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Philadelphia, Manday, December 27, 1910.

#### WHO'S LOONY NOW?

FROM a source as unintentional as it was unexpected comes a tonic for the public's self-respect. Aglow with satisfaction over the millions of passengers carried by the Philadelphia Rappd Transit Company during the period of world strife, Mr. Mitten seeks to externate any larses it service by ascribing to his patrons " general aberration of mind due to the

Sweet as succer for the 'lost battallar' should be this truly delightful accusation of clients hitherto feebly at loss to Justilly their conduct. Entering the plea of inpartity on formulately suggested, the heartnches over our protracted lack of spunic are at an end. The shame of not having risen to overthrow all the abuses of an inadequate car service terminates its remorseful sway.

"The king: the king's to blame" in this instance the king of Prussla trettred. He made us what we are today a bit "nutty" according to the indictment, which we should cheerily accept. Pride returns. Gnawing consciences are stilled.

How could the public be expected to bick against wrong when mentally livesponsible? As we languished on a crowded corner for a car operated on the principle that "It is better to travel than to arrive." it was the Kalser and not really Mr. Mitten who made us stand for it. Moral exoneration has been triumphantly achieved.

Parls seems certain to enjoy a snappy

### LINCOLN AND LONDON

STATESMEN or generals with a well-developed theatric sense offer comparatively few problems to the efficient artist seeking to carve their characteristics in stone or bronze. Statues of Napoleon, for instance, are generally unproductive of dispute. He was a capital actor and it is easy enough to memorialize him in sculp ture, As Abraham Lincoln was precisely the reverse, few monuments to him have given general satisfaction

Those which emphasized the soul and high purpose of the man have translated them in postures and aspects which per haps he never assumed. On the other hand realists averse to attituding ing act were open to the charge of disrespect.

This is the crux of the controversy : bich has just ended in the selection of the St. Gaudens conception of Lincoln instead of the Barnard creation for the Canning inclosure in London. There is a sense of awesome dignity and eple drama in the former work and sincere feeling for physieat "values," however awkward and unim posing, in the latter.

Both statues, planned on contrasting principles, are notable achievements. Unquestionably the heart of Lincoln was as noble as his attitude in the St. Gaudens figure. Yet probably the appearance of the great President was often no more pretentious than that of Barnard's bronze evoca

On the whole, however, public sympathy with the idealistic expression in art of a man of ideals is only natural. Shakespeare may have looked like a brewer, as Droeshout painted him, but the picture is lamentably unappealing.

To choose a stiff portrayal of Washington with the Constitution in one hand and a sword in the other in preference to an exact reproduction of his features as they appeared when he cursed Charles Lee at Monmouth, what patriot would hesitate Idealism in the St. Gaudens Lincoln is well tempered with discretion. It is a masterly performance which will honor the British

The days are growing longer and the Christmas purses are growing shorter.

## THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

THE American peace delegation is quartered in Paris at the Hotel Crillon.

The appropriateness of this arrangement is due to the contrast between that for which the soldier after which the hotel is named is most famous and the achievements of the American armies.

Crillon was called the "first captain in the world" by Henry IV and people said that no battle could be won without his assistance. But the French won at Arques without him, and Henry IV sent for him and said in gice at the discovery that the man was not indispensable: "Hang yourseif, brave Crillon; we have won at Arques and you were not there!"

The French people, who have displaced kings as their rulers, are saying to General Pershing and his men, "We won on the western front and you were there!"

evidence among the peace delegates.

### KEEP YOUR LIBERTY BONDS

HERE is no more contemptible business in which a man can engage than that neing inexperienced purchasers of ty Bonds to exchange them for worth | pean statesman must know. The people

less speculative securities promising o higher rate of interest. It is charged that several unscrupulous brokers in this city have been engaged in transactions o' this kind. The Department of Justice is said to have evidence against them. There may be a law under which they can be punished. If they have made deliberate misrepresentations of the value of the securities which they have turned over in exchange for the ounds, they are guilty of getting money under false pretenses; at if they have kept within the letter of he law it will be difficult to punish them. The best way to deal with them in this case is to make their names public that innocent investors may be warned against

The holders of the Liberty Bonds, howver, will protect their property if they efuse to sell or exchange it save for cash. But they ought not to dispose of them at present, when there is the certainty that the Government may float another loan. They are under a moral obligation to keep then until all war financing is ended.

