# vening Public Tedger

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Philadelphia, Saturasy, September 27, 1919

### ANOTHER BRIDGE DELAY

DHILADELPHIA pride is not stimulated when an ambassador from Camden is told that the municipal treasury is too slim to permit of a financial contribution by Councils to the highly necessary and important Delaware river

Both the New Jersey and the Pennsylvania Legislatures have voted their due shares for the preliminary survey and preparation of plans. That the great project will lag for at least six months is directly to be ascribed to the delinquency of Philadelphia.

It is evident then that it will be J. Hampton Moore's privilege to foster the co-operation of this city in an enterprise which will be of prodigious benefit to the metropolitan area in the two neighboring states. There is talk of a loan by the new administration. Whatever the expedients adopted, it is imperative that Philadelphia be relieved of the stigma of holding up the bridge plan.

Mr. Moore may be expected to give it his enthusiastic and vigorous support. There should be no more situations in which Philadelphia confesses to its smaller neighbor inability to further a work needed and desired by the entire public in this region.

## **GREAT BATTLE ANNIVERSARY**

ONE year ago today the public learned that the American army, fighting as an organized unit, had begun a new movement in the war. The full significance of the operation was at that time unrealized. But as the final weeks of the war speeded by, the tremendous importance of the Argonne battle became more and more evident. We know today that it was our pressure north of Verdun which squeezed the Germans into the neck of a bottle from which there was no escape without surrender. The plea for an armistice came when the fighting, which ultimately attained Sedan, dashed the last hopes of the enemy.

It is conceivable that September 26 may eventually be listed among our patriotic holidays. Certainly it deserves such commemoration. The largest and most powerful American army ever asits masterstroke in the greatest and most terrible of all wars. And the magnitude of the event will grow with the

# THEY MUST BEGIN AGAIN

DOETS were actually getting somewhere in popular estimation when D'Annunzio sailed away to Fiume to risk his life for the fun of making glittering wreckage of a plan that represents the concentrated wisdom of the world.

The poets had cut their hair. They shaved. They gave up free verse and purple neckties. They no longer lectured on temperament. For a time it appeared as if the world was almost ready to forgive them all. Then one of their strange crowd went forth into the world, selected his graveplace on a high hill and, as the solitary antagonist of all wise and reasonable men, declared himself ready to die in order that the weary and tormented nations might see their greatest hope grow slightly dimmer.

No matter how things go in the Adriatic, the poets, great and small, will have to begin all over again. It will be fifty years before they can live down the memory of D'Annunzio.

# JUDGE DICKINSON EXPLAINS

TUDGE DICKINSON wishes it to be understood that when he decided that a saloonkeeper might legally sell whisky to be used as a medicine he did not mean that it was legal for a bartender to serve a drink to a man who professed to have stomachache. The illness must be genuine, according to the judge, and the need must be manifest.

But he did not say that a physician's escription was necessary, and thus he left wide latitude for the exercise of the expert judgment of the bartender as to genuineness of the illness which the whisky will relieve.

# THE PIPE COMES NEXT

TEWS comes from London that now and then a woman in the habit of moking cigarettes is finding the cigaette too light for her. The sight of a voman in a restaurant smoking a cigar is attracting attention where the use of garettes had become so common that no one noticed it.

The modern woman, however, has not set adopted the habits of the greatadmothers who used a clay pipe. When she gets to the pipe stage-and old ers say that the pipe is the most atisfectory after all-she will doubtless e a meerschaum or a French briar er than the T. D. of an earlier gen-

eration. Now and then one of them who wishes to be picturesque will use a churchwarden and the ultra-fashionable

may adopt the Turkish hookah. The eigar, however, is likely to retain its popularity, for it has many uses. The feminine Joe Cannon of the future will go about with one of them in the corner of her mouth, tilted up at a rakish angle, while she gives orders to her followers. And the Dick Croker in petticoats will sit with her delegation in national conventions chewing a cigar in grim silence as she watches the proceedings.

### WILHELM'S RED FRIENDS ARE REVIVING KULTUR

A Big Volunteer Army That Doesn't Even Draw Rations Is Giving the Junkers New Hope

KULTUR, it appears, has not been dissipated or interred after all the trouble the world took to be rid of it. The thing is with us in what the advertisements describe as "a new and improved form." It is self-starting, this time, and warranted by the manufacturers to take any hill. America has the opportunity to view the phenomenon clearly in the mingled light of the steel strike and the review sent today by Mr. Kospoth, the representative of this newspaper at Geneva.

