

EVENING LEDGER

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Independence Square, Philadelphia.LEADER OFFICES: Broad and Chestnut Streets
ATLANTIC CITY: 170-A Metropolitan Tower
CHICAGO: 317 The Insurance Building
LONDON: 8 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S. W.

NEWS BUREAUS:

HARRISBURG: The Post Building
WASHINGTON: The Post Building
NEW YORK: The Times Building
BOSTON: The Boston Globe Building
PHILADELPHIA: 222 N. 2nd St.
ST. LOUIS: 222 N. 2nd St.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

By carrier, Daily Only, six cents. By mail, postpaid
outside of Philadelphia, Daily Only, six cents. Single
copies, one cent. Daily Only, one month, twenty-five cents;
three months, seventy-five cents. All mail subscrip-
tions payable in advance.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening
Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-
CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1914

What Is a Moral Issue?

THE tariff is an economic issue because it deals with the raising of revenue; trusts are an industrial issue because they are concerned with production and distribution; currency is a financial issue because it pertains to the medium of exchange; the initiative, the referendum and the recall are political issues because they are questions of governmental expediency.

A moral issue is any event or policy or person that involves the conscience of the people. Whatever historians may write on the causes of our Civil War, it was a moral issue to the majority of the people of the North because the institution of slavery was repugnant to their moral sense. To multitudes of American citizens the liquor problem is a moral issue because they believe that the consumption of alcohol is harmful to the ethical well being of the community.

Men differ from President Wilson on his economic policy, but they feel no moral indignation toward him; they differ from Secretary Bryan on his trust pronouncements, but they cherish no fundamental antagonism because of the divergence of views; they differ from Senator Owen on his currency program, but they are not stirred to righteous anger by his tenets; they differ from Colonel Roosevelt on his progressive doctrines of the initiative, referendum and recall, but they are not ethically incensed by his propaganda.

When a man is condemned and repudiated by large masses of sober, intelligent and responsible citizens on moral grounds it is because his personality, his conduct, his associations and his alliances contradict and outrange their profoundest and deepest convictions. In such a case it is futile to talk of compromise and it adds only to the blackness of the situation to palliate or condone or excuse the offense on the ground of political expediency or party advantage. Conscience is the one thing in national life that must always be paramount and final.

One Million Thankfully Received

THE Delaware River project is to receive \$1,000,000 in a cause for thanksgiving, particularly as there was some doubt recently whether even this amount would be appropriated.

The Delaware is a real river, carrying real shipping, and the part it has played in national development in the past justifies the Government in giving special attention to its possibilities. If the prophecy is correct that another measure in the near future will provide more adequately for the work remaining to be done, Philadelphia will feel that Congress has not lost its sense of proportion.

With the impetus that is likely to come to American shipping as a consequence of the disruption of the ocean-going service of Europe, the port of Philadelphia should be given a fair chance to use her magnificent facilities.

Mr. Speculator's Weather Waterloo

THE speculators have met their Waterloo. Like Napoleon's, it has rained in it. Indeed the weather is the whole thing. The mere threat of lowering clouds on Thursday tumbled World's Series prices as they have never tumbled before.

Hitherto the championship has been played off with hardly a hint of postponement. So the present situation scarcely came into the calculations of the gentlemen who make the two-blades-of-grass proverb look like underproduction. They woke up to the painful realization that customers would shy at paying a premium for a rainy game ticket that had to be cashed in at its face value.

"The rain it is a gentle thing." And yet how the mere threat of it vanquished the men before whom every human force stood helpless! All the same, Philadelphia will be satisfied with just enough to scare the speculators. No watering pot this afternoon, Mr. Gardener.

"We Won't Play!"

THE spat is over. Annapolis and West Point have picked up their toys and gone home to their mums. And the core of the matter is "there ain't going to be no game." This newest rendering of that touching and touchy old ditty, "I won't play in your yard" is about as silly and childish a thing as any place of learning, much less any branch of the United States service, has managed to accomplish in some years.

