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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1919

He who aspires to nothing, who learns nothing, is not worthy of living.

—HELPS.

MR. WILSON YIELDS

THE net result of the remarkable conference of the President and the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate at Washington yesterday is that Mr. Wilson yields to the Senate's insistance on interpretations and reservations.

Since that is practically the only point at issue, little time should be lost in setting a date for a vote on the treaty and the league covenant, getting the debate under way and clearing the Senate decks of the wreckage of the war.

The President pleads for early approval of the peace proposals, but he should remember that if he had agreed at the outset that the Senate should have a voice in framing the terms it was asked to ratify, the whole peace wrangle would have been avoided and the country would be at this moment at peace with the world in name as well as in fact. If anybody is to blame for the long delay it is Mr. Wilson himself, who insisted, until he saw his case was hopeless, that not a single reservation or interpretation would be permitted and that any changes on the part of the United States would endanger the treaty with England, France and Italy. Now he finds that any such reservations on the part of this country will be perfectly acceptable to our allies in the war, who apparently are not nearly so unreasonable nor so self-willed as Mr. Wilson himself.

The Senate leaders are practically agreed upon the interpretations and reservations that are necessary to safeguard American interests and free this country from the danger of entangling foreign alliances, so that little time should be required to put them into text, and that done, a vote should not be delayed a moment longer than is necessary to permit of proper discussion. The country is tired of the whole thing and anxious to move forward with the big task of peace which confront it.

H. C. Lodge and H. C. Living seem to be causing the President a lot of trouble these days.

EVEN IT UP

IT IS claimed by at least one of the members of the Foreign Relations Committee that a majority of its members favor an amendment to the League covenant that will give the United States an equal vote with the British Empire in the League assembly. As at present written the Empire and its colonies will cast six votes and the United States but one.

Going to be an awful lot of "canned willy" for supper in this man's town the next few weeks.

POPULAR SUPPORT

THE prompt endorsement of the municipal aviation field proposal by the Rotary Club will be followed by similar action on the part of other civic organizations.

As Chairman Herman, of the City Planning Commission, said, in support of the resolutions adopted, it is imperative that immediate action be taken and that every man and woman interested in the future of Harrisburg should get behind the movement and show the City Commissioners that public sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of the expenditure of whatever sum is necessary to finance the project.

That is an important point. Unquestionably, the City Councilmen are entitled to know how the people think on such an important matter, but the unanimous endorsement of such a representative organization as the Rotary Club ought to go a long way toward convincing the municipal authorities that the establishment of an aviation field is not only a good thing, but that it has the backing of the public at large.

Fort Wayne has overcome the legal difficulties involved by purchasing the necessary ground, turning it over to the park department for park purposes and giving permission to aviators to land there. This may be the way Harrisburg will have to go about solving its problem. That it is a workable idea is shown by the fact that it has the recommendation of Warren J. Manning, the park expert, who five years ago urged it upon the City Planning Commission.

We must have this landing field. The people want it. If Councilmen have doubts on that score let them put the matter up to the voters in the form of a loan at the November elections.

So far as prices are concerned, we'd be satisfied to return to a state of war.

SENATE MUST KNOW

THE President has definitely refused to supply the Committee on Foreign Relations with the letter of General Bliss containing the remonstrances of himself and Messrs. Lansing and White against the Shantung settlement. He likewise declines to permit the committee to inspect the memoranda taken by members of the League of Nations Commission, of which the President was chairman. The only documents that Mr. Wilson has seen fit to surrender to the Senate are the American draft of the League covenant, the first report of the League Commission and the final report which was adopted by the conference. The two last, of course, have been in the possession of the Senate and the country for several months. The committee made specific requests for all of those papers and also for "all data bearing upon or used in connection with the Treaty of Peace with Germany now pending." None of the latter was forthcoming.

It is the business of the President to negotiate treaties. It is the business of the Senate to examine the result of those negotiations. It investigates the finished Treaty in the light of all the facts and from the viewpoint of the protection of American interests. That investigation fails of its full purpose and the value of its outcome to the American people is endangered if the Senate does not reach a decision in the light of the same information that was at the disposal of the negotiators. There were reasons why the President assented to each provision in the Treaty. The Senate has a right to be apprised of those considerations in order that it may form intelligent judgment. The President had access to those documents as an agent of the American people. That agency now rests in the Senate, and the same privileges enjoyed by Mr. Wilson should be accorded to it.

