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Philadelphia, Vriday, September 5, 1919.

BY FORCE OF EXAMPLE

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CHARGES are made that men have been registered in the Vare wards from lodging houses where they do not live and that names have been put on the assessors' lists not represented by any living person.

But why should this be surprising If Senator Vare can register from a house that has not been occupied for two years or more, why may not a lesser man register from a house in which he does not live?

The force of example has inspired philosophers and preachers to many a homily intended for our good. Why should it not inspire politicians to deeds intended for our undoing?

MR. WILSON IN COLUMBUS

"WHEN this treaty is accepted, and I say 'when it is accepted' because it will be accepted," is what the President said to his audience in Columbus yesterday, and thus verified the conclusions of observers far from Washington.

Mr. Wilson, however, seemed to be anxious to remove any misunderstanding about the nature of the treaty, and it is evident that he intends to devote considerable time to this effort while on his tour. It is true, as he said, that many of the criticisms of it have been made by people who apparently had not read it. If they had read the document they could

not be so mistaken about its provisions. But the President's confidence in its ratification is reassuring. He knows as much about the situation as any one and the rest of us can be content in the same confidence which he shows.

WISE COUNSELORS AT WORK

TT IS reassuringly evident that leadership in the Republican party is not held exclusively by senatorial officeholders. Otherwise the threatened trailing of the President's tour by the treaty obstructionists would now be conforming to schedule. It isn't. The bitter-enders on behalf of treaty smashing will confine their nagging to congressional oratory. Hiram Johnson hardly counts. It is hinted that he is courting the nomination for the presidency. Considered with his

record, no fact could more successfully minimize the significance of his lone swing around the circle. What is of real importance both for the

nation and the Republican party is the attitude of such men as Taft, Root, Hughes and Hays. For months it has been apparent that they have had scant sympathy with the antics of the marplots in the Senate. Mr. Taft, for example, holds something more influential at this time than an office in the party. Ec commands the respect and confidence of the bulk of its members. The dropping of the "pursuit" is clear

and wholesome evidence of the force of this sentiment. The situation is an augury that the Republican party will become stronger than ever for causes that are just and that the season of wild floundering in opposition to its best counselors and the pervading spirit of the nation is nearing a close.

A CARNIVAL OF CONTRADICTION

IN THE French Chamber of Deputies, M. Franklin-Bouillon has announced that he will vote against the treaty because the functioning of the league-ofnations pact is too greatly dependent on decision by the Congress of the United States, The treaty smashers in Washington bitterly complain that America under the covenant is virtually at the mercy of the European powers and that the position of Congress is ignored.

Both of these interpretations cannot be true. Furthermore, a covenant so equivocally worded as to permit in honesty of such variant readings would be little short of idiotic. Its real meaning is quite as clear as any broad-working formula for so great a project as a fellowship of intions can well be. The obligations and duties under the pact are interlocking, reeiprocal. It erects no monopoly of power for any particular country.

Those persons who contend that it does are lined up on the same side, no matter how divergent their interpretations are. Borah, Brandegee, Knox and Johnson are nctually lined up with Deputy Franklin-Bouillon. They are all simply "agin" the

The fact that this attitude in America and in France compels its champions flatly to contradict each other in their as of what the treaty means is plain proof of the desperate folly of such

THE OLD TOWN IS VANISHING

Inmentations

N THE disappearance of its fine old annaions, once so characteristic of the on, Philadelphia is paying the familiar of progress. The recent an-

nouncement that the picturesque colonnaded Roberts house in Rittenhouse square will soon make way for a huge apartment hotel is followed by the news Sixteenth and Locust streets is to meet the same fate.

The charming Wilstach mansion at cumbed to modern enterprise at an earlier date.

While it is idle to resent these adieus. which are so plainly an index of metropolitan development, they are hard upon the sentimentalist and the sincere admirer of gracious architectural survivals.

The physical aspects of Philadelphia have been slow to change, but in the central part of the city at least the transformation has now become swift. Germantown is still a fascinating museum of eighteenth and early nineteenth century 'places." The Friends' meeting houses still strike significant "atmospheric" notes even within the original metropolitan boundaries. The State House, Carpenters' Hall and Christ Church are rightly inviolate.

