### ening Bublic Tedger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CTRUS H. K. CURTIS, Parsinent les H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, S. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors. EDITORIAL BOARD: Crave H. K. Custre, Chairman OR C. MARTIN . . . . General Business Manager hed daily at PUBLIC LEBORE Building,
dependence Square, Philadelphia.
CENTRAL. Broad and Chestnut Streets
2 CTT Press-Union Building
2 98 Metropolitan Town
403 Ford Building
1008 Fullerton Building
1202 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS ON BUREAU.
Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St.
BUREAU.
The Sun Building

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS e Evening Public Lebora is served to sub-ers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns is rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable by mail to points outside of Philadelphia. In the United States, Canada. or United States rostusions, postage free fifty (50) cents per monthix (50) dollars per year, payable in advance. To all foreign countries one (81) dollar per to all foreign countries one (81) dollar per

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

#### Meaber of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclu-

sively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatche credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein.
All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Philadelphia, Seturday, August 3, 1918

THOSE CITY HALL ESSENTIALS THE job salient at City Hall refuses to be taken. Chairman Gaffney, of Councils' Finance Committee, launched a bold frontal attack the other day and underwent a staggering repulse.

Crossing the Marne is a cinch compared to mounting the perilous heights of a rolltop desk and demolishing powerfully intrenched positions in a swivel chair.

It may be observed that immortality fought against the rash champion of economy-the immortality of a political job. Its occupant may change with the swing of the party pendulum, its form may be superficially altered, but its functions at election time have an eternal significance in a land where ballots are cast. The Director of Public Works, the Assistant Director of Transit and the Director of Wharves, Docks and Ferries have indignantly denied that any offices in their departments are nonessential and the

Furthermore, even should a political officeholder freakishly quit or die, does not his post endure? "The coin," declared a wise French poet, "outlives Tiberius." He was right.

spearhead directed toward their payrolls

has been immediately blunted. Fall elec-

tion reserves cannot be decimated by any

craven submission to the arms of retrench-

Naturally enough Russia has become afflicted with cholera. She has been altogether too choleric to escape it.

#### THE OPEN DOOR OF LIBERTY

IT MAY have been a mistaken conception of the meaning of Sunday which prompted the closing of Independence Hell on that day throughout two summer

It may have been reluctance to spend the sum of \$12 a day for guarding the shrine of liberty when the nation which sprang from it is lavishing billions on the cause of freedom. But the cause of such folly is happily immaterial now that the remedy has been effected.

Announcement has been made that the "State House" will hereafter be closed only at night. Sunday, when the surcease from "the fret and stir of this dim spot which men call earth" is supposedly congenial to high thoughts, is indeed the most fitting of all times in which to remember and revere the most precious relic in

The "always open" policy is said to have been adopted chiefly for the benefit of visitors, especially soldiers and sailors, But this conception of the new ruling is narrow. Philadelphians as well as strangers may profit by the unextinguishable spirit of its stately old halls and of the sacred bell, mute but ever ringing in the hearts of freemen.

A mad people in Europe will some day either be crushed or they will heed those subtle spirit tones. The "open door" will help to speed it.

"Further retreat," rejoices a patriotic headline, "thought to be near." And yet we hope it will be far.

# TOUJOURS PARIS

TOW that the second battle of the Marne has been won, realization that the ultimate objective of the German plans the capture of Paris can be entertained without misgivings. In the midet of the Hun's spring successes the delun that he had some other purpose in mind helped to comfort us in time of peril. The thought of losing the Channel ports, though terrible, was tolerable.

Furthermore, the error of overestimating German subjety was, as ever, present in Ally and American quarters. Having failed to take Paris at the outset of the war, it was conceived that the enemy might be developing some different road victory. By this time, however, we ight to know that our foe's war designs have always been monotonously simple.

