The Win-the-War Parade That Stirred the City

Wilson Reviews Long Loan Parade; Daniels in Line

More Than 40,000 Citizens in Capital March Past the White House

Liberty Total Gains

$134,000,000 Thursday's Result; Delaware Reports Its Quota Reached

WASHINGTON, April 26.—President Wilson, who proclaimed this Liberty Day, spent the afternoon reviewing the Liberty Loan procession of 40,000 government clerks and other Washington citizens, with a few soldiers, which filed up Pennsylvania Avenue for more than three hours and a half. It was the longest parade the capital has seen since the inauguration, and the President stood in his automobile before the White House for the whole time, with hat over his heart a large part of the time, as the hundreds of flags went by.

Ruth Law in a light airplane and military aviators in their heavy machines hummed overhead, looping and diving, and thousands of persons, who are in Washington for wartime work, lined the avenue to cheer the marchers.

Senators and Representatives turned out with flags and Liberty Loan banners, and Secretary Daniels trudged at the head of the big contingent of naval officers and Navy Department employes.

Similar parades or military pageants were held elsewhere, and brief messages to headquarters to-night said the sight of marching soldiers brought the quickest response from bond buyers.

Reports of yesterday's business showed an addition of $134,000,000 to the total, or a little more than the $120,000,000 daily average necessary to send the final figure above $3,000,000,000.

Delaware is the thirteenth state to go over the top. It reported to-day total subscriptions of $8,931,000 over a quota of $8,561,000. It is the first Eastern state to reach its goal. In the West the 100 per cent mark has been passed by Missouri, Washington, Utah, Oregon, Nevada, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota. In addition, the parts of Indiana, Arkansas, Kentucky and Mississippi located in the St. Louis Federal Reserve District, and the part of Arizona located in the San Francisco district, have exceeded their quotas.

A rush of subscriptions on Liberty Day put the navy's Liberty Loan total well above $7,000,000. Radio messages from battleships, cruisers, destroyers and other craft in home and foreign waters indicated that officers and men in the navy were joining the Liberty Loan ranks in record-breaking numbers.

Army and Navy Veterans of 1918 in the Liberty Day Parade

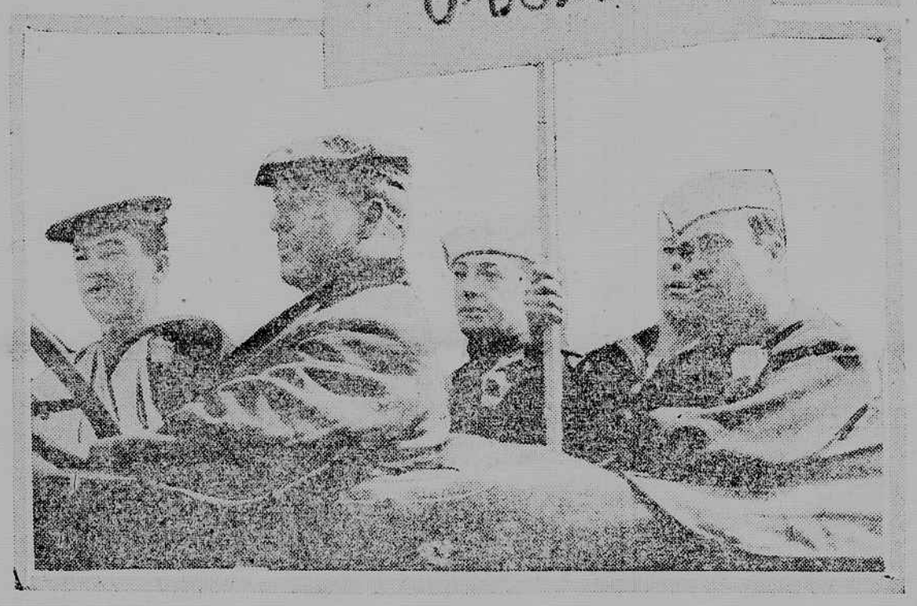

Photo by Bain News Service.

Above—veterans of Pershing's army who took part in parade and, below—survivors of the U. S. Destroyer Jacob Jones.

