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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JULY 80, 1915.

Divine discontent is discontent with yourself, not with your neighbor.

A New Sort of Policeman

FTHE policeman can go a good deal further I than being a "big brother to the boy." Judge MacNeille's conception can be and should be extended to society in general. Mayor Baker, of Cleveland, writes in the Atlantic Monthly: "We must stop regarding policemen as mere keepers of order, and we must enlarge our view of their duties far beyoud the arrest of criminals and the terrorization of the neighborhood small boy."

He doesn't make the best sort of picture when he calls this new officer "the social policeman." But his conception is right. The business of the police is to arrest lawbreakers; but it is also to prevent lawbreaking. And a hundred forms of lawbreaking take their start far back in social causes that a sanely managed police force could do much to check.

Mayor Baker would make the policeman's work a life career, with an apprenticeship served in a field where duties should be "largely on the social side-duties such as sanitary inspection, traffic control, juvenile recreation and correction, the regulation of amusements and patrolling parks and public places in which people congregate for recreation; this work, under such conditions as conduce to the development of the social sense, would, therefore, train into these future policemen, in their impressionable years, a sympathy with people, born of association with them and of helpfulness extended to men and women and children as part of a duty flowing from employment by society

Itself." The recipe may be wrong, but the intention is admirable. Not until the policeman takes other things besides law-breaking under his care will he strike at the roots of crime. And not till then will he have that public regard and public trust which will make his work both a fine and an easy accomplishment.

Bush League Work

TINGLAND says that out of 31,385 sailings L' and arrivals at British ports since the submarine war began, only 98 merchant yessels flying the Union Jack have been sunk. Germany furnishes an unofficial figure of 229 for English vessels and 292 for those of all nations-including, apparently, the trawlers and fishing boats.

Even so, the submarines will have to improve their batting average if they expect to land the pennant. .009 is bush league work.

How to Be Healthy, Though on a Vacation OSTENSIBLY you go on a vacation to find or to improve your health. But how many achieve it? To most of us a vacation is a respite from toil, with a license to overeat, oversleep and overdo nearly everything that we take in normal doses during the period of hard labor. Who is there who hasn't returned from a vacation spoiled by indigestion, excessive play or a lazy indulgence in doing nothing, with the conviction that the pleasures and increased health he expected to find were a delusion?

The best vacation is not so much freedom from the necessity of working as it is a change, new scenes, new péople, new ideas, all taken in moderation. As such they are a tonic. When you start forth, just to avoid the necessity of calling in a physician to diagnose your ailment, take the advice of Jonathan Swift and consult "the three best doctors in the world-Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet and Doctor Merryman." They will tell you to eat moderately of digestible foods, to let alcoholic liquors alone and then to remember, as Solomon said, that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

While your sins must be atoned for in the next world, you have to pay for your follies also in this one.

Literary Sowers of Discord DEFENSE is one thing. Antagonism is another. When pleas for preparedness degenerate into threats that a specific foreign Power is plotting to attack and aubdue America; when they even present in story form the taking of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, the whole Eastern scaboard by that Fenemy," then no amount of talk about "warnings" and "sacred duties to defenseless America" can cloud the fact that the authors of such stories are committing a

public mischief. Stories of the German invasion of the United States at some date in the near future throng the magazines and book shelves. One even goes so far as to employ names and figures of present-day public men to give a bitter touch of reality; General von Hindenburg shoots down the Singer Tower in New York, while Theodore Roosevelt makes Impassioned appeals for defense. Thuse sequeless and diabolical sowers of discord have gone so far that certain German intercate have been moved to take up just such sudgets themselves and present the equally "Brestable" invasion by Great Britain and

If is all very well to try to arouse torpid America to possible dangers. It is even permissible to do so by a picture of how easily and terribly our country might be conquered. But some sort of temperate consideration is necessary. When the author of calcular Constanticapie. Thus def

England with his play he called the invaders subjects of the Empress of the North. Right now an American photoplay is setting as good an example by giving the invaders names with no racial characteristics and inventing uniforms for them which have no possible resemblance to any so far devised. Yet it is the movies that are supposed to need a censor

Wanted: A Woman With Something to Give THE Board of Education, it has been sug-I gested, should consider a woman as suc-

cessor to Doctor Jacobs-not any particular teacher, just a woman in general, if there

can be such a thing. There is just about a reason and a half for a woman Superintendent of Schools. Half of it is the fact that women teachers predominate and are undoubtedly better fitted by nature for imparting knowledge to young children than are men. The rest of the reason will be simply the name of the particular woman who is the superior of any man available for the job.

