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Philadelphia, Tuesday, September 9, 1919.

CRUELTY TO THE SENATOR

SENATOR VARE has opened his South Broad street house and says that he has been sleeping there for a week. As a voter has to live in his division only two months before election day the senator is evidently prepared to qualify.

What he would have done if his right to register had not been challenged no one but he knows.

The attention that has been attracted to his absentceism is followed or his abandonment for the time of his palace in the Whitemarsh valley, where he could rest his eyes on green fields, running brooks and broad expanses of sky. He must sleep in the city, disturbed by the honk of automobiles and with the electric lights of a movie show across the street shining into his bedroom windows.

Cruel, isn't it, that the amiable senator should be forced to forgo his case just because somebody insists that the law should be obeyed?

LOW OLD TIMES IN JERSEY

SOMETHING of the anguish that swept New Jersey on July 1 has been forgotten in the sharper pain caused by the Public Utilities Commission's grant of zone-fare privileges to the trolley corporation.

The new high rates of fare will become effective on the 15th of this month. 'As that fell date approaches it is apparent that street-car fares rather than prohibition may be the dominant issue at the next election. Mr. Nugent, the "wet" candidate, has, oddly enough, been put into partial eclipse by the zonefare decision, though he appears to have had a fighting chance before a new political crisis was created by a public service corporation which is determined to follow the lines of least resistance in the quest for revenue.

No candidate for the Jersey governorship has yet made the trolley-fare issue his own. Until some one does we ought to keep an eye on Mr. Mitten, to be sure that the people of New Jersey do not abduct him, keep him captive and run him for the big job at Trenton.

Columbus gathering who has not outlived his allotted span of threescore and ten. It is a company of old men, with their thoughts on the past. The modern veterans are looking to the future, but it | Winfield Scott Hancock in the White is not likely that any of them is looking so far ahead as to visualize himself attending a reunion of his comrades when they shall all be past seventy.

WHAT THE NATION'S THANKS TO ITS FULL GENERAL MEAN

John J. Pershing Is Fortunate Beyond Other "Heroes" in That No Spurious Glamour Attends His Reception

A NEW kind of war brought forth a new kind of commander. John Joseph Pershing, leader of the largest American armed host ever assembled, returns with a record of unclouded victory. Cheering thousands acclaim him. Flags wave, Guns boom. The homage of gratitude which the nation pays to the marshaler of its military might is profoundly sin-

But to believe that this present drama of "The Conquering Hero" resembles in character those hitherto enacted in the course of American history is to miss the significance and spirit of the world conflict, to misunderstand the mission which General Pershing so magnificently fulfilled and to misconceive the nature and traits of this valiant and efficient chief actor.

Individual instances of romantic ac ions abounded in the universal struggle. But the war itself was not romantic. was soberingly practical, oppressively statistical. It was the now fallen for which determined its unpoetic character. Administration of resources, co-ordination of victory units in the most substantial sense were the prime requisites of success. Paradoxical as it may appear. the very magnitude of the idealism which inspired the soul of the nation in the

fray necessitated the translation of this sentiment into the most materialistic terms. America embarked upon the colossal

enterprise without illusions. Clearly a clean-up job on the most monumental scale had to be undertaken. To finish it as swiftly and as completely as possible was the nation's purpose. Personalities played their part merely as cogs in the great wheel. Limelight generals were at

a discount. Anything so distressingly futile as a Shafter-Miles or a Sampson-Schley controversy was wholly lacking in popular appeal. That explains why the case of Leonard Wood, despite that able officer's stout champions, played so small a part in the situation. The public was in no mood to tout favorites. What it imperaing.

tively demanded was celerity and military production. It cannot be said that the government's

choice of General Pershing to lead its troops evoked any peculiarly intimate thrills. He had served with credit in the Indian wars against Geronimo, at El Caney, in the Philippines and in the Mexican expedition of 1916, which he was not permitted to carry to a logical conclusion. What most interested the people was his reputation as a hard worker and a tireless organizer. He had their best wishes because they passionately desired the end of a foul carnage.

The legend makers, of reminiscent leanings, bestirred themselves, but to little purpose. One heard of "Black Jack" Pershing. Somehow it lacked the authenticity of "Little Mac, the people's pride," of "Stonewall" Jackson, of "The Rock of Chickamauga."

It was reported that standing by the

Orleans, established by example the unsavory political principle "To the victor belong the spoils." We were spared George B. McClellan. We were spared House. Zachary Taylor, chastiser of Santa Ana at Buena Vista, was an altogether inconsequential President.

