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Philadelphia, Monday, September 15, 1919

ALL ARE EQUAL AT THE POLLS

WHEN Senator Vare contemptuously said that some little fellow had challenged his right to register in order that he might get newspaper notoriety he raised an issue which is likely to plague him before it is downed.

No man is so big that he is immune to challenge if his right to register is surpected. At the polls all men are equals. if not anywhere else. The vote of the citizen who puts out the ashes for the richest and most powerful man in town can offset the vote of his employer. To talk about a citizen exercising his rights as "some little fellow" is to assume that we have a privileged class which may do as it pleases.

But the little fellows will do their voting at the primaries tomorrow. There are more plain people who cannot afford a big mansion in the suburbs than rich people who live in town in the winter and in the country in the summer. And their right to vote is undisputed, for they live in the same place the year round.

The senator made as bad a break when he spoke of the little fellow as "Uncle Dave" Lane made when he said. "Public sentiment! Bah!"

JERSEY COUCHS UP

TT WAS clever of the Public Service Corporation in New Jersey to inaugurate its zone system of higher trolley fares on the Sabbath. The day brings something of tranquillity and spiritual restraint to the people of a state which still goes regularly to church. The experiment, which is going to involve something of a strain on every street-car rider in New Jersey, was begun in an atmosphere freer of passion and profantty then could have been looked for under normal circumstances. The theory of zone fares has never been fully tried out in practice. Jersey is being sacrificed to make an economic holiday.

It remains to be seen whether the sacrifice is wise or even necessary. While the P. R. T. is jovially inviting the world to ride with it for a nickel, the street railway company operating lines a few miles away insists that it will starve if left dependent on a five-cent fare.

One trolley corporation is seeking new patronage. Another is deliberately turning patronage away. That rule may be found successful in public service. Certainly it isn't regarded as sound in any other business or industry.

PROGRESS OF HOMEOPATHY

THE meeting of the Homeopathic Med-ical Society of the state, which begins in this city tomorrow, will be attended by physicians who know much more about medicine than was known by Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of the school.

It is doubtful if any of them will go so far as to say with Hahnemann that the mere smelling of a dilute solution of a drug is enough to produce a cure, and certainly none of them will assert, as he did, that all diseases are a modification of the disease known as itch. The discovery that itch was caused by a parasitic insect made all physicians who had accepted Hahnemann's theory modify their views. Yet every convinced homeopathist is persuaded that the theory of the founder of the school is sustained by the discovery that many diseases can be cured by antitoxins, or that the disease can be cured by that which the disease generates in the system.

Whether they are right or wrong need not trouble the layman. He is more interested in results than in processes or than in the theories on which the processes are based. And, after all, homeopathist and allopathist alike agree that mother nature is the greatest curative agent known and that all a physician can do is to assist her as best he may.

PASCO

ALL sorts of places as well as all sorts of people are required to make a world. Yet it is a common habit to exaggerate superficial differences. People and places that seem as widely separated as the poles may be amazingly alike at

Pasco, in the state of Washington, which achieved an hour of fame when Mr. Wilson's train stopped there for a few nutes the other day, was never heard of before and it probably will never be heard of ngain. The President conversed with a handful of discouraged citizens as he ight have conversed with the inhabitto of a desert isle. The soil was unng and unproductive, they said. We have to have lots of grit to live mourned a spokesman for the 2000 of Pasco. They had no band. They died to have one, but it slowly disin-When a town in America

Evening Bublic Tedger | matter with it. But Pasco was resigned, words through the campaign have rewithout hope or aspiration. It had run out of emotion. It had folded its hands and given up and sat down to watch the trains pass through.

> The folk in Pasco seem never to have thought of moving along to another and better place. The spirit of exploration was not theirs. But before we begin to make jokes about Pasco it might be well to look toward Washington and count the number of senators who are content to sit with folded hands in the comfortable shadow of great precedents and watch the world go by without any desire to keep up with it in the quest for greater

MOORE CAN REDEEM CITY IF VOTERS WANT IT SAVED

comfort and greater happiness.

Tomorrow's Primaries Furnish Philadelphlans the Opportunity to Give Contractor Rule Its Deathblow

TOMORROW will determine whether Philadelphia is devoted to its idols with feet of mud. The primary election not only defines the issues; it virtually decides them. The public can have precisely what it wants. Each candidate for Mayor represents a specific

Judge Patterson is the Organization's man. He is Vare's man. Everybody knows what that means. It means four years more of the same kind of administration the city has had since 1916.

