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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1925.

Gamblers usually die poor, whether they hazard their carnings in the stock market or at other games. of chance,

ONE!

THERE was a slight rumbling under L Beacon Hill yesterday afternoon. By 4 o'clock the Boston Common was devastated, as by a great wind, and Fancull Hall rocked in agony. Late last night it was rumored that Beacon street had given up the ghost.

For the consolation of good Bostonians they are reminded that one game does not give the Phillies the championship. Four games are necessary. It is strange, but after watching the snapping attack, the dash and verve of the Phillies yesterday, a large number of Bostonians refuse to be consoled.

After all, the Phillies need only three out of the next six.

GREECE LOOKS ON

"THE mountains look on Marathon-and Marathon looks on the sea," wrote Byron. Today the new Greek Cabinet, gathered In the face of the most terrible conflict of the ages, does nothing but look on, too.

The ministry, headed by M. Zaimis, is confessedly a compromise. It is pro-Ally in mentiment, and so long as it does not place obstacles in the way of Allied landings at Salonica it is pro-Ally in action. But it finds no just cause in the war, no great incentive

"Tino"-King Constantine-said when war broke out that it was the mission of Greece to carry civilization to the world. Apparently, neither Germany nor France is fighting for civilization as Greece conceives it. Apparently, in a neutrality which would advantage Germany at every point if rigorously observed, will Greece find its salvation. Between refusing to attack Germany's ally allowing the landing of French troops on its soil the Greek Cabinet is making a record for the higher neutrality.

"GOOD FELLOWS" IN PERIL

Be honest, but hate no one; overturn a man's wrongdoing, but do not overturn him unless it must be done in overturning wrong. Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.-Abraham

IF ANY ONE had been asked to set forth the principles which are guiding the leaders of the reform movement here this year, he could not have stated it better than in these words of Lincoln.

No one is fighting McNichol and the Vares as men. They have many admirable qualities. They make friends and keep them. They are successful in business. No one begrudges them either their business progperity or their friends. But they are dangerous citizens because they stand for a pernicious political system. The more admirable their personal qualities, the more Hkable they are, the more dangerous they become because they make the unthinking say, for example, that "Jim McNichol is a good fellow and what he does must be all

By being "good fellows" McNichol and his like have hoodwinked the electorate for years and succeeded in exploiting the city for their personal profit. If they get hit in the campaign now beginning it will be only because, in Lincoln's phrase, it may be neccasary in overturning the wrongdoing to overturn the wrongdoer also.

JOFFRE TO HIS MEN

GENERAL JOFFRE, besides being a strat-egist, is something of a knower of men. In the general order issued to commanders of army corps he said:

The French soldier fights all the more brayely in proportion as he understands the Importance of the action in which he is

Recognizing this, the Generalissimo gave detailed information of the work which had been done in preparation of the great offensive "to chase the Germans out of Prance!" He followed that with the plan of battle which was to be carried out. He added the warning that "it is indispensable that communication of these facts be made o the soldiers with intelligence and con-

The machine of war may be an excellent hing. But at the final, supreme mement, hen the highest effort is to be made, the weni must turn again to poor human naare, to the faltering and failing human and bid it be of courage.

is that crisis humanity has not yet proved worthy of the trust.

A REASONABLE WAGE

MICH the Erocklyn Bureau of Charities comes af interesting set of figures known "minimum family budget" or "realiving wage." These figures indiie that a family of man, wife and three idree under the age of 15 can live on it a week or \$755.50 a year. The wage-If there he but one, must needs bring

estimate. If five can live on so little and are willing to keep on living in that way then, of course, there is no reason for giving them more. But the fact that a thing can be done has never been conclusive evidence that it should be done.

An elementary economist could explain that the maximum family budget might be an extravagantly dangerous thing. It seldom occurs to one school of economists that the minimum budget is equally extravagant. It wastes not money, which is infinitely preclous, but life which is infinitely cheap. Some fine day, none the less, it will be discovered that the country cannot afford the loss.

It is pleasant to tearn that a family can exist on \$15 a week. It is even more heartening to realize that some families drag along on less. But it would be pleasantest of all if it could be said that the minimum actual wage was really a reasonable living

OUST THE TARIFF BUNGLERS

So LONG as the Democrats are in control in Washington there is no possibility of the creation of such a tariff commission as Alba B. Johnson has described, a commission that would devote itself to an intelligent study of trade conditions and to recommendations of tariff changes intended 40 protect American industries, while at the same time expanding our foreign trade in the manner suggested by McKinley in his Buffalo speech.