And still for many years after the Civil War campaign managers with singletrack minds clung to their illusions. was considered an asset that Garfield, Hayes, Harrison and McKinley had served in the federal armies, and Theo-

dore Roosevelt with a variety of brilliant and valid qualifications was wearisomely overadvertised for his ascent of San Juan. Have we graduated from such falla-

es? It seems highly likely that we have. And nothing will more convincngly increase the access of wisdom than the obvious and gratifying relationship between John J. Pershing and the public. War is no longer glittering melodrama. It is sickening reality. From the bottom of its heart the nation thanks its general that he was so potent an instrument in ending the most terrible blight which

men themselves ever inflicted on humanity. Had the struggle not been so appallingly serious a commander like Pershing might never have arisen. But he did and in consequence he owes nothing to fiction and false sentiment, and the admiration of the public is clean and wholesome. Occasional wonderment concerning

what would happen to Pershing on his return has been expressed. There should be no need for uncertainty. As he fitted into the army in peace, he fitted into war, to the best of his admirable, straightforward abilities. His laurels are secure. And unless we slip back into

antediluvian procedure, so is the confidence of the nation secure in a public servant appraised for precisely what he is worth. If that valuation be kept in its proper confines it will be undimmed. So far as American military personalities are concerned Pershing wound up

the war. Gratitude for this act cannot be excessive, so long as the reasons for our fighting are sanely remembered, so long as we repel all spurious glamour from the tragedy.

A PULLMAN CAR NIGHTMARE?

NEWS dispatches declare President Wilson is making his speeches extemporaneously, without notes of any kind. This is dangerous for even such an expert public speaker as he. Several times on his trip he has voiced phrases and sentences which betray traces of bad temper. Some of the expressions resulting are foolish in the light of calm read-

One of these is the declaration yesterday that "the only way the Shantung provision of the treaty could be bettered would be to go to war with Japan, Eng-

land and France." Irritation or anger or some other agitating emotion must have provoked this astonishing statement. It is an indictment so sweeping, so cynically condemnatory of three nations to which we have been led to think the war bound us with sacrificial blood ties, that no sane person. least of all an idealist President, could believe it to be the only alternative to sanctioning a grave injustice to China. If what the President says is true, it

vould mean that, despite all that America has suffered and contributed in the last two years for the sake of England and France, the peoples of those countries would prefer war with the United States before ameliorating one jot of the secret agreements of 1917 dis-

MERCIER THE MAN

An Intimate Picture of the Great Cardinal. Who is the National Hero of the Beiglans

By JAMES M. BENNETT

WHAT manner of man is Cardinal Mercier?

All the world knows of him as the voice that cried out in the wilderness" while murder, rape, arson and pillage were rampant in Belgium. Few Americans know anything of the personality of the churchman who arrives in New York today. I am among the three or four Philadelphians who have seen the cardinal since the German hordes overran King Albert's little land.

I spent the greater part of an afternoon with Cardinal Mercier at his palace in Malines, a picturesque town between Antwerp and Brussels. Bearded German between soldiers, with bristling bayonets, trod the sidewalks outside the cardinal's home as I entered. They were there to guard the primate and see all who entered and left hig stone building in which he lives. The cardinal was virtually a prisoner. His famous pastoral letters had aroused the anger of the invaders. There were bullet marks on the sides of

palace, holes in the roof and parts of cornices had been torn away. The beautiful cathedral, nearby, was in ruins. Hungry men, gaunt women, sickly children alled about on the street as I entered the palace.

I was escorted to the reception room by young priest. Cardinal Mercier entered a few minutes.

The cardinal talked to me more than o hours. He made a lasting impression. Even when the herror of war was upon his beloved Belgium the cardinal had a uile for the stranger. I saw a typical churchman, tall and

nscetie-looking, bright of eye, quick of movement, slightly bent by the weight of cars-in a word, the kind of a man one eels better for having seen and heard talk. The cardinal enjoyed the dilemma in which he had placed the Germans. His pastoral letters had told his people "Our future is not in doubt. We will win, We will be free."

I asked the cardinal to tell me something of his detention in his palace. He smiled

"At 6 o'clock one morning." said the "two German soldiers and an cardinal. officer brought me a communication from their commanding officer asking me to deny the statement that I had been deprived of my liberty. The letter consisted of four or five typewritten pages. 'Come back in the evening and I'll give you an answer,' I said. The officer replied that his orders were to wait in my room until he received the cepty. 'Go and telephone for other orders, I then said.

