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Philadelphia, Saturday, July 6, 1918

A WISH THAT IS RECIPROCATED DRESIDENT CARRANZA of Mexico in

his Fourth of July message to President Wilson expressed the wish that "peace and justice will reign forever on both conti-When we think of conditions in Mexico

we are inclined to reciprocate the wish with especial emphasis on its relation to North America.

"Forth" seems to have been the favorite spelling of Independence Day by our advancing troops in France.

ARENT WE PROUD OF OURSELVES? DRESIDENT SWAIN, of Swarthmore College, told the National Education Association, in session at Pittsburgh, that the nation is threatened with the collapse of a necessary profession.

Unless something is done to make teach ing more attractive to capable women and men, and especially unless the standard of pay is raised, the time will come when the children must suffer from lack of proper instruction.

Is President Swain pessimistic?

Let us see. Philadelphia pays the scrubwomen in the City Hall \$600 a year. It pays the school teachers in the lower grades during their first years of service the same sum. The teachers have to be high school graduates, with subsequent

professional training. It pays common laborers \$850 a year and the street cleaning contractors pay the men who sweep the pavement at the minimum rate of \$1000.

But who cares what the teachers get? They are not part of a political machine. There seems to be justification for Doctor min's remarks.

Were old Kit Marlowe living today to dramatize the Kaiser instead of Mephistopheles he might revise his most famous line to read: "Is this the face that launched a hundred ships and fired the topmost towers of odium?"

# WHAT A LAWYER MUST KNOW

T GOES without saying that a lawyer nust know a little something about law, but many persons will be interested to discover that the young men who have taken the preliminary examinations for admission to the bar must know something else.

They were required to write an essay on "The Growth of Democracy"-a very good thing for them to understand. To test knowledge of literature they were asked to give the name of the author and the work in which any three of seven famous characters appear, including John Alden Mrs Caudle Wilkins Micawher Sir John Falstaff and Faithful. They were esked to tell what the Balkan Peninsula is and the countries included in it, and to name the five principal countries in Africa and to bound several American States. And they were asked to tell about the Invincible Armada and the origin of the British revolution of 1688, as well as other facts in European history. In addition their knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, metry, Latin and American history was

Those who passed the examinations may go on with the study of the law. And it is supposed that their general knowledge will expand to keep pace with their grow ing knowledge of the principles and practice of the law. .

"Unwept, unhonored and unhung '-Mohammed V, late Sultan of Turkey.

## OUR BIGGEST MONEY MAKER

PURELY money-making institutionone of the greatest in the worldreports the record year of its history. The production of lucre is its self-confessed object, and not even the most misanthropic of philosophers can call it "fithy." For the Philadelphia Mint, which turned out in the twelve months ended June 30 a total number of 714,139,119 coins. prides itself on its neat numismatics

Moreover, the bright new disks of metal originating in the Spring Garden street olconda are never hoarded by their makers. Subsequent possessors may lighten the locks on the strongboxes, but he actual creator of this treasure is more enerous. To the Government which akes it, money is indeed precisely as defined by the economist, "power in exchange." And that accurate description may help to explain why the Mint has never been so busy as now.

Uncle Sam has never been so powerful He is making the most stupendous exhange of all his life for that liberty which wealth cannot measure, but which resources can aid vitally to secure. The est of us has no right to be jealous the Mint's prolific performance. It is another way of expressing the that is being raised against

# THE WAR AND NEWSPAPERS

An Editorial on the Aims of the Press Written Especially for a Clergyman

IN THESE doubtful days there is one medium of communication in which the Government and the people have of necessity reposed their full faith. It is the newspaper press of the country. On the newspapers the President and his officers depend for spiritual and intellectual contacts with the people. In the newspapers the people read the purposes of the Government-and the signs of

their destinu. The Government has been frank. It has withheld no important news, so far as any journalist in America is aware. A community that believed its newspapers were false to the obligations of the hour would stone them out of existence-if it were not a community of scoundrels.