"Eyes Right" Are Straight Ahead As Women Pass Reviewing Stand

Line After Line Goes Before General Dyer Without the Compliment of a Glance—Then a Young Soldier Gets on the Job With Resultant Salutes

The women don't parade very often. When the bands are playing and the flags are out their accustomed place is the sidewalk; their habitual contribution the clapping of hands. So it's not to be wondered at that they didn't get the theory of "Eyes, right!" when they passed the Cathedral, where General George R. Dyer stood to review them.

Line after line passed the general without paying him the compliment of a glance. Finally a young soldier was assigned to the job of seeing that the marchers observed the military etiquette proper to the time, the place and the girl. As each line came abreast of General Dyer thereafter the drillmaster was along with it, commanding, beseeching, arguing, explaining "Eyes, right!"

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If there was as busy a man in town as that youthful soldier, surely it was Inspector John O'Brien, in charge of the police arrangements for the parade. O'Brien was at Fortieth Street and Fifth Avenue. In spirit and in voice he was everywhere at once from Washington Square to Central Park. He had rigged up a special police telephone system of his own, and he kept the wires singing every minute until the best ordered, best-behaved parade which New York had ever known quietly and efficiently disbanded.

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The Tribune service flag, with stars for fifty-one men in uniform, did not fly from its staff yesterday. Instead, it was carried by four boys who had run copy for most of the fifty-one, and it had an escort of representatives of every department of the paper, from the editorial to the advertising. The Tribune delegation was headed by its huskiest office boy carrying the Liberty Loan banner, inscribed "Buy Bonds or Forfeit Your Freedom."

The Governor of one of the Carolinas once said to the Governor of the other something pertinent to the slow dragging of time between cheers. What the Governor of New York said to the Mayor of New York, when the two of them stood once again on that familiar platform in front of the Library yesterday and gravely tipped their top hats to each other, wasn't overhead. But it couldn't have been "It's a long time between parades!" For months the two of them have scarcely gotten off that same platform before it was time to be starting back to it again to review another parade.

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Mrs. Robert Bacon, who marched at the head of the fairer host, rightly flies a four-starred service flag. She has given her husband and her three sons to her country. Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, trudging along at her right, might properly have displayed two stars. For "Mr." J. Franklin Bell is Major General Bell, camp commander at Upton, and major generals just by themselves are two-star persons.

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They didn't march; they rode. But for all that hats all along the line were off to Mrs. William Quinn, of Great Neck, and Mrs. Louis Rosenberg, of North Bergen, N. J. Each has lent six sons to Uncle Sam, who "won't come back till it's over, over there." Real "Liberty Loans," those.

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One particular motor in the parade carried a freight of human wreckage. Crutches bristled out of the tonneau. The faces of the riders were half-hidden by bandages. If here a mouth was visible, though, it wore a smile. If there an eye peeped through cotton swathings, it was a laughing eye. The messed-up men with the crutches had visited in hell and come back unafraid. The cheering crowd didn't need the sign on the side of the machine to identify the passengers—"Pershing's men."

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Another car brought the war home as vividly—not the mangling land war of von Hindenburg, but the war that von Tirpitz wages from under the sea. "Survivors of the Jacob Jones. Torpedoed at sea," was the legend on this machine's side.

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Policemen whose parade memories extend back into the dark ages declared that it was the first parade in New York in which the newspapers were represented. In the past, particularly in Labor Day parades, various offices have been represented by the office chapels, parading as members of their unions, but yesterday was the first time that newspaper workers paraded as representatives of their several offices.

One of the prettiest features in the parade was contributed by "The New York Times." Its service flag, with more than 100 stars, was carried by a dozen young women, dressed in white and wearing Liberty caps with red bands. From Eleventh Street, where they fell into line, until the dismissal of the parade in Fifty-seventh Street they were applauded everywhere.

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Representative Thomas F. Smith, who likewise is secretary of Tammany Hall, was not among those present in the official reviewing stand. His arm was in a sling, a reminder of the fact that the last time he reviewed a parade part of the coping of St. Patrick's Cathedral fell on him. He viewed the march from the sidewalk in Union Square.

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Although she has given her entire family of four sons to her country, Mrs. Elizabeth Sellinger, 82 Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn, through somebody's oversight, failed to find a place among the soldiers' mothers in yesterday's parade.

Mrs. Sellinger came to Washington Square an hour or so before the parade formed and waited on the green with her four-starred flag for the automobiles which, she had been told, were to be provided for women who were unable to walk the distance.