Geneva is the strangest of cities these days. It is the pivot about which Europe swings in turmoil, a grand stand from which you may contemplate the vastest drama of human history. From Geneva any intelligent observer of events may view the operation of a plan to put a blight upon the social and economic life of all Europe-except Germany; to impoverish and exhaust the nations that won the war by a method of attrition known as sabotage.

Sabotage is the ultimate weapon of fanatic radicals. It takes many forms. It may be an orderly strike. But in its more subtle manifestations it is applied through secret agreements among workers who conspire, while remaining at their posts, to disorganize railway traffic, the mails, the communication systems and the means of production. Sabotage means slow destruction and terrorism from below. Railway unions which practice sabotage deliberately put their intricate systems into a hopeless tangle. Miners disable machinery. The aim of sabotage is the breakdown of the social order, the overthrow of all existing administrative systems and the centralization of all power in the hands of groups such as that which William Z. Foster has drawn around himself at Pittsburgh.

Sabotage used to be practiced only by the more reckless and desperate of labor groups in Europe. But Mr. Kospoth had reason to believe, and any one who mads his article will have reason to believe, that sabotage is now being deliberately organized upon a grand scale over all of Europe and that the strikes and contests and conventions and all the paralyzing philosophies spread under the pretense of humanitarianism in the Old World represent only its surface manifestations. It is a method by which somebody somewhere wishes to make Europe a little more weary, a little more desperate, a little more unhappy than it was left by

Mr. Gompers seems to have been the one labor leader of prominence who was able to see below the surface of the pretentious Socialist congress at Bernewhen idealists and crooks, saints and sinners, sane and insane gathered to decide how the world should be made over.

Gompers would have none of the conference. But it is plain now that the issue which he disdained to recognize in Europe beat him across the Atlantic to challenge him again at Pittsburgh.

Foster's refusal to delay the steel strike until after the industrial conference called by the President is sabotage as radicals understand it—and a peculiarly dangerous sort of sabotage at that The relaxation of productive effort in England, in France and in Italy and the disorganization of the economic system that follows it is sabotage on a grand scale. Mr. Foster in his book describes a dozen forms of sabotage for the guidance of those who follow him.

Meanwhile there is no sabotage in Ger-There are no widespread general

strikes in Germany. Leibknecht, who was accustomed advocate that method to workers, was shot not so long ago. He was shot by German army officers in the streets of Berlin. Wherever bolshevism has shown its head in Germany it has been clubbed to death.

Noske attended to that detail. He is minister of defense in the new government. He was a representative of the kaiser in other days. The German Government has been begging its people to be patient, to be strong and to be orderly and systematic. They are urged to work and build and produce. While the new Germany is regaining its equilibrium and its confidence and not a little of its old resolution, all the rest of Europe is being enervated, morally and physically, by the Fosters of the Allied countries.

Not all of them are vile. Arthur Henderson and Ramsey MacDonald are sincere representatives of enlightened liberalism in England. And yet even they have helped to create the sort of economic confusion which is the one hope of German junkerdom in the days of its defeat. Germany still has a docile population and the personnel of a vast army. The country is without war materials. But war materials are not very far away. And it is worth observing that junkers of some other countries are playing unconsciously into the hands of the junkers in Germany by their ignorant opposition to the decent claims of conservative

To find a backwash of all this confusion in America is to realize something of the force of the social and political impacts that are occurring in Europe. For the steel strike, though it was called in the name of the Federation of Labor, is not for federation principles. It is an agita-

tion on behalf of what radical thinkers in all countries know as The International. The International is not an organization of workingmen. It does not encourage industry. It is an organiza-tion that includes the restless, the dissatisfied, the neurotic of many countries who are convinced that there is a way to

The International is organized to bring about an upheaval calculated to displace constituted government, revise the social system overnight and put all power and authority in the hands of groups such as Foster is leading in Pittsburgh.

find happiness without working for it.

Countless generations of men, workers and pioneers, inventors and organizers, spent their lives in creating the values represented by property and organized ndustry. Yet the Red of today has coninced himself and his associates that all created things should belong to the limited groups who happen to labor with their hands, and that the world can get along without talent, without trained minds, without the creative instinct common to the indispensable classes of men

who work for the love of working. Foster and his crowd are now fighting oitterly among themselves at Pittsburgh. They are the sort who, because they can never agree, can never be satisfied Groups like them have already weakened more than one European nation at a time when those in Europe who value life and peace need all their strength. And as the hopes of the rest of Europe decline the hopes of the bitter-enders in Germany naturally go up.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN

THE President's speechmaking tour. suddenly abandoned on the medical advice of Admiral Grayson, was obviously based upon the theory that popular sentiment on behalf of the treaty could be sufficiently aroused to overcome the senatorial opposition.

