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Keep your face always toward the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you.—M. B. WHITMAN.

HERE AND THERE

UGAR scarce and high in price. "Cuss" the Kaiser; it's his fault.

Beef expensive and on the restricted list.

Lay the blame to Kaiser Bill.

Potatoes and flour selling for more the bushel than they used to bring the barrel.

It's all the Kaiser's fault. He's making life miserable for all of us.

But if he has caused Americans some inconvenience, think what he has done for Germany.

Potatoes \$30 a bushel, coffee a dollar a pound, beef scarce and \$1.60 a pound, butterine scarce and \$2.85 a pound, wheat bread unknown and everybody hungry—in Berlin.

And nobody there dares "cuss" the All-Highest—at least not openly.

These are the days of the corn-bake and the clam-bake, says an exchange. Yes, corn-bake, clam-bake and stomach-ache.

AS TO WINNING AND DINING

HARRISBURG merchants are properly indignant over the foolish charge that they and their buyers are influenced in their purchases and the prices they pay for goods by the winning and dining they receive at the hands of agents for wholesale houses, manufacturers and jobbers in Philadelphia and New York. The accusation made by a notorious organization a short time since was not aimed at Harrisburg alone, but at the businessmen of all towns that go or send representatives to the larger cities. But applied individually or collectively, the story is false. Anybody familiar with conditions knows that if ever there was a time when rival wholesalers bid for trade in this fashion it is past.

A well known Harrisburg businessman, returning from a national trade convention held in Cleveland a week ago, remarked upon the complete up-setting of such old-fashioned practices as the buying of dinners or drinks for prospective customers. Instead, they now offer prices, discounts or early deliveries as inducements to buy, he said.

That is true. The merchant of today has his eye out for desirable goods at reasonable cost and he does not permit a few glasses of wine or a scolloped lobster to get between him and his only chance for profits.

It begins to look as though the Germans sent to Italy may be needed in their own backyard.

HURRAHANDHALLELUJAH

ONE of the most informing books of the war has recently been issued by American publishers. It is a compilation by a professor of theology in the University of Copenhagen of statements of lecturers and writers and extracts of sermons by German preachers during the early part of the war. Its importance lies in the fact that it shows how obsessed are the German people with their superman and supernational ideas. Ralph Connor's introduction to the book refers to it as a revelation of the German mind and the German soul.

These sermons are the utterances of presumably Christian ministers and the lectures from which extracts are also printed are the teachings of men distinguished for clear reasoning and finest thinking, the most liberal culture in Germany during the last quarter century.

Mr. Connor suggests that one asks in amazement too deep for words "What is this strange madness which has fallen upon a once kindly and wise and great people?" One pastor declares in a sermon:

We know—we do not?—that it is a peculiarity of the German that he requires a moral foundation and intellectual justification for his actions.

This is the sort of thing that runs all through these sermons and lectures and indicates an obsession that is simply astonishing. The same

pastor insists that the enemies of Germany are envious and have banded themselves to crush the German people because these are "too great and mighty, too strong and flourishing, too pure and moral," etc. He also declares that "Germany is now about to become mentally and morally the first nation in the world."

All through there is a vein of martyrdom and of this preacher, solemn as an owl, insists that Germany is a part of God; that all the other nations are guilty of doubt and envy and jealousy, and all other mean attributes. He says "Germany is the future of humanity; that it is a nation which is God's seed corn for the future; that Germany is the center of God's plans for the world" and concludes that we "love our earthly Fatherland so much that we gladly barter our heavenly forfeit."

In another sermon Pastor Lehmann asserts that "Germany has never made war from unclean, immoral motives. I look upon it as absolutely the deepest feature of the German character, this dispassionate love of right, of justice, of morality. This is something which the other nations have not. Germany may be vanquished, it may be crushed to earth, but it can never side with wrong and infamy."

Recalling the violation of treaties, the murder of men, women and children, the sinking of unarmed vessels, the shelling of victims of submarines, the drowning of helpless men, the rape of women, the enslavement of men, women and children, the deception practiced in every direction, the deliberate breaking of faith and the records of unsurpassed infamy—in view of all these things what must we think of such stuff from an alleged Christian pulp!

