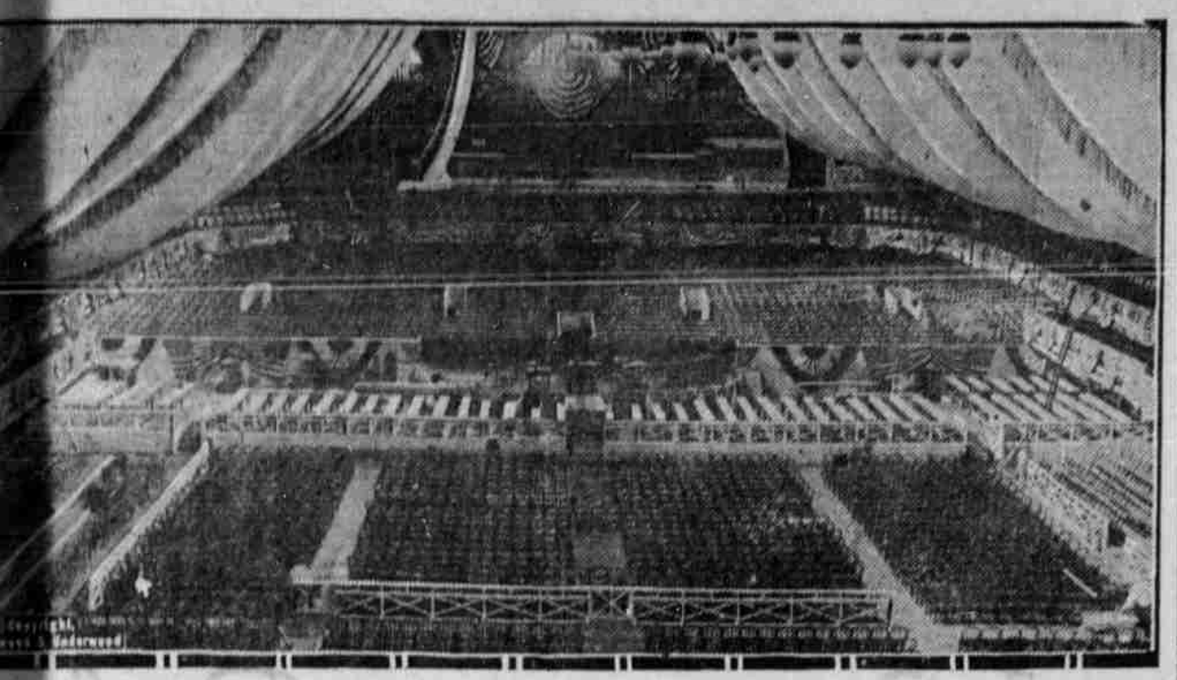
WHERE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WILL BE HELD



nterior of the Coliseum in Chicago, where, according to the decision of the Republican national committee, the ntion of 1920 will be held.

urope's Drop in Birth Rate Causes a Scare

tion More Vital Than Another War—Or Than Ten Others.

OW SPECTER IS SEEN

l States Looked To as Savior, National Decay as War's Aftrmath—Middle Class Most Affected—Babies Fewer in Germany.

don.—"Well, it's not my funeral," he sprucely dressed young Engn with a collar of pre-war glossireading out the following parain the corner of a London club: birth rate per 1,000 persons in England and Wales in 1918 7.7, as compared with 34.1 per in the ten years 1851-60. The Cheshire is only 19.9 per 1,000, at in London 16.1. The end of ar shows no check in what is national suicide.

not my funeral," he repeated. it was.

as not only his funeral, but perthe funeral of a race. "D—n ity!" said the Irishman. "What sterity ever done for me?" The an is saying the same.

is no scare. It is a fact. It is vital than another European or than ten others. It is more than the influenza. It is more ous than an anarchist bomb in street. For Europe, it is the hing that matters.

a very old world.

in London at election time we o giant ladders side by side up e of one of our tallest buildings. results come in, the figures on dders, representing the Liberal ry parties, race each other up uilding. Rearing their height Europe's weary, war worn , two ladders are seen today, is the figure of death. On the the figure of a little rosy child, racing against life. And death ning.

"The End of the Race."

