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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1915.

Unless you learn by listening to the people you go with you would waste your time talking to them.

Transit Dollars Mean Prosperity

EVERY dollar is a snowball in its potentialities of prosperity. Start it rolling on Monday morning, and, before the week is out, it has grown to ten, twenty, fifty times its original size. When Director Taylor said that the transit improvements mean the distribution of \$40,000,000 in wages and of \$20,000,000, or thereabouts, for material, before cars are in operation on the new routes, and that the expenditure of this enormous sum will make this city prosperous for three years or more, he only scratched the surface. Every dollar of that \$60,000,000 is a snowball. The workman who gets it will pay for food, clothing, rent, amusements, fuel, doctors' fees and the score or more other needs of his family. The grocer who gets it will pay part of it out to the supply man, and use the rest in buying clothing and food for his family. The supply man, in turn, will pay it to the farmer who raises the crops, and the farmer will pay it for automobiles, for clothing for himself and his wife, for pianos, for building material for a better house, and the men on whom the farmer spends the money will also put it in circulation.

At a low estimate that \$60,000,000 will do \$1,000,000,000 worth of business before the last cent of it is spent. So, why delay starting the ball? Why hold back the much-needed flip to business of all kinds right here at home, even if we give no thought to its effect upon that vast territory whose prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of this city?

The Men Who Lighted the Fuse

THREE men who "started the war" were executed by the Austrians the other day. They were the men who conspired to assassinate the Austrian heir. But did they start the war? There are students of the situation who maintain that the war was started by the Kaiser, and that if he had willed it there would have been peace. The Kaiser insists that Russia started it by mobilizing, and Russia insists that the activity of the Austrians in planning to despoil Serbia caused her to mobilize. But all these causes lead back to the assassination, which was the immediate excuse for the Austrian demands on Serbia.

An Era of High Prices

THE era of the high cost of living, capitalized by the Democracy in the last presidential campaign, is likely to be referred to during the next few years as a period when markets were cheap and consumers singularly blessed. The war is not only killing the best workmen of Europe, artisans and farmers, but it is also depriving the several nations of the means to carry on agriculture. Already the supply of horses is inadequate, and the United States is being drained of its surplus animals. It will require years to replenish the stock. So, too, the necessity for food is driving blooded cattle to the slaughter houses. The farm cannot be robbed of its utensils without a corresponding diminution of production. Crops in Europe will be below par for many years to come.

Why Real Pictures Are Popular

CHILDREN are interested in pictures long before they know how to read. Yet we are sometimes told that a highly specialized intellect is the pre-requisite to a proper understanding of "art." If by "art" is meant a certain technique and a manifestation of a peculiar facility in handling the medium of expression, then it may be true that specialization is necessary. But the democratic crowd that visited the Academy of the Fine Arts yesterday at the opening of the annual exhibition, ought to persuade any reasonable person that the adult who began to love pictures in his childhood has retained that fondness. If there is a real picture he will look at it with delight. But if the painter has been merely running the scales and pretending that he is producing a harmonious composition, the discriminating person will turn away to enjoy something worth while. It is never necessary to apologize by saying "I do not know anything about art, but I like that painting," for your approval or disapproval of it is a test of its artistic value; that is, of its success in producing in your mind that emotion which brought it forth from the mind of the painter. It may be that you are like that New Englander who called a visitor's attention to his native valley with its winding river, its sweep of surrounding hills, its brilliant cloud-flecked sky—a symphony of greens and blues and browns, of golden lights and silver shadings. With a sweeping gesture he took in the whole horizon and said with pardonable pride: "That is neat; yes, I call that neat." He was not gifted with the power of expression, as you may not be, but the soul of beauty was swelling within his bosom. If you sit in awe before the glories of the sunset, you never need feel ashamed before a mere man's pale imitation of the beauties of the world.

Who Cares About a Pauper, Anyway?

EIGHT helpless old people have been found dead in their beds in a charitable home in New York since last summer. An attendant went to the District Attorney last week and said that he had chloroformed them to get them out of the way, as they were troublesome. His story was not believed, and he was put in the lunatic ward of a hospital for observation. Investigation of conditions in the home has been followed by the arrest of the superintendent and a number of other attendants. The coroner is convinced that the accuser is not insane, but in full possession of his faculties and is telling the truth. But why should his story have been doubted? The old people who died were only paupers whom nobody owned. They were a burden to everybody, even though life may have been sweet to them. Their wishes were not to be consulted. It was proper and fitting that in this Christian country and in the 20th century, they should suffer the fate which the Spartans long ago decided was best for those who numbered the earth. They were treated better than the Spartan captives; they were not sent out in die of starvation and exposure. They were not even taken to death with a club after the manner of some of the Indian tribes. The practice of hastening death by crowding the laborers in unventilated, ill-ventilated, distance-boarding buildings until the end came

was not adopted. But the thing was ended summarily by a little chloroform, if the story of the man is to be believed.

