Evening Ledger

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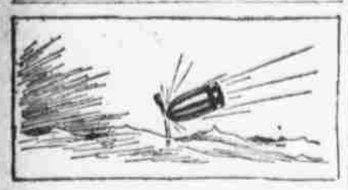

The regular army still needs 82,000 men. So there is plenty of chance for those would-be volunteers who were "discouraged" by conscription.

The rechristening of the German interned merchantman Kiel as the Camden is official evidence of the Government's opinion of the shipbuilding capacities of our busy municipal neighbor.

Little Luxembourg's appeal to President Wilson to save her from "a fate similar to that of Belgium" displays a lucid comprehension of America's aims. It is noticeable that the tiny duchy relies on the well-spring of freedom.

When we say that Registration Day passed off as quietly as a national election day, we not only praise the patriotism of ten million citizens, but we emphasize the eloquent fact that our great democracy rightly regards a presidential election as the ideal symbol of law and order.

France's peace terms are what they always were and always will be—return of Alsace-Lorraine and reparation for damage in invaded territory. Simple, direct and unimpeachable. Perhaps the best formulation of Allied terms would be for each nation to state its own terms, irrespective of those of its allies.

Two French soldiers stood in the mud and rain. "We'll win," said one, "provided they stand firm." "Who do you mean by 'they'?" asked his comrade. "The civilians," was the reply. They said that, at least, in cartoon by Forain, and it is the most popular cartoon of wartime France. It is the whole war in a nutshell.

Germany's description of ourselves as "a nation of tango lizards" acquires a certain glimmer of meaning from the actions of the Ute Indians who resisted registration by indulging in a war dance in favor of peace. Perhaps the contemptuous yet imaginative Teutons really believed that the bulk of our population was still composed of aboriginal redskins.

I believe some big underlying organization is responsible for the widespread sale of "dope" in South Philadelphia.—Statement by Internal Revenue Official.

A complete account of the workings of that organization was published in this newspaper about a year ago. Incidentally, the remark of a South Philadelphia magistrate yesterday that 93 per cent of the larceny cases that come before him are due to "dope" is evidence that the exposure was made none too soon.

The slur repeated for two years and a half that many Englishmen in America were hiding behind the Stars and Stripes in order to escape going to war is being gloriously erased by the rush to the first British recruiting station in the United States, opened yesterday. It is evident now that geographical circumstances and not spiritual defection restrained thousands of our English residents from answering the call of liberty. Within twenty-four hours every United States army and navy recruiting station will be authorized to accept applicants for British service, and the indications now are that the number of recruits will run high into the tens of thousands. These troops will be all volunteer—another indication that conscription is no check on individual initiative.

There are no men in middle life today who can say: "I was a Boy Scout. When I was a boy I took the Scout oath, which was that on my honor I would do my best 'to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law, to help other people at all times, to keep physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.' And that was the best influence in my life after I left my mother's knee." We are only beginning to reap the harvest of this great organization. It was a thoroughly revolutionary idea, this mobilizing of boyhood toward the manly ideal of life, and not for a score of years will the full fruits of it be measured. But its amazing growth already testifies to the fact that it was upon a natural and not an artificial principle that the Scouts' league was founded. Organizations for boys under a less rigorous phase of military discipline there had been, but never before had the emphasis in such movements been placed on nonmilitary helpfulness, upon the practice of kindness toward humans and animals, upon the repression of selfish individualism. There was a time when it was thought a boy could not be a real boy unless he robbed birds' nests. But the Scouts have proved that boys who build bird houses are the boys who perform acts of heroism. It will be hard to make gang politicians out of Boy Scouts. It will be harder to down a nation that has thus encouraged and disciplined its boys.

OUR FUTURE ON THE SEA

NAVAL successes are excellent arguments for the development of sea power. This reasoning, however, holds still better if reversed. Strengthening of the sea arm is indispensable to victory.

