

# Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1916.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and sky.  
 —George Herbert.

New triple play: Porter to Penrose to Smith.

The remarks on the passing of Harper's  
 Weekly are belated. It passed several years  
 ago.

Our idea of an exciting event is a straw  
 vote for candidate conducted by a Democratic  
 paper.

Mr. Roosevelt will have only 250 delegates  
 at the Republican convention, say reports.  
 Look what Bryan did when he had only one!

The men who did not buy gasoline and store  
 it when it was cheap are damning the Standard  
 Oil Company for its foresight. But who is to  
 blame for the other fellows' neglect to look  
 ahead?

Daniels Will Phone to Warships at Sea.—  
 Headline.

It is not considered likely that he will in-  
 corporate in his conversation the remarks of  
 Bradley Fluke.

If it constitutes a breach of the peace to  
 make a speech on the City Hall plaza in op-  
 position to the transit loan, what is the nature  
 of the offense when it is committed in "Dave"  
 Lane's office?

The editor who advises women to eat regu-  
 larly during the housecleaning season does  
 not go far enough. They should eat regularly  
 at all other seasons. If they did the nerve  
 specialists would have less work to do.

Emperor Francis Joseph has expressed his  
 opinion of war to a talking machine, the re-  
 cords of which are not to be made public until  
 after his death. General Sherman was not  
 afraid to say what he thought of war while  
 he was alive.

Captain Russell, commandant at League  
 Island, has reminded those who doubt the  
 possibility of developing this port that London,  
 with a foreign commerce unsurpassed by  
 that of any other port in the world, is 50 miles  
 from the sea. But every one but the pessimists  
 knew this already.

Every year we are confronted by a photo-  
 graph labeled "Atlantic City Easter  
 Throng." Same old Boardwalk, same old  
 throng, same old photograph.—Cleveland  
 Plain Dealer.

Our Cleveland contemporary evidently did  
 not see the new full-page picture of the At-  
 lantic City Boardwalk which the EVENING  
 LEDGER printed on Easter Monday. If it  
 wants to know what the great resort looks  
 like this year it would better hunt up the  
 paper and look at the picture.

Following the report that a Harvard physi-  
 cian had succeeded in isolating the scarlet  
 fever bacillus comes the report that some  
 Russian physicians, working with the army,  
 have found the bacillus of typhus. The de-  
 tails of neither investigation have yet been  
 published, but it is known that a New York  
 physician claimed about a year and a half  
 ago that he had found the typhus bacillus.  
 The Russian physicians may have verified his  
 experiments, but even if they have not, some  
 investigator will succeed, and one more dread  
 plague will lose its terrors.

Those men who are saying that the wage in-  
 crease granted to the anthracite mine workers  
 will be followed by a necessary increase of 50  
 cents a ton in the price of coal would better  
 do a little figuring. Mr. Warriner, of the  
 Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, says  
 that the wage increase will add from \$10,000-  
 000 to \$12,000,000 a year to the cost of mining,  
 and that at least 10 per cent. of this sum will  
 have to be paid by the consumer. For con-  
 venience of computation call it 10 per cent.  
 of \$10,000,000, or \$1,000,000. Pennsylvania pro-  
 duces \$1,000,000 long tons of coal in a year. If  
 the price of coal would be only 12 1/2 cents  
 a ton, the retailer will have to do a lot of  
 explaining before he can convince the con-  
 sumer that an increase of 50 cents a ton in  
 the price is fair.

Irony piled on tragedy for Great Britain  
 with the modest reports from Petrograd that  
 the Russian army has hacked its course over  
 240 miles half way through the empire  
 of Turkey-in-Asia. The Russians are making  
 their way toward Bagdad and Aleppo in two  
 separate forces, and their progress in either  
 direction is steady. The satisfying feature of  
 their advance is that, unlike the fatal British  
 attack on Bagdad, it is being met at every  
 step by the Turks, but not halted. The British  
 swept forward to within 10 miles of Bagdad  
 virtually unopposed, and then were thrown  
 back 100 miles. Whether the release of Turk-  
 ish forces at Kut-el-Amara will provide men  
 for a superior resistance now is questionable,  
 for there is still a British expedition in Mes-  
 opotamia that will engage the Ottoman forces  
 for many weeks to come. So Russia, the  
 displaced, under the demoted Grand Duke, be-  
 comes a force when the heroic British fall  
 back into disgrace.

