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Philadelphia, Monday, July 23, 1917

THEIRS IS THE ACCOLADE

EVERY man who goes into the new army goes as the champion of every other man's or woman's faith in the processes of law and justice. His sacrifice is great whether he feels the thrust of German steel or German assassination, or merely performs from day to day the tasks assigned him. The discipline of the camps will be rigid and severe. The habits of years will be broken. Men who dawdled will work by the side of men who since infancy have faced struggle and are used to it. The man who boasts six generations of American an cestors will sleep in the tent with the sor of the immigrant who twenty-five years ago packed his belongings in a handke chief and shipped in the steerage for the nation when the draft was sanctioned and Dure democracy took its place.

There is none, we trust, so selfish and so hardened that a sense of gratitude does supreme sacrifice his fellow citizens are They are takes from their appointed positions in life. Many will leave sinesses which they have spent their youth in upbuilding. Others will take leave of splendid opportunities which their abilities opened for them. A fewa very few, we hope-will be taken from their wives. It is a violent exercise of sovereignty to ask so much of men. It a superb definition of democracy and an overwhelming evidence of the devotion It inspires that the great public itself nanded, even gloriously insisted, that the Congress adopt this policy.

Conscription by order of a Government, without right of the people to oppose, is the conscription which has come down through history as a frightful, awful thing, to be fought against and opposed racy has given the word "conscription" a new meaning. It is the accolade now of sacrifice and patriotism, the beginning of the sort of universal service that enhances a thousandfold the might of democracies in war; guaranteeing, indeed, their permanence, and answering in terms of efficiency the taunt of autocracy that freedom breeds diffusion of strength and foreordains its disciples to martial weakness. For this great truth is vital: the Government has not called its sons to service; its sons have called themselves.

This is the soberest period the world has ever known. Men have served in little wars and had their meed of praise. but these men who soon go to prepare for service go to a great war, where the tail of hell lashes the hillsides day and night and only the valiant can withstand the etrain; where the accustomed bravery of other ages has become the habitual routine of the day and death has lost its sting. To drive the Moloch back youth must pour itself forward. That our American youth proposes to do, confident of its strength, sure of its ability, established in its determination never to quit until the things on which its heart is set are fully and forever attained.

We say to these men that those of us ho remain at home will do our share. We shall eat less and we shall sleep less by so doing we can aid them. Our ney shall flow into the national fisc endless streams for their support. Into Red Cross we shall throw whatever inds are needed to aid the sick and inded. We shall keep clear the highsays of supply. The days now passing are he great days of American history, the ys of which future generations shall read for their inspiration. Well may we slory in the spirit shown. It is a trumpet all to every sort of good citizenship.

DO NOT CODDLE THE BOY

OYS who were in knickerbockers in 1914 are in the trenches today, and bys are boys everywhere alike, there ng startling in the report from that "Germany's answer to the States draft is the calling to the 2,000,000 youths." The boys of and France have been growing in the three years of war, and on to believe that Gernany more boys than England and fully FOOTBALL TEAM

This is one sacrifice that America will not have to make. Our boys will be, in sense, the backbone of the next generation of world inhabitants a solemn thought. It should put upon their mettle all parents and teachers to imbue in their boys the most manly, fearless spirit; for the contemporaries of our younger generation abroad will have been tried in the fire while American lads stayed at home Never was there a time when there was less excuse for coddling an American boy