The defenders of the Administration would have us believe that the last Congress created a commission with all the powers necessary. They refer to the Federal Trade Commission. That body, however, will have more than it can do if it attempts to exercise onetenth of the powers of supervision over domeetic business that have been conferred on it, without paying any heed to foreign trade. It is a trust-busting body, intended primarily to prevent big business from getting too. big rather than to assist and encourage American business men to increase their trade at home and abroad.

Before this commission can be of any use in suggesting a revision of the tariff, it must approach the subject from an entirely different direction from that in which Congress headed it in the act defining its powers and duties. The moving purpose of Congress in its tariff and anti-trust legislation was to hobble every large enterprise by restrictions. at home and to let down the bars at the ocean ports, so that what the restrictive laws at home could not do might be accomplished by selling low-cost foreign-manufactured goods in the markets here.

Congress, which was committed to tariff reduction, had an opportunity to force tariff concessions from foreign countries in return for every reduction that it made. It could have created a market abroad for large quantities of American goods now kept out by high tariffs abroad, but it deliberately refused to embrace it. The war has counteracted the effect of some of its blunders, but the fighting is not to last forever, The commercial crisis which will be created by the return of the soldiers to the factories of Europe cannot be met here by theorists and visionaries. Practical business men and law makers in sympathy with the protection of American industry must be put in power if we are to be saved from disaster. A tariff commission in charge of such men could do something worth while,

THE AUTUMN OF THE BIBLE

THERE is something in the fall of the L year which is kin to the blood of all of us. It is a zest and a clean spirit that are world-old and eternally new. Spring may be the renewal of life; autumn is its refreshing.

Turn to the Old Testament and read there of all the manifestations of autumn and early winter-of the east wind, the breath of the Lord coming up from the wilderness, the clouds and the storm and the rain. The comparisons of the Bible are all with simple things, but none are more effective, none more beautiful, than those which link the humility of man or the glory of God with the powers of Nature.

In the imagery of autumn there is something sombre. Calamity cometh on as a whiriwind, we read, and, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions and, as a cloud, thy sins." The rain of fall is not the early rain of spring which covereth the valley of weeping with blessings, but the latter rain which watereth the earth. The dancing of brown leaves in fantastic procession and the whirling dust before the storm bring to nostrils, sick with the city's odors, a breath of that sharp, tingling air which makes life glorious and love a lovely thing.

The city in autumn takes on new features and drapes herself in fresh garments. Over her embattled skyscrapers the setting sun throws strange colors and the pavilions of the clouds bank in grandeur. The snap, the keenness of vitality, are about all.

After a year of tragedy and disaster, one looks upon autumn as an omen of better and braver things.

Here's hoping the best nine will win again today!

Connie Mack wanted Boston to win, but Alexander didn't.

There is no doubt now that somebody has offered to pay Nearing's salary for a year.

Literature is looking up. James Whitcomb Riley is almost as popular as the latest

When it comes to telling how a laboratory should be built and equipped, Edison is Johnny on the spot.

This is Fire Prevention Day in Chicago and several other cities. Every day is fire prevention day in Philadelphia.

Colonel Roosevelt may be willing to swear to an alib! for some one else, but he never took refuge in denying that he was there

What does King George expect to accomplish by a threat to abdicate? The Govern-ment would so on pretty much the same bing can be proved by this without him.

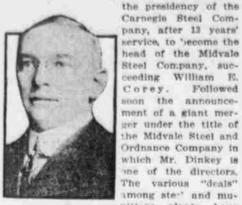
A STEEL MAN OF

"THE BIG THREE"

A. C. Dinkey Was a "Water Boy" Before His Rise to Power-Acquired the Study Habit Early and Kept It Up

By E. BIGELOW THOMPSON

GOLF is the recreation, domesticity the pleasure, aside from the interest that attaches to the ups and downs of the steel market today, in the life of Alva Clymer Dinkey, of Pittsburgh, who resigned from



A. C. DINKEY

one of the directors. The various "deals" among ster' and munitions plants have been watched by the public with great interest. It is enough to say here that Mr. Dinkey has risen to new

Followed

prominence as a force in big financial and industrial affairs. Aside from the recreation on the links of the Pittsburgh Country Club, which golfers intimate brings the steel magnate to a charge of 84, Mr. Dinkey is known to most of his associates as the student and the man of the home. His associate in the steel industry, William E. Corey, has to his record the "finding" of "Rube" Waddell, who first started on his climb to the pedestal of fandom on the baseball team of the Hemestead Steel Works. Mr. Dinkey has no such record yet.

