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Political Decency an All-party Issue

POLITICAL righteousness rises above partisanship. The public is learning the lesson every day. Even Penrose will know it by November. Of course, the Senator has never been so devoted to the interests of party as to permit interference with his personal comfort or the welfare of his friends. But that partisanship of his on which the liquor interests have justly counted has received a rude blow from another and very different sort of party alliance. The National Popular Government League, itself an organization of men of all political creeds, has voted unanimously to campaign against the election of two notorious candidates, one from each of the two great parties—Roger Sullivan, Democrat, out in Illinois, and Boies Penrose, Republican, here in Pennsylvania. The issue is broader than party. The life and virtue of our political institutions are at stake.

Treat Turkey Fairly but Firmly

WHATEVER course may be taken by the United States in consequence of Turkey's abrogation of the capitulations, it should at least be definite and firm. For obvious reasons there is little continuity in our diplomatic policy, so far as we have one; but that is certainly no reason for hesitancy and wavering in dealing with such a question as that which rises out of the action of the Ottoman Government. Internal conditions in Turkey are much disturbed, as is evidenced by the fact that several of the principal American schools in that country have been cut off from communication with the outside world for more than a week; the manner of the renunciation of the treaties with European nations and the United States is not exactly encouraging to easy diplomatic negotiation; and the conduct of Ambassador Rustem Bey, which may or may not represent the Turkish attitude toward this country, hardly suggests mildness in our communications with the Government from which he is accredited. As for Ambassador A. Rustem Bey, he has been blandly insolent. Our educational and charitable "interests" in Turkey, which were established under the protection of a treaty now broken, are just as important as large commercial interests could be. The American people know comparatively little, as yet, as to what the Administration has said to Turkey and how it has been said; but there is no doubt that prompt and decisive action on the part of this Government is indispensable to national self-respect and the protection of our "interests" in Turkey.

Reform the Patent Office

NOW that Congress has torn itself regretfully away from the pork barrel, it might turn its attention to some matter in which there is neither political profit nor an opportunity to subsidize the Government. One of the public service needs reorganization it is the Patent Office. There may be very good reasons for altering much of our attitude toward the vested monopoly of invention, but Congress need touch no such moot question in order to do good work in readjusting the laws and proceedings by which we try to stimulate inventive genius. Let it merely make the present scheme workable. The whole method of testing the priority of a patent should be simplified. Now it is only the corporation with endless resources and a multitude of lawyers that can outlive the test or a dozen masses of legal proceedings through which a case may be driven. And the public is quite defenseless when a rich company prefers buying and suppressing a patented improvement to using it for the people's benefit.

Trifling With the Telephone

TELEPHONING isn't what it was. It used to be what it is very long. It used to be that the inventor kept on one of them has spent 11 years on the misanthropic job of turning out an attachment to detect the third party who cuts in to listen to a little gossip. With 200,000 calls in use in the United States, the misery likely to be caused by this single invention is appalling. Worse still, the same mechanism may be set to cut off a conversation at the end of a certain number of minutes. And do any of us want the "beeping-wire" attachment that another of these busybodies has invented? Imagine the embarrassment of the five-foot man with the timid eyes who prefers to blow up the coal company over the phone? Contemplate the company of midly who likes to chat with her husband at the club he is to "pull" the world, old bluff of "detained at the office?" Inventors had better curb their passion-genius.

Belligerent Footnotes to History

THE writers of each warring nation present a united front against the pens of the enemy, and no quarter is given to persons or peoples who wave a woman's flag. The literary conflict is interesting to watch. Hugo Muensterberg, who usually backs his German propaganda with the name of Harvard University, presents in one of the October magazines a most engaging picture of "Emperor William, the Man." The Kaiser's sense of humor, the beauty of his domestic life, his marvelous intellectual versatility, which surpasses even that of Theodore Roosevelt; the incomparable magnetism of his personality—all blend in this portrait of "Germany's most delightful man."

