

# Coal Supplies and Coal Prices.

From the Christian Science Monitor.

The fact seems to have been clearly established, at the recent conference between members of the coal production committee of the council of national defense and the bituminous coal operators, that there has been, for some time at least, absolutely no relation of coal prices to coal supplies in the United States. Brought face to face with what appeared to be the undesirable alternative of reducing prices or submitting to virtual government control of the mines and their output, the operators, controlling practically all the mines east of the Mississippi river, agreed to accept a maximum price for coal, on both government and private orders, subject to a still further reduction in case it should be determined, upon federal investigation, that their product, after the payment of a reasonable profit, could be delivered to the railroads at a lower price.

At the time the agreement referred to was reached, a federal judge and jury in New York city were engaged in the trial of a number of coal mine operators charged with having conspired to maintain, for coal to be delivered in New York, the identical price agreed upon at the conference. Perhaps because of the possible effect of the agreement upon the outcome of this trial, the secretary of war promptly repudiated it, in so far as the government might have been bound by its terms. The coal operators, however, claim to be ready to carry out the provisions of the agreement, and state that they have received notice that there has been no repudiation of the agreement in so far as it applies to private contracts.

There are abundant indications that the coal operators do not feel greatly aggrieved, although the tentative price agreement under which they are bound is considerably lower than the prices recently prevailing in all sections of their territory. The alleged illegal agreement which was made the basis of the prosecution in the case in which the secretary of war apparently wished to avoid prejudicing the government's contentions, is declared to have established identically the selling price at which the operators are now required to supply coal to private purchasers. It does not seem probable, therefore, that the operators will suffer greatly because of the present arrangement.

The chief advantage which the public should gain as a result of the agreement on the part of the operators would seem to be the effective elimination of the coal speculators. As a matter of fact, the price of coal on board cars at the mines has in no sense controlled the price of coal to retail dealers, or to any but the larger among the consumers. The output of the mines has been bought up by the speculators, at prices not disclosed to retailers and consumers, and held indefinitely, frequently under the pretext that cars for its transportation could not be obtained. It should be possible now, with the maximum price of coal at the mines established, for the ultimate consumer to buy at that price, plus the cost of carriage and a reasonable profit to the retailer. The fact that there is an abundance of coal to be mined, sufficient men to take it from the ground, and cars enough to carry it to its destination, should be, under the conditions established, a guaranty of release from the imposition which has been endured.

# The Pleasures of Fright in England

From the Spectator, London.

No one who has lived in London through the various air raids can any longer believe the platitudinous pretension that human fear can only be held in check by discipline and duty. Excitement, curiosity, sheer irresponsibility, the mysterious attraction of risk, the mysterious desire to get to the center (to be "in it"), and the off chance of being useful are each sufficient to overcome fear in the Cockney. The Londoner may call out for official protection, but he will not take common precautions. The authorities complain that if warning be given, it will be regarded as a signal to rush into the streets, see what can be seen, increase one's experience, add to one's memories, and have a tale to tell when it is over. Now it cannot be denied that there is a side to all this light hearted pluck with which we have no special need to be pleased. On the other hand, how terribly ashamed we should be if it were otherwise—if the hostile airplanes could drive us all to our holes, empty the streets, and lead every man, woman and child to take the precautions which it is the duty of all officials to scold and persuade them into. This light hearted courage of the public must sometimes, we think, seem to those upon whom the fearful thunderbolt has fallen—those who have seen the shattered bodies of their children carried out from the debris of a ruined school—as callousness. Common courage, the sort untinged by conscientious sacrifice, has in it such a streak. There is so little refined gold in human nature. It glitters in the quartz. We must not expect to find it in the lump. Complete sympathy and careless courage are found in great natures only; but it must be remembered that the coward's sympathy is useless, even where it exists. Anyhow, there are vast numbers to whom the excitement of a new danger would appear pleasurable, and many others whose ordinary composure it is powerless to ruffle.

