

HERRICK SCORES "FAD" OF STATE R. R. OWNERSHIP

Mounting Costs, Lower Income, Inevitable Result of Further Experiment.

(By Associated Press)

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 21.—Myron T. Herrick of this city, member of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, declared in a statement today that "the turning over of the vast system of railroad lines to the control of the government, and through the government to the control of organized labor, would be a long step toward the establishment in this country of an autocratic power that would imperil the liberties of the American people."

Mr. Herrick, who was formerly governor of Ohio and American ambassador to France, is a banker, director of the Erie Railroad and of the New York Life Insurance company.

Mr. Herrick asserted in his statement that "the experience of the last two years with the railroads, as with the telegraph and telephone lines, is ample proof that there is neither efficiency nor economy in government control. He said that such control and operation would defeat the purpose for which the railroad brotherhoods were established and that it would involve a huge addition to the public debt as the value of the railroads was estimated at \$17,000,000,000.

Terrible Deficit Incurred.

Referring to the agitation by railroad employees through the officers of their organization in favor of government ownership of the roads, Mr. Herrick said:

"This propaganda will not be favorably received by the people of this country, who, as always, must pay the bill. The deficit incurred in less than two years of federal operation is already more than \$500,000,000, and is mounting at the rate of \$2,000,000 a day in spite of sharp increases in freight and passenger rates."

"Directly or indirectly, in taxes, freight charges and increase in the cost of goods, the burden of that deficit falls on the people and contributes in tremendous measure to the oppressively high cost of living. In the face of that showing who could conscientiously wish to perpetuate governmental control of the railroads?"

"I cannot believe the brotherhoods have thoroughly considered the consequences that would follow government ownership or that they have prepared to exercise this great power. Their present propaganda is wholly at variance with the character of their organizations and with their long and honorable history."

To add the cost of the railroads to the government's debt, Mr. Herrick said, "would weaken the government borrowing power, depreciate further government securities, and increase the rate at which the government can borrow. He pointed out that the war had added 20,000,000 to the public debt in two years and that the annual interest charge alone is now almost equal to the whole annual expense of the national government before the war."

"To buy the railroads and double the national debt would be exceedingly unwise," said Mr. Herrick. "It would simply multiply the principal and interest which the people must pay."

Problem Must Be Solved.

"Uncertainty in business will not cease until the railroad problem is solved," asserted Mr. Herrick. "Every delay means tremendous loss to the country. All the billions of wealth owned by the people of the United States are to go forward or backward, dependent upon the legislation which is just ahead. A mistake will threaten the whole financial structure."

Mr. Herrick said that he believed the best plan yet presented for solving the railroad question was that presented to congress by the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. This plan, he said, provides for a fixed percentage return to the roads and that where a road makes a profit in excess of 6 percent the excess shall be divided between the government, the employees and the railroad. In his opinion this plan protects all interests—the public, the shippers, employees, and owners.

"The time for experiments has passed," said Mr. Herrick. "The government has followed fads and fancies far enough. Now let us forget partisanship and politics and devise a practical plan for the business-like management of our great vehicles of commerce giving men of experience and vision a chance to exercise their abilities. Radical experimentation is unthinkable."

Tennis Stars of State To Meet at Ft. Wayne

(By Associated Press)

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 21.—The state open tennis championship tourney will open here Saturday, Aug. 23, and continue to Aug. 30. The tourney, which will be held at the Fort Wayne country club, includes four championship events—men's singles and doubles, women's singles and mixed doubles.

The last time the event was held was in 1916, when R. A. Holden of Cincinnati won the singles title.

MICHIGAN AFTER PACKERS

(By Associated Press)

LANSING, Mich., Aug. 21.—Michigan representatives of the big packing interests will be subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury investigating into living costs here, unless the packers, who offered their assistance, reply to an invitation that they appear August 26. Attorney-General Groesbeck said today.

WAGE DEMAND GRANTED.

(By Associated Press)

BRUSSELS, August 21.—It was announced in the senate yesterday that a settlement had been reached between the government and the railway, postal and telegraph operatives whose demand for a minimum wage of eight francs daily has been granted. The strike committee organized by the men has been dissolved.

CARNEGIE'S CASTLE PROBABLY WILL GO TO HIS DAUGHTER



Castle Skibo, the Carnegie home in Scotland, and Mrs. Roswell Miller, Carnegie's daughter, who probably will come into possession of it.

It is believed that Castle Skibo, the Scotland home of Andrew Carnegie, iron master who died a few days ago, will go to his only daughter, Margaret, now Mrs. Roswell Miller. The probable acquisition of a castle all her own by this American girl is interesting. She will be the envy of every girl and matron in wealthy social

circles in the country who would give much to have such a home in which to stage great social functions. And yet Mrs. Miller cares nothing for ostentatious affairs and consequently will give little thought to using the castle for large receptions. The only daughter of the millionaire married Miller, formerly an ensign in the

U. S. navy, last winter in New York. The wedding was a simple one, attended only by the immediate families.

DOUGHBOYS REMEMBER STEAKS OF CHATEAU-THIERRY; SHOT COWS

(New York Evening Sun)

The soldier usually remembers famous battles that he has been in by some particular incident, in most cases remote from the smoke of the encounter or the whining of the shrapnel or the taste of the mustard gas. The members of the famous 2nd division, which did such valiant work at Chateau Thierry and thrilled the world by their repulse of the Germans in that sector, the turning point in the war, seem to remember it for one thing—cows.

