

OUR PERSONAL IDEA OF MODERATE PEACE TERMS



QUAY'S "HUMANENESS" WON FOR HIM POLITICAL POWER

Governor Pennypacker Intimately Describes the Personal Side of the United States Senator From Pennsylvania

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—No. 48

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ON NOVEMBER 15 Quay spent the night with me at the Executive Mansion, and he remained over the next day, receiving people there while I was up at the department at work. He had visited me before at Moore Hall and at Pennypacker's Mills, and the effort to fathom the underlying impulses of a man so remarkable was an interesting study. He had no pretense; he had no voice; he was never imperative, and yet he molded men to his will.

"I am done with that fellow. I shall not permit him to do a thing again."

Quickness of Quay's Mind To me the quickness of mind which he announced a purpose to discuss a man with the strength of Durham was startling. In this instance I threw oil on the waters and said:

"Senator, Durham is not at all well. With all of us, when the nerves are a little jangled and things do not come our way, we are apt to show irritation. Durham will come around all right."

The thought seemed to appeal to his sympathy and affection.

On one occasion about this time there was a vacancy in the Court of Common Pleas in the Twentieth Judicial District and I consulted Quay as to the propriety of Pennypacker's appointment of a man who had been active and useful in the politics of one of the counties. Then I indicated a preference for Joseph M. Woods, a gentleman and a man of good antecedents, being a descendant of John Witherspoon and a lawyer of standing in the profession. At once Quay said:

"Woods will be the best appointment. Pennypacker did not utter another word, but immediately after the interview telegraphed to Woods that he would be appointed. I was informed long afterward that Judge Woods was under the impression that he owed his appointment to the intervention of Pennypacker."

Source of Quay's Power Sometimes I queried whether Quay ever tried to influence the men around him; whether he was even fully aware that he was influencing them; whether he did anything more than, seeing clearly what the situation required, indicate his line of thought, with the result that they, after pondering, saw that he was correct. At all events he made no apparent effort. He was, of course, helped by the fact that his success in many contests made men feel that he was probably correct, especially since often he had information outside of their ken. Sometimes when I have differed with him I have later found myself doubting whether, after all, I was not mistaken. His sympathies were quickly aroused, and there never was a man more of whose actions were determined by altruistic sentiment. One secret of his success was no doubt the fact that he felt and manifested a genuine interest in the welfare of others. He helped the Indians and became a chief among them, not for what they could do, but because he felt an interest in them.

On this evening he talked to me about the matter, as an interesting fact, that two descendants of Major Patrick Anderson, of the Revolutionary army, were at the same time Senator and Governor. He told me at length of his plans to remove the bones of his grandmother from Ohio, where she had been buried, to the Anderson family yard in Chester County. It seems the old woman had expressed the desire to be buried among her kindred, but at the time of her death those around her were too poor to comply, and he carried out the wish of this long-dead woman. He talked to me of his son "Dick" with apparent regret that he was nothing of a politician and only a maker of money, in which pursuit he was fortunate. What seemed to me remarkable, I found in him a strong vein of superstition, the kind of fatalism which gave Napoleon faith in his star and which made Jacob Boehm, the shoemaker of Goerlitz, so sure of his inspiration. We even talked of ghosts, and he was astonished to hear him say in all soberness:

"Lately I was sitting in my library and out of the darkness a woman in white loomed up before me. I knew right well who she was and what she wanted."

I should have been glad to have pursued the subject further, but it was too delicate and I waited, but he said no more.

Quay and the Courts Then we talked over the vacancy in the Supreme Court. I had thought over the matter seriously and had prepared a list of six men whom I regarded as the most eligible professionally. At its head was Charles E. Rice, President Judge of the Superior Court, and on it were Mayor Sulzberger, David T. Watson, a Democrat; Lyman D. Gilbert and Judge John A. McIlwaine, of Washington County, of whom the Justices of the Supreme Court held a high opinion. He looked it over and said: "I do not want Rice. If you appoint him I shall have to oppose him myself in the convention. He is one of those Yankees from around Wilkes-Barre, and you cannot trust one of them."