End of the Race," a current n, shows Europe's last baby in ar 2,000. A halo is shown about zened head. Its bones show h its tortured skin. It is surd by adoring millions of aged ans of both sexes, the last of race. It is only a cartoon.

e death that comes in the roar un and the crash of a shell we orgotten the death of the great

nty years ago France used to be p as Europe's horrible examrance, the country where, America, the baby was king. are those who say today that ar has completed what the nation began. There are sociologists who believe that , once the glory of the old is dying—dying because she reto live. Patriotism and pride losed the mouths of her great But is not today's Europe a France?

pt in this one thing figures can le to prove anything. But the natics of birth and death are ible. There is no room for

pe, to use a pungent American- "on the toboggan." There are as portentous and inevitable t sinking feeling before sea-s. "Bonuses for babies" is Eu-

Here in England we have raised that S. O. S. France and failed. Will Europe?

above applies to all classes, but middle class it comes with fatesity.

iddle Class Most Affected.

e, with better conditions, a fallath rate among the working has during the last 30 years e extent compensated for a fallth rate, the accentuated fall of iddle class birth rate has no fallth rate of any kind to compensate. A prominent medical man has just written in the Times: "What we are witnessing is the death of the middle class." Upon the coffin of that class will be inscribed the epitaph: "A class that died because it could not live." Not because it would not, but because it could not. Are we going to see Europe given over to the working class? And then?

The once great middle class, in its last struggle for survival, will be forced into one of two things; either to sell out and go over bodily to organized labor, or to form a European middle class trade union, both for offense and defense. It will say to Europe: "If you want doctors, lawyers, clergymen, you must pay for it, or we won't serve you."

But Europe, alas! is beginning to do without the clergyman. The state lawyer is beginning to supplant the private practitioner. Only the doctor is left, and he, poor devil, is being nationalized under national health regulations.

Here in England the middle class family of four or five has become two or three. Medical men, without exception, are united in their opinion that during the past ten years the birth rate of that class has been going headlong to perdition.

Now come the figures of the marriage age, published a few days ago. Between 1911-14 39 per cent of all bachelors married; in 1917 only 27.6 per cent. In 1886-90 50 per cent married. The proportion of bachelors who marry at over thirty-five has been steadily rising, with a swift upward climb in 1916 and 1917. Only 54.8 per cent of spinsters marrying during 1917 were under twenty-five years of age.

Among the middle classes the age is rising at an alarming pace. It looks as though within a comparatively short time here in England the middle class will, with the increased age of marriage, give to the race only those stunted specimens of child life which are so often, though not always, the fruit of late unions.

It is significant that no single person has come forward to contest the above. It cannot be contested. We are looking on the passing of a class.

Members of parliament are beginning to sit up and take note.

Babies Fewer in Germany, Even.

Even Germany, the nursery of Europe, which produced its million babies at the bidding of the war lord as food for his cannons, is fast depopulating. The war has done this. The Germans of the cities refuse to have children. "We cannot feed them," they say. "We cannot even feed ourselves."

During the war the German professors solemnly debated polygamy as a remedy. Some of them approved it. But Germany is no Utah and Berlin no Salt Lake City. Today's Fatherland is strictly monogamous. Economy is the father of morality. The modern German finds it hard enough to keep one wife. He does not want half a dozen.

For ten years before the war England, like the rest of Europe, had begun to yield herself to the pleasure craze. With the war and that frantic desire to forget which became a cult, that craze passed into frenzy. Today, over 12 months after the war, the music halls and picture palaces are crowded to the doors. I have made the experiment of listening to the conversation of 17 couples of business girls in the early trams and busses. Of this number no fewer than 11 used the expression: "Where are you going tonight?" but what has all this to do with the birth rate?

Everything. Pleasure to the Englishman, as to the European, has become a narcotic as essential as tobacco or alcohol. Pleasure costs money. Pleasure excessful means selfishness. Pleasure means effort and effort absorbs vitality. Pleasure means the breakup of the home. The modern European has to choose between pleasure and children. He chooses pleasure.

The Unborn Suffers.

Then comes the cost of living, the European's nightmare. The war has practically halved incomes. Wage and salary increase has done little to balance the lift in the cost of living. The middle class man who before the war just made both ends meet on $1,500 a year is fighting fate upon the $750 that income is now worth. Europe is suffering from a shortage of bricks and mortar. The war has pulverized billions of bricks and millions of tons of mortar. The German housebreakers alone have knocked the buildings of the best part of a country into smithereens. People are snuggling together in single rooms. They herd like the beasts that perish. And they do perish.

Take London. London today is the problem of seven millions crouching over a chalk pit. That seven is soon going to be ten. During the war alone London, the octopus, sucked in another million. Possibly a quarter of a million need houses as I write. The Londoner is becoming a sort of city nomad. He shifts from room to room. He crouches under the slates. He is a troglodyte. He burrows into the earth. Building has scarcely begun.