In the fondly imagined fall of Paris in 914 he foresaw the end of a short, sharp, riumphant war. In 1918, relieved through the collapse of Russia of fighting simuleously on two fronts, he once again a parade of goose-steppers

augh the Arc de Triomphe. It is hardly to be questioned that his ary subjects at home were promised occupation of the French capital as reward and termination of the four struggle. In whatever terrain the an offensives were pushed, their intable object was the establishment of es from which the grand advance or aris could be best pushed. Possession allke of Amiens and Rheims was sought, ot so much because they were important titles, but they could effectively be utilized dous movements aiming at the

duced to its simplest terms. Germany's re to take Paris, or even any longer to threaten it, means that Ger-

#### THE CASUALTY LISTS

America Can Feel More Than Sorrow and More Than Pride at the News of Its Loss in France

HERE and there you can still find persons who speak of war as if it were glorious. That is because the war has for them a quality of unreality. It is far away, perceived dimly in flashes and rumors, a fabled thing in a fabled place. It seems safely removed from all the things and persons we know.

And now, through the lengthening casualty lists, the war has struck at the heart of Philadelphia. It is spreading sorrow in countless Pennsylvania towns. The wonder and mystery of these days is suggested in the news that Pottsville, which had not been even heard of in France two years ago, suffered thirtyseven casualties (six killed, thirty-one wounded) at the Marne!

The mothers of the men whose names are on the casualty lists will not think of war as a glorious thing. They will feel in their hearts that it is unbelievably cruel, inexplicable and strange. They will say that they are glad their sons died as they did. But they will not be glad. They will know heartbreak and bewilderment and pain, and they will pretend bravely because in pretending they can do a last service to a world that they always serve so variously. The truth is that men can be glorious in their courage and in their aims. But war is not glorious.

For innumerable persons there will be shocks in the new lists of dead and wounded. War is just revealing itself to such as these. They will remember intimately the men who have given up their lives. They will perceive that it was Bill this or Eddie that, a man who worked around the corner, who used to drop in for a cigar or the baseball score, who was suddenly moved onward and upward, with the eyes of all the world upon him, to consecration and martyrdom. It was some one whose manners and gestures and tones of voice you remember, the boy of a few years ago, who was killed on the Marne! They were not legendary heroes who fought there, but men you knew. They were the average men, careless, unpretentious, imperfect like the rest of us, who proved when the time came that they had in them deephidden somewhere, waiting only the need and the opportunity, the will to great service and the light of exalted devotion to noble ends. Average men all of them, who dropped in for a cigar or the baseball scores!

The news of our losses will harden the resolution of the nation. But it should do far more than that. It should aid to self-revelation and to self-knowledge. It should light within every man a new understanding of the stuff that makes America. There should be a new sense of common obligations and, above all, a new sense of intimacy and sympathy with the chap across the aisle in the trolley, with the man at the mechanic's bench, with the careless, unconscious rank and file. Such as they gave us the heroes and the martyrs of our first deep plunge into this war.

The nation at large should be wiser hereafter and stronger. We have nothing to regret, no reason to feel that these men could be saved. There was no other way. We tried them all. And therefore we shall overwhelm and conque every obstacle.

But in the present moment it is the average man who stands revealed a nobleman. And because of that we must learn to hate all liars and to recognize finally the senscless infamy of all those who for any reason would ever again divide the mass of Americans into cliques and classes with selfishness, hatred or bigotry as animating motives. The cruelty and folly of that familiar practice is something which our dead in France could have told us had they lived.

The force of our latest drives must indicate to the Kaiser that there are some Americans with very pressing engagements n France.

# BACK TO THE LAND

THOSE who love to toy with theories and the like have begun to wonder about the ultimate result of a universal increase in the costs of transportation. In Reading a trolley ride now costs eight cents. Gasoline and automobiles are to be taxed anew. That, of course, will force a great many persons to use the street railways with a view to economy. But if troiley fares continue to go up, a good many people will feel that they cannot afford to ride at all. They will walk.

Now, walking takes a lot of time if one has to walk far. Industries are conducted on the theory of quick transportation When thousands of workers decide to walk to and from their employment industry will not be speeded up. It will be slowed down. And yet the general public will not be able to save money, because shoe leather is still going up in price.

These are complicated days,

Uncle Sam is rightly confident that the new ships which China is building for him will not be of the junk type. All the junkers are in quite another part of the world.

# "THE TIGER"

THE new vote of confidence that has been accorded Georges Clemenceau in the Chamber of Deputies is gratifying evidence that France's political machine has been made as resolute and unswerving as her dauntless military engine.

