Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Wednesday, January 28, 1920

THE PULL NO LONGER WORKS

IT HAS taken only three weeks for the new administration to discover how the inspectors who owed their appointment to the contractor whose work they inspected have been in the habit of doing their duty.

Director Winston ordered that certain work be done by the street cleaners. After a suitable time the inspectors reported that the work had been done. The director went over the streets and discovered that the work had not been done.

Now fifty inspectors have been transferred to other districts, where they will be allowed an opportunity to disclose their fitness to inspect. If they are caught covering up the delinquencies of the contractors again they will be allowed to earn their living in some other way.

If Director Winston had owed his appointment to the same influences that secured the appointment of the inspectors he might have been just as willing as they to wink at slackness.

The grip of the contractors on the City Hall has been broken, and if things go on as at present we are likely to see cleaner streets, at any rate, than we have enjoyed for many years.

THE "L" TO FRANKFORD

DELAY in the work of the Frankford elevated hindered the real estate boom and the better general development of community affairs that will come about naturally in the northeast section of the city with improved transit.

West Philadelphia became a different place after the first subway system was built and put in operation. Land values went up. New residential areas were opened. Similar benefits will follow in the Kensington and Frankford regions when the new elevated is completed. Mr. Moore's efforts to have trains running by July is highly commendable.

Defective street-car service is tending to split the city up into a series of isolated communities. Faster and better transit service is necessary for the life of the central city and that of the outlying and semisuburban regions.

A DIFFERENCE

MR. TAFT led in a presidential ballot held by an uptown church club. Mr. Hoover was a close second. General Wood trailed. Senator Harding didn't even trail.

Those who voted were representative citizens without any particular personal or party bias. And since their view seems to be an exact reverse of the view held by professional party men at Washington, where neither Taft nor Hoover is a favorite, are we to assume that Washington is made only for misrepresentative Americans?

EDWARDS AND THE JAILS

OCEAN county, New Jersey, has discovered that it does not need the new jail for which arrangements were making before the fatal January 16.

The demand for accommodations in the old jail has fallen off to such an extent that it now appears the building is adequate for all present needs. This is because the pernicious activities of John Barleycorn have been ended.

But what will happen if Governor Edwards succeeds in carrying his point and persuades the Supreme Court that New Jersey may legalize the sale of beverages with 5 or 10 per cent of alcoholic content? Can it be that Ocean county has no confidence in the governor's plans?

WHERE IS MORSE?

SIGNOR MARCONI announces that he has received mysterious signals by wireless, which he thinks may have come from the inhabitants of some of the planets. He is not sure about it, but he does not know where else they could have come from.

The signals are in the Morse telegraphic code.

If they come from some other planet, then some one there must be familiar with the dot-and-dash system invented by Professor Morse.

Ridiculous, you say?

Well, perhaps so, but who knows where Professor Morse is at the present time? He died years ago. Sir Oliver Lodge tells us that the discarnate spirits live on different planes and can communicate with incarnate spirits. If this theory be correct, why is it ridiculous to assume that Professor Morse has taught his code to the Martians through spirit communication with them?

Until we know where Morse is and what goes on in the realm of which we know next to nothing, we might just as well let men speculate to their hearts' content, providing they do not denounce the rest of us when we cannot accept their conclusions.

METERS AND FEET

CERTAIN of the well-intentioned recommendations made by the Pan-American Financial Congress in Washington necessitate legislative action in the various nations. Politics may hinder the realization of such projects. But the simple request that articles made in the United States should be marked according to the metric system as well as the old, clumsy English measures calls merely for the application of a little common sense. Our trade relations with Latin America have for years been seriously embarrassed by standpattism in measurements. The employment of a double standard will uproot no traditions here and greatly facilitate commercial transactions.

The sane and interesting series of eighteen proposals formulated by the conference was agreed to in principle by all the delegates. It is not to be overlooked, however, that the Brazilian, Bolivian and Venezuelan representatives suggested certain amplifications and changes of wording. Reservations are indeed very much a la mode. Everybody's making them.

THE TREATY DEADLOCK IS A SENSELESS DISGRACE

When the Inevitable Break Comes the Available Courses of Action Will Be Just What They Always Were

GRANTING, as most sane persons do, that ratification of a treaty is necessary to the official conclusion of a war, there are only five methods by which the United States can achieve peace with Germany.

