

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1916.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.—Francis Bacon.

Sir Roger Casement apparently was caught trying to get in by the back window.

Doctor White's brain kept a lot of people interested while the distinguished surgeon was alive, and it is likely to continue in the same line now that he is dead.

A slinky editor says that the Republicans can easily beat Wilson if they send the right man to the bat. But it seems likely that they'll keep their star batter, Hughes, on the bench.

Seventy-eight thousand telegrams have been sent to the President urging him to do everything possible to prevent war, but they do not urge him to strengthen the army and navy as the surest preventive.

The police were taken out of politics under Director Porter, and Director Wilson promised to keep them out. But what is a man to do when opposing political factions are calling for recruits in a fight to a finish?

Began as office boy; now thieving teller.—Headline.

This is a reversal of the usual process in hero tales, for the office boy commonly ends as the bank president—unless he gets switched off on the wrong track too early.

True German-Americans love the Vaterland as a man loves his mother, but they love America, the land of their adoption, as a man loves his wife.—Visitor at the German war sufferers' bazaar.

This is the sentiment to which 99 per cent. of the Americans of German descent will most heartily subscribe. Their activity in raising funds for the relief of the war sufferers does credit to their humanity. They deserve the assistance of all kindly disposed persons of whatever descent.

The House of Representatives is laboring under no excitement comparable to that which pushed the Chamberlain bill through the Senate, and as a result flimsy and self-satisfaction are again determining the military policy of the country.

The House committee has been ordered to disagree with the main provisions of the Senate bill, particularly with that calling for a force of 250,000 men. The Hay bill provided for a little more than half that number and, although the House has had ample time to discover the temper of the country and more than opportunity enough to understand the grave dangers of inadequate measures, it insists upon its own plan. It is evident that, quite apart from a little real sentiment against even so moderate a measure as the Chamberlain bill, there is a distinct lack of politics in the plans for army reorganization. It may be only playing for position in the presidential and congressional race of the coming summer. It may be something worse. It is, in any case, a crime for Congress to play with the destinies of the country in such a time.

A course in logic would be a very desirable thing for Mr. Roosevelt if he is to carry out his program for the Republican nomination. It would be worse than folly to imagine that the campaign this year will be an easy one for the party, and every weakness must give way to strength before the conventions are over. Mr. Roosevelt is vehement and energetic, but his logic is still faulty, and if he is not checked by Republicans of saner minds he will bring the issues of the campaign so that Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson alone, will be responsible for the outcome. Mr. Roosevelt should not be permitted to assail the incompetence of the Administration for bringing us unprepared to the brink of war so soon after insisting that the Administration should have taken us over the brink a year ago. That seems to be the sum of Mr. Roosevelt's reasoning, and it is bad. It is not the sentiment of the country, nor is it the sentiment of the Republican party. The country probably feels that Mr. Roosevelt's emotions are mixed. The Republican party can see that his logic is mixed. Were any other man under consideration, we should say that he needs a rest. What Mr. Roosevelt needs is a steady job.

No sooner was the naval battle in the North Sea reported than it was crowded out of public attention by the more striking news of rioting, if nothing worse, in the streets of Dublin. Yet the battle was not an isolated phenomenon. It came after a Zeppelin raid in which 76 bombs were dropped and one man was killed—a proportion so extravagant that the main purpose of the "raid" must be taken as strategic. It probably secured the way of the British of battle cruisers. At the same time the debarkation of arms was stopped on the Irish coast. In that busy time the marvel is that Britain has done so well, for not one of the four attempts was successful to any degree, unless the situation in Dublin be more serious than it seems. England has done well, but one wonders how it came about that a German fleet of swift cruisers should have penetrated the British patrol and actually have bombarded the coast before a superior squadron appeared to drive them off. As for the battle, the British official report says it lasted 15 minutes and it is obvious that the main issue of whether the country was involved. The whole affair seems almost unimportant, but it is a highly important. Was it a factor in the situation? Can it be considered an important battle could have resulted from the meeting of cruisers. Or was it another chapter in the history of frightfulness—a reminder to England that Germany still has a fleet?

important battle could have resulted from the meeting of cruisers. Or was it another chapter in the history of frightfulness—a reminder to England that Germany still has a fleet?

