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Philadelphia, Monday, September 1, 1919

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THE LETTER MEN-

POB the rank and file of Americans the letter carrier has lost very little of the romantic glow with which a general friendly regard surrounded him in earlier days when, before the telephone, he was the only messenger of friends, the most anxiously awaited of the day's callers, the personification of governmental officiency and a cheerful voice without which no morning could be complete.

Somehow or other the general effieiency of the postal service is being maintained despite the successive disasters of the Burleson regime. The mail system toes on by its own momentum. It is sustained by the traditions of earlier years and the inherited enthusiasm of its personnel.

The letter carriers deserve the best that the city can offer them during their convention here. It is up to everybody to see that they are made to feel at home. It has been said that they may attempt to do something about the postmaster general. That is asking too much. The whole country has fought Mr. Burleson and lost-temporarily. It looks as if we shall have to endure him to the end, which-praises be!-isn't far off.

McADOO ABOUT PASSES

TT HAS transpired through the posting of notices in the conductors' rooms in the Camden railroad terminals that the aon of William Gibbs McAdoo, the former director general of railroads, has lost his annual pass. Somebody stole it and is touring the country on it. But voung McAdoo does not have to pay his fare, as a new pass has been issued to

Now, what the rest of us would like to know is why he is so highly favored. His father stopped the use of private cars when he took charge of the railroads for the President, but when he wanted to go to the Pacific coast he used a private car himself. The orders against private cars and free passes were proper. Why are members of the McAdoo family privileged to disobey them?

Can it be that the government is playing favorites with passes, just as the railroad companies did before they were forbidden to permit any one to ride for noth-

A PREPOSTEROUS GRAFT

TN VIEW of the Public Service Commission's exposure of the practice of "renting" streets to taxicab companies, it is really astonishing that sidewalk pestrians have been exempted. The otels and railroads have been overlooking a good bet. Concerns which charge cab companies \$10,000 a year to use the public thoroughfares can really not afford to be so free with all the other "priviover which they have no legal

The whole preposterous deal divulged might be extravagantly funny were it so offensively actual. As usual, the public is the victim. Taxi fares have een increased \$100,000 a year to patrons because of this disgraceful tribute exacted by property owners in lively traffic

It ought to be easy to regulate the taxi stands. The first step is to end for good ne of the most amazing grafts revealed

ere in some time. The hotels own their properties. The taxi companies own their taxies. The public owns the streets.

HOME THOUGHTS ABROAD

THE French Parliament has the peace treaty and it hesitates. Of course the ratification will come, but probably not without "motions of regret" and floods of pro and con oratory. And yet certain individuals will have

t that Europeans and Americans are races apart! One touch of interruption es two allies kin.

There is yet a chance for the Senate to at the French chamber in the adoption Assertion of the principle of first" in this contest would take the irony of this international rama delicious.

CRIME OF SEEKING OFFICE

HEN Peter E. Costello charged Congressman Moore with attempting to pt the Republican party he disclosed int of view of men of his kind. r. Moore is a candidate for a nominan in the Republican primaries against an selected by the organization. His ffense lies in accepting the primary the place where the members of the y are to decide for whom they wish ote at the regular election. Any view of the primary makes it a

hen the organization has selected a ale the man who runs against him

in the primaries is seeking to disrupt the party then the whole theory of the primary is wrong and it is a crime for any man to disagree with the small group

that does the selecting. We do not believe that the mass of Republicans of this city hold any such view. The right of Congressman Moore to seek a nomination is as sacred as the right of Judge Patterson. No argument is needed to prove it. The man who gets the greater number of votes will be the legal candidate of the party, whoever he may be, with his rights hedged about by all the sanctities of law. A contest at the primaries is the most wholesome thing that can happen in the party.

TWO CLASSES OF RADICALS RETARD INDUSTRIAL PEACE

Labor Day Shows Them Persisting, With Diminishing Influence, on Both Sides of the Wage Dispute

WITHIN a week the air has cleared in the railway situation. Nervous folk who slide into panic at a word and the multitudes who still regard bolshevism as a hard reality rather than a shadow on the face of events can sleep again.