Senatorial approval of the treaty of Versailles without interpretations, reservations or amendments would bring about this result with clarity and speed. This process has its warm adherents and its heated opponents. The latter, whatever the validity of their objections, cannot deny that unqualified acceptance would be expeditious and devoid at least of immediate complexities.

A second procedure would involve interpretations so mild and inoffensively worded that our former partners in the war need not consider them. Save as balm to hypersensitive Americans, these recapitulations of the obvious would practically be meaningless and the treaty would retain its original virtues or defects.

A third performance could be characterized by such amendment—"reservation" is only a sugar coating—as would be acceptable to all of our late allies. The governments of these nations might formally agree to our changes or they might assent by silence. In either case the good result would be the same.

A fourth method foreshadows complications, certain delay, but not necessarily failure. The Senate might pass really significant amendments. Objection to them on the part of any or all of the other signatories of the pact of Versailles could compel a reopening of the Peace Conference. The delegates from the various nations might redraw the treaty—of course, after the usual array of challenges and compromises. When resubmitted to our legislators it might meet with more favor than the first document and eventually be adopted. If dread of starting the conference machinery again proved potent, the separate governments might exchange notes upon the pact until by the consent of all parties it had been given some new form.

The fifth definite step that could be taken is that of complete rejection—the ideal so dear to the irreconcilables. There are two conceivable constructive consequences to this act—the reconvening of the international conference, the framing of an entirely new treaty and its ultimate passage by the United States Senate or the negotiation by America and Germany of a separate pact which would win senatorial approbation.

The continuance of the present deadlock in Washington until the treaty becomes a presidential election issue will in no sense alter the five optional means, any one of which must be employed to establish genuine peace.

Should the Senate, disregarding a treaty, declare the war at an end it will merely be engaging in a mendacious farce. In the end some agreement with Germany to settle vital and outstanding issues arising from the war must be made.

The approaches to the task are the same for all Congresses. There are but five moves to be made should the complexion of the Senate in 1921 be Democratic or Republican—unless Europe goes to pieces and the treaty of Versailles is nullified or becomes a dead letter.

Upon the merits of the courses outlined there is naturally a great diversity of opinion. Political pressure often employed with gross insincerity has nevertheless been to some extent influential in crystallizing popular sentiment. It is reasonably safe to wager that a majority of the public now favors interpretations, or even amendments, which will be soon acceptable abroad and will not occasion a reconvening of the Peace Conference.

The "bitter-enders" who would prefer a separate treaty with Germany have comparatively few followers. Mr. Knox has awakened virtually no response, not even in the Senate, to his call for peace without a treaty. Erratic as they often are, the American people have no taste for transparent fictions in polity.

But the most perilous of the methods outlined, the most intricate and exasperating, would be vastly preferable to the citizens of this republic to no accomplishment at all. This is the wretched spectacle to which the nation has been treated for weary and costly months. Better a ponderous new convocation in Paris, better separate dealings with Germany in which she will have us at a marked disadvantage than utterly negative obstruction.

Fixing the blame for the disgusting muddle is a futile task. Historians in time may successfully analyze it. We cannot wait for their verdict. Conditions, not theories, confront a drifting nation.

Mr. Lodge has an unenviable task in placating the Borahs and the Johnsons, in responding to the public demands for action and preserving the integrity of his "reservations," which, if intact in principle, will be a feather in the cap of his party.

Mr. Hitchcock plays politics with a weak weapon—a minority faction. He will cover himself and his party with a certain specious glory if he succeeds in altering the Republican alterations. The President is vexed by any treaty tinkering whatever and has been the reverse of an aid to compromise.

Out of the unwholesome welter of bluffs, threats and checkmating have, however, at last emerged some elements of agreement. The recent bipartisan conferences, a break in which has just been narrowly averted, leaves but two subjects upon which marked divergence of the antagonistic senatorial leaders is said to exist.

Mr. Lodge is reported to be unyielding in his stand for the Monroe Doctrine reservation. There may be a dramatic ring to this pronouncement, but it is hollow. Article XXII of the league covenant declares that "Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of the international agreements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine." To insist that this exception be stated over again is like thunderously demanding that the treaty must be printed on paper.

The snarl over Article X is different. By this we would be pledged as a member of the league to "undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league."