But whether it hurts the artistic sensibilities or not, the metamorphosis of the town cannot be stayed. Pride and regrets struggle for position in the shifting

FIGHT FOR NEW COUNCIL MUST NOT BE OVERLOOKED

Something About Bosses in General and a Survey of the Method by Which They Keep Control

TIME spent in pious denunciation of political bosses might better be employed in a rational effort to find the reasons for their existence. Without the aid and the active sympathy of a large element in the population a political machine of any sort could not survive for

As the next election goes so government is likely to go in this city for a good many years. An extremely powerful organization is intent on using the new charter-an instrument conceived for its destruction-to get a surer control over municipal affairs. It is plain that the people have only an imperfect acquaintance with the thing they are fighting. That much has been made elear by the methods of reformers in every election heretofore. Their chief weapon was a slogan. They cried out for what they called civic righteousness. But the phrase is indefinite. It means nothing. It couldn't get even so strong | the progress of humanity toward enlighta man as Mr. Blankenburg anywhere.

Opposition to corrupt politicians ought. not to be founded in mere emotionalism. nor ought it to be limited to a vague phrase expressive of nothing tangible to befuddled voters. It ought to be based upon the obvious fact that all their gestures of patronage are rank and shalow and abominable imitations of friendship. The modern habit of likening a machine boss to Robin Hood, who plundered the rich and gave to the poor. springs from a romantic delusion.

A division leader is always glad to spring to the aid of a partisan in troule. But the system that he represents s the system that maintained dives and the sort of lax police method in which too many troubles of the ordinary sort have an origin. We will pay the rent for a poor family in a crisis-but it is his own system of spoils that keeps that same rent at a maximum figure.

The people who hold allegiance to a corrupt political machine pay in a thoueand wave--through unclean streets and consequent illness; through waste of revenues which must be met by taxes applied even to the tiniest house and passed down by the houseowner. The system which they support perverts and debases every law made for the protection of workers. It turns factory inspection into a farce and laughs at laws made to insure health by providing against the adulteration of food. Once in a while a ivision leader will send a doctor to an afflicted family. He is the one who should do so, certainly. Robin Hood robbed the rich. So does the modern boss and his aides. But they rob the poor,

Those who know how things go in the inner sanctuaries of bossism know that the Vare leaders are not seriously concerned about the abstract legal terms of the new charter. The trend of events shows that they are devoting their energles to obtain complete control of the new Council, which, with its restricted membership, may easily be made a close corporation devoted not to the general welfare of the city but to the policies of controlling boss.

A regime like that of the Vares can be defeated only when the light penetrates the minds of its supporters of the rank and file. And it is because the new Council may be boss controlled and because political control and general negligence have made it possible for machine interests virtually to monopolize the councilmanic campaign that the fight for the mayoralty takes on the aspect of an actual crisis in municipal affairs.

Within the next four years, while the experiment with a small Council is in progress, the people ought to have at least one conspicuous, powerful and independent representative on the inside. Such a man the Mayor ought to be. If the city did not take advantage of the terms of the new charter in advancing candidates of the right sort at this election, that is not proof that it will not do so later along after it has been awakened to the possibilities of a salaried and restricted Council.

What we shall need meanwhile is fearless and intelligent criticism of municipal methods from some one in authority. The next Mayor might see all his policies defeated, his plans wrecked by an antagonistic Council, yet he could feel that his administration was a success if he could but perform the service of an inexorable critic and good reporter of the new system as he finds it. The possibility of Vare control in Council is the greatest conceivable argument for the election of Congressman Moore.

Political bossism, survives wherever

reformers have failed to find a substitute for it. Its pretensions are fraudulent, its gifts are spurious, it is founded on ignorance and hypocrisy. But it does that the spacious old Norris residence at at least pretend to recognize the human concerns, weaknesses and worries of the multitude. Those who wish to establish better political standards in America may Eighteenth and Walnut streets vanished | not have to follow the bosses' method of some years ago. The Lippincott house approach, but they will have to deal and garden at Broad and Walnut suc- realistically with the conditions that make bosses possible.

THE HEATLESS MELTING POT

WE HAVE set up a melting pot and have neglected to build a fire under it. This is what Judge Page, president of the American Bar Association, told the members of the association in his opening speech at its annual convention in Boston. He was discussing the perils of American democracy. The immigrants have not been absorbed into our social and political system. They do not understand the genius of our institutions. They are the people who are making the most trouble and it is they who are hospitable to the ideas of the Bolshevists.

