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Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 10, 1920

END THIS FOOLISHNESS

THE squabble over the number of clerks to be appointed by the City Council is interrupting important business and ought to be ended without further delay.

The issue involved is petty, but the disposition of the majority members to magnify it is tending to destroy confidence in the efficiency of reformers.

It is a waste of breath for the councilmen to blame the Mayor for what is happening. They control their own actions and if they hope to retain the respect of the city they must demonstrate their ability to agree and to go ahead with

When they spend their time piffling over petty economy in clerk hire they are in danger of creating the impression that they have seven-by-nine minds, too little to comprehend the bigger questions with which they must deal in the future.

The postponement of action by the committee yesterday afternoon simply delays the matter still further.

SHOVELING BEGINS AT HOME

IT IS easy to damn' the street-cleaning contractors or the Highway Bureau when the streets are blocked with snow, But part of the responsibility for the conditions rests upon the householders themselves, who do most of the damning.

They are required to keep the gutters in front of their property clear of ice and snow; but few of them do it. The police have been instructed to call

attention to the ordinance and warn the householders of the penalties that are provided for neglect.

They might also call attention to the ordinance requiring each householder to shovel the snow from the sidewalk, an ordinance observed tardily in most cases and not at all in too many instances. The neglect is especially glaring in the case of unoccupied residences. owners make no arrangements for keeping the walks clean and pedestrians had to wade through drifts above shoe tops last week long after the snow stopped

RISE OF THE OFFICE GIRL

sketch of the life of a successful business man the statement that he began as an office boy and rose to a partnership.

The death of Miss K. M. Haun, treasurer of the E. F. Houghton Co., reminds one that it is not boys alone who can achieve commercial success. Miss Haun began to work for the company at the age of sixteen. She displayed such abilities that in the course of time she became assistant treasurer. When the treasurer died in 1910 she was elected to succeed him at a salary of \$10,000 a year. She invested her savings in the shares of the company and was a large stockholder when she died at the age of forty-four.

If she were the only successful business woman in the city it would be imrossible to draw any conclusions from her career about the business ability of her sex, but there are scores of women occupying responsible positions and owning shares in business concerns here, and holding their own in competition with men.

The time is coming when we shall have a woman Carnegie or Rockefeller, as well as women mayors and governors.

NEW YORK'S TRAFFIC TIE-UP

N THIS instance Philadelphia enjoys the virtues of its defects. Reports from New York describe the complete suspension of the surface-car service because of the ice and snow, which have closed the slots characteristic of the underground trolley-wire system. Severe winter storms play havor with such equipment, otherwise so admirable and respectful of metropolitan charms.

Nine-tenths of the year, of course, the Manhattan transit arrangement, entailing no disfigurement by poles and wires, is far preferable to ours. But the tie-up of our great neighbor has been so complete and the ice blockade so tight that the temptation to make comparisons in e crisis is hard to resist.

The privilege of smiling self-complacently at one's blunders is one rarely accorded. Philadelphians who wish to indulge themselves have a flitting opportunity.

FESS'S OPTIMISTIC FORECAST

CHAIRMAN FESS, of the Republican congressional campaign committee. announces that his party will gain fortyneven seats in the House at the next election, which will give a majority of ninety, and that it will elect enough senators to increase the Republican majority from two to sixteen.

This is counting the chickens before they are hatched. But this ancient and respectable proverb was made long before experts qualified to foretell the proportion of fertile eggs that was likely to produce chickens. The modern poultry chickens he will hatch and how many he

ill succeed in bringing to maturity. The same kind of expert knowledge

now applied to political prognostication. Unless something unforeseen happens in the intervening months the estimate of Congressman Fess is likely to be justified

by the outcome in November. For example, he anticipates the election of four more Republicans from this state, three more each from New York and New Jersey and two more from Ohio. The present temper of the voters varrants the opinion which he expresses.

