wo or three or five more years of war than a century's dread of it hereafter.

Many men in public life declare that this is the greatest of the President's state papers. We prefer to await the results of it before passing so fulsome a verdict.

TAKE SEX OUT OF THE CON-STITUTION

THE Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution proved to be boomerangs. They were intended, at least incidentally, to make the South open political territory. What they did do was to give the dominant faction a battlecry and slogan which had only to be yelled often enough to assure handsome majorities. The South got rid of the negro vote by one device or another, but the politicians never let the South get rid of the fear of a return of that negro vote. "If we have two political parties down here," runs the argument, "sooner or later one or the other of them will begin voting negroes," and it is an argument which in that section of the country nobody attempts to answer.

Tomorrow the suffrage amendment comes before the House for a vote. There are some violent Southern members who expect to vote against it, their pies being that they do not want "to double the disfranchisement problem." Maybe not, but why bring up a bugaboo of that sort? If the electoral qualifications now required are just and honest, they will still be just and honest after the suffrage amendment is passed. The amendment does not say that a State must give every woman a vote; it simply requires that no person shall be deprived of a vote just because she is a woman. There is no proposal to deprive the States of the right to determine their own franchise qualifications, along feasible lines, but only to add "shes to the "hes" in the definitions of citizenship and remove the intolerable burdens and inhibitions placed on women solely on account of sex.

As Southern Congressmen cannot hold their jobs unless they are shrewd politicians, we more than suspect that a goodly number of them will get into the bandwagon while the getting in is still good.

THE CRUCIAL FRONT

THE only front on which a decision can be reached is the western front. Capture of Venice, occupation of Greece, recapture of Jerusalem or Bagdad would be temporarily exhilarating to Germans, but nconclusive. It is only in France and Belgium that defeat for the Ailles or Central Powers would be real defeat. This is the ground for the belief that the blow Germany will strike with the re-enforcements gained by the nonresistance of Russia will be struck in the west.

It would be remarkable if Secretary Baker, in his weekly report on military operations, based his warnings about a great battle in the west solely on the theatrical German announcements of that event. But it is not remarkable that he make, his predictions coincide with Berlin's, because all the world knows the Germans have no other place to strike. Their only hope of throwing the Allies off their guard was to tett the truth for once, because it would be so hard to believe that a general would announce his plans to the enemy beforehand.

Mr. Baker reminds the public that through sixteen successive battles of great magnitude in Flanders the British have every time come out victorious and pushed stadlly ahead." German gains may be made and the cost of resistance may mount into hundreds of thousands of lives, but there is absolutely no reason to believe that the enen : can break through.

JOHN DOE MUST INITIATE **PROGRESS**

GOVERNOR EDGE, in his message to the New Jersey Legislature, urges the immediate building of the Philadelphia-Camden bridge. President Wilson, in his latest address, as in many other of his speech s, calls attention to the enviable efficiency of the German people. We would rather be Chinamen than Prussians, Nevertheless, we have to admit that the Prussians would have built that bridge years ago.

Are we forever to add a "but" to every word of praise we give our democracy? Is it not seriously debatable whether democracy will survive in its age-long conflict with autocracy if it is content to pigeonhole every progressive plan until some masterful personality, a Cassatt or a J. J. Hill, comes along to rescue it from oblivion? If we are to preserve our democracy the people must initiate, industrially and economically as well as politically. It is time for the people to be in on every deal, big or little. John Doe must give up his anonymous character.

McAdoo out for suffrage.- News Head. It may be that McAdoo is also out for something else.

The tale that American dyes would not give fast colors to our woolens has proved to be another German yarn.

The way some of the statesmen talk one might imagine that rainy days will cease to be when the "new world"

firmly fixed. George Harvey seems to think that

dealers in shoddy put something over on Uncle Sam. The weather man is helping the Colonel to prove his case.

If every one has his war aim correctly, it's shoot.—New York Sun.

