

Now That the War Is Over We Are Going to Have a Better World Than Before

By FRANK O. LOWDEN, Governor of Illinois



Things were not going very well with us when the war arose. We of America were lacking in many things. We were becoming a little materialistic ourselves. We were becoming very fond of the fleshpots. We were thinking too much about the material things of the world.

The old, finer things of life of which our mothers and fathers spoke were disappearing from our lives. Discipline was breaking down—in the home, in the church, in the school and in the state. Classes were forming. The old notion of brotherhood for which our fathers died at Lexington and Concord was being forgotten. But now, out of the horrors of this, the greatest war the world has ever seen, is emerging, I believe, a new sense of brotherhood—a new sense of the worth and dignity of man.

Now that the war is over we are going to have a better world than we ever had before. We are going to have a revival of that old notion—which we saw our fathers not only teach but practice—of the infinite worth of man as the supreme thing in our civilization. We are going to see a new notion of fraternity; and in business we shall see as great a rivalry as we have seen in the past, but the rivalry between one business and the other will be to determine which can best serve humanity and the world.

In the Piping Times of Peace Will It Be Airplanes or Motor Cars?

By FRANK F. TENNEY

Will the airplane supplant the auto in future? Is there a future for the aircraft industry when we are back on a peace basis? Yes and no. That is, it is not likely that the auto will be wholly superseded but that it will have to yield to the airplane for all long-distance trips is sure. No one can foretell how great the growth of the aero industry will be, but there is every assurance that it will be as phenomenal as the auto manufacture. That the aerial tin Lizzie is a surety is the belief of many automotive engineers; the only uncertainty is as to who will Henryford the aero.

Flying requires no superhuman powers or abilities. Anybody can fly, except the poor fellows who get sick riding in a trolley or steam car. The few cannot stand any kind of motion, and of course could not fly. Yes, anybody can fly—if he has the price. What about the terrifying sensations of flying? There ain't no such bird. It is just like sitting down in a comfortable rocking chair and then lifting it off the ground, and one is just as comfortable as if on the earth.

But airplanes of the future are not to be confined to the individual or family types, for there will be excursion passenger planes and probably regular service between cities. It ought to be possible very soon for a business man to take a plane for Washington, lunch there, dine in Pittsburgh after meeting the steel board, and get back to New York in time for the theater, and excite no more attention than by a railroad trip today.

With the uncertainties of flight removed and the cost cheapened, it is certain that there will be much business for the airplane factories and distributors. Auto manufacturers understand this and are preparing for it. The fact that every auto factory today is at work on aero engines or planes or some part will make it easy in the future to establish the aero as a part of the automotive industry on a thoroughly commercial basis.

The possibilities of the airplane in mail service are being tested now, and it is thought the mail route in years to come will be aerial. Light package transportation also will be aerial, and this will relieve congested railroads. Newspapers will have aerial service. Then, too, the places untouched by the railways can have the morning papers and be otherwise connected with civilization. The aero has been demonstrated as an aid to civil engineering in the war zone. Pictures may be used in plating inaccessible areas, forest lands could be patrolled much more quickly and thoroughly by the fire wardens.

But the possibilities are too numerous to recite. Whether the dreams of some artists and writers all come true, and there are landing stages on every skyscraper and plane garages like those for autos, is another thing. But surely we are to have an age of flying. As the auto succeeded the bicycle the aero will succeed the auto.

Peace Will Bring Era of Tremendous Opportunities and Responsibilities

By ARTHUR REYNOLDS, Chicago Business

Peace will usher in a new era, which will bring to the United States tremendous possibilities, obligations and opportunities in humanitarian, commercial and financial ways. It will be an era of revivification, reorganization and readjustment. I have no doubt that with the use of national resources of character, intelligence and financial strength we shall work out successfully the new problems with which we shall be confronted.

The period just ahead will, in my judgment, be the most wonderful in our history. Our accomplishments therein will depend on organization and effective co-ordination. Greater co-ordination among the various kinds of business will be helpful after the war, as it has been helpful during the war.

I have in mind particularly banking. During the great war America became the world's banker. It must continue to assume the duties of financial leadership. This will mean great things not only for our country but for our city.

Our obligations are both financial and humane. We must aid in the restoration, the healing and the revivification of the world. Our future will be a future of big things and we shall all need the get-together spirit in order that we may measure up to our responsibilities and our opportunities.