POLICEMAN HOOVER'S CHASE AFTER SLACKING STATESMEN

Party Leaders Cannot Ignore His Implied Demand for Frankness and Sincerity in National Affairs

F MR. HOOVER cannot be got quickly out of the country, if starving millions needing instant succor cannot be found 'mid Greenland's icy mountains or on India's coral strand or in any other far, far place, some one will have to rustle up a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Great Politicians.

Hoover is pressing them hard. He is giving them no peace. Anguish is upon party leaders who find that they are beslowly and certainly whipped out into the light of day by this newcomer in politics. And Hoover's letter of yesterday, which was merely a demand that they state explicitly their beliefs and policies in relation to national affairs, will be viewed as a culminating act of frightfulness.

To ask a routine political leader to have definite opinions is bad enough. To ask him to publish them before they are trimmed, denatured, diluted, rouged and powdered in campaign party caucuses is to show yourself utterly devoid of anything like human compassion,

These things Hoover has been doing, And the tragic part of it is that Poland, Austria, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Armenia and points south are getting all the food that is available and more, deed, than some of them deserve. All is quiet at Guam, Tahiti and the Farallones Islands.

The Malay Peninsula eats three times daily. Mr. Hoover has nothing to do but stick around home and we have an impression of him now standing like a poiceman at the door of the political sanctuary in Washington swinging his club and itching for heavy work to engage his terrible energies.

This is not pleasant for the successful men in the political trade. Hoover is a mighty portent. Men who have been making a good living peddling platitudes naturally are not happy when some one with a voice of authority asks them to open their luggage and submit, for general scrutiny, the verbal tinsel that always has brought big prices as a truth substitute in the everyday market. They are likely to feel as a commercial spiritualist might feel who was asked to perform out of doors in the bright light of a

It was an easy life that Hoover interrupted when he called for a showdown by party leaders. A man can achieve eminence by making a nine-hour speech in the Senate against the League of Nations. He can achieve eminence by making a nine-hour speech in the Senate in favor of the League of Nations. Nobody will know what he is talking about. He himself may not even know.

It seems never to occur to these highly aloof representatives of ours that if we are able to establish amity and friendly relationships among the nations of the earth it ought to be a simple task to establish amity and friendly relationships among our own people at home. This is clearly what men like Hoover believe. or we are living and talking and think ing as if the United States were a huddle of small and belligerent nations rather than a country destined to have a common aim and a common purpose.

Mr. Gompers, for example, declaims in the manner of a duke of a warlike duchy with enemies on his borders. Judge Gary and his disciples behave in the manner of proud feudal kings embattled in a citadel. Capital is almost as suspicious of labor as Italy is of the Slavs. Labor is acquiring the delusions of empire. Farmers as a class stand afar off and eye the rest of us as if we were people of a separate nationality. And everybody is ready to trespass on everybody else's frontiers.

Business, labor, Democrats, Republicans, farmers, the "wets" and the "drys" and the Socialists and the Palmers are clamoring for class legislation. Neither group seems able to realize that all groups are interdependent and that none can be quite happy or prosperous or at peace until all the rest are similarly well off.

Into this bediam steps Mr. Hoover with an implied demand for an accounting from the politicians whose defective eadership has made the general confu-

ion not only possible, but inevitable. The Hoover letter was a statement of principles only in form. It was in reality challenge. It asked the men in high office to justify the pay they draw and the room that they take up in Washington. It is an embarrassment in party

councils. The old cry "Who's Hoover?" is being raised again. But leaders in American politics might as well ask "Who's labor?" or "Who's capital?" "Who's the farmer?" or "Who's business?" since all sections of the population are weary of words and are thinking in terms very much like the terms in which Hoover expresses himself and his aims.

Very definite questions are flung out to the party leaders by this man whom they are calling an amateur. The definiteness of Hoover and the consequent need for definiteness on the side of those who may oppose him will be welcomed by the whole country.