Well, it was just as important that we learn to shoot all together as to hit the

Australia used to be held up by radicals as an example of progress to America, but rejection of the modern efficiency principle of the selective draft sets it back into

The Bolsheviki, it is just as well to remember, would not be negotiating at all unless the other Allies still had their armies in the field. Were the rest of us to follow the Russian lead, it would renomething less than a week for a n-made Char to sit in Petrograd and to job by the might of Ca-

SIDELIGHTS INTO ACTIVITIES OF PENNSYLVANIA'S GOVERNOR

Mr. Pennypacker Recounts Several Incidents Which Relieved the Strain of the Regular **Duties of State**

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—NO. 48
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On THE way home from Somerset, a town among the mountains, where the first Bible was printed west of the Alleghenies, where George F. Baer, the wonderfully able president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, was born and which has the most elevated courthouse in the State, Mrs. Pennypacker and I were taken in charge by Colonel Samuel Moody, a high official of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh. He was very droll, agreeable and entertaining. His influence with his road was great and he was ready to show it to us. Somerset was the terminus of a little single-track railroad which branched off from the main line. He had a car ready at Somerset but behold, it had not been dusted for a month. He kept us outside on some pretext while he swore at the man in charge and had it cleaned. Then we went by rail to the station on the main line and there waited. Presently we heard the Chicago Express, which never stopped there, thundering in the distance, but was to stop for us because of the influence of Moody.

"Now," said Moody, "come outside and all be ready to get on."

Stopping the "Flyer"

In an instant the train was there and in an instant later beyond the station and rushing to the faraway East. Then I roared, and Moody, seldom crestfallen, was in a state of confusion. Presently, however, came the second section, which stopped, and all was well.

Just at this juncture Judge Henry J. McCarthy died and this made a vacancy in the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas No. 3. The leaders of the Republican party in that city asked for the appointment of Robert von Moschzieker, a bright young lawyer, formerly an assistant in the office of the District Attorney, but lacking both years and legal experience, who had made himself useful and agreeable to Durham. I appointed George Tucker Bispham, the author of our leading work upon equity and a lawyer of long and varied practice. He was then in Europe, but he had at one time made an earnest effort to reach the bench, and after consultation with Mr. Brinton in his office and with Lyman D. Gilbert, a friend and associate in many cases, who thought he would accept, I made the venture. My hope was, by a distinguished appointment, to benefit the profession, and that he, with such an opportunity, would feel it to be his duty to his profession to see that it was utilized. He failed me, and much to my disgust and with very poor taste, telegraphed his declination not to me, but to the Press.

One of the experiences which come often to those having responsibility and seeking to do decent things is the little assistance given by men who are ever complaining bout existing conditions. On one occasion at Harrisburg I was called up by long distance telephone from Washington, and Penrose at the other end inquired :

"When are you going to make out the appointment of Doctor Shoemaker as sur-

geon general?"

Shoemaker was a political doctor, continually mingling the two professions, which did not well fit, and I had no confidence in him whatever. So I answered: "I do not think of appointing him at all."

"Damn it to hell!" I overheard upon the

I had written to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Charles C. Harrison to suggest to me a suitable and competent physician for this sition. They recommended Dr. Rober G. Le Conte, a man of professional attainment and now one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, and I appointed him. He remained long enough to secure his title as colonel, but with the first en-

campment, when there was work to do, he resigned, and that plan failed. I then appointed Dr. Joseph K. Weaver, much less showy, but more stable and useful, and he proved to be entirely acceptable.

There had been much adverse comment upon affairs at the Eastern Penitentiary, and I put at the head of it a penal expert from without the State, of wide reputation. He remained a few months, and, instead of improving that institution, used it as a means of getting a larger salary elsewhere and departed. Such instances, of course, went a long way to justify the position of the politicians.

The "Keystone Navy"

Theoretically the State had a navy, but it never owned a vessel until at this time a quarantine cutter was built for it by Neafle Levy. The boat was launched September 17, named the Governor Pennypacker and was christened by my daughter Anna, who broke a bottle of wine over the bow.

