ic Tedaer O TELEGRAPH LEDGER COMPANY

DITORIAL BOARD: ARTIN ... General Business Manager cally at Puntae Lanoum Building, codesce Square, Philadelphia, cast. Brood and Chestmut Streets Press Union Building 200 Metry collian Tower 403 Ford Building 1008 Fullerton Building 1202 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS ON TERMS oints outside of Philadelphia, in s, Canada, or United States pos-tree, fits (50) cents per month, per year, payable in advance, countries one (\$1) dollar per

Subscribers wishing address changed old as well as new address. 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 rese all communications to Evening Public er, Independence Equare, Philadelphia

mber of the Associated Press ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclu-nation to the use for republication were dispatches credited to it or not be credited in this paper, and also in news published therein. This of republication of special dis-tereis are also reserved.

adelphia, Tuesday, September 3, 1918

HE MAYOR AS A RESCUER port that the Mayor plunged into

ightielaware to rescue a drowning man se affirmed and denied and reafthere seems to be some question Per authenticity and credibility. y os no doubt, however, about the

eport that the Mayor has done o rescue a city which is over its Theleep financial waters and sinking uvievery month. s the Mayor tried to save was

ip when he was pulled from the

Istill hope for the city. Who Meso to its rescue?

mittee of the United States of Commerce thinks that the Fed-Commission is minding every-Islness except its own. We seem to that the Commission was created business to obey the law.

town LENINE

virtu LENINE, the Bolshevik Prempara and the Bolshevik Pre-veral has experienced the usual fate tuo despots. The third attempt of Geto get him succeeded. He has us wounds through his chest and critical condition when this was in by assassination has been ex-

or months. He has been merciless ing his enemies put to death. He a policy of terrorizing the confiscating their property. heir houses and shooting their ed class government in which only he toil with their hands should nted. His methods have been strie typical Russian revolutionist. all believed that there can ress until the old order is comstroyed. Few of them have had tte idea of what was to succeed have replied, when asked what ow the chaos which they were bothat it would be time enough to t mhat when they had achieved

owever, had some definite plans as attempting to execute. It k y admitted that he is a man sility. It is admitted also that aw that if he were allowed in Russia he would serve more effectively than any sight. It was by the assist Germans that he got back after the Czar was dethroned. een their tool, conscious or un-

of the East of the Missisof Soviets of Friends and Casual Acquaintances of s were able to get a few make up for those they

GUESTS OF A GAMBLER soldier's lusty sporting

nial to the conception of me. "Johnny Yank" plays s worth and is not a bit ng gamblers' chances. Noand Chateau-Thierry he aces and won. He "plunges" command both respect and c. Perhaps these considerawed the world's richest re-truits of monetary gaming doughboys" in the inter-

ar's alarums. the princely ruler of the ry in Europe has barred the no in the world to his ruests in Monaco, tiniest of Albert's ethics are of rel type, but in some respects mirable. Much of the wealth derived from the roulette oir "bank" has been devoted yet informative pursuit of

It is, however, foreign has gone into his remarkable ine wonders at Monte s of the principality are for

the glittering Casino. now extends both the courle realm and the ban at his doors to American soldiers n recuperating and officially at Aix-les-Bains. The army ring his generous offer cops to visit one of the g spots on the planet. approve his decision to nie of Chance to dy and the Marne. to worder what the uch moral guardian-Casino's game is

gred with the titanic

of After all, the

THE American Bar Association objects very properly to the tendency of every enthusiast in the field of legislation to press his pet issue as a "war measure." Emotion has displaced reason pretty often be interesting, for reasons quite apart recently in Congress, in Legislatures and from "science."

THE PRESIDENT ON LABOR DAY Politicians Who Call Mr. Wilson Visionary

CINCE the war began President Wilson has been addressing himself for the most part to invisible audiences in Europe-to Foreign Offices, to the battlefields. Many of the things he has said have seemed remote from the immediate worries of the everyday citizen. Yesterday the President turned to his own country with a sweeping summary of its concerns, as he perceives them. And the Labor Day proclamation issued from the White House probably will rank as cna of the most important utterances ever directed to the heart and mind of America.

