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Philadelphia, Saturday, July 27, 1918

WILLINGNESS THAT WILL WIN

ON THE same day that the sugar ration was cut from three to two pounds a month for each person the restrictions on the use of beef were relaxed and permission was given to restaurants and hotels to serve beef every day.

The curtailment in the use of wheat has already been sufficient, according to Mr. Hoover, to guarantee food to our allies for the next year.

We have submitted to the restrictions in our diet with good grace because we have all been willing to make sacrifices for the benefit of the rest of the world. All that has been needed has been for those in authority to say that the sacrifice was necessary for us to conform to the new rules. We even submitted to fueless Mondays and are only mildly protesting against lightless nights and stopless elevators and trolley cars. The war must be won, so we are willing to stand for anything that anybody thinks will help.

Not all the news about "hyphenates" arouses our anger. On the contrary, it is with unbounded enthusiasm that we read about the doings of Franco-Americans these days.

THE LITTLEST HUN

THE last mosquito, it appears, has rolled over and died at Hog Island. This is a good omen. For it is at the feet of the mosquito, if mosquitoes have feet, that the Huns must have studied.

Mosquitoes have done more harm and less good than any other insect known. They were a nuisance at Panama, in Cuba, in the Philippines and in South America. They spread poison. Everybody disliked them at last because they were virulent, unreasonable, selfish and undiscriminating. It has been necessary to organize against them to make the world safe for democracy. Surely the first mosquitoes came from Berlin.

King George has ordered the British court into mourning for a month for his cousin, Nicholas Romanoff. Will he put on crape when his other cousin, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, starts for St. Helena or Devil's Island?

BONNIWELL

ANY ONE who wishes to be at once fashionable and unpopular nowadays digs himself in, declares himself a republic and condemns a world that refuses to agree to the arrangement. This diversion has been tried out thoroughly in parts of Europe. There it has been found an interesting but defective method of approach to grandeur. Judge Bonniwell has seemingly succumbed to the fascination of the idea in his relations with the Pennsylvania Democracy.

In his defi to Mr. Palmer and the rest of the State Committee Judge Bonniwell proudly assumes the backward attitude. He armors himself in whiskered traditions. He looks toward the setting sun. Lonely he stands, calling upon old times to return and save him. Bravely he defies the lightning that doesn't come in bottles.

One must believe the national Democracy when it claims to be modernized. Judge Bonniwell, in his various references and his consistent attitude and his claims of sympathy with the party's general sentiments, seems to entertain no such belief. Somebody is grievously in error. No other representative Democrat talks like Judge Bonniwell. And Judge Bonniwell talks like no other prominent Democrat. Is it to be assumed that the candidate for the governorship in Pennsylvania hopes to convince the party that it can carry civilization toward the ideal upon a tide of beer?

The requiem has been sung for the last mosquito at Hog Island. Who'll write the Kaiser's obit?

THE LOGIC OF KULTUR

WHEN the Germans issue explicit orders that Red Cross men rescuing the dead and wounded in No Man's Land must be fired on in order to prevent them from doing their work of mercy they are acting in accordance with the theories of Kultur. The object of war is to kill as many men as possible. Therefore, the killing must be continued after the pitched battles have come to an end. The wounded must be allowed to die or must be shot. The hospitals where the wounded are being healed that they may fight again must be destroyed. Every sentiment of humanity must be smothered in order that the enemy may be disabled to the fullest possible extent.

This is the reasoning of the Germans. It is not that it was also the reasoning of savage tribes from which they are descended does not deter them from following it. Instead they boast of the efficiency of Kultur, which stops at nothing to accomplish its ends.

This is one of the reasons why a Germany cannot be permitted by Christian civilization.

THE NEW WAR

America Has Transformed the Purposes of the World's Greatest Conflict

IT WAS on July 28, four years ago, that Austria declared war upon Serbia and started the flame that has enwrapped more than half the world. Tomorrow, therefore, is one of the black anniversaries of history. Yet it can have other meanings for America.

It has remained for America to transform all the aims of the war and to make them glorious.

