

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CHARLES H. K. CURTIS, President.
 Secretary and Treasurer: John C. Martin,
 William J. Williams, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
 C. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman.
 F. H. WATLEY, Editor.
 JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager.

Published daily at 12th and Locust Streets,
 Independence Square, Philadelphia.
 LEXINGTON BUILDING, Broad and Chestnut Streets
 ATLANTIC CITY, 200 Metropolitan Tower
 NEW YORK, 400 Broadway
 ST. LOUIS, 400 Globe-Democrat Building
 CHICAGO, 1200 Tribune Building

WASHINGTON BUREAU, 1100 Bliss Building
 NEW YORK BUREAU, 100 Broadway
 PHILADELPHIA BUREAU, 100 Independence Square
 LONDON BUREAU, 100 Strand
 PARIS BUREAU, 100 Rue de la Harpe

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
 By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postal
 outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage
 is required, one month, twenty-five cents; one year,
 three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in
 advance.

Notice—Subscribers wishing address changed must
 give old as well as new address.

RELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening
 Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS A SECOND-
 CLASS MAIL MATTER.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULA-
 TION OF THE EVENING LEDGER
 FOR FEBRUARY WAS 104,115

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1916.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt.
 As ages in all times assert:
 The happy man's without a shirt.
 —John Heywood.

THE MAYOR VERSUS THE CITY

Deliberately and solemnly the Evening
 Ledger warns citizens generally that there is
 a plan afoot to cheat them out of the kind
 of rapid transit they have within their
 grasp.—Evening Ledger of November 1,
 1915.

The position of Director Twining, who
 confessedly has no intention of performing
 functions heretofore considered essential to
 the occupation of the office, is untenable.
 The chief transit obstructionist is Mayor
 Smith.

BECOMING Mayor. Mr. Smith announced
 that, although Director Taylor had been
 a most efficient public servant, he would not
 be retained in office.

After some delay he appointed a successor,
 William S. Twining, but not until there was
 a distinct understanding obtained from Mr.
 Twining to the effect that he would not con-
 cern himself with operating agreements, but
 would devote himself exclusively to the en-
 gineering features of the work. This meant
 that Mr. Twining entered office shorn of es-
 sential powers, and that the people were left
 without any recognized officer to protect their
 interests and champion their cause. A Transit
 Director who does not direct transit as a
 whole, in its economic as well as its en-
 gineering features, is no Transit Director at all.
 He is merely a construction engineer, and his
 holding office under another name is in ef-
 fect a fraud on the people, in that it leads
 them to believe that they have a servant
 working in their interest when in fact they
 are without representation.

Having thus brought the Department of City
 Transit directly under his thumb, the Mayor
 proceeded to get busy along other lines. Al-
 though he had no authoritative professional
 opinion to back him, although the contract
 for the work had already been let at a price
 most advantageous to the city, and although
 he himself, in public, had declared that the
 work on Broad street would be pushed to a
 speedy conclusion in accordance with the
 Taylor plans, he issued orders to Director
 Twining that the City Hall station should be
 abandoned.

Mr. Twining, who had been the consulting
 engineer of the department and in that ca-
 pacity had approved and sanctioned the City
 Hall station, mildly protested, but acquiesced
 and declared himself ready to obey orders.
 But he found himself in a quandary, for as
 an engineer he knew that a four-track sub-
 way could not get by City Hall unless by
 going under it, owing to the deep bank vaults
 at Broad and Chestnut streets. Finally, how-
 ever, after consideration, the scheme of split-
 ting the four-track subway at Ridge avenue
 suggested itself. It seemed a way out, al-
 though at best a makeshift.

Accordingly, again under orders, Director
 Twining announced the new plan to the pub-
 lic. In view of the tremendous popular pro-
 test, the Mayor then declared that the Twin-
 ing plan was not necessarily his plan; that
 the report was merely preliminary, and that
 the people should decide after the full Twin-
 ing report was made public. The people, of
 course, had already decided, but the Mayor
 insists on ignoring that fact, and persists in
 acting and talking as if transit were some
 new and mysterious subject of which the com-
 munity was in deep ignorance.

