

URGE SENATE TO HASTEN PEACE

Leaders in Forty States, Regardless of Party, Sign Ringing Appeal.

TREATY WITHOUT AMENDMENT

Bay Every Day of Delay Puts the World in Imminent Peril of a New War — Points to National Unrest.

New York. (Special)—Two hundred and fifty leading Americans, Republicans and Democrats representing forty different states and every prominent activity have joined in a non-partisan effort to bring about the ratification of the Peace Treaty "without amendment and without delay." Their names are attached to an address to the United States senate, which was made public today, through the League to Enforce Peace, after it had been sent to every member of the senate.

The signers, almost without exception, are men and women of national reputation. They include such prominent citizens as ex-President Taft, George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in the last Republican administration; A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard; Charles C. Moore of San Francisco, president of the Panama Exposition; Judge Geo. Gray, of Wilmington, Del., President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago, retiring president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the Philadelphia publisher; President Heber J. Grant of the Mormon Church, and John Spargo, leader of the Socialists who supported the war.

The signers declare that every day of delay in ratifying the treaty puts the world in "imminent peril of new war."

Their statement follows: In the senate at Washington, now that the committee on foreign relations has reported the treaty, the lines are sharply drawn between the immediate ratification of the treaty of peace with Germany, and its amendment with a reassembling of the conference and a reopening of negotiations that would bring great delay and prolonged uncertainty in settling the great issues of the peace. No partisan plea can be made. Party lines are already broken.

Standing at a distance from the conflict in the senate chamber, we plead for immediate ratification without delay. Our land requires it. A state of nervous strain, tension and unrest exists manifesting itself in disturbances, which in some cases have no self evident connection with the war, but which are, in fact, its aftermath. The world is put in imminent peril of new wars by the lapse of each day. Disensions between us and our former allies are being sown. We firmly believe and solemnly declare that the states and cities in which we dwell desire immediate peace.

The waging of war steeled and united the American people. Peace will bring prosperity, and prosperity content. Delay in the senate postponing ratification in this uncertain period of neither peace nor war has resulted in indecision and doubt, bred strife and quickened the cupidities of those who sell the daily necessities of life and the fears of those whose daily wage no longer fills the daily market basket.

We beseech the senate to give the land peace and certainty by a ratification which will not keep us longer in the shadows of possible wars, but give the whole world the light of peace. Reservations in the nature of clarifications in the meaning of the treaty, not inconsistent with its terms, will not require the reopening of the negotiations with Germany and with our associates in the war, which we all and each united to win. But there is no possibility of doubt that amendment of the treaty, as is now proposed in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, would require negotiation and a reopening of all the questions decided at Paris. Months of delay would follow. The perils of the present would become the deadly dangers of the near future. All the doubt engendered would aid the plots for violent revolution in this and other lands. The issues here and elsewhere between capital and labor, the conspiracy of speculator and profiteer, would all grow and become more perilous.

This cannot be. The American people cannot, after a victorious war, permit its government to petition Germany, which has accepted the treaty, for its consent to changes in the treaty. Yet if the United States should amend the treaty for its own purpose and policy, Germany would have full right to ask for concessions. Germany has agreed to make no claim in regard to enemy property seized in this country to an amount of seven hundred million dollars. Our recent foe could ask for a reopening of this issue and of the Lusitania claims. It could raise every question open, before hostilities in regard to submarine warfare and the

treatment of its nationals in this country. All the provisions for our trade in Germany raised by the economic clauses of the treaty, many of them vital to our industries and our farms, as in dye patents, dye supplies and fertilizers, the working of the Reparation Commission, which superintends the trade of all with Germany, could all be brought up by Berlin for readjustment by our negotiators, acting for the United States alone and no longer associated with other victorious powers or supported by a victorious American army on the German border.

Peace itself, the peace of the world, is delayed until ratification comes. And any amendment postpones peace. Germany and England alone of the principal powers have ratified. The other principals necessarily await our action, influential and powerful as we are today in the world's affairs. The ravages of war on more than a score of fighting fronts are continued by any needless delay. Let the senate give the world peace by ratification without amendment.