HE WAS SPARED THIS

IF FORD had, by any chance, attained his coveted seat in the Upper House of Congress, he might now be known as the Six-Cent Senator.

"A NEW POLICY"

WE ARE informed from Washington that Mexico has been notified of a "new policy" adopted by the United States Government. Mexico has been told that drastic action will be taken unless outrages against Americans are stopped.

And to think that it has required nearly eight years to find that the Wilsonian policy of "watchful waiting" is a failure. Meantime Americans have been murdered by the wholesale, their properties plundered and their public concessions confiscated. Our valuable oil holdings are slipping away from us and soon Europe will control the petroleum supply so much needed in our industries and for our new oil burning naval vessels.

How old Carranza must laugh! Surely, he will say to himself, President Wilson must be merely bluffing; a President who has stood all the insults heaped upon him cannot be in earnest when he threatens force.

And from previous experiences it is a fair gamble that Carranza will guess right. The outrages will continue right along with punctuality and regularity and we will continue to do nothing—until after March 4, 1921.

PUBLIC SUPPORT

THE Kipona celebration, toward the success of which V. Grant Forrer and his able assistants are doing so much, is the one big purely Harrisburg celebration of the whole year. No city in the country can duplicate it, for none has such a set of front steps as we have, fronting on such a beautiful river basin. Those actively in charge of the program have been working for months to make it a success. It remains for the people to finance their efforts. They have given generously of their time; we must give the money.

In years to come the Kipona will draw thousands of excursionists to Harrisburg annually. It will become an event in Central Pennsylvania to which throngs will flock. But even now it provides a day's vacation and a free show for many people of Harrisburg, old and young, who cannot get away from town for a summer vacation. It is celebrations such as this that make the city a better place in which to live and the people more contented. Support the Kipona.

LAST CALL

THOSE benighted individuals who still cry for the League of Nations are advised to get on the band wagon of Americanism before it is too late and they find themselves labeled "Tories" and shunned by patriots generally.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

The desperate efforts of local Democrats at the eleventh hour last evening to find candidates with which to fill their local tickets demonstrates better than anything that might be written the frightful wreck of the once well-oiled Democratic machine. It is on the rocks and about the only thing the faithful ones have been able to salvage is the name. The captain has been convicted of gross carelessness, if not worse, and the survivors are in a mutinous mood. If only an efficient first mate were at hand the erstwhile commander would find himself demoted to the ranks of common sailor. Indeed there is every likelihood that this will happen at all events.

"We want a new leader," declared one of the disgruntled members of the Central Democratic Club last evening," a man who will give us his best all the time; a man who will do something more than offer unfavorable criticism for those who are really trying to do something and who will be interested in the welfare of the party all the time; not only when his own future is at stake but when the fate of the ticket depends upon wise leadership and good judgment."

That seems to be the attitude of Democrats everywhere to-day. The spectacle of their gallant old ship being smashed to bits on a rocky coast with no help at hand and only a few sturdy survivors on the shore has aroused anger in the hearts of those who are true followers of Jefferson and who sincerely believe that the best interests of the country demand a militant Democracy.

—Strange to say the same sentiment is to be heard among Republicans, who are ordinarily gleeful over any discomfiture that may come to the Democratic organization. They cannot understand how a boss with all the Federal patronage at his disposal that the Dauphin county Democratic dictator is supposed to have been able to wield should have let slip the chance to demonstrate his political ability in his home district by building up a really strong Democratic organization here. The thing was possible. The groundwork was well laid. There are many ardent Democrats in Harrisburg always ready to follow a real leader and who will stick to even a losing cause to the bitter end. But instead of encouragement these men have met nothing but carelessness of consequences, neglect of opportunity and criticism of those who have dared to try to save something from the wreck.