It is hard to realize that the great statesman, who has put an end to the monthly or quarterly procession of Premiers and the once frequent mercurial political upheavals of his nation, is a veteran of seventy-seven years. It is all the easier to forget that fact since allusions to this virile patriot seldom or never saddle him with the phrase "grand old man."

The liberty-loving world should rejoic in this. The description bespeaks tem

fits this superb knight of democracy, in whose breast the fire of freedom burns with youthful vigor. His compatriots call him "The Tiger," and there is truth in their speech as well as picturesque imagery.

It is incontestable that France owes more to his untiringly heroic energies than to any other statesman since Gambetta.

Considering the tremendous difficulties involved in our bridging of the Marne, the little job yet to be performed between Camden and Philadelphia ought to be comparatively simple.

#### COURTESY ON THE RAILROADS

THE ancient disposition of one class of A Government employes to regard courtesy as a negligible factor in the day's work seems to have afflicted some of the railroad operatives at the instant when they found themselves under Federal control. Otherwise A. M. Smith, regional director in the eastern district, would not have found it necessary to issue the sharp rebuke which has just been sent to officials and employes against whom complaints were made by travelers.

Courtesy makes life easier. Private ownership recognized this rule, and it recognized, too, the propriety and wisdom of meeting its public in a helpful and heerful mood. If railroad men are to become Germanized under Federal control and in the absence of the competition which made courtesy a necessity of the day's work, then most people will hope to see the old order restored at the earliest possible moment.

Colleges in the coun-

The Greatest Educa- try are looking forfor of the Epoch ward to a vastly reduced enrollment for the coming term. This, while deplorable, is unavoidable. But there are compensations. The war continues to be an amazing revelation of human motives, human errors, human aspirations. It is, in a way, the most complete exposition that the world has ever snown of the influences that have directed or hindered human progress. It tells of the past, the present and the future. The news that pours over the cables daily is adequate to give a lazy world a new knowledge of geography, politics, religion, commerce, banking, diplomacy and the soul of man. The war is the greatest educator of the time for those who know how to study it.

Captain Boy-Ed de-U-Boat Fugit clares that the Kaiser's L'-boats "can't waste ime hanging about for American transports." He's right, for there's very little of that ommodity to spare when the convoys hit up the tune of thirty-five knots.

Apropos of the new He Says It Smoothly, revenue bill, Chairman Kitchin, of the Ways Though and Means Committee, confesses that his estimate of two billions of taxes is "rough." Aye, verily!

The food shortage in Austria may be fully realized from the comment of a Swiss observer, who asserts that "there is no leather to be had "

"Perfect thirty-sixes" seem also to be wanted for the army.

# HIGH ADVENTURE

IN READING the stories of the air which have wittily been entitled "Plane Tales from the Skies" one sometimes has an uneasy feeling that the aviators are trying to tell us of sensations and satisfactions that can hardly be described. We can imagine, for our own part, how hard it would be to convey to a man who had never been immersed in water any inkling of the exhibaration and delight of bathing. We can hardly blame the flying men if they frankly admit the impossibility of explaining to us groundlings the novel ecstasy of their course on the intangible roads of the air.

CAPTAIN JAMES NORMAN HALL, in his delightful volume "High Adventure," tells us as much of the flying man's joys and problems as any aviator has done; but he, too, admits that he has no language that satisfies himself.

CAPTAIN HALL, one hopes, will be one of those whose pens will remain enlisted in the service of aerial literature. His book has all the humor, the fine simplicity, the self-forgetful modesty that we would expect in the author of "Kitchener's Mob." His experience of the war has been remarkably varied, and perhaps in the enforced atterrissage of a German prison camp the was brought down on May 7 slightly wounded within the enemy lines) he will be able to find time to put down some phases of his "whale of a story" that active flying left perforce unwritten.

