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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MAY 1, 1916.

Angling is somewhat like poetry-men are to be born so .- Izaak Walton.

STAND TOGETHER!

Let the sections stand together and no scheming of the politicians can beat the

FEW weeks ago Mayor Smith ordered A certain changes in the comprehensive transit plan, the effect of which would have been to waste millions of the taxpayers' money and deprive them of real rapid transit. At that time the Mayor was eloquent in his declarations that he was a true friend of transit, and that the whole purpose of his remarkable proposal was really to benefit rather than harm the city. It was a regular Bryan "God Bless You" sort of situation, with the Mayor and his friends ready to "bless" rapid transit out of existence.

But the people were not dumb enough to want that kind of blessing, having been promised the real thing, and they protested with such vigor that the Mayor backtracked faster than he ever progressed forward and straightway got into line.

For that he deserved praise and gladly we accord it to him. The next best thing to a good Mayor is a poor Mayor who can be made to do a good thing provided he is pressed hard enough by the public.

But now the epoch-making, comprehensive transit plan, the key to the future greatness of the city and the supreme test of the community's fitness for intelligent progress, is before the people themselves. At last they have the affair in their own hands. Yet, wonderful to relate, they suddenly discover that among the factionalists the achievement of a rapid-transit system for Philadelphia is not half so important as the temporary political success of this or that ephemeral pigmy, who happens, goodness knows why, to be clothed in the raiment of office, or has hopes in that direction. And the reason, we are told, why factionalism must fight the loan is that the Mayor, who was to be Mayor of all the people, is in fact nothing but one of the Vare office boys, obsessed with the idea that Philadelphia and all of its revenues are the personal property of the Vares, to be used according to their direction for the greater glory and aggrandizement of pig-protectors and political voluptuaries.

The Public Ledger charges and the Record charges and the Inquirer charges and the Bulletin charges that the Mayor himself is the greatest menace to the success of the loans that exists. In fact, every newspaper in the city which speaks with any autherity, including the North American, believes and has said that Philadelphia must have rapid transit as planned, and every newspaper in the city which has an opinion of its own and refuses to bootlick, not including the North American believes and has said that while the Mayor pleads for the loans with the voice of Jacob, his actions reveal the hands of Esau, with a couple of knives in them. A political Mayor is a heavy burden for any cause to carry.

We hold no brief for Mr. Smith, whose shameless conduct of his office in the interests of the Vare gang is an injection of malaria into government. But, on the other hand, not less contemptible would be any other man or set of men who used the collar on the Mayor's neck as an excuse for themselves to knife rapid transit and deliver the city in a straitjacket to this selfsame Mayor and the traction interests.

The loan bill was drawn in such a way as to tie up the Smith Administration. The routes are specifically designated, in their comprehensive relationship. Given the money, of which he can spend but a part during his term of office, and the Mayor must stand by the Taylor plan and by no other plan. He cannot saviate from it essentially. A favorable vote means a contractual obligation which neither Mayor nor Councils can vitally change. But let the transit loan bill be defeated and the Mayor will at once claim that the people are opposed to it, wherefore he will dump overboard all of the magnificent work done by Mr Taylor, call for a new deal and expose the city to the mercy of the traction interests. The way to put strength into the Mayor's hands

is to beat the loan. There is no reason to believe that McNichol favore rapid transit, in spite of Senator Penyear, and Mr. Lane is, by intimation, too atrong an advocate of ten-cent fores and "war-brids" traction dividends to be anything but a straight enemy of public improvement. of my have our bir leader from the one pufaction, each keenly silve to the chance of strangling transit. Mr. Lane mobilized his voters against the small loan last year and it was only in his stamping ground that any opposition of importance developed. He will be more active this year.

But we are going to have rapid transit no matter how the Lilliputians rave and conspire. They cannot block the growth of this great metropolis and deprive the masses of a splendid, self-supporting public facility. They cannot do it, because they wilt in daylight and are strong only in the dark. This time daylight bathes the whole transit question, and that means popular approval.

