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Philadelphia, Saturday, August 24, 1913

BUDAPEST BABY BUNDLES

BUDAPEST complains because the shortage of textiles compels her babies to be wrapped in paper clothing. Her lamentations seem unreasonable. There is enough incendiary language in the journals of the Central Empires to keep any Zunker youngster warm. Moreover, should subsequent issues of these sheets cool off as Foch forges ahead America might be glad to contribute back numbers of certain periodicals formerly issued in this country. Acting under the espionage act, the Postoffice Department has fust announced that the Milwankee Leader formerly fuming with Hun heat, and such "red" papers as the Novy Mir. of New York, and the Cronaca Sovversiva, of Lynn, have been barred from the mails.

Even so, couldn't a well-armed airplane ship them in order to allow the superbables to derive what warmth they could from their words? Mr. Viereck's incandescent language might be tried as a substitute for coal during the coming Austro-Hungarian winter. A Budapest baby swathed in the Fatherland should be a stimulating sight to a land that has spent cotton in a four years' attempt to shoot up Paris.

Yet, all things considered, the home supply should suffice. There are scraps and scraps of paper lying about the realms of the two Kalsers.

Time was when the "finest English line" accredited to a poet or literary genius and the selection often provoked debate. But the identity of its creator is open to no question now, It's Haig.

BASEBALL AND RUSSIA

DROFESSIONAL baseball, oddly enough, has been a lonely companion to Russia in the valleys of tribulation. A sensitive world has doubted both on the same grounds. There has been a suspicion that the bail players, like the Russians, had mehow failed in relation to the war. Meanwhile the big leagues and their players, like the folk at Petrograd, Moscow ind points east, have been searching for their souls in darkness. They have travalled amidst difficulties not thoroughly understood by their critics. And it appears that ball and the Russians may yet emerge in high triumph.

Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker are to go sky-fighting with the naval aviation service. Eddie Collins has gone forth glorious in the habiliments of a Devil Hound. Innumerable other players are serving spiendidly in the service and, since the War Department has made its wishes known, others are preparing to join them. In France the gladdest news is heard. The French army is considering the formal recommendation of one of its generals that baseball be taught formally and developed in all divisions of the land forces. General Vidal, one of the distinguished divisional commanders under Foch, has amoned Johnny Evers of blessed memory to begin the process of tuition.

The national game, instead of losing prestige, may be internationalized and accorded new glory in the land.

The disappearance of hundreds of millions in the airpiane program confirms the fact that small wastes are no longer fashionable.

NEW FASHIONS IN POLITICS

GOVERNOR EDGE, of New Jersey, has formally announced an intention to shun the stump in his campaign for the United States Senate. Even the guerrilla warfare being waged upon him by the evitable George L. Record, of Jersey w, will not tempt him to fight back with . Mr. Edge observes, with a good deal of wisdom, that the people are well aigh informed about dominant issues to be depended on to use their own good ent in every political contest of the eer future.

Henry Ford has left his campaign for he Senate in Michigan to take care of itself. He will not make a speech. He will not spend a cent. "The people know and they know what I'm for," says ary, "and they can make their own

Obviously this style of polltics will be more popular. The day of trimphant metaphor, when men were outed to high office because they could ak dramatically of the everlasting hills, assed. People know their world and oir country better than they used to .

"I decided," said Colonel House in his nt autobiographical narrative of Presat Wilson's becond campaign, "that we t need to make many speeches. Colosevelt was talking a great deal. I ded to let Colonel Roosevelt elect us!" law of reaction here suggested is at astute politicians are beginning nd this

LO. WE HAVE A CALIPH!

But Senator Vare's Technique in That Exalted Role Needs Burnishing Up

IT IS getting warm again. This, therefore, isn't a time for the excitement and the high blood pressure that properly might ensue upon the spectacle of Senator Vare in the role of All Highest and as the frank embodiment of municipal authority addressing the real estate men of the city with promises of a fixed tax rate.

That was an odd spectacle, to be sure. It was luminous with strange intimations. It left a beholder with a giddy sense of uncertainty as to whether we are going forward in a straight line or swinging around in a circle-back to ancient principles.

