Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published daily at PUBLIC LEDGER Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

LEDGER CENTRAL.....Broad and Chestnut Streets
ATLANTIC CITY.....Press-Union Building
NEW YORK.....206 Metropolitan Tower
DETROIT.....826 Ford Building
ST. LOUIS.....409 Globe-Democrat Building
CHICAGO.....1202 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS:
WASHINGTON BUREAU.....Ellicott Building
NEW YORK BUREAU.....The Times Building
BERLIN BUREAU.....60 Friedrichstrasse
LONDON BUREAU.....Marconi House, Strand
PARIS BUREAU.....32 Rue Louis le Grand

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

The EVENING LEDGER is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier.

By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month. Six ($6) dollars per year, payable in advance.

To all foreign countries one ($1) dollar per month.

NOTICE—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR DECEMBER WAS 119,816

Philadelphia, Tuesday, January 30, 1917.

A New York hotel porter has just died, leaving an estate worth $100,000. He never sought to abolish tipping.

A Camden widow is said to be advertising for a Texas husband. Is she disenchanted with all the men near home?

Wouldn't it be taking away their constitutional rights to insist that Mexicans should take a bath before entering the United States?

Mayor sacrificing $8000 a year to serve the city, he says.—Headline.

Does he mean us to infer that he is joining with the rest of us in regretting that he accepted the office?

Francis Shunk Brown has set the example of reimbursing the State for his personal expenses which he had permitted it to pay. Now let's see who will join in the game of "follow the leader."

Samuel Gompers celebrated last night the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage and of his devotion to labor, a conjunction of anniversaries the significance of which most married men will understand and appreciate.

The Walnut Street Business Association suggests a statue of Jefferson on an island of safety in the widened Seventh street at the corner of Market, which seems peculiarly appropriate, as the Declaration of Independence was a sort of safety device fashioned to float the Colonies through their sea of troubles.

It is estimated that the Government spent $2,000,000 which it could have saved if it had a force of properly trained men to order to the Mexican border last summer. This is part of the $200,000,000 which the watchful waiting Mexican policy has cost us, as well as part of the penalty for unpreparedness.

Nobody took the Colonel seriously, of course, but until his latest best seller appeared, "The Curse of Meroz or The Blood King's Revenge," people were inclined to think he was getting hopelessly grouchy. Now that he can quote Scripture and the poets again in the old jaunty campaign style we can feel that he has recovered his good humor.

James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, says that many of the orders for munitions now placed in this country provide that should their fulfillment be interrupted by the close of the war delivery will be taken in an equivalent amount of material for peaceful purposes. This statement had a much greater significance prior to the Kaiser's birthday.

Immigration Commissioner Caminetti asks the women of the United States to join him in trying to solve the servant question. There's nothing better in such cases than practical experience, and Mrs. Caminetti should give him a chance to discharge the cook at the first necessary opportunity, then he will find out on which side of the "uplift" he wishes the women of the United States to join him.

William S. Bowen was appointed as superintendent of the City Hall from the eligible list of the Civil Service Commission. He has been removed summarily without any definite knowledge of the charges against him. The laws regulating appointments in the civil service were passed to prevent just this sort of thing. They do not seem to work that way. Mr. Bowen says he will demand a hearing. He should have it in order that the spoilsmen may be forced into the open and put on record.

Any fool with money enough to buy an automobile is allowed under the laws of this State to take his place in the driver's seat without any previous experience and run the machine through the crowded streets. If he maims a pedestrian or collides with another car the police magistrates will let him off with a nominal fine, and he can continue his career of reckless destruction. But a man does not have to own money enough to buy a car to get this privilege of endangering the lives of others. For a nominal fee he can get a chauffeur's license and drive his father's car, and no one seems to care whether he knows anything about the machine or not. Under this rule of unreason more than a hundred lives were sacrificed in the streets of this city last year, and the work of killing and maiming is going on as usual. Word comes from Harrisburg, however, that the Highway Department is about to ask the General Assembly to pass a law requiring that every operator shall demonstrate his ability to handle a car before he is permitted to drive it. It is about time that such a law was passed. There are other provisions in the proposed statutes, but the public is most deeply interested in this one. The responsible and careful automobile owners ought to be interested in it also, for no man who has invested from one to five thousand dollars in a car can enjoy the prospect of a collision with an inexperienced joy driver who is reckless enough to go out on the road in an engine of destruction which he does not know enough to control.