The full Twining report was then made pub-
 lic and discovered to be essentially the same
 as the preliminary report, except that, instead
 of being a brief in favor of transit, it was
 impregnated with pessimism and spent pages
 in looking for arguments why the city should
 not have transit. It dwelt on the feasibility of
 raising fares, instead of lowering them, and
 contained a number of proposals calculated to
 delay construction and confuse the situation.

This report, very naturally, also felt flat,
 whereupon yesterday the Mayor, who seems to
 be about the only person in Philadelphia who
 does not know that Philadelphia has already
 decided on the kind of rapid transit it intends
 to have, announced with great gusto the ap-
 pointment of a commission. This commis-
 sion, we presume, is to consider whether or
 not the people knew their own mind when
 they voted for the Taylor plan. But it will
 be noted that there is no intimation of the
 appointment to the commission of any man
 versed in the Taylor plan and an advocate of
 it. Mr. Taylor, for instance, who knows more
 about the situation than any man in Phila-
 delphia, is not to be a member. He probably
 would not be if the Mayor appointed him.
 Why should he, after all his work, take part
 in such a game plan? But we are to have a

commission, with some great names attached
 to it, to do what?

Why, to give the Mayor some excuse for
 holding matters up; to find, if possible, some
 reason to palliate the extraordinary conduct of
 the city administration, some chance to justify
 this monstrous prevention of the people's de-
 sires.

There is no evidence to prove that the
 Mayor, before election, entered into an under-
 standing not to retain in office A. Merritt Tay-
 lor, but the Mayor, having determined in its
 essentials what his course would be, did delay
 appointing a Director of City Transit until he
 was assured that the appointee would obey
 orders and not interfere with his (the Mayor's)
 design to rip the Taylor plan wide open.

As a result, there is not in the city adminis-
 tration or in the Department of City Transit
 any responsible officer who is protecting the
 interests of the people or has any enthusiasm
 for so doing. The sentiment is anti-transit and
 obstructionist.

The present status was foretold in the
 EVENING LEDGER of November 1, the day
 before election, when the people of Philadel-
 phia were solemnly warned of the intentions
 of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Twining is among the most eminent
 engineers in the country. He has, however,
 entered office under an agreement not to per-
 form some of the functions heretofore con-
 sidered essential to the occupation of the position.
 He has been trapped beyond hope of
 extrication. He should be the people's cham-
 pion; he is content to be merely an engineer.
 It is an unfortunate situation for him to
 occupy, unfortunate alike for himself and for
 the city, and even, we believe, untenable.

But the high priest of the obstructionists is
 actually the Mayor of Philadelphia.

Some people are popular, others are con-
 tent merely to be efficient.

Watch Philadelphia tie a rope round the
 neck of the Twining plan!

What we favor is a military instruction
 camp for Congress, and the longer it lasted
 the better it would be.

The spring foolishness about unskilled col-
 lege men having now been experienced, we are
 ready for the good little joke about the Easter
 hat.

The case is reported of a schoolboy who
 receives \$2000 a year spending money. The
 education of useless citizens continues
 merrily.

It costs one State alone more than
 \$3,000,000 annually to take care of the alien
 insane. There is a real immigration problem,
 but a literacy test will not solve it.

Cardinal Mercier is naturally a thorn in the
 Teutonic flesh. Were it not for his activities
 the Germans might get away with their pic-
 ture of Belgium as the happy German king-
 dom.

According to a news story a pastor preached
 a sermon on the text, "Can Ye Not Discern the
 Signs of the Times?" in the receiver of a tele-
 phone as far back as 1878. The joke about
 blowing out the gas is a little older, but wasn't
 one of the signs, "speak with mouth held close
 to transmitter?"

It is just as well to point out that the
 Department of City Transit is financed by the
 citizens' money and is maintained for the
 benefit of the people. It performed that func-
 tion under Director Taylor, but under present
 direction it appears that it is an organization
 for the protection and glorification of the
 P. R. T. and the nurturing of pessimism and
 obstructionism. Mr. Twining's enthusiasm for
 rapid transit would freeze alcohol in the
 Congo.

The tuition fee at the University goes up
 next year to \$220 a year. To a number of
 students the increase will be a hardship, but
 it has proved necessary and they will meet
 this obligation as they meet the many others
 of college life. The startling thing about this
 is the fact that \$150 should ever have been
 considered enough. The University, in com-
 mon with most other collegiate institutions,
 loses on each student and is woefully depend-
 ent upon philanthropy and State aid. Yet
 it puts an absurdly low price upon its services.

