Evening Thedger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1913.

opportunity knock; do not knock

opportunity.

A Greek Loose in Trov N Francis Shunk Brown, Governor Brumbaugh has invited the brain of the Vares

into his official household. The appointment is a slap in the face for every independent Republican in Pennsyl-

Mr. Brown notoriously has been the canniest of the politicians behind the screen, adviser extraordinary to one of the powerful factions which time and again have robbed, despolled and pillaged this municipality.

He is apt in subtle plans, daring in the midnight council, gladiator de luxe for onehalf of the machine, skilled in the devices of political warfare, astute in his profession, clever, persistent, personally charming, mentally capable of filling any office and absolutely without the political confidence of the class who stand for the things which the Governor espouses and who agree with him in his conception of the purpose and meaning of government.

It is a bad appointment, a demoralizing appointment, an appointment which scars at the beginning the record of Doctor Brumbaugh. That it is a blow to the Penrose faction does not mitigate its undesirability.

Philadelphia will understand better what the Governor's choice means when the mayoralty campaign begins,

There is a Greek loose in Troy.

Paste It in Their Hats

ET every Councilman paste in his hat this excerpt from the Governor's mes-

In this great industrial State it is our duty to pay definite attention to the housing problem. Every family should be housed in a home that is private, sanitary, safe and attainable at a reasonable rental. I urge your attention to this important problem. We cannot breed good citizens in disgraceful houses. It would be a great pleasure to me and a great blessing to our workmen if this problem were adequately met now.

The problem has been adequately met, so far as the State is concerned, for Philadelphia, for one of the best housing laws ever enacted in any Commonwealth is on the statute books. It has been ignored and nullified by Councils. The Governor in this matter stands squarely with the EVENING Lepour and the charitable organizations of Philadelphia, Councils cannot much longer withstand the storm of c'-c indignation that is gathering about it.

Buy-in-Philadelphia

MADE-IN-PHILADELPHIA is a good slogan; Buy-in-Philadelphia is a better one. Boston, for instance, having discovered that much of the trade of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine is diverted to New York, proposes to raise a fund of \$20,000 wherewith to wage an active publicity campaign in the three States named. should result," says Mayor Curley, "in fully \$1,000,000 being brought into Boston from outside States."

But what of Philadelphia, home of many of the world's greatest industries, the great manufacturing centre of the Union, the city of cities for cheap and economical buying? Her light is hid under a bushel. How many people know that more carpets are made here than in all the other cities of the United States put together? Scores and scores of articles manufactured in Philadelphia are distributed generally from other centres, although here they can be purchased to the best advantage. People who know, shop in Philadelphia now, but there are millions of people who are absolutely ignorunt of the facilities here afforded.

Let us have done with excessive modesty and put punch behind the products of our skill. We must let the world know what we are doing. Philadelphia needs publicity, plenty of it, and that is what Philadelphia Is going to get if the committees which have been at work on the program are not check-

Hear It Boom!

DROSPERITY is on the way, and you can A hear its booming. The latest reverberations come from the steel trade and the railroads. On Monday morning the Pennsylvania Steel Company started another open hearth furnace at Steelton, and put its rail mill and several other departments on a 24-hour schedule, giving work to 1000 ad ditional men. The Pennsylvania Railroad begins to build a new \$750,000 bridge at Harrisburg, and the United States Steel Corporation has arranged to start the construction of a \$500,000 benzol plant at Sharon within three weeks.

All this means that men who have long been idle will get a pay envelope on Saterday night, and that children who have been hungry will feel the comfortable glow of full stomachs, and tired wives will give a sigh of relief as they go to sleep at night without worry about where the food for the morrow is to come from. This is the kind of prosperity which is worth while, the kind that gets down to the great mass of citizens and manifests itself on the dinner

Workingmen Will Buy Subway Bonds WHOEVER doubts that the money can be raised for fluencing the new subways al ould watch the sale of city bonds over the counter next Thursday. The \$5,000,000 worth offered will be disposed of in a rush. Mon of small means and millionaires understand the value of a 4 per cent. security, free from all towalism in the State, and exempt from the finna) forome tax. A tax-free public bond is a freasure to be sought with experience to the days when the two collector, eased on by easer but Middlessment marchant for swa

objects of invation, stands ready to selze so much of the income from investments that little is left to the investor.

