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THE UNPROTECTED

THERE can be little doubt that the agitation for an increased trolley fare in this city will be stimulated indirectly by the disposition of the War Labor Board to recommend increases in street railway fares with a view to making wage increases practicable.

The street railways in this city have sufficient income for proper administration, upkeep and wages. They are in confusion because the underlying companies systematically bleed the P. R. T. The public cannot forget that the profits of these subsidiaries are outrageously exorbitant. This is a complication which the Labor Board should examine before recommendations for increased fares will be acceptable to this city.

The arguments applied elsewhere in behalf of six and eight cent trolley fares seem reasonable enough. The companies invariably "need more money." The pubc needs more money, too. When the Government evolves a Board for the Conservation of the Interests of the Great and Unorganized General Public the average man will feel that he, too, has some rights and somebody to protect them, and he will be able to look the future in the face without supplicating for the ether

The 12,000 - ton fabricated American hip Invincible has been built in twenty-four days -just about the time it takes a ferocious German submarine to sneak out of Kiel, cross the Atlantic, dodge the convoys off our coasts, sink a few barges and return gioriously to

BOLSHEVISM IN WASHINGTON

BOLSHEVISM in a minor form appeared in the West years ago. It was called Populism then. It still remains under the surface of many Congressmen, as occasional erratic manifestations of the spirit

The proposed heavy taxes on motortrucks, pleasure automobiles and gasoline for instance, reflect this sort of reaction. There is a blind hitting out at anything that smacks of money or well-being or

proposed in the war revenue bill will cumber business with a few new cares. Pleasure cars will be used less frequently by those who feel they cannot afford the ax. Then there will be small revenue. siness will be hurt and a major indus try will suffer greatly.

But Congress will have had the satisfaction of indulging an ancient prejudice

In view of the frequency of poor plays under which theatre patrons suffer, the proild seem to come under the head of cruel and unnatural punishment.

THE IMPASSABLE DELAWARE

GOVERNOR EDGE, of New Jersey, in announcing that he will carry the question of a Delaware River tunnel into his campaign for the Senate, will bring cheer to Pennsylvania and New Jersey

The project for better traffic facilities setween this city and Camden needs just the sort of advertising that it should get in a vigorous stumping tour. On neither of the river is there any adequate conception of the immeasurable importance of a Delaware bridge or tunnel for got and vehicle traffic. The benefits to real estate values would be enormous if ne such project were carried through All of south Jersey would save time and money. And the intolerable conditions that attend ferry traffic since the automobile became a poor man's diversion and an indispensable adjunct to business and farming would be eliminated.

While the output of coal is worrying Uncle Sam, it is decidedly the "input" with which the average householder is most con-

MR. SCHWAR ON MUSIC

HARLES M. SCHWAB is an organist of considerable ability and wide diserimination. He has an affinity with which by some mystic process akes him more efficient in his affinity oth steel. The imaginative quality apled in any business or profession works anders beyond the power of the man who without it.

"The sound that is most beautiful," said Mr. Schwab at Willow Grove, "is that of used voices singing. Next to that, peraps, is the grand diapason of an organ. t there is one sound I like better than er. It comes when I enter a shippard nd a workman turns and says, 'Hello,

The artistic strain in Mr. Schwab of aly lies deep. It has done for him cesn't do for many of those who the state of mind with

THE LANSDOWNE LETTER

The Old Order Would Insure Its Safety With the Help of the Beast

TO PUT aside Lord Lansdowne's latest appeal to the pacifism of his time without a perception of its inner significance would be most unwise. The letter reveals one of the odd dramas of the war. It speaks for a shamed and discredited order. It is the voice of a man whimpering in the whirlwind that he helped to create and crying out against the retributive forces of destiny.

The logic of barter and balance, compromise and sale, fear and secrecy for which Lord Lansdowne is the insistent propagandist has failed appallingly since the beginning. It has whipped mankind through the wretchedness and misery of all wars. It afflicted the earth with hatreds and suspicions and ignorance. It has piled upon the nations the mount ing horrors of this war of wars. And still there are those who look to the ancient system for peace and salvation!

