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Philadelphia, Saturday, September 13, 1919

AFTER THE CHEERS

NO MAN is really great until he can get along without praise. Pershing didn't lose his head in France. It is clear that he isn't going to let it get away from him at home. He took pains to accept the acclaim of the city graciously yesterday, only to pass it along over his shoulder to the millions of men who were the cutting edge of his purpose in the war. He took it for granted, he said. that the demonstration was a tribute to our magnificent soldiery.'

The wise old Indian fighter knows how greatly he is honored and esteemed. But he knew, too, that a large part of the cheering was, consciously or otherwise, for the lads who didn't come back, for the broken men who never will recover from the war, and for the majestic army that represented us at our very best. So Pershing didn't strut. He wore none of his decorations, though his aides wore theirs.

The commander of the American armies is not only a great soldier; he is a great citizen. It is an extraordinary man who can be both.

THE COVERNOR'S RENT PROBE

TF HALF that the representatives of the Tenants' Association have been telling Governor Sproul is true, the case against the building associations, house owners and real estate men, who are reported in a combination to profiteer, is precisely similar to the case against food gamblers and larger speculators who are dragged into court at intervals as examples of conspicuous evil.

The shortage of houses doesn't excuse rent gougers. The law of supply and demand is a pretty good one ordinarily. But it has ceased to be acceptable in relation to essentials like food, water, coal and shelter. Without these things people would perish. The barons of this country are finding that they may not play reck lessly with the essentials of life. Amateurs at the game will have to learn Atlantic, and Japan to send her repre- have the laws of the land flouted and the same thing. That is why the Governor's investigation of the tenants' com-

could no longer exist. A movement like that instituted at Boston and Washington could gain no momentum without the tacit approval of the higher officers of the federation. What does Mr. Gompers think of the theory involved ? What is to be the attitude of the executive council which is in session at Washington? Has Mr. Gompers been unseated by the radicals in his organization? Are organized Pharaohs than all that has been written labor and its leaders in this country actually ready to invite for themselves the disaster that must follow upon an acceptance of the red gospel?

COLONEL ROOSEVELT

AS "ONE OF THE FOLKS"

Great Men of the Past Are Uninteresting Because No One Has Preserved a

Human Record of Them

Nothing is more interesting to men and women than other men and women, however much they may pretend to be interested in histories and philosophies and other abstractions. This is why people in all parts of the

ountry have been discussing the case of William Tanner, the Chicago man who died with his wife when she caught her foot in the track in front of an approachng railroad train. In order to understand the situation it was not necessary to know Greek and Latin, or to be able to tell offhand whether the pleistocene era preceded the cocene, or to know whether eschatology is akin to piscatology. The problem that confronted Tanner arose out of the human relations which existed before the orderly study of language or science or history was dreamed of. History and biography are frequently

full and uninteresting because the menwho write them busy themselves with the externals, forgetting that the great men were first of all men of like passions with the rest of us. Confucius lives today as the maker of maxims and the creator of a system of philosophy. But we do not know anything about Confucius the man, whether he disliked to get up in the morning and whether he loved his children and had a pet cat. He is a mere abstraction. No one has taken the painto write of the race to which he belonged as if it were composed of human beings. The Chinese, to us in the West, are strange creatures, who, till a few years ago, wore their hair in a queue down their backs and ate rats. In the nineties of the last century, however, some one

translated into English a volume of Chilese nursery rhymes, which did more than all that had been written previously to create the impression in the minds of hose fortunate enough to read the book that the Chinese are akin to men and

women on this side of the world. The father would speak of his little son as a peach blossom; he would refer with exquisite tenderness to the sleeping babe and reveal the delight which the prattle of children gave to him. After reading the volume one could stretch his arm across the ocean and clasp the hand of the Chinese and call him brother.

Fifty years from now men and women vill be wondering what kind of a man Theodore Roosevelt was. The histories will be filled with his achievements, but they will be achievements of the statesman. They will tell how he made peace between Russia and Japan by persuading Russia to send her delegates across the sentatives across the Pacific to meet in derided it is setting a lamentable prece-America and agree upon the conditions

Labor. Government as we understand it much more alive the great Roman would he! All the most of us know about Alexander is that he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. The Pharaohs are nothing but names, save to the Egyptologists, and it is doubtful if even they know much about them save that they were so fond of cats that they had their nets mummified with them when they died. But the mummied cats bring us into closer human touch with the

about them. That is, unless some expert who knows more than is good for him should tell us that the cats were mummified not because they were pets but because they were sacred. Shakespeare, who lived much nearer to us than the Pharaohs, may or may not have written the plays ascribed to him.