The Navy appears to have the edge of the matter just a trifle. Its team was ready to play in one or two places, at any rate. But the Army gave its proudest cock to its predestined chapeau and said, "I won't play—unless—"

Nobody can blame the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy if they never give the children another chance to make an exhibition of themselves.

The Massachusetts Governorship

IT is scarcely a paradox to say that the European war will re-elect Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts. Only Mexico can make sure of McCall and the Republicans. Walsh has not merely the Democrats behind him. He has human nature on his side.

If the Massachusetts election had occurred on the last of last August, Mr. McCall would almost surely have been Governor. Just now it is a case of "a vote for Walsh is a vote for Wilson"—unless Villa intervenes.

At present Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly strong in that strength known, among others, to the baseball player. The crowd will crucify a fielder who, in one inning, muffs

a fly. The same crowd will glorify the same man if, in another inning, he knocks a three-bagger with the bases full.

Mr. Wilson muffed a fly in Mexico last summer. He drew a three-bagger when the European war made tolerance toward Mexico a lucky virtue. And there is no mistaking the Democratic grandstand at present.

The Massachusetts Democracy can be depended upon to reflect the whole stand. In four years of power they have steadily filled all the offices, and so have built up—shall we say, a common sentiment? Against this Mr. McCall has, it must be admitted, no more than a fighting chance.

He may gain from the visible falling away of the Progressive "Democratic Aid Society." Without commanding leadership, a good many of these are returning to Republicanism. Touch this element here and there, and you find McCall possibilities. And, of course, Brother Villa may step in and spoil Mr. Wilson's three-bagger.

Otherwise, like it or not, Wilson has the grandstand, and Walsh, of Massachusetts, is on the team.

Pennsylvania's Honor

IN a speech of unusual directness and force delivered at York on Wednesday night, Doctor Brumbaugh said:

And I want you here tonight to stand up for Pennsylvania's honor every day of your lives. We want in this Commonwealth, and you have a right to have in this Commonwealth, such an administration of your public affairs that every man and every woman in Pennsylvania can point with pride and satisfaction to your public affairs.

If nothing else was said during the campaign that sentence ought to elect Brumbaugh by an overwhelming majority and send Penrose to a permanent oblivion. Pennsylvania must win back her self-respect before she can hope for the respect of her sister States.

Suffrage Argument in Death

BEFORE Mrs. Frank Leslie died she proved that a woman could be as good a business man as any specimen of the sterner sex. She proved more. Twice when man-management got her magazine properties into financial holes, she gave up the leisure she had earned and pulled them out again.

But Mrs. Frank Leslie couldn't vote. As a woman, she hadn't, of course, the practical sense or the cool judgment of men. As a woman, she couldn't grasp the difficult facts of the world outside the home walls. As a woman, she was too emotional, too unimpeccable. She wasn't to be trusted with the ballot; that was reserved for the men she employed on her magazines. The world said as much to Mrs. Leslie living.

But, dead, she makes the story a little different. A million dollars of her estate goes to the suffrage cause. And a good many people begin to wonder just where her incapacity for voting came in.

"A Children's Crossing—Stop!"

SOMETHING seems likely to come of Judge Sulzberger's charge that the continued peril to pedestrians may be laid to the "deliberate negligence" of Councilmen. Under the added prodding of the Mayor's cabinet, even those marble hall gentlemen themselves admit that something ought to be done. So next week a bill will be introduced to regulate street traffic in the interests of the pedestrian.

It was a serious indictment of present conditions that Mayor Blankenburg brought up nine street accidents in a single day, including the death of three children. And it was a happy suggestion, made by a Councilman, that street corners in the neighborhood of schools should bear the sign so frequently seen in New England towns: "This is a school children's crossing. Stop!"

