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Philadelphia, Tuesday, July 22, 1919

erty engines which we, the richest people on earth, seem too poor to utilize in further training. Development of the flying art has stopped. The air patrol for which surveys were made on the Mexican border has been abandoned. It is no wonder that a few sensible men in Congress have determined to reopen the whole question and establish aviation upon a basis that will not shame us in the eyes of the world.

Investigating commissions are fashionable at Washington. It may be suggested once again that the country would benefit vastly by a commission appointed to investigate Congress.

NO DEAD MAN WILL WIN THE NEXT CAMPAIGN

So What is the Use of the Bull Moose? Planning a Program Based on "What Roosevelt Would Do?"

THERE is no news in Gifford Pinchot's announcement that "the vast majority of Republicans are progressive."

There has been no news in it since the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday of November, 1912.

On the morning of that day it was known that 4,119,000 votes had been cast for Theodore Roosevelt for the presidency and only 2,344,000 votes had been cast for William H. Taft.

The figures show that there were then nearly 650,000 more progressives than standard Republicans.

But they were the kind of progressives who believed in the hearty Americanism of Roosevelt.

Roosevelt is dead and a lot of men are anxious to wear his mantle. The trouble with most of them is that if they get the mantle on their shoulders they would be so overwhelmed and enveloped and engulfed in it that it would take a search warrant and a sheriff's posse to find them.

We do not wish to be unkind to Mr. Pinchot, under whose leadership a conference of progressive Republicans has been called to meet in Harrisburg a week from today, but it must be admitted that unless he stood on the dead colonel's shoulders no one would be able to see him. This is not Mr. Pinchot's fault. It is merely his misfortune.

The announced purpose of his Harrisburg conference is to make preliminary arrangements for electing a progressive Republican delegation from this state to the Republican national convention next year. He does not seek to split the party, he says, but to solidify it. And he is going to bring Senator Miles Poindexter, of Washington, into the state to serve as the cement to hold the two wings together. Now, it has not generally been supposed on this side of the continent that Poindexter is the kind of adhesive the party needs. He is more like a sheet of fly paper to which every political vagary adroit in the air sticks with unfeeling persistence.

A presidential boom for Poindexter launched in Harrisburg, the capital of the state Roosevelt carried against Taft in 1912, might serve the ambition of the Washingtonian to remain in the Senate, but it would not tend to bind the Republican party together.

It would be just as wise to bring Hiram Johnson, of California, here. Johnson has his lightning rod up. He has been touting it about the New England states and he thinks that he has felt several thrills, as the Irish voters applauded his denunciation of the league of nations. But Johnson may be strong on both edges of the continent without having a single friend in the middle.

Both Poindexter and Johnson belong to that large group of presidential impossibilities, included in which are Lodge and Knox and Norris and—we hope he will not feel too flattered by the mention of his name—Pinchot himself.

Bigger and broader men than any of these must be brought forward before the voters will begin to feel the kind of enthusiasm with which Roosevelt inspired them. One might as well talk of Borah, the narrow-visioned little American of Idaho.

If the Republicans are to win in 1920 it will have to be with a man as big as the issues which are confronting the world at large and this country as a member of the family of nations. That is, unless the Democrats make fools of themselves and nominate Champ Clark or some one like him. And so long as Woodrow Wilson has any influence in the party this is not likely to happen.

But this Harrisburg conference is not likely to confine its discussion to the matter of ways and means for electing a progressive delegation to the national convention next year.

A United States senator is to be chosen in this state in 1920. Senator Penrose's term expires on March 3, 1921. Pinchot is a receptive candidate. He was receptive in 1914, but when he held out his hand he got nothing but a nomination. Penrose got the votes.

If Pinchot and his friends can elect the delegation to the national convention, they may feel persuaded that they can dictate the nomination of the candidate for the senatorship.

There has been much discontent with the character of our senators, from Simon Cameron to Penrose. Some of them have been forceful, brutal men who got things done. Their methods have not been delicate. They have been held up by reformers in all parts of the country as examples of the type of politician to be abhorred.

If we want something radically different it must be admitted that we would get it in the person of Mr. Pinchot.

But if Mr. Penrose is to be defeated for the nomination there are other men than Mr. Pinchot who will have a hand in the game. They call themselves Republicans without any qualifying adjectives. And they are in close touch with the men who dictate the policies of the party. One of them has a much better chance of succeeding either Mr. Penrose or Mr. Knox than a man of the type of Mr. Pinchot.