But in the same magazine G. K. Chesterton answers the question, "What is a barbarian?" "The psychology of the barbarian," he says, "is this: that, like the lower animals, he does not understand reciprocity. . . . If I leave a bee his honey, he may leave me his sting. And he has not broken any contract, because bees, like Prussians, are barbarians." So Germany's most delightful man is a barbarian. Professor Muensterberg makes this graceful thrust: "Every one knows the mild expression of the face of George V, and the gentle, melancholy features of Czar Nicholas, and the comfortable, phillistine expression of President Poincare, and the pretty, youthful look of Albert of Belgium." The professor adds that havoc has been wrought in American public opinion by the Kaiser's mustache, so formidable in cartoons.

Leader or Bandit?

IF WE are ready for a little faith, the situation in Mexico is not so bad as it appears. If we accept Villa's sincerity, he seems to be striving logically for those things that he has always stood for. Consistently, through all his campaigns, he has championed the poor. And he has stood always for a non-military government to perpetuate his reforms. Carranza has not given evidence of carrying out the plans which Villa thinks necessary to the salvation of the poor. The "First Chief" has hesitated to endorse the land program. He has shuffled over the military question; worse, he seems to have kept his personal ambition squarely in the foreground. Villa is demanding—and with what looks like success—that the military leaders, himself included, be eliminated from present or prospective holding of political office.

It is a good stand that Villa has taken. Why does it receive so little indorsement in the United States? Primarily, because Americans have lacked faith in his sincerity. They have thought him an ambitious man, bent on self-aggrandizement. The evidence has been his record—or what is said to have been his record—before the revolution. The one word, "bandit,"—done the trick. Yet it is well to remember that the very conditions in Mexico against which Villa is fighting are the sort to make our definition of "bandit" next to useless. Many a Revolutionary leader of 1776 was technically a smuggler against the navigation acts of England.

Hail to the Braves!

PHILADELPHIA extends the hand of congratulation to the Boston Braves and promises them a cordial welcome to our city. It is pleasant to have a new foe, the first since the Cubs fell before the mighty prowess of the Athletics. Not the haughty, metropolitan enemy this time, but an embassy from learned, cultured Boston. The world's series of 1914 will be unusually classic. To the Braves all courtesies will be extended; the keys of the Quaker City will be theirs; everything but the title of World's Champions.

Watchful Waiting in the Philippines

SINCE the Spanish war too much partisan rancor has been caused by the Philippine question. Political lines have been too tensely drawn. It may be granted that there are essential and important differences between the two leading parties in respect to their notions of "colonial policy," but broad conceptions of national responsibility have sometimes been subordinated to narrow, bitter partisanship. The real issue which hinges on the Jones bill, now under discussion in Congress, is not "Should the Filipinos ultimately have self-government?" The bill does contain a provision which pledges ultimate self-government; and a promise even of something certain is rather dangerous in a case like this. But the real question is, "Have the Filipinos proved themselves worthy of a more liberal share in their own Government?" That issue does not call for partisan rancor. The United States assumed grave responsibilities when it took over the Philippines; and in determining the future of the islands its responsibilities are fully as grave. It is imperative that the mistakes of the Reconstruction Period in our own history shall not be repeated. The Fifteenth Amendment is a dead letter for the very simple reason that "previous condition of servitude" is something that absolutely must be considered in reference to any grant or extension of political liberty. Knowing the past history of the Philippines and something of the present extent of ignorance and barbarism among many Filipino tribes, and knowing that the forces of democratic civilization have been working there only a few years, less than a single generation, the United States should go pretty slow in relaxing its civil guardianship. The slower the better.

State Conscience Wields Power

NOTHING can withstand the resistless power of the collective conscience when men make an interlocking society of their consciences. Public opinion takes the shape of something that resembles an avalanche in strength. Nothing is more feared by enemies of the public welfare than the combined moral sense of a State. Issues of the campaign are supposed to be determined by this non-partisan morality, which represents the sound good sense of the citizen who believes that "righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people." The illumination of this faculty, which coordinates the human with the divine, ought to be one of the purposes of the campaign now making appeal to the people of Pennsylvania.