This \$5,000,000, which the city now needs. will be provided right here at home, from the savings of the people, without making any appreciable diminution in the amount to their credit in the banks. With scores of millions of dollars remaining in the savings banks to the credit of the depositors, there are funds here available for building three or four times as many subways as Director Taylor plans to have constructed. And the plain people, who are demanding the abolition of the charge for transfers and the operation of fast cars to take them to and from work, will jump at the chance to buy 4 per cent. city bonds to provide all the money that can be used. The city is not dependent on the big money lenders. It can buy its own way to transit freedom with the same case as the French peasants in the seventles bought freedom from German occupation of France. All the money that can be used is right here in Philadelphia at the command of the people of Philadelphia. Now get ready to use it.

A Splendid Message

THE Governor's message is a splendid document. Its brevity is eloquent. Convinced of the accuracy of his own diagnosis that we are over- instead of under-lawed, Governor Brumbaugh confines his recommendations to a few "vital enactments" which the people "need and deserve. As speedily as may be, this we should do, and when this is done the Legislature should adjourn."

By far the most important of these recommendations relates to local option, the demand for which was voiced in the Governor's personal platform, but was spectacularly omitted from the Pittsburgh declaration of principles. On this point the Governor is bold, outspoken and determined, as there was every assurance he would be when he declined to use money for his campaign which notoriously was contributed to the general fund by arrogant and shameless liquor interests. "I am unequivocably for county local option." There is the challenge, there the fight, and on its outcome will hinge not only the destiny of Governor Brumbaugh, but the destiny also of the Republican party in this State.

The Governor's insistence on a comprehensive highway program was anticipated, and his plea for the abolition of toll roads, which have become an intolerable irritation, will be indorsed heartily. Particularly significant is the call for efficiency in road construction and upkeep. "These supervisors should be licensed roadkeepers and not political accidents." If the Governor can translate that conception of the public interest into fact success will be written all over his Administration.

The Governor favors a practical civil service; feels that the school code needs little revision, although more funds for education are desirable; advocates the submission of the woman suffrage amendment; is opposed to appropriations for charity unless the supervision of the State follows the appropriations; stands firmly and without hesitation for a just workmen's compensation act and the abolishment of child labor; pleads for co-ordination of agricultural agencies and the separation of the teaching and administrative functions, which now overlap and are confused; points out the value of the State's natural resources, the necessity of conserving them and the wisdom of re-

Of particular importance to Philadelphia is the Governor's plea for home rule for cities, his idea being that "our urban population is so complex that it scarcely knows how to apply the principles of democracy." It can only learn by having full responsibility put squarely on its shoulders.

The message might have been written in a cloister by a man whose whole horizon was limited to humanitarianism, yet withal, the program outlined is riddled with practicability. There is nothing Utopian in it, nothing that cannot or ought not to be accomplished. It is a program which any man, irrespective of party, can heartily indorse. It represents the definite conclusions which most of the people of Pennsylvania have reached on the great issues before them.

Can he carry it out? The whole Commonwealth will watch him in the fight, and the whole Commonwealth of decent men and women will back him up in it. His voice is the voice of millions, his determination their determination, his success their success. His message is better than his platform-more sure, more certain. Its simplicity, its rockbottom logic, its limitations of purpose, make it a great program. Woe be to the man or set of men who may endeavor to rip it open; for Doctor Brumbaugh is the prophet of the new Republicanism, and if he is stabbed in the back there will be nothing left of the party but the carcass.

Good morning and good luck, Mr. Gov-

There is nothing to the ship purchase bill

Mr. Schwab is an optimist in the manufacture of warlike things.

The rain has broken the record for 100

years and it has not finished yet. "Uncle Joe" Cannon seems to have a big fight on his hands before he gets back into

Congress. If Mr. Gutierres wants to tell the truth it would be wise to get out of Mexico before Villa finds it out,

Indications are that Mr. Tener's new job will keep him just as busy as the old one ever did, if not a little more so.

