10000

"BLAME THE LUCK, NOW WE GOTTER DIG MORE BAIT!"

HARMON

Evening & Ledger

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FBILADELPRIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1915.

There is no pursuit in the world where the talent of the fakir gets quicker results than in politics, but, on the other hand, there is no place where a sham shrinks to its true value more quickly than in a responsible political position.

A Little Light on Lighting CCORDING to the Chief of the Electrical ABureau, if Philadelphia could get its lamps at the rates available to neighboring towns, these rates being laid down by the Public Service Commission of New Jersey, the price would be \$61.84 for lamps attached to overhead circuits. Philadelphia now pays for each such lamp \$81.21, or a full third more than the same lamp would cost across the Delaware. The average cost of a similar lamp in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Providence and Washington is \$70.30.

There is no such thing, of course, as standardization of rates, owing to different conditions existing in different communities. It is certain, however, that the showing made raises a sufficient presumption of unfairness in the Philadelphia rates to render it imperative that the city's case be presented adequately at the hearing to be held before the Public Service Commission. The local company has spent large sums and filed an claborate inventory at Harrisburg, but Councits has consistently refused Director Cooke's request for a few thousand dollars for the proper preparation of the city's case, although great amounts annually are involved.

Politicians are economical with municipal funds when the economy is, in fact, the rankest kind of extravagance. In other cases they are ready enough to spend the people's

Civic Usefulness Hampered Only by Inertia THE new Administration Building for the Board of Education must wait. The board can't afford it while the expenses for continuation schools are to be met.

Economy is often a good thing; certainly It is always to be preferred to extravagance. A husbanding of funds and their use where they will give the best results is a policy that any corporation takes that finds its capital limited. But there isn't a business e new facilities and harder good credit that wouldn't borrow the money necessary to do its best work.

Why can't a city accept the best business methods of the commercial world? Why should Philadelphia postpone this and that piece of public work because the routine appropriations won't cover it? A big, sane, constructive plan, backed by the readiness to find the funds to carry it through, is what every city needs. If that conception of municipal work could be instilled into every voter and through him into Councils, the vast civic usefulness that every administrator like Mayor Blankenburg wants to see accomplished would become a fact-a rich, health-giving, beneficial fact.

Expiating Sins of State

CORRESPONDENT takes exception to A an editorial paragraph in the EVENING LEDGER. Here is the paragraph:

We cannot help wondering if the man who mank the Lusitania sleeps o' nights. And here is the objection:

The man who wrote the enclosed bright ine ought to have his salary raised. He wonders that a German soldier does as he is commanded to do. Does he suppose there is a way out of it for him? But how about our Wall street millionaires (who have more of this world's goods than they r use), who furnish means and are busy and night furnishing munitions to slay usandz. Are they superior to the ever use), who furnish thousands. Are they superior to smidler who only has to do his duty?

Possibly a few of those "Wall street mil Honaires" do worry a bit over the damage wrought by American shells, however much their action might disappoint our correspondent. If they do, they are no more than human. Necessities must be obeyed. The soldier must carry out orders; must do his duties. But that doesn't prevent, and it never has prevented, the deepest and bitterest contrition. Before this, the individual has grieved for sins of state, the more for sins that duty ordered him to commit. It is the too sober truth that the man of primary guilt, the man in whom such a crime as the sinking of the Lusitania originates, is neither catled upon to perpetrate it nor capable of

feeling its iniquity.

Selecting the Fit by Shrapnel OF ALL scientific theories, of all philo-aophic hypotheses, of all attempts to explain the miraculous drama of nature by a rule of averagest none has ever been se hadly manhandled as Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest." First it was rejected as the negation of the lible and therefore of religion: then it was select with voracious hands and applied to everything under the sun. But in all the verbal and mental twists that were given this simple and restricted scientific formula, none was viter or more at variance with the truth which Darwin loved than its application to human war.

Ours upon a time, when all men fought for their villages and storyed in the miseries of defeat, it was in a very rest sense the fitted who survived. War took the weakest pitalically, and physical strength was the real kent of life, the real thing that "fitted" these torses But what mad aboundity to

conditions are entirely reversed by two new facts: First, that medical inspection in recruiling weeds out the unfit and sets them saide as noncombatants. Second, that mere physical strength is no longer the test of fitness in so complex a civilization as ours has become.