As a conception of national destiny, as a profession of faith in free government, Mr. Wilson's Labor Day address is so splendid that men will speak of it, in the familiar manner, as visionary. It is reminiscent of the "I believe, I believe!" that lonely mystics have always cried, against contrary evidence, in times when faith was not.

What the President perceives in the America of the future is nothing less than the Happy Republic, man's greatest hope for this world, realized through the goodness, the intelligence and the sincerity of men themselves. To him the future is a task at which all people must join equally. The Labor Day proclamation is so filled with ardent faith, so supremely assured, that it will profoundly touch the heart of every one who loves his own land.

It is America, we are told, that is to "light the way for men to the places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and emancipated spirits." We are fighting that "men everywhere may have the right to determine their own fortunes, to insist upon justice and to oblige Governments to act for them and not for the private and selfish interests of a governing class." And "We may depend upon one another!"

This is not remote. Plainly a reference to the autocratic tendency in America is linked with the indictment of the autocratic tendency in Europe, There is an answer here for all that the dissatisfied and the unfortunate clamor about. There is a promise for the future which issue makers and slate makers and party makers will be wise to keep in mind.

There is a hint here for any special interests-how odd that term sounds now and how far away!-that are seeking a political vehicle for the future and there is even a broader hint for parties and politicians that hope to be the vehicle of special interests-of any sort.

Mr. Wilson is sare to be a power in the land until he dies. And his Labor Day address is reminiscent of some of the speeches of his first campaign in New Jersey. Mr. Wilson warned the special interests and the privileged persons in his own State in terms equally sweeping.

"Vague," they said. "Pretty, but in the air!"

And yet there are politicians still alive in New Jersey who will recall the deadly certainty with which the new Governor applied abstract theories. Jim Nugent and the one-time Senator Jim Smith are among those who paid with much of their happiness as well as their political lives because they were not accustomed to believe that idealism could work in government. And there are sure to be other fatalities in the larger field of politics among those who actively oppose theory of the President's which, to them, seems beyond realization.

Could the President give a greater assurance of his faith in mass judgment by keeping his hands out of politics? What are his reasons for an interference in localized political campaigns? It may be unfair to ask questions like this. The time may be inopportune. It may prove that extraordinary ends justify extraordinary means. Let us at least hope so. The better way, when the President can challenge so splendidly the united spirit of America, is to do our best to forget Ford and some other hand-picked candi-

Meanwhile, it is apparent that the President believes in miracles — and miracles sometimes happen for those who believe in them. They do not happen otherwise. Mr. Wilson is not mistaken in assuming that he has a growing audience capable of understanding his meanings. In America, now, the Government has but to express a wishand any one who refuses or forgets to grant that wish is likely to be hooted in the streets. A Sunday-one of the most alluring of the year-was virtually without an automobile in the streets east of the Mississippi because the fuel administration suggested it. No command issued by a potentate could have been so generally obeyed. Right or wrong, the Government wished the motors halted for a day-and the very children in the streets looked disdain at any "slacker"

who drove a car without necessity. "I don't care whether it's a necessary economy or not," said one man. "They know better than I do and they can have my car if they want it."

That is the new America that the President has put his faith in.

Today a lot of people will begin to rest up after their vacations.

EMOTION OR REASON?

even in the elections. Everybody with a theory, whether he be "for" an open Sun-day or a closed one, "for" prohibition or against it, "for" suffrage or for the Victorian ideal of women-in-the-home, does his best to confuse the mind of the country by attempts to tie his cause up tightly with

the war. The militant suffragists have been the greatest offenders in this regard. The prohibitionists have very frankly tried to shoulder a way to dominance by taking advantage of the anxieties and sentiments of the war. For the time such logical argument as may be made for or against a new principle in governmental procedure is abandoned.

In many minds the war seems to have the aspect of a band wagon.

Everybody wants to get aboard, No one seems content with anything

less than a national amendment. Emotional legislation was popular England for a time after the war broke out. The country has paid for some of it. And it has yet to pay for the rest. An issue so great that it can be met only by amending the Constitution of the United States certainly is great enough to demand the calm reasoning that is possible only in a time of peace.

Householders may now buy four pounds wheat flour for every pound of substitute. Let us hope that the order applies to restaurants which have been making pie crust of pasteboard and that we can get real ple the near future.

