

Public Ledger Company

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President... CHAS. H. COOPER, Vice President... PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

Treada doth never prosper what's the reason? Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

General Obregon says that Villa is not dead; but we knew it before.

It was easy for Roosevelt to write "The Winning of the West," but can he do it?

Shakespeare may have lived the life of a dog, but he wrote the language of princes.

As a philosopher once remarked, "They ought not to kill those poor fellows in Ireland; they ought to feed 'em."

If things turn out as they should, the war in Europe will be ended just in time for the expert trench diggers to get jobs on the Broad street subway.

Some of those correspondents in El Paso are exhibiting sufficient class to warrant their being drafted for big league service on the European battlefields.

People who are opposing an increase in the army because of the expense have spent \$250,000 on fool telegraphic messages to Congress protesting against war.

Sir Roger Casement, who planned to finish his life as an American citizen when the war was over, is likely to have it finished for him in a less agreeable manner.

A Denver man has devised a scheme for taking the scent out of gasoline. He would be hailed as a greater hero, however, if he could take a few cents out of the price.

If the managers of the Indoor Horse Show could get the presidential dark horses to go through their paces in public the Third Regiment Army would be crowded to the doors.

Ambassador Morgenthau raised the sneers of war for the last Democratic campaign. He is not going back to Turkey, for the time is approaching when more sneers are needed at home.

That taxicab driver who is planning to run against Congressman Vare might have better chances of success if he had gained his political experience on the front seat of an asheurt or a jitney.

The Kaiser summoned Ambassador Gerard to the front to discover whether Uncle Sam means what he says. He could have found out more easily by telephoning to the American Embassy in Berlin.

General Wood qualified as an epigrammatist as well as an anti-militarist when he said to an audience of civilians that the American soldiers do their best to get themselves out of the trouble that the American people get them into.

Governor McCall has vetoed the bill amending the fire laws of Boston so as to permit the erection of a wooden tabernacle for "Billy Sunday. He is evidently indifferent to the Sunday votes in Trenton, Baltimore, Syracuse, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Director Wilson denies that the police are in politics, but he says that he never believed that a man holding office should be forbidden to take an active part in a political organization. Even a man unable to pass a civil service examination can understand what this means.

Bets show which way the wind blows much more accurately than straw votes. In Washington the sporting men are betting even on Hughes; but they demand odds of three to one on Roosevelt, eight to one on Burton, ten to one on Root and Cummins, five hundred to one on Ford and one thousand to one on du Pont.

When the Governor of Indiana appointed Thomas Taggart to the Senate the Democracy of the State could shift the blame on him. Now that the Democracy has formally nominated Taggart for election to fill out the term of the late Senator Shively, it must face the ignominy that attaches to the endorsement of one of the worst machine politicians in the whole country. His name was smirched by the Terre Haute scandals, and when the Grand Jury investigated conditions in Indianapolis he was indicted for election frauds. The indictment was later dismissed for lack of evidence; but the action of the court did not clear the reputation of the former chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Whether he is personally guilty of election frauds or not does not affect the situation. He stands for the worst in American politics. If the Republicans of Indiana do not embrace the opportunity presented to nominate a clean and upright statesman to run against him, the decent citizens of the State will have only themselves to blame for the humiliation of their Commonwealth.

There has been so much misunderstanding about what happened in Mexico in the closing days of President Taft's Administration that Mr. Knox did a public service when he set forth the facts in his Grant's birthday speech in Pittsburgh. He reminded his hearers that the revolt against Madero was followed by his forced resignation on February 19, 1913. Madero was succeeded, under the Mexican constitution, by Pedro Lascurain, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Lascurain appointed Huerta as Minister of War on the same day and thus resigned the presidency; and Huerta succeeded,

in accordance with the rule of succession laid down in the laws. Huerta was a constitutional President. It was not until three days later that Madero was killed. The Taft Administration entered into correspondence with the Huerta Government to discover what assurances it could give that it could maintain itself and observe the rules of international comity. While the negotiations were in progress his term of office expired and the Wilson Administration came into power. Every one knows what followed. Mr. Wilson refused to have anything to do with Huerta and used all his influence to starve him out and to force his withdrawal. He even went so far as to demand that Huerta hold an election to choose his successor. The outcome has not been satisfactory to the United States, and it is doubtful if Mr. Wilson himself is pleased with the result.

