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Philadelphia, Monday, August 18, 1919

"WHAT DOES THIS CARRY?" OPEN confession is always good for

the public. when he received the appointment.

Governor Tener was asked to name Mr. Patterson to the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Edward Magilli according to the Senator. The Governor was favorably disposed, but an attempt was made to prevent the appointment. The senator says he made three calls at the Governor's office and the last time he demanded that the appointment be made forthwith.

"I'll be in the Senate to see that he is confirmed immediately," he says he told

phia station with the commission. And were yawning for him. Mr. Patterson askedt

"Senator, what does this carry with

The point in this bit of political history, retold at this time, lies in the application thereof and in the inferences which Senator Vare would have his followers in the city committee draw from

The senator neglected to explain what prompted Mr. Patterson to ask such a pointed question.

Perhaps the judge will now.

TRAILER RELIEF

THE transit company adopts a commendable policy in its employment of trailers during the rush hours on the Twelfth and Thirteenth street lines, Just why this means of increasing the transport facilities without proportionally piling up the cost was so long delayed has never been made wholly convincing. The old cable cars on Market street regularly carried trailers. In the early days of trolleving they often took the form of open smoker cars. Their abandonment was ascribed to unexplained difficulty of operation and regard for making the narrow streets as roomy as possible.

As the matter stands now our crowded, archaic thoroughfares are simply an inconvenient fact. The immense and necessary volume of motor traffic sees to that. The best way to accommodate trolley passengers is to run more cars. The trailers provide a partial remedy. They are run in many large American cities.

Philadelphia, with its woeful lack of spacious streets, may be unable to develop the trailer plan to the full, but where conditions are fairly good and the need pressing this simple relief scheme should be utilized.

THE RAGING CANAL

THE raging canal is not exclusively a joke when it can misbehave after the fashion of the Delaware-Chesapeake waterway in last week's storm. What there is of humor in the temporary collapse of what ought to be a most valuable link in the inland communication system is of the grim variety and uncomplimentary to American enterprise.

And here it is pertinent to note how vigorously and unceasingly J. Hampton Moore has labored to give the shallow, archaic channel between Delaware City and Chesapeake City a modern meaning and to make it of real service. Development of the congressman's interior waterways plan involves complete reconstruction of the canal, rendering it proof against bad weather and available for important traffic by good-sized vessels.

In its time-early in the nineteenth century-the little channel through the heart of agricultural Delaware was regarded as a wonderful achievement. Now it is merely a quaint survival.

It is imperative in these days of expanding commerce that it should be made secure against the violence of summer rains and the vagaries of floating towpaths.

MEXICO AND A PRECEDENT

TNTOLERABLE conditions in Mexico were settled once before just after the United States had cleaned up a great war task. The Maximillian bubble burst with dramatic suddenness just after the hands of this country were freed by the closing of the Rebellion. Sheridan at the head of veteran troops took command of the Department of the Gulf.

During the four years' struggle with South all the repeated warnings from the State Department concerning sico had proved unavailing. But anquickly cleared up, making way or the long orderly, if arbitrary, rule of I tion in the modern American schools.

Diaz, when the huge extent of our military resources had been revealed in the Civil War and when the hero of Win-

chester went South. On the surface the latest "polite ultimatum" demanding that murders of Americans in Mexico must cease may seem no more than a stronger verbal declaration of what has been an unsuccessful policy. But the vigor of the United States, which was potential in 1916, has been proved between that date and 1919. Venustiano Carranza knows precisely what it amounts to just us the adherents of the doomed Maximillian did

in their day. The record of 1865-66 suggests itself as a precedent. The present warning comes from a victor over the greatest military engine ever conceived. It is still possible that pressure on Mexico may not have to take the form of inter-

THE SPEED IDIOT'S SABBATH: A FAIR SYMBOL OF THE TIMES

The Man Who Hits It Up Madly for Nowhere in Particular Is Not Unlike the Age He Lives In

SUNDAY in the country isn't what it used to be. The fragrant air is filled with golf balls. Where quiet roads run on six days of the week there are walls of dust and smoke and a swift and dangeneus procession of machinery on the seventh, when the city man cuts loose for his good time. People proceeding in wild haste to nowhere in particular get in the way of railway trains returning Therefore Senatur Vare performed a at seventy an hour with others who have service to the community when he ex- been on similar odd adventures. Little plained how Judge Patterson was first | birds who value their little lives withput on the bench and his state of mind draw to the topmost branches of their estates and lock down, with heaven knews what sensations, upon the astonishing panerama - and forget to sing.

