## EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1919

## Evening Public Tedger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

# CVRUS H. E. CURTIS, Parsinger Charles H. Ladington, Vice President; John C. Marlin, Becretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams John J. Fpurgeon, Directors,

E.DITORIAL BOARD: CTAUS H. K. CUNTIS. Chairman

TOWN C MARTIN. ... General Dusiness Manara

Published daily at PUBLIC LEDGE Bu	liding.
Independence Fquare, Phuadelphis	
ATLANTIC CITY Preas-Union	Bullding
NEW YORK	n Tower
DETROIT	Bullding
ST. Louis	Building
BICAGO	Building
NEWS BUREAUS:	
LT DA TT AT AT AT AT AT AT AT AT AT A	

rich-Subscribers wishing address changed give old as well as her address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT SEYSTONE, MAIN 2000

C7 Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

#### Member of the Associated Press

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein. All rights of republication of special dis-

patches berein are also reserved.

Philadelphia, Friday, August 29, 1919

#### "WHO'S LOONY NOW?"

THAT friend of Judge Patterson who attacked Congressman Moore's labor record must be regretting his action. It was quickly proved that the congressman had been a consistent friend of the workingman, and the charge against him set men to examining the judge's labor record.

The stone cutters of the city know all about it, for they took before the judge their case under the law which provides that all stone used on municipal work shall be dressed in the city by American citizens. The judge admitted the existence of the law, but in the contract under dispute he refused to order its enforcement. The contractor, who had based his bid on the prices for stone cutting here, wanted to make an extra profit by having the stone dressed at the quarries, where it could be done more cheaply. The judge decided for the contractor.

The higher court overruled his decision. But the judge was on record as an official more friendly to the contractor than to the stone cutters.

The congressman may find it difficult to resist the temptation to paraphrase a famous telegram sent by John Armstrong Chaloner from Virginia to New York and ask the judge "Who's the friend of labor now ?"

#### WORDS TO THE UNWISE

TF THE railway shopmen should strike in the face of the conciliatory letter issued yesterday by their leaders they would act without the support of public opinion. And, what is more important, they would find themselves in a crisis without the sympathy of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Gompers's influence is clearly apparent in the tone of the message issued to the railway men by their officers, who advise the acceptance of the President's terms. The dean of trades unionism seems to have been determined to conserve the interests of the federation | She had not the interrogative mood. rather than the interests of an isolated group. And, since the railway shopmen are new in the Federation of Labor and seemingly intent on using the prestige

President's widow should receive not less than \$10,000 a year. The government pays the widows \$5000. This will makes up the balance of the sum.

His family will not suffer, for he made provision for them during his life, thus accomplishing two ends. The first was to save the estate the inheritance tax and the second was to keep as a family secret the fortune of his daughter and the dower of his widow. There will be no disposition to criticize him for either reason, as his public bequests have been so great that he should be immune to petty faultfinding.

#### SIDETRACKING OF MILLENNIUM GIVES GROUND FOR CHEER

#### The War Didn't Bring It. Admiral Jellicoe Fails to See It and the World Is to Be Congratulated on Its Escape

WHIRRING along the cables from far-off New Zealand comes a message of cheer that was evidently intended to be quite the reverse. "A look around the world," moans Admiral Jellicoe, shows that the millennium is as far off as ever."

One can almost see the crocodile tears. The fighting man's notion of a good peace is one that is gained by a good war. Trade loyalty is a powerful sentiment. Hudson Maxim, here at home, evinced it the other day in announcing his purpose to pursue the path of discovery in military engines. He expressed serious doubts that the human race had entered on an era of perfection.

General Wood upon the same theme is profoundly skeptical. At the mere mental picture of a flawless planet the United States Senate is stirred to its

But the sensation is not contagious. Is any same or sensible individual, not talking to hold his job, really worrying about a sidetracked millennium? Did any one but a chronic sentimentalistthough these were plentiful-actually believe that the world war was ushering us all into a state of painfully monototous Nirvana?

depths.