DON'T YOU SEE THE GAME?

TWO vested interests so important to their owners as the Penrose-McNichol system and the Vare system cannot afford to fight to a finish. Two great railroad systems do not fight to a finish. Two trusts cannot hurl the epithet "Trust!" at each other to the point of a complete showdown. There are many millions involved—Penrose railroad and money interests, McNichol and Vare contract interests. Money sings sweet and low, and in harmony, though politicians may rant and execrate in apparent discords.

It is too soon to say that the reported agreement on amendments to the Sproul investigating resolution by the Penrose and Vare forces, with Brumbaugh consenting, will culminate in a whitewash for both the Governor's personal financial arrangements and the senior Senator's methods of getting re-elected. But it is not too soon to say that the Vares are not going to let a little thing like Doctor Brumbaugh's shattered career cripple them permanently. No investigation can actually injure any one's reputation, because the reputations of all concerned are so damaged that without their political organizations they would be powerless to do the State any more harm than they have done.

While supporting him, the Vares are fairly innocent of responsibility for Brumbaugh. What it comes to is that Penrose and the Vares are taking turns throwing the baseball at the Brumbaughian baby—Penrose openly and the Vares slandestinely by being too mild in his defense to divert the attention of the populace from themselves. They believe they can keep the people's minds on the technical questions of gubernatorial expense accounts and spectacular factional counter-charges. They believe this diversion will make the people forget to study the movements for a Penrose-Vare harmony of some kind which will assure a continuation of the Penrose-McNichol system's profits and of the Vare system's profits.

It is the lesson of history, in our politics, that whenever some particularly abominable steal is projected in a legislature the politicians first distract popular attention from their hidden plans by just the kind of sensationalism that is now resorted to, and that rule may easily apply to the present session of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

And so, no matter what startling factional explosions shall day by day and month by month be heard in this merry war, this sham battle, remember that this is the game, the big game. Keep your eye on it. Look sharp, gentlemen; the hand is quicker than the eye!

VICTORIES—OR ARGUMENTS?

TELLING blows by the Allies on five fronts made a ready argument for war-to-a-finish men. Ever since the German peace offer and the President's note started the float of peace talk they have had a hard time answering pacifists in belligerent and neutral countries who have been repeating this hard saying: "It would be criminal to sacrifice a million lives in a spring offensive if we can get no better terms next summer than we can get now."

"Victories" in the field or in the exaggerating headlines of London newspapers are what they wanted, and they got what they wanted to quiet the pacifists—until the German lines stiffened and even scored some "victories" on their own account. But can any of these successes on either side be considered a victory unless it develops the proportions of the Somme drive? That drive was impressive, but since it stopped its importance has gradually been diminished as the heavy loss of French and English lives which it cost became known.

BAKER'S BELATED DISCOVERY

BERNARD N. BAKER, who resigned from the Shipping Board when it was intimated to him that the President wished William Denman to be made its chairman, placed too great store by an empty honor.

If he had read the act creating the board he would have discovered that its real chairman is the President of the United States and that the members of the board itself are little more than clerks.

The law says that the board may, "with the approval of the President," construct ships suitable for use in the marine trade and that it may lease these ships on terms and conditions "approved by the President." It further gives to the President power to take for public use any vessel leased by the board, if in his opinion an emergency exists, and it places in the hands of the President the final authority to decide when and how the corporation to be formed to build or operate ships shall be created. And the President must consent to the issue of bonds for the building and purchase of ships before they can be issued.

And the law fixes the salary of the members at $7500 a year and forbids them to engage actively in any other occupation.