On the 22d of September, along with Elkin, I made a speech at Wilkes-Barre before the League of Republican Clubs, reviewing what had been accomplished, including the newspaper act. The resolutions adopted declared that I had proved to be "a wise, prudent, firm and conscientious executive." On the invitation of "Uncle Jerry" Roth, an enterprising Pennsylvania Dutch man, I saw the Allentown Fair, generally regarded as the most successful agricultural fair in the State, and found 30,000 people there. Colonel Henry C. Trexler, of my staff, a comparatively young man, who made a great fortune in the manufacture of cement, having the largest cement works in Allentown, drove me through the country to see his large unfenced farms, and he entertained me at supper, where, in a stately home, his agreeable wife dispensed

hospitality. On the 29th, Major General Charles Miller, in command of the National Guard, gave an entertainment at Franklin to thes Governor and his staff. Miller, a poor boy, born in Alsace, came over to this country and little by little, by energy, activity and business sense, combined with a canny, worldly wisdom, he got alongside of the Standard Gil Company, was one of its magnates and secured an immense fortune. Seldom are the fates altogether kindly to any man. With all his success there was much unhappiness in his life. He was a captain on the staff of one of the brigadiers, was ambitious, made large contributions in the political campaign and was put in command of the guard, over the heads of his general and many other officers. Elevations to obtained are ever more or less tottering. At Mount Gretna he said to me in the presence of Stewart, after exhibiting to us the antics of his beautiful and trained riding horse:

"Governor, I am going to send down to your home one of the finest pairs of horses to be found in the State."

I told him this story: "General, when I was a boy I went to school among the Irish on Tunnel Hill, in the town where I was born, and had three fistfights with a boy named Bradley. Many years later we both drifted to Philadelphia, and I became a Judge and he became a bartender in a liquor saloon. Much to his surprise and pleasure, he, on one occasion, received a license to conduct an establishment of his own. Later, he one day came to me and said he was about to send a pair of horses to my summer home at Moore said to him that if he did should go into court on the following Saturday and revoke that liquor license,"

Neither of those pairs of horses was ever

Tomorrow Governor Pennypacker continues his reminiscences of miscellaneous events.

LAST OF THE BONNERS

David, Brother of Robert, Comaker With Him of New York Ledger

JOURNALS devoted to horses and racing, particularly those with a special flair for trotting, will have much to say of David Bonner, gentleman driver, who died on New Year's Eve at the age of eighty; but few if any, perhaps, will lay stress upon his exploits as circulation nianager of the weekly paper edited by his more illustrious brother, Robert, which made the name Bonner famous and laid the corner-stone of the family fortunes half a century ago.

Robert Bonner, the head of the family in this country, was the maker of the family fortune and David was his able lieutenant; and it would be interesting to inquire how much he contributed. Probably even he forgot, when his head became full of horses, but the journal that knew him as circulation manager was the first in this country to reach the sales mark of 250,000 copies per week. Yet the "Bonner of the New York Ledger" of course was Robert. He was the ploneer.

Robert Bonner was born in the north of TOURNALS devoted to horses and racing

Ledger" of course was Robert. He was the pioneer.
Robert Bonner was born in the north of Ireland in 1824 and David in 1837. There were several other brothers, too, and the whole family lost no time in translating themselves to these shores when Robert began to make his way here, which he did very shortly after his arrival in 1889. At the age of fifteen he was sticking type as an apprentice in the office of the Hartford Courant, and he was so quick at it that fifty years later he declared proudly he had never known more than one man who could beat him.

beat him. When he was twenty he went to New When he was twenty he went to New York as assistant foreman and proofreader on the Evening Mirror, which was first timidly held up to Nature one year before by the poet, N. P. Willis, and George P Morris, just sprung in to fame through adjuring a woodman "to spare that free." But Bonner only hesitated there. His career carried him shortly into the office of the Merchant's Ledger, a weekly financial journal, whose owners had been attracted to him by his novel ways of setting the few advertisements reflected in the Mirror. In a few years—the date was 1851, to be exact—he bought out his employers for a paltry 1900, and the Ledger was his, with its debts and credits.

\$500, and the Ledger was his, with its debts and credits.

