

Evening Public Ledger

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STATE CENSORSHIP ON MONUMENTS
GOVERNOR-ELECT SPOUL'S suggestion that a State commission be appointed to pass on the artistic quality of public memorials and bridges will be approved in principle by all interested in beautifying the towns and highways of the Commonwealth.

It comes at a time when the people are considering memorials to the men who died in the war. Unless something is done to prevent the erection of monstrosities the memorials of the present war will be little better than those of the Civil War.

A man has a perfect right to gratify his own taste within the four walls of his own house, but when he or a group of men propose to put a monument in a public place they must be induced to consider the taste of others who will be compelled to look at it.

Such a commission as Mr. Spoul proposes could very well take over the supervision of the decoration of the Lincoln Highway in accordance with the plan outlined by Joseph Pennell in this newspaper.

We do not suppose that it is intended to supersede the local Art Jury. The State commission would doubtless exercise jurisdiction only in those communities which had no art jury of their own.

AS NO "ALSACE-LORRAINING"
SANE word as has been uttered on the treatment of Germany is contained in an editorial article in the Manchester Guardian which is reprinted on this page today.

But nations are supposedly the administrative expression of the best and most civilizing forces extant in the subdivisions of an uneasy world. Germany misconceived this theory, emphasized organized power, exempted it from all ethical safeguards and she fell. Her example is before all other Governments, our own included, and these Governments, represented by bodies of men trained to think more clearly than some of the humbler of their constituents, are now empowered to apply their efforts to a reconstruction in which not the weaknesses but the firmest bulwarks of moral rectitude will be manifested.

And that is why the significance of this ancient, beautiful and soul-reviving festival is of such present magnitude. A day which mankind, freer from delusions than ever before, conceives as the final gateway to a peace instinct with at least some of the aspirations of the Divine Founder of Christmas justifies the joy with which it will be hailed here and in far-flung realms that know His name.

THE literary tradition in American diplomacy was sustained only vicariously in the appointment of Walter Hines Page as American ambassador near the Court of St. James.

Mr. Page, who has just died of an illness which became acute while he was serving in London, was not so much a literary man as an encourager of the production of literature by others. He has only one book to his credit and he got little fame from its publication. He was an editor of newspapers and magazines and a publisher of books written by persons more inclined than he to put their ideas on paper.

LET US BE GRATEFUL TO THE DRUIDS
WHEN a young man finds a charming young woman under the mistletoe and scarcely his traditional right he should lift up his heart in gratitude to the ancient Druids, who established the custom.

Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Caesar found the Druids in Gaul with their mistletoe rites. Pliny tells us that the Druid, dressed in white, climbed the oak with a golden knife cut off the mistletoe bow as a preliminary to its coronation use. And we learn also that the Druids assembled once a year in a French province, whether all those who had quarrels resorted in order that they might be reconciled. We may be permitted to assume that when the judges had decreed their decrees the disputants were

directed to exchange the kiss of reconciliation under the sacred plant. But, however this may be, the kiss and the mistletoe have been associated so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

We may condemn the Druids for their bloody sacrifices, but we must bless them for their establishment of an osculatory custom so consonant with the desires of the human heart that it survives to this day, and will doubtless survive so long as lips remain kissable.

THE SUPREME CHRISTMAS OF SECULAR HISTORY

The Deep and Noble Import of This Year's Festival Awakens New Hopes in the Heart of Mankind

HOPE in the hearts of men replaces the bitter irony of four Christmases, mocked by the hideous tragedy of war. Joy in this revolution is warranted, but it is ecstasy of a singular kind not un-mixed with awe. For never since the wondrous star first beamed on Bethlehem, never in nearly two thousand years has the import of a Christmas day been so profound. The centuries melt away. The smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth vanish before the white light of eternal truth.

The cynic, of course, will come forward with the merciless pages of history. Admittedly, it is a shameful record, often a base betrayal of spiritual ideals to which millions of sane men subscribed but which all too few of them, when banded into nations, indorsed in deeds.

Plain as these are, not all statesmen are reported as yet willing to acknowledge them. Time was when such dignitaries as those at the Congress of Vienna and the equally myopic Congress of Berlin could have directed the world according to their purblind vision. But a vast and mighty brotherhood of war-wrung peoples is now alive to such perils. It beholds the unexampled privilege of refashioning a complex civilization that has gone away on a basis whose general principles are of transparent simplicity.

Perfection in the reconstruction is inherently inconceivable since human nature is frail and evil is bound to survive the most stringent fiat of the most efficiently organized league of nations. But an approximation of accomplishment, heartening to a degree which history has not hitherto revealed, can be achieved with honest reliance on the most elemental and familiar of ideals.

