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Philadelpida, Monday, August 11, 1919

### ANDREW CARNEGIE

CARNEGIE was one sort of man when he was making his money, engineering mergers and toaintaining at Home stead a theory of industrial operation which, from the viewpoint of labor, was pitiless and destructive and, in the end, unscientific. He was another sort of individual later along, when, after his retirement, he had time to move off from his completed work and view it whole. His life, like that of a great many other captains of industry in America, proves that men of his type learn as they go along-and that they often learn late.

Carnegie was ruthless at the outset because he was uninformed. He had nothing of what we have come to speak of as the social consciousness. This may have been because he himself was harddriven and without the time or the ability necessary to a complete understanding of the responsibilities that fall naturally to leaders of men in a world of new aspirations. Some of the bitterest strikes ever organized in this state occurred at Homestead during the Carnegie regime. Industrial combinations later declared inimical to American interests were inspired by the Carnegie example. Yet it was Carnegie who later sincerely tried to do something practical in the interest of world peace, and Carnegie who, in the legal wars waged among his successors, refused to help them in efforts to sustain rules of conduct which he himself had taught.

When a man acquires great power and almost limitless money before he acquires a disciplined mind, a great many things are likely to go awry in his life. Carnegie was not popular. That, probably, was because he became an old man before he was able to realize the import or the consequences of many of his acts. The Rockefeller of today is not the Rockefeller of yesterday. There are a great many other seemingly ruthless men in America who, as they go along. will become wiser-and sadder-men.

## UP THE WRONG TREE

and the Bolshevists de luxe of journalism wanted proof of the general Ameri can distaste for class laws of any sort they have had plenty of it in the last week. Congress was not stampeded by the menacing attitudes of Mr. Stone and Mr. Morrison. The President was not stampeded. The men in the railway shop unions who broke ranks, defied their leaders and quit work in true soviet fashion find themselves now humiliated and without the support of any element of opinion in the United States. There is an obvious anxiety on the part of the brotherhood leaders to prove that their state of mind is far more temperate than that which Mr. Stone's ultimatum sug-

Whoever has been advising the railway men has been a poor judge of the American temper. With their earlier aggressive tactics the brotherhoods won, hands down. In this instance they have lost and the apologetic tone of the later statements from the railway men's leaders show that they know it. They lost not only in Congress and at the White House, but with the public at large. which is not eager for muddling experiments with a sort of political radicalism that has left most of Europe prostrate. hungry and economically helpless.

## UNASHAMED PROFITEERS

ON THE same day that the President was telling Congress that the price of wheat could be kept down by restricting exportations a delegation of representatives from farmers' organizations appeared before the Senate committee on agriculture demanding that the guarantee price of \$2.26 a bushel for wheat be removed.

The farmers are asking that the guaranteed price be abandoned, not in order to benefit the public, but to benefit themselves. They are saying that if left to itself wheat would sell for \$4 or \$5 a bushel, and they want that price. Under present conditions they stand to lose a billion dollars this year, they say. They want to get the billion. And the senators and representatives from the wheatgrowing states are pledging their support to the demand for \$5 wheat.

This is a profiteering plea which, if made by the packers or by the canners, would be met by flerce denunciation and threats of prosecution. But the farmers can make it with impunity. The Lever d-control law exempts them from the hoarding prohibitions. The Kenyon packers' license bill exempts them from all restrictions placed upon the handlers The enti-trust laws exempt them from the prohibitions against come restraint of trade. The farmers are a privileged class, and they will organized bosslem and the development

destroy any politician who seeks to restrict their privileges.

But in these days, when every one i complaining of the cost of food, we are likely to discover what the country thinks of any group of producers which demands \$5 wheat.

#### A BUBBLING POLITICAL POT IS HEALTHY FOR THE CITY

Split in Organization Over Mayoralty Presages Benefits From Vigorous Riva!ries and "Opposition" Challenges

THE cocksureness of self-appointed political forecasters concerning the outcome of the mayoralty contest has a deliciously hollow sound. It falls like an unintentional benediction upon the cars of such Philadelphians as pause to conider what the tasic principle of American representative government really is.

In the vehemence of the rival claims and the obvious uncertainties on which they are pretentiously based there is the prospect of the end of unchecked absolutism and a rigid and wary policing of the new civic administration which the voters will choose in November. The defeated opposition, of whichever faction it may be composed, will see to the safeguarding.