We are a speedy people-everywhere but in Congress; the speediest in the known world. And that is why the total of road accidents and fatalities everyvegere in the country is more appalling every year. It is odd to realize that all the people who tear about in what they like to call the great outdoors are in search of rest and peace. They never seem to find it. That is plain after one look at any week-ender on his homeward The appointment was made. The Sen- | way-whether he is in a Pullman or a for Philadelphia the next morning and most any American in that moment apmet Mr. Patterson at the North Polladel- pears as if the portals of a rest cure

> The roads in New Jersey are building up the worst record for accidents and killings. The superficial thing would be to recommend the abolition of all grade crossings on motor highways. Certainly this is a necessary precaution under modern conditions of tourist traffic. But you cannot police the human ego. There is no motor accident that ordinary discretion could not prevent. If people tried to go up and down their own stairs as swiftly as they try to get to the seashore and back all the undertakers would be fabulously rich within a few years.

It would be far better, therefore, to inquire why all sorts of people are in such desperate hurry when they are away from home on a holiday. The men who build automobiles would give millions to any one who can answer that riddle. Their machines are reduced to junk and achieve bad reputations in the general scramble. No automobile that does sixty-five an hour in a pinch was ever intended to be run at that rate of speed. If it were driven at a maximum of thirty-five or forty it would last indefinitely instead of going to the scrap pile after a few years of service

It may be the democratic instinct rampant on Sunday that tends to make motor traffic perilous on many roads. It is common to see a Ford geared up to do sixty-five miles an hour-as they are sometimes geared by the unregeneratefighting for the road with a brute of a car so powerful that its owner lives in awe and fear of it.

While that sort of thing goes on there will be accidents and frictions and disasters-not only on open roads but in the economic and social order. To abolish the grade crossings in Jersey or in the general scheme of civilization will not bring complete safety anywhere. There will always be speed maniacs and mildly insane adventurers to hit abutments or roll over embankments or collide with others no less reasonable than them-

Older civilizations, more thoughtful than ours, found a particular significance in the seventh day. The word "Sabbath," broadly interpreted, means the peace of God. The speeders aren't finding it in finance, industry, labor or in the country on Sunday. And they will not find

We have a great many devices which we have not yet been able to apply to fundamental human needs. We shall have to slow down and cool off a bit and do a little thinking. Our inventions have run away with us-pell mell-like

Discontent is a dominant malady in America among all sorts of people. It is the thing that everybody tries to flee from. Gasoline is the new hope of milions. So was golf. Neither is any more useful, in the general human quest, than money.

It is some such conviction as this that responsible for the extraordinary zeal of the small and tireless and misunderstood groups of people who are intent upon re-establishing something like an old-fashioned standard of Sunday observances. They begin at the wrong end of the problem. They approach it from the op when it can only be dealt with at the ottom.

A week of grinding routine leaves peo ole with an actual ache for thrills and excitement. Even danger and uncertainty can look attractive to a man whose six days have been ordered and regulated y machine processes. The sobering philosophies that comfort and strengthen the human spirit and reveal the uselessness of much that is sought after in a lifetime of hard work have little atten-

That is one of the reasons why we are accustomed to mistake pleasure for hap-

Well, sooner or later we will settle lown, after we have tried all the mechanical and material devices, after we have fallen from airplanes and after

money has lost the charm of its novelty We shall learn unquestionably, by experionce, what many older civilizations knew-that happiness and peace are not matters of speed or material possessions. As a nation we shall learn that when we stepped on the accelerator and stiffened for a speed record we left a good many of our treasures at the starting point. We shall go back for themwith a flat tire, perhaps, or with a dead cylinder or two But we shall go back,

Meantime, until the average weekender acquires a touch of fundamental wisdom, he will have to be pretected during his escapades. Jersey will have to book after her grade crossings. Police men will have to be sterner on some of the highways to lessen the number of motor smashes.

In Jersey particularly the matter of vehicle traffic is serious. No state that claims to be a haven for tourists can afford to kill a number of them every week at railroad crossings that might be made safe by the presence of a watchman. Trains in New Jersey and elsewhere should be made to slow down at every crossing. The passengers would lose only a few minutes. And since they are on a celatively futile adventure, anyway, this would not greatly matter.