This is the real lesson of recent naval activity unequaled since the battle of Jutland. England, France and America have all participated brilliantly in sea actions. We rejoice in such results, but they should only spur us on to unremitting efforts toward the creation of a navy second to none. Complete preponderance of sea power would unquestionably win the war. Mighty as Britain's navy is, had it been mightier a different tale would have been told in the combat off the Cattegat, and it is conceivable that the war might have been over today.

America can afford no relaxation of effort toward making her sea armament and equipment equal to the skill and resources of her naval personnel. Every day of the conflict drives this principle home. Its truth is made still more unanswerable by the encouraging survey of what we and our Allies have recently accomplished. An American merchant ship, armed by navy gunners, has engaged and presumably sunk a German U-boat. The French steamship Oronoque reports having sunk an enemy submarine off the African coast. Britain has to her credit the destruction of one Teuton destroyer and the severe injury of another off Ostend, and in addition an English squadron has bombarded the naval base at Ostend.

Fully as significant as these victories is the reduction of the week's U-boat toll of vessels of more than 1600 tons from eighteen to fifteen. One black week less than two months ago forty British ships above this tonnage standard were lost. The perfect submarine queller may be mythical. One is almost content to abandon this dream if the decrease of losses through U-boats continues in the present ratio. France, it may be mentioned, reports the destruction of but ten vessels by submarines throughout an entire month.

Unquestionably the American fleet is doing its share toward bringing about such happy results. Our squadron in Brazil is relieving the Entente from South Atlantic patrol duty. Our fleet abroad has vital patrol duties of its own. Could any situation make plainer the supreme importance of naval strength? America's need for the greatest of navies is transparently obvious. It must be built.

JAPAN READY TO ACT

OUT of the tangle of contradictory statements about Japan's attitude toward Russia these facts stand out plainly: that the island empire is in the war to the finish, is thoroughly aware of the menace a Russo-German separate peace would hold over her, and would use every weapon in her power to make up for the defection of Russia.

About the only way Japan could restore the old balance, with Russia out of it, would be by sending troops to the French front by way of this country—a four weeks' trip. She has been in no mood to make war on Russia, would have nothing to gain and everything to lose by taking over the maritime province of Siberia, and could not carry on warfare against Germany by marching through a hostile Russia. Annexation of Russian soil would be ordinary conquest, against all Allied principles, and would create new enemies against Japan even in Allied countries.

There are not enough ships to spare to permit a rapid transporting of Japanese troops. But several thousand a month would amount in time to an important reenforcement of the Allied forces. The hearty welcome these veterans of 1905 would receive if transported by way of this country would do much to bring America and Japan into closer alliance and goodwill.

FIGHTERS WHO DON'T FIGHT

It will take a lot of courage for any politician to start a factional fight in times like these.—Mayor Smith.

COWARDICE, not courage, keeps the thugs and loafers busy following the orders of factional leaders who wrangle in times like these. Factional fights continue because the men who engage in them have not the manhood to serve their country.

THE PASSING OF "DAVE" LANE

"DAVE" LANE gives as his reason for abandoning political leadership the fact of his advancing years. We hope that this picturesque old fighter has happy years of good health before him outside the political arena.

Lane has always played his game out in the open. He held no traffic with those middle-of-the-road hypocrites who play now in, now out, of the Organization, posing as reformers all the while. We think his idea of how a city should be run is entirely wrong. But he thinks he is right. And it is no wonder that he came to think he was right, seeing that the reformers of our time have shown so little sustained zeal and so little effort to form a permanent organization against the Organization.

But those reformers who never give up and never will give up respect Lane as a worthy antagonist. There was never any question about where he stood. Such good fighters as he do more for the right than many think, for at the worst they make the wrong view so crystal-clear that those who oppose them know exactly where to strike.

WAR FORCES USE OF WHITE COAL

Alpine Streams in Dauphine Are Producing 800,000 Horsepower for French Factories

By HENRI BAZIN

Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France.

PARIS, May 17.

THAT which was ancient Dauphine, annexed to the French crown in 1349 under the rulership of Philip IV, is now and has been for very long the province of Isere, geographically so called, yet nevertheless always referred to by the French people as the land of its ancient name. Situated in the southeast of France, it touches the valley of the Rhone on the west and north and the mountainous provinces of Haute Alpes, or High Alps, and Savoie on the west.