Armed strife is intrinsically a detestable argument. The world, save professional militarists and those who thrive apon their performances, is heartily sick f debate by brute force. That is why the league-of-nations plan, despite misplaced commas or other inevitable imperfections, appeals to the practical wisdom of mankind.

Whether more wars of major caliber will be fought is a mystery-like tomorrow's weather. There is, however, a chance of postponing them by a workable co-operative scheme. But no guarantee of the millennium goes with that formula. Subtract from Admiral Jellicoe's pretentious utterance the hint of his instinctive predilection for a good sea

scrap and it is a positive stimulant. The interrogation point is a symbol of mankind at its healthiest. In this sense it was an obsolete symbol in China for some two thousand years.

China was not wondering whether a Plumb plan would work or would be too radical. China was not pondering the labor-capital query. China was not asking if her Wilson, on tour or at home, her Lodge, her Borah, her Taft, her Haywood, her Walsh, her eastern manufacturers or western "nonpartisan" farmers were right or wrong. China had art and an exquisite formalism. She also had degradation and sodden oppression.

By our philosophy, at least, she had not life. Did she have the millennium? There were complacent mandarins who granted by the Jersey utilities commiswould virtually have admitted it. sion are not only unnecessary, but un-

moulin died in the belief that the millennium was all but here. Their republican France created it by flat. The Goddess of Reason ruled. All Paris could see her. She was an actress dressed up for the

part. All Paris later saw the "perfect" social structure dashed to bits by Napoleon's whiff of grapeshot, saw in time a new autocrat waging a then unprecedented world war.

After Waterloo many liberals despaired, set down the French Revolution and the subsequent strife as a mere bloody episode, full of sound, a fury, signifying nothing. Impatience and the temporary domination of the Talleyrands, Metternichs, holy alliances and most sanctified leagues for preserving monarchical "divinity" in Europe warped that verdict. The emancipation of mental processes resulting from the international agony was incalculable. Europe was never the same from the day of the tennis-court oath. It was, in a way, Waterloo which was the isolated episode, not the revolution.

Stormy times and disillusionment even for those who are not looking for human infallibility are ahead. It is only the Rollos, the Elsie Dinsmores, the Candides and the Pollyannas who decree sweetness and light where all is lusty vigor and healthy, tempestuous energy. It is sickening coldly to consider whether the results of the war are com-

pensation for the cruelty, waste and tragedy. But it spared us one thing. It shoved away the millennium farther than ever. And reduced to a stimulating de gree the ranks of the lazy-minded. It is possible that even Admiral Jellicoe

was not so cosmic in his factitiously gloomy views before 1914.

## THE RETURN TO REASON

N CAMDEN and its environs the Public Service Corporation has begun what it blithely calls a campaign of education to harden the people to the nine, eleven, thirteen and fifteen cent trolley fares soon to be general under the recent astonishing decree of the state utilities commission.

Pamphlets and painted poles and an claborate system of new regulations, as well as remodeled equipment, are necessary provisions for the new zone-fare system. But in view of what is happening elsewhere-to the Interborough in New York, to food gamblers in Chicago. to strikers who have lost their heads and to a lot of other jazzers in the high-

cost dance-one cannot but wonder whether the street-car companies in New Jersey ought not to organize a campaign of education not for the public, but for themselves.

Food producers, a good many trolley corporations and some of the more radical trades unionists are, curiously enough, in the same boat. They come too high. The people are in a mood to regard them as luxuries that may be dispensed with in a pinch. This was demonstrated yesterday when meat prices be-

gan to tumble in Chicago. Cattle were left unbought in the pens. Speculators lost heavily in a panic. Reports proved that meat purchases in retail markets were being rigorously curtailed. The buying public had merely reached the

limit of its endurance. Who knows that the rule which is operating simultaneously to defeat unreasonable strikes and throw the food market into a swift decline will not operate to bring confusion to street-car lines operated on the theory favored in New Jersey? If Mr. Mitten's theories of street railroading are sound-and they seem to be-the increases in trolley rates

## JIMMY FRANKLIN'S TRIP

Legislator Had Charge of Party, Including Jim McNichol, Joe Klemmer and Charlie Seger, Bound for Carson City-Wound Up in City of Mexico