We say, therefore, to the people of Frankford, and to the people of South Philadelphia. and to those who live in Darby and West Philadelphia, and to those along North Broad street, in Germantown and Chestnut Hill, in Roxborough, Manayunk and the Northwest, to the people in the great central sections, and to all other citizens who have the welfare of themselves and Philadelphia at heart:

Transit is not a political question. Leaders who advise you to vote against transit seek to betray you for selfish purposes. They might better rifle your pockets. Avoid and ignore them. Organize yourselves without political or factional division for this one fight, for this one vote, for this one project. It is yours and yours only. Let no men use you as tools to cheat yourselves. Organize, pledge one another, in public meetings send your messages of support, each section to the other. Trumpet your purpose. Be enthusiastic, and the little fellows who are whispering in secret of schemes to defeat the loan will run to cover so fast that you will imagine an epidemic of jack rabbits has arrived in town. Stand together and you will

If Congress were determined to prevent the adoption of any preparedness plans it could not be going about it in a better way.

Whoever planned the caves that are to be built on the municipal playgrounds was a boy once himself and has not forgotten it.

The circus at Hunting Park avenue and 19th street will interest people who have been indifferent to the one that has been exhibiting in Penn Square since the first Wednesday in January. The summer headquarters of the Austro-

Hungarian Embassy will be at Patchogue, N. Y., this summer. The German Ambassador, however, is delaying his summer plans till he knows whether the American climate will agree with him. "Profit sharing" is enjoyed by the employes

of 200 American enterprises, but what does the National Civic Federation call it when the employes of 200,000 American enterprises get their weekly wages whether there is any profit in the business or not? Harmony reigns again. Sweet concord

purrs its blessing over Brumbaugh and Penrose. Both are now morally certain that one, at least, is not a candidate for the Presidency. And yet, strange paradox, several Pennsylvanians rather suspected as much before either gentlemen spoke.

Senator Lodge and John Bassett Moore have been elected vice presidents of the American Society of International Law, succeeding Mr. Bryan and James B. Angell. Mr. Angell is dead and Mr. Bryan-well, when he went to Washington to tell Congress what to do in the German crisis he discovered that he so live as he thought he was.

That Germany can be humble when it suits her purpose, and when several hundred thou sand men are under arms to compel her, can be learned from the official statement that Switzerland has received an abject apology for the flight of a German aviator over her soil. As yet it has not been discovered whether the aviator who has been dismissed killed 115 Swiss men, women and children.

Those German submarine commanders who had such difficulty in communicating with headquarters several months ago when "mistakes" were occurring seem to have developed a new system of wigwagging their chiefs. Since the ultimatum was sent by President Wilson not one doubtful ship has been sunk. Or perhaps the British have cleared the seas again, just as they did last year?

It is all right for the Joint Committee of the Bourse to urge the city to co-operate with it in attracting attention to the advantages of this port, but while the business men are waiting for the city to act they can do a great deal themselves by demanding that all waterborne freight for them be shipped direct to Philadelphia and by doing all their water shipping themselves from the piers on the Delaware. They will have to do it anyway if the port is to grow.

When the battleship Idaho is launched in Camden in June the ways will be clear for another big ship. Congress has not authorized the construction of any vessels to take its place in the shipyard. If the customary practice is followed, it will take months to draw the plans for the new ships which it is hoped this Congress will authorize and more months to get bids and award the contracts. The navy will be stronger when the Idaho is finished; but this will not be until the middle of next year. The Mississippi and the California vessels of the same type as the Idaho, are still on the ways, and there is no prospect of their completion till late in 1917.

Not the pressure of other news, but the lack of action at Verdun, has kept that name from the first page of American newspapers. The suspicion is growing that Verdun may soon be spoken of in the past tense. Germany has shot her thunderbolt and missed the mark as surely as she missed it at the Marne. It is likely that another wild altempt may be made on the impregnable heights which stand as faithful as Frenchmen in the wide circle around the city. But after the first assault nothing but the utmost confidence in victory could justify further slaughter. If the Crown Prince's precious prestige could still be won, Germany might spare another hundred thoueand men. Merely to take another chance would be criminal. It is to be noted that the offensive at Verdun is no longer exclusively German, and an offensive from a beleasuered post, when not the result of desperation, is a e aptom of strength which no invading army can despise. It remains to be seen whether either France or Germany has been so dis proportionately weakened by Verdin as to make the spring moves decisive

Tom Daly's Column

BERRY U. OF P. Oh, hear our 'rah-'rah-'rah, Berry! We do not care a straigherry. As long as we have you, Berry, To wear the Red and Blueberry Our skies will not be blackberry With you upon the track, Berry, Because we cannot lose, Berry. Old Penn would be a moseberry If you should cease to be

The joy that makes her chuckle.

