CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman. H. WHALEY..... Edito JOHN C. MARTIN . . General Business Manage lished daily at Public Lapora Building. Independence Square, Philadelphia. Independence Square. From the Streets ANTIC CITY From Union Building & Youk 200 Metropolitan Tower Root 1008 Full City 1009 Full City 1000 Fu NEWS BUREAUS: ARINOTON BURRAU Tiegs Publing By Tone Burrau Marconi House Strand Bis Burrau 52 Rue Louis le Grand Bis Burrau 52 Rue Louis le Grand

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

EVENING LENGER is served to subscriber
hiladelphia and surrounding towns at the
of twelve (12) cents per week payable to the carrier,

By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in
the United States, Canada or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per
month. Six (86) dollars per year, payable in all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per Norice Subscribers wishing address changed nust give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philodelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

Philadelphia, Tuesday, August 21, 1917

VICIOUS THEORY UNDERLIES SMITH-MITTEN PROPOSAL

THE United States Government subsidized the Union Pacific and other railroads by grants of enormous tracts of land. This land at the time was virtually valueless. The construction of the roads, it was foreseen, would put value into that land. That is exactly what it did do.

There has been no important railroad construction in years, we believe, in which those financing the enterprise did not take into consideration the profits in land certain to flow from making new territory accessible. This is particularly true of high-speed developments in districts of concentrated population, opening up, too, new suburban territory. In most cities abutting property owners pay part of the cost of paving, since paving adds to the value of their property. The policy of Lloyd George in England, previous to the war, was to take for the Government part of the unearned increment. If the crowding together of people in one community and the granting to it of municipal improvements created automatically increased land values, part of that increase, declared Lloyd George, properly belonged to the State.

The new high-speed system in Philadelphia will add millions and millions to property values. These values become subject to taxation. Mr. Taylor never proposed, as he might have done, direct essments for transit purposes on prop erty so benefited, but he did urge that the taxes levied on such increased values should be used to compensate for early deficits resulting from operation of the

Mr. Twining is against this. He argues

that every cent of enhanced values creevery penny of increased tax receipts rate) must go to the treasury for other purposes. Hit the rider's pocket, is his plan, and give him no consideration whatever. He insists on ignoring absolutely all indirect returns, vast as they will be from transit operation. If he followed this argument to its logical conclusion there would be a tollgate on every paved highway in the city, no docks and wharves would ever be constructed, an admission fee would be charged at Fair mount Park and the public schools would have a collection officer at the front doors.

Mr. Twining says to the company, in effect: "You have just begun to pay your own way. We'll let you tax the riders an extra amount if you'll give part of the money back to us. Keep the rest yourself and you won't have to worry. He is so scared of an increased tax rate that he proposes an indirect and concealed tax of which the treasury will get only part. Pretty expensive collecting, the gas proposition all over again, only

It is useless to talk about the Smith Mitten lease offering any basis for a solution of the transit problem. It is grounded on a principle outlawed years ago, a prin ciple which, if written into a modern municipal contract, would make the community ridiculous and brand it as an easy the slate, because the theory underlying i is vicious. The values created by the new high-speed lines must be used for the financing of those lines. The consumer wealth and as a result, taxed every time he rides He is willing to give the P. R. T a square deal, but he is not willing to give it the City Treasury and the taxlevying power.

"OCEANS OF DESTROYERS"

TT 18 not surprising that Secretary Daniels urges concentration of construction work on destroyers. The Allies now preserve a great preponderance in superdreadnoughts and battle cruisers. They are supreme, and Germany does not dare challenge their rule. In this war there is very little likelihood that this nation will need heavy ships of the line. She

But the destroyer has come into a po

have. It is the naval broom and must POILUS' HEROISM rival in number the straws of the broom Moreover, it is obvious from recent re ports that the participation of our destroyers in submarine detection work has been extremely effective. If we can double or triple the number, we can avoid losses by submarine accordingly. We have in this instrument a palliative, even if we have not found a cure, for the

Another great industrial program is thus put before our builders and me-They will make good.

