

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE

President Coolidge's message to congress asks for 15 cruisers, explaining that a big navy is no bar to the Kellogg peace pact.

Those that prattle about peace when there is no safe peace except in protection, should consider the 60,000,000 Japanese living beside more than 500,000,000 Chinese.

But Japan dominates China and stands an equal among the nations. China stands nowhere. The Japanese know how to protect themselves; desiring peace, they are ready to fight, if necessary.

President Coolidge says this country is not "militaristic or imperialistic."

Certainly not, but it is an empire, a solid one, all tied together, from the northwestern tip of Alaska to the southeastern tip of Florida.

And it means to be ready for unpleasant approaches by anybody that is militaristic.

The president puts it mildly when he tells congress "the country can regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism."

The Gauls told Alexander that the only thing they feared was that the sky might fall on them.

The only thing Americans have to fear is their own foolishness.

Another gentleman, with no official title, has a message for congress. His name is old Mr. Power Lobby, and his boss is that important person, the Power Trust.

His message to congress is not printed, no advance copy sent to editors. But the public will know, by watching congress, how effective and how "convincing" the message is.

Watch your heart, especially if you have responsibilities and worries, before it is too late.

Five doctors are watching King George's heart now, too late perhaps. His temperature is lower, congestion in the lungs has subsided. But doctors warn against optimism, because of that weak heart.

Mentally, as Goethe said, it is "courage gone, everything gone." Physically, it is "heart gone, everything gone."

Figures unfortunately, reveal the gravity of King George's illness. Yesterday it cost 90 per cent to insure the king's life over Christmas.

The king's doctors, first two, then three, then four, now number five in attendance. These have titles of nobility which enable them to leave off the letters M. D. In Britain, to this day doctors have little social standing. As for the dentist, he has less than none.

The "royal sign manual," which means the king's signature is necessary on many documents, and the king is too ill to sign papers. A royal commission exercising certain of his powers, will include the queen, the Duke of York, Premier Baldwin, the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chancellor.

These dignitaries make up the functioning machinery of the empire. Its backbone is the house of commons, its ornamental ruffie the house of lords.

The new "Perry cutoff" reduces traveling time between Chicago and Tampa, Fla., by eight hours. The first train went over the cutoff yesterday.

Good news for Florida, better news for Chicago.

The real cutoff will be the airplane, enabling Chicago to spend one week end in Florida, the next in California, with plenty of time for business in Chicago between.

Vice President Eyles of the American Petroleum Institute urges a national program "for rationalization of the oil industry."

The general public that owns 24,000,000 automobiles is more interested than oil producers in conservation of the oil supply.

The oil industry, once called "a monopoly," is now intensely and destructively competitive. The government should control that.

Goldman Sachs starts a \$100,000,000 trading corporation, inviting the public to buy 900,000 shares. Once you would have said, "What a gigantic company. Now you say, "Nice little company, perhaps it will grow."

We get used to big things.

Dr. Kong, minister of industry, commerce and labor in the new Chinese government, suggests an end of child labor, an eight-hour day for workers and profit-sharing in factories.

Will the "heathen in his blindness" end child labor ahead of this nation, which sends missionaries to convert the Chinese? The founder of Christianity probably would prefer absence of child labor under Confucianism to the present child labor under a pretended Christianity.

HARBENED

From The-Bits, London. It took the rescuers half an hour to clear away the mass of stones from the unfortunate man on whom the wall had fallen, and they had no expectation of finding him other than crushed flat.

To their amazement, he rose to his feet and asked for a clothes brush.

"Aren't you crushed?" asked one onlooker.

"Not likely," said he, with a smile. "I go through worse every evening. I teach dancing at a night club."

Q. Is the g sounded in the word, recognition? E. L. M.

A. It is sounded in this word, and in all other words related to it.

Or Another Maid

From Passing Show. Mistress, (to new maid): You will notice, Emily, I am a woman of a few words. When I nod, I mean "yes."

Maid: And when I shake my head it means "no."