I said: "Senator, if you are opposed to him I shall not appoint him."

During the conversation he said to me: "It would be a gracious thing upon your part to appoint John P. Elkin."

"It would be too plain, and since Elkin has been rejected for the governorship because people considered him too much of a ringster, I do not think I could put him on the Supreme Court."

Presently he said: "I will send tomorrow for Lyman D. Gilbert."

This interview with Gilbert occurred in the mansion in my absence. He was not prone to giving unnecessary confidence and what then occurred neither he nor Gilbert ever informed me. I saw him later and this was his suggestion:

McCullum was a Democrat. There is no other Democrat on the bench. How would it do to appoint Sam Thompson? Samuel G. Thompson was the son of a former Chief Justice; he had himself filled a brief term on the Supreme Court

with satisfaction to everybody, and he had a large practice in Philadelphia and was conceded to be an able lawyer. From the professional point of view no better solution could have been found and it was accompanied with a concession to the proprieties. With very little hesitation I appointed Thompson. These are the exact facts. What were the motives of Quay anybody may amuse himself by trying to conjecture. He may have wanted to escape from my power to name the permanent occupant by having me make an appointment in its nature temporary. It is certain that he had the purpose of putting me on the Supreme Court sooner or later. He may even have considered the nomination of Elkin, thus disposing of a formidable rival, or he may have retained all of these purposes in mind as possibilities. It seldom happens that men are able to analyze even their own motives correctly.

The Supreme Court Again At this interview he suggested the probability that Thompson would be content with a term of thirteen months and that it might open a way for my own nomination. I wrote to him November 22:

I have appointed the Honorable Samuel Guistin Thompson a Judge of the Supreme Court. As you are aware you have suggested to me the probability of my own nomination for that office by the approaching convention of the Republican party. Though that position would be entirely agreeable to me, you will perhaps pardon me for saying that I doubt the wisdom of such a course of action from your point of view. Responsibility for the outcome of the party deliberations. I wrote this letter to say that should you find the difficulties greater than you anticipated, you need not become convinced that this course is not suitable or feasible, you need not feel in the least embarrassed by the fact that you have made the suggestion.

November 24, at the Hotel Schenley, at Pittsburgh, along with Judge Buffington, United States Senator J. B. Foraker and others, I spoke to over 200 of the city's wealthy men and expressed a pet thought:

What has occurred in New York which has recently absorbed Brooklyn; what has occurred in Chicago when she took into her embrace the whole of Cook County, must inevitably happen to Pittsburgh. Sitting at the head of the Ohio with her iron and coal she is to become the foremost of all the inland American cities.

On the twenty-eighth I spoke at the Founders' Day dinner at the Union League in Philadelphia, where were Admirals Dewey, Halsey and McVilie and Generals Young, Bates, Brooke and Greig and Governor Frank S. Black, of New York.

Monday Governor Pennypacker discusses Woodrow Wilson's rise from Governor of New Jersey to President of the United States.

HYPHENATED "GANGS" Vares Seem Headed to Break Old Tradition of Philadelphia "Organizations"

THE political blotto is wagging its head wisely these days. That is to say, it is mixing the McNiels and Penrose labels in a little glowing into the wise head-wagging, and that portion of it not marked off by the red line is wagging where it gets off, and more particularly, where it gets on.

The organization wisecracks who have a portentous interpretation for every clerk lopped from his clerkship or every City Hall messenger who has been dismissed to hunt a job at work will see, in the quick and deadly work of the administration, the guillotine since the first Monday of the new year.

The sharp blade is mercilessly severing places from the old order of things in the view of the Vares better half of the bargain in the so-called "holy-fifty" ticket—the Vares and his associates are the ones who have been noted for their ability to carry divisions and ring doorbells for the McNiels and Penrose wing of the Organization.