BULGARIA'S REFRESHING FRANKNESS

CAPTAIN KIDD was a bold, bad man, but somehow the mention of his name evokes a sneaking thrill of admiration. The detestable hypocrisy of Tartuffe and Uriah Heep were not in his transparent make-up. On the green baize peace table he would have laid his blood-stained cutlass, and those whom it offended could have armed themselves accordingly.

It is almost with a kind of affection, therefore, that our ears greet Bulgaria's nexations and indemnities." Fed up as many's alleged "logic," with her underhand methods to blacken Belgium's name and with her crocodile wailing about her things I here record, but all the tales the seas," there is something positively stories of valor and bravery from Homer refreshing in Sofia's outrageous outspoke- to the Civil War.

Moreover, the lack of a full dress rehearsal with Berlin is gratifyingly apparent. Swashbuckling Bulgaria came in for loot. For loot she still holds out. When civilization comes to settle the Palkan iniquity no shuffling Teuton apologies will be able to befog the status of Bulgaria. She has spoken "right out in meeting." If Iago had been thus frank there wouldn't have been any tragedy of Othello. If Germany's villainy had been thus heartily disclosed in July, 1914, the whole world might have combined to prevent the war.

More power to the rough and roaring Bulgarian tongue. We're duly grateful for it, and after civilization has eventually slipped its noose about that nation's neck we may even grow safely sentimental over Bulgaria, as we do today over the lusty buccaneering "heroes" of the Spanish

GERMAN MUSINFORMATION

THE Cologne Gazette avers that "the 1 Wilson export regulations represent an illegal action unique in the history of the civilized world." Perhaps the Germans never heard of the Embargo Act of a century ago. We are under no compulsion of international law to supply food and materials to any people under the sun. We have a moral obligation to succor nations such as Holland and Switzerland. We shall fulfill that obligation under proper guarantees against the diversion of such supplies, or their equivalent, to our enemies.

HAVE A HEART, UTAH! .

THE Salt Lake City Herald-Republican chortles editorially:

As reports of heat fatalities come here East, Utahans are made to appreciate the natural advantages of the climate here. Utah knows no nights when bed covering is uncomfortable. There are no nights here when the temperatures prevent sound, restful sleep and prepara-tion for the next day's work. While the cities of the East swelter under the heat of the night, Utah is cooled into a peaceful slumber by the cool mountain breezes the Wasatch Eastern cities retain heat of the day throughout the night, of the Wasatch. making sleep impossible unless long rides are taken to the open country. Blessings have been heaped upon Utah by a beneficent Creator, and not the least of these is the weather.

Yet God must love the hot cities of the East, for He made so many of them. It s indeed a mystery why there are no many more people in the whole State of Utah than there are in West Philadelphia. There was one night a few weeks ago when the whole city would have liked to strike westward toward the breezes of the Wasatch. But, somehow or other we stayed home. We prefer our ups and downs, our dazzling heats followed by delicious reliefs. When it is always cool one doesn't really appreciate coolness.

If our "eastern cities retain the heat of the day throughout the night," that is because they are cities and not open country. Incidentally, we sleep under blankets very often in August. But, after all, isn't a city a place where men are determined to be a bit uncomfortable in order to get something better than com-

The bark of the present delightful 'dog-days" is friendly enough to make even the chronic kicker cheer up.

If the cost of gas were only as high in Congress as it is in Philadelphia, the lightening of our national burdens could

Germany's hopeful expectation of "next war," as expressed by General Liebert, is at least significant evidence that the present conflict is not wholly

If Nicholas Romanoff ever feels like writing another chapter to "Prison Life in Siberia" he will at least be saved the bother of deliberately courting arrest in order to get a "good story."

those hotelkeepers who so acutely hear Mr. Hoover's call for reduced food portions will not grow suddenly deaf when the conservation chief urges also a commensurate lowering of prices.