The broad question of obligation under any treaty arises here. C. Bouglé, a French journalist, pertinently inquired the other day whether "America is the only country where the right to declare war is reserved for a legislative assembly?" "The fact is," he continued, "that all governments, whether democratic or otherwise, are in the same boat." In other words, the ratification of our existing arbitration treaties does not imply, save to a lunatic, that Congress is denied the right to declare war if it sees fit. Nor does a pledge to make war against injustice rob our legislature or national assemblies of the other nations of their constitutional or legal powers. If such a possibility is seriously regarded by all governments, the fear of making any pacts at any time will be sufficient to produce international chaos.

However, if Mr. Lodge is strong enough to hold out for his revision of Article X, and if the treaty cannot be ratified unless his opponents yield, the surrender should be made. If the reservation is vicious and trouble making we shall soon find that out. Our former cobelligerents may object or they may not. Change in the treaty of Versailles cannot be so infamous as no change in the insolent blockade in Washington.

COMPULSORY ARMY TRAINING

NO GREAT foresight can be credited to the Senate military affairs committee for the compulsory military training bill which it has formulated and recommended to the favor of Congress. Yet the committee appears to have done its best in an impossible situation.

In suggesting a law that would compel all young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one to "take" four months of army drill and present themselves for two weeks of training each year the senators have fallen back on an expedient that is old-fashioned enough to be at least respectable. And it is interesting to observe that the scheme is recommended not on the ground of efficiency, but because, seeming cheap, it may prove to be easy medicine for the country.

The plan, which is the outcome of months of pious thought, will seem harsh and un-American to a great many people. Yet it cannot be called militarism. It does not assure military preparedness for an emergency.

Military training such as the Senate dreams of would be a little more efficient than that now possible with the system evolved by the Boy Scouts and not quite so dependable as that long familiar in the National Guard. For the youth of the land there would be little hardship. The hardship would come to the country itself, which might be lulled into a false and dangerous sense of security by a scheme that is no more promising than Mr. Bryan's plan for a system of good roads, Fords and farmers with shotguns to guarantee our safety against possible invaders.

If the Senate committee has had to temporize with the question of national preparedness and defense it is because no nation knows how to meet such dangers as may arise from a revival of militarism. No one can yet know what will be necessary if peoples must go on fighting for their existence. The sort of standing army suggested in the newest Senate bill would be little more than a good target for opposing forces armed with the elaborate and terrible mechanisms now being perfected by inventors who already have made the Big Berthas and submarines seem relatively harmless and tame.

The aerial torpedo is now a reality. There will be long-range bombardments in future wars, but shells will not be loaded with high explosives. They will carry deadly gas to exterminate whole cities. If war cannot be prevented armies will fight in future years with chemicals, electricity and monstrous devices of mechanical science. As war becomes more intricate it becomes more expensive. Its scope is broadened.

The Senate committee on military affairs seems to take another and a far more cheerful view. It suggests, for example, that the cost of maintaining the training system which it has devised to keep the nation safe would not be more than $500,000,000 a year. Yet a future army capable of defending itself would have to spend that much on chemicals. It would need tanks, expanding air fleets, colossal artillery. Even a senator should know that these things are not brought by the ravens. A soldier of the future will need extensive technical training. You cannot keep technicians in form with two weeks of practice in a year.

The choice that confronts statesmen who have to formulate military policy here and elsewhere is not one of method. The decision must be between the policies that may bring assurances of international peace and the policies that make militarism necessary. If a program of military expansion is made necessary in the United States it will involve staggering costs and hardship for everybody. The alternative lies in such understandings as will lead to the abatement of military insanity in all countries. And while the military affairs committee is floundering with the preparedness idea, the gentlemen of the foreign relations committee are doing their best to make such understandings impossible.

May the Senate's Unruly Eight be spoken of as a Figure of Speech?

There are retailers who are of the opinion that fair prices mean holiday prices.

HEPBURN'S RECORD

Engineer Now Much in Demand Has Some Fine Work to His Credit. Some Old-Time Newspapermen

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

DONALD M. HEPBURN, acting chief of the Bureau of Street Cleaning, is a construction and electrical engineer.

The controversy that arose over his official status was no fault of his. He had been considered by Commissioner Sadler, of the state Bureau of Highways, for the chief of road construction and awaited only his formal notification.

In the interim Commissioner Sadler was confined to his home for some days and the matter of Hepburn's notification was delayed. Failing promptly to hear from Harrisburg, Mr. Hepburn was offered the position of chief of the Bureau of Street Cleaning in this city, with the understanding that it was to be consolidated with the Bureau of Highways. There arose considerable doubt as to the legality of consolidating these departments, and during the delay Commissioner Sadler notified Mr. Hepburn to report for duty at Harrisburg.

