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Philadelphia, Tuesday, August 7, 1917

LET THE PUBLIC DEMAND A SQUARE DEAL

WE LIVE in an era of high prices, doubtless the highest prices the world as a whole has ever known. Nominally, prices were on a corresponding War, but gold then was at a heavy, nium, whereas today the yellow metal to maintained at par.

Every family in the land feels the pressure. Most of all is it felt in the cities. There are men who refuse to claim exemption to which they have a right. They are the individuals who willingly sacrifice themselves, and right gladly do their families make the sacrifice with them, in every way it is incumbent upon them readily surrendering part of their income in order that the record may be kept clear and their descendants be able to point proudly to what their ancestors did and muscles, and a brain alert and unin the days that tested men's souls and clouded by excessive cigarette smoking. freighted their moral fiber with unprecedented burdens.

Not within the recollection of any living man in Philadelphia has there been greater need of sobriety in the expenditure of public funds, economy in municipal management and intelligent relief to the masses whenever possible. The man who can lighten the burden by even one poor scruple and does not do it has the heart of a traitor and the brain of a snake. He who diverts one cent that rightfully belongs to the public is guilty of as mean a theft as ever stained the hands of human being.

It happens, by one of those miracles which so often in a republic occur for the benefit of the people, that the U. G. I. is under contract to reduce its price for gas from eighty cents to seventy-five cents the thousand cubic feet, beginning the first of January next. The price now charged the consumer is one dollar, of which the city takes twenty cents. This is the equivalent of a 25 per cent tax. If the dollar rate is maintained after January 1 the city will be putting into its own pocket one-third of all the money paid for sas in this city.

It is common knowledge that the present tax on users of gas is an infamous and outrageous tax, to be defended by no ory of municipal economics known. If the five-cent reduction that by contract must be made effective January 1 is covered into the city treasury and is not passed on to the people, it will constitute a new outrage so glaring in character, so contemptible in spirit, so unintelligent in purpose that the public ought to kick out of office every man concerned in the proceeding, whether in a positive or a negative way. Already we are hearing talk about the fiscal necessities of the city. Some narrow-minded municipal financiers cannot comprehend the fact that increase in consumption under a ninety-five-cent rate would doubtless equalize the losses resulting from the retion in the unit price. All they can is an opportunity to take a half million dollars that belongs to the people and pass it along to the treasury, that some contractor may later take it thence for his personal enrichment.

No man should be elected to Councils this fall unless he pledges himself absolutely to a maximum price of ninety-five cents for gas. The price ought to be far wer than that. It would be if aggressive endership characterized the conduct of unicipal affairs, since, in that case, the hint of the company that it desired lower es would have been met by proposals from the city leading to an arrangement mutual concessions. But citizens have on so used to the gas gouge that polare convinced the public will and for it forever. We urge that the ic do not. What's the use being

The public can get that five-cent reduc on for itself by fighting for it. A little ng of autocracy at home will do no

JAMAICA GINGER JAGS

ummers are wont to spend their Sun-The Florence City Council has passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of Jamaica ginger, except on prescrip tion, and the aforesaid prescription can-

not be refilled. It appears that the thirsty ones have been buying Jamaica ginger in libera quantities, mixing it with cider and achieving in this way a jag that causes those inspired to grab popguns and march down the main street hunting for the Kaiser. A local reformer complains, how ever, that the City Council is merely triffing with the situation. The apple rees of the nation, he declares, ought to uprooted by constitutional amendment

KEEP FIT

SURPRISE expressed by many drafted men that they have been accepted in spite of this or that vague defect which they had imagined would make them undesirable as soldiers betrays a widespread belief that the first conscription army was to be made up of singularly athletic men, veritable supermen. But they forget that our supermen, if any such animals can be said to exist, are dready in the army and navy-809,000 of them-and that the draft army is to be our second line. For it is to be assumed that men who have enlisted have the greatest natural aptitude for arms, since a Government at peace or in the first weeks of a war is more particular about the requirements of recruits than it is later when taking on men at the rate of five or six hundred thousand at a time.