When great modern armies engage in battle they slay only the strong and-in the case of volunteer armics—the during, spirited and patriotic. Moreover, the new weapons of warfare haven't the slightest trace of the selective faculty. It is not the weaker or stupider soldiers that go down in battle. It is the ones that happen to be in range of a shrapnel explosion. And while the strength of the land is battling, while the clean, strong young men are dying at the front, the incompetents, the weakly, the degenerate and the aging are fathering the coming generation. Could anything be a madder travesty on the survival of the fittest?

All this, quite apart from the fact that Darwin used the phrase to describe the conflict of a species with its environment, not with its own kind. But no doubt there are great many troubles beside Darwinian misunderstandings behind the fact that man spends so much energy fighting with man.

Nation or Province?

DEHIND the struggle of men and munitions from which the mind of the world cannot separate itself for long there is another battle going on which is of the utmost importance. It is the conflict between two conceptions of what makes a nation.

Simultaneously two events throw light upon this subject; the memorial signed by German scholars in which the annexation of Belgium is declared an indispensable part of Germany's peace program, and the determined efforts of the Bulgars to win for themselves a national unity and a national

From the first of these humanity recoils with a terrible and significant certainty. To the second the American mind, devoted by its own background to national independence, must yield at least a reserved encouragement. At the same time the reported proposals of the Kaiser to the Czar, none the less plausible when they are denied, to grant a separate peace, with Galicia and the Dardanelles as a propitiatory gift, corroborate the idea which must be formed of Germany's dominating thought.

It is that the small nation, the weaker race, the uneasily established branch of the human family, must go. There must be only strong nations: there must be only one nation; there must be Germany, ueber alles. Belgium, welding together the Gallic, the Flamand, the Walloon and the Teuton, must be sacrificed: Alsace-Lorraine must be Teutonized; Gallipoli must be made into a province, to be handed over to Russia if need "What is a nation?" cries Germany. "Nothing!"

The integrity of each people is almost the cardinal principle of American diplomacy. Our relations with South America, with Cuba, with the Philippines have been free of any taint of aggression. Our policy in China has saved that country from spoliation. Our Mexican tentatives have had only one object, a united and a peaceful Mexico, So far American sympathles cannot be with

Can they be with the Allies? Not unreservedly, because Russia and England have both to pay heavily for their sins. The three vultures who tore at Poland's form are now divided, but they have not yet atoned. The United States, in the hearts of its people, has not forgiven England for the Boer War, although it has had to admit that England can attach its subjects to herself by strong bonds of affection. But the Allies, to clean their hands, must grant autonomy to all provinces; they must guarantee the self-sufficiency of races. They must stamp out forever the damnable doctrine of naonal domination and of race destruction

They will then be truly fighting for liberty. They will then be certain of American sympathy to the very end.

West Philadelphia Must Not Bathe F^{OR} a few days the citizens of West Philadelphia must not bathe. It is a calamity, but it cannot be helped. A breakdown at the Belmont pumping station has curtailed the supply of water available for West Philadelphia by 15 per cent., and Chief Davis, of the water bureau, has Issued an appeal for economy. Instead of the accustomed 140 gallons per capita, West Philadelphians are asked to limit themselves to the insufficient quantity of 120 gallons a day.

There are numbers of uses to which water is customarily put. It can be used for running under bridges, which is, by the way, one of the hest things it does. That can't be stopped. It can be used for cooking purposes and for diluting milk; both are, it seems indispensable. Mixed with liberal quantities of grape juice (to speak gently) it can even be used for quenching thirst. In certain communities men have been known to use water straight for this pur-

None of these things can be spared from the daily life of civilization. And since 20 gallons of water must be hoarded up by each man, woman, male child and female child of West Philadelphia, there remains but one thing to be done. The daily bath, insidious and enervating influence that it is, must be aholished.

So for four days, no baths. Then what a phinge West Philadelphia will have.

"Spurning" grows more popular in Mexico

Coatesville pants for aid to protect its vested rights.