SUGARING THE PUBLIC

IT has been notorious for years that sugar is the one commodity which the grocers sell without profit. There were times long before the war, when sugar was selling for five and six cents a pound, that the difference between what the grocers paid for it and the price at which they sold it was so small that they would not deliver a purchase of sugar unless other groceries were bought with They had to carry sugar in stock. but they did it as an accommodation to their customers. The government now recognizes ten cents as a fair wholesale price for sugar delivered at the store. It has fixed eleven cents as a fair retail

The attorney general new says with fine show of indignation that the charging of more than eleven cents "is a slimy gouge." Every one who knows anything about the costs of doing business knows that a cent a pound is not enough to pay the grocer for handling it, but public sentiment and custom have for years forced the sale of sugar on this low margin. The price of sugar is not what is trouling people. It is the price of ment and bread and vegetables and shoes and other articles of wearing apparel.

It is easy to find an Mr. Armour's Shoes air of ungeneiousness in J. Ogden Armour's testy reply to the Truders and Builders' Exchange of Chicago, which voted to buy him a pair of shoes after he had made publie intimations of approaching poverty. stend of demanding a complete wardrobe Mr. Armour should have given carnest thanks. He ought to have felt relieved at the knowledge that his associates in Chicago high finance weren't birking outside his office to take his old shoes from him as he left for dinner.

The point of view of the profiteer is to get as much as he can with as little trouble as he can-which, when you come to think of it, is also the attitude of mind of ever so many of us who swell with conscious rectitude. None of which, be it understood, is in restraint of our desire to kick the gouger in the back of his stomach whenever a presenta line

Present industrial, commercial and agicultural prosperity will do much toward olving the Irish problem—though recent happenings in Londonderry seem to dis-

Sanators Lodge and Harding decline to ee any relation between the peace treaty and the high cost of living, which causes one to wonder if the gentlemen are myopic or merely perverse.

Even if, as Mr. Lane declares, Penis a negligible quantity, it doesn't affect Moore's quality.

The sinking of an Italian croiser in the Suez canal, blocking the channel, would have caused considerable excitement if it and occurred during the war. Now, it causes barely a ripole.

With alien laborers returning to their ome countries and southern negroes coming to take their places, employers find life just one darned problem after another.

Uncle Sam's grocery store. And "small profits and no returns" is the motto dis-This is again the closed season for the

There is no free cracker barrel in

exportation of arms to Mexico. The open senson may return when the administration sees yet another light. The captain of our ship of state is

satisfied that he not only has ability to andle the wheel but wind enough to belly the sails. Here and there the opinion is expressed

that the housewife packs her market basket with everything but discrimination. A portion of Ypres is to be left in ruins as a war memorial. We predict that the spot will never be popular with Ger-

After the transcontinental airlines have been mapped out the next thing to do will he to install wireless "No-Trespassing" signs.

man tourists.

Our hunch is that the hig dramatic nunch in the North Penn production will se a court scene.

As a step toward reducing the high cost of living let the peace treaty be signed, with or without reservations.

It is still possible for Sunday players in Fairmount Park to make three strikes without being put out.

Attorney General Palmer, while ment rices rise, declares prices are coming down. Perhaps the gentleman is a vegetarian,

CARNEGIE AS AN EGOTIST

His Vanity, However, Was Offset by Undoubted Ability and His Wealth Was Sufficient to Turn a Weakness Into an 'Idiosyncrasy'

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN NDREW CARNEGIE loved the lime-ANDREW CARNEGIE loved the inne-light. He delighted to let his right hand know what his left hand did. He was a supreme egotist.

I shall never forget a conversation that ook place a few years ago in the smoking room of a Pullman car entering Pittsburgh. We were passing the great Edgar Thomson Steel Works near Braddock. Turning his companion, one of two men, who from their appearance might have been manufacturers, said:

"Andy Carnegie is the vainest and most egotistical man in the United States."
"Well, hasn't he a right to be?" was the rejoinder of the other.

A NDREW CARNEGIE, on the basis of his success in life, had a right to be egotistical. It is said that all men who exert cent power are egotistical.

Mr. Carnegie's weakness was a disposi-tion to air this trait on the slightest occasion. Those who knew him intimately will acknowledge the truth of this observation.

IF ANDREW CARNEGIE and been an ordinary man in the ordinary walks of life his personal vanity would have been a serious handicap. In one of the wealthiest men in the world it became an idesyncrasy,

H IS first venture in the iron and steel business, according to some of his biographers, was the Keystone Bridge Works. Pittsburgh. It was a very modest concern in the beginning. As a lad I was through it a number of times.

