### Evening Public Tedger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Philadelphia, Tursday, November, 1, 1919.

#### SLACKERS ALL

THE man who wants good, clean con-duct of the city's affairs, but who fails to vote in the election today, is just as completely a slacker as the army draft

The man who is too indolent or too disinterested to take the trouble of casting a ballot and thinks to excuse himself by remembering that he voted "right" in the primary election in September is in exactly the same category.

The man who refuses to vote on the ground that the light is a struggle between factions cannot hope to escape the same epithet. They are all slackers, and their neigh-

bors ought to tell them so. It is not nearly so culpable for a man to vote wrong as not to vote at all. He may be a grouch, he may be laboring under delusions, he may be just a plain fool or he may have a selfish, sordid in-

terest in voting wrong. That is his privi-But the man who does not vote at all when he is able to do so is recreant to that thing which we all talked about and venerated in exalted language during the

war-democracy. Now, neighbors, look around and spot the vote slackers today!

#### SPEAKING OF JAYS

STREETS are old. They were one of the first of human inventions. It is odd to think that a lot of time and money still must be expended in teaching people how to cross them.

The fact is that men and women and children who trip off the curb in the middle of a block for the journey to the opposite side of the street cling to old ways. They like to feel that life is as simple and safe as it used to be. It isn't. All the world is trying to make itself safe against its own inventions. The jaywalker, so called, is just a little behind the procession.

By a jay, we may suppose, the propagandists of safe crossings mean one who is unsophisticated and, so to speak, green, It may be admitted that some of those who risk their lives in the heavy traffic are green if you are as willing to admit that a disagreeable minority of those who drive motor vehicles are, let us say, yellow. A few of them have abominable manners.

Jaywalkers, after all, are dangerous only to themselves. Jaydrivers are dangerous to others, and that is why there are too many accidents at crossings as well as midway in the blocks.

Of course, the jaywalker will reform and cross sensibly under the protection of the traffic policeman. Then let us begin with the jaytalker-a much more regrettable phenomenon apparent in art. politics, literature, science and public

## THEY WANT MORE WORK

THE request of certain workmen employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. that they be permitted to work ten hours a day instead of eight wins instant attention because it is so very unusual. Moreover, it is in striking contrast to the action of the miners, who want a thirtyhour week and are now working not at all.

The trades union idea has always been

that the fewer hours men work the more men will be employed. Whatever justification for the idea there has been in the past, there is none today. The world needs all the work possible from all men. It is because the world is being denied in its hour of need that public sentiment is against the present miners' strike. Public sentiment is not particularly concerned with the rights or wrongs of the controversy. If the operators have curtailed production, as Mr. Gompers alleges, they deserve condemnation and punishment. But two wrongs don't make a right; and it is impossible to give sympathy to one of two brothers fighting on

the river bank while a third drowns.

The workmen in the Bethlehem Steel plant have their eyes on the man in the river. They are going to pull him out with the rope of production,

Theirs is an example all labor might well follow. It will be time enough to settle differences when the world is safe.

## THE INEXHAUSTIBLE PURSE

TT ISN'T easy to brag about the United States. The inhibition is not the resuit of modesty. There are public speakers and individual citizens, too, who certainly do their best to vaunt the merits of "God's country." Among foreigners our reputation for boasting is unenvia-

And yet the difficulty of overstating the natural and inexhaustible wealth of his nation is truly formidable. The gov nt last Saturday opened to prostors 18,000 acres of land in Arizona vations. The region is said

to be especially rich in gold and copper. Five thousand Texans, Arizonans and New Mexicans rushed in. The situation recalled the breakneck settlement of Oklahoma.

There has been an impression that such days had gone by and that once opulent Uncle Sam had disgorged virtually all of his treasures.

He has not. Thousands of federally wned acres are still promise-crammed. There are veritable empires within this republic still to be developed. The end of such scenes as were enacted in Tonopah some years ago and in the hinterland of Holbrook and Gallup the other day is not yet.

When they recur they are enough to make the most fulsome platform orator register himself as a conservative.