Tragedy and calamity have been Italy's birthright for centuries, but no ruin has ever dulled her gentus or dimmed the lautern of civilization which she carried. Magnificent Ifuly! How less magnificant she would be were it not for the disasters that have tested and tried her soull

BOSTON'S MIRACLE OF PORT DEVELOPMENT

Harbor Became the Fifth Busiest in the World in Two Years-Shipping Increased 5 Per Cent., Passenger Traffic 43 Per Cent.

By BURTON KLINE

THREE years ago Boston decided upon the improvement of its port. The long forelock of a great opportunity having hove in sight, the forelock was seized. The capacities of New York harbor were notoriously overtaxed. Larger and larger ships were being built-more than New York could spare the space to accommodate. A mass of foreign trade big enough to divide was growing steadily to even larger proportions. Altogether it was a propifious season for Boston to step in and make an effort to seize some of this foreign commerce for herself while the selzing was good.

Does any one truly appreclate what a step was taken in the mere reaching of this decision? Did you ever improve a port?

The dredging of a port, the building of new docks, the enticing of new trade, calls for something more than the expenditure of money and talk. Immediately it was planned to build new piers and lay out new railroad connections, great numbers of people with dock lands, or with property that would be made trebly valuable by the building of adjacent docks, came forward with offers of sale. Some of these public-spirited citizens have pull. Others have property that will be spoiled by the building of nearby docks. Their land is entirely too valuable to be seized for such vulgar purposes. The new railroad connections to be laid down will cut through other property that at once assumes gigantic value in the eyes of its owners,

Harder Than Panama Canal

A Gargantuan welter of conflicting opinion, and interest, and argument arises on all sides. Every great public work excites this disturbance. The digging of the Panama Canal is simple in comparison. That public convenience was cut through such soft material as earth and rock. To improve a port you have to dig through something solider than that. It is a Panama Canal driven through prejudice, through obstinacy, through greed, through a thousand and one human wills, beside which granite ls as putty.

So you gain some notion of how huge was the step which Boston took three years ago, when it reached the point merely of deciding that the Boston port should be enlarged and improved. Yet that was only the beginning of the trouble.

Boston port was formerly under the supervision of the Harbor and Land Commission. Its duties were broad, too broad. The improvement of a port calls for a board of expert zealots, with nothing to do but improve a port. Five port directors were accordingly appointed, under special law; and, wonder of wonders, a truly capable man was found for head of them. Even those whose experience of employment is restricted to the hire of household servants, know how scarce a commodity is just plain common capability. So the Board of Port Directors set to work upon

Self-Made Boston

Their difficulties instantly became apparent to them. Nature has always frowned upon Boston. Most people have the fancy that Boston is the creation of some superhuman Power. Nothing of the sort. The strongest link Boston has with the rest of America-is that it is self-made. You had better whisper this in Boston. But it is true. Nature never designed Boston to be a great port fitted for the navies of the world. Consequently Boston will one day be such a harbor. Bostonians have done everything in their power to spoil Boston as a port. They have stuck up grain elevators, freight sheds, railroad yards at strong strategic points to insure their failure. From Quincy to Waltham, across Boston, it is a journey of but a few miles. If you try to ship a crate of lemons that distance by freight, the distance is well over a hundred miles. Think of it!

Motor anywhere about Boston for some miles, and you will mark a marvelous aggregation of beautiful buildings, ornamented in the highest style of architecture, equipped in the most scientific manner. There is nothing like it in the country. Are these buildings factories? Canneries? They are canneries only in the slang sense. They are State Reformatories, State Insane Asylums, State Hospitals and Refuges and Homes for the Aged and Indigent. Boston even pensions decrepit horses.

Laughed to Scorn

Well, these institutions cost money. High taxes are necessary to provide for their maintenance. They are the reason why there s no freight tunnel under Boston. No belt line. And such laggard port development as Boston had till three years ago. The first thing the Boston Port Directors did was to ask for a modest \$50,000,000. Merely by way of beginning business. They were laughed to scorn. The lame, the halt, and the blind were eating up the State's money. Nothing like \$50,000,000 was forthcoming.

How would you like to be a Port Director in Boston? But now see what has been accomplished with Boston harbor.