For Lansdowne is not alone. His type a familiar here as well as in Europe. It epresents the men who have been left behind, whose reason is not adequate to a realization of the things the Allied world is fighting for.

The world has outstripped them. It is out thundering at the walls that they set up, searching for its soul and its freedom and the light they denied it. Those who have been left behind are ofraid. They are the old order. They must change or die. And since they do not wish to do either they would be content of this crisis in human history to settle the war by a compromise-to let the wounded beast withdraw to recover and fatten and sharpen his fangs!

Beneath the seeming humanity of the Lansdowne theory of "adjustment of aims' lies the cruelest of all philosophies, the error that has darkened all human history. It is founded upon a disbelief in justice and human reason and a dependence upon the easiest expediencies. It is the philosophy that Lansdowne himself helped to promulgate in the days of his activity. Men of his sort have always either feared or refused to sense the inevitable consequences of such doctrines applied in international relations. And it is not surprising to find them now willing to be spared at any cost the sight and the consciousness of the things they have done.

It is the part of charity to view Lansdowne as one of the British newspapers views him-as a "tired, rich old man" not quite up to the spirit of his days. Yet it is significant that Bethmann-Hollweg, who was Chancellor to the Kaiser when the war began, has arrived in Holland with Von Kuehlmann, presumally upon a peace mission at the hour when Lansdowne's letter demanding a "restatement of war aims" and criticizing, by inference, President Wilson's attitude, was issued to the press. The Hollwags and the Kuchlmanns, the Kaisers and the Lansdownes have a common method of reasoning. It is hard to make them understand that the world is done with them-that it was done with them a year ago.

You will look as vainly in the Lansdowne letter as you would look in a pronouncement of the Kaiser's for a word or a glimmer to show that he understands the state of mind of civilizain the Victorian age-the age when diplomatists prayed and plotted and guessed and hoped and lied-and shrank rom a future which they made intoler-

If there is one thing in the latest appeal of the British pacifist adequate to rouse resentment rather than mild disdain it is the allusion to the indefiniteness of President Wilson's four peace conditions. The President in his most recent statement made the issues plain. He declared against secret diplomacy and the habit of furtive bargaining by nations. He demanded justice for nations, irrespective of their size; he asked that the interests of the people be considered above the ambitions of dynasties, and he sought to provide the rule of reason and justice in cases where force has ordinarily forced decisions.

The German Government, on the other and, has made no declaration. It still orags of coming destruction and the cloody sword. The difference in attitude is plain. The aims of humanity are plain. Germany can accept them or

If wars are ever averted faith, justice, wisdom and imagination will avert hem. Euripides knew this more than two thousand years ago. All observers of war have always known it. Everybody knew it but the diplomatists who drove the world to rain and still refuse in the midst of the cataclysm to admit that they were wrong. But the minds of men like Lansdowne and Wilhelm of Germany and innumerable others have citadels in the past. When those citadels are destroyed the world will be safe. England has given no better proof of her stoicism than the peace and liberty which she accords men like Lansdowne.

It seems altogether natural that the Kaiser's troops meeting our new soldiers should have got a "raw" deal.

GIUSEPPE THE GUIDE

THE "Tonys," Pasquales and Giuseppes who are returning to their native land or that of their fathers in American army contingents which have reached Italy are capable of performing valuable services for Allied unity. Happily bllingual, they can not only converse with their coworkers, but solve many perplexing problems for the solely English-speaking 'doughboy." Immediate solution of the sort of riddles which have baffled many of our soldiers in France is thus at hand. Piloted by companions in arms who rattle off opera libretto talk with com-

learn that an article marked "soldo" has not been sold, but is purchasable at the modest equivalent of one American cent; that a "chiesa" is not a cheese, as Mark Twain confessed to believing it, but a church, and that "caffe caldo" is not distressing cold coffee, but the welcome hot variety. Thus cleared of complications, foreign air can be congenially breathed and pangs of homesickness perceptibly

Half of our troops, now in Italy are said to be of Italian birth or origin. Their Americanism of spirit is not in the least inpugned by this fact, while their usefulness in bringing two liberty-loving nations closer together is greatly enhanced. A stranger in a strange land will exchange dictionary for a pal who is also an enthusiastic interpreter any day in the

The new Liberty Loan campaign will begin on Sentember 28. Months with an R are good for bonds as well as oysters.

