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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1918.

A dog brought up by a gentleman behaves like a gentleman. Out to Win

TT IS possible that the Convention Hall would be in course of construction now if the business interests of the city had been able to agree on a site. They carried their fight to Councils, which always knows how to keep on the fence.

The project, however, is purely a business It is not political. The rejuvenated Chamber of Commerce has a definite purpose. It is large enough and powerful enough to speak for the city as a whole. It is not likely that Councils will veto any specific recommendation it has to make. The essential thing now is the selection of a site and the co-ordination of public opinion in favor of that site. To this end, the earlier a decision can be made by the Chamber of Commerce the better it will be.

The city has entered the fight for the Republican Convention definitely and without equivocation. This means that it must be a fight worth while, a fight worthy of the city, a fight to win. We must have our own house in order. Get the Convention Hall and the convention will meet in it.

France, the Efficient Republic

ENGLAND'S muddling has not encouraged H. G. Wells. "If the present Governments of Great Britain and the United States," he says, "are the best sort of governments that democracy can produce, then democracy is bound, if not this time, then next time or the time after, to be completely overcome and superseded by some form of authoritative State organization."

An efficient benevolent despotism may be the best form of government. The trouble is the certainty, sooner or later, of too much despotism and too little benevolence. An infinite capacity for muddling things is a democratic characteristic; but it is not more characteristic than the invariable custom of finally "arriving." The genius of a democratic people is often slow to manifest itself in the face of a great national danger, but when it does exert itself it is invincible.

Why, for instance, does Mr. Wells pick out the United States, which is not in the war, glorious France, more truly republican than Britain, and France has met the onrush of the Teutons so splendidly that the humiliation of the defeats under Napoleon III is forgotten. Indeed, it is France that has saved Europe in the great crisis.

A Road to Permanent Peace?

CORRESPONDENT suggests that the A medical faculty of the University devote itself to formulating rules by which an American race inclined to peace may be bred.

The suggestion is too brilliant to be hidden under anonymity. If the beer and the fight is to be bred out of the German stock and the fight and the whisky is to disappear from the Scotch, and so on, it must be by some process of selection such as that by which race horses are produced. The peace-at-any-price people should take this suggestion under serious consideration. It points to a way out. The price might be pretty high, but they profess to be willing to pay it.

Even Dream-Gardens Need Weeding

SAYS William J. Locke: "I could give up tobacco and alcohol and clean collars and servants and everything you could think ofbut not dreams. Without them the earth is just a sort of a backyard of a place; and with them an infinite garden."

Without them the earth would always remain a backyard and peace would never come to Europe.

The infinite garden of dreams needs weeding, and among the weeds to be cut down and cast away are militarism and national lusts of many kinds. Each nation must be Its own gardener in this work of eradication, else the flowers will be destroyed with the weeds.

Where Responsibility Rests

FIMERE is only one of the seven separate Land distinct investigations into the Eastland horror in which the general public is Interested. That is the one to be conducted by the Government Steamboat Inspection Service.

This bureau of the National Government to charged with the responsibility of passing upon the seaworthiness of vessels and upon the safeguards provided for the protection of the passengers and the crew,

The failure of inspection to disclose indiffarence to safety was demonstrated when the General Slocum burned in New York harbor a few years ago, with terrible loss of life. There were life preservers on board, as the law requires, but they were made of ground cork, held together by cament and from traines. Iron will not float, and the people who jumped into the water to escape the flames were weighted down by what ought to have held them up. Then the inspectors said: the can't be expected to look at every life

The Eastland was notoriously unasawarthy, hal a Government Inspector authorized the heat to carry 2505 passengers this year, when half were as many as it was thought prudent to allow us bound last year, form after pero ston of nears. No gimention, so high exelistica was granted to carry big more pas- plosive shelpt-

sengers, the son-in-law of the inspector was

made chief engineer of the boat. What is the use of an inspection bureau that does not inspect? Are we to be compelled to trust our lives to steamboats run by men willing to gamble with death in the hope that they can continue to win while the Government officials make merely a perfunctory examination of the safeguards?

The real culprits before the bar are not only the owners of the Eastland, but the men in charge of the Government bureau.