BEWARE! In spite of their public promises, factional leaders are considering plans to knife the transit loan. Let citizens beware of them, and let them beware of popular fury if they attempt to put their mad program into effect.

ON THE eve of the election last November the EVENING LEDGER solemnly warned the people of Philadelphia that the comprehensive transit plans would be imperiled by the election of Mr. Smith as Mayor. What that warning was worth was amply demonstrated a few weeks ago, when the Smith Administration seriously proposed to slice the whole program and give the people a make-whole system instead of the great system for which they had voted and to which the city was already dedicated.

We deem it to be our duty at this time once more to warn the people of Philadelphia that the success of their splendid undertaking is again threatened, and that it will require the utmost vigilance on their part to prevent the defeat of the transit loan bill by interests which are intent on preventing the achievement of rapid transit.

It is true that both factions, through their leaders, are dedicated and pledged absolutely to the support of the loan. There is apparently no organized opposition to it. It is backed, in the open, by all important political interests. Yet the fact remains that factional leaders are conspiring and planning together, endeavoring to discover if they can find some plausible excuse for opposition, something to soften popular indignation in the event that Philadelphia woke the morning after election to find that she had been betrayed and cheated of her future.

The public has been lured into a false sense of security. It has been led to believe that a majority in favor of the loan is absolutely assured. We believe that a majority will be registered, but only if the people bestir themselves. For if they sleep this great facility will surely be taken from them by default. But gentlemen who are planning to vote their gangs against the enterprise need not imagine that they can do so in the dark. Whatever the faction, if any, that decides finally to instruct its voters to oppose rapid transit, it need expect no hiding of its purpose. This newspaper and others, too, which are intent on serving the public need and assuring Philadelphia her proper place among the great cities of the earth will expose any conspiracy and give pitiless publicity to the duplicity of any men who in spite of their public promises undertake to knife the transit plan.

We take no stock in the argument that the Smith Administration is so discredited that it would be folly to trust it with the expenditure of transit loan money. We hold no brief for the city government, which is about as spineless, puny and second-fiddle a thing as has ever dawdled with city affairs, but we do hold a brief for rapid transit. It would be a sensible thing, would it not, for the people of this city, when they have real rapid transit at last actually in their own hands, to spurn it and turn it down because the Mayor happens to be a weakling and a politician instead of a constructive executive. The plans prepared by Mr. Taylor are too elaborate and detailed to permit of any extensive juggling in the award of contracts. As to the inspection of the work, if need be, a citizens' committee could give assurance of honest performance. Not only so, but there will be a councilmanic election a year from November, when the city will have it in its power to select sure guardians of the public funds. It would be the very acme of folly for the people of Philadelphia to deny themselves the one great facility for which they have yearned and fought because, foremost, the city Administration does not command their confidence. It might be worth the while of an Administration to get itself discredited if by so doing it could ruin the chance for rapid transit. No, that plea is but another of the subterfuges devised to prevent the accomplishment of the great plan. Anything, in fact, that would tend to prevent a favorable verdict on the loan in May is a subterfuge, and must be so regarded.

The bogey of higher taxes has been many times exposed. Rapid transit will cost the loan of the city's credit, and that is all it will cost. The situation has been admirably stated by Director Taylor:

I want to remind every one that no part of the interest or sinking fund payments accruing on city bonds issued for transit development will be payable out of current revenues by the city until one year after the facilities are actually in operation and earning revenue. Therefore the transit loan could have no effect whatever on the tax rate for four or five years in any event, no matter what any one says.

Men who advance the bogey of higher taxes are doing so not because they fear higher taxes, but because they do not want rapid transit.