The war that we are fighting now is not the war that it was in the beginning. *All its purposes are changed.* All the old goals are forgotten—for a better one. The courage of President Wilson, maintained by the mass consciousness of America, has brought the miracle to pass.

Race hatreds and suspicions, the premeditated villainies of continental diplomacy, religious trends, national ego and trade rivalries were involved at the outset of the war *for settlement by the sword!*

Over and above the German Government—and some of the other Governments for that matter—there existed invisible and superior forces that forced action and decisions. These forces were rooted not in industrialism, but in the peculiar mania of commercial adventurousness internationally organized, exalted and in the imperial mood. The Ballins and the Krupps, the North German Lloyd interests and the concession holders in Berlin typified the invisible government of the European continent.

They were mobilized in a collective agency that was more powerful than government. *It existed above the Government—and yet it had none of the responsibilities of government.* Forces like these held themselves superior to the State. The poisonous philosophy of secret diplomacy and the madness of kings were their weapons of offense and defense.

Industry alone cannot make a State, because its energy must always be greater than its wisdom.

Labor alone cannot make a State, because labor is essentially a co-operative function.

Labor and industry and commerce and all the creative forces of work on the one hand and money on the other must be subject to the intelligent guidance of mass judgment as expressed through the medium of a free government for the common good.

The typical commercial oligarchy in Europe held itself superior to the State. It set up checks and balances and sacrificed whole peoples to maintain these balances. It deluded weak-minded kings. It became an organism of immeasurable power and resourcefulness—without eyes to see or a heart to feel. This, essentially, is the monstrous thing that America has set its face against. The reiterated policy of self-determination of nations promulgated by America, opposed so often, doubted so often and still questioned at times even in America, represents nothing more than a program devised to make this agency of destruction forever helpless and forever inactive.

The United States means by every pronouncement and agreement that it has made since its entry into the war that life is more important than the means of life.

It has held that the processes of international commerce must be left to develop in a course of natural evolution. It has thrown its matchless strength into the struggle to insure a state of affairs under which the mass judgment and the common concerns of all the people democratically represented and expressed shall direct the processes of government and diplomacy rather than the whims of idiot kings and their confederates.

And it seems that we are indeed a nation of destiny. Because the conflagration over all Europe frightened the uncrowned kings into a sense of their own madness when America entered the war. And they seem disposed for their salvation to accept the American view and are following our leadership in most of the things that we propose and plan.

The fires of war have burned away many of the barriers that existed between America and Europe. And the American people have looked beyond and they have seen in the stricken peoples their brothers and their sisters in heart. The triumph of America has been that it has made this war a matter of the national will, an adventure of deliverance upon which the national spirit has gone out gladly without doubts or fears.

The only admissible alternative name for Hog Island would be Goat Island, because it's getting the Kaiser's.

DAYS OFF

ONE of those unanswerable questions that make life sweet for the pundits has darted up out of the newspapers. Somebody wants to know what a drum-major does on his day off. Can the civilized order hold any pastime adequate to amuse so stately a person or cause him to unbend? A drum-major on his day off probably seeks out a high mountain whereon he may sit and view the world disdainfully.

The habits of almost any man, his trends and his aspirations and the nature of his character are pretty clearly revealed in his use of a twenty-four hour vacation wheedled or bullied or tricked at intervals from the boss. Patient men go fishing. Foolish men spend half their day going to a place and the other half getting back home. Wise men do not toil on a day off, even in a hunt for diversion. They just lie around.

This is the season of days off. And one is moved to wonder what days off and vacations will be like when the bolsheviki realize their dream and rid the world of work. In all likelihood, since man is a restless being and never satisfied, you will find the bolshevik of the future, exhausted by a season of utter idleness, telling of the blithe vacation he expects to enjoy as a piano mover or babbling in glee over a prospective week-end at Baldwin's.

George Sylvester Viereck displayed his patriotism in the wrong country.

AN EFFORT TO CHECK RELIGIOUS COMPETITION

ORGANIC union among the Protestant denominations in America is progressing slowly, in spite of long-continued efforts. The great denominations themselves are not yet united. The Presbyterians, North and South, are still separate bodies. The same is true of the Baptists and Methodists, North and South. Three branches of the Lutheran Church have recently joined efforts, but eight or ten branches still retain their independent existence.