It is equally clear that Philadelphia citizens are in for better times, as they assuredly are for lively ones. rivalry which has split the once welloiled political machine is, if it be sincerely maintained, a major antidote against oligarchy. The city has applied t much less frequently than most of her sister towns and yet oftener than the pessimist is inclined to admit.

Gang rule is not continuous, even in Philadelphia. There is an illuminating periodicity in the revolutions. When the hake-up comes it is less rarely a product of idealistic reforming zeal than of a eason of selfish political mastery too arrogantly complete, too ambitiously "harmonious" to be enduring. Cloudless. days are sometimes characterized in this region as "weather breeders."

Even so in the political sense is so weeping a municipal victory as was the foreordained and carefully prearranged election of Thomas B. Smith nearly four years ago. The storm signals have been raised almost ever since.

It is no longer sufficient to describe the ocal parties as overwhelmingly Republican and insignificantly Democratic. Philadelphians are not talking on municipal subjects in those terms today when Congressman Moore, nationally a 'regular of regulars," challenges the Vare regime to the keenest of campaign. combats. The lines are drawn. A spirited contest is begun and the closely balanced bi-party system which has insured to the nation a succession of excellent Presidents may perhaps bring to Philadelphia a good Mayor.

Without restraints, without the fear of possible loss of political power, corruption breeds with the most dangerous celerity. The constitution framers were keenly alive to such perils and they devised the plan of national government with a wise regard for the virtue of the balance principle. If the morality of mankind is not flattered by such procedure, at least its material well-being is enhanced, and when nominees to office win in a close contest or in the face of a vigorous minority opposition the rule of cabals such as those under which Philadelphia has been oppressed is exceedingly

The history of this city's "combines, ings, gangs and machines is notoriously unsavory, but it is also clearly indicative of the fact that the life of even the most powerful of them is beset with pitfalls into which with striking regularity it is in the end certain to fall,

The supremacy of "Dave" Martin and his "Hog Combine" in 1895 was followed ov an exciting upheaval in the local organization, which expanded until it nearly resulted in the defeat of Quay for the Senate and pitted the Philadelphia hose and his henchmen against the Pennsylvania leader in a way that brought at least some of the benefits of a healthy revolution. The public invariably amounts to something when contesting factions, however conscienceless either of them may be, are at war.

The Durham organization, as cynically as it was skillfully wrought, followed the Martin regime, which had dominated the Warwick administration. The new order carried contractor rule under Ashbridge to a fine art, fortified itself with alliance with the rising McNichol and then, in the remarkable melodrama enacted when Mayor Weaver threw over the traces at the time of the gas-lease renewal crisis, underwent a temporary convulsion and on recovery paid marked recognition to the ambitions of the Vares in their expansion northward. There was no mistaking the political authority of the South Philadelphia bosses when John E. Reyburn was elected Mayor in 1907.

Four years afterward, however, heartning proof was given that the progress of the cycles in Philadelphia politics is something to be reckoned with even by victorious bossism. Durham was dead and really able leadership capable of preserving harmony in machinery large enough to run Philadelphia for the benefit of contractors was at a discount. The Vares and McNichol fell out as definitely and as acrimoniously as the Vare and the Penrose factions have split at the present time.

The public's police power in the face of a disrupted "organization" embraced the opportunity to be assertive. Corrupt gang rule was emphatically rebuked in the election of Rudolph Blankenburg.

The subsequent piecing together of the machine's broken parts was more ostensible than real, even though the ease with which Thomas B. Smith was made Mayor seemed to indicate security for resumption of business at the old stand.

It is unnecessary to recount the immediate fruits of his administration. What is of prime interest to the electorate now the coming consequences arising from the collapse of all-embracing highly

of local factions as vivid in their mutual opposition as are the national parties, which, apart from all questions of abstract morals, must from sheer necessity safeguard in general the national inter-

It would be stimulating to conceive a Philadelphia, decently governed, efficiently administered because of the riumph of virtue. It would be agreeable also to imagine a world so spontaneously well behaved that no policemen were needed. But the unsentimental truth is that good government under the representative system is oftenest the direct result of a delicate adjustment of the party equation and the valid pressure which the voter can exert in such circumstances.

The very worst thing that could happen to Philadelphia today would be a reconciliation of the factions contesting in the mayoralty campaign. If the twoparty system, rightly divorced from problems of national concern, endures here the city is on the road to a healthy political life, no matter what unholy and greedy, ambitions move the leaders. They will be rival chieftains and they must realize with a new intensity what the price of safety is.