Quit Obstructing! Help Things Along

FIGHE present direction of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company floated a shipwreck. It picked up an inheritance of plunder and graft, of dirty finance and still dirtier political methods, poured new money into the enterprise and by efficient management contrived to give to the city better facilities than it had ever before enjoyed.

The people of Philadelphia are not unmindful of these facts. They do not want to see the P. R. T. embarrassed. They have a feeling of sympathetic regard for it. They are willing and anxious to help it. They have no captious criticism to offer. They believe in one great system for the city, and are confident that the whole network of transit should be in the hands of one company. Director Taylor has been emphatic in declaring that capital already invested here should be protected. There is no desire on the part of any responsible persons to depreciate the value of the P. R. T.'s holdings or to subject the corporation to grievous

What, then, is it that Philadelphia wishes to do? Why, to build tens of millions of dollars' worth of subway and elevated lines and turn them over to the P. R. T. to operate on terms so liberal that there would be little difficulty, if any, in securing an Independent company to accept the proposal. The city asks the company to build no lines. It proposes to hand over to it an investment of millions, to give it, practically in perpetuity, a monopoly of transit in the city, A fairer proposition was never made. It may be doubted if any city was ever so liberal in its treatment of an urban railway corporation.

Yet in the last year a change has come over the company. It was willing enough a year ago. It joined in a tentative agreement with Director Taylor. It was ready to assist in meeting the transit problem of the city. Now, strangely enough, it sends a representative to Harrisburg to plead, not that the new lines are unnecessary, not that Philadelphia can do without the improvements, but that a generation ago, before subways and elevated lines were known. there was some sort of a law to prevent the ruination of beautiful Broad street by placing on it surface tracks. Technicalities, nothing but technicalities, can the company find as a reason why the improvements should not be made.

That, we protest, is not meeting the situation in a broad spirit. It is not the kind of response the people of Philadelphia have a right to expect. It is not good business. It is not in sympathy with the program which the company has followed of late years. It has about it the taint of earlier proceedings, when the manipulation of trolley schemes was a public scandal.

The company is ill-advised. It cannot prevent rapid transit; it cannot even delay rapid transit very long. It should be quick, therefore, to revise its attitude, quick to attune itself to the public mind, quick to join whole-heartedly in the enterprise and support it. So only can the best interests of the stockholders be served and of the millions of citizens who, by the very nature of things, are vitally interested in the welfare of the company.

Von Hindenburg the Boy

THE Kaiser, von Tirpitz and "Old Fisher" I have acknowledged their debt to an American writer, Admiral A. T. Mahan. We like them neither more nor less on that account. But it's another matter when we learn that von Hindenburg as a boy in school wrote home to his parents just before Christmas and asked for Cooper's "Pathfinder." It would be disappointing. even at this late date, to find that he didn't receive the book

Why should Becker get another trial? The victim did not.

It is a good thing for Germany that the Russians are not French.

Uncle Sam does not intend that his notes

should go to protest, yet to protest they go.

The first thing the naval invention board will have to do is to invent a new kind of Congressman. The deposits in the Russian savings banks

have increased \$900,000,000 since the sale of vodka was stopped. Moral? The Court appointed a receiver for the city of Nashville while there was still some-

thing left for him to receive. German pride is stung by the last note; but it was not the intention of the State

Department to inflame it further. Extra tickets for the murder party on the Eastland yielded \$375, or \$1% cents for each

person. So much for human avarice. The President may say no more than "Fut, tut!" when addressing the ball, but when addressing other nations-well, that is

The captain of the Eastland says that they are trying to make him the goat. The records show that there were more than a thousand innocent sheep.

It is clear that the Oklahoma fire was not caused by apontaneous combustion. Let us hope that there was nothing but spontanaoos deviltry behind tt.

A better scheme than paying \$100,000,000,-600 for Saigium might be to buy the Americon cotton crop and hold it until a declara-

CHINA IS STARTED ON THE RIGHT ROAD

President Yuan Says Order Prevails and That Traders Will Be Protected-Why He Re-established Confucianism.