Frankfurt-am-Main is not the one place in
 the world we should choose for launching a
 presidential boom, but if "Aus Grosser Welt,"
 published in that city, desires to nomi-
 nate ex-Governor Pennypacker, we have no
 objection. But if "Aus Grosser Welt" and its
 readers and Germany in general think that a
 man can be nominated for the Presidency of
 the United States because of pro-German
 views, that impudent fallacy can be easily
 overcome. Let them watch the struggle which
 their candidate is compelled to go through for
 re-election as head of the Historical Society.

As long as the Carranzistas and the Villistas
 meet in battle and fire shots at each other
 there is some ground for believing that all is
 not as bad as it might be down in Mexico.
 The mischievous report that the President
 is purposely delaying activity in the bandit
 hunt for political reasons is of a piece with
 wild rumors of Carranza's activity against the
 United States. It is a slander on the Presi-
 dent, who is a political leader, unfortunately,
 as well as a nation's head. But it is also a
 wanton outrage against General Pershing and
 against the United States Army units under
 his command.

David Lloyd-George is not only one of the
 most capable men in England, but seems
 also to be one of the few who takes Eng-
 lish and allied protestations of a "fight for
 liberty" at all seriously. The shonibable
 proposal was recently made for eternal ven-
 geance against Germany, and English repre-
 sentatives at a trade conference desired to
 pass a resolution that trade relations with
 Germany should never more be as they have
 been. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd-George had his mind
 on other wars, on other eternal enemies of the
 past. Perhaps he thought of Russia and
 Japan. And, possibly, he thought of England
 and all she has said against America, all the
 high-sounding words about her desire to
 crush the military oligarchy of Germany, to
 restore democracy. Whatever his thoughts,
 he brought up the English delegates sharply
 with these words: "We must not subordinate
 human liberty and honor, self-respect and the
 civilization of mankind to any trade policy."
 When we consider trade, the first thing to be
 done is to obliterate any feelings of revenge.
 Mr. Lloyd-George knows full well that a nation
 progressively victorious is not vengeful.

Tom Daly's Column

McArani Ballads
 LVII

SO GLAD FOR SPREENG.

Eef som'body com' today
 To dees fruuta-stan' an' say:
 "Wat? Banana two for a'
 Seems to me dat's verra high!"
 I would look up een da sky
 Where da sun ees shine so bright,
 An' da clouds so sof' an' white,
 Sail like boats I use to see
 Eeen da bay at Napoli;
 An' so softa theeng I am
 I would notta care a dam
 Eef da customer should be
 Sly enough for taka three.
 Eef like dat you com' today
 Mehbe so I justa say:
 "See da Tony McArani;
 He ees verra lazy thing.
 Wat da deuce he care for money?
 Here ees com' da spreeng!"

Eef today I had a wife
 An' she say: "My love! My Life!
 I mus' have fi-dollar note
 For da new spreeng, hat an' coat!"
 Thenk I gona grab her throat;
 Bong her head agains' da wall?
 Eh? To-day? Of not at all!
 She would look so pretta dere
 Weeth da sunlight on her hair,
 An' upon her cheek da rose
 Dat dees scarra breeza bloes,
 I would look at her an' den
 I would tal her: "Taka ten!"
 Eef I had a wife to-day
 I am sure dat I would say:
 "All right, Mrs. McArani,
 I am verra softa theeng.
 Wat da deuce I care for money?
 Here ees com' da spreeng!"

DEAR SIR—These musical triolets you've
 been printing worried me. I don't know
 anything about French forms, but I know
 what I can write and I thought I ought to be
 able to do one. So over at the concert to-
 night I looked about and in the program and
 found a name—then a rhyme. The
 rest worked itself out. I understand it's a
 libel on an excellent musician, and, really,
 I didn't hear his composition with the Orches-
 tra, but tell me honest, could you resist that
 rhyme? Well, here goes, and may he for-
 give me:

Musical Triolets
 (Most of them Knock-turns.)
 VIII
 For old Camille Zeccker
 I don't give a darn!
 A rope is the neckwear
 For old Camille Zeccker:
 His "Sketches," by heck! were
 By no means grand slarn!
 For old Camille Zeccker
 I don't give a darn.