Upon men already under arms will fall the brunt of the first clash with the Germans. The conscripted army will be out reserves, reserves who will have plenty of time to get into the best possible condition. Just as our veterans once had to be trained and hardened, so will the men of the new army have to go through this level during some months of the Civil process, and the sooner those waiting to be summoned realize that all are liable to service except those definitely rejected the more promptly will they take steps to improve their physiques.

> The Government has found such a high percentage of drafted men with poor teeth that it has had to relax its requirements in some districts. In this respect the drafted men can do their share by timely visits to dentists, so that when called upon later they can pass the tests, and to take the best possible care of their health. This is not only for the good of the army, but for their own safety. A soldier with quickly responsive nerves has a better chance of coming through the ordeal in safety than one who has taken no pains to keep fit.

GUILT OF THE MUNICIPAL COURT

DIRECTOR WILSON and the Mayor seem to be convinced that vice survives only because the Municipal Court has assumed jurisdiction in some cases and put offenders on probation.

The fact that the Municipal Court is supposed to have a Penrosean hue is beside the question. It must be evident to even the casual observer that it impedes Director Wilson in the performance of his duties if the Municipal Court is going to put women on probation and have them report at intervals to the Court when the magistrates can be relied on to free them altogether and give the most degraded creatures, irrespective of the evidence, certificates of character.

Vice thrives in magistrates' courts, as everybody knows. It is an outrage, therefore, according to the politicians, to have vice tried before any other tribunal.

IS THE LEASE A CRACKERJACK?

THE Mayor admits that the transit lease which he is arranging is quite the finest thing ever concocted. Secret diplomacy is necessary, of course, since secret government has proved such a suc cess in Europe, but the people may rest content in the fact that the document will be revealed in the near future and all of its provisions be subject to discussion.

That it is a crackeriack agreement all the men involved in making it are sure It's their baby and looks just like daddy We feel a triffe disturbed, however, when we are told that a vital feature of it is based on the Hecht amendment, which has been passed by one Legislature, must be passed by another and thereafter be approved by the people of the whole

A great deal depends, we should say, on what part in the making of the lease Director Twining and Mr. Lewis had, for it is notorious that the Mayor himself knows nothing about transit.

Some people in Oklahoma seem to be tired of getting their war news from points 6000 miles from home.

According to the heartless punster of the "silly season," even the most "modest" man may have an "August" vacation.

If Germany could only produce a many new food supplies as she does new food dictators the office of these func tionaries would eventually become obso lete.

The congressional desire to "air the Shipping Board row" suggests that Washington's lust for an overheated atmosphere has not been satisfied even by one of the hottest summers on the books of the Weather Bureau.

The State Supreme Court states that "according to the present custom tips are not usually the voluntary act of the person who gives them," and that tips are wages. When this is generally recognized the restaurateurs will do their own tipping.

The most ardent of our pacifists clare that they would fight if American soil were invaded. Russia's pacifists are evidently very much like ours. The resistance of her armies did not begin to stiffen till the Teutons had driven them

"In the realm of the blind," says the philosopher, "the one-eyed man is king." Perhaps that is why the War Department has decided that recruits with good vision in only a single pupil

ENGLAND IN NEED OF A LINCOLN

Nation Hides Its Misery, While No One Has the Right Word for Mrs. Bixby

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES Special Correspondent Evening Ledger