In themselves, the naked figures that represent Boston's port development thus far are not imposing. With this background of difficulties, however, they look stupendous. Of course the war, in stopping trade, has temporarily halted the plans of the board, This board, created by law in 1911, has built the Commonwealth Pier, the biggest and best passenger and freight pler in the world. It cost the sum of \$3,500,000. New York has nothing like it. The thing accommodates five vessels of all but the very largest size. Its two stories have 900,000 square feet of storage floor-20 acres of it-nearly half the size of Boston Common, Near this pler they are clearing a railroad yard with a capacity of 4000 cars. Six trains of 25 cars each may be moved from the yard into the pier at one A thousand passengers an hour may be landed.

Here's What Happened

This pier is situated so that it may be placed in easy rail or water communication with seven other systems of docks owned by the railroads. A train ferry is to be provided for quick service across the harbor. The old his toric city docks still exist along the old Bos ton water front, also linked by rail. Being most convenient to the trolley and elevated lines they have been left mainly to the excursion boats and the smaller coasting atenmera. One of these old docks, the most famous of all, Fish Wharf, hay been moved to South Boston, where another Common. | 113 East Broad street, Commons, Only

wealth pier has been built, at a cost of \$2,000,000, to accommodate the largest Ashing industry in the country, and excepting Grimsby, England, the largest in the world. In 1913 the fish brought to Boston, and from there distributed over the country, weighed 166,000,000 pounds, worth \$7,500,000. The piers of the future are to be built on the north side of the harbor, where the board has available for early reclamation 600 acres of land. Meanwhile the board has building the largest drydock in the world, 1200 feet long. 150 feet wide, with 35 feet of water at low tide and 10 feet more at high water. This will welcome the largest ships yet designed. Even the liners that put Into New York will have to come to Boston for repairs that they may require on this side.

In two years this port improvement has increased the shipping in Boston harbor by 757,189 tons-over 5 per cent. The foreign trade alone has gained by \$39,644,729. In 1913 it amounted to \$260,482,097. The transatiantic passenger service has increased over 43 per cent. Last year 138,608 persons took or left ship in Boston. Last year, also, the number of ship lines operating in Boston rose to 44, a gain of eight new lines in two years. In 1914 52 steamship lines have been in service in the port, 36 of them in foreign traffic.

This makes Boston the second port in North and South America, and the fifth port in the world. Only London, New York, Hamburg and Rotterdam surpass it-the latter by only 12,000,000 tons. Bigger ships, and faster, visit Boston now. Boston is a day's sail nearer to Europe, And all because Boston decided on a port improvement that is only well begun.

EARLY VIEWS OF MR. SAYRE White House Infant Declares Himself on the Great Issues of the Day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19. THE first day in the White House was a Lvery busy one for the New Baby. When a representative of the EVENING LEDGER was admitted to the cribside, Woodrow, Jr., admitted that he had just received Secretary Bryan's offer of a collectorship at Santo Domingo, but was uncertain whether to accent it or a proffered position in Lapland.

"I am in favor of infant industries," observed the young sage, "and am at present in intimate contact with cotton, wool and rubber. I am against the bathtub trust. I believe in an sight-hour night as well as an eight-hour day, and am ready to declare with Sancho Panza, 'God bless the man who first invented sleep."

"With the policies of President Wilson I need hardly say that I find myself heartly in accord, though I am ready to admit that watchful waiting' may become a severe test of one's patience when applied to the importation of foodstuffs.

"I am in favor of home rule, and I cordially inderse 'Billy' Sunday's sentiment that it is no reproach to a young man to be tied to his mother's apron strings. All that I am I feel that I owe to my mother. I warmly reciprocate the evidences of affectionate solicitude shown by my contemporary babies. They will understand, I hope, if I am unable to make personal acknowledgment of their salutations.

"I desire also to thank Secretary Bryan for a copy of 'The Making of a Man,' together with a pap-spoon. My uncle has given me a copy of Shakespeare's 'McAdoo About Nothing'; and my yell comes from Williams Col-

Here the nurse discovered that a pin was sticking into the distinguished infant, and at this point the interview terminated.

