

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Charles H. Fox, President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip B. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors.

Published daily at 1202 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
LONDON BUREAU: Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
NEW YORK BUREAU: 170-A, Metropolitan Tower Building, New York.

By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postage paid at Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, one month, two cents; one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscription prices: Single copy, five cents; one month, fifteen cents; three months, forty cents; six months, seventy cents; one year, one dollar and thirty cents.

Entered at the Philadelphia Postoffice as second-class matter.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JANUARY WAS 99,514

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1916

First say to yourself what you would be, and then do what you have to do.—Epictetus.

What's the use owning a coal mine unless you have stock in the railroad, too?

Mr. Kipling continues to roast the Germans; but he has not eaten any yet.

No wonder the men of Chicago are mad if it is true that women have been getting their share of the graft!

Wreck on New Haven may be blamed on dead engine.—Headline.

The usual procedure.

There is no reason to be nervous. This country is not going to war until it has something to go to war with.

This projected fight between the Vares and Persico seems to resolve itself into this: Who'll get the whisky slush fund?

There are a good many people who would rather see the piggeries annexed to Delaware County than Delaware County annexed to Philadelphia.

There are a couple of hundred Congressmen who could learn a whole lot at Annapolis, assuming that they could pass the entrance examinations.

As to dual officeholding, it is only fair to say that the man who is really holding down one job never has time to hold down another. Those who have two fill the one about as well as they do the other.

Fake auctions for the purpose of separating the innocent from their coin seem to flourish. There are still people who imagine that they can buy a gold watch for \$2.50 if an irresponsible firm is the seller.

A correspondent has pointed out that the cost of the war already amounts to more than a dollar for every second since the Christian era began. Maybe posterity 2000 years from now will still be paying.

Representative Hensley, of Missouri, trying to badge Badger, admiral and naval expert, furnished more humor for the nation. The only dogs of war they have any use for in Missouri are houn' dawgs.

There are plenty of garages in the city, but there are more cars blocking streets than there ever are indoors. The police make pedestrians "move on," but a motorcar seems to enjoy superior privileges.

Philadelphia has survived politicians and politics and is one of the great cities of the world. The native vigor of a people asserts itself in spite of all hindrances. Everybody wants a stadium. Let's go ahead and get it.

They can't fool Mr. Bryan about preparedness. He knows that a soldier can be made over night. Didn't he himself become a colonel and get a uniform and a sword in that time? And no Spanish forces ever licked him.

The EVENING LEDGER has received general commendation for the work of the Punch Bowl editors who conducted the Tom Daly column on Tuesday. The University is producing not only statesmen, engineers, orators, etc., but humorists as well.

Information concerning the liquor slush fund continues to seep through from Pittsburgh. The EVENING LEDGER published a full exposure of the whole business before the voting took place in 1914. A great many citizens, it seems, got both the information and the cash.

Living men and women are merely trustees for posterity. To dissipate the resources of life and money for years to come, to pauperize the children of tomorrow and leave them nothing more than a legacy of hate and suffering, is to violate the trust. Oppressive taxes can depopulate a territory and work more devastation than flood, fire or sword. There is nothing to indicate that national debts will later be repudiated, but the last word on this war will not have been said until posterity has done some voting on its own account.

If there is to be an Ambassador to Mexico, there is no American better fitted for the office than the staunch Pennsylvanian, Henry P. Fletcher, whose confirmation was recommended yesterday by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. Mr. Fletcher's sturdy Americanism practically saved American interests in China when he demanded the right of participation in the so-called Four Power loan. His service in Chili has been distinguished. Mr. Fletcher entered the diplomatic service under Republican direction. He is not a "deserving Democrat." His appointment to the difficult post in Mexico is in recognition of services rendered, and is made in spite of his politics.

A decision once maintained does not lose its force for many years. A fact once established is not so easily forgotten as a mental concept but when the fact is no longer, then it is with the protest against the Philadelphia Public Library and private libraries in the city that they have been putting out and circulating a particularly low class of literature; that they had refused to accept the fact that they had sold their property to their subscribers and their subscribers.