The transit loan is not going to fail by default. The public is already beginning to take notice, and will be thoroughly aroused by voting time. Meanwhile, it behooves the leaders who are considering a plan to knife the loan to recollect that they will be held responsible to the last degree for any underhanded work in this affair. What they propose to do will be explained to the people before, not after, the act. They have before them the recollection of what happened when an attempt to betray transit was made a few weeks ago. They would do well to take that lesson to heart and abandon now the program of scuttling which they have under consideration.

GERMANY'S OUTPOST IN IRELAND

IF ANY doubt remains that Germany has had a submarine base somewhere on or near the Irish coast, the doubters must be credulous, indeed. Sir Roger Casement's attempt to land arms and ammunition from Germany was frustrated, but there is no knowing how many other attempts have succeeded. Germany was counting on Irish discontent at the beginning of the war to prevent British participation in the conflict. But the Irish as a mass remained loyal to the Empire, and forgot their grievances for the time. There are enough irreconcilables, however, to tempt the Germans, in their thoroughness, to attempt to stir the fires of revolution with the promise of help.

The censors have allowed few details to be published, but the probabilities are that the trouble in Dublin is due primarily to German incitement. It will not be surprising if the presence of German officers in Ireland is soon reported, and if plans are not discovered for a more extensive uprising than has already occurred. The objection of the Irish to conscription can easily be used by skillful agitators to serve the German purpose, and to force the diversion of part of the troops drilling in England from the armies across the Channel to the pacification of Ireland.

Tom Daly's Column

J. WILLIE WHITE. J. Willie White (the message read "J. Willie White, M. D.") is dead! Each fellow sitting in the room Who heard, with me, these words of gloom, For one long moment bowed his head.

Then one lad lightly laughed and said: "This man, in life, God's sunshine spread; Shall God, through death, to darkness doom J. Willie White?"

"Why give him tears? Let us, instead, Who know the paths that once he led, Stand joyfully beside his tomb, And let his college sloop boom Nine salutes to our dearless dead— J. Willie White!" A. D.

THERE'S a lot of comment on B. Franklin's remark that "there never was a good war or a bad peace." We admit our ignorance of good wars, but as to the other end of the proposition, we might mention Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia and Sapphira and Xantippe, and such like.

The Weather Bore A bore who asked, "Isn't it cold?" Was finally shot; And now he's exclaiming, we're told: "Whew! Isn't it hot?"

ALL our brother columbines—F. P. A. of the N. Y. Tribune, at any rate, and a few others—have ventured to predict the outcome of the b. b. pennant race. We are not prepared to be very violent, but we are willing to wager with all comers a mild sear upon this our prediction:

Table with 2 columns: National League and American League. Rows include Phillies, Yankees, Red Sox, and Athletics.

Wheat? Congressman Price has recently sent to the editor of the News a large batch of flour seed for distribution. —Wicomico (Md.) News.

"THE neo-Celtic singers seem not to please you," writes Fergus. "What, then, is your notion of a real Irish poem?" Well, Samuel Ferguson's "Burial of Cormac" is one. Lionel Johnson has written many; so has Ethna Carberry. Nor is that all. We could name more, but better than seven-eighths of the pale gray stuff of the puny followers of Yeats is this simple little song of Antrim.

"FORGETTIN'" The night when last I saw my lad His eyes were bright and wet. He took my two hands in his own. "Tis well," says he, "we're met. Asthore machree! the likes of me I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a thriffin' thing. "Tis more I'd do for him! I mind the night I promised well, Away on Ballindim.— An' every little while or so I terry forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do, An' him not very tall; 'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice, A boy that's out of' call.— An' whiles I'll see him stand as plain As e'er a six-foot wall.

Och, never fear, my Jewel! I'd forget ye now this minute, If I only had a notion O' the way I should begin it; But first an' last it isn't known The heap o' trouble's in it.

