PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CIRCA IS. R. CLEATE, PROSPER

CHEN C. MARTIN. General Business Manager ed dally at Poster Lances Building, department Square, Philadelphia. NEWS BUREAUS

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Subscribers wishing address changed old as well as new address. BELL, 1000 WALNUT REYSTONE, MAIN 1000

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILT CIR-CULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JUNE WAS 135,808

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 22, 1916.

A man of pleasure is a man of

and laughs. "Mr. Vanderbilt pays \$200 for a pair of scissors." To cut coupons, of

The Commoner announces that "the President is growing." So are the expenses of the Government, but nobody is bragging about it.

will shoot 25,000 feet straight up in the air, it is said. The first thing we know we'll be shelling Mars.

"Let's see if we can't give Chester a name," says the Chester Times. "Let's call it the 'Smokestack City.'" What's the matter with "Chester"?

Scott Nearing says he did not mean all the newspapers when he delivered his denunciation of journalism in general. Never mind, he'll go the limit after

Further improvement of Delaware on last year's shipping from this port.

I inherited my democracy. But it wouldn't stay in my blood long if the red corpuscies didn't have something to

That is not historic Democratic doctrine. The job's the thing, and every atmaster the President was addressing

The controllers of traction in Harrisburg have met and will again meet reaus and statistics and co-operation and representatives of the striking car men. Prussia. But no militarism. Mr. Hynd-In Wilkes-Barre the strike has gone on much longer and still the want of ordinary co-operation blocks efforts for peace. Is common sense so rare?

Mr. Vance McCormick will really have to take the theatrical manage well in hand. Legitimate shows, according to the latter, will have little chance in the West this winter because, lacking munition plants, the West is none too prosperous and has no money for anything more expensive than the movies. If our prosperity is not only temporary, but localized in a small section, it is hardly a good campaign issue. Perhaps certain members of the Cabinet will try to revive business on the small-time cireuit after March 4.

Even if in conference the Senate's naval bill suffers somewhat, its passage by a tremendous majority yesterday was of vast importance. It is certain that, once the European war is over, there will arise a pacifist hysteria in this country which will make sane measures of selfdefense virtually impossible. The Senate wisely insists upon a continuing program, which will stand against temporary fluctuations of opinion. The actual provisions of the bill are far from making this country a naval rival of Great Britain, but they will do much to inspire respect among others and security in our own hearts.

Hysteria has hardly taken New York, but several surrounding places have grown quite mad in their fear of infantile paralysis. Hecause a family lived in Brooklyn several weeks ago and because a child died in that family, although the death took place after they had moved to Jersey City and was not due to paralysis. that family. Other equally drastic instances are cited in the New York papers. which have been, incidentally, accused of exaggerating the epidemic. The situation is bad, but losing heads and becoming artiess will hardly help it. It is to be noted, and filed for reference, that the umed right of New Jersey to forbid entrance from New York, except on the ordinary grounds, was not upheld by the New Jersey authorities.

Three weeks of attack have now passed on the western front and the operations may be divided for convenience, but in view of what is to come, or is intended, the attack must still be considered in He first phase. There have been at least three separate movements, with luils for consolidation and for further artillery ration. The work has been pressed eith admirable precision and system, but the results have been provokingly small to those who furcish that there would be ens great push and that Germany would petreat to the castern line of France. othing of the sort has happened, chiefly secause no effort was made to achieve ble. The two lines of advance. eer alowly burnight and, the direcged as suited the purposes of the , and the resistance and counhandlig met. It is impossithat the German supply of | will have any meaning.

heavy shells is so low as the reports sug gest, despite the enormous amounts used at Verdun and in the East. Certainly German resistance is by no means abbing in the field. That it is slowly giving out at home is, perhaps, the true measure of the value which should be attached to the offensive. It was meant to reach the heart of Germany, eventually. That can be done before a British soldier sets foot on German soil.

WHAT IS COMING?