EXPORTATION OF WAR MUNITIONS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledgers Sir-Congratulations upon your editorial, "Stop It and Stop It Quick." It is straight from the shoulder and has the right ring. Now, if you will take the same stand against

the exportation of war materials and ammuni tion to European belligerents, you will deserve still greater praise. You would voice the senti-ment of hundreds of thousands of Americans If you would raise your voice against the despicable traffic from which a number of men levold of all conscience, reap vast fortunes for which hundreds of thousands of our European brothers must pay with their lives. "Stop and Stop It Quick!" should be your slogan Legitimate business in the United States is going to ruin while the war continues. Our factories, except a few manufacturing war supplies, are standing still or working on short time. Most of our workingmen do not earn enough to live decently, while a few black-hearted scoundreis wax fat on the misery of

these men help to kill. these men help to sill.

It is our duty, not only as neutral American citizens, but as "Christians," to prevent this devilish traffic in man-killing devices, and it is our duty, not only toward our unfortunate brothers and sisters in Europe, but also toward our American fellow citizens, who are made to softer unjustly by the further protongation of this war. We can stop it and we can stop it quickly if we will but do our plain duty and stop the exportation of war materials.

I shall thank you it you will give this some space in your "readers" column."

WALTER BUILDENNIACH,

intold millions, whose husbands and brother

'TOMMY ATKINS' IN BARRACKS AND BATTLE

The British Soldier as He Really Is-The Day's Work by Which He Is Schooled and Made-Incidents That Reveal His Soldierly Qualities.

By HERBERT G. JONES

"The English soldier is the best-trained soldier in the world. The English soldier's fire is ten thousand times worse than hell. If we could only beat the English it would be well for us, but I am afraid we shall never be able to beat these English devils."-Extract from a letter found on the body of German officer.

"IT'S UP TO YOU NOW"

F, as has been stated, the Angle-Boer War I of 1900 all but buried the much-cherished reputation of the British soldier, "Tommy Atkins" and his officers have "come back" in the present campaign in a truly magnificent way, blotting out all blemish-if any existed-on their records and traditions. For there will be no more brilliant page in the history of the war than that which has been furnished by the deeds and daring exploits of French's "contemptible little army." The indomitable pluck against any odds, the splendid fighting qualities and all-round efficiency of "Tommy" have proved a rude and bitter awakening to his Teuton foes, reviving again the glories of Blenheim, Waterloo and the Crimea

At a critical stage of his career, like the present, when he is in the full glare of the news limelight, much is printed concerning the military activities of "Tommy Atkins," giving only the technical phase of his life; but a far more interesting chapter is that which affords an intimate view of the man as he really is and in the making. To know and to understand the nature of "Tommy" one should have actual experience in the "monotony of soldiering," the drill and riding school, barrack-room routine and all that makes up the daily life as well as the exceptional and picturesque. The portraits of Kipling, queer eccentrics debased in drink and gifted with strange linguistic tendencies, are delicious as characters, but no more true to type than the "dashing heroes" of the popular military novelist. The real soldier-the product of the barrack-room, not the hastily trained recruit for emergency-rarely shows himself to the civilian, for whom he confess an ill-concealed contempt; yet, curiously enough, it is always the civilian writer who writes of army life.

"Reveille" to "Lights Out"

The popular belief usually entertained by the outsider that a soldier's life is a profession of laziness is promptly dispelled after entering the barrack gates. Generally speaking, it takes three years of daily training to produce a finished infantryman; still longer in the case of a trooper or cavalryman, and five years or even more are necessary to obtain proficiency in the special departments of the service, such as the engineers, medical corps, etc.

The path of the recruit is, indeed a hard one. His is a strenuous life, each day a full one, from "reveille" to "lights out." If he should elect to be a trooper, his day starts at 5:30 a. m. and finishes at 6 p. m., providing he has not in the meantime been warned for night guard.

Here is the average day's program: Aroused at 5:30, he is expected to dress and be equipped for stables in 15 minutes and get below and "muck out." Water and feed his horse and groom until breakfast sounds. At 8:30 he is ready, uniformed for riding school or field drill, which lasts until 10:30. With 11 o'clock the bugles sound "stables," and the recruit has changed his riding suit for that of a stable outfit and grooms and cleans saddlery until 1. "Dinner up" and over, he has to turn out for "square drill" and musketry practice, which keeps him occupied till late in the afternoon. By 5 p. m. he is back at stables again to "water, feed and beddown." Then, for the first time in the day, he has a moment of leisure, which he is free to put to his own use, but the chances are that, thoroughly tired out, "lights out" will find him in his coarse, hard bed, unless

he be the fortunate possessor of a pass. The life of an infantryman is not so hard, excepting perhaps the long and arduous marches he is forced to undertake and the extra foot drill. Such rigorous training is essential, for soldiers need a great supply of moral and physical strength to enable them to withstand such life as they are now experiencing in the trenches. Under such conditions one must fire, drink, eat, sleep and die under the nervous strain of expecting sudden attack at any moment, denied often the coveted luxury of a smoke, lest the flash of the match should draw a hail of bullets.