Through the economic exigencies of the war, this historic and picturesque section of France bids fair to abandon its archaic sentimental name of Dauphine for that of "Le pays de la Houille Blanche"—"The Land of White Coal."

For here, through all the centuries, "white coal" has existed, waiting to be utilized industrially that wheels might turn and looms spin and cannon be forged through its potency. When I first heard the two words I was puzzled, and until it was explained to me that "white coal" is but the idealistic term for water power, I could well see the genuine poesy of the application. For all about this beautiful mountainous country of Isere are numberless white and frothing torrents, cascades and cataracts, springing from the heights of the French and Italian Alps, constantly watered through their eternal snows, constituting a great natural energy now for the first time being seriously used for industrial purposes.

Old-Fashioned Methods

It was in and about Grenoble, a city now numbering 237,000 inhabitants and the principal center of Isere, that French industry centuries ago established itself in the early sleepy fashion of days when time was but the passing of hours and counted not in the cost of production. Armor was made in Grenoble, skillfully and marvelously, as early as 1480, paper of finest quality from 1561, woven fabrics in wool and linen from 1721, and silk, rivaling that of Lyons, from 1825. Dating from the last half of the nineteenth century, these last three industries had grown to points of international industrial importance, playing their prominent part in the economic story of France.

From 1850 to 1900, Grenoble, and the surrounding districts as well, became renowned for fine glove making, the very foremost position in the world being taken in this industry through an exquisiteness and perfection of workmanship. During the same period workers in many branches of the metal trade, and in particular the manufacture of plain and decorative metal buttons, now used all over the world, added their goodly quota to the industrial importance of Grenoble and France.

From about 1860 the great quantities of oak which had long abounded in Isere invited manufacturers of fine interior woodwork and furniture. Limestone and clayey matter, long virtually ignored throughout the province, became industrially utilized through numerous manufactories of varied cements establishing themselves near plentiful raw material. All these diverse branches of industry were dependent, save in a few instances, upon the indispensable first essential of coal mined in Isere, where 300,000 tons were taken out yearly, and until 1910 burned to the extent of 45 per cent within 100 miles of its origin. Meanwhile the mountain torrents and waterfalls rushed, foaming white, upon their continual way, some with a sheer drop of 1500 meters, others in two drops of from 300 to 700 meters, with many of less, each wasting its producing power. They were but picturesque adjuncts to the natural beauty of a beautiful country, and no more.

But with the birth of the twentieth century the energy of a few cataracts was for the first time put to practical use, originally in various electrical and metal industries, which had, since 1901, become a part of the industrial prosperity of Isere in general, and Grenoble in particular.

Water Power Revolutionizing Industry

In 1914, at the time of the German invasion, 3985 manufacturing establishments could be counted in the province, of which fewer than 20 per cent used water power. This proportion had been established, in the main, close to the liquid energy of mountain streams, there deriving their first essential, using the power "raw," so to speak, securing it upon the old-fashioned grist mill drive principle, whereby a maximum quantity of water falling from a height centralized within a minimum inclosure of metal or wood, that, revolving, caused machinery to revolve with it. These were added to in 1905, and from that time to 1913 by a relatively small proportion of establishments, principally metal and chemical industries, the latter a new comer, with capital enough to pay the kilometer price for piping and carrying "white coal" to generate electricity in their own dynamos. But very quickly afterward generating plants for supplying electricity through original water power began to develop, offering service to whomsoever desired it. In August, 1914, six such plants existed, and more were in contemplation.

With the war and its drive of necessity toward the manufacture of munitions and supplies new installations of the generating type, together with new mills and factories, sprang up with a rapidity never before known in France. These new establishments were all electrically driven from the "white coal" source, the driving power being delivered through conduits on the meter system. Most of the old factories that had previously used black coal or raw white also adopted the new method. Factories, mills and foundries increased, the workers being largely of the women now employed in France, supplemented by men beyond military age and youths below it, as well as by many Spaniards and Italians. The entry of Italy into war with Austria took away most of the latter, but the total of workers was not decreased to any material extent, because the continued addition of women numerically filled the gap.