Old King Coal's New Fiddlers

FIFTY-FIVE hundred tons of coal dumped into a steamer's hold in four hours and a half; thirty ships handled in a day; a carload emptied in a minute and a half instead of an hour; 125 men doing the work of 600; that is the record set at a Philadelphia wharf. It is a remarkable improvement over the coal-loading methods of even a few years ago.

Such progress is not, however, unexpected. It is imperative. Coal is a bulky, bungle-some thing. The best methods of handling it are necessary in order to prevent breakage and not to add materially to its costliness as a fuel. With the internal combustion engine making its way so rapidly in marine navigation, such advances in coal-handling are essential if liquid fuel is not to oust old King Coal.

Mental Foil to War

BASEBALL is good medicine. It cures the blues, rests the body, refreshes the mind and warms the cockles of the heart. The baseball field is a cemetery of neuroses, real and imaginary troubles and transient discontents. A man goes home a better husband no matter which side wins. He is better fitted for his job next day. The game has a physical and ethical value. It stirs the fires of patriotism for one's city and puts a premium on honesty and skill. It gives people something to think and talk about. Altogether, baseball is a good clean sport.

Just now it serves as a mental foil to the war. For the time the pitcher takes the place of the gun, and the little white sphere whirling through the air supplants, in the imagination of the fan, the significance of the shell. One is the symbol of life, the other of death.

Play is not a waste of time. It is a national duty. Play is the highest form of rest. There is no dissipation on the ball field, but a sensible enthusiasm which gives cheer without stimulant and health without deception.

For the New Haven, the Mellicham days have come, the saddest of the year.

With Max Nordau a prisoner in Paris, the war may now go on—indeed, it will.

Mixing cottonseed meal with flour may lower the high cost of bread, but it also raises the heaviness of the finished product.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are mentioned as probable members of the proposed committee to go to Europe in an effort to bring about peace. They might warm up by framing a treaty of peace between themselves.

There are one or two days in the year when the weather becomes a matter of the utmost importance. This is one. Philadelphia hopes there will be no more than four. But if untoward fortune pushes the number up to seven, at least let the days be no more inclement than the present specimen.

THE HANDS OF ESAU

Third Article Indicates How the Organization is Financed. Best Citizens Are Unconscious Stockholders. The Contractor Idea a Pittsburgh Contribution to Bad Government. Picturesque Leaders.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

FOREWORD

"If you could go to the political world, follow the great road—follow that market man, keep his dust in your eyes, and it will lead you straight to it, for it, too, has his place merely, and does not occupy all space."—Thoreau.

Better government in Philadelphia is being slowly strangled. The cold fingers of "The Organization," Philadelphia's Tammany, twisting dexterously through a phable majority in Councils, are pressing hard upon its windpipe. Unless pruned off by the people themselves, strangulation of better government must ensue.

In the modest palace behind the myriad two-story red brick fronts of working Philadelphia dwell the real beneficiaries of better government. They pay the taxes. It is for them to say how the public funds shall be expended. Their support alone means better government. The worst that can be said of people who toil is that sometimes they are too tired to study a public subject—SOMETIMES, NOT ALWAYS.

III—THE ORGANIZATION

Why abuse Jim McNichol and the Vares when "The Organization" is only a business corporation handed down to them from the time when capital feverishly wooed government all over the land? To get hot under the collar and call names at men does not strike them out of power. It advertises them—Charles F. Murphy, of New York, collects cartoons, and Roger Sullivan, of Chicago, keeps a scrap-book. Besides, all Philadelphia is implicated in the survival of "The Organization"; many of our best citizens are unconscious stockholders.

From the days of Jim McManes and the Gas Ring down to the executive direction of Jim McNichol and the Vares, "The Organization" has been a holding company for a string of small corporations operating mixed undertakings from its root branch or centre. In a lighter vein we might say that Philadelphia has been well "jimmied" by "The Organization" for half a century.