If the party leaders do not want a League of Nations what alternative have they to offer in its stead? If the giddy Mr. Palmer is to throw overboard the essential principles of our governmental theory what has he to offer that is as good as free speech and a free press?

Is the welfare of a party more imporant than the welfare of the country,2 How shall we meet the intellectual restlessness that is responsible for socialistic agitations? How satisfy it? Is any one taking the trouble to find out actually what is in labor's mind and what is in the mind of capital?

These are some of the questions that will have to be answered from party taking the trip.

neadquarters before Hoover can be dis-

Hoover sets an example of frankness. He is for the League of Nations because, apparently, he knows of no endurable alternative for it. He is against war because he has seen the results of war. He is against socialism and socialized trends in national affairs and his opposition may be explained by his discovery of the American farmer.

Hoover sees and reads the farmer in a new light. In the farmer he perceives the individualist whose free initiative is essential to the life of this or any other country. If the initiative of the farmer is lessened the ambition of the farmer declines and the food supply declines with it, and prices climb.

It is altogether logical to read the meaning of the farmer into the affairs of the country. If men are denied the right of free initiative they cannot have ambition. And it is only necessary to ask how America will survive without the ambition that made us a nation of pio-

Hoover knows that there can be no substitute for free speech. He knows that Mr. Palmer's injunction didn't settle the greatest economic crisis in our history and that that crisis has only been postponed to gather force. He knows that politicians still believe that you can cure an evil by ignoring it. And he knows that the two big political parties have been developing some of the characteristics of independent nations separated from the people of the United States. He implies all this and more.

It is not necessary to accept Hoover as presidential candidate to admit that, as a political policeman, he is beyond praise.

CLOSING IN FOR THE TREATY

THE assumption has been prevalent that the treaty wranglers were poles apart in their views. Candidly surveyed, however, the situation is reduced to a debate concerning the Democratic and Republican conceptions of good manners.

In his letter to Senator Hitchcock the President acceded to such an interpretation of the mooted Article X of the covenant as specifying the prior powers of Congress regarding any action to be undertaken "to respect and preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political in-dependence of all members of the league." What chiefly seems to trouble him is the form of the reservation, which he regards as "very unfortunate."

Is this, then, all that is left of the political chasm in which the treaty has been sunk for seven months? President agrees to the statement of the self-evident fact that the rights of Congress cannot be impugned by any arrangement with foreign powers. would like to see that truth proclaimed gently. Mr. Lodge inclines to the vigorous method.

But the meaning of the reservation which Mr. Hitchcock recently proposed and the meaning of the one upon which Mr. Lodge insists are precisely the same. Political jealousies, narrow partisanship have magnified these mere divergencies of style prodigiously and absurdly. Peace is denied a great nation because neither faction is willing to face what it preposterously calls a "backdown."

Happily the opportunity for the restoration of common sense is at hand, According to anticipated procedure, the treaty was revived in the Senate yesterday and referred once more to the foreign relations committee, which is to report it today with the Lodge reservations.

Modification of the ill-tempered preamble seems inevitable. Article X is the only feature of the covenant now capaof provoking further deadlock and disputes thereupon cannot be, aught than frays over the color of the phraseology. Democrats and Republicans alike should be ashamed to defy the public any longer with hair-splitting verbal battles on that

Plainly, if unintentionally, the President has exposed the weakness of Mr. Hitchcock's position should the obduracy of this senator lead him to maintain a blockade because of sentences not couched according to the previous liking of the Democracy. Mr. Wilson has shown that a trifle, largely of his own making, now bars the road to peace.

Only nine senators voted yesterday against the Lodge motion for reconsidering the treaty. Here is at last an encouraging index of the sentiment of the Senate. Here also is a marked list of irreconcilables of whose ignoble, small and selfish perversity the public now has explicit proof. Two in the self-branding group voted against the war with Ger-

IT DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK

FRIENDS of Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, are calling attention to the coincidence that Stephen Grover Cleveland and Thomas Woodrow Wilson each dropped his first name and was elected to the presidency.