—Republicans viewing the situation are at a loss to understand. On the eve of a Presidental election the minority party is allowed to go to pot and control to drift from those who will want a big place in the national counsels of the party into the hands of men who were favorable either to the old Fritchey or Meyers wings of the party and have been openly opposed to the McCormick control ever since the former Mayor assumed the bosship here. The whole thing is a puzzle to local political observers who see in it opportunity for a strong young Democrat to come to the front and take away the reins of power from those who have misused them for the past fifteen years.

The Scranton Republican in the following editorial commends Congressman Keiss' new printing bill: "For years there has been criticism, generally of a humorous character, of the waste conected with the public printing office in Washington. Congressmen themselves have joined in pointing out some of the evils connected with this office, but have not shown themselves specially interested in checking them. Representative Kiess, of Pennsylvania, has decided to take the lead in reforming public printing. He has introduced a bill at Washington which aims to restrict the quantity of Government printing, and also provides for other economies which he believes will total a half billion dollars a year. Mr. Kiess points out that in the past seven years the accumulation of unused public documents has reached the enormous total of 7,000,000 publications, most of which has been disposed of as waste paper. There have been bulky volumes of reports of no real interest to anyone and there has been promiscuous scattering of small volumes and pamphlets. If Mr. Kiess's efforts results in a checking of the gross abuse of the franking privilege he will have rendered a real service to the country."

Industrial Bank For Scranton

[From Scranton Republican]

The names of the well known citizens who have organized the Industrial Thrift and Loan Corporation of Scranton are a strong recommendation to the people of this city and a guarantee that its affairs will be conducted on a sound and fair basis.

Similar institutions, which have been formed elsewhere, are said to have been found to be of great usefulness, so a charter has been obtained and headquarters established on Adams avenue as announced in yesterday's Republican.

The object of this industrial bank will be to loan money in smaller sums than is customary with the average banking house, the loans being made for a year and at reasonable rate of interest.

Back of this financing will be the praiseworthy purpose of affording the industrial toiler a means of financial assistance, in an emergency, at a minimum of cost.

If, in more than one hundred cities of the country, banks of this character have proved profitable to stockholders, and beneficial to their customers, such an institution should prove a success in Scranton.

Coming to Fifth Avenue

The Rev. Dr. John Kelman, of Edinburgh, famous among British clergymen, is to become pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York. He will succeed the Rev. Dr. Henry Jowett, who resigned in May, 1918, to take charge of the Westminster Congregational Chapel in London, after having been here seven years.

Dr. Kelman, who is about 50, in addition to being regarded as a great preacher, is known as an efficient organizer and a successful worker among men. He is well known in America having visited here on several occasions. He gave a course of lectures at Yale last spring.

During the war he served with the British Y. M. C. A. and was decorated with the order of the British Empire. Among Dr. Kelman's writings are several books published by George H. Doran Company of New York; "The Road of Life" a study of the Pilgrim's Progress, "Thoughts on Things Eternal," a volume of Dr. Kelman's sermons, and "Among Famous Books," a worth-while commentary on literature.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE -:- -:- -:- -:- By Briggs

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A German has been arrested in Frankfurt-am-Main for posing as an American. If an American in this country should pose as a German we shouldn't jail him—we'd put him in an asylum.—Tacoma Ledger.

The price of food has declined one-half of one per cent., the Government experts tell us. Less than one-half of one per cent. of the retail dealers have had this sad news broken to them, however.—New York Evening Sun.

At the hour of going to press Haiti was not claiming that it won the war.—Birmingham Age Herald.

Every raise in street-car fares gives a greater area to the phrase, "within walking distance."—Boston Transcript.

The building of a "sky-scraper church" would seem to be a move in the right direction.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It's beginning to look as tho the Philippines don't want a divorce, but only separate maintenance.—Manila Bulletin.

Moses doubtless had a hard time convincing the Israelites that the Ten Commandments would work.—Indianapolis Times.

If they expect the League to be a life-raft for the world, they'll have to quit using it as a political platform.—Indianapolis Times.

After De Valera gets through looking around over here maybe he won't care to make a republic out of Ireland.—Columbia Record.

No doubt one effect prohibition will have in this State is that fewer guides in the Adirondacks will look like deer.—Rochester Post-Express.

Credit the Salaried Man

[From Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.]