"I was awake all night just looking forward to this parade," said Mrs. Sellinger, "and I simply must take part in it. I've invested every cent I could get together in Liberty bonds and I've sent my four sons away to fight for their country. Now I want to feel that I have a place among the other mothers."

The bands began to play, the parade started, the waiting groups of women debouched out of the side streets into the avenue and Mrs. Sellinger was left standing alone on the curb. The vehicle which might have added the Sellinger stars to the parade was not forthcoming. The Tribune sent an automobile to Washington Square, but by the time it was able to work its way through the congested side streets Mrs. Sellinger had vanished.

The four sons of Mrs. Sellinger are Joseph and William, both with Pershing in France; Thomas, in an American training camp, and Francis, of the United States navy.

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Huge American flags stretched between hollow squares of marchers, which appeared at frequent intervals in yesterday's parade, were accepted as an open invitation to Red Cross contributors. A man standing near the Washington Arch started the unexpected fund with a handful of silver as the first of the flags passed him. The crowd caught the idea at once, and sent it on up the line. Showers of dimes and quarters rained into the flags along each passing block, and by the time the procession reached Fifty-seventh Street all of the flags were dragging to the pavements with their accumulated weight of small change.

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"Just Can't Keep Grin Off My Face," Says Five-Star Mother

Parade Triumph for Mrs. Thomas W. Ward, of Hackensack, but Chilly Blasts Caused Furs to Hide Birthday Lace Collar From France She Wanted Governor to See

By Sarah Addington

IF only the Governor could have seen her lace collar, Mrs. Thomas W. Ward, the "five star mother," who rode at the head of the women's division yesterday, would have asked no more of the day. For this was no ordinary piece of neckwear, made and bought in the ordinary way; it was a collar of dreams for a mother of soldiers, sent over, as it was, by two soldier sons, who weren't too busy in the thick of things in France to remember that March 1 was Mother's birthday. But it was cold and the fur cape had to be pulled up tight, and so the collar missed the glory of being reviewed by the Governor.

But it was her day, after all, for could any proud Irish mother of five fighting sons have gone through such a day without knowing it to be her very own? The doffing of hats at every turn of the street, the smiles and the cheers, the kindliness of all the world toward just a little woman of sixty-one. "Why, I just can't keep the grin off my face," she said. "They make me feel as if I were somebody, instead of just Mrs. Ward, of Hackensack, N. J."

So Happy, but Oh, Her Boys!——

And then she would straighten out the smile and try to be solemn, as befitted the dignity of the occasion, when a "Hey, missus, good for you," would come to her ears, and back would flash the happy smile, as the automobile went up the avenue to the steady thack-thack of applause and the music of cheering voices.

Yes, it was a triumphal procession for Mrs. Ward, of Hackensack. But thrilling as it was to have people cheer you, and sweet as it seemed to be loved by the whole world around, yet what could be more satisfying to a mother than just to sit and talk about her boys? And so between nods and bows it was something like this (for the reporter with Mrs. Ward didn't know a thing about those five, Thomas and Irwin, Anton and Jack, and Ed, the son-in-law):

"Jack—he's the sergeant—stationed in Baltimore, got married the other day, and they came up to see us on their honeymoon. . . . Three of them are in France now, you know. I've written seventy-eight letters to the two that are in the artillery, and forty-nine to the aviator, Tom, jr., who's a first lieutenant. . . . It certainly does seem funny not to have to cook for all that crowd. I used to have to make sixty biscuits for one meal when all the boys were home. . . . That boy over there looks like Anton. Oh, well, all soldiers look like my soldiers to me. . . . I was so afraid I wouldn't get to be in this parade. I couldn't walk, you know, so I just went down to The Tribune and asked them about it, and they got this car for me."

If the parade was copy for a reporter, it was also copy for Mrs. Ward, for the whole story is going straight across the Atlantic in letters directed to the three who are in France.

"Won't the boys be glad to hear about this? Won't it be fun to send them pictures of their mother in a parade on Fifth Avenue? Mr. Ward is tickled to have me in it, but they'll tell everybody in France when they know."

We wanted to see just how tickled Mr. Ward would be, and how we strained and craned at Twentieth Street, where he had promised to be! He had gone to have his glasses fixed, the better to see his wife, no doubt, and was to be standing right in full view. But Mrs. Ward could not find him. It was rather disappointing, but Irish philosophy saved the situation.

