well, mother, since I wrote you last I have left my old company and am now at an officer's training school at Langres, France. I came here after the armistice was signed.

I am feeling fine and in the best of spirits. Have a chance to keep clean here, and am living in good barracks, plenty of clothes and blankets. Have a bunk like I did in Camp Dix, and facilities are about as good.

I suppose you are pretty happy to think this thing has been called off, and you are anxiously awaiting for the return of your 3 sons. I haven't heard from Tom yet but hope he didn't see the lines. As for Ray, I saw him a few days before the armistice was signed and trust me he is still o. k., and as for myself I am longing to get my feet planted in that little town of Little Valley never to leave it again, even for a vacation.

I suppose you have read about the new rules regarding censorship and we are now allowed to tell where we are and where we have been. I will try and give you the principal places as I remember them. I didn't keep a diary, as they all say a good soldier shouldn't in case he fell into the hands of the enemy. I am sorry I didn't keep one, now, as it would be nice to tell my children about in a few years.

I landed at Brest, France, the 17th of May. After a four days rest we entrained for Chaeillon-sur-Siene where we took a six-weeks' course in trench and modern warfare. You remember I came over in an advanced school detachment, there being nine officers and six sergeants of the 1st Class from my regiment. We left there about June 30th and went to Forst St. Menge for a ten days' course in bridges. These are located southeast of Paris; we left to join our companies about the 10th of July and on this trip we hit the outskirts of Paris.

We went north to Calais (on the English channel) but our regiment had left and we spent about a week finding them. I joined my company at Oudouzele, near Cassel, where we went into reserve on the British sector, called Flanders. This is about west of Ypres. There we put up barbed wire entanglements and dug trenches for the British reserve line in case they should have to fall back. About the first of August we started and hiked four or five days south to a place near St. Pol where we did the same kind of work in the rear of the British. I went up to the lines one day for observations and had my first experience under shell fire. The middle of August the entire division (the Fighting 78th) entrained for the American sector. After riding three days in box cars, when we again passed thru Paris, we arrived at Barges, a small town below Paris, for a few days of rest. About September 1st we started hiking toward the front and we arrived in the St. ihel sector the morning of September 13th, the day after the big drive. We worked our way up by repairing roads and bridges until we caught up to the Germans, when our doughboys took over the lines near Theancourt and Vieville, which is located about 15 miles from Metz. There we dug the trenches for the doughboys and put all the barbed wire entanglements in front of the front line. I worked up at the lines for 14 consecutive nights and had some wild and exciting times. I didn't have any narrow escapes, yet, owing to my basketball experiences in ducking and falling, I was only covered with dirt with the close ones. I skinned my nose a few times in falling, but outside of that never felt any effects of shell fire.

We were relieved on October 4th and after a four-day hike and

a lousie ride landed in the Argonne forest about the 10th. Our doughboys took over the lines at Grand Pre and Cheviars about the 15th. This is north of Verdun. My regiment did good work in this vicinity on roads, bridges, etc. My company did work on the narrow gauged railroad which Jerry had blown up pretty badly. With my own platoon under my personal supervision we repaired the track from Laneon to Sunuc to Grand Pre station. Being under shell fire and direct observation all the time. On this job was where I first saw Ray, as we were camped close together for a couple of weeks. On November 2 (my birthday, our doughboys started over the top and Jerry couldn't stop them. We followed them up, repairing roads and bridges that Jerry demolished, to let our artillery over. We were relieved the day before the armistice, the division that relieved us having to come up in motor trucks to catch us. They kept right on to Sedan where they held the line at the armistice. We arrived back at St. Menchold after a four-day hike, and I left my company there on Nov. 15th to come here to school.

This will give you some idea of the ground the old 78th has covered, if you can secure a good map off France showing all the small towns. Of course there is lots more to tell but will let it wait until I get home. The 78th made a good name for itself and I was proud to have been in it. Of course we had it tough at times, and I will feel ashamed to ever have to have a doctor when I get home after going through all that without a minute's sickness. As for when I will be home, well, I guess I will let Uncle Sam decide that, yet in hopes it will be within the next couple of months.

I spent a very quiet Thanksgiving day, having spent all the morning in cleaning up, etc. Had a steak, mashed potatoes, pudding, bread, jam, and coffee for dinner. Have been writing all the afternoon. Still have hopes of eating Xmas dinner at home. I haven't received any mail in a long time, as it will take some time to get my mail forwarded to me from my company. Keep on sending all my mail to the same address, Co. D, 303rd Engrs., until I tell you different. I hope you and dad are enjoying the best of health and hope you have heard from Tom and Ray to the effect that they are o. k.

No matter how pleased you will be just to see us get home, I am sure we will be just ten times more pleased to be there. Give my regards to everybody in Little Valley. Love to you, mother, dear, ad dear old dad. Tell dad I can show him some tricks in the railroad game now.

Lovingly your son,
TED.
Present address, Army Engineers' School, Candidate Section, A. P. O. 714, France.

To Accept Certificates
"Buffalo, N. Y., January 4, 1919.—Instructions have been received by Collector of Internal Revenue Riordan to accept Treasury certificates of indebtedness dated August 20, 1918, maturing July 15, 1919, and Series T, dated November 7th, 1918, maturing March 15, 1919, at par without interest, in payment of income and profits taxes.

The Department has advised the collector that accrued interest on the certificates will be paid separately by the Federal Reserve Bank to taxpayers upon deposit by the collector of the certificates accepted, showing the date the tax was due and the name and address of the taxpayer.

In the like manner interim certificates issued by the Federal Reserve Banks representing the treasury certificates, will be accepted in payment of income and profits taxes."

