

**Evening Public Ledger**  
 THE EVENING TELEGRAPH  
 PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY  
 PUBLISHED DAILY BY PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY  
 CHARLES H. LINDSAY, Vice President, John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer, Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, John S. Spruon, Directors.  
 EDITORIAL BOARD:  
 CHAS. H. LINDSAY, Chairman  
 DAVID G. SMILEY, Editor  
 JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager  
 Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone 4311.  
 ATLANTIC CITY, 200 Metropolitan Tower Building.  
 PITTSBURGH, 1000 Publications Building.  
 ST. LOUIS, 1902 Tribune Building.  
 CHICAGO, 1902 Tribune Building.  
 WASHINGTON BUREAU:  
 1107 E. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St., New York Herald Building.  
 LONDON BUREAU:  
 10, Old Broad Street, London E.C. 4, England.  
 SUBSCRIPTIONS TERMS:  
 The Evening Public Ledger is delivered to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve cents per week, payable to the carrier.  
 By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada or United States possessions, postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at principal office. Single copies five cents.  
 All orders for subscription should be accompanied by cash or check.  
 Notice: Advertisers requiring address changes must state old and new address.  
 BILL 1900 W. ANNET KEYSTONE, MASS 2000  
 Address all communications to: The Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Member of the Associated Press**  
**THE ASSOCIATED PRESS** is a voluntary association of newspaper publishers for the purpose of exchanging news and information. It is not a business or a profit-making organization. Its rights of publication of special features herein are also reserved.  
 Philadelphia, Saturday, June 27, 1919

**A STUPENDOUS BLUNDER**  
**FOR THE** first time in America a governor has put his name to a law which makes a crime of an act done with no criminal intent.  
 The crudely drawn anti-sedition bill, properly known as the gag law, which Governor Sprual signed yesterday after having jammed it through the Legislature, provides for the imprisonment for twenty years of citizens whose utterances "tend" to produce certain results, even though those results are brought about by madmen. It reverses all the principles on which criminal law is based in order that a new punishment might be provided for terrorists.  
 And it goes so far, as a distinguished lawyer has said, as to make an ordinary assault, if committed on the person of a man who happens to hold a state office, an act of sedition.  
 It is a piece of ill-advised puny legislation, which has within it the possibility of the gravest abuses. It is a direct blow at freedom of speech struck in the name of orderly government, and it is likely to be a heavy load for the Governor to carry through the rest of his political career.

**THE OTHER FELLOW'S VIEW**  
**THERE** has been much speculation about the effect of the war on the thinking of the men engaged in it. We shall not know the truth about it until the men tell us either by their words or by their acts.  
 The war has certainly changed the point of view of one man, according to his own confession, and that man is W. W. Atterbury, vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.  
 Mr. Atterbury made a remarkable address before the railroad women's division for war relief, in the course of which he said that he had realized that we had fought in the past in order to make life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness the right of all. "I had always known that it was my right," he said, "but I do not know that I had ever had so keen a realization that it was your right and the right of every other fellow."  
 Mr. Atterbury said that he began to try to put himself in the other fellow's place and to try to get his point of view and as a result he had concluded that this great right meant for the worker:  
 First. Steady employment.  
 Second. An adequate wage.  
 Third. Time for recreation.  
 Fourth. Opportunity to elevate himself in his employment.  
 Fifth. A voice in determining the rules and regulations under which he should work.  
 Sixth. A fair division of any profits after a reasonable wage had been earned and a sufficient amount paid to capital to attract it in an expanding business.  
 After setting forth these six points Mr. Atterbury made the significant announcement that when he came home he found that the men here had been thinking along the same lines and had come to substantially the same conclusion.  
 If this broadening of the sympathies which this railroad manager reports is general then there are compensations for the war which may in the long run be worth all that it has cost.