A year ago today the Lusitania was on  
 the high seas. She sailed despite the official  
 warning published by the German Embassy,  
 and on her way many Americans who confided  
 in the threatening telegrams sent to them. It

has been held that the one unforgivable fault  
 of the Administration was that, on May 1, 1915,  
 it did not hold the German Embassy to strict  
 accountability for the impudent publication  
 over its signature, delaying meanwhile the  
 sailing of the Lusitania. That is easy enough  
 to say today, after bitter experience has taught  
 the world that nothing is too barbarous for  
 German frightfulness. At the time no  
 atrocity on the high seas had occurred for a  
 warning and the Gulfstream of American  
 ships had been sunk. Neither Mr. Roosevelt  
 nor the editors of the New Republic were  
 quite prescient enough to foresee the seventh  
 of May from the moderate warning. The  
 feeling of utter incredulity, the thought that  
 a nasty joke was being played, dominated those  
 who sailed and those who watched them go.  
 A horrible year has passed since then, but  
 the greatest tragedy of all is that the world  
 will never be so confident of humanity again.  
 The diplomatic interchanges between Wash-  
 ington and Berlin may give us safeguards,  
 but they will never restore our faith.

## DO NOT BE SOLD OUT!

The factions are preparing to sell out the  
 interests of Philadelphia. They are massing  
 excuses wherever to defend themselves  
 against public indignation, but of their pur-  
 pose there can be no doubt.

AN ATTEMPT is under way to bunco the  
 hundreds of thousands of people who con-  
 stitute the city of Philadelphia.

There are meaty-mouthed politicians run-  
 ning about and crying that they cannot sup-  
 port the transit loan because, forsooth, it may  
 cause a higher tax rate. They know that it  
 will not, but what is misrepresentation among  
 friends? The main object is to fool and  
 cheat the people, so why not use deception?

There are men yet living whose pocketbooks  
 bulge with the receipts from former fran-  
 chise steals. They see a chance now to  
 throttle the city a second time, to their own  
 very great advantage.

They are loud in their warnings, but in  
 their hearts they have but one object, and  
 that is to defeat at any cost the purpose of  
 the people to have the kind of transit they  
 ought to have.

The factions are lined up. One, through  
 the Mayor, devises ways and means to goad  
 the other into opposition to the loan. Yes, it  
 is good strategy for the Mayor, who a few  
 weeks ago lost his fight to kill transit, to  
 switch his tactics and accomplish his pur-  
 poses more subtly by nominally supporting  
 the project while at the same time acting  
 officially in such a way as to invite opposi-  
 tion and encourage it. It may be good poli-  
 tics from the factional viewpoint, but it is  
 not good morals and it is a base betrayal of  
 the public interest.

So, too, it may be good politics for the  
 other faction, grasping at the opportunity of-  
 fered by the Mayor, to sacrifice the welfare  
 of the city to the idol of factional glory and  
 pap. But American energy and enterprise  
 have sunk to a mighty low level if such  
 activity can find support in this great met-  
 ropolis, and mental paralysis has surely  
 fastened itself on the community if any con-  
 siderable number of people can be found in  
 favor of such treason to Philadelphia.

The abolition of the intolerable exchange  
 ticket, the inauguration of universal trans-  
 fers, the right to ride from any part of the  
 city to any other part of the city for one  
 five-cent fare, the substitution of express  
 service for the slow and tedious service now  
 offered by the surface lines, the right to a  
 seat instead of the right to a strap when a  
 ride is paid for—these are some of the things  
 the people have within their grasp if they  
 will but vote for them.

The alternative is the present transit  
 system.

A vote against the transit loan is a vote  
 of satisfaction with present conditions, a vote  
 in favor of slow traffic, a vote to endorse the  
 juggling of franchises and the subordination  
 of the interests of the city to the interests of  
 the few.

