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Philadelphia, Friday, May 30, 1919

#### **LETTING OUR WORTH BE KNOWN**

THE purchasing agents who meet here in convention in September could not meet in a better place. The Philadelphia Purchasing Agents' Association is prepared to prove it. If its efforts are crowned with success, as they deserve to be and as they probably will be, there will be at least 1500 members of the national body in attendance.

The city that is first in the manufacture of locomotives, street cars, steel ships and underwear, and a close second in foundry products, molasses refining, textiles and fertilizers (to mention but a few of many things) has assuredly an attraction for a large variety of buyers; and when to the factory and the foundry there are added the warehouse and the store only one thing more is needed.

That one thing, publicity, the local organization has set about to supply. Artistic booklets describing industrial Philadelphia are being sent out. Later the city's metropolitan advantages will be set forth, together with necessary information for visitors.

That completes the circle. We know we are good; we now proceed to let the world know how good we are.

#### THE WHITMAN CENTENNIAL

IT IS appropriate that the meeting tomorrow night in honor of Walt Whitman's centennial is to be held in Camden. Camden, after all, and not Philadelphia, was Whitman's home, and what little has seen done to commemorate the Good Gray Poet in these parts has usually been done in Camden. It is Camden that has meluded him in the mosaic frieze on her new public library, and it is in Camden that the Whitman Park Association has tried to beautify a space of greenery in affectionate memory of the great voice of the green untrammeled earth.

The Elks of Camden have kindly offered their hospitality for the celebration, which will take place in their hall. An appropriate program has been arranged, with music, readings, lantern slides and addresses. Among the speakers will be John H. Fort, of the Camden Elks; Francis Howard Williams and Harrison S. Morris, both of whom were warm friends of the poet, and Professors Felix Schelling and Duncan Spaeth. The Franklin Inn Club has had a medal struck honor of the centennial, designed by Dr. Tait McKenzie.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the Whitman centennial is that a movement seems at last to be under way to buy the little home in Mickle street and preserve it as a permanent Whitman shrine. Harrison Morris's translation of Sarrazin's essay on Whitman, the manuscript of which was annotated by the poet, is to be published in a limited edition, with an etching of the house by Joseph Pennell, and George J. C. Grasberger, the publisher, proposes to apply the proceeds of the venture to the purchase of the Whitman home and present it to the city of Camden for preservation

It is heartily gratifying to know that the one hundredth birthday of the greatest poet this city has ever harbored is to be so worthily celebrated.

## TOO MANY SERVANTS

SOME indication of what might happen in the United States if the immigration laws were relaxed is given by reports from Mexico of the arrival at west coast ports of shiploads of Chinese immi-

A treaty between China and Mexico provides for free immigration between the two countries, and the authorities in the Department of Gobernacion find themselves hampered in dealing with what they consider an industrial menace. It is hoped, however, that a rigorous enforcement of the health laws may reduce the number of the immigrants, as many

of them are sick. Nevertheless, the Mexicans are in a quandary. They say the newcomers are no use to the country, as they do not care to work on the land, but prefer work laundries and restaurants and in doestic service, where they accept lower wages than those prevailing.

There are householders in the United States who are having trouble with doatie servants who might not look on this last clause as an unmixed evil.

## WOMEN IN CONFERENCE

SPECIAL interest attached to the conrence yesterday of the national comof the Bureau of Occupations for ed Women because of the action ov that body for the perpetuation eral employment service. local bureau during the war with the local branch of the decision of the United States

employment service. This last, though fields of our great war. And they are a national organization, is financed by the Y. W. C. A. of New York, because the last Congress adjourned without making the necessary appropriation.

There is possibility that the present Congress will fail to make an appropriation. There is likelihood that Senator Penrose will oppose the appropriation for the reason that he favors a state organization instead of a national one. If the state body comes into existence the local branch of the national organization may automatically die.

It is felt by many of the women that if such a change is made the present organization should be left intact, the name only being changed. In this way the new organization will have the benefit of all of the experience of the old.

But the fact that a resolution was unanimously passed by the Bureau of Occupations indorsing the bill for the \$4,000,000 appropriation necessary to continue the United States employment service is proof that that body at least is convinced that a national employment service is necessary.