Now and again you will hear a man say that "the papers are unreliable." This is the most antique platitude in popular criticism. Now an Oak Lane clergyman has dramatized it oddly. The Rev. E. J. Humeston, dressed in a uniform resembling that of an army officer-he served for three months as a cantonment chaplain and is privileged to wear the garb of a church military auxiliary-said in a Fourth of July address that the press has not told the truth about the war. They give the people "weak pabulum," we are told. They say nothing of a possible "ten years' war," of an army of 10,000,000

Weak pabulum! The suddest and noblest epic of man's upround adventures reverberates from the four corners of the earth in every hour of the day and night. The flaming narrative of a world being remade is spread, with all its stupendous meanings, upon every printed page. Nations perish in a holy quest. They cheer and die, Men justify the prophecy. They become as gods.

Mr. Humeston is arresting because he suggests the failings of a familiar class and the bitter need of a new sort of criticism that shall be adequate to curb all men who, in times like this, cannot learn to talk in honor, in knowledge and in sincerity of heart.

All of the news that pains and trouble and limitless resourcefulness can obtain about the war is printed every day upon the front page of every representative American newspaper. Such minor details as are withheld are eliminated at the suggestion of the military strategists of the army and the navy for purely technical reasons. In its critical relation toward the war the press of the country is moved by impulses of which Mr. Humeston and others of his trend of mind properly might be informed. It is the fate of the journalist to be

thrust into close contact with the personal life of his community - with strife and struggle, pain and endeavor, sorrow and triumph. He sees beneath the surface of affairs and pretensions. He sees life raw. He becomes aware in the course of such experience that the conventional virtues can often be ignoble and that transgressions often can have a splendid, a piteous or even a noble origin. His faith takes new turns. He is apt to develop a new religion of charity.

And this new sense is likely to animate him in times like these. The very enormity of the things presented to his mind and flung for answer to his intelligence tends to make him humble in heart and reverent toward the heroic times in which he lives and consecrated to purity of thought and honorable judgments.

Such a man will inevitably realize that if ever there was a time for informed criticism that time is now. To separate the right from the wrong will be his aim. The truth will be his religion. Its presentation upon his printed page, in terms understandable to everybody, in terms that consider no one class or individual above another, will be the great ambition

But the truth, the unchanging truth, which Mr. Humeston, of Oak Lane, did not or could not consider, is at times elusive. It has a way of shifting ground in a world of tumult. It can become involved with things that are but half truths. Its pursuit is not the easiest of pastimes. Newspapers are not perfect. Not all of them are wise. But they and the men who make them are sincere even when they are misguided. Because the responsibilities that fall to all men who write or talk nowadays for audiences are heavy beyond words. The mere sense of an audience, the knowledge that considerable numbers of men and women and even children will believe the things said or written must of necessity inspire a love of justice in an honorable man. This is especially true now. Decisions made in America now may yet direct the destiny of the world.

The Government and the President have put their faith in the press of the country. We believe they have had no reason to regret doing so. All that can be learned in every war theatre, at every seat of government aside from the matters touching military strategy is printed. And it could not be otherwise. Because newspapers are not easily deluded. They remain silent about many harmless

shams merely from impulses of charity. In the future they may not be so tolerant. We shall have to wait and see. The day will come perhaps when any man or any influence that tends to divide communities, to set up hatreds and suspicions, to inspire prejudice, may have to be treated by the press in the manner reserved for enemies of order. Meanwhile, the newspapers must tell the truth as fully as honest minds and endless effort permit in the belief that no one class or interest may properly monoplize the benefits of civilization. For the present the function of a newspaper is that of interpretation among the vari-

ous groups into which men have organ-

ized themselves. We have taken Mr. Humeston as a text upon which to speak of larger things.

Now we dismiss him to his delusions. "The Kaiser has lost many aces," ac cording to a news headline. We knew he was playing a "phoney" game with a stacked

WASHINGTON MUST KEEP ITS HANDS OFF THE SCHOOLS

THE suggestion that Governor Brum I baugh be employed by the National Education Association for three years, at an annual salary of \$10,000, to induce Congress to make a yearly appropriation of \$100,000,000 to increase the salaries of 750,000 teachers will not be taken seriously by any one outside of the association. We should like to believe that the association itself does not take it seri-

A Federal appropriation of \$100,000,000 for schools would be succeeded, as surely as the camel that gets its nose in the tent follows it with its whole body, by some form of Federal supervision, and the beginning of the end of local home rule n matters of education would be in sight.

