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Ph.ladelphia, Menday, June 25, 1917

"BOOZE" IN ITS TUMBREL

THERE is no great love for "booze" in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. The greater part of the State is dry by preference. It is notorious that within the city the vehicle of electoral commerce is the low saloon, the graveyard of aspiration and ambition and the nursery of tragedies. To do abnormal things most men must be abnormally excited. In the intoxication of battle, induced by the rolling of the drums and the thunder of the guns, men lovingly grapple with death for the glory and safety of their country. "Booze" furnishes abnormal excitement, but it is not an intexication fruitful of patriotism. It excites, instead. the animal instincts and elevates the brute to supremacy in the personal cosmos. It drives men not against a common enemy, but against the innocent. It lures them to crime and they become easy dupes in the betrayal of the institutions which their votes and their endeavors ought to support, and probably would support in normal circumstances. Without the "booze" shops organized political criminality would wither up in Philadelphia within a decade.

But there is a vast difference between the system labeled "booze" and the use by the human race of light wines and beer under scientific regulations. We can well doubt the wisdom of abolishing traffic' in these beverages by national enactment, without reference of the question to the people. The London Times announced on Saturday:

The Government has decided to allow an immediate increase in the output of beer. The barrelage already sanctioned for the summer term is to be increased 231-3 per cent, and provision in to he made for brewing light beer in place of the heavy beer now brewed. This may raise the increased output to something

This decision on the part of the British Government followed the discovery that that Wilson had gone on writing those its reduction of authorized barrelage had been entirely too drastic and that some concession to the public was imperative.

The American people are ready to make any necessary sacrifices to win the war. They are not enthusiastic about works of supererogation. It is not good policy to induce dissatisfaction with living conditions among thousands of skilled workmen, who are sober and industrious even if they do like their mugs of beer. Tobacco in the trenches has been a godsend to the troops. The Americans now with Pershing in Paris were enthusiastic when put on French rations, which include a small quantity of light wine. Will they be more efficient and more contented than their brothers in arms if they find that their trenches are a Sahara between cases which they cannot reach? The enormous psychological strain at the front demands relaxation for fighting men, and that is why the Y. M. C. A. is asking for millions with which to purchase talking machines, magazines, etc., for the use of the troops off duty.

The Barkley amendment to the foodcontrol bill, prohibiting manufacture of alcoholic beverages, is mandatory; the Webb amendment authorizes the President, at his discretion, to seize all stocks of alcoholic beverages. It is a power which the President might use to control prices, but would scarcely enforce at ence otherwise. The mandatory provision, when considered in the Senate, should be rewritten to apply to spirituous liquors only. Its effect otherwise will be to multiply enemies of the food-control bill, to render enforcement of the latter more difficult and arouse resentment among thousands of perfectly good citizens. A sensible policy at this time is a wise policy, and we submit that it is not good judgment but fanaticism which undertakes to burden the food bill with an unnecessary prohibition that is certain to be disastrous in its application."

REAL AID FROM BRAZIL

ADMIRAL CAPERTON'S swift and powerful squadron sails past the famous Sugar Loaf Mountain, then under the shadow of lofty, serrated Corcovado and freely casts anchor in the sheltered of Rio de Janeiro, queen of harbors

Island no warmer than that emanating ow from our Brazilian allies.

Any doubts that may have existed concerning the precise meaning of Brazil's way of outlawing the Teuton and forging anew the link of Pan-Americanism, without yet declaring actual war on Germany, should be here laid at rest. American warships at Rio enjoy all the privileges of a Brazilian squadron. Our vessels are no longer neutral craft there and their movements along the coast of the great South American Republic are hampered by none of the restrictions of the neutrailty laws. For all intents and purposes Rio now becomes a United States naval base. Under such circumstances the chance of a raiding Moewe making hay and reaping death along these shores becomes as highly improbable as a Cerman capture of Paris. The practical scope of Pan-Americanism is thus strikingly manifested. It has triumphantly passed the stage of mere pretty speech-making.

