

Evening Public Ledger

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MR. SMYTH'S OPPORTUNITY
WHAT the people will think of David J. Smyth four years from now will depend entirely on the record which Mr. Smyth makes in the office of city solicitor.

He has been selected for that office by the Mayor-elect without the intervention of any political boss or combination of bosses. He is the first man for years to become the chief legal adviser of the city without hampering obligations to influences outside of his office.

The P. R. T. has been among his clients, and it is understood that he has served that corporation well and satisfactorily. In becoming city solicitor he changes clients, withdrawing from the service of the street railway company.

As a good lawyer, loyal to the best traditions of his profession, he is expected to serve his new client faithfully and well. If he meets this expectation he will leave office with the respect of every one.

Mr. Smyth's experience in defending the P. R. T. against damage claims will serve him in good stead as the chief law officer of the city. No small part of the time of the solicitor's staff is taken up in the preparation of the defense of the city in suits for damages.

Mr. Smyth, who knows all the tricks of the damage lawyer, can give good advice to his assistants in such cases. But his chief function will be to advise the Mayor and heads of the various departments and to find legal ways for them to do that which must be done if the abuses of the past are to be ended.

The opportunity is open to Mr. Smyth to prove that the charter framers did wisely in making the city solicitor an appointed officer directly responsible to the Mayor.

THE BUDGET

THE city will have to be run next year on the money provided for in the budget which the present administration is preparing.

That budget will also have to take care of the deficits which, under the old practice, were met out of a loan in order to fool the people and keep the tax rate down.

The new charter forbids this sort of fraudulent financing, and the people next year will have to pay the debts of the present administration.

Mayor-elect Moore seems to be determined that the men framing the budget shall obey the charter provisions and provide all that is needed to meet the current expenses for all the departments and to meet all the deficits. The responsibility is upon them even to the extent of increasing the tax rate.

ITALY AND A LEAGUE FUNCTION

IT is necessary to judge Francesco Nitti solely by his interview with the Associated Press correspondent, one would be forced to conclude that Orlando's successor was a sponsor also for Orlando's policies.

Premier Nitti arrays himself in the armor of "national aspirations" and alleges cruelty by the Allies in their treatment of the Fiume problem.

On the other hand, the head of the Italian Government in a recent speech declared that he regarded as "singularly harmful" all those acts which disturb our relations with our friends and with whom we have poured forth our blood and with whom we have conquered.

Here we plainly have sober advice for home consumption and a new variety of plaintive chauvinism for outside attention. In other words, domestic politics is adding to the difficulties of an international situation just as it does in America in the senatorial wrangling.

What America would like to know about Italy is in principle very much the same thing as what Europe would like to know about us. What do the people really think? In what proportion do hotheads, jingoists and spiffies represent genuine national sentiment?

Until that matter is cleared up the Italian muddle is likely to remain murky. "National aspirations" has a sinister sound. It can cloak either a policy of honor or a policy of insolence and greed. Germany used to emphasize the latter interpretation. "Utmost concession" is another unsavory phrase. It is said to have been used in a note submitted by former Foreign Minister Tittoni to our State Department. Compromise and conciliation, illumined by justice, has a horrid path to travel under such conditions.

(minus the United States) of the peace treaty, scheduled for next Monday. The society will have jurisdiction over several plebiscites to be held in eastern Prussia and Schleswig-Holstein.

Why therefore should it not concern itself also with the Fiume frying-pan? A calm determination of the values in this issue would be of vital aid and it would furthermore demonstrate with immediate practice the worth of an alluring theory.

The fact is indisputable that it was an intolerable situation in a portion of what is now the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom which provoked the great war. A nominal peace, with fires still smoldering in the same neighborhood, will contain dangerous elements of instability.

WHO'LL SWING THE HOOK IN NATIONAL POLITICS?

THE States, Exercising About the Only Right Left Them, Are Cluttering the Stage With Favorite Sons

IN THESE days of profiteers and prohibition the states retain few of their traditional rights. It would be most heartless, therefore, to deny them the pleasure that they find on the threshold of each presidential year in building air castles around favorite sons and marching their prodigies forth for the admiration of the brethren.

