Spening of a Medger

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NOTICE.

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Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—

A shark at Oyster Bay! Tut, tut no shark would dare!

No prohibition for Bull Moose Parker. He hails from New Orleans.

Better that even ten police officers should be fired than that one Director should lose his job.

whether it is easier to break the law or jail in Camden. A man or an administration full

of excuses may expect to find that failure is his bedfellow. The confidence of the underworld

district in the stability of its enterprises is merely a sidelight on the value of a If they are not careful the Germans

will be eating Christmas dinner on their

own side of the Rhine instead of in Poland has been transformed under German rule, says Vice Chancellor Helfferich. The same thing can be said of

The tax for the privilege of using gas is now 25 per cent. Unless there is some change in policy after 1917 it will be 33 1-3 per cent.

For the \$70,000 appropriated to improve the postoffice. Philadelphians will be very, very grateful. The amount 20 neatly hits off the truth, which is that the only improvement is replacement.

President Wilson is to be informed of his renomination on the fourth anniversary of the birth of the Progressive party (dec'd). The ironies of time will weigh heavily on our philosophical President on that day.

Postmaster McNeil, of Pittsburgh has lost his job because, it seems, he re fused to dismiss Republicans whom he regarded as efficient. If Mr. McNeil is just as convinced of the propriety of removing those who are inefficient we suspect we know how he will vote in November.

The revival of submarine activity and promiscuous murder on the high seas would indicate beyond contradiction the desperate straits in which militarism finds itself. Besides, after the glorious victory in the North Sea why not let the regular German fleet cut off British trade?

The provision in the proposed new charter for Philadelphia permitting the Mayor to "fire" his whole cabinet should cause no uneasiness. There have been visible (and invisible) certain cabinets fired only by private greed. The other kind of firing would at least be in the public service.

The railroad strike in Spain has mental interference which is particularly obnoxious to Americans. Martial law was declared. An inclination to learn from the experience of others should make itself felt in the Federal Board of Conciliation, for a strike of serious proportions threatens here, and it can be avoided at least a little easier than it can be nettled after it is called.

Out of all the talk about Mexico there comes nothing but futility. There are plenty of schemes for settling the matter, but none of them amounts to anything. What good can a commission do when the authority for the Mexican end of it will not be recognized by thousands of Mexicans who happen to be armed with rifles and machine guns? What is needed is not a commission but a Government in Mexico that can carry out its

The absurdities of the Allied Economic Conference in Paris were quickly perceived by the Parliaments of the Govaments there represented and the enfire matter of a war after the war was universally laid on the table, perhaps never to be revived. But England has returned to the previous question with a vengeance per published list of American firms beycotted by English trade. Technically the Foreign Office will present a clever defense, we doubt not. Actually there are few elements of excuse for Great Britain and the chief of these is invalidated the course of English trade itself.

have supplied Germany and, in the case of the rubber shipments on the Deutsch land, in flagrant violation of promises made to the original purveyors of the material. But English merchants have never completely given up trade with the enemy and the sale of tin to Germany for a whole year after war broke out was a moral disgrace. Nor has the stoppage of neutral trade with Holland, precedent to British trade in the confiscated goods at enormous profits, increased American respect for the integrity of British methods. Arrogance could hardly go farther than the new methods of warfare, nor could anything be less calculated to encourage confidence in England's ability to blockade, legitimately, all Germany's ports. With the extension of the doctrine of ultimate destination already in practice England has sufficient power. It is absurd to threaten the United States now.

NO PURCHASE OF LOCAL OPTION

MR. GIBBONEY, whose letter appears elsewhere on this page, is an advocate of the purchase of liquor establishments by the Government. He is opposed to local option, on the theory that it is equivalent to the confiscation of private property, although that property has been acquired under license of both State and National Governments. Drive out the liquer industry, argues Mr. Gibboney, but drive it out by purchase, not by edlet.

