LESSONS OF LIFE ARE TOLD BY HEAD OF STATE POLICE

On Own Resources at Ten Years of Age, Captain Lumb Made Good — Courage and Study Are Big Factors in Success of This Leader of Men

Pictures illustrating the activities of the Pennsylvania State Police will be found on the back page of this issue of the Evening Public Ledger.

By CAPTAIN GEORGE F. LUMB
Acting Superintendent Pennsylvania State Police.

THERE is a large department store on Seventh street, where it intersects Pennsylvania and Louisiana avenues, in the city of Washington, that seems unchanged during the thirty-three years that have passed since I, then a boy of ten, learned the first hard lesson of life in its shadows.

Sickness and death made me a producer by invading our large family, so that with less than two years of elementary schooling to my credit, I became a merchant handicapped with a large head and a thin neck, the symbols of diffidence and timidity.

Between the morning and evening editions of the daily papers I filled the days by selling lavender flowers and a certain brand of floating Castile soap then popular.

By right of possession the corner was mine, but competition crept in in the form of an aggressive young Hebrew, swift of foot and keen of eye, who, ignoring my feeble protests, quickly attached himself to my regular customers.

I was not trained to the street. A gentle,blue-eyed mother had solved all of my problems by the Golden Rule and the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount. Now she had been laid away and my troubles were my own.

Wise Cop Gives a Tip

A tall, clean-cut policeman always stood on my corner. His long, blue coat with its two rows of brass buttons, his rattan cane and white gloves made him an object of awe, whose keen, narrow eyes seemed everywhere.

One afternoon, my rival catching me unawares as I stood on the curb, knocked my arm in such a way as he rushed by me that my papers fell scattering in the black mud of the gutter.

Hot tears of anger and disappointment ran down my face as I leaned against the corner post of the store burying my head in my arm to hide my humiliation. Suddenly I heard a rich Irish voice saying, "Buck up, sonny. That's no way to hold your corner. Give him the thrashing he deserves and he will let you alone."

I looked up. It was the big policeman whom I had always looked upon as a being separate and apart from my little world.

He was standing close by, erect and watchful as ever, speaking out of the corner of his thin lips that no chance inspector might observe his violation of the rules against talking except in the line of duty.

He had spoken to me; told me to fight! I think I would have faced death itself to have won his approval!

I was dazed. I was held for a moment by physical fear of my opponent, but the struggle was short, for I thought of a stroke of strategy. Knuckling the tears out of my eyes, I looked up with a hurried "all right, sir!"

Trains to Beat a Bully

"Nack" Devlin's father kept the second-hand hardware store and locksmith shop under the tenement where I lived. He was the good-natured champion who led all the neighborhood kids in our street games under the corner arc light where we played at night. "Nack" knew the street, the police and the vacant houses as a stock-broker knows the market. To him I went with the story of my corner and asked him to go over with me and "clean up for me."

"Naw," said "Nack." "If I do it I'll get pinched sure. If you do it that cop never will pinch you 'cause he wants you to lick that Jew and hold yer corner. Anyway, you got to learn to fight sometime or you never will be any good. Come on down cellar. I'll show yer how to punch and then all you got to do is to hit him as hard as you can and as quick as lightning until he goes down or hollers enough." I went with "Nack" to the cellar that night and two or three other nights.

A few days later the early edition was just out, the corner was almost deserted. A man across the street whistled and thrust a hand into his pocket. My arch enemy made a dash, tripping me as he went. When I got up he was out of earshot.

A voice I knew at once growled down from on high: "Now's your time. Do it well; he deserves it."

I can see the leer of triumph on the boy's face as he returned to the corner. I can hear the trip-hammer beats of my heart as I drew breath for my first physical encounter with a human being. In blind fury I began my unexpected attack and kept at it until he lay crying on the sidewalk while a thousand frantic thoughts rushed through my childish brain. "An eye for an eye" clashed with "Thou shalt not kill"—I wondered whether I would dare go again to Sunday school. Was I born to be a prize-fighter? Would the policeman arrest me after all? But he had slipped around the corner out of sight.