What matters the life of a poor man, anyway? It is much more important that politicians should get their "rake-off" in contracts for new and commodious buildings than that the lives of a few score, or even a few hundred, should be prolonged many years. Indeed, if the almshouse is made unsanitary enough the problem of overcrowding will solve itself, and the erection of new buildings can be delayed until such time as seems favorable to the political contractors and the men they control. Society owes nothing to its dependents. Its obligation to its common humanity must not be allowed to weigh against the more pressing need of taking care of gang architects and gang leaders engaged in politics for what there is in it for them. So, let us rattle their bones over the stones, for they are only poor paupers whom nobody owns.

Fatuous Exposure of Nation in Time of Peril

IT IS impossible to conceive of a more fatuous policy than that adopted by the House of Representatives when it ripped the naval appropriation bill, drove a knife into the most salient provisions and ended by effecting an apparent saving of \$7,500,000—a saving that may readily prove to be the most expensive economy yet fastened on the nation.

The cataclysm in Europe has demonstrated two things absolutely, to wit: the enormous value of submarines and aerial craft. Yet the House reduces the number of submarines authorized from 16 to 11 and cuts the appropriation for aeroplanes to a ridiculous figure. It frowns on and eliminates all provision for the creation of a naval reserve and flouts the idea of a hospital ship and a naval transport.

The House that does these things on the plea of economy is the same House that contemplates putting thirty millions into an undigested ship-purchase scheme. It refuses to make adequate provision for the defense of the nation; it is ready to throw away millions in pursuit of a phantom. It proposes to build up a great merchant marine and hesitates to give it protection. With the smell of "pork" all over its aisles, it fumes and frets and pleads the beggar when necessary instruments of self-preservation are under discussion.

Have our statesmen lost all power of analysis and become intoxicated by repeated doses of "grape-juice" logic? It is not jingoism, it is merely common sense, to assert that never in our history have we faced so great a crisis in our international relations. Evidence has piled on evidence that Europe has lost its head. Scarcely a day passes that some event or policy does not tend to drag us into the turmoil. Good sense may save us, and all men pray that it will; but with the world on the warpath, it is a wise nation that prepares for all eventualities and has its guns primed. There is not even a third-rate nation besides ourselves that misunderstands the course of the times. We and we only are deceived by fallacious arguments and blind optimism. We alone are being talked into helplessness. There never was a nation so befuddled by cant.

There is but one thing for the Senate to do: It must make the naval appropriation bill carry authorizations commensurate with the necessities of the era. It must put weight behind our diplomacy, must put us in a position to demand our rights and maintain them, must give to this great democracy a voice for peace that cannot be ignored. To do otherwise will be to fall in a great international and a still greater national duty.

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Aide-de-Camp to King Edward

Shortly after Lady Beatty had inherited her millions from the Marshall Field estate her husband became aide-de-camp to King Edward, and this appointment brought them in even closer touch with court life. Like Chicago's other brilliant daughter, Lady Curzon, Mrs. Beatty won popularity by her great personal charm and excellent tact. She was greatly admired by the King and soon found herself within the inner circle of wealthy American wives of the aristocracy. But Captain Beatty's commission at court lasted only two years, being canceled by his promotion to the rank of rear admiral.

His elevation to flag rank broke all of the precedents of the Royal Navy. He was the only man in the history of the service to have received such honors while still in his 30s, for he was then 39. Lord Nelson, always considered the most notable of British naval prodigies, had 40 years to his credit when elevated to this rank.

Three years ago Rear Admiral Beatty received the further honor of being the first appointee to the newly created office of naval secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Previously there had been only a "private" secretary to the head of the navy. This office gave the young admiral a valuable insight into Cabinet and Parliamentary procedure as affecting the navy. Shortly afterward he served also as naval advisor to the army, and thus became experienced in the inter-relationships of the two arms of the national defense. His Government appeared to be putting him through an special course of training to prepare him for a great emergency; to be educating him to defend Britain in some future war, not then distinctly foreseen.

No war clouds darkened Britain's horizon when Beatty was selected for command of

SIR DAVID BEATTY, ENGLAND'S NAVAL HERO

Son-in-Law of Marshal Field Saw Hard Fighting Before this War and Became Youngest Admiral in British Navy.

By JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS

VICE ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, K. C. B., M. V. O., D. S. O., is today the British Navy's hero of heroes. Although Uncle Sam has not approved of all of his British sons-in-law of title, he raises his hat (while strictly observing his neutrality, of course) to Sir Davy. It was this prodigy who, when the Germans surrounded Tyrwhitt's mosquito fleet off Helgoland, rushed to the rescue and sent five of the enemy's vessels to the bottom. This he did, despite the fact that he was outclassed in number of ships and weight of metal. And he repeated the victory the other day in the North Sea when he sank the Bluecher and did other damage to the Kaiser's navy.

Many men who are beginning their careers only now, and who still consider themselves young at that, were born before David Beatty uttered his first note of command 44 years ago. His parental home was Borodale, County Wexford, Ireland. Wexford is the southeastermost corner of the Emerald Isle, and its soil has been nourished by battle blood since it became the landing place of the English invaders eight centuries and a half ago. So young David's nursery stories told of fearless men and bold who fought for their liberty and their rights. And the warlike spirit came to him through heredity as well as through environment, for his father was Captain D. L. Beatty, of Borodale. Another of Captain Beatty's sons entered the army. This is Major Charles H. L. Beatty.

Entered the Navy at 13 David was a lad of only 13 when he entered the navy. In '96 came his first chance for glory. This was when, as a young lieutenant of only 26, he was sent to the Soudan to aid Kitchener. In that Nile campaign he commanded the British gunboats, and at Dongola he won the distinguished service order. Hence the D. S. O. at the tail end of his title. A more substantial reward for this same hard fighting was a promotion to the rank of commander.

Two years later came the Boxer fracas in China. Commander Beatty, although still in his 20's, was given command of the Barfleur and did much hard land fighting. Two severe wounds invalidated him home, but won him promotion to the rank of captain. A greater reward now awaited him. He was to storm the fortress of a lady's heart and win one of the wealthiest heiresses of his time.

Captain Beatty was a poor young officer when fate decreed that he must hang about England waiting for his wounds to heal. Ten years before there had burst upon English society a newly married American couple, Arthur Tree, son of Lambert Tree, our former Minister to Russia, and his bride, the former Ethel Field, daughter of Chicago's multimillionaire philanthropist and merchant prince, Marshall Field. Mr. Field soon afterward purchased for his daughter a beautiful country estate in Warwickshire, where the Trees went to live. But happiness did not stay within their threshold. There was a quarrel and then a divorce.

The Brave and the Fair

"None but the brave deserve the fair." Captain Beatty came to London, saw the newly divorced Mrs. Tree and conquered her heart. His method of attack was the same which he employed upon the Nile, in China, and which he now employs in the North Sea. The result was that the former Ethel Field became Mrs. David Beatty not many days after she had ceased to be the wife of Arthur Tree. The marriage was as quiet as it was sudden, and not even Marshall Field, the bride's father, knew that it was to occur when it did.

Lady Beatty is two years the junior of her famous husband. In addition to her eldest son, Ronald Lambert Tree, now a youth of 18, she now has by her second marriage two other boys, David Field Beatty, aged 16, and Peter Beatty, a youngster of 8. Four years after her second marriage Mrs. Beatty's prospective fortune was slightly diminished by her father taking a new wife, Mrs. Della Spencer-Caton, who was to divide the Marshall Field estate with her and the only other child, Marshall Field, Jr.

Honors continued to pour in upon Captain Beatty after his happy and romantic marriage. In 1905 he was made a member of the Royal Victorian Order, and thereby got the M. V. O. in the middle of his title. But the black angel was now to throw its shadow upon the happy household for a time. Lady Beatty's only brother, Marshall Field, Jr., died that same year, and before she had put away her mourning for him her distinguished father breathed his last. The merchant prince left, besides his widow and Lady Beatty, five grandchildren. The eldest of these, Marshall Field, 2d, will inherit three-fifths of the estate when he reaches 50.

A Notable City Program

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The Rev. John J. Thompson was pleading with the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for an appropriation of \$5000 by the city to maintain the municipal baseball, soccer and basketball leagues during 1915. The board, until the election of a president of the Board of Aldermen next April, will consist of the Mayor and Comptroller. Thereafter the new official will be a third member. The Mayor and the Comptroller heard Father Thompson's plea for the boys. The Comptroller opposed it, urging that unless economy was practiced St. Louis would "go broke."