In the war against the "Musca do mestica," or common housefly, Doctor Dixon rightly urges tactics of the stern est militarism. Any temple of peace to commemorate that conflict would be a mockery. Only a mausoleum will fill the

The proposed tax of half the premium on theatre tickets sold above the regular price by "agencies" is all right as far as it goes; but the plan is far too timid. The only way for the Government to stop this long-continued and deep rooted gouging of the public by specula tors is to exact the full amount of the

MASKED IN SMOKE

Homeric Deeds Unregistered, Unrecorded, in the Defense of the Craonne Plateau

By HENRI BAZIN (Special Correspondent of the Evening Ledger France) PARIS, July 26.

WHEN one has passed an afternoon in a panorama whose center was as a vast smoking inferno where thousands of men. full in the face of death, were fighting with all their energies amid cratered ground that was a target for unchained engines of destruction, one is struck with the unrecorded heroism that must have been lived out there, hidden behind the veil of smoke and flame of the last four days.

How many episodes, tragic. ic, soutstirring, must have come into lving and passed into the beyond without register; episodes and incidents in which courage, presence of mind, quick thinking, quicker action, sacrifice and devotion played desperreported peace terms of "peace with an- ate part. The idea came suddenly to me, as I looked yesterday and the day before upon we are with the wily convolutions of Ger- a seeming veritable string of volcanic eruptions that, screened from my night by smoke and fire, were not only all these "place in the sun" and the "freedom of poesy and literature reportrayed, all the

> For there had been combined action, action that had decided something that had to be decided for France, and the United States, too, involving death for those who made it possible, action in which a dozen men did the supreme thing at the supreme moment, action where one man had given his life for another thing equally supreme. There had been technical and strategical action, part of the game, which, in due course, will e reported to the high command as orders carried out, even though the grim reaper harred the way. There had been, too, deeds that are sealed in lips dead; other deeds lone by those who had died in the Joing

And it seemed to me it was reflection of this character that made one feel impotent attempt at description of even a portion this battle, which for days and nights as been raging before me, that brought the thought that between men of France who are making war for the right with every ounce of their all. In intelligence, courage, devotion and sacrifice, and I, who witnessed in but relative danger, or whosever sitting comfortably upon a porch chair reads my all too feeble and inco mplete records, there was a wide and unfathomable

Islands of Resistance

wanted, ere returning to Paris, the opportunity of touching the hands in a pro-found respect, the hands of a few poilus who had borne the brunt of this Craonne attack. Some in particular, that in the Californie-Casemates salient, held where their comrades on either side had been compelled to give way under the ferocity of German attack, who had remained forming as it were, little islands of resist-ance separated by tiny space from the nemy for, in one instance, thirty-six hours under a rain of fire from Boche and Frenck artillery, holding on, and, in due course, taking part in the final drive of the devil ack to his own lines.

But I could not. They were still in their

newly redeemed trenches, still under fire, still on the job, with a capital J. My way back to Paris led to another and calmer section of the front, where we took train. Here we stopped to witness the re-view of a division by General Petain. The men whom he was to honor, if any honor could be done these brave warriors, stood at salute as so many statues, cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, with every uni-form un-spick and un-span, but every gun shining brightly; and at their head their three bands, and their three flags of France. These were of the men, I thought, who had smilingly and gladly died but a brief hour past before my eyes. A week past, these before me had been on the firing line. Within a day or two days, they would be on th firing line again, ready, when occasion called, to do exactly that which I had seen their fellows do these last four days.

Reviewed by Petain

eared with his staff, his rank being saluted with trumpet and drum. His fine, countenance was full of nobility and, to ich in thought as to what these men before but they had done, what they would do or the After the review, the san divisional review I have often witnessed this war behind the lines or within sound of fire, witnessed, too, in the days past peace at Longehamps, General Pet aced the insignia of commander upon the breast of the general commanding the divi-sion, decorated a score of officers with the Croix de Guerre, a long row of poilus with the medaille militaire. The ceremony was austere and beautiful, carried out to the extreme of etiquette conforming to it. then, as the commander-in-chief and his staff took a position to one side, the division passed in parade, flags flying, bands play ing the "Sambre et Meuse.

of the men I had seen in battle but a little before. The flags they carried were solled and torn, as were in some degree to the last, their uniforms. But the flags were battle flags, representing France and her ideals, the ideals now of all the civilized world loving the right; flags that had been under fire, that would presently return. And with the repeated thought I seemed to under-stand as I saluted, exactly what a salute to the colors meant, understand more deepy and more genuinely than in Paris at a Prix d'Armes in the Invalides or as a regiment passed me in the streets of the apital, battleward way.