If he had preserved the letters written to Anne Hathaway we might have known more concerning him. About the only authentic fact bearing upon his intimate life appears in his will, which bequeathed to his widow his second-best bed.

We know Samuel Johnson because Boswell wrote his life, setting down all the trivial things that happened, and we know Pepys through his diary much better than we know much greater men of his period.

A Texas father, when his son was about to seek his fortune in New York, told him not to be afraid of the men he would meet in the great city, "for," he explained, "people there are just folks." The value of this collection of letters written by a man of great force and energy and courage lies in the fact that they exhibit him as after all "just one of the folks."

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

 $A^{s}_{\rm heen}$ A people Americans have never been disrespectful of law. And there has always been a touch of reverence in the popular regard for federal authority. People of all sorts have been accustomed to feel assured of the rightness and wisdom of federal laws and even a sense of pride in their efficiency and dignity. Men who think nothing of squirming narrowly through municipal or state courts accept the higher dictum with a feeling that to do otherwise would be neither safe nor quite decent. "It is the government!" So banks are robbed, but nobody nowadays ever tries to rob the mails. Only adventurers try to violate the customs laws. The food restrictions ordered by the national administration were automatically enforced by the pressure of public opinion on violators, And the food administration was consistently aided even by people who suf-

fered great inconvenience under its rulmgs. A change is noticeable now in some quarters. Disregard of the wartime prohibition laws is widespread, open and hameless here and everywhere throughout the country, Attorney General Ralmer wasn't giving the House approoriations committee any news when he told it that New York is, in its own lingo, wide open. The offenders in most instances are profiteers and poisoners who are selling faked liquor at extortionate

rates. There is only an imitation of effort to mask the traffic, Congress, which insisted on the continuance of the emergency dry laws, made no provision for their enforcement.

and no provision to sustain the traditional dignity of federal laws. The question as it exists now is far larger than that of prohibition. If Congress is willing to dent for times like these. If the dry

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Reminiscences of Andrew Carnegie. Gossip About Commander Nelson, H. J. Glocke, Major Scott and Others

A NDREW CARNEGIE has passed away, leaving a reasonable fortune for distribution despite his desire to die poor. The famous ironmaster has been written about so much that little remains to be told, but the newspaper boys who were at the Home-stend strike will recall Hugh O'Donnell, the strike leader, and Burgess McLuckie, who were bosses of the town up to the time Major General George R. Snowden, of Philadelphia, arrived at the head of the National Guard of the state. At one stage of the uprising, Carnegie instead of showing ill-will toward the strikers, gave expression in a practical way to his sym-pathy for the families of the unfortunate. This led the burgess, who was an explosive sort of fellow, to blurt out: "That was damn kind of Andy." The correspondents carried that story and Carnegie read it in New York. He clipped it and was so fond of it that for years it was said he in-tended it should constitute his epitaph.

WILLIAM G. BERNARD reminds us of another Carnegic incident : The Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association held its third annual convention at Norfolk and unde strenuous efforts to have President Taft attend. Carnegie was also invited, but he paid little attention to the invitation unwas definitely announced that the President would go down from Washington on the Mayflower. Then it was bruited about that Carnegic would go and that he would join the President on his yacht. Carnegie left New York and arrived at Fort Monroe too late to connect with the President, and in time only to make the last boat for Norfolk." A quack doctor, who had been advertising extensively in Norfolk, was on the pier and greeted Carnegle, bidding him welcome to Norfolk, and inviting him to stay over night at his home. The official Norfolk committee, because of this, failed to connect with the steel king. The advertis ing specialist made Carnegie comfortable for the night and delivered him over, much to the chagrin of the reception committee in the morning. Carnegic believed himself to have been entertained by those were expected to take care of him until the arrival of the President and his yacht. The enterprising specialist got the advertisement he wanted and the official committee, although ready to chastise him bodily, were afraid to do so, fearing the ridicule that would surely ensue on the publication of the story.

$G_{\rm Nelson, \ if \ you \ please-is \ still \ on \ duty \ at}^{\rm ENIAL \ TOM \ NELSON-Commander}$ the navy yard in charge of the personnel of the Fourth Naval district. We have succeeded splendidly in this work in the Fourth district and much of it is due to the good nature of those in charge of the naval forces, including Commander Tom.

