Evening Ledger

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FOR MARCH WAS 110,721. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

How happy is he born or taught, That serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill! -Sir Henry Wotton,

Seashore problem for tomorrow: Parade or

What if the Russians did capture 50,000 Turks, more or less? Now if they had been

A magazine critic says that the navy is not lacking in spirit. Then the grape-juice policy is a failure.

Von Bernstorff seems to be anxious to get the Von Igel papers. He has asked for them eight times, and has not received them yet. We have no desire to break with the

German Admiralty Staff, "would be insanity." The New York Sun is still engaged in the laudable but futile effort to remove the popular impression that witches were burned in

United States. That," said the chief of the

Our much criticised National Guardsmen may turn out to be our "thin red line of heroes when the band begins to play." They're on their toes.

For the moment the weather prospects for tomorrow displace all other important subjects in the thinking of about one-half of the population.

It is nearly a year since the Lusitania was sunk, and the Naval Affairs Committee of the House has got its shipbuilding bill in shape to be printed! International affairs had to wait while the

President came to Philadelphia to see his newest granddaughter before she got out of reach in the wilds of New England. If Washington statesmen are foolish enough

to discuss Government secrets over the telephone, they should not be surprised to learn that some one has been listening. If a man goes on the bond of the contractor

who is building his house, who will reimburse aim when the contractor defaults? Perhaps the Mayor can answer this pertinent question? The die is cast. Brumbaugh and Penros

will fight it out for the election of their rival sets of presidential delegates. The fight will involve many issues-every issue, in fact, except the Presidency. The man who held up and robbed a con-

tractor of a gold watch and \$60 must be out of his senses. He doesn't know the rules of the game. Being a contractor is so much almpler. There is more than one meaning in Demo-

cratic Committeeman Norman E. Mack's intoresting remark, "I think that either Hughes or Roosevelt will be satisfactory to the Democrats." As an opponent? Or for a change? A Philadelphia millionaire has paid \$600,000 for an antique tapestry. Many a son of a

New York millionaire has spent more than that in the futile occupation of working ason embroideries on the curtains of the Men growl at the sight of their wives' ery and dressmaking bills. But men grabbed all the front seats at the Philadel-

phia-made fashion show on the Million Dollar Pier-to see whather they got their money's worth? It does not matter whether the Russian troops in France started from Vladivostock or Archangel. The important fact for the Ger-

mans to note is that they have landed at Mar-

es in large numbers, and that more are Bankers are unanimous in asserting that this country would have money enough and to spare in the event of war. It was an old superstition that a silver bullet was an atible offensive against all the powers, even those of darkness. Do the bankers a that we shall have painty of silver for such experiments in lieu of the customary

Bryan is doubtless right when he says that permany could be permaded to arbitrate the aring question-provided the arbitration should be postponed till the end of the war. withing would please the Kalser's Ministers better. Anything that would permit them to continue their worthre upon merchant shipsing would be agreeable to them. But that is not what we are seeking. Mr. Bryan's efforts persuade Congress that it alone has the right to declare war may produce a different alt from that which he intends. It was grees and not the President which was analous to make war upon Spain, and it had by held back for three months until ammue, who is the most noted futiliturian of time, has apparently begun another of his

There is something paculiarty atrocteus in distill of a boy of different from an over-

in many ways, but the drug-flend is more than naturally cunning in evading laws. In some of his methods he employs the repute and the authority of physicians, and it is not surprising to learn that in following a clue the special agents of the Government discovered an enormous number of prescription blanks issued by licensed physicians in this city. Every authority, of the Federal, State and city government, should spend its last energies in the destruction of a trade so obnoxious to human feelings. It is pitiable that not even their supreme efforts can eradicate the original evil, which is the habit itself.

PROPER USE OF WEALTH

Americans, righ beyond the traditions of a mythic Crossus, are disposing of the vast wealth in a noble and laudable manner. There is current a dominant tendency on the part of stewards of great fortunes to use their riches for large and useful public

So NUMEROUS and notable have the items of American philanthropy been in recent years that such a gift as that made a while ago by the General Education Board passes with a few inconspicuous lines in the newspapers. Yet it was for a sum exceeding two and a half millions of dollars. By its provisions the clinical service at Johns Hopkins, Yale and Washington Universities will be reorganized on a full-time basis—that is, the members of the medical and surgical facultles will devote all their time to clinics and teaching and not be compelled to supplement their incomes by general practice.