For certain elemental reasons events have not justified this hope. Most of the members in the upper house of Congress are jockeying for position in a contest conducted on party lines. Mr. Lodge, for example, is not so much concerned with the cheers which the President's addresses have provoked as with the problem of combining Mr. Borah, Mr. Johnson

and Mr. McCumber in a harmonic chord. Mr. Hitchcock is engaged in unraveling Democratic complexities, of policing the ranks so that Mr. Thomas and Hoke Smith will not slip out. To the champions of the treaty it is practically more important that Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, has no longer any qualms about its merits than that crowds in his state rush to the station platforms to see the presidential train whiz by.

There are always safety-valve possipilities in the presence of the President in Washington. Mr. Wilson's intermittent occupations of the White House since last January have been accompanied by substantial political results.

Both the legislators and the Chief Magstrate profit by the closer relationship. The President has talked more extravagantly on tour than he would to the Senators at home. There is a tendency for spite and unreason to attain a maximum when the President is from home.

The significance of a swing round the ircle has long been debatable. It was bitterly costly to Andrew Johnson when he sought to enlist the people on his side against an enraged Congress. Mr. Wilon himself refrained from spectacular touring in his successful campaign for the presidency in 1916.

The barometer of popular enthusiasm s far from accurate as an index of popular convictions. It is disillusioning to note that Mr. Wilson and Hiram Johnson have simultaneously evoked fervent receptions.

In the assumption of unflagging physical powers Mr. Wilson follows the regrettable example of most American Presidents. The public is an exacting master. The conventional demands which it makes upon its high officials are tremendous. When a servant of the public volunteers-as Mr. Wilson has-to fulfill more than the regulation functions the extraordinary strain is bound to be regis-

There is really no mystery about the public's attitude toward the peace treaty. Ratification sentiment is strong. What remains to be adjusted concerns amendments and reservation safeguards. Party politics and honest convictions are both involved in the issue. The place where all the factors will be eventually

clarified is Washington. Freed from the burdens of travel, the President in the capital should be a potent aid to treaty progress. The gap between the opposition senators is psychologically widened when he is abroad-whether in Europe or in the Far West. It is inconceivable that Mr. Wilson at home will go to the extremes of speech which characterized some of his endeavors to feel the popular pulse. The Senate, too, will be face to face with realities.

The President's recovery and the termination within a reasonable time of the critical battle of Washington are reasonable hopes.

Wine judging was a feature of the Allentown Fair in the good old days when sauerkraut sold for ten cents plate with a dab of mashed potatoes and slice of pork on the side. Now there is no wine, which is perhaps just as well; for with kraut at fifty cents a plate straight and seventy-five cents with potato and pork fixin's one would have little money left for libations. The good old days have given way to the good old duze.

The government will offer for sale in Philadelphia and Boston next week 11,-000,000 pounds of steel, including finished armor plate and unfinished trench belmets No effort is being made to prove that it will bring down the H. C. of L.

fraud may console themselves with the thought that their failure proves this to be a pretty clean city. \_\_\_ Penn's thirteen commandments seem

Vare men vainly hunting evidences of

freshmen. There is indication that President Wilson has no fondness for D'Annunzio's free

esigned to take the freshness out of the

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

How John Wanamaker Writes His Little Essays-Gossip About John K. Stauffer, J. Howell Cummings and Other Well-Known Persons

Washington, D. C., Sept. 27.

EVERY now and then we have a visit from Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, who at the idstance of Rodman Wanamaker has been keeping the American Indian on the map. The doctor is a devoted friend of the fading race and keeps in touch with the latest offired men. He is not only a student of the American aborigines, but does a good deal of writing on this subject. His collection of Indian photographs is noteworthy.