Service on the board will be attractive to men who like to work under such conditions. Mr. Baker has discovered that the conditions are not such as he is willing to submit to. We shall soon know whether Mr. Denman, the San Francisco admiralty lawyer, is so well pleased with them that he will be content to give up his practice for the small emoluments and the restricted powers of the office.

HOW TO ESCAPE BANKRUPTCY

The Federal Trade Commission Lays Down Some Rules for the Guidance of Retail Merchants

ONE of the most prevalent misconceptions is that business men know when they are making money. The wage-earners, who constitute the most numerous group of the population, entertain it. This is not remarkable, because they see all the evidences of money coming in, and on the strength of it they make frequent demands for higher pay and shorter hours. The business men themselves entertain it until circumstances prove them mistaken. There are figures, accessible to those who wish to search for them, which show what a large proportion of men who set up for themselves think for a time that they are making a profit. They learn through the bankruptcy court how little they knew about their own affairs. The financial mortality of American business men is greater than that of new-born babies in the slums.

Let no one suppose that it is only the little man who is ignorant of the relation between the cost of conducting his business and the return which it produces. Mr. Redfield, the Secretary of Commerce, has said again and again that there are very few great manufacturing plants in which there are trustworthy data as to the cost of production. Business is done by the rule of thumb. Guesses take the place of certainties, and insolvency is prevented only because the margin of profit is sufficient to yield an apparent surplus over expenses and to delude the manufacturer into the belief that he is making money.

Uncle Sam, Schoolmaster

If any one had asked Andrew Jackson whether it was the duty of the Government to teach business men how to do business, the sturdy Tennessean would have brought his fist down on the table with a shout:

"By the Eternal! No!"

But times have changed and conceptions of the mission of government have changed with them. The Department of Agriculture is one of the greatest experimental laboratories in the world, maintained for the purpose of teaching American farmers how to get the most out of the land. If a tobacco grower in Lancaster County wants to know what fertilizer to use to increase the yield of his fields, all he has to do is to send a sample of the soil to Washington with a request for the information he seeks. Government chemists will analyze the soil, discover what ingredients are lacking and write him a letter telling him what chemicals are necessary and in what proportions.

The Federal Trade Commission, created for an entirely different purpose, has taken upon itself the task of teaching retail merchants and manufacturers how to find out whether they are doing business at a profit. In pursuit of this end it has issued two pamphlets, one called "Fundamentals of a Cost System for Manufacturers" and the other "A System of Accounts for Retail Merchants." In the introduction to the latter it says that the "commission has found that the majority of retail merchants do not know accurately the cost of conducting their business, and for this reason they are unable to price their goods intelligently. There must be decided improvement in this direction before competition can be placed upon a sound basis and before we can expect a decrease in the heavy business death rate among retail merchants."

The pamphlet, prepared by an expert accountant, contains a detailed explanation of a system of keeping books which will show the exact state of the business at any time. It tells what items to enter and how to enter them so plainly that any one with an elementary knowledge of bookkeeping can understand the explanation. And what is of greater importance, it explains that the business man whose books are so kept that he can show the banks that he is solvent and prosperous will find it much easier to borrow money when he needs it than if he is unable to show the banker a detailed profit and loss statement.

