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Philadelphia, Friday, October 31, 1919.

"LET 'ER BURN!"

THE regret of the students of the Wharton school of the University of Pennsylvania when Logan Hall caught fire that the building was not consumed is likely to set the friends of the University to thinking about the inadequacy of the accommodations offered to the young men studying there.

The building was erected in 1874 for the medical school, which occupied it for thirty years. The Wharton school, which has been using it since 1904, outgrew its accommodations in College Hall, and it has now outgrown the larger quarters in the other building.

If Logan Hall had burned it would have been necessary to provide a modern structure to take its place, with ample room for expansion. This is why the students exclaimed "Let 'er burn!" when they saw the fire.

A man can get an education sitting on one end of a log in the woods if the right kind of a teacher sits on the other end, but in a community as wealthy as this the students ought not to be asked to get their education in buildings which have been so far outgrown in size and equipment that they have to be crowded in, with no adequate facilities for doing their work.

MR. WESCOTT'S CREDULITY

HARRY D. WESCOTT, the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, is an amiable gentleman, but he is altogether too credulous to hold the office to which he will not be elected.

He has told a Germantown audience that the Republican National Committee has a campaign fund for next year mounting to between \$21,000,000 and w25,000,000.

If this be true, then we must take our hats off to Will H. Hays, the chairman of the Republican committee. No attempt to raise funds for a campaign has ever before been made so long in advance, and in the days when the barrels of the great corporations were liberally tapped by the national treasurer no fund onequarter so great as that which Mr. Wescott says has been raised was ever at

Mr. Hays is proving himself to be a pretty capable organizer, but no one would be more surprised than he to discover in any bank to the credit of his committee a sum so vast as that which Mr. Wescott has mentioned.

Some one must have been trying to discover how much the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty could be made

AFTER THE "ALIENS"

DISTRICT ATTORNEY ROTAN has apparently decided that the time has come to find out how many men who claimed exemption from the draft on the ground that they were aliens have decided that they are good enough Americans to vote.

It is generally believed that many such registered and voted at the primaries. Two hundred and fifty suspects were summoned to the City Hall for examination yesterday. Some of them proved that they had not sought exemption from the draft and that they were naturalized citizens. It is unfortunate that they were taken in the dragnet, but such mistakes are inevitable.

As good citizens these men ought to do all they can to assist the district attorney in discovering every man who denied his American citizenship when he was called upon to fight and is now trying to exercise the rights of an American citizen at the polls. Such a man is a lawbreaker in any event. If he is an alien and registered, he has violated the election laws. If he is not an alien and dodged the draft on the ground that he had not been naturalized, he violated the draft law. In either case he should get what is coming to him.

RAINBOW'S END

66TT NEVER will be missed" is evidently a principle not universally applicable. Congress questions its validity and the public is likely to concur in its opinion of propaganda publicity conducted by Scribe George Creel. The news bureau which he headed during the war turns in a bill of more than \$6,000,000.

Of course, the measure of accomplishment with such a pot of gold is debatable. Mr. Creel will be likely to assert that his efforts in a national crisis were influential. As there is no way of determinining the potency of a unit of propaganda, he is in a position to floor the tatisticians, but without convincing

It is not, however, the relative worth of his department's endeavors which is the matter at issue, but its absolute t. An item of \$6,000,000 is formid-

ble by whatever standard it is judged. rmore, the accounts of the un-

rtaking captained by the fluent Mr.

Creel are said to be fearfully muddled and chaotic. Congress apparently thrives on investigations. Here certainly is a legitimate opportunity for it to wax healthy and at the same time to be of genuine assistance to an inquiring public. And, by the way, it will take the income taxes of a very considerable number of citizens to meet such a bill.

DEMAGOGUES AND RADICALS IN A PARADE TO OBLIVION

The Time is Coming for a General Clean-Up in National Politics, and in Trades Unionism

THESE are hard days for every sort of fanatic and demagogue in American What conferences and committees think of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Lodge, of Judge Gary or Mr. Foster, of the peace treaty or the coal strike does not greatly matter

It is the collective will and feeling of the country that matters.

It is the silent judgment of the people that is terrible and final, as all men know who have observed the certainty with which it elevates men or breaks them when necessity arises.