All unconsciously I was then and there transformed from a grief-stricken backward child into a practical self-reliant worker in the Great Universal System. I had learned my first lesson:

THE GOLDEN RULE DOES NOT APPLY TO BULLIES, CROOKS OR GRAFTERS.

At eighteen, having worked through the stages of errand boy, waiter in a private boarding house and truckhand for an express company, where I did a man's work for sixteen hours a day, I started to learn to block hats in a Baltimore hat factory, when suddenly a strike closed the plant. In two weeks I was without a dollar. Being unable to pay my board in advance I was turned out by my boarding boss, who had been one of the leaders in the agitation of the strike. That night I spent in Druid Hill Park.

Lying under a grand old pin oak I gazed up at the stars and wrestled with the great mystery of life while the oak leaves rustled and fell about me. My devoted mother had told me, years before, that everything and everybody had been created for some definite good. There was I, alone, hungry and with the exception of fifteen cents, penniless. Of what was was I? For two weeks I had tramped the streets. No one wanted a striker, especially an uneducated boy who could hardly write his name.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs. A man rode along the upper road silhouetted against the starlit sky. I saw him cutting right and left with his riding stock in the very joy of living. He suggested a cavalryman in action.

There was the answer. For hours I lay on the soft, sweet grass like one inspired. The army, the cavalry. A chance for study and promotion. Truly "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

Decided to Become a Soldier

As day dawned I trudged the weary miles to a little restaurant I knew on East Spring street, where for fifteen cents I breakfasted on beef hash, rolls and coffee. In the little backroom I was allowed to wash. My linen was impossible. With the remaining three cents I procured a clean paper collar. A friendly bootblack allowed me to use his brushes when I told him I was going to try to enlist in the army.

At the recruiting office I found a sergeant on duty at the entrance. As I told him my desire to join the cavalry he eyed my 124 pounds shrewdly and asked.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir" (my father had taught me to always say 'sir' or 'ma'am' and the habit has always stuck).

"Come back after dinner when you are twenty-one and don't forget the year you were born; the Old Man don't take kids."

Disappointed I turned away thinking it over. At the curb I turned back with a sudden inspiration. With studied diplomacy I saluted the sergeant and asked with a smile "Can't I be twenty-one in, say, an hour? I am thinking about dinner, sir."

The examining surgeon was not due until 1, but the good-natured sergeant let me fall in the line at 12 with some recruits and marched us to the old Hanover Hotel. I remember that dinner well. It began with cantaloupe and ended with rice pudding.

At 1 o'clock I passed the doctor. Three days later a lot of us left for the cavalry training school at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Three months later I was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, being regularly assigned to the Fifth Cavalry.

Plans to Educate Himself

I began at once in my spare time to master the common school elements of an education. Always when I received an order from corporal, sergeant or captain I would strike a comparison, asking myself, "What has he got on me?" and always the answer "Education" spurred me on.

But in those days when Uncle Sam's little army of 25,000 men was an exclusive family every recruit had to go through his paces in his troop. I have known many good men to desert because they could not stand the bullying and arrogance that was meant to try them out. A tough young New Yorker in my troop who was bitter because the captain had wisely overlooked him in a recent promotion of a corporal resented my efforts at study. Recruits were considered presumptuous who dared to use the chairs, which were few, in the squad rooms, so I used to lie on my bunk with my books. Occasionally a shoe or a cowhide boot would fly in my direction, always from the same source, striking me on the head or knocking my book from my hands. This was followed by peals of laughter from my comrades and looks of perfect innocence. "Nack" Devlin had taught me to never make any threats, to wait until I was ready, then do it quick.

I took occasional trips out into the chaparral prairie behind the post, where I measured off a hundred-yard stretch for running and exercised with a pair of improvised dumbbells.

When I was satisfied with the condition of my wind and muscle I waited for my chance to square accounts with "Red," the New Yorker.