It is particularly fitting that the animated political shuffle should be evidenced at a time when the government of Philadelphia under the new charter renders so important the constant presence of an alert and watchful opposition to all acts done under that law. With the Mayor and the smaller Council elevated in power the anti-administration party has the joint opportunity of looking out both for its own and the public's inter-

Philosophers and statesmen are anouncing a change of the old order, the beginning of a new era in world politics. It is easier to comprehend the extent of the revolution when Philadelphia feels the effects. The charter may be interpreted as one reaction. The political conculsion and the prospect of genuine biparty local tilts should assist in making intent of the new law operative. The livelier the struggle for the mayoralty is the better city executive will the

#### A WORLD MELODIST

RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO'S monlong before he died. Grand opera is a pretentious art, and judging from its ostliness in this country it is still an exotic. Occasionally, however, it falls to the composer's lot to fashion a melody, seldom more than one or two, which captures the globe. Verdi did this with the Duke's air in "Rigoletto," Gounod with the "Soldiers' Chorus" in "Faust" and Leoneavallo with at least two numbers the highly colored operatic melodrama Paglincci."

The Italian musician's name was relatively unknown, the name of his vivid score was chronically mispronounced, but every one of his countrymen is acquainted with the stirring theme of the "Prologue" and the ringing measures of the "Lament," while to Americans they are almost as well known as "My Old Kentucky Home" or the "Suwanee Caruso made the betrayed clown, central figure of the little opera, a standard stage figure and the phonographs did the rest with his music.

As an artist Leoncavallo was perhaps inferior to many of his contemporaries. He never "registered" emphatically with any other work save his Calabrian music play. His "Zingari," produced in the Campanini regime, was a wretched fail-But in "Pagliacci" he sang with inspiration and virility, and the whole world took up the tune. It was a performance which no tribute to his memory, however grandiose, can surpass.

Our forehodings have been justified. A de-And Butter Already High crease in the New Jersey buckwheat erop is now matched by the news that the Louisiana sugar-cane crop will fall more than 100,000 tons below the average for the last ten years. Fate has stacked the cards against the man who habitually orders a stack of wheats.

Tis conceded that a Try This on martin is a bird. Tis conceded that Your Piano the longest lane must But I stake my solemn davy, in a that the politician still has lots to There are maxims that are curiously learn. There are aphorisms to the vision But public views, we're told, are plain. right when the martin is a singing in the lane

New York actors see strike-breakers

The North Penn investigation is beginning to show its teeth.

When Uncle Dave "Bah'd" did he have any particular black sheep in mind?

Mosquitoes bred on the slimy pool of polities are particularly active on its banks

No "Bah-baa" can pull the wool over the eyes of an alert politician. An anarchist is a guy who put a bomb

Any line the law has on bomb-throwers should have a noose at the end of it.

to the devil"-and, to give the devil his due, he repays with interest. It is the general opinion of gentlemen of the profession now at leisure in New York that strike breakers are bad actors.

Louisiana sugar-cane crop shy; Argentina prohibits exportation of sugar-tough times shead for the man with a sweet

The German war brides brought homby American doughboys prove that Cupid has studied neither geography nor world

The President's effort to salve the food problem is another illustration of the fact that the man who simply does "the best he can" yirtually admits failure.

Spite of a few little incidents like being choked with food and run over by a railroad train the peace treaty-reservations—is still feeling fit.

## McCAIN'S GOSSIP

How a Place Was Made for Daniel J. Lafean-William J. Barry's Change From Engineering to Hoter Management

#### By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

THE name of ex-Banking Commissioner Daniel J. Lafean in connection with North Penn Bank smash conjures up a piece of unwritten politico-financial history. Mr. Lafean himself may perhaps be ignorant of it, yet he was one of the important fig ures in the episode.

When Governor Brumbaugh was trying to build up a personal machine in the state and was casting about in search of positions for those whom he fancied might aid him, he chose for one ex Congressman Lafean, of York. He selected as his victim the late Banking Commissioner William H. Smith. of Philadelphia. Smith was one of the ablest men that

ever held that responsible position. He knew the routine. He had grown up in the office; had been a bank examiner for years. Moreover, he enjoyed the confidence of the banking interests of the state.

He was not a politician like John A Berkey, his predecessor, or Daniel F. La fean, who was chosen as his successor. They were political appointments.