RED HERRING NO. 594

CONTEMPTIBLE as was the method pursued by Aron and his associates in their efforts to kill the Saluz bill, which must even now be enacted if the House s to retain a vestige of mood reputation he destructive and deadly enemy of rapid rangit for Philadelphia is House bill 594.

The object of this bill is to break open the port and transit treasure box and extract the funds, which would make rapid transit a financial impossibility for years a come. It is the real nigger in the woodpile. It is the bill which the Mayor says he must have passed by all means. because the money is needed for other purposes than transit and port.

Possibly he needs cash to put those aeroplane detecting ears on Father Penn. although the aurai appendages of the great Quaker himself had none of the attributes of the fackons.

BOOMERANG METHOD OF ARGUMENT

ACERTAIN Thompson, Mayor of Chition of nincompoopery ever seen in America. Whereupon an eager antisuffragiet rushes into print to cry: "This efficial was elected by the women of Chiago! What an argument for votes for

He was elected by the Republicans of Chicago! What an argument for votes for Republicann! It is just as well not to pursue this line of logic further.

BACK UP WORDS WITH DEEDS

TUST about a year ago there was a lot of big talk. Millions of young voters weren't for Wilson because he was not firm" enough, or because he had no "fighting blood." And they wanted Roosevelt, not Hughes, as the alternative, many of them, because they were afraid Hughes wouldn't be "firm" enough with Germany. Other millions who were for Wilson replied that the President made the Kaiser back down in the Sussex case, and would beard the lion in his den everybody ought to be satisfied. The Reand the Democrats elected Wilson, and he proved to be the real fighter they said he

Therefore, we take it that between now vacillating" think they could get away it is the "Honor System" with a bluff when they demanded a "fight ing President"? Perhaps they wish now notes which they professed so utterly to

Either we give our quota of those 70,000 recruits-about 1400 for Philadelphia-or else we must admit that the 'man in the street" right here in this ity was an outrageous hypocrite during the last presidential campaign. For Phildelphia turned up its nose at the slogan. He Kept Us Out of War," and voted for Peace With Honor," which meant "Peace By Fighting For It If Necessary"-and it turns out to be necessary. You can't have the penny and the cake.

There have been several campaigns re ently-Liberty Loan, Marine Week, Red. Cross Week. There have been days when it was like pulling teeth to get the young men who howled loudest for war to make good. Success crowns the efforts after a tussie, but it appears that it is the folk who have been quiet all along about 'firmness" and "fighting" who finally

There is an urgent need for a prompt filling up of the ranks of the troops who are to see active service in France within a few months. It will be a long time before the selected army will be ready. There are many times 1400 men in town who should this week ask themselves whether they themselves have not been weak and vacillating."

Von Buelow Sees Peace in 1917 With Belgium would gladly agree to this

If England can hold on sea and France on land, America should be able to settle it in the nir.

The mailed flat which, "with God's help," will restore Constantine, is not bringing the rain to parched Germany.

Red Cross contributions may prove to have been given for other people's sons. And then again they may not.

The French artillery seems to be exceedingly unsentimental concerning the Boche's recent attempt to revisit his 'Aisne countree."

When unaccompanied by lower prices, the reduction of food portions in restaurants is certainly the "most un-

The news that on Philadelphia's Fourth of July "oratory is to replace noise" is not wholly reassuring. The two things are often synonymous on our national holiday.