L. B.
 Of course there is no such word as "slarn," but I
 had to invent it because you see, "slarn"—the word
 I wanted to use—won't rhyme with "darn."

The Anagram Contest
 THE contributions will have to buck up. We
 believe we can say, without fear of suc-
 cessful contradiction, that the winner is not
 among these:

RICH PEACH ALL IN. M. Simons.
 AS VICTOR SEES HIM. Mrs. J. W. F. Jr.
 THIS SHAM—TOM B. No. Sig.

The answers to yesterday's follow:
 Easter Sunday.
 Long Live the U. S. of A.
 Theodore Roosevelt.

And if you're not very strong for anagrams
 you might tackle this and tell us how Doyle
 got his feet on the platter, bearing in mind
 that the box-score gives no hit to Kauff and
 no errors to the opposing outfield:

The second run went over in the sixth on
 a pass to Doyle, Lobert's sacrifice, Kauff's
 long fly to right field and Merkle's sacrifice
 fly. They got this one without a hit.

SURE, N. Y. MAKES FUN OF ANYTHING FROM
 PHILA.

Speaking of New York, over there they took
 a play called "Her Price," which had played
 two weeks in Philadelphia as a tragedy, and
 now they call it "Pay Day," a satire on the
 movies, an uproarious farce. Now, what'd ye
 make of that? Or is discretion the b. p. of v?

W. L.
 QUITE SO! QUITE SO!
 A woman's aim is bad, 'tis said;
 Thus, when she's indiscreet
 And throws herself at some man's head
 She lands right at his feet.

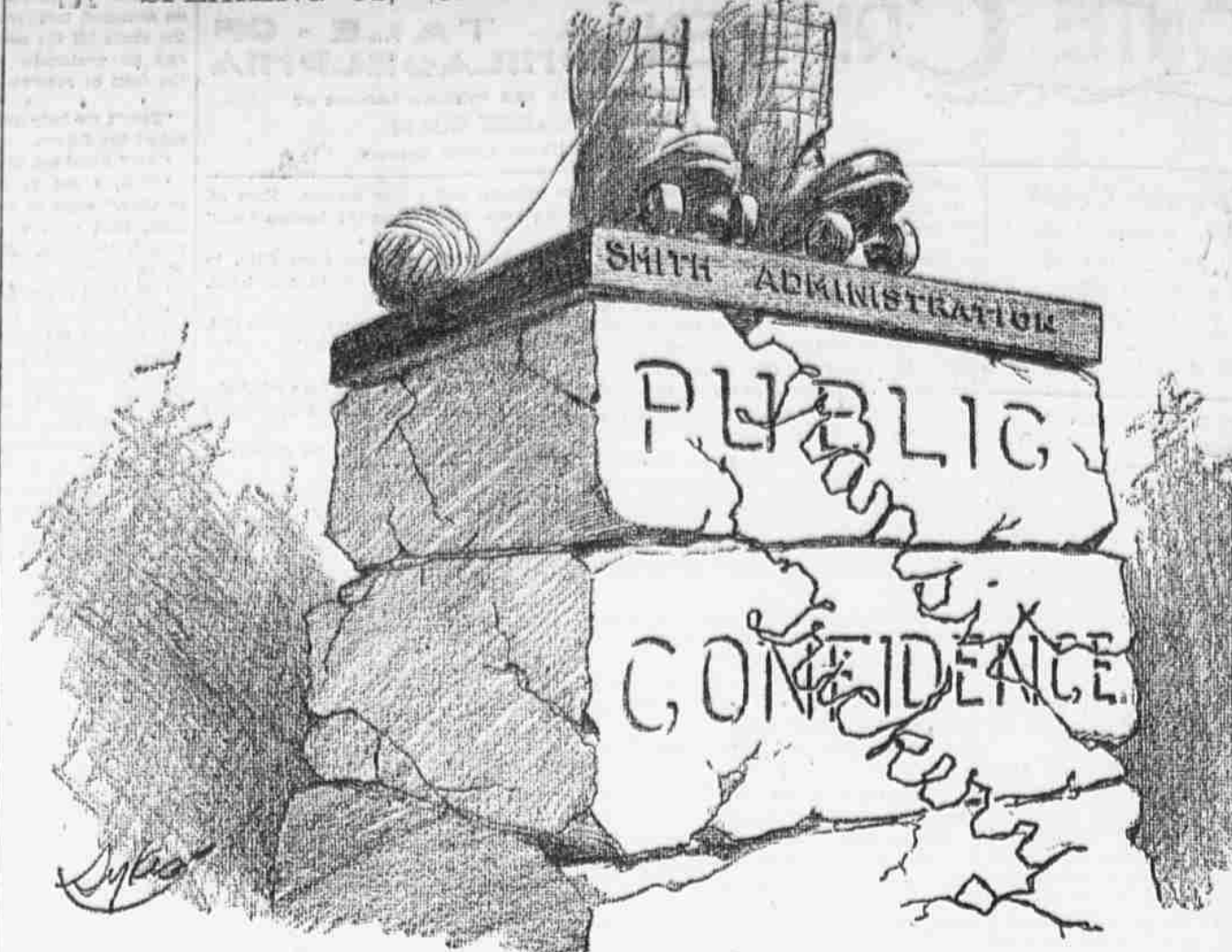
The Impossible Lover
 "I HAVE been married more years than I'd
 care to acknowledge over my real name,"
 writes Nan, "but sometimes I like to sit and
 think of the beaux I had. I call them up to
 pass in review before me, so that I may pin
 the zero on the most impossible one of the lot.
 Here's mine: His name was George. He used
 to sit in our parlor and look out the window,
 while I made talk. Occasionally, during a lull,
 a trolley-car would clang by the house and
 he would say: 'There goes another car, Nan.'
 Beyond an infrequent 'Yes' or 'No,' I'm sure he
 never said anything else. One night when he
 came to call I gradually shut off my flow of
 idle chatter. In the light of the street-lamp
 his face at the window grew ghastly. Sweat
 began to gem his brow. He fidgeted, he
 squirmed, he gulped, he mopped his brow.
 Finally he said: 'Feel kinder sick; guess I'll
 go home.' Then I remembered—the trolley-
 men were on strike and no cars had passed
 the house for hours! So I lost him."

