

THE MEDICINE IS UNPLEASANT, BUT IT WILL CURE

MORE will be known about the status of the production of airplanes and machine guns when the investigations begun by the Department of Justice and the War Department are completed.

Although the censors have prevented the truth from becoming known, certain facts have become public in the course of the past months; and certain statements have been made by men high in authority which had slight basis in fact.

There may have been graft in the aircraft production. The nation is not interested in that so much as in the building of airplanes in sufficient numbers to meet the needs of the army.

It is understood that in the near future this sort of production will begin. A vast organization has been built up in a year, financed by the appropriation of more than half a billion dollars.

This is a record of achievement tending in the right direction. Complaint is not directed against it, but against the neglect to achieve immediate results in another and equally important direction.

The Germans are growing nervous on the Lorraine sector—as well as all the way from Belfort to the North Sea.

ANY men have a touch of the Hun in them. The trait manifests itself in a readiness to make an unfair use of an advantageous position.

The real gasoline maniac is the man who can get beyond his control in a street. Reckless driving is not that the man who tries a flight on an open road.

Why are they advertising collars with "W" on them? Why not put in pockets, too, and don't need to wear anything else.

SOLE-TAXERS are impatient and permissive people in many ways, though they are cruelly impatient with less exalted.

Queen Marie was too affected by her grief to write the personal message to the American people on which she had set her heart.

ONE of the compensations of war is found in its broadening effects upon medical and surgical knowledge.

THE typhoid vaccine was produced because the need of it was flagrantly demonstrated in the Spanish-American War.

who were not vaccinated. In a regiment of negroes, who are peculiarly susceptible to pneumonia, there were only two cases among the vaccinated and twenty-eight among the unvaccinated.

There are so few criminals in the cooler that the District Attorney's office is going to take a week off. Why not round up some of the minor huns in our midst, such as those who spit on the sidewalks?

NO ONE who has achieved wisdom in politics will know whether to feel sorry for the women voters in New York, now that Tammany has hurriedly made a place for their representatives on the general committee, or to believe that Tammany is about to experience some of the subtler agonies of retribution for its sins.

Chicago, too, has put cabarets on the toboggan. These are hard days for jazz.

The Government is seeking for black walnuts for gun stocks. Why does it not send its scouts to the second-hand furniture stores, which used to be filled with the bureaus and bedsteads of our grandfathers?

U-boats, the value of German money and the spirits of the German populace are going down together.

It is hereby done. Senators who will direct the aircraft investigation might be reminded that even if there are no battle-planes up in the air, the nation cannot serve the country by taking the place of the absent machines.

THE CHAFFING DISH

'Twas the night before payday, and all through my jeans I hunted in vain for the price of some beans.

Why does tobacco from another man's pouch taste so much better than our own?

Where, O where, is dear Garabed? Did he unbuckle some of that "free energy" uncautiously and get himself wadded out of sight?

First Call for Asparagus Poems From Poston's icy mountains to the films of California Asparagus is ripening, and we thought we ought to warn you:

Once a German Always a German Every German in a foreign land is, in official (Germany's) eyes, an outpost of German autocracy.

Our Own Higher Criticism Perhaps the asp that killed Cleopatra in the play was simply Shakespeare's abbreviation for asparagus?

Senator Thomas, of Colorado, has taken off his wig and started the spring season in Washington.

Warm Days

UPON warm days like these, when rigorous mental exercise becomes a hateful thing, there is a worthy alternative ready for any one who will let his fancy wander—not to love, for that is perilous, but to the Tired Business Man, who has always needed to be interpreted in the beneficent spirit of the season.

And yet this is the person who was assumed to menace civilization. When musical comedies were especially unwise; when popular fiction sloughed to some new pit of dullness; when the economic order seemed permanently backward, outcry and clamor always went up against the T. B. M.

OBSERVE him now, this T. B. M., in his short flights out of the dungeon where we keep him as a matter of course. He has a diffident reverence for every field of view. From afar he stares wistfully at the cow of which he has heard so much. The cow is wonderful! She is the distant magician whose ambassador clatters mysteriously at the door before dawn and vanishes unseen like a creature of enchantment.

And when you trail him about you learn that he actually prefers the real to the Belasco sunset and that you have surprised him at his ancient task of fighting back hopelessly to a communion with the free universe which the fates consistently deny him.

Surely it is not the fault of the Tired Business Man if he must be reassured once a year that peas do not grow in cans and that potatoes are not plucked from a potato bush. The world itself is to blame because he must be convinced at regular intervals that bluebells do not ring unless it be to call the butterflies home to dinner.