"French Beat Wounded, German Prisoner Swears"-Gott Strafe Frankreich?

"Fresh troops" and "fresh eggs" appear with about the same frequency and dependability these days.

"Parcels Post Thrown Into Sea by Germans,"--Headline. "I told you so" chortle the express companies. A Civil War veteran, who had never been

wounded, is no longer in a position to Jest at scars. He has encountered the jitney. If the saccharine sold in Philadelphia each

year would sweeten the Schuylkill from Norristown to League Island, what would it do to the modest alimentary canals of the city's children? One of the battle fronts in France is the

punsiers' own home. First the French take the treaches and the Germans say they are gone. Then the Germans take them and the French say they Argonne.

Chief of Police N. S. Lever, of the Attington furce, in denying the report that he was deed, did not say that the report was greatly enbyggerated. He didn't quote Mark Twain, courts Correcte's abroad he on ago when such | and he deserves a model for bravery.

D'ANNUNZIO ON THE RED FURROW OF WAR

Glorifies in Vivid Language the Mystic Law of Blood, the Ancient Law of Iron, the Living Law of Rome

AN INTERVIEW BY INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN

TO ME d'Annunzio, at the zenith of his L power, appears a tragic figure. From my viewpoint he has failed utterly to rise to the occasion. His public conduct appears bombastic and ignoble.

So it was with a mixture of feelings that approached him; with the reverence of many years and a contempt born in the last

I find him amazing, unlike anything I had expected. Instead of a cynic, I see a man of the utmost capacity for faith; instead of an aggressive, I see a man of timidity and gentleness and of profound sensibilities; honest, naive, spontaneous, childlike-that is my impression of d'Annunzio. I would trust him absolutely, and trust him to not with tenderness, wisdom and consideration. Generous he is and courageous, with a courage of perfect emotional sincerity. Had his intellectual development kept pace with his imagination, he might have been a glant among men.

His point of view is so antipathetic to me that I hardly trusted myself to reproduce it. I asked him, therefore, after an intorview of three hours, to express it himself in his own words and imagery, for a part of his witchery lies in his words, which are sheer music.

This is his statement-and his explanation. He tells me that for thirty years he has preached war as the means of regeneraling the spirit of his people and reviving the glories, the greatness and the unity of the past. That is the trouble. He is steeped in the spirit of the past-surrounded with antiquities and dead things; enfolded in mysticism and a numbing belief in fatality. He believes that he is about to die, and that the future of his people and his world holds nothing for him.

The Inexorable Law of Blood

Here is what d'Annunzio says: There is in all human history a law of blood-inexorable, inevitable. All truth to be fruitful should be written with blood, all unity to be lasting must be cemented with blood. We Latins cannot forget that Rome, purified, arose from the red furrow of murder with her doors the color of the skies.

If our war is just, if our war is holy, it is because the morrow will celebrate the real birth of the nation of the Mediterranean in fresh blood. Great Italy will be born from the mystic furrow, according to the living law of Rome, recognized as living not only in brute force but in spirit.

Up to the eye of the war, the old corrupt advisers persuaded the Italian people that they should not seek glory in conquest, but in acquisition. They tried to subordinate all moral values to petty and immediate in-

It has been my joy and pride to re-establish in the conscience of the people this wholesome truth that the nation is in fact of a spiritual nature, and that the idea of sacrifice is at the root of this very spirituality

We know today, after four weeks of war, what menner of individual excels in the nation, and through what effort the nation herself excels in renewing and creating life through destruction. We begin to seize again this Roman art

of power-"facere et pati ortia." The hour to act and to suffer has come for Italy, and never before this hour was the admonition so appropriate for her of our "Now, ah now, we must learn through

anguish, marching forward fighting against the most atrocious destiny without recoiling, Now it is necessary to realize what the children of Italy, united, really are, and to show it to the world "

Italy, in truth, after 50 years of misfortunes, errors, and efforts, badly governed by unscrupulous and incapable old men, who were the dead embers of the little fire of the small revolution-Italy has not yet shown the world what she was in reality. I even dare to say that she did not know what she was. I even dare to add-if 25 years of solitary meditation and uninterrupted vigilance gives me the right-I even dare to add to the last warning verses, the final word, humble but proud of your rude singer, because up till now except myself no one has recognized what these children, united, really were:

One day men will have the courage to write a true history of our wars for independence, so interwoven with lights and shadows! Netwithstanding so much heroic ardor, notwithstanding so many sublime flames, the perfect mingling of souls and of blood was not attained. A veritable national consciousness was not formed.

