Screen Bussau.

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Cong. Bussau.

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I. 3000 WALNUT REYSTONE, MAIN 3000 PERSON CLASS MAIL MATTER

Philadelphia, Thursday, May 9, 1918

EASY MONEY

ERE is nothing to indicate how long the leave of absence recently forced Superintendent of Police Robinson continue. Captal: James Tate also on indefinite leave. Yet under a ig just made by the City Controller der advice from City Solicitor Connelly salaries of both officials are to be paid. aptain Tate and his superintendent re nudged from their places under cirtances which definitely implied an willingness or an inability to perform r duties. There seems no reason now by they shouldn't remain away for fifty

In every other business a man is fired en he cannot or will not do his work. We as a city may at least be consoled h the thought that our charity is endeven though we do not always reserve t for the poor and the deserving.

missioner Trotsky is learning that ment cannot be effected merely by listic manifeste. He is now talking of

THE RUBBER HEEL IN POLITICS

THESE trying days Senator Vare, Consman Vare and John R. K. Scott and notortruck driver with whom they are curiously infatuated that they want send him to the State Senate are good have about. They brighten the hours. element of mystery in the situation

No one will ever be able to tell what iar virtue of the truck-driving caste sted Congressman Vare into a fuddling tion of ancient political hocus pocus the Sixth District, where he seems to plotted in behalf of the chauffeur chief claim to recognition is that has the same name as Dr. George sodward, of Chestnut Hill, a prior can-

It doesn't matter. There are compensa-Mr. Scott, tiptoeing heavily to Harirg on behalf of the gasoline candi-Congressman Vare bawling over the e at the man in Dauphin County told the courts about the doings in Sixth District. Senator Vare chanting Hars and making gestures of indignant ment-these things are not half bad a dull day. They need only a little y music and a chorus to make them th footlights and an orchestra.

All the Ardenizens aren't pacifists any-

A NEW THING IN THE NAVY

18 not like the navy to put needless same for error on men who perish in service. The court of inquiry which found that Lieutenant Edward D all, of this city, was "partly" responsifor the loss of the aged tug Cherokee, ich foundered near Cape Henlopen in bruary, has left too much unsaid. Lieuone of his youth. There is an intimathat he should have insisted on "necrepairs."

tug went down with twenty-eight cause she was unseaworthy. Lieuits in the navy do not purchase ves-Their service requires them to take and to sail as they are told. The gt seems not only to be unjust. It suggestion of ungraciousness which all the more strange because of its ity in the naval service.

There are a lot of bankbooks with pretty r minus balances these days, just after Liberty Loan campaign.

JOAN'S REGIMENT LL the subtler rewards of soldiering will surely fall to the 310th Regi s of infantry, now at Camp Meade, ver it arrives in France. For the is to be known as the Regiment of d'Arc. The commander, Colone; Landers; the officers and the men sided it. The regimental crest has drawn and the regimental flag is

will France not do for strangers come bearing the flag of Jeanne? the flercest and most materialistic at a boulevard table, the one who m, knows that in heaven there is at angel, that her face is wistful or name is Jeanne. Has he not afar upon her great horse when was most terrible? Has he not whisper to him in the charge at a man has seen Le hes seen

in France that the children in d even in Paris knelt in the and even in Paris knelt in the a bowed their heads in reverence. American fing blazed by at the the first column of American such things are not possible elsethe wide world. It has been said the wide world. It has been said the wide world. It has been said the wide world.

THE TUMULT IN ENGLAND

CABINET crises are a habit with the English in almost every great emergency. The tendency helps merely to prove the cold courage of the race. There is something supremely gallant, as well as a touch of pathos and a leavening spark of majestic humor, in the spectacle of a nation that can pause, knee-deep in fire, to oil its guns, to tighten its equipment and, incidentally, to take a deep look at its conscience to see if it be clean.

