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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1915.

ington. If he were not, he would not be fit to be President. The ruling and overmastering passion of life is that it should fulfill itself. A grandson is the promise of fulfillment to the third generation, and a man cannot hope to see much farther into the future than that.

So let us take our hats off to Mr. Wilson this afternoon and congratulate him as we would express our good wishes to our dearest friends under the same circumstances. Meanwhile, let us not forget the incomparable joy of the young mother with her first born.

Playing With a Crisis

WITH wheat pouring out of our ports and the shipping trade demoralized by an unprecedented demand for ships to carry it, the Administration seriously announces that it will begin an investigation to discover if the high prices are not due to a "corner" and violation of the anti-trust laws. In this way it will be quite possible to delay putting the lock on the stable until the horse is gone, at which time, no doubt, with much noise and ringing of bells, a few scapegoats will be haled into court and subjected to much embarrassment before acquittal. Our Government seldom acts to prevent an outrage; it prefers to inflict punishment afterward.

Will anybody be fooled? Hardly, for it is too well known that Washington has chills in the spine at the mere thought of doing anything the wheat growers may not like, and it is jumping at this farcical investigation in the manner of a gold-brick artist after his victim. The poor want their bread at a reasonable price in a year when there has been a bumper crop. They cannot eat plattitudes. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men, but not as pabulum for the upkeep of the physical being.

Why waste money for an investigation? Everybody knows what the trouble is. The export record is convincing. Apparently Washington has a theory that Chicago speculators planned the war to boost the wheat market. The war has boosted it, and is boosting it, but our defense is very simple. We have merely to conserve our own supply by prohibiting the export of any except our surplus supply. So simple and sure a remedy has been resorted to by other nations not in half so serious a dilemma as the United States. But politics is subordinate to the public interest just now in other countries. Their people, therefore, will be protected in their food supplies, even if the people of the United States have to put up with starvation prices in the meantime.

Not the Road to Peace, But to Folly

ON THE eve of the anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, who was thankful that man was a reasoning creature because he could find a reason for anything that he wanted to think, Mr. Bryan told the Poor Richard Club that the European war had exploded for all time "the theory that battleships and huge fortifications conserve peace." Other less prominent men have made the same statement. But only two or three years ago some of them were looking in dismay at the helplessness of Turkey when confronted by the allied Balkan States. They knew that if the Turkish navy had existed in fact, instead of merely in name, the Turk could have defied the Balkan Powers and could once more have demonstrated that incontrovertible proposition that the destinies of nations are decided by their might upon the sea.

Turkey was not prepared for war, yet war came. Germany and France and Russia were prepared for war last summer, yet war came; and England's preparation for a land campaign was woefully inadequate, but her unpreparedness did not hasten nor delay the great conflict. There is no one so rash as to maintain that the great civil conflict in the United States half a century ago was caused either by military preparedness or unpreparedness.

The causes of war have little relation to Mr. Bryan's "battleships and huge fortifications." They lie in the ambitions of nations, when they are international; and in the determination of large groups of men to live under conditions agreeable to them, when the wars are revolutionary. It would be the extreme of folly for any nation, in the present state of civilization, to adopt Mr. Bryan's idealistic dream, disband its army, break up its navy and trust to luck.

Councils' Futile Grab at the Contracts

THERE was nothing else for City Solicitor Ryan to do than to declare the attempt of Councils to override the charter as "futile and inoperative." The charter deprived Councils of its ancient right to supervise the awarding of contracts. It empowered the executive branch of the municipality to have charge of all public work because it is the better way, both in theory and in practice. Its purpose was to enable the city to elect a reform Mayor who should have power to prevent a repetition of the ancient abuses.

Mr. Ryan is too good a lawyer to attempt to wreat the charter from its plain and obvious intent. It is fortunate, indeed, at this time, that the city has a Mayor who can be trusted and a group of department heads in sympathy with his purposes to give to the city an honest and efficient administration. The unscrupulous attempt of Councils to disregard the plain provisions of the law in order that the members might get their hands on the contracts in the interest of the machine is proof that the alertness of the good citizens if we are not to lose what has already been gained.