And yet the thing was incomplete. There should have been a tree for Senator Ed to sit under-preferably a palm tree. And there should have been a vermilion dais and a bejeweled turban to be tipped at a nonchalant angle upon the Senator's head, and there should have been sword bearers and courtiers, warriors, executioners, slaves, merry villagers and awed travelers in vivid hordes gathered in the Presence. Then had Citizen Worrell and Citizen Crawford and the hundreds of their delegation addressed themselves, not to Schator Vare, but to the Most Astute High and Low Ruler of the World, the Keeper of the Seven Great Virtues and the Protector of the Poor, we should have been in Bagdad. We should have been back in the days when justice was done swiftly and fiercely with a gesture of the ruler, before wars of liberation and the order of democracy were even dreamed of.

The representatives of the real estate interests passed by Councils and the Finance Committee and the Mayor. They proceeded to the Head, quite in the manner of the Orient. Who will question the excellence of their judgment, the wisdom of their procedure?

So far have we progressed in two thousand years.

And yet the Caliphs of Bagdad were wiser and better qualified than the Caliph of Philadelphia. That is the distressing part of it. Your Bagdad Caliph seems, even at this distance, a likable old gentleman who preserved through all his pomp and ferocity a high sense of justice, a brave tongue and the humility of heart that is the last attribute of the truly great. He wasn't a pussyfooter. He would have been frank and honest with a delegation of his subjects who called with supplications relative to a killing tax rate. If the Caliph of Philadelphia wasn't frank or brave it is not his fault. He didn't become Caliph by accident. He is sustained in his state of authority by the suffrage of the multitude. And he is said to have his good points.

Perhaps he has. But a good Caliph shouldn't dodge an issue. If Bagdad of old had been at war, if the officers of the guard were hurrying to the shipyards, if all the institutions of the caliphate were threatened with confusion and decay because of a lack of funds, if the palace were threadbare and the ways of traffic were filling up with the sands of the desert, the Caliph would recognize the need of increased revenue or decreased expenditure in the royal establishment. If he were a good Caliph and a wise one he would summon his executioners and order off the heads of a few thousand expensive retainers and tell his subjects to go upon their ways in peace. The Presence in Philadelphia listened patiently to the arguments of his visitors and assured them that the tax rate would not be increased. "We shall leave it," said he, in effect, "to Allah. Great is Allah. But the tax rate will not be bigger. I'll do my best to have it reduced."

The retainers at court will live as easy as before. They will eat as well and sleep as well as ever and there will be as many of them as there have always been. The Caliph will not reduce his train or his army, though such methods of economy would have been the first to suggest themselves to a wiser ruler in older times. How he shall run his caliphate with revenues less than now seem essential to maintain it at the minimum of efficiency he didn't even suggest. How funds that aren't adequate now shall be adequate in harder times he didn't say. He didn't promise to cut off any heads, to eliminate any expensive offices, though such a course would have | They are falling into line behind President given his people a good example and an assurance of his sincerity. The delegation, as a matter of fact, might have done as well to stay at home.

Caliphs aren't what they used to be.

According to a German report "Hindenburg's back." And that's just the part of him the Yanks expect to look at.

ENGLAND'S NEW FERTILITY .

THE spotless, green-hedged lawns of L England have prompted many a favorite German day dream. The weakness of a foe whose soil was mostly one vast park was agreeable to contemplate. The Hun saw England as a nation whose economic structure was essentially artificial and unsound; a country of great, still undivided and unproductive feudal estates; a manufacturing and maritime country forced to purchase its existence with money, incapable of life by any otner

means than trade. It is undeniable that England before the war presented certain defects of a civilization far advanced along some lines, handicapped along others by ancient precedent, prejudices and outmoded survivals of the past. But like most of the weaknesses of which Germany hoped to take advantage in starting the war, the agricultural nonproductiveness of England becomes less and less alarming with each

day's progress of the conflict. Sir Charles Fielding, director of British food production, announces that England

will have bumper grain crops this year,

the largest since 1868. Where were once BEEF, IRON AND WINE velvety swards are now flourishing fields awaiting harvesting by city clerks, boy scouts, schoolboys, undergraduates, vil-

lage and college women, Belgian and Serbian refugees, who have helped to make "this little world set in a silver sea" per wine: haps less poetically beautiful, but to a new degree self-supporting. German pris-

musk!)

work. Since the war began the liberty-loving corld's appreciation of deficiencies which Germany sought to capitalize as assets of victories has brought about many reforms by her foes. It is indeed the frony of fate when the new England must thank the Hun for encouraging her to till her once inviolate parks.