Ready for a Good Scrap

At last it came. The old sergeant in charge of the room was the only man present beside my tormentor, when bang! came a boot knocking some skin off my nose and sending my book flying.

Very quietly I got up.

"Sergeant, how much of that are you going to allow?"

"All you can stand, sonny."

"Well, I can't stand any more."

"All right." He lit his pipe and left the squad room, closing the door behind him.

"Red and I were alone.

"'Red,' go over and pick up my book." I spoke very quietly.

He turned crimson with rage and surprise. "What the——Who the——" It was all over in three minutes. At stables that evening the old sergeant reported "Red" sick in quarters. The following night the bully asked me to take a hand in a game of five hundred as casually as though we had been friends since the Civil War.

I was established in the troop and had learned my second lesson. Before this little incident I had always felt a profound reverence for everything and every one tagged "New York":

THE CLOSER YOU GET TO THE NEAR GREAT THE SMALLER THEY LOOK.

The Eighteenth Infantry was stationed with the Fifth Cavalry at Fort Sam Houston. A transfer to the "Doughboys" took me over to the Philippines with the second expedition, where I received my baptism of fire in the trenches south of Manila during the attacks leading up to the surrender of the city on August 13, 1898. The first time under fire I was mortally afraid. The squirrel-like bark of the distant Mausers followed by a sharp zip! an occasional sput! followed by a groan as a man to my right or left was hit, causing a sinking sensation in my stomach and a feeling of terror that is indescribable.

"Sissy" Proved Good Man

Then I saw "Doc" Neuman, a corporal whom I and others had sneered at as a "sissy" because he manicured his nails and indulged in other evidences of effeminacy, leaning well over the earthwork, rifle in hand, intently watching a distant clump of cocoanut palms near the Spanish trenches. In a moment a miracle happened. Shame, disgust and anger at my own weakness swept all thoughts of danger away. I sprang up on the footrest beside "Doc," astonished at the calmness of my own voice as I addressed him: "See anything, corporal?"

"Keep still and watch that tallest palm. There's a sharpshooter at the bottom and I think one at the top."

As he spoke the muzzle of his Krag slowly raised, he snuggled close to it. As it spat a little tongue of fire a Mauser barked and whizzed its way overhead. A figure tumbled from the palm and I was watching the man at the bottom drag it toward the Spanish trench when I felt the corporal's hand dragging me down.

"Get under, there'll be a shower in a moment." As we dropped behind the sandbags, grinning at each other for obviously different reasons, a storm of bullets swept over and against the protesting barrier, seeking revenge for the one that fell. I had learned my third lesson:

FEAR IS A DISEASE; COURAGE AND KINDNESS ARE THE GREATEST THINGS IN THE WORLD.

One day after the [illegible] Infantry, in which I served a[illegible] for two years in the Pun[illegible] and eleven months in China, had returned fr[illegible] Pekin to Manila, I was sitting o[illegible] steps of the old cockpit, which [illegible] as our quarters in the [illegible] district, talking seriously [illegible] my "bunkie" about the future and when the regiment might expect to go home.

"George," he asked, "if you were in the States now and had your discharge in your pocket, what would you rather be than a soldier?"

I did not answer for a long time—then from somewhere back in the recesses of the subconscious mind I dug this idea and expressed it in a dreamy far-away voice:

"Ed, I'd like to be a lawyer—not a shyster—but a clean-cut lawyer with his profession above his bank account; I would like to have a home with a little piece of ground; a good wife and a kiddie or two."

Ed leaned back and laughed heartily. I did not. When I had heard the idea expressed aloud it seemed to grip me. I kept the vision before me until it materialized. That was back in 1901. I had been to school less than two years in all my life and my self-tuition had been interrupted by three years of strenuous campaigning. Since then I have come to believe that a man can be anything he wants to be if he can set a definite goal, kick over the obstacles as they appear and "keep plugging," as the soldiers say. I returned to the United States again the same year and joined the coast artillery at Fort McHenry. Lieutenant Churchill, now at the head of the Military Intelligence as brigadier general, appointed me post school teacher. He must have done it on my appearance, for I had to master at night the lessons I taught the men at school the following day. During the three years I filled that office I first met the girl, a friend of my sister, who was afterward to become my life partner. In 1904 there were some vacancies in the artillery corps for sergeants major. Only sergeants of the line were permitted to take the examinations. The sergeants in my battery did not feel qualified to take the examination and they showed no inclination to die or leave the service in my interest.