THE YANKEE SPIRIT IN DOWNING

EVERY time England shakes up her Cabinet there is a feeling of confidence throughout the English-speaking world that a stronger leadership has been effected This malleable condition of government is in happy contrast to the igid German polity, which, when it shows the slightest sign of a crack, threatens to go utterly to pieces. The American spirit can claim a

greatly increased share in the guidance of George of Windsor's realm in the appointment of Winston Churchill, son of an American mother, and of Sir Eric Geddes, who served his apprenticeship in railroading on the Baltimore and Ohio. We say "an increased share" because Mr. Lloyd George is more like an American of the new school than he is like an Englishman of the old school of statesman He has always been against the idea that Eton boys and Oxford graduates were the only persons cligible to power, and the hostility formerly felt a England against the "little Welsh lawyer" and his aggressive, get-there attitude was the same kind of hostility

that was felt against Americans. Mr. Churchill's father, Lord Randolph was the great Radical of his day, and his son has kept up the tradition. Radical he has also been radical in in politics, war strategy. Trench warfare was as renugnant to him as the idea of it is to most Americans. He wanted action: he urged that Britain try to outflank the Germans in Relgium, and if that could not be done to outflank them at Gallipoli -anything to break through, however

PROTECT INDUSTRIAL WORKERS

THE rushing to completion of muni tion and other war contracts will be accelerated with every batch of 10,000 men we send to France. By the time we have half a million men in the field the factories will perhaps be experiencing the maximum strain. It is well to prepare in advance for a situation that has pre- hole. Its suggestions on litness (they duced many troubles in beiligerent nations. "A general remedial system must | peppy, be instituted which will deal with the prevention of disease and the treatment of illnesses in their inciplency," says a writer in American Medicine, "A comprehensive plan will probably require Government authority in order to be suc-

Women will be called more and more into industry. With the development of the draft, in the event of a long war women may have as large a share in fac tory work as they now have in England. They must be protected from overwork and strain. In England the most zealous ones were often allowed to go too far often a woman was found unconscious beside her machine. In the end it was learned that this sort of thing had curtailed rather than increased the output It is a lesson we must learn in time. Government interference may not be needed, but the Administration should be prepared with a comprehensive program for ny situation that may develor

OUR ENEMY, THE MACHINE

ONE thing at least in this world of many surprises can always be predicted with accuracy, having been re duced to cold science. That is the speech of a German Chancellor. The latest example was well reported in all English and American newspapers a week before it was delivered. Germany's aims and terms are the same as they always have been and as they always will be until she

If they were capable of changing there would never have been any war. The whole hopelessly complex German system is like the "One-Hoss Shay," which was so well made that no part of it could break down until the entire vehicle was ready to collapse. Militarism favored war industries to such an extent that the most influential German business men were naturally in favor of war. All the profeasorships went to Conservatives, so that college men were taught to be imperialists. Labor was unable to develop an independent character because the Government was always craftily nursing into silence any element that showed signs of revolt. Even religion and art were standardized.

There has been a good deal of exaggera tion about the Prussian censorship and about what Germans are and are not allowed to say. It is a serious question it leading men in contemporary Germany feel they have anything to say that is worth saying.

As a tip to the London Morning Post, which laments the abundance of "unsinkable politicians," we suggest detailing them to ocean carriers as submarine quellers.

The wartime craze for new names prompts us to suggest "lift lassies" for Philadelphia's smart young elevator girls, whose patriotic aims are at least as high as the top floor of our skyscrapers,

It is only to be expected that a sex that persists in making itself thoroughly uncomfortable in "summer furs" should balk, as Kansas City's feminine Pullman car cleaners have done, against wearing so sensible a working garment

At the beginning of the war Gerleaders talked a lot about "the necessity to increase our territory in order that the greater body of the people should have room to develor. We will take as much land as appears to be necessary." None appears to be neces now; there are not so many Gor

IN WHITE HOUSE?

Not Such an Idle Dream, for It Is Symbolic of Senior Service Corps

A FOOTBALL squad composed of Presi-dent Wilson, Secretaries McAdoo, Lansing Baker, Daniels, Lane, Houston, Redfield and Wilson and Attorney General Gregory and Postmaster General Burleon sounds like a quotation from Ger trude Stein. It was not that prophetess of whirling words, however, who hit on such an athletic personnel. The sane and adroit mind of Walter Camp, athlete and trainer-extraordinary, proposed it.