We are now drifting toward a phase of national politics that is very like an amateur night in vaudeville. The victims are plentiful. Demure or defiant, confident or all-a-tremble, they face the world. The hook will get them all. Bless the hook! It is our salvation.

Ordinarily the madness of a period like this is a gentle madness. It hurts no one. But these are exceptional years and already earnest hearts everywhere yearn for chloroform in bulk.

Chloroform could not be used on the favorite sons, of course. That would be a perilous violation of the rights of proud and sovereign states. But it could be sprinkled wisely about to bring sleep to every rumbung Polonius in an editorial job who takes favorite sons seriously and thereby misleads a hurried and harassed public.

They will wave red-white-and-blue plattitudes. They will sing the woes of Serbia and Poland to a people who cannot buy shoes and do not know why they cannot buy them.

They will wail about European entanglements when they should be telling us how to get out of the entanglements into which we drifted with their assistance.

They will talk about slanting to a nation that is already suffering because it cannot get its coal mined. They will pose and pretend.

Meanwhile the country, if it is safely to face the responsibilities forced upon it by the war and the war's reactions in a future that is sure to be trying and difficult, has need to listen to other sorts of men. It needs to listen to historians and scientists, to economists and scholars and to any one who is able intelligently to assess looming issues that are new, dangerous and as yet not wholly defined.

The nation has a need of consecrated and gifted men. It needs a John the Baptist—a blazing, trampling prophet without fear, who can lash the people themselves to a sense of their own follies and tear the masks off all the scoundrels and thieves and hypocrites who, true to the ivied axiom, find a last safe refuge in elaborate pretenses of patriotism.

Favorite sons do none of these things. If they did—they would not be favorite sons.

The performance is pretty well under way. So far the audience is bored. General Wood, speaking his ancient piece in shining armor, has had only flutters of applause. Johnson's shadow-boxing is a pleasant diversion for dull days, and little else. Mr. Harding has received much applause from Ohio. The rest of the country regards him with chill silence.

Mr. Palmer and Governor Sprout are two favorite sons who are doing what any vaudeville audience would recognize as "legitimate turns," and doing them very rigidly indeed.

McAdoo has consistently overplayed his part. He is a bit too suave. There has been a great flutter of interest and a great deal of enthusiastic applause for Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, the one promising figure entered by any adoring state this year.

The mood of the audience is in favor of the Massachusetts governor. So it should be. For Mr. Coolidge is pretty generally distrusted by all our best laid and gentlemanly mandarins—those who find that tartle and champagne are necessities of life, and the more conservative set who are not happy unless they see million-dollar pearl necklaces now and then. He is unpopular, too, with the amateur bolsheviks and all who believe in government by policemen's unions.

The governor of Massachusetts talks like a scholar and a gentleman, and it is obvious that he doesn't care a hang for applause. That, as every one knows, is in itself an assurance of applause from discriminating audiences.

Mr. Coolidge lives in Massachusetts and unfortunately he has a Vermont accent. That will count heavily against him in the West—far and middle. Yet he has the light within. Roosevelt had it. Lincoln had it. Wilson has it. And when you have the light within, you can let it shine for all the weary and anxious eyes of the world. You can do miracles. And men will surely follow you.

Mr. Lodge has been mentioned for the presidency. We suspect that he is being shoved forward as the candidate of those Democrats who wish to bring disaster untreatable upon the G. O. P. As a favorite son Mr. Lodge does not shine. He has been conspicuously on the stage, but in its moments of quiet meditation Massachusetts probably wishes that he hadn't been. Yet Mr. Lodge is like a good many other popular and unpopular statesmen of the time. We shall have to wait and

see before we can know how greatly he ought to be blamed for the things he has been doing. In a general way there is confusion in the political field; confusion and groping uncertainty. But the skies will clear. Political horses are always darkest before dawn. A steed of ebou hue will come galloping sooner or later to upset all present hopes and plans.

Meanwhile we may put our trust in the hook. When statesmen and a negligent public drop that indispensable implement Providence, the watching friend of the United States, invariably takes it up and uses it with a discretion truly magnificent.

Harding can swing Ohio. Johnson can deliver California. Of this the worshipful editors and those who study politics by ward standards are sure. For what would Harding swing Ohio? For what would Johnson deliver California?