Tom Nelson used to be in the insurance business with his father, who is one of the best known adjusters of the city. He early acquired a love of the water and after the Spanish-American War, in which he participated, became commander of the naval militia. Hence his advancement. Another naval militia sharp, who figured in the earlier work of the organization of what has now come to be known as the naval reserves, was John S. Muckle, who recently has been devoting himself to the entertainment of distinguished foreigners. Colonel John has a hunch for "shaking hands across the sea.

NOBODY along the Atlantic coast is boasting about mosquitoes, but reports generally indicate that the "skeet" in full force and is showing no favors. The situation reminds old-timers of the efforts of George C. Boldt to establish a fine summer resort near Lavalette. That effort was one of the few failures which the popular boniface ever endured. Herman J. Glocke, the cark man, who has one of the pretties places at Island Heights, doesn't stand for cheap badinage on the mosquito question "You ought to see Wildwood," he says. passing the buck. And at Wildwood they say "just wait until you get over to Ocean City" and then Ocean City passes it along to Atlantic. The truth is, the mosquite pest has been worse this year than for many seasons back. And the federal government, which cleaned up Panama, leaves the ques tion up to the states and the states leave it up to the commissioners, and the com missioners say they could eradicate the pest if they had the money. And there you are,



IF WE COULD ONLY WIND UP THE WEEK IN

THE CHAFFING DISH

We Saw Him!

THE pavement in front of Independence Hall was a gorgeous jumble of colors. The great silken flags of the Allies, carried by vividly costumed Indies, burned and flapped in the wind. On a pedestal stood the Goddess of Liberty, in rich white draperies that seemed fortunately of sufficient texture to afford some warmth, for the air was cool. She graciously turned round for Walter Crail, the photographer of our contemporary, the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.

to take a shot at her. Down Chestnut street came a rising tide of cheers. A squadron of mounted police galloped by. Then the First City Troop, with shining swords. Fred Eckersburg, the State House engineer, was fidgeting excitedly inside the hall, in a new uniform.

This was Fred's greatest day, but we saw

that he was worried about Martha Wash

THE Police Band struck up "Hail to the

something to himself. On his lips it looked like "What the deuce," or something of similar purport. He sat down on a chair beside Governor Sproul. Not more than four reet away, peering over the floor of the stand, was the alert representative of THE CHAFFING DISH.

HE WAS paler than we expected. He looked a bit tired. Speaking as a father, we were pleased to note the absence of Warren, who was (we hope) getting a good sleep somewhere. We had a good look at the renowned chin, which is well worth study. It must be a hard chin to shave. It juts upward, reaching a line exactly below the brim of his cap. Below his crescent moustache there is no lower lip visible; it is tucked and folded in by the rising thrust of the jaw. It is this which gives aspect which every reader of the napers hears about. He is grim, there's no ington, the Independence Hall cat. He was doubt about it, with the grimness of a man apprehensive lest the excitement should give going through a tough ordeal. "I can see him all right," squeaked little John Fisher, her a fit or a palsy. Independence Hall is no longer the quiet old place Martha used to "but he doesn't see me." The first two rows of seats at the right of the aisle were crammed with generals, two-star and threestar. From our lowly station we could see a grand panorama of mahogany leather boots and the flaring curves of riding Here breeches. It was a great day for Sam Browne. The thought came to us that has reached us before. The higher you go in the A. E. F. the more the officers tailored after the English manner. It is the finest proof of international cousinship. When England and America wear the same kind of clothes, alliance is knit solid.

BEAUTY AND THE ROSE

The color that bathes the Intelligible World is the beauty that blooms within its flower * * for beauty in the In-telligible World is not a flower that blooms only on its surface.—Plotinos.

T READ a page of mystic laws, At silent noon-a garden's shade. A rose my nearest neighbor was, In more than rose's charm arrayed: And there (unless a dream it were) The soul of me had speech with her.

'Say why should fiends of closest touch Within their hearts thy symbol wear, O rose?-Their fond esteeming such No feast of theirs but thou art there, Above their board-a leaf of thine Afloat upon each cup of wine?

"And lovers, too-why 'neath thy sway

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plaints ought to be as thorough and inclusive as it can be made.

FRUITS OF OUR INDUSTRY

ually may be quite as vain as other mortals, the city considered as a unit is by the death of the elected man who traditionally averse to blowing its own was himself elected to that high office. horn. There have been critics who re- But there is nothing human about all jected the word modesty in this connection. Indifference seemed to fit the case better.

