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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915.

The ladder of fame can be mounted only one round at a time.

The Fight Has Just Begun THE fight has just begun.

A Councils that scarcely a month ago voted half a million dollars to relocate sewers preparatory to the building of the subway loop yesterday voted to throw that money into the gutter by refusing to sanction the loop itself.

Councils yesterday repudlated and ignored a superb transit plan, prepared at a cost of thousands of dollars to the taxpavers, in favor of a half-baked, delusive scheme that is backed by no expert approval and represents nothing more than the overnight opinion of two or three wily politicians who, with their backers, care as much about the interests of Philadelphia as they do about canals in the desert of Sahara.

Councils voted for the development of suburban real estate under a pretense of providing the city with rapid transit.

It voted to hand the city over shackled to the P. R. T., the shares of which company, curiously enough, became strangely active in the market, an activity which developed when it became definitely known that the Organization had determined to trade the assets and the future of the city to the company.

Councils voted to perpetuate the abortive and scandalous exchange ticket abuse, whereby almost a million dollars is taken from the pockets of the citizens of Philadelphis annually-enough wherewith to pay the sinking fund payment necessary on the entire cost of the Taylor project,

Mr. Connelly, driven into a corner by cumulative evidence of the obvious illegality of his original ordinance, struck from it its most apparent brand of trickery and left in It the words on which the Organization clearly rests its hope that the entire undertaking will fail. The supporters of this ordinance stand convicted in the public mind of voting to spend \$100,000 of the people's money for an election which they are confident will be abortive, null and void so far as results are concerned.

Instead of the Taylor plan, the plan of "Rhawn Street Pete"! Instead of the Taylor plan, the plan of "Slippery Jack"! Instead of the Taylor plan, the plan of "Persimmon Charlie"! A black flag nailed to the mast and on it written so that all may see, "The Public Be Damned." And in an assembly, about to participate and aid in the betraval of the people's hopes, the leader of the band has the temerity to rise and state that he suspects the Pennsylvania Railroad of being behind the Broad street subway, saying, "The ugly hand of the Pennsylvania Railroad may be in it. I beg of you not to allow any railroad to fasten its fangs upon you"; and proceeds forthwith to vote for the identical part of the program which he thus denounces as a railroad cheat, while at the same time leading his puppet cohorts to join in a scheme, the only result of which could be to deliver the city for decades to the P. R. T.

without price. Why should the city build a Frankford elevated and hand it over to the P. R. T. without guarantees? Why, that's the lucrative line the transit company's mouth has been watering for these many moons. It would have been glad to build it with its

Is there any people under the sun that can he fooled by the kind of sophistry and argument these obstructionists have presented? Is there any people who can fall to see the Hands of Esau, the sleight-of-hand, the tricks so openly played?

Rapid transit is bigger than Connelly, bigger than Beger, bigger than Costello, bigger than the Organization. It is the throbbing hope of hundreds of thousands of straphangers and exchange-ticket buyers, all of whom are aroused and eager to brush aside

those who have betrayed them. And the crowning insult is that "Slippery Jack" tells the people of Philadelphia that he is fighting for economy when he votes to waste the \$500,000 to be spent for sewer relocation, the thousands spent to secure the Taylor plans, the \$100,000 to be spent for holding a perfectly absurd election; and while shouting that rapid transit would ingreass the tax rate, votes for and supports a hind of rapid transit that would put the tingers of the P. R. T. into the pocket of every person in Philadelphia who rides or would ride on the old or the proposed lines.

For Councils has voted that there shall be no universal 5-cent fare, a proposition to which the P. R. T. had agreed; and it has world also to perpetuate discriminations in rate nines that this city has already too

Long Sudured. Can there men got Rway with it? Can I of that hind

they put this one over on the city? Can they persuade a million and a half people that black is white, wrong right, a fake the real thing? Can they get the voters to agree with them that profit for Organization men who own land in the country is more important than rapid transit for citizens? Can they foist this make-believe transit on Philadelphia?

The disgraceful action of Councils yesterday was but an incident in a campaign.

The fight has just begun.