The American public has become accustomed to the generosity of thought and to the magnitude of such gifts. Yet less than 100 years ago, when James Smithson endowed the Federal institution that bears his name in the sum of \$500,000 "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," the world marveled at the greatness of the sum. It was the precursor of the tendency of individuals to devote their private resources to public purposes. Girard followed with his great benefaction. Homes, colleges, art galleries, parks, orchestras, hospitals and numberless other enterprises have since been reared or cared for by American philanthropists. Their work may be called peculiarly American, since they provide out of a private purse what is in older countries most often a matter of State subvention. Where Smithson wrote in hundreds of thousands they write in millions, and where his devotion was to the propaganda of wisdom, theirs includes interest in health and cheer, art and science, education and mercy-in a word, in progressive humanitarianism, which, after all, is the best definition of civilization.

A statistician, with the data in hand to confirm his statement in impressive figures, tells us that during 1915 the bequests contributed or distributed for the advancement of education, the progress of religion, the nourishing of charity and the amelioration of the race in America alone ran to half a billion dollars. This does not include all the money subscribed to war relief funds, which would add other millions if recorded.

We may be, as foreign commentators sometimes assert, a sordid, money-grabbing, moneygrubbing race, sunk in materialism. But none of the critics sets forth a record to outmeasure that of America, made up of great sums and small sums. The statistics quoted do not take into account bequests of less than \$10,000, and these are many. Such hostile charges are as unintelligent as they are unwarranted. They fall utterly in contrast with the endowments associated with the names of Crittenton, Mills, Sage, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Phipps, Carson and others of the recent past. And that these are no new manifestation is proved by the annals of the past, luminous with the names of John Harvard, Stephen Girard, Peabody, Peter Cooper, Pratt, Isaiah Williamson, James B. Colgate and others.

Men of immeasurable means have, in our ought that they are the stewards of great wealth; that opulence is not theirs to have and to hold altogether for selfish aggrandizement. The names of these philanthropists will endure, not because, recognizing that landed estates and treasures of the earth cannot be transported across the bourne, they gave grudgingly something of no longer use, but because as fellows to humanity they regarded as kin other men and women less fortunate, considered their needs and gave largely out of a heart of cheerfulness and loving kindness.

The modern American millionaire now assumes the roles of an Aesculapius, a Maecenas, a St. Anthony of Padua, a St. Francis of Assisi. By their generous benefactions and their quickened spirit education has been diffused, culture has been broadened, science has been sustained for more expensive research, knowledge has been more widely extended and the hands of charity have been more bountifully replenished. Whatever their faults and however many, whatever their limitations of intellect or of spirit-and they are fallible like the rest of humanity—the possessors of great wealth have come more and more to the utilization of their riches for the public service and general weal. More and more they are regarding private fortunes as public trusts.

THERE IS A JAPANESE QUESTION

THE visit of the Japanese Ambassador to 1 President Wilson yesterday serves to remind those who were in danger of forgetting it that there is a Japanese question as well as a Mexican and a German question.

In the immigration bill before Congress the Japanese are included with the Hindus under the regulations restricting the entrance of aliens. This is not pleasing to the Japanese. They desire to be admitted on equal terms with the European races, even to the extent of obtaining citizenship. It will be easy to change the wording in the bill so as to remove the objections raised by Viscount Chinda. But it will not be so sasy to meet the issue which will be raised in the future when Japan prepares to denounce the gentleman's agreement under which the immigration of coolies is forbidden. That was but a temporary arrangement entered into to ease the strain growing out of California land legislation. It leaves the whole question of the status of the Japanese in the United States to be settled at some future time.

Japan is the only nation that has demanded the right of naturalization for its citizens. The other nations have insisted that their citizens could not forewear their allegiance. But we have insisted to the contrary from the beginning, because if this vast territory were to be populated when the country was young, men and women had to come here from other countries. We have fought many a diplomatic battle over their right to change their allegiance. We have persuaded the British to admit our contention, but some of the other Powers still insist that their nationals cannot absolve themselves from obligations to their native country. It will take diplomatte skill of the highest offer to prevent a serious break with Japan when The Barrious and her will affective | for her maticuals.

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET.

through neice to neio;

An' so today I told the boy that sometimes helps me: "Joe,

our mind." Then Joe said: "That'll just be fine an' when we're through today,

So when it comes a Saturday we'll have more time to play."

him shirk, But he's the kind o' fellow that is tidy in his

apprile. I bet when he was runnin' round, a teeny little kild.