Any one who still doubts the ability of Americans to settle their affairs upon a rational basis has missed the significance of the tilt between Mr. Wilson and the shopmen and has failed utterly to recognize the newer trend of labor sentiment in this country. The shopmen are more mode: n than the Bolshevists. They have not lost. By suvrender they gained something of the general intelligent sympathy without which no cause can survive. Mr. Wilson has proceeded a little farther along the road which ultimately will lead to enlightened and frictionless adjustments in all such disputes as now occasionally threaten to disrupt industry,

It was when Roosevelt appointed a conciliation commission to settle the anthracite strike of 1902 that an official mind in the United States first went exploring into the world where the other half lives. Taft, as chief of the war labor heard, has been a pioneer in that country and Mr. Wilson has been making some novel surveys in the same littleknown region. But until Roosevelt's day statesmen were not accustomed to venture over the border. They led a cloistered life in Washington. They even then held to the delusion that politics cans the country.

Politics doesn't run the country, which must depend always for its strength and its peace and its happiness upon the relationships fundamentally established between the men who own and organize industries and those who work them.

Labor Day might very properly involve some sort of tribute to Theodore the Grim. Mr. Roosevelt was perfectly willing to admit the sacred rights of property. Any man with a dollar in his pocket can understand that way of looking at the matter. But Roosevelt was convinced of the even more sacred rights of humanity. He believed in reason. He was convinced that devastating strikes were the result of a refusal of others to believe in it. His commission was made up of reasonable men-John Mitchell. Judge George Gray, of Delaware; Bishop Spaulding and others whose experience made them capable of judgments likely to be fair to everybody concerned.

This was perhaps the first great occasion on record when a formal effort was made, under government authority, to settle a labor dispute by other methods than force and attrition. The action of the President implied the existence of definite rights upon the side of the Pennsylvania miners as well as of the operators. Yet Mr. Roosevelt's larger concern was not with the men or their employers, but with the country itself. He realized that it was no longer possible to tolerate anywhere in the United States a condition under which millions of people might be left to needless depression and despair-to lose faith in the order of civilization and to doubt the greatness of a government in which they wanted mightily to believe.

There were mandarins of industry who choked over their terrapin when they heard the news. Was the man mad? This was the end of the world-the end of the republic! God help us now!

Property rights were being ignored by a wild man who ought to be in jail rather than in the White House. The gentlemen dowagers who write economic reviews groaned in print. Bolshevists were unknown in those days or Roosevelt would have been called a Bolshevist So the prophets of woe did the next best

Roosevelt became known among them as a Dangerous Radical.

Since then we have been able to perceive that some new definitions of radicalism will be necessary before it is possible to achieve a decent basis for the adjustment of labor disputes in America. There is a radical minority in most labor unions. But the decision recently made by the railway shopmen shows how relatively powerless and without influence such radicals are in a pinch. There are, unquestionably, radicals in industry. Wealth has often been radical in its own interests. And all radicals, on one or the other side of the economic question, are enemies of peace and obstacles in the way

of progress. If laborers in the steel industry of the Allegheny region were systematically plotting to break up meetings of their employers; if they hired guards to harass street assemblages and if they openly discriminated against a man who happened to join a council of property owners they would justly become known as dangerous radicals. / Dangerous radicals

they would be. Yet the ignorant and short-sighted under officials of mines and steel mills who resort to these methods to retard the processes of labor organization in the Pittsburgh district would be amazed if they were spoken of as radicals.

It is the radical labor leader and the radical boss, the radical union man and the radical capitalist who do most to keep the great masses of employers and vage-carners apart in a state of mutual misunderstanding and suspiciop. Their

number is decreasing, yet it is unfor tunate that they can always make them selves heard when the dominant conservative opinion on both sides is left voiceless. That is why public opinion is frequently misled and confused. The President and his advisers, Mr. Compers and the better-informed officials of the railmen's union, doubtless knew that there would be no general railway strike. What they have done is to go a little farther toward the point where a fixed method of conciliation will be possible.

That method can come only when the radical capitalist realizes that his power imposes a new sort of obligation on himan obligation not only to the men who work for wages in his organization, but to the state and general public, which also are affected by all reactions for good

ill in large elements of the population. Equally necessary is an intelligent conception on the part of the wageearners of some of the very real troubles and strains that go with the direction big businesses at a time like this. Neither side is as well informed as it ought to be of the way in which the other half lives. It requires a man with a pioneer's mind like Roosevelt or Wilson to find a way to better general understandings in the industrial world. But the time is certain to come when all questions affecting labor and industry will be ettled without thought of trouble, with view to the national welfare rather than upon a basis of any technical "rights" which happen to conflict with the common interest of the whole people.

