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Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 23, 1919

SUFFRAGE HOPE IN HARRISBURG

When the people of this state are certain that they wish the vote given to women the women will vote, whatever Congress may do with the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the national constitution.

The House of Representatives in Harrisburg passed a resolution yesterday authorizing the submission once more to the people of a suffrage amendment to the state constitution. The vote stood 128 in the affirmative to 61 in the negative, or nearly two to one in favor of equal suffrage. It is predicted that the Senate will also adopt the resolution.

Then if the next Legislature is in favor of equal suffrage, the amendment will be submitted to the voters in November, 1921, for their approval and the popular majority will have its way. That is as it should be.

In the meantime the suffragists will continue their campaign at Washington in behalf of the Susan B. Anthony amendment in the hope that they can secure its adoption by Congress and its ratification by enough states to bring about equal suffrage, regardless of what the voters of this state may do.

DISCOURAGING CHILD LABOR

The purpose of the provision in the revenue law levying a tax of 10 per cent on the net profits of any firm or corporation employing child labor was not to raise money, but to discourage the exploitation of children. This provision of the law goes into effect next Friday.

The Internal Revenue Bureau has issued a series of regulations intended to assist in collecting the tax.

Those who believe in the protection of children will watch with considerable interest the effect of the law upon child labor. If it tends to decrease the number of children employed in factories, they will use it as an argument in favor of the passage of an act putting so heavy a tax on products of child labor that the employers will not find it profitable to hire children. The national child labor committee, assured by capable lawyers, insists that such a tax would be upheld by the Supreme Court.

RENT AND PROFITEERING

It is difficult to appreciate the distinction which the secretary of the Housing Association makes between landlords who are profiteering and those who are not. The association is planning a campaign against landlords who have raised rents by forcing them to put their houses in sanitary condition. It seems to be admitted that there are many houses whose owners have ignored the sanitary laws.

A landlord who raises the rent beyond a reasonable figure is a profiteer beyond question. But what name should be applied to the landlord who gets for an insanitary house the amount of rent which the house would be worth if it were in proper sanitary condition? Is not he also a profiteer, and a profiteer of the worst kind? He makes money at the expense of the health and comfort of the community.

RAISE THIS SALARY!

DR. GEORGE D. STRAYER, of the teachers' college of Columbia University, is the kind of man that should be appointed as superintendent of public instruction for this state.

He is a Pennsylvanian by birth. He attended Bucknell University, in this state. He has devoted his life to teaching and to the study of educational methods. He is recognized by school men throughout the country as one of the best qualified educational experts this generation has produced. He is the type of man this newspaper had in mind when, after the death of Superintendent Schaeffer, it discussed the importance of securing as his successor a man fitted to carry on the work on the foundations laid by the man who had just died.

But the state cannot command the services of a man like Doctor Strayer unless it pays him a salary fitted to the responsibilities which he is supposed to bear. The salary of the superintendent of public instruction in Pennsylvania is \$5000 a year. New York pays its superintendent—he is known as the commissioner of education—\$10,000, and New Jersey, with only one-third of the population of Pennsylvania, pays its commissioner of education the same amount.

Unless the Legislature increases the salary of the superintendent of public instruction it will be impossible for Governor Sprout to persuade any first-class man to accept the position. Five thousand dollars was a living salary twenty years ago. Today it does not buy any more than \$2500 would buy when Doctor Strayer was appointed. The city of

Cleveland, which paid its superintendent of schools \$9000 until two years ago, discovered as a result of its school survey that it could not command the services of the kind of an expert which it wished unless it paid him more. It raised the salary to \$12,000 and secured a capable man, who had been getting \$5000 in a small New England city.

Whether Doctor Strayer is ultimately appointed or not, it is not likely that the Governor will name any one until he has used all his influence with the Legislature to induce it to increase the salary of the office to at least \$10,000.

HIGHBINDER IN DIPLOMACY

OFFER US A PARTNERSHIP!