# AMERICAN RIGHTS

### AT THE PEACE TABLE

The President Is Waging a Subtle Campaign to Force the European Diplomatists to Respect Them

IT WOULD be a mistake for any one in America to assume that there will be scrious disagreement between the United States and England-that is, disagreement serious enough to lead to a break between them. The English statesmen do not want it, for they know that the combined influence of the two nations made up of the same kind of people is enough to dominate the Peace Conference and to establish that kind of justice for which the English-speaking races have an inherent fondness.

It would also be a mistake for any one in Europe to assume that the United States does not stand behind President Wilson or support most sincerely and heartily those general purposes for the accomplishment of which he has gone to Europe. The United States intends to have something to say about the kind of peace that is to be made.

As Gertrude Atherton reminded us in her illuminating dispatch from Paris printed in this newspaper on Saturday, we went into the war to protect our rights because they were threatened by Germany. It was not theoretical or academic idealism that caused us to raise four million men and arm them and send half of them three thousand miles across the ocean, but it was a very practical form of idealism. We had no unsatisfied territorial or commercial ambitions to gratify. We resented the impudence of a nation which assumed to tell us when we could use the sea and when we could not. We do not ask for indemnities nor do we ask for any new territory. We take our place at the peace table with no demands save those of fairness and justice to other nations as well as to ourselves. We are determined that peace shall be made on such conditions as to remove provocations for new wars and to preserve the peace of the world for years to come, because we are interested primarily in preventing the creation of conditions which will force us to arm ourselves again in order to protect ourselves in the right to enjoy that liberty at home and on the high seas which belongs to us as a sovereign nation.

Consequently we must maintain our the peace table in order that our demands may receive a respectful hearing. And we must not permit our associates to forget that it was the American army which turned the tide and saved the day for civilization. It was a cry of distress like that from a wrecked ship which Lloyd George sent to America last March when he besought us for men and dispatched ships here to carry them over. The fact that we went to the rescue of the Allies, however, must not be permitted to obscure the fact that we were fighting for ourselves as well. It was our war and it must be our peace.

The determination of America to be the equal in sea power to the best and to take its place at the peace table backed with the mobile strength to assist effectively in carrying out the conclusions of the negotiators is indicated in Clinton W. Gilbert's dispatch to this newspaper printed Saturday. There is no doubt that Mr. Gilbert speaks with knowledge of the present purposes of the President, Conditions may change and the necessity for building a navy equal to that of England and Japan may not arise, but our readiness to equip ourselves with the power necessary for any emergency must not be overlooked in Paris or in London or anywhere else, and this may be said without any bellicose or domineering intent whatsoever.

There is cumulative evidence that Mr. Wilson is appealing over the heads of the statesmen directly to the war-weary people of Europe and that he is seeking to bring about a state of affairs in which the people themselves instead of the statesmen will dictate the ends to be

sought. In his City Hall speech in Paris he said that he was delighted to know that his efforts to establish justice had found an echo in the hearts of the people of France and England and Italy. This was a reminder to Lloyd George and Clemenceau and Orlando that they would have to reckon with something else than the members of their ministries. He went further in the interview with the Paris correspondent of the London Times when he said that the congress of Vienna was a congress of "bosses" more concerned with their own interests and the interests of the classes they represented than with the wishes of the people. "Versailles," he continued, "must be a

ple represented by delegates." What he means by this every Euro-

meeting place of the servants of the peo-

know. They have acclaimed Mr. Wilson as the spokesman of a hundred million Americans anxious to preserve the world's peace and to bring about conditions which will make war impossible for a generation at least. And with consummate skill Mr. Wilson is putting himself forward as the spokesman of humanity

and not alone the spokesman of America. But Mr. Gilbert's dispatch indicates that the President is disposed to let Europe know that there is an iron hand within the velvet glove and that it is not merely as an idealist seeking to convince by moral suasion that he is talking, but that he is the responsible commander of the military forces of a nation which is able to take its own part in any controversies of the future and able also to enforce the decrees of the Peace Conference if it shall be necessary to enforce them.