Considering the weak political health of certain monarchs, crowned and discrowned, Abdul Hamid, once the "sick man of Europe," acquires almost the status of an interesting invalid, who took his medicine so early in the game

FOOD RATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN

The Time Is Drawing Near When the Government Will Have to Take Complete Control

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

M UCH ado about meal tickets has been on the stage all this month, and the first act has not been a happy one. The news one gets is scant, but the reports are all too full. The newspapers, as is the custom, serve up a dish compounded of facts, theories and their own principles, all in the guise of news, and this potpourri is about the only food you can have as much of as you want. From this confusion it is hard to make

my prophecies whatever. The certain thing s that neither food tickets not any other cheme of compulsor; rationing is yet a definite part of the Government's policy Presumably the food controller is ready t put a system into operation, and has the nachinery ready, but he is making a strong stand against the powers which are clamoring for immediate rationing of the whole population. The reasons for it are pretty plain. Perhaps the best is that Germany hasn't weathered the storm of popular disontent with rationing. The Germans were better situated to institute the system and the German people were better mited to stand the imposition. If they failed, how much worse will it be here? How infinitely warse would it be for those in power!

The British Government is today, fo the first time, responsible for the food of The Poor Man Actually Enjoys the its citizens. By gradually taking over supplies, by controlling flour mills, by reguating import and export of food, by its conopolies in certain foods, such as wheat flour and sugar, by directing the movements of all vessels fitted with refrigerators for torage meat, the Government has made itself directly responsible to the people. If there is a shortage of food, and most particularly if there is a breakdown in distribution, the people will know exactly whom to blame.

Problem of Distribution

Now what the Government has to do, and what it is trying hard to do in this crisis, is to insure distribution. The authorities eem to be convinced that if the supply of bread is popularly distributed-that is, with not too much to any individual-there will be enough for all. It has, up to this time, oncentrated on only the first part of this roblem-it has tried to limit consumption and hearding, so that no small group luxuriates in unlimited sugar while the masse go without. And the talk of rationing the people has all been on this one point. People write to the papers begging to be given tickets-or, rather, begging that other people should be given tickets-entitling them to buy so much bread per week, or per day, or per meal. But only a few people have realized that if you give a man ticket entitling him to four pounds of again and "fight, it necessary," So bread a week, you must be prepared to give him his four pounds when he presents publicans got a firm President after all. his ticket. That part of the rationing scheme is always left out in the cold.

It is the essential part, and if the chance of war should bring the United States to the point where she will have to control her and Saturday the 70,000 army increment food directly, that will be the part which sought for by the President through vol- the experience of Europe will teach us to unteer enlistments should be heavily emphasize. Because within three months the oversubscribed." Or was it all talk? Did impossibility of any negative scheme will the young gentlemen who made a hit with be shown in this country, if such a scheme the ladies by calling Wilson "weak and is ever begun here. The last throw against The first is in Muswell Hill, virtually a

part of London. This community has reduced its bread ration far below the fourpound per head per week allowed by Lord Devenport. When the report came out that the unusual community of Keighley (proounced Kiethley) had consumed only a little over three pounds per head per week, several other towns decided to make a race for supremacy. The thing was done without prearrangement, but the local pride of the towns was aroused and a considerable saving of food was effected. The people enjoyed it, for once. But I happened to be junching in Muswell Hill just after the record was announced, and I think there will be a relapse, unless the spirit of rivalry is kept up. [Details excised by the censor.]

Registered Orders

One idea which has found some support in the large cities is that of registered orders. This system combines the two parts of the rationing scheme-it limits con numption and at the same time it guaran tees to each person the right to buy a fixed quantity of food. With tickets or without his system will never disappoint, because essentially it consists of knowing in adance how much bread, for example, will needed each week, and of supplying that ich bread if the bread is available. That the Government accepts the responsi tty as soon as it imposes a restriction.