How to Figure a Profit

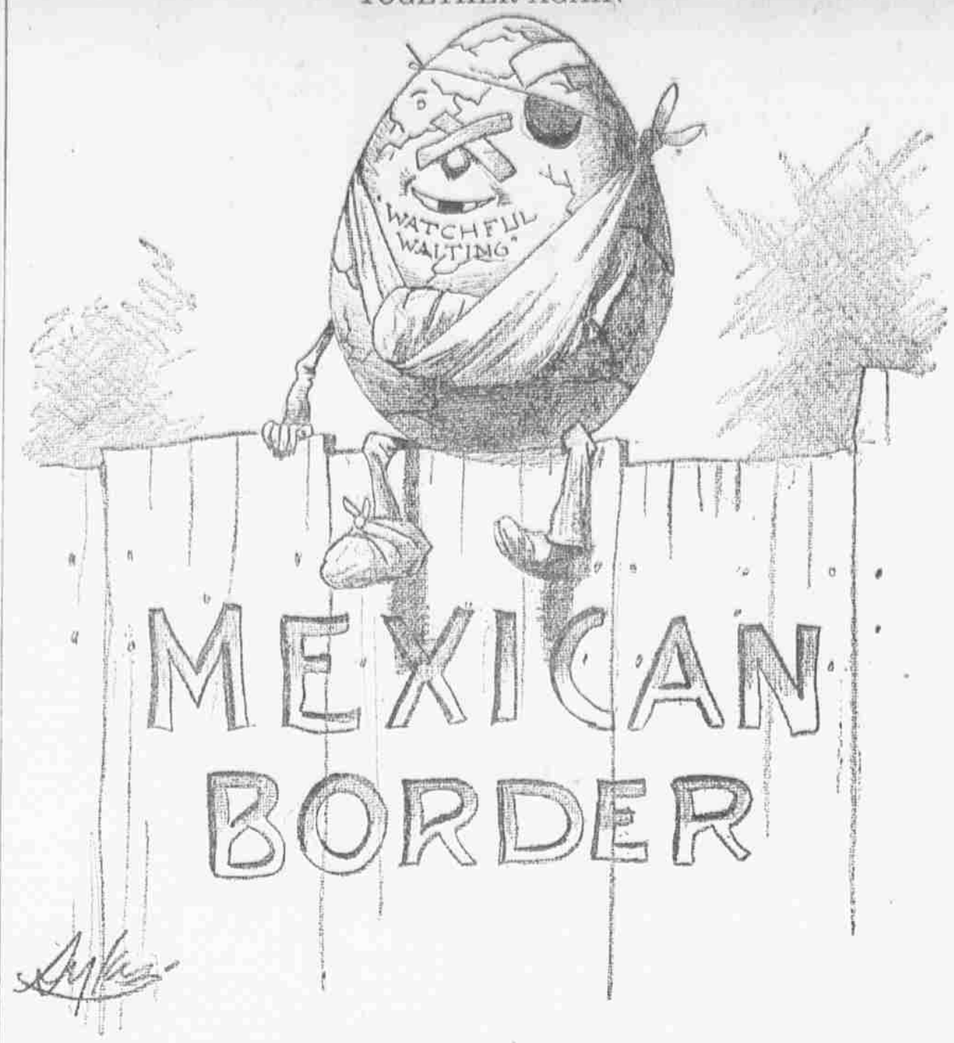
Now for some of the specific suggestions made. A merchant is told that he cannot price his goods properly unless he knows just what his overhead charges are. For instance, if his annual sales are $25,000 and the expense of conducting his business is $5000, his overhead charges amount to twenty per cent. If he adds to this per cent the percentage of profit which he desires to make and deducts the total from 100 he will have the proper percentage which the invoice cost should bear to the selling price. Then if he divides the invoice cost by this percentage he will find the proper price at which he should sell an article. For example, if his overhead charges are twenty per cent and he wishes to make ten per cent profit he must subtract thirty per cent from 100, leaving seventy per cent. Then by dividing $1, the cost of a given article, by seventy per cent he will discover that he must sell the article for $1.43 in order to make the profit he wishes.

A sample profit and loss statement for a monthly business of a little less than $5000 is given which should be most illuminating to the man who has never made such an analysis of his income and outgo. Here are the principal headings from it:

		Per cent	Per cent
Net sales.....	$4,657.98		100
Net cost of goods sold	3,301.70		70.9
Gross profit.....	1,356.28		29.1
Buying expenses...	39.00	0.8	
Selling expenses...	211.08	2.4	
Delivery expenses..	110.75	4.5	
General expenses...	436.74	9.2	
Total general expense	787.57		16.9
Net profit.....	568.69		12.2

The business man who is in the habit of analyzing his receipts and expenses in this way has nothing to learn from the pamphlet. There must be tens of thousands of business men, however, who have never acquired the habit, or the Federal Trade Commission, which has authentic information on business practices, would not have thought it worth while going to the trouble of giving elementary instruction to the people.