All of the artificial restrictions of communal existence conspire to deny the T. B. M. permanent assurance of such elemental truths as these. It is only when we, as the community which is his jailer, permit him out to exercise for a period that he may be able to recover the logical viewpoint.

THE amazing thing is that the eyes of the T. B. M. are not too tired after his enforced confinement with our affairs to perceive that spring rain is really silver in the afternoon light. It is a bit hard to tell how he does it. His job, regarded squarely, does not appear easy. He is the victim of events and the invisible support and staying power of those who profess to find grievous fault in him.

Why, anyway, did any one ever apply the word tired to him as a term of criticism? The word might better have been used as a sign of appreciative understanding. For tired the T. B. M. must be. And by glancing at the mirror any day you yourself will instantly perceive that he appears rather decent and that he is without any of the marks of wickedness which his critics love to celebrate.

Every German in a foreign land is, in official (Germany's) eyes, an outpost of German autocracy. Every outpost of German business is considered an outpost of the German Government.

Has the reader ever seen the blight that falls on an American college when the home team has failed to win? The sun is darkened, silence reigns where happy voices have made the halls merry, faces are pulled long, the world is become staid and unprofitable.

Now the Gownsmen is aware that he is presenting only one side of the medal, and he knows only too well that sport is becoming, as it should be to us now, largely a memory and a matter wholly irrelevant to the present.

REAL interest in athletics is not measured by gate receipts. By crowds witnessing a spectacle by excited conversation and heated argument about stars and their exploits, not by newspaper reports, predictions, commentary and criticism.

THE American boy is not unathletic. Left to himself, on back lots and unencumbered, he has developed one of the finest games in the world and it is, from one point of view, regrettable that this fine game, like the arts and our charities, has been exploited, especially in the distribution of its profits.



THE GOWNSMAN

THE Gownsmen once undertook a mission to no less a person than the late eminent essayist and authority in folk-lore, Andrew Lang. He was received courteously, but with the warning: "Of course, we could not do anything with this now, at least, for two or three days."

FROM Parliament Hill, which commands a wide view of Hampstead Heath, London, the letterer may see on any fair afternoon a couple of hundred active games of cricket in progress; on a holiday he may easily see three times as many.

THE degree to which the college athletics of this country are mortgaged to the sporting alumnus would be a matter of amazement to those unacquainted with the facts. The method is a very simple one.

A BRIGHT-FACED little English boy returned to his family circle after an afternoon of "play."

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"DID I FALL OR WAS I PUSHED?"



THE READERS' VIEWPOINT

Morals or Mechanics? To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Through the kindness of a friend, I am in receipt of an article which appeared recently in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, "The Industrial Problem, a Problem in Mechanics" by Jesse Lee Bennett.

"The dispute between labor and capital," says Mr. Bennett, "is, fundamentally, only a question of the just, exact, equitable and scientific division of the joint product of labor and capital. That is a question in mathematics or mechanics to be solved by detached and impassive intelligence; not a question to be decided either by greed or by vague good will expressed in such phrases as 'a fair return to capital' or 'living wage.'"

There are three, and only three, elementary factors essential in civilized industry—labor, capital and money. Labor is human exertion expended in producing. This exertion, whether of brain or brawn, involves the conversion of human tissue into human energy and is convertible as a mechanical factor in industry, and not otherwise.

Capital is nothing other than the physical equipment of labor—tools, materials, buildings, railroads and other means of transportation and distribution which, in their turn, are obvious products of labor and hence conceivable as mechanical factors in industry, and not otherwise.

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What Do You Know?

- 1. Name the capital of New York.
2. What is the meaning of the numerals in the name of the United States?
3. Name the author of "Eudin's Cava."
4. Who are the "Martyr Presidents" of the United States?
5. Name the author of "Eudin's Cava."
6. Who is Philip Ghee?
7. What is the "Rube Bonnet"?
8. What is meant by "To ride shanks' mare"?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Edward Short is the new British Secretary of State for Ireland.
2. Virginia is known as the "Mother of Presidents."
3. "The winds and waves are always on the side of the biggest vessel."
4. The Chamberlain War between England and France in Spain and Portugal, 1598-1603.
5. Joseph Addison, British poet and essayist.
6. The Paris' Congress a part of Westminster Abbey in which distinguished men of letters, artists and scientists gathered in the various columns in country newspapers.
7. "The Chamberlain War," a celebrated play, and appearing in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
8. According to one account, Mother Goose was a Spanish woman, who used the proverb "The goose is a fool," which she translated into English, "Mother Goose."
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