Never has a fairer transit system been of-  
 fered to a people. Never before has a city  
 had the opportunity to obtain rapid transit  
 under such favorable conditions, with so  
 little burden to itself, and never before under  
 similar conditions has so splendid an under-  
 taking been in jeopardy through the malici-  
 ous activity of little politicians. Franchises  
 have been stolen and cities sold out, but never  
 by the people themselves.

A vote against the transit loan is a vote to  
 sell out Philadelphia.

The little fellow, the man in the street, who  
 has no limousine at his disposal, who must  
 ride to and from his work on a public carrier,  
 he is the one to whom this transit issue is a  
 vital issue; in fact, the overpowering issue.  
 The comprehensive system is to be his auto-  
 mobile, and all that he has to do to get it is  
 to vote right.

It may be that the ward leaders are right  
 when they boast over bubbling glasses that  
 the great mass of men will obey their orders  
 and go willingly to the polls to repudiate  
 their own interests. It may be that these  
 ward leaders are right when they laugh and  
 say that the people are fools, made to be fooled  
 and milked by men of trickier brains. It may  
 be that these ward leaders and little poli-  
 ticians are right when they aver that the  
 higher tax bogey will be enough to frighten  
 citizens into line.

But are they right? We think not. It is  
 more likely that on May 16 the politicians  
 will receive the biggest surprise of their lives.  
 The public is like a tortoise, slow of move-  
 ment, but an aroused public is the mightiest  
 force known in the world of human action  
 and there is no withstanding it. We be-  
 lieve that before May 16 the public will  
 understand the outrage which the factions  
 hope on that day to perpetrate, and we believe  
 that public indignation will manifest itself  
 in giving to these factions the severest rebuke  
 they have ever encountered.

Wake up, you men of Philadelphia! Wake  
 up and assert yourselves!  
 They are trying to sell you out.

## Tom Daly's Column

### ALL FOR THE CHILD.

My folks an' me are going to see  
 The circus this here week,  
 My Paw he'll go, an' my Aunt Flo,  
 An' Ma an' Uncle Zeke.  
 My Paw last night allowed he might  
 Take me to see the show.  
 "It's on'y just," sez he; "we must  
 Amuse the child, ye know."  
 Of course, I've got an awful lot  
 O' work on hand," sez he,  
 "But I suppose I'll fix it so's  
 'Twon't interfere with me."  
 Then Ma an' Zeke, for goodnicks' sake!  
 Are you expectin' me  
 To set home while you take that child  
 Where all them wild things be?  
 Why, I'd jist set an' fret, an' fret,  
 Lest somethin' might go wrong;  
 So if you go I'll have ye know  
 That I'm a-goin' along.  
 Then Uncle Zeke, who come last week  
 Along o' my Aunt Flo  
 To board with Paw an' me an' Ma,  
 Allowed that they would go.  
 "I'm sure," sez he, "that Flo an' me  
 Would feel sich loneliness,  
 Left here alone when you were gone,  
 We'd best go, too, I guess."

Now, ain't my Paw an' dear old Ma  
 As kind as they kin be  
 To plan so much, providin' such  
 A splendid treat fur me?

### Life-lines for Orators

WITH a presidential election, commence-  
 ment, Decoration Day and the Fourth of  
 July all staring us in the face, "now is the  
 time," I think, "for all good men and true to  
 come to the aid of" the orator. Let's all get  
 together and throw out life-lines to the Com-  
 plete Orator. Here's a starter:  
 "We are living (pause and frown) in mo-  
 mentous days!" W. L.

### POSTSCRIPT TO BERRY, U. OF P.

I read those lines to you, Berry,  
 But still some more are dewberry.  
 Old Penn believes she has, Berry,  
 In you her ripest 'rabs-berry;  
 And long as you bedeck her, Berry,  
 There's nothin' goin' to checkberry.

SOPH.

### The Golfisherman

Code to prologue: We know how it rains you  
 to pass and this is the only one that has  
 a lowland, but it was written by a good friend of ours  
 and the sentiment's all right—can't let it go.  
 How do you like the head we put on it? "The Golfish-  
 erman." (Pretty clever, eh?)

