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WE OWN OUR HALL-ALAS!

THE conclusion of the famous case of Jarndyce versus Jaindyce was hardly more ironical than is the announcement that the City Link is paid for at last. principals got nothing.

a misty night with clouds steaming about the lighted clock tower there is a kind of erude picturesqueness to the City Hall. Artists, including Mr. Pennell, have monumental in its general character. caught this attribute.

But, in the practical daylight it is an incubus, a treffic barrier and a monumental nulsance, such as jeopardizes the growth of few cities on earth. Shudder city offices in a more suitable spot, some day that drastic step will have to be

Meanwhile. Philadelphians are at least privileged to turn to that page in Dickens describing the sardenic laughter greeting the word that payment for prolonged intrigue and pestiferous delays and negotiations was ended.

A "WORLD WAR" BLOWS UP

CONSIDERING the cauled interpreta-tion of the rush of British statesmen to Paris the other day, it is unlikely that many tears will be shed if the professional copesters engage in a veration. The Bolshevists who were to have been attacked en every front from Baku to Bombay are now to be subdued by the beguilements of sweet peace.

Up goes the Russian blockade, in go the foods, medicines and trade vanguards and out, snuffed out, goes the hysterical report of a new world war which the diplomatists were said to be framing up in the French capital.

The change of tune is welcome. Nadeserve bolshevism have no real need to It will be powerless against the bulwarks of common sense and common decency. Russian armies engaged in fighting the rest of the globe are products of overheated imagination.

The equity of raising the blockade is manifest. It throws the obligation for good behavior directly mon the soviet government. Should the leaders in Moscow then be so mad as militantly to challenge civilisation, the armed reaction against them would be tremendous, in spired by popular convictions of justice and not by mere sensational hullabaloo and trumped-up fantastic yarns.

NOW WE'LL SEE

THE demand of the supreme peace council for the surrender of the former kalser by the Dutch Government has been sent to The Hague, according to Paris disputches.

If the demand has actually been made we shall soon know whether the frequent reports are true that the Dutch Government would regard. Villielm as guilty of nothing but political erimes and would insist on his right to remain in Holiand as long as he pleased.

Outside of Holland the situation is reparded as unprecedented, and it is insisted that the old rules regarding the extradition of offenders seeking asylum in neutral countries do not run in this

These rules were, in effect, that however gullty a man might be of offenses against humanity, he could go scot-free if he would escape from the country in which the offenses had been committed, This is based on the assumption that the erimes of an emperor or king are to be judged by a different standard from tha used in measuring the guilt of a private citizen. But until rulers are judged by the code of the common law such wars a that from the Weets of which the world he now suffering are likely to be precipitated by ambitious men,

ISAAC SHARPLESS

TOT only Haverford but Philadelphia and the state at large lose a good friend in the death of Isanc Sharpless. He was a man east in a tine mold that had something of the Roman virtue of old, His sugged simplicity, quiet and unwearying devotion to the interests of his fellow men, and his characteristic humore and shrewdness made him a notable representative of the fine type that used to be known as the "Quaker

worthy. Reared as a civil engineer, he fell into teaching almost by chance, but native merit and industry had him by degrees into the position where for thirty years he had the good fortune to influence the lives of young men as president of Haverford College. A deeply versed lover of literature, a man of good scientific training, a faithful practitioner of what he preached in matters of conscientious dealing chiefly with the works of the attractive and satisfying to those who

doubtful if any college community in this | day's end. country could show, in recent years, a preceptor more graciously fitted to be the guide and inspiration of youth. He was bred in the large-minded simplicity and practical idealism of the Friends, and under his clear-eyed guidance the college intrusted to him was nourished and guided in a tradition of courageous

liberalism and culture. There was much of the Ben Franklin in his make-up: A keen judge of men, an acute observer of the ways of the world, a reverent and profoundly convinced worshiper of the inner light. His long and faithful career as a servant of the common good brings him today to the quiet country meeting house he knew so well, and those who knew him will pause for a moment in remembering tribute.