It is evident, therefore, that the committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly which has been in session this week considering ways to bring about a union of American Protestant churches has a large work ahead of it. The assemblage of representatives of the different churches which it is hoping to bring about in this city in the late autumn to consider what can be done may or may not be largely attended.

The Protestant Episcopalians, the Congregationalists, the United Brethren, the United Presbyterians and some other denominations have already expressed deep interest in the plan. But the Baptists and Methodists, two of the largest groups of Protestants, have still to be heard from. They, like the Presbyterians, are still struggling with the task of bringing about an organic union among their different branches.

The leaders in the larger movement are not disposed to wait until the individual denominations have solved all their problems. Indeed, some of them are disposed to the belief that the faster the plan for a general union of Protestants moves the more quickly will the difficulties in the way of the union among the different churches of the same name disappear.

It is admitted that there is a great waste of effort among the churches, especially where three or four different denominations attempt to maintain separate organizations in small communities. Attempts have been made to avoid this by a gentlemen's agreement which would prevent one denomination from entering a field already occupied by another. But the plan has worked better in theory than in practice.

Hunger reigns in Berlin. The Germans always were unfortunate in their kings!

'TWIXT TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

THE Government brought suit to prevent a union of the Western Union Telegraph and the American Telephone Company; but Mr. Burleson sets out to unite them as soon as he gets control of the electric lines.

Mr. McAdoo did the same thing when he took over the railroads.

The consolidations which the big corporations sought to make in the interest of efficiency are all being made by the Government and for the same reason.

Now what will Congress do with the anti-trust laws which have been used to prevent private persons from doing what the Government has found it necessary to do?

Superb Indeed "They are superb soldiers," says Pershing of his own men. It is well to remember the true meaning of superb, which is "proud." Our men in France may well be proud; proud of the purposes they incarnate, of the commanders they serve under, of the Allies they shoulder. There is great virtue in honorable pride.

Agreed If soldiers' letters were moving a little more rapidly and if it didn't require an unusually long time to send letters to New York and Atlantic City these days, one might feel a little happier at the spectacle of Mr. Burleson taking charge of the telegraph wires.

And as Hard on the Audience Premier Lenine remarks (a trifle sadly) that it is extremely easy to start a revolution, but very hard to stop it. Revolutions seem to be much like some after-dinner speakers we know.

Terrible, Terrible! A correspondent asks why the German sub off our coast didn't sink the Peruvian bark that has arrived here, consigned to a local drug house. That bark was too bitter for old D. Jones to swallow, he hazards.

It All Helps Cuba wants to be in it. She is planning to send a regiment to France. It will be welcomed, because Foch knows that every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more.

Compensations A skip-stop car met a skip - stop milk wagon on Woodland avenue. Result: The stray cats of the neighborhood had enough to eat for the first time in weeks.

Want Them to Freeze? Why has not some philanthropic soul thought of aiding Russia by sending over a cargo of safety razors?

The Germans are using sneeze shells on the Americans. The hayfever brigade, however, moves onward as though nothing had happened.

Germany once sneered at "scraps of paper," but now that she uses them in making pants and shoes she has probably changed her mind about their importance.

That Swiss clergyman who has asked the Kaiser how many sons he has lost in battle has put an embarrassing question, which the German fathers and mothers would like to have answered.

The Russian peasants in the Ukraine are moving on the Germans armed with rifles in order to let the foreigners know what they think of them. The consent of the governed seems to be becoming more than an empty phrase in Russia.

THE CHAFFING DISH

DR. HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph. D., of the editorial department of a Boston publishing house, writes to us as follows:

"I should like to print a brief outline of the struggles for recognition by those who have by this time attained success in literature. May I, therefore, ask you whether you will kindly assist me in this by writing briefly about some of your experiences in the early days of your career? The information will be most helpful to young authors of talent who have yet to make their way."

We thought the best thing we could do with this inquiry would be to refer it to our favorite contributor, Dove Dulcet, who has had more "experiences" than any author we know and who has attained the unique success of never having anything rejected by the Chaffing Dish.