Under Fire

If barrack life does not tend to develop "plaster saints" or "boudoir flowers," brings out in a striking way all that is best-and, for that matter, all that is had in a man. It is a rough school in which only the fittest survive. But theirs is a rough fask in "grim-visaged war." And war at its best is an unholy affair; under modern

conditions it is very much worse than Sherman's epigram. Contrary to the popular conception, no martial strains or peap accompany the march to battle. It is, in reality, a sombre business of marching and watching, nights without sleep and often without food. But "Tommy" goes into the business determined to get it over as quicky as possible, taking the rough with the smooth without any complaint.

Always in good humor, with a cheery, epimistic view of life-or death-he sets about it as part of his day's work, without stopping to think whether he is doing a brave thing in obeying orders. "His is not to reason why, but to do." "The Highlanders," says a French correspondent with the Allies, "go into action as if they were going to a pickle with laughing eyes and, whenever possible, with a cigarette between their lips. Their courage is a mixture of imperturbability and tenacity. One must have seen their immorable calm, their heroic 'sangfroid' under the rain of bullets to do it justice. There is much of the philosopher and a bit of the fatalist in the curious make-up of a soldier. A wounded trooper who has lost one side of his face through shell-fire in the battle of Mons writes home: 'Thank God, I don't fest as bad as I look.' Another writes: I am coming back all right, never fear. Hate been in such tight corners, and under such fire, that if I was meant to go I should have gone by now, I'm sure."

Honors To the Battle-slain Notwithstanding the dangers, the depriva-

tions and horrors of warfare, Tommy Atkin jumps at the chance of active service, him it means excitement and peril that come as a welcome relief from the monotoned life of the barrack room. The "bloody swell" of the battlefield has small terrors for bin for whether a cook's son or a Duke's son is has not only been taught to live, but has mastered that still harder lesson-how to die An awful death is that of the battleground Between these who die in their bed and those in battle there is a ghastly distinction, the pecially when circumstances do not permit of an early burial. There is no loving hand of the relative to close the eyelids or bind that face so that the dead have the aspect of serene sleep. With the neglected dead of the battlefield the chin has fallen, the muscles relaxing in death, and the mouth and eyes are generally wide open with expressions that haunt one. The glory of war as vividly pletured by the imaginative artist is not war as it really is. In a letter an officer who had been in the thick of it writes: "If ever I come back, and anybody at home talks to me about the glory of war I shall be d rude to him."

The honors of the battle-slain are spares indeed. No coffin or gun-carriage, as is the custom in time of peace; no band playing, no "last volley" over the grave. The men wit at sunrise are flushed with all the aspirated of health are buried at nightfall in a hastir dug grave in the brown blanket which it turn, has served as a saddle blanket for his horse and a cover for himself, and the serves as a shroud for the "sleep that knews no waking."

CHEER THE PRESIDENT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Str-Some comparisons are odious. Some and
more so, and in these times may be trained able. Because the President does not belief able. Hecause the President does not underestimate in robbing via tariff laws do not underestimate his ability either as a statesman or profess. You are perfectly justified in your efforts change his views concerning a government merchant marine, and it is to be hoped he are see the light. see the light. Cheer the President all you can. We own

to him. For loyal America.

A Trained Citizenry

From the Kansas City Evening Star. In declaring that in the future as in the pall the United States, in an emergency, must pend upon a "trained citizenry," President end upon a "trained citizenry, son fails to call attention to the obvious torical fact that in the one supreme test that theory it failed. Conscription was fonecessary to close the war wased for the mill tenance of the Union.

KEEP MOVING.

If you stop to find out what your wages will and how they will clothe and feed you.
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea.
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every commiss.
And argue with people about you.
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,
For the Land will do better without you.