Keep This Panama Trade NOW is the time for the commercial organ-izations to prove that they are alive by setting out to learn why the American-Hawaiian and Luckenbach Steamship Companies are withdrawing from this port their ships engaged in the Pacific trade. The versels that have been coming here by way of the Panama Canal have carried paying cargoes. Profitable cargoes can be loaded at this port for the return voyage. Enough business originates here, and in the field tapped by the railroads with terminals on the Delaware, to justify frequent sailings to the Pacific. If the port is to be developed the ships must stop here for Philadelphia goods. This city must not be compelled to send its freight for the Pacific through New York or Norfolk.

It matters not whether the companies have abandoned us at the request of the railroads to avoid a rate war. We must have ships to accommodate our trade. If the Luckenbach and American-Hawaiian Companies will not give us what we need there must be capital and energy and initiative enough here to get what bottoms are necessary in some way. It is easy to talk about booming the port. It is just as easy for real men to act. Now is the time to do something, when the Panama Canal is getting ready to carry the merchant ships between the oceans and when every other considerable port in the world is preparing to accommodate business developed by the new trade routes.

Goethals Earned His Promotion

THE promotion of Colonel Goethals to the I rank of major general meets with universal approval. If it were possible for Congress to reward him in a more distinguished way the public sentiment of the country would sustain it.

This army engineer has accomplished the most stupendous physical feat of all time Nothing like the separation of the continents has ever been attempted before. The building of the Suez Canal was like digging a cellar in comparison. The French had made the attempt at Panama and failed. Some of the greatest engineers in private life were put in charge of the work, after the United States took it over, but they gave it up, either willingly or at the request of the Government. But when Goethals took hold the canal progressed.

The promotion of Brigadier General Gorgas, of the sanitary force, to equal rank with Goethals is also fitting. The conquering of tropical diseases by Gorgas is, in its way, as great a triumph as the severing of the continents by Goethals. The canal could not have been built without the active co-operation of the sanitary force. Both Gorgas and Goethals deserve well of their country.

A Suspicious Law

THE rehabilitation of the merchant marine proceeds merrily. The President has signed the seamen's bill, which is ostensibly for the promotion of safety at sea and in reality for the purpose of increasing the cost of operation of American ships. Incidentally, It involves disagreement with a score or more of other nations.

There can be too much of a good thing. Softer jobs for sailors can readily become no jobs for sailors. Kentucky and Misseurl tried a scheme of legislating the fire insur-States were quickly in a panic of apprehension because the insurance companies decided to get out of the field rather than acquiesce in such wanton regulation.

This seamen's bill is such an inexcusable thing that it invites suspicion. Perhaps the Administration feels that if the operation of privately owned ships is made impossible the next Congress will agree to the ship-purchase

Dreadnoughts Batter the Wheat Market WHAT Congress would not do the course of war has done. Had the President during the last few months had the authority to declare an embargo on wheat he would never have had to exercise that authority. But it would have been a club to keep the speculative market down, and down it would have kept.

The operations of the combined English and French fleets, designed to open the southern sea route to Russian grain supplies. have saved the day and prevented six-cent

It is another illustration of the world-wide effect of events anywhere on earth that the prices of necessary food in all parts of the United States should depend on a few ships which batter at the ancient causeway where the East and the West meet.

Where McNichol's land is there must the

Councils is in favor of any route that does not get there.

As they say in Pittsburgh, even a bank cannot get along unless there is more money than politics in it.

The Congressmen sang when the session ended and they started for home, but the country shouted for joy.

Bravery is a noble thing, but what does it advantage a man to get in the way of a dreadnought that is firing 16-inch shells?

There is some doubt as to who is entitled to a man's wages, but it is well known that the woman in a man's job does not get them.

How quiet it must be in the White House today, now that there is no Congress for the President to shake about by the scruff of the

The brilliant epistolary repartee of Mrs.

Emily Sargent Lewis has disclosed to the public at large the gifts which her friends have long known she possessed. There are a few thousand cynics and 'knockers' in this State who are amazed to

said that he was for local option. Mr. Connelly's idea seems to be that the transit plan is just a scheme of a million or more people to get better facilities for themselves; and, of course as a public servant he le not going to stand for any solfishness

discover that the Governor meant it when he

TODAY IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE

Safety of Foreigners Depends on Ambassador Morgenthau - The Jews and Other Subjected Races See Liberty Ahead.

By VANCE THOMPSON

TT IS extremely hard to find out what is soing on in Turkey. So far as the foreigners are concerned, things seem to be very had indeed. Jewish refugees tell tragic stories of loot and murder.