"I will promise not to scrimmage them. he wrote to Congressman John Q. Tilson of Connecticut. "but will take them through the hour's work. They will not make touchdowns, but will shoulder again the burden of State with renewed vigor. What they do they can then ask any man of forty-five and over to do. It is not as hazardous as testing a submarine or an airplane but it might prove as great a gain for our country in the long

Perhaps Mr. Camp's vigorous demand on the President and his Cabinet may savor, to the sluggish thinker, of indignity and frivolousness. But he wanted to pummel into the consensus of national intelligence the realization that men of forty-five and over are by no means scrapped in the war of the world.

It was this feeling of his-that the voungsters who are to trench it are not the whole resource—that led to the formation of his Senior Service Corps. We all know the sort of man who can benefit it and himself-rugged, perhaps; vigorous, certainly; possibly a bit run down from too zealous addiction to work or to cock tails; patriotic to the bone; interested be yond all telling in the Great Martial Ad-Sometimes this man-let us term him Mr. Usual-in an excess of patriotic spirit joins out with a branch of the service for which his years and physical state unfit him. His country gains nothing; nay, it rather loses time and money on him. Properly exploited, with no sensational muscle-hardening stunts to face, Mr. Usual might do his bit sturdily and with finality. That is what Mr. Camp wants him to do, and that is what Mr. Camp is helping him

The Senior Service Corps has few frills and no follies. It doesn't demand stern military duties, nor does it try to make a soldier-mountain out of a citizen-molearen't quite rules) are pithy, practical, yet

Pithy, Practical. Peppy

"Drink without eating, and eat withut drinking." "Warm feet and a cool head need no

"Dress cool when you walk, and warm vhen you ride."

"Getting mad makes black marks on the health."

"When you rob the trolley company of nickel by walking, you add a dime to your deposit of good health." "Tennis up to the thirties, but golf

after forty." "Too many drinks at the nineteenth

ole undo all the good of the other Similar sound-sense aphorisms, offered

as a cure for mental and physical dis-"You can't be taxed on cleanliness

perspiration, walking and deep breath-"Don't shirk, don't talk, don't worry

don't explain, don't knock, don't kick don't quit, don't loaf, don't lag, and don't rush." "Nature said: You must earn your living by the sweat of your brow,' and

if you earn that living in some other way you must get the sweat, or she will make you pay."

The beautiful part of the corps is the exquisitely clear-cut simplicity of its requirements. "We want men." it says in effect, "who are above military age who wish to be of service and will give their time; who will act as a body, not merely as individuals." The qualifications are that they must be more than forty five years of age, be citizens of the United States, undergo a simple physical examination, and be willing to devote an hour a day three days a week to the

No Spartan Regime

The work's detail is summed up happily in two terse phrases: "Ten to fifteen min utes' setting-up drill or gymnastic work; forty-five to fifty minutes' outdoor work.' No coils of dreaded red tape; no Spartan regime that might wreck as oldish man's constitution through its rigor, and most certainly would wreck his disposition.

And don't think, Mr. Usual, that these demands will pester you in business or fun. They won't. Unlike the baby in the Lewis Carroll classic, they "do not do it to annoy, because they know it teases," but because they know it will please any sane, ambitious, not-quite-veteran patriot.

The Camp scheme has been written for success since the day it went into effect. It has registered as being not only effi cacious, but actually enjoyable, by a big majority of its patrons. Indeed, the list of prominent persons who are trying out the stunts reads like an important dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford. Professor Taft (not exactly a lithe man) is one; Dean Jones, of Yale, another. They will be come fit, as many others have grown fit before them. They will see the value of shaving down the alcohol schedule and learn the pleasure of being kind to the physical temple of man. Even if war should cease tomorrow, they would have found and proved a new right to the joy

Perhaps these middle-aged self-trainer will never carry a gun for America, or dig a single trench or fire a cannon. But while their sons and nephews are attend ing to those duties, they will not be idle and unwell