Registered orders work in this way: Th ousewife, wherever she lives, places an order for so much broad, meat, sugar and tea with her respective dealers every Mon The dealer sees to it that no order seeds the amount allowed by the food atroller. Then he totals his orders and ends them in to his wholesalers. Hotels he required amount to each wholesaler. If next week the supply indicates that the nation must out 25 per cent less, the food controller issues only 75 per cent of the rders and the retailer or shopkeeper gives ach customer three-quarters of the amou ordered. With a little leeway for people whose families are suddenly increased (as by men on leave) and for those who forgo to order, the system can be worked with a minimum of aggravation. An established limitation of prices on the foods so rationed

ves the last vestige of profiteering. I have some reason to believe that this scheme, or a variant of it, will presently be offered instead of the haphazard system of issuing tickets, which corve to limit the unt consumed, but do nothing to guar-

There is very little talk now about the copie "not standing" for rations. What the neople want is a certain amount of equality, and, above all, they want the right to buy with their money what other people are buying, ten minutes or ten miles That right is now being denied cause the Government has addressed itself chiefly to the problem of limiting consumption without distributing available quan titles of food under any rationalized scheme. The country feels the pinch, but not so seriously as to become ugly about those who are responsible. For a short time the Admiralty will be the butt of criticism for and no system of distributing what there is can be put into action, there will be the sort of action. The future of the present Government depends on distribution of food just at the future of the war farends on getting tood to distribute.

Tom Daly's Column

She wears sweet roses, and the air Around her is perfumed With fragrance, wonderful and rare-The souls of flowers that bloomed; And when at night, in silken robes She plucks them fresh again, She wears them prisoned in her hair To win the hearts of men.

She makes cloth roses red in hue In some low dingy street The dye in them if she but knew In poison; and the heat Of steaming cloth and filthy air Steals her young life away: But she must work (if she would eat) Ten hours in every day.

Milady sleeps; and gentle dreams For her but sweeten sleep: Fair gardens, meadows, running streams She sees in slumber deep. And roses, roses everywhere Piled high about her head. Her pillow is their soft cool leaves; Their petals are her bed.

She, too, who makes cloth roses, sleeps Her eyes with tears are wet: She, even in her alumber, weeps For the may not forget. The roses, hundreds, millions flood Her dreams with dread dismay-The roses, red with her life blood. She makes for bread each day.

INDOOR SUMMER SPORT

Fashionable Summer Resort

There are certain ultra-fashionable resorts into whose proud purileus we have never expected to intrude our hobnailed brogans. One of these, until last Friday. when what you might call a trade-wind blew us there, was Narrow-Glance-at-Peers. That name in the society news had siways overawed us. We would never have gone if we hadn't been asked But the big hotel was expecting us and we were assigned to a room on the fourth (and top) floor. Everybody else in the house was a banker, or a banker's wife or daughter, for it was a convention, but they needed a non-banker to talk to them at table. The banker folk were nice, as we expected them to be, for we long ago discovered that there are bankers who are yet poor enough to be awed by fashionable hotels. Well, our room was very cute: neat bathroom, too.

We laid out our clothes and went out for a stroll. Glorious sea! glorious weather! We should have enjoyed it without reserve, but we couldn't help feeling that we didn't belong. Everything was so luxurious, so smooth; it was too good for us.

We got home from our walk in prime humor for a cold sea-water tubbing be fore dressing for dinner. The banquet was set for 8. We had plenty of time. We even spent a couple of minutes before the long mirror admiring the cut of our new whereabouts. No doubt, thinks we to ourself, old man Dec, of the B. V. Dec Company, could afford to stay here for a month at a time.

We yearned for the gurgle of salt water cascading into the tub. With a dexterous twist we turned on the "hot salt" spigot. Nothing came. Oh, very well, we'll take I have just the cold. Nothing doing. Nor was there any response from the "hot fresh" or the even if he were within call we probably would not have been permitted to sumnon him. There came a knock at the We opened it partly and peered "Towels," said the chambermaid, and handed in a half-dozen or so; fine, big Turkish ones. We tried to speak, but d'abluo