Several months before the end of 1916 Smith received a hint that he was due to resign. The commissioner communicated with his friends, among them the leading bankers of Philadelphia. They advised him to hold on and in no event to resign under

In the interim between the notification that his exit was desired and the day it January when he did resign under pressure every banking hease in Philadelphia operating under state laws, with one exception wrote letters of protest to Governor Brum baugh against Smith's removal. They in sisted that Commissioner Smith be retained his removal not only would be a mis take but would be disastrous. Officers of banks and trust companies in Pittsburgh and vicinity wrote in similar vein. Gov-Brumbaugh must have received at least 200 letters of protest against the re-moval of Commissioner Smith.

But he persisted in demanding Mr. Smith's resignation, and in his stead appointed buniel J. Lafean, of York county. I give Mr. Lafean the benefit of the doubt that was not aware of this episode which so emphasized the efficiency of William H.

FEW of the thousands who know William J. Barry, of the Longnere, through his ong career as hotel manager in this city are aware that by profession he is a civil engineer. He hasn't worked at the job, hough, for years.

He was one of a party of young engineers who helped to survey the western section of the ill-fated South Pennsylvania Railroad Its magnificent roins in the way of tunnels fills and cuts still adorn the landscape in omerset and Westmoreland counties.

Whether the outdoor life was distasteful

or the indoor life particularly attractive, Billy Barry dropped engineering and took hotel management. His directorate of the Belgravia covered a long period o

J. Frazier Miller, who before his resignation a few months ago was the efficient head of the Bellevie-Stratford, is another hotel director who holds a warm place in the hearts of prominent Philadelphians. He was not originally a hotel man. He was a Kentucky lad who went to New York as private secretary to the owner of one of the great ng racing stables of the famous blue grass region. Racing and the breeding of racers was then in its heyday.

George C. Boldt, of the Waldorf Astoria,

Frazer Miller stopped, took a fancy to the bright young southern chap, made him his secretary and subsequently, step by step, advanced him to a managerial po-Subsequently he placed him in abso lute control of the big hotel on Broad street. He will return in September, I hear, with his bride from a six months' sojourn in southern California, and a cheery welcome

MAJOR DAVID LEWIS, inspector general's department, A. E. F., who is back from France and once more in mufti. sking fitter than he has done for years. He confesses that he feels as fine as he Major Lewis was one of the comparatively

few officers appointed from civil life to this department of the army. It was to be ex-After years of training on reginental and brigade staffs under General Snowden in the old national guard he did not, as most officers do when they resign from the guard, shelve his acquired knowledge and forget all about it. In the intervening years he kept abreast

of the tactical changes in the military arm of the United States service. I've heard him for half an hour at a clip discussing points of drill and discipline with regular army officers. And he held his own every When the opportunity came that his

services were of value to his government, Dave Lewis promptly selected his job and went after it. He landed it, too, with rank of major. Based on his technical knowledge should have been a colonel's commission. While inspector of the Sixth Division,

regular army. Lewis had ample opportunity o study civil as well as military life in "I never saw a drunken Frenchman," he

declared, speaking of the prohibition issue. The Frenchman looks at the matter of drivking in a different light from the Amer ican. He has been brought up on wine, a part of his daily life. Only a few drink brandy.

"The town drunkard in France is a curiosity. He attracts attention as much as the town crier, who with his drum draws a crowd in the market place. While every-body drinks wine they abhor drunkenness that reason prohibition will never win in France.

CAPTAIN HILL is dead. He was Lieutenant Commander Hill, U. S. N., of the Finland. Death came as his ship was leaving Brest. France. The new will bring regret to bundreds of Philadelphians who "He who stealeth from the poor lendeth

Bailed with him in past years.

He was formerly captain of the old American liner Merion, sailing between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Subsequently he was put in command of the Finland plying on the Panama-Pacific route. Eight years or so ago his vessel, which was one of the International Mercantile Marine fleet, was placed in the New York transatlantic service Captain Hill's family has resided in Phil-

adelphia for nearly twenty years. He had spent all his life at sen. Born in England. his apprenticeship was served in a coasting as apprenticeship was served in a coasting schooner. Then he got his papers as third mate of a sailing ship plying from English ports to the Mediterraneau. Thence be grew ato the transatlantic trade.