A Turkish corps is never defeated; it is always gobbled up.

More than 30 centuries ago the Greeks hunted bears, but not in South Philadelphia.

There is no intent to violate neutrality just because our hens are laying for the belligerents.

Not all of the advocates of fraud in Illinois were elected. One or two of them did not have enough money.

The literacy test cannot be viewed in any other light than as a device to make the Philadelphia subway cost more money.

The Frankford Arsenal has proved itself too efficient to expect any encouragement from the Government. It saved the nation more than a million and one-half dollars last year, yet what it asks for now is less than a quarter of a million.

HOW THE SLANDERED GERMANS WAGE WAR

An Open Letter to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Answering With First-hand Facts His Charges Against the Invaders of Belgium.

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT
 Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune in the War Zone.
 (Copyright, 1915, by James O'Donnell Bennett.)

This is the second and concluding installment of James O'Donnell Bennett's remarkable letter replying to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's widely circulated article entitled "A Policy of Murder." The first installment was printed in these columns last Saturday.

II.

AT THE opening of the fourth paragraph of your article you ask the question: "Can any possible term save a policy of murder be applied to the use of aircraft by the Germans?" You are speaking more especially now of the dropping of bombs on unfortified cities by German airmen, and you say that "occasionally these men have been obliging enough to drop their cards as well as their bombs."

And you add:
 "I see no reason why these (cards) should not be used in evidence against them, or why they should not be handed as murderers when they fall into the hands of the Allies."

Aircraft Phase of "New War"
 I am glad, sir, that you are not a British general, for it is my conviction that if you gave orders as you write articles you would add fresh horrors to war. And also it seems strange to me that a publicist who so passionately extenuates the Belgian franc-tireurs' mad defiance of the laws of war should be so keen for reprisals against German airmen who have done only what English airmen have done. For, sir, English airmen did drop bombs on the unfortified city of Dusseldorf in an attempt to destroy balloon sheds.

That attempt was only partially successful, but the next morning the Cologne Gazette described the long flight and the dropping of the bombs as "a brilliant feat," and said that German airmen would hope soon or late to return the compliment of the visit to Dusseldorf. As a sporting proposition the incident made an impression which was not lost on the German mind, and hearty recognition of the fact was made.

The truth is that aircraft are, like automobiles, a phase of "the new war," and the world must accept them if the world is to continue warring. The principle of war is, as we all know, to strike terror, physical and spiritual, into your enemy. The airmen do with superlative success. There is, too, an ancient saying that war is most merciful when it is quickest, and the operations of airmen certainly expedite disaster and destruction.

Treatment of Belgians

In your fifth paragraph you say:
 "As to the treatment of Belgium, what has it been but murder, murder all the way?" and you add that "it is said that more civilians than soldiers have fallen in Belgium."

I should not be surprised if that second statement were true. There is a reason why it should be. It would not have been so, I am confident, had the population of Liege, of Louvain and of towns and villages lying between Liege and Louvain kept their obligations as civilians, or donning uniforms, gone into the army as soldiers. My observations in September and again in October in northern France convinced me that the civil population of Belgium and not the Belgian army was the principal cause of Belgium's woes.

For in France the German army encountered very few franc-tireurs, with the result that there were few instances of reprisal against civilians. Village after village I passed through in the track of the German army, and nothing at all was destroyed. In scores of inn parlors I have sat while German officers and privates ate. The landlady and her daughters would go busily and politely about the serving of food, and at the end of the meal not only was the food scrupulously paid for, but the girls would receive really handsome tips. This I saw so often that I came to take it as a matter of course, as, in truth, it was.

Courtesy to the Courteous
 And always when the officers left there were courteous adieux and wishes for a pleasant journey on the one hand, and on the other laudatory assurances from the soldiers that they hoped they might come back to so good an inn "in happier times."

In Belgium, too, I witnessed numerous unforced and genuinely obliging exchanges of civilities between the invaders and the invaded.

I may add, as indicating the kind of discipline the German authorities have laid on Belgium, that it is impossible for anybody—Belgian, German, or neutral—to buy any heavy spirits. Only beer and mineral waters are to be had. The number of alterations that so wise a regulation prevents in a difficult situation you will comprehend.