Take Judge Patterson at his word and t is impossible to find any indication that he has repudiated his masters. Have his glitteringly generalizing campaign speeches contained a single syllable implying that he will throw over "The Organization"? They have not. He has never proclaimed that he will fight the Vare outfit. Therefore, he will protect it A child could see the point.

Equally clear is J. Hampton Moore's position. There are no blank spaces on his standard. He is embattled to redeem the city from neferious contractor rule, to end Frog Hollowism, to crush a system which has made its chieftains rich at the expense of the taxpayer. He uses plain language to describe a plain dis-

With such a platform even a candidate of less ability than Mr. Moore would be infinitely preferable to a mere flabby agent of the crowd that has brought Philadelphia so low. But fortunately Mr. Moore combines a brilliant, practical equipment and a ripe experience with right and lucid principles.

His Republicanism is unshadowed, for he has consistently championed the highest ideals of his great political party. Machine Republicanism is a farce, a preposterous sham. It is counterfeit, precisely as is the alleged "Democracy of Tammany." To be fooled by such a transparent abuse of terms is to be weak-minded.

For members of a great community with imperial resources a way out of bondage is now revealed. The long-delayed emancipation can be prevented in boss in New York or Philadelphia would only three ways or by a combination of them

If the city goes crazy tomorrow it will nominate Judge Patterson.

If it is lazy and stupidly supine, as so often in the past, the Vare candidate | some of the conspicuous saloons. Fatal will win.

contractor domination, rejoices in unnat- munity of the first class the city has ural burdens and takes delight in in- opportunities and responsibilities of a creasing tax bills, the prospect of sort that never can be properly met eventual bankruptcy and neglect of pub- without the aid of an enlightened mulic improvements, it will once again sup- nicipal administration. ort the Organization.

The first possibility might perhaps seem extravagant had not past elections cast so much doubt upon the attitude of the citizenry. It has at times been exceedingly difficult to comprehend why Philadelphia has tolerated so many po-

litical atrocities. The second contingency, however, unfortunately entails no strain on the imagination. The lethargy of decent Philadelphians has become a byword. Indifference to the primaries has given corruptionists so convenient a flying start that on the November election day there has often been no worthy candidate for a self-respecting man to support.

The importance of tomorrow's pri maries cannot be overemphasized. will decide whether or not Philadelphia is still loyal to political thuggery. The large registration encouragingly indicates an awakening. But the interest already aroused will be largely ineffective unless there is also a great outpouring at the polls tomorrow. Registration was the indispensable preliminary. It is votes alone which will purge the

The Organization leeringly prides itself on its strength. That will utterly vaporize tomorrow between the hours of seven in the morning and seven at night if Philadelphia hurls sufficient ballots into its vitals. Not the most brutal political machinery ever devised in the land can survive an active, determined, antagonistic popular will.

Citizens who live by the Organization vote with the Organization. If reprehensible, they are at least consistent. But what of the brow-beaten general public? Does it actually long for absolutism as the ignorant people of Spain did a century ago?

If so, let these willing sacrifices line up solidly against Mr. Moore tomorrow. Let them perpetuate the policies of the Smith administration; let them choose a candidate who withholds any pledge to overthrow identified oppressors; let them encourage contractor tyranny; let them pile taxes upon themselves to satisfy insatiable masters; let them plunge the town into insolvency, stifle its prog-

ress, crush its legitimate development. Any person who sincerely favors these things will know how to mark his ballot. If there are enough people of this type Philadelphia will get exactly what it de-

"This contest," declares Mr. Moore, "for control of Philadelphia is not a question of the personality of the candidate. It's a question of common honesty and civic decency." He is right, and yet personaliman't a hand something dreadful is the | ties do count for something, too. His | paring their broadsides.

of purpose. He is unafraid of names which Judge Patterson only utters with obvious caution. Mr. Moore maintains that he will end Vare maladministration.

He is equally unequivocal in this declaration: "Senator Penrose has never directly or indirectly asked me to do or to promise anything for himself or his faction. I am absolutely unpledged to any political leader or boss.'