It was situated out the Sharpsburg road beyond the Allegheny Cemetery in Lawrenewille. South of it the width of a field was the Mowry farm. For forty years it has been a thickly settled and populous section of the city.

The Mowey form was famous in the early It belonged to an old Pitts One of the boys, a genera tion before Carnegie and his partners started the Keystone Bridge Works, went west. I think he was the black sheep of the family. Anyhow, he hooked up some sert of connection with the chief of an Indian tribe, went through some marriage form with a squaw and then died.

The squaw's name was Cub-a-u-quit. Some shrewd western lawyer heard that had an inheritance in the cast. Then followed a long suit in the Pittsburgh courts. Cub-a-u-quit was dragged east to appear in court. There was a bitter legal fight that older Pittsburghers still But the lawyers and Cub-a-a-quit lost.

The farm was divided into building lots, known as the Mowry tract, and tens of thousands of dollars were reaped by the renl estate men. Many of the lots were purchased by Carnegie's workmen. They were handy to the works. Some of the lots, I recall, were

sold at real bargains. AT THE opposite end of Lawrenceville, from near the "forks of the road" where Butler street and the East Liberty pike, now Penn avenue, branched off, was a dusty unpaved lane. It is now Thirtyfourth street, I believe. It led down to the Allegheny railroad tracks and the

banks of the Allegheny river. At the end of the street was a sign that read CARNEGIE, KLOMAN & CO.

Carnegie's partner, Kloman, lived within four squares of the mill. He was a pursy, henvy-jowled, undersized German, who left everal sons that in appearance were of the father's type. It was this mill that father's type. originally fed the Keystone Bridge Works.

T HAVE mentioned that Mr. Carnegle was brusque and domineering with his employes and often with his partners. He was the head of the concern and he delighted to make his power felt. There was one individual, however

met Mr. Carnegie on his own ground; who answered him word for word and tone for tone. Moreover he called him "Andy."

Cantain William Jones was the greatest ted master Pittsburgh ever knew. He was Welshman. All the details of iron and mking were at his fingers' emis. Just why he was called Captain I never dis-

He was a big town, nearly six feet, I should say, and powerfully built. He was smooth shaven with rugged features so red that they seemed to reflect the fires of his He had, moreover, a deep voice with a Welsh tang in his utterance that was perceptible only in certain words.

He was the one man whom Andrew 'arnegie fully trusted, I think. Anyhov Carnegie paid him a princely salary, and domain the big mills along the Monongahela.

The Captain had come up through all the grades of mill work. He had been midlers' helper, puddler, heater, roller boss roller, superintendent and general manager. He was the idot of his men. The story told years age around Pitts burgh related how on one of his semiseensional visits to the Soho mills, I think, Carnegle suggested some structural change to the seasoned old manager. "It isn't the right thing to do," said the

Captain. "But I know it is, and I want it done, ctorted Carnegie in his positive high-keyed

"If don't care what you want, I know that it isn't right, and I'll be damned if I'm going to do it," thundered Jones. And that ended the discussion.

MR. CARNEGIE was always boastfully bround of this boys," as he called them. They were the men whom he made millongives over night. And he had a right o be. Some of the brightest men in Pittsburgh were among the number. At the same time there was a little group that lisproved the off repeated assertion Andrew Carnegle knew how to select his lleutenants.

I could name three or four who were not much credit to his perceptive qualities in the selection of assistants. In several instances they justified this criticism by their subsequent lack of business qualifications and their failure to retain the fortunes that came to them so easily.

On the other hand there were men who were made millionaires that deserved every penny of their good fortune. They were real men, faithful and indefatigable. Of this number particularly was Colonel Lewis T. Brown.

He was an iren worker and at one time prominent member of the old National uard. I recall years before the great Carnegic Consolidation melon was cut that Lew Brown as a result of a strike was out of work. He was downcast and well nigh disheartened. He meditated leaving Pittsburgh to seek work in some other iron center. Finally he secured a job in the Union Iron Mills. There he had an opportunity to show what was in him, and his rise was rapid.