TOGETHER AGAIN



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Liquor Selling in the District of Columbia—Suffragists Working in Harmony—"God Bless You"

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters must be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WHAT IS FAIR PLAY FOR LIQUOR?

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—We are informed in your columns that D. Clarence Gibboney, president of the Law and Order Society, in communications sent to all members of Congress, denounces the passage of a bill for prohibition in the District of Columbia without the approval of a majority of the residents. Whom does he represent in this action, the Law and Order Society or the liquor dealers? Does he forget that the District of Columbia is the capital of the United States and that every Congressman is the representative of that capital? And it is not a question for the residential District of Columbia population alone to settle. "The bill contemplates destroying even the spirit of home rule with the iron hand of autocracy," says Mr. Gibboney. Has there ever been a power greater on earth to destroy the home rule than the power of rum? Thousands of families can attest this, whose homes have been disrupted.

Now, the liquor dealer comes through a representative of the Law and Order Society and pleads for fair play. We fancy if he really received it his business would be wiped out forever, without compensation or remuneration. Let him have fair play, by all means, a boon he has failed to give the families of his victims from time immemorial.

The trend of public opinion is strongly against the sale of the stuff that "steals away men's brains," and if the liquor dealer is wise he will see the clouds gathering that foretode evil and destruction to his business, and get out of the abominable trade while the walking is good.

WILLIAM H. SAILOR.
Philadelphia, January 27.

"GOD BLESS YOU, GOVERNOR"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I was in reality much impressed by your timely editorial, "He Fell Among Thieves," for it spoke the plain facts as they undoubtedly were and are. There was no man at the University of Pennsylvania thirteen years ago, while Brumbaugh was one of the faculty of the pedagogical department, that would not cease breathing were it the desire of our present State head. There was no man three years back who would dare object to any of the "superintendent of schools'" suggestions.

There are men today who still have faith in him. True he did fall into bad company, yet it is not too late to come back to the hearts of his idolizers. As I said to Doctor Brumbaugh, as I grasped his hand while at the Capitol Wednesday, I now repeat openly: "You are all right, Governor, and may God bless you!"

A. LINCOLN MEYERS.
Philadelphia, January 27.

WOMEN WORKING IN HARMONY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I was one of the Philadelphia suffragists who went to Washington on the 24th of this month, and my first glimpse of the activities in the "Little White House," as the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage headquarters in Washington is called, crystallized in my mind the thought that "there is an organization that is not properly appreciated by the general public."

The Congressional Union was organized by women to promote women's interests in the affairs of the nation. The office force, which sometimes runs as high as fifty workers, is composed entirely of women; the very efficient weekly magazine is edited by women and the correspondents are all women. And, most of all, the Union is supported by women (mostly—though there are a few male sympathizers) from all over the country; twenty-five cents from one, a dollar from another and a little more from a more affluent member. When it is generally known that over $200,000 has been raised by this union during the last three years, and the greater part of that during the last year, it must be admitted that the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage stands as a mighty monument to the efficiency and co-operation of the women of the twentieth century.

It has long been a standing joke among the men that women could never work in harmony, nor without a certain amount of backbiting and criticism of each other. Let the most critical person in the United States spend one day at headquarters, as I did, and observe the organized bustle and hum of the stationing of pickets, the directing of the office work, and the smiles of welcome and the hearty handclasp of good fellowship that pervade the entire assemblage, and he will have, as I had, an awed admiration and appreciation for the women of the United States.

MRS. GUIDO VON HORVATH.
Philadelphia, January 27.

SYRIAN WRITES ABOUT TURKEY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Being a Syrian and, unfortunately, a Turkish subject, my attention was attracted by a short article written by "Fairplay" under the heading "England and the Turk." "Fairplay" expresses the belief that England intended to "civilize Turkey by humane methods." I do not share the ideas of "Fairplay." England has always proved to be the protector of Turkey against Russian aggression, and this attitude of England toward Turkey was merely political. England did not like to see the Russian Bear take hold of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and, by doing this, "disturb the balance of the Powers."