Judge Page remarked that to make a real democracy there must be surrender, compromise and service. He said that the golden rule is an "absolutely and imperatively necessary rule of conduct in a democracy." There is nothing new in all this, but we need to remind ourselves of

it periodically lest we forget it. The few persons who are talking about revolution do not understand the nature of our institutions. We live under the rule of the majority. Whatever the majority wants it can get. It is a dissatisfied and ignorant small minority that talks revolution. It wishes to force its ideas upon the rest of the people whether they will or not, forgetting that if the majority wants anything it can get it. No "reform" that can stand up under examination and public discussion is ever rejected. All that is needed is patience and perseverance.

But it must be admitted that the neglect to apply the golden rule in business has provoked and is provoking unrest. Far-seeing men are already engaged in the effort to bring about a better understanding between the workers and those who hire them in order that the ground for complaint may be removed. The more intelligent leaders of both sides are admitting that they have made mistakes and have not done as they would be done by. They admit that they have tried to do the other fellow and do him first. But the trouble here is industrial and not political. It would arise under any form of government. It is merely a phase in enment, but the dissatisfaction with it is bright with the promise of a better day.

If we can Americanize the immigrant, and teach him what the right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness means, we can make easier the solution of both the political and industrial prob-

The Socialists who use None, of Course! to argue that they could steer the country into a new era of peace and promise had hardly spened their convention in Chicago before they split violently into three warlike cliques. each of which is consecrated to a theory of its own. Now which, do you suppose, has the right idea?

Uncle Dave Lane aches apparently, to bet Everybody is invited to mayoralty fight. One may say that only cover his money. those who have been in organization politics as long as Uncle Dave can afford to take chances such as he is willing to face.

The American Nation-One, Two, Three! al Association of Balance Like Me! Dancing, which recently held a convention in New York, decreed the pussing of the shimm; and the reinstatement of the waltz. Strong in the belief that dancing is the poetry of motion, they are resolved to taboo the vers libre of Terpsichore.

Franklin-Bouillon will Canned Soup oppose the ratification of the peace treaty in the French Chamber of Deputies. watch the chamber can him.

Drivers of undertakers' wagons in Cincinnati High Tariff for Last Ride are demanding an increase of wages of \$5 a week. This will assuredly increase the cost of the Cincinnati bier.

Now, perhaps, we'll learn all about Shantung.

The entente finds food a potent argument with recalcitrants.

The trouble with Villa appears to be that he doesn't know when he is licked. .

While we are watchfully waiting Mexco continues to spill the beans.

There is a flying squadron on the trail f fraud in registration. Would not grubbing squadron be a better name? One can't blame the political contrac-

tors altogether. With the city scheduled to speud pretty nearly \$1,000,000 a week next year it is small wonder they grow excited. It must be said for the President that he never hesitates about tackling a big job; and October's labor conference may prove

as big an undertaking as the peace con-

A member of the Japanese peace dele gation has declared in New York that Japan ill shortly return Shantung to China. An official declaration to the same effect would cast a gladsome, reseate glow over the President's trip.

It would appear that all a runaway oank clerk has to do to clude the police is to wear crimson bloomers and drive a plumolored motorcar. The theory is that th color blinds the sleuths. It was the tactical error of trying to get rid of the car that brought about Stanrg's arrest.

The House of Correction at Holmesburg perates a gas plant for the benefit of neigh poring districts. Prohibtion has reduced the number of inmates in the house, the plant is shorthanded, and Tacony and Bridesburg are in darkness. Residents of the districts are in a parious state—but perhaps son bootleggers will come to their assistance.

WHEN WARWICK ORATED

Meeting With General Latta Recalls to Col. McCain Story With a Punch Which Made Hit During Gubernatorial Campaign of 1894

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

MET General James W. Latta on the street the other day. He is best remembered by the older citizens and politicians as secretary of internal affairs of the state for two terms from 1895 to 1903.

In spite of his snowy beard and mustache. he carries himself and his eighty years with a hint of the old martial bearing that characterized him when he was assistant adjutant general of volunteers in the days of the Civil War.

He is one of the young old men of Philadelphia. He keeps himself in trim by keep-ing busy. He is in daily touch with the big affairs of life.

ENERAL LATTA was one of a group of G men that witnessed a unique demonstration at Greensburg, Pa. In the party, as I recall, were the present Attorney General W. I. Schaffer, Colonel Reeder, of Bellefonte; Colonel Henry Hall, now Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph, and Charles F. Warwick, afterward Mayor of Philadelphia. It was during the gubernatorial campaign of

The party had jumped from Franklin Pa., to Greensburg. It was Saturday night and everybody was hurrying to get back to

On the trip from Franklin down the Al legheny river the famous painted rocks near Franklin were pointed out. They recalled an incident to the mind of Colonel Hall, who related it to three others of the party facing in a double car seat.