For nearly two millenniums the millions of the race have paid tribute to these ideals on Christmas, flattered themselves upon their realization in deeds of charity, tolerance, generosity, open-mindedness and warm-heartedness upon a single day in the long calendar of the year and then relapsed into the familiar round of selfishness. Not even a hideous war and the warnings that it utters can make the path of virtue one on which the individual can be expected invariably, serenely and instinctively to tread. We do well to open our hearts and render amenable our impulses to Yuletide.

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The peace planners seem by no means to be out of the wrenches before Christmas.

PAGE AND LITERARY AMBASSADORS
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diplomacy had comparatively easy sailing. Their task was to represent the American people at foreign courts, which they did graciously. James Russell Lowell, in Spain and in England, was successful in this as Washington Irving had been at earlier dates in the same countries. George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, Bayard Taylor and Andrew D. White were all men of letters first and diplomatists incidentally. In more recent times Arthur Sherborne Hardy, who was sent to Spain as a man of letters, is remembered for no distinguished achievements, and Thomas Nelson Page and Henry van Dyke, whom Mr. Wilson appointed to Italy and the Netherlands, respectively, have represented their country much more acceptably than it would have been represented by a mere politician, with no interests outside of law making and carrying elections.

THE former Kaiser will eat his Christmas dinner seasoned with bitter herbs.

WHEN SKEPTICS RECANT
THIS is the season when the small boy who has doubted for the rest of the year the existence of Santa Claus recants and experiences a revival of faith. Faith with him is in reality the substance of things hoped for. If it were not for the fear that the genial friend of children would pass him by on his annual rounds tonight the youthful skeptic would persist in his skepticism; but in the absence of certitude his doubts are transformed from questioning of the reality of Santa Claus to questioning of the reality of the doubts themselves.

Thus we discover that boys are but men of a smaller growth, for who has not known of the skeptic on the eve of his discovery of what there is really on the other side of life, to return to the hopes of his childhood and early youth and to agree that after all there may be something in what the human heart has dreamed about immortality?

The former czar may still be physically alive, but he is without doubt politically a dead man.

A league of charter revivers is just as important for Philadelphia as a league of nations for the rest of the world.

It is old Nick rather than Saint who the imagination associates with Amerongen this Christmastic.

The sink of iniquity would be something more than a metaphor should the Allies decide to open the sea-coast on the fleet in Soupa Flow.

"Cowards be many times," says Shalieu, spere. Was he perchance prophesying about the ex-czar and the innumerable and infinitely varied account of his taking-off?

No sooner is Germany's 300,000 metric tons of snuffcake related than it is in imminent danger of being interned again—this time by the consumer.

The "over the top" idea seems to be contagious. Even the explorers now are demonstrating its appeal in their zeal for a fight to the North Pole.

Now that Doctor Masaryk has taken the oath of office as President in Prague, the Czech-Slav republic may be considered as established and in working order.

The death of Frau Cosima Wagner would be of wider interest if there were any likelihood of the restoration of Bayreuth as an international musical shrine in the near future.

THE WARRING OF 1871
MR. LLOYD GEORGE said a wise word yesterday when he warned us against following the German precedent of 1871. There is, according to him, to be no "Alsace-Lorraine" in the coming peace. The folly of the Alsace-Lorraine policy was that it perpetuated bitterness, erected a permanent monument of defeat on the very borders of France and made inevitable the forty years of armed hostilities and the untold misery and death of war. The wickedness of the policy was that some parts of this folly were intentional. There were those who wished France to remain hostile in order that they might keep South Germany loyal to Prussia. There were those who resolved that France should arm in order to justify German armament and the consequent increasing of the Prussian general staff. No such policy or wickedness seriously influences any of the Allies, but fear and resentment remain the most potent motives, and if any "Alsace-Lorraine" is to be averted it will only be by a wise and self-controlled statesmanship. Mr. Lloyd George does not in fact tell us how he proposes to avert it. Indeed, while one sentence tells us that he is against anything that makes permanent peace impossible he is in the next sentence arguing for courses which would go a very long way in that direction. exact such a debt, the exclusion of Germany without regard to character and personal record, from this country. If this means that Germans are to be permanently excluded from this country, it is a very serious matter for the world. It is a condition clearly incompatible with assured peace. No people would for long acquiesce in such isolation and disgrace. Their own people, and the nations which themselves already lahmated, will go forward the more recklessly to win back their position by force or fraud. There is no peace so long as the continent is divided into a state of revolt and the permanent machinery of repression.