By YUAN SHI KAI

By special arrangement with the Independent. President Yuan received William Francis Mannie, representative of the Independent, at I o'clack in the morning at his private apartments in the Forbidden City. He smoked a small cheroot as he talked, and spoke with pride of the fact that pipes had been banished. He then dictated his message to the American people.

HAVE learned from Western newspaper men that there is much greater satisfaction, when one has a message to send to a neighboring nation, in delivering it to the press than there is in attempting to communicate it through the regume mediums of the foreign offices. Would not much misunderstanding between nations be avoided, war even be sometimes averted, if one people might thus directly speak its mind to another people with which it might have some slight dispute?

It is true that most nations of the West publish the reports of their consuls, and this s laudable from a business point of view. Such reports unquestionably assist in the promotion of commerce and trade, and these things are vital to the life and well-being of he world today. But business is not always friendship-often times it leads to the very reverse, to war and cruelty and even the destruction of nations and the political and racial disruption of people. How poor China nas suffered because of business and trade! What armies and navies, what men and money, have been used to back up the recommendations of the consular and business agents!

Will Protect Merchants and Traders

Do not for a moment think that I am speaking as one opposed to the legitimate reports made by such officers. Not at all. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary for me to say that on behalf of China I welcome merchants and traders to all our ports and markets-from the coast to Tibet, and that they not only will be given welcome in the usual sense of that friendly word, but that they will be given fullest protection in the prosecution of all their legitimate enterprises.

No, I do not discourage or belittle the consular reports, but it is my contention that they do not go far enough toward the cementing of real friendships between nations. Our foreign offices, according to opinions long entertained by me, should be open to the voices of the peoples by which they are supported. In times of national anger or passion it would be well to close all avenues of communication, for the old Chinese proverb that "if two women are allowed to talk long enough there will eventually be a hair pulling" is more or less true when applied to nations. But when there are messages of good will and concord to be transmitted from one people to another, I believe it is the great and sacred duty of the foreign offices to receive, send and give widest publicity to such peace-preserving and peace-attaining communications.

Will Not Forget American Friendship

My great and illustrious friend, Viceroy Li Hung Chang, since departed to join the glorious ancestors of our race, did often say to me that while America was the only country of the world which denied admittance to our countrymen, it was also the only nation which stood like the Great Wall between China and dismemberment: and it was the great Viceroy's hourly pleasare and joy to repeat the words of Major Conger, the American Minister, said at a time when all of us thought the nation was

to be parceled out among the Powers: "Do not worry, Viceroy; Uncle Sam will not permit the despoliation of your coun-

Can we ever forget that Government and that people? No, we do not forget, and I hope the people of the United States will know that we remember.

It may be said to our American friends that the new Republic of China is now fairly started on the right road. Discontent and minor rebellion, encouraged by disgruntled individuals who had imagined themselves leaders' of the Chinese people, but who were repudiated by arms and ballots, are no longer occupying our attention. A settled condition of affairs prevails in all the provinces except two, and in these latter the disturbances are not serious. All departments of the new Government are working earnestly, diligently and in concord for the betterment of the nation.

The finances are in the best condition they

have been for 20 years. With the coming of complete peace in the South and Centre, industry has resumed its normal ways and vast majority of the people are sarning s livelihood Agriculture and cattle raising are in such condition that the coming years hold great promise.

Confucius a Stepping Stone to Christ Will the establishment of Confucianism as a State religion tend to injure the progress of Christianity in China? If anything, it will make a better field for the teachings of Christ. For many years the people have been falling more and more away from the doctrines of the Great Saint, and I felt that it was necessary to bring them to a realization of that fact. A nation without a religion is on the downward path. I could not have proclaimed Christianity with any effect, even had I so desired, for 99 per cent, of our people would not have known what it meant. But when I used the name of the wonderful Confucius and called upon the people everywhere to take up his words, teachings and examples again, there was an immediate response. And a better China is aiready here. This, in itself, creates a larger and better field for the Christian missionary, for, as the noted Bishop Fabre once said to me, "Confucius is an excellent stepping stone to Christ."

YOUNG WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

She Hears an Open-air Band Concert and Is Impressed by the Trombone Soloist.