#### SHALL THE DEAD HAVE DIED IN VAIN?

While We Put Flowers on Their Graves Let Us Not Make a Mockery of Their Sacrifice

WE CAN have some faint realization of the feelings of the nation when it celebrated the first Memorial Day more than fifty years ago. It cost the North the lives of 350,000 young men to win the Civil War. There was scarcely a family over which the shadow of bereavement .ia i not spread itself. A son or a brother, a grandson or a cousin or a nephew had given his life. And the hearts of wives and mothers were aching.

The fathers and mothers of the boys who have died in this war-most of them since last Memorial Day-are the children of the men and women of the Civil War generation. The boys who fought and died in France and Belgium are our sons. Some 75,000 of them have given up their lives, a number small in comparison with the casualties of the Civil War. But the nation mourns for them today no less sincerely than it mourned for the greater number half a century

Many of the dead then were buried in the cemetery at home. Their parents could lay flowers on the green mound and feel that the body that once held the heroic young spirit was near them.

The dead of this war are now lying in the fields of Europe. Their graves are marked with simple wooden crosses on which their comrades hung wreaths when they could get them. Those faded tributes are swaying in the breezes this morning three thousand miles away. And the hearts of the mothers here at home are aching with grief at the apparent separation.

The only light that relieved the gloom fifty years ago was the knowledge that the boys had died for a worthy cause. But it was hard for many women, bereft of son or husband, to understand the conditions which made it necessary for them to make so great a sacrifice. And the sympathetic did not try to make them understand. Instead they were very tender with the stricken and did what they could to make life seem bearable in

the future. So today it is forced upon our attention that we are not the first to be called upon to mourn the soldier dead. It has been the lot of woman from the beginning. Men must fight and women must weep, so runs the world away.

The light that shone over the graveyards on the first Memorial Day is now shining over the battlefields of this great war where the dead of many allied nations are resting side by side. The hearts of American and English and French and Belgian and Italian mothers are there not only today, but every day. and especially every night yearning over their manchild taken off in his youth. But they are consoled by the thought that the cause for which the life was sacrificed was one for which it is worthy to die.

Their thoughts and ours, as the President has well said in his Memorial Day message, "are consecrated to the maintenance of the liberty of the world and of the union of its people in a single com-

It behooves us, the living, to consider whether we shall permit it to be said that the dead have died in vain.

For what did they give up their lives We were told that we were fighting a war to end war. The horrors of war have been impressed upon the peoples of the world so deeply that they will shudder for years as they think of them. The peoples themselves are weary with war. They have won a victory for liberty of which none but designing politicians can rob them.

Now the question is whether the cause for which they fought shall be lost through the failure of governments unresponsive to popular sentiment to establish that peace which has been won with

so much suffering. Can any statesman stand beside the graves in the cemeteries and the graves in the hearts of the mourning women on both sides of the ocean and pledge himself to the undoing of what has been

Can any statesman conspire to bring about such conditions that the world will be forced to say that the dead gave up their lives for a lost cause?

These are the questions which the peo ples are asking just now. And the souls of the dead are awaiting the answer. They are not the dead in this war only There is a mighty company of them made up of men who have fought to stay the march of barbarism or to establish liberty threatened by an oppressor. They come from the fields of Chalons, where they stopped Attila and saved Europe for Christendom. They are assembling from Tours, where the attempt to make Europe Mohammedan was checked. They rise from Waterloo, where the ambition of Napoleon had its fall. From Saratoga and Yorktown they are watch ing the course of events. They come from Gettysburg and the other battle-

re-enforced by the millions who have joined them since August, 1914, all wondering whether the sons of men have

learned anything from the book of the

Must men continue to die that freedom may live? Or can men establish freedom and order by mutual agreement among the peoples and prevent ambitious nations from turning houses of joy into houses of mourning for the mere sake of increasing their power over their fellows?

We have fought to establish a comradeship of liberty, in the President's fine phrase. We are now engaged in establishing that comradeship on a firm basis of mutual obligation to bear its burdens. If we do not so establish it then the bereaved world will be justified in demanding that the men who make it impossible he brought to a merited retribution.

But if it is established, then the house of mourning becomes a house of rejoic-ing and the mothers of the dead can smile through their tears at the great things their sons have wrought.