Statistics today show that the Isere electrical appliance, metal and munition industries alone were using on January 1, 1917, the equivalent of 310,000 horsepower electrically derived from "white coal," the generating plants utilizing for light and traction purposes 210,000 horsepower, the chemical-producing industries 300,000 horsepower, the paper and wood industries 33,000 horsepower and the divers other industries of the province 18,000 horsepower, a grand total of 871,000 horsepower.

All this in twenty months from the completion of any plant arising out of the exigencies of war! There are actually thirty-one generating plants in existence, some working twenty-four hours per day. They light not only Grenoble, but every town and village in Isere where a factory exists. They drive all the tramcars throughout the province. They are the direct sources making possible the production of a part of the means with which Germany is being defeated. They will continue after peace to take a mighty part in the second defeat of Germany, the industrial and commercial defeat, by the new and wonderful France in which I write.

Through "white coal" they are doing it and will continue to do it at about 15 per cent less cost than would be possible with the black brother mined from the earth. And "white coal" flows sparklingly on from the French and Italian Alps as it has for ages. Much of it is still unshackled to the usages of man. Only a portion of it is working in the light of day and the darkness of night with its centuries-old energy now enlisted in the cause of civilization and the rights and liberties of peoples.

Before the end of the war much more of it will be mobilized to fight behind the battle lines. And beyond that lie still greater usage in part of the real future economic story of France.

Tom Daly's Column

THE other evening one of the youngsters at the dinner table reported that he had seen a scarlet tanager in the woods, flaunting his gorgeous colors among the green leaves, but that there was another bird always close to him, which was as modest in plumage as the first was gay. It was a dull olive green, as the lad remembered it, and he was greatly surprised when we explained that the green she was the scarlet he's mate, and that Nature had a habit of overdecorating the males to make them attractive to the females. And the next day on Chestnut street, seeing a marine in his bright uniform and with a girl on either arm, we realized how natural war is.

GIRLS WILL CHANGE

The sergeant of marines was trim
And pleasing to the ladies;
Because of two that clung to him,
These words of old O'Grady's:

"They say the girls they're raisin' here
Has very takin' ways.
Mayhap 'tis true, but, dear, oh, dear,
'Tis not their likes I'd praise.
There's not a wan of all the lot
I've ever chanced to see—
Not wan o' them—that ever got
A heart-throb out o' me.
An', sure, I'm not so hard to pl'ase;
'Tis I that used to know
A score of maids deservin' praise—
But that was long ago.

"Although the times an' styles may change,
A maid is still a maid;
But here she looks an' acts so strange,
She's different, I'm afraid.
Mayhap the climate here's to blame
For all the faults I see;
At any rate, they're not the same
As maidens used to be.
But Irish maids! Och, over there
The girls I used to know
Were always sweet an' true an' fair—
Was that so long ago?"

ON PAPER made in Germantown in 1781, H. B. writes to call our attention to the fact that in the Record of Marriages of Christ Church, Philadelphia, under date of March 5, 1756, will be found that of John Codd and Mary Fish, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. William Sturgeon.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN has a new book out. It's called "Bottoms Up." It's an application of the slapstick to satire, and here's one of the things that's most in keeping with the title. In a page devoted to "three modern dramatists," he says of

Shaw
Act I
Finalitudes
Act II
Finalitudes
Act III
Finalitudes

Here's the Irish Finisher

Sir—Joe Tynan is the one Irishman who can stop the submarine if it can be stopped. Ask Cramps' about him, or the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, or ask the English Government, which gave him the shipyards of Montreal in 1915 to build fifty submarines. Do you know anything about his patents which made the use of armor plate in the construction of battleships such a simple matter? He never saw a machine shop until he worked in Baldwin's for $9 per (meaning week) and now he is the first and last word in shipbuilding on the Pacific coast. There's your man!