THE FARMERS AT HOME

THE Philadelphia County Fair, which opened at Byberry yesterday, hardly ranks above the agricultural fairs of other counties in the State. It is sometimes said to be anything but an agricultural fair, and many a loke has been cracked about the Philadelphia farmers.

Yet we believe that the agricultural products of this county compare favorably in quality and volume with those of any other county of similar area in the whole Commonwealth. There is so much farm land here that we have a different system for assessing it from that used in fixing the taxable value of other real estate, and it is taxed at lower rate. According to the last report of the Controller, the farm lands were assessed at \$18,309,000, a pretty tidy sum to be invested in agricultural lands in a metropolitan county.

A large part of this land is in the five northern wards, embracing 66.54 square miles of the total 129 square miles in the city; but this district contains less than one-tenth of the total population.

The time will come when this can no onger be called an agricultural county, but it has not yet arrived.

> Senator Frelinghuy The Peril sen has asked the Senate to appoint a of Drugs commission to inquire

into the extent of the drug habit and recommend the best method of regulating the vale of habit-forming drugs. It is estimated that at least a million persons are habitual drug users. Many of them are in the prohibition districts of the South, where soda fountain drinks containing caffein are sold in large quantities. Now that there is a possibility that the whole nation may become "dry, it is important that the Government be nopared to deal with an evil greater than alcohol. Alcohol is bad enough, but it does not destroy men and women so qu'ekly as the habit-forming drugs, nor does it ever get so firm a hold on its victims.

Prospective heirs will Pandering be interested to know to the Rich that the new revenue bill plans to tax inheritances only once in five years. This means that when an estate passes twice

within that period by the death of its owner it will escape the tax the second time. Some one must have told the Ways and Means Committee what happened to big estates in England when an inheritance tax was cleeted on them twice in one year. I those economists who believe in destroying large fortunes by taxing them out of exis once will soon begin to charge the committee with pandering to the rich.

author intended to leave to the insight of the reader. If the Kaiser is doing any read-ing between the Hindenburg and Wotan lines will learn many lessons now strongly hinted by the Author of the Universe. The events of the war It Always Wins —the Kaiser's peace intrigues on one hand and the new Allied activities in Picardy

"Reading between the

lines" is supposed to be the way to learn

many things that the

the other—make clear definitions possible. The Germans are depending on pull. The Allies are depending on push. Word comes from the Mayor's vacation resort that the new recreation board will b a Smith and not a Vare board, but that Gudehus will be appointed to take charge of the playgrounds. Perhaps there are some innocents who will think that there is as much difference between a Vare and a Smith board as between six dozen dozen and half

ARCTIC CURIOSITIES

THE skins of fauna, the withered specimens of flora, the charts of ocean currents, which Vilhjamur Stefansson brings back from the North Frigid Zone will doubtless be placed in museums. The explorer himself will dwell outside. He intends to lecture, and, be it said to his credit, for the Red Cross.

It is possible that at least some of those who attend his "course" will go in a spirit of curiosity. The feeling will be justified. Stefansson departed for the Arctic wastes in 1913. The world blew up a year later, and some millions of persons decided that, with all its faults, civilization groping for an ideal of liberty was worth saving.

Perhaps one evening as he sat down his meal of walrus steak tidings of what was happening in lower latitudes reached the Polar wanderer. Perhaps they didn't But in any event the charm of his distant quest prevailed for five years.

A Martian, new-lighted on this busy planet, is suggested by the return of Captain Stefansson. Exempt from even the remotest ripple of the struggle through which the same elements of humanity seek emancipation, he reports the discovery of Prince Patrick Island, whose population, befitting its temperature, is zero. if some of us hunting the road to Berlin can spare a night off a glimpse of the finder of a new bit of Arctic turf might

RUBBER HEELS

A Socratic Dialogue THE other afternoon we were circulating among the leafy avenues of Germantown in our modest and subterfugitive fashlon, when we came by chance upon the grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club. We were delighted to find a game of cricket in progress, the first we had seen for some years, and, laying aside our private affairs, we dallied in the shade of tree watching the white figures upon the green turf, and the coming and going of the little red ball. While we were smoking our pipe in great satisfaction we fell into converse with two other spectators, who, apparently, were watching the game with disfavor. Their names, we learned, were Miles and Leander, and the following talk ensued:

LEANDER-I have been watching this game for some time, and I can make no sense out of it. SOCRATES-And yet. Leander, there

MILES-Even granting that it is a good game (which I do not grant), is there any excuse for playing it in war time? Why are those men not in munitions factories or toting a rifle?