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true some ten years ago, but the day of the "sex-best-sellers" is long past and the quality of fiction now in greatest demand hardly concerns itself with the indecent. There have been printed recently a number of translations, notably from the Russian, which deal with sex more frankly than Americans do. But they are very dull books generally, which the light-minded readers will not go through merely for the sake of their indecency. As for the serious minded, they, too, have their rights. If those who protest will only consult the lists, easily available, of books in popular demand they will see at once how unfounded their comments have been.

GERMANY'S NEW ATTACK

Since February 9 Germany has executed an overpowering series of attacks on the western front. The record of them shows that Germany's resources are at high water mark. The reasons for the attacks also indicate that Germany is being forced to a decision. She has been wonderfully successful, but with every success a weakness has been exposed.

ON THE western front the Allies lost the offensive February 8. Since that time Germany has been striking with a deadly precision, never twice in the same place, always where her enemy's resistance was at low ebb, until now a tremendous battle is being waged in which the whole line, from the Yser to Alsace, is engaged. There are reasons for believing that this series of attacks is of more significance than the spasmodic efforts made by both armies since last September. The nature of the attack and the underlying forces which caused it to be made at this time both must be considered.

From the sudden and successful concentration of forces at points which are served from different sources of supply it must be assumed that Germany has acquired an extraordinary mobile strength in both men and munitions. To understand the record of attacks in the past fortnight it is necessary to remember only that the western line begins at the North Sea, south of Ostend, Belgium, and continues in a low inward curve through France, bending outward again along the River Aisne to its most easterly point in Alsace. The entire length of line, following the contours of the entrenchments, is over 500 miles. Yet along this front the Germans have attacked as follows:

February 9. Capture of first line French position at Vimy (Artois, south of the Flanders position).

February 10. Further gains in the same region.

February 11. Attacks in the Somme district (south of previous points).

February 12. Pierce attacks in Flanders (the furthest sector north) accompanied by violent thrusts in Artois, south of the Somme, on the Aisne, in Champagne and in the Vosges. (The entire front is now engaged).

February 14. Terrific struggle about Hill 140, Artois. Paris admits loss of ground in Alsace and gains at the Butte Taurus (scene of the fighting in September, when the Allies almost carried this important position).

February 15. German carry 800 yards and trench near Ypres. (Belgium again the scene, the British now being defeated).

February 17. (This is the date of the fall of Erzerum and with it the defeat of many "Tebionic" plans in the East and South).

February 21. Further offensive against the British along the Yser.

February 22. Development in battle around Verdun. German successes. First and second lines of defense pierced. Further thrusts in the Artois.

February 23. French line breaks under German artillery and six miles of trenches falls into their hands.

That is the record. It indicates the conviction, in the German High Command, that the deadlock on land can be broken, a belief held by few since the Allied attacks last fall proved so expensive and so inconclusive. It was said that the enemy line must be pierced so deep that the attacking force could roll up both sides of the opposing forces. The German attack is frontal. Its object up to this time has been to push back, not to roll away, the enemy. In effect the entire operation is the delayed climax to the work undertaken in September, 1914, the attempt to destroy one enemy before turning to the other.

That is why the date February 17 is the most important in the chronicle above. The fall of Erzerum was a triple blow to Germany. It weakened her moral position with her allies, Bulgaria and Turkey, and with the neutrals, Rumania and Greece. It broke the back of her threat against Egypt. It exposed her to actual danger in the field, since it left Russia free to continue her nibbling offensive in the East. Meantime the same harrying tactics had been going on in the west. Their continuance without a setback for the French meant eventual success for Joffre's mordant policy. The forward sweep of her troops, ever dependable as an answer to every question, is Germany's triple warning. To her allies she commands steadfast loyalty, to her enemies she announces that her strength is not yet gone, to neutrals she sends a terrible warning.

In the first year and a half of war Germany beat the dog to scare the lion. Now she must face the lion, the three lions which crouch in her path. A defeat for Russia at this time would be as meaningless as the defeat of last August. In the Balkans political considerations and the great defenses about Salonica make action inadvisable. To strike at France by land and at England by sea, to strike swiftly because the end is coming, is Germany's only way out. And nothing could be more absurd than to consider the new submarine warfare of Germany apart from this movement on land.