LEAVE THE HUN NO STAKES IN THE

EAST S a means of relieving pressure in the As a means of reneving processing the west, the value of reconstructing the Russian front has long since been so obvious that delay has been dictated chiefly in order to let encouraging events shape themselves and to profit by them with clean hands. The latest swift developments, resulting in the assassination of Von Mirbach and Von Eichhorn, the affronts to the Allied ambassadors clearly indicative of a loser's frenzy on the part of the tottering Rolsheviki, and the unique triumphs of the Czecho-Slovak troops, suggest that Russia may soon be the scene f an important war move.

With our faces close to the campaign map any diversion of German legions from the west has the charm of good tacties But opposing the Hun in Russia through the forces now arising there against them and their confederates of the Brest-Litovsk outrage can be viewed from an even larger aspect.

The words of General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, as recorded in a special cable to the Evening Public Leoger, ring too clearly with sincerity and coaviction to be regarded simply as apology for English expeditionary operations far from the Franco-Flemish lines. With comprehensive ision he foreshadows further German retreats in the west, the occupation of strong strategic positions there, the avoldance of sattles and an attempt at lomination in he east, including control of Turkey and Persia, to be used as a Von Hertling pawn for the release of Belgium and the rest of

Such bargaining, assuming that Germany's eastern schemes are unclouded. would make the Hun a colossus, despite osses in the main theatre of the war. "If Germany," declares General Maurice, is really to be defeated and cease to be menace to the peace of the world in the future, she should not be allowed what she has in the east as a means of extending her power in that direction"

Such an event, therefore, as the capture of Yekaterinburg, far off in the Urals, by the Czecho-Slovaks is not merely welcome as a move on the "new front," but as one link in a possible chain of circumstances which, wisely developed, will prevent German retention of military power in a field from which she could still threaten world

Russian business men are reported as characterizing the Bolsheviki rule as "crazy tyranny". The first adjective is superflous. No tyranny can be sane.

THE SWEETS OF "PUNISHMENT"

THE various penalties imposed on everoyal Liege for having celebrated the second victory of the Marne are doubtless being paid in a spirit of both pride and joy. Four years ago this week the heroic Flemish city thrilled all civilization with its brilliant though vain resistance of the first Hun onslaughts. Since Von Emmich and his great Krapp guns smashed the ring of forts and valiant General Leman was captured Liege has been raied as German territory, its role that of a shackled spectator.

Through the fine now exacted of it by barbarous conquerors the city in a sense again takes part in the conflict. Foch wins a great battle. Liege rejoices and helps pay for it. Surely there are Liegeois who believe it worth the price and the sting of Hun punishment must thereby be greatly alleviated.

Curfew at 7 is the other angry German order arising from the victory fete, and conceivably it should scarcely embody a shadow of offense. Bed can be a pleasant place with the new sweet dreams now assured through the Allies' return to triumph. Even Teuton punishments are losing their force.

"Well, Mr. Bones, I Who Threw That see that the Germans Egg? will have to abandon air fighting on the

western front." "Why so, Mr. Tambo?" "Because the Americans have made plane sailing impossible for them!"

Cosl miners have Quite Right, Too! abandoned picnics and other pleasure excursions to aid the war, but those Congressmen who are so blithely touring the western front evidently feel that a cessation of their junkets would have no appreciable effect in helping matters,

The Kaiser's own particular "gott" seems to have gone back on him in every way. Following the recent American victories, the famous "hunger stone," which superstitious Germans regard as an omen of famine, has appeared in the Eibe River. This is, literally, asking for bread and being given a stone.

Even Mr. Hoover, who has just arrived in Paris, may acquire some valuable tips in that city-long the headquarters not only of the best food, but of the most ingenious and effective table economies.