"He's my little h-u-huckle

Huckleberry, U. of Pl"

Looking Ahead

Haven't you decided yet where you're to spend the summer?" "Oh, yes; mother insists upon Newport, but she and father are hopelessly divided about where we'll spend the fall." "Indeed?"

"Yes, mother says the Catskills and father says the almshouse."

Ireland was Ireland
When England wasn't much
And Ireland will be Ireland
When England's talking Dutch.

'Zat so? An' what'll Ireland be talkin' in them days?

The Dubuque College quintet, which is posed of two former West Philadelphia High School runners, arrived in town and took a few spins up and down the track yesterday.
—Morning Contemporary.

"Some quintet," comments B. V. R., "and haven't friends Barnum & Bailey missed a bet here?"

Sir-Here are an ad, and a sport note clipped from the same paper;

LOST-Friday, 3 artificial eyes, in small box. Will finder please send to Wall & Ochs, 1716 Chestnut st.

Frank Baker found his batting eye yesterday and poled out two singles and a double against the Red Sex, who were shut out by the Yankees. Who lost the other two?

H. M. Wiener.

TIHIS, from our own dear paper, would lead one to suppose that the Frankford Theatre which is being described, is the home of comedy solely:

The approach to the foyer is down a gently inclined slope, flanked on either side by ornate funways which extend up to an overhanging gailery from which you enter the balcony.

Bean Boundaries

JUDGE SULZBERGER A dainty thing as light as lead. Which hugs your dome's circumference, They press a lever (not too hard) And pins record upon a card This curious sort of dotted fence. In this, that holds these rhymes, you see A brainy legal boundary; For here the highest thoughts intrench. Within these little dots we find The measure of a mighty mind, For long a glory to the Bench.

AN ESTEEMED fellow citizen, who has just returned from a Western trip, reports various signs of the times:

In St. Louis a wight yelept Grubb conducts a restaurant, which, certes, is known as "Grubb's Grubbery." In Chicago he became aware of "Baer, Gowns."

Arriving here, with all this upon his mind, he noticed that one Manger conducts a restaurant on Market near 19th street, and recalled that "manger," in French, means "to

In addition to this, several stay-at-homes have called our attention to this sign at 11th and

BONELESS PEANUTS.

THEATRICAL managers (with the loud ▲ pedal on the musical comedy promoters) are notoriously a bunch of sheep. If a play or a song gets by big, there'll be a dozen more like it on the market right off the bat-but we never believed this of the book publishers until we noticed a local firm's ad, of "Our Miss York," patterned upon Edna Ferber's "Our Miss McChesney."

Notice

To the ladies of Allentown and my old customers, the rag-man that drove the two black horses from Bethlehem now drives two gray ones and instead of blowing a whistle will toot an automobile horn and will drive over his route same as before on Tuesdays and Fridays. 24-12t -Allentown (Pa.) Call.

The Canny Fisherman

I met an ancient fisherman All in the misty twilight gray He had two wee ones, in a can. "Twas without hope, or conscious plan

I hastened as, upon the way, I met an ancient fisherman. And Fortune chanced to cast a wan

Pale smile on me that chilly day-He had two wee ones, in a can. "What luck?" I chattered, as I ran

When, fortunately, as I say, I met an ancient fisherman.

He poured for me, with rare philan-Thropy a wee nip, without pay, I met an ancient fisherman. He had two wee ones, in a can. A. A.

The Versatile Mr. Robinson

(Culled from an article in a local evening con-temporary). Manager Wilburt Robinson said this after-noon: "Coombs is one of the biggest finds in years for me. He is himself; the last season proved that. He is more; he helps every way he can, and that sort of a player is past all mere monetary value. I expect to work him tomorrow, though I reserve the option to change my mind at the last moment. (Key changes to minor)

"Pat" Moran and Robinson strode out to the diamond this afternoon, went ankle deep into the mire and yelled back, "Game off?" The pair left the Phillies' beach, Suddenly Robinson spoke: "Well, I'll be slammed. I only bought these kicks yesterday, Pat." "It's sort of soft, I'll admit," replied Manager

Moran.