Mr. Dulcet's Confession

It is very agreeable to me, writes Mr. Dulcet, to look back on the early days of my career, before the Chaffing Dish raised me to the eminence where I now stand. My first ambition was to have a poem accepted by the Pacific Monthly. I wrote one and submitted it to the editor, taking precaution not to inclose any stamps, so that he could not return it. To my amazement the editor telegraphed me to come to see him at once. I did so. He took me to his club for lunch and with tears in his eyes begged me not to continue writing. "If I were to publish this poem," he said, "all my readers would insist on everything else in the magazine coming up to the same high standard. That would be impossible and the magazine would be ruined. You would spoil our readers' taste for the simple little things we are able to procure for them. I implore you, Mr. Dulcet" (he said) "to embark upon another career. No man of your majestic, nay, your prodigious talent, has any right to ruin the prospects of the thousands of other writers who are trying to do their best. American literature would be disorganized by the appearance of such a piece as this. Better that you should starve than all the other writers of this hemisphere should be thrown out of employment at one sweep." Shaking with emotion, he pressed the manuscript into my hand and fled.

I did not question the sincerity of this great man (continues Mr. Dulcet) and for a long time I respected his entreaty. I did not quite see, however, why I should lose the pleasure of seeing my work in print just because Alfred Noyes, Ella Wilcox and Henry van Dyke would commit suicide when they saw my stuff.

Happily (Mr. Dulcet proceeds) there was established later on in my native city an enterprising restaurant which proposed to persuade the public into its dining rooms by a liberal use of the seductions of rhyme. The proprietor of the cafe offered to employ me to write a daily poem extolling the special dishes of the day. The verse was to be brief, excellent in rhyme and rhythm, and lettered largely on dodgers of paper which were to be pasted on the front of the plate-glass show windows. As an added attraction, instead of the customary white-capped chef cooking griddle cakes in the window, I was to sit there at a desk with my pen and ink, tossing off the rhyme for the next day. As at the time when this offer reached me I had not eaten for two days, you may imagine I accepted without hesitation and my pledge to the editor of the Pacific was thrown to the winds.

It is pleasant (observes Mr. Dulcet) to recall that time, but it was very trying to experience. I was not paid in cash, but in meal checks; and these were not given me until I had finished the day's quota of verses. I was given the chef's menu for the following day, and surrounded by the maddeningly succulent odors of chops and steaks and frizzling onions, I sat in the window endeavoring to find rhymes for such awkward words as *porterhouse* and *casserole*. My invention was sharpened by hunger and by the curious gaze of the throngs who watched me through the windows. I shall never forget some of those ditties: they sometimes recur to me even now when I sit down to luxurious meals in company with the editors of the Chaffing Dish, the North American Review, the New Republic and the Investor's Annual. Here are some of them:

Our rumps and flanks
Deserve your thanks;
Our cabbage, too,
Would tame a shrew.

Tasty bits'll
Pass your bridle;
Try our schnitzel
And a seidel.

Sing a ballad
Of lobster salad.

Let the public
Know you've chowed:
Our fried onions
Thin the crowd

Fresh baked shad
Is far from bad.

I have always thought (resumes Mr. Dulcet) that my knack was rather for the epigrammatic and terse. Often I was spurred by the pangs of hunger to ejaculate couplets that have rarely been surpassed for stinging brevity and point. To wit:

Ham and suet—
No need to chew it.

Filet of sole
Will plug that hole.

Feed your face
With pickled plaice.

Tripe and knuckles—
Your widow chuckles.

Our table d'hote
Will get your goat.

Eggs fried double,
An end of trouble.

I feel sure by this time (Mr. Dulcet concludes) that the editor of the Pacific was not entirely sincere in what he said. For though I continued writing these salvos for the Rhyming Restaurant for more than a year, Henry van Dyke and the others did not even whimper. In fact, I might have been doing it still had not the restaurant failed and I turned to higher forms of art. I hope this is the kind of thing Doctor Schnittkind wants.

We hope so, too. SOCRATES.

SINE DIE

SITELESS CAMPING

By T. Morris Longstreth

Maniac Lodge.