Never talk war with your barber. Perhaps he is one of them.

And besides it is a needless revolution, as we already have a surplus of Mexican films.

It is a pity that the domain of Santa Claus should be in the heart of the war territory.

About now look out for an announcement that the price of coal will be increased because of the scarcity of labor in the mines, due to foreign nationals being drafted into imaginary European armies.

Writes the Colonel to Sulzer: "The reason that I was reluctant to see you instead of continuing to communicate with you by writing, was because I wished no ground to arise for failure on your part to recollect just what I had said." Thanks for this longer and more beautiful verbiage!

Britain has yet to learn the lesson which all nations must learn. War is a terrible thing, and the nation which indulges in it must pay the "price that staggers," as President Kruger of the Transvaal put it. And, above all, no war is won until the last battle has been fought.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

WHEN King George was still a midshipman in her Majesty's navy and his brother, the Prince of Wales, since dead, was known as "Collars and Cuffs," because of his fondness for those appurtenances of everyday attire, the twin were aboard a ship off Southampton. Wales was a sleepy head, hard to wake, and one morning Prince George found it well nigh impossible to rouse his brother in time for the usual inspection. Finally, driven to desperation, he bawled out: "Hey, Collars, get up! They're singing 'God Save Your Grandmother' already." "History fails to relate whether 'Collars' ever told Grandma Victoria.

THIS may be a base libel on an honored profession, but it is told by the man who perpetrated the faux pas. He was a reporter for a Baltimore paper—or had been one for about an hour, this being his first experience in newspaper work—when the city editor sent him out to see Cardinal Gibbons. The "cub" rushed down to the modest white house where the venerable prelate lives and rang the bell. A man servant opened the door. "Is the Cardinal at home?" asked the reporter. "No, sir."

"Oh, Mrs. Gibbons will do," ejaculated the "cub."

WHO invented the cocktail? Some bartender? A bon vivant? Or—as its discovery the result of a drunken frolic?

The cocktail was invented by Mrs. Elizabeth Flanagan, widow of an Irish soldier who fell in the service of the American army during the Revolution. After her husband's death, Mrs. Flanagan became an army sutler, following a troop of Virginia horse under Colonel Burr. In the winter of 1779 she took up quarters with the troop in a place called Four Corners, on the road between Tarrytown and White Plains, N. Y.—near the demesne of John D. Rockefeller. There Mrs. Flanagan set up a hotel which soon became the rendezvous of the "swells" of that day. One day the hostess surprised her guests by announcing a new drink—the cocktail—supposed to have been named after the blending of colors in the tail of a game cock.

EVERY time King Menelik of Abyssinia was reported dead again, the news recalled the Solomonic manner in which the dusky potentate meted out justice. Once two of his subjects went to an orchard to gather fruit. One climbed the tree and shook the fruit down, while the other gathered it. Finally the branch on which the treed one was sitting broke, and he fell on his companion, killing him.

Under the Abyssinian law, the relatives of the dead man demanded a life for a life, declining the proffered blood money. The case went into court and finally reached King Menelik. When he had heard all the evidence in the case, he delivered his judgment thus:

"You are within your rights in demanding the life of the accused. But the law says distinctly that he must be killed in exactly the same manner as he was his victim. Let one of the dead man's relatives climb a high tree and fall on the accused until he has killed him."

There being no volunteers, the accused was set free.

AFTER many weary months two political prisoners in the Siberian jail at Akatoid had dug a tunnel—to that wonderful freedom, so long denied to both. On the outside friends were waiting them. Finally they gained what they had sought. The one prisoner was hustled away; the other hidden in a barrel of sauerkraut and shipped to Irkutsk, where he emerged, odoriferous but free. He managed to make his way to Japan and thence to San Francisco. Eventually, Gregory Gershuni came to this city—some five years ago. Accompanied by a friend he wandered about the town, seeing the sights in the cradle of American liberty.