Even the amendment for which most can be said, the provision in regard to Shantung, will secure nothing which cannot be gained if China, backed by the powerful advocacy of the United States, addresses itself to the machinery for righting international wrongs and meeting just claims created by the league between nations. China, after eighty years of oppressive treaties and despoiled rights, by which all the great powers have profited directly or indirectly, has for the first time, in this covenant and treaty, the means and method to secure justice and the removal of the oppressive economic interference of stronger nations whose citizens are within her gates, protected by a long succession of international agreements. Moreover, it should be remembered that the clause regarding Shantung was made upon the statement by Japan that she will return the territory to China and, therefore, upon that condition, compliance with which promise the league can require.

The peace of the present and the righteousness of the future can be best secured by the ratification of the covenant and treaty without amendment. Let the senate take no action that will give any party to the treaty, and especially Germany, ground for maintaining that the ratification of the United States is not complete and that changes requiring a resumption of conference and negotiations have been made in it.

Among the signers in New York and Pennsylvania are:

- New York: Lyman Abbott, Editor The Outlook; Arthur J. Brown, Secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; John Burroughs, Naturalist; Irving T. Bush, President The Bush Terminal Company; Carrie Chapman Catt, President National American Woman Suffrage Association; Miss Sara A. Conboy, Secretary United Textile Workers of America; Frank Crane, Editorial Writer Associated Newspapers; Henry P. Davison, Banker; Eugene Dolano, Banker; Melvil Dewey, President National Efficiency Society; Homer Folks, Sociologist; John Golden, International President United Textile Workers of America; Hamilton Holt, Editor The Independent; Herbert S. Houston, Publisher of World's Work; Charles E. Jefferson, Clergyman; Darwin P. Kingsley, President New York Life Insurance Company; S. Adolphus Knopf, Physician; Adolph Lewisohn, Banker; Henry N. MacCracken, President Yassar College; Charles S. MacFarland, General Secretary Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; V. Everett Macy, Capitalist; John Mitchell, Chairman State Industrial Commission; William Fellowes Morgan, President Merchants' Association of New York; Alton H. Parker, Jurist; Theodore H. Price, Editor and Owner Commerce and Finance Weekly; George E. Roberts, Banker; William L. Saunders, Engineer; William Jay Scheffelin, President Citizens' Union; Jacob H. Schiff, Banker; Albert Shaw, Editor Review of Reviews; Oscar S. Straus, formerly Ambassador to Turkey; Augustus Thomas, Playwright; Frederick D. Underwood, President Erie Railroad; George W. Wickersham, formerly U. S. Attorney General; Ansley Wilcox, Lawyer; Talcott Williams, Journalist; Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi Free Synagogue, New York.

- Pennsylvania: George Burnham, Jr., President Civil Service Reform Association; R. H. Conwell, President Temple University; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Publisher; Samuel Harden Church, President of Board Carnegie Institute; A. B. Farquhar, President A. B. Farquhar Company; Samuel Feis, Manufacturer; William Flinn, Financier; Richard Gilbert, Secretary Treasurer Miners' State Union; Vance C. McCormick, Chairman War Trade Board; Benjamin Thaw, Financier; John A. Voll, President Glass Bottle Blowers' Association.

PIGGY'S FIRST AID

By BERTHA RICE.

"Be sure to write."
"Good-by, old hayseed, good-by."
The above farewells were chanted simultaneously from three "hello" girls who were grouped on the platform at North station to give a send-off to their friend, Gladys Farnum, who was leaving for a fortnight's vacation on a Maine farm.

"Good-by; get your chocs ready," she called from the car window as the train pulled out of the track yard.

Settling herself comfortably for an all day ride, Miss Farnum recalled amusedly the bet made with her friends. Upon learning that the friends whom she was to visit had prophesied that Gladys would fall in love and "take to the simple life."

"No farmer for mine. The simple life for me in little old Boston," said Gladys.

Upon which the bet had been taken, a five-pound box of chocolates from the three girls against a supper at some popular cafe from Gladys.

The train arrived on time. As Miss Farnum alighted she almost ran into a stalwart young man who was standing close to the car steps. Holding out his hand, he smilingly said: "Guess you're the girl mother sent me to meet."

"I guess you're Ben," said Gladys with a responsive smile.

"Right-o. How much baggage have you?"

"Only a suitcase."

"We can take that in the car. Wait a second and I'll fetch it around."

As they turned into the driveway, Gladys exclaimed: "Oh, what a dear place," which seemed to please Ben immensely.

