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DAVID E. SHILEY matter JOHN C. MARTIN ... General Business Manager Published daily at Pustic Langes Building, Independence Square, Phusselphia, Press Union
Press Union
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NEWS BUREAUS: WARDINGTON BUREAUS:

WARDINGTON BUREAU.

New York Dealer.

New York beauty.

London Times

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

EVENING PUBLIC LEPHER IS SERVED to NUI-is in Philadelphia and surrounding towns rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable at the rate of twelve training of Philadelphia. In to the carrier.

By gail to points outside of Philadelphia. In the United States Canada, or United States possessions, postage free fifty (50) cents per month. Six (50) dollars per year, payable in advance.

To all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per Notice Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

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Philadelphia, Thursday, July 31, 1919

NOW PUT 'EM IN JAIL

MORE quickly than was expected, the Supreme Court has sustained the decision of the Superior Court that the men convicted in the Fifth Ward Frog Hollow case are not entitled to a new trial. The full bench hearing the case decided unanimously that no errors had been made by the lower court sufficient to justify upsetting the verdict.

The convicted policemen should now be hastened to jail to receive the punishment which is their due.

And they should be removed from the

police force without further delay. Lieuterant Bennett, one of the convicts, has been allowed to wear his uniform and perform his duties ever since the original verdict, to the disgrace of the whole police force of the city.

The decision of the Supreme Court comes at an opportune moment, just when the city is on the eye of a mayoralty campaign with its registration of voters and primary elections. It means that there is such a thing as law which must be respected even by political gangsters.

INSANE?

"Mr. Coles, who is employed in the insane department of the state."— Sheriff Ransley, in his outcry against nittee of one hundred

SHERIFF RANSLEY ought to be more explicit. Does he refer to the Legislature? Mr. Coles was never employed in the Legislature. There is no other department of the state government which does not claim to be normally ra-

There are unofficial and sometimes obscure groups which function mysteriously in a sort of dim relationship with the government of Pennsylvania after a manner that might justify the suspicion of transient aberrations. Among these are the marching clubs. Did Mr. Coles ever work for a marching club? Or did he hold a job of some sort with that other tragic group which moves on the edge of things at Harrisburg waiting through the rolling years for politicians to keep their promises and, by keeping the Capitol personnel cheerful, helps to mitigate the heavy burdens of

TRESPASSERS OF THE AIR WHEN a judge 200 years ago ruled

state?

that a land owner held proprietorship from the center of the earth to the skies above he exercised an imagination that embraced all future contingencies. What was then considered largely a

figure of speech is now the solid basis of an ordinance to be drafted in Chicago to prohibit flying over the city. The ordinance, a direct outcome of the

loss of life following the destruction of a dirigible balloon, will likely be followed by similar ordinances all over the coun-

STILL ANOTHER ALLIANCE?

WHATEVER else may be said of the troubled governments in Europe, it must be admitted that they know how to keep up with the style.

Italy has asked for a separate alliance with France. A little while ago there were belligerents in Italy who openly threatened the French with future violence because of the Fiume decision. The latest proffer from Rome may be but a sign of returning friendship. But it shows, too, that the rage for separate alliances within the league of nations has spread swiftly since Mr. Wilson gave his support to an independent Anglo-French treaty.

In these columns yesterday we suggested that the old diplomacy is becoming new again. Corroboration of that theory comes from Prime Minister Nitti even more quickly than we expected.

AFTER RENT PROFITEERS

THE internal revenue collector has been reading to some purpose the newspaper reports of landlords who have been demanding that their tenants move out or buy the house at a fancy price. Many of the tenants have bought rather than be turned into the street.

The collector is having the real estate transfer books examined in the City Hall to discover who has made a profit in selling houses. He plans to compare the evidence of profit which he finds on record with the income-tax returns of the various persons and so get after them if they have not made an honest report of their winnings subject to tax.