The great fortress of democracy is the chool district, whether that district be as large as the city of Philadelphia or so small that one little red schoolhouse is sufficient to accommodate the children, Your theorist will tell you that according to the best pedagogic principles-he will surely say "pedagogic"-the present sys tem is all wrong; that there are hundreds of school districts in which popular edu ation is a farce and that experts should be allowed to reform the whole system from the bottom up. They will say that it is a disgrace that girls with no tech nical training who never heard of Pestalozzi or Froebel or Herbart, should be al

lowed to teach. There is room enough for the improvement of the schools in the cities as well as in the country districts, heaven knows; but no improvement that will be worth while or permanent can be made until the parents demand it. And when they de mand it improvement will come

They are concentrating altogether too much power in Washington now, without adding the control of the public schools to the functions of the national Govern ment. The National Education Associa tion, instead of urging any Washington meddling with the schools, should be the first to oppose it, and its members should be so thoroughly grounded in the fundamental principles of the American system that it would be impossible to seduce them, by the prospect of an increase in their pay as teachers, to favor any plan that would undermine the foundations of that system.

#### FREE ENERGY

OUR OWN NURSERY RHYMES Huntingdon Valley

DOWN the shining valley Comes the 8:13. Over windy bridges, Past the golfing green.

AUGHING with the morning. How the driver smiles: Well he knows the valley. All its pleasant miles.

How the whistle blows! Fields of black-eyed Susan As he nears Trevose. VALLEY full of sunlight

7 ANGHORNE and Neshaminy,

And of cool blue airs-See the brooks and meadows Round about Bethayres. MEADOW BROOK and Rydal, Noble, Jenkintown,

Round the curve be fumbles On the line to town. But of all the stations. Best is Marathon.

For the simple reason That's where I get on!

Our Military Correspondence To tell the truth, I am not interested i writing nowadays, except in so far as writ ing is the expression of something beau tiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. 1 am a sergeant in the regimental intelligence section-the most fascinating work possible—more thrills in it than in any other branch excessibly aviation, And it's more varies than aviation. Wonderful life. But I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life-unless I become JOYCE KILMER, a fireman. Headquarters Co., 165th Infantry, A. E. F.

Laciede, Mo., celebrates Pershing Day -News Item.

It is the absolutely accurate boast of Laclede, Mo., the birthplace of John Pershing, that one of every 740 inhabitants is a general in command of the A. E. F.

Greetings! Here's your health, town of Laclede; We like the kind of men you breed,

Since the Government took over the railways, some of the ticket agents seem o think it's a kind of espionage for the umble passenger to inquire too closely about the times of trains.

# The Humor Shortage

Evidently the humor shortage isn't as serious as we feared, for the American Press Humorists have just written to 'congratulate" us on the fact that they nave elected Socrates a member.

If they feel they can afford to do that, vidently they must know of some terrific jokes that haven't yet been released for publication. Has George Creel been up to anything?

It would serve them right if we stopped writing our serious stuff altogether and gave free rein to our comic instinct.

The object of the American Press Humorists is to dole out the national reserves of humor as sparingly as possible. If Socrates has been called to the colors, evidently they are mobilizing the Landsturm. Well, all we can say is we will go on much as usual, trying not to squander our resources, and pledging ourself not to profiteer by taking unfair advantage of the surplus of comic things that happen in Philadelphia. Just think of the advantage the Fifth Ward gives us.

# Epitaph for Mohammed V

Apologies to W. H. Henley T of the fight the Kalser's act Imposed upon my far from whole Dominion I could ne'er extract A fragment of my Turkish soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance I winced but I was not allowed Release from that infernal dance My head was bloody and was bowed.

mattered not that Stamboul Gate Was once a name on history's roll. Berlin was captain of my fate And commandeered my shackled soul. H T CRAVEN

### READERS' VIEWPOINT

C. E. Duryea Says He Is Father of the Auto Industry

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-There are some statements in the article on "Gasoline's Silver Anniversary" in your paper that are incorrect, but I would not assume you acted under any psychic effect of the auto. Having selected the gasoline engine ignited by electricity as the proper auto power in 1886 and begun building in 1891, I can inform you that the "silver anniversary" was last year. Further, I had completed two or more successful autos before the fall of 1893 and decided that the auto of the future would have more cylinders, was actually at work on advanced forms before Haynes, Winton, Ford and others