The "largest street-cleaning contractor the world "announces that the \$1.75 property tax" is to be the limit." Not a few inhabitants of a plundered city thought it was just exactly that a year ago.

HOW IT WORKS OUT REPORTS from San Antonio, the principal city in the Texas congressional district represented by James F. Slayden, who was forced to withdraw from the race for renomination because of the opposition of the President, indicate the

issue of loyalty is not yet disposed of. The organization favored the nomina tion of A. P. Barrett, a wealthy San Antonian interested in moving picture houses who has been on both sides of the problbition question. He was opposed by Carlos Bee, a State Secutor. Bee was nominated at the primaries, but the law Texas permits the congressional conntions to reject a primary nominee,

When the State Democratic Committee met this week a resolution was offered calling on the congressional convention to repudiate Bee on the ground of disloyalty Proof of his lack of loyalty was offered in the form of a statement that he had been nominated by the vote of Comal County, which two years ago had polled almost its entire vote for the Republicaa presidential candidate after casting its entire vote in the Democratic primaries. Disloyalty seems to consist in voting for a Republican candidate.

There are some Texas Democrats who aspect that it takes more than a willinguess to vote for a Republican to establish disloyalty, and they are attempting to prove that Bee had the support of every one with a German name. And now we are told that if the congressional convention does not repudiate Bee and name Parrett the newspapers of the district are likely to support the Republican nominee. If they take this course they, too, are hable to be charged with disloyalty by the members of the State committee, who accuse the Comal party voters with treason to their country because they voted for Democrats in the primaries and Republicans at the polls. As there are about four times as many Democrats as Republicans in the district, the election of a Republican is unlikely, but the injection from Washington of the charge of disloyalty has produced a pretty mix-up, the untangling of which the Republicans can watch with complacency.

Berlin is now admitting the accuracy of our army figures. From admission to submission is only a step.

WISE WORDS WITH BUT A SINGLE. SLIP

THE editor of the Cologne Gazette is wise when he protests against the suggested demolition of the Potsdam statue of gallant, liberty-loving Baron von Steuben, who fought for freedom with Washington. He writes with discernment, too. as may be learned from the following extract from his newspaper, which we quote verbatim, save for the change of a single

Moreover, we do not need to copy every asininity of a crazy government or a rabid populace. When the day comes when rea-son shall have returned to the Germans, nothing will be more calculated to make them blush with shame than the sight of

We have ventured to substitute the word "Germans" for the word "Yankees," originally written by the Rhenish editor But for that little slip of an otherwise acute pen, its wielder would be eligible for the ranks of patriotic American fournalism.

No taxation without downward Vareiation seems to have become the motto of certain real estate men.

THE SOCIALISTS CATCH UP

r ISN'T easy to be enthusiastic over the plans of Socialists for an international council at which the policies of President Wilson will be formally approved.

It has always been the boast of the So cialists that they were more enlightened than others. And yet they were three years late in recognizing the justice of the war. Wilson-but they are at the tail of the procession. All the rest of the country

preceded them. The ordinary rank and file in the United States supported the President and the war while the Socialist leaders in this country were railing against both in a national platform which they are now trying

to live down and forget. It begins to appear, indeed, that the Socialists often are slower minded than their less pretentious rivals in politics.