That are the wild wags murmuring on the point are the old wags recalled as the earliest in his memory the McNiels' leadership of "Gas Trust" fame, which divided offices and spoils some two-score years ago. It is still remembered in connection with the \$2,000,000 job of erecting the Public Buildings. Then there was the celebrated Porter-Filbert-Martin aggregation of politicians and contractors popularly known as the "Hog Combine." Within easy recollection is the McNiels leadership, connected yet in the public mind with the filtration system. The Vares and his associates, terminated by the death of Senator McNiels, have no chief of their personality and prestige to succeed, and in the view of seasoned politicians, opens the way to the Vares' consummation of their ambition to wipe out the McNiels out of the party control by controlling it all themselves.

This is another tradition going to smash in this city, a tradition the citizens, of course, will willingly see scrapped if the Town Meeting party marshals its forces to victory and nips the Vares aspirations for a single-headed machine, with all the offices and all the contracts there alone.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW A lot of railroad presidents who "learned the business from the ground up" are now willing to see scrapped if the Town Meeting party marshals its forces to victory and nips the Vares aspirations for a single-headed machine, with all the offices and all the contracts there alone.

The Germans continue to advertise that their coming western drive will be absolutely the most stupendous, terrifying, mammoth aggregation ever gathered under one autocracy—Chicago Herald.

Kultur's most recent exploit is bombing Padua, a city almost as rich in art treasures as Venice and of little military importance. That makes it, like London, all the easier to hit.—New York World.

A learned discussion is under way to determine whether a golfer should have a dull or a quick brain. We give it up. But we are satisfied that what he needs most of all is a vocabulary.—Louisville Courier.

SOLDIER TELLS OF RED CROSS WORK

Housing Improvements Are Suggested—An Anecdote—The Germ in "German"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—One of the most popular pastimes in my company, whose personnel includes men from all sections of the country, was holding debates concerning the exact location of "God's country," each man, of course, awarding the honor to his native State. Such was the case until we made the acquaintance of the Philadelphia Red Cross, and now few dispute the statement that Pennsylvania is "God's country" and Philadelphia its heart.

It was late in the afternoon when our troop reached Philadelphia, and everybody aboard was tired, dirty and hungry. We could not have looked very inspiring. We had been broiled and baked for six months in the South, and had been on route to emigration camp for three days, each day adding grimy touches that cold water could not efface. I suppose we deserved the description then that a southern woman gave us during the Liberty Day parade. "These men are like a bunch of dirty niggers."

At Washington early that morning the Red Cross had treated us to coffee and sandwiches. You can imagine how glad we were to have a hot drink and a bite of something to eat and something to smoke. But we were skeptical. In the South they don't do things that way—not for the quick and deadly work of the administration, the guillotine since the first Monday of the new year.

As we steamed out of the train shed our cheers for Philadelphia and the Red Cross must have convinced our hostesses that their kindness was appreciated. But more was to follow—coffee and pie. And such coffee! You see, army coffee, while stimulating, would never carry off a prize at a county fair for the delicateness of its aroma and the glory of its taste.

Yesterday the Red Cross visited us again. A sweeter, better and more abundant than any I had ever had. The boxes contained cigarettes, chocolate, toilet articles, cards, knives, books, etc., and in almost every package was a Philadelphia card with an expression of good wishes.

As a Pennsylvanian by birth and Philadelphia by adoption, I am glad to assure the ladies of the Red Cross that there are several hundred men in uniform that I know will long remember that brief stop in Philadelphia and those Santa Claus packages of yesterday.

SERGEANT RALPH BEHRETT, Somewhere in America, Jan. 11.