Although England never encouraged Turkey to the massacres of Armenians, as well as Syrians, yet it never took any measures to prevent Turkey from doing this. It did not intend to "civilize Turkey by humane methods"; it did not wish to press on the Sultan for fear he might change his policy toward England. And the attitude of England, as well as that of the other nations of Europe (except Russia), encouraged the Sultan to repeat the massacres of the hated Armenians and Syrians.

HADDAD.
Philadelphia, January 26.

WHEN KINGS DIFFER

Now we have it on the authority of none other than the Czar of all the Russias that the Kaiser is a beaten man. Unfortunately, the Kaiser doesn't recognize the authority.—Providence Tribune.

All Points of the Compass

Rubaiyat of a Commuter

XLII

I sent my Soul the Village Main Street through
Some Letters of the Social Life to view,
And by and by my Soul came back and said:
"Y. M. C. A. and W. C. T. U."

Casuals of the Day's Work

XXVI

Out in Chicago the other day they were holding a bazaar or something of that sort in an endeavor to raise money for the relief of the women and children who are left behind when folks go to war. We have seen a lot of that in the last two years and more, and we are destined to see still more of it, but that is by the way. What will be will be, and if we shall be called upon to do what elemental sympathy calls on us to do—well, it will be done, but underlying it all there comes, sometimes, a note of tragedy which turns itself into a pean of joy in that the child spirit can never grow old.

In the Chicago bazaar auction there was offered the manuscript of Eugene Field's verses of "Little Boy Blue." These were written in the poet's most exquisite hand, the first flooding of the inspiration which brought into being the eternal parent love as expressed in verse to a man who knew, if anybody ever did, what it might be made to mean.

In the offering of this manuscript by auction somebody paid a thousand dollars for it, possibly more, it is to be hoped. It was written in April of 1888, and published in the first number of "America." Mr. Slason Thompson, who gave the manuscript for sale for the benefit of orphaned babies, tells of a certain change which was made in the original copy by the phrasing of a single line. Originally it was written: "They never have seen our Little Boy Blue." In the print it appeared as "What has become of our Little Boy Blue." The change was excellent, as to rhythm and as to suggestive meaning, and now comes the answer. If Eugene Field, in whatever Elysium he may be presently roaming, could look back and see how the little verses have weathered the storms of thirty years, carrying always the delicacy of his thought of children, his love of the things which are close to the green earth, his eternal optimism, and his belief in the ultimate proof of the law of compensation, he might be vastly pleased, and happier in the thought that a single sheet of paper on which he had written the verses had given a thousand dollars for the help of the babies who are unknowingly struggling through a world tragedy.

"What has become of the Little Boy Blue?"

We know, now. He has come back with his heart of overwhelming childhood, which can never die, to do what he can to help the other Little Boys Blue. Their fathers "kissed them and left them there" to go and fight for the freedom of little children, and the Little Boy Blue who kissed his toy soldiers and left them to fight, has appeared again in his youth spirit.

He is helping.

And that is a very great thing to do.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

1. What is Ceitlinje?
2. Spell the name of New York's Mayor.
3. What is roque?
4. Who is Dario Resta?
5. What is the rupee?
6. What is the S. D. U. K.?
7. Where is the "Pearl of the Antilles"?
8. What is a "tauchboot"?
9. Who wrote "The Jumping Frog"?
10. What are "witch eggs"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Concordia was the Roman peace goddess.
2. This country has 55,931 postoffices.
3. "Zona libre" is Spanish for "free zone."
4. Nectar is the food of bees.
5. The Hoosac Tunnel is in Massachusetts.
6. England holds the polo challenge cup.
7. Walter H. Page is our Ambassador to England.
8. Postmaster Thornton was appointed in 1913.
9. Cuba's population is 2,500,000.
10. In 1916 11,000 books were published.

