

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Friday, September 16, 1921

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS

THE Republican voters who wish to carry on the work which they began in 1919 and drive the contractor influence from the party should vote at the primaries on Tuesday for the nomination of the following candidates:

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

SAMUEL P. ROTAN

Mr. Rotan has conducted the affairs of his office for several terms with efficiency and without scandal, and he has secured the punishment of adherents of the contractor machine for complicity in the murder in the Fifth Ward.

FOR CITY CONTROLLER

EDWIN WOLF

Mr. Wolf is a business man of wide financial experience and sound judgment. He is his own master, and the Controller's office he will not be subservient either to factional political or selfish financial influences.

FOR CITY TREASURER

ARTHUR C. GRAHAM

Mr. Graham has had long experience in handling the funds of the people entrusted to the care of one of the largest savings banks in the city. He is admirably qualified to handle the funds of the taxpayers in the City Treasury. And he is pledged to do what he can to end the abuses of the pernicious fee system.

FOR RECEIVER OF TAXES

COLONEL GEORGE E. KEMP

Colonel Kemp is a soldier with a splendid record in the World War and with experience in a civilian executive post which qualified him for the position for handling the business of the tax office.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS

VIVIAN FRANK GABLE

Mr. Gable, who is a practicing attorney, is a candidate for the office where the incumbent has received \$350,000 in fees which ought to have gone into the public treasury to reduce the taxes. He has committed himself to opposition to the fee system and has said that \$10,000 a year is all the remuneration which the Register should receive.

FOR JUDGE OF MUNICIPAL COURT

JOHN H. MAURER

Mr. Maurer is the Assistant District Attorney who was knocked down by the thugs in the Fifth Ward in the fight which resulted in murder. He is a capable lawyer who should make a good Judge.

AT POINT BREEZE

LOSSES of life and property in successive fires at the great Point Breeze oil plant have been so great in recent years as to deserve the suggestive epithet of "Point Breeze." It is to be presumed that practical as well as humane considerations inspire care and precaution in the operation of the plant. And yet some sort of inquiry should be directed with a view to the prevention of tragedies like that which occurred on Wednesday afternoon.

Like many other great industrial organizations, the Point Breeze oil works have been extended and elaborated in recent years to meet extraordinary demands. The business of oil production and refinement has been revolutionized in a decade.

It is easy to suppose, therefore, that in the process of expansion under present conditions some of the rules of scientific plant construction and management may have been disregarded. Fires and explosions at Point Breeze are tragically frequent. They must be enormously costly to the owning corporation. The recent loss of life in such accidents is staggering.

To an observer on the outside it would seem that something is radically wrong somewhere in the physical structure of the plant. Whatever that something is, it ought to be corrected.

CITY COMMITTEE'S FUNCTION

THE Republican City Committee is not a nominating organization. So far as it participates in nominations its sole business is to exert itself to see that there is a free vote and a fair count in the nominating primaries.

Y. Thomas W. Cunningham has issued a formal statement in which he says that "certain men are pushed forward for office ... to defeat the candidates who have and will have the support of the regularly elected Republican City Committee of this city."

Mr. Cunningham knows that while the members of the committee are free as individuals to work for the nomination of any candidates that please them, the committee itself usurps power that does not belong to it when it seeks to bring about the nomination of any one.

It is no crime for the Republican voters to attempt to nominate their own candidates. The primary system was established in order to give this opportunity to them.

For the members of the City Committee to charge the voters with insurgency because they seek to name their own candidates is almost as preposterous as it would be for a Judge to charge a defendant in court with resisting the processes of the law when he offered testimony to prove that the charges against him were unfounded.

Mrs. Altemus, who is serving on a committee of citizens working for the nomination of an office in the Republican City Committee, is people were walking around.

It is not engaging the committee, which is supposed to represent all the Republicans,

with the legitimate contest within the party over the choice of candidates for office. Whoever are nominated, it will be the business of the City Committee to work for their election.

T. KUNNINGHAM HURLS UP A NEW INVISIBLE EMPIRE

Another Man Who Would Be King Marches Away Under the Symbol of the Fiery Dollar-Mark

ONE of these fine days, when all the works of civilization are nicely reduced to ruin and there is no law, no government, no troubling sense of decency and social obligation to inhibit independent and lively minds, every man will be Emperor of his own Invisible Empire. He will be his own Grand Goblin, his own kliggrapp, his own kodo and kokokola and his own President of Congress and Supreme Court.

Life will be worth living then. No one will be bored. One may brighten dull hours by putting on one's regalia and murdering the neighbors' children or bringing the landlord at the stake—provided that one have the requisite energy and prowess. One will be one's own Kleggie, and so every citizen may experience the delight of paying money to himself instead of to a hard-eyed professional dollar snatcher.