This will be gratifying news to every tenant who has been held up by a

profiteering landlord. The real estate assessors in a western city are after the rent profiteers in a imilar way. They are asking every tenant whose rent has been raised to com-

municate with them, that they may use the increased rental as the basis for an increase in the assessed taxable value of the property. They apparently think that the man who adds \$5 a month to the rent of a house that has been let for \$20 ought to turn over part of the money to the city treasury in taxes.

The point raised is a nice one and worth commending to the attention of the ax authorities.

MOBS MISREPRESENT AMERICA: DO THEY BELIE OTHERS, TOO?

We May View Other Countries More Intelligently Through the Smoke at Chicago and Washington

TO SPEAK of the street fights and the gunplay in Washington and Chicago as race riots is to put a wrong interpretation upon the ancient curse of mob psychology.

A mob is a mob. It has no mind, no courage, no rational motive based upon race prejudice or any reasoned objective. In action it represents nothing but the primeval brute that still persists beneath thin veneer in familiar types of subnormal men and women of every race and color-always ready for a fling when the odds are heavily upon its side. It was a mob that cast helpless men and women strikers into the deserts at Bisbee, Ariz. It was a mob of strikers in Chicago that defied its leaders yesterday and shouted

"To hell with the public!" The mob that wrecked the office of a New York newspaper which happened to be a propagandist of unconventional political opinions did not act upon knowledge, convictions or a sense of patriotism. It was the usual aggregation of cowards made suddenly reckless by a knowledge of the advantage that goes with overwhelming numbers.

Mobs do not react to race antipathies alone. They burned women in Massachu-They started religious riots in Philadelphia and destroyed churches. They harass Jews in Poland, Americans in Mexico and Socialists in New York with equal violence. They will riot about

anything-or nothing. Race hatred was merely incidental to the fights in Chicago and Washington. In the unprovoked aggression by white men and the savage reprisals of the negroes mob psychology, the will to destroy that overleaps civilized restraints wherever mental defectives happen accidentally to gather in force, was clearly apparent.

For America the circumstances of the riots in the two cities would be particularly unfortunate at this time, even if it were not for the manifest injustice involved for a loyal and warm-hearted people whose great misfortune it is to be misunderstood.

The negroes in Washington who attacked white women and thus gave the mob an excuse for action have not been caught. In Chicago none of the white men who stoned a negro child to its death has been arrested. For the moment at least our pretentious ultimatums to the lesser peoples of the earth must seem pitifully futile. Congress is again solemnly warning Mexico that the lives of American citizens must be protected at all costs. What of the American citizens, white and black, who have been shot to death within sight of the Capitol on Pennsylvania avenue?

The fact is that for some unknown reason the mob spirit happens now to be pretty active everywhere in the world. whip this country into war to put down in Mexico the sort of violence that we seem unable to prevent in the United States. What of our brusque rebukes to the Bolsheviks for their occasional shootings? Can we speak with the same au-

thority from now on? There is no way of knowing what is said in Russia or India or Germany or Mexico of the recent outbreaks in this country. But it is easy to imagine that similar reports from abroad would set a lot of complacent Americans to talking of 'peoples unfit for self-government." should have jingoes bellowing from the housetops for the fleet and for armies of

There is talk, of course, of investigations in Congress. Congress is always ready to oblige with an investigation. But it did nothing when streams of negro laborers, unfitted by training and temperament for the life of industrial cities, were being directed into northern war factories by employment agents who depopulated southern farms for the head tax which they were able to collect for jobs. It was plain that there would be confusion when these men suddenly found themselves in unfamiliar territory, out of work, threatened with hunger and penned in the overcrowded slums of cities whose ways and standards were strange to them. Congress calmly wiped the federal employment service out of existence, thus abolishing an agency that might have been able to deal intelligently and systematically with the growing problem of those homeless and migratory negroes who usually are at the root of the trouble in Chicago and elsewhere.