Classifying Your Countrymen
 Every little while I go
 Where "It makes down rain or snow"
 And then I realize I'm treading
 The well-paved streets of Reading.
 Will Lou.

IT NEVER COULD HAPPEN.
 Samuel Johnson, colored, who had been a suf-
 ferer from insomnia.—Part of a news note.

"HOW," writes John Luther Long, with one
 foot in the trap, "how, I repeat"—strug-
 gling futilely—"how do you manage to get so
 many people"—here follows a violently vaillant
 but vain final struggle—"to work for you for
 nothing, including even me? My old friend,
 John Budd, trench digger (for gas pipe) once
 told the parish priest, who asked him to dig
 for the church, since he couldn't pay for the
 church, that he wouldn't. He said he hated to
 work for money, let alone for nothing."
 Yet he happened to know, intuitively, that this
 same J. L. L. has got more joy out of things
 he has written for nothing or next to nothing
 than from the plethoric royalties of his
 "Madame Butterfly." His "Felix" is the finest
 and the most colorful bit that any artist ever
 pulled out of Philadelphia's Little Italy.
 Signor maestro, to mi scappello!

SPEAKING OF "CRACKED FOUNDATIONS" AT CITY HALL



TYPOGRAPHICAL AND SO FORTH

A Discourse on Errors, With All Pos-
 sible Avoidance of Personalities.
 The Editor and Composer
 Defended

DEAR Reader, you may have noticed
 errors on this page. Do not think, how-
 ever, that they are the fault of the editors.
 Far from it. At least as far as the composing
 room. All errors are typographical. How
 could it be otherwise, now that handwritten
 copy is not permitted in any well-regulated
 newspaper establishment? By "typographi-
 cal" we do not refer to typewriters, but to
 linotype machines. "Typographical" means
 somebody else. It is a very convenient word.
 It is a nice, satisfactory word, burnished by
 much use. We are defining it as diplo-
 matically as possible, as we must send this
 manuscript through the composing room to
 be subjected to the tender mercies of the
 same. Indeed, we intend to present both sides
 of the case before we finish. We have no
 grudge against the composing room. The
 grudge seems to be the other way around.