He is now loaned to the city by the state Highway Department until such time as the position which he temporarily occupies in the Department of Public Works can be permanently filled.

MR. HEPBURN is a native of Cumberland county. He started out to establish himself in the world when he was eighteen years of age. His father, who was the leading member of the Cumberland county bar, died when he was quite young.

He has had charge of construction work and the installation of electrical power in some of the largest industrial concerns in this country.

He superintended the work on plants at Niagara Falls, and completed a shell-manufacturing plant at Akron, O., which employs 3500 men, in eighty-three days when the time limit of the contractors was 120 days.

When he took charge as superintendent of construction at Hog Island only 300 carpenters were at work. His first order to the head of the employment department was for 1000 additional carpenters within three days and an additional 1000 within a week.

His knowledge of labor conditions and his wide acquaintance with employment concerns over the country enabled him to secure 7000 carpenters within thirty days. A dozen typewriters were kept busy for days typing telegrams that were sent by thousands over the country to individuals and firms calling for men; superintendents, engineers, foremen, traffic handlers, electricians, carpenters, cement workers and laborers.

His system of efficiency embraced half-hourly reports on every building in course of erection. At any hour of the day or night it was possible for him to tell, by reference to these reports, just what progress was being made on any structure on the island.

He is thirty-seven years of age.

THE passing of William R. Lester, dramatic and art critic, book reviewer and all-around newspaperman, breaks another link in the shortening chain that connects the past of three decades and more ago with newspaperdom of today.

Among those gone are Moses P. Handy, Lew N. Megargee, Howard Sprogle, Tom Logan, "Jimmy" Patterson, Frank Anderson, E. A. Watrous, H. H. Colclazer, E. C. Howland, Charles W. Strine, Hugh Donnelly and a score of other fine, clever craftsmen.

One of the conspicuous features of newspaper life thirty-odd years ago was the disposition, more so than today, of the men in various lines of journalistic work to form cliques. Star reporters and political writers frequented the Continental and the old Girard just across the street.

The police reporters and general news men mostly foregathered at Green's, particularly those of the Record, Times, Press, PUBLIC LEDGER and North American. Chestnut street from Sixth to Twelfth was the newspaper rialto.

They were halcyon days, fled all too soon.

JOSEPH R. GRUNDY has been elected an honorary member of the Press League of Bucks and Montgomery Counties. The league is exceedingly conservative when it comes to distributing honors of this kind. There was no political consideration behind its action, for while Mr. Grundy is a manufacturer and the political leader of Bucks county, he is a newspaper publisher also.

His Doylestown Daily Intelligencer, completely outfitted in its mechanical department and writing force as well, is one of the best newspapers, for a center of population the size of Doylestown, in eastern Pennsylvania.

The recent death of its editor, C. D. Hotchkiss, was universally lamented in two counties. His mantle, however, has fallen upon a worthy and competent successor in his son, George Hotchkiss.

There is no political leader in Pennsylvania whose activities present so many facets as those of Joseph R. Grundy. His memory is a storehouse of reminiscences. His knowledge of the subtleties of political maneuvers within the ken of his recollection of thirty-five years is one of his big present-day assets in his dealing with men and measures affecting the industries of the state.

A CHARACTERISTIC I have invariably noticed in every worth-while political leader in forty years has been the possession of a low, well-modulated voice. I do not recall a successful politician, even of the minor class, who was loud-spoken or blatant; what, in the striking and expressive vernacular of the Pennsylvania Dutch, would be termed a "big mouth."

Quay was a failure as a public speaker because of his voice. It was only by a painful effort that he could make himself heard in an ordinary hall or opera house. He never raised his voice above a low, somewhat nasal, conversational tone.

"Bob" Mackey, the Republican czar of the state forty years ago; Senators Chris Magee, Quay, Penrose and, on the Democratic side, Senators J. Henry Cochrane, of Lycoming; William A. Wallace, J. K. P. Hall, of Elk; Colonel James A. Guffey, and, of the present, A. Mitchell Palmer, were exponents of the monotone.

Among local leaders Thomas W. Cunningham is a shining example of the low-spoken type of leader. Then there is David Martin, and David Lane, although the latter's clear enunciation and command of good English seem to add a higher note to a clear, even intonation.

