Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PRESIDENT.
Charles H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Chairman.
P. H. WHALEY.....Executive Editor
JOHN C. MARTIN.....General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

LEDGER CENTRAL.....Broad and Chestnut Streets
ATLANTIC CITY.....Press-Union Building
NEW YORK.....170-A, Metropolitan Tower
DETROIT.....828 Ford Building
ST. LOUIS.....409 Globe Democrat Building
CHICAGO.....1202 Tribune Building
LONDON.....8 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S. W.

NEWS BUREAUS:
WASHINGTON BUREAU.....The Post Building
NEW YORK BUREAU.....The Times Building
BERLIN BUREAU.....60 Friedrichstrasse
LONDON BUREAU.....2 Pall Mall East, S. W.
PARIS BUREAU.....82 Rue Louis le Grand

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

By carrier, DAILY ONLY, six cents. By mail, postpaid outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, DAILY ONLY, one month, twenty-five cents; DAILY ONLY, one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

NOTICE—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

☞ Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR MAY WAS 85,614.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1915.

Fools entangle things for wise men to unravel.

A Real Peacemaker

THE award of the Nobel peace prize to Pope Benedict XV honors a real peacemaker. The Pope has been using all his influence since the war began in order to bring about peace. He holds himself in readiness to act whenever the belligerents are in a mood to consider terms on which the fighting can be stopped. He is statesman enough to recognize the facts as they are and to understand the futility of attempting the impossible. He will yield to no man in his objection to war and in his preference for peace. His high religious office makes him the most conspicuous living representative of the Prince of Peace.

Benedict XV has conducted himself with wisdom and discretion in a great world crisis when the faith of men has been shaken and when they have doubted that nineteen centuries of Christian teaching has produced any tangible result. But his faith has remained serene and clear, and his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the ideal has not been destroyed. He has not thought it necessary to indict Christendom, but has seen in the conflict the manifestation of some of the sublimest and divinest human traits, along with some of the most bestial passions. He deserves the Nobel prize if any man has earned it in the last year.

Noise Is Not Patriotism

THERE can be a successful celebration of the Fourth of July without burning a lot of gunpowder and maiming a lot of children.

It seems to be the purpose of the committee in charge of the celebration this year to provide for a display of patriotic sentiment instead of a display of fireworks. Public sentiment is certainly behind the committee. Music and parades, games and speeches lend themselves admirably to the needs of the occasion. A safe and sane Fourth is as desirable as a sane and safe foreign policy.

Necessity's Latest Progeny

THE war, which has cut off the supply of fustic used in producing yellow dye needed in the leather trade, has spurred on the chemists of the Government until they have succeeded in demonstrating that osage orange yields a good dye at less cost than the imported wood. The difference in favor of the American wood runs from $6 to $8 a ton. The announcement of the success of the Government experiments was made at the meeting of the American Leather Chemists' Association in Atlantic City.

Vegetable dyes were used in all textile industries until the coal tar colors displaced them. They are better than the coal tar dyes, holding their color longer and producing more beautiful effects. The only advantage which the chemical dyes have over the dyes which they displaced is the ease with which different shades can be produced.

The country is as full of dye woods and herbs as it ever was. If our chemists cannot use the secret processes employed by the Germans in producing dyes—though this is by no means certain—they can succeed in perfecting simple and inexpensive methods of extracting colors from the native products. Necessity is the mother of a numerous progeny and she is still in her prime.

Chicago to the Gulf

IT WAS a good many years ago that the Chicago drainage canal made the eastern half of the United States an island. But it was only this week that commerce took cognizance of the fact and sent the first of a regular line of freight steamers from Chicago to New Orleans. That initial cargo might have continued its trip if it had wanted to, taken an ocean-going vessel to Boston, another to Quebec and then sailed on up the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the city it started from, circumnavigating half the United States. The old steamboating days on the Mississippi and Ohio were wonderful enough, but modern science and business enterprise have always new wonders to show.

Give Yourself a Chance

TWO successful men have recently retired from business, one at 40, the other at 50. One wants to get a chance to look at his soul. The other, having acquired his competency, thinks he ought to get out and give the fellows lower down a show.