"Sort of soft. Where do you get that? It's quicksand. I sin't goin' to kill no players in this stuff. * * Say, Jake Daubert would sink at first base. I would have to pull him out with a derrick. Maybe you would like to have him go down in the mud and stay there all winter. Next spring you'd dig him up and have a real first haseman."

Grave Diggers Strike

The grave-digating force in the Holy Creas Cametary at Yeaden atruck today for more pay. Pusaral corteges drove through miles of rain, but the sotion of the striker resulted in placing the bodies in the vault. Buston-Redslich & Gowdy.

F. T. M., who discovered the above in the Scorecard, remarks that one strike ten't much. to brag about for Hudelph.



WHEN COMPROMISE FAILS IN ENGLAND

Duties of the Opposition in Parliament and the Enigmas of Government by Coalition in

Wartime TMAGINE an administration at Washington

with Wilson as President; Taft, Secretary of State; Roosevelt, Secretary of War, and Eugene V. Debs, Secretary of the Interior. Put Bryan in as Secretary of Agriculture (perhaps the nearest thing to a padded cell in the Cabinet), Uncle Joe Cannon as head of the Postoffice Department, and find other places for such differing types as Henry Ford and Senator Lodge-and you would have something not unlike the present British Cabinet.

Such a notion of Government by coalition is an English and not an American idea. In this country crises do not make the lion and the lamb lie down together. Crises here tend to differentiate the political parties more than ever. Here in time of stress the cry is " at us have nothing but out-and-out Republ ans or Democrats in office." Our Government is not operated in the spirit of compromise. The American mind looks for victory at the polls and expects to reap all the fruits of that victory. The genius of the Englishman in government is the spirt of compromise. He, too, looks for a victory at the polls, but after his victory he is not sure of all the fruits. If the opposition puts up a strong fight his compromising nature may make him satisfied to get only half of the fruits. Therein is the underlying reason for the present Cabinet.

Kitchener and Lloyd-George

Who would have dreamed that the lengthy legs of Lord Kitchener, imperialist and militarist, would ever have stretched in council beneath the same mahogany as those of Lloyd-George, near Socialist and pacifist. While Kitchener was fighting the Boers in South Africa Lloyd-George was voting in Parliament not to send supplies to Kitchener's and Roberts' armies. When Kitchener was a national hero Lloyd-George, disguised as a policeman, was escaping from mobs. His pro-Boer speechifying made him the most hated man in England for a time. Now he is strong enough to control a faction of his own which would make him Premier instead of Asquith, while Kitchener's glory has dimmed.

It is not easy for men of such differing antecedents as Lloyd-George and Kitchener to become reconciled. It was only the fact that Britain faced the greatest of crises that produced the crowning achievement of British compromise—the coalition Cabinet. In the past it has not been the custom for the Opposition, or minority party, to be friendly to the Government in time of war. "The duty of an Opposition is to oppose." This is a maxim of British politics. In the good old days, when compromising was not so much in evidence, the Opposition regarded a war merely as a glorious and extended opportunity of hammering away at the men in power. The idea that the Opposition should support the Government in a war would have drawn an indignant denial from a Whig of George III's time. Throughout the American Revolution the war was bitterly opposed by the Whigs. And, in view of the fact that a majority of Englishmen thought at the time that the union and integrity of the Empire was at stake, these attacks looked very much like disloyalty.

"Wellington Ought to Be Hanged"

But far more disloyal did the Opposition become in the Napoleonic period. Between the war which Pitt opened against France then and the present war against Germany the points of resemblance are many and strong. England's future was at stake. And yet the minority persistently did everything that was in their power to encourage the enemy and to everthrow the Government that was fighting for the national life. Fox, Sheridan and Grey used all their wit in defending the French revolutionists and maligning Pitt. Fox went so far as to express openly his joy at the success of the French arms at the expense of his own country. It is difficult to read without disgust of the tactics of the Opposition against the Duke of Wellington, who was destined finally to destroy the menace of Europe at the Battle of Waterloo. Lord Hutchinson, a Whig lord, expressed the opinion that "Wellington ought to be hanged." Creevey told everybody in 1810, five years before Waterloo, that Wellington's career was finished. Jeffrey, the famous editor, was in favor of peace at any price, and only a year before Napoleon surrendered said Napoleon couldn't be beaten. If Lord Kitchener dips into history he must

find much to encourage him in the fate of much abused heroes in the past and their ulti-