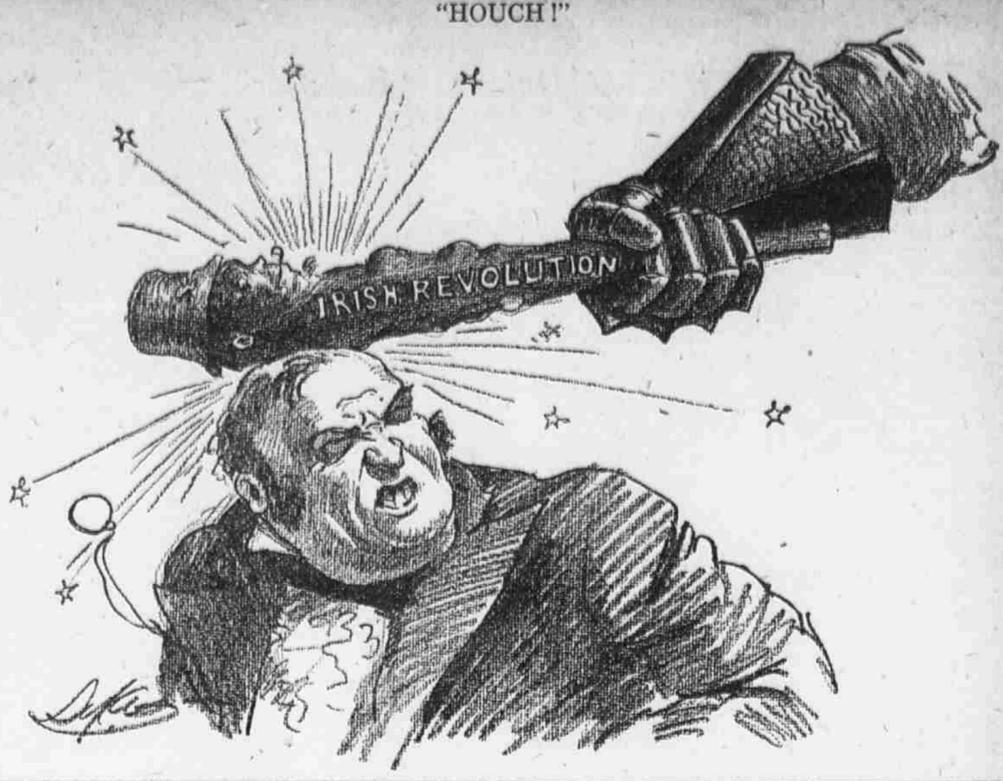
Meeself began the night ye went An' hasn't done it yet; I'm nearly fit to give it up, For where's the use to fret?— An' the memory's fairly spout on me Wid mindin' to forget.

The Job's Yours, if You Want It Sir—Why have I of all persons been chosen to utter the cosmic thought that Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is at best, as one might say, garbled philosophy? Or haven't I? WILL LOU.

The Only Chance Sir—You fell for that wheeze about the engraving ring being engraved "G. O. to H. L.," but this may be too mild. However, one of my customers who bought a silver-mounted hand-glass the other day ordered it engraved "George to Mary." "We'll put it in this meditation on the back," said the salesman. "No," said he, "put it around the edge on the front; I want her to see it." Another Jeweler.

The Old Reporter: "DO YOU get that peculiar tang in the air; sort of pungent and aromatic? Spring? Not at all! Peanuts and sawdust! This is circus time. Always, on a day like this, I get to musing upon the old times and the old press agents. They were picturesque parties, those fellows. One of them gave me the worst half hour I can remember. I was a cub reporter and it was my first circus assignment. George Starr, the press agent, reined us reporters up at the Continental Hotel and took us out to the circus ground in barouches. We occupied several boxes at the show. I remember that 'Judge' Peter Hughes, who died only a few weeks ago, sat beside me. He was a veteran newspaper man and I rather looked up to him. One of the performers, a very fat and fussy and not particularly clever tightrope performer (who was billed as Madame Zaza or some such thing) particularly exasperated the 'Judge.' He expressed the opinion that she was either drunk or crazy. I was too young and inexperienced to have an opinion of my own, so, on our way home after the show, when George Starr asked me among other things—what I thought of Madame Zaza's performance, I could think of nothing better to say than that the 'Judge' had said to me: 'Oh, her, I sneered, I think she was either drunk or crazy.' 'Oh, no,' said Mr. Starr, 'that's my wife.' I had still to ride about half an hour with this man and you can imagine how I felt. He said nothing more, and what I said didn't help matters any. By the time I reached our office I was prepared to hand in my resignation. I told my troubles to the city editor. 'Oh,' he said, 'I forgot to warn you about Starr. He doesn't like his wife any more than you did, and so he gets a double pleasure in hearing her knocked and watching the squirming of the knocker after he has announced her identity.' Since then, always on an aromatic morning like this, I inhale a fussy tightrope danseuse and it makes my heart go pit-a-pat."