Rebirth of a Nation

In accepting the risks of the war, in throwing themselves with all their Ardor into the turmoll, the Italian people know that more important than the territorial unity to be attained they will find real unity of consciousness and virtue.

They know also that their task, in truth, is much more arduous than that of bringing about the death throes of the two-headed For Italy, as well as for France, vulture. for our distant brothers in Dacia Trajan, as well as for all nations of Mediterranean culture, it is necessary to fight a supreme fight against the imminent menace of servi-

tude and extermination. This war is not a simple conflict of interests vague and scattered. It is much deeper, and, I will say, almost more divine-wiping out the flight of time and the development of man through his brutal and primordial nature. It is a warring of races, a conflict of irreconcilable powers - a trial by blood, which the enemies of our Latin world have precipitated in accordance with the most ancient law of iron

Latin culture is as necessary for the nobility of the world as organs are necessary to a living creature. On the fatal sea-where Greece awoke healty, Rome justice and Judea holiness-we cannot await the advent of the Teuton. If the great legends of the Caucassus and of Calvary disappear from the Mediterranean of the future it is not the brutal race that will create the cycle of mytha

Where then will the attributes of the new life find the marks of perfection? Every one of us knows and every one affirms the immortality of his blood by all the aspirations of his pertshable force. This is why this war is just, this is why I demand in the hour. of danger the honor of this brave prophecyl Econo, July 25.

LAW IS LAW IN PRISON OR OUT

Warden McKenty, of the Eastern Penitentiary, on the "Sickening Sentimentality" That Masquerades as Prison Reform - Too Much "Science," Not Enough Religion

By HERBERT S. WEBER

Local of the Eastern Penitentiary (and one of them jumped as she touched the bell and hid behind her sister, laughing) looked like blithesome maidens of a day gone by, tapping, all unknowingly, at an ogre's castle. The ivy-covered prison walls drank in the summer sun. The place looked as if a crowd of children had built it, with childish turrets pretending to look stern and a huge iron knob-studded gate with a little door cut in it, also iron knob-studded like the rest of the gate, and with no doorknob or keyhole.

When you followed and touched the bell it rang right close inside and quite loud (so no wonder the girl jumped), and the door was immediately opened and you were let right in and the door closed quickly behind you. And at once you were sorry for something you had done that wasn't right, but that was not the kind of thing they send you to prison for, though heaven knows why they don't. Well, if the place looked childish, it had a right to look so. For it is the only place left where there is a sharp difference between right and wrong; just as children are the only people left in the world who know any real difference between right and

Prisoners Teach Comrades

And this was very much the same point that Warden McKenty made when he was asked what he thought of Warden Osborne and the charges of undue leniency made against the Sing Sing chief; that after all that had been said by the professors to the contrary there was a right and a wrong to things, and that the law had to be observed within prison walls as well as outside. And he went so far as to say there is a God, though many professors had tried to convince him that there is none.

But before you got to "Bob" McKenty's office you followed the three girls to the rotunda, past beautifully kept though small and oddly angled lawns and centres whence long corridors pointed straight fingers on crazy diagonals, but where sunlight somehow shone-or was it only reflected? You forget, but the outside sun still seemed to radiate from the thin white dresses of the girls. who joined one group of well-dressed folk sitting about the rotunda. It suddenly dawned on you that they were relatives of prisoners, come on visits,

"Yes, there are well-dressed people put behind the bars as well as poor folk in rags," said the warden. "Which reminds me of a speech I read of a college professor's making at a commencement. He said they ought to have college professors visit the prisons and teach the prisoners, and then the better class prisoners could pass the learning on to the others. I had to laugh, because we have here in this prison better educated men than he is doing time and teaching their comrades."