In that case the exhibition of Philadelphia-made goods, which closes tonight, may serve as a wholesome antidote. The variety of products on view in the First Regiment Armory can be surpassed in few, if any, manufacturing centers in the Throughout the current week land. 40,000 or 50,000 persons a day have patronized the exhibit. It could not fail to have made them legitimately proud of he might be remembered as a human their town. The strangers in the throng must also have learned an illuminating thing or two.

The plan to make such a display an annual affair is happily conceived. Leipsic with her great yearly fair was not called boastful, but enterprising. Lyons, her successor in this line in continental Europe, similarly fortified a good name. Philadelphia far surpasses either of these cities as a workshop. Some day we may have a great industrial fair of our own. The exhibition is an excellent start.

BOSTON AND MR. GOMPERS

MR. GOMPERS was lr's in his attempt to deal with the police strike in Boston. His suggestion that the policemen return to their posts, abandon their claims to union privileges and await the result of the industrial conference at Washington can have no relation to the fundamental issue revealed by the walkout and its immediate consequences. The country wants to know whether the president of the Federation of Labor and his executive council actually believe that policemen should be unionized.

So far Mr. Gompers and his associated have done nothing to explain the precise origin and purpose of the movement to organize the police in Boston and Washington. In both cities there have been aspects of recent labor propaganda which suggest a definite effort on the part of somebody to put the 'policemen in every large city on a trade union basis as locals of the federation. If that aim were ever realized new police organizations would be necessary or the enforcement of law would cease to be a priviof constituted governments, It be, instead, the privilege of the If we had a collection of similar letters Is it permissible for a striking barbe bes constituting the Federation, of written by Cresses for example, how to shave a striking bricklayer? leare infany

They will tell how he built the Panama canal. They will discuss the war that he waged upon the standpatters and reactionaries in his political party, and will ALTHOUGH Philadelphians individ- announce that he was the first Vice President, succeeding to the presidency this. It deals with the intellect. To understand its significance one must be well grounded in history and economics and international law.

on which they would lay down their arms.

But those who come after us will not be dependent on the formal histories for their knowledge of Roosevelt the man, for a collection of his letters to his children has just been published, which will preserve a picture of him that will make him understandable by the unlettered. Roosevelt himself had a longing that being rather than as a statesman, for shortly before his death he said that he would rather have these letters published than anything that had ever been written about him.

There is nothing remarkable about the letters. They are such as many a father has written to his children. He addresses them by pet names when they are small. Quentin, who lost his life in France, was "Quentyque"; Theodore was "Blessed old Ted," and Ethel and Kermit and Archie were "Darling," and their mother, when the children were away from home, was

described to them as coming in to dinner looking sweet and pretty. He writes to life never happen 'Quentyque" about seeing "a real B'rer Terrapin and B'rer Rabbit sitting solemnly beside one another" when he was out riding and how as his "horse walked by B'rer Rabbit went lippity, lippity, lippity off into the bushes, and B'rer Terrapin drew in his head and legs till I passed." He tells them about Bill the lizard, and how the dogs on one of his hunting excursions climbed the trees for the game.

As the children grew older he gave them good fatherly advice. He writes of his interest in the fact that their playmates when he was President regardqualities. ed him without any awe, but as a sort of a big boy amusing himself with them. He says that he doubts if any one had

greater pleasure in the White House than he and Mrs. Roosevelt and frankly confesses his delight with its quietness and relied upon. with its historical associations. The letters give to those who did not know him personally an intimate knowl-

edge of the kind of a human being h was, and they make him so much like the rest of us that he can never become an abstraction or a mere name,

law was worth continuing it should be enforced at all costs, not for the sake of a few months of prohibition, but for the honor of the country. If it isn't to be enforced it should never have been

left upon the statute books. Law is of little use if it isn't respected, and that is why the spectacle of widespread violations of the liquor rulings will continue to be intolerable to right-thinking people in America. Congress should appropriate whatever funds are needed to meet the situation and to make rigorous prosecutions possible by

the attorney general. And meanwhile the zealots who forced a difficult complication upon the country, and the Congress which was subservient to them, may feel that they have done nothing for prohibition or the cause of enlightened government. Indeed, it may be wondered whether the laxity and confusion manifested in Washington recently may not be in some small way partly responsible for the amazing disregard of all law and all conventions which is one of the odd phenomena of the hour in Boston and elsewhere.