Therein lay the power which John Hay so suavely exercised over the Dowager Empress of China at the time of the Boxer uprising. He assumed all along that she was as anxious as he for the protection of the foreign diplomatists in Pekin and at the same time did not let her forget that there was behind him ready for instant use all the allied armies gathered at Tientsin waiting for orders to march on the capital.

We do not mean to imply that the conditions now are at all parallel with those which Hay wrought to his purposes, but merely to indicate that Mr. Wilson is in Europe as the representative of a nation which intends to insist on being consulted about the future peace of the world and on having its views received with proper consideration.

If there is any disposition to ignore as, that will disappear before Mr. Wilson finishes his campaign, for it cannot withstand the forces to which he is making a most subtle appeal.

How the ex-Kaber taken the tip of dense from Dr. Frederick Cook?

#### THE Y.M. C. A.'S RIGHT TO PRIDE A SENSIBLE realization of human frastry

ought to have made unnecessary Dr. John B. Mott's defense of the Y. M. C. A. In an organization so wast imperfections are mayoldable. Two hundred workers, characterized as "unfit," were shipped home. Not all the machinery ran smoothly. Only in an ideal world would such conditions be conexistent.

The way to appraise what the Y. M. C. A. has done is to contrast its superlative achievements with its relatively infinitesimul defects. Its self-assigned mission was gloriously and unselfishly performed. Not only, as Doctor Mott explained, has the organization made no profit, but it has lost thousands of dollary. The whole undertaking was altruism of the finest and yet most practical kind. We shall hear more and more of its noble accomplishments when the troops return in increasing num-

Now that its head has spoken with clarity modesty and unimpeachable sincerity, his summary of the great work emphasizes how disproportionate to the true state of the case was the criticism of a few inevitable lapses. It is not apology, but a broadside of unshadowed gratitude which the deeds of the V. M. C. A. should being

Enduring friendships-the Alabama, Mississippi, towa, Indiana, Kearsarge, Elinois, all safety back home mgalu-

### THE MAN WITH A BUNDLE

L'DWIN MARKHAM won notoriety, ast man with a loo, a melaneholy protest gainst the deadening effect of manual

There is fame for the noet who will write some verses that will adequately deal with the man with a bundle at the Christmas season, or the woman with a hundle, either. He or she climbs on the street car and submits to jostling with perfect good nature, sits down if fortune favors, and begins to think of the little child for whose pleasure the thing in the bundle has been bought. A tenderness comes over the face which does not appear on the face of the bundleless, The hurdened passenger is taken out of himself and his worries and is occupied with the pleasure of some one else whom it is easy to please.

There is nothing more beautiful than the delight of a child, and there is no greater pleasure than contributing to that delight and receiving the gratitude that niways comes. The conspiracy of joygivers which colminates about this time every year is one of the most blessed things we know. The participation of the P. R. T in it by making it easier for the bundlecarriers to get their packages home even mitigates some of the evils which it inflicts on us during the rest of the year.

While the poem about this subject would bring fame to its author, we hope no one will write it, because if the unsung songs are sweetest it is also true that the unwritten poems, those which sing themselves in the heart, are best allowed to remain

Harris, of "A Trame The Passing of Abroad," is immortal but the Rev. Joseph H Twichell now joins is death his friend and rapturously extravagant burlesquer, Mark Twain. It was Twichell, figuring as Harris, who, with the ambitious Clemens, started to make a pedextrian tour of Germany and then "decided to take the train." It was Twichell who made that unique "scientific" report on Swiss glaciers. It was Twichell in life who broke down in tears as he preached the funeral sermon over the lifelong friend who s deliclously "capitalized" him in his travel extravaganzas. There is no more plauant and tender bond in literature than that which existed between Mark, the irreverent, and the orthodox Congregational clergyman.

All the French industries were not destroyed by the Huns. The rumor factory is running full blast.

It is highly unlikely that all the plum suddings now longed for in Paris will be

With the refusal for 1919 of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge there seems to have been a slip between the cup and lift thereof.

## THE CHAFFING DISH

#### Where Do We Go From Here, Boys? THE song writers have been plagiarizing

We find this in Pickwick, chapter 36: "And now, continued Mr. Pickwick, looking round on his friends with a goodnumored smile, 'Where shall we go to

Several of our native bards have been spurred to action by our recent list of suggested topics for the Muse. The best consignment of rhyme that has reached our rolltop to date is the following:

"On Doing Up a Package of Laundry" The muse that inspires a lyricist's pen is shocked at Your Honor's audacity. If you've only been trying to tease Her

ngain You sure have a flend's perspicacity!

