

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. CURTIS, President, Secretary and Treasurer: Philip B. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors.

be seen outside of the boudoir. Even to pantelettes! And they say that these garments of our grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, are coming into fashion again.

The Connelly Kind of Economy

MR. CONNELLY says that it is the duty of himself and other Councilmen to conserve the city's funds and see that no money is wasted.

No Profit in a "Hide-It" Policy

NEW ORLEANS was for years a victim of the "hide-it" disease. "Hush it up" was the slogan if a case of yellow fever appeared, or anything else which merchants imagined would hurt their business.

Shall Pie Crust Be Sewed or Nailed?

CONNECTICUT, which acquired an early and perhaps premature and unwarranted fame through the wooden nutmeg, has once more been thrust upon the center of the stage through the wonders of her home-made condiments.

Relief Is Almost in Sight

PRESENT indications point to a breathing spell for business. Congress is taking up the appropriation bills and planning to continue the old appropriations for such departments as cannot be provided for before March 4, and the President himself is making arrangements to take a needed rest by crossing the continent to see the Panama-Pacific Fair in San Francisco.

How Clothes Become Charming

A WOMAN'S hat, considered apart from its wearer, cannot be considered beautiful. Of course, there are exceptions, but imagine an irregular shaped bucket of straw, or stiffened cambric and wire, covered with silks or velvets and adorned with a contraption which looks like a gigantic darning egg on a stick, or some other impossible thing, and you have a typical head-covering of a woman. It is not like anything in the heavens above, on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. Yet, put this contraption on a woman and the right word—beauty—reflections on the head of a woman is transformed into something of surprising beauty.

SUCCESS IS NOT FOR THE DRIFTERS

Richard Trevithick's Life Was One of Perpetual Promise and Repeated Failure—Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Krupp Never Dodged Difficulties.

By JOSEPH H. ODELL

TWO things are fatal to success—vacillation and drifting. John Sherman, in a letter to a young man who believed himself to be a failure, said, "No ship ever reached its port by sailing for a dozen other ports at the same time."

Edward Emerson Barnard began life as a photographer's boy, his work being to sit upon a roof and watch the exposure of photographic plates. While thus engaged his thoughts were upon the sky and the stars, and he determined to know all about them.

Atlantic Cable Took Time

Such well-directed effort is bound to win fame, or power, or wealth, or whatever other goal the worker has set before him. Field spent 13 years in laying the Atlantic cable; Webster gave 36 years to the compilation of his dictionary; Bancroft devoted 25 years to the writing of his "History of the United States"; it took James Watt 30 years to bring his condensing engine to perfection.

ONE VIEW OF CHILD LABOR

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—There seems to be a great agitation at the present day in regard to child labor. Nevertheless, this law is causing great hardship upon persons with large families, making it often necessary for boys to start at an early age to help to support their mothers and other little children, otherwise dependent upon the uncertainty of charity.

STILL FOR THE TAYLOR PLAN

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—The Councilmen will realize what they have done next November. I am a Republican, but, at the same time, I pledge that my vote will not go to the Organization at the next election and that I will never vote for a Councilman that is now in office.

VALUE OF TABERNACLE SERMONS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Since the Sunday campaign I have bought two Ledgers a day, and after reading the morning Ledgers, have sent it to a college in Ohio, where it is read by the students. It is my hope that the good you are doing to this and other communities by publishing Mr. Sunday's sermons, and the more complete you publish them the better your splendid paper will be appreciated by multitudes of readers who are not prejudiced against the Bible and the great good now being done.



our modern screw propeller. Later he built a number of engines for pumping out abandoned silver mines in Peru, but the enterprise failed and he was left ragged and penniless in South America.

In spite of all these brilliant beginnings Trevithick's life is a record of missed possibilities, the story of failure through lack of patient persistence. One of his biographers speaks of this feature as "a trait of character that in the end ruined his life and deprived him of the honors and rewards that might have been his desert."

The Rise of Alfred Krupp

Set over against that story is the success of Alfred Krupp. Dwight Goddard says that "extraordinary application and dogged perseverance explain the success of Alfred Krupp. Many a life of promise has come to nothing from scattering its forces. Alfred Krupp surpassed expectations by concentration and perseverance."

THRILLS IN WAR AND WORDS

There Is Some Humor Left in Incidents of Battlefields and Some of Poetry's Very Stuff, But Efficiency Has Knocked the Spirit Out of Romance.

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

"OUR idea of a good occasion for emotional thrills," writes the editor of a popular magazine, "is the British soldiers moving by night and silently entraining, crossing the channel and marching into France for the first time in 100 years. If there is any poetry left in Kipling, we ought to have it now." This was before Mr. Kipling had written the spirited doggerel which contains the line, "The Hun is at the Gate"—lively lines, yet, however lively, less strikingly jingoistic than some of what has gone before—since in fact as well as poetry.