## By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

ON. JAMES FRANKLIN, better known to a wide circle of friends as "Jimmie." nember of the last Legislature and for years sergeant-at-arms of Common Council, was once a member of a tourist party that started for San Francisco, never reached there, but instead wound up in the City of Mexico. The original purpose of the party was to attend the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, then go on to San Francisco. "Jim" Mc-Included in the number were Nichol, "Joe" Klemmer, "Charlie" Seger and half a dozen other kindred spirits and eading lights in Philadelphia's political world

Franklin was to have charge of the party and all of the arrangements. He spent nights and days estimating costs, consultng railroad timetables and figuring out details.

The harder he figured the higher the exonse account climbed.

At this juncture Charles F. Kindred, then meral agent and chief lobbyist for the Read ing Railroad, ambled on the scene. He had long intended giving some of the "boys" a trip, he said. He would furnish the car and transportation if the voyagers would furnish the rest.

They started, but instead of getting to the rize-fight in San Francisco they wound up the City of Mexico. Kindred proposed the Mexican trip as a variation. They hadn't been in the City of Mexico more than a couple of days. "Jimmie" declares, until McNichol wanted to start back. He was homesick for Philadelphia. They put it to a vote and McNichol was the only vote in its favor.

It was some trip. The party spent three days in Cincinnati inspecting the brewerles.

JOHN K. MCCARTHY, looking healthier and happier than for years, is today somewhere between the oceans speeding westward the island of sunshine and old missions, California.

Just before he started he told me that he had fallen in love with California. He has spent the last two winters there, and the limate and the physical rest have been to tim like a fountain of youth.

And John K. McCarthy is, no youthful personage be it known, though just how far eyond sixty his years stretch is a matter that need not be discussed here. He looks ten years younger than he really is.

John was the right-hand man of the late Mayor Charles F. Warwick, acting both as personal legal counsel and friend. Of late years he has led the quiet life of a real state assessor. When he resigned, he tells me, he had

unded out just thirty-six continuous years in office in this city.

 $\mathbf{I}_{\mathrm{of}}^{\mathrm{N}|\mathrm{A}|\mathrm{committee of eleven on Masonic homes}}$ aré Philadelphians or, by virtue of their Masonic office, are temporarily located here. They are James B. Krause, Grand Master Masonic Temple; former Judge Abraham M. Beitler, R. W. Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Past Grand Master J. Henry Williams; Edward W. Patton, R. W. Junior Warden, with George F. Knight, secretary.

mention this because there are some very interesting facts that have just been published in a modest way, by direction of the above gentlemen, concerning the Masonic Homes at Elizabethtown in Lancaster ounty.

The property embraces in round num-bers 1000 acres. It is the largest property in the world devoted to this purpose. There are about 600 acres under cultivation; eighty-three acres of orchards, fifteen acres of a vegetable garden and five acres of vineyard and nursery.

In the orchards there are 2200 apple trees, 2180 peach trees, 312 cherry trees, 2000 nut bearing trees, in addition to 1500 walnut trees and 1000 grape vines.

The reservoir has a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons of water. In the dairy there are sixty-nine cows. There is a flock of seventy-nine sheep besides 170 pigs and 1600 chickens and thirteen colonies of bees.



A REAL THRILLER

# THE CHAFFING DISH

port service, was a Harvard undergraduate when the war began. He enlisted in the ranks.)

WE'VE been lying here in the harbor for W two weeks waiting for a load of troops to take home, and it looks as though there might be some more of the same before we head back for the States. I've been lucky enough to get a trip to Paris and the front in the meantime, though; five of the busiest

WE CAME back to Paris by another way along the Ource through Fismes and days I ever spent, full of color and atmosphere and activity. And the greatest of these Meaux, through some of the most lovely was activity. Partly because I think you might be interested, but mainly, 1 fear, to country in France. A few miles and we had come from burning to beauty. Here was an amuse myself this idle afternoon, I'm going

## THE CENTAUR OF THE SKY

IN DAYS of old the Centaur bold, Half man, half horse, appeared, A concentrated Hercules, With curly hair and beard. We read of him in olden tales, Of times when earth was young.