But the sweet millennium is still in the distant future. Folk who go a-klegging nowadays run great risks of unpleasant conflicts with less enterprising people.

That is why we are moved to mourn for the hitherto esteemed T. Cunningham, sage of the Tenth Ward, and to look on with misgivings as he deserts Pensore for the Vares and withdraws from the midst of his friends to sit alone upon a political mountain-top and there hoist the sign of the fiery dollar-mark—or is it to be a blazing ace of diamonds?—over an invisible empire that he hopes to make his very own. For T. Cunningham is sure to encounter many perils and hardships upon this wild adventure.

It should surprise no one if he comes tottering back without his watch or his hat, crying aloud for shelter and for balm upon his wounds. Imperial Wizard Vares is not the sort of autocrat who is likely to share his authority with an alien. And the realm over which he rules is filled with savage and hungry minor kleggies and kodos and kliggrapps and kokokolas and kiodards who are pretty sure to have buckets of tar and a world of feathers for any one who presumes to disturb the order of imperial succession in which they move upward to eminence and power.

What is Exalted Cyclops Hall saying in his secret soul about this new candidate for the regency? What will the political kludgers do to the Judge when they get him alone?

It is not pleasant to dwell on these things even in imagination.

The Judge is a lover of liberty. He is the champion of oppressed poor players. In the school of politics to which he belongs it is held that every man, woman and child in this community has an unqualified, an unalienable right to the wholesome exercise of the right wrist that is to be obtained by free play at the game known as leaping dominoes.

In the Invisible Empire to which he is now declaring allegiance there are a lot of kleggies and kliggrapps and kokokolas and kiodards who pledge themselves to restore full and free liberty of action to downtrodden drug peddlers and the merchants of vice.

T. Cunningham's ambitions and his pride seem, therefore, to be leading him into bad company. Sternly, resolutely, he goes away. That is regrettable because the Judge is in many ways an alluring figure. He ornaments political campaigns. He carries with him a pleasant air of old times.

It is a pity to see him moving into an unknown wilderness like a lonely explorer—striding off to be an Imperial Wizard in the mystic cave of the Vares, where the tar is always boiling for such as he.

One is reminded again of the babe in the woods. One feels that flags ought to be half-masted. But it would be better to have a committee appointed to succeed T. Cunningham in the days of his disillusionment—unless he be eaten alive before he can return to civilization.

With great interest we shall watch the progress of this intrepid man toward the throne of dumps of unmet political kleggies. We would earnestly advise him to keep one hand on his wallet and the other on his swarfin while he is away.

It is only fair to assume that T. Cunningham has answered the call of what he considers a great cause.

Bootleggers, vice promoters, gambling syndicates, grafters and extortionists clamor piteously for the freedom that is denied them. In the bright millennium when every man is his own Imperial Wizard and his own kleggie, and when tarring and feathering are taught in the public schools, every one will be free to do as he likes. There will be no police, no courts, no need for order. Murder, violence, gambling, vice, drug syndicates will be unchecked, of course.

But the mistake of men who set up invisible empires of one sort or another nowadays is to suppose that civilization can be perfected in a day. It can't. We shall have to wait and be patient.

In the invisible empire of Imperial Wizard Vares the arrival of T. Cunningham will be regarded as an act—a contribution—of High Providence in a time of need. Doubtless it will be symbolized by the usual klix salute to suckers, which is three whistles and a groan, given when money is paid into a kleggie's hand. That singular exercise is one in which the whole voting population should—and probably will—join as the Tenth Ward's cherished sage departs on his journey into the mists.

MAGNANIMITY AND FACTS

"MAGNANIMOUS incidents" repeatedly engaged the attention of a native philosopher who saw life not so much bitterly as completely. It was Mark Twain's emphatic contention that the conventional snappy anecdote of "the books" and the overwrought happenings of actual existence were incompletely narrated.

There was, for instance, the tale of the "benevolent physician," who, marveling at the gratitude of dumb animals, set the leg of a stray dog, brought to his office by another cur whose injuries he had treated the day before.

This is the alleged conclusion of this pious legend, but the scorching humorist was unsatisfied. His fancy roamed to the third day, when the two dogs returned with a damaged comrade. The quantity of canines increased by arithmetical progression until the pavement was lined with dogs and the people were walking around.

At that juncture the benevolent physician, unable to tolerate the cacophonous

barking of his patients, heaved a brick at the original cur, which immediately leaped upon his benefactor, repaying him with a fatal dose of rabies.