Lloyd George has extraordinary triumphs of solid achievement to his credit in England. He unified the nation for the war. He dealt with ills and crowding errors bequeathed to him and to the country by generations of more pretentious men. He bridged widening abysses between the Government and the people and between labor and capital at a time when such achievements were essential to the safety of the empire. He helped to give England the momentum that will carry er to victory. As certainly as Kitchener created the armies of the field, Lloyd George created and inspired the vaster

armies that are backing them up at home. In his own land the Premier has manifested all the signs of devotion and constructive genius. The fault with him is that every time his mind leaves England it goes astray and gets into trouble. He cannot see around the world. And statesmen nowadays must see around the world, or they are helpless in the domnant causes. Even should Lloyd George's Cabinet fall, its essential works will re main to benefit the world.

The current assumption that Washington would prefer to see the Premier out is based doubtless on the belief already evident in some quarters that the part to be played by England in the affairs of civilization after peace might better be directed by a farther-sighted statesman.

English politics, which had been too busy with the world outside properly to consider its own people, faced a day of reckoning when the war began. Labor was dirided, truculent, suspicious and unwilling. The industrial forces of the country were threatened with partial paralysis, though they were primary essentials of the war. Lloyd George was the little father to the British worker He went about the country like a missioner. He was a matchless interpreter between classes and factions. The people followed him. And when he had finally tamed the arrogant spirit of British capitalism to the logic and purposes of the war and to a spirit of sacrifice similar to that required of the workers, the whole nation called him wise.

Yet Lloyd George affronted the inner spirit of the Russians after their first revolutionary experiment. He is blamed in part for the downfall of Kerensky and for the elimination of Russia from the east front. He even flicked the British army on a sore spot in a speech at Paris. He blundered in Ireland. In relation to the Russia of the present, the British Premier was compelled to revise his announced policy almost overnight in order to conform with the policy formulated at Washington-a policy now universally admitted to be the right one. To say that Lloyd George has not been able to keep up with President Wilson in matters of world politics is not to imply unfavorable criticism. All the world of international diplomacy has lost its breath in the same chase and struggles forward honestly to applaud, as it were, between gasps.

It is plain, through all this, that the purely domestic question of army man-agement and the suggestion of deliberate misrepresentation in Parliament — a charge which will not be taken as the whole truth until it has been proved and analyzed-is not the dominant factor in the present crisis. General Maurice based his attack upon the intimations of a weak domestic political policy which denied adequate man-power to the army in its

If the whole of the British army, the men and the officers, could have been transported by magic to London to speak with one voice, it probably might have had a similar complaint to make against the civilians in office. Such criticism however, must be accepted as an indict ment of democratic institutions rather than of a Premier or a Parliament.

Army officers are not good politicians Generals are not usually wise in the ways of democratic statesmanship. It is the habit of the military mind to be impatient of delays, to be ruthless in method, since a soldier in the field must be ruthless or perish. But no soldier can understand the cross currents and the opposed forces without number which must be adjusted and reconciled and redirected and labored with in the processes of democratic government when it is necessary to unite a variously minded people to a common

In his approaches to the mind of England since he became Premier, Lloyd George has occasionally manifested the sort of overcaution that makes him appear a politician of the first rank rather than a statesman of world dimensions. It has been said that he was afraid. He may have been. And yet he may merely have exercised a subtle knowledge of the elusive forces of public opinion and of the perversity of the collective mind. Lord Derby and General Robertson long ago told of the need for greater man-power. They said it was an elemental need, a necessity for safety. Lloyd George permitted the demand to go unrealized by failure to sanction the proper legislation. though he has since admitted the truth of their arguments. A stroke of bold statesmanship might have succeeded where political timidity failed. Had the recent man-power bill been enacted a year ago the British armies might have held the Germans back without the heavy losses

But would the British public have aditted that necessity a year ago any more readily than America a year ago would admitted the necessity for an army of 3,000,000? It is conceivable that the extended conscription rule which England is just accepted might have overturned to Lloyd George Cabinet if it had been reed through earlier. The political stinct of the Premier may have told

not been able to do to the full. He has permitted public opinion to lead him or, at least, to sway his judgments. Even admitting all this, it is well to remember that criticism is happy always in being able to deal only with theory. Achievements must deal with facts and concrete conditions. Therefore, the "storms of criticism" which the cables promise for Lloyd George are more or less regrettable. No matter what his weakness and his mistakes may have been, it is because of him that the force of England in the war cannot now be lessened, even if he himself should fall.