SOCRATES-One at a time, my friends! Can I resolve two problems simultaneously? First, let us consider the military problem. Those men in white flannels are still above the draft age, for you will recall that the registration for the new draft is not until September 12, And some of them are obviously over forty-five-that one yonder, for instance, whose bald head shines so brightly in the sun while he runs to catch the ball-dear me, he has missed it! These men are all busily occupied with many affairs; they are all contributing their share to our war effort, and it is only right that on Saturday afternoons they should get out in the open air and keep themselves fit.

LEANDER-My objection, Socrates, is not to their playing a game, but to their playing such a stupid game. SOCRATES-What makes you think

that they find it stupid?

LEANDER-The players may enjoy it, out surely it is very dull for the spectators? It is quite evident how dull it is, for where are the grandstands and the bleachers? If the game were an exciting one the playing field would be surrounded with great tiers full of spectators, and there would be venders of hot dogs and peanuts, and reporters telephoning each play into the afternoon newspapers.

SOCRATES-But has the thought struck ou, excellent Leander, that this is a game that has not been commercialized and brutalized; that it is played by gentlemen for their own delight and amusement, regardless of whether any one cares to watch

LEANDER-I should call it, then, a selfish and aristocratic game, unworthy of a democratic community.

SOCRATES-And yet do you see any high board fence, plastered with advertisements, to prevent the public from enjoying the game if it wants to? Did you not walk in through the gate, unchallenged even as I did?

LEANDER-There is something in what you say, Socrates; and yet I contend that it is selfishness to play a game which affords so little exhilaration to the community. If these men must disport, why not do so in some mode that will afford public glee and enthusiasm?

SOCRATES-That leads us to another point. Do you notice that tall thin man who is playing at what is, I believe, called cover point"?

LEANDER-Yes, I see him. SOCRATES-You will have observed that his hair is grizzled, not to say gray and that his bearing is by no means that of a youngster?

LEANDER-I agree.

SOCRATES-And that several of the other players are men of evidently mature years, not at all what are commonly called flappers?

LEANDER--Quite so.

SOCRATES-Then, Leander, you are prepared to accompany me in a further stage of the argument, to wit: that this game is one which is comely and agree able for men who have passed their first frenzy of youth. It is not a game solitary and encouraging to falsehood, as is golf; it is a game social and necessarily honest, for it is played under the eyes of two umpires, who are wearing long white coats to distinguish themselves from the players.

MILES-I restrain myself with difficulty from interrupting you, Socrates, for your arguments are so trivial. At a time when this nation and all other free nations are fighting for honor, it seems to me disgraceful that these elderly men should spend the afternoon in so unproductive an amusement.

SOCRATES-You talk like a Prussian. my dear fellow. Because we are at war, is that any reason for shutting down all innocent amusements? England has been at war far longer than we, and yet on this sunny afternoon English fields are probably white with cricketers. This excellent game is a kind of symbol of what we fight to maintain-the love of mankind for clean sport and men's right to divert themselves in their own way, doing harm to no one.

MILES-But surely-

SOCRATES - One moment, please! Cricket is a game very dear to Philadelphians; it has been played here for generations. Because these gentlemenook! the man with the bald head has caught a hot one-are keeping up their favorite game, they will be all the abler to serve when their turn comes. To give up the game now would be to confess that the Hohenzollerns have beaten us. And have you not heard that the best grenade throwers are the cricket bowlers, because the straight-arm throw is employed?

MILES-Hullo! 'That chap's wicket is down! He seems to be out.

SOCRATES-You see, you are getting nterested already. But where is Leander? MILES-I think he has slipped away to look for a baseball game. SOCRATES-That is regrettable, for

there were several other points in the argument that I intended to bring to his MILES-Socrates, you are incorrigible.

Come and have a drink!