Our financial position and our enlarged merchant marine mean that we shall be brought into closer trade contact with the entire world. This will mean that not only American commerce but American ideas of freedom and humanity will permeate more thoroughly than in the past throughout all the world.

The Persian Gulf



On the Shores of the Persian Gulf.

There is a bit of seashore of such vital importance to our world today that thitherward is directed the anxious gaze of all the leaders of the nations. It figures prominently as one of the questions involved in the great war, is the territory of an important campaign, and was, in fact, one of the prime factors in the causation of the war. It has been a region of high importance since the first morning of our civilization, rich alike in history and fable—probably the cradle of western culture, the playground of many empires gone (and perhaps of others yet to come), whose undulating sands and hills hold the ruins of sixty centuries. It is a haunt of fanciful dreams and infinite fascination, a latitude which can lay most plausible claim to the consideration of all of us.

And yet, in our time of knowledge, these coast lands, famous for ages, are scarcely known—no more probably than they were to the curious Greeks of Herodotus' time or to the Chaldeans who studied the stars and the sea a dozen centuries earlier—assuredly no more than they were to the geographers of Baghdad or the merchants of Ispahan in the days of the good Haroun al Raschid, writes Proyer Buranell in the New York World. The Persian gulf lies brooding with the ages. Around its ancient waters are set the luster-shorn crown jewels of Islam. It is a solitude of obscure wonders awaiting exploration.

The Persian gulf is a landlocked body of water of oblong shape lying between Arabia and Persia. It is about five hundred miles long by an average of two hundred miles wide, extending from northwest to southeast. Its outlet to the Indian ocean, the Straits of Ormuz, is less than three hundred miles from the outpost frontier of India, so that a power controlling the gulf, say by holding a fortress at the tip of the Pirate coast, the Arabian side of the narrow strait, would have an immediate salty port for excursions against the empire of the east. Indeed, with proper railroad facilities in Asiatic Turkey, the Persian gulf becomes the logical route to India.

So it is not astonishing that when the heavy spectacles of German scholarship formed an alliance with Kaiserlich mustachios the idea of the North-sea-to-Persian-gulf railroad cropped up immediately and showed extreme pertinacity. The center of equilibrium in the Orient lies in the control of the Persian gulf.

As in the Days of the Prophet.

To one side is Persia, to the other Arabia, with crumbled Babylon looking down from the north. Where a fairer setting for the romance? Along the low, sandy and forbidding west shore lie the provinces of El Hassa and Oman, the latter with that precious territory known as the Pirate coast. Here the various touches of modern culture are perfectly unknown. The Arab holds forth much as he did when the prophet was raising the first ructions of the Islamic storm. And the Arab is a person of wide and deserved reputation. On this coast he is seen in his most characteristic guises—and also in roles comparatively unknown to the outside world. Camels, sand storms and the desert are the usual settings for the burroughed follower of the prophet. But on the Persian gulf coast the Arab has become an expert sailor—and pirate. He follows both of these worthy avocations with all the guile traditional of his breed—and often it is guile quite fantastic to the occidental mind.

The coast has long been a refuge for outlawed characters from western Europe. They partake readily in the robberies and piracies of the natives, which in spite of English gunboats flourish exceedingly. Slave trading and gun running are lucrative professions, and the warriors of central Asia are enabled to make large amounts of trouble, thanks to the rifles placed in their hands by these hardy rascals of the gulf littoral.

All along the sandy waste lie treasure stores of ruins. Travelers have described half-buried stone formations, the relics of man long before the early civilization of the region. There is a resemblance to the famous stone age work at Stonehenge and other remains

of prehistoric man in Europe. Southern Arabia holds the remains of what seems a very early and quite unknown civilization. Excavation may add a new and revolutionary page to the history of culture.

Large parts of Arabia have never been explored by the outsider, some not even by the Arabs themselves, it would seem. The natives will tell you that certain sections are impassable. Some of this may be taken with a trifle of reserve, for wily desert merchants have been known to spread horrifying reports as to the fatal characteristics of this section or that—that the very air is poisoned—thereby frightening away thieving traders from the right of way of well-laden caravans.

Land of Romance and Ruin.