It is Germany's grievous misfortune that her very successes indicate her fundamental weakness. In her opening drive she failed and taught her enemies how to meet her. In the Russian campaign she won magnificently her meed of Dead Sea fruit. Conquering Serbia, she lengthened her line intolerably. Now, breaking through the French line, twisting this way and that to find points of attack, summoning men and methods and munitions of unequalled numbers and calibre, she confesses that her war is reaching its climax. Confined by England's seas, galled by Russia, hampered by the Balkans, with no new sources, she stands crushed against the wall of the western defenses of France. Just now the wall is giving. But if Germany is not yet done, neither is France.

PROPAGANDISTS FOR PAY

WENDELL PHILLIPS was a distinguished lecturer in the days before the Chauvinism circuit offered a platform and duca to propagandists. He had several lectures from which the committees might choose. When they asked his terms he replied:

If I lecture on anti-slavery nothing. If on any other subject, one hundred dollars.

Tom Daly's Column

Not Their Own
"Say just what I think," a lot
Of men will boast. We wink;
Because we know it's merely what
They seem to think they think.

Gems From "Luck in Disguise"

(A novel written in good faith by William J. Yester, revised and punctuated by L. P. Cutler and published by John W. Lovell and Co., N. Y., 1888.)
"THIS thing of early rising is not what it is cracked up to be," said John Means, who was about to sojourn upon his journey. "I feel so terribly dormant and dull. I have no relish for food after you have gone to the trouble to prepare it for me, but I will partake to prevent hunger after a while," continued he.

"For my part," said she, "I enjoy early rising, as I was raised that way when a girl at home. As you say, so I think, this is too much of a good thing by an hour or so. If I had my way, I would arise at 5 o'clock the year around."
Mrs. Means was very much surprised, on her return home, to find such a sad gloom hovering over her household. The children were all mum as well as still, and seemed quite heart-broken, which only had a tendency to deepen the solemnity of their mother—she felt, on entering the house, like her limbs would no longer support her frame, and could scarcely keep from shedding tears of sorrow. She had hoped to find the children as she had left them, cheerful and full of mischief, thinking it would assist her in bearing up under the present circumstances, and, in a measure, to forget her sorrows. She and Mr. Means were united as one, twenty years ago and never before, since their union had they been separated more than two nights in succession, but this time he expected a three or four week's visit. He had occasionally been called away, on business to Cincinnati and elsewhere yet never remained away over two nights. All that night nature's morphia had not quitted her shifting restless thoughts. She would view the bright and then the dark side of the picture, occasionally rehearsing their conversation of yesterday, at unlimited intervals heavy moans and sorrowful sighs protruded from her lips, showing inward grief, the sequel of which has not been divulged.

(To be continued)

A TRICK HORSE AND A QUILT

E. J. Kresge, of Gilberts, the gentleman whose horse fell dead for him near the postoffice several days ago, was a borough visitor on Friday afternoon. He was accompanied by his sister, Sallie Kresge, also of Gilberts.
A pleasant surprise party was had by the Keeoke Ladies' Aid at the parsonage on Monday last. The ladies brought the quilt, quilted it and then presented it to Mrs. Bergstrom. The ladies' names appear on the "blocks" of the quilt. Ladies' Aid, we shall think of you when we sleep under the quilt. —Stroudsburg Times.

Classifying Your Countrymen

VII.
When farmers, gazing skyward, say
"Tomorrow it gives rain!"
I know that I have spent the day
In Lebanon again. Will Lou.

VIII.
Where folks say, "east," "west," "souise and
"horse"
And speak of "Allen Street by Fourse,"
You may as well just set it down
That you've arrived in Allentown.

Pitcher Fortune, the new Phil, has a sister, Miss Fortune is said to be quite pretty.—Sporting Note.
You're late, Ho—she's married to a Dago and her name's May Fortune Favor.

A Tale of Fractions

Young Harduppe won the love of one
Of Milyun's pretty daughters;
And now that she's his better half
He's moved to better quarters.

Conundrum No. 1.—Which has the most leaves, the Girardus deodouus maple, Encyclopaedia Britannica, or the English breakfast tea tree of central China?
Conundrum No. 2.—Which has the most pages—the Plaza Hotel in New York, the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia or Buckingham Palace? H. H. H.

Now if He Were a Tenor

RETIRING BASS SINGER DINES EMMANUEL
CHOIR.
E. H. B. Mackrich, presented with silver loving cup, turns hostess.
—Headline in Pottstown News.