The Kaiser will recog-Bow? They nize the new Bolshevik Government at Flatten Out! Moscow. That arrangement is fair enough since the Boisheviki are almost the only ones nowadays who

Rene Fonck, the French ace of aces, High Premiums has brought down his extieth boche plane. Insurance rates must

be prohibitive among the German fliers.

maintain a bowing acquaintance with the

The German "retreat specialist" is called This Is Wanton General Von Boehn. Foch may do something toward spilling the

To clear up any German doubts it may be freely stated that Mr. McAdoo's restriction on travel are inapplicable with respect to certain European sailings now undergoing

Ballade of an Ambrosial Evening KNOW a pub where I can chow at dusk On lentil soup, grilled kidneys and white

Take coffee in the garden, with a rusk, And smoke black leaf tobacco while I oners, too, have been drafted into the

Can drink liqueurs until my seasoned Segins to tingle and my brain to whir:

Then bring a candle, landlord, just at nine. And have the sheets perfumed with lav-

ender! DOUR me a claret (Medoc, sweet as

Carve me a juicy cut along the chine, Then watch me ply a not unwilling tusk And quaff the western sun down his decline.

Perhaps some olives, seasoned well in brine.

Or pot of shandygaff, if you prefer; But, landlord, to complete the fair de

Pray have the sheets perfumed with lavender!

NO HEAVY vintage: nothing strong or

brusque.-The smooth and mellow essence of the vlne-Perhaps some green corn, roasted in the

husk. And omelette singed with brandy-O benign!

The graceful mean where all the arts concur To make one long ambrosial evening mine.

Allegro ma non troppo is my line:

Envoy

And then-O sheets perfumed with lav-

ender!

O BEST of landlords! Let your light so

That many another thirsty wanderer day (after dinner) all his cares resign And find your sheets perfumed with lavender!

That Lincoln Highway sign at the corner Walnut and Broad streets seems to us very misleading. It points to Lancaster and San Francisco, but gives no hint that there are any other tribulations en route. Perhans it was some similar sign that led the Kaiser to believe Paris was just around the corner.

Why is the theatrical orchestra always ald from bass viol to utility man? Does the close proximity of the footlights scorch off the hair?

A pipe tastes fine when a man is working. But he ought not to let work interfere with his smoke.

Those two hip pockets that the Kaiser has lost in France-the Marie pocket and the Picardy pocket-seem to be something more than mere pockets after all. They begin to look like whole trouser legs.

The pleasures that the world covets fire simple and unsophisticated. A cool erening, without too many mosquitoes, spent satisfy almost any of us.

An Emergency Fleet Chanty

And there'll be no banquets at these monthly conferences of shipbuilders either—for these meetings are serious—dead serious—Director of Shipping Charles M. Schwab.

Oh, sing a dirge for champagne and the wine both red and white, and millionaires conferring from the break of dawn to night without a wind-up banquet and single pause for sips, for Schwab has canned the menus while he's speeding up

"Take the cocktails from the table and the oysters and the yeal, you are here to tend to business not to dream about a meal, and we'll get sufficient tankers by not tanking here in state, and a lot more other tonnage than we could get if we ate.

"So pull your belting tighter, stow away the thought of dinner; if I fatten up the tonnage I should care if you grow thinner; and the wines you used to tipple when you got your good old buns, I shall sprinkle at the launchings of a million

"So when I call a meeting, just remember this, my boys: there is apt to be plain speaking, but no after-dinner noise; and you'll feed on rolls of data and reports and printed slips, and we'll all grow lean together, but by heav'n we'll turn out FERDINAND REYHER. ships!"

Camping Out

One who takes the train from the Reading Terminal, and sits on the left-hand side of the smoking car, will observe (after the Wayne Junction cinder has been massaged out of his eye and just before the Fern Rock flake of soot arrives) a little encampment at the brow of a hill. There are several tents in the lee of a fringe of woods, a pole with a flag flying, and a baseball diamond that has been roughly laid out in the wide field that slopes down toward the railway.

We don't know who the cheerful people are who have been camping out there all summer, but they have the right idea. We have often watched the smoke of their evening cooking fire rising pleasantly against that dark band of trees, and seen the boys gathered in the cup of the hollow field (where the sunset light gathers in a shimmering pool of yellow brightness) batting out flies against the glowing sky. It used to be said that the battle of

Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton and other English schools. It is equally true that what the Kaiser has most to fear on the tragic meadowlands of France is the quickness of eye, the hardness of hand, the decisive and fearless habit of body that have been ingrained in American young manhood by our national pastime of camping out. Arms that have been muscled with ball and paddle and axe are arms that can hurl a grenade and aim a bullet to their appointed targets.