He never jammed his pockets up with junk the way I did-

Joe. An' didn't we just stir things up an' make the

bunch of cuts, An' slugs o' type, old envelopes, a pipe an' two old butts.

chucked the things away Before I seen what he was at or had a word

from Dave McKay, Whose paster, Dr. J. L. Scott, had bought it

acemed to be To slip an' burn his shirt fronts-so he gave

the thing to me.) Well, anyhow, Joe took the letters, notes an' other stuff

good or bad. But here I've piled the stuff that you admit to pretty sad:

my voice to say,

Then Joe got mad. "Look here," he said, "you make me sick an' sore!

hours an' more An' here this dash-dinged goldern desk's no

Hereafter when it's Saturday an' all my work is through I'm gona walk on Chestnut street an' see

We are reminded by J. C. that we neglected give the answers to "Bunty's" two anagrams.

Here they are: T. R. and G. O. P. at fore. You ken award— "Fear God and Take Your Own Part." T. R. a stiff? Yes—Safety first.

doan' know me? I'se Joe Brown's remnants.'

With Greetings to Wally Smith

little "flower of the mind" is too large to fit into our Saturday garden; we're sorry, for we'd like to oblige Wally Smith, the author. who is himself a crumpled flower, shut in and cabined, but apparently as bright and cheery as any wildling of the fields. Which reminds lets lately and it's becoming that we should mention one, which is the sweetest we know, though it isn't perfect in form. It is H. C. Bunner's

The merriment of a Scot is intellectual and has nothing to do with knocking off hats—which seems to be the idea of many from Dartmouth to Demarara. Where will you Dartmouth to Demarara. Where will you find a merrier one than Andrew Carnegie? or Harry Lauder? or Baille Nicoll Jarvie? 'Apel I'm a weaver. An' hoo do ye like my shuttle?' That was the Baillie's reply with a red hot poker in his hand to the Hleian chieftain who twitted him on his homely and humble occurred. humble occupation—as compared with a war rior with philiabeg and dirk.

S PEAKING of oddities of Chinese literature, says E. V. Wentsell, here's a business

We beg to notify that we, the above signed, have the General Establishments in Szechuen and Northern province, Kančiu & Shen-Si, and are accustomed to go to the interior barts of such province, in purchasing the best selected Rhubard, & Geats skin, and many others which cannot be found so good leaving these places.

Surely as we wish us to be well-known to doth Chinese and Foreigners, we pay great attention in executing them exceedingly perfect. If any customer desires to make a trial of our goods, we hope that, upon examination and comparison, he will be paid nothing to complain of, and our words stated adove can be thus believed.

Tol ZUNG CHANG.

The Indoor Sport

Quary Column yesterday.



Whenever it's a Saturday an' all my work is I like to walk on Chestnut street an' see what

This deak o' mine had ought to been cleaned

up some time ago, It ought to only take us 'bout a half an hour

Let's jump right in an' do it, Joe, an' after that we'll find

Real joy in our half-holiday with nothin' on

And get the deak cleaned, let's resolve to keep the thing that way,

It ain't that Joe's unwillin', for I never seen

Well, anyhow we started in to hustle, me and

dust fly, though! First thing he picked out all the books an' stood 'emsin a row On top the desk; an' then he gathered up a

An' stood right there before my eyes and

to say! (I got the pipe back, though. It was a gift

over-sea To give to Dave, but David found its weakness

An' made me sort 'em out for him until I yelled: "Enough!" "Now, here," he sez, "in this here pile, please note an' don't forget,

Is sixty-'leven letters that you haven't answered yet, An' here is matter from contribs that may be

I'll throw all that away!" "Oh, no!" I found

"Just leave it in that corner there, against a rainy day."

I've worked upon this silly job for three long

better'n before! An' here's a little plain, straight talk I want to hand to you:

what news is new!"

JOE BROWN was just a "no-'count niggah." Some months ago another dark gentleman, equipped with a non-Gillette, waltzed into Joseph and completely ruined him. A few days ago his widow applied to a former mistress for work. The lady didn't recognize her. "Why, Miss Maria," excaimed the widow, hurt and surprised, "how come yo'

WE HAVE before us a bit of poetic prose about a wonderful biossom which might very well become the national flower. This We've been running a good deal to trio-

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE

A pitcher of mignonette In the tenement's highest casement, Queer sort of flower-pot, yet That pitcher of mignonette Was a garden in Heaven set, To the little sick child in the basement. pitcher of mignonette In the tenement's highest casement

VOU remember what Charles Lamb said I about the Scotch? You do? We've forgotten; but it wasn't complimentary and we can't subscribe to it. But we do know that they're keen for an argument. He'e comes McTavish complaining of our language,

"G'wan with you" says he. "'D means 'sulky' and 'sair' means 'sore.' neither sore nor sulky."