Maybe "crabbed age and youth co live together," but willing age and yo

Tom Daly's Column

Shanahan's Ould Shebeen

THIS is to celebrate a fovial singer whom Philadelphia knows little, but of whom she should take some notice; and to give to the keepers of scrapbooks one more chance to preserve a classic in rhyme, which for some unaccountable reason has never been given the perma ence of publication in a book

In the early nineties a black-haired, well set-up young man blew into Philadelphia from somewhere in the world outside carrying a brand-new suitcase, which bore the initials J. G. B. The suitcase. as we have said, was new; and, since everything else about him was a bit shopworn, this newness was painful. When he applied for a job he was conscious of "You'll maybe be thinking," said he.

services, "that I'm after lifting the bag-

gage of James G. Blaine. My name is

John Gerald Brenan, with one 'n,' if you

Now the gentleman who engaged Brenan and for whom the lad worked for active newspaper work in this city, but name to him vesterday. Brenan has Our own recollection of him is not very deeply etched. He "had a way wid him." 'second crop", he seemed to be "of the quality." but we never heard him talk of his family.

some years ago that he had been killed by a train in Paddington Station, London. We only know that he left Philadelphia in 1896 and that about that time Puck published this human bit of verse:

SHANAHAN'S OULD SHEBEEN

This is the tale that Cassidy told In his halls a-sheen with purple and gold; Told as he sprawled in an easy chair, Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair; Told with a sigh and perchance a tear,

As the rough soul showed through the cracked veneer:

Told as he gazed on the walls near by, Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high, With a rude little print in a frame be-

tween-A picture of Shanahan's ould shebeen "I'm drinkin' me mornin's mornin'-but

it doesn't taste th' same, Though the glass is to finest crystal, an th' liquor slips down like crame;

An' me cockney footman brings it in or a scort of a silver plate!-Sherry an bitters it is: whishkey is ou

to date. In me bran' new brownstone manshin

Fift' av'noo over th' way, Th' Cathaydral round th' corner, an' the Lord Archbishop to tay.

Sure I ought to be sthiff wid grandeur, but me tastes are mighty mean, an' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's ould shebeen,

"Oh! well do I mind th' shanty-th' rocks, an' th' field beyant, The dirt floor yellow wid sawdust and th'

walls on a three-inch shlant. (There's a ticelve-story 'flat' on th' site now-'twas meself that builded th' same,

An' they called it 'The Mont-morincy'though I wanted th' good ould namel Me dinner pail under me oxther, before th'

whistle blew, I'd banish th' drames from me eyelids wid a noggin' or maybe two; h! it was th' illigant whishkey—its

like I have never seen Since I went for me mornin's mornin' Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"I disremember th' makers—I couldn't tell you th' brand; But it smelled like th' goolden sunlight an' it looked and tasted gr-and. When me throat was caked wid morthar

an' me head was cracked wid o blast. One drink o' Shanahan's devedrops an' m

many troubles were past. That's why, as I squat on th' cushions wid divil a hap'orth to do, In a mornin' coat wid velvit, an' a cham

pagne lunch at two, mem'ry comes like a banshee, meself an' me wealth between; I long for a mornin's mornin'

Shanahan's ould shebeen 'A mornin' coat lined told velvit-an' ould coat used to do

for mornin' an' evenin' times I slep' in it, too); An' twas divil a sup iv sherry that Shan han kept-no fear; you couldn't afford good schishkey he

dacintest gang I knew there-Mc Carthy (Sinathor since), Murphy that mixed th' morthar (sure th' Pope has made him a prince).

take you on trust for beer.

should see 'em, avic, o' Sundays, wid faces scraped an' clean, When th' boss stood a mornin's mornin round Shanahan's ould shebeen.

