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Philadelphia, Friday, July 12, 1918

A WARD DISCREDITED

Such information as has been given out so far by the army authorities in relation to the suspension of the local draft board which functioned in the Fifth Ward does not involve charges against the members of the board. It is broadly intil ated that the factional contentions of politicians in that delectable region make the fair operation of a draft almost impossible. Therefore another board will take up the work pending the official probe into the existing records.

In other words, the spoils war between the Carey-Deutsch factions has been adequate to suspend the processes of civil government and motives, of patriotism in the Fifth Ward. The affairs of a gang have loomed larger in that neighborhood than the interests of the Government.

People on the Atlantic coast need not be alarmed, said Secretary Daniels at Atlantic City. Obviously he had not seen the new bathing suits.

TRY AGAIN

THE attempt to get a street car line through Fifty-sixth street has failed because those who made it did not go about it in the right way.

The decision of the Superior Court to this effect brings the much-needed line one step nearer. The Court says that the approval of Councils must first be obtained and then a franchise for the line must be secured. Then something may be done. Now that the way is pointed out the residents of the district to be served will doubtless follow it.

There is no doubt of the need of street. car service through Fifty-sixth street. There is no crosstown line between Fifty second and Sixtieth streets, a district densely populated, that has been asking better service for years. It should have it

Doctor Krusen has pleaded with mothers to save the babies. Now let us hope that he will issue a supplication to the contractors who are responsible for the dirty streets.

OUR SECRETARY OF ETHICS

TN MANY of his aspects Secretary Daniels is a likable man. He has reason to be riotously proud of the navy and of the work it has done and is doing. He has cheerfully passed on all the credit to the men of the service, and that act alone is adequate to inspire a belief that he himself has worked hard and well and efficiently

As a philosopher in the field of popular ethics the Secretary does not shine any more brightly than does William J. Bryan at whose feet he is presunfed to have studied in the early days of his public life "The ideal dry zone," said he yesterday "would extend from pole to pole." The ideal dry zone, as the Secretary of the Navy conceives it, therefore would include France and England, Italy and Spain, Scandinavia and every foreign country where the people have habits, opinions likes and dislikes and inherited tendencies of their own. France has fought rather well and France isn't bone-dry. Neither is England. America will be the dryest spot under the sun-excepting the Sahara -if the Secretary has his way. This may be well enough. It seems perilous to offer judgments. But it seems a bit extravacant for one man to venture inflicting his personal view actively upon a world that

contains so many people as ours. Liquor in some of its reactions is an abomination and a disgrace. But we suspect that unaided public opinion will inevitably dispose of the matter effectively and that mass judgment is better than the judgment of any one individual.

Airpianes broke all records by taking mail from Washington to New York in two and a half hours. Those who write love tatters will consider that slow time.

THE USELESS STATES

IT BEGINS to look as if the next indus-try which Washington would declare unnecessary would be the governments of States and their subdivisions.

Word comes from the capital that the National War Labor Board is preparing a decision fixing fifty cents an hour as the minimum wage for employes of strect-car companies. This is an increase of about 23 per cent and will, of course, make an increase in car fares imperative to keep the companies from bankruptcy.

Of course, the street-car men deserve better pay, but we have State boards business it is to fix fares for street cars. The national Government, however seems to be getting ready to sweep them all into the discard and take over their functions along with the regulation of almost everything else that has been in the hands of the States. .

And this is done in the name of the erty which fought a war in defense of ite rights! No wonder some one said at the historical Democratic party was awaiting burial,

GIVE US COAL

If Mr. Garfield Cannot Do It He Should Be Superseded by a Man Big Enough for the Job

COAL consumers are beginning to won-der how much longer the President will stand for the bungling of Harry A. Garfield, the national fuel administrator. He is exercising despotic power over

the business of the country, deciding what industries may have coal and what may not. Not long ago he ordered a reduction of 50 per tent in the amount of coal supplied to the cement manufacturers. This was because they were selling cement to builders who were putting up houses in cities where he thought there were already houses enough. It was not to conserve the supply of cement for building houses for war workers in those districts in which population is congested by an influx of new people. It was merely to put a stop to a business which Mr. Garfield and his advisers did not think Was necessary.

And now he has announced that unless the supply of coal is increased the brewers may get no fuel after their present stock is exhausted. This means that the bre eers will have to shut up shop in less than three months. Mr. Potter, the fuel administrator for this State, acting on the authority of Mr. Garfield's decision, has already announced that he will seize forthwith all coal that may be in transit to the breweries in his district.