A Separate Alliance Including the United States Would Help, Not Hinder, International Thugbery

WAR emotionalism is a world disease. It has blinded multitudes in America and in Europe. It makes clear thinking difficult or impossible to millions. The ignorant sentimentalism of newfangled hyphenates has already confused the heart-breaking tasks of the American delegates at Paris. And the disastrous nature of its reactions is vividly revealed in the talk of secret or semisecret alliances that has been filling the air during the last two days.

It is clear that immense pressure has been brought to bear upon Mr. Wilson to force him into agreements of a sort suggested to him by Great Britain, France and the United States into a new Triple Alliance within the league of nations. The scheme as it has already been tentatively outlined actually has found some support in this country.

There are otherwise reasonable men and women who are willing to permit the emotions of an hour to affect decisions that inevitably will affect the destinies of the United States for a century to come.

We are asked to pledge ourselves to the defense of France and to independent cooperation with Great Britain. From the viewpoint of the European diplomatists of the old school this arrangement, rather than any rational system of humane co-operation among nations, presents the only solution to present difficulties. The league of nations itself is clearly to be regarded as a mere bit of decorative ornamentation on the face of the situation.

Those statesmen who are unreconciled to a humane view, who have been untempered through the fire, are plotting night and day for this ultra-practical arrangement.

Line up the great powers, continue the conquest of the Hun, talk idealism but practice force—that is the program of the obstructionists at Paris. And it is a program to which all the emotionalists and the hymn-of-haters in this country have been lending gallant aid.

Mr. Lansing is said to favor the plan and Colonel House is reported as willing to consider it seriously. Until denials come from both of these delegates it will seem to every sane American that Mr. Lansing cannot return too quickly to Watertown, N. Y., and that Texas rather than France is the place in which Colonel House can do the most good.

The simple fact of a new and independent alliance of powerful nations would instantly imply a new and opposing alliance of nations ambitious for self-protection and prestige.

The world itself will be split wide open if new alliances ever assume to dominate the world without the universal cooperation of all peoples.

There is a rule that runs through all life: it is as apparent in biology as it is in world politics and human experience—that one destroying force invariably calls another destroying force into being to make war upon it.

It will not do in this instance to compare the claims of European peace delegates with the desires of the peoples they are presumed to represent. For the policies of the old world governments are not directed by the people. Such policies are formulated and exalted as national philosophies by the class-conscious politicians, financiers and industrial privates with an itch for foreign-trade domination and the spoils of exploitation in undeveloped or defenseless areas of the earth.

The influence of such groups, not the ambitions of the common people of Europe, has done much to hinder and baffle the men who are trying to evolve a livable peace out of the political chaos in the old world.

When there is talk of a new alliance to include the United States as a unit with France, England and Italy we have only to wonder what these unseen forces would do in the future if they felt that their adventures and escapades in trade expansion and political conquest were to have the support and prestige of a virtually unshakable alliance? Is it to be doubted that we should inevitably become involved in the process of intrigue and jostling that precedes all international conflicts and find ourselves at the beginning of a nightmare of militarism?

It is plain that these closing days of the Peace Conference have involved the culminating tests of President Wilson's patience and strength. Those who know him will refuse to believe that even under the stress of unthinkable burdens, with alternatives that appear hardly less terrible than war itself, he has agreed to give support to any scheme of separate alliances.

The American people will be content with no agreements that are not plainly written out and understandable to all men. Mr. Wilson's policy has been based from the first upon some such conviction as this.

If there is to be an alliance, it will have to be a universal alliance promising justice and safety for all people. If that universal alliance cannot be made in the form of the league of nations as it was proposed, then the President and his colleagues had better leave Paris, return home and admit that our costly adventure in behalf of humanity has failed utterly.