John Jones had a dog and he paid a license to keep it. It was not a bad dog ordinarily, but one day it went mad, sent its venom into three or four children, killed a wife or two and otherwise inflicted great damage on the community. "Don't touch that dog," cried Jones; "it's licensed." But the big policeman drew a bead on the animal's heart and there was nothing left but the carcass.

The liquor industry has a license to engage in a legitimate business. The enormity of its offenses against decency, life and limb has rendered that business morally illegitimate in many cases and legally illegitimate in others, by the will Sometimes it is difficult to tell of the people. Where it is a mad dog the people must have the right to vote it out; where it is a good dog there is no public sentiment in favor of its extirpation.

> There comes into court, calling on the law for protection, an industry which has viciously violated the law, which has contributed its money and its influence to corrupt the law, which has degraded the very sources of the law by crowding into the gutter citizens who make the law. Yet it is an industry which exists only by toleration of the people. Indeed, the property value of which it prates is almost wholly a franchise value and nothing more. The value of a saloon is not in its stock of liquor, but in its authorization to sell that liquor.

The industry, obviously needing regulation, has resorted to insidious political activity to prevent that regulation save in such form as it approved. It has induced the demand for its eradication in such communities as are opposed to its continuance. It has constituted itself a public nuisance. Why, therefore, should it be recompensed for its own malfeasance in behavior? There is no probability of expelling the liquor industry from any locality in which that industry has conducted itself properly. Local option would not close saloons in Philadelphia nor anywhere else where they are only moderately objectionable.

There is scarcely a liquor establishment in America which has not entered the business with due warning of the risk involved. The fight to stamp the business with illegality has been going on for years. The profits of the business are in proportion to the risk involved. Every dealer has known that it is within the power of government to drive him out. He is in no very different situation in this respect from the manufacturer who builds his plant relying on a protective tariff, although he knows that the election returns may ruin him, and the man ufacturer's business is not a nulsance or a peril. He is not, additionally, greatly different from the dealer in cocaine who finds that his property may be confiscated for the good of the community.

But local option is not prohibition. It been settled through the sort of govern- simply confers on a governmental unit the right to decide by vote whether the liquor business within that unit shall be treated as an outlaw. Local option gives the liquor business the same chance that it gives the opposition. A business so rotten that a majority of the citizens want to strangle it has no particular claims on the consideration of the public The liquor industry may be a pistol pointed at the heart of a community to compel it to buy its freedom, but the vote is a bullet-proof cloak that is a sure

defense against such tactics. The liquor industry is not a vested right; it is in many cases a vested wrong. Its franchise is held subject to the pleasure of the people. It simply must cease to exist when the people so will, just as the great racing plants ceased to exist. Nobody, we believe, ever advocated that race-track gamblers should be reimbursed, although part of their profits had gone to the State. A business that becomes repugnant to the morals of the age, no matter what its former standing in the law, must go, just as slavery went, and the only consideraproaching action, a warning which the slaveholders had and a warning which the liquor business has been getting for

Tom Daly's Column

JUST why the British Government's boycotting of those 83 American firms should recall this incident to us we don't know, but, relevant or irrelevant, here's the incident:

In the fall of 1910 a party of us, writers and artists from this country and Canada, were guests at a luncheon in Bristol, England. Seven of us, by actual count, had been called upon to offer a toast to the King, each of which drew from the natives loud cries of "King! King! King! G-bless 'im! King! King!" Then we were asked to add our little bit. We said in

"It's very nice to be called upon to toast your King, who seems to be a real fellow; but since so many of the others have already done it I am sure you won't object if I depart from the schedule to say a kind word for another good fellow, who seems to have been mislaid in the excitement here, although he's by no means tiny. I give you President Taft.'

A week or so later when we were in midocean and it was too late for a hot headed toaster to go back and have it out with his critics, we learned that the Eng lishmen in charge of the luncheon had let it be known that we, personally, would never again be invited to a party of that sort in Bristol.