Charlotte Rudyard has summed up the Philadelphia situation in some remarks on a very different project: "The woman suffrage party has asked for a woman on the Naval Board of Invention and Development, but that to me is entirely the wrong attitude to take. We mustn't ask for representation just because we're women. We must have some very definite contribution to make."

A woman out in Chicago, Ella Flagg Young, had such a contribution; so had Mrs. Victor Berger in Milwaukee. If Philadelphia holds a woman like them, it is the Board's business to find her.

Quien Sabe?

THINGS look brighter in Mexico. Both Villa and Carranza are so desspairful that they indulge in sub rosa suggestions of conciliation.

England wants Tampico oil so badly that she may settle the submarine difficulty for us if we will settle Mexico.

The State Department has grown so tired of waiting for word from the Brazilian Minister in Mexico City that it demands & free road to the capital within ten days. Things look brighter in Mexico. But quien sabe?

The Newest German Bogy

EVERY spectacular move of the German possibility. As soon as the Warsaw offensive developed, a movement at the north of the line against Riga brought forth prophecies that Germany would leave the western front to its present deadlock and launch the drive of another Napoleon on the capital of Russia.

Now comes a rumor of a great thrust to the southward as soon as the issue in Poland is settled. It is to be a thrust from southernmost Hungary and Bosnia over the Servian line, down that typhus-swept land and through into Turkey-to the relief of Constantinople.

There are a good many difficulties in the road besides the Balkan Mountains; there are a good many deterrent influences besides the pressure of Russia on the east and of the other Allies on the west. The Balkans began the war. The Balkans would be more than likely to end it if Germany tried such a move. Its success might mean the saving of Constantinople, but its mere inception would as surely mean the ranging of Rumania, Greece and not improbably Bulgaria against a force aiming to bind people and races that would be free and renalssant.

THIS is a summer of glut in fruits, vege-L tables and meats. Everywhere goes up the plaint of overproduction. The meat dealers can't sell to Europe as they used, while for some unknown reason nature over in Jersey, down in Delaware and way off in all the fruit States of the country has begun to double her peace-time capacity. "Produce gluts local markets," scream the headlines. The truck farmers can't find sale for all their goods. Philadelphia is being filled up chock-a-block with catables. But has anybody noticed a shocking decrease in the retail price? There may be more food than usual, but the ultimate consumer Isn't getting it. Somewhere between the producer, who finds ill luck in his own prodigality, and the housewife, who buys beef, eggs and fruit at the same old prices. somebody is raking off the surplus. It is one of the bitterest misfortunes of civilization that it can't take full advantage of its own richness.

Private Charities to the Rescue

DHILADELPHIA can't be too thankful right now for its private charities. What would the poor of the city's overcrowded districts do without such benefactors as the late John F. Smith, who founded the pleasure park at Red Bank, to which the Sanitarium Association recently took 4000 blissfully happy children and their parents. And what substitute could be provided for the scores of boys' clubs and similar organizations managed and financed to make life more endurable for those who cannot fly from the heat of the city?

And yet this is just the time when Councils permits nine of its playgrounds to close, while this body appropriates for a political junketing trip a sum twice as great as the amount necessary to keep them open.

There may be, as the politicians say, some overlapping in the work of private charities. but while the politicians do nothing the charities work. And just now the city should give thanks that these organizations are busy. They are sending children by the thousands to the seashore, the country and the summer camps. They are keeping their playgrounds and swimming pools open when there is the greatest need for them. To these organizations, not the political type, Philadelphia now owes a debt of gratitude.

Russia lifts the embargo on trade to this country, but the caviar market continues

"Agent of French Government buys 3,000,000 tons of coal," while Russia purchases 1,000,000 rifles-to guard it?

The P. R. T. should keep its eye on Detroit, where they buy out refractory street car companies.

Now that Georgia has gone in to celebrate her cattle industry, let us hope no new war will bring out a "buy-a-bull" movement.