DEAR YET remember, Tammie, how it rained the  
 night of Good Friday? Well, every worm  
 big and little came up for air the Saturday.  
 So when I was playin' Gouf w' Mr. M.  
 and tied in the grip, an' he had been out for  
 ye kin him, a short stocky man, han'some w' a  
 Charley Chaplin mustache, there was a fine  
 fat worm an' sometimes a dozen on every  
 square foot of the links. Now me, han'some  
 friend was raised on a farm, and every Satur-  
 day afternoon he'd gae a-fishin', so when he saw  
 me muck bait a-layin' about the auld longin'  
 came back to me. "Comin' to the fourteenth  
 green there was a hole as has been out for  
 a winter green an' 'twas full o' worms!"  
 "I most han'some worms, and me friend says 'tis  
 a fine waste o' fine material, an' I see a dreamy  
 look on his eye."  
 An' that evenin' on me way home I see a figure  
 on the wee bridge o'er Cobbs Creek, a-holdin'  
 a driver be the head, w' the wrappin' unwound  
 and tied in the grip, an' he had been out for  
 o' pin bint like a huke and the cup full o' worms  
 be his side, a-fishin' for minutes no longer than  
 ye thumb nail. An' I said na word to him,  
 but left him there a-dreamin' o' his byhook.

### THE GAS METRE

(Salamus to A. Tennyson.)

I make, in cellars of the rich,  
 My predatory sallies;  
 I also roost in houses which  
 Are built on courts and alleys;  
 And whether you are well or sick  
 I gulp your silver pieces.  
 My little wheels with ease would click  
 Away the wealth of Croesus.  
 While somewhat "thick," I'm never "alone."  
 I'll get you though you're clever;  
 Inspectors come, inspectors go,  
 But I click on forever.

T. LING.

### As to the Cistern, Brethren

The following ready-made table may be use-  
 ful to you.

1. Circular cistern—	
5 ft. diameter, holds.....	4.60 barrels.
6 ft. diameter, holds.....	4.61 "
7 ft. diameter, holds.....	5.13 "
2. Square cistern—	
5 ft. by 5 ft. holds.....	5.92 "
6 ft. by 6 ft. holds.....	8.54 "
7 ft. by 7 ft. holds.....	11.78 "

What is it a circular cistern? We dunno,  
 unless it's short for a cylindrical one. Has  
 the depth anything to do with how many  
 barrels it holds? And, in passing, isn't a 5  
 ft. sq. cistern usually 5 ft. by 5 ft., or is it  
 sometimes 5 ft. by 5 1/2? H. H. H.

### CEDAR BLUFF ANTHOLOGY

3. The Plain Man.

I am the Plain Man,  
 The bulwark of the nation,  
 The ultimate hope of the ages.

Scientists may theorize,  
 Poets rant and rave,  
 Philosophers may argue,  
 And Society waste itself in riotous living;  
 But I, and my time-honored maxims,  
 My homely words of wisdom continually re-  
 peated,  
 My instinctive common-sense,  
 I shall endure to eternity;  
 For I am the salt of the earth.

Voz populi, vox Dei;  
 As our Congressman said last November.

WILL LOU.

THE seventh point about that gum is that  
 the agent who introduces it always gives  
 a pretty customer more samples than the  
 chief clerk gets. P. Villain.

### THE DEVIL'S POOL

(On the Upper Wissahickon Creek.)  
 Here thirty deer once drank their fill,  
 And squirrels in sylvan shadows played.  
 With rapid thrust of darting bill  
 Here once on frogs great herons preyed.

Now derided "kid" and high-bested "chick,"  
 A picknicking play round this pool,  
 While ancient carp midst egg shells thick  
 Lie dreaming in its shadows cool.