In the first American contest, held in the fall of 1885, my car carried off the first prize of \$2000, having defeated a field of more than eighty entries, containing the best American and foreign vehicles. Haynes had a car in Chicago, but not on the course. The other entries did not include names which afterward produced cars enough to be re-membered. In the electric line the cars of Morris & Salom, of Philadelphia, easily led. In the second American contest, held in the spring of 1836 from New York up the Hudon, no American cars except mine dared try to take the hills. So all prizes-\$3000 were awarded to my vehicles, and the only foreign car that reached the turning point had

be towed out by team next day Even in the State fair race at Providence in September, 1896, the Duryea cars had no petitors except electrics. And at the Liberfy Pay run from Louden, England, to Brighton, to celebrate the opening of British roads to the new vehicle, no American cars ere present except Duryeas, and one of em heat the best French race winners of that year by over an hour in the fifty-two iles, and this in spite of the fact that those elebrated cars had been brought France with the drivers who had piloted em to victory in France to show the British ow the new vehicles could perform. Some years later Winton tried two years in sucsion to duplicate this American success was not able to do so.

Most of the above facts have been used in ourt and so are matters of sworn and un-isputed record. Contrary claims had better be taken with salt.

Of course, we all know that there were many sporadic attempts at auto building in the past-Homer, writing 1100 B. C., or earlier, describes Vulcan's output for one day as twenty, and Philadelphia's car built by Oliver Evans in the early part of the last century is not to be forgotten; but people claiming to be pioneers should not only begin, but should continue, and so blaze the way that others not only can but do follow. My cars were advertised in 1895, made in some quantity that winter and sales made and agents appointed in 1896. No other American can approach these records closer than about two years.

Five Duryea patents to myself and brother, in my employ, issued prior to July 7, 1897, published to the world how successful should be made. The first of these antedated by some months the Selden im-practical device—not built till 1906 and soon after overthrown by the courts-while all of them were more than a year ahead of the first Haynes or Winton patents and more than four months ahead of Olds and Maxim Finally my cars, built before the products of others mentioned, contained many features in use today, but which were not found in the first crude efforts of the others. Facts like these prove beyond dispute that I am entitled, if any one is, to the title of Father

CHARLES E. DURYEA. Philadelphia, July 5.

Relation of Surplus Jobs to Taxes To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-In his zeal to salvage Hog Island and

other tenants from the unconscionable rent gougers Congressman Darrow neglected to try to save property owners from tax gouging. The raising of the tax rate will virtually amount to the sequestration of property unless a prompt halt is called. In the ren unless a prompt man is cance. In the rent gouge it is a case of supply and demand of tenants, many of the incoming ones offering owners interesting terms. In the tax gouge, according to the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER articles on the subject, it is a case of an over-supply of jobholders and a demand that they be billeted on the public. A landlord is an interesting character to an eager tenant, but our jobholders are of no use, in thousands of cases, except to draw salaries from overtaxed

roperty owners.
It may come about, through these troubles that tenants will discover that they have a vital interest in city affairs. If taxes in this city go up solely for jobboiding purpo rents must mount with them or else the sheriff will be swamped with business. The 75-cent raise of taxes in this city made rent raising inevitable. The tax rate raise was decided on before the Hog Island in We welcome them, but we look askance at the tax gougers who made rent gouge a necessity. It will be some time before there are houses enough to supply the demand for them, but the tax gougers will keep ahead of both supply and demand of homes.

TAX-GOUGED. Philadelphia, July 5.

The Coal Situation Muddle

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Your editorial "A Schwab of Coal Mining Needed" in today's issue is a solid block of common sense.

Some one "hitched the wagon before the

horse" to draw the vital load of coal prob-lems and the thing hasn't "sone" since the blunder was made. Nor will it go until the methods are radically changed.

methods are radically changed.

I urge you to pry into this subject and treat it editorially until, perhaps, steps are taken to find a practical coal man for the job. Permit me to make one suggestion, however. You concern yourselves with the anthracite situation along. The hitmelies however. You concern yourselves with anthracite situation alone; the bitumi field is in equally bad condition and "... Schwab of Coal Mining" is indeed "needed" to prevent further confusion and to stin late production. Virtually nothing has been done to get out more coal; some few things have been done to prevent it, however. have in mind at this moment a man ready to ship from a new mine; he is tightly bound up in red tape and absolutely nothing has been done by the fuel administration to help him get started. No! I haven't an in Bet I may be started. No: I haven't an interest, direct or indirect, in this property.