You must not ask your editorial Polonius that question. He doesn't know. He hasn't even thought of it. Yet stupendous changes are afoot in Europe. The whole face of European civilization is changing. Social, economic, financial, trade and political readjustments abroad will affect our own life here for good or ill according to the degree of wisdom with which we react to them.

We are involved in Europe through trade interests, through the immense sums of money that the Allies owe us and certainly we are more deeply involved because of the dead we left there. Our own affairs are wretchedly confused. Mere party patter and old-fashioned political formulae can help us little now.

A thoroughly informed public opinion is a better means of national defense than armies with artillery. The trouble with the favorite sons is that they almost always raise a meaningless clatter and make clear thinking difficult, and stir up a cloud of petty issues that, in a time like this, may make it hard for the people to discern clearly the outlines of great questions that are marching forward inexorably to demand sober thought and ultimate solution.

"THE SUICIDE FLEET"

LONELY and perilous beyond the comprehension of landsmen was the task just finished in the North sea by 3600 Americans under command of Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss. In winter weather, mauled by the savage winds of that latitude, these men went about the job of removing the sea mines laid from Scotland to Norway as a barrier against German raids.

They had no audience and no applause. Few people on this side of the world knew that they existed or what they were about. Their ships were little and the life they led was so hard and dangerous that the squadron became known in European waters as "the suicide fleet."

Almost all of the vessels were damaged by explosions of one sort or another, and by the officers and men have returned alive it is only because they were brave and infinitely skillful.

The British offered bonuses to attract volunteers to the same sort of work. The Americans drew no extra pay. The men of the suicide fleet were paid the same wage that they draw when they are peacefully in port. They finished the job with the loss of only one vessel. The British lost two. The navy assumed that mine sweeping in the roughest water known to men was part of the day's work, just as it assumed that the transoceanic flight was part of the day's work to be done—because it ought to be done.

Now the suicide fleet is home and the men have had a fine reception in New York, where Secretary Daniels told them simply that they had nobly upheld the traditions of their service. It is all very inspiring. There is no American who can think of the suicide fleet without infinite pride. But how strange it must seem to these officers and men to be back in a land harassed by profiteers!

"Warfare, King of Most Everywhere" when driven from his throne was succeeded by Unrest, who, discredited by his aids and abettors, was put to sleep by the physician, Time. A republic being proclaimed, Sober Second Thought was elected President, and it is rumored that he is now busily engaged in selecting a cabinet.

If the professors of Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, too poor to buy eggs, are forced into other businesses it is a safe bet that some of them will go in for chicken farming.

Pennsylvania is going to have a favorite son for the presidency, the dopesters inform us. What the Keystone State needs, therefore, is a Franklin to bring down the lightning.

Within three months after next Monday Germany must turn over to Belgium 10,000 goats. Wonder if Von Bethmann-Hollweg will wish to travel with the first batch?

With a not too conscientious regard for the high cost of living the late unlamented Congress saw that the pork barrel was fairly well filled.

Much to-do is being made over the possibility of Philadelphia acquiring an airplane police force. But we have always had fly cops.

"We are going to make a dent in this old town of ours," said Mayor-elect Moore. Let us hope it will be a dimple born of jounced mood.

Mr. Moore knows the kind of a cinnamon bun he is. And everybody will admit he has ginger.

You have cause for thanksgiving if you have food in your larder and coal in your cellar.

Bituminous operators are of the opinion that any musical comedy can provide better figures than Mr. McAdoo's.

MAYOR-ELECT MOORE'S LETTER

Presidential Booms of Sprout and Palmer—Gossip About Colonel Miller, Doctor Karsner and Others

THAT Sprout-Palmer presidential discussion is calculated to bring Swarthmore College into the limelight. The United States attorney general and the Kentucky state Governor are not only graduates of Swarthmore but they were "bunkies," which is a term in good fellowship somewhat analogous to "buddies" on shore or "shipmates" at sea. Both are hefty young fellows now, just as they were in the "Thee and Thou" period at school, but Sprout was a stalwart Republican and Palmer an irreconcilable Democrat. Up to date it looks as if Palmer is an out-and-out candidate to succeed the President. The activity of the attorney general on the one hand and of former Secretary McAdoo on the other would seem to bear out the suggestion. Sprout makes light of the mention of his name, but he is being talked about, and the thought that he and Palmer might be found in the final heat is uppermost in the minds of a pretty strong group of the Swarthmore alumni, who are naturally, for the sake of alma mater, interested in the outcome. The onlookers of this group include E. Pusey Passmore, of the Federal Reserve; Morris L. Clothier, Frederick C. Hicks, member of the naval affairs committee of Congress; his Long Island brother, William W. Hicks, who still dresses like a real Quaker, and a host of successful ones whom Swarthmore points to with pride.