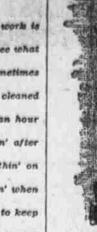
circular I cherish:

TSI ZUNG CHANG HONG Dealer in Rhubarb and Goats Skin.

We beg to notify that we, the above signed,

THE EUNG CHANG.

Probably you didn't notice this in the



OUR SHAKESPEARE; MIRACLE-MYSTERY

Why We Remember the Pride of the World 300 Years After His Death-He Knew Life and Loved It

IT IS a miracle all by itself that tomorrow, three hundred years after the death of a man who did nothing for the world but assemble words for actors to recite, a celebration should take place in his honor. Perhaps in the trenches nothing will happen, but England and Germany will pay respect to the same poet and France and Italy will honor him. He invented no system of efficiency and no modern appliance descends from his work. We should have trolleys and motors and artificial butter and patent medicines-all the comforts of civilization-if William Shakespeare had never lived. And yet, we remember him.

Mysterious are all the ways of genius, but this puzzle can be solved. We remember Shakespeare today because, if we may risk a paradox. Shakespeare has never forgotten us. He knew about us three hundred years ago. and in the strange fantastic empires he built out of impalpable poetry, he gave us a place. Not the artisans of Rome, but the motorman of the 52d street crosstown line and the soda dispenser of the downtown department drug store, crowded in the streets and hastened to the Lupercal to see Antony thrice present a kingly crown to Julius Caesar. Not the gossips and the townsfolk of London, but the tailors and the shopkeepers of South and West and North and East Philadelphia, are mentioned by Hubert when he describes the death of young Arthur in King John:

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus, The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, With open mouth swallowing a tailor's new Who, with his shears and measure in his hand, Standing on slippers, which his nimble Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet, Told of a many thousand warlike French That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent: Another lean unwash'd artificer Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

The smith, the tailor, the underfed, slovenly workman were all the creatures of Shakespeare's own time. He had seen them in Stratford and in the byways of London. Others had seen and written them down. He, above all, had taken them first to his heart. He knew that the tailor was inclined to skimp his cloth, that the smith drove a hard bargain, that, in all probability, the artificer beat his wife. He cared tremendously about these things, but he cared more for the people themselves. He condoned their frailties, because he loved their goodness.

He Loved His Fellow Men

We think of Shakespeare, and there comes over us a feeling not of awe-that comes later -not of wisdom, not of art, but of the overwhelming kindness of the man. He loved us, and his love could extend to the lowest and the highest of us. Poor tortured Othello and lage, more black than the man he betrayed, and bloody Shylock and the mad, unhappy Lear, all could find place in the great firm arms of his imagination. We look through the centuries for another lover of humanity with a heart so great. It was not Balzac, who may have seen as clearly, but who did not love enough. It was not Boccaccio, who laughed too long; nor Scott, nor Dante, who hated too bitterly. We think of Cervantes, the blessed Spaniard who died, it is said, on the same day as Shakespeare, and we think of Charles Dickens.

With Dickens we really come to a key to the mystery of Shakespeare. At first it may come as a shock, but the truth is that Dickens always and Shakespeare never pitied human kind. There is no pity in Shakespeare, because where love is so great there is no room for lesser emotions. There is no weeping over Hamlet's dead body, no lamentation when distraught Lady Macbeth is no more. Over the mad foolishness of the world, its meaningless tragedies, its wanton cruelties, he could weep. But the stuff of men and women was too precious to him. He did not want humanity to be anything but what it was. He never inflicted on it the condescending indignity of

He remembered us, our weaknesses and our ambitions and our glowing possibilities, and we remember him because he was preoccupied as we are, with the twin fatalities of life, with love and death. Emerson has said that the passages for which we admire Shakespeare most were never quoted until the baginning of the nineteenth century. We know that in an age given over to trivial and artificial lives Shakespeare was rewritten and "improved" for the stage. But with the French Revolution and the great sweep of emotions which followed there arose again a sense of the individual, of his importance (if only to himself), of his precious spirit. We recognize a kloship between our age said that of Elizaboth. We have the same glory and joy in life, we know that "life is gierious and love a lovery thing." New worlds of thought are opening before us us now while of spans

were thrown open to the men of Shakespeare's time. In moments of the highest excitement there are few things men can think about, and with Shakespeare, no matter how many other things crowd in, the thoughts are usually centred on love and death.

