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Philadelphia, Saturday, October 28, 1916.

Marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horsepond.—Thomas Love Peacock.

If his words were chocolate, Secretary Baker would get greater pleasure in eating them.

There is a legend to the effect that Mrs. O'Leary's cow started the great Chicago fire. Another O'Leary's bull seems to have caused somewhat of a conflagration.

One of the hardest blows Mr. Hughes has yet given to the President was contained in his statement that he would call about him the ablest Cabinet the country could furnish.

Rooms for 1200 Philadelphia Republicans have been engaged in Washington for March 3 and 4. This will have as much effect on the voting in November as the report that the Democrats are betting even money on Wilson.

Dean Holmes of the State College, who says that 375,000 school teachers are as happy as the married women, may be right, but he doubtless knows of some school teachers who would willingly say "Yes" if the right man asked them.

Hard times will not be a frequent occurrence in Argentina so long as she produces great-hearted statesmen like Doctor Irigoyen, President of the Republic, who has turned his \$100,000 salary back into the treasury. That fine example was set, by the way, by the First President of the United States.

Those Philadelphia exporters who refuse to be bluffed into withdrawing their support from the new Philadelphia-South American steamship line are showing the kind of spirit that will make the Delaware as nearly supreme as a river highway for international trade as it now is as a shipbuilding center.

He kept us out, etc., etc., must be amended. He says now we'll have to get into the next world war. Why? If, after this war, England unjustly assaults Germany, let us say, and all the rest of Europe pitches in, just why would we have to take sides? Mr. Wilson told his audience at Shadow Lawn two weeks ago that America would only fight in a fight that was American. But much may have happened in two weeks which cannot be divulged. It is necessary to be in a fighting mood sometimes.

"Unneutral" is a bit strong as a description of the action of American vessels in saving the lives of persons ordered into small boats by submarine commanders off our coast. Lord Beresford said the rescues, aiding and abetting the Germans, constituted a "shocking state of affairs." But this shocking state lasted only one day. No one will complain that American ships were lucky enough to be of service in saving noncombatants. The U-53 for some reason stopped sinking ships. There have been several reports that she has been sunk. Undoubtedly a repetition of her tactics should draw a statement from this Government that its warships are not to be counted on to supply the salvage service which submarines cannot provide for noncombatants.

Professor Muensterberg informs us that "without German Kultur no nation will be able to play a role in the great drama that is to take place after the war." The war, it seems, is just one of those little curtain raisers, not great drama. There is entirely too much implied in this ubiquitous bromide about "after the war." There is not much difference between conditions during and after a great war. Hurter cannot be rung off the stage by pressing the peace button. Ten years of our reconstruction was not much better than four years of war, nor much worse. And when it comes to drama, the trouble with reconstruction periods is that there is not drama enough, but only unconnected tragedies, a riot here, starvation there, injustice and misery everywhere on a dull level. A layer of German Kultur uniformly applied to Europe does not sound promising. Rumors will be more Russian than ever, Belgian more Belgian, after giving their all for the purpose of not becoming Germans.

All Secretary Baker has said about the border conspiracy seems to tell down to this, that he believes the Mexican bandits are possibly going on the rampage again. It would seem that the Secretary has been guilty of an amazing bit of stupidity. Rumors of the Administration's policy toward Mexico are "in no way" different from the attacks on us before the war. It is not down to us to make a policy, but to carry it out.

It is interesting to note that the price of meat is affected. The woolen mill men are interested because they want cheaper wool, which means cheaper clothing. But the rest of us are more deeply interested in cheaper meat. The State Department of Agriculture will have the sentiment of the whole Commonwealth behind it in its efforts to protect the sheep raisers if it will wage a campaign intended to show the relation between cheap food and the encouragement of the farmers to keep sheep.

tration's policy, but refugees Mexicans on the American side of the border. If there is "not the slightest political significance" in his statement, why make it? Mexicans who cross the Rio Grande to plot with bandits south of the river can be classified as bandits or worse than bandits. Such men could not be said to be in co-operation with bandits—they are bandits themselves. The Secretary meant to imply American "bandits." If he did not, why warn the Mexican bandits in the border town? Why not arrest them or drive them back into Mexico? If an English Cabinet officer wanted to warn England against spies, would he say "enemies of the Asquith Government are in co-operation with Germany"? Not if he wanted to hold his job.

PROPAGANDA, PROPERTY AND PROPS

IF A man has some scheme to revolutionize the world, whether it be single tax, socialism or birth control, his belief that he is the victim of a plot to suppress him grows in proportion to the unpopularity of his message. The newspapers somehow or other won't hand over to him their first pages. It's all so simple to him. Just look at it! Tax the land and not the buildings, and presto, all will be well. Give the Government the railroads and the wheat fields, and there you are. And while you're giving the Government all possible power, why, just take away some of its power to stop speeches and tracts on little things like birth control, inciting to riot, etc.