#### PUBLIC BUSINESS AS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

City Sinking Fund Commission Persists in Its Policy of Ignoring Requests for Information

THE last paragraph of the letter by I Director Gruenberg, of the Bureau of Municipal Research, to the Sinking Fund Commissioners challenges the commissioners to take the public into their confidence. Their attitude in the past has been that what they did was none of the public's business. Here is what Director Gruenberg wrote:

Permit us to saggest further that on each reply to this open letter informing the public of the steps taken and the steps contemplated by your holy in this mat-ter will be a highly valuable contribution to the offeetive democracy that the new rier seeks to advans

After reading the letter and conferring with Mayor Smith, Controller Walton announced that the commissioners would have nothing to say on the subject.

This has been their consistent attitude for years. They have made their annual estimates of the amounts required to meet the annual needs of the sinking fund, but those estimates have been too large. The taxpayers have been burdened with charges not properly levied upon them. It has been said that these excess charges have amounted in some years to as much as ten cents in the tax rate.

In 1916 it was discove, ed that the commissioners had accumulated a large surplus. This was disclosed in its report. It was compelled to use that surplus for the relief of the taxpayers. It did so ecluctantle

Then the commissioners at once changed the form of their report, so that since then it has been difficult to learn the exact status of the funds in their control. Councils in 1917 asked for definite information on various matters, but the commissioners have ignored that request to the present day and have not deigned to supply the body to which by law it is directed to make reports with the facts which it sought.

There is reason to believe that out of the payments to the sinking fund in excess of the annual requirements there is now in the hands of the commissioners at least \$4,000,000. Its existence is said to have been concealed by bookkeeping methods and the commissioners are dumb when they are questioned about it. Their announced intention to ignore the communication from the Bureau of Municipal Research is characteristic.

The new charter contains provisions intended to reform the processes of the commissioners and ultimately to abolish the sinking fund entirely. This fund, as every one knows, is accumulated for the purpose of paying city bonds as they mature. The moneys in it are used to buy the bonds. The money appropriated by the city to meet the interest on the debt is paid over to the commissioners. They in turn hand it over to the city's fiscal agent, who distributes it among the bondholders, including the Sinking Fund Commission.

The commission now holds nearly \$30,-000,000 of city bonds, paid for out of the tax levy, on which the city continues to pay interest to itself. Under a proper system of financing about two-thirds of this amount could be canceled at once, relieving the city of the interest charges and easing the tax burdens on every one.

The city is in the condition of a business man who has floated negotiable notes and finds himself with money with which to buy them in the open market. But when the business man buys his note he tears it up and stops paying interest on it. The city, however, buys its own bonds and continues paying interest to itself on them till their maturity.

The abuses from which the city is now suffering have grown up under the sinking fund system, a system necessary when long-term bonds are issued. Certain sums have been appropriated each year to provide money with which to pay the bonds when they fell due, so that in ten or fifteen or twenty years the bonds could be retired without putting an enormous sum in the annual budget. The finance sections of the new charter have been drafted in accordance with the theory that serial bonds are better than long-term bonds.

Now, serial bonds are like installment mortgages, payable a little at a time. For example, if the city wishes to borrow \$30,000,000 for thirty years, under the serial plan it would issue the bonds in thirty series of \$1,000,000 for each series. the first of the series to run for one year, the second for two years and so on until the thirtieth, which would run for thirty years. An annual appropriation of \$1,000,000 a year, plus the constantly decreasing interest charge, would wipe out the debt by the time the last installment fell due and it would save to the

taxpayers a large sum in interest. The new charter does not directly command this system to be adopted, but its provisions, for the disposal of the bonds neld by the sinking fund commissioners. are such that it would be so much more expedient to adopt it than to continue the present system that reasonable men can-

not well refrain from accepting it. It would simplify municipal bookkeeping; it would make it impossible to juggle with the accounts in a way to conceal from the public the real state of affairs. It would make it impossible for the city to sell to bankers a new issue of bonds and then for the Sinking Fund Commis-

sioners to pay a commission to brokers to buy from the successful bidder the very bonds which had been issued a few days earlier. And, above all, it would be in the interest of economy.

If the Sinking Fund Commissioners persist in their determination to ignore Director Gruenberg's pertinent communication it is likely that the director will address the same letter to the new commission which will be in charge after the inauguration of the new Mayor in January. The Mayor is an ex-officio member of the commission.