THE "R" MONTHS' MESSAGE

No MATTER what the astronomers tell us, summer ends today. The Labor Day week-end puts a period to it. Take a vacation from an American citizen and what remains? Work. The average chap accepts the residue and plunges in philosophically

But besides going to the office tomorrow he has one other duty which is imperative. If he has any regard for the city's welfare, he should register for the right to vote in the primaries and the mayoralty election. The second of the three registration days is usually the slackest. Let the summerers respond as they should and it may not have to be so rated this year.

The return of the "r" months has a triple significance this year: the gourmet regains his oysters, the good citizen his vote, the week-ender or tourist of longer range renews business at the old stand. And process of registration will neither tax his purse nor his pent-up energies.

WHERE LIGHT IS NEEDED

THE Public Utilities Commission in New Jersey seems destined for an investigation of sorts, no matter how the next election goes. So far as we know a public service commission has never been "probed," Lexowed or subjected to the harsh but invigorating process of formal muckraking. They are too new in the various states.

Superficial evidences, such as the rates for electric light and power service on the far side of the Delaware and recent astounding decisions relating to trolley fares, make it appear that something new in investigations which would be of benefit in a good many other states may well have its beginning in New Jersey.

State utilities commissions are pretty important organizations in these days of strain and high prices. If they are lax and easy-going or worse they cannot be investigated too soon or too thoroughly. If, on the other hand, they function efficiently and exclusively for the public good, then the people will feel better to be formally assured of the exceptional

The economic world is The Puzzle a jig-saw puzzle which has been jumbled up by the war. It awaits readjustment, but, happily, none of the parts is missing. There is no shortage of foodor crops would not be allowed to rot on the fields. There is no shortage of clothes, for people are well dressed despite high There is no shortage of luxuries, for people drive automobiles, wear jewelry and patronize the ice-cream saloons. There is a shortage of houses, but no shortage of for bricks nor trees for timber. There is a shortage of rolling stock, but no short age of ore for metal nor coal for power. And, with existing unemployment, there no shortage of labor. Our jig-saw-puzzle world can be built again with labor and patience-but every new patternmaker with is own particular little jig-saw but complicates the situation.

Suit has been entered The Milk in the against the Ohio Cocoanut Farmers' Co-operative Milk Company on charges of limiting the supply of milk preventing competition and fixing prices. If the Farmers' Co-operative Company had been linked up with a municipal co-operative company-or, indeed, any organiza-tion composed of consumers-the supply would not have been limited and "a fair price" would have been easily arrived at. The trouble is not so much with the cooperative idea as with its limitations and

Would it not have been Glory and Junk delightful if "Don't give up the ship!" had been the cry of Admiral Farragut instead of Captain James Lawrence? Yes, indeed! We say so. It would have been a boon to all paragraphers who note with concern that the Richmond, the admiral's flagship, is now in Bridesburg presently to be torn to pieces and sold for junk. "Damn the torpedoes Go ahead!" said Farragut, and Time damned them and went ahead until the junk pile appeared in the offing.

Absolutely nothing has Everybody Critical been developed by the passing of the wires from private to government control and back again to prove that either one system is better than the other; the exigencies of current events precluded the possibility during the war; the unrest incident to re construction hampers the management now but be sure that the telegraph and telephone companies are going to be judged

At present prices of vegetables it is becoming increasingly difficult to have even 'potatoes and point.

Balkan uncest is no accument against the league of nations. It is a plea for its establishment.

SAFE AND SANE INDUSTRY

President of Baltimore Federation of Labor Eloquently Defends American Institutions Against Foreign Fementers of Unrest

J. H. Ferguson, president of the Baltimore Federation of Labor, writing in the Manu-facturers' Record, of Baltimore, has many interesting and significant things to say con cerning the labor situation. His article fol-