They may both be right, or both wrong, but one thing is certain, and that is the utter recklessness and wanton disregard of natural laws displayed by the ordinary business man who keeps the machine working at high pressure all the time. There is really no reason why a man should retire at 50 or at 40, provided he has gumption enough to mix play with his work, to ease the strain by proper vacations. A vacation does not mean two weeks off every year. A vacation of a single afternoon is often worth a dozen bottles of medicine. A frequent release from the eternal grind—that is the thing. But the average American business man has about as much regard for his body as he has for the trash basket. He refuses absolutely to take care of it. He eats his way into a coffin. He drinks toasts to the undertakers. He is so busy making money that he makes a mummy of himself.

It is June now. The royal time for breathing fresh air, communing with the hills, traipsing through green grass, is here. You old nervous wreck, quit grumbling about the doctor's bill. You need not have any if you will turn that thinking apparatus on the success of your health instead of devoting it entirely to the success of your business. Be a human being for a while and forget the desk. Get yourself waked up and you can be really efficient, as you were 20 years ago when you laid the foundations for your business. So many men can do all things well, except live. They have no idea of how to do that.

Not the Time to Quit

THE American business man is not a quitter. Therefore the report that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is to withdraw its fleet of ships from the sea after November 4, when the La Follette seaman's law goes into effect, cannot be believed.

The law places intolerable burdens on American shipowners, while attempting to protect American seamen. Its enforcement will entail loss on every American steamship company. But the nation is aroused now as it was not aroused when the law was passed. Every citizen has learned the lesson that if this country is to expand its foreign trade it must command the means of distribution. American goods must be carried in American ships if we are to get them delivered when and where we want them delivered. Congress meets in December, only a month after the La Follette law goes into effect. It must respond to the demand that it repeal the law or that it provide, by subsidies or subventions, for meeting the extra expense which the statute lays upon American carriers.

But if American shipowners are to be quitters, what is the use of trying to do anything to help them? They have been willing to fight in the past, and they have pocketed present losses in the hope of future profits. If the owners of the Pacific Mail Company have the nerve to hold on and fight they will win. This is not the time to quit. It is the time to fight. It is the time to combine with all advocates of an enlarged merchant fleet in an overwhelming movement against the narrow-visioned sentimentalists who ignore the larger issues in advocating the smaller, and against the socialistic advocates of public ownership, who think that it is right for the Government to lose money in the shipping business and wrong for the Government to assist private citizens to make money in the ocean trade.

A Few Thousands for Hundreds of Children

THURSDAY the Mayor urged upon Councils the necessity of providing promptly for the organization of a Division of Child Hygiene. The cost of the division for six months would be approximately $16,000.

The high infant mortality in this city is sufficient reason for complying with the Mayor's request. There are hundreds of preventable deaths every year, particularly in the summer. There are literally thousands of mothers who are ignorant of the most simple rules for the preservation of child life. The city could not possibly spend $16,000 more advantageously than in the manner proposed. Not to provide the money would be extravagance; to provide it would be economy.

The Organization certainly can forget its hostility to the Mayor long enough to join with him in so excellent a proceeding as the preservation of the lives of infants—lives now needlessly, even criminally, wasted.

Legal Protection for the Actor

ANY one who knows the precarious financial condition of the American theatre at the present moment is likely to look askance at the prospect of the Actors' Equity Association calling a strike of its 2500 members to enforce demands it is now making on the managers. Such action would seem sure to wreck the whole wobbly structure.

But that is putting an unfair light on the matter. The actors' union—for that is what it is—appreciates the precarious position of the managers. At its recent meeting in New York it was generally agreed that a strike would mean only irreparable losses to both sides. But it also knows that what it fights for is right and must triumph. This is not higher pay. It is simply a uniform equitable contract.

Germany has enacted such a contract by law. America must achieve it through the direct efforts of its actors. The leaders in the fight, men like Francis Wilson, Bruce McRae and Edward Abeles, themselves have nothing to gain by it. An honest contract, with protection for both parties, rather than one, will mean most to the players of small parts, the beginners and the hard-working men and women who make an honest if undistinguished living on the stage.