There is a singular fascination in all these books of the air, a quality of humor and exhilaration that seems native to those who ride their cunning chargers over the abysses of empty space. The magnificence of the sport reacts in an interesting way on the men who learn it. Having mastered this infinitely glorious and triumphant game, they hate to put it to uses that seem ignoble. Hall describes his distaste when he was assigned to the task of attacking German balloon observers. He, of course, would be armed with a machine gun; they would have only automatic pistols. To his chivalrous objection his com mander replied ironically:

"In case any pilot objects to attacking the observers with machine-gun fire he is to strew their parachutes with autumn leaves and such field flowers as the season

AGAIN, Hall describes what he and a comrade saw in a French cellar one moon-lit night last autumn when boche air raiders were expected:

A woman was sitting on a cot bed with her arms around two little children. They were snuggled up against her and both fast asleep; but she was sitting very erect, in a strained, listening attitude, staring straight before her. Since that night we have believed that if wars can be won only by haphagard night bombardments of towns where there are women and chil-dren, then they had far better be lost.

And he adds, with an honorable satis faction, that his own work consists in

# THE CHAFFING DISH

Chestnut Street From Our Fire Escape TUST outside our office window is a fire escape with a little iron balcony. On warm days, when the tall windows are wide open, that rather slender platform is our favorite vantage ground for watching Chestnut street. We have often thought how pleasant it would be to have a pallet spread out there, so that we could write the Chaffing Dish in that reclining posture that is so inspiring.

any other highway. The various strands of sound that compose its harmony grading conscious heed to them. For instance, is the sound every citizen knows, the raspthe car track so that a trolley can pass it. the setts before mounting over the rim.

BUT what we started to talk about was a long view of Chestnut street all the way from Broad street almost to the river. It is a pleasant prospect. There is something very individual about Chestnut street. It could not possibly be in New York. The solid, placid dignity of most of the buildings, the absence of skyscrapers, the plain stone fronts with the arched windows of the sixties, all these bespeak a city where it is still a little bit bad form for a building to be too garishly new. 1 may be wrong, but I do not remember in New York any such criss-cross of wires above the streets. Along Chestnut street they run at will from roof to roof over

Gazing from our little balcony the eye travels down along the uneven profile of the northern flank of Chestnut street. From the Wanamaker wireless past the pale, graceful minaret of the Federal Reserve Bank, the skyline drops down to the Federal Building which, standing back from the street, leaves a gap in the view. Then the slant of roofs draws the eye upward again, over the cluster of little conlcal spires on Green's Hotel flike a French chateau) to the sharp ridges and heavy pyramid roof of the Merchants' Union Trust Company. This, with its two attendant banks on either side, is undoubtedly the most extraordinary architectural curiosity Chestnut street can boast. The facade with its appalling quirks and twists of stone and iron grillwork, its sculptured contemplate with alarm.

FTER reaching Seventh street. Chest A nut becomes less adventurous. Perhaps awed by the simple and stately beauty of Independence Hall and its neighbors. it restrains itself from any further originality until Fourth street, where the ornate Gothic of the Provident claims the eye. From our balcony we can see only a part of Independence Hall, but we look down on the faded elms along the pavement in front and the long line of iron nosts beloved of small boys for leapfrog Then the eye leaps up to the tall and graceful staff above the Drexel Building. where the flag ripples cleanly against the blue. And our view is bounded, far away to the east, by the massive tower of the Victor factory in Camden.

IT 18 great fun to watch Chestnut street from the little balcony. On hot days, when the white sunlight fills the stree with a dazzle of brightness and bands of dark shadow, it is amusing to see how all pedestrians keep to the shady southern payements. When a driving shower comes up and the slants and rods of rain lash against the dingy brownstone fronts, one may look out and see passers by huddled under the awnings and the mounted poticemen's horses sleek as satin in the wet. The pavement under our balcony is notable for its slipperiness: It has been chipped into ribs by stonemasons to make it less so. In the rain it shines like a mirror. And our corner has its excitements, too. Once every few months the gas mains take it into their pipes to explode and toss manholes and paving sixty feet in air.

THE part of Chestnut street that is surveyed by our balcony is a delightful highway: friendly, pleasantly dignified, with just a touch of old-fashioned manners and homeliness. It is rather akin to a London street. And best of all, almost underneath our balcony is a little lunch room where you can get custard to cream with honey poured over it, and we think it is the best thing in the world.