Consider the once much-discussed Spiker family and the "romance" of the spectacularly generous Guy, who wedded the mother of his brother's child and pledged himself to raise the offspring as his own.

The once grateful recipient of these favors, the present Mrs. Guy Spiker, has vanished. "She went," declares the Spiker who sought to repair his errant brother's misdeeds, "and she can stay."

This time the anecdote, not literary but actual, is concluded.

To be extracted from this now finished chain of circumstances is not so much the deduction that life is wormwood as that it is not all treacle.

THE MAYOR'S GAS PLAN

THE ordinance which Mayor Moore submitted to the City Council yesterday afternoon provides a practicable and business-like way to end the gas muddle.

The Maltbie Gas Commission, which the Mayor wishes to continue in order that it may enter into negotiations with the United Gas Improvement Company and work out in outline a satisfactory contract, is well fitted for the task. It is composed of experts and business men with no interest other than the ascertainment of the truth.

The commission has already spent some months in studying the relation of the gas company to the city and the manufacture of gas. It has substantially all the data at hand needed to guide it in laying down the general principles on which a new contract should be drafted.

The ordinance involves no trespass on the rights of the Council. That body must pass upon whatever contract is made. The contract will be made by the Mayor and the City Solicitor. The ordinance merely summons to the task men with special knowledge and impartial judgment.

Its adoption would mean that in a few months there would be before Council a specific proposition regarding new terms on which the city gas plant is to be operated, together with definite plans for the protection and enlargement of the plant to meet the demands upon it.

There is no good reason why the ordinance should not be adopted.

MR. KENDRICK'S LAURELS

W. FREELAND KENDRICK may rest assured no one will care to question his statement that he has collected twice as much in taxes at the end as at the beginning of his term. Nor is it likely that many persons will covet such glory as may be won by functioning under a tax system greatly increased assessments. Mr. Kendrick's laurels are secure.

The financial burdens of the citizens of Philadelphia have grown heavier and the present Receiver of Taxes and machine candidate for re-nomination has, in conformity with law, collected the required sums in order to meet his obligations. It is his presumable ambitions which are so frank as to be unconventional.

Who knows to what point taxes may not be raised should the Contractor Combine retain its partial grip upon the community? In that case, and from Mr. Kendrick's standpoint, the Independent Tax Office would inevitably be flourishing.

As a super-publican, however, this official must beware of vanity. It is not he alone who has caused the tax rate to ascend. The credit must be divided among the components of the whole machine, however ardently he may seek to win all.

In the public eye, Mr. Kendrick, it simply interprets Mr. Kendrick as the official who rejoices when the levies go up.

That understanding should be enough for any politician.

THE OLDEST DELUSION

NATIONS and Governments, like children in nurseries, seem unable even now to realize that they cannot have their cake and eat it.

That is why it is difficult to make the machinery of the League of Nations operate efficiently in the interest of peace and a better civilization.

When the war was running and burning the world some wise men decided that all future generations should be protected from similar catastrophes. It was admitted that war was the greatest of all human afflictions.

It was agreed that it could be prevented if every country would make small sacrifices for the world's deliverance.

In return for the sacrifice of some bit of territory or some coveted commercial privilege or some small shred of national pride all lands were to be made safe forever from the ever-present danger of slaughter and extermination. That was the plan, and the world has been waiting for it ever since.

Times have changed. Chile recently threatened to quit the League because it was suggested that she give up a bit of Bolivian territory, once achieved by violence, because it makes friendship between Chileans and Bolivians difficult.

Branting, representative of Sweden in the League Assembly at Geneva, created a scene. He charged that the award of the Aland Islands to Finland was unfair. Sweden doesn't really need the Aland Islands. But it cannot bear to give them up. And there you are.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What animal is used as money?
2. Who said, "A lifetime of happiness; no man can afford to bear it; it would be hell on earth"?
3. When did Oliver Cromwell die?
4. Distinguish between appropriation and expropriation.
5. Which is the Buckeye State?
6. What is the name of the planet nearest to us?
7. Who was the original Little Eva in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?
8. Which is the name of the "geriatric warfare" refundant?
9. Who was Old Chrome?
10. What champion poet died 600 years ago this autumn?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

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AS ONE WOMAN SEES IT

Horrors of Railroad Travel Compared to Travel by Automobile—How Invention Opens Another Door Whenever One Shuts

By SARAH D. LOWRIE

LAST autumn I traveled for ten days, with stop-overs for a consecutive night stay, on the railroad, and for the same time on a pleasant inn or clubhouse. This autumn I did the same, only this time I stayed with friends who were prolonging their holidays in some agreeable cottage or summer camp. The cost each trip was about the same, but between the restfulness of the one and the other there was no comparison.