There is a race problem in America. It is acute and it is pressing, but no one doubts that it will be solved sooner or later. Only oversensitive whites and oversensitive blacks make it cause for

fear or violence. To hate a negro because of his color alone is to manifest a profound and cruel ignorance of a race that has fine virtues and talents of its own. If we do not yet know how to utilize all that is generous, flexible and promising in the negro character, the fault is not altogether ours. The negro has been set down, largely against his will, in a country that has not yet been able to find a

suitable place for him. It is impossible to believe that the versatisfity of the negro, his quick sympathy, his willingness to accept direction and leadership will not win him a right to peace and liberty and respect in the

United States. No good American can think of the service of colored troops in France or of

and then view the outbreaks at Washingon and Chicago without a pang of shame

Mobs, white or black, that march shoot ing in the streets are not concerned with the race problem such as it is. They do not represent one race or the other nor is any shade of rational opinion responsible for their raids. They act upon an impulse that is as old as the jungle-a hatred of order and a thirst for violence that have nothing to do with right or wrong. They reflect a motive that all civilization has had to fight from the darkness upward, for they move only in ignorance, passion and cruelty. They represent an element in life that is opposed to all that is best and decent in America or in civilization.

The police in Washington were ineffi-The police in Chicago were inefficient. cient. It is only by force, applied without mercy at the very beginning of a mob movement, that order and decency can be maintained. The way to deal with a mob is to knock it on the head before it gains momentum. This we have not learned to do in America.

We may console ourselves with the knowledge that the riots were manifestations of an abnormal mood that is not at all characteristic of America.

We may profit if we learn by the experience of the last few weeks to view the work of mobs elsewhere in a similar

It may save us endless trouble.

DID THE EXAMINERS EXAMINE?

MOYER and Colffesh have revealed enough of what went on in the North Penn Bank to make every bank depositor throughout the state wonder how it was possible for a bankrupt institution to deceive the examiners of the banking department and remain in business for many months after its resources were virtually exhausted.

The assets of the bank, according to the statement made early in June, were about \$2,500,000. It is now said that it has a shortage of \$2,144,000. This shortage did not arise between early June and the date when the doors were closed by the banking department.

What sort of examination was made when the state examiners visited the bank periodically? It was either very superficial or the shortages were covered up with almost incredible skill on the books.

The truth must be discovered, no matter who is hurt. The crime of taking the deposits of the innocent public and then making way with them differs in no whit from the crime of holding up a man on the street in the dark and rifling his pockets. The banking method of highway robbery is a little more complicated, that is all. Of the \$2,000,000 shortage, it is esti-

mated that about one-half may be recovered. This leaves \$1,000,000 that has disappeared. It is up to the courts to prove that the men who steal \$1,000,000 are not immune to punishment. The quicker the punishment is inflicted the more wholesome the lesson will be.

But there is an explanation due from examiners who obviously did not examine, or they would have had some inklings of the looting.

KING PENNY

THE Philadelphia mint is daily turning out the wages of three million Johnnies. Johnny, the Margery Daw poet tells us, makes only a penny a day because he The outbreaks in Chicago and Washing- can work no faster. And with an outton ought to have a sobering effect on put three million times as large the mint the hot-blooded Americans who would is in the same fix as Johnny; for, working as fast as it can, it is still 80,000,000 pennies behind the demand.

War-time taxes did it. The trouble began when a certain impecunious cuss tried to borrow seven cents to buy a nickel's worth of chocolate. Then the theatres and movie houses did their bit. Time was when the copper cent was no better than the thirtieth part of nothing at all. But mark the change the war has brought about! Today the penny is king!

It was dead against "Human Interest" the rules set down by the investigators of the North Penn, but when a woman touched the heart of a big cop he called the receiver and make his mind, and the woman got the Liberty Bond she was after. Yes, indeed! It never fails.

The house of correction is the richer for Efficiency in a pair of skilled psy chologists. A policeman found one of them holding a hat into which the other at intervals dropped a coin, his example being followed by those who saw and admired. A local magistrate pro moted them.