TOO INTERESTED EVEN TO REMEMBER THE TASTE



HARRY ELKINS WIDENER

The Youngest of Great Book Collectors

Atlantic Monthly.) TO HAVE been born and lived all his life

I in Philadelphia, yet to be best known in London and New York; to have been the eldest son of a rich man and the eldest grandson of one of the richest men in America, yet of so quiet and retiring a disposition as to excite remark; to have been but a few years out of college, yet to have achieved distinction in a field which is commonly supposed to be the browsing-place of age; to have been relatively unknown in his life and to be immortal in his death-such are the briefest outlines of the career of Harry Elkins Widener.

TN ALL that appeared in the press (after I the Titanic disaster) the name of Harry Elkins Widener appeared simply as the eldest son of George D. Widener. Few knew that, altogether apart from the financial prominence of his father and the social distinction and charm of his mother, Harry had a reputation which was entirely of his own making. He was a born student of bibliography. Books were at once his work, his recreation and his passion. To them he devoted all his time; but, outside the circle of his intimate friends, few understood the unique and loyable personality of the man to whom death came so suddenly on April 15, 1912, shortly after he had completed his twenty-seventh year.

His knowledge of books was truly remark. able. In the study of rare books, as in the study of an exact science, authority usually comes only with years. With Harry Widener it was different. He had been collecting only since he left college, but his intense enthusiasm, his painstaking care, his devotion to a single object, his wonderful memory, and, as he gracefully says in the introduction to the catalogue of some of the more important books in his library, "The interest and kindness of my grandfather and my parents," had enabled him in a few years to secure a number of treasures of which any collector might be proud.

HARRY ELKINS WIDENER was born in Philadelphia on January 3, 1885. He received his early education at the Hill School, from which he was graduated in 1903. He then entered Harvard University, where he remained four years, receiving his bache-lor's degree in 1907. It was while a student at Harvard that he first began to show an interest in book-collecting; but it was not until his college days were over that, as the son of a rich man, he found, as many an-other man has, that the way to be happy is

to have an occupation.

He was of a retiring and studious disposition, considerate and courteous. He lived with and for his books, and was never so happy as when he was saying, "Now, if you will put aside that cigar for a moment, I will show you something. Cigar ashes are not good for first editions"; and a moment later some precious volume would be on your knees. What collector does not enjoy showknees. What collector does not enjoy showing his treasures to others as appreciative as himself? Many delightful hours his intimates have passed in his library, which was also his bedroom—for he warted his books about him, where he could play with them at night and where his eye might rest on them the first thing in the morning—but this account of the morning—but this expended only to "true books." was a privilege extended only to true book-

His memory was most retentive. Once let him get a fact or a date imbedded in his mind, and it was there forever. He knew the name of every actor he had ever seen, and the part he had taken in the play last year and the year before. He knew the name of every baseball player and his hatting average. When it came to the chief interest of his life, his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. I remember one

(This tribute to Harry Elkins Widener, who was lost in the Titanic disaster, is reprinted, much abbreviated, from an article by A. Edward Newton, in the September ton's Paradise Lost. Mr. Chew began roll ton's Paradise Lost. Mr. Chew began rolling off the bibliographical data, like the ripe scholar that he is, when I suggested to Harry that he had better make a note of what Mr. Chew was saying. He replied, "I should only lose the paper; while if I get it in my head I will put it where it can't be lost; tha is," he added, "as long as I keep my head.

> WHILE in London Harry spent most of his time with that great bookseller, the VV his time with that great bookseller, the second to bear the name of Quaritch, who knew all the great book collectors the world over, and who once told me that he knew no man of his years who had the knowledge and taste of Harry Widener. "So many of your great American collectors refer to books in terms of steel rails; with Harry it is a genuine and all-absorbing passion, and he is so entirely devoid of aside and affectation." In this he but echoed what a friend once said in this he but echoed what a friend once said to me at Lynnewood Hall, where we were spending the day: "The marvel is that Harry is so entirely unspolled by his for-

> Harry was a constant attendant at the auction rooms at Sotheby's in London; at Anderson's in New York, or wherever else good books were going. He chanced to be in London when the first part of the Huth library was being disposed of, and he was anxious to get back to New York in time to attend the Hoe sale, where he hoped to secure some books. secure some books.

secure some books.

Alas! Harry had bought his last book.