G. L.

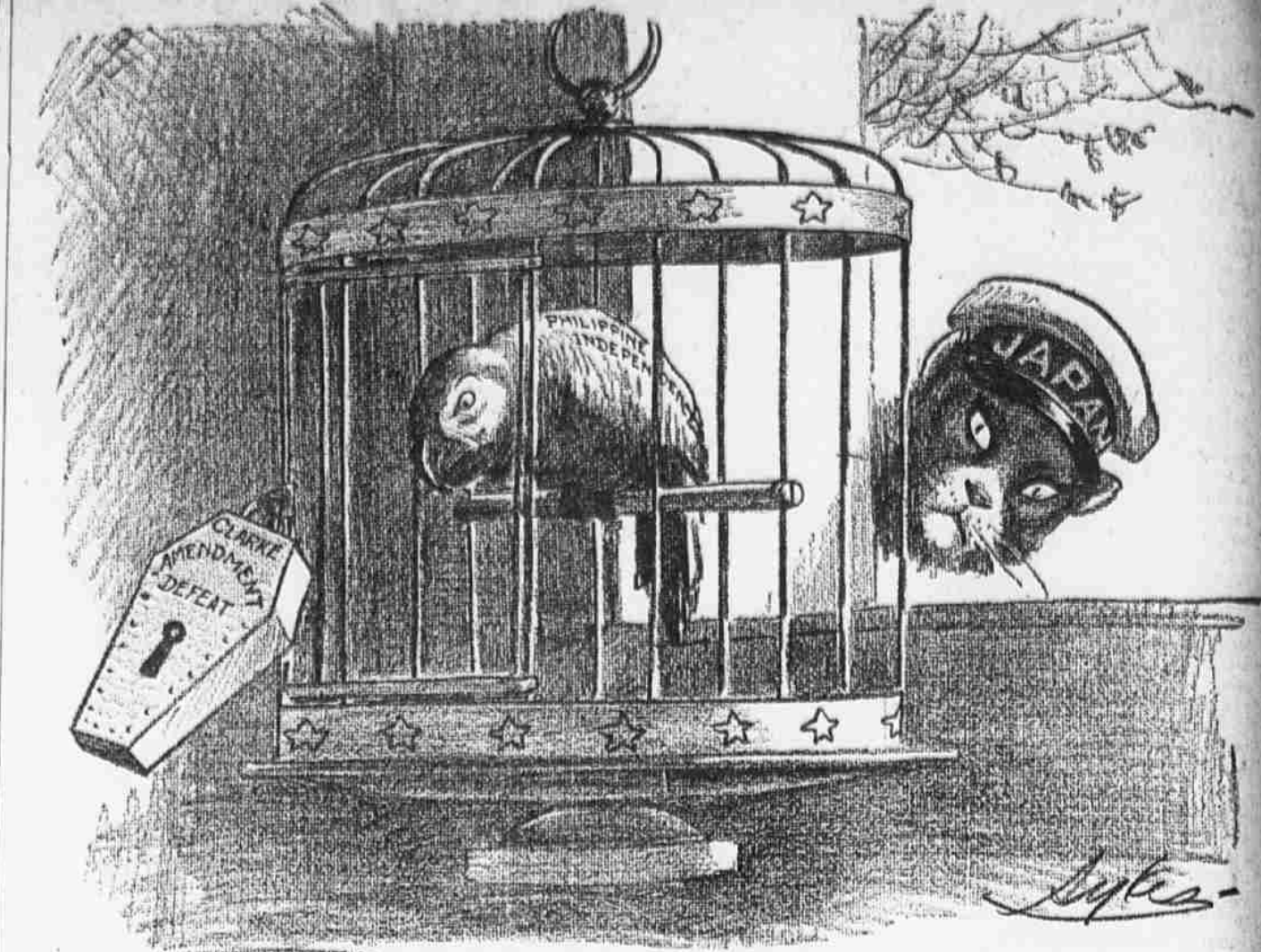
Gent:  
 Do guys write for your Colyum  
 Without any emolum-  
 ent? Wright.

Quite.  
 Wright.

THE REAL "PINCH-BACK" NORFOLK  
 SUITS.

Doesn't the above, from a clothing ad,  
 sound a bit paradoxical when carefully read?  
 M. P.

## BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY



## HUNTING LOST GOLD ON OCEAN'S FLOOR

Sunken Treasure Must Have the  
 Gleam of Yellow in It or Men  
 Won't Seek It—A Duke's  
 Quest for Spanish Coins

SPANISH doubloons, pieces of eight, coins  
 that have not seen the light of day since  
 men in plumed hats fought over them with  
 rapiers or tossed them down to innkeepers for  
 bankers of wine of the Canaries—these are the  
 spoils of ocean that it will be the business of  
 a company that has been formed in Wall street  
 —capital, \$125,000; shares, 7 per cent, cumula-  
 tive preferred, with common issued as a bonus  
 —to bring to the surface of warm seas and  
 pay out dividends to stockholders.

There really is lots of gold lying at the  
 bottom of the ocean—tons of it. It is in rot-  
 ting hulks of galleons that Drake and his  
 friends sent to the bottom. Not that they  
 ever tried to sink a gold ship, for Queen Eliza-  
 beth needed every Spanish piece of money her  
 authorized pirates could lay their hands on.  
 But once in a while a gold ship got sunk by  
 accident or the proud Spaniards touched a  
 match to the magazine when they saw all  
 in lost—save honor! And the gold bars lie  
 in 50 fathoms of translucent green Caribbean.  
 The water ate away the old Spanish cannon,  
 perihable as the flesh on the bones of the  
 cavaliers that sank gently with the shattered  
 vessel, and whom the star-eyed fish at first  
 suspiciously nibbled and then devoured. All  
 perished, cannon, ship and men; but the gold  
 did not perish. The bars and the coins are as  
 good today as ever they were, and in the  
 crevices of many a rock among the seaweed  
 at the bottom of the Atlantic lie the counte-  
 nances of Philip II. of Henry VIII. of all the  
 Georges, as clear-cut in the gold as the day  
 the coins came from the mint.

### Gold in the Lusitania

Not only the engraved likenesses of the first  
 four Georges lie down there. The present  
 King George, still in his prime and smiling  
 as he reviews his troops for the movie man,  
 is there in the depths, many times drowned.  
 For there was \$2,000,000 in gold in the Lus-  
 itania's cargo. Gold coins that were minted here  
 in Philadelphia not much more than a year  
 ago lie, futile, in that pitiful hull that sprawls  
 huge and tilted at a hideous angle, with bow  
 buried in the sand. The gold in the Lusitania  
 will be salvaged by the Wall street company  
 if they can get at it. There is lots of new gold  
 in the wreck of the Titanic, too, but that is  
 forever beyond men's fingers. The Titanic is  
 1700 feet under the surface. But the Lus-  
 itania is in only 400 feet of water and her loca-  
 tion is well known. The Lusitania, now that  
 the tears and tragedy of her are the better to  
 be borne for the flight of time, is really a  
 tempting morsel. The tragedy of sunken ships  
 of old was just as much a tragedy for the  
 mothers of men as was that of the Lusitania.  
 Only it was so long ago it can be spoken of  
 lightly now.

Take the wreck of the treasure ship of the  
 Armada, which the Dukes of Argyll have  
 tried to raise from the sands of Tobermory  
 Bay. When the King of Spain sent 1000  
 ships to conquer England, the fleet was scat-  
 tered. Only 54 ships ever got back to Spain,  
 by going all the way around the British Isles.  
 Now one of the hundred ships that attempted  
 that long trip was the treasure ship, with  
 some millions in gold aboard. When she was  
 off the coast of Argyllshire, Scotland,  
 storms sent her into Tobermory Bay. The  
 admiral asked the Scotch for food and water.  
 One of the Campbell lairds dickered with the  
 Spaniards, and while he was on board it  
 struck him that they were willing to pay  
 rather high for what they wanted. So it was  
 that his Scotch nose smelled the gold on  
 board. He claimed the vessel for King James  
 of Scotland. The Spanish admiral's answer  
 was a lighted match to the magazine, and  
 Spaniards, spars, deck, Scottish laird and all  
 went up into the air, as the powder went off  
 with a noise that sounded like "bump" to the  
 astonished natives of Tobermory Bay.