Soissons in French also means beans. If this fact' is generally realized by the consumers of our army fare abroad, their desire to advance in that direction may be sadly modified,

The news that Britain's war bill is \$25,000 per minute need not stagger us at all

THE CHAFFING DISH

Boonville Again

THE other day we printed a humble I tribute to Boonville, Mo., home of the corncob pipe. At least one old Boonville citizen lives in Philadelphia, as the following letter shows:

Dear Socrates - Speaking of corncob pipes and old Boonville on the banks of the mighty Missouri revives memories of ong ago, entwined with turbulent glories and tender romances which hover about the vine-clad hills of this now peaceful hamed to honor intrepid Daniel city, Boone, who tarried there in his wanderings.

Time was when Boonville represented the Ultima Thule and last stop in civilization for the voyager toward the Great West. For years common sights were ghostly trains of canvas-decked prairie schooners, which, wending their ways from distant States westward, met there and crossed the river by ferry at Boonville, and onward to seek new homes in the limitless and little known territories beyond.

At Boonville was written that laconic story of the new country in three lines on the side of a typical mover wagon. On the trip out appeared:

In God We Trust Kansas or bust

On the return trip was added:

Busted, by God!

And at Boonville among the bluffs overooking the treacherous waters of the Big Muddy is found the original "Levers' Leap" rock from which the despairing pair chose to end it all in the sandy depths below. Not far from that tragic spot is the field where flowed the first blood of battle in the civil War.

OLD BOONVILLIAN.

The American troops have recently captured the emplacement of one of the big guns that bombarded Paris babies They report that the cannon revolved on bail bearings ten inches in diameter. Perhaps before many years have passed some of the men behind the gun will revolve on an island ten miles in diameter.

A Suggestion to Senators

Any one who likes plenty of words in his reading matter will find the Congressional Record an unfailing tonic.

In case Washington should ever be afflicted with a shortage of syllables and parts of speech, we would like to suggest to Mr. Sherman, Senator from Illinois, a little trick of condensation:

What He Meant

The gratifying asleague falls upon my sensibilities like a blessed benediction am profoundly grateful to have that relieving information.

I know the Senator is cere. He many times speaks prudently and with authority. I have, in que tation marks from a ource that is acceyet been repudiated disavowed, modified or denied that the condi-tions which I have just criticized do exist If. however, this information is erroneous cates a happier state of affairs because fears o fellow citizens in re-

What He Said

The Nickname

Mr. A. Edward Newton, whose friends refer to him affectionately as Daylesford's leading essayist, tells a good story about gargoyles. It seems that some travelers were admiring a beautiful Gothic building in the presence of the janitor and alluded to the gargoyles.

"What," said the janitor, "them rain spouts? Do you call 'em gargoyles, too?" "Why; yes," said the visitors.

"Well, nin't that queer! There was fellow here a year ago and he called 'em gargoyles. The name must have stuck

George Gibbs is the author of "The Recret Witness," which recently ran in this paper, and we ought to have a grudge against him because many people were so thrilled by his story that they forgot to read The Chaffing Dish. As you know, there is great jealousy among literary But anyway, what we are leading up to

is this. Mr. Gibbs says the motto of the fuel administration is You can't fuel all the people all the time.

Qui Vive in Kiev Ukraine is seething with anti-German

entiment, say the dispatches. And the murder of Eichhorn at Klev seems to show that Kiev is on the qui vive.

Among the Bolsheviks, factions speak

louder than words. Grass Green, tender and moist, the grass is

Proverbs Resoled

forever sleeping, lying snugly on its mother's breast. And when at last it opens its flowery

eyes, we see them twinkling with pansies, noneysuckles and violets. These are the gifts of Mother Earth t her chosen child.

Oh, Mother Earth, how much more you ove the grass than me! BERNARD BRODIE.

Schwab will build the ships or eat his hat.

And the German papers will say: Terrible food shortage in America! American autocrats compelled by hunger to eat straw hats as breakfast food.