As Hall concluded the story Warwick slapped his knee in enthusiasm and said, "I'm going to use that story tonight at Greensburg. It'll bring down the house.'
And it did.

THE mass meeting was held in the old Court house in Greensburg. It was a splendid audience. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

General Latta opened the meeting. He addressed himself particularly to the front benches filled with Grand Army men. Charles F. Warwick closed the meeting.

He, too, addressed himself specially to the veterans who were in uniform. His peroration was the tory told by Henry Hall on the railroad din. This it was, in brief: Down in M .er county at the outbreak of the Rebeliion one of the first men to enlist was a gaunt woodsman more than six feet tall and built in proportion. He was rough, uncouth, and the homeliest man in the region. He was so ugly that they nicknamed him,

The Indian God." He was made color sergeant of his regi-

Somewhere down in Virginia one morning a year or so later headquarters received information that a body of the enemy was in the vicinity. Skirmishers were thrown out, the regiment assigned to position, and preparations made for an en

In the meantime the color guard in advance had moved forward of the line which had halted. The order to halt was given, but the guard failed to hear. In a louder and more emphatic tone the officer in command shouted:

"Color guard, halt! Bring your colors back to the regiment."

The guard halted. The sergeant, the "Indian God," fearless, crude, and profane, turned half-round and shouted back so that his words rang along the line: "Bring your damned old regiment up to

the colors I never recall such a scene. The climax had been worked up beautifully by War-wick, who was an eloquent and captivating

The Grand Army men leaped cheering to their feet. Women rose and waved their handkerchiefs. Hats were tossed in air and the band in the midst of the uproar played the "Star Spangled Banner." The effect on Warwick himself was so pronounced that tears trembled in his eyes

We barely made the midnight train for

A MEDIUM-sized, strongly built man, brown skinned and vigorous, and wearing mandarin glasses, who seems to have a speaking acquaintance with two or three persons in every block on Chestnut street, answers to the name of Timothy O'Leary. When he was assistant superintendent o

police some years back he was known as "Tim" O'Leary, the man who drilled the police force in military factics for four years and who had the best dressed and most soldierly police force in a generation. O'Leary had been in the army and was

To Tim O'Leary belongs the distinction held possibly by no other citizen of the United States, of having administered a good sound punch in the face to a future prime minister of a European nation, That is, if Leon Trotsky can be termed a

rime minister. He is at least a despot, It was during the period of Trotsky' residence on the East Side, New York, The greasy little anarchist filled in his when not writing flaming editorials for the anarchist sheet with which he was connected in visiting neighboring cities and oreaching disorder and general annihila-

On one of his trips he came to Philadelphia, accompanied by Emma Goldman and her side partner. Berkmann, to harangue a choice collection of their kind in the Parkway Building.

Of course, the police had been tipped off.
Assistant Superintendent of Police O'Leary was also there in citizens' dress to judge the character of the speeches.

WHEN Trotsky got properly started he not only cursed the capitalists but he damned the government and demanded its overthrow or words to that effect. It was at this point that one T. O'Leary

nove himself on the stage and politely but firmly, and with due emphasis, notified the future despot of Russia that his speaking time had expired. "Who are you?" blustered Trotsky,

throwing out his chest like a pouter pigeon. "I'm a police official sent down from City Hall. You're abusing the government and preaching anarchy. I don't want to hear another word from you," said the assistant superintendent in a tone that would have been significant to anybody but a fool anarchist. "You cannot deny me the right of free

speech," sputtered the greasy little Bolshevik. "You've got no rights. You're an alien.

Shut up," was the final word of command.

And then something happened. The wretched apostle of governmental chaos began another insolent reply. Before he got properly started, however, O'Leary's open hand shot out and base of the palm, above the wrist, landed midway of the agitator's face. That is, just beneath his nose. The effect, of course was to bend that organ upward and back ward with a force that sent Trotsky real ing into the arms of a friend.