A humorist-sure! And a matchmaker

Anonymous poets or verses; Slik hats-toothpick-quills-Saratoga-why

Don't imagine that THESE bring Her curses!

Apartment house walls or a poet's estate; The clipping of coupons from Bonds; Beginning a check-book-she don't hesitate But to all of these quickly responds.

A phone that is germ-proof, a chauffeurish maid

(Because she's red-headed won't matter); Pictorial sections -- a bill to be paid-Poor garters-all that's idle chatter,

She's plenty of pomes for the best and the worst

Of these subjects but here is her quand'ry: Why did you-you cuss, you-pick out for

the first So rhymeless a topic as "laundry"????

And speaking of laundry, T. H. R. calls

our attention to the following ad in The Penusulvanian: THE FAIRMOUNT LAUNDRY 247 S. 37TH STREET. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

STUDENTS

### Friends Needed

As we were unable to find Christmas ards with mottoes really appropriate for most of the people to whom we wanted to send them, we decided to adapt our friends the cards instead of the cards to our riends. So we bought a modest supply of the trade calls "Assorted Yule Greetings, mixed male and female, No. 2026, gilt edges, old-fashioned snow scenes extra fancy, place orders early," and proeded to revise our list of names to fit the ent ments available.

By this plan we now find that we have two Assorted Greetings left over for which we have no appropriate friends. It is almost too late to make two new friends one male and one female) by Christmas time just so that we can dispose of these cards. But we print them here. If any generous patron of the Dish feels like adapting him or herself to the extra fancy salutations, the envelopes are all ready stamped and await addressing.

The first is a male greeting, of that bluff and stalwart sort that seems to be gaining ground:

Dear I riend I wish I could sling a lot of the flossy rords some of these scriters use around Christmas time, I would write you a Christman card that would knock you off jour feet, but I am not strong on verbal art -a-brac. I'll just wish you a doggona vice Christmas and the blamedest happiest New Year you ever heard of, and I'd like to see any long-haired poet wish you more. Ever your friend.

The other is a femule greeting, which also contains an ungenerous allusion to the

Some folks will send you Christmas nifts

And some will write a sonnet; I'd rather bring a happy smile To the face beneath your bonnet. So here's my wish that happiness

On Christmas Day may cheer you, And follow you through all the year To be forever near you. If no one applies for these cards, we will have to keep them for next Christmas, in the hope that we may be able by then to

make some new friends to accommodate As we write there arrives another poem

upon one of the topics we suggested:

"On Gazing at the Back Wall of an Apartment House" The apartment house I have in mind A hundred windows shows behind,

And in each window is a blind. Those biinds are all in an even row. Pulled down in pairs and kept just so,

And that's the saddest thing I know. Strange fierce passions in me sway-

I'll bolshevize those blinds some day.

Further Testimony as to a Famous Tragedy Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the Price of Beef: He saw the butcher's bill And died of grief.

MAURICE THE MANIAC.

Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the P. R. T .: He waited on a skip-stop corner And died of ennul.

Who killed Cock Robin? No one, said his wife: He's looking for Christmas cards with appropriate mottoes and it'll probably take him

We were somewhat startled to find the word "cootie" in Burns's "Address to the Dell." As used by Robbie, however, it does not have its trench significance, but seems to mean a pail or a bucket. We wonder what started it on its present inglorious career?

The rest of his life.

A man in Baltimore did an original thing. He broke into the county jail. He must have been a householder maddened by the high cost of living.

What is the French for "May I not?"



# THE KEYS ON THE RING

Each Is a Link in a Chain That Binds a Man to a Servitude From Which He Was Once Free

KNOW a man who carries in his left-leg | not necessary to paddle if you didn't feel I trouser pocket a large heavy key ring, on which there are a dozen or more keys of all shapes and sizes. There is a latchkey. and the key of his private office, and the key of his roll-top desk, and the key of his safe deposit box, and a key to the little mail oos at the front door of his flat the lives in what is known as a pushbutton apartment house), and a key that does something to his motor car (not being an automobilist. I don't know just what), and a key to his locker at the golf club, and keys of various traveling bags and trunks and filing cases. and all the other keys with which a busy man burdens himself. They make a noble clanking against his thigh when he walks the is usually in a hurry), and he draws them our of his pocket with something of an imposing gesture when he approaches the ground glass door of his office at ten past nine every morning. Yet sometimes he takes them out and looks at them sadiy. They are a mark and symbol of servitude, just as surely as if they had been heated red-hot and branded on his skin.