Even patient China is complaining of

"SHOO, HINSECT!"



HUMORISTS AT FORTY By Christopher Morley

THE gods are afraid of humorists. Either | the howitzers of Fortune. It is a protecby startation, or by too rapid success, or by laughing in the wrong place, or by sending people to call on them when they are working, the canny gods try to choke them off. They have a thong in pickle for those who keep on chaffing the universe. They prefer that a man should subside into a tender melancholy by the time he is eighteen.

THIS is a prelude to the announcement that one of America's best humorists has safely reached the age of forty. On July 29, when the event occurred, all America (except perhaps the humorist him- ing. what of it? They can afford to bide elft might have been seen exclaiming, "Hurrah! Now we are safe!" For it is a great thing for a nation to be able to add to its roster another genuine humorist who has successfully joined the choir derisible, who has reached the age of secure indiscretion.

OUR new forty-year-old is Don Marquis, New York's gravest irresponsible. The gods tried to leash and scabbard his flashing rapier mind with 226 pounds of corpus commuter. In vain! On the long and tragic slope of the fourth decade, strewn with the blunted and discarded weapons of vanquished wits, Don has grimly nourished his native geniality. Now he has got the quip hand of these hangdog deities that discipline us all. May be deal them many and many a gleeful belting!

THERE is a severe death rate in senses of humor. The world brings heavy pressure to bear on those who try to poke fun at it. Ellis Parker Butler, for instance, very wisely became director of a bank, the most humorous thing he has ever done. John Kendrick Bangs, George Ade, F. P. Dunne, all gave up the uneven struggle, Ezra Pound, one of the most promising humorists who ever graced the Philadelphia soviets, could only continue his mirth by going to England to live in the cubist quarters of London. He was quite right, for the professional vers Horists are the most laughable of all. Walt Mason, Ken Beaton, Tom Masson, Stephen Leacock and Wallace Irwin, Irvin Cobb and Frank O'Malley, and those two adorable cartoonists, Darling and Briggs, have all got safely over the deadline of forty. But some of them (let us not particularize) are running a bit thin. Simeon Strunsky has still a year to go; and F. P. A., already a little embittered, is three years shy of forty Mencken has two years to run: in spite of hay fever, his spirits are still amazingly high.

TT IS no discredit to any man if he ceases to be a humorist before forty. Contrary to the popular superstition, it is not in youth that the spirits run highest Most men get a pretty severe cudgeling by the time they ascend that peak. After that they begin to see life in its more entertaining aspects. The world likes youth to suffer pangs, to taste the sour and learn to patch its trousers by candle light. It rewards the grave and docile with rich emoluments, a villa well plumbed and spare tires. The man who finds the cook's contours too irresistibly mirth-provoking will get the butt of a rolling pin for

THE true humorist, however, needs no audience: therein lies his safety. He can go on laughing at himself and sur-

tive discoloration that conceals the defenseless and sensitive soul. Often it is the man who is supporting a dozen drunken cousins who laughs hardest at the prohibition fanatics. It does not pay, in this perverse world, to let the gods have an inkling of your inner secrets, The man who sings "Swing low, sweet chariot" too melodiously will be obliterated

 $B^{\rm UT}$ after a man is forty the gods will stop pestering him. If he is still smiltheir time. And by then he can usually take a minute off to see the comic side of things. He is probably able to pay his coal bill, so he can afford to see the subtle comedy in not being able to pay it. There s no question about life being a joke, if you can only stay with it long enough,

by a motortruck at the corner of Broad

and Chestnut.

HUMOR-at any rate the kind of humor that vibrates in the neighborhood of Don Marquis-is largely the dangerous ability to see things straight. A straight line, speeding rapidly between two points, is one of the most humorous things in the world. Why? For the plain reason that most of us wamble and oscillate so tediously in curves and zigzags. A man who can do a day's work in three hours is a scream. That is why so many people will stand around and hinder him. Even his employer won't like it. It seems an indignity to toil.