The 10,000 chickens needed to feed the 10,000 men who will build a road 150 miles from Fulton, Ky, to Memphis aren't a tithe of the crop that the autos will harvest on that same road.

Seventh Day Adventists sucamped in Texas expect "the marshaling of the armice of the Lord in the sky" just as soon as the Allies contact Constantinople. Thus deferring the

FEW AMERICAN EXPATRIATES

Henry James Was Preceded in Forswearing His Allegiance to the United States by W. W. Astor, Baron Fairfax and Hudson Maxim.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS

THE stream of migration to these shores has so strong a current that there are few back eddles. Once a man becomes an American by birth or naturalization he holds fast to his country with a grip that nothing can unloose. There are few exceptions, but they prove the rule.

Henry James was once a real American, if a man brought up within the shadow of Harvard University can be so described. He has lived in England so many years, however, that his interest in America has long since faded away. When he foreswore his allegiance the other day and became a British subject he merely made a formal recognition of a fact which he had long admitted in his own mind, namely, that he is an Englishman. In his explanation of his unusual course-unusual for a real American-he uses some fine words about throwing his moral weight and personal allegiance into the scale of the contending nations, and thus delivers a characteristically Jamesian rebuke to the neutrality of his native country.

James Was Once Human

The distinguished man of letters was once a very human sort of person, as the anecdotes of his youth indicate. When a small boy he had a bitter quarrel with his brother, William, later famous as a psychologist. After searching his youthful mind for the most bitter fate that could befall a person, Henry finally wished that William might be doomed to finding lumps in his mashed potatoes for the rest of his natural life. This was his earlier manner. His later manner was admirably described by Gertrude Atherton when she said that "He makes elaborate tapestries of ideas and phrases, which give, as all good tapestries do, a kind of an idea of life." He used to write, but they say he has dictated his books for years and rambles on at his ease. This is why it is so hard for most of us to read him. My friend, S., however, says that if you will only read him aloud and reproduce the process of dictating the whole puzzle unravels itself into the beautiful flowing stream of crystalline clearness that first poured into the ears of the stenographer.

He is now among the few American expatriates, however. His transfer of allegiance is not likely to attract so much attention as that of William Waldorf Astor received when he finally decided to become an Englishman. Astor was the heir to one of the greatest American fortunes. He had married an American wife, the beautiful Mary Dahlgren Paul, daughter of the late James W. Paul, of this city, and he had been honored by his State and by the nation. He served two terms in the New York Legislature and he was United States Minister to Italy from 1882 to 1885, and he had further ambitions. Indeed, he was a candidate for a seat in Congress, but was defeated in a district where he was confident that he could be elected. Soon after this defeat he took up his residence abroad.

It was said at the time that he left Amer ica because of pique at this political failure, but his friends say that he went to London because the sensational newspapers made it unsafe for his family to live in New York. They printed exaggerated stories of his wealth and told of plots to kidnap his children, until he concluded that if he wanted to live in peace he must go somewhere else. He bought a great house on the Thames, and has been living the life of an English gentleman ever since. He became a naturalized British subject in 1899, and his son has been elected to Parliament and his daughter has married an Englishman. Notwithstanding

his German ancestry, he is now as English as those whose forebears came over with William the Conqueror.

When young Albert Kirby Fairfax, hereditary 12th Baron Fairfax of Cameron, gave up his American citizenship a few years ago and claimed his Scotch title his action explained itself. The sixth baron came to America, and his grandsons from the ninth baron onward were American citizens. The lith baron, who married the daughter of Colonel Edward Kirby, U. S. A., died in 1890, and his widow was living not long ago at the seat of the family at Northampton, Landover, Prince George's County, Md. Her son, Albert Kirby Fairfax, was an employe of Brown Brothers, bankers, of New York. When his father died he decided to claim the honors that had been conferred on his ancestor, Sir Thomas Fairfax, son of the High Sheriff of York, in 1620. He went to London, swore allegiance to the British crown and went into the banking business, and is now a partner in a house with offices in the English capital and New York. His name appears in Whittaker's Baronetage and Peerage of Great Britain as the 12th Baron Fairfax, and his mother's name is there also as Lady Fairfax of Cameron, along with the names of his cousins, one of whom is heir to the title, as the present baron is unmar-