German Justice Liked

In Chimay, also in Belgium, and the seat of the prince of that name—who, by the way, had fled to Paris—we talked with an innkeeper when no German officers were by. We asked him how affairs went in the town under the administration of its German commandant, von Schulemann. "They go well," he said, "for in all our difficulties we know we will get justice from the commandant."

In Mauthaus we heard a French woman, who was going to the market to get from a German sergeant her slip of requisition for German flour, say she was glad her husband was a prisoner of the Germans, for now she knew he was safe and getting enough to eat. In the same town another woman said she was glad the Germans had come, because it meant that "the thieving, filthy Turcos," as she called the black colonial troops of France, were out. Mr. Cobb and Mr. McCutcheon told me they heard the identical remark in other French towns.

I tell these things to you not because I personally am glad that France is invaded, but to give you the point of view of humble folk who seemed to feel that they had suffered from allies of France more than they would suffer from the avowed enemies of France.

No man, however, who has crossed the eastern and southern provinces of Belgium would be so absurd as to contend for one instant that the German operations in that kingdom have not been a bitter business for Belgium. Were the traveler to make such a contention a score of desolated and deserted villages and towns would give him the lie. Nevertheless, there has been exaggeration almost as appalling as the desolation in the statements concerning the extent of the damage done. The wife of a Socialist member of the Belgian Ministry, for example, lectured in Chicago a few days ago on behalf of the Belgian relief fund, and after speaking of the "murderous Germans" and what they had done, she made among many other sweeping remarks, the statement that



"Louvain can be spoken of only in the past." That is not true.

One Seventh of Louvain In Ruins

A liberal estimate as to the part of Louvain that lies in ruins is one-seventh. More conservative observers are of the opinion that one-tenth of the entire city is destroyed. I am inclined to accept the larger estimate. Far from being "a city of the past" Louvain is coming out of the heavy bewilderment which its sorrows laid upon it, and, under German auspices and with German assistance, is making good progress in clearing away the wreckage. In the daytime the people move freely through the streets and do not seem terrorized. The street vendors, for example, drive a brisk and good natured trade in picture postcards with German soldiers.

German officers and officials with whom I have talked have never spoken lightly of the sufferings of Belgium and they are sorry for Belgium. "You have been in Dinant," said the secretary of the German Foreign Office, Von Jagow, to me. "So have I," he added, "and it is terrible, but war is war, and it is tenfold more dreadful when the civil population takes a hand in it."

And when it comes to the kind of resistance of reprisal—one cannot call it war—which the franc-tireur makes, you, Sir Arthur, know what the Walloons of Eastern Belgium are. Turbulent, truculent, and uneducated, they fight—no, one cannot say fight but fire—from cellars, from attics, and from behind hedges, using the while the protection civilian garb confers on veritable noncombatants, but not accepting the honorable risks that go with the uniform of a veritable soldier. The adjectives which mankind has applied to the lower orders of this Walloon population, and the facts of their annals, are to be found in any guidebook or school history. Brave, in a lawless way, they certainly are, but often devious, and sometimes treacherous.

You know the old proverb concerning the inhabitants of the ancient province of Hesbain, now a part of the province of Liege—"Qui passe dans le Hesbain est combattu l'endemain." And the fact was, and is, that the enemy who passed that way got his fighting in the back "on the morrow."

Belgium Warned Walloons

The Belgian Government felt a lively apprehension of the suffering of which the Walloons and their compatriots farther west would bring upon the kingdom and throughout the week or 10 days of the advance from Liege to Brussels many burgomasters and the Minister of War issued daily, and sometimes hourly, proclamations in which they pleaded with the people to observe the laws of war as bearing on the obligations of civilians and gave them the most explicit warning that the participation of civilians in the hostilities would bring the most terrible penalties on whole communities and on innocent women, children and the aged. Copies of these proclamations, addressed "Aux Civils," I have by me. Their language is often passionate in its solicitude.