Diarnell was the first British statesman who refused to take advantage of the rumous blunders of a Government in the conduct of a war, and who emundated the patriotte doctrine that no matter how a war was or

ducted it was the duty of all parties to suppor the Government. But his doctrine was not followed in the next great test after the Crimean war. In the South African war the Liberal party denounced the campaign against the Boers as wicked and impolitic. While the Government was feeding, clothing and housing the women and children of the Boers, the whole Liberal party was breathing vengeance against it for "cruelty and barbarism." This conduct on the part of the opposition undoubtedly encouraged the Boers and prolonged

Learning to Compromise

It was through a history of such bitter les sons that England learned her art of political compromise. After 700 years of parliamentary life a nation learns that the Government is often wrong and the Opposition often right and vice versa, and that both sets of heads are better than either set alone. For this reason there has grown up a system of what in this country would be called "pussyfooting" between the Premier and the leader of the Opposition. If the latter can stir up enough public wrath against the former's intentions in some proposed piece of legislation the Premier will usually consent to delay or amendment, so that all parties will be pleased. In this way home rule for Ireland has been virtually com

promised out of existence. That compromise is not always a good thing is shown by the shakiness of the present coalition Cabinet-masterpiece of compromise that it is. The trouble with *4. a coalition is that it is made up of too many equally important persons. It is composed - "leaders" and gets along as badly as an "all-s'ar" theatrical cast In a Cabinet, as in a board of directors, the pesnonnel should taper from a strong executive to various subordinates content to cooperate and take orders and administer. At least that has been the opinion in this country. where Democrats are rarely desired in Repub lican cabinets. And, by the same token, the last man . Democratic President would ap point as hi adviser in case of war would be a Roosevelt or a Taft.

EXIT THE QUILL PEN

A curious result of the "jacking up" which all departments of the British Government have experienced as a result of the war has been the final abolition of the quill pen in Government service. An English correspondent of Office Appliances says that these relics of medievalism had hung on in certain leisurely places, but at last they have had to go, to make place for the more businesslike metal pen.-Outlook.

RENAMING BERLIN

New names suggested for the town of Berlin, Ont., are reported in Canadian papers. A woman sends in Vermilion, Elyria, Dorain Somebody else suggests Woodrow. Then there are a lot of war names, like Cavell, Verdun, Allies, Marne and Belgium. New names arrive daily, and there is a faint possibility that the war will end before Berlin's committee on selec-

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

"The Sweet, Intimate Story of Life" Makes Its Columns Glorious

But the beauty and the joy of our papers and their little zorlds is that we who live in the country towns know our own heroes. Who knows Murphy in New York? Only a few. Yet in Emporia we sil know Tom O'Connor—and love him. Who knows Morgan in New York? One man in a hundred thousand. Yet in Emporia who does not know George Newman, our banker and merchant prince. Boston people pick up their morn-ing papers and read with shuddering horrors of the crimes of their daily villain, yet read with-out that fine thrill that we have when we hear that Al Ludorph is in jail again in Emporia. For we all know Al; we've ridden in his hack a score of times. And we take up our paper with the story of his frailties as readers who begin the harrative of an old friends' adven-

Our papers, our little country papers, seem drah and miserably provincial to strangers; yet we who read them find in their lines the sweet, intimate story of life. And all these touches of nature makes us wondrous kind. It is the counnature makes us wondrous sind. It is the country newspaper, bringing together daily the threads of the town's life, weaving them into something rich and strange, and setting the pattern as it weaven, directing the loom, and giving the cloth its color by mixing the lives of all the people in its color-pot—it is this country newspaper that reveals us to ourselves, that keeps our country hearts quick, and our country minds open and and our country faith strong.

our country hearts quick, and our country minds open and and our country faith strong.

