

Illustrated Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. H. CURTIS, President...

OUR LARGEST AMERICAN ALLY

Brazil Heart and Soul With Us and the Entente, Says Noted Author's Son

By ANNIBAL BOMFIM (Mr. Bomfim is the son of Manoel Bomfim, noted Brazilian author, whose book, "Latin America," is considered the best standard work on the continent.)

Brazil, virtually joined the Allies against Germany three months ago and did it declaring she was going to play the same politics America has played. She is at war with Germany in everything but name.

It is not difficult to differentiate Brazil from the small South American republics; he does not know that we speak Portuguese and that our history, as a Portuguese colony, is entirely different from the history of the other South American States.

CHIROPODIST IS BUSY IN FRANCE

He's Just a Plain, Ordinary Sergeant, but He Knows How to Handle a Knife

By HENRI BAZIN Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France.

AMERICAN FIELD HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Aug. 16. NAPOLEON is given credit for a lot of axioms that apply to successful warfare.

For, while a favored few ride horses or motorcycles, or when they cut as much figure as a war correspondent, in automobiles, the great majority are digging trenches, hoeing reliefs that come to them every day.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

It is in the regiment of marines in this training camp there is more than sympathy. Sympathy is just that "I'm-sorry" feeling that comes to the chaplain.

If you picture this marine chiropodist as something of the same brand as a manufacturer in Philadelphia, where he has a parlor and a velvet-cushioned armchair for his patients, guess again.

He is just a plain, ordinary sergeant. And after the war, he will be a chiropodist in the United States. He is more popular than the chaplain.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

It is in the regiment of marines in this training camp there is more than sympathy. Sympathy is just that "I'm-sorry" feeling that comes to the chaplain.

He is just a plain, ordinary sergeant. And after the war, he will be a chiropodist in the United States. He is more popular than the chaplain.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

It is in the regiment of marines in this training camp there is more than sympathy. Sympathy is just that "I'm-sorry" feeling that comes to the chaplain.

He is just a plain, ordinary sergeant. And after the war, he will be a chiropodist in the United States. He is more popular than the chaplain.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

It is in the regiment of marines in this training camp there is more than sympathy. Sympathy is just that "I'm-sorry" feeling that comes to the chaplain.

He is just a plain, ordinary sergeant. And after the war, he will be a chiropodist in the United States. He is more popular than the chaplain.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

It is in the regiment of marines in this training camp there is more than sympathy. Sympathy is just that "I'm-sorry" feeling that comes to the chaplain.

He is just a plain, ordinary sergeant. And after the war, he will be a chiropodist in the United States. He is more popular than the chaplain.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

It is in the regiment of marines in this training camp there is more than sympathy. Sympathy is just that "I'm-sorry" feeling that comes to the chaplain.

He is just a plain, ordinary sergeant. And after the war, he will be a chiropodist in the United States. He is more popular than the chaplain.

And as the night follows the day he also has corns—all kinds of corns—the soft, the hard, the kind that never sting out except when it's going to rain and the young corn that grows out of callus.

"WHO BANE SAY 'CHESTNUTS!'"



A CITY THAT IS TOO MODEST

Comments on Some Phases of Philadelphia Life—Cross-Road Signs Needed

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Philadelphia is too modest.

There has never been a question of our conservatism. Any charges along that line will not be taken.

But we are too modest to tell our neighbor what we have done. His approval is unnecessary, and so his praise; but either or both may lead to our greater opportunity and our own larger happiness.

There are two very modest men in this city who are making an effort to make their work more useful to the community.

Charles S. Caldwell, president of the Corn Exchange National Bank, and Edward S. Cattell, the general raconteur and statistician.

Charles S. Caldwell is another such man. Month after month he publishes that interesting little tract, "Advance."

Now for the plan: A uniform sign post for placing throughout the eastern part of the State to be chosen by a committee of citizens.

Then we would be able to read at every prominent cross-road, "Twenty-two miles to Philadelphia," and the weary traveler, seeing the plain and neat but strong and durable sign post, pointing in this direction, may say to his companion, "Well, they are not afraid to tell the world where they are; we might as well keep going that way and see what they have there."

And they will certainly see that we have a very good road.

Now for the plan: A uniform sign post for placing throughout the eastern part of the State to be chosen by a committee of citizens.

Then we would be able to read at every prominent cross-road, "Twenty-two miles to Philadelphia," and the weary traveler, seeing the plain and neat but strong and durable sign post, pointing in this direction, may say to his companion, "Well, they are not afraid to tell the world where they are; we might as well keep going that way and see what they have there."