The Persian side shows a rugged beach formation with bristling cliffs and rocks. There lie Bushire and Basra—from this latter Sindbad, a historical character, sailed on his never-to-be-forgotten voyages. To the interior lie Shiraz and Ispahan, of poetical-romantic glory. It is a land as strange as Araby itself. Take the punishment of slaves. When a slave has misbehaved himself seriously enough he is punished by being freed and left to earn his own living, which virtually consigns him to a lingering death.

Across the Straits of Ormuz, opposite the tip of the Pirate coast, is the once great trading city of Ormuz, now a ruin, showing evidences of vanished magnificence. Western travelers who visited the city in the days of its splendor five hundred years ago used extravagant language in describing the wealth and luxury which prevailed there. But Ormuz after undergoing spectacular ups and downs finally decayed and fell into dust, and is now an object for the philosophic ruminations of the tourist, a cadaver for the dissecting picks and shovels of the archeologist.

There are few ports on this rough coast and the interior is harried by robbers and fractious tribesmen. There are sites and cities untouched by the ravages of tourists, although they have been drummed into the head of the western world by the great Persian poets in their latter-day occidental vogue.

At the narrow northern shore of the Persian gulf lies the ancient land of the Chaldeans. It is here that the storied rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris, unite and flow into the gulf.

On the Tigris is Bagdad, the city of the Arabian Nights. The ruins of Babylon are near the Euphrates; the rivers run almost parallel. On every side, on the sands, or more often beneath them, are the decayed remnants of days which stir the imagination of the dullest. Persia, Chaldea, Arabia—all clustered about the gulf—and the tourist found them not.

HIS ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION

Many Things Happened While Eager Young Man Waited Answer That Meant So Much to Him.

He had asked her a question of the greatest importance and one which he felt warranted an immediate reply. She seemed very calm and collected herself much as an Indianapolis street car conductor would collect a nickel fare and one cent for a transfer.

As he searched her face and found nothing but a small brown mole near the end of her nose he knew that she must answer his question. Something told him that she would, but, of course, he didn't know what. Slowly a hectic flush began to suffuse her cheeks. He didn't even know what hectic meant and, therefore, didn't appreciate one when it suffused. He would have recognized a straight flush in an instant.

Must he bound her for a reply? Nope; decidedly nope. Must he ask her again? Nope—that is to say, yep—or rather, yes ma'am.

"Well, what do you think of Germany's reply to Mr. Wilson?" he quizzed, alternating from one foot to the other until he had tried all two of them.

"I don't know, George," she rebounded, as she broke into the chorus of "Don't Feed the Hand That Bites You."—Indianapolis News.

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Girl Gob Goes to Have Her P-p-pic-cher Taken

CHICAGO.—"A girl gob! Well, I'll be—!" quoth Patrolman Harold Foss. He cocked his head on one side and then he cocked it on the other to see if he saw aright. Vision good, mentally noted Patrolman Foss. Anybody here ever see a copper run down a girl gob? Big flat feet went clump, clump, clump. Li'l bitty feet went tumpetty, tumpetty, tump. Big copper wheezed like an ancient sly. Gobbers' hair came down and waved in the air. She scuttled and squawked like a frightened bird. Then the hand of the law descended. Miss Lydia Greiger, 2620 Spaulding avenue, wept at the station and pleaded:

"I'll t-t-take these o-o-off if you'll lemme g-g-go h-h-home," she sobbed. And then, as she wiped away tears and her chin trembled some more, she added:

"I only w-w-went d-d-down the street t-t-two blocks to get my p-p-pic-cher taken in 'em."

Well, a policewoman started out with the girl gob and the trail led to the home of Louis Berger, 636 Blackhawk street. Louis, bluejacket, was also in a fix. Louis had lent 'em to her for the picture and gobs can't go out without 'em.

The little brown head of the girl gob went instinctively to his manly bosom and his arm closed about her. Tears trickled into the blanket that he held Indian fashion.

"We're going to get married," came in muffled words from where Lydia hid her head.

"Sure are, lamb," said Bluejacket Berger to the little girl gob. "An' if they lock you up they'll have to lock me up in the same cell!"

"He said he'd been at sea for 17 months, and had come home to marry her," explained the policewoman to the lieutenant. And then the policewoman sighed and cell door opened for the gobbers. The course of true love never did run smooth.