THE DAY AFTER THE "DAY OF REST"



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA By Christopher Morley

The Happy Valley

TWO friends, who may be called for present purposes Messrs. Madrigal and Doggerel, dismounted from the West Chester trolley at the crossing of Darby creek, Madrigal rolled a cigarette. Doggerel filled a pipe. They paid their respects to the old sawmill and Mr. Flounders, its presiding deity. Then they set off for a tramp up the

It was a genial afternoon, after a night of thrashing rain and gale. The nir was meek and placid; the sky a riotous blue. After the tumu'tuous washing of the storm all the heavenly linen was hung out to dry. bulging and ballooning in snowy clots along the upper dome. The tents of creekside campers were sodden, and great branches lay scattered on the meadows, wrenched down by the wind. By Mr. Sanderson's farm at Brookthorpe a scoutmaster was breaking camp, preparing to take his boys home. They had only been there four days and the grieved urchins stood in miserable silence. The hur-ricane of the night before had nearly washed them away, and as everything was so wet their leader feared to let them sleep on the ground. The boys were heartbroken, but the scoutmaster said sagely: "I'd rather have the boys mad at me than their mothers,'

IN SPITE of the recent downpour, the walking was admirable. Roads were damp, easy underfeot, free from dust, Mad rigal and Doggerel were gay at heart. The crambled up the embankment of the deserted Delaware County Railroad, which is the most direct pathway toward the headwaters of Darby. It is possible to go along the bank of the creek, but underbrush was still drenched, and Mr. Sanderson uttered cryptic warning of a certain bull. On the grass-grown track of the antique railroad, treading gingerly over worm-eaten wooden tresties, the explorer enjoys perfect sunny tran quillity. It is only five miles from the city limits, but one moves in the heart of bird song and ancient solitude. One freight train a day is the traffic of the forgotten line and probably the director general of railroads never heard of it. It would not b surprising to meet Rip Van Winkle pacing thoughtfully along the mouldering ties. And as it is raised high above the valley, the walker gains a fair prospect over the green country of Darbyland. The creek, swollen with rain, brawled rapidly along its winding shallows. Cattle munched in the meadows Goldenrod was minting its gold, and a first faint suggestion of autumn breathed in the sleepy air, Madrigal tore off his linen collar, stuffed it in his pocket, and fell to quoting Keats. Doggerel having uttered some painful words about the old cider traffie, now evaporated, Madrigal bestirred his memory of the Ode to Autumn. cider press, with patient look, Thou watches the last oozings, hours by hours." is a man of well-stored mind, and as the wayfarers tripped nimbly along the ties, where wild flowers embroider the old cuttings and deserted farms stand crumbling along knotted apple trees, he beguiled the journey with varied speculation and dis-

T A long-abandoned station known as A Foxcroft-which is now only a quarry, and has the air of some mining settlement of the far West-the walkers began to understand something of the secret of this region. It is a fox-hunting country (according to the map, the next station or this mystic line was called The Hunt) and from here on they caught glimpses of the life of that picturesque person known as the "country gen-tleman." There were jumping barriers for horses erected in the meadows; rows of kennels, and a red-cheeked squire with a riding crop and gaiters striding along the road. Along that rolling valley, with whispering cornfields and fair white mansions lingering among trees, is the color and contour England, long-settled, opulent and rural erene. In one thing only does it lack English charm: there are no old ale-houses along the way. No King's Arms or Waggon and

Horses or Jolly Ploughboy where one may sit on a bench well-polished by generations of corduroyed hindquarters and shut out the smiling horizon with a tankard's rim, "Oh land of freedom!" cried Madrigal, clucking

his tongue upon a drouthy palate.

FROM Foxeroft there is a tempting blue vista up a tributary valley toward Newtown Square, which would be well worth exploring; but Madrigal and Doggerel turned away through another covered bridge in order to keep along the trend of Darby. A detour along the road brought them back to the creek at a magnificent stone bridge of three arches. The man who designed that bridge was a true artist, and had studied the old English bridges. And at this corner stands a curious old house bearing the inscription. Ludwig's Lust (Ludwig's Pleasure) Built 1774, Remodelled 1910. As the pedesdoor, and the hapless Doggerel created some irritation by hopefully asking one of the motorists if the place were an inn.

After Ludwig's Lust came the most enchanting stretch of the journey. The road runs close by the creek, which foams along a stony course under an aisle of trees. Where Wigwam Run joins the creek is a group of farm buildings, and a wayside spring of perfect water. It was sorry to see a beautiful old outhouse of dappled stonework being pickaxed into rubble. At this point is the fork of Darby and Little Darby. An old deserted mill is buried in greenery, the stones furred with moss. Just beyond, a little road dips off to the left, crossing both branches of the stream. Here, where Little Darby churns easending among great boulders and tiny shelves of sand, one might well in some mountain elbow of the Poconos. Madrigal and Doggerel gazed tenderly on this shady cavern of wood and water. had been an hour cachier, with the sunlight strong upon these private grottees, a bathe would have been in order. But it was already drawing late.