As THE world approaches the third year of its great war hope slowly gives way to a feeling of confidence that the war has turned the corner, that Kitchener's prediction of a three years' war was wisely made. It is not necessary to rehearse the reasons for this confidence, which is influenced but not wholly determined by the present Entents offensive. The arguments may be read on the first page of every issue of this or any other newspaper. They may be premature; at the worst, fallacious. But what depends on them is just as worthy of attention.

purposes of it are still best expressed in those phrases which were made famous at its beginning. The German word is that the "trampling, drilling foolery in able to get enough there to cover the story. the heart of Europe" must be crushed, The underworld counts its votes that democratic government shall no longer be menaced by militarism, that intuition or sheer laziness that made me the sword shall not be sheathed until Bei- at any rate, I went with him. We got off gium is restored, and so on. Granting the the car at Federal street and just as we impossibility that both are right, the carthe patrol wagon drew up to the door and tainty that large numbers believe each disgorged Lieutenant Thompson and a squad of policemen returning from the scene of the fire. This was one of the seeks a free field for development. And, with the calm Ingenuousness of mortals. The navy's new anti-aircraft guns the very outlines of that development are clouded and inconsistent. In that sense it is painfully true that most of the belligerents do not know what they are fight ing for.

MERTAINLY it is wanton and wasteful to speculate on what is coming unless there is some general conception of what ought to come. Mr. H. G. Wells, who is by profession a prophet, puts no interrogation point after the title of his book, "What is Coming." He avers, now and again, that he makes no judgments on the Bay has been urged upon Congress by desirability of the things in store for Engarmy engineers. The attention of Con- land, but he has a distinct prejudice. Mr. gress is respectfully called to the report Frank Harris has rather sharply called to mind Mr. Wells' eager enthusiasm for Germany some years ago, and it is clear enough that underlying all his protesta tions Mr. Wells is in spirit an efficiency expert. He has ridiculed the type best because he understands himself. He hopes for an England with all the muddle gone, with clean streets and apartment houses with common kitchens and buman, a great Socialist, declares outright that England must take on the garment of German efficiency and goes in for universal service. But these men are not England and England is not Europe.

> frequent in historical times than the imposition of a defeated nation's ideals on a conqueror, especially when the victor has had a less elaborately civilized mode of in the end Roman law prevailed. The newly rich conquer-society, but succumb to social forms. In a naive time the process is long. In a critical time it may be very short. So England and France have to decide, not by law, not by the voices of their leaders, but by a plebiscite which may have no standing in law, whether they shall hold forever in their hands the sword of efficiency which they took up against Germany. The problem of Germany herself is as complicated. Will she abjure militarism? Will she be monarchical socialism without driving in its defects? Will there he a social change almost revolutionary, or will the gradual intermingling of ideas restore the world to its former haphazard, purposeless, human condition?

TT IS certain that against the possibility of a mere settling down the publicists and politicians will protest. Mr. Wells may derive from Germany an argument against borough rivalries, and Mr. Cecil Chester the city authorities of Hoboken ejected ton see in Germany's crimes a reason for abolishing old age pensions. Both, and the extremists they represent, would deem it a calamity if the war should end with policies, no change in the social fabric of England. France will ask itself whether the dangers of democracy, shown so bitterly in 1914, must be repeated eternally. Germany will demand a reckoning for militarism and may be led to ask whether there is not something inherent in the worship of efficient men which makes a nation indifferent to the privileges of the children of men. Russia will have, too her time of accounting.

> The lack of a recognizable, acceptable social ideal before the war was leading England into a state of confusion and danger. It may be too much to ask that such an ideal, such definition of how men might live, should grow up in the stressful times of war. The fact is that wars have in the past sharpened the taste of peace. They have done so for this country, in part. They must do so for the world, must deliver a clear impression of what is wanted, before what is coming

Tom Daly's Column

THE OLD REPORTER

FEEL it in my blood this morning that I this is the day and this the place for me to tell the story of how the Schuylkill river got on fire and—quite incidentally—how I got an increase in my wages. It was my late night at the Record office, when along about 10 o'cl-ck the City

office, when along about 10 o'cl-ck the City Hall man telephoned in that earlier in the evening there had been a serious fire at Point Breeze which was still supposed to be burning, and as a result of which several men had died.