Does an Unusual Stunt

I put the facts up to the post commander and after he had recovered from the shock my audacity caused, he recommended to the chief of artillery that I be given the chance. I passed, so far as I know, the first corporal to become a sergeant-major on his nerve. Ordered to duty at Fort Flagler, a dreary, isolated post in Puget Sound, about sixty miles out from Seattle, I spent five months there before leaving the service for good. The fact that further promotion was out of the question was made clear.

At about that time the Pennsylvania State Police was being organized. I figured that in a new organization there is always a process of elimination and that with my knowledge of horsemanship and office work I ought to stand a chance for promotion. My military record secured me an appointment as first sergeant of a troop organized in a little town in the western end of the State that was surrounded by foreign settlements where murders were numerous and crime prevalent.

First Test in State Police

Our first real test came at Florence when a gang of murderous Italians barricaded themselves in a house from which they killed two of our men and wounded three others. Taking an active part in that affair I was in the same month promoted to lieutenant and sent to the Wilkes-Barree district. There we made a Black Hand raid that netted us a full wagonload of weapons and twenty-three prisoners. The process of elimination was working and I was sent to Greensburg, captain of a troop of the finest body of mounted police in the United States.

Taking my bride of a few weeks with me I worked hard to perfect the discipline and efficiency of my troop. Feeling that I had a great responsibility in the enforcement of the law, I began to study the criminal statutes of the State. Before I had gone far in this work the deputy superintendent located at the State Capitol resigned and I was promoted to his place. As soon as I got settled I began to devote my spare time to prepare for the examination for admission to the bar of the Supreme Court. For two years I bored into Latin, literature, algebra, geometry and history to meet the academic requirements of the preliminary examination after which I had three years more of Blackstone, statutes and decisions to pass the final examination. During these five years I studied until midnight or later every night. My patient little wife allowed me full latitude in my absolute neglect of her interests. We found time to buy a suburban lot, draw plans and write the specifications for the home we now live in; and to bring a fine boy into the world.

I broke down my health with black coffee and stogies, used to keep me from falling asleep over my books; and had my appendix removed as an unnecessary adjunct to my plans. In April, 1915, I received my certificate to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

When the superintendent, who had been a major in the National Guard was commissioned a lieutenant colonel after the start of the present war, the Governor had enough confidence in me to hand me the executive authority of the force.

I came to this country an English immigrant boy at the age of six. My friends say I have been lucky. Perhaps so, but you must pay dear in self-sacrifice for such luck as I have had.

However, the going is easy. This is the greatest age in the grandest land of opportunity in the world. As fast as a man learns that genius is only the ability to dig; that self-glorification is only another form of hot-air, while service, down-right loyal service is the quintessence of rapid success, that soon will he learn that there are no limits to the possibilities of the human mind.

To be conventional in my conclusion I ought to attribute all of my success to my wife, but I know shabby farmers and common day laborers who love their wives as much as I do mine. They, like me, have the incentive, but they have not come to the realization that a man's friends are in the ultimate analysis the reason for his success or failure. Acquaintances are one thing; fri nds are quite something else. Hard work, courtesy and frankness will win the only friends worth while, and so I have learned my fourth lesson:

YOU GET WHAT YOU DESERVE IN THIS WORLD AND YOU DESERVE WHAT YOU GET.

Hit by Auto, Boy Dies

Paul Bevan, eleven years old, 2048 East Cambria street, died today in the Northeastern Hospital, the result, the police say, of injuries received when an automobile struck him yesterday. The machine was driven by Wolfgang Richter, Jr., 6812 Dittman street, sixteen years old. The accident occurred at Frankford avenue and Berks street. Richter was arrested.