In other words, he is a candidate with a conscience. Philadelphia has had no opportunity to elect a man of this type to the mayoralty since the day of Rudolph Blankenburg. It was the councilmanic handicap which prevented the full redemption of the city at that time.

It is therefore incumbent on voters with a conscience to support tomorrow those candidates who can materially aid Mr. Moore in governing Philadelphia under the new charter. There is indeed no secondary feature

at these primaries. The outcome in all its features is of major importance to the fate of this community.

It is needless to recall much of what Judge Patterson has said in defense of his morally weak case. The significance lies in the ominous omissions. His nebulous plans for developing the city involved, however, advocacy of the com-

pletion of the Frankford elevated. Naturally. It's a reasonably safe program to champion a certainty. The Patterson style of candidate has not the slightest hesitancy in standing for 365 sunshiny days a year, if possible, nor the remotest reluctance to promising for his constituents the unvexed flow of the Delaware to the sea. Campaign bunk s customarily as safe as it is unilluminating.

What Mr. Moore says is not bunk, because facts known to every one demontrate that he has a genuine fight on his hands. Mr. Vare is his undisguised political enemy, Mr. Moore returns blow for blow. The battlelines are so vividly drawn that Mr. Moore simply could not employ hazy verbiage in the fray even if he were at other times inclined to its use.

Moore is Vare's open foe. Vare has a stranglehold on the city

and its populace. Vare's power will be shorn from him f Moore wins the Republican nomination

Could any situation be plainer? Philadelphians can drop the shackles omorrow or tighten them again. It's up to the men that go to the polls.

THE CASE IN CHESTER

DOLITICAL debasement is not peculiar to the large cities of America.. Corruption and contentment are often the rule in smaller communities, where petty bosses, with little to fear from organized opinion, acquire habits of recklessness unknown among the more cautious politicians who play for big stakes.

Chester has been ruled for years by a miniature Tammany. Its bosses have been more insolent and defiant than a ever dare to be. The squalor of their political system has had perceptible effects even upon the social and economic life of the city. Municipal policies were often formulated in the back rooms of race riots have originated in the schemes If it really enjoys misrule, believes in of heelers. Yet as an industrial com-

Governor Sproul when he decided to take a hand in the coming elections did Chester a service by making the present issues clear and by providing the people with an opportunity for choice between what is debased and what is forward looking and constructive in city govern-The McClure ring represents a vanishing system of politics. Sooner or later it will have to go. The people of Chester have an opportunity to be rid of it. If they fail at the coming elections it may be said of them, as it has often been said of the voters in this city, that they have been getting only what they

Mike Gilhooley is on his way back to Bel-Next Time gium after the failure of his fourth attempt to land in this country. Mike is solid with the doughboys, but has no luck with the But any boy with courage enough and persistence enough stow away over and over again in order to reach the land of his choice would seem to have qualities that would make bim a good

Because the candidates show cheerful alacrity as they spring take a good-natured fall out of each other there is nothing wintry about a campaign summary.

The stage is set in This Tells It Boston for another Ten Party.

Senator Vare had a lively fight for his vote. And now he Profligacy probably will go to the polls and waste it.

Burglars entered a Hagerstown office and overlooked \$300 of Liberty Bonds in a safe which is never locked. Having received this kindly tip, they will probably return for the loot.

for a worthy man. Snow has fallen in Wilmington, Del., already. Just a small dash of comfort for

eral Pershing on Friday said he kissed "just like daddy." Which is more merited praise

One of the little girls kissed by Gen-

the hay fever sufferer. The work of Gabriel d'Annunzio during

seems to be limerick Anti-booze fighters appear to have at

the war was epic; his recent trip to Fiume

Tomorrow we show the stuff we're

The Last Minute Men are doubtless pre-

POLITICIANS AND POKER

Games Were Exclusive in Harrisburg and Senator Magee Once Pald, \$40 to Get Out of One

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN IS the consensus of opinion among those whose memories go beyond the dividing line of the century that the last Legisla ture was the most humdrum, ordinary, and, intellectually and socially, sluggish and mediocre Harrisburg had known within generation.

THE sessions of the Legislature between ▲ 1897 and 1906 were memorable. The character of House and Scante was above the average of succeeding ones. Men who attended any of these sessions, either as members or legislative correspondents, con-

It was, nevertheless, a period of heavy drinking and card games flourished. Oddly ough, gambling resorts during the sessions ever gained a permanent footbold in Har Poker playing was a private affair confined to members of the House and Senate who were personal friends and to hotel Rarely ever was an outsider admitted to them.