The national mind is patient and a little slow. Give it time. It is having the opportunity it needs. In Congress and in the strike debates the fanatics and the hard-boiled apostles of industrial feudalism have been dragged out into the light that will kill them. If Mr. Lewis and the miners' leaders have not yet learned anything from the fate of Foster they might look with profit at the things that have been happening to other demagogues who have found a temporary refuge in Congress.

The peace treaty and the league-ofnations covenant have been under fire in the Senate since July 10. Amendments and reservations proposed and wrangled over have fallen one by one and the treaty is now exactly as it was when first offered for ratification.

Has the time been wasted? No; not by any means.

The treaty has been the wall against which a number of men who have outlived their usefulness have condescended to beat out their political brains. In the light of the recent debates we have perceived the dark and weak places in the Senate.

The country has been permitted to see Mr. Sherman as a sinister and futile comedian. The people of Missouri now have the true measure of Jim Reed. Mr. Knox has dropped to the level of an illogical and bad-tempered bitter-ender, yet only a year ago he was seriously regarded as a presidential possibility. Senator Johnson's worshipers in California have seen their idol as a clamorous showman, wabbly on his feet and unable to be consistent even in his prejudices. Mr. Lodge, who wanted to lead the country, proved that he couldn't even lead a band of guerrilla politicians.

The treaty of peace meanwhile has withstood attacks as furious as ignorance, bigotry, partisan hatred and sincere patriotic convictions could make them. It has broken down nowhere. There ought to be great reassurance for the country in that simple fact. And the old strange magic of events that has made itself felt in every national crisis is operating again in Washington, where destiny is directing a wholesome process of climi-

So Foster and Fitzpatrick and Lewis and others as red as they will have to go from organized labor before long. Troops at the mines, with guns loaded for misguided and bewildered strikers, will not be a pleasant spectacle in America, but it will be more pleasant on the whole than a nation cold and hungry and in confusion.

The perils of the situation are on the side of the miners, and the frightened statement issued yesterday at Indianapolis shows that they know it.

In a larger philosophy there would be little reason to rail bitterly at the strike leaders or at the sorry crowd of haters and obstructionists in the Senate who pray for the night to stay rather than prepare for the duties of the morning. Properly they are objects of the sort of sympathy that always must be felt in the presence of inevitable casualties.

These class-conscious guerrillas of industry or politics are not interpreters of America or of any purpose that America will accept. They have been fighting the forces of evolution. They do not move with the slow and mighty rhythm of national consciousness. They have been fighting as hopelessly as if they opposed themselves to the tides of the sea.

The nation itself is all-inclusive, tolerant and patient. It will support only those men who, because of like impulses. serve not a class or a faction, but the republic itself.

Such men always happen along when they are needed. They find the meaning of America and they come with minds and spirits endowed seemingly by destiny. They belong to no class. Rich and poor are alike to them-because they have been rich and they have been poor.

It was said that there could never be another Washington. When Lincoln died the nation mourned and said he was the last of his kind. Roosevelt appeared in the psychological years to advance to power as if he were pushed by a mysterious hand against all the tides of circumstance, and in time we came to know

that the miracle had happened again. Bryan reflected very definitely much of the virtue of the middle western America that lives in peace through simple contact with the generous land. But a platoon of Aladdins couldn't make him President, because he had not a universal

mind. It is being said now that no man will ever arise to work out the great purposes defined by Mr. Wilson. Yet Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, has loomed suddenly above Lodge to speak in a voice and manner unmistakably national. So has Hoover. Neither of these men has yet been wholly revealed. But they have made it clear that the old order prevails and that the places of vanished giants will fever be empty.

When the present tumult subsides the work of reconstruction and cleaning up will have to begin in the trades unions,

as it will begin almost instantly in poli-tics. The confusion left by the Fosters and the Borahs will engage the attention of abler and saner men. The radicals in labor and the radicals in politics are in the way of moving forces that stop for no

The miners have virtually accused the nation of unfairness. They ask the world to believe that Mr. Wilson himself is callous and disposed to ignore the rights of those who work and that he has acted in the interest of capital. It is possible to disagree with the President in other instances while perceiving the folly and injustice of this contention of the mine workers.