LONDON, July 20. ONE of the hardest things to write home about is the suffering of civilians. It is hard, naturally, because it has to do with death, and that is a subject hardly fit for foreign correspondence or for week-ly reports. Yet it has to be written about, or an impression may gain ground which will be dishonoring and unfair to the people of England, who are so strange in the expression of their emotions and so careless of the impression they give—so long as it is not the impression of hysteria In France I have seen every variety of mourning, and by far the least of these

was the chic and fashionable mourning costume which so strikes a foreigner. We are further from understanding the French spirit than from understanding the spirit of England, and that is far enough. The French soldier who wears his uniform as if it were a sacred and heraldic costume is brother to the Frenchwoman who dresses in black as if she were assisting at a sacred and hierarchic festival of the Church. The gesture of sorrow is extraordinary in France: it strikes home, even if we cannot understand how and why the gesture is made. But here in England no gesture is made. Even when such a tragic muddle as the Mesopotamia affair is made public, no outbreak occurs. The private sorrows de not add up to make a public demonstration. And the outsider looks at these people and marvels.

I have known families intimately for months before discovering that they had lost sons and brothers in the earliest days of the war. I have been compelled to see people within a day or two of the death of near relative or a dear friend, and I have found that my delicacy and embarrassment were more than misplaced. It was almost a cruelty to them. They either said nothing or said everything. There was nothing for any one else to say or to refrain from saying.

And then, once in a long, long time, the storm breaks, and you are cast helpless against the eternal rocks of despair. I will not pretend that the story which follows was in my own experience; the friends and acquaintances whom I have lost in the war were not close enough to make me a fit sharer in the misery of this episode. It was told me by a man who had suffered enough to understand it, and I am simply retelling it. I should not even do that if we were not in the war ourselves.

Wanted to Do His Bit

The man in this story was one of hun dreds of thousands who had lived a life of comparative uselessness; he was rich, he had the tradition of idleness, and the total excuse he had for existence was in his being a fine and rather decorative fellow, who enjoyed and repaid the love of his wife and of their children. It is rather hard to speak of their happiness. They had been married twenty years, and were still happy still madly devoted to each other.

The war came and the man, over forty was out of it. But he could not stay out of it. He declared that he did not want to be killed, but he'd be dashed if he let other chaps get killed for him. He was no use, but he had been keen on motoring before the war and at least he could drive an ammunition transport. So he did.

He wrote letters to his wife all through his uselessness. He told her that it wasn't fair for him to be in a soft and safe joi while those other chaps had to stick in the fighting line. And then, one day, the Germans epotted his ammunition column and he was blown to bits.

His wife took it, oh, splendidly! Her life was broken up and she did not know in the least why. For all the time he had been giving his life to his country and to a cause he understood, she had been thinking of him and of him alone. So when he was gone she had nothing to think about, and in the end she stopped thinking, quietly and terribly mad, with only one idea, that she must find the awful fragments of her husband's body and collect them for s decent grave.

The man who told me this knew her well. He was in the house when the mad-ness first appeared and he sat up all night telling stories to the frightened children, while doctors struggled with the woman. It was quite hopeless. This is what he said to me, afterward:

"It is an appelling thing, and only one thing could have saved her. Don't you see that if she had been in his place, or if she had felt as keenly and as deeply as he did, she could have borne the agony of losing him? That's just the danger with us, that our sorrows are all so private and so hidden; we haven't had the one great word which would dissolve all our personal miseries and our losses in a great sense of the loss which all the world is bearing, and in a sense of the great sacrifice which we are all making. We are as we always were, an intensely private people. And probably that is why no statesman, no leader of the people, has been able to say the great world. It's not in Asquith and it's not in Lloyd George; we want neither Balliol nor the Welsh Chapel. And I know what we do want. We want Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. she could have borne the agony of losing

England's Hidden Misery

"Perhaps it is too late for us now. But I would think it was not too late for you. So far it doesn't seem to me as if Wilson had even tried it. He has spoken of our ideals in this war, and I must say he has expressed in this war, and I must say he has expressed
them better than any statesman of ours
could. He has been clear and convincing,
but he has hardly been moving except to the
people who can be moved by pure ideas.
But I hope before your casualty lists are
published he or some one else will say something which will make every mother and
wife understand why the price is being paid.