"As I knew Mr. Dinkey years ago," said a Pittsburgh steel man today, "he was the student. His rise is indicative of the man, Always entering new fields, eager to learn everything that was even remotely connected with his business, industry was the keynote of his life when I knew him as an apprenticed electrical engineer."

Mr. Dinkey says he is a steel man, and disclaims any honors at golf.

The "Big Three" Go

The departure of Mr. Dinkey from the city which has been his lifelong home adds another chapter to the unique remance of steel in Pittsburgh, marking the passing of the last of the "big three," who were the reliance of Andrew Carnegie in the days of the business activity of the fronmaster-Dinkey, Schwab and Corey.

Alva C. Dinkey is one of the giants of the steel industry in its technical and operating end. His rise in the 49 years of his life is a remarkable entry on the records of steel making in western Pennsylvania.

The man who resigned from the presidency of the Carnegie Steel Company, after filling the office for 13 years, to head the Midvale Steel Company, succeeding Mr Corey, began work as a water boy in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, in Braddock, Pa. From the time when he was a poor boy, Mr. Dinkey has risen by his own efforts, following his own inclinations in the mechanical sciences, educating himself along these lines in particular, and specializing in electro-mechanics and inventions.

His mechanical inventions number very important appliances that have to do with increasing the use of electric power in mill machinery. He was born in Weatherly, Pa., February 20, 1866, the son of Reuben and vhose ancestors came to America in 1743. He attended the public schools there and in Braddock, when his parents moved to the latter place.

The first employment of the new master in the steel industry was in the Edgar Thomson Works, where, as a water boy, 13 years old, he put in his spare time in the study of telegraphy. He became a telegrapher in the company in 1883, and continued in that work until 1885. Then he gave up the work at the key and became a machinist in the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works, in old Allegheny, where he remained until 1888.

Near the end of 1888 he was an expert machinist in the McTighe Electric Company, in Pittsburgh, and 'n the next year left this work to become the secretary to the general superintendent of the Homestead works of the Carnegie Steel Company. In 1893 the call of the workshop came to him again and he left his clerical position to become electrician in the Homestead plant. His perseverance and industry won for him, in 1898, the superintendency of the plant, where he remained until 1899. When Mr. Dinkey entered the plant, old steel men say, there were only four arc lights run by electricity. When he left, five years later, the shop was recognized as one of the best equipped, electrically, in the country.

His next position up the ladder was the rung of assistant general superintendent of the Homestead Steel Works, holding the position two years, when he was made general superintendent of the plant, April 1, 1901. In 1903 he was appointed president of the Carnegie Steel Company.

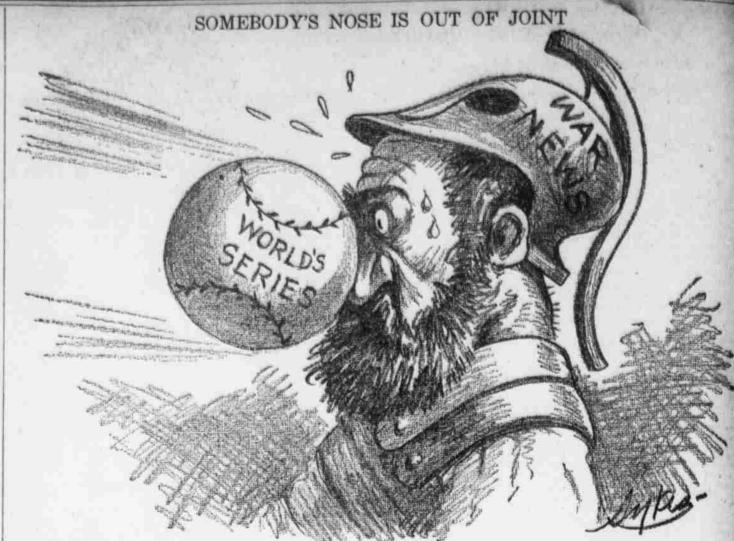
A Man of Many Interests

Varied interests occupy the steel magnate. He is a director in the Carnegie Steel Company. H. C. Frick Coke Company, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad, Mellon National Bank, the Monongahela Trust Company, of Homestead, and the Hays National Bank, of Hays.