A NEW PHILADELPHIA TO RISE ABOVE THE WASTE OF THE OLD

Great Opportunities Coming to the New Administration With an Era of Unexampled Building

Some of the plans recently suggested for war memorials in this city and elsewhere, based as they are upon thinly disguised considerations of convenience and utility alone, are reminiscent of the man who at Christmas was accustomed to give his wife a box of the best cigars. It has become fashionable to sneer at monuments of the sort that are purely decorative or symbolical. The common cry is for useful things. Yet there is nothing to indicate that Mr. Moore and the officers of the American Legion have forgotton the essential purpose of war monuments in advocating the plan to Remiers of "illeak House" will recall that exect a great auditorium on the Parkway in the protracted cause in chancery the as a memorial to Philadelphia soldiers who died in France.

Citizens of Philadelphia have, it is Such a memorial ought to have epic true, their Public Buildings. They have significance. The art of sculpture is the Such a memorial ought to have epic their enormous pile at the enormous and | art of speaking magnificently in stone or preposterous cost of \$25,000,000, and in metal, and the facades of any great their attitude is, in the Gilbertian phrase. | building can be made to express a great decidedly one of "modified rapture." On | deal. It would be a mistake of the most grievous sort if the proposed structure were conceived for its utility alone. It would have to be bear tiful and actually

The future would not be fooled if we were to hand down to it only four great walls and a roof. It would know that by doing a necessary work and calling it a memorial we proceeded under false as we do at the thought of housing our pretenses and evaded a duty which we owe not only to the soldiers themselves but to the future generations.

> A building eloquent in its design, as great cathedrals are eloquent, would be acceptable in every way as a soldiers' memorial. It might easily be an inspiration to the architects who will plan other buildings on the Parkway. That thoroughfare, when it is completed and built up, will be one of the most imposing in the world. And it will provide an extraordinary test of our native taste and intelligence. It will be no place for sheds or for freaks of architecture. The authorities, including the Mayor and his committee and the Art Jury, should. therefore, keep a careful eye not only on the builders but upon themselves.

Things that are merely ornamental and beautiful serve a very practical purpose, though Americans have been slow coming to an admission of this fact. Great architecture is an inspiration to the life of any community. And builders and architects and the municipal officials ought to remember this now, when we are actually at the beginning of a new tions that are not sunk so low that they era of construction that will surely carry the city far from the dull practices of carlier years, in which no one bothered about the looks of any building that could | prize idiot of the age. be made to serve a practical purpose.

> This city has been peculiarly fortunate in having had the services of some of the most gifted minds in the world in the course of half a dozon years given to thoughts and plans for architectural reconstruction.

> Two or three administrations, assisted and inspired by far-sighted private citizens, have given a lot of time to schemes devised to retrieve some of the beauty lost in fifty years of reckless building. Joseph E. Widener did an immense service to Philadelphia when he engaged the first of European landscape artists to draw plans for extensions of Fairmount Park which ultimately will reach League Island. As this general scheme will some day result in the reclamation of a large part of the Schuylkill river region from sordid accumulations of dirt and debris so the great Delaware bridge will ultimately inspire a new fashion of building and commerce along considerable lengths of Delaware avenue.

In any serious plans for memorial Mayor Moore and the American Logion might take time for a survey of the possibilities offered by the Camden bridge. The first plans for this structure were drawn almost ten years ago. The architects even then determined to make the towers and the approaches beautiful and significant with monumental sculpture. They did not have the war for inspiration. Their plans will doubtless be revised because of changes the general layout of the bridge erminals. But high towers that will be sible over an extremely large radius cill be a necessary part of the completed

New Jersey is thinking of war memoials and so are we. It is easy to magine that Pennsylvania and New Jersey might express what they feel about their soldiers and write their tribute superbly in metal and stone above the approaches to the bridge on each side of the river.