BAND concert in the plaza pretty much A fits the description of a Strauss symphonic poem, i. e., occasional alluring melodies emerging from a sea of noises. The plaza, you know, is a sort of peninsula, being bounded on three sides by oceans of traffic-in two principal streams of street cars and jitneys, respectively. As the street cars are intermittent, though the jitneys be continuous, in between trolleys you are apt to hear all sorts of things you had no idea were going on in the band stand. You can hear most of the neighboring conversation even when the cars go by. In fact, when you look at it broadmindedly, it is surprising how often the music gets the better of the traffic, especially in the "pleces by request," which are usually straightahead ragtime.

This battle of the elements occurs in the plaza every night in the week except Thursday, when you can find an indoor edition of the same thing at Convention Hall. It is six years since C. Stanley Mackey conducted his first band concert here, and he has been at it every summer since then. If you doubt the wisdom of the city concerts, get ye thither and observe the solld acre of people that collects nightly under the wing of the City Hall.

Mr. Mackey tells me his summer band rep resents some fine regular musical organizations of various sorts. A number of his men have come straight from the hand of the brass band specialist, Sousa; probably the largest part of them spend the winter in the fold of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, to which institution, by the way, they are enthusiastical-

If you are not an habitue of the plaza concerts, it will be worth your while to go over some night to hear Mr. Schrader do a trombone solo. Mr. Schrader believes in tonal gymnastics, and actually accomplished a polka on his instrument not long ago. It was astonishingly lively, and rather reminded you of polar bear being put through the turnings of an elaborate Spanish dance. Then the other night he played a composition of his own, an "Ecstasy." When you want to express ecstasy on a trombone, you-I confess I don't know the technique of the instrument-but you gort

I was reminded by listening to "The End of a Perfect Day" as a solo for the trombone that I have never heard that composition with either the tube or the piccoln "starring" in it Still. I wonder if it hasn't been done that

of drag one leg.

way? May I, in behalf of the acre of humanity in the plaza, offer a suggestion to the proprietors of the beer sign? Everybody is going to read your sign, anyway, "The lady behind" read all the signs out loud the last time I was there. I heard her, and she asked her escort if he had ever been in the bar and cafe just opposite the plaza. To which he replied with overwhelming frankness, "I have, up to my eyebrows." So, you see, the sign that shines forth steadily all night is not overlooked. Now, if you will only let the sign stand still, you will nobly prevent the persons who go to the plaza regularly from developing total paralysis of the optic nerve. Otherwise, the city ought to force you to turn your sign on and off in time with the music.

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

DETROIT IMPROVING

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Detroit clergyman, who evidently reads nothing but the domestic news, announces that the world is growing better.

CREATION OF A POPULAR SONG

By JOHN G. COLLINS

DOPULARITY is manufactured, although | the general public is not aware of this fact. True, it often happens that a fad, a dance or a style spreads spontaneously. No one seems to know where or how it started, nor can he predict when it will end.

Among those things which seem to strike the people in this fashion is the popular song But it never "arrives" automatically, for it is the result of a well-organized campaign. The airs which haunt the ear at this time of

year at the seashore and other resorts were born many months ago. Popular song premoters know that summer is the crucial period. Songs are usually made or lost during the vacation months. There is psychology in this music promotion game. Publishers launch their melodies upon the people at the resorts when they are in a happy and optimistic frame of mind. As all are enjoying a period of rest, there is an inclination to be easily pleased. Furthermore, as they have nothing to do but observe and listen, they are more apt to remember a song which they hear away

from home. As a score of publishers "boost" their pet songs at this time, the resorts resound with eatchy music. Out of the mass of paledies which attack the ear in all directions there are about three which are whistled or sung by the general public. These are regarded as the hits. and the lucky publishers than bend their energies to boosting them in every possible manner. They arrange large window displays and employ sumerous singers, who are known as "pluggera." All day long these men sing

instity the selections which have "caught on Before a song reaches the hit stage there is a big financial outlay. First, the authorsthe mustian and lyric writer-must receive an advance repulty. It is then necessary to publish the song in "professional cops" form This professional copies, which builds the returns-

plane and full orchestra parts, are mailed free to musicians and singers in all parts of the country. Even then a very large number of those who receive the song refuse to sing it because it does not strike their fancy. As an inducement to put the song in their

acts or shows many singers and comedians are paid a stipulated sum weekly to use it. The amounts which they receive vary according to their standing. Some vaudeville headliners are paid as high as \$50 weekly for singing one song. Thus it frequently happens that a publisher who advertises in this manner pays as high as \$500 weekly to singers alone. He is also obliged to pay small amounts to leaders of cafe orchestras to induce them to include the melody in their programs.