In professional associations and technical societies and clubs. Mr. Dinkey is a member of the American Society of Electrical Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Society of Mining Engineers, the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania, the Academy of Science and Art, a trustee of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, a trustee of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, the Engineers' Club of New York, the Pilgrims, the Duquesne Club of Pittsburgh and the Pitlsburgh Country Club.

Mr. Dinkey married Margaret Stewart, of Braddock, and has three children, Robert E. Dinkey, Alva C. Dinkey, Jr., and Miss Leonora Stewart Dinkey. He is a brother-inlaw of Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

JITNEYS AND TRANSFERS The lithey hus service of Pasadena, California, has developed to such an exceptional extent that a transfer system has been established, it being the intention to issue transfers for travel on as many as 10 different soutes within the city.



HOW I PAINTED A WICKER CHAIR

A Three Hours' Experience in the Cellar With a Can of "Ivory White" in an Effort to Deal Extravagance a Knockout Blow Ended in Victory

By B. K. LITTLE

MERE writer though 1 nm, I take pride in being an intensely practical person. There's no reason why the man who drives a pen should not also drive a nail. That's why I was flattered when Ethel asked me. in all innocence, to do it. Paint that wicker chair an ivory white? Of course I'd paint that chair-any color in the rainbow-if she willed. You see, Ethel had been downtown and had bought a wicker chair for our guest chamber. There was a difference of three whole dollars and a half between the painted and the unpainted wicker chairs. And knowing my love of pottering about the house, nailing this down tight and planing that down smooth, Ethel had put it squarely up to me to practice a little thrift and save us the three dollars and a half by painting that chair. She wanted it an ivory white. As I look back on it now, I can under-

stand the difference in the price of a readypainted and an unpainted wicker chair.

Taking the Lid Off

The news of the purchase of the chair came to me over the telephone in Ethel's silvery voice. So I left the office an hour earlier, in order to buy the paint and allow myself plenty of time to get the painting done before dinner. A brush cost me fifty cents, and a pint of paint cost me thirty more—a slight reduction on Ethel's economy. But then I figured that the brush would do for saving many more dollars, and so would the paint that would be left over. The stuff came in a tin with a replaceable lid, purposely calculated for future reference I went home and set to work.

Ordinarily, painting is delightful work to me. The professional painter, of course, wades right in. He charges all the paint up to you, and he's inclined to be careless where he puts it, whether on his overalls or on the surrounding scenery. My own method is much better. I pride myself on putting the paint where the paint is really desired-that is, naturally, on the object to be painted.

I see my mistake now. But at that time it seemed to me such a simple and trifling job to paint a wicker chair that I never bothered to change my clothes. There was a full hour, to be sure, before dinner, but I dislike hurry. When painting I'd rather take a little more time and waste a little less paint. Approaching the chair with entire respect, I knew it would take me an hour, leaving no time over for a change of clothing. There would be just time to do the chair in a leisurely manner, call down the wife to admire my work, remove the smelly turpentine from my hands and sit down to dinner with the satisfaction of having dealt a heavy blow

Warming Up the Cellar

So I took the chair at once down cellar under a good electric light. And instantly my life seemed flooded with excitement. In the first place, the man who designed the lid of that can is in for a large measure of disapprobation. It was better calculated to conserve forever the contents of the can than to permit of their free and easy use. The lid stuck. But after 10 minutes' severe and taxing labor with a screw-driver it came off. It came off with unexpected suddenness, and a large splotch of paint got wasted-wasted on the right knee of my new trousers.

DRAMATIC COLOR IN NEWS

The Discovery That News Is Life With All

the Interest of Fiction

To the Editor of Evening Ledger;

Our cellar is a cool place, yet when Ethel came down to tell me that dinner was getting cold, the first thing she felt called upon to do was to wipe a profuse perspiration from my brow. She also dabbed a cloth in the turpentine and removed what she said was the major portion of the paint I had got on my face, quite without my knowledge. I noticed that while she did this Ethel kept her hand over her mouth and nostrils. Ethel dislikes the odor of turpentine. So do I. Later I suspected it was not alone the turpentine that obliged her to guard her face. For something happened.