For instance, we wrote an article the other
 day about health insurance. And what hap-
 pened? The next day we found ourselves
 referring in cold type to "this kind of
 nuisance." We didn't mean that at all. The
 composing room informed us that the phrase
 was written into the copy with a pencil. We
 don't remember about that. Perhaps it's
 just as well. Like as not the composing
 room will have us saying it's just as well.
 We are trying to put it on its metal. Ha! Ha!
 How's that? What will the intelligent com-
 positor do to that? Ha, ha, again.

Veritable Vagarioussness

It's very funny the way the composing
 room acts. Give it something hard and it
 pulls through with flying colors. Give it a
 gentle little grounder and it fumbles. When
 the Bulgarians demonstrate their skill by
 crossing the Dbrublaeszcscz, the compositor
 follows without the loss of a single consonant.
 You can see now for yourself. You don't
 miss anything, do you? No. Well, that's the
 way it goes. You take an ordinary battle
 and put it up to the aforementioned intelli-
 gent compositor and the product is like this:
 "The men fell in tanks and marched in pan-
 taloons to their final account."

The erudite writer speaks of the hale-and-
 heartyness of the old doge of Venice, and you
 read, "there was something likable in the
 old doge." The audience of the young
 preacher becomes "attractive" instead of
 "attentive." All kinds of complications are
 possible. The toastmaster, seeking to pay
 tribute to the "green old age" of the guest
 of honor, congratulates him on his "grim old
 age." Sometimes the perversities of the com-
 posing room are of considerable value. They
 improve the copy. An editorial writer, dis-
 cussing "the demonstrative joy" of a political
 convention, was corrected to the great
 advantage of Force and Clearness, if not of
 Elegance. His "joy"—and that of the con-
 vention—was turned into a "jag." He let it
 stay that way through all editions. Wise
 men, as Shakespeare says, "Sweet are the
 uses of perversity, which like the toad wears
 yet a precious jewel in his head."

Tricks of Type

All the foregoing examples are really harm-
 less tricks of type. "Tricks of type," do we
 say? Yes, we ought to leave personalities out
 of the case. You wouldn't find the intelligent
 compositor describing a social function, at
 which the guests were regaled with dainty ice,
 in such language as this: "The party's pants
 were repainted with dirty ink." Certainly
 not. We even suspect that undecipherable
 chirography had something to do with that.
 But the example rises out of the ranks of the
 harmless and shows us what awful crimes
 may be committed in the name of misprints.
 And when a music critic, much taken with the
 lover-like impetuosity of his singer, is forced
 to subscribe next day to the highest praise of
 "liver-like impetuosity," we doubt not he finds
 the ailment contagious. He is more helpless
 than that Western statesman of whom the
 headline writer wrote that he "takes obliga-
 tion," but of whom the types asserted that
 he "tends alligators." He, it may be sup-
 posed, canceled his subscription to the paper.

We were speaking of a music critic. There
 was once another and he wanted to tell the
 public about a meritorious rendition of Me-
 phistopheles. It was in the days of hand-
 written copy—who says the art of handwrit-
 ing has gone out? It wasn't in, quite a while
 ago. This critic of whom we speak described
 in print a "murderous rendition of Mr. Stroph-
 eles." That wasn't sacrilegious, however.
 The dear old PUBLIC LEDGER knew some years
 ago of the congressional resolution looking
 toward the insertion of the name of the deity
 in the Federal Constitution. You might have
 doubted it, nevertheless, if you had read of

the proposition to pay the same high honor to
 Mr. Deltz.

Not even the Bible is safe from typographi-
 cal errors. Anyway, there were centuries
 during which they crept, climbed and intruded
 into the fold. In the "Placemakers' Bible,"
 the ninth verse of the fifth chapter of
 Matthew reads as follows: "Blessed are the
 placemakers, for they shall be called the chil-
 dren of God." The "Unrighteous Bible" ex-
 claims, "Know ye not that the unrighteous
 shall inherit the Kingdom of God?" There
 were typographical errors in those days, and
 David posthumously and pathetically com-
 plained that "the printers (princes) have per-
 secuted me without a cause." It should have
 been Job.