He was a rare character. A courteous gentleman, modest, efficient and with those he liked one of the most companionable of The railroad brotherhoods are auxious

Pickwickian sense.

have it understood that when it seemed

ten Uncle Sam it merely spoke

drop comething in his box he will tell you the sign of the zodiac under which you were born, prognosticate your lucky days and planetary hours and advise you when to take a journey. He explained to me that this happened to be the night of Venus. I had been sure of it already after some scrutiny of the payements. As the lights are dimmed along the street, the large goldfish in a Chestnut street cafe window grow more placid and begin to think of a little watery HALF-PAST ELEVEN. The siry spaces round the City Hall are full of a mellow tissue of light and shadow. The tail lamp standards are like trees of great pale oranges. The white wagons of the birchbeer fleet are on their rounds. The seats where the band concerts are held are deserted save for one meditative vagrant, drooping with unknown woes. Swiftly flowing cars flir inviteriously round the curve and bend into the long sa-

Putting the City to Bed

posing itself for slumber. The caustic Mrs. Trollope, who visited Philadelphia in 1830.

omplained bitterly that there was no

arousal or cheer of any kind proceeding in

the highways after sunset; "The streets are

entirely dark, scarcely a step is heard, and for a note of music, or the sound of mirth. I listened in vain." But the lady would find

The Weather Man tries to set us a good

example by pulling down the front of his little booth at Ninth and Chestnut soon after

10 o'clock, but there are few who take the

hint. It was a night almost chilly-67 de-

grees-a black velvety sky to the northward,

moon was shining in the south. At 10,45

counters of the main postoffice. Every desk

was busy the little stamp windows were

lively caves of light. Hotel signs—the old signs that used to say ROOMS \$1 UP, and

now just say ROOMS—were bencoming along the street. Crowds were piling out of

movies. The colored man who letters cards

with delicate twirls of penmanship was set-

ting up his little table on Market street. In

spite of the cool air every soda fountain was lined with the customary gobs. The

first morning papers were beginning to be

screamed about the streets, with that hourse

has happened.

urgency of yelling that always makes the simple-minded think that something fearful

A CROWD gathered hastily in front of a big office building on Chestnut street.

Policemen sprang from nowhere. A Jeffer

son ambulance clanged up. Great agitation, and prolonged ringing of the bell at the huge

iron-grilled front door. What's up? Fi-nally appeared a man with blood spattered

over his shirt and was escorted to the am-

bulance. The engineer had walked too near

an electric fan and got his head cut. Lucky

a didn't lose it altogether, said one watcher

Eleven o'clock. In a cigar store served by

smiling damsel, two attractive ladies were

asking her if it would be safe for them to

visit a Chinese restaurant a little farther up the street. "We're from out of town," they

explained, "and all alone. We want some

chop suey. Is that the kind of place ladies can go to?" The eight saleslady appealed

to me, and I assured the visitors they would

be perfectly screne. Perhaps if I had been more gallant I should have escorted them

ELEVEN FIFTEEN. The first of the

pear; huge runabouts, with very long bon-

nets and an air of great power. One of

them, a vivid scarlet with white wheels, spins briskly round the City Hall. Trills and

tinklings of jazz clatter from second-story

restaurants. But Chestnut street is begin-

ning to calm down. Lights in shop windows are going off. The old veteran takes his seat

on a camp-stool near Juniper street and be

gips to tingle his little bell merrily. If you

thither. Off they went, a little timorous.

letter writing was in full scratch along the

diluted to a deep purple and blue where

us much more volatile now.

WAS a delicious cool evening when I

strolled abroad to observe the town com-

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA By Christopher Morley THE first few months when John was pause of North Broad street where their little red stern-lights twinkle beneath the row

of silver ares stretching away into the dis-

tauce. Broad Street Station is compara-

tively quiet, though there is the usual person gazing up at the window lettered SCRIP

CLERGY STOPOVERS COMMUTATION.

He wonders what it means. I do not know, any more than he. Standing at the corner

of the station the lights of the sky are splen

did and serene. Over the Finance Building

a light wispy plume of steam hovers and detaches itself, gleaming in the moonshine

like a floating swan's feather. The light catches the curves of the trolley rails like

IVI have sorted itself into couples. Almost

all the ladies in sight wear silk sports skirts,

and walk with their escorts in a curiously

slow swishing swing. Some of them may

have been dancing all evening, and still pace

with some of the rhythm of the waxed floor

In darkened banks are little gleams of

orange light behind trellises of bars, where

watchmen sit and grind away the long hours.