Almost all American cities have done appalling things with their rivers. This ity is one of the worst of the offenders. Commerce, in a virtual monopoly of the iversides, has insisted on a sort of divine right to be ugly and repellent, noisy and

It is otherwise in most of the European The people abroad have always felt that they had a sort of verted right n their waterfronts somewhat like the right which we are all supposed to have in the green and blue spaces of the open country. To the riverfront, even in the cities, they go on summer nights to get the air and rest in spaces reserved and kept clean for them. In a time when it s demanded that people find happiness in rational ways, rather than in dissipation, every city will have to strive more earnestly to make the most of its natural eltizenship, a writer of valuable histories | advantages and to make and keep itself

Society of Friends in Pennsylvania, it is smust find diversion near home at the

The Delaware avenue waterfront ought properly to be a place where a large part of the population might go in summer evenings. The public recreation piers were tentative experiments. They have had no marked success because they are piers and little else. The bleak old avenue remains as forbidding as ever, a sort of barrier between the people and the lights, the romantic color and the refreshing airs of their river.

Certainly in the general work preliminary to the erection of the Camden bridge much of the character of the central Delaware waterfront will be changed. Commerce is most efficient where it is not ugly. Open spaces and even bits of grass are possible in that section unless we are less expert than the Europeans in the management and building of cities and in the business of business.

The Delaware bridge will not only be a great utility. It will be the beginning of extensive reconstruction in the waterfront region. The municipal authorities might well remember that Delaware avenue invites their attention almost as definitely as the Parkway itself. So does

the Schuylkill river section. Mr. Moore and his associates in guiding the work of the new city which is rising above the old one have opportunities unequaled anywhere else in the United States. Architects have the advantage that comes to a painter who works upon a clean canvas of large dimensions.

One may only devoutly hope that they may make the best of it.

THE SIMS CHARGES

AFTER a lapse of forty-eight hours since the first publication of Admiral Sims's letter of indictment leveled against the bureaucrats of the Navy Department. most citizens are experiencing a deep sense of disgust and shame that such things had to be.

If there was one branch of the governmental war machinery which to the layman seemed to work smoothly and without the customary scandal, that one was the navy. Yet now that Sims has lifted the lid, it appears to have been tainted with the same old tar of office politics and armchair inefficiency.

Admiral Sims's long letter is categorical in its counts, but too vague and generalizing concerning personalities. They must be made specific and brought home to the individuals directly responsible. It will not do to say that "the Navy Department" did this or did not do that. The gravamen of the offenses is too serious to allow the acceptance of a broadside so sweeping without narrowing the blame to the persons involved. In this case the guilt cannot be otherwise than personal.

Therefore, it will be the proper and logical course for the Scnate naval committee to broaden the scope of its medal award investigation and clear up the whole unsavory mess without fear of consequences to reputations and records.

Who was the man who told Sims not to let the British pull the wool over his eyes and to remember that this country would just as readily fight them as the will go down in history as that of the

Doggone It! in issuing 1920 dog licenses as tife tags are not ready, and the station houses have been besieged by dog-owners who are afraid their pets will be caught and killed. On the principle that every dog has his day, the owner of a dachshund will probably apply for "der

Sir Oliver Lodge has won his welcome to this country as a Where Love Commands Belief scientist and his wife wins hers as a womanly woman. Whether one believes or disbelieves in psychic messages, one doffs one's hat in reverence and respect when the mother of a dead soldier tells of words received from her loved one.

On the heels of the Let's All Guess "new world war." which was just about to commence, word arrives that "commercial relations will be reopened between the allied nations and the Russian people.' though some people don't know whether the game is poker or tiddlywinks.