Humorous Ravings

"DAVE" LANE is indeed the Lane that has no turning. Everything is bad unless his hand was in the doing of it. He sings his song of hate quite merrily. This is the gentleman who imagines that resolutions of gratitude should be passed by the populace because the trolley fare to West Philadelphia is not ten cents. He does not want rapid transit and he does not want anything else that is trade-marked progress. No, things must be now as they were when he started in to turn an honest penny in the political game. The intelligent citizen does not have to spend money for amusement these days. Some of the best humor of the day is being furnished free of charge by as cute a set of political philanthropists as ever strangled a municipality.

When you say "He means well," you are merely disguising your condemnation.

It is fortunate for the local Democrats that they are fighting for harmony instead of for victory, for they may possibly get it.

As one reads the fulminations from Reading about the coming war, one is reminded of the ancient saw about the shoemaker and his last.

Another man has taken poison by mistake for cough medicine. But patent medicine makers still sell poison without any manifest compunctions of conscience.

Villa wants to eliminate Zapata, and Zapata wants to eliminate Carranza and Carranza wants to eliminate Villa, thus completing the triangle of Mexican ambitions.

The President announces that the retirement of Mr. Bryan has not produced such a grave crisis that it is necessary to form a coalition Cabinet composed of the patriots of all parties.

PUBLICITY AS A WAR PREVENTIVE

Is the Proposed "League of Peace" a Realizable Project?—The Element of Obligation—The End of War Through Justice.

By THEODORE MARBURG
Former U. S. Minister to Belgium.
(By Special Arrangement With the Independent.)

On Thursday, June 17, a conference will be held in Independence Hall for the purpose of discussing the formation of a League of Peace. The movement, in which this meeting will be an important step, was started by Dr. Hamilton Holt, and has the sanction of ex-President Taft, President Lowell, of Harvard, and the Hon. Theodore Marburg, a leading authority on diplomacy and international law, and other distinguished citizens.

THE failure of existing institutions to prevent war points to the need of sanction. All the present Hague institutions for the settlement of international disputes are voluntary. Nations may or may not resort to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, to the International Commission of Inquiry, to Mediation and Good Offices, according as they see fit.

Many men formerly satisfied with these voluntary institutions now believe that the element of obligation must be added. It is only a question of how far they are willing to go. Shall we, through the united action of the nations, forbid war, or should we simply compel disputants to resort to institutions already in existence or hereafter to be set up in the honest endeavor to compose their quarrels before they are allowed to make the appeal to arms? * * *

In planning a new league manifestly a first duty is to ascertain why the leagues of the past have failed. And our search need not carry us far afield.

We are confronted at once with the fact that each of these leagues was composed of a small number of Powers, so small as to permit of collusion to prey upon nations outside the league, or of the wilful triumph of selfish interests to the injury both of its other members and of the world at large.

Within the State the cause of justice is advanced under a democratic regime by the play of opposing interests, the interests of one individual against the interests of another individual, of one class against another class and by the united thinking of the many. This leads to the conclusion that if we can set up a league which shall embrace all the progressive nations, big and little, we may look for wise and just action from it. * * *

Specifically, this would give to the league the eight great Powers—including the United States—the secondary Powers of Europe, and the "A B C" countries of South America. In this group we find three great peoples with common political aspirations, namely, those of Great Britain, France and the United States, peoples which no longer regard democracy as a passing phase of political experiment, but as a permanent fact of politics. We find in it two powerful nations, Great Britain and the United States, which may be said to be satisfied territorially. We find, moreover, a group of smaller nations with no disturbing ambitions.

Now, a desirable plan would embrace such a broad league, a league which should not itself attempt to pronounce upon international disputes, but would refer the disputants to certain institutions for the settlement of controversies and insist that they may not resort to war.

In such a project we find four progressive stages:

First stage—Institutions such as we now have, supplemented by a true court of justice, all of which institutions shall be purely voluntary or facultative.

Second stage—The element of obligation added, in so far as the nations shall bind themselves to resort to these institutions.

Third stage—The further addition of an agreement to have the league act as an international grand jury to hale the nation lawbreaker into court and to use force to bring it there if recalcitrant.

Fourth stage—The final addition of an agreement to use force, if need be, to execute the award of the tribunal.

Now, how much of this "desirable" plan is a "realizable" project?