It might come to pass that we succumb in this, the worst and perhaps the last, fight of Germanism against the whole world of righteousness and purity, against falsehood and deceit, says this inspired pastor, who adds: "That could only happen, I am sure, over the dead body of the last German. But, should it happen, I assure that we should all die happy in the consciousness of having defended our faith in reality the battle of the spirit against the whole world's infamy, falsehood and devilish cunning.

Devilish cunning! Falsehood! Infamy! Thus applied to the forces of righteousness which are now combined for the crushing of an obsessed people possessed of the demons of lust and greed and selfishness, the very foundations of their struggle to rule the world.

In another sermon, referring to the Franco-Prussian war, the same pulp defender of the Hohenzollerns declares "that glorious feat of arms forty-four years ago gives us courage to believe that the German soul is the world's soul; that God and Germany belong to one another." He also humbly urges that "the German soul is God's soul; it shall and will rule over mankind. In the same way as God is wont to rule: without outward force, without compulsion, with an inward, invisible strength, with purity, righteousness and love."

He admits further along that "after the war is over and there is time for calmer contemplation we may, perhaps, see that we ourselves are not without fault or not blameless." Sublime confession!

This sacrilegious discourse was delivered about four weeks after the beginning of the war in 1914, and in the course of his sermon he boasts of the swarming German army in front of the enemy's capital and the hundred thousand Russian prisoners in their hands. He suggests that such gigantic results might make us presumptuous, but puts away such a thought with a holy turning of the eyes Heavenward and the declaration that "God has taken the German nation under his special care."

"It is true," he says, "that there are shortcomings in individuals within in the German nation, but the nation is the only one that stands morally spotless in this war." He dwells upon its piety, its strong humility and denounces the neighbors of the German people as hypocritical and deceitful, concluding that "on us Germans the eye of God, we take it, must especially rest; we must be his ultimate purpose—that particularly among us this war has called to life beautiful and wonderful things."

And so on throughout this remarkable collection of German statements, professors and publicists. A collection of poems published by a German pastor under the significant title of "Hurrah and Hallelujah" gave the author of the book from which we quote the suggestion for the title of his own work, "because it is so absolutely characteristic of the German spirit."

Throughout, these documents show how the Germans have taken upon themselves all the virtues and bestowed upon those opposed to them all the vices.

A dangerous lunatic is always out of the way.

In a recent issue of the Philadelphia Inquirer some pleasant things were said about the Telegraph and the housing campaign now being conducted in this city. Incidentally, the Inquirer, which has always shown a kindly feeling for this city and its various improvement movements, refers in enthusiastic terms to the aesthetic features of the city's development, especially the Susquehanna basin and the "Front Steps." No metropolitan paper is more appreciative of what the people of Harrisburg are endeavoring to do in the making of an attractive city for the site of the State government than the Inquirer. It realizes the importance of providing a proper setting for the Capitol, and never fails to applaud the progressive work of this community.

As was to have been expected, in view of the sinking of several large transports, marine men are now insisting that these great vessels should have a convoy of warships in both directions. It cannot be denied that

the loss of these big ships is a severe one, in view of the importance of transporting our troops across the Atlantic. The sinking of the Justice, it would appear, might have been prevented with a reasonable convoy. Manifestly, we are compelled to learn through experience in every feature of the war.

Politics in Pennsylvania  
By the Ex-Committee

Friends of State Senator William E. Crow, chairman of the Republican state committee, were surprised to-day to learn that he had been stricken with appendicitis last evening at his home in Uniontown and had been rushed to a hospital there where an operation was immediately performed. Attending physicians say that his condition is very favorable and his recovery is expected within a few weeks.

Senator Crow has many warm friends in Harrisburg who to-day showered him with telegrams of sympathy and hopes for his early recovery. W. Harry Baker, secretary of the state committee, who has charge of all the details of the campaign, will look after the chairman's work during his absence, and it will be a large part of his time to perform the duties of his office both before and since the May primaries.