GERMANY'S TRIUMPH

Germany has triumphed. In the field the decision is still to come. In forcing her enemies and neutrals to accept her ideas, even when those ideas were against the nature of the country, Germany has won a victory. But there are some things in the German ideal which America will never assimilate.

An American, returned from a year's relief work in Belgium, was speaking of the animosity of neutrals against Germany. He had not met in devastated Belgium such rancor and such bitterness. The poise and heroism of the Belgians he found wanting in America, and he attributed what he called our "snarling" at Germany to nothing but fear. "Why don't you stop yelping about the Huns and the barbarians," he asked, "and confess that Germany has beaten not only the Allies, but you? I don't mean on the field. Heaven knows, I know little enough about that. But she has forced her ideas on her enemies and she has forced them upon you. That is why you hate her." As in the case of many general statements, there is much in this, but there is not everything in it. It is true that the malignity of noncombatants is sharper than that of those actually engaged. Lincoln suffered from it intensely in the Civil War, and the men in command no suffer from it. It is also true that Germany has forced her ideas upon her enemies. To such an extent is this true that if victory should come to the Allies it will be through and because of their thorough appreciation of German ideas of warfare. Military efficiency is not yet so fully developed in France and England as it is in Germany, but it is sufficiently developed to meet a two-months' attack upon Verdun without a break. Trench warfare, understood in every detail by the Germans before the war broke out, was mastered by the Allies in six months. In the mastery of artillery fire the French are said to surpass the Germans. In discipline the Germans are still wonderfully advanced.

But it is hardly true that Americans hate certain things about Germany because they fear her. The terror and threat of a Germanic invasion, a physical seizure of our goods and lands, is not so effective as it was a year ago. Nor is proud America likely to fear that Germany's efficiency will undo her commercially. The truth is that there are features of Germanic life, the life which is officially imposed upon the people, which cannot appeal to Americans. Loosely those features are summed up in the word "efficiency," but that efficiency is something far different from the industrial speeding up which is practiced in America.

Apologists for Germany have not been slow in pointing out that her enemies accuse her of barbarism and of Kultur at the same time. To them it is blowing hot and blowing cold with the same breath, a process which may seem illogical, but is quite within the capabilities of humanity. The essence of German Kultur is its intense devotion to an ideal of living which is so merciless that simple-minded people cannot bear it. The German ideal of mental and social and physical efficiency is looking at the sun without dark glasses. It can be done, but, as some one has said, after looking at the sun you cannot see that the grass is green.

That is why Germany, in which philosophers take their cues from politicians and grand opera is an affair of State, cannot see that it is inhuman to ask for a man's genealogy before giving him a library card. A man of science who develops synthetic camphor is often forgetful of the fact that little children do not care for camphorated oil. Yet the triumph of Germany has been so complete that it is actually held by some people that the production of synthetic camphor is a more important activity than the love of little children. It is seriously suggested that Germany is so successful because there the State is everything, and to meet such a success citizens, the world over, must transform themselves into cogs in an enormous wheel. Of course, the wheel will be so well oiled that each cog will slip through its work without stress or strain. In a country which has been the stronghold and the justification of the highest type of individual effort publicists and politicians speak unblushingly of the socialization of industry as something inevitable, and when taxed are willing to admit that the socialization of living means, for now, as it has for some time, that is the climax.

As indeed it must. That is the climax of Germany's victory. England fights her calls her brutally bureaucratic, riddled with "officialdom," tyrannical and inhuman, and England is compelled, step by step and reluctantly, to do what Germany did in the grand manner and with a sense of her destiny. To the French the German idea that one can systematize life and make it productive and profitable is a heresy. The French idea is that if you live well it is quite enough. And the tragedy is that in France, too, and even before the war, German ideals are conquering.

They are conquering, but they will not conquer in the end. The war has made some things clear, and one of the first is that those who are struggling against the new domination must at least adopt its methods. You may fight a wild fire with fire, but if there is in the city an incendiary who fires now this, now that section, you must fight his fires with all the energy and all the system that he uses in starting them. We who stand against the heretical ideal may safely adopt its forms. Then we shall be better understood and it will be more sure to win in the end and to keep what good there is in the thing we have destroyed.

The whole phenomenon is not new. At the time of the Inquisition Spain was trying to impose the ideal of a highly specialized culture on nations which fought against her. Republican Rome made the same attempt. The world very properly hates to be made better and more efficient, because it loves the fleapots of ease, and there remains in mankind a little of the wildness and the glory of the forest out of which it has come. It is true that Germany has cleaner streets and better old-age pensions and superior eye works. What we cannot forgive is that they seem to have been bought with very precious coins.