Whisht!-here comes his Grace's carriage; 'trell be lunch time by an' by: dasn't drink another, though me throat is powerful dry. I've got to meet th' Archbishop-I'm a laborer now no more,

hone! those were fine times then lad, an' to talk o' 'em makes me whisper-there's times, I tell you when I'd swap this easy chair, velvit coat, an' th' footman, wid

his Sassenach nose in th' air. th Lord Archbishop himself, too for a drink or th' days that ha' been,

"IF THE CIVILIANS HOLD OUT"

It Is the "Folks Back Home" That the Army Depends on to Help Them to Win Through

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES

PROVIDED the civilians hold out gether the soldiers always wish the civ-

The phrase came first from the French, and Barres has made it the title of one of his books, "Pourvu que les civiles tiennent." Later another expression was given to the same idea by, I think, Sir William Robertson, who answered a question concerning the war with these words;

"Why do you ask me, who am concerned with only 25 per cent concerning a thing which depends on the 75 per cent -the people at home?"

From the day ten million Americans egistered in preparation for calling-up, the center of gravity shifted to the ninety million who did not register. The disposi tion of the ten million is in the hands of the authorities. But the control of the ninety million is, with due allowance for children and incompetents, in the hands of those ninety million. That, at least has been the experience of England, and one of the things the ninety million in America can do is to scan the record of the British civilians, to avoid their mistakes and to take cheer from their suc

record. The civilians have held, they have stood the frightful gaff of three years of war and the signs are that they have still plenty of staying power in them. Their ot has been easier than that of the French, immeasurably easier than that of the Germans. But their spirits never were supple steel, so the French had all the advantage of resilience; and they were never taught to lie down and shut up, so the Germans had the inestimable advantage of training. And yet the Eng-

Their sense of humor has done it. (I know this is a shocking statement, but it is true.) At a dinner party the other night I heard an officer on leave remark that when the war ended, ten years hence some people would positively miss it.

"Ten years?" queried an old professor for whom that seemed the allotted span of life. "Why, my dear fellow, some of us will just be getting used to it and know how to live with it then!"

And this man had told me, not an hour before, of the tragic death of his son in the flying corps.

The sense of humor is not the thing which cracks jokes about the war, al though there is plenty of that. It is the sense of proportion which enables so many hundred thousands to see that their losses are parts of an awful and irrepara ble disaster. They feel their sorrow quite as polgnantly as if a railway accident had snuffed out the life of a dear one; there is no callousness to the blight of death. But no bitterness can enter in, because people have learned to think of themselves in their social relations as well as in their personal relations. It is not likely that a mother who loses a son thinks deeply of "the State"; but it is certain that she thinks of all the mothers who have lost the sons of Britain in the war and, if she is heartbroken, she is still capable of pride.

Enlisting for a Lark

In the way of joke humor many things come up. At a tribunal recently a man was asked why he didn't join the army. 'What!" he replied, "join the army with this bloody war on!" That is, of course, in attitude which many people will appre ciate, but it is uncommon. The more ugual sentiment is that of a friend of mine, one-time grain merchant, who was kept out of the army in spite of violent efforts to get in, until three months ago. saw him just before he went off to France, and he mixed me a cocktail of British and American slang, like this:

"This is the life, eh, what, old kid? Believe me, I'd never have heard of the merry old army if it hadn't been for this ruddy war, and think what I'd have missed! I tell you, civil life is a washout after this. Cut the stuff about what we're fighting for. I tell you, I like it for itself alone." I wished him good luck in France, and then I thought of something which hadn't occurred to me before. Whenever soldiers and civilians are to-

vies "good luck." And the civilians smile and look a bit sheepish. The civilians need the wishes, because they are not under orders and can be as cantankerous as they please. They can "grouse" at the Government and at the food controller and criticize the higher strategy of the war because it deprives them of mashed potatoes on Friday nights or cuts down the size of their saddle of mutton. The soldier grouses at

the mud alone.