Crowd human beings and you kill them as surely as if they were rabbits. And many of these hunted, harried people are rabbits. Nibbling at adversity. With the brains of rabbits. Seeing today—but neither yesterday nor tomorrow. But that is a picture of Europe itself.

Will such people have children? Can you expect them to have children? Can you expect them to think of the dignity of the race—traditionless, hopeless as they are? Can you believe that they will give heirs to posterity? "D—— posterity! What has posterity done for us?" you would hear them say if they could speak. But they are past speech. It is that which makes them dangerous.

Yellow Peril Seen Afar.

And all this in the face of yellow millions. Articles are once more streaming the European press about the yellow challenge. A book just written upon the awakening of Asia by one of the most brilliant living Englishmen has focussed the attention of thinkers in every country. One can see the multitudinous babies pouring out in a resistless yellow stream of slant-eyed young devils from the overflowing cornucopia of the east. Bright eyed, interesting, interested young devils! The yellow challenge. The yellow peril.

And all this in the face of young America.

Europe seems to look more and more to America. Today it is an unconscious groping across the Atlantic, as of a blind man. Tomorrow it is going to be a conscious call. Europe's S. O. S!

Can America do it? Can America give to Europe the desire to live? Can the land of exuberant vitality and exuberant effort give to the mother from whom she drew her own life a transfusion of youth? Can she?—Shaw Desmond, in New York Sun.

Man Wills $65,000 to Girl He Robbed of $2

Osage, Ia.—A strange legacy has just come to an Iowa girl, who has received a fortune of $65,000 from a stranger who robbed her of $2 in 1912 by entering the home of her uncle, where she was visiting. When a man, evidently a tramp, jerked open the door of her uncle's home, she made haste to hand over the $2, which the man took and then left the house.

Recently the young woman was notified of a bequest of $65,000 left her by a tramp, John Brunsvik, who died a year ago in Minnesota.

'FLU' MICROBES ON SCHEDULE

Germs Recur Every Thirty-Three Weeks, According to London Investigators.

London, England.—Influenza microbes have a regular schedule by which they recur in cycles of 33 weeks, according to the medical research committee. The next call is expected in January and February, it is said.

The recent actors' strike in New York caused a loss to the theaters of more than $2,000,000.

FOSSIL SEARCH NEEDS EXPERTS

Scientific Expeditions Made Up of Men Who Are Trained Geologists.

AMATEUR RUINS SKELETONS

American Museum Hunters Are Under Direction of Curator of Fossil Vertebrates—Search Is Serious Work.

Washington.—The expedition of the American Museum which for several months has been searching for the skeletons of ancient animals in a sandstone quarry at Agate, Neb., has discovered many bones of the little rhinoceros. The deposits containing these bones have been cut into blocks which will be shipped to the museum, where the bones will be placed on exhibition.

The little rhinoceros, or diceratherium, as he is scientifically called, was about the size of a half grown calf and roamed at large during the miocene period. He had two horns side by side in front of the skull instead of one or of one behind the other. The expedition has been working under the direction of Dr. William D. Matthew, curator of fossil vertebrates at the museum.

Few persons have any idea of the vast amount of care and work that a large scientific institution takes in planning and preparing for an expedition which seeks the remains of these ancient beasts in the hope that they will shed additional light on the dim and distant evolutionary periods of an early world. They have various objectives in view. Sometimes they are planned to fill in a gap of scientific knowledge.

Must Know Many Things.

It may be desirable to know what animals inhabited a particular region which has remained unexplored, or to find out what kind of animals lived in a particular geological epoch, or to trace the ancestry of some species of animals back to geological times. A scientist setting out on such an expedition must have as a preliminary a general knowledge of geology, and of the geology of the region which he is to explore. He must be acquainted with the areas where the formations of the geological period he is to visit are to be found. He needs to have many records of fossils that have been discovered in the past. Scientific institutions have many observations of the occurrence of fossils in regions in which they are interested.

One of the most remarkable fossil birds ever discovered was brought to light three years ago in the Big Horn basin in an area which had been thoroughly explored by fossil hunters since 1891, and yet practically no trace of this great bird know as the diatryna had been found there.

American museum explorers have gone over many old stamping grounds which had been searched again and again, and have discovered something new.

It is important that such kind of prospecting and mining be done by trained men. An inexperienced man who undertakes to remove such skeletons is pretty sure to ruin them, and the chances are that he will render them entirely worthless.