Sir: This from the Perikase News of this week:

FOR SALE.—By Wm. K. Kramer, new delivery or agency wagon, with motor, to carry one ton, may be seen at I. G. Rosenberg's Store, Silverdale. Will sell reasonable to right party.

I suppose the "right party" will have to agree to treat the wagon kindly. When it comes to sentiment you can't beat the Pennsylvania Dutch. One of 'Em.

Songs Every One Should Know

(From the Irish.)

LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Angels dancing in a ring
Sweetest dreams to you will bring;
Sweetest peacantry will show
If to Sleepy-Bye you'll go.
Baby mine, Shoheen, Sho-lo
Sleep, baby, sleep.

1:25 A. M.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Nought can threaten you, nor harm,
Cuddled on your daddy's arm,
Fairy trumps will gently blow,
If to Sleepy-Bye you'll go,
Baby mine, Shoheen, Sho-lo
Sleep, baby, sleep.

3 A. M.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
See, the night is growing chill,
Would you make your daddy ill?
See, the mercury is low,
So to sleep now, baby, go;
Hang it all—Shoheen, Sho-lo,
Sleep, darn you, sleep. VIX.

Conversational Classics

(Overheard in elevator in Crozer Building on Saturday.)
"It isn't so cold as what it is windy." T. W.

Don't Be An Owl

Who goes upon a lark at night?
Should heed this note of warning:
A lark at night won't prompt a wight
To rise with it next morning.

MAXIMS—SEE YOUR BEST

Concerning a Certain Flirt
Inspiration's fads
And an uncertain maid;
She will prove when you
Spring to caress her.
Do not count on her aid.
She dissolves like a shade
When a lover with smiles
Would address her.
She's like scabbies that dip
In the wake of a ship,
Scarcely seen for the foam—
Scarcely that blow there;
Oh, there's many a slip
That's the end of the line.
When you see the jade
Must she be lovelier. A. A.



MISSOURI TAKES SUCCESS FOR TONIC

David R. Francis Has Performed Herculean Tasks Through Force of Habit—New Ambassador a Good "Mixer"

MISSOURI used to seem such an out of the way place that we thought anybody that came from that State needed to be shown. But that fiction has been destroyed since we have become familiar with the national prominence of men like Clark, Hadley and Francis.

David R. Francis shines. He shines as a business man and millionaire, but also in many other capacities. He will shine, it is hoped, as Ambassador to Russia, an appointment which he has just accepted. A man of proven good judgment, he possesses social qualities which in addition to wealth should contribute to his success in Petrograd.

In personal appearance and manner Francis is somewhat like this, namely: a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic and well-dressed man, with a strong, fine face of regular features, keen, merry blue eyes, reddish brown mustache, like the reddish brown hair on the top of his well-shaped head. He shakes hands as if he were glad to see you and talks interestingly. He is a very good speaker, especially after dinner, and is fond of giving and attending dinners. He never forgets a name or a face, and can usually remember something more even about a chance acquaintance. One other fact should be noted in this connection. He doesn't put on airs over his ancestors or his business and political successes.

According to Napoleon, the secret of conquest is to have a larger force than your opponent at the point of conflict. Men with large intellectual forces may be slow in bringing them into action. Not so with Francis. His mental equipment, which is of no mean order, is always in shape for exercise and always on the spot when it is wanted. Before he organized and presided over the Louisiana Purchase Exposition he was a distinguished man, a chief among chiefs, a master of affairs, a savant in the greatest of all sciences, knowledge of folks.

Created a World's Fair
St. Louis turned immediately to Francis when it was decided to hold a world's fair. Upon him was laid the task of creating and guiding the great exposition. So prodigious was his expenditure of energy in the three years of his work on this mighty and magnificent enterprise that his friends feared at first that it would kill him. But every morning he turned up with bright eye and ruddy cheek and ready smile, as eager for the day's run as a Kentucky colt. Consulting with heads of departments, dictating letters on every imaginable subject, determining questions of policy and deciding problems of financial magnitude, receiving distinguished officials and deputations, dedicating sites, opening buildings, welcoming conventions and congresses—he led a busy life. But as always, he went at his work with that spontaneity of spirit which defies fatigue. His purpose in the undertaking was not to be measured by a foot rule. He saw in the enterprise the promotion of a taste in art and of higher civic ideals throughout a vast section of the country; the promotion also of mutual respect and fraternal feeling among the nations of the earth. This conception of a world's fair is the true one, despite the misbehavior of men and nations in the years that come and go.