**HOW THEY DO IT IN FRANCE**  
**THOSE** local politicians who demanded during the progress of the new charter through the Legislature that the members of the Council should be elected by wards might profit by considering what has just happened in France.  
 We have been told that it was important that each ward should have a representative in the Council, for the representative from a larger district would have no interest in the wards, as though it were the business of the Council to consider local districts as of greater importance than the city as a whole.  
 The members of the French Chamber of Deputies have been elected from arrondissements since 1893, that is, from districts similar to our own congressional districts. The arrondissement is not an administrative entity at all. Electoral reformers have for years been demanding that the members of the chamber be elected from the departments being chosen on a general ticket. President Poincare in a book on "How France Is Governed" says that there are grave drawbacks in the arrondissement plan because "it subjects the representative to local influences and tends to make him see the interests of the country in too fragmentary a fashion." He reminds his readers that the members of the chamber are not representatives of the arrondissement, but they are representatives of France."  
 The French Parliament has just voted that the members of the Chamber of Deputies shall hereafter be elected from departments, or provinces instead of from the arrondissements. And it has

taken this action in order that the members may be men who will think first of France instead of the little constituency.  
 We are so accustomed here to electing legislators from small districts that the charter framers who wished to have the members of the new Council elected on a general ticket were unable to carry their point. A compromise was reached under which the councilmen are to be chosen from senatorial districts. This is much better than electing them from wards, but it is far from being the ideal system.

**GERMANY'S DAY OF JUDGMENT**  
**REVEALS A NATION INDICTED**  
**Her Crime Was So Manifest That Her Representatives Could Not Avoid a Plea of Guilt**

**GERMANY** has pleaded guilty to her crimes and her representatives have signed the treaty which fixes the penalty. The consummation which entered the world is now accomplished.  
 Versailles today is more nearly like the Day of Judgment than anything that the world is likely to see again. Crimes unthinkable, fully without end, and offenses that, it seemed, were evaded and forgotten years ago have to be accounted for in full at last and the weight of responsibility is great enough to try out more resolute than those of the men who have to bear it.  
 Decisions such as were made at the Paris conference cannot be sustained by the will of statesmen alone. Unquestionably the majority opinion of the world—of all people who do not cast aside the normal human impulses of pity and passion for the academic view—supports the peace terms. Yet from now on we shall hear a great deal of criticism founded in the belief that the terms are too rigorous for safety.  
 Much of this criticism will be sincere. It will be said that the innocent will suffer in Germany. This is true. But have the innocent suffered, and are they suffering, elsewhere?  
 If there is further war and confusion in Europe it will be said naturally that a more charitable attitude toward the defeated Germans might have insured a long peace. But who knows what a vain and needy people, deluded still with a sense of invincibility, might attempt if they were suddenly given the means of strength in the presence of a prostrate and tired Europe?

The world is dealing with a new Germany and no one can do more than guess at its intentions. The Kaiser-haters, the people who still blaze furiously at the name of the Crown Prince, have missed the more important lessons of the war. If the Allied representatives at Paris have been displaying only a languid interest in the proposals to try and execute the two Hohenzollerns and a crowd of their military advisers they are manifesting evidences of a true sense of discrimination in the effort to reach the root of the German malady.  
 The Kaiser was at best only an ornament to the system of German aggression. Behind him were men far more able, more resolute and more resourceful than, in any final analysis, must be listed as the real war-makers. There was Rathenau, for example, of the German General Electric Company; the North German Lloyd interests; the Krupp; and the Berlin banking classes—all conspired to a purpose of industrial world conquest which had militarism as a mere by-product.  
 These men, with the universities and schools which they dominated, were the propagandists of a philosophy half pagan and half barbaric; brutal, acquisitive, cruel and disdainful of conscience.  
 Germany's greatest crime was not militarism. It was a habit of thought which carried the whole mind of the nation downward in a gradual decline to a level at which the moral standards that sustain civilization were deliberately abandoned as troublesome superfluities.  
 Events since the armistice have not indicated that the Germans have learned to think in new ways, that they feel contrition or that they even admit defeat. Is this one of the reasons why the Peace Conference preferred to be merciless?  
 It is easy to remember the wild talk of "unbeaten armies" in the various German cities. He was an unusually charitable man who could observe without disgust the sense of satisfaction that prevailed in Germany at the contrast between the blackened areas of northern France and the peace and green fields "untouched by war" that began immediately on the opposite side of the Rhine.  
 The "unbeaten armies" cannot help the Germans now. They will have to share the fruits of their untouched areas liberally with the people they wronged. The innocent will suffer in Germany. But no one who has not forgotten the Germany of the last five years and the Germany of the ten years prior to the war can doubt that these innocents in Germany must suffer in order that the innocent elsewhere in the world need not suffer more terribly and in vastly greater numbers later on.  
 It has been said that the whole order of German civilization must decline into paralysis because the Allies have denied to the conquered people the essential impulses of hope. Even that may be true. But if hope declines in Germany it will rise elsewhere, in greater areas, where it could never survive while millions of people lived in sick dread of the impacts that they knew to be inevitable so long as the tramping egotism of the German nation was left unchecked. If the roots of the Berlin philosophy are still alive in Germany, then nothing that the Allied nations may do to kill them may be considered excessive or harsh. If Germany can be made safe only by hunger and torment and relative poverty, then it is better for the rest of the world that she be made to endure hunger and torment and poverty.