And they will certainly see that we have a very good road.

Now for the plan: A uniform sign post for placing throughout the eastern part of the State to be chosen by a committee of citizens.

Then we would be able to read at every prominent cross-road, "Twenty-two miles to Philadelphia," and the weary traveler, seeing the plain and neat but strong and durable sign post, pointing in this direction, may say to his companion, "Well, they are not afraid to tell the world where they are; we might as well keep going that way and see what they have there."

And they will certainly see that we have a very good road.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who is Count Luszburg, whose exploit is produced an international scandal? 2. Dr. Harry A. Garfield has an important position in the war administration. What is it? 3. What is the meaning of the Indian word "Minnehaha"? 4. What is meant by an action done "in a fit of pique"? 5. What is an equestrian? 6. Describe the place held by the mummy in ancient mythology. 7. What is meant by "the salted"? 8. How does the area of Japan compare with the area of France? 9. The highest rank actually held in the United States Army is major general. There are higher ranks in England. Name them. 10. Who are eligible to membership in the Society of the Cincinnati?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. A controller is a person who checks the expenditure of a royal household, of a noble or of the navy. The name is derived from the Latin "controllari" which means to check. 2. Taraske Nelo, a suburb of Petrograd, was expected to be the scene of the first encounter between the Russian rebels and the Government troops. 3. Dido, a character in Virgil's "Aeneid" was the first Queen of Carthage. 4. A misanthrope, in newspaper phraseology, implies the standard printed statement of a witness in a trial. 5. The "Fountain of Youth" is a mythical spring appearing in the first column of the map of the world. 6. Francis Dillon and Pierre Grignon were two famous French poets who lived in the 17th century. 7. The River Neve is in Germany. It is situated on its banks. 8. Gabriel P'Annonciation is noted for dramatic writings. 9. The "Mother of the Nation" was the great mother of the Kaiser. 10. "Fossiliferous" is a term used by geologists to describe a rock containing fossils, especially modern organic remains. It is derived from the Latin "fossilis" which means "excavated" and "ferus" which means "wild." Under certain lights the subsidiary line is brought out vividly.

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

EVERYTHING that is worth while has to be invented some time or other by some one, though it happens often enough that the better and more "obvious" inventions, the sooner is it forgotten by whom it was invented. If it seems like a "natural" device, it is assumed that it wasn't invented at all but just grew.

Some "animal crackers" are taken by granted. But they had to be invented. The trick was done by Christopher Ludwig, who made his cakes in the form of animals, most notable discovery of the possibilities of cake, having its far-reaching effects to the present day. The gingerbread man, Ludwig made a speech in broken English.

Ludwig was born in Germany in 1738. He was for many years a soldier and then became a sailor, traveling all over the world. He reached this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774.

He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774.

He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774.

He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774. He was a German patriot, who became a citizen of this city in 1774.

THE RESULT IN MAINE

THE decisive defeat of suffrage in Maine is unfortunate. We do not believe that it is discouraging, for it is on a succession of such defeats that the women have built their most significant triumphs.

Nevertheless, it had been hoped that the right of woman to the vote had been so definitely proved by the services she has rendered during the travail of civilization that in no locality would there be found a majority of men willing to deny her the simple justice she asked.

The conservatism of Maine is proverbial, but even conservatism is expected to give way before overwhelming evidences of the necessity and justice of proposed innovations.

If conservative England, in spite of Pankhurst militarism, was converted to suffrage, certainly picketing ought not to have been a decisive deterrent to favorable action by American citizens.

There is a quantity of misinformation disseminated about suffrage. When Theodore Roosevelt came out in favor of it, reactionary newspapers all over the country declared that he had been converted overnight, for political reasons only, and that his opinion was worth nothing whatever.

A distinguished editor, who has an uncanny faculty for getting at the bottom of things and who was himself at the time opposed to suffrage, talked the matter over with the Colonel along these lines: "I'll send you a book or two on the subject that may be informative."

Said the Colonel: Several days later a wagon loaded with heavy boxes drove up to the editor's house. Apparently the product of a furniture factory had been shipped to him. But every box contained books and every book in every box treated of woman's suffrage.

There were authoritative accounts of suffrage in New Zealand, of experiments in the Scandinavian countries, of arguments pro and con in the different nations of the world. Furthermore, within the books themselves was evidence of the fact that every one of them had been read by the former President.