"We have a certain esprit de corps here— I think I can tell you what it is. We feel that it wouldn't be playing the game for us to go scot free while our brothers are being killed, and that applies to those at home. But it is not the same thing as being swept off in a great stream of common sacrifice and of common suffering. It has made the and of common surering. A last made the war very hard for us, very bitter and very unhappy. And I think it was an added hardship and an unnecessary unhappi-

I believe what this man said. It is an explanation which reveals a fact—the fact of heartbreaking misery in England. That misery is hidden and suppressed, and (you may take it for granted) it is neither a military nor a political factor, because the people who have suffered are not the ones to demand that the war shall end before the auffering is given meaning by a good peace. But it is a social fact, and one of those which bring us nearer, even in unhappiness. But it is a social fact, and one of those which bring us nearer, even in unhappiness, to the people of these islands. It is a terrible thing to think about, and we shall have to be thinking of ourselves presently. I hope that we will not bear the burden of sorrow in quite the mine way. For one think we have had time to assesse for it, as

Tom Daly's Column

A WARRIOR'S CREED Although you're beaten in the fight, Tomorrow is another day. So grit your teeth and grin and say

That you are standing for the right, And that, though dark and long the night, You'll wait to catch the descring ray. Although you're beaten in the fight, Tomorrow is another day.

and if your legs are stiff with fright, If cowards flee and weaklings sway, And heedless nations go astray; Then hold this truth before you, Knight: Although you're beaten in the fight, Tomorrow is another day!

WILL LOU

Our giggling condolences for a colore! gentleman "cut in two pieces" instead of 'places" by a Washington contemp, and for the bride who read in a New York ditto that she had been "Marred for All Time by Army Chaplain."

THE WEATHER Last week's was some lugubrious, But this is sure salubrious.

Dear Tom-That "Hide yer anger" which you gave us the other day for "Rydrangea" was a good one and a source of smile to myself and other hayseeds, who have been listening to that sort of thing for half a cer

The inventiveness and ingenuity of market growers in the way of naming plants proclaims the fertility of brain and the dis-regard for groveling accuracy. Some years ago, in the early morning, when doing a prowl round Covent Garden, I found a stall filled with Gypsophila and labeled "Gipsy fillies." The other day, looking over a local, and most excellent provincial flower market, I found some border plants labeled "Blue Sanatoriums." On asking the grower what they were he replied, 'Oh, you know the plant all right, them blue cornflower kind of things." Centuress. of things." Centaureas, he meant. I once had an old lady inquiring of me

about "Bubble and Squeak" daffodils, whereupon I mildly suggested it was Codlings and Cream daffodil she was after. "Of course it is," jerked out the old dame, "and why didn't you say so before?" Many excellent gardeners are fond of phonetic spelling, and original at that.

One of the queerest cases I have come eross was many years ago in a Dublin seed shop, when a slip was handed in for "a point of paise"—which was obvious enough HORTUS.

Wonder if our friend Charlie Marshall s on his vacation. Somebody's getting terribly candid up at Hoskins's. Fountain pens were the feature of Friday's ad and from it we cull: "August sale price of \$1. They won't last long, so get yours

IN THE COUNTRY

Me doctor sez: "Youse ter de country! Git out wid de haysceds an' rest." An' me, feelin' dopey, jist beat it, Believin' 'twas all fur de best.

lo here's where I landed las' We'n'sd'y. Right here wid de come-ons an' Rubes Wid nothin' around me but scenery, An' breat'in' fresh air t'rough me tubes But rest? Jumpin' Felix! where is it? Well, mebbe de country is fine, But, say, if desc noises is "quiet." De clang o' de trolley fur mine!

ain't slep' a wink, on de level! I ain't closed a peeper at night. Say, Usten, I'm fussed be de racket Dese country birds makes when dey fight Katie did," yells one bird; den anudder He ups an' he tells him, "You lie!" Den dey're off in a bunch, de whole party

An', chee! how de languidge does fly! Flynn's boiler-shop simply ain't in it Wid dat aggregation, Nit. Nein! If desc country noises is quiet, De clang o' de trolley fur mine!