The facts are simple. The miners' leaders have always been radical. Recently they have become the most dangerous of opportunists. The strike order implies an ignorance on the part of the leaders of all the lessons of American history. It shows that they are without a national view and therefore unfit to lead great organizations of men. Disaster is certain for them and for the men in their ranks. And since they have placed their own interest frankly above the interests of the government and the people, the country will find a way to be rid of them-if labor itself does not.

HOMEWARD BOUND

THE king and queen of the Beigians board the George Washington at Newport News today to return home. We all wish them godspeed.

They have doubtless profited by their tour of this country. They have seen its great expanse of territory and the evidences of its wealth have been manifest to them on every hand. It must have been evident that when we contributed to the relief of their suffering people we were giving out of our abundance.

It has been good for Americans to see them and to discover that a king and a queen are merely a man and a woman like the rest of us, and can be as genuine and gracious as the best democrat in the world. Hundreds of thousands of Americans will have a new idea of royalty hereafter, thanks to the excellent specimens of it which have passed in review before their eyes.

THE WILCOX MUSE

A GREAT novelist once lamented that what was really worth saying, that what was fine, noble and inspiring was also trite. George Meredith was sincerely troubled by this truth. His efforts to combat it resulted in the winning of the most exclusive and one of the smallest clienteles ever devoted to a literary genius. Not even the lucidly put Meredithian dictum that "Women will be the last thing civilized by man" is universally

It is safe to say, however, that "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," is familiar to the ordinary inhabitant of the English-speaking world. It is a commonplace, very simply stated. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who penned the lines, capitalized the obvious.

That she did so ingenuously and without the faintest hint of irony or sophistication was a circumstance which gave her a broadly oracular standing. Her verses were facilely rhythmic, facilely understood. It is odd to reflect today that her "Poems of Passion" were once regarded as erotically revolutionary. We have traveled far along the gallery of frankness since Mrs. Wilcox first startled the eighties. Americans should be grateful to her,

She expressed opinions and often, indeed, sound fundamentals in which her compatriots firmly believed-no mean serv-

A New Yorker, in Making a Farce rags. on Tuesday pleaded vainly in court for the privilege of

going out to earn money to pay his wife alimony. His wife, in silks, opposed his plea, demanding that he be kept in prison until he furnish a bond of \$500 for back payments. He has been in jail since March, to remain there. Common law, we are told, is common sense. What justifica-tion is there, then, for New York's so-called Alimony Club?

Government agents are said to be scouring the country for prohibition lawbreakers. When they come to close quarters they will presumably have a scrubbing brush with the enemy.

The high cost of labor is making goldmining in Alaska unprofitable, according to a returned traveler. Even owning a gold mine has its drawbacks nowadays.

A barn dance is to be given to raise

funds for a memorial tablet for soldiers killed in France. First thing you know we'll be having a taffy-pulling to pay funeral The Belgian crown prince is suffering from indigestion. The divinity that doth

hedge a king-or a prince-has no jurisdiction over the royal tummy. If a man hoards food to get ahead of the profiteer and another sells at a profit

to avoid being called a hoarder, what's the answer? A man was fined yesterday for delaying a funeral. Probably a protestant against

unseemly baste. Strikers cannot go far in the face of public opinion. It is a hard face and not the kind that turns the other cheek.

New York shipping business is being diverted to Philadelphia as a result of the longshoremen's strike. 'Tis an ill wind, etc.

ider was just when a strike became a re-There is no danger of revolution in

The one thing the miners had to con-

this country, for the good union man is an American first. The dockmen's strike appears to be

nearing drydock. "No knifing," says Mr. Moore. "Fork out the votes.'

Allopaths, homeopaths and osteopaths are not at the present time paths of peace.

Treaty amendments are celebrating Halloween with cute little rejection slips

King Barleycorn is dead. Long live King Candy!

OUR ONE-PIECE NAVY

Pennsylvania's Battle Craft Plows the Vasty Waters of Lake Erie and the Commissioner of Fisheries is Admiral

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

ATHAN R. BULLER, state commissioner of fisheries, is just back from a trip to Buffalo to inspect the navy of Peunsylvania. It is in course of construction there. It's like the navy of Venzuela; it consists of one vessel.