The odd feature was that the very men, who, because of their temperamental makenp, would be supposed to be pokernever touched a card. William H. ("Bull") Andrews, Quay's right-hand man for years, and who would take the most daring risks in politics, never touched a card. Senator William Flinn, of Pittsburgh, Chris Mages's political side partner, was another. John C. Grady, of Phila-delphia: William P. Snyder, afterward inditor general; William C. Sproul, the present Governor; George A. Vare, brother of the senator and congressman, and John M. Scott were men for whom social card games had no attraction. I might name score of others.

THERE would often be half a dozen games I in progress on the same floor in the ortwealth Hotel during the session of 1899. The same men played together night

A breach of sporting etiquette that was rarely excused was for a senator or member of the House, not a poker-player, to enter uninvited a room where a game was in Once invited, such a one was at liberty

to come again as often as he cared, though It was considered improper to visit a game as a spectator too frequently. At the Commonwealth, and at the Demo-

eratic game at the Bolton House, such parties were purely private functions. They were held in the room of some senator or member. Participants in the game were all personal friends or personally known each other.

The stakes ran from the ordinary tencent ante and twenty-five-cent limit to two dollars call five, with ten or twenty dollars

the limit. Very occasionally it would be table

WITH perhaps half a dozen exceptions, the newspaper correspondents were welcome to run in any night at the senatorial game, "to look 'em ever." It was always after midnight when work was done that found time to drop in as occasional

spectators.

Of course the big games held the most fascination. Minute after minute would pass away with no sound in the apartment but monosyllables from the players, the rattle of chips and the flip of cards. It was the height of ill-breeding for a

visitor to venture a remark or ask a ques-There was one game I recall that ran through the session of 1899. All the participants but one have since passed away. They were personal friends, experts at the game, cool, unruffled, and invariably good-

natured no matter who sen or lost. The circle was composed of Senator Chris Magee, his political lieutenant, George VonBonhorst, of Pittsburgh; Senator Luther R. Keefer, a consin of Don Cam-eron; Andrew J. ("Jack") Pitcairn, memttsburgh: William H. Koontz, of Somerset, or John H. Riebel, "Father of the House," for years, with an opportune friend who would drop in to fill up the table.

About three nights a week the party would meet in Sengtor Magee's room. Oc casionally it would be in "Bonney's" VonBonhorst's room, and then the game would run until 2 o'clock.

MENERAL KOONTZ, aember of the G House and once Independent candidate for speaker, a distinguished member of the Somerset bar, a commanding officer in the Civil War, was possessed of greater vitality for his age than any man I recall in that He was of most gracious person-

ality and engaging manner. One morning in the session of 1901 I met him at the entrance to the House. He looked unusually fresh and sprightly, so

much so that I remarked it.
"Look fresh?" he replied with a laugh, "To tell you the truth I do feel pretty good this morning. Those Indians," meaning some friends in a social game of the previous night, "didn't quit playing until 7 o'clock this morning. I had just time to take a bath, shave, have breakfast and get up to a committee meeting at 9 o'clock I'm feeling fine for I trimmed the bunch. And the genial general was then past seventy years of age.

GEORGE H. WELSHONS, one of the most graceful newspaper writers I have ever known, was legislative correspondent for Senator Magee's Pittsburgh Times. He was much younger than Magee, but the

latter was very fond of hlm. Several years after, Welshons told me of the following episode, although it was known to nobody but himself and the sen-

The game in Magee's room was short a player one night and Welshons, who was no slouch at poker himself, was asked to 'sit in" to fill up the table. They had been playing for several hours when Magee began to get drowsy. He was considerably to the good while Welshons was about \$35. to the bad.

Welshons said it was plain that Senator Magee was tired out and wanted to get the crowd out of his room and go to bed. But he was a winner and it would have been in decidedly bad taste for him to have suggested quitting

was banking the game. The tablet with the chip account was lying behind the chip box on a chalr between Magee and Welshons. As the latter made a fresh purchase of a "stack," Magee, with a knowing look in his direction ran his pencil through the amount of Welshons indebted-

He caught the idea immediately, They played a while longer and then Welshons proposed cashing in and adjourning. Being a loser the suggestion came from aim with good grace. And so the game ended. Magee settled Welshons's indebtedness as

he had indicated by crossing off his account. It was over \$40. It cost Magee that much to get to bed.