Slowly he walked along Fifth street until he came to Independence Hall. Slowly he read the inscriptions of the tablets on the walls. For a long while—minutes—he stood in silence, the while tears fell down his cheeks. "For that, for liberty, for freedom, for humanity—we are fighting in Russia—even as you fought here," he said. "Even as you won, so will we win. Even as your forefathers suffered for their ideals and principles, so have we suffered and so must we suffer more in the days to come, until freedom comes to Russia."

WHEN your knee runs afoul of a male adorned with a wrist watch and pink socks and a purple necktie, think kindly or unkindly of him—it all depends upon whether you swear by Thomas Carlyle or Oliver Wendell Holmes, both of whom have furnished indelible descriptions of the "dandy." Says the former in "Sartor Resartus":

"A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence is the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress."

And now look on the other side of the picture furnished by Holmes:

"There was Alcibiades, the 'curled son of Clinias'—an accomplished young man, but what would he be called a 'well' in these days? There was Aristotle, a distinguished writer of whom you have heard—a regular dandy he was. So was Marcus Antonius—so was Sir Humphry Davy—so was Lord Palmerston. If I am not forgetful. Dandies such as I was speaking of have rocked this planet like a cradle, aye, and left it swinging to this day."

WHICH brings back to memory that historic joke about the American girl who would not marry a British peer, declaring that the "Yankee dude'll do."

BRADFORD.

Taking the "Gin" Out of Virginia

From the New Orleans States.

By actual count 325 paragraphs up to date have observed that the Prohibitionists have taken the gin out of Virginia.

CURIOSITY SHOP

The word "factotum," denoting a man of all work, dates back several centuries. Ben Jonson in one of his plays, makes Tip ask: "Art thou the Dominus?" to which the host replies: "Factotum, here, sir." Foulie, in his "History of the Plots of Our Pretended Saints," 1674, says: "He was so farre the dominus factotum in this junctio that his words were law."

In other days, apothecaries were called by the name of Bolus, because they administered boluses. George Colman adopted this name for his apothecary, who wrote labels in verse, one of which was the celebrated:

"To be well shaken, But the patient being shaken instead, died."

Although Napoleon I. is credited with origi-

inating the phrase, "from the sublime to the ridiculous," yet Paine in his "Age of Reason" antedates him as follows:

"The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime."

The "odor of sanctity" of old was something more than a mere play of words. Superstition held that the body of a dead saint emitted a sweet odor, while that of one unbaptized smelled offensively.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Means to an End

"You talking cornet lessons, and 50 years of age?"

"Yes, but not for long. I expect to bring the young lady next door to terms within a week. She takes singing lessons."

Never Fails

Life's grim perversity appals, And makes one frown. The darn fly paper always falls Sticky side down.

—Kansas City Journal.

"Life's cussedness would try a saint," I loudly cry. The painted chair I sat upon Was not yet dry.

Chance for a Stout Lady

From the Chicago Tribune.

Wanted—Woman, clever, to fill vacancy with large corporation.

Happy College Days

"Did you ever do anything wicked at college?" asked the first sweet junco.

"We once pulled up a bed of jimson weeds, dear," replied the freshmanette.

Modern Poetry

This is a zig zag poem, runs up, then down.

Which first (Old Milton didn't know 'em; it makes the printers frown).

An Unkind Cut

Let us once more take a look down the vista of time as the years unfold themselves.

It is the year 1923, and the women have been thoroughly emancipated and endowed with complete and inalienable political rights. "She," remarked a citizeness, "has the Presidential bee in her bonnet."

"She has," added citizeness No. 2, "and the bonnet is dreadfully out of style, too."

A Winner

There was a man in our town And he was wondrous smart; There never was an auto that The fellow couldn't start. There never was a trolley car, There never was a train, There never was a vessel that He halloped for in vain.

Applied Appellatives

"Mother," asked Tommy, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, my dear," said his mother. "Well, then," said Tommy, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."—Ladies Home Journal.