Tammany and the Cook County Democracy of Illinois and other imitator holding companies that traffic in public contracts, special privileges, franchises and fat and lean jobs, frankly admit their business character. Did not Richard Croker testify that he was always working for his "own pocket," and did not the Hinky Dinks and Bath House Johns, of Chicago, sell liquor and law over the same bar? Of course, municipal tables no longer groan under the weight of food things. Many choice platters have been emptied, for even the best of wells have been known to go dry.

Occasionally citizens rouse themselves, and push the holding companies away from the banquet board. At present "The Organization" is encamped on the stone flagging outside City Hall with its "tin soldiers" scrambling after the crumbs that fall from the State and County tables. "The Organization" has between 20,000 and 25,000 faithful, dependable employees to look out for hungry mouths to feed from public funds, not counting the auxiliaries in the bipartisan party, a subsidiary corporation set up to cheat the people into the belief that there is competition in the business of selling government for private gain.

In spite of the temporary setback in the arrival at City Hall of the Blankenburg administration for a four-year stay, which expires a year from next January, "The Organization" reunited is an extremely well-oiled business machine; methodical, resourceful and as widespread as the branches of a giant oak in Fairmount Park.

An Egyptian high priest ages ago said that there are two pairs of eyes in a man, and it was required that the pair which are beneath shall be closed when the pair above them perceive, and that when the pair above are closed those which are beneath shall be opened. Using the pair of eyes that connect with the reasoning faculties, and closing the pair that see only the prepared surface of things, "The Organization" stands naked, a creation for purposes of barter and trade that does not express the principles or ideals of any great political party.

Here is present government in Philadelphia:

Held for the People by the Blankenburg Administration:

Mayor: Mayor's Office
Department of Public Works
Highways
Water
City Property
Surveys
Lighting
Gas
Department of Public Safety
Police
Fire
Boiler Inspection
Building Inspection
Elevator Inspection
Correction
Electrical
Department of Public Health and Charities
Wharves, Docks and Ferries
City Transit
City Service Commission
Board of Recreation
Art Jury

Held by "The Organization" or Shared Under Deals With Mayor's Partisans:

District Attorney
Magistrates
Courts
Councilman's Majority
City Commissioners
Mercantile Appraisers
City Treasurer
Department of Law
Recorder of Deeds
Board of Revision of Taxes
City Controller
Coroner
Recorder of Deeds
Register of Wills
Sheriff
Prothonotary
County Prisons
State Inspectors
Board of Viewers
Board of Public Education
Assessors of Real Estate
Eastern State Penitentiary

Arranging for the seizure next year of the offices enumerated, in the foregoing left-hand column is the particular business now before the Board of Directors of "The Organization." This business includes the manufacture of public opinion in effect that the Blankenburg Administration is extravagant; the providing by Councils of such uses for public funds that better government is financially embarrassed, and finally, a grand demonstration of strength in this year's vote for United States Senator.

Right here we might note the unforgivable offense of the Blankenburg Administration that it would not trade. It is very sad, is it not, very depressing and unusual that the Mayor and his appointees should decline to compromise with "The Organization"? Other minorities were always willing to trade and often to "come over," as in the case of City Commissioner Frank J. Gorman, an ex-newspaper reporter; Recorder of Deeds Ernest L. Tustin, once a reformer; D. Clarence Gibboney, and others.

Or, better still, take the five mercantile appraisers, who are appointed jointly by the State Auditor General, a Progressive party man, and the City Treasurer, identified with "The Organization"—an aggregate of \$120,000 in fees for three years to be cut five ways. Here we find an excellent example of a political trade with the garments of the venerable William Penn superiorly divided: the coat to Harry C. Ransley, of Select Council.

ell, a Vares man; his trousers to ex-Magistrate James A. Carey, a McNichol man; his broad-brimmed Quaker hat "tossed into the ring" for John J. Crout, former city chairman of the Progressive party; his waistcoat to ex-Magistrate Edward A. Devlin, a Penrose man, and his shoe buckles to F. A. Van Valkenburg, brother of the local representative of William Flinn, of Pittsburgh.