Berlin's Press Subsidy Failed

Continued from Page One

general, there are here very definite views. Mr. Bayard Hale wishes me to propose to you the founding of a first-class weekly, whereas, I, in my report No. 412, recommended the starting of a monthly. Personally, I think it entirely depends on whether we make a happy choice in respect of the editor.

"In this respect we have had a very unfortunate experience with the Times-Mail. Only the future can show whether we shall have better luck with Mr. Huntington Wright and Mr. T. E. Lowe.

"No Reticence Here"

"The fact of an American newspaper being subsidized can never be kept secret, because there is no reticence in this country. It always ends with my being held responsible for all the articles of any such newspaper. This is particularly undesirable when, as now, we are in an electoral campaign of the bitterest character, which is turning largely upon foreign policy.

"I have, therefore, with much satisfaction to myself, at least, succeeded in getting out of all relations with Fair Play, of Mr. Marcus Braun. I should also be glad to be free from the Fatherland, which has shown itself to be of little value.

"It is particularly difficult in a hostile country to find suitable persons for help of this sort, and to this, as well as the Lusitania case, we may attribute the shipwreck of the German propaganda initiated by Herr Dernburg."

"Fair Play" a Failure

Marcus Braun, a former immigration inspector, was editor of the Fair Play. This paper, Bielaski told the committee, received numerous subsidies from the German embassy, the amounts ranging from $1000 to $5000.

The Bernstorff communication to Berlin announcing reorganization of his propaganda after the Lusitania sinking, as decoded by the Department of Justice, was read as follows:

"As you will have learnt from my previous report, we have, since the Lusitania case, endeavored to wind up all the so-called German propaganda and especially to get rid of all dubious individuals. I can now say, with a good conscience, that we are no longer compromised. Some of the old affairs still hang on, but we are more or less settled, although they will cause some future expenditures.

"At the beginning of the war, many things were undertaken by the Dernburg propaganda which would never have been undertaken if we could have seen that the war would be so long, because nothing can for long be kept secret in America.

"Since the Lusitania case, we have strictly confined ourselves to such propaganda as cannot hurt us if it becomes known. The sole exception is, perhaps, the peace propaganda, which has cost us the largest amount, but which also has been the most successful.

"Latterly, I have been using the embargo association and some entirely reliable private intermediaries.

"I have also made use of the German University League, founded since the war. This has done its best to take the place of the German (?) Association (word not decipherable), which has been of no use during the war on account of its management. The league has published, under my collaboration, an excellent collection of reports on the war, which will be of great service to our cause."

"Unscrupulously Independent"

Referring to J. F. J. Archibald, Bielaski said he started to Germany and Austria as a representative of the Wheeler Syndicate, bearing letters from Count von Bernstorff and Captain von Papen, saying he was an "unscrupulously independent journalist" and that he was going to Germany and Austria to "gather fresh impressions." Archibald's connection with the Wheeler Syndicate ceased, however, according to the witness, when his articles became so pro-German that the papers associated with the syndicate refused to print them.

Other writers alleged to have been on the pay roll of the German embassy are William Warram, associate editor of Freedom, a foreign language publication at Cleveland. Theodore E. Lowe, editor of the National Courier, Washington, received $8000 from the Germans during the paper's short life, and Louis Garthe, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American was a regular contributor to the Courier.

A detailed account of the organization and activities of the American Embargo Conference, which was formed in 1915 to stop shipment of war supplies from this country to the Allies, by so arousing feeling among the voters as to compel legislative action being taken, was given by Bielaski.

Senators Are Named

In a report of the conference, written by G. M. Jacobs, of Chicago, acting chairman, and made to William Bayard Hale as a member of the executive committee, it was stated that former Senator Works, of California; Senator Smith, of Georgia, and Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, supported the principles of the conference.

Later, Bielaski read a communication signed by Senator Hitchcock, stating he would do all in his power, both as a Senator and as editor of the Omaha World-Herald, to bring about an embargo on arms.