RESURGAM

You mention Shakespeare's plays, and at once the great tragedies come to mind: "Othello," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Romeo and Juliet," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" (which may be called a tragi-comedy), and far behind a few of the pure comedies. When Leo Tolstoy accused Shakespeare of being bloodthirsty and violent, he was stating a moral objection not against art but against humanity. We think, in this list, not of the wild deaths, but of the noble lives; only in some of the historical tragedies is death the dominant note. Even the hot voluptuousness of "Antony and Cleopatra" dies out in the cold nobility of the Queen's dying words:

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me; now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall meist this lip.

Nature's Greatest Gift to Mankind It was a poet of a later age that spoke of love "from death's own eyes." With Shakespeare death can be seen from the eyes of love. The great agony of Macbeth's cry when he learns that his lady is dead, "She should have died hereafter," gives place to a vision of the world, black with tragedy, sorrowful, but always noble:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time, And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle The way to dusty death.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player.

That struts and frets his hour upon the sta That struts and frets his hour upon the And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing. We cannot say that Shakespeare thought so of life, because he is always a dramatist,

making the words of his players appropriate them. But we know that if Macbeth speaks the last word on life he does not speak the last word on Shakespeare. If life is meaningless. there will always be the genius who will go below the changing surface of the sea and show us the placid depths, who will make its meaning clear. He may do it by the clearness of his vision, by the art with which he records what he has seen, by his own thinking on what the meaning may be. Poets there have been who have

combined a divine love so great that we cannot even understand its beginnings. That is why he was nature's greatest gift to mankind. G. V. S. A REUNITED PARTY—HOW TO GET IT

used one, or all, of these methods. There is

no mystery about them. The mystery and the

miracle of Shakespeare is that with these he

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—Announcement has been made that Mayor Smith and Senators McNichol and Vare held a conference for the purpose of securing harmony in the party. This "harmony" conference is due to the cowardice of both factions. Each is afraid the other side will win, and rather than either should win both sides are anxious to quit the fight for the personal and political benefit of each, neither caring any more for the public welfare than that "the public be Therefore, in the interest of decence and honor and the public good. I suggest a har-mony conference of four delegates from each side, with Senator Philander C. Knox as the ninth member and chairman of the confere For the State organization I suggest Senator Penrose, John Wanamaker, Alba B. Johnson and Colonel John C. Gribbel. For the State administration. Governor Brumbaugh. Mayor Smith, Senator William J. Burke, of Pittsburgh. and Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, of Altoona Whatever result such a conference reached rould command respect and would be confirmed to the people. JOHN W. FRAZIER. Philadelphia, April 19.

PREPARATION OF LEATHER

In the preparation of enameled leather a foun-dation coat of lampblack mixed with lineed oil has been laid on the flesh side since the infancy of the industry in Europe. Successive coats of this mixture are applied, the skin being allowed to dry and the surface ground down with pumice stone after each coat. Then the skins are blackened again with a fluid black mixed with turpentine and hung up to dry again. After the skins have been allowed to settle, being laid in a till for about a month's time or longer to a pile for about a month's time, or longer if possible, the leather is tacked on to a frame and given a brush coat of varnish. A baking follows in an oven of moderate heat. The temperature is gradually raised and the baking continued three days. Exposure to the sun for 10 hours completes the process.

LIFE LET US CHERISH

Life let us cherish While yet the taper glows, And the fresh flow ret Pluck ere it close Why are we fond of toll and care,

Why choose the rankling thern to And beedlessly by the lily stray, Which blossoms on our way? When cloud obscure the atmosphe And forked gainings rend the air. The sun resumes his sliver crest. And smiles adorn the west. The genial seasons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we quit this shore, Contentment seek; it is life's sest; The sunshine of the breast. Away with ev'ry toil and care, And sense the rankling thorn to wear, With markel hearts life a conflict meet, Till death sounds the retreat

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

2. Where is Golgotha?
3. What is the so-called "Osler dead line"?
4. What is meant by "sterling silver"? 5. What is the composition of pewter? Name three of the most prominent characters in "The Idylls of the King"?