TOM MILLER of Wilmington—Lieutenant Colonel Thomas W. Miller, U. S. R., to be more accurate—is one of the active men in the new American Legion. Tom acquired the organization habit many years ago when he concluded to run for Congress from Delaware, where his father, Charles W. Miller, was governor. After he got to Congress he helped in the organization of the Republican congressional committee and then went into the army, where he got all the organization that is coming to a vigorous, red-blooded young man. The congressman has just returned from the Minneapolis convention of the American Legion, in which he took an active part. Over in France he was very close to General Pershing throughout the war.

THAT is an interesting task that falls to the lot of Frederick J. Pooley, general agent of the Pennsylvania Prison Society. This old institution, which was organized in 1787, still maintains the practice of visiting prisoners and giving them such comfort as may be permitted by the regulations. Mr. Pooley has been visiting the cell room in the City Hall daily since 1910, and in that time has sent out nearly 19,000 letters to relatives and friends of those who have been arrested. He could tell some very interesting stories about those who get behind the bars, some of them for the first time, when they are particularly in need of a friend.

DR. CHARLES W. KARSNER, of South Broad street, who used to be a member of Council, is a veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic, being a member of the General U. S. Grant Post, No. 5. He is also attached to the Philadelphia Naval Veterans' Association. The ex-councilman's ancestry runs back to the war for independence and accounts for his membership in the Philadelphia Chapter of the Sons of American Revolution. Doctor Karsner still feels fit for public service.

THE Master Builders' Exchange, of which O. W. Ketcham is president this year, does not indicate any preferences for directors of departments in the new administration, but it does believe that engineers should be appointed to some of the posts, as Public Works, City Transit and Wharves, Docks and Ferries. There are a number of other Philadelphia organizations interested in construction work that hold to the same opinion as the exchange, including the Chamber of Commerce.