THE Berwyn road, on which the travelers ▲ now proceeded, is full of surprises, Great houses crown the hilltons, with rows of slender poplars silhouetted against the sky. Here and there a field of tawny grain lifts a smooth shoulder against blue heaven. little drinking fountain on a downward grade drops a tinkling dribble of cold water from a carved lion's mouth. Among old willows and buttonwoods stand comely farmhouses-one beside the road is tinted a rich salmon pink A real estate agent's sign at the entrance to a fine tract says, "For Sale, 47 Acres, with Runing Water." The walkers thought they discerned a message in that. For rune means a mark of magic significance, a whisper, a secret counsel. And the chiming water of Darby has its own whispers of secret counsel as it runs its merry way, a laughing little river that preaches sermons unawares In the meadows near Old St. David's

Church-built when Philadelphia itself was hardly more than a village-are Guernsey calves, soft as a plush cushion, with bright topaz eyes. Madrigal told how he had written a poem about Old St. David's when he was sixteen, in which he described the 'kine" grazing by the stream, and in which (after the manner of poets in their teens) he besought merciful Death to come and take him. Death, one supposes, was sorely tempted, but happily refrained from reaping the tender bardling.

IN THE quiet graveyard of Old St. David's I the travelers halted a while, to see the grave of Anthony Wayne and admire the thin trailers of the larches swinging in the golden flood of late sunlight that slanted down the valley. It was 6 o'clock, and they were beginning to doubt their ability to reach their destination on time. A party of motorists were just leaving the church, and both Madrigal and Doggerel loitered pointedly by the gate in hopes of a lift. So they set valiantly But no such fortune. upon the last leg of the afternoon. shady bend of the road came a merry motor sooming along and Doggerel's friend, Jarden

Guenther, at the wheel. Mr. Guenther was doubtless amazed to see Doggerel in this remote spot, but he was going the other way, and passed with a cheerful halloo. Then, by the old Defense Signal tree on the Paoli road came a flivver, which rescued the two plodders and took them two miles or so on their way. By the Tredyffrin golf course they were set down before a winding byway, which they followed with tingling shanks and

hearts full of achievement.

A SHADY lane by the now stripling Darby brought them to a quiet pool under leaning willows, and a silver gush of water over small dam beneath which a bronze Venus bathes herself thoughtfully. Madrigal wore the face of one entering into joy rarely youchsafed to battered noets. Doggerel, in is paltry way, was likewise of blithe cheer. Through a gap in the hedge they scaled a knoll and reached their haven. And here they found what virtuous walkers have ever found at the end of an innocent journeya bath, a beer, and a blessing.

Searchlight Drill

THE silver beams go up and down And flicker to and fro, An endless dizzy play of light, An aerial heel and toe.

Quadrille and hornpike, polka, jig, And reel and buck-and-wing. The schottische, and the minuet, Gavotte and Highland fling.

They tango o'er the purple sky And lenp the zodiac To shimmy with the Pleiades, And then mazurka back,

far along the horizon Like summer lightning glance, Behold among the flushing stars The navy searchlights dance -Minna Irving, in the New York Herald.

When Mr. Palmer valiantly declaims that no guilty profiteer will escape, the calm and judicial part of him decides that no profiteer is "guilty" until a court so declares. So it's a safe bet every way.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What is an acropolis? 2. What is the largest city in India? 3. How many articles compose the original

constitution of the United States? 4. What flag was known as the "Stars and Bars"?

5. What is the capital of Iceland? 6. Who was Charles Godfrey Leland? 7. How high is the dome of the Capitol

at Washington? 8. Who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead"?

9. How many scruples make a dram in apothecary's weight? What is the literal meaning of the Franch phrase "sang-froid"?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz Viscount Grey is the new British ambassador to the United States.

2. Andrew Carnegie died at the age of eighty-four.

The Liberty Bell was first cast in London in 1752. Byron's full name was George Gordon Noel Byron. The family name was

Narcissus, in Greek mythology, was a beautiful youth who fell in love with his own reflection in the water. He was changed into a flower.

6. Dr. Samuel Johnson said "Hell is paved with good intentions." His remark originates in a less vigorous observation by George Herbert.

7. About 10,000 American Indians fought in the war against Germany. 8. Requefort cheese is made of goats' and ewes' milk.

.9 An entilading fire from artiflery sweeps line of works or men from end to end.

10. Baronet is the lowest hereditary title in England.