"Well, he's here some place, and I just know it, so what's the matter whether I see him, when I'm sure he'll see me? Anyway, I'll see the Governor. What did I come all the way from Hackensack for, anyway?"

It grew very exciting as the car approached the Governor. The service flag had to be fixed just so. Was her hat on straight and her veil all right? They were. Should she wave the flag, or bow, or what? Whatever she wanted to do. Well, we were coming close, closer, almost there. A new set of voices took up the hurrahs. A grave, familiar face appeared in the maze at the left.

"It's him," she whispered, and smiled broadly. "Wouldn't I be ashamed now to pass that stand if those five hadn't volunteered?"

At Fifty-ninth Street Mrs. Ward made her first request of the day. She wanted to pull up beside Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. Rosenberg and shake hands.

"They're mothers, like me, and I know their feelings," she said.

And when the little ceremony was over and Mrs. Ward started for the subway and Hackensack, the crowd around fell away and let the five stars pass through.

"Thank you very much," she said to a helpful policeman. "These five stars make everything very easy." She laughed gaily. "I guess I could even get into Heaven with 'em."

"You could, mum, and you will," replied the bluecoat unexpectedly. He was the phrasemaker of the day.

10,000 Marching Women Show Will to Win

Continued from page 1

almost in the gutter, and the crowd gave them a vigorous greeting.

The navy boys provided the few laughs of the afternoon, with their mascots, one a goat wearing an impudent little white cap stuck on his horns, and another a small white dog trotting along with a sailor collar over his shoulders.

Two great white airships floated over the city, dropping "bombs" of Liberty Loan literature, and giving the wits a fine opportunity for jokes about Zeppelins. Another incident which delighted the crowd was the loosing of two carrier pigeons from a float.

Birds Get Started Wrong

The two birds headed toward Central Park, soaring high above the buildings, but it took them only three or four blocks to see that they were going wrong, and before the crowds had begun to feel the strain on their necks or forgotten the tiny white fliers they had turned and were back at the library.

The bluejackets from Pelham Bay made a great hit with a new version of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." The parody follows:

Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
The Kaiser's standing at the door,
We'll take a submarine, and knock him on the bean,
And there won't be a Kaiser any more.

For the first time since the war New York saw in a parade a few of the boys who have been over there and back again. They rode in two automobiles with huge signs, "Pershing's Veterans" and "Survivors of the Jacob Jones, sunk by a U-boat." A pair of crutches protruded over the edge of one automobile, and in the other a sailor carried his arm in a sling. They got cheers from the crowd and the tribute of a salute from a comrade on crutches, who sat in a place of honor on the grandstand. He was H. E. Dickinson, of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania. He has been in the hospital for three months after being shot in the foot while at sea.

Custer Survivor in Line

Not far behind them rode the "Only Survivor of Custer's Massacre," Sergeant John Martin, a grizzled old man, who reclined in an automobile float filled with children.

The prize for noise went to the civilian workers of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who came with clanging machines on auto trucks, and an electric welding iron, spitting fire, making enough racket for a whole battle all by themselves.

"We Can't Build Ships if You Don't Buy Bonds!" their banners shouted to the crowds. Other banners in this section of trades and industries that are determined to "win the war" declared that "Labor Is Solid Behind the President" and "Helmets Are Out of Style—To Hell Mit the Kaiser."

What with red caps, tailors and dressmakers' unions, makers of war breads and eighty-six various trades, all of whom blazed with determination to win the war, it was three hours before the women began to come in great numbers. They were led by a guard of honor, each member carrying a great American flag.

Mrs. Bacon Walks Alone

Mrs. Bacon walked alone, carrying her four-starred flag, and behind her four aids, Mrs. William A. Read, Mrs. H. P. Davison, Mrs. William P. Hamilton and Mrs. Douglas Robinson. The two mothers of six sons rode in an automobile together, and then followed these other "mothers of honor":

Mrs. Arline Burke, of 37 West Scofield Street, City Island, whose five sons are fighting for Uncle Sam; Mrs. Zenas Burns, of 124 Featherbed Lane, with four sons who are lieutenants in the old 69th, now the 165th Infantry, fighting in France; Mrs. Adelaide L. Coudert, 601 West 160th Street, whose four sons are in active service, all volunteers; Mrs. George W. Adrian, 616 East Sixteenth Street, Brooklyn, four sons at the front, and Mrs. Joseph Barrett, 219 Third Avenue, College Point, who has four sons at the front, another selling Liberty bonds, a fifth a Boy Scout who ran a war garden last season, and a daughter selling Liberty bonds, and Mrs. Thomas W. Ward, who has five sons in uniform.