Near Independence Time Was Short Hall yesterday General Pershing gave an exhibition of magnificent restraint. He re-viewed the Emergency Aid Aides and didn't

kiss even one of them. A strike of campaign So We've Observed orators? No. The best things possible in

The president of the Firemen's Union in Boston said he would not take the responsibility of calling a strike unless authorized by the American Federation of Labor What he said in effect was that it was up to federation leaders to prove whether they were patriots or boncheads.

There is significance in Pershing's advice to the soldiers' organization to keep out of politics and in his ignoring of cries that hailed him as a future President. His levelheadedness is not the least of his good

It was fitting that Pershing should be elcomed in the home of independence on the anniversary of the battle of St. Mihiel, the day on which the American army dem onstrated to the world that it could be mar. So has George J. Brennan, the polit

It would have been also a great day "Sergeant Pershing"-but Warren was missing from the festivities.

"Och-hone !" said the victim of the harbers' strike, ''if this thing keeps up we'll all look like Bolsheviki."

MAJOR WILLIAM REESE SCOTT, chaplain, U. S. N., has been made superintendent of education of the Camp Meade schools. An attractive booklet, com piled by him and printed by command of Major General Grote Hutcheson, has just been issued, which tells of the vocationa and educational training now being done at the military camp named for Pennsylvania's famous general. The departments of education provided in the Camp Meade schools indicate that common sense efforts are being made to give the boys in khaki a chance to equip themselves for civil life while also undergoing military instruction. The Young

Men's Christian Association, the Knichts of Columbus and the American Library Association are co-operating in this work

CONGRESSMAN VARE has been looking Uup the records in Washington, particularly with regard to labor votes. gressman and his former colleague, John R Scott, are adepts in this line. No one thought much about these labor questions prior to the Philadelphia mayoralty cam paign. Now they become of supreme im portance from the viewpoint of Brother Bill There are those who insist that the Vare interest in the labor situation is due to a desire to defeat Congressman Moore, but friends of the latter are pointing out that he has consistently stood for the protection of American industry, that he has opposed the invasion of foreign-contract labor, child labor and other unfair products, that he has voted against child labor in the United States and has generally supported the efforts of government employes and of work ing men generally to obtain higher wages and better living conditions. The Columbia Typographical Union of Washington and other federated lubor bodies have airead testified to Moore's assistance in matters affecting their welfare.

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ical specialist, and Judge Patterson. If the

handsome cabins of the Miramar could

hink and do as he pleases on board.

L Chief." Yells and cheers burst upward from the ground like an explosion. he was, standing in the car. There was the famous chin, the Sam Browne belt, the high laced boots with spurs. Even the tan gloves carried in the left hand. There was the smile, without which no famous man is properly equipped for public life. There was Governor Sproul's placid smile, too, but the

enjoy before the war.

Mayor seemed too excited to smile. Rattle rattle, rattle went the shutters of the pho tographers. Up the scarlet lane of carpe came the general. His manner has a charm ing, easy grace. He saluted each one of the fair ladies garbed in costumes of our Allies but taking care not to linger too long in front of any one of them lest any embracing should get started. A pattering of tiger lilies or some such things came dropping down from above. He passed into the hall which was cool and smelt like a wedding with a musk of flowers.

WHILE the Big Chief was having a medal presented to him inside the hall THE CHAFFING DISH managed to scuttle round underneath the grand stand and take up a pencil of vantage just below the little pulpit where the general was to speak. Here the crowd groaned against a bulwark of stout policemen. Philadelphia cops, bless them, are the best tempered in the world, (How Boston must envy us.) Genially two gigan tic bluecoats made room against the straining hawser for young John Fisher, eleven, of 332 Greenwich street. John is a mull, freckle-faced urchin. It was amusing to see him thrusting his enger little beezer between the vast, soft, plushy flanks of two patrolmen. He had been there over two hours waiting for just this adventure. Then, to assert the equality of the sexes, Mildred Dubivitch, aged eleven, and Eva Ciplet, aged nine, managed to insert them selves between the chinks in the line of cops. An old lady over eighty years old was sitting placidly in a small chair just inside the ropes. She had been in the square over five hours, and the police had found her "Are you going to put Pershing's seat. name in, too?" asked John as we noted his

a more thrilling fifteen minutes. The trees were tossing and bending in the thrilling blue air. There was a bronzy tint in their foliage, as though they were putting on olive drab in honor of the general. Great balloons of silver clouds scoured across the cobalt sky. At one minute to 11 Pershing appeared at the top of the stand. The whole square, macsed with people, shook with cheers.

said the general was frightened. He came down the aisle of the stand with his delight-

DERSHING sat with his palms on his knees. He looked worried. There was a wavering crease down his lean checks. The plumply genial countenance of Governor Sproul next to him was an odd contrast to that dry, hard face. The bell in the tower tolled eleven times. He stood up for the photographers. Walter Crail, appearing from somewhere, sprang up on the parapet facing the general. "Look this way !'

shouted as the general turned toward some movie men. That will be Walter's first cry when he gets to heaven, or wherever. Ton Smith's face was pallid with excitement. His nicely draped trouserings, which were inches from the Dish's notebook, only six quivered slightly as he said fifteen words of introduction.