Revenue officers disrovered that a truck Jack Frost Nips held up by the blizzard John Barleycorn near Plattsburg, N. .. was laden with whisky. There is no hope for the bootlegger when Jack Frost acts as a Deschanel is said to

Case of All My Eye be glad he beat Clemenecau because Clemenceau wounded him over the eye in a duel fought twenty-six years ago. But this is inferring a littleness of mind which it i unfair to impute to a man of big caliber. A popular song writer

Works Both Ways charged with being a drug addict told the white under the influence of orium. Well, t's a prefty good excuse any way you take it. Alexander to America to "save it." Perhaps the

It is well the linetype machine has super seded typesetting by band of older days. k. o. Then No old-time "k" box could stand the strain present-day reports from Russin,

germ has some such iden when it makes its

periodical visits.

Automobile owners are Doing Their Bit now doing their little bit toward defraying the expense of the last batch of Rockefeller benefactions. Gasoline has gone up. The olive seems anxious to get into the ame class as wood alcohol as a killer and

Of course, the Dutch Government will how no unseemly haste in getting rid of the

PICTURESQUE FIUME

City Made Famous by D'Annunzio Is Quaint Mixture of Past and Present. With Many Very Curious Streets

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN MERICANS familiar with the northern A and eastern shores of the Adriatic bave been interested in the revolutionary caprices of D'Anuunzio.

The poet, playwright, poscur and revolutionist has had for the field of his opera-

tions some of the most picturesque territory in southern Europe—and some of the eldest. From Cattaro, the toy city of Europe, up to Finne the region is rich in beauty, history. romance and tradition.

Fiume itself should belong to 1'aly. It has been the shuttlecock of kings and con-

querors since Roman days. It is, I think, a matter of record that in the space of a century Finme changed masters eight times as a result of war or diplomacy.
Its possession by Austro-Hungary prior to the world war was the result of diplomatic tactics designed to give that rotten monarchy

another outlet to the Mediterranean. The city of Fiume is a quaint mixture of past and present in the matter of architecture. Its harbor front bears a resemblance to that of Marseilles. Roman remains are found upon its main thoroughfares. It has more curious streets than any city of its

size I was ever in. I recall one in particular. The square of something-or-other is approached by three narrow thoroughfares. I entered it by one of these, and although I saw people moving across the square and disappearing suddenly. could at a distance discover no exit. I fancied the pedestrians were entering a church which towered high above the pave-I followed the crowd and discovered an

acute angled opening or street visible from but one point of the square. It was barely wide enough for two people to walk abreast. but it was a street just the same. After 100 feet it emerged upon a narrow avenue, which in turn opened on a wider thoroughfare. FUUME is the great, if not the greatest,

wine port of southeastern Europe. Practically the whole of the Istrian peninsula pours the product of its vineyards into Fiume There is what is known as the "canal." which cuts the town in two and is available for constwise sailing craft of light draught.

It is bordered with mooring posts, and bundreds of ships carrying wine exclusively are moored here throughout the year. Merchants from all over Europe come to buy the wines of Istria and the heavier grades that are produced on the slopes of the Dinaric Alps long the Dalmatian coast. One of the most common sights, and syr-

prising too, is to see two-wheeled drays as vide as they are long, on which are mounted huge wine hogsheads, eight feet high by six feet in diameter, rolling onward from the canal wharf to winehouses in the city. The largest hogsheads, or tuns, I have ever seen, with the exception of some of the great beer tuns of Germany, are to be found

in Fiume. Sometimes a barrel of red wine smashes as it falls from the ship's hoisting tackle, and then the wharf temporarily re-sembles a Bolshevik battlefield. The population of Flume is mostly Croa-

tian and Italian. The Croat, like the Italian, is a rugged, casy going sort of fellow until he is roused, and then the fury of devils possesses him. The Italian, gentle and softpoken, romantic and musical, is the foil to the Croats' fiery and often brutal tendencies. The intermingling of the races has resulted

in a hybrid product neither Croatian nor Italian, but possessing, as the case may be, the gentle or objectionable predominating traits of each race.