JOHN J. RAHILLY.

We have ways of getting exclusive news from Fort Niagara which may yet mystify and annoy the German invaders when they occupy New York. Latest advices inform us of a panic among the colored waiters at the camp. Several days ago, in the late afternoon, rumors spread among the help that German spies had been acting suspiciously around some of the buildings. The waiters refused to go to their quarters that night. They bunked out under the trees, but few of them slept. The next morning one of them told of a race between two motorcars he had seen and heard on a road out beyond camp. The news was important because of his interpretation of the characteristic cries of two makes of motorcars: "In de front was de Ford an' behind was de Buick. 'Long come de Buick, 'Siz-z-z-z-z!' But de li'l ole ford go, 'Yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh!'"

Black Ivory

Sir—I overheard this Tuesday in a registering office:

Registrar—How old are you?
Diminutive negro—Thirty-five.
Registrar—When were you born?
Negro—In 1828.
Registrar—What? If you were born in 1828 you must be more than thirty-five.
Negro—No, sir, I'm thirty-five.
Registrar—You haven't got that age right. Do you live near here?
Negro—Yas, sah. Yo' see, I come right hyar from work. I got my age home, but I didn't stop dere befo' comin' hyar. I can go home and git it.
Registrar—That might be a good idea. Go home and get your age. MACK.

The Neighbors Are Saying:

George Williams, the cotton manufacturer, would be painting his barn all the time if he lived in the country; and they do say the only reason he built those new concrete steps in front of his house on Sedgwick street was so ye scribe would see them and put this piece in the paper.

THE TERRIBLE MEEK

I beg to raise my voice in praise
Of men as mild as sheep,
For every day the papers say
It's only "strong men weep."

CASA WAPPY.

What Else Could One Expect?

"It is claimed that the Hessian fly has destroyed approximately one-sixth of the entire Kansas wheat crop this year."—Agricultural Digest.

IN the aristocracy of labor that which we were in the habit of calling a hod-carrier is something else again. The Sunbury Daily tells us:

Falling through a scaffolding at the new St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, now under construction, W. H. Fox, of Augusta street, suffered severe contusion of the right side yesterday. Mr. Fox was employed as a brick tender, his duties being to carry bricks and mortar to the bricklayers.

Or, perhaps, one is only a brick tender when one works upon a church.

OUR RUSSIAN MISSION

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR AMERICA

The Last Chapter in the Career of Our First Martyr

By HENRY JAMES BUXTON

A WOMAN shrieked and fainted, another laughed hysterically; others wept silently and hid their faces in their aprons. A red-faced, blasphemous soldier, in the uniform of a provost marshal, struck one sobbing female with the flat of his sword.

"You rebel hussy," he said, with an oath, "stop that whining!"

Throughout this scene, enacted Sunday morning, September 22, 1776, in Colonel Rutger's apple orchard, New York, but one person exhibited a calm in keeping with the peace and quiet of the beautiful Sabbath morn. He was the central figure in this orchard tableau, a tall, erect, noble-featured young man, who stood upon a rudely constructed scaffold.

So superb was the poise and courage of this man that no answering tremor disturbed his young body, even when the gentle morning breeze swayed the hangman's noose against his cheek. It is probable that he did not feel the momentary kiss of the death-rope; that those calm gray eyes were oblivious of the weeping women, and that his ears were closed to the blasphemy of the provost marshal. The calm of the young man's soul was too profound to be disturbed by mere temporal things.

It was left to one of God's pure little creatures to bring him back to his surroundings and a sense of his position. A robin flew to a branch just over his head and perched there, swaying, its head cocked to one side, as if it were pondering as to the import of the scene. The bird warbled in joyous notes, and the man in the shadow of death, looking up at the songster, smiled. Perhaps he interpreted the song of the bird as a message of hope from another world.