Almost any minute now we may find some port on the Atlantic coast simply Bremen with news.

Watch Your Step

When not attending church services on the stabbath one may induige in walking, which is healthful exercise.—Spokesman of Lord's Day Milance League. While upu're engaged in realking

You'll probably be talking. If some one clae should share your exercise;

In which case, can the labor Of knocking at your neighbor, For such things are un-Christian and

Moreover, while you're tramping, Be careful! Don't be stamping

The flowers of the poor but godless few Keep in the straight and narrow And nothing then shall harrow

The pure and peaceful, perfect soul of A. P.

More sad music from the old "triangle down Boston way.

COLONEL BILL LAMPTON, distinguished free lance, who doesn't care how free he is with it, dropped in upon us as we were going over the proofs of our forthcoming "Songs of Wedlock." "Ah!" he drawled, "going over a bunch of poems, eh? I helped our old family doctor in Kentucky at that job once." "Poet as well as a doctor, eh?" "Oh, no; Coroner. He was examining the poems to see what there was in 'em to have induced the editor to shoot the author of 'em."

OUR Missus says when she was a little girl there was a grown-up young woman who used to visit their house every week or so and bring occasion for a quiet chuckle with her. The only other inmates of this young woman's home were her mother and grandmother, but sure as sure could be, every time she was asked how the folks were at home she'd say, "Oh, Mom an' them's fine."

HOW SHE CARRIES ON Miss Carrie Wood would caracole And prance around and vow she couldn't

When Ma would bid her carry wood. Why was it Carrie wouldn't?

Out of the Mouths of Babes

THE little girl was returning a cup to the kind neighbor who had sent one of er cup custards to her mother. "Mother told me to tell you," she lisped,

'that it was very nice." "And what did you think of it, dear?"

I. M. L.

This device.

which is a poor

relation of the

type, may not

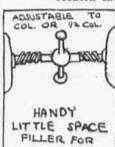
prove popular.

used once in the

elastic

famous

Modern Inventions



"Horrible."

It can only be same place. Here COLYUM goes for once, CONDUCTORS anyway.

GOSH-BLAMED TOUGH W'en Maud Muller rakes the hay I jes' hev ter up an' leave 'er. Wisht I could, but I kaint stay-Drat my dash-binged ole hay fever!

A Flash Out of a Letter

"Funny how we react to some things and people. The other day I met a man sud-denly. I had often heard of him. I had heard that he was cruel that he was unfair, that he was selfish, etc., etc. Maybe the is but when I saw him suddenly, for the first time. I knew him through and through, and I had been with him before It was a thousand years or so ago. I remember it well. He was leading lighting his way, a chief, and I was close behind, fighting too, and I remember that I was chanting some heathen thing, something unholy, the words of a mountain stream, pouring and leaping. That fellow's the chief of big chiefs today, and I'm a nonentity, singing this letter, Maybe, in the next reincarnation, I'll be a Jew with a hooked nose and he'll come begging and borrowing guilders. Will I give them to him? Will I? I don't know."

OVERHEARD in a department store elevator: "And I was so glad it happened that way, because I was introduced to Miss

- as a result." "That disagreeable thing! You always said you hated her." "Of course; and now that I've been introduced I can snub her."

Hell - A mystical Philadelphia - New York Evening Sun. "C'rect!" we exclaim, in the midst of our humidity. "But why the qualifica-

MERION GOLFER TURNS IN NET SCORE OF 30 ON CLUB LINKS. We read this in a morning contemporary-our most respected morning contemporary-and it drove us wild. We immediately put on our hat and we started, instanter, for Stenton golf course to equal or beat it. (See tomorrow's paper.)

MORE OR LESS ABOUT MR. WILSON



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

D. Clarence Gibboney Discusses the Liquor Question - The Melodramatic Raid in the Tenderloin

This department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinious on subjects of correct interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents.