In fact many things happened. This was but the first of them. By then my back was broken squarely in two, what with continued bending over the furthermost reaches, rungs, legs and lattices of the chair. So I had learned that by tilting the thing up onto a single hind leg a few of the more remote extremities were brought within human reach. But, unfortunately, wet paint is slippery, and somehow the chair passed from my control. It swung around and, for all my energetic efforts to escape the angry thing, it dealt me a cowardly blow from the rear with all the force of its disturbed equilibrium. Then it settled down again on its four legs with a rattling like hollow laugh-

Of course, the wet side of the chair had come into contact with my person. I could see that by looking over my shoulder, downward, at a very sharp angle. There could be seen, imprinted on the rearward spaces blueprint plan of a wire entanglement.

At that point Ethel removed her hand from her face and laughed outright. She was still laughing long after she had fled upstairs out of reach.

Wanted: A Second Coat Well, to cut it all short, at the end of the

third pint of paint I finally got every quarter inch of the wicker chair firmly painted. No, that is a rash statement. It is not so rash to say that I got paint over nearly every quarter inch of my own being. No beauty of Broadway was ever painted as I was then-a rich ivory white. As for the chair, I brushed over the unbelievably intricate convolutions and sinuosities of the wicker as if I were covering up every microscopic evidence of a hideous crime. And, at length, the chair was painted. So was I painted. So was the cellar painted. At least I am sure of the cellar and of myself. The chair, I know, when it is placed in the broad daylight of our guest chamber, on a sunny afternoon, will expose to public view on its surface-most likely on the seat, the most salient spot of all-a large area naked of paint, after all my three hours of terrible toll.

Nevertheless, I can say it, in the main that wicker chair is painted. I may smell of turpentine for a month to come. I have sacrificed my new trousers. Still, when I sat down to a cold supper at 9 o'clock that evening. I had won my battle. For all its desperate struggles I painted the chair. Still, it's not an ivory white, but rather the shade of curdled cream. I finished painting with a fervent prayer that a merciful Providence would never send me another wicker chair to paint. Mine needs a second coat!

of punishment; that tells us in platform efforts that children and criminals should not be pun-ished; it is the form of babble which we assoished; it is the form of bauble which we also clate with pompous sermonizing and hands late on hearts—the emptiness and windiness that on hearts—the empirical incite the public to pose before the mirror and admire itself prodigiously. It is not only an absurd and dangerous habit, but a morbid one.

absurd and dangerous habit, but a morbid one. Hysterical gush and windiness serve no good ends, except to butt thick heads against hard facts. They help to deceive the people for a time, to deceive them as to their brains and nerves; to prevent them from regarding increasing iddecy and hysteria clear enough in the light of symptoms of regional discrete. the light of symptoms of national disease. The way most assuredly to fight the maindy is not to "go up in the sir" on political or piratical airships, armed by crazy mobs, for on such a craft it is impossible to steer clear of vertigo or provide rules of law and common sense.—New York Medical Journal.

A PROPHECY FOR CHICAGO

The announcement that the Sunday closing law for saloons is to be enforced in Chicago going to agitate that city. Then these events will follow in regular order;

First. The wets will say it can't be done. Saloons in a city can't possibly be closed on Sunday. Second. Also if it could be done it would

be most unjust to the people because the saloon is the poor man's club, Third. Also, it should not be done, for it

will drive travelers away and burt business.
Fourth. But when it is done and works successfully, and crime falls off, and families are more comfortable and happier, and business is better, everbody will say: "We never would think of going back to Sunday saloons; why didn't we think of Sunday closing before?

That's the way it has worked in Kansas City. That's the way it works everywhere it is tried. -Kansas City Star.

A WORD TO TICKET SELLERS

Does a railway ticket seller ever think of the value of a friendly attitude toward his clients, the traveling public? Apparently one of them does, for he is reported as saying, in an address to his fellow ticket-sellers: "You need the help and friendship of every one possible. A man may not travel more than once a year, and is absolutely in the dark and cannot always grasp your ideas and terms readily. The best asset you can have is a pleased and satisfied customer. tomer. When you shake a man by the hand, put your heart in it so that he can feel the heals are for him, not that you want to 'beat' him."