Yet, to the civilians' honor be it said, those at home have schooled themselves moderately well in discipline. The mere fact that voluntary rationing in breadstuffs has actually cut down the bread con sumption to the point where official rationing may be unnecessary is an indication of what a democratic people can do when it makes up its mind. But I am not so much impressed by the mere hearing of discomforts, because every man in the British Isles has before him every day pitiful and striking examples of those who have borne worse and will bear worse to the end of their days. You can hardly pride yourself on learning to eat porridge with salt instead of sugar when your neighbor is humbly learning to cut his meat with one hand instead of

Physical sacrifices are trivial when they are made by those at home. The thing on which the civilian population of England can bank is the temper in which it is taking these stressful months. The whole world is in an agony of doubt; everywhere the old question returns, Can it be done? How much longer will it take? Will there be anything left of us when it is done? Will it be a good peace, after all, when peace does come? These questions are everywhere, and the most thoughtless must give heed to them. And every day there is another tug at the taut string of their emotions.

The string does not snap. There precious few signs of "nerves." People talk more about themselves, perhaps, than they did before the war, although I am inclined to doubt the stories about "silent Englishmen," unless they referred to a small and unimportant class. But it is the fact that they are still not afraid to talk about themselves, to show you how much they feel, which guarantees what can be said of them. The cards of their emotions are on the table and you cannot detect a false one.

How One Woman Felt About It A woman whose husband has just been called up told me what she felt. I think she was trying to prevent me from feeling cut up about his going.

"I am sorry Philip is going," she said. "but I feel just as I always did when he went off on long trips to South America. Of course, I think of the danger of his not coming back; I'd hate myself if I couldn't bear to think of it, because he's bound to think of it, too. I suppose I'm very like most of us. When the war began I knew nothing about it. I was for England and against Germany, like the rest. I won't bother you about the separate phases-read Mr. Britling or something-because I went through the usual experiences. Phil was for joining up at once; I kept him back. He told me in a half-joking way that h anted to go out and fight so that Phil, junior, would be able to row in the eight at Oxford twenty years from now and not have to pay German taxes on his home in Surrey.

"Well, now he's going and he's happier. I'm not happier and I suppose I shall be rather miserable at times. I don't think I shall be particularly proud of Phil unless he does something specially noteworthy; and it certainly will not be any consolation to me if he gets wounded or worse to know that it was for the right side. I'm simply praying that he'll come out of it with the lucky majority. If he doesn't-I-well, I don't want to talk about it any more. But I think we'll all see it through, and I'll be just like the

It would be very hard to say "Good luck" to that.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Socialists With Anarchical Leanings - Suffrage Pickets Viewed as Martyrs

SOCIALISTS' "DOLLAR MANIA" To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-I would like to answer J. McMullen, who comes out so nobly in defense of Socialism.

nation (or any other) would not be a fit place to dwell in. The whole trouble is that lots of Socialists would tear this nafrom one end to the other, if dared. I have heard Socialists talk, and all of them are forever knocking our laws and institutions. These people, perhaps, are the ignorant followers of Socialism, and I say again until they give us a better idea drop the anarchistic princ a great many have in their heads, Socialism is a curse under its present workings.

What better form of government can you live under than we have here in America? Does not the whole world look to America for guidance and justice? Until you get brighter people in general, and not people who curse a man who has a few nore dollars than you have (this se to be the Socialists' mania—the dollar; then perhaps you might get more converts I asked a Socialist the other day what he wanted. He replied, "All we can get."

AMERICAN ON GUARD.

SUFFRAGE AND MARTYRDOM To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-The whole suffrage picket situati carries with it a sense of strange familiarity. It is but history repeating itself in our age as in the ages past. These imprisoned women, our friends, standing for justice and liberty as their conscience dictions. justice and liberty as their conscience dic-tates, are but the repetition of hundreds of other brave souls who down through the centuries have hung on crosses and gib-bets, who have been thrown to wild because or auftered whatever form at persecution ings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment, stoned, sawn asunder, siain with the swords, afflicted, tormented."