National Flowers

T. S. W.—The national floral emblem of France is the fleur-de-lis; of England, the rose. Spain has no official floral emblem, although the carnation is supposed to be the most popular flower. The United States has no national flower, but efforts have been made to have the abundant goldenrod adopted. The public school children of Alabama, Kentucky, Missouri and Nebraska have adopted it officially as the State flower. Georgia, Iowa, North Dakota and New York have adopted various kinds of roses. Other flowers, including the violet, bitter root, rhododendron and mountain laurel, have been chosen by other States. The flower most associated with the Confederate States probably was the magnolia blossom.

Doctor Osler's Challenge

W. A. L.—The famous challenge of Doctor Osler to the anti-vaccinationists, which was published in the American Magazine, was as follows: "A great deal of literature has been distributed casting discredit upon the value of vaccination in the prevention of smallpox. I do not see how any one who has gone through epidemics, as I have, or who is familiar with the history of the subject and who has any capacity left for clear judgment can doubt its value. Some months ago I was twitted by the editor of the Journal of the Anti-Vaccination League for 'a curious silence' on this subject. I would like to issue a Mount Carmel-like challenge to any ten unvaccinated priests of Baal. I will go into the next fever epidemic with ten selected vaccinated persons and ten selected unvaccinated persons. I should prefer to choose the latter—three members of Parliament, three anti-vaccination doctors, if they could be found, and four anti-vaccination propagandists. And I will make this promise: Neither to jeer nor to jibe when they catch the disease, but to look after them as brothers, and for the four or five who are certain to die I will try to arrange the funerals with all the pomp and ceremony of an anti-vaccination demonstration."

"Fair Pennsylvania"

W. T. C.—The lines you refer to are part of the poem, "The New Pastoral."

Fair Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
Lying 'twixt hills of green and bound afar
By billowing mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye.
There Labor sows and reaps his sure reward,
And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And perfume of full garners.

They were written by Thomas Buchanan Read (1822-72), an artist, sculptor and poet, of Chester County, Pa.

Coal Prices

MRS. A. A. S.—Every coal dealer in the city, according to custom, raises the price of coal in the winter, the stated object being to stimulate summer buying. This winter the prices were made higher than usual. We could not publish in this column the prices of the various firms.

Business Ciphers

W. H. U.—There are many different cipher systems employed by business houses to indicate in code the cost and sometimes the selling prices of articles without revealing the profits. Each firm, of course, endeavors to devise a secret code. Usually a word or phrase of ten different letters is used, each letter corresponding to a numeral, e. g., BLACKHORSE, with X as a repeater. If this is the cipher, BKA would indicate that the article cost $1.63; LEX, $2.

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

HERE is a neat little problem for the merchant with honest scales. Who can tell what is the lowest possible number of pounds that can be weighed by both troy and avoirdupois?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

THE river was exactly 1760 yards wide.

Tom Daly's Column

Anniversary Ballade

When I was young I loved a lass
And dreamed of her the livelong day;
We watched the fickle seasons pass
And thought our love would live for aye.
Since then I've wandered far astray
With many a maid in many a glen,
But this I know, and this I say:
First rapture ne'er returns again!

When I was young I trudged the street
At early morn, when skies were gray,
To sell the papers on my beat
And never knew a holiday.
And though I've now a vast array
Of checks and gold and notes of ten,
It's not so much as my first pay;
First rapture ne'er returns again!

A year ago I dared to send
A simple, little roundelay
That somehow landed at the end,
And made me feel absurdly gay.
Since then I've risen all the way
But never felt as glad as when
I landed on that Saturday;
First rapture ne'er returns again!

L'ENVOI

Prince, though their Life and Work and Play
And Love are ever new to men,
Who, singing, enter in the fray;
First rapture ne'er returns again!

WILL LOU.