The Case of Hiram Maxim

No criticism of America is involved in the abandonment of America by these men. But as much cannot be said of Sir Hiram Maxim's settlement in England. This inventor of explosives and other war munitions received, no encouragement at home, but he was welcomed in England, and the Government encouraged him and patronized him in a way so substantial that it was possible for him to carry out all the experiments in which he was interested. He invented smokeless powder, known as maximite, and made other Important discoveries so valuable to a military nation that he was knighted in 1901, just 21 years after he left America. They have a way of encouraging inventors over there which we have not yet found. Only the permanent staff in the War and Navy Departments here know how many valuable military discoveries have been sold abroad because of the indifference of our Government. The Wright brothers, every one knows, had to go to Europe before they could find any one in authority willing to take their invention seriously.

We can afford to lose an Astor or a Fairfax or a James now and then, but the nation suffers when a man like Sir Hiram Maxim puts his inventive genius at the service of another Power.

THE NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW The country is getting in the humor to accept the opinions the Colonel and the Peerless One entertain of each other,-Florida Times-

Colonel Roosevelt would doubtless approve

of a song dedicated to Uncle Sam entitled, "Did Not Raise My Ship to Be Torpedoed."-Washington Star. The more one hears about the Eastland, the ore one feels that somebody knew enough take the necessary action to forestall the

Chicago tragedy .- Indianapolis News. John Wanamaker has enlarged his suggestion for the purchase of Belgium to include the pay-ment of indemnity for northern France. Why not purchase all of Europe and end the war

CONFERENCES BY THE SEA For weeks and weeks the Ponrose men And those of Jim McNichol Have met again and yet again. Yet not a word may trickle

right away?-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No leader gives such tidings out. For weeks the leaders, sad and grim, Have been, in secret, talking Of this and that resolve or whim, Perhaps-who knows?-of balking

The subjects that they talked about.

Of what these leaders talked about,

The truth is covered with a blur; This constant meeting wearies, Yet now the leaders will confer, Not once, but in a series.
But there is hope: they won't give out
The things that they may talk about.

FINAL PASSING OF THE FREAKS

The Philistine Survived Longer Than Any Other of the Decadent Brood of the Last Century-Moods, a Product of Philadelphia Youth and Genius; the Chap Book, the Lark and Other Ephemeridae.

By ST. GEORGE BOLTON

ber of which was issued this month, after a life of 20 years, than about the decease of all the numerous progeny of decadence that came into being in the last ten years of the 19th century. The Philistine lived so long because it was an excellent advertisement for the big printing factory that Elbert Hubbard operated in East Aurora with the same eye to the main chance that he turned weatherward when he started the soap business booming with a premium system. If there ever was a hardened advertiser, it was E. H., and his son evidently inherits the commercial instinct of the father.

But the Philistine was a mildly interesting periodical when it was started. Its motto, taken from John Calvin, "Those Philistines who engender animosity, stir up trouble and then smile," well described its purpose. And those who liked little ructions liked it. But Hubbard did not write all of it, the statement to the contrary in the valedictory number notwithstanding. The contributors to the first number included E. R White, William McIntosh, Rowland B. Mahany and Mark F. Warren. It was not till February, 1899-the first number was dated June, 1885-that Hubbard began to write it all. In the January number he announced, "Beginning with the next number of this magazine, I propose to write every article and paragraph of it, including advertisements and testimonials of Roycroft books." The best number in all the 29 years came out in March, 1899, for that is the one that contains the massage to Garcia. The message has no title, but starts right off with a red initial and goes straight ahead to the end. Most of us are willing to forget all else that the man did, but we want to keep that message.

There went down on the Lusitania along with Hubbard the man who was ahead of him in the decadent field. He was Herbert P. Stone, and his Chap Book, published in Chicago, was one of the first, if not the first, of the freak publications that appeared in that famous decade of the last century. It was shaped like the o'd English chap books which used to be sold about the streets of London, and Stone secured a lot of contributors who have since won fame. The table of contents of the fourth volothe, running from November, 1886, to May, ing, includes the names of Bichard Burton, Blies Carman, Madram Cowells, Stephen Crane, John Davidson, Norman Gale, Hamilu Garland, Charles O. D. Hoberts, Max Rearbohm, Norman Hargood, Rimey James, Tentuga was an imitation of a similar freehistens as Westerptis Biogeness, St. G. Weits and Incast Parts and Leaders.