How strangely familiar the words of the Old Book sound in the light of present-day happenings! Today as in the past, it is not in "King's Houses," where men "live delicately," that we look for our leaders.

The act of these women sends a thrill of hope through all women whose eyes are turned toward the dawning of a day of fuller privilege for women the world over. Prison fare, prison garb, loss of personal reedom are but the outward and visible signs of that inward spiritual kingdom for which our friends in prison stand.

To this country is given the rare opporunity of watching two demonstrations made simultaneously for the extension of democracy. One under banners with beating drums and all the honor and regalia great nation can pour out upon its some faring forth to a great cause; the other under torn banners, with voices silenced, its advocates the daughters of a great nation looking out upon the world they would serve through prison bars. It remains for the future to answer whose is the perma-nent victory. If we are to read the future in the light of the past the answer is as-

Beverly, N. J., July 20.

WHAT IS A MAN? What is a man? How much is he worth rom a scientific standpoint?

from a scientific standpoint?

According to one way of looking at it. a man is worth about \$2.50 a day from his shoulders down and anywhere from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 a year from his shoulders up.

The scientist, however, looks at the question from another angle. According to him tion from another angle. According to him, a man is worth \$2.45 for illuminating purposes, since a man weighing 150 pounds contains 3540 cubic feet of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen in his constitution, which at 70 cents per 1000 cubic feet equals the

Furthermore, it makes no difference how sour a man may look he contains about sixty iumps of sugar, a great deal of starch, chloride of potash, magnesium, sulphur and hydrochloric acid in his system. There are fity grains of iron in the blood of an ordinary man, shough to make one sulter

ordinary man, enough to make one spike large enough to hold his weight.

What is a man? This is the somewhat cynical answer of one scientific man:

"Break the shells of 1000 eggs into a huge pan or basin and you have ingredients from which to form him from his toe nails to the most delicate tissues of his brain."

REAVENLY HILLS OF HOLEA The heavenly hills of Holland. How wondrously they rice Above the smooth green meadows Into the asure skies! . With blue and purple hollows, With peaks of dazzling snow, Along the far horizon

No mortal foot has trodden The summits of that range, Nor walked those mystic valley: Whose colors ever change; Yet we possess their beauty, And visit them in dreams, When the ruddy gold of sunset From cliff and canyon gleams

They march serens and slow.

The old Dutch painters loved them. Their pictures show them clear-Old Hobbema and Ruysdael, Van Goyen and Vermeer. Above the level landscape-Rich polders, long-armed milla. Canals and ancient cities-Float Holland's heavenly hills

Henry van Dyke, in Harper's Magasina AN EARLY PROFITEER

A thousand years ago, and three years ever, one of those who sat in high places took advantage of the necessities of the people and cornered the food supply. There had been a protracted period of rain in Mainz, the harvest was ruined and famine followed. The people were perishing with

But, as the story goes, the granaries Bishop Hatto were overflowing. Ha had gathered grain during the years of plenty, and he had enough to feed the whole population. Naturally enough, the population came to him to be fed. They worried his lordship with their importunities. So, according to the legend, he gathered them all together in a big barn and set fire to That was the end of the people, but there

rats also were hungry for the grain, and Hatto couldn't get them to go into an empty barn to be burned. Finally, they chased him from his palace, and he took refuge in his strong tower, built in middle of the Rhine. But the rats swam the river, stormed the tower, and ate Hatto up. So generally credited is the story that the tower is called "The Rats' Tower A thousand years of uplift and enlight

enment have passed since then, and it is no longer likely that the food sharks will burn hungry people by wholesale to keep them from eating the grain. The modern food shark is become milder of mannershe does not desire the lives of the populace, be content with their If they have no money, that is their look out. And such a campaign has been waged against vermin, that it is highly impro that enough rats can be mustered to do the justice that was done to Hatto. The only thing we can do is to prevent the Hatton of the present time from hoarding the food from the people. How strange it How strange it seems that the people. How strange it seems that the people, who have this power, should allow the friends of Katto to do his work by obstruction and delay—to represent Hatto, and not the people, in the house of Congress.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOOVER'S SINGLE-MINDEDNESS