LOCAL OPTION VS. PURCHASE To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir-I notice in your paper of this date an editorial which I quote in full as fol-

The British Government, acting through the Liquor Traffic Board, has decided to purchase all the brewerles and public houses in and about the city of Carlisle. Fully a third of the public houses will be closed and others will be equipped as model refreshment houses, where intoxicants will not be sold. Yet in the great State of Pennsylvania the liquor interests have the audacity to oppose a local op-tion law, and actually contribute money to debauch the electorate and control the

Legislature. This editorial sets forth in plain words two totally different methods of dealing with the legalized liquor traffic—one which has been adopted by the British Governn your editorial, that Government has de cided to purchase all the breweries and pub lic houses in and about the city of Carlisle. By this just method England is able to effectively wipe out the liquor traffic, and oes it without meeting with any opposition from the liquor people themselves. The other proposition set forth in your editorial is the local option proposal advocated in Pennsylvania and a few other States, and which has been approved by the Evening Ledger, and which, should it become a law, would be capable of being used to destroy the lawfully acquired property of the legitimate liquor dealer. This method i naturally opposed by all legitimate liquo This method is Very few thinking citizens expect dealers. liquor dealers to do anything else than op-pose a proposed law which would destroy their property without any reimbursement

I am loath to believe that the EVENING LEDGER would intentionally attempt to de ceive its readers, and yet the editorial in Government-in which every liquor dealer is given a square deal—as argument in favor of the local option proposal in Penn-sylvania, which, if it becomes effective, ould rob legitimate liquor dealers of their

lawfully acquired property!

I would be pleased to have you explain whether your editorial was mistakenly writ-ten because of lack of understanding of the true facts or whether it is really an attempt to befuddle your readers into believing that the local option proposal (which would destroy property) is as worthy of the support of those whose property would be destroyed as is the plan which gives full reimbursement. I believe you will agree with me that an equitable and honorabl proposition is always best supported by hon-est arguments based on honest statements of fact. If your paper sincerely believes in the kind of local option advocated in this State-which would carry with it confiscaion of legitimate investments-do you not believe you should clearly set forth that fact and not attempt to make such a proposition appear to be as equitable and as one which safeguards and provides for the rights of others? cause to resort to specious reasoning and fallacious editorial arguments D. CLARENCE GIBBONEY. Philadelphia, July 18.

THE MELODRAMATIC RAID To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Your editorial of even date under the

POLITICS

Now that conventions have finished their work and campaigning is about to enter the acute stage, the time for profitable political apostasy would appear to have arrived. Any morning now we may expect to read that the Hon. James W. Squdger, lifelong Democrat and ex-collector of Squdgeville. has come out flatfootedly and stated that, though he had always expected to carry his Jeffersonian principles to the grave with him, he can no longer consistently with self-respect, support the Democratic candidate for President, because, etc., etc., etc. The whole country will at once be electrified and seethe with conjecture, jubilation or denial of the significance of the Squdgeville straw's flight, until, out of a clear sky, ex-Senator Mudge, of Mudgeville, lifelong Republican takes an unexpected stand in the next day's papers and declares, bursting with sobs, that, though he once shook Abra-ham Lincoln by the hand, conviction and a solemn sense of duty force him to take a place on the Mudgeville Democratic Execu-

caption "Police in the Vice District" is comprehensive, sensible and human. This city has been "wide open," both

from a gambling and a "red light" standpoint for more than a year, and I for one refuse to believe that even our most indifferent officials have not been cognizant of just what was going on. Then they start a spectacular raid on a Saturday night, running into Sunday, which, by the way, is contrary to law. These virtuous officials knew of and permitted these conditions for months and then called the police from outlying districts to a secret meeting on the busiest night of the week. If they were sincere, the evil would have been gradually and sanely stamped out, or at least segregated and reduced to a minimum.

It is to laugh to think that they have any sincerity or honesty of purpose, to know that the wonderful mer civic morals and disciple of Blackstone is persona grata with some of the worst char-acters in this or any other city, and as for the police-they are all right except that they are just part of a system which respects can put the politics of darkest Russia to shame.