Neither example nor precedent bent the Mayor from his course. He simply would not shove his knees under the same table with Jim McNichol and the Vares. Therein lies his whole offense against "The Organization." Efficiency experts are constantly bringing new ideas into the board room of "The Organization." The late Chris Magee, of Pittsburgh, and partner of William Flinn, was a superb originator in his day. He advised the permanent combination between the majority and minority parties, later introduced into Philadelphia by Dave Martin, whereby the people are fixed so they cannot vote for a Democrat except he is chosen by "The Organization."

The elegant Magee also conceived the overlapping idea which provides jobs for "the boys" on the off-years, with a county payroll to carry them over just such a contingency as the Blankenburg Administration. No matter what happens there is always a shelter around the corner. For instance, the Mayor's term ends in the middle of the terms of half of the Select Council, the District Attorney, Register of Wills, City Treasurer, Recorder of Taxes, etc. The overlapping idea in business politics is the gambler's chance that the roulette ball that has just dropped red will roll into a black pocket on the next spin.

New York city caught Tammany napping one year and removed its District Attorney. This insured prosecution of election frauds, and eventually drove Tammany from the City Hall. Philadelphia's chance for better government has begun with the Mayor, at the opposite end of local administration affairs.

THE HUM OF HUMAN CITIES

Conservation has begun to start at the beginning. North Carolina is trying to make the baby, the new baby, the start of the whole thing.

The first reports looked a little dubious. The birth of a child was said to have become a "State event." It was registered at the Capitol, "with due ceremony," and the "proud and happy mother was congratulated in a personal letter from the Governor, Locke Craig, impressed with the seal of the State." That might mean more babies, but not better babies.

But North Carolina is doing better than that. It is trying to help the mother in the rearing of the child. The Chief of the Engineering Bureau of the State Board of Health likewise sends written congratulations and felicitations, accompanied by a printed bulletin on the care and feeding of infants, and the friendly advice.

We want to cooperate with you and render you assistance in every way possible.

The results, of course, are not yet very evident. But there is surely a fine sign of awakening public consciousness. And if nothing more fruitful comes of it in better conditions of life for the younger generation, at least it means more accurate vital statistics for one State in the Union. The certificate of birth of every child of the State will be placed on permanent file in a fireproof vault of the State Capitol and certified copies issued to anybody desiring them. Vital statistics are none too accurate or complete even in these more methodical days. Commenting on North Carolina's new step, the Sacramento, Cal., Bee observes:

"In California, as in most if not all other States, registration of births is much neglected, despite laws making it mandatory on physicians and other persons, with the result that official statistics commonly fall far short of the actual birth rate, which so many are made to appear even to lag behind the death rate."

"Deaths almost invariably get upon the official records, as no burial or cremation is permitted without a certificate of death, but the stark, of course, never asks anybody's permission and is a stranger to pen and ink."

CURIOSITY SHOP

It is not often that a statesman's stupidity goes down in history to such an extent as was the case of the late Lord Curzon, who was British Premier from 1827 to 1833 and who subsequently became the Earl of Ripon. Because of his incapacity he was known as "Goosey Goodrich."

Lake George was known to the Indians as Andlakeoche, "where the lake shuts itself." Curzon, who called it Horicon, because of its situation, it being the nearest Christian city to Turkey. The Turks captured it on two occasions in the 18th century, but in 1855 they were driven out finally.

Buda, which is part of the present Budapest, the capital of Hungary, was formerly known as the Key to Christendom, because of its situation, it being the nearest Christian city to Turkey. The Turks captured it on two occasions in the 18th century, but in 1855 they were driven out finally.