PROBLEMS

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA By Christopher Morley

On British Soll

VESTERDAY I spent several delightful hours on "British soil." with as authentic an envelopment of English atmosphere as though a long sea voyage lay be-

hind the adventure. The first thing one potices on reaching British soil is men smoking pipes. As I entered the Consulate of His Britannic Majesty, on Third street, I saw a gentleman relishing a pipe in the luxurious man-ner peculiar to the island kingdom. I felt ashamed of the medicated vegetable cigarettes I was smoking as a despairing hay fever remedy. They are very thin little tubes, with a cardboard mouthpiece; they exhale a vile peppery scent; they are associated with the first whiffings of very young lads who buy them at drug stores before they dare purchase legitimate fags. 'Emit the smoke through the nostrils says the legend on the box; "they will make the head as olear as a bell." I emitted furiously, and asked for my friend the vice consul. Trailing clouds of apomatic incense, I was ushered in.

T HAD had a hunch. In the morning paper I I had seen the announcement of the Cupard Line:

PHILADELPHIA to LONDON Vennonia.....Sept. 9

For a long time I had had a hankering to get on board a ship. Like Mr. Wilson, who chafes at the confinement of Washington the man who feels any salt in his blood chafes at being bound down to pavements. He has spells when he wanders along the docks, yearning over oyster schooners—the Maggie A. Howlett is in from Maurice River Cove !- and feasting his eyes on the tall, lear bows of ocean-going steamers. He rides the Gloucester ferries trying to memorize the comely lines of the vessels in midstream. The propeller of an unladen tramp, turning over in a slow flap-flap of foam, kicks at his heart. The harbor is a never-ending panorama of romance and excitement. He tries to imagine a thousand excuses for getting abourd the ships he sees. But it hard to make sailormen understand this yearning. They expect one to have some plausible reason for wanting to hang about their vessels. I have never met a profesmariner who did not suspect me o some dastardly purpose in loitering about. How can one explain that just to about a ship, to poke and peer about her fascinating decks, is an end in itself? Suppose you were to say you were "admiring the funnel," they would think you mad. And yet that is just what one wants to do.

BUT my hunch was this; to lure the vice consul from his tasks, and under his authentic wing to go down to the Vennonia, the ploneer ship of the new Cupard service to Philadelphia; to go aboard, if possible and gloat. The chief rule in life is to follow the hunch. It never fails.

So the vice consul agreed, and emitting clouds of medicated fume I sallied along with him: At the Cunard pier we found the new pier superintendent, Mr. Annall. I would have been much abashed to face his clear gray questioning eye alone, but under the chaperonage of my consular friend all was easy. Beside the sheer flank of the Vennonia we stood chatting and he agreed that we might go aboard. Just then alone came Captain Brown, and we saw that fortune was with us. Up the ladder we scrambled. We had a glimpse of the wellknown scarlet and black funnel, familian in New York and elsewhere, but a stranger Philadelphia. Then we were in the h of holies, the captain's cabin. Captain Brown got out his pipe and his tin of Cap-stan. It was plainly British soil!

CAPTAIN BROWN was the perfect host U that only the sea-captain can be. The two landlubbers hung entranced upon his words. His sea experience has been as com plete, one thinks, as any martner's. Trained in the rough school of salling ships, he has been twenty years in the Cunael company.

in the Montreal and Boston services, and on such greyhounds as the Campania and Lucania, the Lusitania and Mauretania. On the last he was staff captain before the war. A naval reservist, when the war broke out he was put to immediate and grueling work, first in the landing of troops on German Southwest Africa (Swakopmund) then in the terrible year of the Dardanelles tragedy. He was commander of the forward turret on the Albian, one of the two ships sent in within 2000 yards of the Turkish forts at Seddul Bahr and Kum Kale, with orders to stay there until either the forts or the ships themselves were put out of action. Captain Brown drew out of his desk drawer a fat notebook in which he kept a private

"WE'VE HAD ENOUGH FIGHTING, LET'S FEAST A BIT!"

log of his war experiences. He read us some of his notes, jotted down with the terse compression of the naval officer. I hope some day he will find time to put those days into a book. It was a terrible picture that lay behind the blunt brief words. Never was human heroism more fearfully exhibited than in the tragic effort of the British and Colonial troops to force a landing on those sandy cliffs. Out of a boatload of 250 men sometimes only ten would gain a footing on the shore, struggling through the barbed wire, with shells and concealed mines burst ing among them. Captain Brown told of catlead of killed and wounded men that drifted back to the Albion, swimming in

blood up to the thwarts, the dead

floating in this blood. He used two words

to describe it. Bloody murder. For seven

months he slept beside his twelve-inch guns

in the Albion's turret. T ATER, Captain Brown was commander of the Prince Edward, and then was in command of the anti-submarine defense in the eastern Mediterranean. As he talks, with his quick, cheerful accent, his bright gray seaman's eye, it is hard to realize what this friendly, bronzed little man has been through. One gains an inkling of the quiet discipline of the sea that trains a man to take what comes. "Carry on." the favorite catchword of the Briton in wartime, is the phrase that occurs most often in his talk. That's the only explanation these, men have for it. They shrug their shoulders and say

they "carried on."