THE familiar signature of John Wana-I maker excites comment on the part of those who wonder whether the distinguished Philadelphian really writes the editorial adertisements under which appear his fac It is not untimely to answer this question on first-hand information. The great merchant does write those editorial As a conscientious workman takes pride in the piece of cabinetware he tilt. so Mr. Wanamaker derives satsfaction in the effect of his literary work. t is said by those who know that the inpiration for these business sermons is nught in the morning ride to the office or in the shadows of eventide. A sunbeam finding its way through the window at breakfast or the cheerful voice of the news boy furnish a theme for the day. Victor Herbert may catch tunes for his new marches in the revolutions of the locomotive wheel ns Willard Spenser gathered much of the music of the 'Little Tycoon' in a sneakbox off Harvey Cedars. And so it is with Mr. Wanamaker and his inspirational writings. After all, it is gospel truth that we find sermons in stones.

WASHINGTON correspondents have noted the absence in recent years of John K. Stauffer, who formerly was one of the active spirits in the press gallery. John quit Washington several years ago to take a hand in polities in Rending. He had made a udy of city planning and was elected to Conneil, being superintendent of the De-partment of Works and Public Property In this new office he worked hard to estab ish improved recreation centers and playgrounds, and feels now that he has a staff 15,000 children on his list. The other day Washington woke up and learned that its old friend of the press gallery has beaten the slate in Reading and had become the Republican nominee for mayor. Mr. Stauffer is a fighter from way back, and his old friends here have the feeling that he is going to be elected.

THE House is passing legislation for the farmer just as if the farmer were about the poorest paid of all producers. And that calls to mind that there are some Philadelphia farmers who are actually making their farms pay. It is a standing joke that the average Philadelphian pays the price of an acre of ground for a quart of milk when he runs his own dairy; but not so with Colonel J. Howell Cummings, president of the John B. Stetson Company, who has 315 acres, more or less, near Wernersville in the Lebanon valley. The colonel has a beautiful home in the mountains nearby and the family gets a great deal of enjoyment out of it. The farm, however, is a separate enterprise, running to Gueruseys, Cheviots and Berkshires in livestock, and to corn, wheat, potatoes and soyn beans in vegetable products. It is a model farm, and model farms are generally of the expensive kind. But it is cun on practical lines and is actually made to pay-that's the wonder of it. There are a good many other Philadelphia farmers who might profitably take a leaf out of Farmer 'ummings's notebook.

B<sup>IG</sup> strikes and little strikes occupy much space in the newspapers, but little strikes become as far-reaching sometimes as big strikes. Down in Florida there is a railroad which carries phosphate rock from the mines to the seaboard loading points. It is not a big road, but it is mighty imortant with respect to pho hosphate rock is mighty important with respect to fertilizer, and fertilizer is about first consideration of the eastern farmer who produces our crops. fore the farmer, the fertilizer manufactures and the consumer are all interested in that little railroad strike which has been in effect in Florida since last May. The Baugh & Sous Company, of Philadelphia, wants the dosphate tock, and Secretary Rasmussen, of the Department of Agriculture at Harris burg, and Prof. Jacob G. Lipman, director of the New Jersey Agricultural College, at New Brunswick, have both been appealed to to ask Director General Hines, of the United States Railroad Administration, to see what he can do about that little strike in

ALICE M. GARRETT is secretary of A District Association No. 1 of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Pennsylvania, and by instruction of that body of young war workers has brought to the attention of Congress resolutions urging that the army nurse corps be given rank such as is given in Canada and Australia, to enable the nurses to give to orderlies and others orders that will be obeyed. The nurses are quite aggressive about this matter, contending that many of their army patients have suffered and died because the orders of the nurses were not promptly carried out. The presi dent of the Pennsylvania association, District No. 1, is Helen F. Greaney, of Chestnut Hill, and the board of directors includes Anna M. W. Pennypacker. Most of the officers of the association are now actively engaged in hospital work.

TNTEREST in the Philadelphia mayoralty contest has not wholly abated, since the newspapers are being scanned for the re cult of the official count and the buttons of one of the candidates are still being worn about the Capitol. A number of congressmen and public officials who were in Phila delphia for the Knights Templar celebration and for the Pershing parade brought back stories of the great local interest in the fight and seemed to evince an intimate knowledge of the situation. It is the feeling among Republicans that the result will be a good thing for the Republican party throughout the country. In the Senate and House the impression prevails that care must be exreised to set the Republican party straight and avoid discord wherever possible prior to the presidential campaign of next year. is still doubtful whether President Wils will run for a third term, and it is quite certain that no Republican candidate upor whom all elements can agree is yet in sight. The spirit of unrest is abroad, but Repub lican leaders are hopeful that in due course the elements will get together for a winning campaign in 1920.