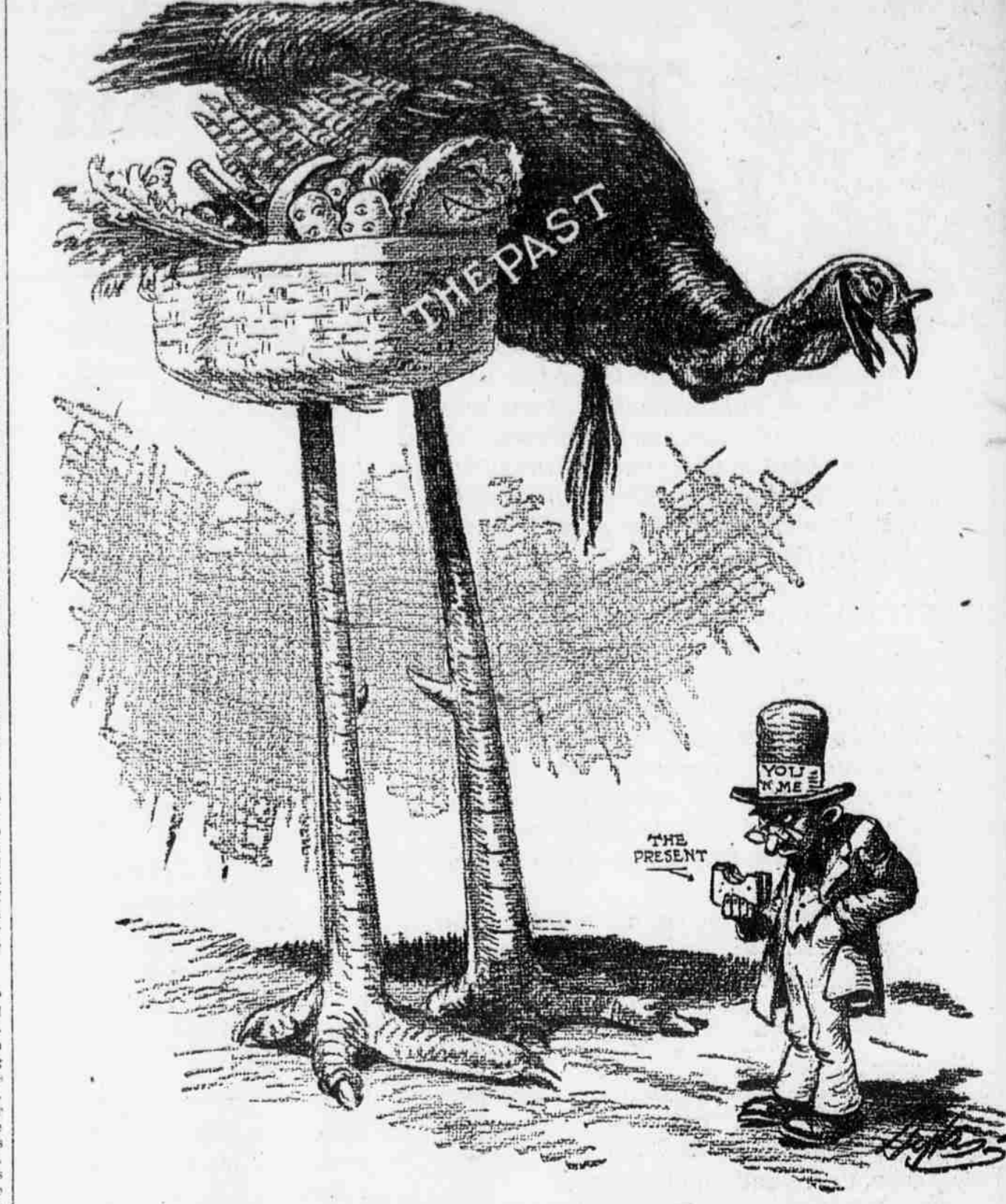
COUNCILMAN FRANK S. VAN HART, of Camden, complains of long delay in getting deep water on the Delaware river front and blames the dyke just above Camden for most of the trouble. In recent years Camden has been developing rapidly as an industrial center and the prospect of a big bridge over to Philadelphia is booming the surrounding territory. But Camden has lost several big business enterprises partly because the port advantages are not ready. Mayor Ellis has been going forward with his foot-of-Spruce street plans and Congress has voted money for a better channel on the Camden side, but it has not yet been provided.

Mr. Van Hart crosses the river early and honest and deserves an early consideration of their claims. Improvements over there cannot hurt Philadelphia; they can only help it, for Camden is in the "port of Philadelphia," and whatever is created in Camden, or is required there for manufacturing purposes is a part of the port. Moreover, Philadelphia supplies a large part of the men and materials for Camden's growing enterprises. Just as Camden is more or less dependent upon Philadelphia in these respects, take the Victor Talking Machine Co. It draws heavily upon this side of the river for material, and the fortyboats are crowded morning and evening with its employees going back and forth. Eldridge R. Johnson, the president of that company, and Charles K. Hadzon, the secretary, are as well known on this side of the river as the other. And Treasurer Atkinson, the man who rose to his high position from the trade of mechanic—his horses are almost as well known as E. T. Stotesbury's—and they take as many blue ribbons. So what's the difference?

FRANK W. SHORT, the political forecaster, agrees with Ezra Parker, the Barnegat banker, that the government is slow to protect the famous Barnegat light. For many moons the people of the back of Barnegat shoals have been calling attention to the menace of the waves washing up against the lighthouse foundations. A carload of stone is dumped in at odd intervals to hold the old tower in place, but the Barnegaters are fearful that something will happen sooner or later. Short heard a good deal about the situation recently while touring the coast with Parker and Charles Elmer Smith, of the Builders' Exchange, who has a bungalow close to the water's edge in full view of the Barnegat light. Short says it is either lighthouses or lightships, and that careful observation of Cape Hatteras and Frying Pan Shoals convinces him that the lighthouse is very desirable at certain points along shore. Barnegat City being one of them, and the lightships are of equal importance when stationed at certain points offshore. The Jerseymen who have been concerned about the Barnegat light have been pleased to have Frank W. lay his views on this subject before the next Pennsylvania Legislature.