Score one for the Supreme Court. It has decided that Congress has power to raise an army and send it anywhere in the world. There are times when that court seems too real emergency.

THE RAILROAD WAGE INCREASE UNDER the new schedule of wage in creases issued by the Federal Railway Wage Commission virtually all men employed on American railroads are assured minimum wage of approximately \$100 a month. It is expected that Secretary Mc-Adoo will immediately approve the schedule, which is based upon an intensive study of the living problem in all parts of the country made by the wage commission to determine the minimum expenditure necessary to maintain a workingman and his

Higher freight rates as a permanent factor in the general question of living cost are inevitable under the new arrangement. Yet the Government obviously has sought to relieve hardship among underpaid employes of the railroads and to as sure the great majority means by which they may live up to the standard of the normal American community.

The chief benefits of the new wage rate will fall in most cases to men who have made less than \$160 a month. Only 20 per cent of the railway employes in this country are members of the brotherhoods. Naturally they have always enjoyed a far greater prosperity than the unorganized cierks, switchmen, flagmen and laborers It is with these latter classes that the Railway Wage Commission has been most concerned. There are 111,000 railway clerks who have received a wage which aver aged \$56 a month. Other workers in the humbler classes fared no better

When the investigations for the wage umission were made in Philadelphia it was found that a man who earned leas than \$25 a week was usually forced into debt if he had a wife and family to support. This rule, apparently, was found to apply throughout the country, since \$25 week seems to be the minimum which the railway administration desires to pay its men no matter what the nature of their employment may be. It is estimated that \$300,000,000 a year will be required to meet the general salary increase. Yes when the schedule is analyzed it appears that the expenditure will be necessary to the end of economic justice.

Hartford, Conn., the former home of Say Clemens, reports the highest Liberty Loan subscription of any city, 251 per cent of its quota. That is Mark Twain with a venge-ance; oven Mark Two and a Half. Atlaboy, Hartford!

JAMES NORMAN HALL

CAPTAIN JAMES NORMAN HALL, of the American air service, is reported missing after a tilt with the German "flying circus" ten miles inside the German lines. Lucking positive news of Captain Hall's death we may still hope that he is in captivity.

We know no words to tell the story of these cavaliers of the clouds, around whom there has already clustered a high tradition and a legend of stirring deeds. Hall himself would be the first to pooh-pooh heroies, but it must be said that his caqualities that seem to mark the Anglo-Saxon in war. Quiet, modest, humorous, resourceful, he has never shown the swagger or bravado that might be creditable. if anywhere, in a flying ace. After two years of service with "Kitchener's Mob." which he so delightfully describes in his book of that title (it ranks with Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand" as a picture of the first expeditionary force), he entered the air service. A year ago he was shot through the lungs, but made a remarkable recovery. His articles, running for some months in the Atlantic Monthly under the title "High Adventure," are probably the most vivid and whimsical account of the airman's joys, pains and penalties that any American filer has written. Iowa may well be proud of such a son.

Behind the meager words that spark across the cable when an airman falls in combat imagination paints us the floor of clouds, the patrolling planes circling above it in the bleak air. We can guess, even at so great a distance, something of the taut nerve and hand, the keen bracing of faculty when mind and sense, mastering the most cunning machinery devised by man, beat as one pulse to meet the foe Riding with death, these lads are laughing cavallers. And when they fall they come down as Hall did, ten miles inside the German lines.

Well, That.
Too, Will Come the shooting pains caused by hunger.
While not claimed to be a complete substitute for food, still it is said to be all joyous in effect as a whole seidel of sausage. Now if they'd only invent a narcotic substi-tute for Kaisers and Krupps.