The difficulty that faces us with regard to the last two steps is the reluctance of nations to make the surrender of sovereignty and independence which they involve. It means that the signatories bind themselves to make war, under certain conditions, in the common interest. Can the United States Senate be brought to such a view of its duty to mankind? The last step, that of enforcing the award, involves likewise the danger of oppression unless the league charged with such a duty should embrace all or nearly all of the progressive nations. On the other hand, the demand that controversies be referred to a tribunal and that the decision of such tribunal be awaited before making war involves no danger of oppression. It is a reasonable demand. A project which included bringing a nation into the presence of a tribunal but made no attempt to execute the award could therefore be safely instituted by a league embracing all, or nearly all, of the great Powers without awaiting the adherence of the secondary Powers, though the presence of the latter would make the league all the stronger.

As the nation which consented so to refer its disputes to a tribunal would not be obliged either by its own promise or by the will of the league to observe the award, the proceedings would be much in the nature of a mere inquiry. But since publicity tends to correct not only illegal practices but unjust ones, too, and does it without resort to a court of law or even to a tribunal of arbitration, it is felt that in the majority of cases the controversy would be stilled by investigation alone.

It will be observed that the plan here proposed moves forward the present practice in two particulars, namely, in binding the signatories to resort to international institutions for the settlement of controversies before making war and in compelling them so to do if recalcitrant.

This is as far as some men of wide practical experience are willing to go. They are unwilling, for example, as part of a realizable plan, to take the fourth step, namely, bind the league to enforce the award.

WAR "ADS" IN THE TIMES

From the London Times.

April 28.

SKIN—Officer requires four inches by three inches of skin to cover wound and expedite his return to duty; opportunity for unselfish patriot. Box S, 377, the Times.

April 30.

SKIN—Officer wishes to thank the numerous persons whose offers of skin he appreciates. He almost regrets his inability to accept more than one.

THE ONLY ONE INJURED IN THE GREAT GERMAN-AMERICAN WAR

FAILURE OF BRITISH SPRING "DRIVE"

Tommy Atkins' Dream Is Shattered, but He Keeps His "Grit" and Cheers Himself by Remarking, "The First Two Years Will Be the Worst."

By E. RICHARD SCHAYER

The author is an American newspaper man, now a private in the British Army Service Corps at the front in northern France.

THESE notes are being written in the shade of an old apple tree near Bethune. My back is against its snarly old trunk and my dusty army shoes are grinding their steel-shod heels into a little bed of daisies. Overhead the massed white blossoms flutter in the soft breeze, and still higher a skylark chortles with glee and performs marvels in aerial gymnastics. A little further down the orchard a small flock of goats bleat and nibble at the rich turf.

The goats seem to fit in the picture, but the goatherd jars the eye. He is a black man—very black, with sharply cut features and straggly beard. He wears a grimy khaki uniform of Oriental cut and a greasy turban. His name, as nearly as I could get it, is Mohammed Umphf. He is a cook with a battalion of Pathans, but so far, I imagine, the goats don't realize it.

Barring the goatherd, there is nothing in sight at the moment to disturb the serenity of nature in her best spring raiment. The little orchard rims a curve in the highway, and the outlook on every side is calmly beautiful. At such moments out here one almost wishes he were deaf. For it is by the sense of hearing alone that one is chained to the grim realization of things. The roar of the guns only a few kilos away beats heavily on the eardrums in a ponderous sort of syncopated rhythm, with a treble part, played by the Maxims, that sounds at this distance exactly like a coal wagon emptying itself into your cellar on a sheet-iron chute.

A Dream Gone to Smash

The great British dream of the winter has gone to smash. The one consoling thought of all us thousands through the bitter hardships of that killing winter campaign—that when spring came and the sun made the earth's surface negotiable and Kitchener's new army was in the field, the enemy would immediately find himself on the defensive and the new British hordes would swarm upon him, crush him, beat him back, steadily, surely, into Belgium and out again on the other side, to make his last stand in the valleys of his Fatherland—has proved itself a ghastly delusion.

"Licked, but Not Beaten"

It was all summed up for me only an hour or so ago, a mile or two up the road. I had been helping load lorries and wagons with cases of ammunition at a division headquarters, and when released from the job and told to get back to Bethune to my train, I first took a good look around. Down the road toward the battle line, half a mile away, I came upon a young man. His uniform, dirty and tattered though it was, still bore the stamp of good London tailoring, by which, together with the fact that he used a sword for a cane as he hobbled toward me, I knew him for an officer.