We went to the telephone to complain We couldn't understand the operator or make ourself understood by her. dressed and went down to the desk. "No water in the bathroom," we said. "No water?" said the under clerk, looking at us sternly. He conferred with the head clerk, who came over and inspected us through shell-rimmed glasses. We Pary water?" he demanded suspiciously. egan to feel that we were at fault. Then a belihop, issuing from below stairs, reported: "Luke, de engineer says all dem fourth floor people'll have to wait for water till he kin git his pump fixed." It was now half-past seven. "We feel far from frivolous," we said, "but could you make Luke warm a little water for our very necessary shaving?" We were gravely assured that it would be done; and when the bellhop brought it it was no nearer hot than we had asked. Still there's comfort in a shave, with a nice electric light directly over the glass. We may have said that to ourself aloud and the light may have been listening. At any rate, it went out. We borrowed a candle and finished the business before us. Then the electric light stopped sulking and came back. At the dinner table we found many new

relatives-"one touch of nature," you know. After dinner there was dancing but we turned in; and, we thought, surely Luke will have his pump fixed by morning. We missed our guess. We managed to make the telephone operator understand that we wanted water for washing. When the boy brought it we gave him a quarter. We were delighted. Now, we thought, if we could only manage to get a bad egg at breakfast we'd take that :05 train with a perfect score. We fared better than we had hoped. We got no breakfast at all. The kitchen fire hadn't been lighted early enough, or something; we didn't have time to listen to the alibi Our taxi failed us at the last minute and we had to walk to the station

By this time we were tickled pink. No. really, we were! You see, the dear old resort had given us more real joy than we could possibly have had if she had been prepared for us. It was like catching a pompous, precise queen dowager with her hair off and her false teeth in a glass of water. Her name in the society naws will never frighten us again!

And very likely commencement day for correspondence echools was rushed forward a bit. The idea being, you'll under"BUT, MISTER, DIS IS CROOL AN' UNUSUAL!"



EDMOND AUGIER. HERO OF FRANCE

Shot Against a Wall by a Boche Firing Squad, but Escaped With His Life to Happiness

By HENRI BAZIN Btaff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France.

PARIS, June 6. MHIS is one story among the unwritten imillion of France. And it came to me 'cold fresh." We thought of Moses, but around Robin Hood's barn, through an exigency of warfare, which necessitated a weekly trip to an old town close to Paris in order that I might revel in clean linen. For the existing coal crisis has closed many a laundry, and it was only by chance I was able to find an old lady in Boulogne on the Seine who agreed to render me regular lavery.

winter she has served me faithfully And I have come to know her passing well The other day upon my weekly call she shyly invited me to a wedding breakfast. Her daughter, who had been a nurse in a Parls hospital, was about to be married. and after the ceremony at both church and mairie, a modest dejeuner would be served in the garden under a white-blossomed, sweet-smelling acada tree. Would "Mondeur honor me with his sympathetic com

ind I answered, "Out, Madame, et avec plk sir. and so I went to Boulogne this June day

with a bunch of roses. And I met the eight guests and the bride, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of gentle demeanor. And her husband, a reforme, in the uniform of a sergeant of chasseurs. He was about thirty, brown-haired, brown-eyed, the right leg stiff at the knee, the right arm withered, across th forehead from temple to temple a livid scar Romance That Began in a Hospital

He had met his bride in the hospital, here she had nursed him. And the little were going to a Brittany village, where the husband had a little farm and where the ould live out their young and, I pray, old After the meal, over the coffee and cigar-

ettes, he told me his story, while all the company listened, and his young wife held her arm about his neck. During the telling there was silence save his voice, the gentle sighing of summer breeze through the aca-cia and the occasional song of two canaries whose cage hung from its trunk. His name is Edmond Augier. He is

His name is Edmond Augier. He is a Breton, a farmer's son, hardy and strong, one of those of whom it is said in his native province that they have "soul riveted to the body, and whose heart is of oak." "l'ame hevillee au corps et en coeur de chene."