"Not Yet, Old Scout, but Soon—and Darn Soon!"

PHILADELPHIA.—Time: The day of the fake news of Germany's surrender. Scene: The great banking office of Drexel & Co. In the midst of subdued and decorous rejoicing the office boy was heard to exclaim: "Geel! Here comes old Duval." Entered a little old man, limping and with one arm twisted from the thrust of a German bayonet at Sedan 48 years ago. Now, impoverished, he sharpened knives and razors for the office force.

"Observe, m'sieur; but half a franc and she is as good as new," he began, but his patron interrupted him to tell the good news.

Contrary to expectations, old Duval did not toss his hat skyward, neither did he shout for joy. He stood as if dazed; then a look of purest, most radiant joy illumined his features. His parcels fell unheeded at his feet, he snatched the worn hat from his head and dropped on his knees upon the marble floor. With trembling hands outstretched to heaven, the tears streaming from his upraised eyes, in a voice quivering with emotion, old Duval began to sing aloud in his native tongue the strains of the Marseillaise. His voice, quivering at first, gained in strength; all conversation stopped; the typewriters ceased their busy clatter; men removed their hats, and clients writing at desks rose quickly to their feet.

The shaking old voice arose to a triumphant climax with the final line; there followed a tense silence for a moment, then came a deep-toned, hearty "Amen" from a clerical-looking gentleman near the door. A portly broker blew his nose vigorously several times; the telephone clanged shrilly and the spell was broken.

But many a column of figures seemed strangely blurred as heads were again bent over ledgers, and more than one eyeglass required a brisk polishing. It is not pleasant to speculate upon old Duval's feelings when he later realized that the glorious tidings were only a hoax, but the kind-hearted office boy proved to be a true prophet when he comforted the old soldier next morning with these words:

"Not yet, old scout, but soon—and darn soon!"

Mother's Grief Softens Runaway Girl's Heart

S. JOSEPH, MICH.—In these days of opportunity it is evident that the quiet home life has lost its charm for many young women. If they cannot go forth into the world with their parents' blessing—why, they go just the same. The police of all cities are besieged by distracted parents looking for daughters who have disappeared from sight as if the earth had swallowed them.

Mrs. Paulina Keswick, St. Joseph, Mich., appealed to the Chicago police to find her daughter Marjory, seventeen years old. The only light on her disappearance was the following letter she left for her mother:

"Dearest Little Mother: You are going to be terribly surprised when you get this; maybe you will feel terrible, but try and look at it the best way, which is the only way.

"I've gone to Chicago to be a companion to an old lady we met this summer and who does charity work. I am going with her for company and to amuse her when we are at home.

"It is all fixed up, and she met me today and we are going to New York, where she lives. I'll be perfectly all right, and will write you often and tell you how I am getting along. Don't worry, because it will be just like being with you. I'll send you some money the very first I get.

"I will send you money every month. With love, MARJORY."

The distracted mother appealed to the Chicago police. The Chicago newspapers told of her grief and anxiety. Marjory read the newspapers. She communicated with her mother, who found her in the Y. W. C. A. hotel.

Woman Raises Patriotic Spuds in Her War Garden

DENVER.—Many thousands of patriotic women the country over had successful city-lot gardens last summer. And doubtless many of them raised a crop of first-class potatoes. But Denver boasts a woman gardener who has apparently established a record for patriotic success in the line of spuds.

This amateur gardener is Mrs. Grace Sears of 15 Federal boulevard, Barnum. And she certainly has a right to feel proud over her achievement.

For she has grown potatoes in the three colors of the American flag—red, white and blue. This is not a figure of speech, either, written for the purpose of stirring some other gardener to emulate or attempt to surpass the accomplishment. It is an actual growing of potatoes in the three colors. Mrs. Sears has exhibited the potatoes to a number of friends, who have expressed the proper amount of surprise and gratification at the result of her summer's work.

The red is the Early Rose, familiar to every grower of spuds within the last half century.

The white is what is known as the Burbank potato, and is a clean-skinned, very light variety that fully bears out the designation of white.

But for the blue potato Mrs. Sears does not have any name. She says that it was called "blue blue" to her when she got the tubers which she planted, and that is all the name she knows for it. But it is a decided blue in color.