We like to sit on the left-hand side of the smoking car on the 6:02 train, just for the pleasure of watching that little camp near Fern Rock. As long as Americans keep their taste for spending the summer in sleeveless shirts and under canvas the Kaiser will only conduct his little tours through other nations on the pay-as-youenter principle.

"FRESH EFFERY DAY, MEIN HERR!"



CHEWING GUM

By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto

America I was on a street car with a friend. Just opposite was a little girl with a big bundle. She was eating something I especially noticed her because in Japan in reading the Kaiser's obituary, would rehildren never eat on the street or in a public place.

> My friend's conversation held my attention for a while, then I chanced to glance at the child again, and was surprised to see she was still eating. Several times afterward I looked at her, and finally I asked my friend:

"What is that child eating?" "She is not eating anything," she replied. "She is chewing gum."

GAIN I looked at the child. She was A sitting, drooped and weary, her loose hands lying in her lap and her feet spread around her bundle in a very awkward and difficult position. As I watched her tired face, suddenly I remembered semething that had happened on the train on my trip across the continent.

"Is she sick?" I asked. "No, I think not. Why do you ask?"

"I think I took that medicine on the train." I replied. My friend laughed.

"Oh. no!" she said. "Chewing gum is not medicine. It's a sort of wax she chews because it tastes pleasant."

MADE no reply, but light began to A dawn upon my experience on the train. I had been uncomfortably carsick and a kindly looking old lady had given me a small, square block of something which she sald would always cure nausea. I put it in my mouth and with conscientious gratitude chewed carefully for a long time, but I could not swallow it. I explained to myself that it must be a medicine possessing wonderful merit, as it would not dissolve. After a while I got tired and was troubled what to do, for the old lady had been kind to give it to me and I didn't like to throw it away. So I wrapped it up in a piece of white paper and put it in my mirror case. That was my introduction to chewing

HAD another experience with chewing gum, but this was in Japan. One of the universal customs in my country is to take a gift almost every time one calls upon a friend. One afternoon I received a very formal call from a daughter of the new aristocracy-progressive, wealthy and altogether what is called in Japan "highkara," meaning the very essence of the stylish and progressive in dress and manner. My caller was elegantly dressed, in Japanese dress, of course, for even progressive Japanese women have not reached the place where European dress is worn on elegant occasions.

After a long, ceremonious bow and the usual complimentary inquiries regarding the health of family and relatives, and also a few tactful remarks in praise of the flowers arranged on the tokonoma, she leaned forward and unwrapped a square of beautiful crepe cloth, exquisitely dyed and embroidered. As the folds loosened she lifted out and presented to me modestly, but with evident pride, a large imported paper box with English lettering on it. It was a wholesale package of chewing gum. The elaborate, ceremonious manner of my guest, every movement being in ac cordance with the strictest etiquette, made the sudden appearance of that plebeian ackage a most incongruous and amusing

ONE day soon after my coming to happening. It is not easy to choose a suitable and welcome gift for a person who has lived for several years in America and who is believed to be foreign in her tastes, So my friend had gone to a store where foreign things were sold and selected a box which was labeled "Imported Dainties! A Foreign Delicacy Possessing the Fragrance of Flowers. Used by Ladies and Gentle-

men in the Cultured Society of Europe and America." CIMILAR advertisements to this may be Seen in many first-class cake shops of Tokio, so possibly at some no distant day the familiar sight of unwearied moving

mouths may be seen by American

as they whirl in their jinrikishas through the land of the Rising Sun. Although we have not heretofore been a chewing-gum nation we will have to acknowledge that history accuses us of something much worse. It is said that our ancestors, ages ago, were addicted to the habit of betel-nut chewing, and that this was the origin of the custom which survives today in the harmlessly blackened teeth of

Japanese old-fashioned women. It is a fact that the first conquerors of Japan, who no doubt came originally from the hot shores of India, planted betel orchards in the warm islands of the South where they first landed, but on account of difference in soil and climate it was almost impossible to make the trees grow, even with the greatest care and the most continuous labor.