Congressman Moore has announced that he will enforce the provisions of the new charter in the spirit in which they were written. He cannot keep this promise and ignore the sections of that document to which Director Gruenberg has called attention. If he finds the other two members of the commission determined to continue their old policy, and if he has a new Council in sympathy with him, the new Mayor can find a way to get a Sinking Fund Commission that will respect the charter.

#### DEATH-TRAP CROSSINGS

NEIGHBORHOOD ties are strong in Philadelphia and by reason of them the Clarksboro tragedy takes on a peculiar poignancy. The disaster is a cruck and shocking blow, which will leave for many a year its dark impress on the particular community in Kensington whence all the victims were drawn.

The inquest will set forth the conventional succession of bitter "ifs." They will not repair wrung hearts, but they will e worth proclamation if they prompt action against the venerable but still potent perils of grade crossings.

It is a prevalent impression that the abolition of such death traps in New Jersey would be particularly costly and would in this level region necessitate virtually the reconstruction of most of the railways. If viaducts or tunnels furnished the sole solution of the problem the obligation would indeed assume formidable proportions. But relaying the surface lines is not the only remedy.

Much may be accomplished by the right sort of picketing at the danger areas and by the use of safety gates so designed as to be something more than mere theoretical barriers. Continental Europe is well supplied with gradecrossing safeguards which really do halt the highway traffic when it should be stopped.

The elaborate fencelike gates employed in hill-less Flanders are unremittingly tended. They protect the rashest individuals aimost as well as would a bridge over a cut or a drive through an embankment. The topography of South Jersey uoes not, therefore, render the situation incapable of reform, save at prodigious cost. If we cannot yet, in all parts of the country, imitate England, where level crossings are reduced to an inconsiderable minimum, we can at least follow the wise example set on so many of the flat stretches of land on the Conti-

It is vain repetition to point to the Clarksboro shambles simply as a "warning." The inevitable "ifs" will some day be brought again into tragic play unless tangible reforms are adopted. Crossings of the Clarksboro type, with no gates whatever, are murderous archaisms.

## FINISH THE JOB!

THERE is one way in which the voters who nominated Mr. Moore may yet see most of their efforts and hopes wasted. They can permit the capture of the new Council by men who still aim to tie the hands of the new Mayor, to frus trate his plans and to defeat the city's hope for clean and modern government

The job is only half done. Finish it!

The president judge of the Municipal Court advocates the establishment of a poor man's court, where justice may be dispensed, like salvation, free. This is in line with the suggestion recently made in a bulleting issued by the Carnegie Foundation, and the idea should not be permitted to languish,

nerve to stand up for the United States Government against the council of the Reds that dominated the Pittsburgh meeting of the Pennsylvania State Federation of La-And sooner or later the rank and file will have the nerve to back him up. "Festering Bolshevik architecture" is

Hats off to Mr. Feehan! He had the

the way Philadelphia's skyline was de scribed by a speaker at a recent meeting of the T-Square Club. By which we may judge, taking into account the tempera mentalism of the artist, that he considers it not exactly as it should be. Senator Jones urges the establishment

of a new merchant marine corporation with neadquarters in Philadelphia. The senator shows appreciation of the prophecy of Prof. Luigi Luiggi that this city is destined to be the principal port of the country.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul becomes simple arithmetic compared to the municipal custom of causing Peter to draw on Peter to pay Peter and then allowing Peter to emain unpaid.

Governor Sproul shows wisdom in ap parently ignoring the state-wide-strike But he'll doubtless be ready to cross that bridge if it is ever reached. What the government is fighting is not

labor unionism but radicalism. It is a fight between democracy and revolution. The action of Bethlehem steel workmen in demanding a ten-hour day instead of eight shines like a good deed in a naughty

Gompers declares that capital plotted strikes, and admits that "labor fell for it." The suffering public is more interested in some way of ending them.

It is to be hoped that the new industrial conference will stress the industry and

It has aforetime been noted, and recent arrests may bear it out, that the incarcerated

The proposed new industrial conference will be able to profit by the mistakes of the

Friends of liberty everywhere have their eyes fixed on Massachusetts today.

Coal brenkers shead!