In those days Frank Kerr operated s cab stand outside the old Girard House on 9th street, just above Chestnut. I was rossing the Postoffice pavement on my way to take a cab to Point Breeze (for in those days the trolleys did not run down Passyunk avenue as they do now) when I came upon old Cap. Ash, of the North Ameri-can, who was scuttling along as fast as he could. Cap was a hunebback and per haps was the oldest reporter in the business at that time. I asked him where he was going and learned he was out on the same story. I said: "Why not take a cab?"
"My people won't stand for a cab," said he The North American in those days was a sick newspaper. The McMichaels were allowing it to die on their hands; this was some years before it passed to the present owner. "Besides," Cap added quickly, for he had his own pride, "I figure that a cab The war ends its second year and the sources of it are still best expressed in time we got to Point Breeze and back my paper at least would have gone to press we were talking quickly followed by the Ledger cab, went still "a place in the sun," a defense galloping west on Chestnut street. "What do you propose to do?" I asked the old man. "Our best place," said he, "is to take ruining her. The Entente still demands a car to the 17th district police station at

Now, I've never been able to make clear my own mind whether it was superior luckiest breaks that ever happened to me in the newspaper business. I pictured the Ledger, Press, Times and Inquirer men beat ing it through the dark down muddy Pass yunk road to Point Breeze. I learned after ward that several of them got back between and 3 o'clock in the morning with nothing for their pains.

Cap. Ash and I followed the Heutenant into his room and, sitting there in com-

fort, got this story: Shortly before 6 o'clock that evening : half dozen men employed at the Atlantic Refining Company's plant on the east side of the Schuylkill River at Point Breeze had started for their homes on the west bank of the river. There were two rowboats with three men in each boat, two at the oars and one in the stern sheets. boats pushed off at the same moment and the idle man in the stern of one of them called banteringly to the others that there was a kettle of beer on the other side for the crew that reached it first. The others took up the challenge and the race was The man who had issued the challenge struck a match and, lighting his pipe, tossed the match stick overboard. Now there had been a serious fire at Point Breeze the Sunday before and considerable damage had been done to the wharves and the Italian bark Felix had been burned at her berth alongside one of them. The fire on that occasion had been caused by a stream of oil leaking from a neighboring tank trickling under a firebox in the engine room of the refining company. The oil, still leaking from the tank, had gradually covered the surface of the river, and when the match was thrown over from the boat it ignited a patch of oil and in an instant the entire surface of the river was ablaze.

The men in the two boats rowed on for dear life, with the cars biazing in their hands. One of the men, possibly the one who suggested the race, losing his head. leaned overboard. Of course when he came to the surface again he was between fire and water. One of his companions in attempting to save him was badly burned. The two men were eventually recovered from the river and sent to St. Agnes' Hostal, where one, o possibly both, died in a few hours. The fire reached the bark Felix, lying half submerged in midstream, and completely destroyed her upper works Wharves on both sides of the river were considerably damaged.

Briefly, this was the story we got. We were both back at our desks by 11 o'clock and I wrote the best story of my career, a column and a quarter of solid nonpareil, by 12 o'clock, each page being taken by the copy editor and fed to the compositors as quickly as it was turned out. The next payday there was a little bit more money in my pay envelope, and I often felt that it uld have gone to Cap. Ash

THE LIMIT A fisherman down in New Guinea Went angling for specimens fuinea. But he only brought in

A few lies that were thin As himself-and gee whiz! he was

Christian Science would do Judd Lewis a world good. Every Ausuat he has hay fever, and he fiers more worrying about it beforehand than does when he has it. As a man thinketh, so he, or nearly so.—Doc Bixby in Nebraska he way of Christian Science treatment? Of ourse, it's God's doin's that you ain't pretty, out it is your own fault that you are not con-intent. —Judd Lewis, in Houston Post.

COME, come, boys! Maybe you're both wrong. We complained ourself about hay fever the other day and this morn ing's mail brought this:

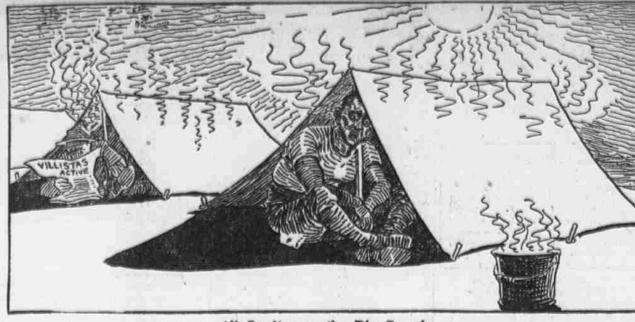
If you with Maud would stay While she rakes in the hay, Just take this tip from me-Try osteopathy. W. P. M.