He is as pleasant and persuasive as he is able and firm. Admirable as Francis is as a host in his own home, but he shone as brilliantly as host of the many distinguished guests of the exposition. After the fair he went to Europe, and there he was entertained in return. His welcome was such as few Americans have ever received in their travels on the other side of the water. Years of practice have made him one of the most accomplished after-dinner speakers in the country. A man of striking figure, magnetic manner and compelling personality, he is well informed, ready, graceful and forceful at the banquet board as everywhere else. There's more than that to an ambassador's job, but there's more than that to David R. Francis.

Like many other Missourians, Francis is a son of Kentucky and a grandson of Virginia. His ancestors on both sides were among the pioneers from Virginia who cleared the forests of Kentucky. Farther back there was Sir Philip Francis and several other famous

Irishmen of stirring periods of English history, but the present Francis takes more pride in the memory of his farmer father than in the glittering decorations of his family tree.

Made Himself a Millionaire

Francis made his own millions. His wife inherited a good big lot of money and property, but that was after her husband had already made a fortune. There is a story to the effect that as a small boy he left his poor but honest home in the village of Richmond, Ky., and made his way to St. Louis, arriving like other boys who have become merchant princes, without a dollar and without a friend, and began by sweeping out the establishment of which he afterwards became the head, and it was also intimated that he owed much of his success to the fact that he married an heiress. But the prosaic, though perhaps equally interesting fact, is that when he left his old Kentucky home, after he had gotten all the education he could get there, he was sent by his parents to his uncle, David Rowland, a rich man in St. Louis, for whom he was named and who took sufficient interest in his nephew and namesake to give him a thorough course at the University of St. Louis and then take him into the employment of his firm as a clerk and to give him every opportunity and encouragement to make every money and a place for himself in the business world. Shroyock & Rowland were grain brokers on the St. Louis Exchange, and young Francis began his business career as their representative in the "pit," where he soon won by his engaging qualities that popularity which he has steadily increased, and it is noteworthy that the centre of the St. Louis enthusiasm over his appointment to the Cabinet was on the exchange, where leading men of all parties joined in the most cordial congratulations to the man they had known so long and so well.

Francis was Secretary of the Interior during the last half year of Cleveland's second term, but he had been the bulwark of the Cleveland strength in Missouri for a long time. About the time that he organized the D. R. Francis & Brother Commission Company, thus going into business for himself, he took his initial step in political life. He ran for a seat in City Council, was elected and made a record which landed him the Mayoralty. As Mayor he gained a reputation over the State for reform methods of administration, and especially for economy and efficiency. He served four years as Governor of Missouri and then returned to business life. One thing Francis always does before he accepts an important office. He is now occupied in turning his varied business interests over to the care of others, so as to leave his time and thought free for his duties as ambassador. Before he began his term as Mayor, before he entered the Governor's office, before he assumed the presidency of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, he arranged his affairs in each instance so that they would demand little or no attention from him while he was devoting himself wholeheartedly to the official tasks in hand.

WHENCE THE DOLLAR?
Most of us have asked the question, "Whence the dollar?" The circumstances vary. Sometimes, too, the question is, "Why the dollar?" European statesmen and newspapers, all the way from Dublin to Petrograd, have from time to time, and never so much as in this war-torn present, made discursive remarks about the American dollar and of the Yankee pursuit of this as some of us have found, a glorious piece of currency! The land of the dollar! We should be proud to have this land of the free and home of the brave called so. There is more than a mere jingle in the term. There is a solidity about this coin, a weight that makes itself felt when it falls into the contribution box to be sent to the fastidious people of war-torn Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Armenia.

Whence came the name dollar? The big dictionary tells us it was first called "thaler," because the silver from which the German coin "thaler" is made came from a "thale," that is, a dale or valley, in Bohemia—Joachim's thal, the valley of St. Joachim. But the United States was the only country big enough for a dollar of 100 cents. While other countries have been able to measure their resources and their debts in marks, lire, francs, forins, kopcks, yens, escudos and shillings, this republic has been big enough to measure its assets in dollars and its liabilities in dimes. Ranged alongside our dollar, the "dollar of the daddies," how pitifully small seem the silver representatives of the old world! Big as it may try to look, the Russian kopeck is only two-thirds of a dollar, while the Spanish escudo is valued at only 50 cents in our currency, and the Japanese yen at 49.3 cents. The other coinage may be placed on the bargain counter; the German mark at 23.3 cents, the Italian lira and the French franc, each at 19.3 cents and the British shilling at 24 cents.