For here, with the roar of gun in the distance, the flag seemed guarding France in-deed, close by, death and strife and a barparian enemy; and I sensed this beloved Tri-color as an integral part of France and the cause of Liberty to the world, the symbol of men marching under it in support of all the world holds dear, and all free me

"ATTABOY" ABROAD

The shout of the camp and the prospec-tive battle cry of the American soldiers in France-we must decline for the present at least, to designate them as "Sammers"—is taken from the baseball glossary "Attaboy!" yells the American to his com-, whether the occasion calls for a of thanks, of cheer or of praise; and no American can fail to understand. Every American knows not only the game of base ball, but he knows its language, and attaboy is so well recognized as the coach's ab-breviation for "That's the boy" that it really does not deserve to wear quotation

narks The Sun thinks that attaboy is conter poraneous with Pop Anson, which is to say that it came into the speech of people along with the game itself. In its preform and accent we should say that of later birth; we had supposed that it was the contribution to our language of that eminent linguist and vocalist, Hug Jennings. If any anterior can claim credit for it in its present form and meaning let him file his claim, for the word is here

o stay. The phrase, which has grown into se as it has, is not a cursory caller. The French and British will doubtless be somewhat disturbed and bewildered by attaboy. The British, we suspect, will find it hardest to understand how men of their tongue could devise so strange a word, and the French, after their first puzzlement, will receive it delightedly. The lips which can-not say Pershing or United States will get "attahoy" with the basebell fan's accent— Syracuse Post-Standard.

Tom Daly's Column

DREAMS When I was young I was the goat For Bertha M. Clay's novels, And everything "The Duchess" wrote Of palaces and hovels; And often (I can see it yet!)

A finger 'twixt the pages, I'd dream above the book and set My life's propressive stages. I know that somewhere just ahead

A queen awaited winning. And there were avenues that led To wealth and fame's beginning. never doubted these would come, Nor that they'd find me ready; My self-conceit was going some,

My nerve was strong and steady. Yet I was very modest, too, Soft-spaken, never testy; Whatever else my luck might do It should not make me chesty. I felt I'd naturally fit

The very highest station, And make myself at home in it And prove my born vocation; Good breeding bursting into bloom, Instinctive, universal, Would lead me through a drawing room

Without one dress rehearsal. In fact, I'd be the man of men; One whom, at very sight of, The Duchess, reaching for her pen, Would just delight to write of.

But O! alas! alackaday! The fates conspired to beat me, The Duchess or Miss Bertha Clay Have never chanced to meet me, Hose love it takes some prophecy To prove itself prophetic! The hero that I hoped to be Is merely hypothetic.

Perhaps it's just as well, after all, to be poor but democratic. If we were rich we might be tempted to buy a place on the Main Line and put up one of those signs, "Tradespeople must not use this entrance," which seem indigenous to that

MID-AUGUST breezes carry myriads of butterfly galleons, the "stemless, animated flowers," drifting along toward the bright death that autumn means for them. While the pageant is passing, if you will keep your eyes open, you may see many a vision of dainty beauty. There was a lovely picture for the appreciative eye on one of the putting greens of the Merion golf course one day last week. A great flock of the common yellow butterflies settled upon the velvety green turf and, with wings uplifted, like sails full set, looked for all the world like a fleet of catboats on a calm summer sea.

FIRST TRENCH CANDIDATES

captain's commission for Phineas Munce. A place where the Boches will get him at

once: He's that bore, strong and hearty, "The life of the party," Who distresses us all with his comical

stunts. A place on the line For a pet pest of mine (And there may the first grenade getcha!)