But I am vitally interested in seeing same steps taken to produce more coal at this critical time.

H. J. GUINN. Windber, Pa., July 6.

Better Ask About the new bar candi-the Devilish Wrong dates by the State of Kalsers Board of Law Exof Kaisers Board of Law Ex-aminers, "What is the theory of the divine right of kings?" seems rather superfluous in view of the way our new armies are daily riddling it with Holes.

Mrs. Pankhurst might conceivably as-sert that Panama could get the "fair voting," now passionately demanded in the little tropi-cal republic, by enfranchising its "fair voters."

# ALONG THE GREEN NESHAMINY

By Christopher Morley

THERE are scenes so rich in color, so | sight that never tires. A country road I flooded with sunlight, that the hand hardly knows how to set them down. They seem to yearn for expression in what is called poetry, yet one fears to submit them to the bending and twisting of rhyme. For when one embarks on the ecstatic search for words in tune with one another he may find bright and jovial cadences, but rarely does he say just what was in his heart. How, then, may one order the mysterious mechanism that gears brain with forefinger so that the least possible color and contour be lost in transmission?

THE other day I rowed up Neshamin; L Creek. Every one, I suppose, knows it: a bright little river seventeen miles or so from Philadelphia, a stripling of the greathearted Delaware. Its wooded and meaded banks are a favored pleasuring ground for pavement-keeping souls, who set up a tent there in the summertime and cruise those innocent waters in canoes. It is a happy stream, beloved of picnic parties. Millions of hard-boiled eggs and ice cream cones have perished in the grove above the dam, and a long avenue of stately poplar trees has grown up to commemorate them. The picnicking point is known as Neshaminy Falls, though the falling is done mostly by high-spirited flappers on the entertaining toboggan chute, down which they launch themselves in a cheering line. The river falls tamely enough over a small dam: Niagara's prestige is nowhere menaced.

THERE is a kind of emergency fleet cor-I poration doing a bustling traffic at the little plank landing stage. The chief navigating officer was toting a roll of bills larger than I can face with comfort. From him one hires a vessel of sorts, propelled by bright red oars, and then one sets forth up the stream. Most of the voyagers are content after passing the island, for the current, though sluggish, is persistent, But it is well to keep on. Neshaminy shows her rarest charms to those who woo her stoutly.

ABOVE the island there is a long strip of thick woodland on both banks. The treetops, rising steeply into the bright air, keep tossing and trembling in the wind, but the stream itself is entirely still. Along the bank, where the great bleached trunks climb out of the water, there hangs the peculiar moist, earthy, pungent smell of a river that runs among woods. Every fresh-water bather must know that smell. It has in it a dim taint as of decay, a sense of rotting vegetation. Yet it is a clean odor and a cool one. It is a smell particularly dear to me, for it recalls to my eager nostril the exact scent of the old bathing place on the Cherwell at Oxford, quaintly known as Parson's Pleasure. How vividly I remember that moist, cool corner of turf. the afternoon sunlight stabbing it with slanting arrows of gold, the enigmatic old Walt Whitman (called Cox) handing out damp towels from his dingy hutch and the clean white bodies poised against green willows! Would it hurt Neshaminy's feelings if I were to confess that the poignance of its appeal to me was partly due to its kinship with the Oxford Cher?

A LITTLE farther up, the creek has the good sense to throw off its mantle of woods. Wide meadows come to the water's edge; hills of a friendly sort are folded down about it, showing a bare line of hill against the emptiness of blue is a

crosses the stream on a flimsy bridge that leans on stout old stone plers. The road bends away uphill, among a wilderness of blackberry bushes, winding among pastures where the cows are grazing. That is a good kind of road; the sort of road one associates with bare feet and hot dust sifting between boyish toes.

UNOBSCURED

ST IS OUR INEST MADLE PRIVILEGE TO

MART WE SEER IS THE RECOVERY ASSESSMENT OF THE GOVERNED AND

SUSTAINED OF THE STAINING OF MAN WIND

ABOVE this bridge the creek shallows. A Through the clear water one sees the bottom humped with brown stones. Many of the larger boulders bear a little white paint stain on their upward ridges, showng where a venturesome excursionist has bumped one of the transports of the emergency fleet corporation. Dragonflies gleam like winged scarfpins. Under the boat flashes the bright shape of a small perch or sunfish. On the willow trunks that lean along the bank an occasional fisherman is watching his float. The current moves faster here, dimpling and twisting in little swirls. The water shines and glows: it seems to have caught whole acres of living sunlight. Far above a great hawk in lazily stanting and sliding, watching curiously to see the mail plane from Bustleton that passes up the valley every afternoon.