Down the dark narrow channel of Sansom

cent store shows a gush of brightness, where

some overhauling of stock is going on. The

back door is open, and looking in I can see

a riotous mouse darting about under the

counters, warily watching the men who are

rearranging some display. The Jefferson

Hospital is silent, with occasional oblongs of

light in windows. I seem to detect a whiff of

disinfectants, and wonder how the engineer

Market street is still lively. A "dance

orchard" emits its patrons down a long stair

to the street. Down they come, gaily laughing. The male partners are all either gobs, who

love dancing even more than ice cream soda;

or youths with tilted straw bats of coarse

weave, with legs that bend backward most

oddly below the knee, very tightly and briefly

trousered. Two doughboys with ace of spade

shoulder insignia greet the emerging through

showing little booklets for sale. They urge the girls to buy, with various arts of cajolery

and bright-eyed persuasion. "Who'll buy a book?" they say. "forty short stories, put out by a wounded soldier." The girls all wear very extensive hats, and are notably pretty. "Which way do we go?" is the first question on reaching the street. It is

usually the way to the nearest sods foun-

TWELVE FORTY. The watering tank roars down Chestnut street, shedding a

hissing tide from curb to curb. The fleet of

To Hire night taxis wheel off one by one as

fares leap in to escape from the deluge,

which can be heard approaching far up the silent street. It is getting quiet, save in

the all-night lunch rooms, where the fresh baking of doughnuts and cinnamon buns is

being set out, and the workers of the night shift are streaming in for their varied and substantial meals. They cut leisurely, with

loud talk, or reading the morning papers.

ONE FIFTEEN. The population consists

ing patiently for cars, which are rare after one o'clock. Chauffeurs sit in twos, gos-

sipping over the fares of the evening. Along

the curb of the Federal Building on Ninti

street linger a few resolute loungers, en

joying the calm of the night. A fruit stall

man is wondering whether to trundle home

The pile of fresh doughnuts in the lunch

room is rapidly diminishing. Street cleaning

trucks are on their nightly rounds. It's time to go to bed.

A square deal is something quality

mostly of small groups or corners wait

The rear of a ten-

ribbons of silver.

street it is very silent.

is getting on.

"COME ON, JUDGE, YOU'RE DELAYIN' THE GAME!"

For just a little news that all was right. The next few months while John was "over

So much, because I missed his company, Nor did I grieve lest he'd forgotten me.

The last few months, while John was still

in France. I flirted with the boys, yes, every chance That came my way (and they were not a few !) --

to stay, Said, "Mary, when shall be our wedding day?"

three ! -Florence T. Osmun, in N. Y. Herald.

A few Camden people enjoyed oldfashioned breakfast food yesterday. Govand the stock was bought in an hour and ten minutes. of eggs.

"Pooh!" says Martin. "Bah!" says Lane. political comic opera.

## What Do You Know?

2. Who declared that the second marriage of a widower illustrated the triumph of hope over experience?

3. Who established the Mason and Dixon

in the word gondola?

6. Which is the Diamond State?

7. What is the original meaning of alimony?

8. What is bravura?

9. Who wrote "The Last of the Barons"? 10. When did Karl Marx, the German Socialist philosopher, live?

1. A sternutation is a sneeze. 2. Hagiology is literature treating of lives and legends of saints.

3. Baltimore is known as the Monumental City.

Theophrastus Bombustus von Hohen-

ways aceds a truth for a handle

Voltaire was known as "The Apostle of Intidelity.

7. A gigue is a lively dance which gave its name to one movement of the suite, and was so called from being

> among nearly every people. April 8, 1875.

9. The area of Portugal is 36,035 square miles.

The shepherd's sundial is a name given to the scarlet pimpernal, which opens a little after acren every more-ing and closes at a little after two. When rain is at hand or the weather is unfavorable it does not open at all.

German marks have dropped to thirtythree centimes in Switzerland. The normal peace price was 125 centimes. This kind of Swiss movement has all the discomfort of jujutau for the Hun.

BREAKING THE NEWS

It seemed a dream that he had gone from me. I hailed the postman every time in sight

Somehow, I don't know why, I didn't care

Of gallant beaux I had a retinue. But this my shame when John came back

blushed to answer him who fought for me. Ch. thank you, John, but I have promised

for thirty-one cents a pound on Saturday With ham so cheap ever so many people indulged in the extravagance

QUIZ

1. Who was J. Edward Addicks?

4. On which syllable does the accent fall

5. What are alewives?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

4. Paracelsus was the name adopted by

heim (1493-1541), Swiss theoso-phist, physician and alchemist. 5. Henry Ward Beecher said "A lie al-

played on the gigue or violin. Forms of the gigue or giga or jig are found 8. Albert, king of Belgium, was born