There would seem to be no exaggeration in the statement that in Constantinople the safety of the foreigners depends upon one man-Ambassador Morgenthau. He has been able to protect the two great American colleges, Robert and Constantinople. The other foreign institutions, except those of Germany and Austria, have been looted and wrecked Factories, banks, schools, hotels and rallways have been seized. The Turk's idea of war is plunder-and there is plundering.

Morgenthau Saves Many Lives

Mr. Morgenthau is also acting for France, England, Belgium, Servia, Switzerland, Denmark and some of the South American republics. He has saved many lives, but the property of the Allies has been confiscated or destroyed.

Of course, it is clear-or tolerably clearthat a day of reckoning will come for the Young Turks, but they can face it with bankrupt serenity. They have nothing to lese, not even honor. The Young Turks-notably that infamous "Committee of Union and Progress"-are made up of ruthless adventurers, outlaws of the Levant and a few vislonary old fanatics. By way of "union" they started two civil wars; by way of "progress" they began four foreign wars-and have lost already one-fourth of the empire. It should be said they never dreamed of winning. The Young Turks were not fighting for victory. What they fought for was plunder: plunder, and above all the graft that goes with Oriental war-making.

There are not many real Turks in the United States, but it is a curious fact that they fall apart into two classes-the victims of old Abdul Hamid and the victims of the Young Turks. If you talk to them you will find their opinions of the war depend largely upon whose victims they were. The victims of the Sultan, if they have no love for Turkey, are still faithful to Islam. No matter what they say they still believe in the dawn of the "holy war." You might fancy that the recent events in the East would be answer sufficient to these expectations; but events make no impression on the Oriental mind. Within sound almost of the printing presses, there are Turks who really believe that the Turkish flag is up in India and Turkestan and Persia, Indo-China and Araby.

In Bitter Subjection

It may be a question still whether the Austrian territory will be divided among the nations and races that Inhabit It, but there is no doubt that such will be the fate of Turkey, both European and Asiatic. Like the Austrians in Austria-Hungary, the Turks form but a small minority of the population of the degraded Turkish Empire. The population is estimated at 20,000,000; the Turks number possibly 6,000,000. It is only by a very little that they outnumber the Jews and Armenians of the empire.

And here, I think, you come to the real problem of the division of the Turkish Empire. The other races once held in subjection by the Turk have pretty well succeeded n finding a way to liberty. As one by one Turkey lost her great and beautiful provinces n Europe-Montenegro, Servia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Crete and the others-the long tyrannized races found liberty and home rule. Greeks and Rumanians, Bulgarians and Servians are all free of the Turk. There remain, still in bitter subjection, the Jews and the Armenians.

That modern Turkey exists at all is due to these two races. I do not mean that they furnish the fighting forces. The Turks themselves fight well enough. They are good fighters-wherever you find a Mussulman ou get courage of a sort. And even badly armed, overdrilled and uninspired by a national cause, the Turks have not made a bad showing in this scattered war. But the Turk cannot do much of anything else. He can fight; and he is good at Oriental diplomacy; since he can lie gravely, superbly, imperturb-

He has a sembre genius for deception. But in commerce or manufacture or trade or business of any kind he is practically useless-even when in fez and dirty stambouline he peddles rugs or sticky sweets in Vienna

Establishment of a Jewish State

The business of Turkey is done-two-thirds of it at least-by the Armenian and by the Jew. They are the bankers, the manufacturers and the traders. And they have suffered alike. If the Turk has amused himself by murdering the Armenians-30,000 men, women and children in the last official massacre in Silicia-he has taken quite as constant a pleasure in pillaging and degrading the Jew.

The movement for the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine is so well known that I need hardly refer to it.

The destruction of the Turkish Empire and the readjustment of its territories is perhaps the greatest opportunity ever afforded for the creation of an independent Judea. Not only the Zionist, but the statesmen of Europe are already busy with this matter, and in due time the great lords of finance will have their word to say. So far as I can learn there seems to be no objection on the part of any of the great Powers to the establishment of a Jewish State. Indeed there is an immense and romantic appeal in the mere idea. An anonymous writer, who seems to write with authority, has even mapped out the territory of the new State. It includes Beirut, south of Lebanon, Syria, south of Damascus, and Jerusalem, except the city proper and the environs. Of course, this exception is the crux of the problem. Naturally, one would think, the Jews would not gladly accept a Judea from which Jerusalem was cut out. Their State would lack

A Jewish nation without Jerusalem? As well Italy without Rome.