Take again the exaction of indemnities to Germany. Germany's capacity of it is enormous, but that Germany should pay full compensation for injury to civilians, as provided in the peace terms. But the indemnities now exacted are not for the benefit of the people who are injured, but for the benefit of the German government. It is a debt of colossal magnitude through a long term of years. What they do not at the same time explain to the public is that to exact such a debt requires an army of occupation, and that if it takes thirty years to pay off the debt our soldiers must be in Germany for thirty years. The only way to end war and arrive at a stable peace. One of the had results of electioneering at such a time as this is that the most extreme views of the party which holds the platform. Whoever dares to hint that an extravagant demand may not be conceived in the best interests of the nation is at once dubbed pacifist and pacifist is a term which is used by the people of language and extravagance of proposal. The result is that there is a good deal more of ideas on paper than in the world. The idea of a reasonable prospect of permanent peace as the greatest issue. If women seriously want this they must demand some moderation and self-restraint from statesmen. We cannot have it both ways. We can have a settlement which by intrinsic justice and reasonableness makes for peace, or we can have one which satisfies the demands of the enemy. "Alsace-Lorraine" settlement, which is just a challenge to the enemy to revolt and revenge himself when he can. But if we want peace we must have something of our emotions, and if we want to satisfy our emotions we must bid good-bye to the prospect of peace. That is the alternative which Mr. Lloyd George has put before the world. The world must choose between the two. Mr. Lloyd George's speech in the Manchester Guardian.

THE CHAFFING DISH

TOBACCO POUCH TALES

The Squirrel's Revenge (A Story for Children)

SOMETIMES about twilight, when Daddy gets home from work, the children climb up beside him on a big sofa and say, "Daddy, there's a story in the tobacco pouch tonight!" Then Daddy puts away the evening paper and gets out a great big tobacco pouch and looks in it. "Is there any magic in it tonight?" says the children eagerly. Sometimes there is and sometimes there isn't, because you can't always find magic, even in tobacco. If there isn't any magic there, they have a fair game, mere game, such as trying to reckon how long it will be before all three of the children put together will be as old as Daddy. All six three ages added up are one twenty-eight, so they still have some time to go before they can catch Daddy. They expect to catch up with Mother pretty soon if Daddy will only tell how old Mother is. But when Daddy thinks he sees some magic in the pouch he tells Stumpy to get the Special Pipe. Stumpy is called Stumpy because she is short and very plump; Honeyboy is called Honeyboy because he is long and bony. Nick is just Nick, because, as Daddy says, he's been nicknamed already. Stump hurries back with the Special Pipe, which is a very large pipe indeed and holds a great deal of smoke. Then they all make themselves comfortable on the sofa while Mother is doing her hair, without anyone to pick up the hints for her. Daddy fills the Special Pipe and Nick holds out the ash tray for the match. And then Daddy blows out a great cloud of blue smoke that twirls and swirls in the lamp-light, and looking in the smoke he sees a story.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy whose name was John Edward Andrew. He was not a bad little boy as boys of that age so. What age? Well, what age are little boys usually? Somewhere between seven and eleven. As I say, he was not a bad little boy; in fact, I have known at least two small boys who could be, when they tried, much wiser than John Edward ever was. But John Edward had one very unfortunate habit.

John Edward lived in a comfortable home near the Park. His mother lived there too, and also the cook, except on Thursday evenings. His daddy lived there at night, but all day he lived at an office and only came home at supper time to find out if anybody had been naughty. The magic in the tobacco doesn't tell me whether John Edward had any little brothers and sisters, but it does tell me about his bad habit. Every fine day he used to go out to play in the park. He had a little tricycle with rubber tires, and he used to ride this along the paths under the trees, and these he used to see lots and lots of gray squirrels. Great big, beautiful squirrels, with bushy tails as soft as whipped cream and little bright eyes watching for nuts and little paws that they washed carefully three times a day in the fountain. Now it didn't take John Edward long to see how fond the squirrels were of peanuts. And that was how his bad habit began. He used to pick up an empty peanut shell from the path, where there were usually some lying about, and then he would hold it out and call, "Bunny, Bunny, and the squirrels would come hurrying, looking first this way and then that way, to get the peanuts. And John Edward would hold out the empty peanut shell and as though there really were something in it, and the squirrels would come right up to him. Then one squirrel would put its front paws on his shoe and look up at him, and John Edward would keep on saying "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," and finally the squirrel would walk up his stocking and hang onto his trouser leg. And then the squirrel would shell and find there was nothing there.