Added to this is the expense of singers in the store of his publishing house and also in the department stores, The returns during the early part of the boosting period are usually small, and publishers frequently lay out more than \$5000 before the first copy of a song is sold to the public.

Very often it happens that the song which has made a hit in the theatre falls flat from a selling standpoint. This is usually due to the fact that the selection is too difficult for the average person to sing. The discovery that the public will applicad

a song and yet not buy it, is not made sometimes until several thousand dollars have been expended in "boosting" the selection. The fight to obtain the services of singers of reputation is so keen that publishers as an

extra inducement frequently purchase expensive gowns for the fair exploiters in order that the song may have every possible advantage. There are many freaks of fortune in the some publishing business, and frequently it happens that the anna on which the least money has been expended brings the biguest

WHEN NEBUCHADNEZZAR ATE GRASS

Men Were as Modern as We, But They Lacked Labor-saving Devices-Invention Has Given the World Time to Think, What a Spade Disclosed.

By B. K. LITTLE

With the shooting match now going a means of giving them solace and a hope in the hereafter. citizen here, going about his business with the single-heartedness so necessary to good business, would probably think it worse than foolhardy to say that there is a moreterrible instrument of destruction than the bullet. But there is such an instrument, all the same. Men of blunt speech are fond of calling it a spade. And the spade it is.

Put a spade in the hands of an archeologist and it will turn up matter to frighten any man who likes to believe that we are plodding right along toward the millennium. Not long ago the archeologists broke into ome ancient Egyptian tombs. What they found there is inclined to be entertaining till you think of what it all means. A little later other archeologists hit upon the remains of what might be called the Minneapolis of old man Belshazzar. In other words, it was the great grain centre of Babylon. Among its few enduring relics the diggers with the spade found contracts that differ from ours of today chiefly in the simple particular of being baked on a brick. There were also receipts for goods delivered, for wages paid, all in neat brick form, like ice cream, except a little more lasting. But there were relics still more entertaining, too.

The archeologist's spade has brought up evidence that in those roaring old days when Nebuchadnezzar went out on a vegetarian diet there were oil monopolies, and trade unions, and strikes and lockouts. Think of it! Belshazzar's attorney general probably had a Standard Oil suit on his hands. He may have had a William Jennings Bryan blessing him behind his back,

Gold Follies of the Ancients

We know certainly, on the evidence of the spade, that yacht racing was a popular sport among those Egyptians whose prosperity could stand the racket. The ladies painted their faces. The man about town blew in at his club. And for all that their bodies and their brains long centuries ago blew away as dust, we have their imperishable jewels, their brick contracts, their gold follies to tell us more truthfully what they were than they themselves could or would have told us face

This is what the archeologist's spade has raised from the ancient dead-that those people differed from us in the merest minor details. They slept in brick beds instead of brass ones. Their love letters were delivered in a wheelbarrow. And there the differences end. At that point the similarities begin.

In a little museum in Paris you may find some ancient relics with a vivid interest for the thoughtful man. ,Among them is the little machinery of mystery once manipulated by an Egyptian priestess. She used to make stone idols wink their eyes and beich fire and perform other terrifying antics to alarm the superstitious. For years she must have fooled her willing dupes; but after many centuries the truth about her was out Her cunning deceits were laid bare at last Who knows what that priestess was herself? In all likelihood she was a clever woman, and pretty besides. Largely a cynic, perhaps, though she may have gone about her work as if it were a recognized and legitimate form of business, even with something of a high ideal. To her it may have been part of her political philosophy, a necessary means of keeping the people under control.