AUSTRIAN WARSHIP SUNK

By J. A. Sinclair Pooley Express Correspondent. —But not all war correspondents are Pooleys—fortunately for the Teutons' navies. War plays are another matter—but neither Barrie's play about "Der Tag" nor any of the other dramatics that have so promptly come from patriotic pens reward one's reading. Verse is another matter, too; poets don't need to reach the front to write good verse, nor do they need to tremble lest the words, "Deleted by the Censor," replace their purplest patches.

SURELY YOUNG

"There is an appalling soullessness about it, and that is savagely unhuman," writes the London Mail's correspondent. "Men turn handles, and death flies out in large bundles." And yet even this war, conceived and executed in inhumanity, has its emotional thrills. There is humor in the incident of the wounded German officer's notebook in which he had jotted down French phrases that he was evidently memorizing for future repetition—much as a dyspeptic might turn to a cook book for courage to survive his regimen of broth and rice pudding. "Give me three chickens"; "I want two bottles of champagne"; "Three bottles of very old burgundy"; "Give me some of your best cognac"; "How can I reach the Moulin Rouge?" One sympathizes with the young officer—why is it that one is sure that he is young?—yes, even though one may rejoice that he isn't marching into Paris with his corps. One can imagine John Massfield, who has already achieved his "August, 1914," writing a grimly humorous set of verses round this young German's disappointment—a hospital prisoner instead of a roystering on the boulevards! But there are other incidents, less humorous, more moving.

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no rose at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget. I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if to pain; And dreaming of the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Hark! I may remember, And haply may forget.

THRILLS IN WAR AND WORDS

There Is Some Humor Left in Incidents of Battlefields and Some of Poetry's Very Stuff, But Efficiency Has Knocked the Spirit Out of Romance.

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

machines, which plunged to earth, the two aviators meeting instant death. This prose is not poetry, indeed, but it is poetry's very stuff.

There is courage enough and to spare in this war; the Highlanders who drop behind their fellows to blow up the bridge over which they have just passed (an action morally certain to be followed by their own death); the men in planes, safe from the rifles of the enemy only at a mile and a quarter in the air; the Belgian hero girl who stuck to her switchboard and reported to the officers in the field just how their shells were falling—this she was discovered by a German shell herself; the nifty Tommies who nickname German howitzer shells "Jack Johnsons," because, on impact, they send up thick columns of greasy black smoke—oh, they are heroes just as much as Napoleon's grenadiers were heroes, or the men of Pickett's charge, or the Japanese of Thousand Metre Hill. And there has been unreckoning courage on the German side from princes down to plumbers, from field marshals to farmers. But the fact remains—it is a war of machines.

Machines in the air; machines under the surface of the water; armored machines that race the roads; machines called siege guns, that demolish the most ponderous fortifications; machines that are called bombs, and exploding, poison with their gas while trenches full of the enemy, arresting in the pose called death; it is all a matter of machinery. Suppose this last invention is "invention" indeed; that only shows that imagination itself sets itself practicing at mechanics. Much of the old-time glamour of war faded out of it when suits of mail and swords and lances were largely superseded by powder and ball. Today, men still come to close quarters—trench warfare has enforced that; they still spit one another of cold steel; but the principal weapons in their most deadly combats are machines that pump bullets across large distances. Death by machinery—yet the machine never created the life it destroys, nor can create. The joy of battle is fainter in this 20th century; not so much that we are so very much more civilized, but because there is in modern warfare less of romance than of "efficiency."

MIDDLING COBBLER, GOOD COOL

And great martial poems are scarcely to be looked for now, because even poets have come to understand the nature of modern war. They cannot read much heroism into the work of the mine-layer, or the submariner that comes as a thief in the night; they fail to see the knightly chivalry of an airship attack on a city of hospitals and schools and churches and homes of working women whose husbands are shivering in boggy trenches somewhere else. They cannot even hate their individual enemy in the good old way, for they know that he is merely a victim of his Government's misrepresentation, exploitation, superior force. The soldier who is on the other side there is a middling cobbler, a fairly good cook, or possibly even a maker of flaxen-wigged dolls; one cannot hate him, one can only hate the military forces that have brought him into action of "Third Murderer." And without hating him, how can your Homers strike their lyrics convincingly, today?

"GIVE-A-JOB" MOVEMENT

From the Springfield Republican. Philadelphia is taking up earnestly the "give-a-job" movement. If organization were a little better perfected it would be easier to make a whole job out of the fragments which so many people in the same neighborhood could each contribute.

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no rose at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget. I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if to pain; And dreaming of the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Hark! I may remember, And haply may forget.