THE GALLEY SLAVE at the next desk, taking up the cudgels for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, declares we should not listen to any exposure of its alleged faults because it's the best work of its sort on sale in this country. The more shame to us, then, say we. Why haven't we produced an American encyclopedia wherein the Eagle is given unlimited opportunities to scream? We used to have an American encyclopedia in this town, but he went to New York several years ago. His name is Dr. Talcott Williams. There is a story that once upon a time a party of conspirators at a local club framed up a scheme to get the Doctor into the fireside circle and then begin a discussion of "Grass Cultivation," a subject upon which all of them had previously boned up. The Doctor not only held his own in the discussion, but dragged in a bunch of curious grass from South America of which none of the conspirators had ever heard.

BUT TO RETURN to those "four men in the club car * * * who were able to talk of a variety of subjects" because they read the same encyclopedia, we seem to remember an ambitious gent whose mind was of that turn. Some time ago we wrote of him:

Speak not weeth Dagoman dat sweep da street;
He ees too domb, Signor.
All sense he got ees een hees han's an' feet,
Jus' dat an' notheeng more.
You laugh for hear heem talk an' mak' meestak',
But, com', eef you would see
How smart som' Dago ees seet down an' mak'
Som leetla talk weeth me.
Com', let us talk of wisa theengs we know.
So, now I weell baygeen:
Ees eet not strange, my frand, how aardvarks grow
An' keep from gettin' theen?
Eet mus' be tough for eatin' ants an' sooch
So like dese aard-varks do;
You bat my life, I would no like eet mooch,
Nor more, I s'pose, would you—
Wa't? "Aard-vark?" Sure! Eh, wa't ees dat you say?
Som'theeng you nevva heard?
O' yes, "a-a-r-d-v-a-r-k";
Dat's how ees spal da word.
Eet ees een book, da wisa book I read
Dat tal all theengs you want.
Ees call' "da 'Mericana Cyclopaed";
I buy me wan las' mont'.
An' lasta week I learn da firsta page;
Nex' week I learna two.
You bat my life, w'en I am good old age
I gon' know more dan you.
I am su'prise' how mooch you don'ta know;
You are not smart, Signor.
Ah, wal, good-by! Com' back een week or so,
I learn you som'theeng more.

ONE MISSES so many things when one is ill. For instance, the ad of the William Penn Theatre (in o. o. dear paper) recently announced, "Complete change of bull Thurs." But we have had the pleasure of piercing with our own eyes (and several contribs have added their corroboration) this sign on the quarters of the Emergency Aid, "Chloroform badly needed for France."

Queer

A blind man at a woodpile
Was sawing up a tree.
I'm very sure I saw him saw,
But could not see him see.

S. S. S.

NO ONE seems to know who wrote this truly beautiful poem, which appeared first in a Dublin paper. It is already assured of long life in worth-while anthologies:

THE DUBLIN EXECUTION

Pray every man in his abode
And let the church bells toll,
For those who did not know the road,
But only saw the goal.

Let there be weeping in the land,
And charity of mind
For those who did not understand,
Because their love was blind.

Their errant scheme that we condemn,
All perished at a touch;
But much should be forgiven them
Because they loved much.

Let no harsh tongue applaud their fate,
Or their clean names deery;
The men who had no strength to wait,
But only strength to die.

Come all ye to their requiem
Who gave all men can give,
And be ye slow to follow them,
And hasty to forgive.

And let each man in his abode
Pray for each dead man's soul,
Of those who did not know the road,
But only saw the goal.

RECENTLY we were crowded up against a wall and asked to state our views upon votes for women. We crawled, like the craven we frequently are. We dislike an argument, particularly with the fair; and, besides, we're merely indifferent. Our indifference is, perhaps, three-fourths ignorance. Whenever the phrase "Votes for Women" is mentioned in our hearing, our middle-class brain brings forth from the cells of Memory this toast spoken by a character in one of Charlie Hoyt's plays some twenty years ago, "Here's to Woman! Once our superior, now our equal." Perhaps if the suffragists' bright minds were to turn to the making of smart and not too profound epigrams like that a sufficient number of middle-class minds might absorb them and, after twenty years or so, be influenced by the memory of them.