During the raid which took place on June 13, a young lieutenant standing on one of the bridges read a motoring paper in the intervals of looking out for the raiders and listening to the explosions. Women with babies in perambulators charged along the pavement apparently as merry as their infants, just as we have all seen nurses at the seaside run to avoid a big wave, and as though a wetting, not destruction, was what the roaring noise portended. Stout old gentlemen as well as boys climbed on to a wall to see what they could, instead of taking cover. "Hardly safe in the streets now!" said a workman, in a tone of something like exultation, in a bus, listening with a face of cheerful interest to the quick travelling news which explained the thundery noise he had been describing. He was an elderly man, and seemed to feel that now he was "in it" like the youngest of them—almost at the front as it were. A very real, if hardly conscious, desire to share the troubles of the soldiers lies very near the spring of this feeling, which is not, however, unconnected with the alert determination of the Londoner not to be bored, to enjoy whatever variety life sends him, even though it be the risk of death. We do not want to be grudging of praise, but we should fall into the danger of sentimentalism if we regarded this state of feeling as wholly new or wholly fine. It is partly new and partly laudable, but something of the same kind

## The Banquet is Hoovered.

From the Minneapolis Journal.  
Hang the halo on Herbert Hoover! No ordinary food administrator is he, but a real benefactor of mankind. For has he not set out to abolish the banquet? Has he not advised the lodge brethren, the college alumni, the testimonial dinner givers, the farewell feeders, and all the other gentry who drag us out of nights for feasts of reason and flows of soul, to give up the practice until the war is over? For, look you, Mr. Hoover is not merely saving us from the food customarily served at banquets. He is also saving us from a lot of other things. No more shall the after dinner speaker, "totally unprepared as he is," devastate us with his rhetoric. No more shall he be reminded of a story. No more, when high hopes that he was about to sit down had been generated, shall he be able to say, "Speaking seriously, however," and then start in afresh.

Along with him into limbo shall go the toastmaster with his "We have with us tonight," and his "Though the hour is late, I cannot forbear calling upon Mr. So-and-so." And the male quartet, with its harmonies, we shall now escape. Along with it shall go all those other valedictory interruptions that have helped make dinner nights hideous.

Now if Mr. Hoover could also manage to abolish those modest little noontime luncheons, to which helpless committees are bidden, with the idea that, while the table d'hôte is disposed of, weighty problems, social, economic, political or religious, can be talked to a happy solution! The waste of food and philosophy at affairs of this kind must be something tremendous in the aggregate.

## Reed, of Missouri.

From the Kansas City Star.  
Once more it is Reed, of Missouri, who is found opposing the president, blocking the war legislation, appealing to class passion, assailing character, impugning motives. Reed, of Missouri, attacking Hoover, is running true to form. Reed, of Missouri, fighting against food control, is privilege consistently against the administration and consistently on the side of hidden privilege. Reed, of Missouri, whether representing the worst in politics and corporation interests in Kansas City or lining up with the war profiteers in the Senate, is Reed, of Missouri, all the same.

## Hopeless Hindenburg.

From the Lincoln, Neb., State Journal.  
Hindenburg was quoted again yesterday as depending on the submarines to secure a "German peace." This is a statement by its own commander of the German navy, and is a means of victory almost significant. It commits German hopes so exclusively to the submarine, moreover, as to leave the Germans hopeless when the failure of the submarine has been made clear to them.

# PRAAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

A Prayer in Congress in 1879, by Rev. J. Duche.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers on earth and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires and governments, look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American states, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring henceforth to be dependent only on Thee; to Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee they now look for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause, and if they persist in their sanguinary purpose, oh, let the voice of Thine own unerring justice sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their untried hands in the day of battle! Be thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed; that order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish among thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and vigor of their minds; shower down on them and the millions they here represent such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy son, our savior. Amen.