The phrase, "stealing in their own gravity," which Blamont applied to the French, was not originally French. It is in the London Spy published a description of a heist at the Hummums, Covent Garden, in which the writer says:

"He relieved us out of our purgatory and carried us to other crossing rooms, which we used much refreshment after we had been stewing in our own gravity."

The Eternal Table of the Mohammedans is a pearl extending from the west and from heaven to earth, on which God records every event, past, present and future.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Facts are much more important than theories, and facts point clearly to the necessity of improving every Mexican faction with the idea that we cannot tolerate disorder down there, and that we will not quit Vera Cruz until it is reasonably sure that we shall not have to go back there. That is elementary common sense.—Brooklyn Eagle.

For the sake of those susceptible persons whose tender withers are wrung by others' griefs, we trust the President will be more successful in getting Mr. Shively, of Indiana, into the Senate than he was in keeping Mr. Sullivan of Illinois out of it. President Wilson has been rebuked by his party in every commonwealth into whose politics he has thrust an impertinent finger. Each State has sought to impress upon him it is not a party but a borough to return the Representatives whom he may indicate.—Salt Lake Herald-Republican.

It must be confessed that the agents of our diplomatic trust are doing their work with high efficiency. In not a single case have they been accused of any impropriety of conduct. Before the war we had our George Fred Williams. Since it began we have had no such thing as a diplomat. American diplomacy may not pay much attention to the "frills" in time of peace, but it does the work when real workers are needed.—Chicago Herald.

Now that one of the railroads is using moving pictures to impress upon its employees the necessity for greater care and efficiency, would it be asking too much to have a few rods of film prepared in the interest of the traveling public and for the purpose of converting or terrifying the Train Seat Hoax—Washington Times.

To other considerations for the purchase of Monticello by the Government is now added the argument of its usefulness as a Virginia home of the President. Certainly there would be more appropriate selection on the score of dignity, accessibility and historical associations.—New York World.

There is no reason to suppose that there is anything concealed in an offensive sense about the Treasury's assistance in Tennessee. It was a transaction between honorable men, for reasons which seemed good to them. Even those indisposed to praise it may regard it as excusable.—New York Times.

English Newspapers and Jewish Holidays

It is interesting to note the manner in which some of the secular papers describe the Jewish holidays. Years ago, it seemed a common practice among these papers to describe these holidays so piquantly that they would resemble a Hottentot celebration rather than a Jewish festival.

A good example of a good story is the one entitled "Yom Kippur," which appeared recently in the EVENING LEDGER. It gave the American reader a real picture of the Jewish holiday, and Jews undoubtedly read it with satisfaction, for they saw in it a truthful characterization of their own faith. Even those indisposed to praise it may regard it as excusable.—New York Times.

THE IDEALIST

It takes courage to lay plans for your future. It takes infinitely more courage to lay plans for the far-off future of others, when we shall live no more—the present of oncoming generations.

Yet this would be a sorry world indeed if there were not here and there among all the generations men who had at heart the well being of the people who would live after they had passed away.

It may be said that the present state of peace in this land is a great measure, to the plans and principles laid down by far-seeing men of more than a century ago. But it is truth. No man attains full development who keeps his mind solely upon today; even solely upon his own generation.

All of which has to do with a recent newspaper account of the arrest of an old man in his sixties. He had committed the crime of stealing bread for a much needed meal. I could easily imagine countless readers shuddering at the thought of a man in his old age, so easily imagine sincerely sympathizing with the world's miseries in general. And I would be quick to admit that this expression of sympathy is a commendable quality.

But this grief will only serve its true purpose when the griefed one is prompted to do that which will make unnecessary the stealing of a meal—in the years of the future.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Assuredly

"The weather man never makes a hit with the women."
"Go on."
"He's too meteorological."

Aye, What?
Belgium has sent her works of art to Britain's seaboard shore
To save them from the fire brand and shot and shell of war?
Belgium has sent her Kaiser now, Belgium has foisted the Hun,
But what of the merry militants when this cruel war is done?