Few citizens of this state are aware that

Pennsylvania has a navy. The commis-sioner of fisheries is the admiral. It consists of one vessel, a large tog that plows the waters of Lake Erie.

Its principal business is that of a fish nursery; or conservator of fish eggs, as you may choose to designate it. In addition it is a patrol boat for the preservation of

international amenities,
One of its principal functions is to see that Canadian fishermen do not poach on Pennsylvania's preserves or fishing grounds. New York and Ohio also maintain these fishing ground patrols. If they did not every once in so often the careless Canadian fisher folk would stray across the interna-tional water line-particularly when fishing is poor on their own side-and scoop up tons of white and other fish that properly

belong to Pennsylvania, Ohio or New York. This particular tug which Commissioner Buller is having built is, he tells me, one of the completest craft of its kind in the United States. It will be equipped with all the latest scientific paraphernalia. It is to replace another smaller craft that has grown too small and antiquated for the purpose.

THE Buller family are natural pisciculturists. The commissioner himself has made a life study of fishes. There are four of them now in the service of the state. One brother has been with the fisheries commision for over forty years.

Nathan R. Buller tells me that Pennsylvania has the finest fish hatcheries in the ountry. There are five of them, located at Pleasant Mount, Wayne county; Torresdale, Erie, Corry and Union City

The entire system of batching has undergone a change in the last two decades. In the old days the fish eggs were hatched out and when the fish were a couple of inches or so long they were placed in the state streams Now the fish are reared, the brook trout

particularly, in the ponds until they are five or six inches long and are then "planted" in the streams. There are two great advantages in this: It gives the young fish a better chance to live and the sportsmen do not have to wait so long to permit them to reach the legal length to be taken with book and rod.

GEORGE H. BILES, assistant highway commissioner of Pennsylvania, is a Philadelphian. Prior to the Sproul administration he was second deputy commissioner. When Lewis S. Sadler became state comdissioner he sent George H. Biles up to the front. It was one of the many wise moves that

Commissioner Sadler has made to strengthen the department. Mr. Biles has the experience, education, executive ability and the "how" of handling men. Besides, he has the glorious heritage of young manhood as an asset. With approximately \$100,000,000 to spend in building and bettering the high-

cays of the commonwealth, the ioner should have his hands as free of detail as possible. He should be at liberty to study the problem in its broadest aspects, eaving routine to the subordinates. Fortunately George H. Biles is in a position to relieve his chief of many minor responsibilities, by reason of experience and

thorough knowledge of the highways of the state. He knows the topography of Pennsylvania as well as he does that of Capitol Hill, in Harrisburg. At least that is his reputation among the roadbuilders

HARMON M. KEPHART, in his capacity of state treasurer, is paymaster for some of the oddest jobholders conceivable; places ndreamed of in the amployment of th monwealth a quarter of a century ago. There are, for instance, nearly forty charmen." They are the male of the

pecies known in Great Britain as "char-They are the cleaners and washers vomen." and scrubbers in the public offices at the Capitol. These are in addition to the caretakers, of whom there are five. But among the odd and presumably neces sary craftsmen employed on the Capitol Hill

there are, permanently on the payroll, or at least recorded in the treasurer's books: Florists, 3; carpenters, 6; marble workers 2; metal furniture mechanic, 1; hardwood oor experts, 2, and cabinet maker, 1. Further down the line one comes upon

these: Locksmith, clock repairer, up-holsterer, guides, electricians, wiremen, stemmfitter and matrons. The executive mansion payroll includes butler, houseman, night waccuman, house-

maid, laundress, cook, housekeeper, chauf feur and footman. When the Legislature is in session the variety of vouchers calls for nearly every-

thing kept by a first-class country store. BROMLEY WHARTON, general agent and secretary of the State Board of Charities, and his efficient assistant, Edward Wilson, have about completed their report on the wartime activities of the charitable and penal institutions of the state. It will

be an interesting presentation when it gets into cold type.