**MILLIONS FOR MUSIC**  
**IN** and solid development of musical culture throughout the land is the magnificent bequest in the will of Augustus D. Juilliard, New York multimillionaire and opera enthusiast. The endowment, which may amount to \$20,000,000, is to provide for the education of "worthy students of music" and to defray the cost of high-grade concerts and recitals for the benefit of the public.  
 A quarter of a century ago the act might have been characterized as almost freakish. Music was an exotic then and popular interest in it was, broadly speaking, low. Today it is one of the most vigorous of the arts in America, maintaining in its loyalty to sincere and lofty ideals a standard which reveals the drama as a cultural laggard.  
 Subsidies for the great symphony orchestras in the leading cities have been generously given. Colonel Higginson of Boston was unique when he set the example, Flagler and Pulitzer and the unnamed benefactor of the Philadelphia Orchestra have been worthy followers.  
 While it is still extremely doubtful if the cabinet will ever contain a minister of the fine arts such as France enjoys, private endeavor seems increasingly eager to sustain the cultural impetus. Mr. Juilliard's endowment is one of the largest that has been made. Its prime virtue is that it now aids a necessity, which is being fast divorced from all shadow of dilettantism.  
 The Allies have set a watch on the ex-kaiser as well as on the Rhine.  
 Wieringen seems to be just as poor a substitute for Elba as Friedrich Wilhelm is for the man that made it famous.  
 It is doubtful if Thiers and Gambetta would prefer even heaven to the earth June 28, 1919.  
 In spite of his Presbyterian upbringing the President has no objection to traveling on Sunday in order to get home.  
 Now the question is, where was the ex-crown prince hiding when it was thought he had escaped from Holland.  
 The crowds around the counters in the retail liquor stores remind one of the rush to the department stores on bargain days.  
 Obstnacy seems to have been injudiciously distributed lately. With the proper apportionment Germany might have made a graceful response to justice and Governor Sprual could have rebuked tyranny by vetoing the anti-sedition bill.

**CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER**  
**Approaching Conflict Over Protection for American Industries and the Right of American Owners of Foreign Industries to Receive Tariff Favors**