J. HAMPTON MOORE.

WELL, ANYHOW, IT FEELS THAT WAY



THE CHAFFING DISH

Verdun PRONE are the bravest bones, and deep the dead Who saw Verdun, yet looked not on her walls. And fighting fell as rain in summer falls By withren hills and bleak environs.

AND now the streets of that immortal town Hear no accustomed slow or hurried feet; No housewives chaffer for the daily meat, No aproned urchins clatter up and down.

ONCE blew a fountain in a garden green Soft rainbow mists above a sunlit lawn That now is drabbed dust; and once, at dawn, Stood slim white candles at the altar screen.

NOW on that broken floor lies broken glass And fallen saithood—but they did not pass! ALEC B. STEVENSON. Verdun, January, 1919.

Rollo in Philadelphia (With apologies to Jacob Abbott) ROLLO visited Philadelphia in company with his uncle George, a gentleman who had traveled so much in Europe that he was familiar with all possible discomforts and inconveniences of human transit. Mr. George, moreover, was a young man of philosophical mind, and his comments on the things he saw were highly improving to Rollo's youthful mind. Rollo was aged twelve and at that period of youth when impressions are very clearly received.

"We will take the car down Chestnut street," said Mr. George, after answering all Rollo's eager questions about the City Hall and the statue of William Penn.

THE electric cars in Philadelphia are of two kinds. Mr. George told Rollo as they stood at the corner of Broad street. There is, first, the kind known as the pay-as-you-enter car. Rollo was curious to know why it should be given this name, and Mr. George explained that in this type of vehicle the passengers are expected to have their fare ready when they board the car. The other, and newer kind, is called the side-door car. Mr. George permitted several cars to pass by as he explained the difference between the two. "Oh," cried Rollo at last, "I see that they are called side-door cars because they have a door in one side."

"In the side-door car," said Mr. George, "you do not pay your fare until you depart from the car, by way of the door in the middle. That leaves the front door entirely free for entering passengers."

Rollo was watching the passengers get on and off the cars and was much interested. "Why does the motorman call out, 'Both sides on'?" he asked. "Philadelphia is conservative," said Uncle George, "and will not permit themselves to be fooled by anything. For some years they have carefully trained themselves to the older type of car, in which the front door was used for both entrance and exit. In that kind of car the entrance was divided into an iron rail, on the right of which one entered the car while people were getting off at the left. When I say left, I mean left as you enter. Of course, to the people getting off it was apparent that they were keeping to the right. You see, what is your left as you enter becomes your right as you leave."

"That is very interesting," said Rollo. "I noticed the same thing in Italy in the diligences."

"IT IS a universal phenomenon," said Mr. George. "But as I was saying, Philadelphia, having taught themselves to use the front door both for entrance and exit, instinctively still use only the right-hand side of the platform as they board the new cars, thinking that the left side is reserved for exit. Therefore the motorman, in order to get them all on more expeditiously, has to explain or exhort in a loud voice. Several more cars passed and Mr. George

still allowed Rollo to watch, as he wished the boy to study the system carefully. Rollo was thinking deeply. "Uncle George!" he said, "I should think the company would take away the railing from the front platform of the new cars. Then it would be evident that the whole front door is to be used for entrance only and the motorman would be spared such frequent reiteration."

"That is a perfectly sound idea," said Mr. George, "and I dare say that if we come back here five or ten years hence it will have been put in practice."

"What are the large numbers painted on the front of the cars?" said Rollo. Mr. George, "It is a little mystery. Philadelphia has to have strangers come to town and try to puzzle them as much as possible. I spent a year in the city in order to study the transit system so that I could explain it to you. As far as I can find out, the transit company has a deep dislike of anybody finding out where its cars are going. Only the old travelers on the line have any idea where any particular car is going to turn off. If you are a stranger in town, the thought will occur to you that it might be a nice thing to have a little map put up in the car showing just where it goes; but then, as I said, Philadelphia does not encourage strangers until they have lived here several generations."