# STETTIN, THE SCENE OF SERIOUS FOOD RIOTS

In few cities of the German empire would economic unrest and industrial disturbances have a more profound effect upon the Kaiser's prosecution of the war than in Stettin, where serious food riots are reported to have occurred recently. A war geographical bulletin issued from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society, says: "Stettin is a suburb of Berlin that the great Vulcan ship yards are located, where so many of the German warships are built. Even in peace times the Vulcan works, covering more than 70 acres, employed 8,000 men and this number has, of course, been greatly augmented since the Prussians began with feverish haste to multiply the units of their sinister submarine fleets. "Stettin's importance to German arms does not end with its ship building activities, however. Locomotives, boilers and machinery of various kinds are manufactured here, while the clothing mills, employing more than 10,000 men, women and children, are probably mobilized at this time for the production of uniforms for the Prussian soldiers. "Stettin is 84 miles by rail northeast of Berlin. It has a population of 235,000 and is built on both banks of the River Oder, 1,000 feet above its entrance into the Stettiner Haff, a landlocked arm of the Baltic. Vessels drawing as much as 25 feet of water can discharge their cargoes here, especially in the new free harbor, adjacent to the suburb of Lastadie, with quays having a total length of more than 1,000 feet. Next to Hamburg and Bremen, more ships annually entered and cleared from Stettin before the war than at any other port in Germany. The city may be considered the seaport for Berlin. It is the capital and principal city of the province of Pomerania.

## KNOW THE MILK YOU GET.

If you contemplate going to Washington, D. C., you may want to know from whom to buy milk. If so, you should write the district agent in charge of the ordinary milk. The highest score was that of G. M. Oyster's certified milk, but that sold for 6 cents more than the market price for ordinary milk. Twenty-seven dealers had a score higher than 80, so that there is plenty of good milk from which to select.

The method scoring is as follows: A theoretically perfect milk would score 16 2-3 on each of the following points: dairy farm, equipment, and methods; dairy cattle, health and cleanliness; dairy equipment and methods; and the condition of the milk as determined by chemical analysis; 33 1-3 is given for a perfect score on wholesomeness, cleanliness, and keeping qualities of the milk as determined by bacteriological analysis.

In determining the value of bacterial analysis a count of less than 10,000 counts as perfect. One to two million bacteria in raw milk or 60,000 to 70,000 in pasteurized milk count as 40 per cent of perfect. It is assumed that in middle grades of milk the number of bacteria runs naturally about 150 times as high as in pasteurized milk.

The score is not based on a single inspection or a single laboratory examination, but on a series of such running back over several months. In Washington the cow requires that every farmer producing milk for the market must take out a permit to do so. He may be in Pennsylvania, a hundred or more miles away, and he may sell his milk to some dairyman in the city. The dairyman must display in his dairy the names and addresses of all farmers from whom he purchases milk.

The bulletin written by Dr. Woodward emphasizes the purchaser's duty in properly keeping as well as in purchasing milk. It says that the milk bottle should be wiped clean and placed in the refrigerator immediately after being delivered. It is best to keep the milk in the ice chamber against the ice. If milk is to be emptied into a pitcher the pitcher must be scalded immediately before being used. All receptacles used for milk must be kept scrupulously clean.

**War Prosperity.**  
From the New York Times.  
Theorists may differ about the whole-ness of war prosperity, but the tax collector's returns cannot be disputed. The federal internal revenue tax total for the year ending with June was \$89,215,397. That and the state and local taxes added nearly \$300,000,000. Income taxes alone increased \$25,000,000, divided about equally between corporations and individuals. The income tax total of \$260,000,000 is now five-fold the original total and shows signs of vigorous growth still. New York's six neighboring districts contributed \$19,000,000, nearly a quarter of the whole. Internal revenue alone exceeds internal revenue and customs together last year, and this year's growth is even larger. These great growths are only partly due to the activity of trade which they are proportioned. They are partly due also to added taxes on wines, amusements, tobacco and sundry other indulgences. These items cannot be separated from the total, and are included in the additions from isolated and distant returns, but it is sure that 11,000,000 more gallons of whiskey were drunk than ever before, and the tobacco tax is \$12,000,000 larger than ever.