DEAR LOONER:

I quite agree with you that the temptations of gasoline far exceed those of alcohol. Any fellow with a cruse of oil, a gas tank and a mouse-power motor will leave his home and happy occupation for the white-hot way. There he'll mile away the time until the gas gives out or the police turn him in.

I ALSO agree with you that camping out by motor turns the ordinary beads of sweat into a sort of primrosary of cool enjoyment. No more of this tump-line torture for me. If the modern motorist reads enough periodicals he is sure to take his tent and griddle along with him sooner or later. But you know how soon he succumbs to the call of the kitchen range! Unless he's made of sterner stuffing than most he'll call off his fortnight of freedom in about four days. But I tell you, Looner my boy, when you come up I'm going to show you a new sport which I call siteless camping.

SOME of the boys dropped in on Maniac last night and we got to arguing about enjoyments. Had a regular symposium, mostly symp. Arthur tells how his (the Universal) car can do the universe in twelve days. Bone explains how he likes to settle down by his sylvan pool and just run back to the farm for vegetables every day. Cassidy swore he could pack all his duds under the hood, and Drooler took him up and said that you couldn't get real comfort without the fireless cooker and the refrigerator and the vacuum cleaner trailing behind. Ernest likes to sleep on the ground and Fischer intends to trundle a brass bed after his new twin-twelve. I kept quiet until they were all talked out. Then I sprang my siteless camping on 'em.

YOU know, Looner, whether you are going to camp out with a blanket or decamp with the contents of half a house, every fellow gets face to face with 5 o'clock sooner or later. You've always got to set up housekeeping. You may do without wood or without water, but you can't pitch a tent without a tent site. We've swallowed horseless motion and wireless telephony, but placeless tent-pitching—well, you know why the boys call my shack Maniac Lodge.

AS I was saying, the motor camper has to quit at dusk to browse for a tent site. But does he? Does a man, maddened by a matchless road, a purring motor and a hopping landscape, stop to pick out six feet of level dirt to sleep on? As our old geometry used to say, it is absurd. No, sir, Old Scotch never got half so intoxicating as the Good Gulf Gas. But look now at the other side of the picture.

ABOUT 8 he stops, dusty, hungry, savage. He gropes for wood. He swallows a mess called food. He then tries to pitch his tent. It is the darkest hour of night, called pitch dark, when he tries it. He makes a night of it—a long night. It is a curious fact of nature that night lasts twice as long on the ground as two feet above it. We've had that odious experience together, Looner. Remember the Upper Ausable? But yet that man, by 4 o'clock of the next afternoon, will have forgot the necessities of stopping early and will go careening on into the dark and uninhabitable hours. I used to, but I don't now. My car—yes, Looner, still that make of imperishable fame, that model so like our glorious Republic, one and indestructible, fool-proof, of the people—my car is different now. With it I can camp, site unseen.

I FIXED it this way: I took my Ford and sawed down the back of the front seat near the sides, hinged it at the bottom, stowed back the upholstery and tacked it down. Then I made two supports of wood which I attached to the bottom front of the back seat and sawed them off just the height of the metal edge. The front seat's back will fold over on to the supports on the back seat's front. There is a crevice in the middle, but this can be stuffed full of blankets and there you have a sleeping car that gives you a new luxury of camping out: sleeping while you sleep.

THAT fool Drooler said it wouldn't work for two men. But I took him out, draped up the mosquito netting, let down the curtains when it rained, poked my own feet under the steering wheel, stowed his clothes in the cavity beneath our bunk and noticed that it took him about a minute to get to sleep. That's the next thing I've got to invent, a snore-mask; but Drooler had nothing to say the next morning except that if I'd loan him the contrivance he guessed Mattie'd like to go with him for a fishing trip along the Bouquet now that she could have a Pullman lower backed right up to the river.

WELL, now, Looner, what do you think of siteless camping? It makes a pretty nice impromptu vacation, doesn't it? Dirt easy, Ford cheap and the most portable summer bungalow in the world. It is a sort of shame to call it camping. I'll never go back on the real thing: the trail with a canoe at the end, the fire by the lake and the wilderness all about. But this slipping along slick roads with thermos-cooled delights at hand and no bother for the evening, it may not be camping, this siteless stuff, but it comes mighty near being a new sport.