The pertinency of this lies in the fact that the governor was named John Calvin Coolidge by his parents and that when the boy reached the years of discretion he dropped the John.

They forget, however, that the curtailment of a name does not necessarily carry a man to the White House. If it did, then Champ Clark, who in his early youth was known as Beauchamp, would not be cursing fate whenever he thinks of what happened in the Baltimore convention in 1912.

In declaring that the Aims and Interests farmers of the country would not join the Amer ican Federation of Labor in its nonpartisan campaign T. C. Atkeson, representative of the National Grange, said that the interests of farmers and of organized labor were not identical. If for "interests" one reads "aims" his assertion may be accepted. The interests of both demand a speeding up of pro duction, a fact which many labor unions fail to recognize.

One cannot hope to Little Drops in Prices convince the consum-Little Grains of Sense er that the drop in prices due to follow

the drop in foreign exchange can by any bance be considered a drop toe much; but unfortunately, it has more than one angle Philanthropy apart, when the family next loor is starving one needs to keep a wary eye on the truck garden and the chicken coop.

Three torpedoboat destroyers left Philadelphia on Sunday for a trip around the world; and many thousands of individuals tied to desks envied the youngsters who are TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

Walking West on Chestnut Street

While Snow is Being Cleared

By ROY HELTON THE snow lay dead white on the pavements, but out among the wheeltracks. under the dusting of a brief, late flurry, it had taken on the delicious hue of iced ginger-bread. As I passed north by the spire of St. James's, I looked up and saw a faint new fallen nimbus on the heads of Christ and the Fishermen, and a generous mantle of white on the sculptured waves of Galilee. But down on the sidewalk the going was rough. One needed to keep his eyes firmly on the footway as he tramped north and turned into Chestnut street.

On the approach of the old arched bridge a gang of men was travailling with the snow. 'We're trying to fill up the river," smiled the policeman who seemed to have charge of the operation, "but we can't seem to make much headway."

As he spoke one of the carts slewed backward, dumping its white burden over the oridge rail, and there was a momentary heavy splash down below among the gray sheets of broken ice. Then a few large lumps came bobbing up and drifted sullenly down stream toward the police boat at its mooring by the old watchtower. The wagon righted itself and the men fell to work with their

EVEN under its kindly cover of white, the reputable, but the west shore, at Chesinut street, is built up into a neat availed embankment that suggests the possibilities of green lawns some time with a pleasant space to walk in, and brings one poignant regrets that at least some little length of this river, once so comely, has not been spared, here in the heart of the town between the three bridges. for a park along the water.

At the west end of the bridge at the bet

tom of its hill is commonly a great confusion of wagons and trucks, one or two always showing under their yellow pawlings those piles of transparent bags filled with onions, like great beaps of huge brown pearls.

The snow here is no longer the color of gingerbread, but black-blacker than chocolate cake—with the incessant grind of wheels, and there is much hearty dispensing of wild epithet, as the trucks and carts and trolley ears engage and wrangle under the eyes of the quizzical hill borses who gaze out through the fence of the conlyard.

Here at the corner I passed a gang of laborers on their way to the freight yards brawny, laughing negroes with feet encased in ponderous wrappings of burlap. Picking her way among them there passed me a dainty young lady, footing carefully across the drifts in low shoes and sheer silk stockings.

OPPOSITE the white tumbled yards of Marble Terrace is an old autique shop beside whose doorway a maimed triton rides on a decapitated seahorse. For many years this old figure has gazed up into the weather, and the pelting of the winter rains has at length brought a pathetic, futile nobility to the gesture of the sea god's lifted face. I thundered vainly at the shop door to find out about him. No one answered; so I gazed in. All about the shopwalls was hung a collection of ancient pictures in heavy old bat-tered frames, and beyond them a few shelfrows of books piled and jostled together. But the room was not without its touches of light ness; the ceiling bore a dazzling modern fresco, the door to the inner room was crowned with a canopy of scarlet and gold. and behind some loose boarding peered forth the purple edge of a freshly painted snow scene. There was no one in sight to explain all these mysteries, and I turned reluctantly from my peep-hole at the door.