It strikes one as peculiar that the inmates of the houses and asylums, hospitals and prisons of the state could be useful in such a crisis. But they were. In propor tion the institutions under the supervision of Mr. Wharton and the State Board of Charities "did their bit" as fully as more powerful and more pretentious agencies

outside. The lame, halt and blind knitted and sewed month after month, making socks and sweaters, bandages and hospital gar-ments by the thousands. They helped conserve food, meat and sugar and everything. Even the prisoners in certain institutions gave money and sacrificed their meager privileges, in some cases, to help win the

It makes one proud of the penal and charitable institutions, paradoxically, to read of such things.

With the death of Ella Wheeler Wilcox the author of "Laugh and the world laughs with you" may be settled definitely on the other side of the Styx. Mr. Moore's appeal to those who went

through "pitch and fire for him" is also a notification to those who opposed him that they had better pitch in or look for a fire. A banker and a convict contributed a thousand and one dollars to the Roosevelt memorial fund on Wednesday. The proportion is immaterial; the sentiment that actu-

ated the gift, everything.

Examinations for state police will be held in Harrisburg Saturday. Those who pass are not likely to suffer from ennul. Knowing him to be a square man, the populare is anxious to see the President up and around. BUGABOOS CAN'T SCARE HIM



THE SAUCEPAN

INDIRECT ADVERTISING

GOOU like fried oysters? In that case Let us adjure you: Never Neglect to buy our Persian lace!"
"Dear me!" thought I, "how clever!"

You powder always when you shave? Then burn our coal this season. 'Does your new auto misbehave? 'Eat 'Choke-O'-there's a reason.'

You wear a coat in winter time?

You have your pencils pointed? You mustn't miss our table chime-The clapper's double-jointed!" "You boast a watch? Then wash your shirt With 'Smere'—it's all pure tallow."

You keep a dog? There's no dessert Like 'Marmalademarshmallow.'

How wonderful, methought, is art! I see myself in clover One simply needs a subtle start To put the Big Thing over.

And straightway to Maria Jane I hastened, much elated. 'You know," quoth I, "Bill Merivane?" (He was my rival hated!)

'Why, yes." she smiled. "You like him. She nodded. Hope was rising: felt that I would put it through By crafty advertising.

You really like him very much?" (More business of assenting.) 'His charms are such and such and such?" She sighed. (O circumventing!)

And hence," I thrilled, "I am your man," When, in her accents mellow, She warbled, "Jack, I love your plan,

And hence the other fellow!"

Courage and common sense do not always go together. Many a heart of oak has a head to match.

Ring Out, Wild Bells! Clarice-He has the right kind of timbre. Eunice—Oh, I suppose so. But there are rats in his wooden belfry. He rings true.

From a Rural Correspondent Clem Wiley's hired man says, "A good way to strengthen your legs is to keep tur-Ad Classified

"Lorer is a finished scholar rather than an original thinker." "Yes; he has what you might call a

hardwood finish.' The Young Idea "Don't go too near the fire with your dress."
"What shall I do, mother; take it off?"

A Wrong Impression "My husband struck me last evening"began the placid little woman. 'And do you stand for that sort of thing?" demanded her strong minded friend.
"You interrupted me," explained the "I was about to remark that my

husband struck me as being particularly kind and thoughtful. He bought me a beautiful box of caudy." Music Demosthenes McGinnis has no more music in his soul than a cow, which, of course, prompts him to speak of the subject. My wife, says he, possesses a white Au-gora cat with blue eyes and excellent hear-

ing—the color of the eyes and the effective-ness of the ears making a combination, I am given to understand, most unusual. When my life partner (bless her heart) whistles (and I scorn all disrespectful super-stitions, for she whistles very well indeed) the cat jumps on her lap, places its forepaws on her breast, looks in her face and

purrs like a coffee mill.

I take it that there are fiddle strings in that cat that proceed to vibrate in sympathy with certain high notes in the tunes whistled. I deduce from this that man's love for music has the same foundation; and that having trained his fiddle strings to appre-

ciate, first, melody, then harmony, he pro-ceeds to accustom it to classic dissonance. But because he is not satisfied to be simply pleased, as is the cat, with what he hears, he needs must analyze his emotions and dissect the various notes and combinations of notes that cause these emotions.