William J. Bryan is the sole exception of a political leader who has cultivated a blatant tone and an apparent disposition to let everybody within thirty feet know what he is talking about at any stage of a conversation.

The melancholy fact is that not more than one egg can be hatched from a setting of favorite sons, and sometimes the "whole biling" goes flooie.

Perhaps it is Sir Oliver Lodge's spirits that send the mysterious signals that disturb Marconi's wireless.

It would appear that Senator Lodge has permitted a persistent minority to scare the life out of him.

"WONDERFUL WEATHER WE'RE HAVIN', EH?"

THE CHAFFING DISH

Old Bill Penn

WITH hand outstretched and courtly 'bockered knee
For many moons he's shushed at City Hall,
Where Councils dwell in aught but amity
And Mayor after Mayor decks the wall;

He's seen, in pride and pumps and emptiness,
The weary city Magdalens come and go,
And round cops flat-footed through the snow,
Pinochle-bound, stein-amorous, we guess.

On Fairmount Park, Cynwyd and wild Oak Lane,
On Overbrook he's gazed for years and years,
On limousines, and every crawling train,
And flippant flivvers standing on their ears.

He's seen the gifts and graft of many men;
If he could write, what would old William Penn?

ALEC B. STEVENSON.

Ringside Seats at a Premium

EXPERIENCED GIRL TO DO BOXING IN MEN'S UNDERWEAR. MUST BE QUICK. GOOD PAY WITH BONUS TO THE ONE WHO PROVES SATISFACTORY. APPLY
WAY BROTHERS MFG. CO.,
619 MOORE ST.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The above bright-shining diadem was speared by the gladdened optic of Mr. H. R. Smith, who turned it in to Bob Maxwell. Bob, with the air of one bearing precious gifts, carried it in to us. Our only comment is that a luxury tax ought to be added to the price of seats. Perhaps the lady will take the place in the public esteem that Jack Dempsey seems getting ready to vacate.

At any rate, one result of the war has been to make American lecture platforms safe for British poets.

W. B. Yeats is in New York, and Cecil Roberts, a young English poet of whom we have not heard so much, is coming to this town tomorrow. We have been meditating on the influx of English poets after the war, and it occurs to us that by and bye probably some American versifiers may be going over there by way of revenge. We hope that this matter will be put in the hand. of the Department of State, so that the poets who go abroad representing this country may be wisely chosen. We have a horrid fear that the only American poets known in England are the eccentrics and the vers librists.

Vachel Lindsay is going over next fall, we know, because he has asked us to go along as his business manager. We are not going; but Vachel is the kind of man who has a right to go, because he really has some music in his chest.

We rise to remark that our friend Joe Hergesheimer is Getting His Stuff Across these days. People keep on sending us parodies of Joe's style, which is a sure sign. If they were anywhere within shouting distance of the original we might have printed some of them.

Having recently completed several months' experience as an amateur college lecturer, we wish to state that never have we enjoyed any adventure so heartily. To be able to talk for an hour, with a guaranteed and helpless audience, and no chance of being contradicted, is an experience rare indeed in a life like ours.

When we told our hardened and argumentative office associates about it, they were incredulous.

An armistice is now declared in the Dish's private sex war. As is often the case in wars, the result is uncertain. Some of our clients assert that the world has been made safe for matrimony; others deny it. We notice, however, no falling off in the number of marriage licenses issued up at the City Hall.

Now that the thermometer has gone up, our good friend Dave Yablock, who sells papers on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut, no longer utters his mournful cold-weather cry: "Too much frash air in mine office!"

The vivacious Quizeditor went over to New York to see Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore," and brings us back this line as a desk motto:

I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty.

Acid Ejaculations

Give me an apartment abode, where
The dwellers toil not, neither spin;
For a City of Homes is a nightmare
Till the homes come with servants built-in.

BESSIE GRAHAM'S FRIEND.

Our campaign against white vest margins has utterly collapsed. For, in a magazine photo, we see that Mr. Hoover wears them.

Getting back from lunch now, we found that some one had bandaged the mouthpiece of our telephone with a nice little bit of gauze steeped in disinfectant. We did not think much about it, except that we noticed it dispersed a pleasant medical aroma over our territory. Then one of our clients rang up, and we unsuspectingly dropped our face over the instrument.

The strong and pungent whiff of the drug rose up and smote us, snatched hold of our windpipe, gagged our throat, made our nostrils ache and tingle and brought the tears galloping to our eyes. We gasped and gurgled.