#### HOG ISLAND TRIUMPHANT

WITH the "true avouch" of their own eyes. Philadelphians are enabled to appreciate the magnitude of the Hog Island miracle today. Of all the many symbols of modern necromancy the shipyard has perhaps the most signal vitality. The doubts and shadows which darkened its inception now superbly heighten its proud and vivid element of romance.

Since time began no mother of ships ould ever vie with it in capacity of fruitfulness. Yet time has run but a little way indeed since drear mosquito-ridden swamps filled the area now disclosing the busiest, most productive and by far the largest of all plants devoted to the making of sea-going vessels.

Nearer at hand than the day when the great shipways were merely a matter of ambitious blueprints is August 5, 1918, when the first of the yard's long line of fabricated craft glided into the Delawaters. The war was then a desperate and apparently a protracted en-

Its speedy and triumphant stride was a come. So was Hog Island's, but that fact was hard to realize then, when, after many months of colossal preparations, the Quistconck underwent her baptism. The occasion, graced by the presence of the President, Mrs. Wilson and distinguished officials, seemed rather a solemn effort to grapple with impossibilities than an augury of a victorious

Radiantly complete is the vindication of all the promises once so hard to credit. Hog Island has struck the unprecedented pace in shipbuilding sought by the

nation which planned it. The public, admitted to the yard today with Victory Bond button credentials, according to the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER's suggestion, attend the launching of five sturdy 7800-ton cargo carriers. The visitors, expected to the number of a quarter of a million, and the apposite coincidence of Memorial Day lend especial significance to the occasion. The quintuplet of new ships involves no straining of now familiar Hog Island standards. Some fifty other vessels are upon the ways of this marvel of work-

The blight of war necessitated that the prodigious performance of Hog Island should be kept from direct contact with the public. Hearsay miracles lack con-The mammoth shipyard emerges from that class now and Philalelphians should be responsive to its new rating. An unexampled opportunity to indulge in the emotion of justifiable pride is accorded them today. Hog Island in the full flush of its virile maturity invites them.

## LABELING OUR STREETS

THE city administration is heartily to be congratulated for authorizing action in the matter of missing street signs. How long a policy of neglect has shrouded in mystery many street corners, perplexing alike not only strangers but numerous Philadelphians, is revealed in the promise that seven thousand new metal "identification tags" are to be re-

In a city as old as this one, moreover, something more confusing than mere anonymity afflicts signless thoroughfares. Often an earlier name has been carved into the brick or marble, with the curious result that the extremities of the same block sometimes bear different designation. Hicks street, for example, is so proclaimed in blue and white at its junction with Locust, whereas enduring stone insists that former thoroughfare "Dugan" at the Walnut street intersection.

Philadelphia was proud of its legible, two-colored street signs-an idea, by the way, copied from Paris-when, venturing up Broadway, they so often hunted for the sparse lamp posts of identification. It is good news that the delight of making invidious comparisons is soon to be restored to them.

Marching was made difficult for the boys The Preservation of the Twenty-eighth of Rhythm when they paraded in this city. It was not only that they had no bands. That drawback could easily have been overcome. But at frequent corners one e two musicians were placed, and played tunes without regard to the time being observed, by the marching feet. The result was confusion worse confounded. It is comforting to know that when the Seventy-ninth parades the mistake will not be repeated. There will be bands in line and not sections of bands along the line.

German Ships for American Cash

There is possibility that Congress may eventually be called upon to pass on a proposal to buy German ships now in American ports. The purchase price will be utilized by the Germans to meet reparations due the Allies. The ships will form a part of the new American merchant marine. There are many angles to the proposition, but on its face it seems worthy of serious consideration.

Congress objects to an entangling alli-ance between the naval program and the league of nations.

# WHITMAN MEMORIES

By Harrison S. Morris

THIS memorable speech by Ingersoll (at the dinner given to Whitman on his seventy-first birthday), by some one's suggestion became a written lecture which Ingersoll gave for Walt's benefit at Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia. It was managed by Horace Traubel and myself. Ingersoll was to come over from New York and meet us at a hotel. On the day chosen we received a telegram from one of Walt's New York friends saying. If I pay colonel's fare will you reimburse me? The fare was about \$4. We thought this odd and decided not reply. When the Colonel arrived in the hotel accompanied by the sender of the telegram. we went through the greetings and showed Ingersoll his room. His companion then whispered to Traubel that he need not return him Ingersoll's fare, as in fact Ingersoll had paid the fare of both.