'The officer went out, his orders were confirmed, so he sat patiently while I considered my reply, which was in effect that while it was true there were no manacles on my hands, I was to have performed service in Antwerp and was not permitted to do so, and that for three days I was restrained in the palace. Two days later I was asked to modify this letter, and I wrote another letter. If the Germans are elever," concluded the cardinal with a "they will publish my first letter. Suddenly Cardinal Mercier asked : "Tell ne something, please, of how you Americans raised so much money and sent so many supplies to our suffering people?' I explained how the states, cities and vil-lages throughout the United States had

taken up the great charity and pushed it for the American Commission for Relief in Belgium. I told him I was the first and only American who had crossed in one of the relief ships, "Wonderful!" exclaimed the cardinal,

"Surely there are rich blessings in store for the people who have made sacrifices to ielp us. The war is still upon us. people are hungry. I fear their hunger will continue. Tell your people, when you go home, that we thank them, and impress upon them that our cry is for more. With out aid from the outside we will perish.



THE CHAFFING DISH

Bathing as Sunset

T IS curious that the routine of human life often causes men to turn their backs on nature just when she is at her loveliest. Take the seashore in September, for instance. After Labor Day you will find few people along the sand, and yet the sea is then at its warmest and best.

Particularly at sunset, when every one is at supper. To cross those wide fields of wiry grass that stretch down to the sand, to tread upon the small hoptoads that have is an amazement to the eye. Ahead of you come out to hail the evening. Behind him the sea gleams purple as an Easter violet. The fields are a kind of rich palette on the swelling moon fleats like a dim white lantern, penciling the darkening water with which every tint of pink, russet and bronze faint scribbles of light. are laid in glowing variation. The softly wavering breeze, moving among the coarse stalks, gives the view a ripple and shimme 11. Jones writes to us to suggest that the abandoned saloons should be converted into of color like shot slik. A naturalist could find hundreds of species of flowers and lethal chambers for the ruthless extinction grasses on those sandy mendows. There are of those who eat soup as if they were trying great clumps of some bushy herb that has to signal to Mars. dready turned a vivid copper color, and catches the declining sunlight like burnished metal. There are flecks of yellow, pink and lavender. A cool, strong odor rises from the harsh, knife-edged grasses-a curiously brittle scent, familiar to all who have poked about sand dunes.

The Apostle of Unrest

- AGLIMPSE of the godhead; a speck of infinity .
- sunlight, with brightness on its varnished infinity; wings. The lighthouse at the Inlet has be-gun to twinkle its golden flash, and supper
- will soon be on the table. The solitary swimmer takes one last regretful plunge And the pulse of the universe beats in his heart.
- through a sluicing hill of green, and hunts out his pipe. He had left it, as the true With a basis of sense and a touch of insanitysmoker does, carefully filled, with a match-box beside it, in a dry hollow on the sand The madness divine that makes intellect
- Trailing a thread of blue reck, he plods cheerfully across the fields, taking care pot grow-He's no better, no worse, than the rest of
 - humanity, Save an urge from within that compels him to go Onward, still onward !-- a cross and a
 - erown ward! Onward! till cheeks have grown hag-
 - gard and wan. Onward and upward! or onward and

Philadelphia isn't doing its whole duty

A New York hotel detective investi-

downward ! Going ! and going ! and going !---and gone ! GRIF ALEXANDER.

THE WRONG TIME TO DO IT

WHEN most of us are wondering what

can be done to bring down the high cost of living the United Mine Workers of America are discussing in their annual convention in Columbus a reduction in the hours of labor and an increase in pay. They want a six-hour day and a five-day week, and they want their wages raised from 25 to 60 per cent.

Theoretically a six-hour day and a fiveday week may be ideal for workers in coal mines. It is not pleasant to work underground, but there are many men and women working in factories in this city under worse conditions than those imposed on the mine workers. A shorter working day for the miner means dearer coal for the factory worker; and higher wages for the miner will raise the price of coal still higher.

We are not arguing against either the better wage or the shorter hour, but we would suggest that the present is not an opportune time for insisting on anything which will make the burden heavier on the shoulders of every head of a household.