Yet the Harrisburg conference deserves to be watched carefully by the observers of the signs of the times. There may emerge from it and from similar conferences in other parts of the country an

idea or a man who will have an influence upon the course of the Republican party for the next four years. The prospect for it, however, is not brilliant, for the conferees seem to be trying to decide what Roosevelt would have done had he been alive, instead of applying what brains they have to the consideration of their merits of the current problems.

No dead man will win the next campaign. It will be won or lost by men very much alive who have the courage to stand on their own feet and proclaim their own policies. That is what Roosevelt would have done.

MR. AINEY ON TROLLEY FARES

IT WOULD have required a good corporate lawyer to make a more suave and heartfelt plea for higher street-car fares than that just signed by W. D. B. Ainey, chairman of the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania. Higher fares, we learn, are a matter of "ordinary business prudence and sparsity."

One might as well demand "bricks without straw or faithful toil from the corporations without granting them revenues sufficient for their needs. This poetical chant of the chairman of the Public Service Commission in a somewhat astonishing interval of unrestrained expression.

Might not some one make a similar plea on the side of the public? Would it not be the part of "business sagacity and prudence" to demand information relative to the uses made of money paid to trolley companies under the present system of nickel fares? Is it wisely used? Or is it wasted? It has been demonstrated that slippish management, incompetence or wrong-headed policies in the direction of public utilities often impoverish utilities corporations that are not even waterlogged—as many of them happen to be. Is Mr. Ainey's decision, granting a seven-cent rate to an up-state trolley company, merely the prelude to a campaign for zone fares in Philadelphia? If it is, the silver-tongued chairman of the State Public Service Commission is playing an dangerous game.

The P. R. T. has been making some progress toward a decent and tolerable relationship with its patrons. It is profiting through enlightened management. It is on the way to gain the complete good will and confidence of the public. If the directors wish to nullify all that has been done to put their corporation on a better footing they can agitate for zone fares in Philadelphia, while their own treasury and the pocketbooks of trolley riders are being drained to pay dividends ranging from 10 to 70 per cent to a score of phantom companies with a stranglehold on city franchises. Here indeed are bricks being made without straw, and we should like to hear what Mr. Ainey has to say of them.

FRENCH CABINET CRISIS

UNDER the French system a ministry is formed for a specific task. When that task is completed the ministry falls. The immediate task of the Clemenceau ministry has been finished. It has won the war. It is asking for a vote of confidence today.

Its opponents are dissatisfied with its course in many matters incidental to winning the war. They may be able to defeat it and bring about the creation of a new ministry to undertake the solution of the new problems. Or it may be that the dissatisfaction is more deep-seated and that some form of social revolution is brewing.

The real significance of what is happening will not be apparent for some time, even should Clemenceau be defeated today.

Members of the building trades unions in Chicago are jubilant because they have virtually stopped construction work in Chicago. Let us suppose that architects, engineers, and all the other highly trained specialists who contribute scientific knowledge to every building operation should be moved some distance against the domination of the "handworkers." Wouldn't it be interesting to see what sort of skyscraper the trades unionists would put up unaided?

It would!

It is giving concern to the supreme council in Paris. Germany is quite willing to send them home, but the Allies hesitate. The men are infested with bolshevism and once in Russia would either have to join the army or be killed. Germany started the red dance in Russia. She should pay the piper by feeding the 240,000 until the dance is over.

The trouble with the Weather Bureau is wholly one of distribution. With a fine stock of rain on hand the bureau insists upon giving it all to us and culpably neglects to give any of it to Michigan and Washington, where it might be useful in helping to extinguish forest fires. There is mismanagement somewhere. Let Congress, while it is turning out commissions, provide for an investigation of the Weather Bureau.

England, if memory serves, used to have a great deal of fun at our expense in the days when our newly rich were at their worst. The amazing palaces on Fifth avenue, the monkeys that took tea with the elite at Newport, the size of the diamonds that Chicago wore to breakfast were chanted joyously in Punch. Now London has its own newly rich—munitions millionaires who, to emphasize their aloofness from the vulgar crowd, pay \$1.50 each for peaches, \$10,000 for second-hand motorcars and any amount asked for the paintings of the aristocratic families must sell to buy food. Punch is still merry, but its merriment is in a minor key.