I asked an American gentleman who has lived for five years in Belgium and who loves the country, though he does not love the people (I refer to Lawrence Sterne Stevens, an artist, why these warnings had had so little effect upon the Walloon peasants, miners and metal workers. "Because," he replied, "the number of illiterates is so large in Belgium that thousands upon thousands of the people could not read the proclamations."

And so, impotent and fruitless, these placards stared the people in the face from boardings and dead walls, and the firing from behind walls and hedgerows began. It was tragic, but it was not war. And it was so utterly barren of permanent results, and it drew such severe reprisals, that I could quite understand the point of view of Major Beyer, German commandant of Brussels, when he said, "These Belgians do not know what war means."

Only Guilty Punished

The event proved how justified were the apprehensions of the Belgian Government regarding the sense of their obligations as civilians which was entertained by the humble folk of the countryside and of the mining villages. Hundreds of misguided persons were shot and thousands of dwellings were burned. And yet, widespread as is the ruin I have witnessed, I was amazed at the discrimination the enemy displayed in meting out punishment.

In Dinant, for example, the second and the fifth house in a long terrace of, say, 10 houses, would be destroyed. All the rest would be intact. Manifestly the houses from which franc-tireurs had been taken had been burned. The rest had been spared. When you consider that this discrimination was exercised during the terrible hours of street fighting, you will realize that, though the Germans, God knows, had been severe, they had not been ruthless. My compatriots, Messrs. Thompson, McCutcheon and Cobb, observed time and again during our Belgian wanderings the proofs of this reasonably accurate justice dispensed under trying conditions.

In Brussels, 40 days after the entry, I moved

THE NEW ART OF PAINTING WITH LIGHT

Luminous, Bewitching "Paintings" Made of Colored Paper in Collaboration With the Sun or Electric Light—The Curious Story of Their Origin.

By VANCE THOMPSON

WHAT is a lumino?
 I suppose you might describe it as painting with light.

It is a fact that painting of every sort might be defined in the same words. What the artist does is to shut out certain rays of light from his canvas by cunningly mixed pigments of one sort or another—admitting exactly the rays he wants. Where he uses paint the lumino-artist uses paper. It is the only difference. Paper of varying thickness—of colors and form—are laid upon glass, as pigments are laid upon canvas; and the light streaming through makes the picture. Simple, is it not?

It is simple, exquisite and impressive; and it is, I think, the beginning of a new art that will revolutionize fenestral decoration—it will be to the modern home what stained glass was to the mediaeval cathedral. And when, in days to come, the art historian asks you for an account of the origin of the lumino, just tell him it was invented for Mme. Mariska Aldrich's breakfast dinner. I need not tell you who Mme. Mariska Aldrich, of the Metropolitan Opera House, is—the magnificent Hungarian prima donna with the voice of bronze and gold.

Like Looking Through a Window
 That breakfast dinner was given 10 years ago in the cellar of a house in Buffalo. To William C. Cornwall, the New York banker, was entrusted the business of decorating the cellar. Before he was drawn away to money making Mr. Cornwall was—in his youth—a student at Jullien's in Paris; withal a good artist. He stretched transparent paper screens across the cellar windows and painted on them merry subjects; the light did the rest. And so, in a haphazard way, the lumino was born. Ten years of experimentation went to perfecting the new art. Just how perfect it is now may be seen at the exposition of Mr. Cornwall's latest luminos.

The room you enter is dark. Then an electric button is touched, and abruptly a lumino appears. It is as though a window had opened in the wall and you were looking through it, out upon a woodland scene—a cold dawn with a faint sun rising among the trees. It's amazingly well done. Never has painter put on canvas so true a thing. His medium was sadder and thick compared to this living medium of light in which the lumino-artist works. Never was the cold radiance of dawn so perfectly recorded.