ROLLO had been interested in watching the people buying newspapers from a boy who stood on the corner. He was curious to enter the cars?" he said, "I have always been taught that to read while a vehicle is in motion is very harmful for the eyes."

"They do not buy them to read," said Mr. George, "but simply to hide behind so that they will not have to rise and give up their seats when a lady stands in front of them."

They entered a car and Rollo looked about him with eager curiosity. "Why is it," he said, "that the seats in the front of the car run lengthwise, while those in the rear are crosswise? Surely the crosswise seats are more comfortable, for created by the starting and stopping of the vehicle, one is supported by the back of the seat and does not rock and reel against one's neighbor."

"Your observation does you credit," said Mr. George, "but you must remember that the crosswise seats take up more room and leave less space for people to stand up. And the more people you can persuade to stand up in your car, the better it looks on the advertiser's side. Also, when you sit in a longish seat it is much easier to see the advertisement cards. You must not suppose that all these matters have not been carefully thought out."

"WHAT are the advantages of paying your fare as you leave?" said Rollo. "The advantage is largely philosophical," said Mr. George. "It is supposed that one pays one's fare more readily after the service for which it is paid has been performed. You naturally pay more cheerfully than you do when you first enter the car and do not know whether you will really get there or not."

"I wonder if that is always so?" ventured Rollo. "I can conceive of a certain type of passenger who, seeing himself arrived where he wants to go, and not yet having paid for the ride, would be all the more eager to escape from the car without surrendering his money. I can imagine, for instance, that some bold spirits might even hazard an escape by way of the rear window."

"The conductor would immediately raise a hue and cry," said Mr. George, "and the malefactor would be apprehended. But there are also other types of cars in this thriving city, on which we will take a journey when you have mastered the simpler forms of transit, such as they may be observed here on Chestnut street. And here we are at Independence Hall, where we will get off."

SOCRATES.

THANKSGIVING

I RATHER think (though I confess the thought is rather rude) A man is egotistical when showing gratitude. We somewhat cramp the universe, for instance, do you see, When we cackle of the benefits bestowed on you and me.

But never mind! I'll own at once I have some joy in life. I'm thankful for my daily work; I'm thankful for my wife; I'm thankful (quite oblivious to pills in Fortune's jam) For what I think my friends believe the kind of man I am.

I'm thankful for illusions of philosophy and fame Permitting effervescent zest while playing at "the game." And since it gives me happiness and comfort, oh, my brothers, I'm thankful I don't see myself as I am seen by others.

I'm thankful for Dame Fortune's frowns before she deigns to smile. I'm thankful for the sickly days that make my health worth while. I'm thankful life shows kindness very often when she huris; And I'm really very thankful I don't get my just deserts.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. When did the German request for an armistice reach Washington?
2. What nation is to be given possession of Spitzbergen?
3. Where is this region?
4. Who is the author of the Koran?
5. Senator Harding has been mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency. What is his state?
6. Who was Alexander Stephens?
7. What is the literal meaning of the word "saute" in cooking?
8. How should it be pronounced?
9. Name two cities in Armenia.
10. What is a narwhal?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. William M. Calder and James W. Wadsworth, Jr., represent New York in the Senate.
2. Henry Fielding wrote "The History of Joseph Andrews."
3. The Battle of Gettysburg ended on July 3, 1863, and Vicksburg fell to General Grant on the next day.
4. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, an oasis in the Syrian desert, reigned in the third century A. D. She was defeated and made a prisoner by the Romans.
5. There are thirty-nine books in the Old Testament.
6. Pushball is a game invented by M. G. Coane, of Newton, Mass., 1804. It is played by two sides of eleven men each on a field of 140 by 150 yards, with a ball six feet in diameter and weighing fifty pounds. There are two pairs of goal posts with crossbars. Pushing the ball under the bar counts five points. Putting it over the bar counts eight. A safety counts two for the attacking side.
7. A planet is in apogee when it is at that part of its orbit which is furthest from the earth.
8. A hierarch is a leader or founder of a heresy.
9. Tommaso Tittoni recently resigned as Italian minister of foreign affairs.
10. An imperial is a small beard growing beneath the lower lip. It was named for Napoleon III, who wore one.