A Useful Invention

"I reckon," said Farmer Cortossel, "as how maybe barbed-wire ought to be counted as one of the most useful inventions of the age."

"When there's a lot of work to be done, barbed-wire makes it impossible for a feller to sit on the fence an' look on."—Washington Star.

How Firm a Foundation

Two Philadelphians were talking of the fortune of a lucky denizen of that city when one said:

"His first lucky strike was in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage, and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the cornerstone of his great fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other. "Then the hens laid it."—Harper's Magazine.

Exposing an Epicure

The epicure provokes a smile; He lobbies and will not hush; He talks champagne and red wine while The doctor feeds him oatmeal mush.

—Washington Star.

Violated Neutrality

"Why, Johnny, what's the matter with you?"

"We had a free fight, mother."

"What do you mean?"

"There's 23 fighting nationalities in our school, mother, and only three stayed neutral."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Open Season for Idiots

The hunters now will get in line, Their turn will soon be here; And every cow will wear a sign, "Don't Shoot Me, I'm No Bird!"

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Indeed our beef will be so high This warning will be heard As cows are being led to the slaughter, "Don't Shoot Me, I'm No Bird!"

—New York Mail.

If Cost-of-Living bars the way And throttles Lovers' sweet time, Why, then, to Cupid men will say "Don't Shoot Me, I'm Immune!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hotel Child

After several years of hotel life, Percival's parents took up their residence in a city suburb.

"What are you doing, son?" the mother asked him, when Percival came into the house one afternoon.

"I was on the front porch," replied Percival, "listening to a man with a pushcart plying blackberries."—Judge.

Constructive Diplomacy

A certain diplomat, perceiving that the peace of the world (loud laughter) depends upon a nicely adjusted equivalence of martial bristling on the part of the Powers severally, was much concerned over the propensity of superdreadnoughts to become obsolete almost before they can be got into the water.

"A superdreadnought which isn't up to the minute no more makes for peace," he confessed. "Than a last year's car makes for social prestige."

He thought a moment. "The amount of it seems to be," he reflected, "that obsolescence, as it affects naval construction, is too vital a thing to be left to develop in its own way."

A little more and inspiration descended upon him. "What we need," he declared, "is a great many international conventions regulating the tooth of time, so to render its mordancy less marked."

In short, he was from that moment among the rare company of the world's really constructive diplomats.—New York Evening Post.

ALTHOUGH THE SEASON OF THY LIFE

DECLINE

Although the season of thy life decline, And this thy body show her wintry night, These springtime suns will grant perpetual light.

Nor ever coldly on the lily shine, Nor ever coldly on this flesh of thine; Earth's children take no unreturning night, Yearly the primrose hails thy yearning light, Yearly each hedge restores the egline.

And though thy brain and body tire and fall, And though Death make a harvest of thy dear, And hang his sickle near thy door by night—Before thee then new mercies will unveil, New hives, full of old kindness, stay thy love.

New eyes console thee with the old love-light. —Edith Anne Stewart in London Nation.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

WHEN a small news item announced a few days ago the death of the driver of the first police patrol wagon used in this city I have no doubt that many who read the report were rather astonished to learn that this adjunct to the Police Department had been introduced so long ago as 39 years. Another generation has grown up since that time, and it cannot properly appreciate conditions that existed here before this system was introduced.

MAYOR WILLIAM B. SMITH, who did not dislike the title bestowed upon him of "The Dandy Mayor," was responsible for many reforms in the Police Department. When he came into office in 1874—this was before the days of the present city charter—the Mayor did not have the authority which the Bullitt bill has given him. It has been said with more truth than romance that in those days the Mayor was little more than the chief of police so far as his authority went.

Probably that is why Mayor Smith paid so much attention to regenerating the force. There were only about 1500 policemen in 1874, and the city had long outgrown so small a protective force. Even the small army of police today is scarcely adequate. In 1884 the present era of expansion in all directions in the city was beginning, and it became a problem how to protect and patrol so large an area with so small a force.