# Hog Island, So Styled

THE most perilous episode in the his tory of Hog Island was in 1655, when a Swedish surveyor (Lindstrom) tried to give it the name of "Kaiser Island," or "Island of Emperors." The name Hog Island happily was re-

tained. It is a literal translation of the Indian name for the island, which was Quistconck, meaning "place for hogs." And now Hog Island's first ship is to be called the Quistconck. Good luck to her

Now that so many German notable ave fied to Switzerland, would it be per-

But we can tell a good deal of what is going on along Chestnut street without leaving our desk. Chestnut street sings a music of its own. Its genial human symphony could never be mistaken for that of ually sink into our mind without our paythere is the light sliding swish of the trolley poles along the wire, accompanied by the deep rocking rumble of the car, and the crash as it pounds over the crosstracks at Sixth street. There is the clear mellow clang of the trolley gongs, the musical trill of fast wagon wheels running along the trolley rails, and the rattle of hoofs on the cobbled strip between the metals. Particularly easy to identify ing sliding clatter of a wagon turning off The front wheels have left the track, but the back pair are scraping along against

EVERY street has its own distinctive noises and the attentive car accustoms itself to them until they become almost a part of the day's enjoyment. The deep-toned bell of Independence Hall bronzing the hours is part of our harmony here, and no less familiar is the vigorous tap-tap of Blind Al's stick. Al is the well-known newsdealer at the corner of Chestnut and Fifth. Several times a day he passes along under our windows, and the tinkle of his staff is a well known and pleasant note in our ears. We like to imagine, too, that we can recognize the peculiarly soft and easy-going rumble of a wagon of watermelous.

through the mellow evening air.

pleasure grounds. As we dip further into the valley toward the Potomac bridge the acres of blue-mercury lamps in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing grow almost too dazzling for comfort, but we can still see behind and above them the tall and majestic obelisk through which the nation was inspired to do honor to the memory of George Wash-

MOR, despite the cheap sneer that the Victorian taste of Arnold Bennett directed against the Washington Monument, that old shaft remains for daringthe supreme daring of absolute simplicity -the finest memorial effort of the modern world for any of its great dead. In the early morning when in quivering blues and grays it lifts against a warmer sky. at midday when in the full brilliance of a southern sun it stands golden against the blues of the summer sky, in the evening when it rises dim and almost impalpable between one and the stars, in all these aspects it has been an influence—an inspiration to all who have looked on it.

That out of the half hundred florid designs submitted for the monument this one should have been selected—at a time when it is popularly believed the level of American public taste was distressingly low-was almost an esthetic miracle.

pare with this shaft in Washington, that show American taste risen to an equality with American daring and American power. These two are that much-praised Woolworth Building-the supreme modern embodiment of the Gothic dream-and the tower of the City Hall of Philadelphia whose splendid proportions, whose majesty and whose remarkable beauty of color.

# WALKING INTO WASHINGTON

By Roy Helton

Walking northward toward evening paint, render it unique among the tall over the new Alexandria road, one buildings of the world. makes a dramatic descent into the loveliest city in all the western world. On the right, as one makes his way to the peak of the hill that fronts the green acres of Arlington, the three curious spindly towers of the wireless plant loom up with their open network of stays and wing bracings, the first hint of that new world spirit which bows neither to space nor time-in the new earth of which this shimmering city in the valley seems destined to be a spiritual

THE road dips a little—the towers of Arlington are half sunk behind the cemetery hill on which the new amphitheatre of white marble looms. The lights are on down in the valley, though one may still see the graceful dome and spreading wings of the Capitol, clear but pearly blue in the thin evening haze that has fallen over the city. The lighted dome of the library is behind it, the clocks on the old postoffice tower, and below these an infinitude of shimmering points, a field of Wesselton diamonds, blue and sparkling

Lights indeed this evening in a thousand spots where till the year of the great war the city would have been dark and deserted-lights from long rows of office windows where a few months ago were the tail, dark elms and maples of parks and

A MONG American towers I know of only two that are at all worthy to com-

It is a somewhat sad reflection on the achievements of American art that the development of any national feeling in matters of taste and beauty has so sadly lagged behind our power to express taste and beauty in concrete, steel or stone. Our recent public buildings seem to me not at all inferior to recent European buildings, but that is not enough.

CLANK!