Robert Bonner began at once to do things, and David was with him. His first move was to add, as rapidly as he could afford it, various taking literature features, which were quite unlike anything the town had ever before had served to it. One of his earliest and happiest ventures was the engagement of Sarah P. Willis, sister of his former employer, who was the most popular writer of the day. Our grandmethers knew and loved her as "Fanny Furn." Robert Bonner believed in her, and although it may be presumed he had little enough capital in 1855 when he engaged her to furnish a story a week, he spread an advertisement shout her and his paper over sight full pages of the Herald. This unhapped, profignate use of money for publicity has condemned

upon all sides. Everybody talked about and nearly everybody bought a copy of the foolish paper. Did this stop Robert Bonner: Not at all. He continued upon his wild ca-reer and called in Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. reer and called in Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Sylvanus Cobb and others to give his readers light fiction; and for ballast set off against them Edward Everett, William Cullen Bry-ant, James Parton and others. About this time, that is to say, just before

About this time, that is to say, just before the war, Henry Ward Beecher Joined his staff and was a contributor for many years. He is said to have received \$30,000 for one novel, which, it's dollars to doughnuts, you, dear reader, never even heard of before. Neither did we. "Norwood" was its name. And, did we. "Norwood" was its name. And, unless you happen to be a Dickens fan. like our own Judge Patterson, the name of another Ledger story will mean nothing to you.

It was called "Hunted Down," and it's the
only thing Charles Dickens ever wrote for an

only thing Charles Dickens ever wrote for an American publication.

But wait, for that isn't by any means all.

There lived in New York in those days a man whose life had been as full of adventure as Samuel W. Pennypacker's and who wrote the "Recollections of a Busy Life." There were no typewriters in those days, and how

were no typewriters in those days, and how the poor compositors in that Ledger office ever got by with his copy for each weekly installment goodness knows! For Horace Greeley wrote an undecipherable fist. The town was startled to hear one morning that Bonner had paid Tennyson \$5000 for a single poem, and upon another morning that Longfellow had received \$2000 for the same sort of work. But the heaviest drain upon the Bonner purse appears to have been the

sort of work. But the heaviest drain upon the Bonner purse appears to have been the wage of Edward Everett, who is said to have received \$50,000 for his various services, including \$10,000 for fifty-two weekly letters.

Even that isn't all, but it's enough to mention (in addition to the \$50,000 to \$25,000 per week spent in advertising compaigns) to account for the quarter of a million circulation which the New York Ledger obtained in its heyday.

account for the quarter of a million circulation which the New York Ledger obtained in its heyday.

Robert and David Bonner had been working their heads off at this publishing proposition, and one day their physician said in effect: "You two men have been working like horses; now go out and play with some." So Robert bought a pair of trotters and began to drive them out in the park for his health. But there he had to take the dust of Commodors Vanderbilt. Frank Work and other speed boys of the day, which got into his throat or something and made him mad. So he went after them. He bought the fast mares Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, and very soon he paid \$32,000 for Darker. Then he gave Commodors Vanderbilt \$40,000 for Maud S., and about that time David and he had a friendly disagreement about the respective merits of the various blooded trotters they had acquired, and Robert was made to admit that David knew more about such things than he, so he jet David have the job of circulating them and went back to his publishing business.

To the average man in the streets the

ness.

To the average man in the streets the Bonners will be most worthy of remembrance for having raised to prominence America's first weekly paper of wide circulation, even if it has long since sunk below the surface of metropolitan jauraniles.

T. A. D.

LOYALTY OF OUR GERMAN STOCK manded his rights. A committee was thereupon appointed, consisting of Simes, Van
Hook and Sterling, who took Mr. Oppenheimer in hand. The following year the
committee reported: "Owing to the aptness
of their scholar your committee finds that
it had very little to do and is unable
to impart to him any further instruction."
And they add, with something of prophetic
vision, comificeing the present rustiness of
the old gentleman's skates, that "in their
judgment he is a "finished skater."

On the same page your chronicler might
have found recorded the fact that "in 1861,
upon motion of Colonel Page, a copy of the
bylaws of the club, a badge, cord and reel,
together with an improved pair of skates,
were sent to the Emperor of the French, but,
why, and whether he ever got them, and
what he did with them, history is sadly
silent," And Mr. Lewis adds: "If the Emperor of the French had challenged the Germans to skate instead of fight, the presents
sent him might have proved useful."

This sequential thought comes to me as
I sit here nursing my shaken limb. The Spies of All Nations-An Old Skater's Remarks-Hellenist Comments

CONGRESS

To the Editor of the Ecening Public Ledars.