JOHN EDWARD kept up this game for a long time, until finally all the squirrels got so used to him that they would follow him wherever he went. He would see a squirrel and he would call to it, "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," and when they saw him stoop and pick up a peanut shell they would all turn their backs and wave their plume tails and say, "That's all right, John Edward, but you'll get your foot so!" And they even watched him so carefully that they noticed where he lived right across the street from the park. Now it was not long again and come to the sad part of the story.

IT WAS winter time, and a hard winter, too. All the squirrels had been economizing and saving for the winter, but it does not tell me about his bad habit. Every fine day he used to go out to play in the park. He had a little tricycle with rubber tires, and he used to ride this along the paths under the trees, and these he used to see lots and lots of gray squirrels. Great big, beautiful squirrels, with bushy tails as soft as whipped cream and little bright eyes watching for nuts and little paws that they washed carefully three times a day in the fountain. Now it didn't take John Edward long to see how fond the squirrels were of peanuts. And that was how his bad habit began. He used to pick up an empty peanut shell from the path, where there were usually some lying about, and then he would hold it out and call, "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," and the squirrels would come hurrying, looking first this way and then that way, to get the peanuts. And John Edward would hold out the empty peanut shell and as though there really were something in it, and the squirrels would come right up to him. Then one squirrel would put its front paws on his shoe and look up at him, and John Edward would keep on saying "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," and finally the squirrel would walk up his stocking and hang onto his trouser leg. And then the squirrel would shell and find there was nothing there.

THAT night was Christmas Eve, as I have said. Santa Claus was late on his rounds, for he had to attend to all the children of France and England and Italy and even Germany before he came over to America, where the children were luckier and didn't need so much. Still, his pack had plenty in it and when he got to John Edward's house he found a little note that John Edward's father had left, saying: "Dear Santa—As far as I know John Edward has been a good boy, and you can go over and see for yourself. I've left the tree all ready in the nursery and a cigar on the table for your good self."

(Signed) JOHN EDWARD'S FATHER. So John Edward determined to go to bed, for John Edward was fast asleep in bed, and as the moon was shining in the window Santa didn't need any light. He really enjoyed decorating the tree. He covered the tree with little colored balls, and peppermint canes, and strings of pink and white popcorn, and hung up little sugar pigs and chocolate wrapped in silver foil, and gilded walnuts, and cornucopias and toy trumpets. At the top of the tree he put a little cardboard angel with a golden star and an imitation Santa Claus with a red coat and a white beard. He filled the stocking that hung on the end of John Edward's bed. He put a big red apple down in the toe and then packed it with all the things that he had put in the stocking. He put a little bag of marbles, and a set of dominoes, and a little bag of marbles, and some chocolate cigarettes, and a drum and a flashlight and a toy airplane.

BUT there were some other things still up in the night. As soon as Santa and his reindeer team had got out of sight there came a rattling and rattling and rattling, and the wall of John Edward's house. The squirrels had been watching, and they knew just what they were going to do. They had been waiting for their chance, and now they were ready to strike. They had been waiting for their chance, and now they were ready to strike. They had been waiting for their chance, and now they were ready to strike.

WHICH recalls "Private" John Allen's famous speech while a candidate for Congress in Mississippi. We will let Tom Sisson tell the story. Allen's opponent was a general and they were having a joint debate. The general had the first speech. He was telling of the war, and he grew silent.

SOMEHOW, IT SEEMS TO MEAN MORE NOW



CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Director Webster's Services to the Port—Corporal Smith, of the Columbia Club, Satisfied With His Title—Thomas Devlin's Sons in the War. Colonel Scott's Christmas Greetings to the Boys in France

Washington, Dec. 24. DIRECTOR GEORGE S. WEBSTER'S long experience in municipal affairs makes him an effective spokesman on behalf of Philadelphia when the city's interests are involved in Washington. Director's sincerity goes a long way with the officials here. During the war the municipal officers were held up by the munitions and war-board orders and necessitated frequent conferences. In some of these Director got what he wanted, but sometimes he did not. More recently his intimate knowledge of transportation and river conditions made him a valuable witness in the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal hearing. When asked what Philadelphia had done to merit this national improvement, the Director promptly asserted that for a time up to the completion of the twenty-six-foot project Philadelphia had virtually maintained the entire project from Marcus Hook to Philadelphia. At the present time, he said, the city maintained its own dredging plant and provided piers to accommodate any ship that might come to the port.