THREE or four times we have buried Lourselves in the musty room where very old newspaper files are kept in an effort to dig up our story of the first golf game that was ever played in this section of the country. All we can remember is that it was in the early 90s, and that the scene of the disturbance was the grounds of the Philadelphia Country Club at Bala. Only four or five or, at most, seven holes were laid out, and those who participated did it rather shamefacedly. It was the feeling of all that the same would never become popular in America. We recall that we devoted most of our attention to the costume of Miss Elsie Cassatt, who seemed to us to be the most interesting participant. All this is not without value to the present-day reader in view of the fact that Mr. Jerry Travers, in a recent magazine article, pointed out that devotees of the game of golf in this country are responsible for the expenditure of --- millions for dues and incidentals and -- millions for upkeep, stc., in the --- thousands of golf. clubs throughout the country, representing an investment of - millions dollars.

*Sporting department please fill in figures.

AT BAT "Vacation-time's beginning," The weary clerks are shouting; "And now we have our inning To put a little outing."

WATCHFUL WAITING



All Swelter on the Rio Grande.



All's Swell on the Potomac.

which your paper is a most valuable source

ition I question the right of 51 per cent

roperty, the habits of life of the other 45

er cent. Local option as a general proposi-

oundation of government, then a majority

To treat it with local option is puerile

is a wicked compromise with iniquity

We cannot, however, in dealing with this question, ignore the fact that the people

through their Government, national and

State, have always been in partnership with the liquor trade, and in the way of

engaged in production.

the business a standing which

ower to abrogate.

without compensation.

States.

revenue have received a large share of the profits, a larger share, so far as the brewers

a law, division in profits, these have given

rights beyond the power of any just local

These intere a have paid into the United

States Treasury more than \$2,000,000,000

n the last 10 years, and yet the total cap-tal invested is only about \$800,000,000

would only require the payment of a small proportion of the profits paid to the ma-

rity beneficiaries, the people of the United

The retail trade, of course, is on a differ

ent basis, and in practice has been treated in a manner to indicate that it was on an unstable foundation and carried with it risks

isociating himself with it.

That the general conduct of the business

as been bad must be conceded, but this

ight, or right based upon any use and en

oyment by consent of the people and ap-

proval of government. The landmarks of law have defined and established rights

The political activity of the men in the quor trade has not been in behalf of new

laws with increased privileges, but to pro

tect the old landmarks of legislation.

They have been the victims of grafting officeholders and political holdup men to an

extent almost inconcelvable. And while the

have been blackjacked continually, the men

ch ought not in justice to be annulled

oes not affect fundamental principles

that might well deter a wise man fron

empensation upon a reasonable valuation

of information and instruction.

As a preliminary and fundamental prop-

of the electorate to determine the

particular application are true

Copyright, 1916, by John T. McCutcheon IT ALL DEPENDS UPON WHERE YOU DO YOUR WAITING

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Temperance on Local Option-Another Citizen Considers It . a Fallacy

This Department is free to all reader who wish to express their opinious on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum and the Evening Ledger assumes measures willlifty for the views of its corre

NO SYMPATHY FOR LIQUOR To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—You have made the Philadelphia pub

lic your debtor by your clear and satisfactory reply in the issue of last evening to Clarence Gibboney's communication "Local Option vs. Purchase." As one of the temperance secretaries of the Presbyterian Church, I should like to make a few additional remarks.