On the first trip the journey was accomplished by a motor; on the second by train. Even by paying the extra fare for an entire section, and by heavy feigning of porters for the transportation of one's baggage by hand, the advantage of the motor was striking; even though one beguiled the long waiting connections by taking a room and a bath at some near-by hotel in order to get back self-respect after the horrors of the train-dressing room, and though one had to avoid the uncertainty of unknown street-car routes, and even though one's destination was some pleasant, well-appointed room in a grand old house with such accommodations, the complication of traveling by railroad over a wide area of country is growingly tiresome and vexatious, due not to the traveling public, not to the railroad employes of this subordinate sort, but to the stupidity and petty graspingness of the railroad management.

At a time when private motors are in competition with the older and more organized way of traveling, the railroad officials who make the policy of the road seem to have gone out of their way to throw the advantage of the motor possession into the discard and to make their companies more of transporting the public as inconvenient and as expensive as possible.

The restrictions about selling tickets, the ban of return tickets, the long waits at ticket windows, the impossibility of being sleeping-car reservations or in most cases chair-car seats, without an accompanying railroad ticket; the arbitrary restrictions about the office where such accommodations are to be procured with any certainty in regions where summer travel is heaviest, the congested baggage conditions where trunks are piled up on the platform, the rough and tiresome handling of sleeping cars at junctions, when they are shunted like coal cars from one branch line to another; the curious custom of making up the beds in a sleeping-car before its passengers board the train, so that whether it is early or late the travelers have no place to sit as the train moves out of the station, the overcrowded state of the day cars, gorging and disgorging their local clientele, so that on a long day's journey a through passenger is driven to at least try for a chair-car in order to avoid the discomforts of the day car.

These organizations, which are so proud of their modern comforts, but who offer in ordinary day coaches neither the comfort nor the independent privacy of a second-class railroad carriage in Europe. And for the complications of an extended tour through New England and the Middle West, except in the offices of the great cities—Philadelphia, New York, Boston—nothing any longer approaching a round-trip ticket with accompanying reservations is possible to procure.

For the return trip one is at the mercy of little local agencies with authority over but a small radius of the complicated series of connections. Even then, in his smallest case, the traveler has to make a large part of having disposed of all his wares. Ten days before the date of my departure from Bar Harbor there was only an upper berth on the night train to Boston available, and I turned south with any concerted motion.

WE BOAST so much in this country about our modern comforts, but who offer in ordinary day coaches neither the comfort nor the independent privacy of a second-class railroad carriage in Europe. And for the complications of an extended tour through New England and the Middle West, except in the offices of the great cities—Philadelphia, New York, Boston—nothing any longer approaching a round-trip ticket with accompanying reservations is possible to procure.

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PHILADELPHIA always has been known as the City of Homes, and the many prosperous building and loan associations which it contains have done a large part toward bringing about this enviable condition of affairs, in the opinion of W. A. G. Fox, who is connected with a large number of these organizations.

"No city in the United States," said Mr. Fox, "in any way approaches Philadelphia in the number of persons who own their own homes. It seems to be a characteristic of Philadelphians that they greatly prefer to live in their own homes rather than in apartments."

The city during the war, when building of houses was practically suspended, experienced a "raid" which was caused by speculators buying rows of houses and then "praying" them; that is, selling them and trading them to each other. This was an almost incredible deed, and in one transaction of which I had personal knowledge the sixth deed of transfer was being made out before the first of the deeds was of its record.

"This could not have been done unless there was some place to get the money for the mortgages between the sum which would have been paid for the houses and the bank and the cash which the buyer was forced to pay for the property."

"The building and loan associations were in some degree called upon to meet this unprecedented demand for funds. Unfortunately, some of this got into the hands of the speculators, but ultimately it reached the hands of the buyers, which was the real object for which these associations were formed."

"The speculative buyers would purchase houses at a given figure and then, due to the inflated and fictitious value which was placed upon nearly every kind of dwelling, would force the ultimate purchaser, who in many cases had to have some place to live, to purchase the house at a sum far beyond its real worth."

Refused to Aid Speculators

"But the building and loan associations refused to lend their aid to the speculators, and in those troublous times, when borrowers came to our offices, the first question which they were asked was whether they wanted money for speculative purposes or whether they were buying a home for themselves. Upon the answer to that question depended whether or not they received the money."

"The aim of the building and loan associations is to help a man buy his own home. The plans are so arranged that a man, for practically the same amount which he pays to a landlord, will in time become the owner of his property, provided he has about 20 per cent of the sale price in cash."