GET UP AND CLEAN UP OR STAY IN THE SLIME, JUST AS YOU



THE CHAFFING DISH

Ballade of an Inadequate Language

(To J.) SHAKE out syllables of dusty rhyme, Refold the fabrics of old, wasted prose To make a lyric garment that shall climb From your patrician heel to naughty nose; I knit up silky verbiage for your hose,

Weave veils of verse in green and cherry It's all in vain - the tome of Webster

No words are worthy of the Only You. YOUR bronze young eyes that date the tick of time When by the clock mirth comes and bore-

dom goes : Your young, lithe hands, impertinent, sub-Your prim, sweet mouth that mimics wines and snows:

Your bell-bright chuckle, bare of foolish pose; Your comic forehead, low and white and And, what with hair as dark as coals-

and crows-ords are worthy of the Only You. TO PLAN your dress, Angelic Imp. were crime Best leave that to your ineffective focs;

For who am I to paint your pantomime, Your vocal pause, your laugh that gleams Yet where the rumor of your being goes, Roger shall thrill, and Funk and Wagnalls,

Weeds might as well write essays on a No words are worthy of the Only You.

Envoy QUAINT deity, two couplets are your toes, Twin, twinkling sonnets are your eye-

lids blue; The Muse may wake, the Muse may dream No words are worthy of the Only You!

RICHARD DESMOND.

We Are Irreverent

We think that our friend Dick Desmond has written a perfectly stunning ballade. But we wonder what J. will say when shenotes that he has spoken of her toes as 'couplets' ? It seems to us that (if she has the full roster) he should have spoken of them as quintets, or at any rate quartoes. But perhaps the exquisite creature has been in a train wreck.

On Chestnut street we se a sign, "The Doughnut Is the National Cake of America. On every side we observe an increase in the output of the seductive sinker. They are even frying them in the windows nowadays. It is all very hard on a man who is battling to subdue convexity.

First Lessons in Sliding (A letter received by an American doughboy in France) Bourmont, 8 Fevrier, 1919

Dear Friend: We have received your in-teresting book: The History of American People; we read in it every evening after the supper, my sister and I. I am very glad of having the book because in my book of General History the History of America has less pages. I like to hear of your people.
Your Litterary Digest is also very pretty,
I begin to read the politic articles (the France
girls like the politic.) When do you go at me? We could learn together the French home? We could learn together the French history. I have several good books for that, and for learning the litterature. The tasks of literature are difficult: I write two of these tasks every week and I have no time for entertainings. Today, however, one could alide on a sled; there is much snow and it freezes; the streets of Bourmont are spark-line because there is lee everywhere. It is ling because there is ice everywhere. It is difficult of not falling. In the meadows, this afternoon several Americans of the hos-pital slid with a little sled; I have met them with my friend Yvonne who was with I. Just at this moment the bonnet of my friend has flown at long; the soldiers have laughed very much as they have been children. Today he snow makes little downs in the country because the wind is very strong. In their college my nephaws have a russian mountain in their playground. Thereupon the sleds in their playground. Thereupon the sleds alide very well. They are large sleds for five boys: it is very entertaining. The other years I slid in the meadows with my nephews

during the holidays of the first January. My nephews laid one's self upon the sled and I sit down upon his back like upon a horse-back; we slid very much so and it was more entertaining than to be lonely on the sled. This year my nephew are not there and I am too busy with my lessons and tasks and my plano. Goodbye till we meet again and I hope at soon. Your pupil

The Boisterous Kettle

TIS often I've been thinkin' I On the atin' and the drinkin' Of the bread and tea, from baskets That contained the harvest lunch; And the feet of me are itchin' For a dance in Davy's kitchen Where the kettle sang the loudest That was boilin' for the punch.

FAITH, 'tis I am far from merry. Since the sunny side of Kerry Faded off with all the neighbors At the fire in a bunch; Yet. in dreams, I'm full of laughter At the hob neath Davy's rafter, Where the kettle sings the loudest That is boilin' for the punch.