Mr. Gibboney talks of specious reasoning

and fallacious arguments, but I fear he is appealing to ignorance only. We are not living in England, but under good old Uncle Sam. Mr. Gibboney is a lawyer, and of all people in Philadelphia he ought to know that the United States Supreme Court has twelve times declared that there is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicat-ing liquor, while nearly every State Su-preme Court in the Union has ruled that no person has an inherent right to keep a saloon. Licenses are issued for one year only, and the public has just as much right Booze holsters, to borrow a vernacular term, deserve no sympathy whatever. brides are not in it with the profits of the liquor traffic. Let Mr. Gibboney go up Whisky Hill, in Chester, Pa., and view the plendid residences built by wet-goods men. Now, should their gamblers' chances go against such men, surely the public should worry. It ought to be pointed out, how-ever, that a large proportion of the saloon belongings of the country are owned by the breweries, of which there are, roughly speaking, about 1200 in all. These are the concerns on which Mr. Gibboney's tears should be expended. As a matter of fact, they are proving themselves quite capable of meeting changed conditions. In Wheeling. W. Va., one of these concerns went into pork packing industry. ognizing the inevitable, are preparing for similar changes, as in St. Louis, where malted milk has been adopted as a side line. Mr. Roosevelt remarks that the friends of the saloon denounce their opponents for not treating the saloon business like any other. "The best answer to this is that the usiness is not like any other business, and that the actions of the saloonkeepers them-selves prove this to be the case. It tends to create criminality in the population at large, and law-breaking amongst the sa-loonkeepers themselves. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish, they

are sure to debauch not only the body social but the body politic also." I am sorry to note that Mr. Gibboney ng the efficient secretary of the Law and rder Society, and whose knowledge of underground Philadelphia conditions is nothing less than masterly, has jumped the fence Could a golden finger have beckened? Ye his letter is an encouraging sign of the times. It is clear that the liquor industries of the country have seen the writing on the wall, and hope to save at least a few square inches of their hide. I rejoice to add that the Presbyterian Church is exerting more and more of its immense power and prestige for the total abolition of the evil traffic, and that more than a score of sister denomina-tions are falling into line and establishing educational agencies.

EDWIN J. REINKE associate Secretary, Presbyterian Board of Philadelphia, July 21.

LOCAL OPTION INSIGNIFICANT To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Without any dealer or purpose inject my personality or opinions into a controversy between D. Clarence Gibboney nd the EVENING LEDGER. I believe that investigation has given me knowledge that, at least, may serve to edify the public to

CORN COBS IN MISSOURI

I spent a very interesting hour the other

afternoon at the plant of the National Cob

Pipe Works, at Union, Franklin County.

No one who has not investigated the pipe

industry has any conception of its magni-

tude. The plant at Union is one of three

or four factories of like character in Frank-

lin County, one or two of which are larger

ington, the largest town in the county,

although not the county seat. There is

also a cob pipe factory at Boonville, Cooper

county. The plant at Union employs some

20 to 40 people and produces 20,000 pipes

per day. The industry has been enjoying splendid business in recent months, and the Union plant is now four months behind with its orders. The cobs from which the

than is it. The others are located at Wash

who have bled them have been made Gov ernors and United States Senators as well as crowned with lesser honors by the very individuals who are denouncing the whole iquor traffic. Any corruption torate by liquor money has been engineered by the Organization leaders. This is espe rially true in Pennsylvania, as I know; bu these contributions have never been reported in the sworn statements of the committee who have received them.

these official perjurers will take their place with lesser criminals in the penitentiary. In the great work of revelation and pur ishment will the EVENING LEDGER perform its duty without personal favor or partisan

If this question is ever treated honestly

Not to protect the brewers and their ass clates from unjust exactions, but to protect every interest demanding justice in from the brigandage of men whom people honor with the highest positions in their power to bestow. How insignificant is ocal option in the presence of these mighty interests that involve the very existence of popular government!

GEORGE MULLER. Darby, Pa., July 20.

factory is now paying 1 cent each for cobs A few years since an abundant supply could be had at from 30 to 40 cents per hundred.

The manufacturing process is a very simp

out interesting one, demonstrating to what

nificant a thing as a corn cob may become The plant at Union makes 230 different varieties of pipes and is ready to add to he number, providing a customer sufficient quantity of a special design for hi

VOTING SOLDIERS

It is grossly unjust that these citizens serving their country under special circum stances of possible danger and hardship should face the slightest risk of losing the opportunity to exercise the right of suffraging a national campaign of the utmost interest and significance. It ought to be actionar in advance that they can vote wherever

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. What is meant by "parbolled"? 2. Where is the Black Forest?

 Southern floods have cost many lives and untold suffering and property loss in the last few days. What was the cause of these floods? Who is J. Frank Hanly?