I. Who is the Viscount Chinda?

7. Is the sponge an animal or a vegetable? What is meant by guerrilla warfare?
 On what occasion was the phrase "England expects every man to do his duty" expressed?

10. What two colors when mixed make green? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Ex-officio means "by virtue of his office." The Governor, for example, is ex-officio Pres-ident of the University of Pennsylvania

trustees. 2. By a "Parthian shot" is meant an aggressive action taken as one is about to retreat or acknowledge defeat.

3. The rose is the national flower of England.

 Nuffileation: the doctrine that a State could suspend the enforcement of a Federal law.
 A republic is a State in which there is no hereditary ruler, and which is governed by a part or all of the people; a democracy is a republic governed by all the people.

6. The Spanish Armada, in 1588. 7. Brass is an alloy of copper and rine, 8. A siege gun which lobs projectiles on a high

curve. 9. Jane Austen. 10. There is no local self-government in Washington, D. C.. The municipal government is vested in three commissioners, appointed

by the President.

British Railroad Speed Editor of "What Do You Know"-Is it not true that railroad trains in this country are much faster than in England? Can you men-tion any records that would give a basis of

comparison? ELLIS. British railroad service is quite as speedy as American. A Great Western train in 1904 made trip from London to Bristol, 118,5 miles, hour and 24 minutes—84.6 miles an hour. Pennsylvania train ran 257.4 miles in 1905 3 hours and 27 minutes-74.5 miles an hour A trip was made over the Pennsylvania from Camden to Atlantic City, in 1895, at the rate of

76.5 miles an hour.

"Warm Sy.amer Sun" Editor of "What Do You Know"-Replying to inquiry concerning "Shine Kindly Here" in the Evening Ledger, on the modest block of marble which designates the last resting place of Mark Twain's wife, in Woodlawn Cemel Elmira, N. Y., the author had inscribed following little verse, which many of his admirers consider the most beautiful of all his

writings: Warm summer sun, shine kindly here: Warm southern wind, blow softly here; Green sod above, lie light, lie light;

Good-night, dear heart, good-night, good-night, SANFORD OMENSETTER.

Some Automobile Statistics Editor of "What Do You Know"-Can you tell ms (1) about what the motorcar production for 1915 is expected to be, (2) how many motor vehicles were sold last year, (3) the estimated value of the exports of compercial vehicles last year and (4) the amount of pasoline consumed annually by automobiles in this country?

LEWIS. (3) It is expected that the motorcar production for 1916 will exceed 1,200,000. (2) There were about 892,618 motor vehicles sold during 1915. (2) The commercial exports were valued at about \$63,000,000. (4) About \$80,000,000 gallons of gasoline are used annually.

Origin of Bediam

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Is the in-sane asylum in England officially known as "Bedlam," or is that a corruption of some other word? How was the place founded. E. L. D. "Bediam" is the corruption in popular speech for "Bethlehem," the asylum referred to having been called the Hospital of Saint Mary of Beth-lehem and later Bethlehem Hospital. It is in lehem and later Bethlehem Hospital. It is in Southwark, London. It was originally founded in Bishopsgate Street Without, in 1246, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the Sheriffs of London, as "a priory of canons with brethren and sisters." When the religious houses were suppressed by Henry VIII this one fell into the possession of the corporation of London, which converted it into an asylum. It was rebuilt in 1875 and 1814 and extended in 1828.

Mails to the Far East

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Will you kindly tell me how long it would take for a letter to reach Shanghai by steamship and about how far it is from here?

J. S. T.

Postal route to Shanghai by way of Vancouver is 9920 miles and 25 days, and by way of London. 14,745 miles and 37 days.

The Kaiser's Number

Editor of "What Do You Khow"—I read
somewhere recently about the "Kaiser's number" corresponding to that of the beast in Revelation. Can you tell me how that number was

elation. Can you tell me how that number was worked out?

It was found that by a curious coincidence the letters in the word "Kaiser" could be thus adapted to numbers: There are six letters in the word. Put this six after the number that each letter corresponds to in counting through the alphabet. "K" is the eleventh letter, so write "11" and tack on the "8," muking 118. The "a" is the first letter, so you got 18 far that. In this way the numbers 116, 16, 16, 124, 56 and 186 are obtained. Add them all together and you got 666. This is the number of the beast referred to in Revelation, ziii, 18: "Reso is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast. For it is the number of a man and his number is six hundred threeseers and six."