There had been a lot of talk about saving a man's self-respect in prison, and when it came to that the warden was for it; he was against prison stripes; and he brought out a remarkable point that is often forgotten. The law does not say anything about a man being "punished" in jail; it simply says he is to be confined there, deprived of liberty for such and such a time. At that moment a blare of trumpets sounded on a triumphant Sousa march, surprising the visitor. He was told it was the prison band, having its afternoon practice.

Baseball vs. Sunday Baseball

"A lot of these people want reforms put into effect that are already in effect as well as they can be. You hear that band," said the warden. "Well, they have their ball games here—a fifteen-inning game the other day. You see what I mean when I say the law does not directly punish, in the old-fashioned sense of making a man miserable. Now, some reformer came here and told me I should let the men play on Sunday. I said no, and he seemed to think that was a hardahip.

" Well,' said I, 'can you go to see the Philtice and the Giants play on Sunday? No. and why? Because it's against the law. This learned man actually had the idea that you dedn't have to obey the law in prison.

THE three young girls who rang the door- | Just as though you could get a man to turn over a new leaf and have respect for the law he had broken by letting him break the law here. These prisoners learn by little object lessons. They are the only things they have to learn by-the little things that happen in prison.

"This is what I believe; the law is the Taw, whether it is a big point or a little point that is at stake, and a man might just as well not have gone to prison at all as to have a chance to break it here."

While he refused to say anything about Osborne, and whether he had done the right thing or not, the warden made it plain that ie believed you could save a prisoner his self-respect without giving him undue liberties. He said he thought a prison ought to be in the midst of populous communities, so that the public could see how things were managed there, and not stuck off, in the country out of the reach of curious eyes. Things have to be done correctly in a city with its million eyes and ears, with no improper roughness.

As for letting prisoners go to funerals of relatives, that was against the rules, and so could not be done. There were only three ways a man could get out of jail; by being paroled; by due procedure; by being pardoned; or by habeas corpus. If they wanted to change the law to let men go to funerals, let them change it.

Prisoners Want No Mollycoddling

"But men don't want to be mollycoddled," said the warden, with a bang of the fist on the table. "Men want to be treated like men, and prisoners are like other people. What's the use of this slobbering over grown-up people with gushing sentimentality? Make no mistake about it; these fellows are not sorry to be taught the difference between right and wrong here, to take their medicine like men; and they thank you for it after they get out, and don't you forget it. And they wouldn't thank you for slobbering and gushing over them with sickening sentimentality. They know what brought them here; let them get the good out of it. Look at this letter."

He showed a neatly written letter; and the man that wrote it couldn't write when he came to the Penitentiary. The names are changed and everything else that could betray the writer to his employers: the warden insisted on that.

Mr. Robert McKenty,

Mr. Robert McKenty,
Dear Sir:
I thought I would drop you a line to let
you know how I am getting along. I am
still leaning on the everlasting arms of
Jesus. Am leading an honorable and upright life, working every day at the abovenamed place and getting good pys. Praise
God. I heard about Charlie pitching that
wonderful game against the bakers. (This
is a reference to prison basehall). Tell
him Rogers says keep up the good work.
Tell Dick that I say don't hit Louis so hard.
Tell the cooks (prisoners on duty as cooks). Tell Dick that I say don't hit Louis so hard. Tell the cooks (prisoners on duty as cooks), to go right at them and don't spare those bakers, because they know what I did to them Tell them to use that twist ball (a ball the Warden, by the way, had shown this prisoner how to throw), on those hams and they will win. Well, Warden, I shall close. Hoping you and yours are all well. I am praying for you continually. God bless you

Prisoners as Grown-up Children

"And yet these scientists come in here and try to tell me the Bible is only a bunch of fables like Jack the Giant Killer," said the warden. He said he believed in the Bible, and his visitor said, yes, he did, too. If there is any place where the Bible looks truer, it would be hard to find. For the inexcrable rules of life are there, in prison, being enforced, and in the simple, nursery fashion already alluded to. The men in prison, like those outside, are only grownup children, and it is often good to treat them that way. For example, the warden said that there came little complaints to him from time to time. "He stole my pipe." didn't give me back this or that," him." Prisoners accusing prisoners. "Punish

"Well, I say to them. How do you feel, sometimes, about the man who told on you and sent you there? And now you want to not the same way toward another man." It gats them every time. I feel it's my duty to make it plain to these men the rules of the game, and they are not ungratoful. I tell you men

want to be treated like men, and pay the penalty for their misdeeds. You hear a let about the men who are caught after having served a term in jail. How often do you hear about the men who never go back to jail again, who really turn over a new leaf. Yet they are the rule, the others the exception." He made a final comment in sum mary:

"There's too much science about thin days and not enough religion."