And thought him nothing but a myth, By ancient poets sung.

But see! above the silver clouds. In weather foul or fair, At dizzy speed behold a steed,

Careering through the air Half human, half machine, it soars,

In spaces far and high-The airplane-wonder of the world-And Centaur of the sky:

-Minna Irving, in New York Herald.

It is significant that sixteen allied rades organizations have voted disapproval of the 1500 local bricklayers who are striking in violation of an agreement they are said to have signed. The obligation of a pledged word holds good still whether it affects a

s well to remember that the percentage of

destitution is less than it ever was and that

the one remedy for all existing evils is hard work and plenty of it and just a little more

President Wilson could do much to help

Fate is working for the Moores these

The Apology Club ought to call a meet-

H. C. of L. victims by firing the postmaster

general and putting in office a man who would extend the parcel post system. The

days. In the Hog Island contest, Moore,

ing for the discussion of the first day's

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

What is the legend of a coin?

3. Who is the present shah of Persia?

world loves a lover"?

in classical mythology?

so many of the Psalms?

Who served as chairman of the war

council of the American Red Cross?

What side in a European parliament or

What is the correct wording of the quo-

world loves a lover"? 6. Who was the god of the lower regions

7. What is the significance of the word

Where are the Falkland Islands?

10. Who was the "Bard of Twickenham"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Samuel Gompers was born in England.

legislature does the term "left" de-

tation generally given as "All the

"Selah," which appears at the end of

What rank in the army did William's

McKinley attain before he became

Pa., won the sponsor for today's launching.

sale of surplus army goods showed how.

economy than we are practicing.

registration.

scribe?

President?

Home Thoughts From France bling villages and far slopes crowned with gnunt ghosts of trees. Just one bitter hill on the long hard front, almost impregnable, By MacKnight Black U. S. Naval Correspondent of The Chaffing yet changing hands half a dozen times-what a symbol of indomitable and wasted life! Dish On a smoothed-out stretch of this scarred, agonized hilltop is a little cemetery of French (Mr. Black, now a ycoman in the transand German graves, neat and and still as the quiet earth at the dawn of

U. S. S. Marica. Brest, Aug. 14.

of the general organization for a purely selfish end it is clear that Gompers is still conservative-and conservative in more ways than one.

#### THEY CAN'T CONTROL HIM

UNCLE DAVE LANE'S latest tribute to Congressman Moore is interesting for two reasons.

Mr. Lane says that "neither side wanted Hampy at the outset because they knew if he was nominated and elected he would be for Hampy Moore."

This, of course, means that they knew he would be an uncontrolled Mayor. That is what the men who are backing him have been saying and it is why they are backing him. It is interesting to have Mr. Lane admit it.

The admission is significant also because of the natural inference regarding Judge Patterson which forces itself upon the mind. The organization wanted a candidate who would be amenable to discipline. It could not control the congressman so it selected the judge.

If the unavoidable, inference from Mr. Lane's remark is pleasing to the judge he is easily plan ...

## A "POOR MAN'S" WILL

12.5

WHEN one considers the wealth Andrew Carnegie had at one time, he was a poor man when he died. He once said that it was a disgrace to die rich. As a fortune of \$30,000,000 is poverty to a man who had been worth \$400,000,000 he had his wish.

The greater part of the estate disposed of by the will goes to the Carnegie Corporation of New York. This corporation, which received \$125,000,000 during the lifetime of Mr. Carnegie, is chartered to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among the people of the United States by aiding schools and colleges and by encouraging scientific research, hero funds, useful publications and by such other means as may seem appropriate to the trustees. It is likely that the endowment of the corporation will be raised by the will to \$150,000,000. The most interesting bequests are the annuities. Mr. Taft receives \$10,000 a year, doubtless because of his interest in rbitration and universal peace. It is difficult to understand why an annuity of a similar amount is left to the British mier. Whether they will accept reains to be seen. The intention is obunly kindly. The annuities of \$5000 ach to the widows of Presidents Clevend and Roosevelt are a sort of a crition the inadequacy of the pensions id to these women by the government. Carnegie evidently thought that a

The millennium lure is an old-timer. In perhaps the darkest age of recorded history it was extremely potent. The notion that "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth" would vanish on New Year's day 1000 A. D. prevailed strongly throughout Europe. Intellectual stagnation was the prelude to the new life. Men did not think. They waited.