### Argyll's Quest for Treasure

Not many years after the lords of Argyll  
 started to recover the gold. Men were sent  
 down in diving bells. From time to time  
 skulls and rusted cannon balls were raised,  
 but no gold. The sand creeps in so quickly.  
 It has already put most of the galleons out  
 of reach, by the way, but it's a mean thing  
 to say, for it only discourages men, and, who  
 knows, these may be invented some day soon  
 a plov that will turn up the hidden sands  
 as easily as if they were Kansas loam.  
 Two centuries passed. In recent years the  
 Duke of Argyll set to work in earnest to re-  
 cover the gold. New appliances and processes  
 were used, and after his death, two years ago,  
 his nephew, the present Duke, kept at it and  
 confidently expects to recover all.  
 In the days of Benjamin Franklin it was all  
 the order to hunt for buried treasure along

the banks of the Schuylkill River; up which  
 stream pirates used to bring their ships. Men  
 would bend over greasy and well-thumbed  
 charts at tables in the back parlors of coffee  
 houses and wine shops near Dock Creek and  
 then go out by moonlight across the woods  
 and fields that were on the site of the present  
 City Hall and vicinity to the river, where they  
 would dig for pirate gold. This practice got  
 on Franklin's nerves.

### Franklin Didn't Like It

"Fed with a vain hope of suddenly grow-  
 ing rich, they neglected their business."  
 "wonder through the woods and bushes by day  
 to discover mounds and signs; at midnight they  
 repair to the hopeful spots with spades. At  
 length a mighty hole is dug; but, alas! no keg  
 or iron pot is found. No seaman's chest  
 crammed with Spanish pistoles or weighty  
 pieces of eight. But how absurd it is to  
 neglect a certain profit for such a ridiculous  
 whimsey." This and other foolish things  
 wrote Franklin about these fine romantic peo-  
 ple and ended up with an unusually trite quo-  
 tation, which in this case was, "Never dig  
 more than plow deep."

The men who love gold and hunt it are  
 never misers. It is the beauty and romance  
 of it that lures them. And this is proved by  
 the facts of '49. For there never has been  
 more hard work done by an equal number of  
 men than was done in California between 1849  
 and 1855. If they had given half the amount  
 of skill, thought, ingenuity and elbow grease  
 to work in the cities of the East they would  
 have produced more gold than ever they got  
 in California. And when they got the gold  
 they squandered it; they made bullets of it  
 and more than one died with a golden bullet  
 in his heart. But most of them probably  
 thought it was finer to die with a golden bullet  
 in his heart in Eldorado with a chance of hav-  
 ing been rich than to live in assured wealth  
 without any heart at all.

### CONGRESS IS BUSY

Should any good American have doubts con-  
 cerning the activity of Congress in his behalf  
 he should turn to Vol. 53, No. 186, of the Con-  
 gressional Record, which is the official designa-  
 tion of the Record for Saturday, April 22. It  
 will be recalled that three days earlier the  
 President called both houses together and  
 warned them of the solemn hour before the  
 country in relation to the German crisis. The  
 response of the Congress was quick.

In the Senate Mr. Smith, of Michigan, pre-  
 sented a resolution from citizens of Sebewaing,  
 his home State, protesting against the shipment  
 of arms to a belligerent.  
 Mr. Weeks, of Massachusetts, presented a pe-  
 tition from sundry citizens of Worcester, Mass.,  
 praying for an increase in the dental corps of  
 the army.

Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, spoke feelingly  
 on the sugar repeal.  
 Senator Smoot, of Utah, also spoke feelingly  
 on the sugar repeal and said that the high cost  
 of sugar was due to conditions brought about  
 by the world war.

Let us turn to the House.  
 With some veiled reference to international  
 complications, a spirited debate on the ravages  
 of the Hessian fly was engaged in by several  
 members.

The Russian thistle and the grasshopper were  
 discussed by Messrs. Mondell and Hawley.  
 Mr. Baker said: "You can defend yourself  
 against a robin; you can defend yourself against  
 a bear; you can defend yourself against a  
 roaring lion or a tiger." Mr. Baker is of the  
 opinion that you cannot defend yourself  
 against the bite of a coyote.