When you read the account of this "magafficent" raid, did you stop to think that ertain places were ignored and in others absolutely innocent people were "sent up, o use their parlance?

On an uptown street one of the oldest and best known places of the city passed up while the neighbors were raided.

The Pharisees certainly had their inning on Saturday night to further their selfish interests, and, while I am not defending the habitues of the Tenderloin, there were quite few people disgraced forever by a lot of "holler than thou" politicians who have enough money to be safe and make a goat J. W. ADAMS. Philadelphia, July 17.

WANTS MORE POLITICS

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir-You are not paying enough attention to politics. It must be apparent that inless those who believe in Republicanism get busy the Democrats will win by de-I have been through many camfault saigns, but I have never seen the country deluded by phrases and words as it i at present. Look at Mexico! Was there ever such a mess before? Yet there was ctually some talk not long ago abo financing a Government down there, as if we had not sent too many guns and too such powder to that desolate land already. We all know that with Mr. Hughes as President there would be a real protective ariff and some guarantee that people could find employment after the war is over. Luck has permitted the Democrats to make a showing along the lines of prosperity this time, but whenever they had the Govern-ment before they always brought hard times and soup houses. Pennsylvania is going Republican, of course, but we must watch the other States nearby and educate the people as to the necessity of prepared-ness against hard times. That is the only kind of preparedness that counts, for down in Washington they seem to think that it would be a crime to have an army that really amounted to something. I guess when those boys get back from the hot sands of Texas they will have a story to tell that will show the nation what ought to he done. Get busy and hit some blows for Mr. Hughes. He ought o elected by an overwhelming major ty He ought to be

Philadelphia, July 18.

tive Committee, etc., etc. Thereafter follows perfect storm of apostasies, of rapidly secreasing importance, though of increasing riolence, by the more laggard spirits, till inally the village blacksmith with his 13 finally the village blacksmith with his 13 sturdy sons is reached, when the cue becomes: "Comic papers please copy."—New York Evening Post.

WITHOUT DEGREE

Only a year or so ago we established in Massachusetts a plan of extension educa-tion, paid for by the Commonwealth. This was done upon the assurance that thou-sands of young men and women who could This sands of young men and women who could not afford a college education desired instruction of equal standards. It was the education, we are told, and not degrees that they wanted. But now it appears that degrees are desired also, and already the extension students are making inquiries in this direction. By and by the degree will become the main thing. If the colleges, therefore, desire to stem this general drift away from sound traditions of education as something to be sought for its own sake semething to be sought for its own sake they will go slow with these extramura experiments.—Hoston Herald.

What Do You Know?

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

QUIZ

1. What is meant by "a blue funk"?
2. What is "straw ball"?
3. What is meant by "floating" a loan?
4. About what was the temperature on the lattest day recorded in this city?
5. About how many gallons are there in a cuble toot of water?
6. Who wrote "The Wandering Jew"?
7. What is the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy?
8. What work is done by veterinary surgeons?
9. What is fullow land?
10. What are the duties of a boatswaln?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Answers to testerday's Quiz

1. There is little real difference in the meanings of machinist and mechanic; but usually the former describes one who makes or repairs mechanics and the latter one who operates them.

2. The Count Karaly; is a Hungarian statesman said to be forming a party for an independent Hungary, which would make a separate peace at once with Russia.

3. An Appellate Court is one that sits to hear appeals taken from lower courts' decisions.

4. P. O. S. of A.: "Patriotic Order Sons of

America."

5. Moist air is lighter than dry air.

6. Pig-iren: the word is a pun on the "sow."
as the channel into which the melted
iron runs off is called. The lateral
branches of the "sow" are called "pigs";
here the iron cools.

7. Excalibur: the sword which King Arthur
drew out of the stone, proving himself to
be the king.

The Line words.