A warm welcome greeted Gladys from Mr. and Mrs. Brewster.

"Supper is waiting. Come right in now and set up. Gracious, Henry, isn't Gladys the born image of her mother?" said Mrs. Brewster to her husband.

"'Cept she ain't quite as good looking," said Uncle Henry with a huge wink. "Time she gets a coat o' tan on her face she'll be all right."

At an early hour—for Gladys—Mrs. Brewster conducted her niece to her room, which had home-branded rugs on the floor, a star patchwork quilt on the bed, and dormer windows.

Gladys went into raptures.

The days that ensued were full of work, fun and comradeship that included the family and working force.

Of all farm varieties, small animals were the most interesting, and specializing in these, Gladys declared in favor of pigs. One day Mr. Brewster found one of them developing a rash and he teasingly told her she had "loved it too hard."

"Poor little piggy" she said, taking it into her lap. "What shall we do for him, uncle?"

"Guess we'll give him an oil bath. Want to do it?"

"Sure; where is the oil?"

"In the store room. Take a soft rag and give him a light rub."

Finding her equipment, Gladys returned to give piggy a first aid—oil.

The task was not easy by reason of piggy's strenuous objection, and work proceeded slowly. When the treatment was finished both physician and patient were sticky subjects and Gladys went to the house to remove the evidences. Changing into a blue linen dress and looking very sweet, she went out on the piazza to rest until supper time. Hearing boisterous laughter coming from the direction of the piggy she went around to the back yard from which the view was unobstructed. Standing among the laughing men was Mr. Brewster, who called, "Come up here, Gladys."

As she neared the group she inquired, "What's the fun?"

"What did you put on that pig?" pointing to a very stiff, shiny pig, that looked as though it had just arrived from a taxidermist.

"Why, just what you ordered—oil."

Again the men roared.

"Oh, nothing," grinned Mr. Brewster.

"You torred him well with varnish."

Another howl from the men and Gladys, too humiliated to stand her ground, fled in tears to the garden, taking refuge under a lilac tree.

Dropping on the bench beneath, a hearty cry relieved taut nerves and sore feelings.

While enjoying her damp siesta she was masterfully unfolded in a pair of strong arms and Ben's voice whispered, "There, girlie, don't cry. The whole batch of pigs ain't worth a tear."

"I'll never face those men again," sobbed Gladys. "I'm goin' back tomorrow," and sobbed harder after her ultimatum.

Ben tightened his clasp as he said, "You ain't goin' back. I'm goin' to keep you. Oh, Gladys, I love you so; won't you stay?"

"And take care of pigs?" coyly questioned, the farmerette.

"Take care of me. I've cared ever since the first day you came. Won't you? Can't you?" stammered Ben.

Gladys turned her face to answer, but speech was denied her for Ben commanded her lips to other use.

The next day a post card went Hubbard. It briefly stated:

"The bet's on me. Taken a life share in a piggy. GLADYS."
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THIS WAS ONCE A CHURCH; IT'S NOW A MONUMENT



Here's all that's left of a little village church at Cuisy, Meuse, France, one of many that had the misfortune to lie across the path of the enemy. A row of eight crosses in the foreground mark the graves of American doughboys who helped to return this town unfettered to France and freedom. War Savings Stamps will help you to financial freedom.

HIGH LIVING COST NO BAR TO SAVING

Savings Banks Reports Indicate Record Deposits During War and Since Armistice.

Reports recently received from savings banks and institutions record an increase rather than a decrease of deposits throughout the entire country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the reports indicate that the purchase of Government bonds and Savings Stamps have taught the public to increase their savings. Since the armistice was signed particularly the savings banks have been flooded with deposits.

In New York State savings banks deposits a short time ago passed the \$2,000,000,000 mark, and the number of depositors totals more than 3,500,000.

In the latter part of May savings banks of Los Angeles reported deposits of approximately \$100,000,000. The U. S. Postal Savings banks found January and February of the present year exceptionally big months for savings. Net deposits for March had dropped to about half what they were in January. Officials of the postal savings banks, however, said that March is always at a low figure in deposits because of the annual labor migration. This year also receipts were lowered by the withdrawals of allons who were attempting to return to Europe. The total increase, however, during the three months was approximately \$9,500,000.