The circumstances which brought this fine specimen of manhood to the gallows had begun unfolding a few weeks previously, when General Washington had found it imperative to send a spy into the British camp on Long Island. A bright young lieutenant volunteered for the work. He did so against the protests of his friends, who pointed out the stigma attached to the operations of a spy. He silenced them with the proud reply: "I am fully sensible of the consequences of capture and discovery in such a situation. Any kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary." Assuming the role of a pedagogue he visited many British camps, gleaning much information. With drawings and plans of British fortifications concealed in his shoes he was preparing to return to his own lines when he was captured by some English marines. Brought before General Howe, the young man frankly admitted that he was a spy, and declared that he was sorry he had not been able to serve his country better. Although his heart fairly bled for the fine young fellow, Lord Howe could do no more than comply with the stern necessities of warfare and condemn him to be hanged.

Howe said after the war: "It filled me with sorrow to have to send this splendid young American lieutenant to his doom. The frankness, manly bearing and fine patriotism of this young man touched a tender chord in my heart."

The doomed spy was given into the keeping of William Cunningham, a provost marshal, notorious for his cruelty—cruelty of such a savage order that he was repudiated and shunned by his own fellow officers. The young American asked for a Bible and a chaplain, and both requests were denied. The lieutenant composed brief letters to his mother and sister, and to Alice Adams, a Connecticut maiden, to whom he was betrothed. These letters breathed a remarkable purity of thought and soul. The provost marshal, with foul language, then tore up these missives in the very face of his young victim. The lieutenant, looking contemptuously at his inquisitor, then resumed his impenetrable calm.

This narrative of events brings us to the execution of our hero.

The audience in the orchard became tense. Clergymen asked, unsuccessfully, for the lieutenant his "last dying speech and confession."

In a clear, confident tone the handsome martyr and patriot replied:

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The women resumed their weeping and men turned their faces away to hide the tears.

"Swing the rebel off!" yelled the savage Cunningham, hoarse with rage.

Thus died Nathan Hale, the first martyr in the cause of American liberty. It is for the salvation of this same liberty that America has now entered the greatest war of all time. The beautiful drama of the life of Nathan Hale has been one of the most powerful forces in creating the undying spirit of American patriotism. It is this same patriotism which today is calling thousands to the colors in the nation's hour of great—perhaps greatest—need.

WAR SURGERY

The success of Carrel's system, I am told by those who know, is not due to a single element, but to the combined advantages of a highly developed technique. The operation itself is first performed with unusual care. A system of rubber tubes, with openings at close intervals, is next arranged over the wound, which is then irrigated to the greatest possible depth at regular intervals with Dakin's antiseptic fluid, supplied from a reservoir. Think of the contrast with the surgery of the Civil War! I have heard our veteran colleague, Doctor Keen, describe with the emotion which all who were forced to use those earlier methods must now experience the deadly errors into which they were led by ignorance, at length dispelled by the greatest of Frenchmen—Pasteur. It was no uncommon thing in those days—not so long ago, yet medieval in their obscurity—for a surgeon to withdraw his knife from a wound, sharpen it upon his boot and plunge it once more, loaded with virulent bacteria, into the very life-blood of his patient! What wonder that deaths were a common sequence of even trivial wounds! And yet the human sympathy of the surgeon and his intense desire to save were no less obvious than at the present day.—George E. Hale, in Scribner's Magazine.

PEACE

"But, to speak plainly, peace is not in itself a human ideal. As long as it leaves unsolved the problems of justice it is not even a desirable aspiration. It may even be repugnant to the moral sentiments of an enlightened conscience. It is to be desired only when it is the concomitant of realized social good, for it is in no sense an end in itself. But the word is not to be set aside as representing a mere negation, as if it were simply the absence of strife. Peace on earth would mean the liberation of human faculties for the highest and noblest achievements of which human nature is capable. It would mean a splendid efflorescence of art, literature, science, philosophy and religion, in short, culture in its best sense, as the spontaneous unfolding of the powers of personality."—David Jayne Hill, in the Century.

WIRELESS

Now to those who search the deep,
Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,
Once, before you turn to sleep,
Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Wrecks that burn against the stars,
Decks where death is wallowing green,
Snare the breath among their spars,
Hear the flickering threads between,
Quick, through all the storms that blind them,
Quick with worlds that rush to find them.