8. The Lian symbolizes British pugnacity; Joh Bull symbolizes the substantiality, solidity, obstinacy and predudices of the British.

9. The rouring forties: a zone of strong winds about latitude 40 degrees south.

10. A Greek sift; a treacherous sift.

Pigeon Blood

Editor of "What Do You Know"-Why s a certain kind of stone in a ring called "pigeon blood"? I see one advertised "syn-thetic bloodstone ring." Does it have any special value, being "pigeon blood," and why so called? (2) What is a grillroom? EMMA S.

"Pigeon blood" is a term-used sometimes

to describe a peculiarly brilliant ruby. A "synthetic" stone is one that is manufactured. To call such a ring a "pigeon blood" ring would probably be intended to convey the information that the color resembled that of a fine ruby. There is a supersti-tion connected with the idea of pigeon blood which is also related to its use in such descriptions. There is an old saying, "He who is sprinkled with pigeon's will never die a natural death." A sc A sculptor carrying home a bust of Charles I stopped to rest on the way; at the moment a pigeon overhead was struck by a hawk, and the blood of the bird fell on the neck of the bust. The sculptor thought it ominous, and after the King was beheaded the saying became current. (2) A grillroom is, properly speaking, that room in a restaurant or inn where chops and steaks for the table can be seen grilled at an open fire. But rarely are these open grills seen now in clubs and restaurants, and what is called the grillroom is simply the more informal rooms where only men come for meals

Esperanto and Volapuk

A. S. K .- Esperanto is an artificial ianguage, first advocated in 1890 as a means of bringing all nations into closer intimacy by constituting a common speech in which the word roots of nearly all languages were represented. It differs from Volapuk in that its vocabulary structed upon only such words as are common to all European languages. was invented by Johann Schleyer in 1879. The aim in the formation of Volaguk has been to exclude elements supposed not to be

The Gorgons

U. G. F .- Anything unusually hideous is called a gorgon in modern speech. There were three Gorgons, with serpents on their heads instead of hair. Medusa was the chief of the three, and the only one that was mortal. So hideous was her face that whoever set eyes on it was instantly turned She was slain by Perseus and her head was placed on the shield Minerya

Double or Quits

W. H .- The challenge "double or quita" means that the winner stakes his stake and the loser promises to pay twice the stake if he loses again; but if he wins he pays nothing and neither loses nor wins anything. The phrase is very old and no authority gives an account of its origin.

Italy's Coal Amado Mulfaro-Italy is not a great coal-

oducing country. In fact, her production not considered of sufficient importance to give her a place in the statistics. The United States, the United Kingdom, Ger-many, Austria, France, Beigium, Russia and Canada are the principal sources. The fields of China are said to be very rich, but are not so highly developed. Italy probably gets most of her coal from Germany and the United Kingdom.

AN ESCAPE FROM A RUSSIAN JAIL

Prince Kropotkin's Thrilling Delivery Recalled by Incident in News of the

THE most interesting feature of the I jail delivery in Camden was that one of the two men who escaped was evidently versed in the traditions of noted fugitives. Chief among these is this: 'After escape, do not hide in a cellar or an attic or in any other obvious hiding place, for the police look there first. But enter a restaurant in the centre of the city, take your time, and then stroll about like any other citizen till you have a chance to leave the country."

This was what one of the Camden fugitives did, and it was what Prince Kropotkin did after he had escaped from prison in Petrograd. The only difference was that in the case of Kropotkin it worked and in the case of the Camden man it didn't. The famous Russian geographer, sociologist and revolutionist had been placed in the prison hospital and was allowed to exercise every day for an hour in the yard.