He had been a sergeant in the —— Bat talion of the - Chasseurs. In February 1916, he was on patrol outside the French lines. His work lay in the open, close to a shattered wood. He heard a noise, and in investigating was separated from his five companions. Advancing cautiously, he found himself suddenly confronted by eight Chians. Turning quickly, he endeavored to but finding this impossible he sto всаре. ground behing a tree and dropped three of the enemy with revolver and rifle. The other five, furious at resistance from a single man, fell upon him, and after capture him to the tail of one of their horses, drag-ging him at a slow trot within the German

Wounded, bruised and exhausted, that destination was reached. Augier's clothes had been torn open on the way, and in untying him his captors saw he wore a scapular about his neck. "This one, Mon-sieur," he said to me as he opened his uni-form. One of the Uhlans struck him in the face, saying, "See how it has protected

And then he was taken before an officer And then he was taken before an officer of the Boche, who, after hearing his tale, condemned him to be shot against a wall. Without either food or drink, he was thrown into a cellar, and at daybreak the next morning led forth for execution with four fellow victima, all civilians, all cid men, as the Mayor of the occupied village.

too, with five bullets in his body, two in too, with five builets in his roay two in the right leg, two in the right arm and one through the right shoulder. He had ready wit enough to sink limp to the ground, as if death had come to him as it had to the others, and he lay perfectly still, despite pain, despite the awkwardness of his position, in which his wounded arm was under the hedy, and his cheek touching the newly dead shoulder of a fellow victim. In a mo-ment the German officer came up close. looked at the five prostrate men for a sec-ond and fired five shots from his revolver, one in each body. The bullet intended for Augier furrowed a ridge to the bone across his forehead. He felt its burnier passage, the trickling blood, but lay still as if truly dead.

All day he laid there in the cold, suffer-Would they come and b prayed to Cur Lady, thought of his Brit tany home, of his mother, of the scapula home, of his mother, of the scapula his neck that he was certain had saved his life.

Crawled Away in the Dark

With the early dark he cautiously raise his head and seeing no one crawled way. finally after what seemed hours drawein himself to the open beyond the village There he was found unconscious by a Ger man patrol during the night, taken for On the way he asked him of the squad that had executed him. And with his sound hand he touched the scapular about his neck.

In the hospital he was given medica treatment. The German surgeon looked at his wounds and said the arm would have to be amputated. Augier answered he did not want it done. seless and you may have blood polson ng." was the reply.

"Let it be, bandage it, but let it bg," inswered the soldier from Brittany And so he was sent to the rear and ster to a hospital in Germany and aftersard to a prison camp. He suffered the fortures of hell during the fourney. And he reached his prison "home" with his he reached his prison "home" with his forehead healed, but showing a livid scar his leg unable with a stick his arm withered thing. There he remained unti-four months ago, when he was exchanged brough Switzerland as one of the hor essly wounded. And when he reache bullets were extracted. arm had destroyed nerves and ligaments Muscular power was forever gone. So after two operations that have left him slightly less a cripple than when he en-tered, he was discharged. That was a

Today he were a new uniform upon which were the Medallie Militaire, the Troix de Guerre, the Legion of Honor, And he old sweat-stained faded scapular

And even while war still wages he will begin to live again, to take his bride to his ittle farm in Brittany, to the quaint old stone house that was his father's before and where, with his wife and his mother, he will, I pray, reap life's reward in happiness, which after all is sweeter than high

As I kissed his bride upon both cheeks and shook his hand in parting, his old mother-in-law said to me "You will come as usual next week,

Monsieur. For I will stay here, I hope to die here, since I have lived in this house thirty-four years. And there ere two Germany to come to it after the war and keep me company."