This action has been taken in spite of the refusal of Mr. Hoover to exercise the authority he has to cut off the supply of grain to the breweries on the ground that if there were no beer the only alcoholic stimulant left for those who used it would be whisky. In the absence of national prohibition he held that it was much better that beer with 21/2 per cent of alcohol should be brewed than that men should be able to get nothing but whisky with 40 per cent. The conservation of grain was secondary, in his opinion, to the moral and physical dangers of putting the drinkers of the country on a whisky diet. And of course he was right.

Congress has not yet ordered prohibition as a war measure. Mr. Garfield has anticipated its action and he has overruled the very sound decision of Mr.

If Mr. Garfield can reduce the coal supplied to the cement manufacturers by one-ha'f and cut off entirely the coal supply of the brewers he can do as he pleases with every industry. He can stop the manufacture of pianos, he can force every newspaper to suspend publication. He can drive out of business every producer of breakfast cereals save one, or he can even stop the whole breakfast cereal business. He can close every woolen mill except those making the kind of cloth which he thinks is necessary.

And we have no guarantee that he will not do any or all of these things in order to save coal.

Of course, fuel must not be wasted, but the crying need is the production of enough to meet the normal demands of business in these abnormal times. Mr. Garfield seems to be devoting more at-

tention to saving coal than to producing it. He does not need to be told that the coal is in the mines waiting to be taken out. He ought to know that more than 30,000 miners have been taken from the when they are needed in the mines. He ought to have profited by the experience of England, which had to send to France and comb the miners out of its armies there in the early days of the war who had been allowed to enlist before any one had waked up to the necessity of keeping

the mines running for the needs of the country. The national fuel administrator has demonstrated his incapacity and incompetence from the first months of his appointment. He muddled the coal situation last winter by cutting down the prices, which cut down the production. The veriest tyro in economics could have told him that the way to increase production is to increase the prices. This year he is issuing arbitrary orders cutting off the supply from men engaged in legitimate business and doing nothing to put the drafted miners back in the mines. Unless a man, big enough for the job is put in his place in the near future the coal famine next winter will be worse than last winter. The summer is passing and the number of days in which coal can be taken from the mines with greatest ease is growing less and Wash-

orders restricting the use of coal. We plead for action which will produce coal, not for the benefit of the brewers or the cement manufacturers, but for every legitimate business and for every householder in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, where nearly 70 per cent of the production of the anthracite mines is consumed.

ington is making the future uncertain for

every business man in the country by its

Now that exports to Mexico are to be resumed one might wish that common sense could be shipped in barrels.

KERENSKY IN AMERICA

ZERENSKY, who led and lost the first A Russian revolution, has affronted most of Europe by the nature of his utterances in Paris. Those who were accustomed to think of him as a nicely balanced liberal who yet might lead the new democracy of Russia have felt their delusions slipping away. Kerensky was ostentatiously scorn ful in Paris of every one who wasn't a Red, of every one who manifested any signs of prosperity and of every one who couldn't extend to him a hand hardened by elemental toil.

The resentment felt by the French after this extraordinary exhibition of class con sciousness has spread to England. And it is likely to spread to America. Yet John Spargo, a member of the Social Democratic

Kerenaky by cable that he will have a inited States.

Kerensky, on the other hand, is doing his best in Europe to prove that he isn't social and that he isn't a democrat. The radicals even in chaotic Moscow are beginning to learn that "work" is a broadly inclusive term and that man can labor otherwise than with his hands, and the men who die most frequently of overwork

are not those whose palms are hardest. The war is broadening the view of labor and of capital alike. It is breaking down traditional barriers between men of various minds and dispositions and callings. And it is odd to find men like Kerensky doing their utmost to put these barriers up

The Allies continue to triumph over Garman fiers. But the German liars are still heyend reach

SKIP-STOPS AND THINGS

THE trame theory which the P. R. T. I designates unmusically as the "skipstop" provides for the passage of trolley cars over a given number of blocks with out the customary pauses at street corners. It will be applied on Sunday.

Life for the sleepy drivers whose horses know their way about the city, for speed maniacs in automobiles and for the aviators who drive motortrucks is cone long skip-stop. What is to happen when the routes of the nonstop trolley and the nonstop automobile happen to cross is easily imaginable. If motor drivers and trolle men are not swiftly revived from some of their most conspicuous aberrations the days to come should be golden ones for the florists.