To become a successful collector, it is not so much a matter of the technic of collecting as it is a practical field knowledge of formations. The collector must have a trained judgment in order to know what prospects are worth investigating, and how best to go about it. It is for this reason that the American Museum and other institutions have had to decline offers of voluntary assistance on expeditions.

Four Men Go Together.

Generally speaking, a collecting expedition, Dr. Matthew said, consists of from two to four men. It is not considered good for a man to be alone and take risks. It does not pay to have more than four men, otherwise they are likely to be in one another's way. Expeditions are usually organized at a town or railroad point where equipment may be shipped to them.

In prospecting for fossils each member of the expedition usually sets out in a different direction in the morning. He takes with him his lunch and a canteen of water, and explores as much ground as he can before nightfall. He is intent on finding what appears to him a good prospect on which to begin work.

The instructions always issued to such expeditions are not to take risks. Yet the collector in his zeal and enthusiasm for his work would scarcely be human if he followed these instructions to the letter, and he frequently takes risks of many kinds. In such expeditions of the museum it is not recalled that any of their men have been dangerously injured. They have had, to be sure, attacks of mountain sickness which is a sort of fever.

Looking for fossils is a serious work. The prospecting must be carefully done. If a big skeleton is to be removed a good deal of digging is required, and this must be done with extreme care. Sometimes it is necessary to blast a ledge. The work of "prospecting a specimen" is anything but easy. Big specimens must be removed in several blocks, and great care must be used in handling them and in preparing them for transit as they frequently must travel from 1,000 to 3,000 miles to reach their destination.

Model Spouse Dies at 101; Stayed Home Every Night

Bancroft Abbott Bailey of Chicago who died at South Newbury, Vt., a few days ago, was more than one hundred and one years old. He never spent a penny on tobacco or liquor, never was inside of a theater and never spent an evening away from his family. He went to Chicago when it was a little settlement and built a cabin near what is now Palatine, Ill., where he reared a family of 11.

Chicago had a population of about 500 when he first moved there, and Indians were plentiful on all sides.

WILL VIEW ALL BEAUTIES

French Claim Right to Feast Eyes on Charmers From All Lands.

Paris.—"Men have the inalienable right to feast their eyes upon the feminine beauties of all nations."

Such was the reply of the fashionable Epatant club to the protest against the display of English prize beauties at the Marigny theater, when French women rose in indignation and cried:

"Aren't there enough beautiful women in France?"

"What object is there in beauty unless it is destined to fascinate men?" inquired Maurice de Kobra, speaking on behalf of the club. "From the earliest times a man has never admitted that it is his duty to find his mate within his own country's borders. The boulevardiers of Paris and all France emphatically claim the right to welcome the beauties of all nations."

SPELLS DEATH OF PERFECT WOMEN

Famous South Sea Belles Are Now a Drunken, Degraded Race.

LIVE IN AN ALLURING EDEN

Remnant of Marquesan Race Is Beyond Redemption—French Can Only Allow Natives to Die Off as Speedily as Possible.

Washington.—"There can be no doubt that today this drunken, diseaseridden remnant of the Marquesan race is beyond redemption and all the French colonial administration can do is to pursue its present policy of nominal supervision and let the natives die off as speedily as possible."

Such is the pathetic epitaph, written by John W. Church, in a communication to the National Geographic society, of a people whose women were pronounced the most beautiful in the south seas, whose dances were the most joyous, whose tattooing was a fine art and whose island home was an alluring Eden before the white man came.

"To describe the dainty, graceful Marquesanne as she unquestionably was, will, I fear, lay me open to the charge of exaggeration," writes Mr. Church.

Attractions Beyond Compare.

"When a woman possesses beautiful, luxuriant hair, fine eyes, perfect teeth, a slender, graceful form, a skin of velvet texture and unblemished surface, and these physical attractions are combined with a vivacity of spirit and action exaggeration becomes difficult and unless all chroniclers of the islands have for several centuries agreed to deceive the world such was the Marquesanne, and so she is today when sickness has not diminished her charm.

"I doubt seriously if a more carefree or contented maiden ever existed. Her domestic duties were light and agreeable. The furnishings of her thatched shelter consisted of a few pandanus sleeping mats—nothing more. Outside on the stone platform was an assortment of bowls, crudely carved by the men in their intervals from warfare. These held poipoi, fish, fruit or whatever of food might be prepared for the only daily meal.

"Then there were dainty coconut shells, ground thin and polished by rubbing on stone under water, often carved, which held the coco oil and other preparations for the toilet, dear to the heart of the Marquesanne.