Hugo Schmidt, the paymaster in this country of the German Foreign Office, the man who kept the spice supplied with pay envelopes, was known in Berustorff's secret code as "Sydney Pickford," Coudolences with Mary are in order.

War-savings stamps cost \$4.16 all this month. They're worth \$5 on Happy New Year's Day, 1923; and they'll help to iron out the Hohenzollerns in the meantime.

Good old Spurlos Versenkt Luxburg has embarked for Sweden. To qualify as Nobel prize-winner for the seest diplomatic bone pulled in a number of years?

"Prussian Diet causes crisis." This may The Smile on the Face of the Lion Von Arnim is the man
Who fights the Kaiser's foes;
He sticks his head in the Lion's mouth
And cr-r-runch, the Lion goes.
He sticks his head in the Lion's mouth
and beens it there awhile.

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

The Watch on the Chlorine

Prevailing western winds have blown back the German poison gases over the Rhine towns.—News dispatch.

of a' the airts the wind can blaw,

I dearly love the West! It blows the gas toward the Rhine And gives the Huns a taste.

O bonny, bonny western wind Blow steadily, for if This high barometer keeps up The Kaiser'll get a "hiff.

Green blow the gases, O: Green blow the gases, O:

The sweetest hours that Herr Krupp spends Are spent among the gases, Oh:

Herr Krupp declares his poisoned airs His noblest work he classes, O; His prentice Huns he tried on guns.

And then he made the gases, O!

Social Notes

Mr. Philip Warner, the highly esteemed pookseller, is still visiting the dentist. Wa wanted to relebrate his birthday yesterday with a furlong of spaghetti, but it was wheatless day.

Messrs. Vare, the prominent street un leaners, must have suburban contracts oo. Out in Marathon our garbage has not been collected for ten days.

Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, the wellnown over the topper, has written a sone called "Your Lips Are No Man's Land But Mine." We haven't read the words for heard the music, but we can imagine both. Arthur is always where the barrage a dendition!

Miss Amelia Josephine Burr, of this city as published a new volume of very beautiful poems, to which we commend your attention.

Buy war-savings stamps.

That popular song "The Long, Long Trail" was written by two Yale undergraduates. Evidently a college education is worth something after all

General von Freytag-Loringhoven, of the ferman Imperial staff, has written a book miled "Deductions From the World War. But one of the deductions the General forgot to mention is the House of Honen sollern, which will certainly be deducted coner or later.

What Is a Boob?

One of our correspondents asks us to isfine a boob. A fellow who talks personalities in the train without looking to see who is sitting in the seat behind.

Speaking of boobs, a friend of ours the ther day was praising the vivacity of our present day speech and mentioning various nodern coinages which, he thinks, will permanently enrich the language. He instanced the word boob. Yet it seems to us that boob is no more than the very old English word booby. How about flivver? Maybe it comes from Shakespeare?

WHEN some one comes round To pledge you for a War-Chest con-

tribution, You may as well throw up your hands and cry

Kamerad! Let him go through you with a bayo

The boys need

Centributed to the War Chest by Beef, Iron and Wine

Our last year's straw lid is rather yellow ooking, but if we pin our Liberty Bond button on it maybe the public will accept it at any rate as a token hat. SOCRATES.

Oratory Then and Now

Western chronicies lay great stress upon he oratorical powers of both ministers and soliticians. Henry Ward Beecher, who held pastorate at Indianapolis (1839.47) already famed as an eloquent preacher before he moved to Brooklyn. Not long ago 1 heard a number of distinguished politicians discussing American oratory. Some one mentioned the addresses delivered by Beecher in England during the Civil War, and there vas general agreement that one of these Liverpool speech, was probably the greatest Liverpool speech, was probably the greatest of American orations—a sweeping statement, but its irresistible logic and a sense of the hostile atmosphere in which it was spoken may still be felt in the printed page.