Hot-headed and converted to the cause overnight? Not a bit of it. He had been converted by an extensive and intensive study extending over many months, and probably knew more about the subject than any other living man in the United States.

The chief barrier to suffrage is ignorance. There were eminent gentlemen, lovers of liberty, in 1776, who were sincerely and heartily opposed to the Declaration of Independence. There were equally sincere men who opposed the emancipation of slaves, and the slave autocracy was able for decades to control national affairs by merely appealing to the prejudices of voters. There never was a cause so good that men did not live to fight it. And why should the fact that some women are opposed to their own emancipation carry any weight? There were slaves who opposed manumission.

The question is not how men do vote, but how they ought to vote. A good cause gathers support as it goes along. It was three centuries after the birth of Christ before civilization repudiated paganism, and the repudiation then was not complete.

Suffrage will make a far better showing in New York than was made in Maine. There is, indeed, strong probability of a favorable verdict if the picketers will substitute patience for restiveness at this critical period. A cause which has won its way through fifty years of open debate cannot afford to rely for success now on cruder and less convincing methods. The expediency of any course of action is often as important a consideration as the absolute right to pursue such a course. If every man insisted at all times on his absolute rights society would be in chaos.

ALMOST TIME TO CHEER FROM LONDON, from Washington, from Buenos Aires comes news that must give hope into the hearts of doubters. The subscribing of only twelve ships in 1916 in the last week brings...

BRITISH CANDOR

WHEN things get down to brass tacks, the British candor is about the candidest article in the world. Mr. Bonar Law, in his address at a dinner to Congressman McCormick, made no bones about the situation, saying:

The Germans lately have been saying that the Entente was relying on the United States as their last hope. I want to say to you that we do rely on the United States. As Chancellor of the Exchequer I am ready to say to you now what I should have been sorry to have had to say six months ago, namely, that without the United States financial assistance the Allies would have been in disastrous straits today. We have not yet seen the end.

This can mean only one thing, and it is no spread-eagle logic that points it out. If the main brunt of making war is on our shoulders, the chief responsibility of making peace is in our hands and we are so placed as to present peace terms to Allies as well as to Central Powers.

There is a certain tendency in some quarters to tell us not to be cocky and to remember that we shall never make the same sacrifice in lives that the Entente has made. But we have made already a greater proportionate sacrifice in lives than the Entente. We made that sacrifice in 1775-1781 and in 1861-1865, and we always have been ready to make it to keep South America free.

It is not our fault if we cleaned up our half of the world long before the other half required our intervention.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF

THE Hooverization of the country is generally supposed to be a very complex matter. As a fact, it is painfully simple. Doctor Garfield puts the latest detail of the process into eleven words: "Don't buy coal from Philadelphia dealers till the price comes down." We are now a long way from the bad times when George Baer got off that mystical formula to the effect that God gave mines to the people that happened to own them.

THE STATUS OF AFFAIRS THE use of the police force as a political instrument is a disgrace to the city and has been a disgrace since Mayor Smith took office. Repeated outrages have brought repeated promises of reform. None of them has been carried out. Vice has walked and trafficked unchecked in the streets. Sporadic raids have done no more than indicate that certain places are protected. The clubs of policemen have been used to bludgeon political sentiments into the heads of citizens who preferred to think for themselves. Not since Clodius and his gang blackjacked their way through the streets of Rome has there been a more flagrant abuse of the police power than is daily exhibited in Philadelphia.

There are professions of holy purpose from mouths that might well pray for mercy, but the hypocrisy of the sentiments uttered is not so thickly veiled that citizens cannot identify it. The city has been divided into the goats and the sheep, and may Providence help the goats when authority undertakes to beat them into lambs! To be safe is to be a loyal and obedient follower of the Mayor, since for no other is there any mercy. When has politics been more openly played in City Hall than now, with the Mayor waving his scepter this way or that to confer the accolade on candidates? Contractor government is at its zenith, and by their bonds ye shall know them.