AT WOODLAND AVENUE. Chestnut of gasoline; there is no end to the hooting of horns and the grinding of gears. So far indeed has this passion consumed the staid soul of the street that one sees, not far from the corner, a movie palace turned into a modern garage. Where the flaming posters of Mary and Charlie once flanked the arabesque doorways, now stand two not less glowing invitations to come in and stock up on gas and

"Oh monstrous and obtuse people!" cried I. a tear freezing on my wind-whipped "who abandon the whirring of the four reels for the rattling of the four cylinders, and hold the pleasure of dozing in the dark at Mazie's elbow of less account than fingering the cold knob of a gear shift outside in the slush of the street.' But these melancholy maunderings were

rudely broken in upon by the plop of a large soft snowball, and I looked down at the summons, into the faces of a sly little girl and a rosy-cheeked brother who were out with shovel and broom. "Do you want to buy some snow, mister?"

Upon my intimation that the investment was a poor one, the little girl piped up, "But our snow is free"-a fact which she proceeded to demonstrate rather emphatically by hurrahing a large white gift at my head. The challenge was not to be evaded and when I went on a few minutes later there were little icy rivulets careering down my neck and I felt a pleasant glow on my cheeks.

BEYOND the Mooresque vista and patient lions of Hamilton Court the prosperity of West Chestnut street rises to its crescendo in a group of broad mansions with black Tudor beams, or tall granite bays and bastions massive enough for fortresses. Beyond them here and there may be seen a few oldfashioned yellow houses with all the quiet half-rural charm about them that belonged to their palmy days, when this part of the street was still a suburban road and the great folk had need of swift coaches to get into town. In one of them in particular, where a tall tree has grown up close beside the wall, one feels something of the old coun try atmosphere in that pleasant, unresented neighboring with the things of the ground.

T FORTIETH STREET I stepped north A into Ludlow, where one sees in the windows of the little houses the revealing signs of race, just as on South and Lor streets-in window cards of "Hair Culturalists." and in the posters for the commemoration of Crispus Attucks's Day, when the negro race does yearly honor to the freed slave who "shed the first blood for American freedom, on Boston Common, March fifth. 1770. In the midst of these little houses, all quiet

and neat with clean front porches and grave brown faces gazing out of the windows, one comes unexpectedly on an abandoned graveyard, cluttered with trash and overgrown with weeds and bushes. I walked up its mild slope, over snow that

had drifted so deep that in places only the peaks of the sunken markers stuck up into sight. Some time in the days gone by the tomb-

stones here have been used as rife targets. One of them still displays a lopsided bullseye crudely swept round in a smear of yellow paint. The impact of small shot has often effaced the inscription, but on the graves of Hannah and Joseph Rose, who were laid here almost a century ago, the old epitaphs may still be deciphered. Theirs was a poetic family, but the rimes are doleful to a remarkable degree. Perhaps the most cheering verse in sight is this one: Stay Reader! Stand and spend a tear

And think of me who now lie here; And while you read the fate of me, Think on the glass that runs for thee, "HEY, SET THAT DOWN A MINUTE AND LEND A HAND!"



FROM DAY TO DAY

Foch as an Immortal

Put War Into Phrase

"Intelligent Audacity"

Classed With the Poets

Where the Celt Scored

Greatest of Come-Backs

FOCH, the victor of the Marne, the winner of the great war, is now a member of the Academie Francaise.