When the girl at the glove-counter marries the boy in the wholesale house, the news of their wedding is good for a forty-line wedding notice, and the forty lines in the country paper give them self-respect. When in due course we know that their baby is a twelve-pounder, named Grover or Theodore or Woodrow, we have that perighborly feeting that breeds the result descenthat their baby is a twelve-pounder, named Grover or Theodore or Woodrow, we have that neighboriy feeling that breeds the real democracy. When we read of death in that home we can mourn with them that mourn. When we see them moving upward in the world into a firm and out toward the country club neighborhood, we rejoice with them that rejoice. Therefore, men and brethren, when you are riding through this vale of tears upon the California Limited, and by chance pick up the little country newspaper with its meagre telegraph service of three or four thousand words—or, at best fifteen or twenty thousand; when you see its array of countryside items; its interminable local stories; its tiresome editorials on the waterworks, the schools, the street railroud, the crops and the city printing, don't throw down the contemptible little rag with the verdict that there is nothing in it. But know this and know it well; if you could take the clay from your eyes and read the little para as it is written you would find all of God'n beautiful serrouving stranging, asorths sorth in a hid wint you say would make

What Do You Know?

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

QUIZ

1. What is the correct pronunciation of "Min 2. Do members of the British Parliament is

ceive salaries? Who is Patrick Henry Pearse? What was the pigtail an emblem of

China?
Why has the coming of May 1 best; source of anxiety to 'he authorities is various countries in recent years?
Of what is slik made?
What distinction should be made in its use of the words "further" and "farther?
What French statesman was assassinated at the opening of the present war?
From what source is rubber obtained?

From what source is rubber obtained! Who wrote the drama "Faust"?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. Lord Wimborne is Lord Lieutenant of Ir

2. The British have not reached Bagdad and their surrender at Kut-el-Amara may the abandonment of their efforts.

Victor Herbert is an American orches conductor and musical composer.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "The On-Hoss Shay." Elias Howe invented the sewing machine In 1845.

Shakespeare acted old men's parts. Sitka is south of Petrograd.

The next Congressional election is on No vember 7.
The King of Spain was a king as seen u

10. The Government of the United States own a cable line to Alaska.

New Jersey Corporation

Editor of "What Do You Know"—In former a corporation under the New Jersey law is a formed under general statute or special charm, how many incorporators are required and bor

If you wish to form a corporation you will have to employ a lawyer, anyway. It will be wiser, therefore, to put your question to him.

Comparison of Sieges

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can yea tell me how the siege of Kut-el-Amara compan-in point of time with the sieges of Port Arthur Richmond, Vicksburg, Plevna, Mets, Ladysmith Lucknow, Adrianople and other modern sieges H. T. V.

General Townshend's force in Kut-el-Aman withstood the onslaughts of the Turks and sewithstood the onsiaughts of the Turks and savation for 143 days. The Russians shut is Port Arthur in 1905 hold the record in receivarfare in this regard, having fought off the Japanese 241 days before surrendering. However, Sebastopol held out 334 days, and each then the defenders did not surrender, but with drew from the city after destroying the ship in the harbor. Again at Plevna the Russian besleged the city 114 days, losing 18,500 mm during the first day of fighting, while the Turk lost 39,000 during the entire stoge. The tolar Russian loss was 40,000. Richmond held at 340 days. Vicksburg fell after being beslegs by the Union force 213 days. During the France Prussian War Paris was besleged 131 days as starvation caused its fall. Metz withstood be onslaught of the enemy for 134 days, and is constaught of the enemy for 124 days, and to commander. Marshal Bazaine, was, court-mar-tialed for surrendering. Przemysl surrender-after 200 days of fighting. Antwerp held of only nine days. In the Boer War Ladysmit was besieged 118 days and Kimberly 126 days Sir Robert Baden-Powell was besieged at Mac Sir Robert Baden-Powell was besieged at Ma king by General Cronje from October 11, 18 to May 18, 1900. In Lucknow, during the Seprevolt, 1700 men held off a force of 30,000 dians for 13 weeks, and then held the city two months after reinforcements arrived before peace was restored. Adrianople was defend by the Turks for 118 days before the attact of the Bulgars, who advanced on the city

"Little 'Act of Kindness" Editor of "What Do You Know"—Here is the poem requested by Elizabeth in the Events LEDGER for April 27; LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS

It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave under That gives you a bit of heartache At setting of the sun. The tender word forgotten; The letter you did not write; he flower you did not send, dear Are your haunting hosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle winning tone
Which you had no time or thought for

With trouble enough of your own So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great.

And sorrow is all too great.

To suffer our slow compassion

That tarries until too late:
It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone

Which gives you a bit of heartache

At the setting of the sun.

At is by Margaret E. Sangster.

The norm has also been sent in P. B. Southscapton Pa.; Mrs. L. H. dation House. Lawrenceville, N. J. Philadelphia, and others.