We have drifted far from newspaperdom in
 this digression on the Bible, but have returned
 to it with the reference to Job. And didn't
 we promise, some paragraphs ago, to defend
 the composing room? For truly, as regards
 yourself, gentle reader, composing room and
 editorial department are in the same boat (or
 building, if you want to be precise). In con-
 clusion we therefore quote a little dissertation
 from the Toronto Republican:

Other Than Typographical

"Every week the paper—this paper or any
 other paper—has typographical errors; and
 there is always some one ready to laugh mirth-
 lessly over it and hold the paper up to scorn
 and say a blacksmith could do a better job
 with both hands tied, and proceed to bawl out
 the editor publicly. And the editor, being meek
 in spirit and lowly, grins a sun-grin as if he
 liked it, because he knows the utter futility
 of explaining. Then he goes back to the shop
 and bites a nail in two or eats a wooly word
 to relieve his feelings; and finally wonders
 how his tormentors would feel should he turn
 critic and point out the typographical errors,
 so to speak, in the make-up of the hilarious
 ones. Furrinstitute: Hon. Jehu Jinkins shaves
 himself, and last Sunday appeared at church
 with a patch of unsheaved whiskers under the
 angle of his jaw the size of a grown man's
 thumb! Sis Stiggins had her cat on crooked
 and the shoestring on her switch showed
 through what little real hair she has left. The
 undershirt of the Belle of the Village hung
 on one side a full inch below the bottom of
 her dress; Amri Toots, one of our best known
 city gents, walked down the aisle with a long
 raveling hanging in his coat tail; old Ebenezer
 Stone had blacked the front compartment of
 his shoes until he could see his reflection in
 them, and they bore traces and the odor of the
 barnyard. Billy B. Damm, who ordinarily
 doesn't give three whoops for anything and
 doesn't care who knows it, blushed a rosy red
 when, walking with his best girl, he produced
 a washrag from his pocket instead of his
 handkerchief; Miss Peacy Peacherino, who is
 risin' 35 and near-sighted, watched a kiss to a
 traveling man getting on the train under the
 impression that it was her brother, who de-
 parted from our midst on the same common
 carrier. As the poet remarked, we are all
 poor critters and prone to errors of make-up
 even as the sparks fly upward; and all good
 and true editors, instead of impaling the kit
 and bundle on his harpoon to get good and
 even once for all, will again next week smile
 his feeble sun-grin when he is publicly roared
 and let it go at that. An editor hasn't much
 sense, anyway. That's why he is an editor."

THE DILEMMA

If the country should become involved in war
 and a hostile fleet should approach American
 shores, the Panama Canal or any part of the
 New World, there would not be any board, com-
 mission or grand staff to make plans for meet-
 ing the attack.
 There is a general staff of the army, but
 there is no army.
 There is a navy, but there is no naval gen-
 eral staff.—Washington Post.

GENIUS ALWAYS BUSY

The man who knows what to do, when to do,
 how to do and has the grit to do is never seen
 presiding over a session of the Sons of Rest.—
 Houston Post.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

There never was a time when the argument
 for a tariff commission, and a real one, with
 real powers, at that, was so complete and over-
 whelming as it is now.—Washington Times.

Both in reference to the army and the navy
 the American people are thoroughly in earnest.
 Something more substantial than half measures
 of preparedness are needed.—Cleveland Plain
 Dealer.

In times of plenty prepare for scarcity and
 then scarcity will not come. Remember that
 extravagance is the sign of a weak character.
 One can better give away everything than buy
 everything.—Ohio State Journal.

There are numerous indications that knowl-
 edge of this country's weakness in military and
 naval power has caused other nations to violate
 our rights and to be regardless of the rights of
 our citizens.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Silver is coming into its own again, for there
 are a thousand millions of people that now
 have no gold currency, and who do not care
 for paper currency, and who will be glad to
 get the white metal to do business with.—
 Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered
 in this column. Ten questions, the answers
 to which every well-informed person should
 know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

1. Why is Pennsylvania called the "Keystone State?"
2. What is a "Utopian scheme?"
3. Was Mother Goose a real person or an imaginary character?
4. What was the origin of the word "Magnum?"
5. About where is Mason and Dixon's line?
6. Where is the Vatican?
7. What is the Koran?
8. Is there an Austrian Ambassador to