After the lecture the particular friends of Walt gathered at a table in a cafe nearby. and it was found that about \$1000 had been obtained for the feeble old poet's comfort. for which he expressed gentle and modest thanks to Colonel Ingersoil, and I can see him now cautiously folding up the money and putting it safely away in his great gray

AND this also recalls that day when I saw him seated in his big rough rocking chair by the window on the street, opening letters that asked for autographs. Some of them he complied with: but all he could not begin to answer, and he was engaged when I saw him, hat on and gray coat with many pins stuck in the sleeve for safe-keeping, in peeling off the postage stamps that were sent him for reply and placing them frugally on an improvised shelf attached to the window ledge. The chair was the gift of Thomas Donaldson, a collector of all that was odd but often not valuable. He was one of the group that made Walt's last years comfortable. So was Dr. D. G. Brinton, an ethnologist of note and a student of letters. It was at his house that the sender of the telegram about Ingersoll's railway fare delivered an address on his association with Walt, wherein he told feelingly of Walt's affection for his wife. He described her death and how Walt placed a lily in her hand as she lay on her bed of death; and he worked us up to an extreme pitch of emotion. Then, with a change of voice and manner, denoting that that episode was overand done with, he cried out: "About a year from that day, when I had married my present wife..." which shocked his audience into unseemly laughter and left a humorous impression of a solemn occasion

THE birthday dinner of 1891 was held in I the lower room of the little boxlike house on Mickle street, Camden. The two rooms together were hardly larger than a goodsized parlor, and now the folding doors were flung back and a narrow table ran from the front wall to the rear. Walt sat in the center facing the ball, and the faithful friends grouped themselves on either hand. There was not much light nor much to eat, but it was a memorable meal, because Walt was seventy-two and his massive body was showing the ravages of disease and age. He had to be helped to his chair with strong arms and he sat down in some exhaustion. But everybody was familiar to him and loved him much, and as his eye ranged along the table he lost the dazed look with which he entered, and when the speeches began he was full of his old-time fun. He lifted his glass of champagne in a toast to Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow, deaq: and to Tennyson and Whittier, living poets; and he talked of old friends. Doctor Bucke asked questions which Walt parried, and Lincoln Eyre, a young lawyer, made a flowery sort of speech, incidentally asking Walt why he had never married. To this Walt gave a rambling reply with evasive reference to the eat in the "Nibelungen." "or somebody else's with an immensely long, long tail to it." He could not stay until the end, but grew tired and was helped back to his room upstairs, waving a blessing for us all as he

disappeared in the little entry. This was near the limit of his strength. He lived with ebbing and flowing endurance for nearly a year, but he suffered as any great nature must suffer who knows the oveliness of nature and the devotion of friends and realizes deeply the separation approaching and the unknown regions beyand. He was not afraid; he was brave under physical woe, and he had welcomed death in his chanting as few or none among the singers of the world had greeted it:

Come lovely and soothing Death was his burden in lustier days as in these hours of darkness and affliction.

THE flickering spirit was almost extin-L guished more than once. I remember how Doctor Bucke came down from Canada and sketched out to Williams all the details of a funeral that did not happen for several months. Walt sent a last message to his friends in February, 1891, in which pro-

phetically he said : More and more it comes to the fore that only theory worthy our modern times. for great literature, politics and sociology, must combine all the best people of all lands the women not forgetting.

On March 26, 1892, Walt Whitman died.

THE funeral was as characteristic as his I life and his death. The crowd that entered the little old shabby house was enor mous. They streamed in for three hours: then the carriages came and the pallbearers who were to ride got in four by four and waited for the start. I was in a carriage with Judge Garrison, of the New Jersey courts, and Jim Scoval, as he was briefly called, a journalist who had written much of Walt and who once drolly confounded Sir Edwin Arnold with Matthew Arnold in reporting a visit of the former to Mickle street. An other Camden journalist and friend occupied

the fourth seat. A huge tent had been erected at Harleigh Cemetery not far from Walt's tomb. It was a sunny, mild day, but under the tent it became hot and the speakers perspired. There were remarks by Doctor Brinton, Ingersoll, Harned and others, and between each Francis Howard Williams read the words of some seer or prophet of old. There was no lamentation, no sense of loss, no woe; we all felt that Walt had been transplanted into the elements, and, mingled spiritually with them, would be an influence in the eternal advance of Nature and of nations.