# THE HABIT OF BROWSING

Writer Finds It Commendable and Helpful and a College Library Makes Excellent Pasture

By JOSEPH M. BEATTY, JR. REMEMBER very distinctly with what delight I used to spend hours in the college library during my undergraduate days, with no other object in view than that of making chance acquaintances with That was the period before my zest in the discovery of an ancient leather-bound volume with gilt letters had been dulled by the so-called critical point of view, a devel-opment not undesirable in itself, but one that takes away the pristine glory of a vast collection of miscellaneous writings. Now, I find myself inadvertently rushing through a book at lightning speed to see whether it contains the particular information for which I am seeking; in the old days, I would browse to my heart's content, and would care but little if I passed two or three hours of an afternoon delving into the works of some quaint rimester whose poems have not found their way into nodern anthologies.

THE habit of browsing is, indeed, a A supreme voyage of adventure for the man who is just waking to the immensity of of literature, and is trying to find himself in the thoughts of past and present. I have often thought that the Baconians inve not an understanding of the fine art of browsing which Shakespeare must have had to such perfection. Imagine, dear cynic, with what eager eyes the playerpoet must have turned for the first time the pages of North and Holinshed, think with what discernment his mind caught the significant detail. No scholar he, with thick-lensed spectacles unseeing in world, and no mere memorizer either but a fine brave fellow who skimmed his books and let his imagination make them live Keats, too, must have been a prince of browsers, else had he never looked into Chapman's Homer, and the world had been the poorer. And surely the model for all the craft must be forever the beloved R. L. S. with his love of romance and his omnipresent notebook.

ONE of my chief avocations in my college days was the study of genealogy, in which I was aided and abetted by two aged aunts. It was not strange, therefore, that occa-sionally I turned to certain collections of lives of eminent Americans and Englishmen in the hope of preening my plumes of vanity by gloating over the famous deeds of some long-deceased ancestor. There was one man in particular who fired my imagination a distinguished soldier and statesman of six undred years ago, who stood at the top of one ancestral line. I would read of his exploits, and muse half-pityingly upon the fate of those less fortunate men who did not have as an ancestor a friend and counselor of Chaucer's king. My roommate continually boasted that his ancestors had come over on the Mayflower; since none of mine had had to leave England at that time, I was forced to depend for my repartee upon my ancestor of Edward's reign, beside whom any passenger in 1620 was a mere Unfortunately, I decided in an parvenu. evil moment to write a complete life of my noted forebear. The first fact that I dis covered was that he did not leave any

T HAVE always found the winter the best season for browsing, because, unless one is in just the proper poise between physical laziness and mental alertness, and unless the atmosphere outside urges one to remain within doors, it is difficult to enjoy this gentle art to the full. In the full we were busy getting under way-we had the stress of new courses, the delight of new friends the rush of the thousand duties that mark the beginning of a college year. But by December, the football season had ended, Thanksgiving had passed, and the first snow had sifted lightly across the soccer

THEN the library found its own. I used to I sit through the long winter afternoons in one of the small alcoves, on the one side a window looking out over the campus; be-hind me and in front were book shelves reaching up to a height of eight feet or Here I needed scarcely to move in order to reach the treasures that were minfor the moving of an arm: Chaucer, Villon -that beloved vagabond whose rimes were wrought of gold-Kit Marlowe and Tom Nash with his marvelous refrain;

I am sick, I must die, Lord have mercy on us.

There, too, I discovered Herrick and wrote lyries in which I tried to catch his magic. but in vain. Keats and Shelley, Browning and Swinburne were in the poetry corner, and as I plunged from them further and further into the mountain land of Carlyle, I became in turn hero-worshipers and inarticulate poet. I think it was in my sophomore year that I reveled in Omawas in my Khayyam, and decided that Christian optimism was largely a pleasing delusion. I reading ravenously and uncritically: I tried assimilate Whitman and Emerson, and did not know whether to be a disciple of the great Gray Poet or of the transcendental Brahmin. This was the golden age of im-