Shake the hand-shake, says Dr. Kruzen.

The Greeks appear to be putting the slim into Islam.

Well, seven of the forty days have gone, anyhow.

The latest alignment: Main Line bathtubs dry; everything else wet.

The troublesome hyphen keeps bobbing up in all kinds of places.

It seems to be a battle royal—the Poles, Ukrainians and Bolsheviks are fighting.

STATE FUNDS AS DEPOSITS IN WRECKED STATE BANKS

North Penn Case Recalls the Celebrated People's Bank Affair in Which Quay Figured Twenty Years Ago

THAT the wrecked North Penn Bank carried heavy state deposits may be cause for surprise. Much the same thing has happened in the case of the People's Bank of Philadelphia which was that of the People's Bank (also a state and not a national institution), which led to the arrest and trial of Matthew Stanley Quay and others on a conspiracy charge. It was during this trial that there was offered in evidence a telegram containing a phrase which became a classic. It read as follows:

"San Louis, Fla.—John S. Hopkins—If you buy and carry a thousand Met. for me I will shake the plum tree. M. S. Quay."

The story of the bank's failure properly begins with the closing of the doors of the Chestnut Street National Bank, of which William M. Singler was president on December 23, 1907. The Chestnut Street Trust Company failed with the bank. On February 27, 1908, Mr. Singler died suddenly. While the Singler's properties were engaging attention an order of court was issued to show cause why a receiver should not be appointed for the Chestnut Street Trust Company. On the following day the People's Bank suspended.

At that time George S. Graham was drawing to the close of his long and able career as district attorney and he was not going to succeed himself. He had been opposed by the heads of several political factions, including Mr. Quay. And so it came about that when former Judge James Gay Gordon as counsel, became possessor of a certain little red book in the bank, a book containing items of political as well as financial significance, he showed them to the district attorney. Mr. Graham brought action which revealed an amazing situation of political maneuvering with the taxpayers' money.

ON MARCH 25 the coroner announced that John S. Hopkins, cashier of the bank, had committed suicide. Hopkins left a message to his widow and fatherless children. It read: "My other hand is in the lion's mouth. I cannot get it out. To me death is preferable."

Just what he meant was shown by the telegram offered in evidence at the Quay trial. Money had been lent to politicians without proper security. In return the bank had become the repository for state funds.

On October 5, Senator M. S. Quay and others were held in \$5000 bail each to answer a charge of conspiracy to use commonwealth funds for their own purposes and still covering with Hopkins' name, to lend public moneys. It was considered noteworthy at the time that Quay and the others were forced to line up at the bar in the City Hall Police Court before a police magistrate just like ordinary citizens. Benjamin J. Haywood, former state treasurer and subsequently cashier of the state treasury, was charged with the same offense a few days later and gave the same amount of bail.

PETER FREDERICK ROTHERMEL, the lawyer and gentleman, who had been nominated for district attorney to succeed Mr. Graham, defeated James M. Heck and was elected. Immediately the political wise-ones began to look for excuses for the shelving of the Quay case.

It wasn't shelved. It went on the docket in the most common-law way. The new district attorney never did his duty nor drew attention to the fact that he was doing it.

Against him in that trial he had some of the best legal lawyers in the state. He met their terrific legal onslaughts with a display of resource which commanded their respect and challenged their admiration.

It was alleged by the commonwealth during the trial that Haywood deposited state money in the People's Bank to be lent to the other defendants; that Senator Quay had speculated in stocks through Cashier Hopkins and that letters and a book found in the cashier's desk showed how the interest was charged. The statement, in what was called the Red Book, represented a conspiracy for the several number of days respectively stated—that is to say, between April 20 and June 15, 1897, a period of forty-six days, the deposit was \$525,000; June 15 to August 15, the deposit was \$555,000; and from August 15 to October 31, a period of 134 days, it was \$575,000.

The statement, a sample of many others, was in the handwriting of Hopkins, who multiplied the amount of the deposit by the number of days, first deducted 20 per cent and then the interest on \$200,000 for 184 days. Hopkins deducted the interest on \$200,000 for 184 days, the balance being first divided by six and then subdivided into three parts. The theory of the commonwealth was that the 20 per cent deducted was for the bank and that Quay was entitled to the use of \$200,000 for 184 days, the money Quay being written in connection with the \$200,000.