As Pershing stood up to speak the crowd surged forward. The general was worried. "Don't, don't! Somebody will-get hurt!" he called sharply. Then Tom Smith surged forward also and said something to the police about watching the crowd. The general took off his cap. Holding it

in his left hand (with the gloves) he patted his close-cropped hair nervously. He frowned. He began to speak.

THE speech has already been covered by L our hated rivals. We will not repeat it, save to say that it was as crisp, clean cut and pointed as his chin. He was nervous, as we could see by the clenching and unclenching of his hands. His voice is rather high. We liked him for not being a suave and polished speaker. He gestured briskly with a pointing forefinger, and pronounced the word patriotic with a short Aagain and got it out as patterotism. We liked him again for that. He doesn't have to pronounce it, anyway. We liked him best of all for the unconscious slip he made. "This reception," he said, "I understand is for the splendid soldiery of America that played such an important part in the way with our Aflies." A respectful ripple of laughter passed over the stand at this, but he did not notice it. He was fighting too hard to think what to say next. We liked hard to think what to be such an important him, too, for saying "such an important part." A man who had been further away from the fighting would have said that it was America, alone and unaided, that won th war. He is just as we have hoped he would he: a plain, blunt man. We have he that he is going to enter the banking hu ness. We'd like to have an account at t

OCRATES.

Of all their lips or looks would say, So sure thou nothing wilt disclose! Why should they deem thou art so deep Unfathomed silence thou wilt keep?"

'Because so beautiful am I That beauty holds me as her own. And binds me by the closest tie, But beauty's self cannot be known ! And she, so secret, makes me part Of her unsearched eternal heart.

'Love is the beauty lovers know-All wistfully,-a troubled joy, Since flaws across her image blow, That half its perfect lines destroy ; But if her mirrored face shone clear. Not love itself could hold them here!"

A petal fell-Oh, did I see, Or did I only feel it fall?-A petal,-one-and two-and three, The rose had heard a sovran call; Its soul was gone, to be a part Of an unsearched eternal heart. --Edith M. Thomas, in New York Times.

William Penn and General Pershing were alike honored.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. How did stogies get their name?
- 2. How much is a moiety?
- 3. In what country has the parliament just indorsed woman suffrage?
- 4. What is the difference between a Mohawk and a Mohock?
- 5. What nation has the largest flect in commission today?
- 6. What is the highest mountain in Australia? 7. What is the shrievalty?
- 8. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase
- 'Stabat mater''? 9. Who is Baron Fisher of Kilverstone?
- 10. From what language does the word sen-

ator come?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. General Pershing is fifty-nine years old.
- 2. Glamour is recognized in American dictionaries as the correct American spelling. From honor, labor, parlor, etc., the English "u" is dropped in this country.
- Coxcomb: conceited, showy person. Originally a coxcomb was a cap worn by a professional fool.
- 4. Lord Byron swam the Dardanelles,
- 5. Alice Masaryk, daughter of the president of Czecho-Slovakia, has just resigned as a member of the parliament at Prague.
- 6. Ten cents is the trolley fare in Boston. 7. Bret Harte wrote the poem about the 'Heathen Chinee.'
- S. Its correct title is "Plain Language From Truthful James."
- 9. Taft and Roosevelt were the most traveled of American Precidents.
- Tobacco was used as money in Virginia in early Colonial dama

address.

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE never knew OHN P. DWYER, the stormy petrel of the draft board, has been out with Commodore Louis H. Eisenlohr on the Mira

talk they would probably tell of some in-Had it been any other man we would have teresting conferences, although the com podore makes it a rule to let every man ful, easy, smiling swing; but he looked shrewdly about, with a narrow-eyed, puck-ered gaze. He was plainly a little liabher-gasted. He seemed taken aback by the grantness of Philadelphia's voice. He said Miramar is a sea-going yacht, as familiar along the coast of New England as it is on the inside waterways of New Jersey isading north and south from Atlantic City. And the friends of the Miramar ore legion.