HOUSING IMPROVEMENTS To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The plan being made for housing the employees at Hog Island, as reported in your paper, bring to mind that we have other housing questions to settle, and it seems as though a change might be made in the construction of buildings in certain parts of the city with great advantage. New buildings could be erected in the retail business sections with two, three or four lower floors set apart for business purposes, and above them six to twelve stories devoted to apartments, with elevators and modern conveniences for housekeeping, renting at from \$30 to \$50 per month. Such buildings would appeal to many persons who wish to live in the business section near their work, would in a measure relieve the congestion of traffic on the car lines and would give a new lease of life to parts of the city that are now dead after nightfall.

ANTHONY E. CROWELL, Philadelphia, January 11.

THE GERM To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I have been told that the English language derives some of its words from good many other languages. I wonder if the English word "German" comes from the Spanish word "germen," which means germ. A. ALLEN, Philadelphia, January 11.

IDENTIFYING A HABITUE To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Your article on "Three Governors Topping Six Feet," particularly that part referring to the habits of folks on South Broad street setting their clocks by Ned Stuart, when as Mayor, he walked every morning from his home to City Hall, reminds me of a story:

A little Irishman—nearly every good story's about an Irishman—was in the habit of going into a downtown saloon to light his pipe every morning on his way to work. He did nothing but light his pipe and he always did that at 6 o'clock. After a time the bartender noticed it and made up his mind to find out who he was. The little Irishman was quick and got away from him a couple of mornings, but one day the bartender caught him. "Hey, you!" he called, "who are you anyway?" "Who, me?" piped the little man, between puffs. "Yes, you." "All right, then, you know who I am?" "No; that's what I'm askin' you." "Why, I'm the little man that comes in every morning at 6 o'clock to light his pipe." Philadelphia, January 11. ROTHWHAIR.

"BOOK FARMING" Nothing provokes a smile quicker in the rural districts than a reference to "book farming." Up to within easy memory the "book farmer" was a man who followed the good old ways his grandfather had mapped out for him and all his descendants. If granddaddy plowed with a tin snare and a voice of open so many weeks to overcome. At the stock show held in Chicago a few days ago eight prizes were awarded. Of the eight, five went to book farmers of the most egregious character. They were universities and agricultural colleges which, as all the world is aware, deal in scholastic theories and know nothing whatever about practical affairs. Purdue, the agricultural college of Indiana, won first and second place in the exhibition of fat Shorthorns. Kansas Agricultural College won first prize for grade cattle.

We need not point out the lesson of these incidents. If the farmers wish to learn their business they must not go to granddaddy or any other of the departed ancestors. They must buy a ticket to the town where the agricultural college radiates light and learning. There is to be a farmers' week at Cornville this winter, the same as in former winters. The farmers' short course of several weeks will also be given as usual at the exhibition of fat Shorthorns. Kansas Agricultural College won first prize for grade cattle.

WAR IN THE FAMILY An interesting story is told in "The Escape of a Princess Pat," by Corporal George Eustace Pearson. Canadians from the Ypres salient were not popular in German territory. A scant dozen, all that had been captured from a particularly bloody section of trench, had faced the promise of every sort of death on their journey back of the lines. They had lain in a shell hole and been sniped for hours; then had been menaced with daggers, and once with an ax; they had watched while one of their number had his hand blown off by a pistol placed against the palm. Now at length they were lodged in a church with other prisoners waiting for distribution. The church had been used as barracks and stable and the floor was covered with filthy straw. The men were horrible with accumulated dirt and blood.

Upon this scene the door opened to admit a German staff officer with his retinue. His came to inquire if there were present any of the Canadian regiment of the Princess Patricia of Connaught. A few stood up, straw and refuse sticking to their uniforms; others merely turned over to look.

"The Princess Patricia is my niece," the officer spoke, pleasantly. "She is a nice girl; I hope I shall see her soon." And one of the Canadians added: "We should like to see her too, sir."