When Herbert C. Hoover has a job in hand he is apt to have a rather single-minded purpose. In Belgium he developed minded purpose. In Belgium he developed the idea that the reason he was there was the idea that the reason he was their the idea that the Belgians. And that idea was to feed the Belgians for the Belgian people a life-preserver for the Belgian people a life-preserver had the temptations Few men have ever had the temptation that were given Hoover to throw down a When the situation became co hopeless Hoover was wont to remark, "But we must remember that we are here to feed the Belgians," and grit his teeth, and go on working. Sometimes the provocations be came so intolerable for some of the other Americans that after working upon one another's feelings they would decide that the time had come to stop the whole bustness as punishment to the Germans or to iny further than that, for a few words from Hoover were always enough to put every-body back on even keel and to cause them o wonder that with millions of in lives at stake they could have thought of so preposterous as abandon the great work they were privileged share in.—Hugh Gibson, in the Century.

What Do You Know?

1. Who is now Premier of Russis? 2. Where did the peace formula "No a tions, no indemnities" originate? . Which is farther north, Chill or Peru?

Can a drafted man now enlist and pick the branch of service in which he prefers is serve? Can U-boats submerze to the bottom of the ocean, or is there a limit upon the distance they are able to sink with safety?
 What is a Junker?

Hos

It is proposed to use falcons in war. Her and why could this bird be of use as at agent of destruction? 9. Where is Catalonia?

10. When was the first Pacific Railroad opens linking the East with the Far West? Answers to Saturday's Quiz

Eldritch is a Scotch word, meaning weird. Quintillian, the Latin author, declared that "warfare seems to signify blood and fron," the phrase quoted by Bismarck. Reykjavik is the capital of Iceland.

6. The present Kins of Sweden is descended from Charles John Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals.

7. The celebrated actors Edwin Forrest and Jaseph Jefferson were born in Philadelphia.

8. Pickett's charge was made by the Confederates at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863.

erates at Gettysburg on July 3, 1803.

Robert Buchanan bitterly attacked Swissburne, Rossetti and William Morris and declared that they belonged to the "Fleshly School" of English poetry.

John Fitch built the first steambest is America. The ship made regular trips between Philadelphia and Trenton on the Delaware River in 1790.

The Talmud is the menumental work which

The Taimud is the monumental work which contains the Jewish traditional or ora-laws and regulations of life explanatory to the written law of the Fentateuch.

BARTRAM'S GARDEN CORTY-SIX years before the Revolution

John Bartram owned a farm in what now West Philadelphia. He was a Friend. One day, resting from his plow inder a tree, he pulled a daisy to pieces, and, observing some of the more obvious marvels of its construction, suddenly awoke of the vegetable wonders in the midst of which he had lived and labored from child-hood. This discovery was the inspiration which in after years made him the greatest

botanist in America.

Bartram flourished to a green old age dike his garden) and, according to James Parton, in his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," he died upon the approach of the British army, during the Revolutionary War, terror lest the pride of his life should

terror lest the pride of his life should be trampled into ruin by the troops

A traveler has left us a picturesque account of Bartram's way of life. Mr. Bartram, his guest, his family and his slaves, all sat down to one large table well stored with wholesome food. of the slaves whom he had freed remains with him until his death. There was a lot of hard work to be done to turn this low-ying river-bank farms. of hard work to be done to turn this low lying river-bank tarm into a garden. The low grounds, at first a swampy soil, has to be reclaimed by draining and ditching. The elder Bartram was born in 1791, his grandfather with his family have comfrom Derbyshire. England with the followers of Penn about the time of the founding of Philadelphia. His son, William, was born in 1758, In 1782 be wellested professor of botany in the University