The Windy City has become the Shindy

The wise politician builds a protecting vall with the bricks that are thrown at him.

way of staying the race-hysteria epidemic. By the time he meets all the senators

Common sense inoculation is the only

the President may be a pretty good mixer. Big as \$120,000,000 worth of food seems loses its importance as a "market

breaker" among a hundred million people. Wonder if there isn't an I. W. W. agi tator concealed somewhere around Chicago

For grace and poise nothing could exceed a "gesture of renunciation"-if Japan can only be induced to make it.

One may sympathize with France's jumpy nerves without feeling called upon to administer a special-treaty dose.

War is a brutal game, and the con-

In spite of the declaration of some misogamists that the marital state strongly resembles things martial, one has to reverse

gressional investigation shows that it de-

The exportation of whisky following prohibition suggests the story of the woman who felt that her jewelry was dragging her the number of them who died in the war to perdition, so she gave it to her sister.

THE GOWNSMAN

The Rubber Plant

WE NEVER knew that dear old Cousin Sarah had an enemy in the world until somebody gave her a rubber plant. To our inquiries, she was reticent. No. Cousin Sarah's husband, had not given it to her. We confess that we had always thought better of Thomas than that. The person who had once owned the plant was low dead, that much she vouchsafed. Rubber plants are like faithful spouses; only death can divorce them from those into whose lives they have once entered. There it was, the straggling, sickly, yellow, potted incubus, occupying Aunt Sarah's best, sunny window, arrogantly taking up a quarter of the room, blocking observation, curtailing the freedom of childhood. And for want of facts, we imagined a remance. The unknown sometime possessor of the rubber plant was once a dangerous young beauty whom Cousin Thomas had jilted for good and sufficient reasons in his youth. She, of ourse, had never married, but had taken to herself a rubber plant. And-oh, the malignancy of woman !- had waited cunningly until death was upon her to plant her living curse, so to speak, upon Cousin Sarah. her successful rival.

ARUBBER plant is not a place where they manufacture motor tires, or rubber shoes, popularly known as "gums," or hotwater bottles, or even chewing gum. A rubber plant is not an affair metaphorical, but too real an entity of the vegetable kingdom, possessed of a certain dependent malevolence of disposition, when potted and taken into the family, which offers a strong argument in favor of a belief in the power of ratiocination in plants. Somebody discovered the other day that plants have feelings and suffer under emotion. To say nothing of the sensitive plant, that vegetable touch-me-not, strawberries hate to be handled and loathe being eaten. Carrots and turnips are all cut up in their nerves before the knife touches them, and it is a clear case of defensive retaliation which causes onions to bring the cook to tears. Now, the rubber plant has a place, in some impenetrable Venezuelan juugle, where lizards serpents and scorpions may sociably craw over it and monkeys and macaws caper and swear in its branches. We can conceive of a rubber plant, grown a sturdy tree, its widespread branches leaning over some muddy tributary of the Amazon, dropping its leaves in the tawny flood, to be swirled away among alligators and busy, noisy water-fowl to the monarch of all rivers. Bu a rubber plant in a parlor, boxed in and hooped about, its roots pebbled over! No wonder it straggles and grows to every known point of the compass and every degree of the zenith. No wonder it mopes and exacts tattention, sulks and degenerates into the family nuisance, about which the sweetest tempered can speak only in terms of asperity.

AS the reader ever known of any one HAS the reaser ever another plant? If who has purchased a rubber plant? If there were ever so deluded a mortal, where could such a thing be bought? You may buy a rose bush, or a cherry tree; even shade trees, sizably progressed toward maturity, are purchasable for such as have the purses to pay for them. But a rubber plant is not to be acquired by purchase. A rubber plant is bestowed, donated, unloaded, left malice prepense by will; and unless you are vigi lant, you may wake some morning to find that a rubber plant has been wished upon you. When this happens, your obligations are obvious. You must be grateful to the donor, full of admiration for the plant, about the beauty, development, foliage of which you must be fully prepared for some polite perjury. Then you must arrange to have the thing transported-that was the chief reason why it was wished upon you-s wheelbarrow, a cart, a double team, perhaps a truck or moving van, may be neces sary, but in any case you must deprecate the idea that it is the slightest trouble. Lastly the thing must be placed in your favorite southern window—rubber plants are as avaricious of a place in the sun as was ever the German emperor-spoiling the room, obscuring pictures, necessitating a rear-rangement of the furniture and a general placation of the tempers of your Lares and Penates which have been flustered to disturber of the serenity of households.