For efficiency is a strange god, which demands not humility, but pride. And pride is a sin which humanity cannot tolerate.

Tom Day's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET Whenever it's a Saturday an' all my work is through, I like to walk on Chestnut street an' see what news is new; But oftentimes, these days, it seems this fickle April weather Has plumb stopped up my nose for news an' spoiled it altogether. At any rate it don't smell out no interestin' item Nor gossip o' the town the way I always like to write 'em; Seems like there's something in the air appears to sort of deaden The interest in common things an' make 'em dull an' leaden. I can't exactly just explain what's runnin' in my mind, But when I walk on Chestnut street these Saturdays I find A kind of unreality in everything I see, As if the thing was tuieted 'round from what it ought to be. For instance, now if I should write that I had chanced to meet With "Dr. Jimmy Wister and umbrella" on the street, Nobody'd care a snap for that; but now if I could say "Doc Wister had a fishin' rod on Chestnut street today" Our folks'd call that news indeed an', mebbe, so would he, An' Jiminee! it seems to me that's how it ought to be, An' when in Lupton Broomell's hand I see a little racket I feel I ought to make it groiv an' do a tennis racket. When Joe Domat's small errand boy emerges from the store (Whence Joe himself rushed ballparkward an hour or two before) Delivering to some stylish guy a walking stick and hat, I'd like to make those articles a fielder's glove an' bat. In fact, the news on Chestnut street it surely seems to me, These lovely springtime Saturdays ain't what it ought to be. An' nearly every article that's carried there an' then Had ought to just be changed around to something else again. An' even this I'm using now, this inky fountain pen, It ought to be my driver, brassie, mashie or my cleveland. For you may very well believe it's not the truth I speak To say that on a Saturday, when all my work is through, I like to walk on Chestnut street to see what news is new.

WOLFE TONE LIVES AGAIN IN CASEMENT

Sir Roger's Irish Drama as It Was Played More Than a Century Ago—The Rebellion of 1798

IF Sir Roger Casement has any time to think about history as he paces up and down his cell in the Tower of London his mind probably goes back to what he learned of Ireland's history in the days of 1798. Perhaps he looks to the future and wonders whether he will be condemned as the treacherous Wolfe Tone was condemned. If he is not mad, and if he is not a spy, he ought to think of Wolfe Tone, because the drama in which Sir Roger is playing was enacted one hundred and eighteen years before and Wolfe Tone was the "lead."

THE BIG GUY

All-round athlete out at Penn? Champ? Well, I sport snicker. Watch him, all ye sportin' men— Be a Berry-picker!

GLIMPSE Doctor Alexander Hamilton's "Itinerary" last night, we came upon a choice bit which had escaped us in our first skimming of the book. Some may find in it a peculiar interest at this time. Writing under date of June 5, 1774, he says:

We crossed the Cistinn Ferry at 12 o'clock and saw Wilmington about a mile to the left hand. It is about the largeness of Annapolis, but seemingly more compactly built; the houses all brick. They were very low upon it as they put about the bowl, and I retired into a corner of the room to laugh a little, handkerchief fashion, pretending to be busied in blowing my nose; so I uttered a laugh with nose-blowing.

At last the parson determined all by a learned definition, to this purpose, that a proclamation was a publication of anything by authority and a declaration only a simple declaring of anything without any authority at all, but the bare assertion of a certain fact, as if I should declare that such a one was drunk at such a time, or that such a person swore so and so. This dispute ended, we took our horses and rid moderately, it being excessive hot. I observed the common style of salutation upon the road here was How d'ye? and How e'e?!

The people all along the road were making of hay, which being green and piled up in rucks, cast a very sweet and agreeable smell. There are here as few meadows and pasture grounds as any ever I saw in England. The country here is not hilly, nor are the woods very tall or thick. The people in general follow farming and have very neat brick dwelling-houses upon their farms.

So Very Cute She held him in the hollow of her hand. His admiration of it made him simple. This "hollow of her hand," you understand. Was just a most entrancing little dimple. BLOX.

NOT to name any names, the gossips are saying that this happened in Germantown. The man said to his wife: "I don't see why you want to hire a large hall for your musicale. You've only got about a score of friends that you're going to invite." "I know, but I've got several score of enemies I am not going to invite, and I want them to know that I had plenty of room."