One hundred and seventy-five naval endets arrived at Hog Island yesterday or barkentine-rigged steamship and inspected the plant as the guests of the Emergence Fleet Corporation. And it is a safe bet each and every one of them saw in his mind's eye Hog Island launching the ship of which be would some day be master or chief THE OLD STORY



# TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

September Sunshine

WHAT an afternoon it was! Sunshine and blue sky, blended warmth and crispness, the wedding of summer and autumn. Sunshine as tender as Cardinal Mercier's smile, northern breeze sober as the much harassed lineaments of the Tomsmith. Citisens went about their business "daintily enfolded in the bright, bright air." as a poet has put it. Over the dome of the postoffice, where the little cups of Mr. Bliss's wind gauge were spinning merrily, pigeons' wings gleamed white in the serene emptiness. The sunlight twinkled on lacquered limousines in dazzles of brightness, almost as vivid as the "genuine diamonds" in Market street windows. Phil Warner, the always lunching bookseller, was out snapping up eyster stew. Men of girth and large equator were watching doughnuts being fried in the bakers' windows on Chestnut with painful agitation. The onward march of the doughnut is a matter for serious coneern in certain circles, particularly the circle of the waist line.

CITROLLING up Ninth street one was privileged to observe a sign of the times. A lunch room was being picketed by labor agitators, who looked comparatively unblemished by toil. They bore large signs The C- Restaurant

### Is Unfair to Organized Labor.

Side by side with these gentry marched two blonde waitresses from the lunch room, wearing an air of much bitterness and oilcloth aprons emblazoned

### Our Employes Are NOT on Strike All Our Help Get Good Wages Some of the Walters Want Our Women to Quit So They May Take Their Places.

"We're doing this of our own free will." said one of these damsels to me, guys never worked here. Our boss gives us good money and we're not going to walk out on him." She leaned a blazing lamp toward one of the prowling picketers, an Oriental of dubious valor. I would be sorry for that envoy if the lady spreads her lunch-books across the area by which his friends recognize him. Almost next door to this cam paigning ground is the famous postal-card which one may always read the secret palpitations of the public mind. The first card I noticed there said:

#### Many Happy Returns of the Day What Day? Pay Day.

ARCH STREET seemed to be taking a momentary halt for lunch. On the sunny paths of old Christ Church burying ground a few meditators strolled to and fro and one young couple were advancing toward the wooing stage on a shady bench. lady was knitting a sweater, the swain arguing with persuasion. The Betsy Ross House, still trailing its faded bunting and disheveled wreaths, looked more like an old curio shop than ever. One wishes the D. A. R. would give it a coat of paint and remove the somewhat confused sign POUR PATRIA. A little further on one finds a

### Select Evening Trip Down the Delaware On Palace Steamer Thomas Clyde THEATRICAL MOONLIGHT

This reference to nautical pleasures brought it to my mind that I had never enjoyed a voyage on the palace ferries of the Vine street crossing, and I moved in that direction. On Front above Arch one meets the terminus of the Frankford L, a tangle of salmon-colored girders. Something per-ilous, I could not see just what, was evidently going on, for a workman in air shouted, "Watch yourself!" This terse phrase is one of the triumphs of the American language, as is also the remark I heard the other evening. It referred to a certain publican who conducts a speak-casy at an

address I shall not name. This publican had apparently got into an argument solvable only by the laying on of hands, and had emerged bearing an eye severely pulped. "Some one's been workin' on him," was the comment of one of his customers.

WATCHING myself with caution, I dodged down the steep stairs by which Cherry street descends from Front to Delaware avenue. In the vista of this narrow passage appeared the sharp gray bow of the United States transport Santa Teresa. The wide space along the docks was a rumble of traffic, as usual: wagone of golden bananas, sacks of peanuts on the pavement. But slong the waterside bulwark were the customary groups of colored citizens shooting dice. Crap, I surmise, is a truly reveres form of worship: nowhere else does one hear the presiding deities of the congregation ad dressed with such completely fervent petition. A lusty snapping of fingers and an occasional cry of "Who thinks he feels ome?" rose from one group of happy competitors. Here again the student of manners may notice a familiar phenomenon, the outward thrust of the negro toc. It seems that the first thing our brother does on buying a new pair of shoes is cut out section of leather so that his outmost pha-

lange may sprout through The trauquil upper deck of the Race street recreation pier is a goodly place to sit and survey the shining sweep of the river. The police boat Ashbridge lies there, and one may look down on her burnished brasses watch the tugs puffing up and down, and the panorama of shipping from Kaighn's Point to a big five-masted schooner drawn up at Cramps'.