They are splitting heads fifty-fifty in the Fifth Ward. The thermometer is about to go up. That will give us a chance to wait for coal to come down. Philadelphia cannot afford to lose the Johnson art collection, no matter what it costs to keep it. Scott Nearing always maintained that he had the goods. We wonder if he was caught with them. The silver in a silver dollar is now worth a dollar. Silver, therefore, is where it belongs and so is Mr. Bryan. Sweden suggests a conference of neutrals. A conference on the laws of neutrality would be more to the point. Money will win the war, according to Judge Gary. A little efficiency in addition will do no harm, to Judge from reports. Kultur has succeeded in arousing Argentina to the point of riot. The world is so old-fashioned that it resents being betrayed. Missouri Democrats are formally calling upon Senators Reed and Stone to resign. Similar invitations to Messrs. La Follette, Hardwick, Gore, Vardaman et al. would help a lot. American artillery was on the job today—Dispatch from France. It was only for practice purposes, but the big point is that to be on the job it had to be on the ground. The American State Department has again published documents of which it obtained possession by God knows what underhand methods—Cologne Volks Zeitung. It is naturally difficult for Germans to understand how methods can be under-

THE RISE OF SILVER

THE rise in the price of silver in the market of the world has been phenomenal. The white metal is worth more today than it has been at any time since 1892, which was four years before the famous "cross of gold" speech which gave Bryan the nomination for the presidency.

The result of this advance has been that in silver countries the purchasing power of the dollar has kept pace with the rise in the price of commodities. This is due to the fact that silver is a standard of value and as a commodity in its own right, while the gold standard remains stationary, if it does not decline, as commodity prices soar.

For the time being, therefore, the people of silver countries are profiting from existing conditions to the expense of those of the gold countries. Just how this works out in actual practice is shown in a report made on May 29 by United States Consul General Thomas Sammis at Shanghai, who wrote:

"To the Chinese the present situation offers certain distinct advantages. His silver money will buy virtually as much land, raw material, buildings and labor as it ever far more than it could buy in the past. The machinery that has been possible during recent years. On the other hand, in contrast to the Chinaman, the American or British investor, living in a foreign land and measuring his wealth in gold, who contemplates investing his money in some industry in China, will find that he must pay an exorbitant sum for silver with which to buy land, buildings, materials and labor, and that he will be running the risk that, should exchange return to a level equal to the 'normal' of the last ten years, then the dividends from this undertaking may not pay for the cost of the investment in the first place."

Since this report was mailed to Washington, silver has greatly advanced in price in China as elsewhere; in fact, somewhat more rapidly than has the cost of living. There they are, the Chinese, who contemned the Chinese are now able to buy more of their dollar than they were before the war or during its first two years. Yet when this abnormal condition ends the Chinese will be left with the "Advance." Not a word in it about himself save his name, very little in it about the Corn Exchange National Bank; usually a modest sentence of praise and a short advertisement, such as might appear in a newspaper. But nineteen-twentieths of the material is about Philadelphia, its industries, its place in the commercial world, its dangers and its prospects.

These two men know Philadelphia, and, knowing, have no fear in saying what they know; for they are giving valuable truths to the world of benefit to us all, and not only to themselves except as a part of the two millions of us hereabouts. And it is high time we have more volunteers to assist them in this task. It is a worthy work. Under their command, with the mental slogan, "Praise Philadelphia," in mind, a hundred thousand men should enlist in this army. We cannot raise them fully trained overnight, but we can at least prepare for creating battalions of minutemen who will be ready upon short notice to follow their lead.

The simplest statement of our own experience presents the proper argument; and almost trite to remark that we only see our city and find out the valuable and interesting facts about it when our cousins and our customers come here to visit us. People as it is with historical monuments, read about and revered throughout the world, few of our citizens know them or visit them until they are forced to act as guides for others, and then their intimate knowledge is appallingly weak. That comparatively few of our residents have ever journeyed afoot through the marvelous textile district of Kensington is only too true. The shipyards along the Delaware might just as well be in San Francisco so far as our visitations or first-hand knowledge of them are concerned. And yet we have traveled to Boston and insisted on going through the navy yard; gone to a lot of trouble to be taken through the fort at Halifax; refused to pass through New Haven without being shown the grounds and buildings of Yale University; at Edinburgh it was the shipyards that attracted us; at Nottingham the lace works; at Manchester the steel mills, and so through England we visited the various industrial plants which we can supply and possibly surpass right here in Philadelphia.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September. Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn. Red glows the ivy like a ghost-lighted ember. Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn. Sunlighted daisies the woodland disclose. Sleeping in shadows the still lake reposes. Gone in the summer, its sweets and its roses. Harvest is past and summer is gone. Plainly sighing the brown leaves are falling. Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long. In the dim starlight the katydid's calling. Hushees in slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping. Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping. Blossoms and bees with the song birds are sleeping. Harvest is past and the summer is gone.