It is an honor which he, as a true Frenchman, values more than his marshal's baton and almost as much as his place in history among

those other immortals, the great generals of all time. In the Academy he sits with Barres, Bourget, Anatole France, Loti, Prevost, the novelist; Bergson and Poincare, the philosophers; Brieux and Capus, the dramatists; De Reg-nier and Richepin, the poets; Hanotaux, the historian, and Clemenceau, the states-man, and Joffre, the soldier.

THE emphasis in this list in on things of 1 the intellect, upon literature and art and thought, upon ideas. And Foch himself was a man of books, a student, a theorist, a teacher whose actual field experience before 1914 had been slight.

For him war was an idea, a conflict of ideas. He brought to it what he described in a phrase that stamps him worthy of his present company, "intelligent audacity."

TT MEANS something to the world to have set up in place of the race formerly dominant on the continent of Europe whom it was the fashion for the whole world to imitate, a people who cannot think of any higher honor to pay their victorious general than to put him into the company of thinkers and poets and novelists.

AND it means something to the world to have the winner of the war a man who

element in war; the will to conquer sweeps all before it. There is a psychological phenomenon in great battles which ex-plains and determines their result. One hundred thousand men leave ten thousand of their number dead upon the ground and acknowledge themselves beaten; they retreat before the victors, who have lost as many men, if not more. Neither one side nor the other knows, when they withdraw, what its own losses have been, nor how heavy those of the opposing therefore, it is not on account of material damage, still less from any possible com putation of figures, that the losers give up the struggle. 0 0 0

THE French care for ideas as ideas. The Germans cared for ideas as a means to give Germany a place in the sun. To paraphrase Napoleon's saying Europe of the future will be French or Cossack. And the Russian cares for ideas too, in a

much more passionate way than the French. who, like the Greek, never does anything in q q q COT IKE the Greek"-a writer in the

Roman, Latin he declares the French is not ; in language certainly, but in race tempera ment, habits of mind not a Latin at all, but a 'Gaulois.' a Celt.

Li "Revue Bleue" says the French re-

emble more the ancient Greek than the

The war has brought one of Time's great-

For that little excursion of Henghist and Horsa across the North sea from the continent to the old home of the Celts in Britain the Celt has paid the Saxon back in his own time and in his own way.

WHO stopped the latest push of the Teuton westward to the Atlantic? Who were the great men who achieved the victory? The Celtic Foch, the Celtic Clemenceau, the Celtic Lloyd George, and the Celtic, in part at least, of the Scotch Presbyterian Wilson! Evidently something in the Celt which his-

tory, as written in the days of extravagant Teuton worship, overlooked as it paid its tribute rather pityingly to the imagination poetry, enthusiasm, love of liberty in the Celtabut dismissed him as one of the world's incompetents.

WHAT is the quality of the race that has

back? To go back to Foch, is "audacity?" Certainly one of the striking qualities of the Celt is audacity. Foch. who is the kind of man who knows himself, says

made this singular come-

it was in his case audacity, "intelligent audacity.' Certainly it was audacity for a college professor of a nation beaten in 1870 to study the art of war as practiced by his people's conquerors, see just what were the great Moltke's weaknesses, believe that the weaknesses of Moltke were the weaknesses of Germany and with that idea beat the Germans

out of their boots in 1918. Certainly it was audacity for Clemenceau nearing eighty, to take up the government of a nearly beaten France and furnish out of his old heart the will that kept his people in the fight till they won.

Certainly it was audacity for the son of a Welsh shoemaker, Lloyd George, the once dear foe of the ruling classes in England, to make himself their master and supply that indomitability of spirit which brought England through to victory.

A ND what is the quality in Wilson which makes us maddest? Why, precisely his audacity

His vision of a League of Nations making all men brothers was audacity. His getting the whole world to follow him ike a new Peter the Hermit was audacity. His treatment of the Senate is audacity.