Attorney General Palmer said something the other day when he was discussing the proposed investigations into the apparently too high cost of living. He said that while economic conditions were the fundamental causes of the high prices of necessities, violations of law designed to prevent concerted raising of prices also might be partly responsible, and then went on to say:

"There is no doubt that the majority of the people are more prosperous than ever before, farmers and wage earners especially. The man who has suffered from high prices has been the salaried man. I wish we could do something to help him. I'm open to suggestions."

While the ones who have suggestions to offer are putting them into presentable and workable shape, it is an appropriate time to pay a deserved tribute to the qualities of the average salaried man who has borne the burden of the high cost of living incident to the war and who has suffered perhaps more than the men who have been in big, profitable business, more than the farmers who have reaped a harvest of gold from the fields, more than the wage earner who has found increase after increase awaiting him on demand.

The average salaried man has kept on the job; he has fed and clothed his family somehow; he has done his full share in buying bonds and sticking away thrift stamps and in giving to all the war causes; he has pinched and economized, taken on extra work evenings and spent his holidays and off hours in the home garden; he has done his duty in the main bravely, loyally, patiently, nobly.

The biggest thing about him is that he hasn't kicked and howled, he hasn't threatened and menaced; he hasn't bombed and bolshevikied, he hasn't often complained. He has, indeed, borne the middle of the big load and been a good citizen about it. He is not a whit less of a hero than some others whose work has been more spectacular and whose suffering has been more sanguine. He deserves a tribute!

And So the Cost Goes Up

[From the Washington Star]

"Aren't you afraid you will make furs cost so much that women will not be able to wear them the year 'round?"

"No," replied the dealer. "The reason we raised the price was to make them more desirable. No fashionable lady will tolerate the suspicion that she is not wearing them because she can't afford them."

Conservation

[From the Boston Transcript]

Nothing is ever lost—the kick that was taken out of the beer is now in the public.

KOPECS, DOGS AND POETRY

A Moon That Rises Backwards; Cows That Are Thawed Before Milked, Make Archangel Life Varied

[From the Red Cross Bulletin.]

AMERICAN soldiers who have just returned from six months' service in Northern Russia have brought back enough interesting impressions from Archangel and the surrounding country to regale their friends with for many a long day. An idea of what our fighting men, mostly from Michigan and Wisconsin, thought of Archangel, its girls, its customs and things in general at the top of the world is found in The American Sentinel, the newspaper published "up there" by the American Red Cross for their entertainment.

Copies of The Sentinel show that the Arctic weather was not severe enough to freeze the humor out of the soldiers or clog their rhyming apparatus. The following description of Archangel, pronounced by the editor of The Sentinel as "the best pen picture of the place written by an American soldier," proves that one of Uncle Sam's boys did not permit the job to get on his nerves:

Lost Moon Comes Back

"We are so far north that the dog-gone sun works only when it feels inclined to do so, and in that way, it is like everything else in Russia. The moon isn't so particular, and comes up, usually backwards, in any part of the sky, it having no set schedule, and often it will get lost and still be on the job at noon. Yes, we are so far north that 30 degrees below will soon be tropical weather for us, and they will have to build fires around both cows before they can milk them. Probably about next month someone will come around and say that we will be pulling out of here in a day or so, but then the days will be six months long.

"Now, up here in this tough town there are 269,831 inhabitants, of which 61,329 are human beings and 208,502 are dogs. Dogs of every description, from the poodle to the St. Bernard, and from the wolfhound to the half-breed daschund.

"The wind whistles across the Dvina like the Twentieth Century Limited passing Podunk, and snow flakes are as numerous as retreating Germans were in France.

"We read in The Stars and Stripes that the boys in Italy had some tongue-twisters and brain-worriers, but listen to this. Centimes and sous and francs may be hard to count, but did you ever hear of a rouble or a kopec? A kopec is worth a tenth of a cent and there are a hundred of them in a rouble. As you will see, that makes a rouble worth a dime, and to make matters worse all the money is paper, coins having gone out of circulation since the beginning of the mix-up. A kopec is the size of a postage stamp, a rouble looks like a United Cigar Store Certificate, a 25-rouble note resembles a porous plaster, and a 100-rouble note, the Declaration of Independence.