Think you these aerial wires
Whisper more than spirits may?
Think you that our strong desires
Touch no distance when we pray?
Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
You shall breathe from urgent lips,
Round the ships that guard your seas,
Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
Kneeling thus—and far inland—
You shall touch the storm-beat brow
Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.

—From "Songs of the Travelers," by Alfred Noyes, in the June Scribner's.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who made the first aeroplane? When?
2. How did the Borough of the Bronx, New York city, get its name?
3. Who were the Arkaeans?
4. What queen was called "Brandy Nose"?
5. Who is nicknamed "Miss Alice"?
6. Who discovered the method of separating beet sugar from the plant? When?
7. What are the chief functions of an adjutant general?
8. Who is the "man from nowhere"?
9. Where is Aix-la-Chapelle?
10. What is the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, London?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Nathan Hale was born June 6, 1755.
2. J. W. Griswold invented the tintype in 1853.
3. The French excavated 78,146,560 cubic yards in their work on the Panama Canal. The excavation of only 29,908,000 was of use to our canal builders.
4. William Lorimer, United States Senator from Illinois until he was expelled, is known as "Blood Bill."
5. Edwin Austin Abbey was one of Philadelphia's greatest artists. He painted a series on the Holy Grail for the Boston Public Library, and was commissioned by King Edward VII to paint the coronation scene in Westminster Abbey.
6. C. P. S. means Keeper of the Privy Seal. The letters are the initials of the Latin "Custos Privati Sigilli."
7. Aberdeen, the chief seaport and city of North Scotland, lies at the mouth of the River Dee, 111 miles north of Edinburgh.
8. The treaty between Russia and Sweden in 1743, by which Russia retained part of Finland, is known as the "Peace of Abo."
9. Absinthe is made in Switzerland.
10. The Harvard University Library, founded in 1638, is the oldest in the United States.

NOISELESS TRACK CROSSING

The problem of suppressing the noise and shock of the street car in passing over an intersection has been attacked in a novel manner by a Philadelphia inventor, Samuel B. Meeker, who accomplishes the object without the use of any of the moving and interlocking parts which characterize most of the inventions for this purpose and without making any great changes in the design of the crossing itself. The latter is constructed in one piece or unit and at a point slightly in advance of the intersection of the rail sections. Each rail section is formed with the face of the rail cut away in an incline which allows the weight of the vehicle to pass from the base of the wheel to the flange on which it continues for a few feet, until the wheels have passed entirely over the intersection, when the weight of the car again passes to the base of the wheel. This change is so gradually accomplished that it is not noticeable to the passengers and the car passes over the crossing without jolt or noise. The latter is a matter of great importance to persons living in the vicinity of such intersections, for the pounding of the cars over them at night comprises a serious annoyance.—Scientific American.

THE OFFICE BOY

"How is it that you employ bald-headed, white-whiskered old men for office boys?" inquired a friend who was calling on the head of a large industrial concern in one of the great cities the other day. The answer was that the man who was so active was not an office boy, but was in charge of the office boys. "We find," said the proprietor, "that such a man is preferable to a mere head office boy promoted from the ranks of his fellows, who so often becomes a petty tyrant or merciless grafter, and sometimes both. This old man is sympathetic and yet the boys cannot bluff him. He inspires in the boys a deep interest in their work, and has not an ambition to be the president of the United States or head of the house." In many of the great cities of the country old men are taking this place as head office boy. These overseers, with their kindness and fairness and encouragement, are in marked contrast to those thus mentioned in the Bible: "Therefore they did not set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens."—Christian Herald.

THE LOST PARADISE

I looked into the little room
I may not enter more,
The room that was a Paradise
For us ten years before;
With aching heart and praying eyes
I lingered at the door.

Across your bed the gleam and gloom
Of sunlit leaves that crowd
Your window shadow-music made
One must not play aloud.
A score of flitting light and shade
By spiritual fingers played.

—Richard Le Gallienne, in Harper's Magazine.