OUR present industrial system is destined to last for a long time in its main outlines. That is to say, private ownership of capital is not likely to be supparated by a collectivist organization of industry at a date sufficiently near to justify any present action based on the hypothesis of its arrival. This is not only extremely probable but highly desirable; for, other objections apart, ocialism would mean bureaucracy, political tyrauny, the helplessness of the individual as factor in the ordering of his own life and,

in general, social inefficiency and decadence.
It is true there are those in the ranks of organized labor who, in the fervor of their corld-improving mission, discover and proclaim certain cure-alis for the ills of hu-manity, which they foundly and perhaps honstly believe to be new and unfailing reme ties, but which, as a matter of fact, are seavy with age, having been tried on this old globe of ours at one time or another, in one of its parts or another, long ago-tried and found wanting and discarded after sad lisillusionment. There are the spokesmen f conhomorism, rampoint, strutting about in cloak of superior knowledge, mischieveasly and noisily, to the disturbance of quict and orderly mental processes and same progcss. There are the sentimental, unseasoned utolerant and cocksure 'advanced thinkers' claiming leave to set the world by the ears o reconstruct society overnight, and with their strident and ceaseless voices to drown the views of those who are too busy to indulge much talking. There are the self-seeking lengagogues and various related fynes; and there are the devotees of liberty run amuck, who in fauntical obsession would dace a visionary and narrow class interest and a sloppy internationalism above patriot sm. and with whom class hatred and ency have become a ruling passion.

A MONG these agitators and disturbers who dare classrously to assail the maestic and beneficent structure of American traditions, doctrines and institutions there ire some-far too many, indeed-who are of foreign parentage or descent. With many bundreds of thousands they or their parents came to our free shores from lands of oppression and persecution. The great republic generously gave them asylum and opened wide to them the portals of her reedom and her opportunities.

The great bulk of these newcomers have reome loyal and enthusiastic Americans. Most of them have proved themselves useful and valuable elements in our, many rooted opulation. Some of them have accomplished eminent achievements in science, industry and the acts. Certain of the qualities and talents which they contribute to the comon stock are of great worth and promise

But some there are who have been blinded the glare of liberty, as a man is blinded who after long confinement in darkness comes uddenly into the strong sunlight. Blinded. they dare to aspire to force their guidance upon Americans who for generations have walked in the light of liberty. They have become drunk with the strong wine of freedom, these men who until they landed on America's coasts had tasted little but the bit ter water of tyranny. Drunk, they presume to impose their reeling gait upon Americans, whom freedom has been a pure and re freshing fountain for a century and a half,

BROODING in the gloom of age-iong oppression, they have evolved a fantastic and distorted image of free government. In fatuous effrontery they seek to graft the growth of their stunted vision upon the splendid and ancient tree of American institutions Admitted in generous trust to the hospitality dictates of common gratitude but of those elementary rules of respect and consideration which immemorial custom imposes upon the newcomer or guest. They seek, indeed, to uproot the foundations of the very house

hich gave them shelter. We will not have it so, we in the ranks of labor who are American by birth or by adoption. We reject these impudent pre-tensions. We propose to move forward and upward, but we shall proceed by the chart of reason, experience and tested American principles and doctrines, and not intrust our ship to demagogues, visionaries or shallow sentimentalists, who would steer it on the

TRIDENT voices of the lementers of unrest do not cause me any serious apprehension. Changes we ought to have; changes we shall have. Where there are grievance to redress, where there are wrongs existing, we must all aid in trying to right them to the best of our conscience and ability. To the extent that social and economic institu tions, however deep and ancient their roots, may be found to stand in the way of th highest achievable level of social justice and the widest attainable extension of oppor-tunity, welfare and contentment, they will have to submit to change. And the less obstructive and stubborn, the more broadminded, co-operative, sympathetic and disinterested those who pre-eminently prospered under the old conditions will prove themselves in meeting the spirit of the new day and the reforms which it may justly call for, the better it will be both for them and the community at large.

"Society," said Pope Leo XIII, "can be healed in no other way than by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." The truth of these words is more widely perceived today than when they were written, more than twenty-seven years ago Changes in our economic and political systems will have only partial and feeble off ciency if they be not re-enforced by the Christian view of work and wealth.

NO PROGRAM of betterment will prove reasonably effective without a reform in the spirit of both capital and labor. The laborer must come to realize that he owes his employer and society an honest day's work in return for a fair wage and that conditions cannot be substantially improved until he roots out the desire to get a mum of return for a minimum of service. The capitalist must likewise get a new view point. He needs to learn the long-forgotten truth that wealth is stewardship, that profit making is not the basic justification of business enterprise and that there are such things as fair profits, fair interest and fair prices. Above and before all, he must cul tivate and strengthen within his mind the truth which many of his class have already begun to grasp; namely, that the laborer a human being, not merely an instrument of production, and that the laborer's right to decent livelihood is the first moral charge upon industry.