BY THE time a man is forty he will either be a humorist or the cause of humor in others. It doesn't really matter which, so long as the world's stock of cheer is bettered. But even after forty no one need despair. Think of Ludendorff, so rapidly taking old Hindenburg's place as a champion jester. After the recent Aillied drive in the Marne sector, what was his merry quip? "Certain replacements and strategical regroupings have taken place." Ludicrous Ludy!

Once the gentle art of "muckraking" was the most profitable branch of journalistic enterprise. But even a clumsy wielder of the whitewash brush today may get a reward that is princely in comparison, if George Sylvester Viereck may be considered a criterion. But the whitewash may be more odorous than all the muck.

Mr. Kospoth, the correspondent of this newspaper in Switzerland, believes that we have spoiled Austria-Hungary by being too nice to her. Well, the error will not occur again. The little Huns are as dangerous as the big Huns, the only difference being that they have nicer manners.

With their eye on the "Yellow Peril" for so many years, the Germans entirely neglected the Red one, which proved so potent when some keen-eyed native American scouts on the western front got busy.

Uncle Sam is to be asked to bear half the cost of the proposed Camden bridge, Which half, we wonder?

Hindenburg promises a blow against the Pritish. We don't doubt it. Promises have become his long suit.

Lord Lansdowne's spirits and the last vilable of his name seem to be in repre-

THE TERROR

FROM Asiago to Cambral, From Vilna to the Aisne, Each night the ghosts of soldiers say, "Don't let us die in vain."

That they should come so far is strange, Since death lays men so still, But who can say where dead men range. Or how they have their will?

so through the night their tramp I hear, Briton and Frank and Russ; and through the night the thing they fear

They whisper deep in us. low shall we find a way to heal The terror of the slain, To seek them out, and make them feel

-Haniel Long, in Poetry. Overruling Court Custom

They have not died in vain?

There will be wide interest in a recent decision of the Illinois Supreme Court dealing with the discretionary power so generally exercised by prosecuting officers. Some months ago nearly 500 Chicago saloonkeepers, charged with violation of the Sunday closing law, were called before Judge Newcomer. The State's attorney moved to noi-pros the cases and the judge refused to al-low this, unless the evidence were first heard, holding that the prosecuting officer had no authority to dispose of cases without the court's consent. The State's attorney took the matter to the Supreme Court in the form of a writ to compel Judge Newcomer to entir the order to nol-pros. The judge prepared an answer to this appeal, and the Supreme Court answer to this appeal, and the outpeal prose-upheld him. Courts have power over prosethe official involved could have looked for any other ruling than the one that was given Surely it must be by consent of the court that cases brought before it are disposed of. Custom has permitted prosecutors to exercise degree of judicial authority, but this does not in the least constitute a right-Spring-

This country is going to have a bumper wheat crop, and very little of it is going into pretzels.—Chicago News.

All for the Allies

Senatorial Approval The Senziors are in sympathy with the "work or fight" rule—sometimes they wor and oftener they fight.—Milwaukee Leader.

field Republican.

Quite Familiar "Shortage in hathing suits" is a news item which does not sound like news.—Nashville

What Do You Know?

Who is chief of the German general staff? Who is Major General Omar Bundy?

. Where is Chalons?

6. What are the capital and largest city of Georgia?
7. What is meant by floriferousness?
8. What is the budget system?
9. Who is the United States oil administrator?

Answers to Yesterday's Ouiz

Elder statesmen: a term applied to the most eminent statesmen of Japan.
 Former Congressman Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, is the Governor Occurred of the Philippine Islands.

2. Providence is both the capital and largest city of Rhode Island.
4. "Mysteries of Udolpho," the first of the sessional school of English fiction, by Mrs. Ann Radeliffe (1764-1823). 5. Karl von Heifferich. first Vice Chancell Germany and newly designated as A ander to Russia.

d. Fort Dunent is in Delaware, on the and appealts Fart Belaware.

7. George A. Zahrinkir, of New York, a Tulted States summ administrator.

8. Liberia is a rapublic in Africa, Possible and handron years aga by research.

8. Cump Decam is at Ayer, Manager.