There's the rub! The propagandists haven't any teamwork. While they're putting one big prop under the Government they're pulling out another. Yet the whole mass of their emphatic purposes is lumped as Radicalism, whether its parts refute each other or not. On the same shelf in the radical bookshop you will find a treatise proving that the home, the family and the children are imperiled by property rights, and another proving that the home, the family and the children aren't good things to have, and that divorce and all other decentralizing libertarianisms should have full play. It recalls the liberal-minded Duke in Chesterton's play, "Magie," who gave his contribution to the movement to close the saloons and the same amount to the movement to keep the saloons open.

All radicals do not want to let things happen. Many of them want things stopped. The radicals of various new-freedom twists talk as if the good part of the world always fight to set something free. But what most great men have fought for is to stop something. The first French Republic very clearly fought to stop the monarchy, and while it dethroned one god it pitilessly forced knees to bend to another, Reason. What is it that is to be set free—dirt, dust, greed, smoke, disease, lawless desires? They're free now. Some new teacher will worry because the youth are not allowed to read her book on sex and not mind a bit that a saloon gapes at every corner to let the youth go as far as they like.

About a million men will vote for the Socialist candidate next month. Yet they talk as if they were being suppressed by a conspiracy of silence on the part of the newspapers. If a million men all used one kind of razor, that razor's sale would grow. Use is advertisement. So is belief. The amazing thing is that the Socialist vote has not grown more rapidly, since Socialists are so much more enthusiastic about their party than the pious Democrats and Republicans are about theirs.

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Every time a dog kills a sheep on a Pennsylvania farm or on a farm in any of the Eastern States where sheep raising is a side issue of general farming, the price of meat is affected. The woolen mill men are interested because they want cheaper wool, which means cheaper clothing. But the rest of us are more deeply interested in cheaper meat. The State Department of Agriculture will have the sentiment of the whole Commonwealth behind it in its efforts to protect the sheep raisers if it will wage a campaign intended to show the relation between cheap food and the encouragement of the farmers to keep sheep.

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Tom Daly's Column

THE VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday it seems there are a few Who look for these remarks of mine to learn what news is new, An' since it's Thursday morning now 'way out here in St. Lou, I've got to get a hustle on an' rush my poem through.

I'm sitting in my modest room—328, the Planters— When suddenly into my brain this fear-some notion came: "Suppose—oh, heavens! what a thought!— suppose it should befall This city has no Chestnut street an' hence no news at all."

I struggle to the telephone. A calm, sweet voice says, "Well?" An' then I hear her peary ear my horrid fears I tell.

"Say, listen!" she at length replies, "the fact is, I'm leaving at noon. So if you've got some stuff to send you'd better write it soon. Instead o' 'twasht' so much time o' standin' there and gasin'—"

"What's that?" Oh, yes, I know you're queer, but I might say in passin' You ain't the first I ever met; ice often get a guest out.

An' answerin' your question, "Have we got a street called Chestnut?" You bet we have—say! look here, don't kid me, man, dog-gone it— You're not? An' honest, didn't y' know that this hotel is on it?

"That's what it is! Why if you lift your window an' look out You'll learn much more about the street than I can tell about—"

Except you might not notice it that there's a store quite handy Where gents may purchase dandy that is positively dandy."

I hurried to the window then, and what she said was true, For there below was Chestnut street spread out before my view! So, when it comes a Saturday, let this inform the few

That very much the sort o' folks that we're accustomed to, Including cute an' pretty girls, are here in old St. Lou.

An' even here on Chestnut street, the same old news is new.

Tom Daly, of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, will be the principal speaker at the City Club noon dinner today. He will deliver a short address, entitled "The Confessions of a Sky-light." William Marion Reedy will render the introductory remarks.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

We knew it! We'd have been willing to bet some reporter or compositor would fall through that "stylistic" of Bill Reedy's.

REY. FOREST E. DAGGER, of St. Paul's Church, at Broad and Venango, is an ardent Izaak Waltonite. His friend and neighbor, H. L. Dobson, recently presented him with a set of verses dealing with the coming of various folk to the peary gate, and here are three stanzas:

Then came one with eager countenance shining, His eyes were so bright 'neath heaven's wains; No fear his eyes nor aught of repining— "Twere the best-loved pastor of dear old Saint Paul's."

With jubilate smile he told of the pleasure, In fact he told of a burden and turmoil and pain; "But let us get them all, the joy beyond measure, 'Was just to see fishing with some of my boys."

"Enough," cried Saint Peter, with eyes brightly shining, In fact he told of a burden and turmoil and pain; "For I, my dear friend, was a fisherman, too."

Bachelor (Maid) Bereavements TO EDWARD: Too long my tender heart you've bleed; Speak up my silent, six years steady; Oh, dearest Ed, you're almost wed, And ready is quite near to Eddis.

IONA HART. Honest, Ernest, Thou who churrest Female feelings of the sternest, If my love thou but returnest I don't care how quick thou sprunest Bachelor Hall, where thou sojourneest. What care I how much thou earnest, Or how little, if thou learnest All my visions are in earnest!