CONCERNING THEODORE ROOSEVELT, DECEASED

Oyster Bay, Jan. 6.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Rough Rider patriot, Ex-President, hunter, literary genius and American citizen died in his sleep early today at his home at Sagamore Hill.

The immediate cause of death was pulmonary embolism, or lodgment in the lung of a blood clot from a broken vein, it was stated by one of the physicians.

Death is said to have come painlessly while he slept.

Colonel Roosevelt suffered a severe attack of rheumatism and sciatica on New Year's day, but no one believed that his illness would likely prove fatal.

He sat up Sunday and retired at 11 o'clock at night.

Several hours later—about 4 a. m.—Mrs. Roosevelt, who was the only other member of the family at Oyster Bay, went to her husband's room and found that he had passed to the beyond.

Mrs. Roosevelt at once telephoned to Col. Emlen Roosevelt, a cousin of the former president and he came to the Roosevelt residence immediately.

Telegrams were dispatched to the Colonel's children. Two of his sons are in the service abroad.

Capt. Archie Roosevelt and his wife left New York last night for Boston. Flags were placed at half mast in Oyster Bay today.

Colonel Roosevelt having been such a widely known man, we are going to here touch briefly on his varied and interesting career for the benefit of Hub readers, we having been furnished, through the Salamaca Press of Monday evening, with a complete sketch of it.

Called to the White House in 1901 after President McKinley had been assassinated, Col. Roosevelt, 42 years of age, became the youngest president the United States has ever had. Three years later he was elected as president by the largest popular vote a president has received.

Thus Roosevelt sometimes called a man of destiny, served for seven years as the nation's chief magistrate. In a subsequent decade the fortunes of politics did not favor him, for again a candidate for president—this time leading the Progressive party, which he himself had organized when he differed radically with some of the policies of the Republican party in 1912—he went down to defeat together with the Republican candidate, William Howard Taft; Woodrow Wilson, democrat was elected.

Col. Roosevelt's enemies agreed with his friends that his life his character and his writings represented a high type of Americanism.

Of Dutch ancestry, born in the City of New York on the 27th day of October, 1858, in a house in East Twentieth street, the baby Theodore was a weakling. He was one of four children who came to Theodore and Martha Bolloch Roosevelt. His mother was of southern stock and the father of northern, a situation, that during the early days of the Rebellion was not allowed to interfere with the home life of the Roosevelt children.

So frail was Theodore that he was not privileged to associate with the other boys of the neighborhood, and he was tutored privately in New York and during travels on which his parents took the children abroad. A porch gymnasium at his home provided him with physical exercise with which he combatted a troublesome asthma. His father, a glass importer, and a man of means, was his constant companion; he kept a diary; he read so much history and fictional works of adventure that he was known as a book-worm; he took boxing lessons; he was an amateur naturalist; and at the age of 17 he entered Harvard University. There he was not as prominent as some others in an athletic way, as it is not

recorded that he ever "made" the baseball and football teams, but his puny body had undergone a metamorphosis and before his graduation he became one of the champion boxers of the college. This remarkable physical development was emphasized by something which took place shortly after he left Harvard in 1880. He went to Europe, climbed the Matterhorn, and as a result was elected a member of the Alpine Club of London—an organization of men who had performed notable feats of adventure.

A few months after his graduation, Roosevelt married Miss Alice Lee of Boston. She died in 1884, leaving one child, Alice now the wife of Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. In 1886 Roosevelt married Miss Edith Kermit Carow, of New York and to them five children were born—Edith, now the wife of Dr. Richard Derby, and four sons, Theodore, Jr., Kermit, Archibald and Quentin.

The public career of the man who was to become president began not long after he left college. His profession was law but the activities that were to come left him no time to practice it. In 1882, 1883, and 1884 he was elected to the New York State assembly, where his efforts on behalf of good government and civil service reform attracted attention. When the Republican National Convention of 1884 was held in Chicago, he was chairman of the New York delegation.

After this experience he dropped out of politics for two years. Going West he purchased ranches along the Little Missouri river in North Dakota, and divided his time between outdoor sports, particularly hunting, and literary work. Here he laid the foundation for his series of books, "The Winning of the West," which was published from 1889 to 1897 and of other volumes of kindred character.

Returning to New York he became the Republican candidate for mayor in 1886. He was defeated. President Harrison, in 1889 appointed him as a member of the United States Civil service commission and President Cleveland continued him in that office, which he resigned in 1895 to become New York City's Police Commissioner.

"A thing that attracted me to this office," said Roosevelt, at the time he accepted the appointment, "was that it was to be done in the hurly burly, for I do not like cloister life." Honesty was the watchword of his administration and the two years of his occupation became memorable through the reforms he inaugurated, attracting the nation's attention while holding a position which was obscure in comparison with the events to come. Illicit liquor traffic, gambling, vice in general,—of these evils he purged the city in the face of corrupt political opposition, and the reputation he established as a reformer won him the personal selection by President McKinley as assistant secretary of the navy, in 1897. A year later the Spanish-American War broke out.

The famous Rough Riders were organized by Wood and Roosevelt—a band of fighting men, the mention of whose name today suggests immediately the word "Roosevelt." They came out of the west,—plainsmen, miners, ruff and ready fighters who were natural marksmen, and Wood became their corporal and "Teddy" as he had become familiarly called by the police, their lieutenant and colonel. In company with the regulars of the army they took transports to Cuba, landed at Santiago and were soon engaged in the thick of the battle. Among the promotions which this hardy regiment's gallantry brought about were those off Wood to Brigadier-General and Roosevelt to Colonel—and this title Mr. Roosevelt cherished until the end.

(Continued on page 7, 1st)