"In such a case the association assumes the mortgage and the member makes periodic payments to the association. At the usual rate the second mortgage is paid off entirely in about eleven and a half years. After this the owner may extend the first mortgage and take part of it in the building and loan, or he may create a reserve by taking free stock in the association, which will mature and give him a good start in the payment of the first mortgage. This is, in brief, the method and the plan upon which the associations are based."

"Most men who go into the building and loan association are men who are determined to stick it out to the end, and therefore the number of lapses is relatively very small. But there have been instances where, for no reason over which the member had



NOW MY IDEA IS THIS

Daily Talks With Thinking Philadelphians on Subjects They Know Best

W. A. G. FOX

On Building and Loan Development in Philadelphia

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"OFF WITH THE OLD,—"

President Harding and Bill Johnston may now condole with each other.

Bill Tilden is perhaps no better than Bill Johnston, but there is more of him.

When Cunningham says Pensore, he has been betrayed by his friends, may it be considered expert testimony?

One can sympathize with Maclyn Arbuckle's desire to let the world know that he is not related to a certain other fat man.

Diplomatic conversation between China and Japan is somewhat hampered by China's inability to refrain from seeing a joker in Japan's proposals.

The keel has been laid in Gloucester in a Japanese navy ship; merely, we suppose, as an evidence of faith in the coming Limitation of Armament Conference.

It is a little disquieting to realize that there are unusual persons—a plenty who are already planning infractions of the law in order to win a warm home for the winter.

Great Britain's delegation to the Limitation of Armament Conference may cause the cynical to argue that she does not take the matter as seriously as she might.

A Springfield, Mo., man, mistaking his mother for a chicken thief, shot and killed her. He will never subscribe to the belief that there are more fools behind guns than knives in front of them.

An Omaha, Neb., woman forty-one years old is the mother of twenty-two children; but we'll bet fifteen cents that the President won't write congratulating her on the fact. One learns from experience.

Berlin having lifted the seven-year ban on the language, a tenor will sing the role of Mephisto in "Faust" in French. The rest of the cast will sing in German. But this is not the first time French has raised the devil with the Heines.

The Methodist Ministerial Association objects to a Constitutional Convention because it might result in an attempt to introduce a Constitution which would do some thought born a million years ago that has made the oyster so poor a traveler.

There is something naive in the expression of desire of West Virginia coal operators that Federal investigators postpone operations until after the trial of indicted miners in Williamson. It doesn't seem to occur to them that that is one of the matters in need of investigation.

England has just completed an armored aerial battleship, weighing ten tons, with a machine-gun gallery and a carrying capacity embracing several hundred pounds of bombs. The world has moved rapidly during the last few years. Nothing could have been more fanciful in a newspaper of twenty years ago than the sober sooth of today.

A Jugo-Slav, his wife and three children arrived in this country three weeks ago and established a home in Cincinnati, embracing several hundred pounds of bombs. The world has moved rapidly during the last few years. Nothing could have been more fanciful in a newspaper of twenty years ago than the sober sooth of today.

Blessed be the bug! He is a benefactor to the man. The reason he is so good is that he is a political economist and he is beloved by the merchant. Long has he been maligned by cotton growers. They had a perfectly unreasonable dislike for him, but he ate into their profits. Now they recognize him as a profit booster. His slogan is "You get more cake for every bale." Blessed be the boll weevil! ... Blessed be the bug! He is a benefactor to the man. The reason he is so good is that he is a political economist and he is beloved by the merchant. Long has he been maligned by cotton growers. They had a perfectly unreasonable dislike for him, but he ate into their profits. Now they recognize him as a profit booster. His slogan is "You get more cake for every bale." Blessed be the boll weevil! ... Blessed be the bug! He is a benefactor to the man. The reason he is so good is that he is a political economist and he is beloved by the merchant. Long has he been maligned by cotton growers. They had a perfectly unreasonable dislike for him, but he ate into their profits. Now they recognize him as a profit booster. His slogan is "You get more cake for every bale." Blessed be the boll weevil! ... Blessed be the bug! He is a benefactor to the man. The reason he is so good is that he is a political economist and he is beloved by the merchant. Long has he been maligned by cotton growers. They had a perfectly unreasonable dislike for him, but he ate into their profits. Now they recognize him as a profit booster. His slogan is "You get more cake for every bale." Blessed be the boll weevil! ... Blessed be the bug! He is a benefactor to the man. The reason he is so good is that he is a political economist and he is beloved by the merchant. Long has he been maligned by cotton growers. They had a perfectly unreasonable dislike for him, but he ate into their profits. Now