The tradition of Lincoln's power as an orator is well fortified by the great company of contemporaries who work of himself.

f contemporaries who wrote of him, as wel as by the text of his speeches, which vibrate with the nobility, the restrained strength, with which he addressed himself to mighty events. Neither before nor since his day has the West spoken to the East with anything approaching the majesty of his Cooper Union speech. It is certainly a per Union speech. It is certainly a from that lofty utterance to Mr Bryan's defiant cross-of-gold challenge of 1896.—Meredith Nicholson in Scribner's Mag-

Sandburg on His Predecessors

Carl Sandburg, of Chicago, writer of queer stuff which Amy Lowell calls poetry, makes the following original comments on some earlier poets in the course of an article in

Militon's 'Paradise Lost' is a hell of a Milton's 'Paradise Lost' is a hell of a book, because it is the spiritual narrative of a sober Puritan writing with the disconnected luridity of a booxefighter. The reason Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is going to the discard and Walt Whitman stands stronger to the test of time is because Longfellow prattled a meaningless bunk for babies about 'The Village Blacksmith,' while Walt Whitman took an honest-to-God Broadway cab driver and wrote about the funeral of the cabby, so that some of us almost feel ourselves hanging on to Walt's sleeve and looking in at the face in the coffin. The thing lives because it is a concentrated New York 'feature story' of sixty years back."

The disappearance of the War Department's weekly war summary will fill a long-felt want. (The cost of the white paper and time thus saved, if invested in thrift stamps, will clearly do much more to advance the

The Flower That Blooms in the Cold, Tra-la Maryland has selected the black-eyed Susan as her State flower, and the Los Angeles Times thinks it should have selected the oyster. So we think, it blooms through the winter months.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ESTIMATING THE DAMAGE



Tennis: Is It Sport or Vanity?

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

to take up tennis again.

No arbitrary figure can be set for this age, as it varies in different men. But it comes to all of us, sooner or later, no less surely than the age comes to a woman when surely than the age comes to a woman when she resumes dancing and reconsiders her hips (if. Indeed, any woman ever forgets her hips). The man I am going to resume tennis with is nearly fifty. I am nearly—but that decan't matter. What matters is that I have decided I'm not old enough to settle down to such a grandfather's game as golf. Why, for the last ten years, I thought I was is a ridiculous mystery. I shall now prove my vitality and endurance and speed. I shall dash hitter and you over the court, volleying. dash hither and you over the court, volleying, smashing, the picture of muscular grace and alertness, just as I used to do twenty years ago. After all, a man is as old as he feels.

OF COURSE, why I've been playing golf tery at all, however ridiculous the reason may be. I quit for the same reason my dog quit playing with year-old puppies— in a word, wind. We all reach a point sooner in a word, wind. We all reach a point so or later, depending upon how much we sn and how crafty a game we play, when and how crafty a game we play, when we can't hold our own on the courts with the youngsters without so much effort that the game isn't worth the candle. When that point is reached we suddenly discover that golf is an immensely superior sport, requiring far more real skill and concentrated interlectuality. (It is proper always to speak of the intellectuality of golf, the mental "conthe intellectuality of golf, the mental "con-centration" required, though, as a matter of cold fact, the less mentality and the more subconscious muscular instinct the better. If you have to think muscular co-ordination you'll never make either an aviator or a

THE real reason why we give up tennis and I take to golf at this sad perishing of our lives is the absence of wind and the presence of vanity—for nothing is so vain as a man, not even a woman. We haven't the wind to hold up our end with the college youngsters who play ten sets of tennis, take swim, go drink sodas, eat huge suppers and then dance till midnight; and we haven't the courage to face defeat or else take on antiquated opponents like ourselves. We have the feel of the game in all our muscles, we have all the strokes working and we are vain to sink down to the nitter-natte we suddenly discover the superiority of