The Tempter's Voice When a modest young miss has been asked for a kiss She should see right away from that place. Though the thought thus expressed may be quite of the best. The voice is quite frequently base.

FRANKLIN FIELD HAS NO MONOPOLY ON ATHLETIC EVENTS



WOLFE TONE LIVES AGAIN IN CASEMENT

lion and Wexford was retaken by the English under General Lake. It was then, with everything at the blackest, that Tone returned. From August to October, 1798, Ireland was subject to raids from the French fleet. One, under Humbert, was temporarily successful; another, under Napper Tandy, came to grief on the coast of Donegal. A third, under General Bompard, with an army under Hardy, was really led by Wolfe Tone himself. On the 12th of October, at Lough Swilly, the invaders met a British squadron, and although Tone was given an opportunity to escape, he refused and was captured. He was recognized, condemned as a traitor and would have been hanged had he not anticipated the law by committing suicide. "Wolfe Tone," says Lecky, "rises far above the dreary level of commonplace which Irish conspiracy in general presents. The tawdry and exaggerated rhetoric, the petty vanity and jealousies, the weak sentimentalism, the utter incapacity for proportioning means to ends and for grasping the stern realities of things, which so commonly disgrace the lives and conduct even of the more honest members of this class, were wholly alien to his nature. His judgment of men and things was keen, lucid and masculine, and he was alike prompt in decision and brave in action."

IN CASEMENT "RIGHT"?

That makes him not a little different from Sir Roger Casement, who has won the hearts more than the heads of the Sinn Feiners. His speeches of years ago are not the utterances of a hard-headed thinker, but of a great-hearted emotionalist. It has been said that the climate and the horrors of Putnamay turned Sir Roger's head. It is whispered that his passage over to Germany was arranged by the British Government, and the history of the Irish rebellion contains more than one case of a man who had himself repeatedly arrested by the British in order to give away the most precious secrets of the 'cause for which he was supposed to be suffering. Like Wolfe Tone, Sir Roger has the ability to impress others. His word on Ireland was presumably taken at par by Berlin, and, in fact, it is known that Germany counted on universal discontent in Ireland before she put England out of her list of possible enemies.

WHAT IRELAND WAS

Tone wanted Ireland free. Himself a Protestant, he knew that only through co-operation of Catholic and Protestant could Ireland shake off the burden of an English-minded ruling class, and he was contemptuous of the rights granted, after Grattan's appeals, to Ireland. Grattan had used the first power of the renewed Parliament to admit Catholics to the vote for members of the House of Commons, but the Irish Parliament was mainly elected by a number of pocket boroughs, and rotten boroughs, and constituencies dependent upon some great peer or other territorial magnate. To remedy this Tone founded the most effective political organization of Irish history, the Society of United Irishmen. Its purpose was to give Catholics freedom in Ireland, and its leaders, Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Hamilton Rowan, were all Protestants. For a time prospects were bright, under the viceregalty of Lord Fitzwilliam. But because the vicerey was too fond of Grattan's plans he was recalled. Then rebellion broke out.

"TRIED" REPUBLICANS

A "tried" Republican is wanted for President. Mr. Roosevelt has tried a number and found them wanting.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

"HUMAN FOLK"

The people who live in the hearts of men are the "human beings" of history—the Lincoln, the Mark Twain and the Walt Whitman of life who lived through the world in shirt sleeves. They never took the trouble to put on airs because they knew that if they did they would miss the whole show. The price of admission to that human show—the greatest show on earth—is to leave selfishness and pride at home. That done, you walk in past the doorkeeper without giving him anything but a wink.—Boston Globe.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Champ Clark has sent us a copy of his speech on "The Making of a Congressman." Cyclone Davis ought to get out one on the "Unmaking of a Congressman," and experience has equipped him to do something fine along that line.—Houston Post.

Whether Von der Goltz is the real name of the man whose confession has shown up so many undertakings of German agencies or not really makes no difference. This fact at any rate remains, that he is a blackguard, a traitor to his fatherland and his comrades.—New York Herald.

Mr. Wilson cannot make war or peace. We have no choice, and we shall have none. There will be war unless Germany abandons her campaign of wanton and illegal killing—the killing of neutrals, and illegal killing—the killing of neutrals, and illegal killing—the killing of neutrals. Mr. Wilson can render the cause of peace if he makes Germany understand this—if he falls now it is his last chance and our last chance.—New York Tribune.