ONE of the finest characters I ever met was a young tutor in Fiume who, in his spare hours, added to his income by acting Germans? Let the name be blazoned out as guide and interpreter for English and without equivocation or qualification. It | American visitors. His father was an Italian and his mother of Croatian blood. His opposite was a fellow about his age

and build, who typified the other element of the mixed races. He was evidently akin to the Apache of Paris. On the Via Andrassy one morning I saw

young woman rush from a narrow street near the Roman arell followed by a man. As she reached the curb she half turned, just in time to receive a blow on the face. staggered and fell, rose and started to run. when she was again knocked down by her pursuer.

Men and women passing along the wide highway halted and looked on with evident curiosity, but no one interfered. It was a horrible sight and instinctively I started forward. A firm grip on my arm retained me, and the interpreter said : "Stop. Do not interfere. You will get

The woman regained her feet and staggered across the street, while the brute, un molested, swaggered back from whence he came. The two men, the tutor, my guide. and the brute were of the hybrid race,

THE cab drivers of American cities in the heyday of their prosperity, excluding entirely those of Niagara Falls a generation were pilloried as the most conscienceless robbers on earth. They were pikers though, compared to the hotel porters and dock rupners of the Dalmatian coast, along which D'Annunzio has been operating.

Take Zara, for instance, the scene of one his maritime demonstrations. It is a beautiful little city, with odd streets; parrow, dark, picturesque thoroughfares that exude the romance of 1500 years. Zara looks westward upon the Adriatic, and prior to the world war had just awakened sufficiently to the possibilities of a tourist invasion to arouse the latent dishonesty and acquisi tiveness of its lower classes. There is no doubt that every porter and

uggage carrier of Zara has taken the thirtythird degree in the supreme council of the Indescribable and Infamous Order of Land Pirates of the Adriatic. They are the hu-man crabs of Dalmatia. Once they fasten on you there is no escape until you yield to ir extertions. There is one escape and redress unavail-

able by strangers; a comprehensive knowledge of their tongue and a vocabulary of de scriptive profauity to meet their prayerful protestations of honesty and poverty.

ZARA is the center of the world's Marasplethoric cusks and hogsheads rolls into Figure, so schooner loads of cherries swing nto the harbor of Zara. A most wonderfully gorgeous and colorful scene is presented at its low, narrow wharves any morn ing during the season when cherries are ripe Shiplonds and wagonloads of cherries to be transformed into cordial.

While the famous maraschino is a product of the entire Dalmatian coast, Zara is the enter of the traffic

And there was as much difference between glass of maraschine in Zara, such as I tasted in the little office of the banker to whom I had letters of exchange, and the maraschino of Broadway or Chestnut street in pre-prohibition days as between a grape-fruit that has been a week divorced from its parent stem in a Florida orchard and a ripe, full-flavored fruit plucked and caten under a tree along the shores of Indian river.

Under existing conditions the past of such

Maranchino is but a memory.

THE CHAFFING DISH

HERE, in the heart of the hills.
Under the great wide sky—
Where the wild sweet lips of the gipsy wind Sing sweet love of another kind-

Forever and aye-Just You, and the hills, and 1. HERE, in the heart of the hills, Out where the cool takes lie Mirroring line after solemn line

Here let us stay

Spruce and oak and odorous pine-Forever and aye-Just You, and the hills, and I.

HERE, in the heart of the hills, Where the dreaming clouds drift by Calm in the vault of the blue above. Drifting thoughts of light and love: Oh, let us stay

Just You, and the hills, and I.

HERE, in the heart of the hills.

Plenty of time have I.

As the red suns rise and the red suns sink.

Plenty of time have I to think How we shall stay Forever and ave-Just You, and the hills, and I.

NOR, in the heart of the hills, Need we ever say good-by. Hand in hand and heart to heart. Ever together and never to part-Forever and aye-Just You, and the hills, and I.