28th and 79th Will Stay Abroad

Continued from Page One

ficers and 125,515 men. Additional units of the Ninety-second and Eighty-seventh divisions, with some coast artillery regiments and engineers, are included.

In the additional units which General Pershing has designated for early return are 1426 officers and 29,381 enlisted men.

Announcement was made of the sailing from France of the transports Susquehanna, Santa Anna and DeKalb, with sick, wounded and casuals. The Santa Anna and DeKalb sailed December 2, and may be expected to arrive in New York about December 17. The DeKalb has on board eleven naval officers and 574 naval enlisted men. The Susquehanna sailed from France on November 29, and is due to arrive in New York December 10.

On Way to America

The Susquehanna is bringing casual company No. 101, consisting of two officers and 130 men, and casuals consisting of two officers and 75'5 men in addition. The Santa Anna has on board forty-eight officers, twenty-one enlisted men and seventy-nine civilians. The DeKalb has only a limited number, thirty-three officers and one man.

Answering a question regarding reports that the Eleventh Division, now at Camp Meade, is being kept intact for some special work, General March said:

"It is not true. The Eleventh is a combatant division and its demobilization will come after the other eight classes of enlisted men, which I have already announced. The Eleventh, like many of the divisions which were organizing when the armistice was signed, contains regular regiments and those regiments will be used for guard duty in the various camps after the troops from the National Army have been withdrawn."

General March announced that at home during the last week more than 200,000 men had been released. The total number of officers released up to yesterday was 7658. The discharge system is being rapidly speeded up as the men in charge of it become more accustomed to the operations.

18,406 Embark for Home

The total of returning troops already actually embarked for home was announced as 854 officers, 17,363 men, 185 civilians, two nurses and two prisoners.

Additional units assigned to early return home include:

Three Hundred and Twelfth Supply Train, Companies C and D; Ambulance Company 346; Forty-ninth Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps; Headquarters Company and Batteries C, D, E and F; Advance School Detachment from Eleventh and Twelfth Divisions; Companies E, F, G and H, 345th Infantry; Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Regiments, Coast Artillery; Headquarters Thirty-first Artillery Brigade, Coast Artillery Corps.

Three Hundred and Forty-sixth Infantry; 335th Machine-Gun Battalion; advance school detachments, Tenth and Eighth Divisions, and Eleventh Field Artillery Brigade; Casual Company 1, Chemical Warfare Service; 301st Field Artillery; Headquarters and Supply Company, Eighth Anti-Aircraft Sector, with First, Second, Third and Fourth Anti-Aircraft Batteries, and Eighth Anti-Aircraft Mobile Ordnance Repair Unit.

The Third and Eighth trench mortar batteries; headquarters Ninth anti-aircraft sector, with the Tenth and the First, Second and Third provisional anti-aircraft batteries; Fifth Corps artillery park; Sixty-fifth regiment Coast Artillery; 401st pontoon park, and the 466th, 467th and 468th pontoon trains.

Six Artillery Regiments

Six artillery regiments, the 349th, 350th, 351st, Eighty-first, Eighty-third and Second; engineer casual company No. 1; headquarters and first battalion, 801st pioneer infantry; Fortieth engineers; second advance school Tenth Field Artillery Brigade; Third heavy mobile ordnance repair unit; 319th engineers and train; headquarters 167th and Eighth Artillery Brigade; headquarters troops Eighty-second Division.

Three Hundred and Thirty-ninth Machine-Gun Battalion; 317th Trench Mortar Battery; military police training headquarters and supply, sanitary, and ammunition trains; 325th Field Signal Battalion; Company E and Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, 317th Engineers; Company E, 319th Engineers; Second, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Heavy Mobile Ordnance Repair Shops; Fourth and Fifth Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; Companies F, I, K, D, E, G, H, and medical detachment, Second Engineers.

27th Losses Not Enormous

To set at rest numerous rumors regarding enormous casualties in the Twenty-seventh (New York) Division, General March announced that after a careful examination of casualty lists it had been found that the total casualties reported from all causes in this division were forty-four officers and 1109 men.