Back to ole civilerzation I'm makin' de straightes' bee-line. Rest up wid de Rubes if youse wants ter-De clang o' de trolley fur mine.

DILLON is in business near the garage at Fifth and Locust streets, where I keep my car. "You'll be on your way to the garage now, belike," said he, late on the hottest afternoon of last week. "Yes," said I, wiping the froth off my mustache He planted his size eight hands on theer-counter and, looking far off over my right shoulder, said: "In a few minyits now you'll be preparing for your ride; you'll be adjusting your wind shield; you'll be feeling out the brakes and the wheel; you'll run smooth and alsy through the city streets, and you'll be rolling along beyant in the cool o' the evening. Your wife'll be waiting the supper for you; and after you'll be dandling your baby on your knee-if you have one-or your dog, maybe. You'll be taking your ease and you'll come at last to sleep in the fresh country night."

He paused, and I asked, "Do you live in the country, Mr. Dillon?" He glared at me. "I do not," said he. "Can't you tell be the sound of a man's singing what CLIVE.



Or worldly praise Or other compensation.

A moment's lapse

Ruch added cares

Is wrong, perhaps, In such an occupation, But goodness me! Should pastors be The slaves of all creations We cannot laud The man of God For sticking to his statio But when the job Includes a mob Of boys upon vacation Whose board away Thee has to pay months' duration, The man who bears

Deserves this small ovation Res. FRANCIS M. TAITT,

THE PEOPLE The Call to Prayer-Appeal for Baby-Saving

Campaign THE CALL TO PRAYER

THE VOICE OF

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Your strong editorial in the issue of Saturday on prayer and its power struck a responsive chord in many hearts. And your impassioned call to a nation to go to its knees in carnest supplication to Al-mighty God will not fall on deaf ears.

Send forth the call to prayer again and again until you catch the public ear, and you will find how readily our beloved land Prayer, united prayer—there is no power more potent this side the pearly gates. Why, prayer is the key that unlocks the

door of heaven; it is the lever that removes all obstacles. Yes, and with its power one can chase a thousand, while two can put ten thousand to flight, History, both sacred and profane, is replete with glowing examples of its efficacy. And unity in prayer as well as in any form of endeavor possesses a mighty force to be reckoned with, This old world has not been keeping to

the straight path as closely as it should it has forgotten how to pray and instead has been listening to the alluring music of the new thought lyre; has lost its vision of faith and instead has been content with the mirage of materialistic beauty. We have a need to get back to our safe

moorings as a city, as a State, as a nation, as a hemisphere—yea, as a world. Yes, we need to get back to the safety ropes; back simple, trusting prayer we learned to lisp at mother's knee; back to a simple faith in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all minkind. And there is no better way to reach this wholesome experience than by prayer—mighty, persistent prayer, our war is a just and holy war, and we believe God will reserved. Cur war is a just and holy war, and we believe God will give us peace and victory if we humbly bow the knee before Him in prayer and adoration. W. G. HUSTED.

Philadelphia, August 5,

"YELLOW BLOOD" To the Editor of the Evening Ledger

Sir—Allow me to enter a word of praise or your editorial, "Yellow Blood," in the for your editorial, "Yellow Blood," in EVENING LEDGER for Friday, August 3. It is certainly refreshing for one to that his favorite newspaper has the courage to print the truth. Editorials like "Yellow Blood" are sure

to create an impression on the minds of the younger generation of voters and those who soon will be voters—young men about nineteen and twenty years of age. The older generation appears to have become so used to having a "gang" run its city for them that when election day comes around it is "dead from the shoulders up" and votes the way it "always has."

But the younger men do not you accordit is "dead from your states are "from Mis-but the younger men do not vote accord-ing to party lines. They are "from Mis-souri," and so, I say, let us have more editorials like "Yellow Blood" to sway their to the right. opinion to the right. Philadelphia, August 4.