MORE domesticate and house-loving folk M than Cousin Sarah and Thomas it would be difficult to imagine. So what was our amazement, last fall, to be informed that both had flitted south. All we had was a brief note of regret and the request that we look after the rubber plant during their absence. "To make things convenient" for us-these were the very words-the plant had been left with their next-door neighbor. on the solemn assurance—and who could doubt it?-that it was shortly to be called for. How we postponed that evil day, until we were really ashapsed; how, remembering Cousin Sarah's injunction that we must intrust the removal to no mere mover man. we selected a dark night and went, the two of us, man and wife, with a little wheeled truck, such as they wheel boxes and trunks on; and how we got the thing and wheeled it through the silent streets, the wheeler corrected for occasional profanity by his assistant-all these things are subject for an brilliant, never did the streets seem so animated, and seldom have we met and been greeted by so many of our neighbors.

QPRING came, and our truant relatives D reluctantly returned and, calling, viewed us and the rubber plant. The assistant, not that she loved rubber plants less but that she loved Cousin Sarah more, had faithfully tended the thing. Its sometime yellow leaves were all fallen and new, green, varnished ones had budded out; it had straddled wider and in several new directions, it had outgrown its narrow pot. And Cousin Sarah sweetly said: "I think, dear, that you deserve something for all the trouble which you have taken. Thomas and I have deter-mined to let you keep our lovely rubber plant; it seems to thrive so well with you.'

Whether a mob be black or white, it usually black-hearted and white-livered.

Will the Entente powers be willing to swap a Franco-American treaty for a frank American treaty, one of our own framing?

Wireless communication has again been established between America and Germany. But being on speaking terms does not necessarily mean any warm friendship. It is at once a significant and a heart-

oning sign of the times that Vanderlip and Gompers play the same tune on the same The former German emperor says he out his whole soul into the church in Posen. This is tough on the church in Posen, but

There are only 62,000 tons of ice now on hand, says the secretary of the ice conservation committee of the Department of Health and Charities. Well, what the householder gets for ten cents these days isn't going to eat into that pile so very much.

explains an evident lack in the kaiser.

THE CHAFFING DISH

The Victorian Poet in His Rondotage

AM too old to be ensuared By formless verse. For I first aired My boyish lyre in Dobson's rule, And taught myself in that strict school ive my stanzas filed and pared.

OW hopelessly for rhymes I stared! But chipped and polished till I bared The finer grain. Discard my tool?

VOTE for verses craftsman-cared-Landor'd, Dobson'd, De la Mare'd; For rhyme is still the quiet pool Where Beauty is reflected. You'll Agree (as many have declared) I am too old.

When the millstone is finally hanged about the neck of the chief culprit in the North Penn Bank affair and he is cast into a nice. cool oubliette, it would be appropriate to carve the stone's perimeter with milled edges.

Maids, Wives and Widows The Romance of an Easterner From the West By Harry Levenkrone

CHAPTER 3

CHAPTER 3

AFTER we left the sheriff and the bandit in his hands. Later finding out that he was sentenced to be executed immesdiately and was executed of this gave us a piece of work less and his body wiped of our souls.

Tom Maho.

"Well to be in this, I want your help to unearth this black mystery for me."

"Well to begin with my slater and brother-in-law left for New York two months are and told me to take care of the ranch. I have done everything they have told me but I have received no answer to my letters and no word from them. What shall I—ber sentence was broken off by the rapping on the door and I said "Come in."

The door opened and an old gray haired man said in a very weak voice, "Tigram for you Miss,"

"I took It from him and signed for it and gave her the telegram.