Dramways Are Jamways

"Every time you get on a street car (dramway) you have to count out 60 kopecs for your fare and most of us would rather walk than be jammed in the two-by-four busses and fish for the money. Before boarding a car, each passenger usually hunts up a couple of five-gallon milk cans, a market basket or two, and a bag of smoked herring, so that they will get their kopec's worth out of the ride, besides making the atmosphere nice and pleasant for the rest of the passengers.

"When a soldier in search of a meal enters a restaurant, he says to the waitress, 'Barishnia, zakazeetie bifstek, pazalouista,' which means, 'An order of beefsteak, lady, please.' You see you always say 'barishnia,' which really means 'girl,' and until a young lady is married she is always addressed in that manner. She will answer the hungry customer with, 'Yah ochen sojalayu shtoo nas niet yestnik prepasov' stechas' (a simple home-cure for lockjaw), meaning, 'I am sorry, but we are right out of food to-day.'

"When a Russian meets another man he knows on the street, both lift their hats and flirt with each other. If they stop to talk, they always shake hands, even if they haven't seen each other for fully twenty minutes. Then they simply must shake hands again when they leave. When a man meets a lady friend, he usually kisses her hand and shows how far he can bend over without breaking his suspenders.

Kak Vui Pozavaydie

"'Ay,' he will say, 'Yah ochen rad vas veedet, kak vui pozavayetie?' which, in the United States means, 'How do you do?' To which she will reply, 'Blagadaru vas, yah ochen khoroshaw,' or 'Very well, thank you.' It is the knockout. A fellow has to shake hands so much that some of us are getting the habit around the company."

Russian girls prompted the following tribute from one of the American boys:

I wonder, little sister, as I see you
pass me by,
With your coarse, ill-fitting garments,
And your huge, ungainly feet,
If a lot of things aren't true of
you,
The which your looks belie.
If some very minor changes
Wouldn't make you mighty neat.

I know a lot of damsels with twice
the chance you've had,
Who are twice as prone to grum-
ble as you ever seem to be,
Who are twice as quick to anger,
and every bit as bad,
As their husky, Russky sister ever
yet appeared to me.

If you could change your clothes
for some my Yankee sisters
wear,
I imagine they would envy you
the roses in you face;
With proper Yankee foot-gear and
a ribbon in your hair,
You would spot them several tal-
lies and give them second
place.

It's a weedy row you're hoeing, but
the way you hoe is great,
And I'm proud of your acquaint-
ance, just as proud as I can
be;
It is you, in my opinion, who will
build the future state,
Who will shape the greater Rus-
sia as a true democracy.

Woman and Home

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

The housekeeper and homebuilder is in the trenches on the firing line in the war it is to live. All the economic circumstances seem to be conspiring to rob her not merely of the sums apportioned in the household budget for this and that necessity, but of her peace of mind, as she contemplates the rising scale and wonders what limit there is below the sky to the rapacity of the elusive profiteer.

It makes her blood boil to learn that men are letting food rot or throwing it away sooner than let it come upon the market at a respectable price. She begins to wonder if presently she will have to let her family go barefoot when she finds herself called upon to pay fantastic rates for shoddy footgear under the shameless mask of a bargain.

She finds that she must give for what used to be the cheap staples of diet as much as she used to give for the luxurious superfluities.

Running a household in these post-bellum days calls for all the shrewdness and tact, the hindsight and foresight, the knowledge of human nature and the disciplinary firmness that a whole council of the sharpened wits of Europe finds requisite in dealing with the League of Nations.

Guaranteed High Prices

[From the Detroit News.]

Bread is cheap in England. The reason is that a barrel of flour costs the English baker not more than $6.72. The British government guarantees this price and stands such loss as is incurred in making good the guaranty.

Bread is not cheap in the United States. The Government of the United States also makes guaranties but its interest is not in the people who eat bread. The Government guaranty merely protects the men who raise wheat. The Government says the farmers shall have at least $2.26 per bushel for wheat and the Government regulations so work that in fact the wheat sells for more than that. Is it any wonder that under such a system of propping the high cost of living there should be protest from all consumers who are so organized as to be able to voice their protest?