HELP TO SAVE BABIES To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-With the thermometer hovering around the hundred mark until strong men and women are overcome by the hundreds what do you think are the conditions in what do you think are the conditions in the tenements of the poor, where they live in two or three rooms, some without even a window in them? If strong men can't withstand the heat out in the open, how do you suppose the bables of these poor can live? And yet our country needs them. every one. Nerve-racked, overworked mothers, ready to drop from the heat and their labors, walk the streets these hot nights carrying their sick bables in their arms praying for relief from the heat and that their bables may be spared. Baby deaths have increased greatly over last year and this awful heat is adding to the misery of the helpless sufferers.

While I realise that newspapers can il while I realise that newspapers can ill afford to carry free advertisements, there is no way in which these awful conditions can be brought to the attention of the public except through their co-operation. Every local charitable organisation is suffering from lack of funds which have been divested to other sources; yet it hardly sooms possible that a pools who everywheering

lack of a few dollars, bables whose lives have become doubly precious now that they will be needed to fill the gap made by those who fall in the war. The Babies' Hospital of Philadelphia is

almost a public institution, in that it gives free treatment to all sick babies of the poor and as such it should receive generous public support. It, too, has felt the lack of funds. and now when the responsibility rests so heavily upon it and when the demands for its service have become so great it turns to you for help.

A visit to the dispensary, at 669 Addison street, or to the hospital at Llanerch, will convince your readers of the need of helping to save babies. The cry of the agonized mother added to that of her suffering baby makes an appeal hard to be refused, and

funds must be given to save them S. G. DAVIDSON.

Philadelphia, August 2. SIX QUESTIONS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger Sir-Having read in yesterday's papers of the great opposition made by the Harris-burg carmen to Charles Hunter, a negro eing temporarily appointed foreman. I beg

o ask Mr. Racehater these questions First. Is it color that makes the man? Second. Why not leave race questions

the narrow-minded?
Third. Are intelligent negroes not capable of leadership? Fourth. Why do you stir a humble, young nd oppressed race at this critical period?

Fifth. How can we fight for liberty heartedly with the negro by our side when Sixth. Why should we longer doubt the idelity of our negro brother

Mount Union, Pa., August 4.

THE CRUCIBLE To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-Out in Ohio some years ago a farmer, who was an atheist, printed on the front of his barn in large letters, "This farm is run without the assistance of ghosts or devils." Paraphrasing that state ment we can say today that this country is run without the assistance of pacifists, slackers or Prussian sympathizers, except as they are suppressed and made to serve heir country as were the copperheads dur

ing the Civil War.

The situation in America today is the crucible that determines the stuff that is Philadelphia, August 5.

BATHHOUSES NEEDED

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Why hasn't South Philadelphia mor public bathhouses than it has now, or at least one that would accommodate the pubic residing in the vicinity of Broad and Porter streets? The nearest one that we ave is at Ninth and Mifflin streets Twenty-fourth and Jackson streets. Now the people that reside in the Twenty-fourth and Jackson streets district have two bathhouses, one at Twenty-fourth street and one at Twenty-s'xth and Moore streets. Philadelphia, August 4.

"PLAIN MR. WINDSOR" The change goes further than the founda-tion of a new Windsor dynasty. Not only is the royal house to be styled "the House of Windsor," but the family surname becomes

Windsor.

As the title of Prince and Princess is henceforth limited to the children and grandchildren of the sovereign, it follows that a great-great-grandson of a British monarch will be plain "Mr. Windsor." His great-grandsons, too, will be commoners, but will bear the courtesy title of Lord—Windsor, if we assume that the custom still prevails of creating the sovereign's sons dukes.

lukes.
Windsor is certainly a good choice of Windsor is certainly a good choice of name. Even before the Conquest the kings had a royal hunting lodge at Windsor. The first two Henrys and John lived in the castle, and Edward III was born there. It was used by the Tudors as one of their favorite palaces, and through the nineteenth century it was regarded more or less as the headquarters of the royal family.