I shall work with all my strength to bring about changes as the needs of the people become apparent. I shall carneally strive to realize what formerly were considered mat-taicable ideals. But I shall do all this in the American way of same and orderly prog-cess, and in ne other.

THE BUILDERS



THE CHAFFING DISH

WE cannot think of any happier way of celebrating Labor Day than by letting our clients labor for us. So here goes.

A Toast

A TOAST to the lass with the tender smile, to the girl with the winning way; A drink to the woman who charms hearts when the morning is cold and

gray; A word for the lady who soothes our minds when the taste in our mouths is green; May she e'er be near us, to keep and cheer us-a toast to Miss Nicotine

A TOAST to the friend we may call at will; a toast to her triffing cost; A thought returned for the incense burned. when the rest of our friends were

ink to the for Tobacco's Queen: May her taste keep right for our appetite; a toast to Miss Nicotine!

A TOAST to the girl with the tender kiss, to the lass with the faint perfume; A word for the winning and smiling miss, for the chaser-away of gloom; The pipe, the narghila, the fat cigar; per-fecto or rank dudheen;

All the old weed's cult brings the same result : so a toast to Miss Nicotine ROBERT LESLIE BELLEM.

Going Down to Flerceforest; Or, Chivalry in Camden (A True Story)

Dear M.: Well, about our trip down. Well, I was down at Second and Market first, then Mabel came on the next car, and we then proceeded to the ferry. Well we were there at \$:15 sharp and we waited and then waited some more until it came 8;30 and no girls. So I went and bought mine and girls. So I went and bought mine and Mabel's ticket and we were just going to go ourselves when we saw the two girls come flying down the steps of the L. (She said her clock was ½ hr. slow). Well one girl had a pass, but the other girl had to buy a ticket, and the line was about 88 long. I pulled her up to the window and people were yelling everything at her she got her ticket and we just had four minutes to make the train, well we made one grand dive off the ferry, and the handle to one of the girls' suitcase came off, and all were so excited to catch the train, but we just stood there and roared it so funny, and the man was yelling all aboard for Fierceforest. Well I saw a fellow in the checking window, so I said for heaven's sake give us a piece of rope. Well he could not find any rope but he came out and picked up the suitcase himself and we just got on the train when it started. He certainly was a good sport and he would not take a cent. Ask Dad if he does not think that would be good story for Socrates' column.

GRACE.

To Sea Again

TO SEA again! They know, who go down to the sea, that each homecoming adds to their age, makes them wiser and less free; and each sailing awakes in them again the knowledge that the first trip to sea opened to their hearts of the eternal freshness and young glory of the deep and the sky and the shores of the world, a spirit, a strength and a courage that blows through their souls as the impatient breath of the sea fills their lungs and plays, roughly and caressingly, through their hair. They believe again in magnificence, in inconceivable and realities, in the vastness of the world which is as of their dreams, in naked beauty, impersonal, glowing and illimitable. And so for the magic realization, men, a few who have given over quiet for the great peace, have ever left home and companionable days ashore for the light of far skies, for strange fortune and for the glad restlessness of youth

When they go back to the sea, they re member the past of immemorial during and color and grief. Old sougs steal back, old tales are heard far off, and they feel about them for a moment the tattered garments of romanic, stirred by the life-giving breath of the sea. There come fleeting glimpers of the thoughtless strength and hard lives of forgotten seamen, of trained, halvy men

with lined faces and old eyes, with bodies powerful and supple. The sea echoes hard words, threats and curses spoken long ago. breathes of cruelties that broke bodies hearts, bringing the weakness and occasional strength of a great despair. The old and salty wind of unrest, bearing countless bits and tossings of memories from all the days that have been on the sea, flows past their faces, and from the sordid broken bits there flashes here and there a gleam of color or bright metal, poignant and compelling to wonder with the greatness of ships and deeds of which they are but the dust of

Then all the sea-magic of half-forgotten recklessness and freedom and enduring hardship becomes one with the thresh and unrestful expanse of the changing waters, and for a cleansing moment they know, who sail in ships, that they are but children and the merest passengers on the sea, Deautil of old and desperately wise

The Escalator

MacKNIGHT BLACK.

WE MOUNT in inactivity The steps of escalator Time; We seen its steep acclivity, Or jostle madly as we climb

Slowly the jointed steps unfold, Nor see we them until we feel The giant impulse, strength untold, That bears us up with hidden wheel.