He proved a young first lieutenant of a rifle brigade. I saluted as I passed, and he answered with a slight gesture of his free hand. Something about the expression in his eyes turned me about and I asked him if I could be of any assistance.

"Thanks, awf'ly," he said, in that high-bred English tone, "but I think I can make it quite well."

Then, for the first time, I realized that he was freshly wounded. I had been so accustomed to seeing broken and torn men hobbling around hospitals and camps that it hadn't occurred to me to connect this limping pedestrian with the battle then in progress. Besides, he was the first wounded man I had ever seen making his own way back to a dressing station.

His wound, in the right calf, while not dangerous in itself, was painful, and he was glad to accept my proffered shoulder to help cover the remaining hundred yards or so to the marquee tents of the dressing station.

"Why didn't you get some one to ride you up, sir?" I asked.

His answer was typical of his breed.

"I'm not hit badly. The ambulances are overcrowded with dangerously wounded. I knew I could hoof it."

After a few steps in silence I asked:

"How is it going, sir, down there today?"

"Bally awful. We tried three times yesterday to get through. Couldn't make it. Now they're trying it on. We've stopped two rushes today in our trench. We'll keep on stopping them. But, damn it, we're not getting anywhere."

"What do you make of it, sir?"

"It's a fizzle, a bally fizzle. We're licked—but we're not beaten."

I turned him over to a R. A. M. C. orderly by the door of one of the hospital tents, and came on down to this little orchard. And as I think it over that Anglo-Saxon officer's grim little admission, "We're licked, but we're not beaten," seems to sound the keynote of the general spirit I have noticed in all the branches of the service during the past week.

"First Two Years the Worst"

The thousands of wounded pouring into the base hospitals every day all seem to reflect this feeling of bitter disappointment, crushing realization—and doubly grim determination.

Everywhere and with every one there has been but one topic of conversation—the collapse of the British dream of immensely successful operations in the spring and a speedy termination of the war. A hundred theories are advanced. Arguments wax hot and cold. But always the disputants come back to a mutual admission that whatever the causes the new British army has been cut to ribbons wherever it has attempted the offensive, and that the foemen are the most marvelous fighters, individually and collectively, the British have ever been called upon to face.

But the old British spirit has not been killed. There is no perceptible feeling of fear as to the final outcome. Nowhere can one hear a single voice raised to suggest any other possible finish to all this horror than complete and glorious victory for England and her allies. They put it into a sort of gloomy joke, as is Tommy's habit. He meets you, asks you how you're getting on, what you would give to be home again, and winds up with the cheering comment, "Well, the first two years will be the worst."

And that, too, holds something of the psychology of the British army in northern France today. The first two years will be the worst, meaning, obviously, that, if it takes a dozen years, they are going to stick to it, and stick to it, until they win.

But there is no discounting the atmosphere of gloom that hangs over the entire expeditionary force just now. The shifting fortunes at that terrible little mound known as Hill 60, the horrible effect of the new German gas shells, the loss of the ground gained southeast of Ypres at terrific cost, and the apparently undiminished vigor with which the enemy presses home his counter-charges have all made their deep, bitter impression.

Somebody's Blunder

And through it all comes the undercurrents of gossip and rumor and suspicion that indicate things are not quite what they should be at general headquarters, that somewhere, somehow, some one has blundered. Where are the big guns to match the German howitzers? All winter we have heard about these new, huge guns that were to tear the German trenches to pieces and open the road to Berlin. Where, too, are the high-power explosive shells so necessary at this stage of the game before any general advance can be made?

A wounded artilleryman told me yesterday that before the British charges the only shells his battery had to fire to prepare the way to the German lines were shrapnel.

"Wot bleedin' good is shrapnel," he complained, "w'en them blokes is hidin' in them dug-outs? You might as well sprinkle 'em with a garden 'ose."

This same R. H. A. chap told me what I had heard from other, and less authoritative sources, and had hardly credited. It was that batteries of French artillery had been pressed into service around Ypres to aid in beating back the German attacks on the British line.