Washington, D. C., June 28.  
**WHEN** Mitchell Palmer, the attorney general, was alien property custodian, he took over 4000 patents for the manufacture of dyestuffs that were credited to German owners and under an executive order of the President sold them for \$250,000 to the Chemical Foundation, incorporated, a company made up of dollar-a-year men in the bureau, who accepted as their president Francis F. Garvan, of New York, who succeeded Mr. Palmer as alien property custodian. That was the alien property custodian's way of dealing with enemy interests. Subsequently the Chemical Foundation, incorporated, suggested to Congress a high tariff plan to keep out German dyes, pigments, and a licensing system which would enable those in control at Washington to gauge the distribution. At the ways and means committee meetings, where this matter was discussed, the question of magnezite was also being considered. Whereas dyestuffs were said to be the key industry in the manufacture of textiles and war munitions, it was said that magnezite was equally essential in the production of iron and steel, copper and the like. But this interesting question at once passed. The alien property custodian having sold and disposed of German patent power in the United States, it was to be expected with regard to a \$2,000,000 investment of Pennsylvania and Ohio interests in magnezite mines in Germany and Austria? The American owners, who said they went into the foreign magnezite business to prevent a German-Austrian monopoly, frankly stated they did not know what had become of their property, but whereas American magnezite had been developed in the state of Washington, they insisted that no such tariff should be imposed as would utterly bar out their foreign product, which they said was superior to the American, and which could be laid down at the foundation in the east for about one-third the cost of transporting the Washington product across the continent. Former Congressman James Francis Burke, of Pittsburgh, who represented the American interests in the foreign product, insisted that what his people had done before the war was to prevent a foreign monopoly operating in the United States, which was equally as patriotic as the extra effort put forth by Americans to develop a domestic industry. But, query: If the alien property custodian seized German property in this United States and sold it to a private corporation organized under his own auspices, what are the American owners of magnezite mines in Germany and Austria to expect with regard to their property, which they have not been able to approach during the war period? This is one of the fit-for-fat problems of the war.

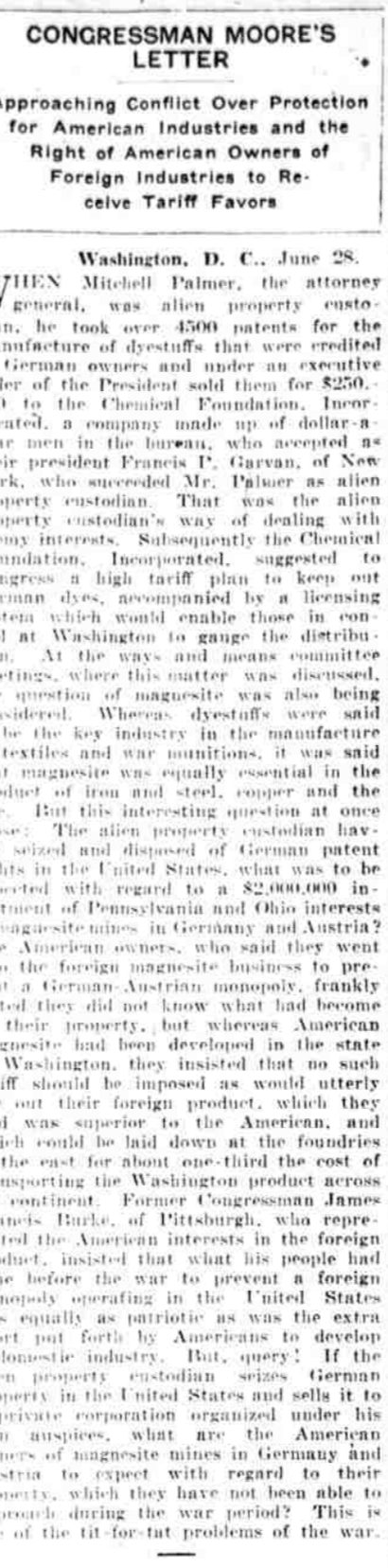
**NEWS-PAPER** men keep coming to Congress. We now have Guy E. Hardy, representing the Third Colorado district, a Republican, who happens at the present time to be president of the National Editorial Association. Hardy beat Edward Keating, a Democrat, who was probably the most persistent labor leader on the floor. As Keating was an organization man through and through, it goes without saying that Hardy was something of a labor lawyer. For this he may have been indebted to his Pennsylvania training, for, notwithstanding his sombrero and decidedly western make-up, he acknowledges with some degree of pride that he once lived in Pennsylvania and did not feel the worse for it. As a mere-strapping he spent a number of years in the States and he was once resident in Canton, the home town of Congressman McFadden, who is endeavoring to unhorse the controller of the currency, John Skelton Williams.  
**ROBERT HOPEWELL HEBURN**, of West Philadelphia, has been explaining to the ways and means committee his reasons for admitting Bolivia tungsten to the United States free of duty. Mr. Hepburn is up against American producers, principally in Colorado, who have a duty should be placed upon tungsten to protect the American products notwithstanding American capital is invested in foreign countries. Mr. Hepburn is in substantially the same boat as those Americans who invested in German and Austrian potash mines. American competition opened up during the war and now the question is, shall foreign pots of ore foreign sources come in, as hitherto, under normal regulations, or shall a high duty be levied upon them to protect the newly developed American deposits? Mr. Hepburn, in discussing the matter, contributed the interesting thought that "the business man knows that there is little altruism in trade and none in international commerce."  
 And yet there are a number of gentlemen who have been serving the government during the war at the rate of \$1 per annum.  
**ROBERT W. BALDERSON**, of Kennett Square, constituent of Congressman Butler, draws attention to the desire of the Interstate Milk Producers' Association to have enacted an amendment to the anti-trust laws which will permit collective sales of farm products by farmer organizations. Mr. Balderson says the anti-trust laws favor labor to the prejudice of the farmers. The association has its headquarters in Philadelphia, but its officers, including F. P. Willis, president, are mostly from the surrounding counties in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