The Federal fuel administration evolved the skip-stop theory as a coal-saver. Trolley cars require and use an excess of power in getting under way. The street cars ultimately will stop at intervals of three or four squares in West Philadelphia. Patrons of the lines will be compelled to walk to the "stations" in their neighborhoods. It is believed that accidents will be avoided by the rule under which the cars will make their grudging stop as usual at every important street corner east of the Schuvlkill.

But it is in West Philadelphia that the skip-stop automobile and the skip-stop motortruck make the fastest time. There is a type of dray driver who falls into oma after he gets started and permits his horses to trot placidly at right angles into the thickest currents of traffic without a look to the right or the left. Every one with a spark of charity in his breast can only hope and pray that the fates will continue to look after him at West Philadelphia crossings. The motor drivers who make speedways of West Philadelphia streets plainly have some high adventures coming to them. The speed mania isn't unknown among trolley motormen-especially when they are behind time. Given a straightaway of four blocks, they ought to have a lot of fun. The occasion is one in which every one who runs an automobile or drives a horse should set aside five minutes for solemn meditation.

The Czar must feel a little nettied at the calmness with which the world takes the weekly reports of his death.

HOW NOT TO SAVE BABIES THEY are having a Baby-Saving Show at Carlisle under the direction of the women's committee of the Council of National Defense. Among the exhibits are kitchens and sleeping rooms properly and improperly arranged for the protection of

the health of infants. Unless there is an exhibit of the fithy streets in the poorer sections of this city to illustrate the proper way not to save

babies the show is fatally defective. There should also be an exhibit of men and machinery going through the motions of cleaning the streets while the fith remained, which we gather from recent explanations of the local contractors is the vay they escape fines for neglect of duty.

Germany doesn't have to declare her war ims. They are evident.

SO GRACIOUS OF HIM TR. BURLESON says that when the telegraph lines are put in his control he will not censor newspaper dispatches. Why did he not say that he would per mit the President to appoint ambassadors

without consulting the Senate or empower the Senate to originate revenue billa? Some rights are guaranteed by the Constitution which even a state of war cannot

Fare Ready, Please! who runs next week on a skip-stop schedule elp the fuel administration able to say that he is helping the war in more ways than one. He is sure to be able to boast that he has done his hit.

Though Wilhelm will never be permitted to They're Burning It eat that much-talked dinner in Paris, it cannot be said that the meal. They are cooking his goose to a turn.

The liquor business in Yes dottering. Would you say that it is imitat-Has he been dailed

Here Gues! Wilhelm Hunzollers yet?

Don't boast. The others are fighting.

Enjoy your daylight. The days are get-"Ha, ha :" the brewers will my to Phila-

"You haven't enough water!" And immediately after Secretary Dan-iels had teld Atlantic City not to worry he launched into a glad prediction of bone dry-ness in all parts of this earth. Washington is developing a peculiar sort of ironic humor.

Secretary Baker has decided to discon-tinue for the present publishing the numbers of American troops transported to France. This will be a severe blow to the German humorists, who have been earning their car-rots for some time by contradicting Mr. Baker's statements.

The Muse in Arms "Men wanted, stalwart and square and valorous. Ages, eighteen to thirty-six."— U. S. Marines Recruiting Poster. Stalwart, valorous and square, Eighteen to thirty-six-

Marines can use you over there To end the Kalser's tricks.

THE CHAFFING DISH

McFee puts into his inkpot. Everything that flows from his pen sparkies and fizzes He is a steamship engineer, now serving in the British navy.

Mediterranean Meditations By William McFee

Engineer Sub-Lieutenant, R. N. R. Part II

WAS just getting into real touch with New Orleans life when I quit October. 1914). It is a most curious city. Everybody knocks it. Everybody hates it. or says so, and I have had to hammer the bar and make the half-shell denisens rattle among the ice to convince them that it is a fine town and chock-full of interesting people, places and things. Many a half hour I have spent in Springer's in Royal atreet polishing off a dozen an the halfshell and a pint of the best. Many a Saserac cocktail has come to me across that wide tesselated pavement between the brase rail and the regal free-lunch tables served by an ebonite potentate in white apren and snewy cap. Many a gin fix have I suspirated in the Crescent, that most convenient bar where you can dodge a bore in Canal street by soing out at the St. Charles street door. Many a dinner have I dawdled over in Antoine's, at the Bourbon, at Old Hickory on Carondelet and Conrad Kolb's German Tayern. Poor old Conrad had a had time in September, 1914. We used to gather at the Cosmopolitan in Royal street and then march down to Kolb's, order a schnitt apiece and start "Rule Britannia."