A PPROACHING the Vine street ferry a mood of reckless vagabondage is likely to seize the wayfarer. Posters inform that Parisiau Flitters with Babies 40" are in town, and one feels convinced that life still teems with irresponsible gaiety. A savor of roasting peanuts spreads upon the air. Buying a bag, one darts aboard the antique ship Columbia, built in 1877, and still making the perilous voyage to Cooper's Point.

There is an air of charming leisure about the Vine street ferry. Two mules, attached to a wagon, waved their tall ears in a friendly manner as we waited for the sailing date to arrive, and I tried to feed them some peanuts. All the mules I have ever been intimate with were connoisseurs of goobers, but somewhat to my chagrin these animals seemed suspicious of the offer. After several unavailing efforts to engage their appetites their amused charioteer in-fomed me that he didn't think they hardly knew what peanuts were. These delightful mules watched me with an air of embarrassing intensity throughout the crossing. They had quite the air of lades riding in a tently interrupted and who have miscon-

strued the accident. These mules were so entertaining that almost forgot to study the river. On the Camden side I was somewhat tempted to go exploring, but a friendly seaman assured me the Columbia would shortly return to her home port and enfreated me not to allow myself to be stranded abroad. So all I have to report of Cooper's Point is a lifesize wooden figure of a horse near the ferry slip. Then we made the return trip over the sparkling beer-colored water, speaking a sister vessel of the Shackamaxon route.

THERE is much to catch the eye on A ramble up Vine street from the river, but probably most interesting is a very un-expected stable about number 120. Passing under an archway, one finds a kind of rural barnyard scene; great wooden sheds on each side of an elbow alley, with lines of wagons laid away. There is an old drinking trough of clear water, horsen stand munching in the sunshine, and a queer tangle of ragged roofs and small windows overhauge this old-

fashioned scene. A few doors further on is an equally unexpected sign in a barber shop window: Cups and Lecches Applied. One also finds a horseshoeing forge in full blast, with patient suimals leaning their heads against the wall and rosy irons glowing in the darkness. With similar brightness shone a jug of beer that I saw a man carrying across the street at the corner of Fifth, The sunlight sparkled upon the bright brown brew, and as peanuts are thirsty fodder I pushed through the swinging doors.

# The Bells of Beaune

THE old bells, the bold bells, the gold bells of Beaune,

They are singing, they are ringing in the ancient church of stone. They are ringing, they are singing where the vine-wreathed hillsides stand,

For France is soft in autumn and the cloud

is off the land. "Come back, come back, my pollu-Live, love and laugh with me-

To red, red wine and red, red lips in sun kissed Burgundy." To those who cling to Cote d'Or, the massif's mighty line,

To those who guard her memory along a black cragged Rhine; To such the bells are calling in vibrant chime and tone: The old bells, the bold bells, the gold bells

of Beaune. "Come back, come back, my poilu-Live, love and laugh with me To red, red wine and red, red lips in sunkissed Burgundy.

Steuart M. Emery, in the New York Herald. Admiral Grayson is not only a good

physician, he is an excellent politician. At least the labor leaders are not denied

free speech before the Senate committee.

# What Do You Know?

1. What is a brigantine? 2. Who is said to have been chiefly re-sponsible for fixing the standard railway gauge at four feet eight and one-half inches?

3. What color is reddle? 4. On what syllable in the word bacillus

should the accent fall? 5. What is a regicide?

6. Who were the Carpet-baggers in American political history? 7. How did the verb to park come to be

applied to automobiles? Who wrote "Robinson Crusoe"? 9. What were the winged sandals of the

classical god Mercury called? 10. In what century was Gutenberg, the inventor of modern printing, born?

## Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Cardinal Mercier is a citizen of Malines,

2. The present year is 5680 by the Jewish calendar.

3. Austria-Hungary, Germany and Italy were members of the old Triple Alliance.

4. A person is in his nonage when he is in his minority or immaturity. 5. A rondo is a piece of music with a lead-

ing theme to which return is made. 6. Plimsoll's mark is the load line mark painted on the hulls of British merchant vessels to indicate the limit of submergence allowed by law. 7. It takes its name from Samuel Plim.

soll, who was instrumental in having the act of Parliament passed in 1876. Plutarch was a Greck biographer, who wrote the "parallel lives" of famous Greeks and Remans. Cheyence is the capital of Wyoming.

10. Brumous weather is forgy or win