The wave of disappointment which swept through the Christian continent when the date came and the earth whirled on and nothing happened was akin to that in which deluded dreamers temporarily sank after November 11, 1918. The fair, specious promises faded. More questions were asked when all should have been answered.

The world fumed and stormed intellectually in peace as it had physically in war. It was alive-more alert than it had ever been-to query, to investigate, to reflect.

The mass mental energy of this ball was never so intensely fluid as it is today. Employers are actually thinking about the labor problem. Workmen discuss world politics, debate economic and social systems. Women are citizens, and where not yet in law at least in intellectual quality.

Public opinion was never so individualistically subdivided. We have had and still have original sin. Now we have original virtue, original truths, original half-truths, original sophistries.

Involuntarily or otherwise, the average American is a better citizen than he was before the war. He knows more. He questions more keenly. The shake-up is to some extent a thing apart from actual campaign experiences.

The average returned soldier is reticent. He is pondering, whether he realizes it or not, the terrible beauties and uglinesses of modern strife. If it is simply a shocking enigma now, that fact need not render it meaningless as the him. years roll by. Today it is the immediate aftermath of the struggle in which he and those who stayed at home are chiefly interested.

"Where is your millennium now?" croaks bolshevism. If anywhere it is in the cities of Moscow and Petrograd, where arrogant, sentimental idealism rules at its maddest, where the social structure is overturned, but not the nature of man. That develops, expands. reaches out even in the Russian blindalley. But it does not change in fundamentals. Hence a code which disregards them is anarchic, futile. Danton, Robespierre and Camille Des-

wise. The new zone rates announced for the Camden district will certainly divert a great deal of suburban traffic to the steam lines. They will encourage the jitney systems. And unquestionably they will cause a vast number of people to walk.

It has yet to be demonstrated whether schedule of rates that has brought dislike and disfavor to the street-car corporation and lessened its usefulness to the community may even be depended upon to return increased revenues. There is nothing to prove that the Public Service Corporation ever tried a thorough reorganization of its system and scientific improvements and economies as methods to meet an increasing financial obligation. It never tried to develop the Mitten policy of bigger business and smaller

profits. It took the easier course and demanded higher fares. In this course the trolley corporations have been acting upon a theory demonstrated recently in some conspicuous strikes. Bricklayers in this city, for example,

who are holding out for a dollar and a quarter an hour are not unlike the management of Camden's trolley service. It does not seem to have occurred to them that builders would gladly pay that wage-if they could get the public at large to shoulder the burden. The public will not shoulder that burden nor will it bear the weight of demands made in Chicago by striking carpenters who want

a dollar an hour. It will not because it cannot. The people will retrench. They will live in old houses and crowd in restricted quarters to wait a return of reason. Similarly they will use less meat. They will buy fewer shoes if they have to pay exorbitant prices. And they will

walk-"short riders" especially-instead of riding in trolley cars. The expected has happened. The creat

of the high cost of living has been reached. Any one who tries to go over and beyond it has a long fall coming to

Doubtless Senater Vare is dissatisfied with the quality of the supplies the director is handing him.

There are apparently no boundaries in the Balkans that belligerents feel bound to respect.

It is to be hoped that the railway shopmen will be guided by "sober second thought."

The chances are that Robins will vin dicate Patterson's declaration that knockers never win.

ha

The railroad maladministration scored another mark to its discredit.

The insurance of all kinds on the build ags and contents exceeds \$\$00,000. It is the most beautiful and unusual institution of its kind on the western hemisphere. Last year these homes entertained all told about 310 guests, fifty-three of whom were boys and girls.