To Her You say, when I button your glove And take half an hour or so, I'm slow. Were I quicker, my love, I'd really be frightfully slow.



AVIATION'S DEBT TO THE BIG WAR

Development of Flying Apparatus, Forced by Military Needs of Powers, Already Promises Aid to Arts of Peace

WHEN "Langley's Folly" fell into the Potomac America laughed. Long after the inventor died of a broken heart another man fitted up the old frame with a modern engine and made a successful flight. The "Folly" was a perfectly good aeroplane, and the world that mocked the inventor to his grave had to wait years before it could learn how to fly. However, it was only ten years after Langley was called a charlatan on the floor of Congress that aeroplanes had so far revolutionized the art of war as to confine the tremendously important factor of surprise attacks in force to the most limited areas of action.

Swarms of aeroplanes hover over the front, and few of them are shot down relatively to the number engaged. No great body of troops can be transported from one point to another behind enemy lines without due observation being made from the clouds and the facts promptly reported. Never in the history of war has spying been so easy, so efficient and so safe. It is said that the casualties of the air corps of the various armies are fewer than those of any other service.

Capitalized by War Of course, Langley "went broke" for his pains for blazing the trail. Indeed, the manufacture of air craft was a private or semi-private rather than a public enterprise until quite recently. Even Germany made Zeppelin beg for funds. And even after the military value of aeroplanes was demonstrable, individuals and towns in France and England were donating flying machines to their Governments very much as private organizations in America are now offering to fund Uncle Sam an army and military equipment.

In this country aviation was then, and still is, held in esteem chiefly as a sport, and suggestions of its usefulness and inventions and undertakings to develop it came almost entirely from private citizens and private funds. Only the other day the Aero Club of America offered to sell for \$1 apiece to the United States Government two high-powered aeroplanes for use in Mexico, for the law prevents the Government from accepting such gifts.

With the Great War came the enormous capitalizing of every scientific invention that gave the faintest promise of military advantage to the investing Powers. The poor inventor came into his own at last. Langley was born twenty years too soon.

Millions were lavished over night by treasuries that had begrudged thousands for the development of flying before the war. Just how far this development has proceeded since the war began is in detail largely a matter of Government secrets. But we do know that there are thousands of men trained to flight where there were scores before; that hundreds of inventors are at work where there were half-dozen; that the size of machines is larger; that their carrying capacity for practical purposes and for long journeys has become immensely greater. And all of this has come about because the armies had to have the flying machines and did not stop to count the cost.

Will the impetus given by the war last over into times of peace and make the aeroplane a real factor in spreading and enhancing civilization?

Air Mail Service The indications are that it will. The air mail service is no new thing. The French have realized the idea in Algeria; and in other parts of the world where communities are not easily to be served profitably by railroads or steamships, such as the vast districts in Canada and Alaska, the plans are going forward for mail and parcel air service. For rapid transportation over deserts and such bodies of water as the Great Lakes or the Caribbean, for ferrying over wide rivers, the aeroplane and the Zeppelin are now in line as the next new thing.

With the sanction of the United States Treasury Department, a bill is to be introduced in Congress to provide for a Coast Guard aero corps. In time of peace this corps would be used to facilitate the work of saving lives and property at sea.

"The use of the aeroplane in this work, while new and novel," says Henry Woodhouse, governor of the Aero Club, "is thoroughly practical, and it would prove especially efficient in patrol work and the keeping up of communication between isolated lighthouses and the main base of supplies."