What of the heavy cleaver blade, what of the butcher knife?
What of the bricks that fly about when militants are rife?
Since Britain could not save her own by force, or threat, or truce,
What may she do for Belgium when the militants get loose?

What Ailed Him
The oldest inhabitant had been sitting still for many a moon.
"I am waiting for the golden opportunity to come along," he explained. And at last accounts he was getting very fidgety.

Maxim Outdone
The Los Angeles Graphic headlines a story: "Woman Bound and Gagged; Is Silent," which shows wonderful deductive powers, even though a trifle bromide.

Trapped
"Mister," said the professional beggar, "I've got 2 cents in I need 3 more for a cup of coffee."
"Sorry, I have nothing smaller than a 45 bill."
"That's all right; I'll change it for yuh."

A Quick Bargain
A land owner making improvements in the swampy region near League Island found his plans blocked by a "squatter" who would not consent to have his place filled to grade unless he could sell his house. The house formerly did duty as a photographer's booth. "What do you want for it?" he was asked. "Five hundred dollars."
"I'll give you \$25 cash," said the land owner.
"Done," said the squatter.

Shakespeare at the Bat
"A hit, a palpable hit,"—Hamlet.
"To what base we may return, Horatio,"—Hamlet.
"Strike home,"—Measure for Measure.
"Let the world slide,"—Taming of the Shrew.
"Play out the play,"—King John.
"What are these . . . so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on't?"—Macbeth.
"The insane fool" that takes the reason prisoner.—Macbeth.
"Out, I say,"—Macbeth.
"The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general,"—Hamlet.
"The play's the thing wherein I'll catch . . ."
—Hamlet.

For Peace
Prayers for peace having been duly made, Camden will build another dreadnought.

An Earned Title
"That gentleman in the check suit introduced himself to me as a scientific man. He looks less like a scientist than a swindler." "He is a swindler, but he's never been caught."

On His Way
Now that we near the winter days,
That old, familiar pest
Will soon be with us—he who says
"I like the summer best."

Feeding the Mosquitoes
Mosquito extermination along the Jersey coast cost \$5000 the past season and the pests were the more numerous. The strategy of the exterminators is at fault. Instead of fighting the mosquito, why not find out what article of food the mosquito likes best and then keep him supplied with it?

Even as You and I
"POLICE HAVE WHEELS,"—Grand Rapids Herald.

Bales of Cotton
"Buy a bale of cotton," say the boosters of the South.
"We need the money badly, having had financial drought."
But they've been buying cotton now a dozen years or so.
The cost has been enormous and the memory makes us sore.

We've bought about a dozen bales, unwittingly, 'tis true.
In worsted, serge and chevion, in gray and brown and blue;
And not until the trousers up our slender shins did appear
Were we aware 'twas cotton, not the product of the sheep.

Perhaps the cotton now for sale is of a better grade;
Mayhap 'tis of some other kind than in our ready-made;
The ready-made that once was large and tall
Until it met a little rain—the tailor called it wool.

The Middle Class
"I am of the great meaty class," he said, proudly.
"The meaty class?"
"Yes, the middle class, which is the meat of the human sandwich."

A Hair-raising Thought
Think of the carnage if the verbal broadsides fired this side of the Atlantic any one day of the war had been steel and iron!

Careless
There was a young fellow named Sprague,
Who fell and fractured his lagage;
Because, on a walk,
He was having a talk
And he slipped when he stepped on an ague.

A Prediction
Military touches will predominate in World's Series descriptions.
"Is that your daughter singing?" asked Dugan, the blunderer.
"It is," replied Mr. Dolan. "The teacher says her register is something wonderful."
"Register, is it? It sounds more like a safety valve!"—Washington Star.

The Babbling Fool
Charity covers a multitude of skins.
Charity rarely begins at home. The average man would rather give two boxes of candy to two twenty-year-old girls than one box to his forty-year-old wife.

And hope