Judge Bonnell, Democratic nominee for Governor, is making a determined effort to build up a good working organization for himself at the present time. He is making a time place a bomb under the carefully constructed Palmer-McCormick state machine. The judge says nothing to the effect that he will be a large part of the time to "join in the construction of an efficient organization," which of course, means that he wants them to desert the McCormick banner for his own.

"It has been made to appear," Judge Bonnell says, "that having been nominated, it is necessary for myself of the assistance of the party organization. No statement could be farther from the truth."

Judge Bonnell says he was denied the privilege of consultation as to who should be state chairman to conduct the campaign. He refers to the conversion platform of the state man is about to go into the government war service and also refers to a declaration that the state chairman will appoint an acting chairman, an appointment which is required to persuade you that no satisfactory or proper work can be had under these circumstances," says the nominee.

The action of the state committee, Judge Bonnell declares, constitutes a deliberate notice to him that he need look for no loyal support and no help in the campaign. He concludes by asking the local committee members to sign an enrollment card pledging "willingness to participate in an organized effort to elect a Republican Democratic candidate."

The League to Enforce Peace has tossed its hat into the political ring, although it has no political aims. It states that the campaign is absolutely nonpartisan.

The League has addressed a letter to Democratic and Republican leaders in Pennsylvania, beginning with the national committee and state chairmen and including the members of the executive committee and the county chairmen. This letter urges that the political conventions held this summer and fall pay attention not only to winning the war but also to making the world safe, but to keeping the world safe by shacking German military despotism forever. It urges the insertion in the platform of the League of Nations to safeguard the fruits of victory.

In his letter to the Republican and Democratic leaders Campaign Manager Boyd says:

"Each of the two major political parties has adopted a national convention platform favoring the participation of the United States in international peace. It is necessary to preserve the future peace of the world—in other words—a league of nations to enforce peace."

The president of the United States favors this idea. Ex-President Taft leads our organization in a campaign to make the idea a reality. Already sixteen state Legislatures have passed concurrent resolutions in favor of approval. The declared purpose of this organization is to burn into the soul of American manhood the conviction that the world must be made safe for democracy by the defeat of Germany and German militarism; that it must be kept safe by a league of nations. There are two supreme duties each essential to the other and both essential to the cause of human freedom. To this goal there is only one way—through battle and bloodshed to victory.

Our platform is enclosed. Undoubtedly you endorse its sentiment. Your party is pledged to hold its state, county and congressional conventions. Should not the platforms of all these conventions contain a declaration demanding war to victory and favoring the entrance of the United States into a league of nations to safeguard the fruits of that victory?"

THE GREATEST MAN

Shakespeare was specifically and transcendently a literary man. To say that he was the greatest man of his time is to provoke a useless controversy, and comparisons that lead to nothing, between Shakespeare and Caesar, Shakespeare and Cromwell, to say that he was the greatest intellect that ever lived, is to bring the shades of Aristotle and Plato, and Bacon and Newton, and other great commercial thinkers grumbling about us, with demands for a definition of intellect, which we are by no means in a position to make. It is not possible to say that he is the greatest poet that the world has produced (a thing which we would certainly say, were we provoked to it) would be unnecessary to hurt the feelings of Homer and Sophocles, Dante and Milton. What we will say, then, and challenge the world to gainsay, is that he was the greatest writer of his time. His life, this is gloriously enough, and it leaves other questions open.—David Mac-

Saving the Seas

A great deal of speculation has turned on the outlook in the after-war period for salvage work in connection with the many hundreds of merchant ships which have been the victims of submarine attacks or of mine explosions, and the position of which is still fairly well known. The day press anticipations have been held out that it might be possible to raise the Lusitania and some of the other large liners which have been sunk, or at least to save the imperishable cargoes. It may be stated on the best authority that these hopes are not in the least likely to be realized, as the majority of these vessels have been sunk in depths of water in which it is not possible for divers to work or for successful salvage operations to be conducted. Under ordinary commercial conditions it is not possible to undertake such operations in greater depths than twenty fathoms, and the major part of the big ships which have become war losses have been sunk in such deep water that they may be written off as definite losses to the mercantile marine.—From an article in the London Times engineering supplement.