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The retention of the augar duty is not only the best way, but the way that will evoke the smallest degree of censure, considering the large sum of revenue it will produce.-Houston

giving woman suffrage further momentum as a national issue. But woman suffrage as a State issue is an entirely different matter.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. If at the end of this war, Christian Armenia

Mr. Wilson has wisely withheld his aid in

is not taken from the clutches of Mohammedan Turkey, whatever Christian Power is responsi-ble for the failure will have a great burden of gullt to bear .- St. Louis Star.

When the matter comes up in Congress, Republican Senators and Representatives who believe in preparedness will not vote against a liberal program simply because a Democratic President has recommended it. — Washington

No man is "prepared" to uphold his country's cause or achieve a personal success worth hav-ing who has not been taught to care for his health and to render of edience where it is disk knowing that only he who has learned to ober can be really fitted to command in his turn-Chicago Herald.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full dazzling. Give me julcy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard.

Give me a field where the unmowed grass grows,
Give me an arbor, give me the trellised graps,
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serans
moving animals teaching content.
Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I looking
up at the stars.

up at the stars,

Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturbed.

Give me for marriage a sweet breathed woman of whom I should never tire,

Give me a perfect child, give me, away saids from the noise of the world, a rural demeatic life.

Give me to warble proporters on a recluse.

Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for my own ears only. Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities

These demanding to have them (tired with ceaseless excitement and racked by the war strife),

These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart. While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to

While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city.

Day upon day and year upon year, O city walking your streets.

Where you hold me enchained a certain time refusing to give me up.

Yet giving to make me glutted, enriched of soul, you give me forever faces;

(O I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my crics.

I see my own soul trampling down what it asked for).

Keep your splendid silent sun,
Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet
places by the woods,
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and
your cornheids and orchards.
Keep the blossoming buck wheat fields where the
sinth-month bees buny.
Give me faces and strests—give me these phantoms increased and endless along the
trottohat

-Wall Whitman,

THE GUSHING HABIT

on the improvement of our newspapers in general. And I still think that catching up of the crowd with the leaders, so far as they have caught up, is as recent as I said it was. After all, the important thing is not the date of the improvement, but that we have the improvement at all. It isn't a few big papers, either, that make the journalism of a country.

By the way, I wonder if the writer of the John L. Sullivan "story," mentioned by the Editor and Publisher as a particularly fine specimen of the far from "baid" news writing in the Boston Herald 35 years ago, isn't the same reporter who wrete the last words of Raiph Waide Emerson. Will the Editor and Publisher please enlighten me? Emerson died, I believe, in a state of coma. But the last words of famous men were much in fashion at that time, and I have been credibly informed that the reporter mentioned gracefully supplied this thoughtless lack in Mr. Emerson. If this is so, I agree with the Editor and Publisher that the writers on that great Boston paper 20 years ago spared no effort to present the news with all the interest of fiction. I am. sir, yours very truly.

BURTON KLINE. Sir—I see that a writer in the Editor and Publisher takes me to task for dating as I did in my article in your Anniversary Number the introduction of dramatic color in our newspapers so recently as 15 years ago. He retorts that the Boston Herald, for instance, went in the colorid news writing castly 25 years ago. papers so recently as 15 years ago. He retorts that the Boston Heraid, for instance, went in for colorful news writing easily 30 years ago, in the heyday of John L. Sullivan, to be exact. I have no doubt that the Boston Heraid did that very thing. I never met a man associated with "the old days on the Heraid" who could not instantly, and sometimes of no one's particular desire, run down the long catalogue of its matchless and countless perfections. It was not my fortune to read the Boston Heraid 30 years ago, but a paper with a staff like that, so crammed with enthusiesm for their work, must have been a wonder. The Editor and Publisher reminds me, too, that the New York Sun also shone in those days.

I admit it, cheerfully. But when a mighty book can be written about American newspapers and still not exhaust, or even find, the subject, how little can be mild in a single stricle of a thousand words! A few pioneer papers may have discovered, longer ago than 15 years, the strange fact that news is life, and that real life may be given all the interest of fiction, with all the force of truth besides. What of it? All honor to the penetrating pleaser. But I was, modestly, I hope, passing a few comments. truly. Boston, Mass., October 6.

The gushing habit is another form of the hysterical frenzy. The subject is to be the point now because in too many quarters there is a tendency, not to reform or discipline, but to guish; to swell with smotion over the fallen angula who are sent to prisons. The kind of gush we are thinking of is the windines that is force of declaiming against the terrile bourse