CAPTAIN BROWN is very pleased to be the pioneer skipper of the new Cunard service to Philadelphia. This is his second visit to the port. The first was last July when he arrived in the midst of St. Swithin's debauch, and got the impression that Philadelphia was a very rainy place. "You have a fine port here," he says. "It's right in the heart of industrial America." visited Hog Island, and is very enthusiastic over the plans to deepen the Delaware channel to thirty-five feet at low water. His own ship, by the way, built in Dundee the English equivalent of the Hog Island fabricated ship. She's an 8000-ton cargo earrier, more graceful in design than the Hog Island vessels, but with coal-bur reciprocating engines instead of the oil-fuel turbines of our own wartime fleet. He us of one ingenious dodge adopted on her during the war. were made to fold down out of sight during a voyage. On the port side of the pilot us a fake most, far off the central line of the vessel. An enemy submarine sighting this mast and getting it into align ment with the funnel, would think the shin was proceeding in an entirely different di rection from the course she was actually steering.

OUR host insisted on our staying to lunch with him and his officers in their snug mess-room. It was a delightful sight to see the vice-consul's eyes shine as he gazed upon genuine British food, including so theroughly English a relish as anchovy es-sence. Take a Britisher, many years expatriated, and put him on an English ship where he can see the red ensign flutter over the taffrail, taste a pipeful of English to-bacco, and hear some good rousing anecdotes of German beastliness, and you will see a

thoroughly happy man. I puffed my medicated tubes and thrilled to see the emotion of my consular friend.

THE captain is already a stanch Philedelphia fan. It is pleasant to hear his enthusiasm on the subject of the wholehearted co-operation of the American naval officers with whom he shared many respon-sibilities during the war. He says the Cunard passenger service to this port will be started as soon as they can build some ships. In the meantime he's busy moving big cargoes across the blue water. He showed us the deep holds of the Vennonia, where thousands of tons of wheat were pouring down from a floating elevator alongside, and where barrels of oil and sirup and crates of Cali-fornia raisins were being stowed. And by this time, as we had made him nearly an hour late for an appointment uptown, we thought it was time to take our reluctant leave. The generous captain, who deplored my herb smokables, even insisted carrying off his own tin of Navy Cut. Smoking this, the vice consul and I returned to

On Reading a Certain Book

T TURN a page, read on, and on, A traveler up a pleasant road Where others have before me gone With brains that dreamed, with eyes that

Unmindful quite of time I fare. From line to line my glances flit, Delighted and bereft of care By quip of humor, flash of wit.

Sometimes I con a paragraph. Whose beauty makes me pause a while; A happy fancy wakes a laugh, An apt allusion lights a smile.

And so a feast my journey seems Where I partake-yet leave behind wondrous board whereon there gleams Untouched a banquet for the mind Samuel Minturn Peck, in the Boston Evening Transcript.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is premier of Egypt? 2. What state does Schator Hitchcock rep-

resent? 3. What is the meaning of the word amphibologous?

4. How many years before the Civil War did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appear?

5. On what date do some states observe Columbus Day as a holiday? 6. Why is the Blue Peter, a flag indicating that a ship is about to sail, so called?

7. What is the Erse language? 8. Where did the President deliver his

first address on his nation-wide tour on behalf of the treaty? 9. What is a peri?

10. What organ of the human body was once believed to be the seat of ill humor and melancholy? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Cardinal Mercier is primate of Belgium.

2. The only bequest which William Shakenade by will to his speare made by will to all wife was

3. Brazil was formerly a colony of Portu-4. Fosse; long narrow excavation, canal,

ditch, trench, especially in for tion. 5. Karl Renner is the head of the Austriau peace delegation.

6. An English farthing is worth about half a cent in American money. 7. All bills for raising revenue for the federal government must originate in the House of Representatives.

S. A lough is a lake or arm of the sea.

The word is derived from the Gaelic. 9. The althea is called the "Rose of Sharon."

"Snaviter in modo" describes an offensive manner of doing what is