Some call it obstinacy but they overlook the Celt in him. 'Intelligent audacity' is a French qual ity. In France the Celts were exposed. They were conquered by the Romans, with ad-

When the intellect wishes to sleep there always bunk enough in which to bed it And there are bunks to suit all sizes. For instance, the old "Spanish prisoner" letter has bobbed up again.

vantage to them.

The ruling of the Internal Revenue Department that the householder must have a permit to move liquor from one residence to another may discourage moving and therefore reduce the business of the transfer man

The fact that the government permits the circulation in this country of foreign newspapers containing liquor ads will enable their readers to tease their palates through their eyes and imaginations

Moreover, because truth is an excellent weapon and straightforwardness very con fusing to tricky adversaries, it may be said that Mr. Hoover proved himself a wise poli tician and a clever strategist. Nowadays, when a man tells his wife

that he has been visiting a sick friend, she may point out the fact that he is flatly disobeying the orders of Director Furbush The complaint against contractors is

that they will neither clean the streets nor let others do it. Perhaps they were afråid the Boy Scouts would show them up. The fourteen-foot eel that caught Philadelphia sportsman at Newton, N. J.

that has indorsed the probibition amendment. In considering Mr. McAdoo as a presi dential candidate one somehow can't forget that he got from under when the railroad situation became precarious.

would not dare make its appearance in a state

The arrival at Reval. Esthonia, of two carloads of flax marks the beginning of exports from soviet Russia. It is understood that the Bolshevists need all their hemp.

With the Stormy Petrels

WATCHED the sunset glowing on the tur-

quoise South Pacific
While the first faint star shone dimly in its purple eastern field; And my heart was sad within me, and I felt

aloue, forsaken—
For I'd buried you at sea, dear, where the
stormy petrels wheeled.

The water seemed like blood, dear, and I thought I heard you call me. But 'twas just the hissing wavelets as they trailed along astern;

And I thought of how we'd started on our first long trip together. Till my heart was filled completely with

the memories that buin. I watched the pale moon rising, and the waves were luminescent, While the calm sea-breezes whispered.

Then I bowed my head and kneeled, And I prayed that I might join you as you slept beneath the waters-For I'd left you far to sea, dear, where the stormy petrels wheeled.

ROBERT LESLIE BELLEM. "Olives kill six in Memphis,"-Head-

Curious the number of people who are

traveling the Olive branch of the River Styr.

What Do You Know?

1. What former head of the German admiralty has fled into Switzerland because of the allied demands for extraditing Germans charged with criminal

offenses in the war? 2. What is the origin and meaning of the

phrase "That's a feather in your cap"? 3. Who was Apuleius?

4. What is meant by the center of population of a country? 5. What is a "faux pas"?

6. How should the phrase be pronounced? 7. Of what country is Bangkok the capital? 8. When did the United States acquire

Florida from Spain? 9. John Milton declared that a Greek dramatist was quoted in the Bible. What is this alleged quotation? 10. Where was George Washington born?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Three victories won by Washington in the Revolutionary war were Trenton, Princeton and Yorktown.

2. The total population of the earth has been estimated as about 1,700,000,000. 3. A byrax is a small rabbitlike quadruped of a class which includes the Syrian rock-rabbit and the South African

rock-badger. 4. A palmer in the middle ages was a pilgrim returning from the Holy Land with a palm branch or leaf. It was also an itinerant monk under vow of poverty. The word also describes a destructive hairy caterpillar and a

hairy artificial fly. 5. A joss is a Chinese idol.

6. A "non sequitur" is a conclusion which does not logically follow from the premises stated. The Latin phrase literally means, "It does not follow."

7. A suffragun bishop is one consecrated to assist a bishop of a see by managing part of the diocese, or any bishop in relation to his archbishop or metropolitan. Eight Vice Presidents of the United

States became Presidents. They were John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Martia Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester & Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt.

The Olympic games are to be held in Antwerp this year.

On November 11, 1918, the grand total in the United States army, including marines, was 3,793,273 men.