Your old friend,
FOOLISH.

Or, Where the Kaiser's Doom Is Fixed What must have astonished the South American ambassadors more than anything else on their visit to Hog Island was the name of the place. The romantic peoples of our sister continent in the South would have some far more poetic name for such a spot. They would call it "Where Rivets Shine Like Stars" or something like that.

War Song of 1918

Ford machine-gun cars charge the enemy.—News item.

Honor the Ford Brigade.
Oh, what a charge they made!
All the Huns shivered.
Honor their tires and cranks,
Fearless as mighty tanks,
Onward they flivvered.

Heroes Without Words This is a letter written by a British Tommy to those he loved at home. Brief as it is, we seem to feel the whole Anglo-Saxon spirit of heroism in it: "Dear Mum and Dad, and dear loving sisters Rosie, Letty and our Gladys—I hope you keeps the home fires burning. Not arf. The boys are in the pink. Not arf."

Edward N. Hurley's promise to the South American diplomatists that the merchant fleet now building would be used to serve humanity through serving all nations equitably is the kind of talk that it is good to hear. If the ships can be used to bring North and South America more closely together something will be done to assure the future peace of the world.

KELLY

By Ferdinand Reyher

THIS morning old Kelly grew careless
for a moment as short as a dream
And lost one thumb and three fingers before he even could scream;
But he probably wouldn't have done so, because when the Irish shall trade
Their laughter for tears in their trouble, the dreams of old Ireland will fade.

A basin of rum was brought him and you ought to have seen his face:
"The Lord," said Kelly with reverence, "put ivirything in its place,
And He niver intinded thot liquor"—we had to check him by force;
Unreconciled to the outrage old Kelly remained, of course.

But after a time a twinkle came and relighted his eye,
And his lips tugged in at the corners with a humor unbeatably sly;
He sighed and looked all about him and down at the wasted rum—
"I don' moind the fingers," said Kelly, "but thot was a pretty good thumb!"

Lo, a magnificent gesture, denying the body's defeat
By the laughing zest of the spirit that has its own standards to meet;
Old Kelly regretfully gazing down at his hand in the rum,
Saying, "I don' moind the fingers, but that was a pretty good thumb!"

After all, we may still be victors even when we're laid low,
We can slip one over on Fate just by the way we go;
We can often laugh in our torments or grin if they strike us dumb,
Like Kelly forgetting three fingers by moaning the loss of a thumb!

New Hun blows are predicted by the critics, who may or may not have reference to another vocal effort by the Kaiser.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was Joseph Balsamo?
2. What are the capital and the largest city of New Jersey?
3. What is a barrage?
4. What is the commission of national defense?
5. When did the United States declare war on Germany?
6. What is President Wilson's full name?
7. Where is Fere-en-Tardenois?
8. Who was Vulcan?
9. What is a "columnist"?
10. Who said, "Finality is not the language of politics"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The House of Savoy is the reigning dynasty of Italy.
2. Elizabethan drama: a term applied in the history of literature to the productions, extensive in quantity and fine in quality, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603). The period saw the genesis and the prime of the classic English drama. It includes such names as Marlowe, Lodge, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher and Ben Jonson.
3. The distinguishing quality of a lyric is its singing quality. Originally lyrical poems were intended to be sung to the lyre or other musical accompaniment.
4. Tchitcherin is the Bolshevik Minister of Foreign Affairs at Moscow.
5. Hull-House is a social settlement in South Chicago, one of the earliest in the United States. It is directed by Miss Jane Addams.
6. Sector: a definitely restricted section or segment of a battle line. The etymology indicates a part "cut" from the main front, but not necessarily separated.
7. Andrew Bonar Law is the British Chancellor of the Exchequer.
8. "Mere Literature," a collection of President Wilson's essays on literary and political subjects, published a number of years ago.
9. Boche: a term applied, first by the French, to the Germans.
10. "Every step of progress has been from scaffold to gallows and from stake to stake" was said by Wendell Phillips, American statesman, in a speech at Worcester, Mass., October 16, 1861.