If Mr. Wilson falls, there can be only chaos and anarchy all over Europe and a gradual return to the corruption and ignorance and brutality that flourished under Tory statesmen from the first and

culminated in the war of wars. The men who are willing to face this appalling alternative are the old world politicians at the Paris conference, who are willing to sacrifice all the hopes of mankind to insure to themselves, their parties and their friends a few years of additional power. We have manifested our sense of brotherhood with the Allied peoples. Yet this does not mean that we shall be compelled to share in the blind and disastrous schemes of the politicians who misrepresent them. It would be better for the world to let revolutions sweep out the governments of Europe, if by that means the future world can be spared the menace of new coalitions led by men who in the past have shown themselves to be hopelessly predatory. Fire is at least cleansing.

If the Peace Conference has shown anything, it has shown that a process of delousing cannot be inaugurated too soon in some of the European chancelleries.

The people of the United States would properly regard the failure of the American policies at Paris as a disaster. If there can be no league of nations, we shall have to face a dismal outlook. All the future will be clouded with uncertainty. There will be new wars in Europe. Our losses, hopes and sacrifices will be in vain.

We may be driven to continued isolation and a career of military preparation almost as costly as war itself. Yet all this would be preferable to our cooperation with other nations in a system of reasoning that made war after war and catastrophe after catastrophe inevitable to all nations that have ever practiced it.

We are invited now to join in the precise sort of entangling alliances that all the founders of American government warned against. And to all those abroad or at home who urge that sort of thing there ought to be only one answer. We ought to tell them what the American commander of the "Lost Battalion" told the Huns who demanded his surrender!

JOY WITHOUT ALCOHOL

THE question of what will succeed the saloon as a social center when the prohibition amendment becomes operative receives a very practical answer in the ideals and methods of the Old Saint Paul's Club, which last evening crowned its year's good work with the impressive annual ceremony of conferring emblems of perseverance in abstinence from intoxicants.

The gold medal for five years' clear record was conferred on six members and other insignia, ranging from the blue button for a year's faithfulness to the silver for four years' persistence, rewarded a still larger number.

The club is not a prohibition society nor an "uplift" organization in the usual sense of the term. It is a self-sustaining association of men with a common purpose for the encouragement of sobriety. Unlike some temperance institutions, it is not a scrap heap but a repair shop, with the understood mission of helping men addicted to the liquor habit to play a large, even the essential, part in their own redemption from temptation. "Gospelizing," card-indexing of "cases" and devices that provoke resentment are alien to its purposes. Its method is that of personal encouragement leading to individual discipline and responsibility, operating through the effective mass morale of a group based on community of interest in self-help and helping others.

The Old Saint Paul's Club, over nearly a decade, has proved to thousands of men that they can enjoy sociability in a congenial environment with helpful associates without the factitious cheer of alcohol and that while enjoying good fellowship they can become rich in self-respect. The proof is that its members cleave closely to the club over the years and seldom fall away to the fancied fascinations of the saloon.

Victory continues to smile in a touching way.

Some of our legislators appear to be having a ripping time.

The \$90,000 that raised for the Victory Loan are now digging for it.

The Hun is to be given an opportunity to wash his bloody hands in the Saccharin.

Would you have preferred to contribute the vast sums necessary to a Defeat Loan?

The Biggest Little Street in the World last night tackled the Biggest Little Job in its history.

The Allies insist that the Germans observe the etiquette of dining when they eat the inevitable crow.

If non-Bolshevik Russia is able to establish stable government it will be a horse on Lenin and Trotsky.

The leader of the Socialists in the Netherlands objects to the orders of the Entente Council. What he favors is a Dutch treaty.

The debate on the Adriatic question is serious, but not so serious as war would be, and a settlement is nearer than war could bring it.

If the weather continues to delay transatlantic airplane flights and fresh aspirators continue to bob up we may yet see an aerial fleet brave the vasty deep.

The difficulties of the conference lie in the fact that instead of having to deal with differences of opinion between men of honor it has to be prepared to enforce every agreement it makes.

The name of the head of the Hungarian Soviet government is odd enough to be fictitious. Bela Kun might be a brand of Munich beer. Or maybe he is a renegade Cockney who desires to be ink 'n.