OCH! with sofas for a settle. And the music of the kettle Like a dirge for Johnny Barley; (We have still the corn to crunch) Throth, 'tis I'll be soon forgettin' Where the tea was always wettin' And the kettle sang the loudest That was boilin' for the punch

SURE, we're talkin' here sedately Of our toddy troubles, intely And the Pure-as-Water Party : But I have a certain hunch That we'll soon fly o'er the ferry, In no time at all, to Kerry Where the kettle sings the loudest That is boilin' for the punch. FRANCIS CARLIN

Autumn Somber grove the fields, and sere Rest the yellow shocks of corn, Tokens of a vanished year;

And the world is sad, forlorn Spectral woods and naked glades Mourn the loss of vestures green; Nature, clad in sober shades. Heralds winter, cold and lean And the north wind, biting, keen, Roars his rondeaux and ballades

Down the chimneys now at e'en. Scattered are the leaves: and lone Are the stragglers in the sky; Warbling throats have turned to stone As, belated, south they fly.

Stubbled fields and barren hills Cloak themselves in purple baze ; Yet the murmur of the rills Tinkles, as in former days, Now the north wind havoc plays With the earth, and slowly chills Flow'rs, till spring their heads shall raise,

Thus, unsmiling, Nature's mood, Changed to one of beauty shorn, Lulls to rest Life's laughing flood; And the world is sad, forlorn.
ROBERT LESLIE BELLEM. Chestnut Street (Twilight)

TOW bits of dreams and yellow curls

N In visions dim and fleet, Go mystically to and fro On twilit Chestnut street. The rustling folds of silk on silk Fill all the dying air; And to a strolling doughboy's brain

They bring the Paris flair.

And as a yellow curl goes by With sea-blue eyes and mild. He cannot help but say, "They're fair, But I sometimes think they're wiid!" JOSEPH A. FINLEY.

The Silent Colonel Admiral Grayson was listening to Colonel House's heart and lung action through his stethoscope, or whatever they call it. "Not even a murmur," he said, as he admired the noiseless action of the Colonei's

Parting After a Quarrel

VOU looked at me with eyes grown bright with pain. Like some trapt thing's. And then you moved your head Slowly from side to side as though the strain Ached in your throat with anger and

Soon you had turned and left me and I With a queer sense of deadness over

with dread.

And only wondered dully that you could Fasten your trench-coat up so carefully-Till you were gone. Then all the air was

With my last words that seemed to leap and quiver.

And in my heart I heard the little click Of a door that closes—quietly, forever.
—Eunice Tietjens, in Poetry.

If we are prepared to say that democracy is a farce and constitutional government a failure, then the Boston police strike is all right, but not otherwise.

Public opinion has its own way of deal-

ing with those who commit crimes against civilization, and Boston offenders are bound to find it out. Some of the striking Boston policemen

are said to be ready to return to duty. Probably awaking to the realization that they are Americans first. Rioting in Lima, Peru. Rioting in Boston, Mass. Beans making trouble

everywhere. News from Boston gives a sort of impression that the police struck in order to have a little leisure to shoot craps.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Who were the first white women to

cross the American continent? 2. Who is governor of Massachusetts? 3. What is the most powerful telescope in the United States, and where is it?

4. Where was the treaty which ended the Spanish American War signed? 5. Who wrote the comedy, "She Stoope

to Conquer"? 6. What is a foyer? 7. How should the word be pronounced?

8. What American statesman delivered the famous culogy on the dog? 9. In what country is boxing with the feet

10. What is the sport called?

stoga wagons. The cheap cigars were made to cater to the taste and purse of Americans bound west in the prerailroad days.

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. Stogies take their name from Cone-

2. Strictly speaking, a molety is a half. It is used loosely to describe one of two parts into which a thing is divided. 3. Woman suffrage has recently been in

dorsed in the Italian parliament. 4. A Mohawk is a member of a certain tethe of American Indians. A Mohock was one of a class of aristo-

eratic ruffians infesting London streets at night in the eighteenth century. 5. According to Archibald Hard, the British naval critic, the United States

has now in commission a stronger fleet than any other nation. 6. Mount Kosciusko (7336 feet) is the highest mountain in Australia.

7. Shrievalty; the sheriff's office or juria-8. "Stabat Mater" means "The mother was standing." The allusion is to the Virgin Mary.

9. Baron Fisher of Kilverstone, now scaustic and brilliant critic of British naval affairs, was formerly first lord

10. Its word sension is unchanged Letin