Many other places are as much cut off as lighthouses are from the daily newspapers, weekly magazines and the vitalizing intercourse with the big stream of life that the prompt receipt of letters, supplies and gifts

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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 is the American Ambassador to Italy? 2. In what part of Ireland is Dublin? 3. Which is the greater distance, from Philadelphia to Chicago or from Houston to El Paso? 4. Who is Richard Olney? 5. In what State is the percentage of illiteracy among residents 10 years old and over the lowest? 6. What Philadelphiaian is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters? 7. About how many yards of carpet are woven in Philadelphia annually? 8. In what year was the Spanish-American war? 9. Is Orville Wright, the aviator, alive? 10. About when did Francis Bacon die?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. It is a legend dating from very early times that the fruit of the forbidden tree was an apple, but it is not so specified in the Bible, as many suppose. 2. Esprit de corps: Fellow feeling for the society with which you are associated. 3. Nirvana, the heaven of the Buddhists. They believe that only by losing one's individuality, or the beatific extinction of self. 4. A sum of money at 5 per cent. compound interest would double itself in 14 years and 73 days. 5. The most famous leaning tower is at Pisa, in Italy. 6. P. and O. boats—that is, vessels in the Pacific and Oriental service. 7. The diameter of a 42 centimeter gun—16 1/2 inches. 8. The present French Republic is the "Third Republic." 9. English is the language spoken by the larger number of persons; 179,000,000 speaking English and 120,000,000 German. 10. James R. Mann, Republican leader in the House of Representatives.

Executor's Fees Editor of "What Do You Know"—What per cent. can executors of a \$4000 estate legally claim for executors' fees? C. B. There is no fee fixed by law in Pennsylvania. In practice, however, 5 per cent. is usually regarded as a reasonable fee to charge in the case of an estate of moderate size in the settlement of which there are no complications. If there is litigation the fee would depend on the amount of labor involved.

Foreign Exchange Editor of "What Do You Know"—Exchange on foreign countries is very cheap at present. If an investor buys a bill of exchange and remits to a foreign country, who will lose? Or, in other words, a mark in normal times is worth about 25 cents; at present it is worth about 18 cents. Who loses this depreciation? R. E. C. The German loses by the depreciation in the value of the mark in foreign exchange, as the Englishman loses by the depreciation in the value of the pound sterling, and the Frenchman in the depreciation in the value of the franc in all international financial transactions.

Pennant Manufacturers Editor of "What Do You Know"—Kindly give me the names of three or four firms in Philadelphia that make pennants. P. C. Business addresses are not given in this column. If you will consult a Philadelphia telephone or business directory you will find the names of companies which manufacture flags and pennants.

Pharmacy College Tuition Editor of "What Do You Know"—Do you know how high the tuition is at the Pharmacy College for a year's course? Kindly give the address of the mentioned institution. B. W. The rates of tuition at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 145 North 10th street, are \$120 for the first year and \$100 a year for the next two years of the course.

Civil Service Promotions Editor of "What Do You Know"—I understand that tickets have been sent to those having passed clerk examination for bridge division, at \$1000, within the last day or so. I am interested in this, and I understand you can procure the information. EVENING LEDGER READER.

Five persons took this promotion examination for a Survey Bureau place, and all five qualified on an eligible list, made public April 20 by the Civil Service Commission. Vincent V. Pescatore, 1128 South 8th street, received the highest average and was appointed provisionally to the place. Director Dattaman of the Department of Public Works, has until May 4 to make a permanent appointment.

Flibbertigibbet Editor of "What Do You Know"—When I was about 4 years old the pet name my aunt used for me was Flibbertigibbet. I thought that it was a word which she invented, but I was told recently that it comes from Shakespeare. Can you tell me where I can find it? P. V. G. The name appears in the fourth scene of the third act of "King Lear." It is the scene on the heath during the storm. Edgar, the son of Gloucester, enters disguised as a madman, and says: "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew and walks till the first cock. He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the harelip, midwinters the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth. Flibbertigibbet" as a pet name for a child is to be classed along with "Rascal" and "Shakespeare" and such like terms.