President Wilson on Monday attended a performance of "Hello, Paris" at an English playhouse in the French capital. It will be remembered that he was leading man in a production bearing the same name some little time ago.

Fifty out of sixty-six senior students at Yale who use intoxicants learned to drink after entering college, according to a story appearing in the public prints. It is astonishing how these press agents get their stories across.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Philadelphians at Vals-les-Bains.

Robert M. McWade's Visiting Card—Some Local Historians

Washington, D. C., April 23, 1919.

ENACTMENT of espionage laws in certain of the states may not chime in altogether with national sentiment. There seems to be a disposition to remove from our statute books of the United States many of the restrictions imposed by espionage and other summary laws made necessary by the war. It is known that many prisons throughout the country are now holding in leash men who have friends who will agitate for their release on the ground that they were the victims of prejudice or fanaticism. The attorney general has indicated that he does not now desire the co-operation of what have been called "snooping" or "spying" societies that made life miserable for men and women who expressed themselves too freely about war conditions. Now is Congress disposed to add to the restrictions that have been imposed on the individual. The tendency will be rather to encourage the individual upon Americanization lines and to release business from many of its war limitations. There is talk of bills to repeal some of the espionage war regulations and much of this is due to the discussion of court-martial procedure, which, despite the defense set up by Secretary Baker, does not seem to be in favor with the great mass of the representatives of the people.

THERE is one place in France about which we are hearing through the activities of the Young Men's Christian Association, and that is Vals-les-Bains, which as interpreted into plain English suggests "the valley of fountains." Here the Y. M. C. A. established itself as a resort for soldiers on leave. It is a playground and garden spot thrown upon the slopes of the mountains. "Yanks" may drink of the fountains, canoe on the lakes, revel in the scenery and study the march of the legions of Caesar. Some Philadelphians are located at this place. Captain Theodore R. Maul, quartermaster, is one of them, and David S. Braden, of the Y. M. C. A. personnel, is another. Miss Katherine W. Barnes, of Haverford, is among the hostesses and entertainers, and there are several others from points in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

ROBERT M. McWADE, now senior expert conciliation commissioner of the United States Department of Labor, has the George W. Childs habit of memorializing the dignity of labor. On his visiting card he has the motto, "Laborare est orare," very much as Mr. Childs used to have an inscription at the portals of his office. Robert also pays his respects to those who persist in labor troubles by adding, "Strikers are a menace to our nation's progress and prosperity." That also was a favorite sentiment of George W. Childs. When some Philadelphia friends chided the former city editor of the Public Ledger about his being a "conciliator," he blandly remarked, "It takes a fighting Irishman to stop a fight"; and that now is the laborer in which Robert is engaged. He has been sent by the secretary of labor on very important missions to the Pacific coast, to New Orleans, to Florida and, in fact, to most of the states of the Union.

AN ANONYMOUS writer who appears to have been South recently, but who claims to be a Pennsylvania expatriate, advances the following inquiry: "Now that the United States naval training camp, Key West, Fla., has been closed, why have they five officers and twenty-four men as caretakers, when same can be taken care of by three marine guards?" Bearing in mind that it is an ancient custom to publish anonymous communications and that the same are always accepted in the departments with a grain of salt, it does not necessarily follow that every writer who does not affix his name to the information he forwards is wholly oblivious to what is going on around him in the expenditure of public funds.

PHILADELPHIA has more authors and writers than is generally known. In fact, Philadelphia always has been a great literary center without the advantages of publicity which seem to hold in Boston and New York. It is a pity that the Pennsylvania marker set a Bay State author he usually held his own from the historical viewpoint. The American Philosophical Society, whose headquarters are still on Independence Square, is filled with authors and writers whose works are of value and who can quote history in the end of anything. New York has produced. The Congressional Library at Washington checks up these things. Recently two volumes, entitled "Chronicles of Pennsylvania from the English Revolution to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1688-1748," by Charles P. Keith, have been entered up there. They are highly creditable to Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, to whom Mr. Keith has devoted his useful labors. This same Philadelphia author some years ago produced "The Provincial Councilors of Pennsylvania, 1733-1776," and "The Ancestry of Benjamin Harrison."