How It's Done
 Here is another one. The light has leaped out and, as it were, through a great window you see the dark Mediterranean, heaving to a coming storm—the moon not yet gone; and a fisherman's boat labors heavily. The boat casts a shadow—which is not paint. When you go close and examine the lumino in an open light you see that it is made of translucent colored papers, modeled in thin or thick masses. That curiously real shadow was got by leaving the strip of paper, which makes it, loose and floating. The light, of course, comes from behind; it is regulated to give just the right strength; and the picture, as the French artists say, "comes through" at you. There is art, of course, in modeling the picture in this fragile material. Technically, Mr. Cornwall's work has tremendous merit. It is the work of a savant artist. But he must have had, I fancy, charming spells of artistic agony in mastering the transmission of his light.

In one picture a bathers sits by a stretch of water that pulses and shines. A nude woman.
 "How did you get that flesh tint? It is uncanny," I said.
 The lumino-artist, who is a tall, large man, with the head of Napoleon III, laughed.
 "And how did you get that modeling? I could walk around her and look at her from the other side—if I were not a modest man."

"There are half a dozen sheets of paper tone that gives the flesh tint; and then the figure is modeled exactly as though it were modeled in clay, except that it is modeled in two materials—in paper and in light."
 In the experiments he made for that notable breakfast dinner Mr. Cornwall found that a simple application of colored paper produced the exact effect. It was almost by accident he discovered that layers of paper of different colors, superimposed with disregard to color values, made a window look—when the light came through it—like a

painting. Only it was not a painted canvas, for it had a strange vibratory radiance, which the painter had never captured and imprisoned in artificial light; but Mr. Cornwall intends to give an exhibition this spring of luminos illumined wholly by the natural light of day.
 "What is the future of this new art?" I asked him.
 "I might answer that question by telling you about something I am at work on now. There is a country house with a room in it which is nearly ready for the new form of fenestral decoration. Round the entire room there has been built a deep glass frame—as I might call it. I am filling it with luminos. The only light that enters the room will come through these screen-pictures. I shall not try to describe the effect. You at imagine it—for as the light changes hour by hour the luminos change, until as night darkens outside they fade away. Then you can imagine the light in the room being turned up into homely brilliance. Seen from within the room the frieze is merely a shadowy strip. But for those who walk in the darkness of the garden outside the house the luminos shine—the pictures live. They, perhaps, late at night when the electric lights in the house are put out, and the moonlight shines through the frieze, you will have the pictures once more, illumined with a witchery of light."
 That would be a room worth living in.
 And a further development of the art, which its inventor is at work, is a lumino roof for a room in this same country house. It is to be, of course, of glass. The pictures are to live as long as the daylight lasts and to be resurrected each day at dawn by the rising sun.
 An art of infinite possibilities.
 Collaboration with the sun Mr. Cornwall has found infinitely more difficult than with the electric light. The sunlight destroys the aniline dyes with which most tissue papers are colored. At first he was forced to support vegetable-dyed papers from Japan, but of late a New York concern has begun to manufacture paper for this especial purpose. Before long you will hear and see a great deal more of this new and beautiful art. It has come to stay.
 Wherefore Mme. Mariska Aldrich—thank you to the breakfast dinner—is sure of a fair amount of immortality. Still to make her immortality certain, I hope she will go back to the land of her birth and head that revolution for a free Hungary.
 The world is waiting for a new Jeanne d'Arc.

THE SHELTERING CARE
 Thy spirit, Lord, is on the unquiet deep;
 Beyond its utmost metas, which Thy love has set.
 It may not pass; though billows foam and roar,
 And howling winds from the tumultuous
 gloom
 Smite the tormented bark, still doth Thy hand
 In its wide compass hold the tamed seas.
 And granite-rooted hills; nor may the floods
 That gnash their bodiless fangs round pale
 girl isles
 Move from its fostering bed one tranced soul.
 That yet shall wake to lift to prosperous seas
 Its swaying friends.

O Eye that slumbers not!
 O Heart, whose tender vigil never ends!
 Or calm or storm, Oh, let me not forget
 The world is Thine, and all is well to him
 Who trusts Thy patient care. A far of sea
 In dark or light, no hurt shall come to me.
 For that my times are in Thy guardian hand.
 And by my path, Thy warders wait; at
 To me in starry moments they shall come
 Low murmuring of celestial voices heard
 On perfumed winds whence deathless souls
 break
 His art of Nicomachus found my Father's
 —James B. Keown, in the Christian

There will never be a time short of the millennium when hunger in rags will not wait at the outer door of plenty, and Dives and Lazarus will not be fellow citizens.