THERE probably never comes a time when a man ceases to be vain, but he is enough A man ceases to be vain, but he is enough of a "realist" to admit after a certain span of years that possibly he is losing some of his hair: that possibly the gauzy buds who are dancing around the hall aren't a bit interested in him, and would submit only out of politeness or inability to think of an alibi quickly enough if he asked one of them for the next waitz; that possibly it is foolish for him to expect to have the wind and stamina to endure ten sets against an India-rubber youth of twenty. Once these disquieting, yet, on the whole, rather comfortable admissions have been made, the man is rips for tennis again, because he has now reached the state again, occases he has now reached the sof mind where he is willing to take o pitter-patter partner. His muscles still year of or a certain violence of exercise; he the longing still to smash a ball (or the reasons his golf has never been than it is!), and he's eager to show the on the club veranda that "there's pep in the old man yet." (Of course, the crowd on the club veranda really doesn't care a rap whether there is or not.) So he finds somebody else also titillating or the verge of a return to ennis, and there are mutual challenges and

discussions of past prowess.

But both men have forgotten their strokes, and the opening contest will develop into a war of attention, a battle to see who will put the fewer balls over the back net. I know, because I tried three sets last summer.

TT IS one of the most annoying sensations In the world, this sensation of knowing exactly how a thing ought to be done, having indeed, a vivid memory of how you once did it, and yet finding your brain utterly incapable of directing your muscles to do it. How sweet that Lawford used to rise off your racket and drop sharply down just include your opposent's base line! How close to the

HAVE reached the age when I am about | Lawford on these fearful modern dirt courts Slaring and hard, with their high bounds and nonyielding surface off which a cut ball bounces as true as any other) and it shoots over the back net. You try a drive down the

> GOLF, they say, lures you ever onward to-ward an impossible perfection. But ten-nis resumed again at forty lures you toward a not impossible perfection—you know it in not impossible because you once attained it, At forty you remember vividly what a fine player you were at twenty. Your strokes player you were at twenty. Your strokes never went wrong, and what a sting they had! How seldom you ever had to serve the second ball! And as for double faults—why, you never made any. If you did it once, of course you can do it again. This idea that a man must give unterprise as soon as he rear man must give up tennis as soon as he goes into business is all rot. Of course, this first day you are pretty rusty; that's only natural, But after a week it will all come back to

OH, WELL, life would be a duli thing with out its delusions, and sport would be in-tolerable. I never met but one man in my life who really glayed a game "for the exercise," and he was so poor at it he could never find an opponent. At bottom, we play all games to minister to our vanity, which is the greatest of all delusions.

A Blow on the Tip of the Jaw Mayor Hylan, of New York, has had some pretty hard knocks from the newspapers and

ndividuals since he took office in January but many persons believe that Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, struck him the hardest blow of all. Mr. Murphy said the other day that he was perfectly satisfied with Mayor Hylan up to date.— Hartford Courant.

Russia left or that Trotaky is broke and has found something else to sell to the Kaiser.—Houston Post.

Texas Doubts Him

Trotsky is now urging Russia to return to e war. This implies that there is some of

War and Ideals Do you believe that the war has anything no you believe that the war has anything to do with ideals? If you don't, what do you make of the fact that in Germany juvenile delinquency has increased 100 per cent since the war, while in America it has decreased 50 per cent?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Reading in your paper what John R. K. Scott has to say about the Fourteenth Ward makes me smile.

I was born and brought up in that ward and voted in the 9th division, and it was certainly rotten politically long before the old residenters moved away and it became

old residenters moved away and it became part of the tenderloin.

I took an interest in many reform fights, and if Mr. Scott did not have guilty knowledge of the plural voting going on and the crooked methods used to keep honest men from casting the ballot, then his intelligence is of a very low order.

Whether Penrose controlled the ward or not in times past, this man Scott, on election days, would roll up in his car and consult with the crooked division leaders, and seemed perfectly satisfied with conditions as he saw them.

perfectly satisfied with conditions as he saw them.

Of course Mr. Scott was rarely seen in the ward — only on election days — as he lived, I believe, in Montgomery County, keeping a room in his brother's drug store at Thirteenth and Poplar streets as a legal residence, so for this reason he may plead ignorance of the fact that negroes voted on white men's names, and that houses of ill-fame were protected by politicians, so illegal voters could give these places as their homes when registering.