ONE of the first things that Smith did when he went into office was to reorganize the police dress. He had entirely new uniforms designed, and a part of this new equipment was the helmet, only retired for the more military cap a few years back. He even went so far as to change the buttons on the uniforms, which were not of brass but of a white metal. He introduced service stripes on the sleeves of the men of the force to show how long they had served. New badges were designed, as well as a more modern uniform for the higher officers of the police.

For the first time a physician was attached to the Police Department. Mayor Smith appointed the late Dr. Morris S. French police surgeon, and the first work assigned to him was the physical examination of every man in the department. Lectures on first aid to the injured followed, and Doctor French prepared a little guide for the policeman embodying the main points in these lectures. All this reform, introduced 39 years ago, is in line with modern practice. In cases of accident, or attempted suicide, it is the policeman who is first called to the victim. In the old days he did what he could, but if he were clumsy or had no genius in this line he was worse than useless.

Now all this was changed. He had attended lectures, and where he had failed to understand he found some useful hints in his little book that stood him in good stead at a critical time. He also had been instructed in bandaging; he had directions for restoring persons apparently drowned, and he carried a list of antidotes for the most familiar poisons.

BUT even with all these improvements, the fact remained when a patrolman was taking a prisoner to a police station or an injured person to a hospital, his beat was unprotected for an hour or even as much as three hours. More delay was caused by the necessity of taking "drunks" to the police stations in wheelbarrows, when they were too much under the influence to walk. To reform a condition such as this was a real work of civic betterment, and having learned how successful the police patrol system had worked in Chicago, Mayor Smith advised that the system be adopted here. Late in the year the first patrol wagon was installed in the Third Police District, and its first driver was Alexander Boyd, who died a few days ago.

The system included the telephone, which in 1874 was not in general use even in business places in this city. Consequently the police patrol system was more than a mere reform; it was a radical change. The patrolman went to a little box, telephoned to the station for the wagon and remained at his post. The plan also provided a system by which the police reported every hour to show they were attending to business.

THE introduction of this system was as good as a hundred extra men on the force. By the end of Mayor Smith's term there were eight patrol wagons in the city. There was still need of many more, but he had made a decided step toward efficiency.

At first, when the wagons were a novelty, the drivers believed they were expected to respond as rapidly as a fire engine. As this was found to wear out the horses unnecessarily, after the many runs in the course of the day, a moderate rate of speed was ordered. The plan proved to be the best adjunct to the police department up to that time, and with the introduction of motor wagons the efficiency has been again increased. Although Mayor Smith was impeached, he did a good work, and there are still living persons who believe that he was a "dandy Mayor."

GRANVILLE.

The Kaiser: Bad or Incompetent?

From the Columbia (S. C.) State.

The Germans continue to protest that they did not want war; that the Kaiser was for peace.

If we grant the truth of the claim one of two conclusions is inevitable: First, that the Kaiser was grossly incompetent as a conservator of peace and ought to abdicate so that some more intelligent German can so on the job, or—

Second, that practically the rest of Europe was wickedly and insanely eager to make war upon him.

In the latter case it must be confessed that the Emperor has failed to so govern his empire that other nations would not hate it, or else that other nations are altogether bad while righteousness is a German monopoly.

Accepting the Emperor's own premises, it seems to follow that if not a bad he is an incompetent ruler.

THE IDEALIST

"Prayer," said a simple Japanese convert, "is like the two buckets of a well. When one bucket is sent down empty the other bucket comes up full."

And there we have the true concept of prayer. Not only is it imperative; it is receptive. As one gives one receives.

Two young men were camping in the woods. Neither was what is popularly known as a "churchgoer." They were just two average American boys—healthy, alert and in for a good time.

When bedtime came one of the boys knelt down to pray. The other looked on in sincere amazement. As the kneeling lad arose from his prayer his companion was gazing fixedly at the ground.

"Bill," said the one who had not prayed, "I hope you said one for me." The words bore a suggestion of the jocular.

"Fred," replied the other, "per cent, of my prayer was for you. If I had prayed for myself I would not feel nearly so