"When I was taken out," he writes in his memoirs, "I saw before me a yard fu!l 300 paces long and more than 200 paces wide, all covered with grass. The gate was open, and through it I could see the street and the people who passed by. At one end of the yard stood the prison, at each end of which was a sentry box. The two sentries paced up and down, so that I was never more than 10 or 15 paces from the one or the other. The open gate fascinated me. 'I must not stare at it.' I said to myself: and yet I looked at it all the time. As soon as I was taken back to my cell I wrote to my friends: "Through the unguarded gate I will run out; my sentries will not catch me. A lady is to come in an open carriage. She is to alight and the carriage to wait for her in the street. When I am taken out at 4. I shall walk for a while with my hat in my hand, and somebody who passes by the gate will take it as the signal that all is right. In the street I shall spring into the carriage and we shall gallop away." "At last the day of the escape was

reply to my signal they would signal 'All right outside' by sending up a red toy balloon. Then the carriage would come, and a song would be sung to let me know when the street was open. I went out on the 29th, took off my hat (the signal) and waited for the balloon. But nothing of the kind was to be seen. With a broken heart I returned to my room. The impossible had happened that day. Hundreds of children's balloons are always on sale near the Gostinoi Dvor. That morning there were none. One was discovered at last in the possession of a child, but it was old and would not fly, My friends rushed to an optician's shop, bought an apparatus for making hydrogen and filled the balloon with it; but it would not fly any better. Time pressed, Then a lady attached the balloon to her umbrella, and, holding it high over her head, walked up and down the street along the high wall. But I saw nothing of it, the wall being too high and the lady too short. As it turned out, nothing could have been better than that accident. The street was blocked with carts and we should have been caught. "The attempt was then arranged for

settled. They had let me know that in

the next day. Further postponement would have been dangerous. The carriage had been taken notice of and I heard the patrol officer ask the sentry who stood opposite my window, 'Where are your ball cartridges?" I came out at 4 as usual and gave my signal. I heard next the rumble of the carriage. The violinist (whose playing in a nearby house was now to be the outside signal) began a wildly exciting mazurka from Kontsky, as if to say, 'Straight on now; this is your time." I moved slowly to the nearer end of the footpath. I turned round. The sentry had stopped five or six paces behind me; he was looking the other way. 'Now or never!' I flung off my green fiannel dressing gown and began to run. I began to run rather slowly, to economize my strength. But peasants who were piling wood shouted, 'He runs! Stop him! Then I flew for my life.

"The sentry was so near he felt sure

of catching me. Several times he flung

his rifle forward, trying to give me a

blow in the back with the bayonet. He was so convinced that he could stop me that he did not fire. But I kept my distance and he had to give up at the gate. Safe out of the gate, I perceived to my terror that the carriage was occupied by a civilian who wore a military cap. He sat without turning his head to me. However, as I got nearer to the carriage I noticed that the man in it had sandy whiskers-those of a warm friend of mine. I clapped my hands, while still running, to attract his attention. 'Jump in, quick, quick!" he shouted in a terrible voice, calling me and the coachman all sorts of names, a revolver in his hand and ready to shoot. 'Gallop! gallop! I will kill you! he cried to the coachman. The horse, a beautiful racing trotter, which had been bought on purpose, started at full gallop. Scores of voices yelling 'Hold them! Get them!' resounded behind us, my friend meanwhile helping me to put on an elegant overcoat and an opera hat. But the real danger was a soldier who was posted at the gate, about opposite to the spotswhere the carriage had to wait. A friend was commissioned to divert this soldier by talking. He did this most successfully. We entered the Nevsky Prospekt, turned into a side street and alighted at a door. I ran up a staircase and at its top fell into the arms of my sister-in-law. I put on another suit and cropped my conspicuous beard. Ten minutes later my friend and I left in a cab.

"It was a fine afternoon. We drove to the islands, where all the St. Petersburg aristocracy goes on bright spring days to see the sunset. "To Donon!" my friend presently called to the cabman, naming one of the best St. Petersburg restaurants. 'No one will ever think of looking for you at Donon.' So we went to Donon, passed the halls flooded with light and crowded with visitors at the dinner hour, took a separate room and spent the evening there. Nobedy thought of making a search at Donon."

Later the fugitive was safely on his way