It is typical of Walt, whose opposing American traits made up the seer and poet in him commingled with the canny and frugal Quaker, that he should have left by will to his family \$6000—that this prophet, who was fed by the ravens, should have laid by a hoard for the accidents of a life that Nature alone should provide against. Such were the marks of a mind of deep vision tempered by cautious common sense.

The letter of the German Peace Society to President Wilson voices some contrition for the misdeeds of the German military command which, if announced earlier, might have had some effect on the treaty.

Austria's program is at least clear-cut casy to agree with. It is simply, "Apy-you may, gentlemen, wilf buit us."



LIBERTY'S LIGHT

# THE CHAFFING DISH

Fourteen of Them If Senator Sherman reads Walt Whitman he might find the following (in "Starting

from Paumanok'') encouraging: "And I will make a song for the cars of the President, full of weapons with menacing

May 30

'The Stars and Stripes Forever' Always was our proudest boast, But now it has new meaning When we rise our Flag to toast,

The Stars and Stripes forever. The glorious Stars and Bars! Our doughboys wear the service stripes, Their folk the service stars. SUB ROSA.

The kind of decoration that most of the doughboys like to wear on Decoration Day is the red discharge chevron.

It seems to us that Hawkerstook a tail spin when he made those remarks about the

American flight. The melancholy days are come, the hottest of the year.

Who cannot light his pipe because of the

The days that make the collar wilt and to the neck adhere: The days that make the asphalt soft and irritate the man

electric fan.

Our friend James Shierds, that genial repository of quaint and whimsical anecdote, calls our attention to the following cutting: Eldora, Ia., March 14.—Mrs. Thomas G. Copp. of this city, has in her possession yarn that was spun from the wool of the Sawyer, the little girl whose lamb gave the inspiration for the famous verses with which every one is familiar, was born in Sterling, Mass., in 1806. Three verses of the poem were written by John Naulson. to which two more verses were added by a Mrs. Townsend. From the wool of this sheep Miss Sawyer made two pairs of stockings, and in 1880, at the old church fair at Sterling, she consented to unravel the stockings, and Mrs. Copp, who was

March 14, 1898. It seems only fair, therefore, to restate the legend according to these historical facts. Many of us may have wondered how it was that the lamb could go with Mary everywhere she went. Now it is as clear as noonshine it went with her in the form of nice warm knitted stockings. Therefore we blurt the following:

present, and an old acquaintance of the

family, secured the yarn. Miss Sawyer died in 1890.—St. Paul Pioneer Press,

The Truth at Last Mary had a little lamb s white as winter snows And from the wool upon its back She made two pair of hose.

And everywhere that Mary came She wore the hose she'd knitted : And those who saw her would exclaim How perfectly they fitted.

Publicity gave Mary throes In well-bred Massachusetts: She felt so sheepish in those hose She yearned to have some new sets.

And weary of the public stare As round about she traveled, To benefit the old church fair She had them both unraveled.

Seneca Shamble (we hadn't heard from him for a long time: how are you, Seneca?) isks us if we can give him the text of the old ditty, "The Face on the Barroom Floor." old ditty, "The Face on the Barroom Floor."
He adds, in his whimsical way, that he wants
to recite that poem in some of his favorite
haunts between now and the Great Divide.

The text is probably Proverbs xx, 1; but
alas we are not familiar with the words of
this immortal authem. Perhaps some of our
readers can supply it. If Beneca can't get
hold of this poem in time, we suggest he try

"Ten Nights in a Barroom" instead. On the night of June 21, for instance, that would be very appropriate.

The Bees' Dirge (Intened by two bees over a flower border ruined by a storm) First Bee-Brother, tune a mournful wing.