The mothers and sisters, for the most part, marched with a smile and a proud, upstanding manner. One there was who said the thing that was in the hearts of hundreds of them. She was a stout, motherly old soul, in simple suburban clothes, and she had no false modesty about her three sons.

"See," she cried, waving her flag, "see! Three!" and the crowd laughed and cried back to her, "Hurrah for you!"

Sharp eyes detected, however, hidden here and there in the ranks, a woman who walked unsmiling. Sometimes her head was covered with a mourning veil; more often she wore plain black, and the crowd did not guess her story until she had passed and in the flag over her shoulder they saw the gold star in the border.

There were, perhaps, one hundred of these gold stars in the entire parade. One hundred is not many, yet as these first flashed and waned in the shadows far up the street the newsboys kept crying the extras, which told of another battle raging at Kemmel Hill, and the women in the crowd shook their heads and murmured to one another that by the next parade there would be many more such stars.

Mothers of Engineers First

The mothers of the 7th Engineers, who fought at Cambrai, came first, for theirs were the first American men to engage in actual hostilities in France. Behind them came a line that won a huge cheer, for it was a line of green pennants, taken down from parlor walls all over the East Side—the old pennants of the 69th. The flag these women carried dutifully at their head was the flag of the new 165th Regiment, but their hearts were still with the faded green pennants, and so, evidently, was the heart of the crowd. After them came divisions of the mothers and wives of the 308th, the 305th and the 367th Infantry.

"We give our sons. They give their lives. What are you giving?"

This was the message that flashed from the women's banners that followed, sometimes in a group from a settlement house, sometimes from a college, or a department store, or a church. The great masses of the women were grouped according to their churches, led by the Christ Church women, who had two gold stars on their Sunday school service flag, and followed nearly an hour later by the children of St. Paul's. Sometimes the church delegations were led by tiny children, in gay costumes of Columbia and Uncle Sam; sometimes they were led by their parish priests. Grace Methodist Church had 150 stars, the largest service flag of any of the churches.

Others in Reviewing Stand

Others in the reviewing stand were Adjutant General Sherrill, Andre Tardieu, French High Commissioner, and staff, the Earl of Reading, British High Commissioner, and staff; Russell C. Leffingwell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Benjamin Strong, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of the Second District and chairman of the Liberty Loan Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District; the members of the Liberty Loan Committee, James S. Alexander, George F. Baker, Allen B. Forbes, Walter E. Frew, Gates W. McGarrah, J. P. Morgan, Seward Prosser, Charles H. Sabin, Jacob H. Schiff, Frank A. Vanderlip, Martin Vogel, James N. Wallace and Albert H. Wiggin; Guy Emerson, director of publicity, Liberty Loan Committee; Arthur M. Anderson, Gilbert H. Bogart, Craig Colgate, John J. Schumann, jr., chairmen of the districts into which the Second Federal Reserve District is divided; Ray Morris, George W. Hodges, James Sheldon, E. N. Potter, Charles S. Sargent, jr., Acosta Nichols, G. H. Kinnicutt and Franklin Q. Brown.

SIX-STAR MOTHERS

Mrs. William Quinn, at left, and Mrs. Louis Rosenberg, who carried service flags in Liberty Loan parade

Brooklyn, Yonkers and Newark Hold Big Liberty Loan Celebrations

New York's "Liberty Day" celebration was by no means confined to Fifth Avenue and its Liberty bond parade. From the Battery to Van Cortlandt Park and into Yonkers; across the river in Brooklyn and to the West as far as Newark, the spirit of "Liberty Day" pervaded everything.

Brooklyn's celebration was pretentious. It began with a series of death-defying, hair-raising stunts by Harry H. Gardiner, known as the "human fly," who crawled all over the Borough Hall from the base of the big columns guarding the entrance to the very tip of the flagpole, 150 feet above the sidewalk. Later in the day there was a parade of students from Erasmus Hall High School, drills by the soldiers at Fort Hamilton and in the evening a monster mass meeting at the Academy of Music.

At the College of the City of New York "Liberty Day" was celebrated in the form of a French holiday. At Yonkers there was a parade, with over ten thousand persons, and a rally afterward in the new state armory.