The British royal house has in the past borne various names that might have been revived with advantage—Plantagenet, York, Lancaster, Tudor, Stuart, D'Este (Queen Anne) and Guelph—but for historical and other reasons it was impossible that any of them should be revived for the present dynasir, Windsor as a farritorial title, however, may be lifeted.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What position in the German Cabinet a Herr Zimmermann Just resign? 2. How many men are now under arms the United States service?

3. Where is Bessarabia? 4. What country was described in this react of Sydney Smith, the English wit: "The knuckie-end of England—that land a Culvin, out cakes and sulphur"?

6. When was the National Prohibition part founded?

7. We speak of the California "Ferty-Niner" in connection with the gold discovers When was gold actually discovered a the Pacific slope? 8. Under what President was James Buch Secretary of State?

9. Who was Josiah Boyce?
10. What is the meaning of the word "bodonn?"

Answers to Yesterday's Quis 1. Citizens of Oklahoma have made the med violent resistance to the draft law is date. 2. Czernowitz is the capital of Bukowins.

3. General Erdelli, assassinated last Sauria, was the military govern r of Petrora4. The National House of Resp. sentative in approved the food-control bill. 5. "Billingsgate" signifies violent investor from the scolding of fishwomen in Bi-ingsgate Market, London. 6. A National Guard musician is rated a state.

7. An astrolabe is an instrument formed used in taking altitudes. 8. The southern part of France is called in 9. Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote "The 15"

10. The Rev. Patrick Bronte wrote "Will there is life there is hope."

OLD-TIME PACIFISM IN PHILA-DELPHIA

THE tradition of pacifist dealing with the Indians which William Penn inaugurate in this Commonwealth lasted for about half a century and, as is well known, he many good results. But after the defeat Braddock's forces and a number of Indias outrages upon border communities, the opinion of the Friends was overborne and in January, 1756, the newspapers of the city announced that a reward of \$700 had been "raised by subscription among the b-habitants of Philadelphia and was now of fered with the approbation of his Honor the Governor" to the person or persons who should bring in "the heads of Shingas and Captain Jacobs, chiefs of the Delaware Indians."

The Assembly took no part in these wards, but the Governor, as the head the war party, was strong for them. The nonresistance policy was now only a senta ment, it was declared, the old friendships of Indians and Friends only a tradition but murder and arson committed by Indians were terrible facts. In April a re-ular schedule of payments for scalps will arranged. The Provincial Council and Pro-vincial. Commissioners, secondarded that vincial Commissioners recommended that war be declared on the Delawares and the following bounties were offered: For every male Indian prisoner over ten years off brought into a Government fort, \$150; for every female or male under ten years, \$115; for the scalp of every male over ten, \$115; for the scalp of every Indian woman, fru-cents.

But the rewards do not seem to have been productive of much murder. Only six scalps were paid for during the troubles. The Friends, alarmed and grieved, saw their lower-tends and prived, saw their lower-tends and prived. long-cherished policy displaced to of killing for hire. In April Sam Anthony Morris, John Reyne Anthony Morris, John Reynell, Samuel Powanthony Morris, John Reynell, Samuel Preston Moore, Israel Pemberton and John Smith presented an address to the Governor in which they dwell upon the concern and pain of mind with which they have observed "the late sorrowful alteration in the state of this lately peaceful province" and urge an attempt at pacification without resort to arms.

sort to arms.

But war was declared. The Friends, undaunted, formed "The Friendly Association for Regaining and Preserving Peace Wild the Indians." They raised a large sum of money, but came in collision at once with the Government, which recented their price with the Government, which recented their price will be government. money, but came in collision at the Government, which resented vate methods of interference and tempts to make treaties independe authorities. They were accordishidden to attend negotiations wit dians, very much as some social money discourses from palar