Friends and opponents alike agreed that the way Mr. Rothermel handled the case could not have been improved upon. It was no remissness on his part that caused Mr. Quay's acquittal. But the statute of limitations, which was much stronger evidence, had a lot to do with it.

Pretty nearly every ward politician in town was in at the death for a registry berth.

Who was it had the nerve to make this Switshin person a saint?

Shantung is to be given a dose of pit. pub.

Henry was not only spanked but forced to confess that he liked it.

There is hope that the Russians fed on Bolshevism will eventually become "fed up" on it.

Investigation of the H. C. of L. discloses the fact that there are some things they don't manage any better in France.

It must be admitted that at first blush it would appear that the dear little Jappy-Jag-Jappy had his Shantung in his cheek.

Even as the wets brought about their own undoing, so may the dregs hang themselves with a search-and-seizure rope.

Some senators have the idea that now that Mr. Wilson has the ear of Europe he ought to put a flea in it.

Heer Hohenollern is said to be worried because the weather may prevent him from coming to the office. One would think he had other things to worry about.

In New Jersey's forthcoming campaign it is confidently expected by Our Own Entomologist that Bugbee will be able to put a flea in Jim Nugent's ear.



THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS

EVEN though the President's illness is slight, the sudden report from Washington ought not to take without an effect on American opinion. The country will be reminded of the immense burdens that it has shifted to Mr. Wilson's shoulders. And it will have an uncomfortable sense of the assorted disasters that certainly would ensue if the man who has captained the American people thus far in safety through a world in convulsion should have to leave his trying post for any length of time.

The sympathy which the country will feel for Mr. Wilson should not be un-mixed with a feeling of regret that he has suffered the hardships experienced in the past by every other President who was not conventional-minded and content to move in an easy rut. When he most needed understanding he has been misunderstood. So it was with Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt.

Virtue in the presidency must be its own reward. A man without great aspirations goes his way in peace. If he has great purposes he must go out and fight for them.

ONE HOPEFUL SIGN

PERHAPS we ought to feel relieved after a second survey of the international complications threatening the league-of-nations covenant.

None of the disgruntled or overambitious nations among the Allies has yet demanded concessions of territory in the United States.

THE NEW JINGOISM

WE DIDN'T threaten to make war upon France when a free-for-all fight at Brest. But there are newspapers in this country which seem more than eager to send an army and a fleet to Mexico because a few men from a United States battleship clashed with some wandering bandits at Tampico.

It is odd to observe the eagerness in many quarters to avoid, in the case of Mexico, the processes of mediation, the patient inquiries and the rule of justice which we have been recommending to the rest of mankind.

Mexico is hard to understand. Mexico is a nuisance in many ways. We have contributed to the nasty situation by our failure to have a definite policy at Washington. But these are not reasons why there should be a religious determination in some quarters at Washington and New York and elsewhere to refrain from getting at the Mexican's side of every controversy.

We are asked to make immediate war on Mexico to "avenge an insult to the American flag." There are various ways of insulting the American flag. One of them is to shield for scoundrels and hypocrites who happen to have their own reasons for misleading the country and stimulating hatred of a neighbor who happens to be dull-witted and troublesome.

We shall make war on Mexico only as a last resort in desperate circumstances. The new jingoism is a growing malady. The "go-down-and-clean-up-Mexico" crowd are an isolated group of sufferers. They do not know that they are trying to egg the United States into a twenty-year war. Henry Ford thinks we should "lick the world to make peace." There is a Senate group that wants war with Japan. Europe wants us to fight the Bolsheviks.

Yet we were led to believe that the armistice was to bring rest to a tormented world.

THE VANISHING AIR SERVICE

FURTHER data bearing upon the incredible wreck of the American air service are now available to show how far ignorant politicians in Congress will go in their efforts to make party issues.

The matter is one that has been referred to before in these columns. But formal statistics and reports of War Department experts were required to reveal the sorry tragedy and the peril of the situation recently created in the most important branch of the military service.