RARE things are always precious and their dying use is naturally confined to those who represent rank, elegance and wealth, so the time came when only people of the highest class had betel-stained teeth. Imitations must have become the fashion then, for during the Middle Ages, long after the nuts were extinct in Japan. both men and women of high rank blackened their teeth with a preparation made from eggplant peeling. The imperial courtiers kept up this custom to the time of the Restoration, but the warrior class never accepted it, they seeming to scorn any fashlon which spoke more of rank, elegance and ease than of strength and power of arms. Then this emblem of vanity drifted lower in the scale until it rested altogether with women, becoming the emblem of marriage. Since then women of all classes have blackened their teeth or their wedding day and kept them black ever after. The custom is now dying out, but it is seen everywhere in the rural districts, and even in large cities almost all old ladies still cling to the custom. The fashion is not an ugly one. When

blackened every morning the teeth look like polished ebony, and the gleam of shining black behind rouged lips brings out the clear olive skin, and looks as beautiful to Japanese eyes as does the dot of black court plaster on the ivory skin of a maiden to the eyes of a European.

The Berlin Tageblatt's declaration that the Allies are beginning to show signs of weariness suggests a keen appreciation of how exhausting a job counting prisoners has

Revised for the Picardy battle front-"Ye Bumps and Brays of Hunny Doom!"

One problem which we do not expect to solve until our pastor returns from his much-needed six weeks' vacation, if then, is how the Hun ever contrived to slip into the

THE RETURNING

THEY passed: the crowds dissolved, the music died;

But one old man with hair like windswept foam Gazed into space with somber eyes and

cried.

are now capable.

"God bring the dear lads, when their work is over, home!'

God bring them home, those boys?-ah, they who bear The dreadful shock, they shall return some day

With new-born souls, and they shall ever wear A loftier mien than when they went away.

But they who fall, knights of the living God.

Who meet the dawn upon a foreign shore. They shall come back from France's poppied sod

To be our boys, unchanged, forevermore,

-Louis Dodge, in Scribner's Magazine.

It begins to look as though General Von Boehn, Germany's retreat specialist, had been engaged just in time to conduct his armies in the only movement of which they

Foch's indorsement of the Bible as a battle inspiration recalls the sentiments of Stonewall Jackson, whose military qualities also were vigorously akin to those of the illustrious marshal.

The Silver Lining

Postmaster General Burleson is having the time of his life applying his theories of national communication in the greatly enlarged field that has lately been intrusted to him.-Providence Journal.

a movie army under the command of Generals Chaplin, Fairbanks and Pickford .-New York Evening Sun.

What War Is Coming To

It is now planned to invade Russia with

What Do You Know? OUIZ

1. What Government Investigation is now in charge of Charles E. Hughes? 2. What is the origin of the word mausoleum?

3. Who is the American Ambassador to Russia?
4. What American President was called "Old Hickory?" 5. What is the meaning of "I Pagliacel," the title of Leoncavallo's popular opera?
6. What is the capital of New Hampshire?

What character in Shakespeare declared "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown?"

s. What is the meaning of the word "souffie" and how should it be pronounced?

9. When was the Spanish Armada defeated?

10. What were the "locusts" in John the Bap-tist's fare of "locusts and wild hency?"

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Hubert Dent is chairman of the House Com-mittee on Military Affairs.

 Mardi Gras is French for "fat Tuesday." It is specifically used to describe the last day of a carnival. Shrove Tuesday, which im-mediately precedes Lent. mediately precedes Lent.

3. Clement L. Vallandisgham was a Congressman during a part of Lincoln's Administration. He was tried by court-martial for making incendiary speeches against the Government and sentenced to imprisonment. Lincoln however, changed the sentence and had him deported into the Confederate lines.

4. A mariinspike is a pointed iron tool, used on ships for splicing ropes. 5. A Manx cat is tallie

6. The Assouan Dam, built to utilize the waters of the Nile for irrigation purposes, is at the First Cataract, just above the point where the river crosses the Tropic of Can-

7. New Hampshire is called the "Granite State" on account of its large commercial production of that stone.

3. A bulbul is a Persian nightingale, or, more correctly, an Oriental song thrush.

9. Mellocamon was the classical Muse of Trageogy.