OLD "VETS" IN 1972

No KHAKI-CLAD youngster who fought in France is thinking of what he will be doing in the year 1972, but some of the rest of us, considering the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Columbus this week. might well wonder what sort of an organization of veterans of the war with Germany will be left fifty-four years after the close of that war. It is fiftyfour years since Grant received the surrender of the Confederates under the famous apple tree at Appomattox and the survivors of his armies are still active and interested in keeping alive their organization.

The American Legion, which is to include the veterans of the war just ended, 820. is now forming. Politicians are considering ways and means of catering to the soldier vote as they did in the seventies and eighties of the last century. And the soldiers are considering what they can premises were false. The flecting demand give to the government, rather than that the victor of Manila should run for what they can get out of it. But after the presidency appears today astonishall they are likely to be the men who will ingly old-fashioned. It conformed, it is be the leaders in public life in a very few true, to an unreasoning American tradiyears, and for a generation they will tion, which exalted figures in our warminate both political parties, not bering to a position which, as a rule, they cause they were soldiers, but because were hopelessly unable to fill with comthey are the kind of men who are willing petence. to serve the nation and because they have initiative and imagination. istrative fiasco. The belligerent Jack-

There is probably not a man at the

tomb of the Marquis de Lafayette the chief of the American expeditionary force cried out, "Lafayette, we are here! Coldly scientific history in a coldly scientific war repudiated the episode. Publicly at least General Pershing has said very little concerning it. His reputation has been based not on striking attitudes. but on striking Germans.

patient's digestion. He did so as the center of a vast organization, contending against terrific and novel difficulties in warfare, against huge transport embarrassments, against complexities soluble by a keen administrative brain and by hard, consistent labor.

That General Pershing was the man for the place is gloriously revealed by the results. His conduct of the St. Mihiel offensive was as decisive as the functioning of a time-clock. His direction of the Argonne drive, a prodigious factor in rendering the German cause hopeless, was equally clean cut and emphatic. Europe realized the vigor of his nature when, despite all pleas, he refused to be turned aside from his resolve to form an all-American army acting as a unit. Washington appreciated his authoritative thinking when he repeatedly

told the War Department precisely what he wanted and exactly what he didn't want.

Everybody knows that John J. Pershing is firm and that he is a man of action. And yet the nation does not really know him. The shouts that greeted George Dewey on his return from Manila bay are not at all to be compared with those which the bronzed, erect full general of the United States army heard in New York yesterday. General Pershing is fortunate. So is

the American nation. We seem to have passed the hectic stage of San Juan Hill hysteria. There is scant probability that either the people or the man archaically and loosely termed its "hero" will present pitiable and foolish spectacles similar to those disclosed twenty-one years

The presidency of Grant was an admin-

son, justly famed for his exploits at New

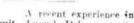
The Spanish War was an easy enterprise. The deceptive aum of fighting prevailed. Both Dewey and his fulsome husiness. admirers came to grief because their

> We Don't Know according to an out raged police magis-trate, actually play dice. Will Gotham, which always tries to be at the front in the march of progress, yet produce the gunchild?

> . Our Distinguished a flying visit to the Visitor scenes of his childhood. will enjoy what might call an old home week in South Phil-

Shantung posses ons to Japan. We refuse to believe it What can have happened to the President to put such dark and phantasmal forebodings into his mind? Did senatorial obstinacy produce presidential

nightmares which some tongue-imp by a slip prompted him to picture? Doctor Grayson should look to his distinguished free.



Unforbidden Fruit Laurel, Del., seems to show that you may lead a man from the bar, but you can't make him quit wanting to drink. Some body put elder into a cream separator and discovered that the fluid that came out of

he spout intended for cream had a kick to sufficiently potent to land several men n the lockup. A professor from Delaware College is now conducting experiments to discover just what chemical action is responsible. It is not on record that he is having any difficulty in procuring an ade quate number of assistants.

Before they became Fun for Old Timers prosperous and so-

phisticated farmers took sardonic pleasure in bitching a couple of horses to a broken-down auton obile and towing it into town. It seemed to prove to them that the old ways were best after nil. If there, by chance, had been an oldtime sult on the United States destroyer, Maddox on a recent occasion he must have such feeling. The Maddox ran ut of its fuel oil supply 1000 miles from Azores and had to negotiate the distance by using its awnings for sails.

Arrests have fallen off Turn 'Em to such an extent in Into Factories Massachusetts that the nuthorities are cousid

ering the advisability of closing all the small jails in the commonwealth. The reduction in the number of prisoners is said o be due to national prohibition, the working of the probation system and the unusual lemand for labor in all industries. But whatever the cause the result is gratifying.