There is no peace like that of a little river, and here it is at its best.

AT LAST one reaches the point where, if the boat is to go further, it must be propelled by hand, the pilot walking barefoot in the stream. Easing her round sharp reefs, pushing through swift little passages where the current spurts deeply between larger stones, she may be pushed up to a huge tree trunk lying along the shore, surrounded by the deliciously soft and fluid mud loved by country urchins, the mud that schloops when one withdraws the sunken foot. Here, the world reduced to "a green thought in a green shade," one may watch the waterbirds tiptoeing and teetering over the shallows, catch the tune of the little rapids scuffling round the bend and eat whatever sandwiches are vouchsafed by the Lady of the White Hand. High above treetops and framing the view stands the enormous viaduct of the Trenton cut-off. A heavy freight train thundering over it now and then keeps one in touch with the straining world.

A<sup>MONG</sup> the swift water that bickers round the bend one may get a dip and a sprawl in the fashion that is in favor with those who love the scour of lightly running water over the baked flesh. That corner of the stream is remote and screened. There is a little gap between two shouldery stones where the creek pours itself chuckling and vehement. The bottom is grown with soft, spongy grasses that are very pleasant to squat upon. I presume that every man in the world takes any opportunity he can to wallow in .. running brook. It' is an old tradition, and there cannot be too much of it.

THE little rivers are excellent friends of man. They are brisk, cheerful and full of quiet corners of sun. They are clear and clean, the terror of dark unknown waters is not in them. I have known and loved many such, and I hope to make friends with more. When I look back and reckon up the matters that are cause for regret there will not stand among them upland against the sky. A clean line of my private and pagan sluice in the bright water of Noshaminy.

#### THE FAT LITTLE PURSE By Andrew McGill

ON SATURDAYS, after the baby Is bathed, fed, and sleeping serene, His mother, as quickly as may be, Arranges the household routine. She rapidly makes herself pretty And leaves the young limb with his

Then gaily she starts for the city, And with her the fat little purse.

SHE trips through the crowd to the station.

To the rendezvous spot where we meet, And keeping her eyes from temptation, She avoids the most windowy stree She is off for the Weekly Adventure; To her comrade for better and worse She says, "Never mind, when you've

spent your Last bit, here's the fat little purse."

APART, in her thrifty exchequer, She has hidden what must not be spent:

Enough for the butcher and baker, Katie's wages, and milkman, and rent: But the rest of her brave little treasure She is gleeful and prompt to disburse-What a richness of innocent pleasure Can come from her fat little purse!

BUT, either by giving or buying, The little purse does not stay fat-Perhaps it's a ragged child crying, Perhaps it's a "pert little hat." And the bonny brown eyes that were brightened

By pleasures so quaint and diverse, Look up at me, wistful and frightened, To see such a thin little purse.

THE wisest of all financiering Is that which is done by our wives: By some little-known profiteering They add twos and twos and make

And, husbands, if you would be learning The secret of thrift, it is terse: Invest the great part of your earning In that shrewd little, fat little purse.

## What Do You Know?

I. Who was the eighth President of the United 2. What is the national flower of England? 3. Who is the King of Italy?

What is the origin of the name of III What is meant by enfilleding What is a homily?
Who is Will H. Hays?

What is a out claim? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz i. Barnard College is the woman's division of Columbia University.

2. Beatrice Herraden wrote "Ships That Pass 3. "Die Wacht am Rhein" ("The Watch on the 4. Lecton Estrangere: The Foreign Legton, a historic body of troups, a part of the French arms since 1835, made up of re-unteers from other countries; originally used only in Algiers.

5. John Quincy Adams was the sixth President 6 Croix de timere: Cross of War, the French decoration for signal gullantry or dis-tinguished service.

7. Serreant major is the highest nunco, sloned officer in the United States or 8. W. E. Henley: English poet and critic 18 1903, noted especially for his brieni gif 9. Inditration, a system of attack much used be the Germans, of endervoring to make an merous small penetrations of an expessi-line instead of norms a sungle smarker blow.