The New Armenia

the very crown of its national significance.

Jerusalem is not only the political heart of

Judea, it is as well the symbolic heart of the

For the Armenians the matter is simpler So far as I know there is no objection which is not Turkish to an independent Armenia. The State already exists on paper. At the "Pro-Armenia" in Paris I have seen a fair sketch of this new, free country. It is to take in nearly 100,000 square miles of territory, inciuding North Aleppo, East Angera, Adana. the Konich, Sivas and Harput. I think a population very nearly as great as that of Belgium (before the war) would gather there. There is, of course a portion of Armenia proper which is under Russian rule. And here you would have a new subject of dispute in the post-bellum discussions of the division of Turkey at which I am glancing. The ideal solution would be that Russia should release this territory and permit it to form a part of the new Armenia. I see that it is already proposed that Russia should ex-

Dardanelles. All of which means a mighty powwow among the nations who gather for the final settling of peace terms.

change Russian Armenia for Turkish lands

more vitally important to its control of the

One thing seems evident as a rock. The dismemberment of Turkey is certain. That old hag of the Orient is to be stripped and the rags of her raiment, her bangles and copper anklets are to be divided among the nations. One need be no prophet to see that France will extend her protectorate, that Greece will gain a slice of Smyrna, that the Tigrls and the Euphrates will be Russian rivers and that Mesopotamia, where the German Emperor hoped to find another Egypt, will welcome English trade and English civilization. He would be indeed a prophet who could tell you what flag is to fly over Constantinople-or what flag will be raised over the twice-sacred city of Jerusalem. Only of this you may be sure; neither flag will show the waning crescent.

NATION'S LETTER WRITER

Robert Lansing Likes to Fish, But Tells No Fisherman's Yarns. From the New York Evening Post.

The people of the United States are well acquainted with the Attorney General of the United States. After a year or two in the office, even a "book lawyer," if he had indicted anybody or prosecuted anybody, would get his name in the headlines of a newspaper. It is easy enough for a great civil or a criminal lawyer to be known to his countrymen, especially if he is doing big things. On the other hand, an international lawyer may do a good many big things in the course of a career without being generally known by his countrymen. For that reason, there are not very many people in these United States, outside of his own profession, who know much about Robert Lansing, counsellor for the State Department, who is, in fact, the Attorney General of the United States in international mat-

It was not until the present war in Europe broke out, and more particularly when the United States found it necessary to write out in black and white its views as to the rights of neutrals, that Mr. Lansing came into his own. No American has yet been found who is willing to say that the notes addressed to Great Britain and Germany did not measure up to the best traditions of American statecraft and diplomacy.

Mr. Lansing is one of the quietest, most modest men in public life in Washington. Temperamentally, he is splendidly equipped for his work. He is thoroughly human in thought and action. He is kindly and sympathetic. His gray eyes twinkle, and his face lights into a warm smile on the slightest provocation. He likes to be of service, and is of service, and goes about the job so simply and earnestly as to win confidence without seeming to try to do so. He is immensely popular among the newspaper men. Unlike Mr. Bryan, who is inclined to withhold diplomatic information, in the first instance, and to refuse to discuss it if it gets into the newspapers without his sanction. Mr. Lansing is one of those public officials who will at least say enough to give the newspaper men a "straight steer" and pre-

vent them from making mistakes unwittingly. With all the human attributes, Mr. Lansing is not noted as a "story-teller" or as an "anecdote-maker." He is, however, a fisherman, but even this attribute does not include, so far as can be learned, the telling of fisherman's yarns. Armed with a good, stout pipe and fishing-rod, Mr. Lansing is prone to take his annual leave near Watertown, N. Y., or at a fishing club on Lake Erie, to which he belongs. Not infrequently he will be seen at his deak in the State Department when the hour for diplomatic callers has passed, working steadily and quietly, with a flat-bowled briar pipe in hand. If he is interrupted by series of academic or hypothetical questions, such as some of his callers ask him, he will answer them all clearly and fairly, while at the same time sketching on a pad of paper a picture, usually a human head, which may or may not contain some of the characteristics of the questioner.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love; and even as these are well and wisely fixed, in dignity of being we ascend. -Wardsmorth

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

(1) Outing, "Taming Shank's Mare."
(2) Scribner's, "The Freelands."
(3) American, "Four L'ons at Once,"
(4) Cosmopolitan, "My Finest Day's (5) American, "'Braves' is Right."