Their Help, at Least

Beans and peas and garden-sass, they tell the Boche he shall not pass.—From the Baltimore Sun.

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



Creel and His Bad Breaks

From the Fourth Estate.

[The Minneapolis Tribune]

CHAIRMAN George Creel, of the Committee on Public Information has again been criticized in Congress for an alleged lack of discretion in the transaction of his official duties. Last Saturday, in the course of a debate, Senator Poindexter of Washington, drew the attention of the Senate to Mr. Creel's action in publishing on July 11, through the official bulletin of his committee, a statement that the War Department was alleged to have received from General Pershing denying atrocity accusations against the Germans.

"It is somewhat surprising," said Senator Poindexter, "to know that a man, for whom the Government of the United States has furnished several million dollars in honorariums, is using the name of General Pershing and that of the Secretary of War to defend the German against the charge of cruelty which, as a general charge, all the world knows to be entirely true."

Creel now asks that all historical and magazine articles and all books dealing with any phase of the war be submitted to his bureau for examination before publication.

This work would call for an army of readers as large as the American Army now in France and would necessitate a largely increased appropriation. What good purpose it would serve is not clear. Mr. Creel's bureau is already costing about \$2,000,000 a year, most of the printed matter going into the country's wastebaskets.

Soon after America's entrance into the war the Creel bureau did some very effective and necessary work in circulation of intelligently and carefully prepared pamphlets filled with reasons for our participation in the world struggle.

That service was worth many times its cost.

More recently the bureau has been flooding the country with a lot of "news" that is not news and volumes of specially prepared articles that are neither interesting nor informing.

The scope of the Creel organization should be curtailed, rather than enlarged.

German Delusion Shattered

[Army and Navy Journal]

"One of the delusions of the German government and its General Staff has been laboring under for many years is that the United States could not create a machine that was worth consideration as a foe. That government and its General Staff are tasting the quality of our troops in the field, and the flavor is bitter on the tongue of noble families. They fought a battle in France (at Valmy, within the zone of war to-day) on the date that the Germans against a self-respecting Kellerman won that battle against the Prussians and Austrians with levies of new troops from the lower and middle classes of France who were trained and equipped to face cannon balls, plug triggers and cross bayonets without having been drilled into military machines and without being officered by scions of noble families. They had, it seems, the same spirit we like to think animates our Army, which the Germans abroad and some critics at home deny our men: They were awake to the consciousness of a new instinctive soldiery. It is to be hoped the day is not far distant when by the aid of the American Army the Allies can say that the decisive battle of the war, as Goethe did after Valmy was lost to his friends: 'From this place and from this hour commences a new era in the world's history, and you can all say that you were present at its birth. That day will mark the end of the ideals of Prussian autocracy, and the beginning of democracy will have a new birth.'

THE FIRING SQUAD

I wonder how long we'll continue to be a health resort for spies and other industrious gentlemen that the papers criticize! The plan for an agent of Kaiser Bill is six feet under the soil—I want to hear some corporal yell, "Fall in, the firing squad!"

Do we get cold feet at the thought of blood? Have we lost our oldtime grit?

If we haven't the guts to kill a man we'd better lie down and quit. Do you think you can tame these animals by the method of spare the rod?

Forget it! Come on with the corporal in command of a firing squad!

If we ridged a few incendiaries the industry would decline; if we plugged a couple of profiteers the rest would stand in line; And a lot of these devilish anarchists would get in and carry the day.

If a few of their leaders went over the range to the tune of a firing squad!

"Arrested," "interned" or "out on ball" — It's ever the same old song.

And we lay the paper aside to read, "How long, oh, God, how long!"

We've seen enough devilment this past year to arouse the wrath of God!

Then what is it we are waiting for? Come on with the firing squad!

—George Steuensee, Capt. U. S. A., in the Army and Navy Journal.

MAN NOW AT HIS BEST

The big average height of the men drafted into the United States Army is being widely commented upon in the press, and it appears that the facts justify the favorable remarks being made.