CHARLES J. HEPBURN, who has figured conspicuously in recent conferences with Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and Howard Heinz on the most effective way to dam the flood of food profiteering that is sweeping over Pennsylvania, is a representative in the fourth generation of a family of lawyers in this state. He came up from the Cumberland valley

to Philadelphia, about twenty-three years ago. He had finished up in the law school Columbian (now George Washington) University, at Washington, and selected Philadelphia as the place where he would 'dig in.'' His father was a leader of the bar of

Cumberland county. His great uncle was on the bench of the Ninth judicial district for years. His great-grandfather on the maternal side was a justice of the Supreme Court about ninety years ago. The Hepburns in the legal line are about

that the Drews are in the theatrical pro-They hand down their talents fession. from father to son. Charles J. Hepburn has a son, still in

knickerbockers, whom he is educating to follow in the footsteps of his forefathers.

EVERY afternoon around 1 o'clock a neatly dressed your fellow with Mongolian features walks leisurely down Fifteenth street and enters the Western Union Building. His name is Lee Bow, and he is the on's

Chinese telegraph operator, so far as I have heard, in the United States. There may be one or two on the Pacific coast, but there is none in the East. Lee Bow has been working as a telegra-

pher for nearly two years. He learned the business in this city. He is a modest, lowolced, unassuming young man, who doesn't weigh more than 110 pounds, if that. Before was a telegrapher he attended Temple College for nearly four years.

His father, Lee Yeung, returned to China last May after a residence in this country of thirty-five years. His uncle, Lee Wong. was known to every newspaperman, artist and gastrono ae in this city a dozen years ago. His sobriquet was "Charlie" and, two partners, he kept a restaurant on Race street that was famous for thirty years.

Lee Wong's son, a student in a school outside Philadelphia, was bugler of his company at Camp Dix, but did not succeed in etting to the other side. Lee Bow's ambition, he tells me, is to

secome an expert telegrapher; "one of the best." as he puts it.

If the political brickthrowers would ioin the striking bricklayers the campaign would take on more dignity. .

That was quite a nice little boost Uncle Dave gave Hampy.

#### to throw a few impressions. . . .

THE healing shell-holes that begin to scar the fields along the railroad tracks not far out of Paris on the way to Chateau Thierry and Rheims are all one needs to realize how terribly near to the capital the boches were. The Marne, mystic word, is in truth a titled canal-I'm afraid we would call it a "crick." All along its windings, the valley and hillsides make a tan and green patchwork of wheat and clover and low-cut grape arbors, strewn here and there with shattered gray-brown villages and scarred everywhere with the sinister marks of old

The villages are a dingy tan, with roofs off, crumbling, curiously torn walls, and have the stoical fateful look of all shot-up places. This same look, an inheritance from a warring past, heightened by the last four years, seems to have got into the eyes of all the French men and women one sees. They are children of fateful and glorious hardship, whom nothing can shake \* \* \* Rheims is a collection of the shot-up towns along the way, but with its great cathedral looming up like a venerable battered dignitary of past, tan, dusty-looking, chipped rather than smashed, and preserving all the outraged personality of the coronation-place of kings. The general impression of Rheims is of a thoroughly crushed pottery vase, lying in the dust of its fall \* \* \* thirteen houses out of 14,000 untouched. . . .

OUTSIDE Rheims, on the front toward Soissons, the trenches along the road and across the fields are gray and dry and beginning to fall in. The groups of buildings out in this part are completely knocked down to the first story-powdery, gray, grotesque masonry with an occasional sign of "Commerce de Vins'' or "Boucherie" to tell of a former existence in a happier world. The typical war landscape stretches off from the oad, brown, stubbly, snarse growth, bristling with rusty barbed-wire zig-zagging about on wooden or curled iron posts, cut by pallid healing trench-scars, to a slight rise in the distance with shattered shafts and stumps of trees against the horizon in splintered symbolic shapes. Through the fields the flame red blotches of poppies, blue thistles and daisies nod among the shell-holes and peer down into the old grim trenches.

. . .