"its from the President of the — Railroad," she said. "I wonder what he wants from me?" She looked it over and read out loud so that I could hear as foilows:

New York City, May 10th.

To Miss Mabel Kayer,
Coultrey Valley. To Miss Mabel Kayer, Coutney Valley,

President of the - Railroad. President of the — Railroad.

She fainted as she finished the last part and I had a hard time bringing her back to life. After a while she said feebly, "Am I still living after that swill train wreck, its made a wreck out of me already?"

"Yes said i am the one who feels sorry," I said, "and if you will permit me I will take you to your room and you can so to sleep for a while until you rest."

"No, no," she said and stamping her foot on the floor that made the floor sink an inch.

"Well then what is there left for us to do before we get down to serious business?" I said.

"Nothing only I have an idea that this is not true." I hope so myself," said I but for one minute retting that I was still a stranger in a forgetting that I was trange house. "She things you ought to see," she all and went after them.

She returned shortly with a tobacco box. "What is that your carrying?" I asked.
"What is that your carrying?" I sked.
"What is that you carrying?" I sked.
"What on my dister"s treasure box and says, "open on my death." Do you think it is safe to

"It is as mafe as cating ice cream."
"It is as mafe as cating ice cream."
"All right open it," she said.
(To be continued)

Literary Notes We have never been able to see any one

eating baked onions without a shudder, beause they recall the ar-aches of our youth, which were usually doctored with a bakedonion poultice. But there are always com-pensations. We first read "Treasure Island" when we were about eight years old, and it was given us to allay the pangs of a misery in our ear. A faint fragrance of roasted onion still adheres to that story whenever we read it again.

Speaking of "Treasure Island," Steve Meader is writing a pirate story and is going to spend his vacation at Stone Harbor order to get some oceanic local color in the concluding chapters. But the real pirate story that no one has yet written will have a hotel hat-check bandit as leading heavy.

It may be indiscreet, but we can't resist etting Joe Hergesheimer know how high his autograph is rated among collectors. long ago at a second-hand bookstore we ran cross a copy of "The Three Black Pennys," one of Joe's novels, which he had genially inscribed to an editorial friend. We think it will interest Joe to know that the book-seller was holding this volume as a literary rarity at the price of five bones. Without

the autograph it would have been sold for perhaps sixty cents. Therefore, Joe's fist is worth about \$4.40 per signature at present rates, and we hope he will write to us fre-

FINGER PRINTS?

quently.

It should be explained that the book had been stolen from the desk of the gentleman to whom Mr. Hergesheimer had given it. We were pleased to be able to pass it back to the rightful owner. And not to seem too prodigal, t must also be said that we made such a hullabaloo about the price of the autographed book that the bookseller, in disgust at our parsimony, gave it to us for nothing. This was not because the book was not worth what he asked for it, but because he was tired of

Marathon Notes

By Our Suburban Correspondent Bil Stites is reported to have had very tragic fortune in his garden this season. A large rabbit—of provocative mien—said by some to be a Belgian hare—was found nibbling the tender foliage of Bill's fa-vorite lettuce plant. Bill took aim with the famous double-barreled fowling piece. famous double-barreled fowling piece.
After the uproar was over the rabbit had vanished unhurt; but alas, the powerful weapon had blown out the brains of the only head of lettuce in the garden.

Fred Myers is alleged to have the finest crop of tomatoes seen in Marathon for many a year. It is even said that seeds-men have been making offers to take colorphotos of these magnificent creatures for reproduction on the covers of catalogues Fred has bought a set of awnings, and there is some doubt whether these are to shade the house, or to shelter the tomatoes from Hank Harris's hen,

Hank Harris, the well-known commuter. has recently returned to Marathon from his holiday at Bushkill. Mr. Harris, who was already well known in Bushkill, increased the universal esteem in which his talents were held by succeeding in capturing a posse of small pigs which had escaped from confinement, and which no one else was fleet enough to catch. These pigs were finally overpowered by H. S. Harris in a country graveyard, after much skip-ping and vaulting among the stones. It is said by some of Mr. Harris's asso-clates that his long experience in catching the 8:13 train at Marathon stood him in good stead on this trying occasion.