. . . NoT necessarily an unhappy servitude, I hasten to remark, for servitude is not always an unhappy condition. It may be the happiest of conditions, and each of those little metal strips may be regarded as a medal of honor. In fact, my friend does so regard them. He does not think of the key of his roll-top deak as a reminder of hateful tasks that must be done willy-nilly, but rather as an emblem of hard work that he enjoys and that is worth doing. He does not think of the latchkey as a mandate that he must be home by seven o'clock, rain or shine; nor does he think of it as a souvenir of the landlord who must be infallibly paid on the first of the month next ensuing. No, ne thinks of the latchkey as a magic wand that admits him to a realm of kindness "whose service is perfect freedom," as say the fine old words in the prayer book. And he does not think of his safe deposit box as a hateful little casket of leases and life insurance policles and contracts and wills, but rather as the place where he has put some of his own past life into voluntary bondage-into Liberty Bondage at four and a quarter per cent. Yet, however blithely he may psychologize these matters, he is wise enough to know that he is not a free man. However content in servitude, he does not blink the fact that it is servitude. "Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,"

said Joyce Kilmer in a fine sonnet. However radiant, it is still a chain,

So IT is that sometimes, in the lulis of telephoning and signing contracts and talking to salesmen and preparing estimates and dictating letters "that must get off tonight" and trying to wriggle out of serving on the golf club's house committee, my friend flings away his cigar, gets a corncob pipe out of his desk drawer, and contemplates his key ring a trifle wistfully. This nubby little tyrant that he carries about with him always makes him think of a river in the far Canadian north, a river that he visited once, long ago, before he had built up all the barbed wire of life about his spirit. It was a green lucid river that ran in a purposeful way between long fringes of pine trees. There were sandy shelves where he and a fellow cancelst with the good gift of silence built campfires and fried bacon, or fish of their own wooing. The name of little known river (his voice is gr se he recalls it) was the Peace; and it was

like it. "The current ran" (it is pathetic to hear him say it) "from four to seven miles an hour."

THE tobacco smoke sifts and eddles into I the carefully labeled pigeonholes of his desk, and his stenographer wonders whether she dare interrupt him to ask whether that I word was "priority" or "minority" in the second paragraph of the memo to Mr. Ebbsmith. He smells that bacon again; he remembers stretching out on the cool sand to watch the dusk seep up from the valley and flood the great clear arch of green-blue key rings in his pocket then, no papers, no letters, no engagements to meet Mr. Fonseca at a luncheon of the Rotary Club to discuss demurrage. He remembers the clear sparkle of the Peace water in the sunshine, its downward swell and slant over many a boulder. its milky vexation where it slid among stones. He remembers what he had said to himself then, but had since forgotten, that no matter what wounds and perplexities the world offers, it also offers a cure for each one if we know where to seek it. Suddenly he gets a vision of the whole race of men, campers out on a swinging ball, brothers in the common motherhood of earth. Born out of the same inexplicable soil, bred to the same problems of star and wind and sun. what absurdity of civilization is it that has robbed men of this sense of kinship? Why he himself, he feels, could enter a Bedouin tent or an Eskimo snow-hut and find some bond of union with the inmates. The other night, he reflects he saw moving ple tures of some Fiji natives, and could read in their genial grinning faces the same human impulses he knew in himself. What have men done to cheat themselves of the enjoyment of this amazing world? "We've been cheated " he cries, to the stenographer's

TE THINKS of his friends, his partners, his employes, of conductors on trains and waiters in lunchrooms and drivers of taxicabs. He thinks, in one amazing flash of realization, of all the men and women he has ever seen or heard of-how each one nourlshes secretly some little rebellion, some dream of a wider, freer life, a life less hampered, less mean, less material. He thinks how all men yearn to cross salt water, to scale peaks, to tramp until weary under a hot sun. He hears the Peace, in its far northern valley, brawling among stones, and his heart is very low-

"Mr. Edwards to see you," says the sfenographer.