T MET a queer start there-an Englishman named Smith. Mr. Smith was a wisened little shrimp of a man you could almost crush between thumb and finger. He appeared suddenly in my friend Alison's second-hand bookstore during the Huerta-Villa-Carransa acrap. He was all in, had lost everything. Had been Government interpreter at C., was engaged to a large Mexican girl, whose photo he carried next his heart. He was as nercous as a kitten. No money, no trade, nothing. We did what we could. Got him a room and got some cards printed for him as a teacher of Spanish. Just as he had got about six pupils he took sick and nearly died in the hospital. When he came out he came down to the ship as soon as she arrived. to see me. Wanted something to do. I took him along to the port steward and begged him to give a fellow countryman a lift. Of course, there was nothing but scullion's work to do and I believe he got a job. I loaned him ten bucks to get some dunnage and have never heard of him since.

SMITH was an educated man. He had been in Sotheby's or Quaritch's store in London and knew old books. He had a shrimp's body, a rat's face and a great big meaningless nose rising up like a rock. He was all upset because he had to leave Mexico. Liked the country and used to sigh for his Dulcines. I shall never forget how one evening as we sat in Kolb's tavern the band started the Mexican national anthem. Smith shot to his feet this legs were so short his elevation was only a few inches), flung out his arm and joined in in Spanish. A big deep voice he had, almost as astonishing as if a kitten were to bark like a St. Bernard. His thin nostrils flared. his gingery moustache bristled, his Adam's apple worked like a pulmotor, and all the world wondered. He was "carried away." When the music stopped he sank to his seat and looked sadiv into his beer where three flies were in their death throes. He was the only Englishman I've ever met who didn't want to go back to England by the next boat. No, the peaceful land over which the benign spirit of Villa was reigning beckoned him. He sighed for Carranza's caresses and the sweet music of the magazine rifles in Main street. R. I. P.

OF COURSE you know George W. Cable's New Orleans novels? I think "The Grandissimes" one of his best. But of course he deals with New Orleans of the vanished past. They tell me the old St. Louis Hetel has tumbled down. The grand staircase never did look good to me. I loved Royal street. I lived in Lafayette square for a while and acquired the neces sary "boarding house reach." Very pleas ant to stroll out under the trees in the evening and watch the youngsters sweet hearting on the steps. I used to spend my evenings in Alison's store, talking with him (an old newspaper man), a Kansas lawyer and a Washington Secret Service suy. Hace olim meminisse juvabit.

(To be continued. In tomorrow's install ment Mr. McFee takes us back to the Mediterranean and describes how he discovered an annex of the Garden of Eden.)

A bride in Germany doesn't have to wait wo years to have a paper wedding. Even the trousseaus are paper.

Ready for Another Reel?

The Social Revolutionary Committee barricaded in the Municipal Theatre at Are they rehearsing "All's Well That Ends Lenine"?

We never can remember whether it is the White Guards or the Red that are pro-Bolshevik; but the sad thing seems to he that neither of them is markedly anti-

German.

Lecemotives Waste Coal To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

SOCRATES.

Sir-I see in your paper a statement advising curtailment of the coal supply for office buildings, for the use of elevators, etc. which is a very good thing. While this undoubtedly will effect a slight saving, there will be a far larger waste of coal going on with our locomotives.

it is, perhaps, not generally known tha from 7% to 10 per cent more coal is wasted by the use of the present rigid type of locomotive boiler than would be the case if the flexible boiler construction were universally employed, with its increased neating surface.

If the 1250 engines picked out by the Government, supposed to be standardized could be worked 300 days out of the 365. there would be a waste of 338,000 tons of coal. This, if saved, ought to help our office consumption. If these facts can be brought home to the general public it will be at invaluable ald to the fuel administration. WM. H. WOOD,

Media, Pt., July 10.



"VICH WAY TO GO?"

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA By Christopher Morley

SOUTH BROAD STREET

ONE of the singularly futile and freakish | little "literary" magazines that flourish among desiccated women and men whose minds are not old enough for the draft proudly raises the slogan that it "Makes no ; compromise with the public taste."

What I like about South Broad street is that it does make compromise with the public taste, every possible compromise. In the tourse of a three-mile stroll from the City Hall down to the South Broad Street plaza one may see almost every variety of human interest. It is as though South Broad street had made up its mind to see all phases of life before leaping into the arms of Uncle Sam at League Island. It is like the young man's last night with the boys before enlist ing.