It must be admitted that the possibility of a strike on a large scale in the Pennsylvania coal fields is to be seriously contemplated if the leaders of the United Mine Workers believe that the shortage of manual laborers in the United States, due largely to the stoppage of immigration from Europe, has created a condition in industry highly favorable to a successful enforcement of their most extreme demand.—Springfield Republican.

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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. Who is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? 2. Have the British forces in Mesopotamia reached Baghdad? 3. Who is Victor Herbert? 4. Who wrote "The One-Hoss Shay"? 5. About when was the sewing machine invented? 6. Was Shakespeare an actor? 7. Is Petrograd north or south of Siskit? 8. When is the next congressional election? 9. How old was the King of Spain when he came into his title? 10. Does the United States Government own any cable lines?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Mr. Taft is a professor in Yale University. 2. Thomas Jefferson was the first President inaugurated in Washington. 3. Vera Cruz is the principal seaport of Mexico. 4. The Children of Israel crossed what is now known as the Gulf of Suez. 5. "Anthrax" means hard coal, and it is not strictly correct to say "anthrax" as a noun. 6. Major General George Barnett is commander of the Marine Corps. 7. Charles C. McChord is chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. 8. Cervantes noted for the authorship of "Don Quixote." 9. Ralph Adams Blakelock is an American artist who painted great pictures, but went insane because of war and worry when their merit was not recognized. A beloved fame has been followed recently by his removal from a public insane asylum to a private sanatorium.

Schools for Chauffeurs

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Please tell me in your paper if there are any free trade schools in Philadelphia that teach you how to run an automobile. A MOTHER.

How to Make a Hektograph

Editor of "What Do You Know"—It is possible to favor me by printing a formula for making a hektograph. I believe it is composed of glue and gelatin, but do not know the proportions and time of boiling. S. J. W.

A practical hektograph may be prepared according to the following directions: Soak an ounce of good gelatin over night in enough cold water to cover it well, taking care that all the gelatin is softened by the water. Heat six or seven ounces of pure glycerin to a temperature of 200 degrees F. over a salt water bath formed by dissolving two ounces of common salt in one pint of water. After the glycerin has reached the required temperature, add the gelatin to the hot glycerin, first pouring off the water from the gelatin that has not been absorbed. Continue the heating for an hour, stirring occasionally, but be careful to avoid forming bubbles or froth. Add 20 drops of oil of cloves to prevent decomposition. Then pour the mixture into a shallow pan designed to hold it while it sets. A rectangular cake fits serves very well if you do not wish to have a pan made to order. The pan must then be placed in a level position in a cool place, free from dust and allowed to remain until it hardens. At least five hours is required. Failure will be due either to insufficient heating of the composition or to the use of too much gelatin, or to both. Less gelatin is required in warm than in cold weather.

Alfred Noyes in Philadelphia

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me whether Alfred Noyes, who will speak at the Academy of Music on May 12, will speak anywhere else in Philadelphia this spring? If so, when and where? N. S.

Alfred Noyes will read a poem before the University of Pennsylvania chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi societies in Houston Hall on Monday evening, May 1.

Silver in Nevada

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Kindly publish how, when and by whom silver was discovered in Nevada. M. G. A covered in Nevada.

According to books of reference, silver was discovered in Nevada in 1858. It was the first pure silver discovered in the United States. The Comstock lode was discovered on June 11, 1859, by Fenrod Comstock & Co. Perhaps some reader can tell M. G. who made the discovery in 1858 and how.

Effects of Alcohol

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Please state the important parts of the body affected by the use of alcohol. ANXIOUS.

Alcohol, used to excess, affects injuriously the brain, the stomach, the kidneys and the liver. "It Might Have Been" Editor of "What Do You Know"—Would you please publish the lines that begin like this: "For of all sad words of tongue and pen The saddest are these—" And please tell me who the author is? THIRTEEN.

The lines appear in "Maud Muller," by John Greenleaf Whittier. The poem is too long to print here, but we can give the concluding stanza:

Alas for the maiden, alas for the Judge, For rich repiner and household drudge! God pity them both! and pity us all Who vainly the dreams of youth recall. For of all sad words of tongue and pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!" Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes! And to the hereafter, angels may Roll the stones from its grave away!