A GREATER pother has been made about | Zangwill, besides numerous others more or less the death of the Philistine, the last num- | well known. The name of Wells is attached well known. The name of Wells is attached to one of the best ghost stories in the language, a creepy, gruesome thing, done with the mastery of a literary artist.

The Lark appeared in San Francisco at about this time, under the direction of Gelett Burgess, and it was as joyous and irresponsible as its name. It was in its pages that Burgess' "Purple Cow" first appeared, the best satire on freaks and freakishness that was ever compacted into four lines. But Burgess grew tired of its fame, for in the last number of the periodical he wrote:

Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow"—
I'm Borry, now, I wrote it;
But I can tell you Anyhow
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!

Philadelphia, however, would be much more interested in Moods than in any other of the brood of ephemeridae, even though it forgot long ago that the magazine ever fluttered about the horizon. Two numbers of this interesting periodical appeared in 1886, under the direction of E. St. Elmo Lewis. The second number starts with a poem by Harrison S. Morris, and there follows a story by Bertram G. Goodhue, since become a famous architect. It is accompanied by what was then called a "prose pastel," by Ralph Adams Cram, his partner. John Luther Long contributed "Glory," a Japanese story, and Owen Wister has some verses. The longest poem in the volume is "The Reply of Gigadibs," by Harvey M Watts. There are drawings by Robert Henri, William J. Glackens, John Sloan and his sister Marianna. Frederic R. Gruger, G. W. Cook and others. It was a most interesting publication, but not of great importance, Though started with much enthusiasm, it died without much regret, and those who have preserved a copy of it treasure it as an example of what youth and genius can do.

Neither genius nor youth could keep the Daily Tettler alive, which appeared for 13 joyous days in New York, in the autumn of 1856. Maurice Masterlinck, William Dean Howells, Richard Hovey and others contributed to this attempt to revive the English literary publication of the same name, and Edward Emerson, Jr., wrote for it an imitation of Pepra' Journal in the vein which Franklin P. Adams adopted years later in his column of manufactured humor, so there is nothing new under the sun, and initaines imitate imitations. The whole from movement between 160 and 1000

HAITI, THE LAND OF L'OUVERTURE

A Country Where One Can See Things Grow, From Coffee Plants to Revolutions - Voodooism Flourishes With Politics and Neither Is Much Better Than the Other.

By CHARLES F. KINGSLEY

ALL OF a sudden Haiti has lost another President. Quiet seems to have settled down on the capital, but you never can tell in Haiti. Haiti in some respects too closely resembles Mexico. Nobody knows when a revolution is going to begin or when it is really over. Like Mexico, Haiti is infected with generals. These generals are ambitious, To become a general is the first step toward becoming President. And no President can avoid being a dictator or, at least, trying to be.

According to the usual course when one President gets out or is put out, the new man makes a clean sweep of those who have been unwise enough to linger in loyalty around the steps of the deserted throne. A presidential throne? Oh, yes-Haiti. It is readily to be seen, however, that there is no continuity in Haitlen politics, except a continuity of change. In this regard Mexico has perhaps a slight advantage over Haiti; but more serious aspect of the comparison lies in the problem which confronts the United States. There seems to have been a close parallel between our Mexican policy and our Haltien policy up to the point where a definite date was affixed to "watchful waiting" in the case of the country below the Rio Grande. It may be that the Administration will consider the present moment a favorable one for intervention of some kind in the affairs of revolution-ridden Haiti.

The name Haiti means "a land of mountains." An experienced traveler in the West Indies declares that "these Islands are politically turbulent in exact proportion to the rugosity of their physical contour." Apparently, then, Halti has a natural-born right to be the most revolutionary of them all. Mighty mountains, spouting flashing rivers from their heights, rise from its shores. But the Haitien Republic has a better record than the neighbor with which it shares the island which was the scene of Columbus' greatest activity in the New World. Since the final separation of Haiti and San Domingo, 50 years ago, Haiti has gone through only 10 general revolutions to San Domingo's 60. These were the big revolutions, not the little ones.