Since the stay of the army of occupation abroad is indefinite, General March said it would be necessary to ask Congress for new enlistment legislation. Under the present law no provision is made for such a force as will be needed after the four months from the signing of peace, when the war army must be discharged.

So far as transportation is concerned, the chief of staff said it would be easy to bring home all National Guard and National Army divisions within the four months. The camps to which each large unit will be sent for demobilization will be announced as soon as General Pershing cables that the unit has started for home.

Britain as Ally Is Honored Here

Continued from Page One

unprecedented and over an enormously extended battle line, and her dogged persistence.

"Never was persistence so sorely needed and never was it so finely shown," he said.

Commenting on the great sacrifice of those who fell in battle, the bishop declared:

"Our victory is given us by the dead even more than by the living. By the grace of God nothing for which our brothers fought will fail of accomplishment."

Following the memorial services flags were presented to the British officers by Thomas P. Porter, British consul general here, for the Philadelphia Council of National Defense, and a review of sailors and marines from the Cumberland took place in front of the church.

Officers of the Cumberland, most of whom participated in the defeat of the German fleet in the battle off Jutland early in the war, were entertained informally today in private homes at luncheons, and will attend several social affairs tonight.

Enlisted men of the cruiser, 265 in number, were the guests of the National League for Women's Service at a dinner given for them at the Arch street canteen of the War Camp Community Service.

Formal opening of the Army and Navy Officers' Club, 221 South Eighteenth street, by the navy committee of the Emergency Aid, helped mark the day. This institution was made possible by Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, who provided the quarters and had the interior redecorated in suitable fashion. A reception was held at the clubhouse.

Mass Meeting at Metropolitan

A mass meeting tonight at the Metropolitan Opera House at 8 o'clock promises to be an outstanding feature of the celebration. Major General McLachlan and Alfred Noyes, the poet, will be speakers. Arrangements for this affair have been made by the committee on America's tribute to Britain, and the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense. Bayard Henry will preside.

Music will be furnished by the marine band from the navy yard. Miss Suzanne Silvercruys, a Belgian refugee, will sing.

Donations of money will be solicited for the fund known as "Pennsylvania's gift for the education and support of the orphans of the officers and men killed during the war in the British service." This fund will be formally presented to King George by the American Ambassador, John W. Davis, and Colonel Dyke Acland, representing the Emergency Aid.

More than a hundred American cities are paying tribute today to the sacrifices made by the British people to "make the world safe for democracy." The movement primarily had for its purpose the fostering of a better spirit of friendliness between the two great English-speaking nations.

Philadelphia's observance of the day was carried out under a proclamation by Mayor Smith, which reads as follows:

"Saturday, December 7, having been designated as Britain's Day, when America will give public acknowledgment of the splendid services of our British ally in the great world war, I ask that a free display of the British colors be made on homes and business edifices, and that in every way possible we show appreciation of the great record made by our ally in the war, bearing in loving remembrance the fact that the ally we honor has given nearly a million lives that liberty might become the blessed inheritance of millions heretofore denied its beneficent influence."

Besides the general relief fund being raised today, patriotic women affiliated with Queen Mary's Needlework Guild and the British-American war relief fund of the Emergency Aid cabled to the British Queen the announcement that they will endow in perpetuity a bed in an English naval hospital, to be known as "The Philadelphia Bed."

This endowment is a testimonial of the gratitude of American parents, wives and children in this city to the British navy and auxiliary ships for safely transporting half of the American expeditionary force overseas.

The national celebration of "Britain Day" was promoted by the Sulgrave Institution in conjunction with the National Committee of Patriotic Societies, National Security League and the American Defense Society.

Senator Philander C. Knox heads the Pennsylvania committee appointed by Governor Brumbaugh.

JAPANESE PRINCE IN U. S.

Emperor's Cousin, on Way Home, Will Visit Washington

New York, Dec. 7.—(By A. P.)—Prince Yorihito, of Higashi-Fushimi, a cousin of the Emperor of Japan and a former naval commander, arrived here today from England on a British cruiser.