BROAD and Chestnut" is a Philadelphia phrase of great sanctity. It is uttered in the same breath of awe as the New Yorker's "Broadway and Forty-second," as though the words summed up the very vibration and pulse of the town's most sacred life. And yet why is it that Broad street seems to me more at ease, more itself, when it gets away from the tremendous cliffs of vast hotels and office mountains? Our Philadelphia streets do not care to be mere tunnels, like the canyon flumes of Manhattan. We have a

So when Broad street escapes from the shadow of its own magnificence it runs just a little wild. In its sun-swept siry stretches perhaps it abuses its freedom a little. It kicks up its heels and gets into its old c Certainly as soon as one gets south of Lom-bard street one sees the sudden change. Even the vast and dignified gray facade of the Ridgway Library does not abash our highway for more than a moment. It dashes on be-tween a vast clothing factory and the old "Southern and Western Railroad Station." It indulges uself in small clothing stores, lemonade stands and all mannel of tumbledown mankey business. It seems to say, can look just like Spring Garden street, if

Perhaps it is because William Penn on the City Hall is looking the other way that South Broad street feels it can cut up with-

THE Ridgway Library ought to be able to daunt this frinking humor, for a more solemn and repressive erection was never But what a fascinating place though I fear not much of South Broad street though I fear not much of South Broad street ever takes the trouble to open those iron gates marked "Pull." Perhaps if they had gates marked "Pull." Perhaps if they had been marked "Push" the public would have responded more eagerly. But who are we to discuss the sublisties of advertising pay-chology? As I pass the long, heavily-pillared frontage of the library I seem to hear the quiet, deliberate ticking of the clock in the cool, gloomy reading room, and smell faint, delicious, musty fragrance of the volumes. It is no small thrill to step inside and revel in the dim scholarly twilight of that palace of silence, to pore over the rare books glass showcases and explore the alcoves where the marvelous collection of chess books is kept. Those alcoves look out over a little playground at the back, where the shady benches would be an ideal place for a solemn pipe; but also no men are ad-mitted. The playground is reserved for women and children.

TERY different is the old railroad station across the way, now used as a freight depot. Built in 1852, it was Philadelphia crack terminus fifty years ago, and as one studies the crumbled brownstone front one thinks of all the eager and excited feet that must have passed into the great arched hall. Now it is boarded up in front, but inside it is crammed with box cars and vast cases it is crammed with box cars and vast cases stenciled "Rush-Military Supplies-U. S. Army." Sixty freight cars can be loaded there at one time. One thinks what emotions that glass-roofed shed must have seen in Civil War times. I suppose many a train of men in blue said good-by to mothers and ewesthearts along those platforms. That thought was with me as I stood inside the old station, which in spite of its bustle of freight is filled with the haunting sadness of all places that are old and decayed and echolong with the wolspers of long ago. Does it

seem absurd to rentimentalize over a railway tation less than seventy years old? Well, I think a railway station is one of the most romantic places in the world. I like to imagine the old locomotives with their flaring stacks. And as I crossed Washington avenue (which runs just south of the station) I remembered a bot day in June (wenty years ago when I tugged a roll of steamer rugs down that street from the trolley to the American Line pier. We were going on learn the old Beigenland, bound for Liverpool comewhere along the hot, grimy pavement : harrel of molasses had broken open; I recall the strong, sweet smell. Childhood does not forget such adventures.

BELOW the quartermaster depot of the Armory, Broad street recalls its more sober responsibilities. Suddenly it realizes the fleeting uncertainty of life; perhaps because half the houses hereabouts are the offices of doctors and undertakers. It falls into a quiet residential humor about Wharton street and lines itself with trees and shady awnings seemed to me I could discern a breath o Italy in the air. At an Italian undertaker a large and sumptuous coffin was lying or he pavement without any embarrassmen name-plate and all; presumably waiting for its silent passenger. Among the womenfolk its silent passenger. Among the womenfoli white stockings and sparkling black eyes be rayed the Latin blood. And I saw that I church lettered its notice board both in Italian and English. "Ingresso Libero," it said vhich I take to mean "Everybody welcome The same sort of hospitality is evinced by the doctors and dentists. They all have little notices on their doors: "Waik in without

N A quaint effort to retrieve its brief es capade into shabby Bohemianism Broad street now goes in for an exaggerated mag street now goes in for an exaggerated mag-nificence. It has a taste for ornate melal doorknobs and brass handles. (I cannot re-sist the thought that these mannerisms were caught from the undertakers.) Moving-picture theatres are done in a kind of Spanish stucco. Basement gratings are gilded; parlor windows are banded with strips of colored glass. The brownstone fronts are gabled and carved; cornices are fret worked There are plaster statues in the little side gardens. It is the opposite swing of the architect's pendulum from the plain and beautiful old houses of Pine and Spruce streets, where Philadelphia expresses herself in the lovely simplifity of rich old brick and white shutters.