SALLY. A Ghost Years ago—maybe twenty-five—I lived in a small town, and that town had its famous theater. He was very old, he was very rich, he had fought all through the Civil War and had been a dardvild, courageous, but a severe and heartless commander. He lived on raw whiskey and raw ale, but he carried his whiskey well. His nose was large naturally, and its size had been increased enormously. Its smoothness entirely eliminated any color, and he was proud of his great size, and carried and brushed it carefully. His eyes were unlimbed, though the lids had sagged a bit under his enormous eyebrows. His hat was always a large gray felt. He wore a flowing coat with white and black and always a black and white check. He had no family, living alone except for his housekeeper, who was generally supposed to be no better than she should be—though I am inclined to think the matter unwarranted scandal.

He drove two horses, so old that we were told they had been in the war with England, and he was very fond of them. He said that at each election he led the ducky to the polls and made him vote the straight Republican ticket at the point of a pistol. I think that must have been a boy's tale.

We were terribly afraid of him. We always crossed the street when we passed his house, and if we saw him coming we hid behind hedges or ran away. He never did anything to us; perhaps it was his very aspect or the huge walking stick he carried that frightened those and the stories we had heard of him.

He died, and we all stood round the church and were terribly pleased that some one had loked the old rascal at last.

And yesterday I met him walking down Chestnut street.

SO MANY people seem to have seen that sign calling for "laboring men to shovel coal up State in Penna." that the boy's probably flitted by this time.

What is a Man? Take the word "Humbug" as a dictionary; breathe into it the breath of life; give it a suit of clothes, a soft felt hat and a cane, also a package of cigarettes and then turn it loose on Chestnut street. That is a man.

I ALWAYS SAID THAT REPUBLICAN TICKET WAS A FROST!



ENGLAND NOT YET READY FOR PEACE

Europe Must Be Freed from the Menace of a Commerce Used as a Pretext for Espionage—And the British Want Control of the Sea

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES

LONDON, Oct. 13.—The fact that England will not be able to throttle Germany after the war is one of the most compelling reasons for continuing the war until that process will be unnecessary. I am balked by the fact that the men in England who say the most important things are the men whose names must not be given. But, even if the following were not said by a man widely known as a scholar and historian, and now making a fine name for himself in another field, it would be worth thinking about. We were talking about a "war after the war" when he said:

"It's all rubbish. There has never been a peace in Europe that was not a peace because it was a peace. It is not the peace that is the problem. It is the fact that the men in England who say the most important things are the men whose names must not be given. But, even if the following were not said by a man widely known as a scholar and historian, and now making a fine name for himself in another field, it would be worth thinking about. We were talking about a "war after the war" when he said:

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The Northeast Corner

Kiddie Stuff III THE PRAYER OF THE LITTLE UNPOTTED CHICKEN Oh Lord, look down upon Thy little chick, Thy little chick, please, to be a little more quick; But things they happen awful fast and quick; It's hard to do the very best I can. My mother's aim is just to set and set, And 'round her babies keep her feathers curled; But let me grow to Rooster Grandness soon, And keep myself unpotted from the world.

Prof. Hugo Muensterberg, the Harvard psychologist, says that he has had a reliable authority that the czar was born in spring. We may not be a superstitious people, but we've been guessing the date of his birth for several weeks.

Roscoe Baylis, accompanied by a crowd of Bill Sharkey and Carter—went to the depot the other day to see good-bye to Colonel Sam Hagy, who was going to Oklahoma to bust up a whole lot of people. Hagy's territory with Mr. F. D. D. Prout's celebrated daughter, Miss Prout, was one of his peculiarly peculiar, unusual suits of pinstriped, and Bill Sharkey suggested that if Hagy were paid by the law, Indians all he had to do was shake 'em the suit and they'd be scared to death.

The Jackson, Mich. Press is responsible for this statement: "Unable to obtain men to aid him in harvesting, Fred Harris, a farmer living near Pukwana, S. D., engaged four services of four of the neighborhood girls, who shocked all of his small grain crops. If Fred has any more small grain crops and will 'take 'em for a walk up Fifth avenue in New York, he will have a few days ago about the time all the neighborhood girls were out for an airing—'airing' is right.

A. K. W.—A letter of introduction is a letter which brings complications from well-meaning but misinformed friends.

"Is Bally much of a golfer?" "Well, I don't know that I'd say he was all that, but he's a good pedestrian."

A Montana couple have invented and patented a combination bathtub and toilet. This should prove useful. Yet it might be rather distressing to the inventor, if he should turn in the water before removing his clothing from the trunk or, as the other hand, attempt to bathe in the clothing without turning on the water.

GITTELSON SOLOIST WITH ORCHESTRA

Young Violinist Proves His Claim to Consideration—The Orient as a Background

It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. Stokowski in a double way for his concert in the Academy yesterday, for the program was balanced with exquisite taste and variety. It has never been heard in this country. Besides, it was a concert in which the orchestra's playing in all three instances measured up to the demands of the composer. That is rarely. When it is added that young virtuoso of soloist quality was the soloist, the reader may justly conclude that it was a notable occasion. In it, fullness had no part.

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