Q. Are the Cambridge university copies of Samuel Pepys' diaries in printed form or are they actually the diaries that he kept? C. W. P.

A. The original diaries of Samuel Pepys in the library of Magdalen college are in Pepys' own writing. Most of the text is in a form of shorthand, with proper names and dates written in longhand.

Out Our Way



MANS INHUMANITY TO MAN

Blau Gas Is Not "Blue."

The recent development in airship propulsion involving the use of oil gas as fuel has led to a revival of interest in this substance as well as to much misunderstanding, beginning with the very name of the gas.

As a matter of fact, it is not "blue" gas at all, but "blau" gas, so called because it was developed by a German chemist by the name of Blau. The misunderstanding arose because "blau" in German means "blue."

Accounts have been given the impression that blau gas is something quite new, which is by no means the case, as the development of this type of gas dates back to the work of Taylor in 1815, and, as a matter of fact, as early as 1823 there were 11 English municipal plants that used gas of this type.

Quite a number of oils may be used for the manufacture of this kind of gas; for example, mineral oil distillates, distillates from lignite tar or shale tar, and in tropical countries even vegetable oils, such as castor oil, have been employed.

The Blau Gas company of Augsburg, Germany, produce a liquid oil gas which they call "blau gas" by gasifying the oil at temperatures of from 500 degrees to 600 degrees. The gas is next purified and compressed to a pressure of 20 atmospheres. In this way hydro-carbons of the benzine type are segregated, while the residuary gaseous materials are compressed to 100 atmospheres.

Under this latter pressure the gas is liquefied or loses a part of its very low boiling gaseous compounds. When used it is vaporized in a boiler at six atmospheric pressure and employed in the form of the resulting vapor.

Apparently the main advantage in the carrying of blau gas on airships is the fact that it simplifies the matter of compensating for loss of weight, which is a serious matter when gasoline is used, and possibly makes the handling of an airplane easier. On the other hand, it must be very much more expensive than gasoline, and probably is not as efficient.

Aimee in London

C. H. Eretberton in the North American Review.

There is a fundamental reason why Aimee Semple McPherson has been unable to do any particular good over here (in England). She does not know it, yet it is illuminatingly revealed in the first words wrung from her by the assiduous news gatherer. "The English," she said, "if you can get at their hearts, are the most emotional people in the world."

Now I admit that the English are a deal more sentimental than they let on to be. Whether they are emotional, which is not at all the same thing I am not so sure. But this I do know, that nothing on earth will get them to be emotional about their souls.

Since the Reformation, and perhaps since long before that, the English have learned to treat religion as a rational and not an emotional exercise. An emotionless austerity goes to the very essence of practically every English sect and creed. There is, I agree, the Salvation Army, but the Salvation Army secures its results by practical philanthropy and practical humanity, not by emotional exercise.

That her husband, prior to divorce, was a milk roundsman, might have helped her, had she mentioned it. But the real obstacle is that our proletariat is still too primitive to take its takings-to from a woman. Among our toiling masses woman's place, when she is not engaged in rushing the growler, is still the home.

More Wheat Via River

From Wall Street Journal. The upper Mississippi river barge line will bid for 5,000,000 bushels of grain to move down river in 1929. The line will begin booking grain February 1, 1929, according to W. W. Morse, manager. As the ocean rate from Montreal is the same as from New Orleans grain exporters utilizing the river from Minneapolis south can save the 6 cents between Minneapolis and Duluth.

In 1927 the barge line carried that the city has the right to clear the streets of obstructions.

The Curb-Side Pump

Many cities, anxious about their general appearance, have objected to the curbside gasoline pump. Merchants have felt that they had a right to place a pump in front of their places of business, without getting the consent of anybody.

Oshkosh, Wis., recently ordered out the curbside pump. The merchants refused to obey on the ground that they had a perfect right to do business and to sell any product they wished on their property. The matter came into the courts and the courts have ruled

Biology Professor Finds Analogy Between Silk Hats and Alcohol

From Time.