Flying slowly let us sing Dirges round the ruined border Sacred to our holy order. Second Bee-Poppy acolytes lie slain

Harebells tinkle mass no more. Bells of Canterbury pour Plaintive chimes from belfries broken

Whence their laughing tongues had spoken

Joyous calls at matins, noon, And vespers, when the pollened Of the brothers traced the sign Of grace at every flowering shrine

First Bee-Brother, tune a mournful wing, Flying sadly let us sing Dirges round the ruined border Sacred to our holy order. PHOEBE HOFFMAN.

More About Teapots Ma bought a new teapot today. She broke her other one, She brought it home and set it on

The table in the sun All afternoon while Ma baked pies Our baby never tired Of looking at the teapot

Which she very much admired To see her laugh and talk to it And pat it with her hand, You'd think that Ma's new teapot

Could hear and understand. And then when Ma had left the room She filled it at the spout

And quiet as a little mouse

She took the teapot out Into the yard. There grows out there Our baby's own pink rose. She watered it, and then fell down

And broke the teapot's nose. Baby was very much ashamed And hung her pretty head, And told us in her cunning way,

'Poor teapot all gone dead. Ma says, as baby wasn't hurt, She doesn't care a jot And that is how our baby

Dead-icates a new teapot.

SEB ROSA. Out Norwood Way Out Norwood way the banks are gay For blue-eyed spring is there at play. On verdant tree and bungalo

And win your heart where'er you stray. How fair the earth! How sweet the May A hint, good sirs: hie you today And all their winsome beauty know

Out Norwood way!

The happy roses climb and blow

Pine you for peace? The wish obey! Leave—leave behind the fret and fray; Come feel the joy of youth re-glow, Come dream the dreams of long ago. Of home and love that charm for aye Out Norwood way! SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

I do not ask the wounded person how he feels—I myself become the wounded person.

WALT WHITMAN.

The household fly must have a Senate of his own, to judge by his shrewdness in avoiding the entangling alliance we all try to coast him pite.

### ASHES OF SOLDIERS

DEAREST comrades, all is over and long D gong,
But love is not over—and what love, O com-

Perfume from battlefields rising, up from the fetor arising.

Perfume therefore my chant, O love, immortal love.
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead

over with tender pride. Perfume all-make all wholesome. Make these ashes to nourish and blossom, O love, solve all, fructify all with the last

Shroud them, embalm them, cover them all

chemistry Give me exhaustless, make me a fountain, That I exhale love from me wherever I go like a moist perennial dew

For the ashes of all dead soldiers South or North. WALT WHITMAN.

Not the least of the No Sign of feats of Sergeant Alvin C. York is the Swelled Head ability he has shown in standing modestly and sanely on the ped-

Most of the men suggested for Mayor are dead, as all the qualities demanded have not yet been found combined in any one man save in the obituary columns.

estal on which his admirers have placed him.

Compromise is an easy-going cuss who finds a cozy corner wherever he enters, whether it be a peace treaty palace or a city

## What Do You Know?

QUIZ

charter cottage.

1. Who is the president of Brazil? 2. Where was golf first played?

3. What is the nature and use of dill? 4. Who was the general, A. P. Hill?

5. Who was "The Nut Brown Maid"? 6. In how many states can women vote?

7. What is the cause of dew? 8. What was the worth of an ancient groat?

9. What is the cut of a "redingote"? 10. What is a feverfew?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The Tagus river rises in cast central

Spain, flows west into Portugal and empties into the Atlantic ocean near 2. Sir Walter Scott, with reference to his anonymous publication of "Waver-ley," was characterized as "The

Great Unknown." 3. Charlemagne reigned for forty-six years;

as emperor of the revived Western Roman Empire for fourteen. He was born in 742 A. D. and died in 814.

Roan color is bay or sorrel, or chestnut mixed with white or gray.

South Carolina was the first southern state to secede from the Union. 6. "Phiz" was the pseudonym of Hablot K. Browne, illustrator of many of

Dickens's novels.

7. The shrewd hand of the French diplo-matist, Talleyrand, strongly influ-enced the complexion of the reace esinblished by the Congress of Vienna in 1814.

S. Charcoal; black porous residue of partly burned wood, bones, etc.; form of carbon. 9. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Ariandes were the first practical aviators. They ascended in a balloon from Paris on November 21, 1783.

The head of the smallest nation in the world is Prince Albert of Monaco. The area of his realm is eight square