It is not surprising, in view of the shaky political conditions in the Black Republic, that foreign capital has shunned Haiti, except as exploiters have taken advantage of the Haitien's passion for office holding and fondness for graft. The instability of government cannot be the only reason for this avoidance of Haltien investments, for the natural resources of San Domingo, Venezuela and other turbulent countries have been wonderfully developed by outside money. Perhaps race prejudice has a good deal to do with it.

Within a little more than 50 years after the Spanish settlement of Halti the native inhabitants had been virtually exterminated. By the treaty of Ryswick in 1697 Spain ceded the country (that is, the western part of Hispaniola) to France. The extermination of th natives had already led to the importation of blacks from Africa, and during the 17th and 18th centuries Haiti became a country of large plantations owned by rich French landholders and worked by slaves. At the beginning of the French Revolution the population was overwhelmingly black. In 1793 the English invaded Haiti. The French authorities offered freedom to all slaves who would enrol themselves as soldiers in the army of defense. In the next year a decree abolishing slavery was published. It was largely due to the black soldiers that the English were driven

A Fine Place to Live, If-

Haiti would be, as an enthusiast describes it, "one of the most desirable places of abode in the world" if the elements of desirability consisted solely in "the wonderful fertility of the soil, the healthful climate, the equitable distribution of rainfall, the numerous rivers, the vast plains and valleys, the gor-

prise to find in tropic latitudes so many different kinds of country. Try to imagine a very mountainous region, so varying in altitude and rainfall and in the resulting ellmate and vegetation that as you ride across It from Caribbean to Atlantic you pass through Bermuda, Arizona, the foothills of the Canadian Rockies and first-class conventional tropics resembling the most luxuriant parts of the neighboring Antilles, Cuba and Porto Rico. Haitt is as surprisingly varied as that. * * * One day for companions ons may have pines and cedars and the next, still riding north, by some latitudinal magic be whisked a thousand miles south to follow a trail through cocoa and royal palms, ducking low-hanging clusters of bananas." Everything in the Earth

geous scenery and the agricultural poten-

tialities." Another traveler's praise of tha

Haltien landscape goes further into details:

"In the first place, it is a never-ending sur-

The mineral wealth of the country is large, but exact scientific information is lodged in the hands of mining companies, who are awaiting stable political conditions. Haiti is principally an agricultural country. Stick anything into the ground and it will grow, It is hardly an exaggeration to say that one can actually see plants grow. At any rate, the plantations are looked at rather than cultivated by the shiftless laborers. The heavy rains knock off the coffee berries when they are ripe, seed them, and the result is the wonderful jungles of coffee bushes, whose fecundity is nowhere else equaled.

Coffee is the principal crop. Indeed, Haitt suffers from too much coffee. Haiti is economically dependent on the coffee crop. It supplies the bulk of the revenues of the Government and the meagre demands of the peasantry of the mountains and valleys, whose business it is-chiefly that of the women and children-to gather it and bring it to the seaport towns on their heads and on the backs of donkeys and horses. Virtually all the Haltien coffee has been shipped to Europe, principally to Germany and France. The German market has been lost and none gained to take its place. Efforts have been made in recent years to introduce Haltlen coffee into the United States; but notwithstanding its excellent quality, the American importers will take little of it.

Toussaint L'Ouverture Forgotten Voodooism, with all its horrible, barbarie

rites, still flourishes among the people, and its priests have always exerted considerable influence on the Government. But notwithstanding the general ignorance of the people, Haiti has developed a considerable literature, written in French, the official language of the country, and some of it is of a high order. Haiti has its national heroes of course; but of these the murderous Dessalines is held in highest esteem. The name of Toussaint l'Ouverture, a name familiar to every American schoolboy, and one which will live as long as history, is almost forgotten in Haiti.

A monument to Christophe, a mulatto, who became Haiti's first President in 1807 and later assumed the royal title of Henri I, "King of the North," is the great citadel of La Ferriere. He constructed it of solid masonry on the summit of a mountain 5000 feet high. Some of the walls are 80 feet high and 18 feet thick. The vast fortress has many subterranean passages and secret chambers, in which it is supposed that some of his hoarded wealth is still buried.