And when we little comprehend. Almost a drowse with its movement slow, And willy nilly, off we go.

J. M. BEATTY. We bump the barrier at the end,

The Sale

GOING, soing, gone
To the ledy with auburn hair,
Some first-class Army biscuits.
You'll find them yery rare.
If you out some water on them,
And put them in to soak.
You'll find them yery filling,
Now, isn't that a joke?

GOING, going, gone
To the lady with corkscrew curis.
The very best canned "Willie"
The Auctioneer now huris.
There's nothing else just like it. No matter where you co. So take a few cans with you. Then you will safely know.

GOING, going, gone
A Ter that housewife over there.
A box of the choicest 'Native Sons,"
Has fallen to your share.
Fust cook them for your breakfast.
And I'm sure you'll like them well,
when you've soaked them all in water.
You'll be surprised how big they swell.

GOING, going, gone
To the little girls and boys.
The most delicious pastry.
That makes up childhreed's joys.
'Fried Holes.' crisp and dainty.
To sit beneath your belt.
When in your mouth you put them,
You'll and they almost melt. GOING, going, gone
To the nublic as a whole.
The very choicest Army food.
That you ever did behold.
For Uncle Sam demands the best.
For his stalwart grow you see.
And what he really doesn't need.
He's passing on to thee.

J. G. BUILOCK.

Putting the Wine in Swine

A Philadelphia publisher has received the following letter from Nebraska:

I have some of your books also one swine eeding and Feeding By William Di-I have been cooking corn oats and Barley for hogs but a farmer tells me that I am keeping my hogs drunk by giving them to much alcohol is that the way they make alcohol I de not drink boose or smoke but would like to know how alcohol and whisky is made. made,

If you have a book by which I could find out how alcohol is made or where I could buy such a book, I would sure like to read such a book so I would know when the feeds are turning into alcohol so I wouldn't feed any alcohol to my hogs.

SOCRATES.

There is evidence that the organization's bellvingers are playing out of tune.

is due to the approach of the new

We are now waiting for

LABOR

THE Lord gave Eve to Adam and in giving gave him love.
The Lord gave Eve to Adam and in giving

gave him labor.

In the giving of a helpmeet there was lagniappe from above: Two boons-and each must always have the other for a neighbor.

Produce! Produce! was then the cry As shut went Eden's gates. Produce! Produce! or else ye die! The world awnits!

Old Adam sweated as he slaved in supshine

Old Adam sweated as he slaved and won a great reward. The earth he tickled with a plow and made it laugh in grain;
And Adam profited thereby and humbly

thanked the Lord. Produce! Produce! the inward urge The panting heart clates. Produce! Produce! years onward surge!

The world awaits! The world at times grows sick and sore and hearts grow weak and faint:

The world at times grows sick and sore and lacks all vim and force. But, cheerily, my heart, look up and never make complaint! 'Tis love that makes the world go round!

'Tis labor steers its course Produce! Produce! the stirring cry. Gloom sweeps and dissipates! Produce! Produce! or else we die!

The world awaits!
GRIF ALEXANDER. Cable operators in New York have in-

be kept solely for summer. It will lose its appeal in cold weather. What Do You Know?

augurated a "week-end strike"-forty-

eight hours every week until they get what

they demand. That kind of strike should

QUIZ

1. Who were the only soldiers in American history who were made full generals?

2. What was the real name of Petroleum V. Nasby, the humorist? 3. What is the capital of Switzerland?

4. Who commanded the American warship Constitution when she defeated the 5. What is a coot?

6. Who was John Sleeper Clarke? What foreign monarch has just can-celed his proposed visit to the United

States? 8. What is kelp?

9. Who was Euclid? 10. What nation is for the first time to have an ambassador to the United

States? Answers to Saturday's Quiz

The name of William Penn's family was originally Tudor. 2. The tonnage of the Leviathan is 50,000.

"The Forty-Five" was the Jacobite Rebellion in English history in 1745. It was led by the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, against the government of the House of Hanover "Ergo" is Latin for "therefore."

5. The Danube is longer than the Rhine. 6. Bismarck was called the "Man of Blood

7. A manatee is a sea-cow. 8. Three of the principal Allied powers must sign the peace treaty before it becomes operative for them.

The sea route from Europe to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope was opened by Vasco de Gama in 1808.
 Thomas Buchanan Read wrote the possi "Sheridan's Ride."