TT WAS on a late afternoon when I was a freshman that I had my first long talk with the great scholar whose magic had bared me to follow in his path back to the golden land of high romance, the paradise of the singer of songs. I had sat spell-bound in his classes, listening to his wealth of learning, carried away by his stalwart viking personality. But until then I had worshiped afar off. I was curled up in my favorite place that

afternoon, reading of Robin Hood and Little John, when the great man, in search of a book, came into my alcove. I can see still, with his steely mustache whitened still more by the snow, and his bushy brows under which shone the kindliest of eyes. He spoke to me, and fresh man as I was, I summoned up courage to ask him a question on the ballads I was reading-I forget the question-it was probably some simple query such as a fledgling would ask, yet the great man sat down, and before I knew it I was pouring out to him all the hopes and ambitions had inspired in me. I forget much of his advice, but some of it dealt with wide reading and this very subject of browsing which considered one of the most essential elements in the training of a lover of literature. I have never known a man who com bined so well the characteristics of scholar and a litterateur which he portrayed to me that afternoon—the need for accuracy, for wide reading, and for a sympathy with the great minds of all time. Front that afternoon dated a friendship that has only recently ceased to be. For those library walls will never again

resound to his quick trend, and his former students can never again have the benefit of his words of counsel which had never failed them. I visited the college last June just after the great man had been laid away in the quiet graveyard near the old meeting-house, and so deeply had he builded himself into the very buildings and the in stitutions of the place that sitting in library I could not help looking out halfexpectant across the greensward, to see his stalwart form appear beneath the elms.

At Sixth and Chestnut AT SIXTH and Chestnut when the day Grinds out its many duties. And work forbids the mind to stray

In search of Nature's beauties Romance seems far enough away From Sixth and Chestnut. And yet upon a certain morn When all the world was youthful,

A glorious band, a hope forlorn, Spake words courageous, truthful, And straightway Liberty was born At Sixth and Chestnut. At Sixth and Chestnut there's no dearth

Of sweet romance. 'Tis coming In guise of glory, grief or mirth With news the wires are humming From all four corners of the earth To Sixth and Chestnut!

HINTS FOR YELLOW JOURNALISTS How to Write an Editorial First get your facts coffined and hearsed,

then bury and forget 'em. Give the people what they want. Give 'em JAZZ. Play up patriotism. When people en-

thuse they forget to think.

Wave the starry flag. No one can guess what is going on behind it. Remember always that those who agree with you are saints; and those who disagree you are cutthroats, thieves and WORSE.

And whenever you have anything to say that is particularly commonplace and banal PLAY IT UP IN LARGE CAPS. (Example)

Speed is the most desirable thing in the THE WORLD HATES A SLOW POKE.

The slow poke is usually a counterfeiter and a wife-beater. Better be a RABBIT than a SLOTH. Work fast, eat fast, live fast, speak fast and be ever ready to say the thing that seems

to be in what you call your mind.

Don't wait to have something to say be fore talking or writing. Such a rule may condemn you to silence or rob you of the joys of writers' cramp. Say something! Be something! Have

ZIPPY!

Entries in a Frayed Notebook

It strikes us as being very delightful that the gentleman from whom we buy grapes in the afternoon at Eighth and Spruce is the same gentleman from whom we buy in the evening an orange at Ninth and Chestnut. It is charming to realize that he moves north with the same regularity that the sun moves west and that at some point in their journey they cross each other's path. The two wheeled vehicle on which he displays his wares is topped with a riot of color. There is a mountain of bright red apples of apple red; orange-colored oranges, pear-colo pears and grape-colored grapes, and the copper-colored copper kettle that houses roasting peanuts sings songs through a thin whistle and, well, really, if we ever get through the mail that clutters our desk, must perpetrate a little pastele on this subject. We are sure it will be very well worth while.

We acknowledge with shame that we have not yet answered a pressing invitation of the king of Siam to visit Bangkok-or is it Manayunk?-to go fishing on the Tonle-Sar (or, mayhap, the Schuylkill). We admit our remissuess is all the more reprehensible because his majesty on the last occasion we were in Siam was pleased to express his riotous appreciation of a harmless little quip of ours when invited to a court function. "Will I be required to wear my soup and fish," we demanded, "or will you take me just as Siam?" Oh, well, we japesters must be merry once in a while.

Our wife is sometimes filled with fore-beding when she realizes that the time will

THE SAUCEPAN come when the Nipper will have to exchange his frilly little dresses for short parts. We sometimes suspect that the foreboding is not wholly unconnected with the fact that there is more feminine joy in the planning of skirts than in the cutting down of papa's pants to make three complete suits weekdays, Sundays and holidays, The Nipper, by the way, said something unusually clever the other day, but, unfortunately, we have forgotten what it was. But no matter. It will come to us later,

"LET'S HAVE NO SLACKERS TODAY!"