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM When one reaches the ripe age of seven years one comes to the use of reason. Young David Hockley, of Germantown, arrives there yesterday, and said he to his best and most appreciative audience:

"Mother, do you know why the bank puts four bars on its windows? Don't you, mother? It's to make it so tough like a jail robber will be afraid to go inside."

ELOQUENT SILENCE "Ain't no don't say much; 'e don't, so in my day, my father, but what 'e don't say, my mother, she says it for 'e."

things. Even in London, Paris and Rome there are the old sights, the theatres, fashionable gowns, pleasure-seekers. They would appear more normal yet if there were but enough ships to make them so. But this normality is heating Germany; more of it will bring her to her knees. All that Germany really tried to do was to stop the world's normal business long enough to grab off more than her share of it. All the world has to do is to restore the world's normal business—more than restore it, transcend it—long enough to prove to Germany that it can do without her.

NOW CHUTE THE COAL IN NERVELESS and shrewless methods which failed utterly in the coal famine have lost any excuse they might have had. A policy of brain and brawn is in order to replace the expedients which went glimmering under tension of the first test. The Federal fuel administrator has empowered William Potter, Pennsylvania fuel controller, to seize all surplus supplies of coal and divert them to industries or private consumers in direct need. This fixes responsibility. It ends the divided direction, city, State and Federal, which strained ineffectively to ease the crisis. And it backs responsibility with authority.

The coal shortage is not past by a long shot. Too many furnaces are burned out for that and too many bins are showing their bottoms through a sparse sprinkling of anthracite. Coal must be chuted into cellars in something not too shy of normal capacity to prevent recurrence of recent hardships. The situation is critical in view of the fact that the coal supply is half the normal amount and a bilkard is on the way from the West.

Responsibility backed by authority must realize winter's backbone is not yet broken.

NEW CAUSE FOR PRIDE SENATORS write their autobiographies for the Congressional Directory. The briefest in the book is the following:

Edwin R. Johnson, of Yankton, S. D.; Democrat; born in Owen County, Ind., a long time ago. I was always proud of my ancestors and my family.

When his daughter wanted to marry a mere corporal these were objections. So she ran away to wed. As the corporal is due in France shortly, the Senator can rest assured that he will have cause to be prouder than ever.

STEWARDS OF WEALTH MILLIONS in money have lost something of the monumental meaning which once hedged about even a mere million dollars. Great modern industrial and financial enterprises have removed something of the glamour which, only a decade or so ago, invested seven figures in a row, even when the first digit was only a one. The fiscal needs of the great war have made the billion our unit of measurement.

Yet despite the dwarfing of the word million, a million dollars is a pretty big sum. Announcement of a bequest of \$75,000,000 for the public welfare multiplies the importance of the philanthropy of John Emory Andrus, and his foundation just chartered would loom large in the popular mind if not forced into competition with the enormous sums in which we have been dealing lately. Mr. Andrus, ex-Mayor of Yonkers and a Representative from New York in several Congresses, purposes to devote his vast fortune to good works in his lifetime. The sum of his endowment carries its own commendation, but even more significant is its emphasis on the tendency of men of great wealth to deem their obligation a stewardship for the general well, not a Croesean possession for private indulgence.

Girard, Rockefeller, Carnegie, are a few of the names which occur as companions to that of Mr. Andrus. Our orphanages, homes, hospitals, colleges, orchestras, art galleries, parks, economic, scientific and medical research have all been enriched by this spirit of public duty which has made many Americans, according to their means, philanthropists whose funds have founded, maintained or endowed splendid works. They are truly stewards who give a worthy accounting of their responsibility.

The trouble with most of these German collapse is that they don't happen.

What kind of progressive, anyhow, is that Progressive recorded against the suffrage amendment?

I never expect to see a worse governor than Brumbaugh—Penrose.

Possibly. And we never expect to see a blacker pot.

The complaint is made by the Germans that they do not know what the Bolsheviks want. That's nothing. Neither do the Bolsheviks.