No Wonder Germany Quit

By MAJOR FRANK C. MAHIN
Of the Army Recruiting Station

"I was to go on my first tour of inspection. It was to be a trip through the boyaux to the front line; then along our entire front. In the course of our journey we were to visit our sentry posts, and mind you, this at the creepy hour of two o'clock in the morning. I had been in the line at that hour before, but in an American sector, and had gone in with others earlier in the night. Prowling around at that hour, just two of us, I knew would mean, that we would be stopped many times. And let me tell you that a sentry in the trenches takes no chances—you may look like a general to him, but he will wait until he can surely kill you, if you prove to be an enemy, before he discloses himself. You needn't strain your imagination to appreciate—that it isn't exactly pleasant, in the pitchy darkness, when your nerves are jangled, to have a bayonet point almost into your skin, before the other fellow has even let you know he is there. So it wasn't wholly with relish that I looked forward to my trip. To make it worse, the French Lieutenant with me was reputed to be a reckless cuss. We made most of the round without mishap, although my heart had raced several times when Boche machine guns had spit a burst at us in the pale moonlight. It was doomed to something even worse, however. Near the right limit of our sector was a ravine, which ran at right angles to our front, and here our front trench feathered out to nothing, for a distance of about eighty yards. One could detour around this place, by way of boyaux up either side of the ravine, but my friend, instead of turning up the detour, continued along the fast disappearing front line. There was a sentry at this junction, and because of him I was ashamed to even suggest that we take the detour. I was the first American these Frenchmen had seen and I could not let them think I was afraid. But better reason than that—I did not dare to speak, for the Boche front line was across a little valley, not over a hundred yards away. I could only follow. We had gone but a few yards when machine gun bullets began to sing over our heads. Quick as a flash we flattened on the ground. When the firing ceased we sprang up and rushed only to hit the ground again in a few seconds, because of shots. After that we squirmed and crawled until again in the trench far enough to be protected. The experience was certainly exciting, but needlessly risked. My friend, however, thought little of it, having been face to face with death for three years. He had such contempt for the Boche that it seemed he felt no harm could come to him from such a source. He had never been wounded, although he had been in the thick of things from the start, and as he said to me, it was through good luck. Some weeks later he asked me how to apply for a transfer to the Americans, to act as an instructor. He said he was the last of four brothers—the others having been killed—and that if he were killed, as he surely would be if he continued in the line, there would be no one to pass on the family name to a new generation. So he felt he was justified, after three years of active service, to ask to be put out of danger; with three brothers killed in battle, his mother killed in an air raid, and his father a general in service, he thought his family had done its share. It was such patriotism and willing self-sacrifice that came from a spirit Germany couldn't conquer.

Car Strikes and Hobbles

[From Milwaukee Journal.]

Hobble skirts have gone by the board during the Chicago street car strike. Only loose fitting and sport skirts are being worn because of the perils of walking home.

As a step saving garment the loose skirt has proved its value, a hobble skirt requiring three times as many steps to the block as a sport skirt. To a girl who lives fifty blocks from the loop more than 20,000 steps would be necessary. With a loose skirt she could make it with about 7,000 steps. And, besides, one almost has a wear a bathing suit to climb aboard an auto truck with any amount of decorum.

Evening Chat

L. F. Neefe, president of the Kiwanis Club, has his hands full these days arranging for the picnic of Kiwanis clubs of Pennsylvania at Hershey park, August 28. All the clubs of the State and the Wilmington Kiwanians have been invited. Much as the members would like it, there will be no "basket" dinner. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and other Kiwanis enthusiasts object to toting hampers all the way across the State. So arrangements have been made for a light luncheon at noon and for an old-fashioned country chicken dinner such as only the housewives of this locality know how to prepare.

During the day there will be stunts of all sorts, including baseball, golf, swimming races, etc., with prizes for each and band and orchestra music all day. So far as known this is the first State-wide picnic ever attempted. The attendance is problematical but some thousands at least are expected.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Musser have just returned from a 1500 mile motor trip, visiting their son, Clayton, at Booneville, N. Y., and their daughter, near Wilmington, Delaware. Not an unpleasant incident marred their trip. They motored to the Thousand Islands, up the St. Lawrence and to Placid Lake and the seashore. Mr. Musser's son, who is engaged in the newspaper and general printing business at Boonsboro, with his father-in-law, former Senator Willard, is a keen sportsman.