MONT CALIFORNIE, near Craonne, was in the heart of the Chemin des Dames struggle of the spring of 1917, and the fighthere between the French and the Kroning here between the French and the Kron-prinz's troops was so severe that even the shortest "popular" history gives it a line or two. Californie's broad maimed summit with its rambling and intersecting sand-bagged trenches and solid dugouts littered with every sort of explains and eminement every sort of explosive and equipment, with with bits of shrapnel scattered over its sur face like nut fragments in an icing, gives one an incredibly superb panorama of shelltorn land below, fising away to distant splintered ridges. God! The intoxication in this empty dried-out cask of war! To stand this empty dried-out cash of war 1 to stand in a treath and peer over a parapet of sand-begs and see far below miles of green-brown country, white roads twisting through splin-tered woods and torn fields, distant crum-

COLUMN COLUMN

afternoon sunlit world of golden wheat, standing, gathered in sheaves, marshaled labor union or an employers' association. against a background of flowing fields and trees, billowing like low-lying summer clouds And while the politicians are fussing it

soldier - like

of green. The poplars, trimmed high from the ground, stood in sweeping ranks along the smooth sky-reflecting river, giving an unbelievably perfect look to the landscape, as though it were laid out in miniature or in a stage-setting. The late afternoon sun light heightened this effect, for of all the lights of the day that of the low sun gives to the world its most enchanting aspect, that fleeting atmosphere of inamortality and hope and poetry which hovers for a moment at the old, ever-changing surface of the land Towns and small cities of an almost supermunicipal beauty flowed past, serene in the gold sunshine and green shadow of the perfect afternoon, letting the river wind among their

the ages. There they know peace and are quiet, oberleutnant and private, comrade and foe, and have an end to their bitterness. Blue helmets laid on a few of the graves give

an amazingly intimate and pathetic touch.

tired men lay down to sleep.

as though they had been tossed aside before

gray, red-roofed houses or standing aloof in sweet content. . . . EVENING Paris. Sitting near the derkly glowing Seine and in sight of the lights and movement along the Champs Elysees, I fell to thinking of the world and the cities

of it and the nations and what they have ever been and yet may be. And I was glad to be an American, to bear America's faults and crudities for the sake of her dear youth in the heart of the New World. In our country the "New World" has an anachronistic ring, but from the Old World we see more clearly and feel how vitally new our country is, how gloriously vigorous and whole-hearted and foolish and hopeful and young. And so, as for all the youth of the we say a short unanxious prayer for guidance and, in the years to be, a serene maturity. Thence home and to bed, as S Pepys would conclude the day.

. . .

THE admirable fact that Paris is not built to great and uneven heights like our cities and is much more given to open spaces and magnificent public squares lets something of the freshness and poignancy of country air blow through the early-morning heart of the city. On Sunday morning I had a ridiculously sublime breakfast in one of those pen-air cafes that give on the flood of sun light and moving color in the square outside. pread before one like the gayest, most lovable and moving tapestry in the world; a breakfast of light and color and eternal morning, and, more materially, of an omeette and chocolate and bread and confiture A breakfast, rightly partaken of, is in very truth a feast of the soul just bathed in the cool depths of sleep of all the fears and

cares of yesterday, and throbbing for an immense today and the far horizons of innumerable tomorrows. Add to this a dash of morning hunger and the world is yours, or all of it that you will ever require.

The latest compromise suggested in the actors' strike is that the producers shall pay for the costumes of the chorus. So cheap concession as this will surely not dismay

the managers. The government now plays its last trump card in the treaty battle. The attorney gen-eral says that wartime prohibition will con-

tinue until the treaty is signed.

SOCRATES

A tabby cat has brindled, mottled or streaked fur, especially of a gray or brownish color with dark stripm. 10.

2. Three countries - Germany, Great Britain and Belgium-have ratified the peace treaty.

3. Loki was the god of destruction in Norse mythology.

4. The word "high" in the expression the high seas' has the sense of "chief." 'principal.'

5. Firman: an Oriental sovereign's edict, grant, license, passport.

6. Luffing is bringing a ship's head nearer the wind.

War.

S. Nexus: bond, link, connection.

United States during the Mexican

7. Alphouse Daudet wrote the fantastic tales of "Tartarin of Tarascon."

9. James K. Polk was President of the