As to Mustaches

THE other day we shaved off a mustache that in its three-year career had incurred nothing but obloquy. It had never been appreciated by any one but our seven-month old daughter. It had been a source of dissatisfaction to the one who had the best right to complain, and we determined not to et a little thing like a mustache come be tween us. And, finally, it had been referred to in public prints as a "haywagon.

While going through the last sad rites we began to think about mustaches in general, mustaches in song and story and legend. The nicest and untidiest mustache in literature, we trow, was that of Axel Heyst, the melancholy Swede in Joseph Conrad's novel "Victory." Of Mr. Heyst Conrad says "his smile lurked behind his mustache like a shy bird in a thicket."

We have not time nor courage to go into this matter with full candor, but it seems to us that the lip-whisker is on the toboggan Charley Chaplin has razed his little nostrilpads. Woodrow Wilson gave his drooper the adieu many years ago because it was mocked by irreverent maidens at Bryn Mawr.

Every small boy yearns to raise a mustache at some time or other. In our own case the yearning was intense when we were about twelve. The passionate eagerness of the young male to attain to the glory of shaving is rarely appreciated. He usually begins by surreptitiously borrowing his father's razor and shaving off some of the golden down on his forearm. If discovered, he is told not to do so and that scraning of the hairs will make them grow again thick and bristly. Enchanted by this prospect, he perseveres. We ourself, long before we reached our teens, industriously shayed a patch on our arm for a long 'me, thinking that perhaps in that way we would raise a mustache in that unique place and become the glory of the school.

the following:

The briefest biography of a mustache is

SOCRATES.

THE PEACEMAKER

UPON his will be binds a radiant chain, For Freedom's sake he is no longer free. It is his task, the slave of Liberty, With his own blood to wipe away a stain. That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to

To banish war, he must a warrior be. He dwells it, night, eternal dawn to see, and gladly dies abundant life to gain.

What matters Death, if Freedom be not No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be

Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful To meet the fires of Hell against him

And has for captain Him whose thornwreathed head Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world. Joyce Kilmer, in "Poems, Letters and Es-

says.

The machines having been attended to. uto drivers should be equipped with safety devices.

Most of the rioting in Chicago was started by boys and young initiates more problems than it settles. *

The utility of the inquiry being conducted by the German National Assembly concerning responsibility for the war will be demonstrated only when punishment is meted out to the offenders.

What Do You Know?

1. How did Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, London, get its name?

2. Who was Plato? 3. Who said "All free governments are party governments"?

4. What is euphony? 5. What Alexandrian grammarian was known as Grammaticorum Princer 1?

7. What city is known as the Gate of the South? 8. What is the estimated population

6. What is fluorine?

as the Profile?

Philadelphia? 9. What English dramatist wrote "I Eyed Susan; or, All in the Down

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

10. What celebrated group of rocks is ki

1. A hookah is a pipe with a long, flexible tube, smoke being drawn through water in a vase to which the tube and a tobacco bowl are attached., A glockenspiel is an instrument consisting of bells attuned to the diatonic

scale and played by a keyboard attachment. It is also an organ stop of two ranks. Old Faithful is one of the individual geysers in Yellowstone National Park,

with a jet reaching from 125 to 150 4. Sir Roger de Coverley is the chief character in the club professing to write the "Spectator." He was sketched by Steele and developed by

The packers known as the Big Five are Swift, Armour, Morris, Cudaby and Wilson.

Henry Ward Beecher said "The mystery of history is an insoluble prob-7. Anne Hathaway was the wife of Wil-

liam Shakespeare. The state of Iowa is known as the Hawkeye State, in allusion to a famous Indian chief at one time a terror to the settlers there.

9. Pall Mall, London, derives its name from a game once played there god still played in out of the way corners in Italy. The game got its name from Palla, a ball, and Maglia, a mallet.

The Germans destroyed Louvain August