COLLEGE COSMOPOLITANISM Unconditional Charge of Snobbishness Dog Fraternities an Injustice

By H. B. HUTCHINS

President University of Michigan. Snobbishness is the most serious eleme charged against fraternity men, but statisted gathered at Michigan in the campaign for the Michigan Union Building, which will be the centre of all student activities and democr n every sense of the word, show that the in ternity men are eager for cosmopolitani am told that over 72 per cent, of all the In ernity men at Michigan are already member of the union, and that on completion of the me building, which our alumni are about to erest and endow for the union, probably 55 per cut of the fraternity men at Michigan will be

The real reason for the charge of snobbish ness against the fraternity men has been that they adhered too closely to their small co cles. That was true to quite a degree. But large circle didn't exist. The colleges and universities, except in isolated cases, havent provided the meeting places for all the stedents where they can make new acquaintances, gather for exchange of ideas and mingle with ne another in a broad spirit of fellowship

There is a liberal education in meeting men. Advantage should be taken of every oppor tunity for bringing college men into personal contact with one another. Community welfare will thus be made to supplant the smaller viewpoint.

WAR IN A NUTSHELL

Here is a Chinese student's summary of the war's causes, as published in a Shanghai paperi "Now there is a great battle in Europe. This began because the Prince of Austria went to Serbia with his wife. One man of Serbia killed Austria was angry, and so write Germany write a letter to Austria, 'I will hell you.' Russia write a letter to Serbia, I will help you.' France did not want to fight, but got ready their soldiers. Germany will a letter to France. 'You don't get ready, or will fight you in nine hours.' Germany, or fight them, pass Belgium, Belgium say, country; I am not a road. And Belging rite a letter to England about Germany, to So England help Belgiur do better in the same space?-Chicago

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Prediction has a sense of its dangers, but the query persists: Is history to know this as the useless war?—Chicago Tribune.

When the moonlight school drives out the moonshine still, not only Kentucky but the whole nation will be the richer-Chicago

Let us leave "foreign complications" to those of us appointed to attend to them, and compers ourselves with our own prosperity and its dif-fusion.—Chicago Herald.

There is one cult that our educational estab-lishments do not teach, and that is bread mindedness. In fact, the effort is organisation in the opposite direction, and tends to end in narrow mindedness, which is the method of narrow mindedness, which is selfishness.-Ohio State Journal. Until Carranza is induced to see the light or

his advisers or the pressure of circumstance the plans of the "A B C" conferees will pre-ably be of little avail. That there is a wal-short of the application of force, we are reahort of the application of forcentitled to believe .- Boston Post.

If better wages are not only to be protected but encouraged for men because of their health ful effects on the national life, the same are ments apply to women. They have definitely taken where places the transport of the ments apply to women. They have definitely taken their places in the industrial work of the country, and if they are to be subjected to the same pleasures or rigors of the battle the same pleasures or rigors of the battle than should also enjoy the same protections that society has considered necessary for the its difficult worker.

ditional workers.—Chicago Tribuns THE MYSTERIOUS ONES

Their garden is full of invisible thurst of knights and of genti and ungels with will Of heroes and monators, great ladies and elve. Through the long afternoon when they're left to themselves o themselves. there by the palings, where flowers palings.

through, They're off to the lands where the Hippostill They allo past you shyly in rooms, on the

"Saint George and the Dragon" are put in their prayers, You hear of their speeches and quaint, funny

But little you know of their tapeatried determined the hand of a queen that is professed by that

-William Rose Bease, he she Coulded

You take as the hand of a mere "tittle girll