"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT!"

SPORTS

HAT constitutes a sport? Why, for instance, is golf a sport? It's all in the head.

Larging a heavy bag of canes up and down hills for several miles for the purpose of dropping a small white ball into a small hole in the ground by the most difficult and unnatural method conceivable is considered sport entirely by grace of the curious mental attitude of the golfer.

It would be vastly easier to pick the ball up in the hands Nature gave you, and drop quickly and neatly into the hole. If a man's living depended on the number of times per day he could contrive to accomplish something as precarious and hazardous as putting a golf ball into its hole he would call it pretty hard work.

There is a whimsical echo of this question as to the difference between work and play in a description of an arduous walking trip taken for pleasure by R. C. Whitehouse, in Outing (1).

My dear friend Dutch, who is addicted to pedestrianism had half a show in song and story. Why, he demands indignantly, should they have whole page departments on golf and tennis and tiddledewinks and totally ignore the honorable sport of walking? "Darned if I know," I used to tell him. I don't have to any longer.

Dutch has initiated me into the sublime joys of pedestering * * * I am convalence now. * * * But at this writing I feel I am convalescent triffe reconciled, and no fooling, there is no more ancient and honorable sport.

It originated with Adam, who reeled off a ew miles dally along the rural byways of Eden. All Adam had to do was walk a few steps farther each day than the day before, and go back home complacent in the knowledge that he had broken all world;s records. Robert Louis Stevenson said that to enjoy

walking to the utmost, one should walk alone. I second the motion. There is always a harmonious unanimity when walking alone. Shall we rest half an hour on this mossy bank just ahead?" we ask ourselves. "You bet," comes the unanimous response. But when there are three of us, and we isk the same question, the other two invariably reply that three miles the other side of

onder high hill is a much more der rable pot. We had better push on. Men like Dutch speak of going three miles over you der high hill just exactly as if they were speaking of moving three benches farther along in the park to get out of the sun There is another description of a climb in

the current magazines. It occurs in John Galsworthy's story, "The Freelands," run-ning in Scribner's (2). He is concerned not so much with the climber as with giving a splendidly aloof, unfettered sense of dawn coming up over the Malvern Hills.

Climbing at a great pace, he reached Mal-vern Beacon just as it came dawn, and stood there on the top watching. He had not much aesthetic sense, but he had enough to be limpressed by the slow paling of the stars over the space that seemed infinite, so little were its dreamy confines visible in the May morning haze, where the quivering crimson flags and spears of sunrise forged up in a march upon the sky. The first lark scared up and began its bright praise. Save for that song silence possessed all the driven dark right out to the Severn and the sea, and the fastnesses of the Welsh Hills and the Wrekin away in the north, a black point in the serve way in the north, a black point in the gra-For a moment dark and light hovered and clung together. Would victory wing back into night or on into day? Then, as a town is taken, all was over in one overmastering

Blood and Thunder Thrillers

Two famous sportsmen recount the most thrilling experiences that they have ever had, with vivid photographs to back up their assertions. Stewart Edward White, who has been writing a series of hunting stories for the American Magazine, describes "Four Lions at Once" (3). He was firing at two lions in the offing when two more suddenly bounded out of the bushes, and he alone, with a native attendant crouching behind him to load his guns for him, vanquished the four single-handed.