I am speaking for you, Mr. Getuppan Dew, With your "I'm a live-wire, you betcha!"

"Havre de Grace," writes Magnus "is no seething metropolis and I had nothing more exciting to do this morning than to look over a commercial calendar on the wall of the 'exchange' in the Harford House. I found this: 'It doesn't pay to To borrow trouble; stick to our fertilizer. What d'ye make o' that?"

Kute Kid Stuff

A tiny tad in Bryn Mawr, who was taken to Valley Forge recently, has been talking ever since about Washington's

BEREAVED

In the corner of the chicken yard A pile of rubbish lay, Where one by one a score of things Cast off had found their way.

A tiny rusted oil stove that Had known a useful past Reposed amidst the motly group A useless thing at last. A hen of tender age stood by And sadly bowed her head

While tears were streaming down her beal Her heart within like lead.

O little stove," she murmured, "in My memory there'll be Forever and forever fond And tender thoughts of thee.

The sash weight shop will melt thee dow To ingots mold thee, too. But while life lasts I'll love thee with

A faithful heart and true." O! gentle reader, do not scoff, Soorn not the pullet's tear; She was an incubator chick:

The stove's her mother dear. P. NUT.

Wasn't it a charming slam an eve. conemp. handed to ex-Governor Walsh yesterday:

At a great mass-meeting held last night at the Forrest Theatre. David I. not worth the life of one American Walsh, ex-Governor of Massachusetts declared that the Government should draft the wealth as well as the youth of the nation and added that "all the money of a Rockefeller or a Morgan is

Remember the rich woman we were talking about the other day? Well, here's another one about her: On the morning of her father's death she looked out of the window and saw the doctor approaching, so she called, "You needn't come in, doctor; father's dead. And mind you don't charge for this visit."

REMINISCENT Within my room a seceet perfume That drifts above my head! scent as cool as some sea pool

Deep in its coral bed. Have you been here? Are you still near? And do you breathe agains No flower that grows-no fabled rose Such fragrance gives to men.

But no! So far from me you are Beyond the heaven's blue, The sweet perfume that fills my roon Is but my thoughts of you.

The Government must be presumed snow its business, but it's hard to understand why Miles N. Flyte, turned down in

IF THE LEASE IS A GRAB, THEN IF THE LEASE IS A GRAB, I SHOULD GO TO JAIL." MAYOR SMITH

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

SUPRENDER OF

CITY'S RIGHTS

"Scotch the Transit Serpent." War Record of the Colored Race

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters must be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

MAKE THE CITY SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

or of the Evening Lede Sir-Concerning the Smith-Mitten osed transit grab, which you handled with out gloves in an editorial last Saturday, be it known that the public is in no mood to be rifled with further. Right now is the time to speak and to sound the warning the emancipation proclamation be heralded from every street corner; let every lung ex-pand to the limit; let every effort be put forth, so that the whole outfit of robbers and bunglers, from the easy-going executive to the full-fed politicians and scheming contractors, may be forced to the cyclone collar

proposal, with the premise that the people will follow his lead. Such a leadership will have the full confidence of the rank and file of the people of Philadelphia. is the one man in this long battle for better transit who has been a good sport and played the game according to the rules.

When the people voted for the transit loan it was with the full understanding that the city's interests would be fully safeguarded, that five-cent fares would prevail. exchange tickets abolished and that no in crease in tax rate would be necessary. had a man of the caliber of A. Merritt Taylor been chosen as Mayor our would not have taken a jump on top of a big leap in valuation, and the subway and elevated system would now be far on its toward completion. Every detail would have been given honest consideration. Mr Taylor would be his own man, not a mere jumping jack or dancing monkey. Poli-ticians, who have too long dominated our affairs, would have no place in his council or would he have been deceived by the ses, who have for a long time been the real Mayor. We send our sons to the front in

that the world might be safe for democ racy while we in Philadelphia are in shackles. We claim for the world the right to govern itself while at the same time allowing ourselves to be governed by those whom we know are enemies to good govern