Naturally, having gone to all this trouble, he is quite ready to prove that appreciation of music is something very much more than But, personally, I'd as lief be a cat.

At 6 A. M. Conscientious Wife-Don't you hear the Sleepy Husband-Yes, but I don't believe

all I hear.

While the chronic optimist is forever being bumped, life for the pessimist is full of joyous surprises. And the moral is: Just be as darned cynical as you please.

How About This?

F. P. A., writing in the New York Tribune about the prevailing drought, says: We have known joints, we have known emporia Where the rum was sold, where the gin was

vended: All, all are closed, the old familiar places. Now we would like to know what William White, Emporia's most famous citizen, has to say about this. Kansas has been dry a good many years, but if rum is sold in poria it has not been so dry as outsiders have supposed.

More Commercial Candor One of our most prominent fruiterers car-CALIFORNIA HONEY DEW MELONS

LARGE AND SWEET AS HONEY The advertisement is silent as to whether honey was preved or flattered.

The multitude of Barkises seeking audience with Congressman Moore and talking about vacancies to be filled reminds Pericarp of a famous limerick which runs something Vare men flock around him galore

And say to a Mayor named Moore:
"If you name me, of course,
You will have to use force. But God knows you are able to score," Gone You came again, to get your things, And stood within my door,

The silken gowns, the shadow-robes, The rings you seldom wore: Ah, love, if you had only known The words I longed to say, I think you would have pitled me And kissed my lips that day. FLOYD MEREDITH.

Halloween Nonsense This world is full of "ifs" and "buts." How curious is fame! The squirrel cannot sing for nuts

But gets them just the same. Protection for Poachers

The Abington Game Protective Association draws attention to a new law in effect in Montgomery and Chester counties which "virtually confines to landowners and their friends" all hunting privileges. Patrol war-dens, "with authority to act." have been sworn in to attend to strangers. There is ope and promise for the stranger, however, in the notice sent out by Secretary More-land. He says, "No shooting of strangers or gunners from city districts will be allowed this year in this section."

Halloween Reminiscences

WE LINK the present with the past, Glory in what has been: Our thoughts we sometimes backward cast, Through dim and misty screen, Reviving long forgotten days When we kept Halloween.

At gloamin' we walked down the dell;
We watched the shadows play,
As dimly then the daylight fell,

At close of short'ning day— The hawthorn hedge, the spring, the well, Fields turning sear and gray. And then we danner't doon the burn

To deep and darksome pool. And tremblingly we each took turn At winding o' the spool, Till at the end some freak was caught Decked out in granny's wool.

To keek oot o'er our shouther then Some bogle we would see (From some grim, dark and dismal den In lands beyond the sea), Ready to show both maids and men The things that were to be.

As spring revives a sleeping year, Repeats things often told. So in our children now appear The bygone days of old. Then let them laugh and sing and cheer; 'Tis better far than gold.

Renew in joys and lively ploys The old times on the green, The shouts and laughter of the boys Such times as we have seen. Trip light and long and swell the song,

In keeping Halloween.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is the first Polish minister to the United States? 2. What is the name of the presidential

yacht? 3. What is a pyx? 4. Who created the character of Flora Mac-Flimsy? 5. What is the capital of Mississippi?

6. What disposition of the island of Helgoland has been proposed? 7. When is the next French president to be elected?

8. Who will elect him? 9. Which state produces the most soft coal? 10. What is koumiss?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Tripoli belongs to Italy. 2. Oysters are most edible when they are

from two to three years old. 3. Jefferson Davis was a native of Ken-

4. The woolsack is the stuffed cushion on which the lord chancellor sits in the House of Lords. 5. The Red river is a tributary of the Mississippi and flows in a southeasterly direction. The Red River of the

States, crosses the Canadian boundary and empties into Lake Winnipeg in 6. Numbers is the fourth book in the

North flows north in the United

Bible. 7. Alma Tadema was a noted Dutch painter, especially of classical scenes. He resided in England from 1870 until his death.

 Horace Greeley ran for the presidency and was defeated by Grant in 1872. 9. The word visier should be pronounced

though it were spelled with the accent on the last syllable.

10. The House of Commons can override the veto power of the House of Lorda by passing the same bill at three successive assaions.