"I have mentioned the use of coco oil by the Marquesans. Probably no race ever attained a greater skill in the art of massage—certainly none ever practiced it more constantly. The oil was obtained by filling large wooden bowls with the meat of broken coconuts and placing them in the sun. Into the oil thus drawn the intensely fragrant blossoms of pua or the seeds of the spicy, aromatic lime were thrown, scenting it with a delightful perfume.

Much Time Spent at Toilet.

"Men and women alike were daily massaged with this scented oil, every muscle being gently manipulated, with a skill seldom found in a modern masseuse. Usually two or three hours were required for the operation. At its conclusion the skin was like velvet in texture, without a trace of oiliness. They treated their hair in a similar manner and the wonderful, luxuriant tresses were probably due to the attention given them in the use of coco oil and massage.

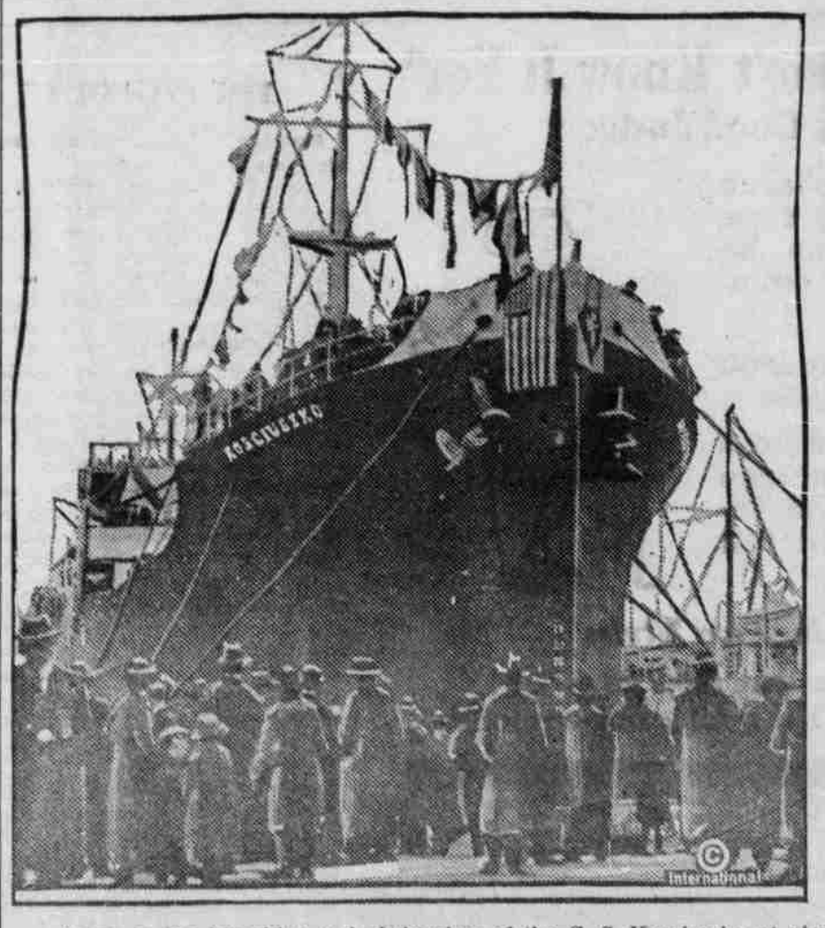
"Beyond the preparation of the single daily meal, her massage and such tappa or mat making as desire or necessity prompted, the life of the Marquesanne was devoted entirely to pleasure.

"The marriage of the Marquesan maiden to the youth of her choice was an interesting ceremony. A home for their occupation was built by their friends and the various necessities for connubial happiness placed therein.

"The maiden was taken in charge by several young matrons, to be massaged with perfumed oils and her hair and body decorated with wreaths and garlands of flowers. The youth was consigned to the ministrations of two older women, who rendered him a similar service, besides smoking him thoroughly with the fumes of sandalwood. At the appointed time the scented and garlanded pair were escorted by the village to their fae, or hut, where the king with much ceremony declared them tapu for two weeks.

"For the period of the tapu none might speak to them or in any way disturb their honeymoon. Food was left each morning on their terrace, together with baskets of flowers to be woven into wreaths and garlands by the happy couple."

POLISH MERCHANT MARINE STARTED



Scene at the launching and christening of the S. S. Kosciuszko at pier 26, Brooklyn. The ship was christened by Rev. Dr. Kwiakowski. The Kosciuszko was purchased from the United States shipping board by the Polish-American Navigation corporation with money subscribed by over ten thousand Polish Americans in the United States.