IT WILL please the farmers of Swedesboro and vicinity to know that Congressman Bill Browning, of Camden, has put in his annual claim before the Rivers and Harbors Committee for Raccoon Creek. The Congressman told the committee that Raccoon Creek turned out into the Delaware more tonnage than any of its other tributaries except the Christiansi at Wilmington. He credited the Swedesboro region with high record for vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes and cantaloupes, and said it figured large in the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Camden Congressman also revived the Mayor Ellis and Board of Trade project for a deeper channel in front of the city from Cooper's Creek south. This channel is sought by the Camdenites to bring shipping up to the wharves and to enable our sister city to connect readily with the thirty-five-foot channel to the sea.

THE Columbia Club veterans, including Corporal Smith and Sergeant Quigley, have figured in some of Congressman Edmond's latest yarns at the Capitol. The Congressman is winding up his fifth year as president of the popular uptown organization and occasionally drops into a reminiscent mood. He says the late Colonel Bosbyshell tried to put the old Napoleonic story of "McGinnis" over on Corporal Smith, but the corporal and the sergeant countered with conclusive proof that the battle of Gettysburg was fought out on more substantial lines. They admitted they had some help. The Congressman explained further that Corporal Smith, whom Philadelphians have known for a generation and more as "the map man," doesn't take very kindly to the title of "colonel," which some of the rank laymen around the club have been passing up to him. He regards "corporal" as a genuine title with fighting qualities attached and is proud of it.

COLONEL WILLIAM R. SCOTT, of the C. J. W. C. I., which being interpreted, means the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute, has added to the burdens of Burlingame by devising and mailing Christmas greetings to the boys of the institute who were in France or in the army camps. The

quint over "the dark and stormy night" succeeding the battle, when he dragged his weary limbs into a rude log cabin on the mountain side and threw himself down on the rough pine floor for a four-hour rest before the battle was renewed at dawn. "It's all true, fellow citizens," said Allen, opening his speech in reply. "Every word my opponent has said about that 'dark and stormy night' is true as gospel. The general did crawl into that rude log cabin, but he didn't tell you that it was 'Private' John Allen, who now stands before you as a candidate for Congress, who stood on guard in the steel and the rain and protected him from the enemy during that precious four hours. The general is entitled to credit for all he suffered on that historic night. The generals and the colonels ought to vote for him, but you, my fellow soldiers, you brave boys who trudged in the rain and kept guard while the general slept—you will vote for Private John Allen."

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Scrap the German Ships for Belgium To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:—You carry the information that the President will urge the Allies to sink the surrendered German ships. In view of the fact that there is a world shortage of iron, steel and steel products that in view of the apparent shortage of such products in Europe, I would suggest that the hundreds of thousands of tons of steel, iron, brass and copper contained in the hulls of these German ships be wrought into structural steel shapes and presented to the Belgian nation for rebuilding purposes. In addition, there are hundreds of motor dynamo, boilers, engines, etc., that could be used for some useful purpose in the same country. EDW. J. STEVENS. Philadelphia, December 23.

The record of 6,000,000 deaths from influenza reveals the fact that the germs had it all over the Germans. One cannot help wondering which of the publicity experts of the P. R. T. invented the theory that skip-stop accidents were caused by mental aberration. If the nation can do nothing better for the general and lieutenant generals who have helped in winning the war it certainly should allow them to retain their present rank, as Secretary Baker recommends. The Senate is inclined to regard clothing as a necessity and not a luxury and is planning to leave it untaxed. Anthony Comstock also used to regard clothing as a necessity, and most of the rest of us do. The Attorney General decides that the ten days which the President has under the Constitution to consider bills passed by Congress dates from the time he receives them and not from the time Congress finally approves them. This seems to be in accord with common sense.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. What suburb of Paris contains the term visited on Sunday?
2. Where in Europe will be used as a base for the proposed expedition to explore the Polar regions by airplane?
3. What is the original meaning of the word letter, used in the expression "on letter board"?
4. Of what is pewter composed?
5. Who was Leibnitz?
6. What is the largest river in Italy?
7. What article of food is metaphorically known as a Bombay duck?
8. Under what name did Edgar Allan Poe write in the United States army?
9. Who wrote "Dianna of the Crosses"?
10. How many fathoms equal a cable length?
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Italy's excommunication claims conflict with those of the Pope-Slav and Greek products that in view of the apparent shortage of such products in Europe, I would suggest that the hundreds of thousands of tons of steel, iron, brass and copper contained in the hulls of these German ships be wrought into structural steel shapes and presented to the Belgian nation for rebuilding purposes. In addition, there are hundreds of motor dynamo, boilers, engines, etc., that could be used for some useful purpose in the same country. EDW. J. STEVENS. Philadelphia, December 23.