On his way home to Japan he will visit Washington.

At Washington the Prince will be received by Vice President Marshall. He will be accompanied to the capital by a notable group of men who met him upon his arrival here, including Assistant Secretary of State Long, Read Admiral Robertson and Major General Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Northeastern Department.

ROMA SI PREPARA PER ACCOGLIERE WILSON

Grande Ricevimento pel Conferimento della Cittadinanza Onoraria al Presidente

Published and Distributed Under PERMIT NO. 841
Authorized by the act of October 6, 1917, on file at the Postoffice of Philadelphia, Pa.
By order of the President,
A. S. BURLESON,
Postmaster General.

Roma, 7 dicembre.

Proseguono i lavori nei palazzi municipali sul Colle Capitolino per preparare il grande ricevimento che si dara' in onore del Presidente Wilson quanso gli sara' conferita la cittadinanza onoraria di Roma.

Il palazzo centrale del Campidoglio, ove si aduna il consiglio comunale, sara' congiunto ai fabbricati laterali che contengono i famosi musei capitolini.

Londra, 6 dicembre.

David Loyd George, Primo Ministro dell'Inghilterra, la scorsa notte, durante la sua campagna elettorale ha dato nuove delucidazioni circa la sua politica. Egli ha dichiarato di essere favorevole alla espulsione ed esclusione di tutti i sudditi nemici.

Richiamando l'attenzione sulla necessita' di procedere e punire tutti gli uomini responsabili della guerra, qualunque sia la loro posizione, egli dichiaro' che il governo inglese esercitera' tutta la sua influenza nella conferenza della pace acciocche' giustizia sia fatta.

"Il Kaiser bisogna che sia processato—egli ha detto—la guerra fu un crimine. Vi e' forse dubbio? Essa fu uno spaventevole e terribile crimine. Fu un crimine nel senso come fu preparata e nel deliberato capriccio per il quale fu provocata. Cosi' pure fu un crimine l'invasione di un debole e piccolo stato, ed il piu' brutale trattamento che subi' questo stato."

The DIET During and After INFLUENZA
The Old Reliable Round Package
Horlick's Malted Milk
Very Nutritious, Digestible
The REAL Food-Drink, instantly prepared. Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and from carefully selected materials.
Used successfully over ¼ century. Endorsed by physicians everywhere.
Specify Horlick's The Original
Others Are Imitations

AUTOMOBILE JUBILEE WEEK
BEGINS TODAY

Do You Know These Facts?

Capital Invested in Automobile Industry in the United States	$1,300,000,000
Wholesale Value of Automobiles Made in the United States in 1917	$917,470,938
Number of Motor Cars and Trucks registered in United States to July 1, 1918.	5,466,931
Number of employees in Automobile Industry in America	900,000
These employees were paid in 1917	$747,000,000
Number of Automobile Dealers in U. S.	25,000
Value of products of Tire Factories, in one Year	$500,000,000
Number of Passenger Car Factories.	213
Number of Truck Factories	372
In 1908 the number of Motor Vehicles made totaled only	60,000
In 1917 the number of motor vehicles, including motor cars, trucks and trailers, manufactured was	1,814,000
The value of the 1917 production was	$1,059,000,000
In the past five years the Motor Car Industry manufactured motor vehicles to the number of	4,809,000

Isn't this industry worth knowing About?
COME AND LEARN DURING
AUTOMOBILE JUBILEE WEEK
Saturday, December 7 to Saturday, December 14, Inclusive
More Than 70 Dealers
In Motor Cars, Trucks, Trailers, Tractors, Tires and Accessories
Will Be Open Daily Till 10 P. M.
PHILADELPHIA AUTOMOBILE TRADE ASSOCIATION

Greater food value—increased palatability
In making chocolate cakes use
BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
with barley and buckwheat flour.
The chocolate covers the color and taste of the dark flour so it is practically as good as when made with all white flour.
This use of cocoa or chocolate increases the food value of the prepared dish.
Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free
WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.