In a way it is delightful to discover how

much like ourselves were those people of the prehistoric past. We are inclined to applaud them for being so clever, after all and so modern. In another way the discovery has its terrors. The archeologist's spade has dug up a bit of discouragement as well-at least a temporary dismay. Is it altogether cheering that 8000 long years have left us so close to Nebuchadnezzar! Wouldn't Xerxes find a helmit to fit him is Berlin? If the dust that once was 1000 brick engravers in Babylon could gather and rise again, wouldn't they promptly sleet Samuel Gompers as their president?

It's elever of the ancients to be so modern. Is it clever of us to be so ancient? You see, though a bullet may destroy your life, the more terrible spade may destroy your concelt. So the human passions are no better than they have always been, and human nature is now, and forever has been, the same. You see it graven on that instrument, the spade, in letters as vivid as those that frightened the life or the sin out of Belshazzar.

Well, what of it? These things cease to be discouraging when you have thought a little further along. What if the infant Confucius did curl his lip over the motherin-law joke, then nearly as musty as wa think it now? What if the human motherin-law and all the other human passions have indeed been always the same?

This would be a dead world if we put out the fires of passion. Passion is the steam in our bollers. It's the motive force that drives all our machinery of civilization. But once you have the necessary steam, the important thing is the machinery you want to have driven. Thank heaven, men still crave the approbation of other men. Thank heaven that we all want to outstrip each other. We need all those ancient passions. Where could we get without them! Moreover, we give the steam such a volume of work to do in these days that it has no chance to burst the boiler.

Croesus Without Home Comforts

We've got forward all right. Solomon, wise guy that he was, would look like a simpleton today. Croesus went without nearly every one of the simple comforts in the modest house of Jones, the grocer. That's nothing. We're better off not alone in our more numerous creature comforts. Where we have the bulge on the ancients is in the enormous mass of wisdom we have amassed in 8000 years. It may be passion that moves the machinery. But it's wisdom that constitutes the machinery. We've curbed the old passions by setting them to

Thousands of years ago old man Thales rubbed a piece of amber and discovered electricity. Think for yourself what electricity alone does today! Really think about it. Not simply that it gives us electric lights, though they do lengthen our days. Not that the current gives us 1000 creature comforts unknown to Thales. The beauty of electricity is that, by doing so much of our work for us, it gives men time to think,

There's where we have it on the ancients. Every man is his own Socrates today, or has his chance to be. We've got the original man in us still, but we make more of him. There's the answer to the spade.

Anti-munition | Shipment Advocates Hoist by Their Own Petard.

S. S., in the New York Evening Post. The Aked-Rauschenbusch statement asserts that our war trade is not for patriotism, but for profit; that we have not the same warrant for profit; that we have not the same warrant as the European nations for engaging in the business of slaughter; that the highest moral considerations weigh against the sordid traffic that the munition business will drag up, after the war in Europe is done, into the bog of milltarism; that the munition traffic, while technically legal, is a violation of the spirit of neutrality. This last point is elaborated in a series of paragraphs which rise to the following climax:

"It is a poor neutrality that will not work both ways. An even-handed and truly neutral policy ought to be reversible. But if the situ-ation of the beligerent nations were exactly reversed, should we maintain the same policy? For argument's sake, let us imagine—what is very unlikely—that a series of disasters over-took the British fleet so that it lost control of the seas. The German fleet could then intercept neutral shipping, as the British fleet is cept neutral snippins, as the British fleet is intercepting it now. American cargoes of food destined for England would be taken to German ports. The British people would eat potato bread and have strictly limited quantities of that issued on Government cards. The Teutonic Allies could buy unlimited American guns and shot and shell to overwhelm English armies or ships. How long would our Bresser logic. or ships. How long would our present logic seem convincing then? How long would it be before we laid an embarge on munitions of war and demand that American food and cotton ild have free access to ports not blockaded?