The postal savings banks have conducted only very limited educational campaigns in the past, and credit for recent big increases is freely given to the work done in the Savings Stamp campaigns. Persons who get the thrift habit practice it in savings deposits as well as in Thrift and Savings Stamp purchases. It has been shown. The figures prove that in the tremendous call upon the people of the country for money to float the Liberty Loans and the War Savings Campaigns deposits were not generally withdrawn from the savings banks. On the contrary, it appears that extra effort has been made to pay for stamps and bonds out of the family income without touching the "nest eggs" that are growing in the savings banks.

An interesting statement prepared by the National War Savings Committee of Great Britain says, "The establishment of the National Savings Movement did not starve other organizations for thrift. It stimulated them." It also shows that deposits in the British Post Office Savings Bank were \$186,000,000 in 1915 and increased to \$242,000,000 in 1919.

A Commerce Report issued in June shows that in Japan all records for savings have been broken in the early part of this year. The average monthly increase has been about 12,000,000 yen (\$5,982,000) since February, 1918. It may well be noted by Americans that they will be obliged to practice thrift to the utmost if the United States is not to lag behind the other nations in savings.

—BUY W.S.S.—

THE FABLE OF THE NEGLECTED FLIVVER.

Once upon a time there was a Faithful Flivver which carried its owner every place he wanted to go. But the owner had such a good time tossing his mazzama at the moon that he forgot to get gas. Half way home one night the Neglected Flivver coughed once or twice and then stopped stock still in the middle of the road. And the owner walked wearily.

Moral—You have to keep on adding to your Thrift Stamps or the pile will stop growing. Have you bought your Thrift Stamp today?

Prosperity is watching around the corner. A bouquet of War Savings Stamps will make her smile on you.

Rolling stones gather no moss, but War Savings Stamps gather interest.

WHERE GREAT MONARCH LIES

Mosque of Bajazet II is One of the Sights of City of Constantinople.

Constantinople has no mosque more attractive to natives and strangers alike than that of Bajazet II. Bajazet, one time sultan of an empire, known as the dreamer, raised this graceful monument and sleeps peacefully in its shelter.

It is not, however, in reverence to the memory of Bajazet that so many Turks sit languidly in the corners of the mosque court. They are here to profit by the visits of strangers in the city, to tempt them with real Turkish tobacco, oriental perfumes, amber and jewelry. In short, they have set up shop in the very shadow of the mosque, and that shadow being insufficient, strips of awnings have been rigged up as further protection from the glaring sun. Whether Bajazet would approve of this seeming disrespect can only be surmised.

Pigeons, too, in distracting numbers, whirling, cooling, always fluttering from one spot to another, save the mosque courtyard from the solemn silence of the thousand and one other temples of Constantinople. Bajazet's approval of the pigeons' presence is recorded from the time when only two frequented his court. By his order they and their successors have been always fed and regarded as sacred.

The feathered inhabitants have become so numerous and so much at home that the mosque has come to be popularly called the "Mosque of Pigeons." Their cooing softens the sound of bargaining from the corners of the court and blends with the splash of the fountain. Could the dreamy Bajazet behold them now, poised on his minarets, walking sedately about his court, and circling like whirling clouds about the columns, he would realize that they are the final touch to the perfection of his temple.

TRUE TO IDEALS OF HOME

Woman Conductor Would Have No Mud Tracked Into Elevator That She Was Running.

She was a fat, comfortable looking Irish woman. You could see her putting out a good washing or rocking a baby, but it was hard to believe your eyes when you saw her running an elevator at night in an office building. There she was, just the same. And the little Italian—who was scrubbing the main hall had left water, quite a puddle of it, in front of the elevator.

All proceedings were stopped. The elevator did not run. With arms akimbo she dressed down the hapless little man and ordered him back with his mop. "Come here and clean this up!" she ordered. "I'll not have folks tracking water into my elevator." He came.

Memories of muddy feet on home-scrubbed porches and immaculate halls. It was her elevator, not her employer's, when she was running it, and tracked it should not be.

Here's a toast to home ideals in public housekeeping. May they blot out worse flaws than the mere tracking of physical dirt.—New York Times.

Ancient Knightly Order.