An American recently abroad visited England, where he found patriotism bubbling over. In London he attended a great meeting, where 2000 people sang the chorus "Britons Never Never Will Be Slaves." And then, he said, "I went out into the street, where I found crowd sweepers toiling for a shilling a day."

ADMITTED
The redskins are doing better; they are kicking edge of the American—(Continued) Times Staff.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

- 1. Who was Mollie Panther?
2. What is the militia?
3. What Chief Justice of the United States was promoted from the office of Secretary of State to the Supreme Court?
4. Who wrote "The Bread Winners"?
5. What is a hanger?
6. Where was Jefferson living when he wrote the Declaration of Independence?
7. Where is the centre of population of the United States?
8. Who was Dwight L. Moody?
9. At what hotel was Lincoln entertained when he was in Philadelphia on his way to Washington for his first inauguration?
10. Where are Panama hats made?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Due east of Charleston.
2. About 50 when Yorktown fell.
3. When Nelson visited Egypt, the priests told him a lost continent, where civilization had reached its zenith, the whole continent having been submerged in a flood, and there transferred to the Mediterranean in the West Indies.
4. English capital built a railroad through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in southern Mexico. Carries at its Pacific terminus, with the Atlantic and vice versa. It thus offers a short traffic route between East and West before the Panama Canal was completed, and a large business developed.
5. A star twinkles, a planet does not.
6. Six feet below low tide and high tide.
7. The least colored money of the world (and in color) amounts to a little over half a million dollars.
8. Arabian Nights.
9. Adams.
10. Humana, 32,760 square miles; Pennsylvania, 45,215 square miles.

No Answer

The question of "Fortuny" being a matter of conjecture and the information not available cannot be answered in this column.

Party Lines

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Has there ever been a breaking down of party lines similar to that which is now so noticeable in Congress? I mean of course, apart from the Civil War Congresses. R. N.

The 45th Congress (1879) is one example. The attempt to repeal the Resumption act was supported and attacked by Democrats and Republicans, the Silver Bill passed with majorities in both houses, the Chinese Bill and the Fisheries Award were treated by many Congressmen without reference to party affiliations.

Not Dead Yet

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Who was it called the Republican party dead about a generation ago? I want to know, in view of its liveliness at the present time. G. O. P.

Perhaps you are alluding to the remark of Senator Hoar, who stated in the early '70s when the Force Bill proposing that Federal Government should assume control of congressional elections on the States) failed to pass. "That means the death of the Republican party."

Ambassador to Mexico

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Have we an ambassador to Mexico, and, if so, where can he be addressed? R. F. N.

The United States has no ambassador to Mexico. Henry P. Fletcher has been named by President Wilson for that post and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee decided, about the time you were writing your letter, to recommend the confirmation of his appointment.

Russia's "Outlet"

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—In yesterday's EVENING LEDGER the Prime Minister of Russia was quoted as saying that Russia must find an outlet to a free sea in another direction. What did he mean? MARTIN O. C.

By an outlet to a free sea the Foreign Minister (whom you must have confused with Premier) meant a sea which did not freeze over in winter as does the Drina Bay of the White Sea around Archangel. M. Sazonoff's cabinet statement, quoted in another part of the paper, will illuminate the hidden meaning of the statement. He said simply that Constantinople is essential to Russia. That is the "other direction."

Trousers

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I heard an after-dinner speaker quote some rhymic beginning:
Trousersed we enter the world—
Untrousered and red.
I should like to get hold of them. APPRECIATIVE

The rhymes were first printed in Dan Quayle's column in the New York Evening Post about a year ago. Here they are:
Untrousered we enter the world—
Untrousered and red.
Untrousered and dead.
Such is the tale of man's life.
The naked optician;
Therefore man cries to the gods
"Trouser me!"
But the gods go untrousered themselves
And they laugh in their scorn at the cry
"Who gives a damn?"