The people, says Con-When School Opens gressman Moore, must at once take charge of affairs and rule their own city. It is to be hoped that if all goes well they will be given a little time in which to learn the

Bables in New York

Senator Vare, back for you

I then asked the cardinal to tell me more the treatment of the Germans toward himself and the members of his household. "Excuse me, please," he said. "I do not

want to talk more about it just now. am keeping a record of it all, day by day and incident by incident. Some day I may make it public. When that time comes the war will be over and Belgium will be

"Let us talk some more of your country and the great men over there." the cardinal

continued. "Do you know Cardinal Gibbons?" he

I replied that I had met the American cardinal on many occasions.

"He's a great man," said Cardinal Mer-cier. "I'll tell you a little joke about him, You can relate it to your people, for it demonstrates the real democracy of the Americans.

"A year or two before the war began, I think it was, Cardinal Gibbons stopped here on his way from Rome to the United States We enjoyed his visit of a few days. He has a vast fund of information, a pleasing

and uplifting trend of conversation. W were sorry when his visit ended and there's where the joke comes in.

"I was not well, and I said good-by to the cardinal in the palace. The carriage had to ordered to take him to the railway station. In about five minutes after our visitor had left one of the young brothers usned in, almost out of breath, and said, Cardinal Gibbons is walking alone to the station and carrying his own satchel.

"I could not understand that. It was different. I could not imagine why he should walk alone and carry his satchel. I was embarrassed. I dispatched a messenger to inform the cardinal that the carriage was waiting for him. Then I waited for the return of the messenger to learn how it all had happened-Cardinal Gibbous walking alone on the streets of Malines! "When the messenger came back he re

lated this conversation with the cardinal ; " 'The carriage is in front of the palace to take your eminence to the station. Perhaps you did not see it?'

but I did not want it. I like to walk, so I started out. When I am at home I take long walks every day. Young man, more walking, you will live longer." Young man, do Then I was able to assure Cardinal Mercier that Cardinal Gibbons was indeed great walker. I told him of the long and almost daily walks that the cardinal takes along Charles street in Baltimore. As he shook my hand in parting the cardinal said. "Good by ; come again, please. Come when the darkness has gone; come

when the sun shines upon Belgium." And such is the man who is coming to Philadelphia in the next week or two. He comes to thank our people for what they did for his people when their need was so great.

Philadelphians will see a plain man, man of the people; a man whose smile is contagious; a man whose words are real gems to be treasured; a man who, in the time of Belgium's deepest woe, cried out, "The conviction, both natural and supernatural, of our final victory is more deeply than ever anchored in my soul,"

. . . .

THE beach itself, colored in the last flush of the level sun, is still faintly warm to the naked foot, after the long of the day; but it cools rapidly. The tide is coming in, with long, seething ridges of fonm, each flake and clot of crumbled water tinged with a rose-petal pink by the red sunset. All this glory of color, of move-ment, of unspeakable exhibitration and serenity, is utterly lonely. The long curve of the beach stretches away northward where a solitary orange-colored dory is lying on the sand. The air is full of a plaintive piping of sea-birds. A gull flashes along the beach, with a pink glow on its snowy underplumage.

AT THAT hour the water is likely to be warmer than the air. It may be only the curiously magical effect of the horizontal light, but it seems more foamy, more full of suds, than earlier in the day. Over the green top of the waves, laced and marbled with froth, slides a layer of iridescent bub ble-wash that seems quite a different sub-stance from the water itself--like the the meringue on top of a lemon pie. One can scoop it up and see it winking in points of sparkling light. The waves come marching in. It is

calm sea, one would have said looking down from the dunes; but to the swimmer, el-bowing his way under their feating hollows, their stature seems tremendous. The sunlight strikes into the hills of moving water, filling them with a bluish spangle and tremo of brightness. It is worth while to duck underneath and look up at the sun from under the surface, to see how the light seems to spread and clot and split in the water like sour cream poured into a cup of tea. The sun, which is so ruddy in the evening air is a pale milky white when seen from under water.