WILLIAM COPELAND FURBER, who takes an active interest in the Business Science Club of Philadelphia, belongs to that artistic group of builders who put ideas into practice. When John Barrett, the globe-trotter, who is director general of the Pan-American Union, was hobnobbing with Andrew Carnegie and others about the Pan-American Union building in Washington, which is one of the Jay Barrett claims, Furber was recently in consultation with him. If any one who fraternizes with Furber at the Union League, or at the Business Science Club, or New Jersey Society, happens to note a sort of league of nations topic to the conversation, the Barrett connection may account for it. Furber claims to have helped establish a real league of nations in South and Central America before the "Big Four" got down to work.

WHEN a man is physically afflicted as Doctor Steele, of St. Luke's, was with the "flu," or as Dr. L. C. Wessels, of the City Hall, has been for several years with an internal trouble difficult to describe, it is not to be expected that he will rest well in gloomy weather; but though neither of the gentlemen referred to may know each other, they belong to that class of exemplars who breathe sunshine no matter if it rains. The reverend doctor is pulling through after a long siege and is awaiting for baseball and the open fields. The medical doctor, who is the city's ophthalmologist, despite the fact that he has undergone an operation which relieved him of part of his anatomy and was refused a further operation by the Mayo brothers, is still smiling. In fact, he was foolish enough to let the war clouds break to appeal to Washington for service wherever the government might place him. He was not accepted for war service, but went right along, just as if nothing had happened, examining the eyes of hundreds of children weekly in his little diary office in the City Hall. So much for the doctrine of the smile.

Although there is plenty of evidence of industrial unrest in Germany, there is no indication of a condition that the government cannot remedy the moment peace is signed.

"IT'S A HIT!"



THE CHAFFING DISH

Homily on the Demurge

WE DON'T know just what the demurge is, although we have several times asked the man who runs the Quiz. We used to think it was the campaign to have all liquors diluted with 50 per cent water. But our present idea is that it is the innate push of the universe, which exhibits itself most feelingly just at this time of year. If you see a horse pawing the ground, he knows not why, that's the demurge. If you see a man writing a poem when he might just as well say it in prose, that's the demurge. Whenever and wherever you find it, the demurge means trouble. Some day there will be a society formed for suppressing it.

The demurge is most strikingly observed at this season in the one characteristic outburst of the average man. Sap begins to prickle in his veins and he gets an inexpressible desire to doek his form with colors and fabrics that will give expression to his verbal mood. Such perilous doctrines as "You only live once" may be heard on his lips, and he will be seen nosing the windows of haberdashers, particularly those whose windows are placarded MUST VACATE!

ASTOUNDING SACRIFICES. (Those signs themselves are demurgic in origin.) His reappearance with bundles which are later reposed in the office. His peacock instinct will lead him to show striped flane shirts and salmon-tinted scarfs to the stenographer, asking her what she thinks of them. He doesn't give a fig for her opinion; this is merely the demurge speaking within him, bidding him for the love of milk to scank a little in this his pious path of earthly humiliation.

Nature herself feels the upspringing and compulsive energy, the source of which none understands. The tides show it, the bursting trees, the wall and summer of cats at night. College students exhibit it in an amazing degree.

You can count on unexpected happenings about this date. Destiny always starts something. The whole planet trembles with the desire to justify herself in her own eyes. Just as the average man riots through counters of shirts and ties, so does this demurge press itself in new and magnificent ways. Probably that was why, in this demurgic season, 355 years ago today, Shakespeare was born.

This being Shakespeare's birthday, it seems to us appropriate to point out how some of his well-known sayings lend themselves to a patriotic epithet: Valour is the chiefest virtue. I am a great eater of beef. Conscience does make cowards of us all. Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty. Our bravest arms hung up for monuments. Rosencrantz, that's for remembrance. Your mind is tossing on the ocean. Let me have men about me that are fat. O, what a fallists is not gold. All that glistens is not gold. Night's candles are burnt out.