Congress was determined to be economical. It was going to show up the administration. It almost wiped out appropriations suggested for the air service. The result is that in the reorganized flying units there will be about half as many pilots as there were at enormous expense back to civil life. The pilots are to be junked, offering huge sums to the thousands of Lib-

THE TRAPEZE PERFORMER

FORCE little bombs of gleam snap from his spangles. Sleek flames glow softly on his silken tights. The waiting crowd blurs to crude darks and whites. Beneath the lamps that stare like savage hangles. Safe in a smooth and sweeping arc he dangles. And sees the tankard tower like old heights Before careening eyes. And last he sights The waiting hands, and sinuously untangles.

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9. Who wrote "The Maid of Athens"?
10. What is the Church of Scotland?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

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2. An acrostic is a poem or other composition in which the initial, or the initial and final, or the initial, middle and final letters spell a word or words.
3. William Winter, American dramatic critic, at a dinner in London, said: "Acting is the moving picture of nature."
4. The man first known as the Almanack Maker was Richard Harvey, an English astrologer, who died in 1623.
5. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, English mathematician, used the name "Lewis Carroll" when publishing "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass."
6. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk was one between Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other and was signed March 3, 1918.
7. Emma Abbott, who was born in Chicago in 1850 and died 1888. She traveled with her own opera company throughout the United States and refused, on moral grounds, to sing "Traviata."
8. South Dakota was admitted into the Union on February 22, 1889.
9. Maurice Maeterlinck wrote "The Blue Bird."
10. Great Abaco, or Lucayo, is one of the principal islands of the Bahama group.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Loneliness
 Poetry and Homicide
 -By William McFee
 (Our Special Correspondent in the Mediterranean)

IT WAS an evening of blue and silver when the book, reminding Italian verses, I had purchased a small leather-bound volume of Carducci, for a present. Perhaps you do not know Carducci. I used to stumble through his lordly stanzas in Ancona, my friend Rinaldo Chirola sitting beside me on the roof of the Turkish consulate, and holding me up when I slid off into deep water. And on the flyleaf I was writing some verses in French, though Italian would have been more acceptable to the recipient. But I record it here for what it is worth. I never could, with all my admiration for Italian, remember Italian verses. French poetry is as easy to remember as English, it learns itself; and I have a head full of stray scraps. Hugo, Verlaine, De Musset, and so forth. And I was writing one of these scraps on the flyleaf of Carducci's book. You must figure the brown leather volume with a thin line of gold tooling along the edge; a blotch on the flyleaf due to damp; for the arduous of the Rue Frank are damp.

Tom Dreier doesn't get to Philadelphia very often, and so we thought we'd like to give him a little buzz of some sort. Accompanied by Lewis Bernays, we hustled him up to the attic-stockroom of a certain antique bookstore. Tom is a bookworm, and was here in his element. While he sniffed and snouted about among the ancient volumes, we ourselves (who never, even in moments of highest exaltation, permit ourselves to forget the interests of Dish patron) lapped some soiled old books, without bindings, that were lying on the floor about to be swept up and thrown away. We pounced upon one, and looked entreatingly at our host until he felt compelled to say we might have it.

It is called "The American Compendious Book of Poetry," published by Herman Hooker, Philadelphia, 1838. We had a hunch that there was something in it that might be warmed over for the Dish, and here it is. It is an echo of a rainstorm that seems to have been even more severe than those we have endured recently.

The Bridgport paper of March, 1833, said: "Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain-storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the Methodist meeting-house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

Harry Reaches the Hall
 We have remarked before that one of our favorite poets is Harry Levenkrone, one of the office boys in this building. When Harry tunes up his reboant rebeck he often emits melodies that are sweetened with the authentic honey of Hyacinthus. Wandering hopelessly about the office one evening, in hope to lay our hand upon some vagrant inspiration, we found the following which Harry had posted upon the wall:

A would-be poet, Levenkrone, Whose job it is to watch the phone, Is trying now to get his name Embroidered in the Hall of Fame By writing stuff alleged to be Narratives and poetry.

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Amulet
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5. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, English mathematician, used the name "Lewis Carroll" when publishing "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass."
6. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk was one between Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other and was signed March 3, 1918.
7. Emma Abbott, who was born in Chicago in 1850 and died 1888. She traveled with her own opera company throughout the United States and refused, on moral grounds, to sing "Traviata."
8. South Dakota was admitted into the Union on February 22, 1889.
9. Maurice Maeterlinck wrote "The Blue Bird."
10. Great Abaco, or Lucayo, is one of the principal islands of the Bahama group.