Mr. Lewis may not be able to furnish the community with all the coal it needs, but there is ample warmth, we should say, in his letters.

"Deep Snow Aids Italians," says one headline. "Snow to Save Millions in United States Wheat," says another. A week ago we thought Boreas had made himself a Kaiser and joined Wilhelm and Karl. It seems he's a world democrat, fighting for us and our allies on two fronts.

The Kaiser's charge in the celebrated "suppressed interview" that Archbishop John Ireland is a "secret foe of America" ought to be followed up with a fresh imperial utterance that President Wilson is a secret foe of democracy and that Pope Benedict is a secret foe of the Catholic Church.

The historical Democratic party is dead. The coup de grace was administered by Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, in endorsing the Federal suffrage amendment to the Constitution. New York World (Democratic).

Ipsa Dixie has ipsa dixit. Plins. Requisite in pace. Likewise, good night!

"The last of the great Virginia Presidents" has at last confessed to being a slouching Jerseyman and the New York world has moved in the political latitude

LIBERAL ENGLAND

THE first result of President Wilson's speech—and anything so wide and sweeping, so unheralded and unexpected, as that speech can only be judged by its results—is "in." All England praises and agrees with it, the labor leaders as well as the statesmen of England. That is half the battle won.

People whose knowledge of England is limited to the information in schoolbooks written fifty years ago will shrug their shoulders over the statement that the Anglo-American alliance must from now on be closer than any alliance in history. But this necessity is becoming more apparent every day.

Defamers and belittlers of England know only Tory England. They do not know that the last adventure of the British imperialists in South Africa made England permanently Liberal so far as the present known issues of our generation are concerned. Since December 5, 1905, the Liberal, Labor and Nationalist majority in Parliament has been almost as fixed and final as our Constitution. That majority set South Africa free, making full amend for the Tory crime of the Boer War. It stripped the House of Lords of its 700-year-old power. It was prevented from setting Ireland free only by an armed revolt in Ulster. It should not have been bluffed by Ulster, but it was; human beings are fallible. The English people have aimed against the Irish as we have aimed against the Indian and the negro, and Liberal Englishmen and Americans admit it.

Mr. Wilson voiced the will of the British Liberal majority when he said: "We feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists." Mr. Wilson is painstakingly accurate in the use of words. He picks them with hairbreadth nicety. If he had meant by "the imperialists" the German autocracy only, he would have said "the German autocracy." By "the imperialists" we must take it he meant the imperialists of England and America as well as those of Germany. And we mean precisely by that the Englishmen we heard with our own ears saying as late as 1910 that it was wrong to set South Africa free after losing all those English lives in battle, and the Americans we have heard say that rather than allow one American property claim on Mexican soil to be adjudicated by representatives of the Mexican people we should conquer and annex Mexico. They are imperialists, and they are permanently in the minority in England and America, a majority diminishing and negligible minority.

England and America will work out their domestic problems as separately as ever, it is hardly necessary to say. But the basic principles of the foreign policies of the English-speaking peoples are at one on every issue that is related to the causes that lead to war.

SHIPS AS PACIFIERS WE NEED ten or fifteen million tons of shipping in order that the world outside of isolated Germany can resume its normal life so far as possible while civilization contends with its relentless blockade of the outlaw nation. On the day that there are more than enough ships there will begin to show up a surplus shipping tonnage in all the necessities, comforts and luxuries of peace times will be exchanged by Allied and neutral nations in ever-increasing volume.

The labor in the world will not be set free for war work; it is not now. The liquidation of wholesale munitionment means that normal industries will not be robbed of labor beyond a certain point. Thousands of ships not needed in war transportation will mean freight rates and likewise a stimulus to many industries. Before many months they will look out upon a world replete with most of the ordinary everyday products of commerce, progress and anxiety of the peace. To those outposts of the world, less and less disclosing effect will they leave behind them when the peace will make Germany a world of peace with every surplus that is launched. If only there were

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