"You ought to let me take you out for bass while you are up here," said he to his father.

The elder Mr. Musser agreed. The son carefully instructed his father in the gentle art of making timid bass take the bait.

The trip took place.

Result—ten bass for father; six perch for son.

* * *

"Great Oaks From Little Acorns Grow." Nothing new in that, but it is true, nevertheless. It is also true that big things are accomplished as a result of an experiment. Several years ago there was trouble at the soft coal mines. This was before the war. Railroads just had to do something to be sure of a supply of coal for winter. One official high up, in discussing the situation at Altoona remarked, "let us store coal." That is just what the Pennsy did. Thousands of tons were stored at Enola and in other Pennsy yards, and wherever it was possible coal was piled up almost as high as a mountain.

One day another Pennsylvania Railroad official on a trip to the west in discussing the coal supply said, "don't you think we have enough." A younger official answered, "yes and now is the time to begin to save." How best to save coal was discussed at length, and finally the young man offered a suggestion that a count be kept on the number of shovels used on each trip. The experiment was started the following day and within ten days every fireman on a Middle division passenger train was counting coal by the shovelful. Then interest died out, as coal conditions improved. Later on came the war and again the slogan went out "save coal." Now records of coal consumption on engines are being kept all over the United States, based on the amount of coal used by the shovelful. It is bringing the results. The young man who started this movement was just taking up duties as a superintendent. He is now a general superintendent and his name is Noel W. Smith.

* * *

Along the line of coal saving there was a time when firemen and enginemen received a bonus on the amount of coal saved. Sometimes the monthly pay check was increased from $10 to $50. Of course the style of engines was different, and trains were not so heavy as at present, and sometimes it was said that bags of coal were taken from cars on sidings and added to that on the tanks, and other schemes used to get a good bonus check. There was also dissatisfaction because the amount of coal on a tank at the end of a run was not always computed correctly. These kicks increased wages and changes in runs made it necessary to cut out the bonus. Now there is some talk that the bonus system may be taken up in the near future, after it is proven beyond a doubt that trains can be run on a certain amount of coal computed by the shovelful.

German Propaganda

[From the Review.]

Some months before the outbreak of the Great War there was formed in Berlin an association for influencing the press of other countries. Sir Edward Goshen in February, 1914, reported it as a vast system of international blackmail.

It was directed by Harmann, head of the Press Bureau of the German Foreign Office, and participated in by representatives of the Deutsche Bank, the Diskonto Gesellschaft, the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Line, the Gruson Works, the Allgemeine Elecktricitas Geselischaft, the Schuckert Works, Siemens & Halske, and Krupps.

There is no space here to enumerate even a few of their known operations or how they acted as a sort of special general staff to direct the activities of a great organization all over the world that was the complement of Germany's military machine.

Many of the operations in Spain, in Switzerland, and in Italy have been exposed through treason trials, through the discoveries of anarchists, through the discoveries of the secret service. Everywhere they promoted strikes and labor unrest, subsidized socialist and other radical papers, influenced public opinion by the circulation of lies. Their biggest success was in Russia.

But here in America they were no less active. They worked through many groups and in divers ways.

Leviathan to Be a Liner

The Leviathan sailed Wednesday from the Port of Debarkation, Hoboken, on her last trip as an Army transport. It is understood that she will remain at Brest until General Pershing and his staff, as well as a large part of the First Division, start for home. On her return from Brest, it was said, the steamer would be turned over by the Navy to the United States Shipping Board to be refitted for passenger and commercial service.

The Imperator, the sister ship of the Leviathan, both of which are spoils of the war, will make her last trip as a transport this week also. While nothing definite has been decided upon in regard to her future disposition it is believed in shipping circles that she will be given to the British. The Finland, now enroute from Brest, will be returned immediately to the International Mercantile Marine for service as a passenger vessel between this port and Antwerp.