The polling place for the 9th division was at Eleventh and Mount Vernen, and was supposed to be much cleaner than many others in the ward; but, take it from me—who knows that it was worse than bad—that John R. K. Scott must have known something about conditions; but I never heard of him doing anything about it until the Earle fight, and then the dirty lines of both factions was weaked in plain sight of decent men to

Such a Game for Soldiers! By STEPHEN W. MEADER

SEDATE footsteps approached along the flagstones. As they paused at the bench next mine I turned and saw the youngest lieutenant and his grandmother, arm in arm. My eyes lingered lovingly on them as they settled down upon the bench. They were very beautiful.

The boy-surely he was not over nineteen booked big and graceful in his khaki. He bad fresh, downy cheeks and hair that matched the gold bar on his shoulder. The bashful quality in his bine eyes was belied by the insignis of his branch of the service—

The little old lade by his side was dressed in black satin, with a dainty lace kerchief and cap. Having a weakness for old ladies, I fell an instant captive to this one. What have she must have wrought at the assem-bles fifty years ago with those snapping

At that particular instant they were quite black and very snapping.
"Fiddlesticks!" she said. "Remember,
Larry, I know young men, and surely you
don't fly all the time! Tell me the rest!"

HE GRINNED. "Not much time for girls, if that's what you mean. Of course, we have a chance to study and rend books, and there's music sometimes in the evening. Then we play games, dominoes and five hundred, and-and-"Perhaps that new game I've heard about,"

she suggested. "They call it 'shooting...' let me sec...'shooting crop'! A game of skill, I believe." The youngest lieutenant glanced in my direction, slightly flustered.

"Er-yes," he answered, "I think it does ke skill. You see they throw little pieces all that sort of thing. Here—like this!" and he illustrated with a familiar gesture that ended involuntarily in a snap of the fingers. I strangled an intense desire to shout, "Come Seven!" and he winked desperately as he caught my eye.

GRANDMOTHER pursed her lips. "Very like jackstones, I daresay," she nodded. "I often played with them as a child." The black eyes looked off across the square. "A soldier's life seems to have changed since the old days." She paused and smiled. "They were gay, gay boys. I remember the last dance before Bull Run, and your grandfather in the discounting of the Property dance before Buil Run, and your grandfather in his glorious uniform—he was in the Troop, you know, Larry—all braid and epaulettes? Ah, what a cavaller he looked! Though really, Larry—" she looked down at the trimly caparisoned legs of her companion." I do think your outfit rather becomes you. What was I saying? Oh, I recall—such dashing men they were in those days! Quite wicked, I'm afraid, but brave, and oh, so hundsome! Lone, boy, we must be starting andsome! Come, boy, we must be starting

"Jackstones!" she said, with something approaching a snort. "But then, they are such children!"

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

1. For whom was Pennsylvania named?
2. Where is Sebasiono??
3. Who is the Bt. Rev. Denis Dougherty?
4. Name the author of "Two Years Before the Mast."
5. Identify the "Morry Monarch."
6. What is a wheel-hor?
7. Who is Prince Sixtus of Bourbon?
8. What the Second President of the United States?

Answers to Yesterday's Opiz

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Albany is the capital of New York.

2. The numerals in the names of heights and ridges in the war rone signify alijings in meters. Thus, Hill No. 32 is eighty-two meters in height.

3. Oceanography: the science of oceanic graphy and related subjects.

4. The State of Delaware was named for Lord De La Warr, an English Colonial Governor of Virginia.

3. 4. T. Trowbridge, an American author the period immediately following the Civil War, wrote "Cudlo's Cave" and "Neighbor Jackwood," novels with a Civil was setting, which once had an source course.

he martyr Presidents of the United its Abraham Lincoln, James A. Gardel Hilliam McKnier, ether to Day was originated about the age to Mas Anna Joves, at the con-