Records of the Quartermaster's Office show that the Americans who are donning the Army uniform to-day are bigger than the men who fought in former wars. The size most in demand for the standard Army shoe in the past was 7E, while the average size of the marching shoe to-day is 8 1/2 D and that of the field or dress shoe is 8E. The styles are issued, for it has been found by experiment that soldiers require a larger shoe for their trenches, it being necessary to wear two pairs of socks at times in cold and wet weather. Similarly, the present-day American soldier has to be provided with a size larger than his predecessor in coats, shirts and breeches. He is a bigger man all around, which is decidedly satisfactory from the national point of view.

Events in other belligerent lands since the war began have served to prove that men generally are as strong physically and morally as ever they were in history. The long campaign in the trenches in Europe has put the soldiers to a greater test than the fightingmen of the past were submitted to in the worst of the numerous old wars. They have stood that test, and the hundreds of thousands who survive the cannon's blast and the rifle's bullet will emerge physically fine specimens of manhood.—Exchange.

POOR OLD HINDY!

[Col. Harvey's War Weekly]

Poor old Hindenburg is dead again. Not that it matters very much whether he stays dead this time or turns up alive and kicking once more. As a bogey he long ago ceased to scare anybody, and even as a Hun fetish he has seen his best days. At the right psychological moment he emerged from obscurity to win a victory with an overwhelming force against what practically was an unarmed mob. On the wave of a reaction from the Hun's position he was borne to a high-water mark of popular adulation. His square-jawed, pompadoured, rectangular face was plastered over a large part of the world in public prints. It was a typical Hun face. It would have been ideal on the broad shoulders of a barker or behind a large beer counter. It appealed to all the finer sentiments of the Hun populace. They made a full-length portrait of the man and plastered it over a sentimental esteem. They named an imaginary "line" on the western bank of the Rhine. Hindenburg became a Hun cult. Then he became more or less a myth. Then he began dying deaths of varying violence, ranging all the way from pneumonia and typhoid fever to apoplexy. It was this cerebral hemorrhage which killed him the last time, we believe. But between deaths he has been in a lunatic asylum several times. Not altogether a rollicking time of it for the old man, all things considered. Maybe he is dead for keeps this time, and maybe not. But it is a safe bet that if he isn't, he soon will wish he were.

LABOR NOTES

Delegates from the various unions on the Southern Railroads met recently and completed a reorganization of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

An international labor conference will be held on the Mexican border within the next three months, at which a Pan-American Federation of Labor will be organized.

The very latest field for women's work in England is helping to provide eyes for the army and navy by making lenses and prisms. Only women with deft fingers, quick eyes and a gift of patience are taken for this work, which also involves fitting glasses into periscopes, gunights, field glasses, telescopes and cameras for use on aircraft.

It has been demonstrated in Europe and Canada that no matter how badly a man may be wrecked physically, as a general rule he still has latent capabilities for something useful. If those capabilities may be specialized into some line of trade the wounded soldier already knew, that is done. The experience he has had and his knowledge of the trade is a valuable foundation to build upon.

Evening Chat

"The eight-hour day may be all right for the men who man the engines and the trains on the railroad," said a Pennsylvania depot hand this morning, himself a beneficiary of the eight-hour law, "but I'm hanged if I see where the officials come out on it."

"Take that man Markham," he continued, referring to the Federal regional director, "The boys on night turn say he got here after 11 o'clock last evening and to my personal knowledge he worked for an hour after that. They say he does that right along. And his orders were to have everything in ship-shape so that he could start out on the job of inspection early this morning. Seven o'clock was the word, and seven o'clock it was. That man believes in running his own affairs on schedule just as he wants us to get the trains over the road on time. They tell me eighteen instead of eight hours in his program. I don't see how he keeps it up."

Nor is this overstating the case. Mr. Markham has had one of the biggest jobs in the country thrust upon him and he is giving much time and trouble to solving the many difficult problems with which he comes in contact. He has found ready co-operation on the part of the railroad men at the division intersections, all of whom are working overtime in an effort to break traffic records, and thereby help Uncle Sam win the war.