APPARENTLY Broad street lost hope of A gaining salvation by ornamenting its house fronts, for about Morris and Mifflin streets it turns to education and philan thropy. It puts up large hospitals, and the vast gray building of the South Philadelphia High School, where, reading backward through the stained glass transom I dis cerned the grave and very Bostonian motto "Work-Self-reliance-Culture-Life." Bu more exhibarating to me was the Southern Home for Friendless Children at Morris street. Its large playground is surrounded by a high stone wall. I could easily have by a high stone wall. I could easily have scaled it and would have loved to smoke a pipe sitting up there to watch the children playing inside. (I could hear their laughter, and caught a glimpse of a small boy as he flew up in the air on a swing.) But I feared penalties and embarrassments. It does not do to love anything too well; people natur-ally are suspicious of you. And though my heart was warm toward the Southern Home, I didn't quite like to do what I yearned for That would have been to ring the door bei and ask to go in and play in the garden with the others. Instead I snooped round the wal until I found a corner with a glimpse into One small boy was working in hi garden, others were burning up rubbish and hammering at something along the wall. I stood there a long time, listening to the warm, drowsy hum of the afternoon, and almost wished I were a friendless child.

AFTER THIS excursion into culture and charity, Broad street feels the need of one more whistie-wetting before it wanders off onto the vast expanse of sunny pollenseented meadows that stretch toward the dry sones of League Island. For this purpose exists the cool haven of McBride, on the corner of Moyamensing avenue. There I encountered one of the best beakers of shandy gaff in my experience. And—wonder of wonders—it can still be bought for a nickel.

SUMMER DREAMS

IF I had my wish today I would soon be far away From the burden and the yoke, From the smother and the smoke, From the fever and the fret. From the hurry and the aweat. From the flery furnace heat Of the crowded city street.

Oh. I know a place full well Where the gods of silence dwell. Where contentment keeps her school In the shadows deep and cool; Where the water-spiders glide O'er the softly flowing tide: Where the robins stop to sing: Where the swallow wets his wing; Where the willows lean and look In the mirror of the Brook.

If I had my wish-if I From the town today could fly. That's the place I'd like to see. In that place I'd like to be.

But I would not go alone To that place so dearly known. Nay, sweetheart, were you not there Twould be neither sweet nor fair. Dearer far the city street Than the restfulest retreat, If the beauty of its skies Were not mirrored in your eyes: If beside its water blue Long I looked but found not you! Denis A. McCarthy, in "Songs of Sun-

To German Music The Germans seem to want to make two rotsky grew before.-New York Evening

Serious Does the eight-inch limit on the height of women's boots include the heel? — Boston

And That America Discovered War After all, the Old World can thank its stars that it discovered America.—Chicago

Invites It

When a man hasn't a thing on earth to worry him he goes and gets married.—London Answers.

What Do. You Know?

QUIZ

1. Where is the Murman coast?
2 Name the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."
3. Where is Camp Unton?
4 When does a newly admitted State receive its star on the national banner?
5. What is the capital and largest city of Pennsylvania?

6. Who is Judge Advocate General of the United

7. What are the duties of a Judge Advocate Gen-What is an oracle?

Where was the Delphie Oracle? Who was Chicot? Answers to Yesterday's Oniz

Strictly speaking, there is no American na-tional authem, officially sanctioned. The Star-Spangled Banner has a definite status under arms and navy regulations and through popular accontance. Nicholas Marray Butter La president of

3 Most slang phrases have some origin in legiti-mate words. "To not the hibosh on" is to put the finishing touches on carved marble by theowing or blowing in dust to bring out the design. 4. George Ade. living American author, wrote

5. General Tasker Riiss is the chief representa-tive of the United States at the Versalites Supreme War Council.
6. "Bigstt," "Left" and "Center" in European politics define parliamentary parties. 50 railed from their quiston of congregation in certain parts of the assembly half.
1. Nancy Hanker the mother of Abreham Lin-

a. Mine crater: the hole left by the explor