Newark Exceeds Its Quota

In Newark, N. J., the day was given over to small celebrations. It came to a fitting climax when the chairman of the Liberty Loan Committee announced that the city not only had exceeded its quota, but that every indication pointed to an oversubscription of several million dollars. Among those who spoke in the New Jersey city were Governor Walter E. Edge and Abraham S. Elkus, former Ambassador to Turkey.

In Brooklyn the high lights of the day's celebration came at the conclusion of the parade of the high school students, when they gathered on the campus to listen to an address by Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, when 1,200 men of the National Army at Fort Hamilton went "over the top" at the end of a bayonet drill, and when an audience which packed the Academy of Music to the doors rose to its feet and began to sing as the band started the anthem.

Decidedly interesting from a military standpoint was the celebration of Liberty Day at Fort Hamilton. Nearly all of the National Army men there now come from Indiana, and with only a few exceptions they have been in the army only three or four weeks, at the outside.

Men Quick to Learn

Colonel Delamere Skerrett, in charge of the training of the men, declared that in all his experience as an officer he has never had men so quick to learn. Not even a trained military observer, he declared at the end of the day, would have suspected that less than a month ago, the men who had gone through the evolutions of the afternoon had been at work on farms and in offices.

Yonkers's "Liberty Day" parade was declared by the thousands who lined the sidewalks of the city, to have been the finest ever seen there. While it was in progress three aeroplanes circled the city, dropping Liberty Loan literature as they flew.

Samuel H. Untermyer was the principal speaker at the mass meeting in the evening. A feature of the meeting was the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by David Bispham.

Men in uniform proved among the most prodigal givers.

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One of the mothers in yesterday's parade, a fragile, white-haired woman, who declared she had not walked a quarter of a mile in ten years, kept up determinedly for the fifty blocks of the march up the avenue and collapsed at the finish. She refused to tell her name, and was taken home by friends who were awaiting her at the end of the line of march.

"I have two sons in the service," she said, when she had recovered sufficiently to talk. "If they knew I had tramped all that distance they would be angry and scold me. I've been almost an invalid for years, and I suppose I shouldn't have been so foolish as to go into this. But I couldn't help it. My boys are expected to be able to hike thirty miles or more in a day when they're out with their regiment, and fifty blocks seem little enough for their mother to march and bear the flag that tells their story for them."

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Four sailors from the French war vessel the Terra Neuve formed an unprogrammed division in the parade. The foreign naval fighters said they were marching for their mothers whom they have left behind in France.

"When the sons are away at the war," said one of the sailors, who was able to speak English, "it is right that the mothers should feel proud of them and march all together on the boulevard to show that they are of brave families. And when mothers have been as brave as ours have been in this war, then it is good also that the sons should parade with the pride for them."

Sailor Freed; Man He Punched Held

Charles F. Hernandez, of 638 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, found the tables turned upon him yesterday when he appeared before Magistrate Geismar in the Flatbush police court to press a charge of assault against Charles A. Robertson, a sailor. Hernandez and a friend, Lawrence Clock, were held in $1,000 bail each on charges of disorderly conduct, while Robertson was discharged.

According to the testimony of Robertson's sister, Miss Anna J. Robertson, Hernandez and Clock visited a booth at which she was selling Liberty bonds a few days ago. The former, she said, had agreed to buy a bond providing she gave him her telephone number. She gave him the telephone number of her place of employment.

On learning that he had not obtained the home address of the bond saleswoman, Hernandez is said to have written to the loan committee for which Miss Robertson was acting, saying that he was withdrawing his subscription because of the "trick" that had been played upon him. Robertson, hearing of the affair, went to Hernandez's home, and in the colloquy that followed Hernandez was punched in the face.

$660,000 in Bonds Sold

Wrestling was not the only sport that fandom indulged in last night at Madison Square Garden. Some of those who witnessed the Stecher-Lewis bout left declaring that the Liberty Loan sale that preceded the big match was by far more exciting.

In less than a half hour of campaigning the loan speakers had won $660,000 in pledges from the audience, including one ardent patriot who would say no more than that his name was F. Seagame and that he would buy a bond for every one purchased by others in the big arena.

When the last subscription had been listed it was found that Mr. Seagame would be obliged to buy $204,000 worth of bonds. He bought.