**Amnesty and a New Deal.**  
From the Boston Advertiser.  
The appointment of a committee of in-

**Tommy Explains.**  
A couple of Charlestown kiddies were celebrating Bunker Hill Day by exploding a few torpedoes, according to the Boston Transcript. Said Nellie: "I don't see how the Germans can blow up a big ship with one of these things." "Oh, you girls can't expect to understand about such things," said Tommy, with a superior air. "Of course, the torpedoes they use are about a hundred times as big and they use a derrick to lift them up and drop them on the ship."

**Lost in the Shuffle.**  
"I was just wondering."  
"About what?"  
"Wondering what had become of the patriotic notion I had last April that I'd spend my vacation this summer helping some farmer to hoe."

**Pan.**  
They have a new game out at Fort Harrison called "pan," and played with an ordinary pie pan, says the Indianapolis News. Such a pan, when sailed correctly, has all the floating quality of an airplane, and with a little practice may be sailed fast and straight for a distance of 1,000 feet. "Elimination pan" is an improvement on the game, and is played by any number of men in a big circle, and each man that drops the pan is out of the game.

**If It Should Happen.**  
"How did you avoid the draft?"  
"Easy. My wife was medical examiner on the exemption board."  
Chicago street railways to seat all passengers would need 1,220 more cars.

## Honest Advertising

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Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

## MONEY LENDER PITIED POOR

Chinese Shylock in Manchuria Gave Annual Sum for Relief Work to Relieve His Conscience.

A wealthy Chinese money lender in Manchuria was recently convicted of making false declaration regarding robberies of his caravans by Mongolian bandits. His conscience troubled him to such an extent that he offered to contribute an annual sum of \$750 for the relief of the poor, East and West says. This money was made the basis of a fund for feeding the helpless at Kungchuling. Manchuria is terribly poor, despite the mineral and agricultural riches extracted from its soil and rocks, all of which products are shipped abroad. There are probably thousands of industrious natives unable, by unrelenting toil, to earn more than a meager living. When to their natural difficulties are added the ravages of bandits and the evils of misgovernment, such as now prevail in many parts of China, abject poverty and starvation must be the lot of the people who, in the best of times, are only half fed.

## God Won't Mind.

Location—Nonsteam-heated residence in city on shore of fog-haunted Pacific. Outside dense fog rolling in from the ocean; wind howling. Time—Midsummer evening. Scene—Little Jackie, five years old, being put to bed by sister several years older. Youngster in his nightgown, shivering. Sister Alice (considerably)—Jackie, you can kneel in bed and I will cover your shoulders with the blankets while you say your prayers. Jackie promptly springs into bed, and soon feeling quite comfortable, kneeling in supplication, he turns his head slightly toward his sister, with a whisper: "Alice, do you think this is fair?"—Los Angeles Times.

## Only Temporarily.

"The Comeups boast that they have a peerless daughter."  
"Well, she won't be peerless long, for she's begging her father now to buy her an earl or a duke."

The enthusiast who dives to the bottom of pleasure brings up more gravel than pearls.

**"OUR GROCER TOLD ME"**  
—Bobby  
After folks taste Post Toasties they don't like common corn flakes

## He Didn't Care.

A man pushed his way hurriedly into the subway at Brooklyn bridge in New York. In his haste he collided with another man, who was not too hot to fight.

"Look where you're going," shouted the militant as he grabbed the other. "I'm going to knock your block off."

"I should worry. I was caught in the draft," said the other with an air of resignation.

The man who wanted to fight laughed, while everybody in the car joined in.

## A True Optimist.

"Terribly rainy weather."  
"Yes. It's a relief to my mind. It rains so regularly that I never forget my umbrella any more."

The crusty old bachelor if consistent would make his own bread.

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