"I'm sorry sir," says Edwards, "but I've had the offer of another job and I think shall accent it. It's a good thing for a chap to get a chance-My friend slips the key ring back in his

"What's this?" he says. When you've got a good job, the thing to do is to keep it. Stick to it, my boy, There's great future for you here. Don't get any of those fool ideas about changing around

from one thing to another."

pocket.

General Mackensen has just discovered that Germany has abandoned him. But why should be complain when the Kaiser abandoned Germany?

C. D. M.

When a man whose boy needs a new pair of shoes and is eager for a pair of

### THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Lorenzo de Medici Patronized Living Artists To the Editor of the Evening Public Leaper: Sir—The noble and most inspiring letter of John McLure Hamilton in the Evening Punthe LEDGER of Monday, December 16, 48 something that ought to be published and re-published alongside of Mr. Pennell's imaginative article on the Lincoln Highway as a place for future memorials. The one polyting the way, the other calling attention to our "Lorenzo de Medicis" as a real avenue

for their support. It is well for our art lovers to purchase old "valued assured" works of art, but the writer feels that a part of their activities should be directed toward the encouragmen

of living art.

No one wishes to criticize the wonderful service that a J. Pierpont Morgan or a John C. Johnson has rendered to artists and the community alike but I question their merit to the title of "true art patrons" when they have personally neglected the work of these of their time and turned completely to the work of the past. They are purely collectors terest would be a crime. We need in this, a new country, all the European background we can have through their generosity, but

now that our museums are literally filled to overflowing it is time that those blessed with wealth turn their attention to the present-Lorenzo de Medici was a builder of Florence; his generosity and home pride caused him to patronize the artists then living, there by laying the foundation of the Florence of today. Its beautiful public buildings, one bridges, its palaces, its churches and monu-ments and the very gallery which we enjoy

ments and the very gallery which we enjoy today are filled with the work of that fo-rious period.

Indeed. Philadelphia may well be proud to have a citizen to whom a John McLure Hamilton, an artist of distinction, can refer to as a De Medici. What better opportunity has there ever been offered for both wealth and art than the proper development of the Lincoln Highway

One has but to read Mr. Pennell's and Mr. Hamilton's letters to give wings to their imagination and rebuild the Via Appia, giarlifled by the progress of centuries, and the fresh human sacrifices for a liberated and emancipated world from Hun rule and savagery. I feel no fear for the results, jast they be abondoned to change. he abondened to chance. they be abondoned to chance.

The many effigies erected in all of the small and large cities of the Union glorifying the Civil War are sufficient proof of what mis-

ected and unguided efforts will bring. The Art Commission, which should have this in charge, should be a representative selected body, and should have power to act, and mo merely advise. Unless full power is intrusted to them we may look for bitter disappoint-Whether this dream of Mr. Pennell's, so

ably illuminated by John McLure Hamilton's letter, becomes a reality will be entirely due to two factors—first, our personal sacrifices of money to give art a real chance, and, secto so constitute its forces that as few mistakes as possible may occur. NICOLA D'ASCENZO

Philadelphia, December 20. What Do You Know?

## OUIZ

. With what nearlie do Italy's expan 2. Who was David Rittenhouse?

What age tundras?
Why are pansles "for thoughts"?
Who was called the "Good Gray Post"

8. What are cirrus clouds?
9. What is the capital of Newfoundland?

What is the meaning of "circa" used in con-nection with historical dates? Answers to Saturday's Quiz

The German fleet is now in the Scape Flow, an inclused sheet of water in the Orsacy Islands. Brass is an alloy of copper and sine. The Downger Queen of firent Dritain in Alex-andra, the widow of Edward VII.

4. The scenes of Shakespeare's "Othello" scenario and the island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean. Beavenute Cellint was a famous Florenting sculptor and worker in sold and aliver. Illa dates are 1500-1571.

His dates are 1300-1371.

6. The niternate name for the Battle of Rasinus, where William the Configurer defeated the Familiah under Harold in 100c, is Scalar, a bill in Susarx.

7. Welkin means sky, it is derived from the old English word "wolenu" clouds,

8. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the campaign life of Franklin Pierce.

9. Wellingtons are bouts coming up or unacty to the knees.