"If it hadn't been for them French seventy-fives," said the artilleryman, "gawd knows wot would 'ave 'appened. I saw four batteries of 'em workin' on the hill next to us, and we 'eard there was more than ten more of 'em in that section. From wot our officers said it was the French guns that saved 'Wipers' for us last week. Wot our generals is thinkin' of I don't know. But somethin's gone wrong, an' if they don't straighten it out them Germans will reach Calais yet."

My attention was just called to a commotion among the goats. Two turbaned gentlemen have joined the goatherd, and the trio are doing something to those goats. I didn't realize just what it was until one bleating little animal, with budding horns, came galloping in my direction with the goatherd in close pursuit. He caught the little creature up by the horns, held it in midair and then I saw the knife in his other hand—and looked away.

It seems to me this little incident—in this blossomy setting—typifies this war in general. Certainly my friends the soldiers are the goats.

"PETTIFOGGING PEDAGOGY"

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—Your editorial on "Pettifogging Pedagogy" in the issue of June 10, struck me as being very sensible. Prof. E. H. Landis well deserves to be the head of the Science Department of the Central High School. * * *

NATHAN HALE GOODMAN.

Philadelphia, June 11.

DR. WHITE'S DIAGNOSIS OF GOLF

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—I see that my innocent attempt to relieve the University of the odium of profiting by gambling has resulted in an outbreak of violent and almost delirious objurgation on the part of Dr. Edward Martin.

I would not notice the matter further were it not that Doctor Martin seems to imply that I am a "golfer." This is not to be endured. I cannot better or more succinctly express my views as to both golf and Doctor Martin than by noting the fact that recently, in response to a request that I join in the organization of a "Medical Golf Club," I wrote that I regarded as unworthy of a noble and scientific profession a game, success in which was attainable only by such vacuity of mind that the universe should seem to the player to consist of a small ball, a clumsy crooked stick, and a minute hole invisible to the naked eye at a few yards' distance.

J. WILLIAM WHITE.

Philadelphia, June 8.

WARTIME SALE OF STEAMERS

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—In view of certain adverse criticisms of our company on the purchase by the Spanish Government, during the Spanish-American War, of our steamers Columbia and Normannia, may we request the courtesy of publication in your paper, that these steamers were not sold by our company to Spain, but, as we have repeatedly stated at the time when this accusation was first published here, these two vessels were sold by our company to a British firm, by which they were subsequently sold to Spain.

Surely there was no reason why our company should have hesitated to dispose of two of their old vessels in this legitimate manner. Even if they had been sold to Spain direct, which, however, was not the case, there should have been no criticism, as otherwise it would not have been right for us to have sold our steamer Scandia at the very same time to the United States Government for use as an auxiliary in their navy during the war.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE,
J. Pannes, Philadelphia Manager.

Philadelphia, June 9.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST WOMEN

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—Mrs. Crystal Eastman Benedict testified before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations in Washington, May 17, that one pronounced cause of unrest is the conviction prevailing among women today that the wholesale political discrimination against women as a sex is a long-standing injustice, operating to their detriment in every department of life. The purpose of the commission is to get at the cause of social unrest.

"Women employes of the Government," Mrs. Benedict said, "are discriminated against all along the line. Many of the civil service examinations call only for men competitors, where the positions might suitably be filled by women. Of the 24 pending civil service examinations all but two are closed to women. Women are discriminated against, too, when appointments are made. In the year ended June 30, 1912, four women to three men passed the examinations for work under the civil service rules in Washington, but the men were appointed in the ratio of more than two to one. The wages of the women are lower than men's for the same work. The average male Government stenographer gets a wage of $1600 and $1800 a year for which a woman gets $1200 and $1400.

"The standards set by the Government affect the private employment of women, too. If the Government discriminates against women and adopts a double standard of wages, the private employer will surely do so."

CAROLINE KATZENSTEIN.

Philadelphia, June 8.

FOXES IN BOSTON

Within the limits of Greater Boston is the Blue Hill reservation, a parkland free from the ravages of sportsmen, where the wild life is learning to be friendly with humans. Winthrop Packard, naturalist, author and lecturer, says that foxes abound in this protected region, and evidence of the fact is given in a recent issue of Our Dumb Animals, in the picture of a fox snapped by the camera of Howard S. Adams. The little reynards have grown so bold that they roam about freely in daylight, and even follow people who are tramping through the reservation, keeping a discreet and curious distance.