A Weather Myth

The Sun had given jolly Earth much wine; His nose was pointed west, a rosy red; A drunken drowsiness dulled every sense, And the Stars were forced to light him to his bed.

The gentle Moon came sailing slowly by, Shedding all about a modest light;

She saw, and slipped behind a cloud, for

shame At seeing Earth in such a sorry plight. Next day old Earth felt pangs of keen re

His head was throbbing with an awful pain: The tears began to fill his aching eyes. And men said, "It is surely going to rain. WALTER A. DYER.

## Fillers

The world is fresh and sweet and cleanbut you can't prove it at all musical shows. Musical shows are slapsticked into shape

by a series of undress rehearsals. Don't be a tightwad. When your wife tells you that she just has to have some new

dresses, why, let 'er rip. Get it? Enjoyment depends upon the point of view. A woman can have a ripping time working over her old clothes.

Clothes may make the man, but with the present high cost of living they are just as likely to break him.

In the face of winter and the coal strike the coal pile has a lean and the furnace a hungry look.

Life grows a little sweeter with the promise of more sugar this week,

The high cost of living is not worrying local thieves. The public has been the goat in every strike ever pulled off. Realizing that it is

the goat it is now going to use its horns. The children's game of "Heavy, heavy, what bangs over?" is answered by the weather sharp: Heavy underwear.

The motorist who strikes, kills and speeds away may not be a plain brute, but he assuredly has a large streak of yellow

Today's election results will be as apposite as the polls.

ABOUT A STICK 'About a stick," the printers sny, Will fill my space. Alackaday
No thought will come to give me ease;

No quip, no quirk, no jape, no wheeze

No stick can make me grumble! Nay! Though Fate belabor me each day There's naught to bring me to my knees About a stick!

To brighten up my weary way,

A stick of type! Two inches! Pray What's there to hurt? Of matter gray Just half a spoonful, if you please; set where fancies tease. Stir gently; 'Tis thus one drivels out a lay

About a stick.
DEMOSTHENES McGINNIS

# GRAND OPERA

THE fiddles are twanging, the kettledrums banging.

The gifted soprano is shooting top-notes: The solemn contraito, Maria Rialto,

Is urging the chorus to crack their white throats: The tenor and basso, compatriots of Tasso, Are having a row with the flerce baritone. They're making it willing and soon there'll

be killing With bloodthirsty snorts from the Prussian trombone.

The maids are capricious, the men's tem-

pers vicious, The costumes are quaint and the manners No visible copper, staid, silent and proper,

Keeps watch, and knives gleam in the belt of each Ind . So trouble, bad trouble, arrives at the

double. And some one goes down with a last ringing shout. That's one gone to glory. But please rend

Once in you will never guess what it's about

It's rather a tax on the calm Anglo-Saxon To beat the Italians at this finny game; With gestures erratic and movements rheu-

matic The Aussies get through, but there's rarely

a flame; But Swelli, and Belli, and Ovhatayelli Behave as they would in a staka-da-oyst: Beneath that proud banner tle grand-opera

manner Is practiced all day round the cook's kitchen hoist. -Sydmy Bulletin.

# What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. How many voyages did folumbus make to the New World? What are incunabula? 3. When did soft coal mining become a recognized industry in Pennsylvania?

4. What is the last book in the Old Testa-5. When did the Sepoy Lebellion break

out? 6. Name an article of food especially characteristic of Philadelpiia?

7. What is a "Fidus Achstes"? 8. Define majority and plurality? 9. What are the colors of the fiag of Swe-

den? 10. How did the Roman wate 40?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. A significant event in American history, which is to be homered with a tercentenary celebration next year, is the

landing of the Pilgims. 2. Brand Whitlock, Auerican ambassador to Belgium, accompanied King Albert back home.

3. Serendipity is the aft of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for. The word was coined by Horace Walpole in alluspn to the tale of the

"Three Princes of Serendip." 4. Shakespeare's vocabulary was about 24,000 words, 5. This is about 19,000 more than are used

in the King Janes Bible. Daniel Defoe wrote "Moll Flanders." 7. Dr. Karl Muck is at present back in Berlin.

S. Two works by Gintave Flaubert are 'Salammbo' and 'Madame Boyary, 9. A federal district court in Indianapolis granted the injunction against the coal

10. The cours of the Dinish flag are red and shite.