Wolves in Italy

From the Springfield Republican. It is surprising to read of wolves in so old and so densely populated a land as Italy, but that romantic country is full of picturesque mountains, which are as well suited as they look to be a refuge for wolves. Tourists who get away from the beaten track to explore the Apennines are not surprised to find beasts still lurking in the mountains, and occasionally a very severe winter has driven them down to prey on live stock. The pertinacity of the wolf is astonishing; if a cycle of war should thin out the population of Europe, as during the Dark Ages that followed the fall of Rome, we might expect the wolves again to become a menace, as in the days when they used to invade Paris.

More Miracles Ahead

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Who can predict what the future will be, in view of what has already occurred in this generation of miracle-working? New inventions, standing on the shoulders of those who so transformed things during the last half century, will doubtless learn still greater secrets of Nature. Much of our worry over posterity is idle. While we are handing down many serious problems for posterity to wrestle with, we are also giving it the richest legacy any generation has ever had. Thanks to our inventions, the youth of tomorrow will live more before he attains his majority than "Methuselah did in all his stagnant centuries."



JUST ONE BANQUET AFTER ANOTHER

That Is the Hardest Part of Office Holding in Washington, But It Has Its Compensations—There Are Real Spreads and Others.

By EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

NOT even a worldwide war can deprive Washington of its undoubted record as being the banner banquet town of these United States. One or more conventions of civic or scientific or uplift or commercial or industrial or some other kind of body meets here every week during the winter, and the wind-up of each of such meetings is a banquet. Then there are State societies formed of wanderers from some one of the 48 States, and each of them gives a banquet during the winter. If the International Society Opposed to the Eating of Raised Biscuits, or some equally important body, is not on hand with a banquet, then some one of the many local associations or clubs or societies is proffering banquets to its members and friends. There are in Washington three first-class hotels, and their principal incomes must be derived from the numerous largely attended and expensive banquets they are called upon to provide.

Reducing Board Bills

It is naturally the chief ambition of banquet givers to secure the President of the United States, or if he is not available, then some member of the Cabinet, and falling even in that respect then the Vice President, or the Speaker of the House, to appear as the orator-in-chief. Any member of Congress who is able to speak a dozen or so pretty after-dinner sentences could easily reduce his board bill by one-half or two-thirds, by accepting all of his banquet invitations.

As human nature in its large aspects is very much the same when it is displayed on the shore of the Potomac as by the rippling waters of the Chicago or Hudson River, or San Francisco or Boston Bay, it follows naturally that "honored guests" at most of these banquets are expected to pay for them in some way or other. The after-dinner speaker pays with his speech and the high official pays by having the newspaper account of a banquet mention the fact of his presence. This, in a way, a high price, but a much higher one is expected from many members of Congress who are asked to these affairs.

The Man Who Is Banquet-Proof

I know of one member who is banquet-proof; I do not mean that he can eat them and not suffer the pangs of indigestion, but that he is proof against all the wiles of the committees or individuals who attempt to secure his very desirable presence. He is a man of a great deal of importance in the House, and therefore, the pursuit of him in this respect is diligent and persistent. This winter one man had asked the member I refer to to dine with him a half dozen times, and after the sixth refusal he called again and said with delightful frankness: "Well, as I can't get you to dine, I'll have to tell you what I want out of you, anyway."

Real Old Manor Dinners

I think it was Miss Helen Taft who gave a great vogue to another Lord Baltimore place, not many miles out of Washington. It is a rambling, romantic old pile of buildings, part of it, I think, built by the first Lord Baltimore, and other parts later, with a thousand acres of land surrounding it. It was bought not many years ago by a young married couple; the man, as I recall, a painter, the woman a musician. They must be people of ample means or they would not have made such a purchase of non-productive property. Yet in response to the request of some Washington people, who knew the beauty and romance of the place, the owners of it agreed to furnish dinners to guests who came with credentials. Miss Taft, as I have said, gave the place a vogue by inviting parties of her friends to go out to the old place for dinners.

A Dinner Extraordinary

He took this matter very seriously, and near the close of the season invited a party of 35 to a dinner at the club in this city having the reputation of serving the best dinner to be had here. When the terrapin came a thin slice of toast at the bottom of a deep dish was thickly covered with terrapin meat, and just so soon as a watchful waiter found that a diner had reached the toast, the supply was renewed again and again as often as there was the slightest excuse.

God's Love

Beneath the snow the flowers sleep, Beneath the ice the rivers creep. Unseen, silent to the east, All crystal are the hills and vale. All glittering the dells and dale, Mountain top and languid lea. And yet behind the ocean wide, Restless its unceasing tide. Winter, summer, never still! How like to God's great love the dew! Active always, never asleep, As restless as his will! —George Taggart, in the Christian World.

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