And so the Aked-Rauschenbusch case perishes, And so the Aked-Rauschenbusch case perishes. In their eagerness to acore a point on the neutrality issue the authors of the protest have thrown overboard their entire case against American munitions for the Allies. For once it is admitted that if the war situation were reversed our stand on munitions would be reversed, that if Germany held the seas we should refuse to sell arms to Germany and insist on our right to sell fuod and cotton to Great Britain, what becomes of the argument that our present war trade is sordid, carried on for profit and not for patriotism, and "exhibits capitalistic industry on one of its lowest levels"? The authors really admit that Mr. Schwab capitalistic industry on one of its lowest levels"? The authors really admit that Mr. Schwab would refuse to coin dividends out of the fall of the British Empire and that the American Locomotive Company would refuse to load shraphel against the Belgians. An embargo would be laid on arms exportation if Germany held the seas. What does this mean but that this nation has not sold its soul for a profit, but that its sympathies go with its shells and its shraphel?

AN ODE TO PIE

From the Boston Globe,
Let us celebrate the gastronomic poem of the
ages—the pie. It graces each season, but most
sepscially is it dedicated unto midsummer and
the time of betries, black, red and blue. The the time of berries, black, red and blue. The pie is both friend and foe, comforter and avenger. It is mightly in the mightiest. It can merchassly slay, and it can soothe and assuage the droughing spirit. It is a poem both lyric and elegisc—singing the aheer picasures of the senses and again, peradventure, the pains thereof. Deadly is the pie when sweresten, but gracious, yes, and beneficent, when partials of in due measure and in reverential awa of the lawful gastric processes.

"My blessings on the head of him who first invented sleep," sighed fancho Panza on a mamorable occasion. He ours on the head of him who first invented pic May he dwell forever on blassed laise of pic among the cherry orchards of Flysium. May his jowis delight in mincement, pumpains, the julcy squash, the tooth-staining blueberry, the pippin apple and coolies of lemon custard."

"Something felicitous and fruity between two crusts"—that is pis. Long may it wayet Bagin at one corner of the crust and est indiciously along the outer arms in order that the something

SYMPATHIES WITH SHRAPNEL | felicitous and fruity may remain, like wine, the to dwell within the great New England ple belt, and not a thousand miles from certain justly celebrated pie foundries.

Give us liberty or give us death. But, falling that, give us pie.

REFORE AND AFTER From the Grand Rapids Press. What she talked to him about:

Before their After their marriage-Clothes Art ' Astronomy Clothes Athletics Clothes Books Clothes Clothes Dancing Flowers Clothes Clothes Clothes Immortality Music Clothes Clother Nature Clothes

ROBERT LANSING'S WORK

From the World's Work. From the Werld's Work.

Mr. Lansing, the new Secretary of State, is a glutton for work. When nearly all the rest of the State, War and Navy Building is dark at night, you can see Mr. Lansing's windows glowing across the White Let. During the Mexican crisis a year ago those beacons were burning every night, and so they were during May and June, when a gray-beared man, with a companionable briar pipe in his mouth, was working tirelessly behind those windows to help the President steer us off the recks of war with Germany. the President with Germany.

THE NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

History will recognize the long range of Woodrow Wilson's prevision and the consistency of his course from the very beginning of these complications (over the rights of neutrals on the sea).—New York Sun.

Great Britain exercises no sovereignty of the United States, nor does she have the right to rule the high seas, nor say what shall and what shall not be sold and delivered by our people to neutral countries.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Whoever in Chicago may have been at fault specifically in using the Eastland at all, the Federal Administration must bear some measure of responsibility for allowing such a vessel, with such a record of instability, to remain in service.—Washington Star.

Whatever may be the exact facts in the case and whatever the exact degree of Mr. Sullivan's improprieties, the testimony adduced at the hearings before Sanator Phelan made it syldent that he had no rightful place in the diplomatio

If a hundred billions of dellars could buy everlasting peace and eafety for Helgium there would be much to say for the Wanamaker place and America is not stingy when its sympathic are aroused. But haying helped on the cause of peace by ransoming Belgium, what next?—Springfield Republican.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE ABUNDANCE LILLIAN SHAW Bell Family; Siggs & Witchler Delesimer & Sheupard, and Others CADDY'S DALEMER WILL ACT AS HARMAID TODAY 1 320 to 2 300 in CRYSTAL BIDGS OVELEY