SO HERE, in the heart of the hills.

Last shall we sleeping lie.

Safe from the world and its woe and pain-With the soul purged pure of its every stain ! Forever and are You-and the hills-and

C. H. VAN HOUSEN Genius, cried the commuter as he ran for the 8:13, consists of an infinite capacity for catching trains.

Our Anthology of Sins

We have often thought of compiling an anthology of human frailties, a volume which would be immensely cheering since it would show that the sins that so easily beset us of all ages. One of our favorite passages would be the following: Prograstination in excess was a marking

feature in Coloridge's daily life. Nobody who knew him ever thought of depending on any appointment he might make; spite of his uniformly honorable intentions, no body attached any weight to his assurances in re futura; those who asked him to dinner or any other party, as a matter of course, sent a carriage for him and went personally to fetch him; and, as to letters, unless the address were in some female unless the address were in some female hand that commanded his affectionate esteem, he tossed then all into one general dead letter bureau, and rarely, I believe, opened them at all. Bourrienne mentions a mode of abridging the trouble attached to a very extensive correspondence, by which infinite labour was saved to himself. and to Napoleon. Nine out of ten letters, supposing them letters of business, he contends, answer themselves; in other words, time alone must soon produce events which virtually contain the answer. On this principle the letters were opened periodically, after intervals of six weeks; and, at the end of that time, it was found that not many remained to require any further more particular answer. Coloridge's plan, however, was shorter; he opened none, I understood, and answered none,-De Quincey, Reminiscences of the Lake Poets,

We are considerably interested to read, in David Karsner's life of Horace Traubel, just published, that Traubel's last words, on his deathbed last September, were 'laugh, for Clod's sake, laugh.' This seems to us a good epitaph for a brave man.

Sir Oliver Lodge, we hope, will be relieved by Doctor Macartney's assurance, reported by the Evening Bulletin, that "the great interest of people in spiritualism is not evidence of an interest in immorality at all."

The Skillful Skillet

The salary of the —— Chef is far far ahead of the salary of the average college Professor. Which isn't a bit unfair. Both have brains—but the Chef has special skill addition to brains.-Philadelphia Hotel This modern policy of telling the truth in

advertising is getting to be very painful. Just the same, we would like to see

show-down on that matter of the comparative salaries of hotel chefs and college professors.

A "full professor," as the colleges call him (that is, the head of his department, just as the chef is head of the culinary works), gets five or six thousand dollars for nine months work, and is often worth twice as much. We wonder, to be quite candid, whether the chef. in question does get "far, far" more than that? We'd like to talk it over with him.

WHO SAYS THE WAR'S OVER?

On Becoming an Ingredient LAST night I hurried home; My overcoat flung wide. What though the wind should sweep and

My heart was warm with pride

I even walked, without my gloves. Walked, when I wanted to sprint. I'd seen, what every human loves: Something of mine in print.

Something, no matter how small or how bad That something, my dearest wish. No wonder I hugged both Mom and the Lad. That something appeared in the Dish

A price that would have amazed the gentle "Eliza." and caused lively gossip, no doubt, at Doctor Johnson's tea table, was paid yesterday for the original manu-script of "A Dissertation Upon a Roast Pig."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Considering that the good old doctor drank his last tea in 1784 and the first essays of Elia weren't written until about 1820, the gentle "Eliza" (whoever she may have been) would have been justified in her amazement.

Grey Stone Hall Friend's House in Wartime GREY stone-sinewed hand A Clutching the crown of a hill Where men fought men years past Leaving their restlessness still To whisper, and cry and call Past woodlands and ivied wall And over fountained lawns at even And sadly through the great gates seven.

OH, AND there are nymph-nooks, too And apple blossoms to lie beneath And watch the sky from grey to blue. And the sunshine's gold made emerald By the lucent leaves' sweet alchemy; And, dreaming so, forget, forget, Beyond all struggle, past regret, Nor any more afraid to die. ALEC B. STEVENSON. France, May, 1917.