The buildings we are now creating will endure for many hundred years. They will be our landmarks for posterity and are now our permanent greeting to the rest of

the world today and tomorrow. Therefore I believe they ought to be

American. OUR building sciences are American, our energy is American, our power to create, to achieve dauntlessly Panama Canals. Woolworth towers, undeterred by any failure of the past is surely, wholly

American. But we shall never be a great

people until our art, our architecture, our

sense of the beautiful is also wholly our

own. Perhaps the most significant example and surely the most tragic in the history of American art of the failure of great artists to sense in any fashion the ideals of America is the new Lincoln Memorial in the city of Washington. As we come into town in the evening its huge and impressive mass seems to hover over the water like a second Parthenon.

For the Lincoln Memorial is a remark. able building, beautifully planned, located with masterly art, a delight to the eye, if anything a bit over artful in curve of line, in the elimination of hardness, but alas! a thing surely and pitiably wrong and false as our country's great tribute to our country's finest man.

Has America nothing of her own to give to the typical, the undying product of her own life, of her own thought?

HERE at the end of a triumphant century all we have to offer this man, and to present at the supreme opportunity. is copy work, skilled stonemason craftsmanship, reproductions from Doric Greek temples built thousands of years ago by the people of a small Mediterranean city whose freemen numbered 20,000 souls.

What has Lincoln to do with their Parthenon? Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the State of Kentucky and lived and died on the soil of America. He was less influenced by European thought or by Doric tradition than any great statesman that ever lived. Yet we Americans in a moment of colossal stupidity have allowed the memory of this man who showed us what American soil could do with American blood to be entangled in the academic traditions of conventional art.

DERHAPS it is not without significance that of the States whose names are deeply cut into the marble above the entrance way of the great memorial the States of Lincoln's birth and of his manhood are around somewhere to the side. while centered over the doorway on a particularly white slab of yule marble is the name of Massachusetts. I do not regret that the State intellectual should be so nonored-yet one wonders why. Surely the

#### CORN

NJUNS growed it before we come, Fattenin' up in the fall o' the year 'Gainst the winter of snow and cold On the succulent milk of the roastin' ear.

They cracked the grains in a bowl of

Inventin' hominy for us to use. An' givin' the world another foed.

When ripened at the harvest-time

The valler meal, like flour of gold, Is a product rich and rare-Nothin' like the light corn bread To fill out a bill o' fare.

I love to see the tassels bloom In armies over the field, And know that every acre adds -Don C. Seitz, in "Farm Voices."

# READER'S VIEW POINT

In Defense of Labor

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-In yesterday's papers there appeared an ad asking mechanics to stick to their jobs and claiming that the discontent of labor and its shifting around is due to Hun propaganda. However, we have the statement of the war labor board in Washington that the remedy for this condition is to be found only in the standardization of

wages. Not only would this stabilize the labor market, but the production of war material would increase at least 40 per cent, You can-not blame a skilled man, with the cost of living continually mounting, for trying to im-

prove his condition. Philadelphia, August 1. A MECHANIC.

Destructive Dog Days

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The other day a citizen wrote you a letter which you published under the title Dogs Eat Cucumbers?" foolish to suspect dogs of robbing our gardens.

An enemy alien dog came from a farm above us and ate all the ripe grapes day after day. He stood up so as to reach the highest (four feet) bunches. I saw him. My wife saw him. We did not want to shoot him or have the enmity of our German neighbora, so we only protested. HOWARD BREED. Center Square, Pa., August 1.

#### What Do You Know?

. Who is General Degoutte?

Where is Batum? What is the French national anthem? What is the capital of Persia? Who is Major General James G. Harbord?

What is the "Malthusian doctrine"?
. Which is the "City of Brotherly Love"?

he said. "Corneille is to Shakespeare as a Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

I. General von Ludendorff is generally credits with being the active chief of the Germa general staff, atthough his amoninum has never been confirmed officially.

3. Major General Omar Bundy is in command. United States troops in the Marne selles. He has just been named commander of a of the newly formed American corps.

5. Chalons. an important French city Marne. the intersection point of rallways; about thirty miles sout Rheims.

6. Atlanta is the capital and largest budget system; a form of governmental ing in which expenditures are not a previous systematically calculated ment of funds. Opposed to the appropriated and expenditures and propriated and expenditures and