Cows seem to be a far call from Beau-leau Woods, here hundreds of Americans laid down their lives, but the marines, the soldiers of the 9th and 23d infantry and the artillerymen of the 15th, 17th and 12th field artillery think of it in cows. Recently every one started to tell about the cows when asked about their stemming the German tide at Chateau Thierry.

It seems, so the story goes, that there were "beau-cows" as they put it, owned by the peasants in the vicinity of Chateau Thierry. The marines discovered them first and made a raid, capturing some of them. Then the 9th infantry heard about it from a mess sergeant and sent out a foraging party.

News Travels Fast.

News traveled fast by the underground method of the army, and it wasn't long before the men of the 15th field artillery knew that the doughboys and leathernecks had discovered beef, and they, too, sent out a raiding party. Their fellows in the other two artillery regiments also got word about the cows, but it is said that the 15th was the only "heavies" to corral any appreciable number of the animals.

Now the 9th infantry knew that when cows are rounded up they must be guarded, and that in the army a good mess sergeant is the one who can get all the grub possible for his men, and has no scruples about taking something from another outfit. Therefore, they placed sentries over their newly acquired cows. The artillerymen, thinking that the infantry would be busy "mopping up" the Germans, sent out scouts to accumulate the beef.

Didn't Stay Long.

A big, bronzed member of Battery E, of the 15th, who was one of these raiders, explained what happened after they reached the sector of the 9th infantry, as follows:

"I was chasing a little heifer, and had gone about a mile. 'Course, Jerry was sending over a lot of 'stuff' nice little mementoes for the boys, as witness the white crosses up in that sector, but we didn't care if there was a chance to land a few cows. We had been tipped off that the 9th had most of the cows, and the marines were too far away to go to, so we decided we'd call on the 9th. We called—but didn't stay long.

"With a couple of buddies I started to sneak up to the corral the doughboys had built for the cows, when a big husky 'bird' lets out a yell. I glanced up and there was his doughboy with a Springfield at his shoulder in front of the cows.

"Stop where you are, soldier," he says to me. 'If you get within three yards of this picket and these cows your folks are going to collect \$10,000 worth of insurance.' I kept outside of that three-yard limit, feller, I'll tell the world.

"The 9th were a wise bunch. We found that they had strung a chain of sentries around these cows. The marines, too, did the same. But we was after cows and we got 'em, but not from the leathernecks or the 9th infantry.

"I landed a peach of a young heifer and turned her over to the mess sergeant. He set the cooks to work and they butchered her up right away, for we sure needed rations. They had just skinned her when up comes two Frenchwomen and a Frenchman, and the woman began to cry. They looked at the cow's hide, turned it right side out, and said we had gone and killed their pet cow. They wanted 1,500 francs for it, but the mess sergeant gave them 1,000 francs, and they beat it. Anyway, Jerry was shooting over some big stuff then, and our position wasn't the nicest place in the world to be in if you was a civilian and wanted to live a little longer. We had steak that night for supper. Yes, you ask me about Chateau Thierry, and what I remember about it, and I'll tell you straight—cows and steak for supper at Battery E, 15th field."

And every one else in the 2nd at Camp Mills seemed to agree that the only thing worth mentioning about Chateau Thierry was the cows.

CIVILIZATION IS ALL WRONG, SAYS CALIFORNIA HERMIT IN NEW YORK

(New York Mail)

Bill Pester has very long hair, a silken beard covering his face, wears as few clothes as the law allows, and when at home, in his desert shack, living the life of a hermit in Palm Canyon, Cal., he wears none at all. He has been in New York several days, thinks it a tragic joke, calls its people "nuts," and is spending part of his time working in a Third Avenue vegetarian restaurant.

That was why I went to see him, expecting to find the real "nut." I came away thinking the "Palm Canyon Hermit" was not far wrong in some of his conclusions.

He came from the kitchen to greet me. He had been preparing vegetables for the cook, for although Pester eats but two things 365 days of every year, even those things he eats common, and in the "uncivilized world," as he calls every place but his primitive haunts, even production of fruit and bread necessitates labor.

Bill Pester's hair, light brown, with golden tints of the sun's bleaching through it, was banded with a white cord around his forehead. Only the corduroy trousers, the sleeveless blue shirt and the modern canvas shoes destroyed his resemblance to paintings of the Savior. His voice was soft and his words were spoken with a slight accent. The clear, straightforward blue eyes belied any question that might be in mind as to his sanity.

"My problem is solved," he said. "If the thousands of people who hear my solution would only think, as well as listen, the problem the whole world is trying to solve would be answered. Civilization All Wrong

"Every step of so-called civilization is a step in the wrong direction. The greater external enlargements and improvements that are mastered, the smaller the real developments. Real advancement lies within us, not in machinery.