The order of Knights of Dannebrog was established in 1219 by Valdemar II, according to Danish tradition, as a memorial of a victory over the Estonians, won by the appearance in the sky of a red banner bearing a white cross. Historically the order dates back to 1071 when it was founded by Christian V. It was originally restricted to 50 knights and was family or court decoration. In 1808 it was made an order of merit by Frederick VI and is awarded only for distinguished and meritorious services.

The insignia of the knighthood is a white enameled Danish cross with red and gold borders, bearing in the center the letter W and on the four arms the inscription "Gud og Kongen" (for God and King). The ribbon is white with red edging. The rank is an honorary one and entitles the recipient to use the title "Sir." The rank and title are not hereditary.

Snaring Birds of Paradise.

To obtain the much prized feathers the New Guinea natives set out for the forest, knowing that the bird of paradise seeks to conceal his rainbow hues in the dense foliage of the trees. If they can find no haunt of the desired bird they start calling in excellent imitation of the shrill, ugly cry of the bird of paradise to its mate. This ruse is usually successful, and a bird shows itself only to be snared or shot down with arrows.

In mating season the male bird dances before the female he desires as a mate, to display his beautiful feathers, and at such a time so absorbed are the birds in their own affairs that large numbers are easily taken by the wily natives.—Savannah Morning News.

King of Poor Penmen.

The palm for illegibility is generally awarded to the late Horace Greeley, but in our own land probably Lecky was king of impossible penmen.

There are veteran compositors alive who remember setting up his "History of Morals." Those who could decipher the manuscript were more prized than their rivals who took Arabic and Hindustani in their stride.

To master Lecky the men were allowed to take home dubious folios and ponder them in privacy. They say that the author was, in printing circles, the best cursed man of the century.—London Chronicle.



I Would Like to Get Married, but—

I have not got the money.

If I marry now I will have to marry a girl my wages.

I cannot offer the best girl in the world a home as good as she has now.

Why? All because I did not learn the lesson of thrift.

Are you one of the many young men who are debating this question?

Start buying U. S. S. and Thrift Stamps today. You will be surprised how soon your dreams will come true.

USING OLD SHIRTS FOR NEW NEEDS

A War-Time Activity That Helped Materially and Is Now Vigorously Pursued.

An old custom, regenerated and actively pursued during the stormy days of the war, that has blossomed forth, particularly in rural districts, and bids fair to occupy a dignified place in domestic affairs is the utilization of the tails of shirts. These cast-off garment ends find many more uses today than they did before the war.

Careful housekeepers, of course, always have utilized the tail of the shirt—for dusters, cleaning clothes, patching, bandages, cut fingers, carpet rags if they lived in the country. But war-time conditions, relief societies, etc., have taught the average woman many new things in regard to the shirt tail, so long and often held to contempt or coldly ignored.

Many Belgian, Serbian, French and Armenian youngsters are comfortably clad in shirts, underwear, aprons, all sorts of garments made from the cast-off shirts of American citizens. And other American citizens, of opposite gender, having learned to make use of the cast-off shirt are occasionally tempted to make use of shirts not properly classified, at least by their late owners, as such.

Silk shirt pieces are made into outing hats, vests, neckties and collars. Linen shirts contribute handkerchiefs made from tail pieces, and, if of the plaid or pin-tucked bosom variety, charming vests for new feminine suits. Good, strong shirts are turned into aprons, while two or three alike may be made into summer suits for little children. Sofa and porch pillows, rag rugs, rumpers, wash cloths, all sorts of nice things are made from used shirts, nowadays, and more ways and means of shirt usefulness are being discovered every day.

"I make a lot of use of the worn shirts of my husband and sons," said a clever housewife. "Having four of the latter, you see, I have a good opportunity. During the war I worked hard on the proposition for patriotic reasons. Now, for reasons both personal and patriotic, I'm more than ever anxious to waste nothing. My Thrift and War Savings Stamp cards profit by what might be called my shirt-tail propaganda, and I'm getting more ingenious steadily. Studying just how economical one may be without letting anything suffer, adds a real new interest to life."

THE FABLE OF THE NOISY FROG.

Once upon a time there was a Conceited Frog who was greatly in love with his own voice. He rivaled the Tom Cats in making the nights hideous and thought he was some pumpkins. But while he was busy croaking the pool dried up, and he had no place to go.

Moral—Making a loud noise over what you have done will get you nowhere. Keep to the Thrift and War Savings Stamps.