When I got back to camp an hour later I tried to put down in my notebook exactly the sequence of events. I put down something; but subsequent recollections that float thing; but subsequent recollections that float across my mind make me doubt whether I can reproduce an accurate sequence. Therefore, I will not try to tell you in what order I shot at those ilons or where each several shot hat. I do know that I shot at cach of them is the same of the cach several shot hat the same of the cach of the cach is the same of the cach of the cach is the same of the cach of the cach is the same of the cach of the cach of the cach of the cach is the cach of the cach of the cach is the cach of them in turn, as it seemed nacemary to her them checked. It was a good deal like push

ing eager pupples back into a kennel yard. First one, then another, then another, the first one back at you again. A largeount of carridges showed that from the two rifles I fired 18 shots. Five of these were expended on the first lloness and few on the big male after the main battle was over. So I must have used nine cartridge to stop the charge. Of these I missed on I used the two rifles alternately, for I have some sort of a notion of Keening both man I used the two rifles alternately, for I has some sort of a netion of keeping both magazines full. Membit Sasa went on crooms; his war song and loading like a machis. The smaller lion or llapsed early in the game and about 100 yards away. The lioness can close in, but was crippled for keeps at about 15 yards. The big hon had stopped 60 yard distont, and was sitting on his baunche staring about him. Suddenly he launche himself at us.

This is in my ordinion the supports more staring as in the supports more staring as in the supports more staring as in the supports more staring about him.

himself at us.

This is in my opinion the supreme moment in a hunter's life—the moment when all preliminaries at an end, the lion makes his dreet and deadly attack. The little unessetials are brushed aside, * * * A smouldering emotion fills all his being: it is not exactly anger, but something like it. Rather a feeling of antagonism, a pitting of forces and skills. Beneath all is a great wary alertness that sits like a captain in a conting tower, spying cannily over all the situation as it develops, posed ready to plan competently for the unexpected.

Paul J. Rainey, well known everywhere for

Paul J. Rainey, well known everywhere for his Hunting Movies, describes "My Finent Day's Sport" (4) in the Cosmopolitan. He was bunting in British East Africa.

When we reached the top of the hill we saw the lion galloping below us in his long, graceful stride, through quite open country, while at least half a mile behind him was the pack, fighting dogs and all, rusning in full cry. I had never seen a lion so far in the open. I started to cut him and nearly ran on top of him, crouched w Hall pointed him out, and I came off my horse with my big gun in my har in an instant. He looked as if he were gon o charge, but hearing the hounds cot owever, he turned and dashed into cover. did not want to kill him, as I was anxio some cinematograph pictures, B as the bush was very thick we were unablet do so, and I concluded it was best to show

I fired through the bush at 50 yards, the gun snapped, and as I lowered it, went of right in among the hounds, luckly without doing any damage. The lion did not see make the bush however, and bounded off through the bush My companion got a shot a little later, and broke his back, which ended the finest day's sport I ever had.

Inside Dope

There is some very sophisticated inside information, intelligible in proportion to you fanning propensities, in the first of a series of articles by Ring Lardner, in the Amer can (5). He is still talking about that las world "serious" and the Boston Braves.

The guy that named 'em the "Braves" was prob'ly sarcastical, or else he meant the were brave to stay in the league and take what they was gettin'. You know the name was hung on 'em a couple of years ago, who they looked like they should ought to be called the Garbage, and when the fella called 'em Braves he prob'ly shook hands with him self an says: "I certainly pulled a funny one

They's a lot of smart guys runnin' arous now that says they picked the Braves, picked 'em to win the pennant an' then picked 'es to win the big serious. But I bet you couldn't buy a ticket from Terre Haute to Evansul with the money that any smart baseball m won on 'em. Because smart baseball medon't pick agin their own judgment. They prob'ly have a better pickin' average if the

But they don't. Ev'rybody I seen before the serious agreed that the Athaletics couldn't lose. And ev'rebody I seen after the serious agreed that the Athaletics had lost, and most o' them kind thought all along that it'd come out abest the way it did. It's certainly wonderful hos few people is ever su'nrised. It ain's natural.

few people is ever su'prised. It don't get you nothing to be too sure

I've picked one or two winners, but I ser was gave no credit for it. And I've picked whole lot o' losers, and had the everlash life kidded out o' me. It's the best dope it high kidded out o' me. say nothin'.

MUTABILITY

We are as clouds that veil the midnight meet. How restlessly they speed, and gleam, as

Streaking the darkness radiantly! Yet soon Night closes round and they are lost forest

Or, like forgotten lyres, whose dissorted atrings Give various response to each varying bias. 'o whose frail frame no second motion One mood or modulation like the last.

We rise one wandering thought pollutes at We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep. Embrace fond wee or cast our cares away.

It is the same, for, be it joy or sorrow. The path of its departure still is free; Man's yesterday may noter be like his mo Neight may endure but Mutability.