5. What is the munitions revenue bill? 6. What is meant by "owl cars" and "ow trains"?

tion is a fallacy, and in its application to the liquor traffic it is more than a fallacy; it is a crime, if the reasons given for this 7. Who wrote the opera "Faust"? 8. What was the ducking stool?
9. What is the difference between immigration and emigration? If the traffic in alcoholic liquors is inrently wrong, if it is a public menace, if degrades mankind and undermines the

io. What is garroting? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

vote cannot make it right. In such case i "White Coal": waterpower.
Thackerny was Dickens's greatest conten-porary rival as a novel writer. comes a great general moral and governmental question to be settled by broad comprehensive application of the principles and powers of government. 3. Dime: derived from "disme," old French for one-tenth.

The Sheriff draws the lists for Jurors by lot.

The chief principle in proposed charter chances is greater direct control by the people through a city manager and small

The "British blacklist" is a list of mer-chants domiciled in the United States with whom British subjects are forbidden to trade.

7. There was a plot, called the Conway Cabal, to oust Washington and make Gates commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces. Circumstantial evidence: as opposed to direct evidence (to which there are exe-wit-nesses) is evidence based on corroborative incidents.

9. "Lame ducks": men defeated for 10. Reberf Bridges, poet laureate. The post is official and is not merely complimentary

Recognition

O. S. K .- The only other number on the Philadelphia Orchestra program which first brought Paderewski's symphony in B mino to Philadelphia was Liszt's symphoni ony in B minor "Tasso." The dates were January 15

Breadwinners

R. M .- The authorship of "The Breadwinners" is now definitely ascribed to John Hay. His son, Clarence Leonard Hay, is nsible for the ascription.

Ministries

The Premiers in the Presidency of Emile Loubet, with the dates of accession follow: February 18, 1899, Charles Dupuy; Jun 22, 1899, Rene Waldeck-Rousseau; June 7 1902, Emile Combes; January 24, 1905 Maurice Rouvier. Waldeck-Rousseau's ten ancy was the longest up to that time in the listory of the third republic. He was not defeated, but resigned after an election which turned in his favor. He was himself a believer in the innocence of Alfred Dreyfus, but his amnesty bill was not favored by the Dreyfusards because it was designed to crush all criminal actions in progress on either side of the case. The bill passed.

Insurance

T. T.—The amount of outstanding in-surance is about five times as great as the assets of the insuring companies-at least the figures given for various years since 1843 run to that average. In the United States at the end of last year the outstand ing insurance amounted to \$2 and the assets to \$4,935,252,793 inted to \$21,589,172,378

Boy Scouts R. L.—The honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America is Woodrow Wilson. The honorary vice presidents are William How and Taft and Theodore Roosevelt.

THE RECRUIT'S LAMENT Her lamps were wet when we went away, And she said, "You'll be brought hon

dead"; If she only knew what we've been through She would wish me a girj instead. No, she didn't want her boy to fight; She saw battle, death and woes; She needn't have worried, or been a flurried Over little things like those.

It's trench and dig, and dig and trench From morn to end of day; It's a sin and a shame! I could do th

In little old Broadway; And here I am doomed to trench and dig.
With never a scrap in eight,
While the Dagoes make hay, in an eighthour day, Where the sun shines bright at night!

I was kicked by an army mule last night. And feli out of an army dray; They have made quite a mummy of ma's little sonny,

Who beroically marched away.

I've got a stone bruise on my heel
And sunburn on my ear,
And I straight was sent to the captain's
tent

For asking why we're here! -Now York Heruld

BOYS WHO WERE SCOUTS IN WAR

Lads Under 18 Years of Age Weren't Turned Down by the Army in the Sixties

EVERYBODY remembers that thrilling story of Kipling's about the two little drummer boys who charged an army-it was said to have been taken from a real incident of British campaigns. A British regiment had been driven back by the fire of Indian mutineers. The lads saw their chance to retrieve the day, They must convince the enemy that their regiment was returning to the attack. How to do this, save by drumming the charge? And so these young sters in their early teens advanced, beating the charge, whereat the enemy was disconcerted, the British rushed after the boy heroes, whose bodies, riddled, were found with their broken drums after the victory they had won.