To alter the antique saw, the Kaiser is an old man and has had many troubles, most of which actually happened.

James Huneker, writing in the New York Times, gives us the credit for having discovered the Edgar Allan Poe house up on Brandwine street. We adore basking in such prismatic paragraphs as Mr. Huneker writes, but as far as we are concerned all credit belongs to the Poe house. Incidentally we hope that Fred's garden is doing well out in Marathon. We have heard that Fred has been urging Bill Stites to shoe his hens with carpet slippers (what the ladies call mules). It appears that Bill's hens are under a constant delusion that there is some kind of

A Song of Indolent Beauty

TRUTH that I could not speak  
I set it down in a song,  
And seat it to one, in pique,  
Whom I served too well and long.  
A bee buried up in a rose—  
A drawing and indolent bee  
With a flower for its garden clove,  
This is the symbol of thee!  
O bee buried up in a rose,  
And sheltered from wind and sun,  
'Tis morning, but evening—who knows—  
Bethink thee, improvident one!  
O bee buried up in a rose,  
The rest of the swarm are a-wing;  
They toil while the honey spring flows—  
But no sweet to the hive will thou bring!  
O bee buried up in a rose,  
But the rose it is palling now!  
When the last petal withers and goes,  
Where—tell me where goes thou?  
And Indolent Beauty laughed!  
'How can I useless be,  
Whose sweetness has been the draught  
That quickened this song in thee?'  
—Edith M. Thomas, in the New York Sun.

A Good Alternative

As against the Hoover theory that a plentiful supply of food will cure Bolshevism in Russia might be placed the suggestion that a total withholding of supplies would keep the Bolsheviks so busy digging that they wouldn't have time to be pernicious.—New York Herald.

The Whale Crop

A whale of a wheat crop at a whale of a price seems certain. But hasn't the world a whale of an appetite?—Charleston News and Courier.

They Get There Just the Same

Hogs have no wings, but a glance at the price of pork reveals that they don't need any.—Detroit Free Press.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What is oakum?
2. Who is Bela Kun?
3. Where and what is the Old Bailey?
4. Name the author of "Marmion."
5. Give the dates of the Reign of Terror.
6. Why was King Arthur's Round Table so called?
7. Who has been appointed the first United States minister to Czechoslovakia?
8. Who were the Sadducees?
9. Why were the Roundheads so called?
10. Identify Old Hickory.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The Hohenzollerns, the Wittelsbachs and the Hapsburgs are the principal dynasties dethroned among the central powers through the social revolution.
2. The Panama canal was opened to traffic on August 15, 1914.
3. Helix; anything having a spiral form, such as an electric-conducting coil or the volute in architectural decoration.
4. Daniel Defoe wrote "Moll Flanders."
5. Buddhism is the predominant religion in India.
6. Spanish employs question marks before and after interrogative sentences in writing and printing.
7. Titian the painter—real name Tiziano Vecellio—lived in the sixteenth century. He died in 1576.
8. Venizelos, the Greek statesman, was born in Crete.
9. Lightning rods are tipped with copper.
10. April 23 is Shakespeare's birthday, according to the usual acceptance.

Doesn't it seem as though the Kaiser ought to get out a little more, see something of the world, and all that sort of thing? We are beginning to fear he's getting into a rut.

Sometimes it has occurred to us that the life of a mounted policeman's horse on the sunny side of Chestnut street is rather enviable.

Very great men "pass away." Medium great men "succumb." Most of us just "die." But when the Kaiser goes he will "croak."

The prominent painters who do the full-page pictures for the silk-stocking ads are slowly and reluctantly being home from Atlantic City, having absorbed enough inspiration to last them for the rest of the year.

Boston grumbled a good deal over the telephone strike, but it would take a walkout of the bean bakers to drive that gallant city into Bolshevism.

But the career we look upon with a moistened and yearning eye is that of a mattress (later in a feather-bed factory).

SOCRATES.