It happened to be one of our fair clients, inquiring why her contribution had not been printed yet. She was a little bit annoyed, and we suspected her to be a recent adherent to the Dish who has not yet grasped the curious principles on which this department is conducted

"If you don't intend to print it, you should have returned it," she shrilled bitterly.

We tried desperately to speak, but nothing emerged except what some poet called "slow droppings of warm tears." We gulped hard and summoned up a few stammering syllables. We fear that they sounded rather like a moan, for the strength of the formaldehyde (or whatever it is) was throttling us.

"How do you expect to retain the loyalty of real artists," she inquired, "if you never answer their letters? Why, you haven't even got a formal rejection slip!"

Again we sought to reply, but could only ejaculate a choked grunt.

"Well," she said, listening to our snuffles, "I'm glad you feel so badly about it. That helps a little. If you don't print that poem in three days I'll send it to the Atlantic Monthly and get huge money for it."

She rang off, and perhaps she will never know that we weren't sobbing intentionally.

In the various accounts of the now famous luncheon given by Colonel House to Lord Grey, it seems to have been overlooked that the Dish had taken the precaution to have one of its clients present. Our friend Dr. Robert T. Morris was one of the guests, and sent us a private dispatch at the time. If anything startling had happened, you may be sure the Dish would have picked it up. Our secret agents are busy on land and sea, is our warning to the public.

Our friend John Herndon, Jr., who is quite one of our family as he is our sister-in-law's brother-in-law, has just got back from a trip to England, and says he is fond of Ann Dante's contributions to the Dish.

Ruminating on what Sir Oliver Lodge has to say, we do not quite know whether to regard it as a consolation or a threat.

We also wonder what has happened to M. Maeterlinck's still undelivered Message.

We have sometimes wondered how we would choose if we were faced by the alternative of benefiting humanity by spreading a message about spiritualism or by opening a shop for the frying of the Perfect Doughnut.

Miss Ann Dante, who is rather a bitter materialist, says that the proper way to punish those who profiteer in human hopes by propounding spiritualistic consolations is to attend their lectures—in the spirit only.

SOCRATES.

ROBERT BURNS

"But we hae Burns"

A TENNYSON may grandly sing
And charm the English heart,
A Southey's melodies may ring,
A Cowper do his part,
But we hae Burns.

A Byron's mastery of song
May guile the student's mind,
A Shakespeare in the olden time
Leave others far behind,
But we hae Burns.

In Hiawatha's catching strains
A Longfellow may shine,
And many other men of brains
May teach us lessons fine,
But we hae Burns.

A Scot may wield a magic wand,
Great men of genius soar,
And still the boast of Ireland
Is that of Thomas Moore,
But we hae Burns.

Burns weaves all in his mystic chain,
And strikes a higher strain;
We turn the others' fading leaves,
But Burns will still remain.

JOHN McMASTER.

Since everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, we are constrained to believe that occasionally the eleven obstinate jurors are induced to see the error of their ways.

United States District Attorney Kane isn't really on tenterhooks. He knows just about what is going to happen with that resignation of his.

The weather man sees to it that not only the ungodly walk in slippery places.

Twining may yet win glory out of sick transit.

May an appropriation for street cleaning be spoken of as a slush fund?

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What state is Carter Glass to represent in the Senate?
2. What new republic has just been recognized by the United States?
3. What is the motto of the state of Pennsylvania?
4. How did horsepower come to be the measure of engine-power?
5. What is a morganatic marriage?
6. Why is it so called?
7. Who was the "Grand Old Man" in British statesmanship?
8. Who said that "man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority . . . plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep"?
9. Where was Thackeray born?
10. Who was Antonio Canova?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Secretary Daniels has officially ruled that in the records of the Navy Department the late war shall be known as "The World's War."
2. John Adams named John Marshall to be chief justice of the United States.
3. There are twenty-one republics in the western hemisphere.
4. Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."
5. Charles I of England was executed in 1649.
6. The picturesque character of Colonel Sellers appears in Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain's novel, "The Gilded Age." In the book he was known as Eschol and as Beriah, but in the dramatized version as Mulberry, and under this name also in a later Mark Twain work, "The American Claimant."
7. Osaka is the second largest city in Japan.
8. A praenomen is a first or personal name.
9. Die is the singular of the word dice.
10. Thermae are hot springs or baths.