It was an excessively rare copy of Baccn's
Essales, the edition of 1598. Quaritch had
secured it for him at the Huth sale, and as he dropped in to say good-by and give his final instructions for the disposition of his purchases, he said, "I think I'll take that little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I am shipwrecked it will go with me

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Swedish Matches

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger Sir-I don't take any stock in that expla manufacturers that real Swedis matches are the acme of perfection, but that 36,000,000 rejects were thrown on the Amer can market and sold as real Tandstickors. Why, I myself have scratched and throws away that many-and I'm still scratching wearing and littering the floor with Tand stickors. Philadelphia, August 31.

Profiteering in France To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger Sir-The Paris Figaro contains the following account of the way they treat profiteers It was given recently by the Mayor of a

little town of the Department of Mayenne. Four American soldiers were obliged to pay a grocer an exorbitant price for various supplies. They complained to the Mayor of the locality, who advised them to insist on a bill in future.

They returned to the grocer's the fol-lowing day; he charged them twelve france for a can of lobster, six france for a box of sardines, twelve france for a When this was reported to the Mayor and the bill produced the grocer was sentenced to pay a fine of 500 francs and his store was closed for a month

L. T. PENNINGTON.

Good work! L. T. Philadelphia, August 27. Poland, the Indestructible

A thrill goes around the world at the mes-sage of the 114 Polish officers and soldiers to their countrymen, asking to die rather than that their cause be in the slightest compro-mised. Here are Polish idealism and nobil-

mised. Here are Polish idealism and nobliity at their highest. These brave men, facing
the gallows, have, as had our own Nathan
Hale, but one thought—their country.

That country has no existence on the maps
today. But it does exist, beautiful and real
and eternal, in the hearts of Poles everywhere. It is coming into its own again as
certainly as right will prevail. The 115 imprisoned officers and men in Hungary are
but uttering the will and thought of all their
countrymen.

IN A SCHOOL CHAPEL

THE clear young voices rise and soar: "Oh, pray,

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they

Shall prosper that love thee." Yet each boy's heart Harbors the hope that he may have a part

In war-the roar of guns, the roll of drums-Before this anthemed peace he prays for

comes But in the quiet gallery above.

Where eyes grown dim look down on those they love. The prayer for peace rings true; although

in truth Worse things than death can come to

eager youth. But nothing worse can come to age than knowing

That it is safe, and boys are going, going, Are going forth to war till all wars cease: The old, so safe and lonely, pray for peace. -Alice Duer Miller, in "Wings of the Night."

The Origin of "Bolshevik"

A pamphlet published some time ago Moscow by Doctor Charushin instructs uthe origin of this word alas! too fare which it was wrongly believed had spi up like a weed from the Russian chaos.

In 1903, at the second conference of Russian Social Democratic party, at the ment when methods which were to direct revolutionary activity were under discum, a difference arose and the matter want to vote. There was naturally a matty (bolchinstvo) and a minority (menchino). The two groups have since then been fled the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks minority is making such a sad speads

Fair Warning to Mr. Hoover

of itself today.—Le Figaro.

A man in whom implicit confidence jus-tified says there will be a banner op of buckwheat, so now if any food admistrator tries to put rice or barley or rye ito our cakes there will be bloo the moon.—Pittsburgh

Geography tells us that Norway has Hammerfest, but the one which Germany is conducting in apportioning blame for her Picardy defeat holds the stage for imme-

What Do You Know?

 What is a nectarine?
 Who are Secretaries of Commerce and Labor? 3. When was the Monroe Doctrine first pro-gated?

4. Why is some tobacco called Latakia?

5. What is said to have been the Indian name of Boston?

6. Who are the Parsees?
7. Who was the author of "The Wealth of Nations"?

8. What is the second largest city in France?
9. How is the date of Thanksgiving Day determined? 10. The French word "spirituelle" is wrongly used in English in the sense of scalful. What is the real meaning of the word?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Jeannette Rankin is a Represe

2. Masaniella was the liberty-loving leader of a Neapolitan insurrection in 1647. His name is a contraction of Tomas Aniello. Auber made him the subject of a well-known

3. The colors of the republican flag of Pertural are red and green.
4. The French sound the final "a" in Arras.
5. Two Presidents were elected by the Whig party—William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor, Each of these executives died in office. They were succeeded respectively by John Tyler and Millard Fillmere.

6. Lake Titlenca, in the Bolivian Andes, is the largest lake in South America. 7. General Porton March is chief of staff of the American army.