"The people of this city are like a cage of rats sunk under water. Fighting, killing, worn out and dying in the attempt to simply live.

There is but one ideal place to live. That is in the tropics. Why the world should endeavor to get away from Nature, to improve on the plan of life that was given us is what I ask. There nature supplies clothes, food and food.

"In the ten years I have lived the life I do in Palm Canyon, I have never been sick. I have spent fifty cents on my teeth. That was to have a filling set that had been put in before I discovered the right way to live. My food is fruit and bread. The fruit I gather, or buy at the prices melon, ten cents; cantaloupe, three cents.

Bill's Recipe for Bread

"The bread I eat I make myself. I use half cornmeal, half whole wheat, a little baking powder, and mix it with water. It is baked in a pan over the fire. Bread is only for filling, anyway, and the fruit juices offer the flavor. There is no need of asylums or hospitals if you live right."

"The Indians and Orientals were able to communicate through thought—why all the worry, time, money and energy to perfect wireless apparatus?

"There is but one way to live and be happy. It is to live naturally, be natural and think naturally. Then all

the world is right, because what you are not pleased with you will leave. If all people did that, the things that are not natural would not survive.

"I wear my hair long so I will not be a slave to my hair. If I cut it that means I must have the money for a hair cut. If I don't have money then I must hurry and get it, or be miserable in not getting it. If hair was not natural it would not be. The hair on my body does not grow long, so it shows the head was supposed to be protected by the hair. A wind blows and cools my head. A hat would stop the breeze from reaching the head."

Hermit May Be Right.

And so it was with every inquiry as to why he did this or that. To every argument offered for the necessity of the improvements of modern days Pester goes backward in his logic to the days when it was unknown, before the days when gold began to exact toll from everyone.

As you see the wonderful muscle, the clear, clean skin, the abundant and beautiful hair of this man, then watch the faces of those in subways, streets, and offices of civilized New York, hear the cries of children playing in dirty gutters, young men bold, nervous wrecks struggling to pay the rent to the landlord, who in turn fights to make enough to pay for his stocks and bonds—

Then Palm Canyon, with a thatched shack made of palm reeds and stalks, sounds restful, and you wonder if "Bill" isn't right.

**Necktie Made of Glass
Is New Dress Prospect**

In these days of substitutes one must be prepared for surprises, although it would be difficult not to be wary at least passing interest in so novel a departure as a necktie made of glass.

Such a tie was recently shown to the writer by a member of firm of glass makers.

Everyone has seen the curious multi-colored centers which the glass marbles used by schoolboys often contain. These centers are composed of very fine glass threads, and it is the latter that are employed in the manufacture of glass neckties.

These ties, in fact, are nothing more than lengths of glass thread woven together; and as such they can be twisted and knotted and generally ill-treated, like the ordinary everyday necktie.

It was recently announced that colors of paper would shortly be on the market. They are said to be much cooler and lighter than the perspiration-provoking linens or "soft" collar.

Paper can be put to various uses in the matter of providing substitutes for clothing. We are threatened with paper shirts; and a determined effort is being made to produce from the same source a suitable substitute for cloth. One wonders what would be the effect of a heavy shower on these garments.

Underclothing made from surplus of the fabric used in covering the planes of flying machines has already been put on the market; and the experiment looks like aiming a serious blow at the laundries, since it is stated that the materials, being less porous than that usually worn, requires far less washing.

GENERAL'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY NAVY MAN



Miss Mary Frances Littell.

The engagement of Miss Mary Frances Littell, daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. J. W. Littell, U. S. A., to Commander George S. Bryan, U. S. N., has just been announced. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Miss Littell and her sisters, Mrs. Alexander Patch, Jr., and Mrs. William Cook Owen, are among the most popular members of the army contingent at the capital. The marriage of Commander and Mrs. Owen took place on June 25 last at the Soldiers' Home in Washington.

WAYNE BOY MADE SALES MANAGER FOR CURTISS CO.

Floyd Showalter, formerly of Centerville, has been made sales manager of the Curtiss Eastern Airplane corporation, at Philadelphia, Pa. Following his demobilization from the army where he had been a flying instructor, Showalter accepted the position of business manager for the Esington school of aviation, which position he filled for several months, when he resigned to accept the position with the Curtiss corporation.

DENIES HE WED MRS. CASTLE

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Robert E. Treman today denied a report published in New York City that he and Mrs. Irene Castle were married at Pickens, S. C., in May, 1918. He says that at that time he was near Detroit, in army service.

TO THE WIFE OF ONE WHO DRINKS

If this should meet the eyes of a wife, mother or friend of someone addicted to drink, unable to overcome this ruinous habit, she may obtain information of a method by which legions of drinkers have been freed from the curse quickly, easily and with delightful benefit in their health, efficiency and happiness. This information will be sent in plain envelope on request to Edw. J. Woods, DA-747, Station F, New York, N. Y. Cut this out; show others.—Adv.

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