The H. C. of Meat

We note that our learned friend, Doctor Rosenbach, paid \$12,600 for the manuscript of Lamb's Dissertation on Roast Pig at a sale here last week. We hope that none of the packers will hear about this

But the manuscript of Burns's "To a louse," also sold in this city recently, brought only \$1500. This, we presume, was due to Robbie's upguarded reference to prohibition in that poem. He said, you remember.

I'm truly sorry man's deminion Has broken Nature's social union.

The recent sale of the New York Herald as revived the gossip about the temperamental oddities of the original James Gordon Bennett, the founder of that paper. One of the most amusing of Bennett's whimsies; we think, was the way in which he announced. his marriage in the Herald. It ran thus:

TO THE READERS OF THE HER ALD Declaration of Love Caught a Last Going to be Married New Move ment in Civilization.

My ardent desire has been through life a reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. As-sociation, night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of the highest order of excellence nust produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and these results future will develop in due time in the columns of the Herald. Meantime I return my heartfelt thanks for th thusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe and of America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you ... —JAMES GORDON BEN-

What the bride may have thought of this ardent personal publicity is not known to the present commentator. SOCRATES.

Because of the publicity thus afforded. apulsion from a legislative body of a man fully elected is to give to his views, whatever they may be, an importance which is usually immeasurably be; and their merits.

In Provence: The Young Dead

AH, HOW I pity the young dead who gave All that they were, and might become, With tired eyes should watch this perfect

Reweave its patterning of silver wave Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.

No more shall any rose along the way. The myrtled way that wanders to the shore, Nor jonquil-twinkling meadow any more. Nor the warm lavender that takes the soray. Smell only of sea salt and the sun,

But, through recurring seasons, every one Shall speak to us with lips the darkness Shall look at us with eyes that missed the

roses. Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun, Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—

And always we shall walk with the young dead—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes

Strain through the sod to see these perfect Who feel the new wheat springing in their And the lark singing for them over head!

-Edith Wharton in the Yale Review. It is fitting that the faculty and students of Haverford College should do honor to Dr. Isaac Sharpless this afternoon, for men of his caliber and fineness give character to their calling and dignity to the institution with which they are connected.

The defeat of Clemenceau for the nemination for the presidency of France is added proof of the truth of the axioms that one never knows and that it is the unexpected that happens.

The imminency of the second world war will now remain in abeyance until the European correspondents have another scare

City Hall is now free of all encum brances-meaning cash, of course. There are

still a few politicians-The daily blotter will also help Director Cortelyou to rid the police force of undesir-

What Do You Know?

QUIZ Why are policemen called "cops"

What is a rondeau? Who was the first Turk to rule in Constantinople? Who coined the expression "Barkis is willin" "?

6. How far is it by water from New York to Rio Janeiro? What Presidents of the United States were surveyors in early life?

When did Catherine the Great live?

Who wrote the once widely popular novel "Queechy"? Who is the new President of France? 10. What is generally given as the date of

Answers to Saturday's Quiz Sir Oliver Lodge was originally renowned as a physicist.

rostrum was originally a beak of a Roman gulley. The speaker's platform in the forum was adorned with these beaks and eventually rostrum came to describe the platform itself. . Three operas by the late Reginald De

Koven were "Robin Hood." Roy" and "Rip Van Winkle. 4. A Lochaber ax is a weapon consisting of a pole with a long ax head, often provided with a book at its end, used

by Scotch Highlanders.

5. The tune "Old Hundredth" is so called because it was set to Kethe's version of the Hundredth Psalm.

6. The quotation from "Julius Ceasar" is
"Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of

war!" not "unleash 7. General George H. Thomas, of Civil War S. J. Q. A. Ward was a noted American

9. The opening form of address to the Prince of Wales should be "Sir" or "May it please Your Royal High-

10. Eggs and meat contain the same amount