Sir—The American patriot of German birth knows better than we do why he loves the liberty of America and will fight for it and will tolerate no rulership of any such Kaiser's orders. He talks of the fatheriand, but sheriff and writ could not get him back there to live. A German name is far from a criterion of dislovalty. The bitterest denunciations and batted of the Kaiser's accursed brutality and the atrocities of his "Kaiser ites" I have heard from these loyal Americans of German ancestry, and their sons will be among our best and ablest fighters. There are exceptions and there are spies apienty. are exceptions and there are spies apienty German thought and German people of early days and now are as different as day from night; the early Germans and modern Prus-sians or "Kaiserites." Many early Germans ran away from just this "glory of our armiles." The dear old Americanized German people, loyal to the liberty of their dear old father-land ancestry, are stronger for American ideals of liberty than many contemptible American-born pacifists of other ancestry and anti-English, who are shooting our sons in the back by their propaganda of pacifism and English hatred. This is not a Helping-

the French war or an English war.
Were there any Americans of English birth
loyal to America in the Revolutionary War
who fought English brothers and cousins? There are hundreds of thousands just as loyal Americans now of German birth in this war. There are exceptions, but some of our worst spies are paid scoundrels of other nationalities than German. It is time and past time for shooting such spies for our own protection and for a certain salutary effect. I have twelve boys in this war whom I love as sons. And I, like all the other parents, am out for their protection, and no shooting them in the back by tolerating anything German, even the language, if for no other reason than for its effect on commercial Germans at this time. For the best interests of all concerned I think German is better out of the schools till the war is over. When the war ceases will be time enough for restoring German to the schools with the Kaiser's picture in a hangman's nationalities than German. It is time and the Kaiser's picture in a hangman's cowl if we so desire. Philadelphia, January 8.

AN OLD SKATER SWEARS GENTLY To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-I write this from a stool of repentance and of pain, cooing gentle curses at the cause of my present trouble. the cause of my present trouble. My right leg is stretched out straight upon a chair and there's a smell of horse liniment in the

This is the way of it: Your article upon This is the way of it: Your article upon the Old Skating Cub stirred my old blood and moved me today to take down from an attic hook and ell up my old rockers, and later to venture upon the ice with them, the first time in ten years. My age? It doesn't matter. I'm still spry and graceful; and I am one of those who contend that the only real skating is the long, sweeping, leisurely roll which it was our wont to practice in the days when a 2:40 gait was reckoned fast, oh, long before the present speed craze afflicted our country.

oh. long before the present speed craze afflicted our country.

Well, I got upon the ice today and found that my feet had not forgot their cunning; and I was rolling with grace and rhythmic precision, when a lad in his teens coming up behind me, like a steam engine, struck me as I swing off upon my left foot and sent me sprawling some twenty feet before him. As he helped me to arise, he said, "I didn't expect you to make that slow curve." Or course, he didn't. Young America doesn't use the outer edge, but plunges straight ahead to its roal. In some things that's commendable, but is it art?

For you, sir, who got me into this trouble, I have no grudge. I shall be about again in a day or so, and while I loaf here I shall invite my soul, and shake my pussed old head over the flying progress of the years.

I have before me at this moment John F. Lewis's history of the Philadelphia Skating Club and I could wish your own chronicler had quoted more from it when he wrote, the other day, of the venerable Abraham Oppenheim, now tensclously and happily clinging to the tree of life in all the green vigor of his ninety-even years. Mr. Lewis tells 'how Mr. Oppenheimar, Joining the shating club in 1881, cited Article II of the present the struck of the country of the plant.

association to be instruction and improvement it, the art of skating and demanded his rights. A committee was thereupon appointed, consisting of Simes. Van

"BOTH ARE MINE!"

This sequential thought comes to me as This sequential thought comes to me as I sit here nursing my shaken limb. The determination of Young America to go straight to its goal, as exemplified by the sturdy lad who upset me, will presently put the German Emparer. the German Emperor, now unhappily reig ing, where he will have no need of skat forever, Germantown, January S.

A FRATERNITY VETERAN

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir.—Word comes from Rochester, N. Y., that Benjamin B. Snow, described as "the oldest living member of the Aipha Delta Phi Society of Hamilton College," has just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. The subtract is interesting to the contract of the c brated his eighty-eighth birthday. The subject is interesting to Greek letter fraternity men for the reason that the parent chapter of Aipha Delta Phi was organized at Hamilton College in 1832. But Mr. Snow is not the oldest living member of the parent chapter, neither in years since birth nor since graduation. Mr. Snow is only eighty-eight and was a member of the class of 1850. Everett Case, of 115 York road, Ogontz, who was a Hamilton College Aipha Delt, is four years older than Mr. Snow and was graduated five years earlier, in the class of 1845, and until proof to the contrary is forthcoming must be regarded as the oldest survivor of the parent chapter.