A man of this type is W. R. Denehey, who has been for many years their chief clerk, and is now acting as superintendent of the Pennsylvania railroad at this point. Mr. Denehey knows no eight-hour day. His vast knowledge of the local situation is well known to no one who knows more about it than he, at least so far as the Pennsylvania is concerned.—stands the Federal authorities in good stead at this time. Another of the same type is Ed. D. Hillery, division freight agent for the Reading at this point, who has been promoted in his own business and is as conversant with freight conditions and possibilities in this territory as any man in the service. He is a hard worker and knows in a regular hours. Day and night are all the same with him. Even older in the service and just as energetic is W. E. Reese, division freight agent for the Pennsylvania railroad here. Even before the railroads were taken over by the government the Federal authorities at Washington had pressed them to work on a basis of scanning the Central Pennsylvania field for suitable locations for army depots and they unquestionably saved their lives in the process. Another of the same type is W. R. Denehey, division freight agent for the Reading at this point, who has been promoted in his own business and is as conversant with freight conditions and possibilities in this territory as any man in the service. He is a hard worker and knows in a regular hours. Day and night are all the same with him. Even older in the service and just as energetic is W. E. Reese, division freight agent for the Pennsylvania railroad here. Even before the railroads were taken over by the government the Federal authorities at Washington had pressed them to work on a basis of scanning the Central Pennsylvania field for suitable locations for army depots and they unquestionably saved their lives in the process. Another of the same type is W. R. Denehey, division freight agent for the Reading at this point, who has been promoted in his own business and is as conversant with freight conditions and possibilities in this territory as any man in the service. He is a hard worker and knows in a regular hours. Day and night are all the same with him. Even older in the service and just as energetic is W. E. Reese, division freight agent for the Pennsylvania railroad here. Even before the railroads were taken over by the government the Federal authorities at Washington had pressed them to work on a basis of scanning the Central Pennsylvania field for suitable locations for army depots and they unquestionably saved their lives in the process.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Nothing could be more characteristically German than the intimidation in the event of civil war in Russia, Germany may be obliged to intervene. Nor could anything be more logical. Having herself provoked and fomented civil war in order to provide a pretext for intervention, why of course she intervenes!—North American Review's War Weekly.

In these days when efficiency is so ardently preached, doesn't it seem that something is wrong when two sleepingcars start out from Asheville for New York and both arrive at Salisbury, a junction, at the same time, and one is hauled to Washington immediately, and the other is left on the track in front of the station for eight hours?—Fourth Estate.

A CALL OF THE WILD

[From the Birmingham Age-Herald]

"I wish to buy a motorcar horn to replace the one we now have—something distinctive," said the haughty matron.

"Ye, ma'am," replied the salesman. "Would a siren do?"

"Dear me, no. It must be something entirely different from the ordinary motor horn."

"But we have a siren that exactly imitates the howl of a timber wolf."

"Ah! That ought to suit my husband. He's a great lover of Nature."

OUR DAILY LAUGH

Den's de time fur feelin' joyful. An' of bein' glad you can; Go home wid thir teen chickens Like an honest, upright man.

THE ONE EX-CEPTION.

First Summer Boarder: Every one seems to be here for his health.

Second Summer Boarder: Yes, every one but the hotel proprietor.

ON A DIET.

St. Peter: Yes, madam, this is Paradise—with milk and honey.

Madam: I must consult my diet list.

DO YOU KNOW

—That Harrisburg was the third city in the country to have an electric light plant, and Williamsport being first and second respectively?

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Charles E. Lemahan, of Wilkes-Barre, is planning a trip over the state in the interest of his candidacy for the State Supreme Court.

—Lieutenant Joseph Noel, of the Waynesboro Home Guards, a well-known banker of that place, gained so much experience in his organization that he has qualified for a lieutenantcy in the nation's fighting forces and will leave to join the Army in a few days.

—Lucy A. E. Johnson, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who has had no vacation for several years, will spend a few weeks in the Vermont mountains.

Be Sure to Break Back First

The more oil that is put on the waters from U-boats will be broken back, the quieter the sea will be, back to the Philadelphia Inquirer.