**PEOPLE** who believe in the single tax as a remedy for many of our economic burdens find few converts among the real estate men of the country. In fact, there are some men who hold real estate who are really suggesting that they would be glad to turn it over to the government in lieu of income and other taxes now being imposed. The single-tax men are on the job, however, and so are the real estate men, the latter of whom are beginning to feel a little nervous about the anti-trust law just passed by a Philadelphia, Thomas Stuart Cross, Jr., who is chairman of the legislative committee of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

**THE LEAGUE AND THE PROPHETS**  
**HOPE** rather than a foreboding prophecy was simply and earnestly expressed by President Wilson at the farweld dinner given by President Poincare to the peace delegates. This attitude, particularly emphasized with respect to the league of nations, is one which should readily elicit popular sympathy.  
 When the rival forecasters, now so expertly common among us, get up steam either side can "prove" after its own lights, about anything it chooses. It can be shown that given a succession of conjectural happenings international peace will expire in a second Armageddon. And it can be demonstrated that a series of hypothetical favorable events will lead to an approximation of the millennium. Such performances are void of any argumentative force. They are wearisomely reflective of the prophetic mania which has become one of the most lamentable features of the post-war era.  
 Mr. Wilson consolingly cleaved to actualities in his remarks to the peace-makers. "We have begun," he said, "a plan of cooperation." "We have begun and shall continue to be comrades." "We will weave out of our sentiments a common conception of duty and a common conception of the rights of man." "If" he significantly added, "it be true that this has been accomplished, it is a very great thing." The proviso is exceedingly important and in its sanity it intrenches the position of the league supporters.  
 The pact is a preliminary step toward an intensely desirable thing. Time will prove its value, good or ill, just as it did that of the American constitution, concerning the future fate of which mankind was naturally ignorant. The world leagued in a covenant of partnership is a novelty. It stands a chance of high accomplishment. It is a substitute for a discredited competitive international system saddled with jealousies. An unprejudiced trial is its due, especially in view of the fact that no other scheme breaks so much fresh ground. To regard it with hope is to consider it in a spirit of earnest fair play.  
 This is the note that the President has once more accentuated. There can be little question that the best sense of the nation will eventually be similarly responsive. Meanwhile if the prophets delight to match one extravagant fancy against another there is no constitutional limitation on their mental exercises.

**TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA**  
 By Christopher Morley

**To League Island and Back**  
**YESTERDAY** afternoon the American Yacht Club's boatswain, Mr. J. L. Jones, and I boarded a Fifteenth street car I was greatly excited to see a lady sitting with a large market basket in her lap and placidly reading *The Amazing Marriage*. "You see," I said to Ted Robinson, the delightful poet from Cleveland, the genuine culture in Philadelphia. "Our citizens read Meredith on the trolleys as they return from shopping." "That's nothing," said Ted, "I always read Meredith on the cars at home. I've often read the greater part of a Meredith novel on my way to the office in the morning." So perhaps the Cleveland transients aren't any more rapid than our own.  
**The rain** came down in whirling silver sheets as we crossed the flats toward League Island, but after a short wait at the end of the car line the downfall slackened. Under the guidance of three courteous warrant officers we were piloted about the navy yard.  
**Nothing** is ever so thrilling as a place where ships are gathered, and the adventurousness of a trip to the navy yard begins as soon as one steps off the car and finds great gray hulls almost at one's side. It seems odd to see them there, apparently so far inland, their tall stacks rising up among the trees. *The Massachusetts* and the *Loosa* were the first we passed, and we were all prepared to admire them heartily until told by our naval convoy that they are "obsolete." Passing by a pack of lean destroyers, leashed up like a kennel of hounds, we gazed at the gray profile of the *Verona*. The steep chains were tending from her underdeck prows were told over for the use of the paravanes, and I think the ladies of the party were pleased not to be paravanes. The older destroyers—such as the *Wainwright*—are very small compared with the newer models, but it is curious that the *Verona* is one of the battle-ship type of the civil war years more massive and towering than the latest super-read-nights. *The Ohio*, the *Connecticut*, the *New Hampshire*, all older vessels, loomed out of the water like cliffs of stone; their two and three high funnels out-topping the squat single stack of the new oil-burners.  
**The word submarine** has become a commonplace of our daily life, but there is always a tingle of excitement on seeing these strange human fishes. The O-16, one of the American torpedo craft that operated from the Azores base during the war, was lying awash at her pier. I would have given much to go aboard, but as the officer guiding us said, "It pretty nearly takes an act of Congress to get a civilian aboard a submarine."  
**In a vast dry-dock**, like small minnows, four drive for breath in a waterless hollow, lay diminutive submarines of the K type. Men were loosing them with water, as though to revive them. Their red plates made them look absurdly like goldfish; the diving rudders, like a fish's tail, and the little fins folded pathetically upon their sides toward the bow. Increased the likeness. Their periscopes were the hull workmen were clambering inside. One tried to imagine what the interior of these queer craft might be like. Of all the engines of man they are the most mysterious to the layman. Their little brass propellers seemed inconspicuously small as they revolved through the water. At their noses we could see the revolving tubes to hold the four torpedoes.  
**We PASSED**, alas too fast, the great airplane factory, with its delicious glimpses of clean and delicate carpentry, the steam-boxes for bending the narrow strips of wood, the sweet smell of banana oil which I suppose is used in some varnishing process. A little engine came trundling out of a shed, pulling a wingless gray fuselage on a flat-car. Its graceful lines, its sensitive and shining metal work, its sleek, clean body, all were as beautiful and tender as the works of a watch-maker. Overhead roared an older brother, a flying



**THE KISS**

**ARE** you shaken, are you stirred,  
 By a whisper of love?  
 Spellbound to a word  
 Does time cease to move.  
 Till her calm, gray eye  
 Expands to a sky,  
 And the clouds of her hair  
 Like storms go by!

**Do the lips that you have kissed  
 Turn to frost and to fire?  
 Does a flame shot mist  
 Enwrap your desire,  
 Till back to their birth  
 From water, air, earth,  
 And the First Power moves  
 Over void and death?**

**What Do You Know?**

**QUIZ**

1. In what part of the Netherlands is Wieringen?
2. Name three American musical composers.
3. Why is the alphabet so called?
4. Some members of the German delegation in Versailles have been quartered in the Hotel Vatel. Who was Vatel?
5. How many British ships were sunk by German submarines during the war?
6. Who were the "Huskies" in American politics?
7. In which direction does the earth revolve?
8. Of what state was General Grant a native?
9. Who wrote the drama "William Tell"?
10. When did the United States acquire the Danish West Indies (Virgin Islands)?

**Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**

1. The president of France is elected every seven years by a majority of the votes in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies sitting as the National Assembly.
2. Herbert Hoover and General Pershing have received degrees from Oxford University.
3. Milliner is a corruption of Milaner, so called from Milan, which at one time gave the law to Europe in matters of taste in dress and elegance.
4. Tray as a dog's name is said to be derived from the word "trag," a runner, or else from the Spanish verb, "traer," to fetch.
5. The German national monument is at Niederwald opposite Biigen on the Rhine.
6. Bathos describes a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous; anticlimax; performance absurdly below the occasion. Pathos is the quality in speech, writing, events, etc., that excites pity or sadness.
7. Washington addressed his farewell address: "To the people of the United States on his approaching retirement from the presidency."
8. Two books written by Woodrow Wilson prior to his presidential term were "A History of the American People" and "George Washington."
9. A wit is called a wag for his qualities of amusing roughness. The word wag is thought to be derived from "wag-halter," a rogue.
10. The ex-crown prince of Germany is thirty-seven years old.



**TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA**  
 By Christopher Morley

**To League Island and Back**  
**YESTERDAY** afternoon the American Yacht Club's boatswain, Mr. J. L. Jones, and I boarded a Fifteenth street car I was greatly excited to see a lady sitting with a large market basket in her lap and placidly reading *The Amazing Marriage*. "You see," I said to Ted Robinson, the delightful poet from Cleveland, the genuine culture in Philadelphia. "Our citizens read Meredith on the trolleys as they return from shopping." "That's nothing," said Ted, "I always read Meredith on the cars at home. I've often read the greater part of a Meredith novel on my way to the office in the morning." So perhaps the Cleveland transients aren't any more rapid than our own.  
**The rain** came down in whirling silver sheets as we crossed the flats toward League Island, but after a short wait at the end of the car line the downfall slackened. Under the guidance of three courteous warrant officers we were piloted about the navy yard.  
**Nothing** is ever so thrilling as a place where ships are gathered, and the adventurousness of a trip to the navy yard begins as soon as one steps off the car and finds great gray hulls almost at one's side. It seems odd to see them there, apparently so far inland, their tall stacks rising up among the trees. *The Massachusetts* and the *Loosa* were the first we passed, and we were all prepared to admire them heartily until told by our naval convoy that they are "obsolete." Passing by a pack of lean destroyers, leashed up like a kennel of hounds, we gazed at the gray profile of the *Verona*. The steep chains were tending from her underdeck prows were told over for the use of the paravanes, and I think the ladies of the party were pleased not to be paravanes. The older destroyers—such as the *Wainwright*—are very small compared with the newer models, but it is curious that the *Verona* is one of the battle-ship type of the civil war years more massive and towering than the latest super-read-nights. *The Ohio*, the *Connecticut*, the *New Hampshire*, all older vessels, loomed out of the water like cliffs of stone; their two and three high funnels out-topping the squat single stack of the new oil-burners.  
**The word submarine** has become a commonplace of our daily life, but there is always a tingle of excitement on seeing these strange human fishes. The O-16, one of the American torpedo craft that operated from the Azores base during the war, was lying awash at her pier. I would have given much to go aboard, but as the officer guiding us said, "It pretty nearly takes an act of Congress to get a civilian aboard a submarine."  
**In a vast dry-dock**, like small minnows, four drive for breath in a waterless hollow, lay diminutive submarines of the K type. Men were loosing them with water, as though to revive them. Their red plates made them look absurdly like goldfish; the diving rudders, like a fish's tail, and the little fins folded pathetically upon their sides toward the bow. Increased the likeness. Their periscopes were the hull workmen were clambering inside. One tried to imagine what the interior of these queer craft might be like. Of all the engines of man they are the most mysterious to the layman. Their little brass propellers seemed inconspicuously small as they revolved through the water. At their noses we could see the revolving tubes to hold the four torpedoes.  
**We PASSED**, alas too fast, the great airplane factory, with its delicious glimpses of clean and delicate carpentry, the steam-boxes for bending the narrow strips of wood, the sweet smell of banana oil which I suppose is used in some varnishing process. A little engine came trundling out of a shed, pulling a wingless gray fuselage on a flat-car. Its graceful lines, its sensitive and shining metal work, its sleek, clean body, all were as beautiful and tender as the works of a watch-maker. Overhead roared an older brother, a flying