Dr. Raymond Pearl, famed biologist of Johns Hopkins university was born and reared in Farmington, N. H. He well remembers two outstanding facts about New Hampshire society as he knew it during his young years:

1—There was a state prohibition law, desired and admired by the leading citizens.

2—There were plenty of saloons, run openly and comfortably, desired and patronized by the leading citizens.

After pondering these facts maturely and examining certain statistics relative thereto, Dr. Pearl wrote a paper, published in the December American Mercury, called "The Psychology of Prohibition." The statistics he examined showed that:

1—As more and more of the United States population was brought under state prohibition laws between the years 1870 and 1917, total consumption of alcohol in the United States increased almost three times as fast as the population.

2—During the same period, per capita consumption of alcohol was multiplied more than two and one half times.

3—The death rate from alcoholism, not to be confused with the death rate from wood or denatured alcohol poisoning the only index to per capita drinking when the sale of liquor is illegal, was at its lowest point in 1920, the year after national prohibition became effective.

4—After five years of national prohibition, the alcoholism death rate had more than tripled, surpassed its 1918 level, almost regaining its 1910 level, when only 16.96 per cent. of the United States population lived under prohibition.

Dr. Pearl drew a psychological conclusion: The people of the United States want both things at once, a prohibition law and liquor.

Dr. Pearl made a psychological explanation: "To call our people names, and accuse them of hypocrisy because they want both prohibition legislation and liquor too is the favorite attitude of European generally, and of a good many persons in this country as well. But the American psychology regarding prohibition is basically only a form of the sort of make believe and dressing up that every child indulges in. No one would think of calling a child a hypocrite because he dresses up as a cowboy or a policeman. Other peoples are, in other respects, just as childlike and naive in their psychology as the Americans are about prohibition. For example, consider the problem of why Englishmen wear silk hats. (They still do.) It is apparent to the meanest intelligence that a silk hat, considered as a hat, is a poor and ridiculous thing. It is uncomfortable, it is ugly, it is easily damaged by the elements against which it is supposed to be a protection. Why then do Englishmen generally, and American undertakers and politicians in particular, wear it? For a simple reason. The silk hat is a symbol of respectability. Expensive as silk hats are, they still offer the cheapest of all known ways to achieve the outward semblance of respectability.

"In a precisely similar way national prohibition is the silk hat of the American people. In insures our respectability and has never so far interfered with the desired consumption of alcohol. We are psychologically not a realistic people, but on the contrary a naively idealistic folk."

171,507 bushels of grain south during the entire season. In the 1928 season just closed 2,000,000 bushels went down river, of which 1,713,000 moved in the period from August 15 to the close of operations, November 15. Mr. Morse said that Minneapolis grain shippers have given assurance of tonnage exceeding 4,500,000 bushels and the only problem will be the ability of the new transportation route to handle it.

Practically all grain exported from Minneapolis, with the exception of some extraordinary all-rail shipments at times during the close of navigation, move to Duluth by rail, thence by the Great Lakes and connecting carriers to Montreal and from Montreal to the sea via the St. Lawrence. Even a southbound movement of 4,500,000 or 5,000,000 bushels if attained in 1929, would be only a small portion of the grain crop of the northwest states as a whole and the exported portion thereof. But it would definitely put upper river navigation beyond the purely experimental stage and into the class of competition worthy of consideration as against the rail, and lake-and-rail carriers.

gested traffic it makes a lot of difference.

In the days not so long ago, in the average community, nobody was in a hurry. Now everybody is in a hurry. The sidewalks are not wide enough. The street, we find, are too narrow.

Everything beyond the lot line belongs to the city. The property owner pays for sidewalks and for street paving. But as all property owners pay, the cost is equalized. The curbside pump is an obstruction, so the court says. And cities have the right to remove obstructions

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Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads; And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter, A wink of my eye and I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow Gave a luster of mid-day to objects below: When what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick! More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name—

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer, now, Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall, Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the housetop the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too!