O ye sons of noble sires, if there still re mains one drop of that rich, red blood that tingled in their veins, quit ye like men, shake off the yoke of bondage from thy necks and scotch the transit serpent ere

We call on Mr. Taylor to lead the hosts of good government in its fight against watered stock, six-cent fares and further All the gains he has made go for naught unless he again takes up the cudgel backed by us, the common people. The world must be safe for democracyas must our beloved city be safe for its citizens. And while we are on the job, why not complete the task by thoroughly fumigating the pesthouse in center of the city from the crown of Bill's hat to the deepest dungeon? Then and only then can we look dungeon? Then and the eye. the world squarely in the eye. WILLIAM G. HUSTED.

Philadelphia, August 20.

FAIR PLAY FOR BLACK RACE To the Editor of the Evening Ledger. Sir-In answer to R. B. N.'s letter prin

in your paper of today, allow me to say that what he states about the Indian is very true, and I feel that R. B. N. has a common education, the same as myself, and I believe he has studied history, some of which he has forgotten.

In answer to his question about the negro, let me say that he is going to this war both through enlistment and conscription, and, as in the days of old, he will do
his part to fight and help win this war forthis country which belittles him. Let it be
understood that in the sixtles the North did
not whip the South until it sock assross in
his army. In 1685 the United States

win the Spanish-American war without the negro. It was on San Juan Hill that Roosevelt and the Rough Riders tried to retreat eral Maceo, and his negro troops said "charge!" The negroes are not counted much, but they won the battle of San Juan Hill. Remember, the negro is greatly discriminated against in this country, but he is no anarchist. He has not plotted to kill Presidents or other chiefs of this country, but he wrestled with the man who killed our deceased President, William McKinley.

The negro causes no race riots, but when gnorant classes of foreigners come here and start trouble the negro gets the blame. Please note that there are no negro Con-gressmen or other leaders in the Capitol, not because the negroes are all ignorant, but be cause of the prejudice of some of the uninformed classes of whites. The negro has no equal rights in voting in southern States. else not vote at all.

So let every one who calls emember that God created all mankind, regardless of race, nation or creed, and that it is our duty to try to help the weaker ones, for there are good and bad in all races. myself will try to teach my fellowmen right from wrong, and if you do likewise we in time will be proud of our own work. But remember that the negro is no coward.

Philadelphia, August 13, 1917.

NEGROES ARE NO SLACKERS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-In your great publication of the 13th instant there appeared an article by R. B. N. asking "Why draft the Indian?" He was right in defending the Indians. In the same right in defending the Indians. In the same article he attacked the negro, and asked why shouldn't he fight. He cited what the northern white man did for him in the sixties. Mr. R. B. N. spoke as if we are not thankful for what has been done for us and as though the race were all slackers. He, like many thousands of his race, does not read the records of the negro or he would not have asked the question. "Why would not have asked the question, shouldn't he fight?"

From the Revolution down to the present day the negro has played well his part in all the wars of this great country, and efore this war is over he will doing his part for the Stars and Stripes.

I am the son of a negro soldier. livit War. Civil War. One of my uncles lost his life and my father his right arm during the struggle, and I am proud of the record they left behind. You will remember that President Lincoln did not call the black atil things were going against the It will be so in this war. So Mr. R. B. N. please ask why he is not being trained, for he is ready at all times to do and die for Old Glory. H. W. JENKINS.
Atlantic City, August 15.

HOW ABOUT "LIBERTY LADS"? To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—As a former officer of the Fifth legiment, Maryland National Guard, I know how names which irritate soldiers sometimes stick to them. Considering the cause we are fighting for, what name could cause we are highling for, what name could appeal to our allies more strongly than "Liberty Lads"? It is for a universal lib-erty for democracy the lads are offering their lives. Here's to our "Liberty Lads"! EX-LIEUTENANT, FIFTH REGIMENT, MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARDS.

Philadelphia, August 14.