In 1842 an earthquake partially destroyed the structure: but the colossal ruins still attest the gigantic work of a hero, and the world wonders now how the work was done and how the material for the construction and the armament ever got to the top of the mountain. The whole enterprise is clouded in mystery and romance. The citadel covers the peak, dominates the surrounding country, can be plainly seen from the harbor of Cape Haitlen, and is frequently visited by

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A Reader Thinks Uncle Sam Has "Specs" Made in Great Britain-Soldier Boys and Long-range Guns.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-You had in a recent issue a cartoon of the belligerents represented by a man with glasses on. On one of the glasses were the words "German Views," on the other glass "British Views." The man was supposed to be

reading a volume of international law. Should not the national Administration be represented by a man reading with glasses on both labeled "English Views"? Certainly it should, for the national Administration is evidently predominated by British diplomacy, so

much so true Americanism is lost sight of.
The national Administration is not neutral when it permits millions of death-dealing instruments of war to be shipped to England to kill those who have done us no harm. The manufacturers of this munition are enriching themselves with blood-stained money, and the high financiers are reaching out their hands to grasp this blood-dripping money. The British Ambassador is evidently making the State Department his camping-out place, and is probably heartily welcomed or there would not be so many reports of him being in con-ference with the Secretary of State.

England is going to raise \$750,000,000 to hire allies to fight for her. It is not likely this country will get any. Perhaps some of the high officials may get some for using their influence to make this country fight against

It is time all true Americans arose and dethat the national throw off its British roke and treat England's uplawful interference with our commerce in the same manner the national Administration in (probably under British influence) asking Germany to respect the "freedom of the seas." "Freedom of the seas." It is to laugh! When England has practically controlled the shipping of this country and held up over a hundred American cargo-taden vessels!

Regarding the Lucktania tragedy, upon which this last Wilson note to Gormany is based, it must be borns in mind the moment those American passengers stepped aboard that vessel they were technically on British soil and under the protection of the British fiss. The Lissiants was munition laden. It the national Administration strictly interpreted maritims have regarding the loading of munition on passenger-carrying vessel the Unit maritims law regarding the leading of muni-tion on a passenger-carrying vessel, the Luxi-tania would have been forbidden to have car-ried any passengers. It is to England the na-tional Administration should took for repara-tion for not properly safeguarding the Last-tents. This last went a British vessel sailed with 15,000 tons of manifilm and one American passenger, probably as a shield to protect Eng-land's cargo. If this country was at war, how many hewspassers would uphold foreign coun-ties assuiting death-deating instruments of war to our assuites because these veneral had not been assuited because these veneral had not been assuited by the country passe. If Americans they should do so at their own peril and not expect this country to protect them.

GEORGE WATSON. Ithaca, N. Y., July 26.

MOTHERS AND SOLDIER BOYS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Your article of a few days ago on "Pre-paredness and Militarism" reminded me of a little parody on "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which I heard from a New York

friend. I am inclosing the parody and I hope it will interest both Bryan's "jingoists" and Rocsevelt's "sopheads." Here it is: I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,

But if his country calls him let him go;
I'd rather see a musket on his shoulder
Than see this country beaten by some foe.
I envy mothers of those brave old soldiers
Who daily 'list and boldly march away;
There'd be no U.S. A.
If you mothers all would say.
"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

F. A. S. Philadelphia, July 27. RANGE OF AMERICAN GUNS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Would you please publish in your EVENDO LEDGER whether or not the United States has a gun that shoots 50 miles or more? Also how far they do shoot. IRVIN M. SNYDER. Pettsville, Pa., July 29.

[Neither the United States nor any other Power has a gun that will shoot 50 miles. Our coast defense guns have a range of about 12 miles.—Editor of the Evenino Ledger.]

UNINTENTIONAL

From the Boston Transcript.
Little Ray, aged 3, had fallen and was bawling vigorously, when his tiny sister sald 10 comfort him: "Don't cry, Ray; you didn't mean to hurt yourself."

THE OHIO PREFERENCE Prom the Ohlo State Journal.

Billy Ireland spells pantalette without the t-e, but personally we think they should be as long as possible.

FERMENTED GRAPE JUICE From the Atlantic City Beview. "Claret" is the name of the Minnehaha's can-sin. He could never get into the American

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE LILLIAN SHAW

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