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof, As I drew in my head and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath: He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—Clement C. Moore.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

Adapted by Permission from The Plumbers Trade Journal. 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse, As old printer Jinks climbed into his bed While visions of bankruptcy danced in his head,

When all of a sudden he heard such a clatter It made his limbs tremble and made his teeth chatter, For he feared in his soul 'twas a constable's knock Presaging foreclosure on all of his stock.

So under the covers he hastened to hide And to stop up his ears with his fingers he tried— But what was his horror, when trembling with fear, He felt that some Presence was standing right near!

Though he hadn't the courage for more than a peep And 'possum-like, feigned to be soundly asleep, Deep down in his heart, beating nervous and quick, He knew beyond question that it was Saint Nick.

His eyes were as blue as a glue kettle flame, His hair, white as paper, his whiskers the same, And his nose was as shiny as monotype metal Or electros and slugs melted up in a kettle.

He had a most comical little round belly That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly, And over his shoulders he carried a pack That looked for the world like a waste paper sack.

He strode to the fireplace and stopped at the chair Where Jinks had undressed, and he looked with great care For a stocking to fill, but he shook his old head When he found that friend Jinks wore his stockings to bed.

So he chuckled and said, with a wink of his eye: "I'll fill up the shoes of this cold footed guy, And give him a good understanding of biz In the hope he'll correct those bad methods of his.

"Now first, let me see—oh yes, to be sure, His notions of truth are exceedingly poor; So here is a lotion to open his eyes, And teach him the folly and baseness of lies.

"And a sense of fair dealing I'll put in this box— When he finds it, he'll buy only quality stocks And he'll cease to solicit on basis of price But go after business with service that's nice.

"And into the toe of this unpolished shoe I will put self-respect, that will teach him to do His business on lines that are worthy of pride And will build up a credit that can't be denied.

"And here is a packet of finest perfume That will sweeten his spirit and lighten the gloom That surrounds him wherever he goes after trade And secure him a welcome where profits are made.

"And a Book, that will teach him the Lessons of Life And guide him in pathways where hatred and strife, Like the brambles and thorns on a wilderness trail, Are turned into blossoms whose petals exhale

"The fragrance of Brotherhood, Peace and Good Will, Till his heart shall grow warm and his pulses shall thrill With human emotion, and into his mind There shall enter the Knowledge and Love of Mankind.

"And with these for his Christmas he's bound to succeed For my gifts are apportioned to every man's need." And then, with a whistle, Saint Nicholas turned And into the fireplace where glowing coals burned

He stepped, with a chuckle, and up through the flue He vanished exactly as spirits should do. But Jinks heard him shout as he took up his flight: "Merry Christmas to All, and to All a Good Night."

MERRY ENGLAND WELCOMES THE RETURN OF OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

London.—The old English Christmas has come back. We knew it six weeks before the day—by the waits. Way back in November one evening there was strange music of children's voices out in the front of the house. Then a shrill wisp of a child's voice caroling through the letterbox:

"Good King Wenceslas looked on A little knot of boys and girls

Classified "Ads"

From Columbus Dispatch. There are doubtless those to whom no printed page looks less attractive than a page of classified advertisements, but one of our Ohio contemporaries contends that such a page is "full of human interest."

It is "a home page," we are told. If you are going to build, sites are listed there, and if you prefer to buy a home, you turn to the classified page to learn what is on sale. If you want a bargain in a used automobile, or have one yourself

are caroling away in the front garden. A tiny mite sways a flimsy lantern solemnly, the others bending over the book held by the leader, usually a boy or girl about 14 years old who beats time—If you come upon them suddenly they scamper into the shadows like wraith things. But in a few minutes they will steal back again to wade in which you are anxious to get rid of, the classified pages will help you out, and so on.

Our contemporary has plenty of truth at his back in his contention, and perhaps if an aspiring young poet were eager enough to get a hearing to pay some money for it, he could not do better than to get his verses into the middle of an otherwise solid page of classified ads. But, seriously now, as our old college president used to say, there is a real human interest in looking over long columns of the brief classified advertisements, and an interest much broader than that of those who turn to them