A FAIR PRICE FOR GAS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-The Consolidated Gas Company sup-Sir—The Consolidated Gas Company supplies gas to consumers in New York city, under an act of the State Legislature, at eighty cents per 1000 feet. The capitalization is more than \$100,000,000, and 6 per cent is paid to its stock and bond holders. This \$100,000,000 paid for the plant. The United Gas Improvement Company page United Gas Improvement Company United Gas Improvement Company pays no interest on the city's plant, valued at \$75,000,000. It sells gas to the consumer at \$1 per 1909 feet, and hands the city twenty cents per 1000 feet, and claims it as interest on the plant. It is not so.

Why should consumers get gas in New York at eighty cents and the company pay its stockholders 6 per cent, while Philadelphia consumers pay \$1 and the city gets

delphia consumers pay \$1 and the city gets as interest on its plant twenty cents per 1000 feet, which belongs to the consumer? Force the U.G. I. by legislative act, to

What Do You Know?

Who is the head of the Belgian commission that visited Philadelphia resterday?

2. What famous French dramatist and wile of romances had negro blood in his velocity. When did Attlin live?
4. What side did Bayaria take in the way of 1866 between Frussia and Austria?

Who was campaign manager for Will during the last presidential election?

6. In what play of Shakespeare's occurs to line "One touch of nature makes to whole world kin"?
7. Where was Major Andre born?
8. What national cemetery near Washington of Country of Robert E. Lee?

9. How many voyages to America did Columbus make? 10. What is a numismatist?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is to the air of "John Brown's Body."

2. Key West is a misinterpretation of the Spanish words Caya Hueso, which need Bone Reef.

Samuel Gompers is head of the America Federation of Labor. 5. Anne Louise Germaine, Baroness de 8 Holstein, called Madame de Stael, w noted French novellst and critical wo Her dates are 1766-1817.

conmand is a gluttonous person, is of eating. A gourmet is an enlowed connected of table delicacies, especial "Gowan" In the Scotch word for datar.

General Smuts is a South African Bost.

Alexander Hamilton was mortally wears

by Asron Burr in n duel on July 11, 15,
and died the next day.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S BIRTHPLACE

COMMEMORATING the living in brons Or stone is regarded in this country as a ticklish business. Visitors to Veneral ela invariably have a good laugh over the many tablets which the dictator, Gusman Blanco, self-styled "the illustrious American General," erected to himself throughout the city of Caracas. We are always amused whenever the true story of Calve's erection of a marble statue of herself as Ophelia on the site of her future grave is told. The dead are great. The living are too frequently exposed in all their human frailty. Nevertheless, Philadelphia for many years was conspicuous for containing a bronse inscription to a living celebrity, one of her ma-tive sons. The personal inspiration for this "memorial" has passed away now. He was Joseph Jefferson, one of the mapy gifted luminaries of the stage who first saw the light of day in this metropolis. The inseription, much blackened by the weather and scarcely legible unless one has very good eyes, remains on the wall of an old house

delineator of Rip Van Winkle was bera The inscription, put up about 1897, while Jefferson was still delighting audiences with his art, reads as follows: Joseph Jefferson, The Actor Was Born Here
Feb. 20, 1829
Here's Your Good Health and Your
Family's
May They Live Long and Prosper

at the southwest corner of Sixth and Spruce

atreets, where in 1829 the world-famous

The quotation is, of course, one of most famous lines in the curiously paid work play of "Rip Van Winkle," which like Topsy, was never precisely "born," but "growed up" under the care and keet theatric eyes of Mr. Jefferson himself and Dion Boucicault, the playwright.

While on tour with the all-star cast "The Rivala," says Francis Wilson in bentertaining "Reminiscences of Jefferson." I spoke to Mr. Jefferson about affixing tablet to his birthplace. He modestly jected saying that it is a second to the saying that it is a second to the saying that it is a saying that it is a second to the saying that it is a saying that it is still living. The matter was dropped for time, but later, at the suggestion of friend, De Witt Miller, he, the tate A. Whelpley, of Cincinnati ected, saying that it was an unusual t

Whelpley, of Cincinnati, and myse up the tablet."

Apropos of the subject, Jeffer