Philadelphia, January 8, HELLENIST,

AN OLD REGRET VANISHES

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger. Sir-Often in the past I have regretted Sir—Often in the past I have regretted that I was not among the privileged auditors of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It would have been a precious thing, I felt, to have been contemporaneous with such greatness, Today, within an hour after its expression, I read President Wilson's address to Congress. My old feelings of envy are gone.

J. LOUDON DODD, Philadelphia, January 8.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Who is British High Com-

"Miled States"

Where is St. Mihiel?

Where is St. Mihiel?

What is meant by "begging the question"?

Locate "The Bridge of Sigha."

Who first used the phrase "The Almighty Dollar"?

Dollar''?

6. Nme the author of "Henry Eamond."

7. Identity "The Eternal City."

8. Crocodile tears—what does this expression mean?

9. Which is the largest library in the United States?

10. Who were the copperheads?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

The Zenson sector is in the Italian field of war on the Playe River.
 Courtain is one of the Buitte provinces of Russia.

3. Izank Walton is called "The Father of

Tom Daly's Column

PRESIDENTS

PEACE

Little Polly's Pome ROMANCE

Sometimes when it's a stormy day And I can't go outside to play I like to make believe that I'm A Princess like in olden time That's locked up in a lofty tower And I will sit there by the hour And ring my hands and look around To see if I can hear a sound Like some bold hero's charger's feet Come prancing nearer down the street

And oftentimes when I have spied A cat or something else outside I make believe that it is he, The Prince, that comes to rescue me. And then I lift the window high And lean out from the sill and cry "Hist! hist!" and make up talk to say

It's lots of fun and yet I know If I had lived long, long ago I would not have enjoyed it so To be a Princess in a tower And have to sit there by the hour And wring my fair young hands and grieve.

And plan how I shall get away.

I much prefer to make believe.

HIS NAME IS SMITH

But Fate Has Not Concealed Him, 1

He Outwitted the Fickle Goddess THEY do those things better-not

France, as Laurence Sterne said—but England. We have men giving up large comes to serve the Government for a dolar year. In England they put such men office and pay them handsome salaries. office and pay them handsome salaries. The experience of Sir Frederick E. Smith is case in point. Sir Frederick will soon be this country on a mission for his Government. He is one of the most successful lawyers I London. His income before he took offerwas said to be \$200,000 a year. He is not Attorney General with a Salary of \$75.000 mere. and perquisites amounting to \$25,000 more.
They call him a self-made man in Es iand, and say that he has risen from 0 position of the son of a private soldier to 0 leadership of the British bar. This is technically nically correct, for his father did serve private in the army for a while, but the fat was a lawyer with a good practice. The however, educated himself. He was so b however, educated himself. He was so be it in an as a youth that he won scholarship after fellowship after fellowship and paid his own way through a public sche and through Oxford and remained as Oxford lecturer after his graduation becauthe financial inducements offered made worth his while. He entered Parliams when still a young man—he is not old reland made a brilliant reputation. He speeches were witty, scarcastic and about the control of the was equally successful on the husting they tell of one occasion when he was pleafing for tariff reform and a heckler in the audience called out:

audience called out:

"What about our food?"

"Don't worry, sir," Sir Frederick flash
back. "Your food is quite safe. No a
has ever yet advocated the putting of
tax on thistles."

When the war made the appointment When the war made the appointment a press censor necessary, Sir Frederick wappointed to that post, and in spite of difficulties of the position left it with better reputation than he took into it. 'She went to the front and served in trenches and returned to enter the coality cabinet as Attorney General, the hist paid office in the ministry. He has risen his exalted position by sheer force of initiality.

ICE GOING TO WASTE

What worderful use Real Estate A.
John J. Curley could have made of the
spell, if he had had it, say, thirty odd
ago. John lived in Camden then and
over to La Salle College every day to
He was frequently late, and his inv
axouse—even late into the marry no
many—was "couldn't get beginning to the