Just now the authorities are highly technical about the age of enlistment. A Philadelphia boy who was found to be not quite the minimum age-18-has just been discharged from a regiment at the border. All this legality would be blown to the winds the moment real war was declared, as was shown in the time of the Civil War. More than 600,000 of the Federal enlistments then were by lads not yet 21. There were thousands of children from 13 to 15 years of age in the ranks of the North. Of these there was none who had a record for daring like that of Charles H. Phillips, aged 14. who for four years was a Federal spy, in Richmond. His father had been sent to the city to handle some presses for the Richmond Dispatch and had been caught by the war. He was soon in touch with Federal spies and used the lad to carry messages. "Don't ask questions. Don't answer any." He showed his good sense the first time he was sent. "Where did you get this note?" asked a spy. "I don't know." "Where did you leave the man who gave it to you?" "I don't know." "You'll do," said the man. Later his teachers used anger, wheedling-all sorts of tricks to trip him up-but always his "I don't know" was ready, and at last they were satisfied that he was reliable.

He was given newspapers to sell. He soon learned that his bundle of papers was a passport by which he entered prisons and crossed picket lines, a commodity that made him welcome in camp and arsenal, in rifle pit and department office. The dispatches he carried were written on narrow strips of thin paper and rolled into little wads, which Charlie had sewed in an inner seam of his trousers. He got invaluable information at Lynchburg, selling papers in the arsenal. "Gee!" said the lad, "ain't ye got a lot of cannons here!" A Confederate workman looked up proudly, never dreaming that the ragged boy was one end of a line of spies that reached to General Grant's tent. "Ain't them the guns. though, boy? Won't they just blow the Yanks to hell? Forty of these here sixinchers." The boy would remember. Another workman would drop a remark: so many tons of powder in the town. More to remember. He had a pallid skin and seemed very young and innocent. After his hazardous trips out of Richmond he would have a good excuse when he got back among the rebel newsies. "Oh, been sick," he would say, and his looks did not belie him. He played sick for four years. Sometimes his mother would bend over him after some unusually perilous errand and murmur softly, "Be careful, Charlie; very careful."

Once he fell among "double traitors," captain and woman who were playing fast and loose with the Union. He carried their messages, but let his own spies copy them on the way. The captain at last caught on. He drew his revolver. The boy was quicker with a stone and laid the captain low. Then the lad took his uncensored story to the girl. "Served him right," she said. "I can get another captain." What her game was Charlie never knew. She may have been a "triple traitor," double-crossing the spice in gray uniforms and intricately loyal to the Union after all. Years later, when Phillips was a policeman in New York, he met her and laughed over old times. She remembered how the ragged newsboy had caused the arrest of herself and of her wounded captain. Once he hung in the boughs of a tree to see a spy hanged. Once he saw a man rifling the pockets of the dead on a battlefield and killed him with a rusty musket aimed at the man's head, while the robber was striking at him with a sabre. There was a thrilling trip to see Grant.

He had a message in his trouser seam. He passed with his passport—his newspapers -to the outermost Confederate picket line. "Mister," he said, with his broadest Southern drawl, "let me go and sell papers to the Yanks yonder." "Bring us back some Yank papers and y' can go," they bargained. But within the Union lines something went wrong. He was arrested. He "played baby," whined and begged, but they would not let him go He demanded to be taken to Grant, and showed such determination that at last they took him. Charlie stood barefooted, coatless, before him. "I'd like to see you alone for a minute, General," said the "Retire, gentlemen," said Grant, and the officers withdrew. Then the lad tore open the seam and produced his tattered message. Grant read it, impassively. "Where did you get this?" "How are you going back?" He stood at the door of the tent, cigar in mouth, and looked down with a paternal smile and a word of praise for the small spy. "Let him sell his papers; he's doin' no harm," said the General.

There is pathos in the story of his next sight of Grant. After four years of apying the youth wanted to see a reaf battle something that had been denied him. Hgot a horse and rode out to look for the fighting. He rode near Appointation. He saw a tall man in gray leave the house; Lee. Then, to his dismay, Grant and his staff! Charite rode back to Richmond with a lump in his throat. "Lee's surrendered." his father said as if he were telling news. "Yes." gloomily said the boy, who had missed the fighting. "I was there."

Anyhow, he had been on the job before any one else in Richmond.