COMMEMORATING A REVOLUTION

During the present decade there are constantly occurring in some of the South American republics centenaries of revolutions which led to political independence from European rule. It was approximately 160 years ago that a number of South American countries fought for and secured their national liberty. One of these uprisings took place in the Brazillan State of Pernambuco in 1817. It was followed by others in the successing few years until in 1822 Brazil freed berself from Portugal. This Pernambuco revolution of 1817 is now being commemorated postalty by the Brazillan Goyerament. A correspondent submits a rectangular stamp, blue, of 160 rels in denomination, and its inscription indicates its character as a rapking label particular in the parameters of Baramannous fight for During the present decade there are co

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Where is the Ukraine, now in revolt against the rule of the Russian Duma? 2. Who is the present commander-in-chief a

3. Who is ranked as the leading compe-contemporary Germany?

4. What language is sooken in Iceland?
5. What is wrong about this familiar quotation, "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"?
6. What Spanish king once claimed the Eaglish

7. What was the real name of Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland"?
8. What is the difference in meaning between the words "picturesque" and "plear esque"?

What is the largest city in New Jersey

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Albert Sidney Johnston, whose loss was irreparable to the South, was killed in the battle of Shiloh in 1862.

the hattle of Shilch in 1842.

William Dean Howells wrote a "campaign life" of Abraham Lincoln, and the life of Abraham Lincoln, as General Maude is in command of the British operations in Mesonctania.

Digits Bell, the American comedian, died list week.

The new English title of Louis of Battern berg is Louis of Nount Batten.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria is the only remaining Carr in the world.

The French supression "laissex faire" literally means "permit to do." Associated with the words "policy" or "method" is standles "liberty of action."

Edward Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Boman Empire" wrote, "History is Indeed little more than the register of ribuses, folles and misfortunes of manking.

Montevides is the capital and chief scapet.

9. Montevideo is the capital and chief seaport of Urusnay. The word is Spanish for "I see the mountain."

10. The Wilmot Proviso was a clause affixed by David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, to a congressional bill in 1846 that provided for the nurchase of territory from Medico. The additional clause, which was never passed, probliked the extension of siavers to these new lands and was a source of leastern bulletal discussion.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE History in the making has no breathing spaces. It moves right aloas shuffling men off the stage the moment they have become useless, to be forgotten for years. But history in retrospect is another mutter. It has leisure to pick up and reunite broken threads and give new value to personalities, that had been scorned and o personalities that had been scorned and ast off by their contemporaries.

The day after Robespierse's death he was in insignificant failure. A couple of years ater the fame of the young Bonspares swept him out of men's minds. for nearly a generation that he wa and then only as a monster ren-murderer. Many more years had to lapse before men came to see that the and acted in what he believed to be a

ofty, patriotic manner. We think of ourselves living at a rapid sace today. But the men of the French Revolution lived much faster—literally. Nearly all of the great figures died (usually by the guillotine route) before or about the age of forty—the King and Queen, Mirabeat Danton, Desmoulins and Robesplerre, who died at the age of thirty-six. At about the time that the last-named was pot cating at the first rites of his strange ner church, the Revolutionary Tribunal sending to the guillotine 200 victims week. Once let this ergy of blood dresout all the enemies of the State, as Robespierre, and France would be able to a reign of beatitude and I cence. Once let the corrupt be extermina and one could sleep in peace. But he, titan schemer of a new universe, did

cep. It is said that in the last most that fevered life he did not, could some his eyes for one short hour. maddened brain, screwed up to the breakly point, could not relax.

In July, 1794, he thought that one methecatomb of victims would clear away to remaining leaders who stood in the way. the "reign of virtue." But it was dreamer against twenty men of action. Intended victims raised a storm in the Co vention and at last secured the arrest Robespierre. All was not over then. In National Guards of Paris rescued him a his friends installed him in the City Ha All night with his friends he cor ht with his friends able to in Had Robespierre been able to in uickly he might still have won. I

Instead of going forth and raising Guards in revolt, he waited until his sattacked him. He was shot down of himself, a builet breaking his Jaw was kurried to the guillottes amid Ga hystatians of sea populates, your shift