We Have a Great Port Already

WHILE Philadelphia is fighting for a better port it must not forget that it has a good port already.

So much has been done here that the city is convinced that more can be done. The port passed the experimental stage along ago. It has been demonstrated that the Delaware River affords one of the best harbors on the continent. Ships can lie at anchor here without danger from the storms. There are 88 miles of smooth water between us and the salt seas. Every shipping man understands what this means. It gives him breathing time between his battles with the ocean tempests and the bustle and hurry and stress of discharging his cargo.

Seventeen lines of transoceanic steamships already touch here, and if we were prepared to accommodate more they would come. We have one of the finest grain elevators on the continent and the ore docks are unsurpassed anywhere.

Merchandise worth a billion and a half is handled every year by the ships at our piers. We have a belt line of railroad for the transshipment of freight from the interior to ocean-going vessels, and we have 37 miles of water front, 20 miles on the Delaware and 17 miles on the Schuylkill.

Therefore, when you read that the Delaware channel is not deep enough to accommodate big ships, forget it. What Hamburg has done Philadelphia can surpass. Do not let anybody convince you that we have not a great port already.

"Three Deckers" or Homes?

WHETHER Philadelphia shall remain a city of homes or a community of "three-decker" flats, depends upon the quick and satisfactory solution of the transit problem. The city is noted throughout the country for its modest homes for workmen. At the meeting of the National Housing Council in Boston it was held up as a model for other cities. But the small house requires space to hold it. Population can be packed into a small area if it lives in layers, and the transit problem is then comparatively simple. The whole of Philadelphia could be crowded into the district south of Market street between the two rivers. But Philadelphians do not wish to live in that way. The city is spreading itself rapidly, and every new row of houses put up in the outlying regions carries the workman farther from his job. But fast cars can annihilate distance; and when combined with free transfers, can make every section of the city equally desirable, so far as proximity to work and economy of travel are concerned.

The character of the city, as well as the comfort of its people, is involved in the transit problem.

The Procession Moves On

THE procession of Mexican Presidents continues to move at double-quick across the pages of the history of our sister Republic. The latest President was proclaimed on Sunday. His name matters not, for he will be succeeded by some one else before we have time to get familiar with it.

It is enough to know that he was chosen by the same convention that twice elected Gutierrez, who has fled from the capital. Villa and Zapata elevated Gutierrez and they have lifted General Garza, the new man, into prominence. He need not expect to be recognized by the Government in Washington, for before the Administration makes up its mind what to do some one else will be chosen by the revolutionary leaders to act as a rubber stamp for them in the President's chair.

New Bryanization

AS BETWEEN the ship purchase scheme of the Administration and an extra session of Congress, most citizens would refuse to vote. They want neither. Yet the nation has survived many extra sessions and would doubtless prefer the hardships of another one to the novel plan of putting the Government into the freight business wherever it is now unprofitable.

Buying tubs at fancy prices may be good statesmanship, but transactions of this sort have more often been good graft. For men continue to be selfish and grasping in spite of the noble sentiments and theories which have been so much in vogue the last year or two. Mr. Bryan could be depended on to see that the ship-purchasing board was composed in the main of his Nebraska dependants, whose ignorance of ships would recommend them as fit persons to protect the Government against imposition.

If there are no jobs open in San Domingo, there is nothing to do but make more jobs in the United States. It is a simple thing. Yet it may be seriously doubted if the Constitution contemplates or authorizes a Government for traffic who would have dreamed a decade ago that Washington there is nothing to do but make more jobs in the United States. It is a simple thing. Yet it may be seriously doubted if the Constitution contemplates or authorizes a Government for traffic who would have dreamed a decade ago that Washington

Grandpa Wilson

WOODROW WILSON is not President of the United States today. He is grandpa. And it is strange that there have been only 37 Presidents and millions of grandfathers. Mr. Wilson is broader of shoulders than his great-grandfather, and broader of mind than his great-grandfather. He is a quarter of a million.