. . . KIND of madness of pleasure fills the

A KIND of madness of pleasure fills the heart of the solitary sunset swimmer. To splash and riot in that miraculous color and tumult of breaking water seems an effective answer to all the grievances of earth. To float, feeling the polse and encircling sup-port of those lapsing piflows of liquid, is mirth beyond words. To swim just beyond our police force are decent citizens there the line of the big breakers, dropping a foot now and then to feel that bottom is not too should be prompt punishment for the thugs and brutes among them; and prompt elimfar away-to sprawl inward with a swashing ination of the system that permits them to comber while the froth boils about his remain on a body formed for the keeping shoulders-to watch the light and color prismed in the curl and slant of every wave, and the quick vanishing of brightness and glory once the sun is off the sea-all this anything against any United States sen-ators or to cast any reflections upon their is the matter of poems that no one can write.

THE sun drops over the flat glitter of the integrity or their intelligence-BUT-I inland lagooas; the violet and silver and rose-flushed foam are gone from the ocean; the sand is gray and damp and chilly. Down striking bricklayers and other strikers may the line of the shore comes an airplane roarbank on : The strikes won't reduce the high ing through the upper regions of dazzling cost of living.

The creet dauntless carriage observable in to its children when 25,000 of them are obliged to go on a part-time schedule beour population nowadays is probably due to the large consumption of army food. cause of a lack of school buildings and school we beg to contradict the rumor that any one teachers. who has eaten three cans of army beans has a right to wear service chevrons.

She Has Canals of Her Own

France After the War

SHE stands erect !-Her fine, black locks blown back-She feels !- She feels her crushing loss of

youth. Yet on her arched lips there is a smile. And her clear, liquid eyes reflect the truth, Her hand is resting on her noble sword

She looks with steadfast gaze toward the Rhine. And in her face so sweet, so calm, so pale,

There is a look of suffering born, divine, Though politics grow red as clotted blood, And statesmen pause in dread, as in a

trance, Yet these can never soil the quiet face. The inward spirit of immortal France

MAX MEYER DE SCHAUENSEE.

All the Comforts of Home

WANTED-Man to take out Troupe Trained Cooties for Parks and Fairs, S.-Must possess a Beard.-Advt.

Variety. The beard, we suppose, is to give the performers shelter in warm weather.

Tony, the curler of ostrich plumes, says he doesn't wish the Sir Knights any bad luck, but that a spell of rainy weather would certainly mean big business for him.

Those who sometimes lend a hand in the upbringing of small urchins sometimes wonder how many buttonings it takes to bring a child to the period of self haberdashery.

SOCRATES

Another question that suggests itself to parents is whether a child gets more pleas are out of the prune juice it spills than from that it engulfs.

In hoc insignio vinces, said New York to General Pershing, cheering the well-known Sam Browne helt, and the equally famous pair of tan gloves carried in the left hand.

Because the bulk of the members of

Far be it from the President to say

One thing the striking miners and

of the pence.

If Pershing comes to town this week he will probably see more fierce-looking cutlery Missouri. in the way of gold-plated swords than he witnessed throughout his visit to the war

4. A burn is a small stream or creek. The

5. There were eight Crusades.

- 6. A plantain is a tropical fruit allied to the banana.
- "Esprit de corps" should be pronounced as though it were spelled "espreed
- merly worn by English hussars, artillery and engineers.
- 10. Lord Charles Bereaford who died on September 7, was an English admiral. particularly noted for his forceful methods and frank speaking. He was a life-loag friend of America.

gating the theft of a set of false teeth says what he needs is a set of mouthprints. He said a mouthful. The old saying that all the world loves a lover is only true of part of the world. The other part bans spooning in public places.

From the unconcern with which he takes it the President presumably thinks Hays's fever is something to be sneezed at.

Vare found the time had come to clean house. But it may be that the rest of the city has beat him to it.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Where and what is Helsingfors? 2. Where will the ceremony of signing the
- treaty with Austria take place? 3. How long was General Pershing abroad?
- 4. Who was called the "Laughing Philosopher"?
- 5. What is the meaning of the word prophylactic?
- 6. What was Thomas W. Lamont's posltion in the American mission at the Pence Conference?
- 7. What part of the United States was "The Dark and Bloody called Ground"?
- 8. What is a wraith?
- 9. In how many plays by Shakespeare does the character of Falstaff appear?
- 10. When does the daylight-saving law expire?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Judge Elbert H. Gary is chairman of the United States Steel Corporation.

- 2. The Ozark Mountains are in southern
- 3. Fanny Kemble was a noted Anglo-American actress. Her dates are 1809-1893.
- word is Scotch.

- S. Bushies were tall fur army caps for-
- 9. Amundsen discovered the South Pole.