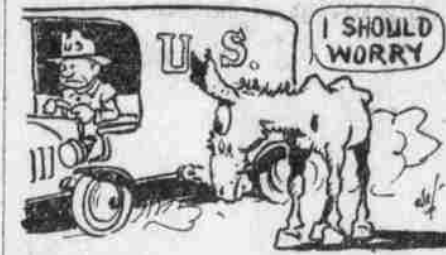


LIBERTY BELL IN DANGER

WASHINGTON GOSSIP



Motor Trucks Displacing Mules in Army Service



WASHINGTON.—"The motor truck is bound to mark the passing of the army mule, just as it has begun to oust that animal's shorter-eared half-brother, the horse, from the transportation scheme of civil life," said an army officer on his return from an extended European tour. "It is only a matter of a short time before that picturesque and faithful adjunct of our military force is relegated to the much more prosaic life of the farm."

"What has been and is being accomplished by European governments in the matter of army transportation can be accomplished in our own country. And abroad the motor truck is being put to every conceivable test as to its fitness and capability in military maneuvers."

"The possibilities of the truck in our own army schemes are made evident in the report recently made by high army officials to the war department. According to this report the total weight of supplies and impediments that must be carried with an army division of 20,000 men is 2,883,000 pounds, or a full load for 961 of such army wagons as are now used."

"These figures in road space alone show that there is a great waste with present methods. That number of wagons require a space of approximately eleven miles on a twenty-yard road, a column that is vastly too large to be economically handled. And, besides, with eleven miles of wagons occupying the roads, there is no space left, unless it is before or behind the column, for the troops."

"With mule and wagon transportation the troops are confined to a movement of only about 24 miles per day, for this is the limit of distance which mules or horses can cover in a day without injury."

"With truck transportation this handicap is entirely eliminated. Not only can the supplies be moved with one-half to four-fifths fewer vehicles—for a motor truck will carry from two to five times as large a load as a mule wagon—thereby working a great economy in road space, but the truck can travel at a vastly greater speed than the men. Where three to five miles an hour is considered good speed for a heavily laden mule wagon, the truck can travel at the rate of ten to twenty miles an hour, and can keep it up twenty-four hours a day if necessary without tiring."

William F. McCombs Is Very Partial to Big Men

WILLIAM F. M'COMBS, the Democratic national chairman, has a decided penchant for the society of men of mountainous build. He himself does not tip the beam at even welterweight figures, but he lives with men of the white hope caliber when it comes to size and strength. When he was an undergraduate at Princeton his tastes were decidedly literary.

McCombs, when it came to the club elections, took an election to the "foot ball club," as one of the leading clubs there is accurately described, and among his intimates in his class were such old football stars as "Garry" Cochran, "Ad" Kelly, "Bill" Bannard and "Sport" Armstrong. When McCombs left Princeton to enter the Harvard Law school none of his athletic friends went up to Cambridge with him. He solved the problem by living through his three years' course with the man who had broken all the strength records of Harvard.

His new chum was Henry F. Cochems, who had come to Harvard with the reputation of being one of the best football stars in the west. Cochems had played four years in the University of Wisconsin backfield, and was ineligible, but he would have proved a tower of strength to the Crimson.



After McCombs went to New York to establish himself in law he naturally looked around for another strong man to share his apartment. He found him in Big Bill Edwards, now the street commissioner of New York, who was a freshman at Princeton when McCombs was a junior. According to Tom Reed's definition that no man is a gentleman who weighs over 200 pounds, that New York apartment housed a gentleman in the person of McCombs.

Edwards refereed the big football games for years with great success until one day, when Pennsylvania was playing the Indians, a facetious undergraduate sang out:

"Hey, Bill Edwards, get off the field so we can see the game!"

Next to big men, McCombs is equally fond of big cigars, the thick black ones that "Uncle Joe" Cannon made famous.

INCE negotiations have already been opened by the management of the Panama exposition and commonwealth of California with the city of Philadelphia to obtain the Liberty Bell as one of the exhibits for that occasion, and since it seems that the crack in the bell is extending, a definite settlement of the question as to whether the relic should be permitted to travel any more appears to be about due, and just now, when the anniversary of the nation's independence is upon us, is a reasonable time for discussion of the matter.

Wilfred Jordan, curator of the Independence Hall Museum, measured the second crack before the bell's last journey and then measured it again after its return. He found that it had increased in length to a slight degree.

No one knows just when this second crack occurred, and opinions differ; but compared to the old crack it is of recent origin and is distinctly visible. Mr. Jordan, however, was the first to call attention to a long and almost invisible extension of the second crack and finds that it now reaches one-third way around the bell, from the end of the old original fracture, which was chiseled out in 1846 in an attempt to make the bell sound properly.

Putting an end to the bell's pilgrimages would in no sense at all be due to a disinclination of the people or councils of Philadelphia to allow the west to view and possess the sacred relic even for a short time. Indeed Philadelphia would be only too glad to send it, for since the bell has already helped by its travels to lessen the sectional feelings between the north and south, so it would help unite the citizens of our republic who live on the Atlantic seaboard with those who live on the Pacific.

Little do either sections realize how intimately the bell is connected with the consummation of our nation, early political ideals and with the fondest of its impulses in Colonial days. This old bronze relic not only helped to proclaim independence, but for years before 1776 rang loud to celebrate the hopes of the people and rang low to intone their woes!

Upon its sides is this inscription: "And proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."—Lev. 25, 10. A strange Providence indeed wrote that inscription on its crown many years before its throbbing clangors and melodious eloquence had aught at all to do with liberty!

Announcing proclamations of war and treaties of peace; welcoming the arrival and bidding God-speed to departing notables; proclaiming some accession of the English royal family to the throne and the secession therefrom of the American colonies! Its more customary use, however, was to call the members of the assembly of Pennsylvania together at the morning and afternoon sessions and to announce the opening of the courts.

Despite the fact that the Liberty Bell is one of the most treasured of national relics, it is not originally an American product, but a foreign importation; and imported from England, too, where it was first cast according to the order given in October, 1751, by the superintendents of the state house of the Province of Pennsylvania—now Independence Hall.

Thomas Lester of White Chapel, London, cast the bell, and by August, 1752, it arrived in Philadelphia and was erected on trusses in the state house yard. While being tolled and tested early in September of the same year it was cracked by the clapper, though by no unusually powerful stroke. Concerning this accident, Isaac Morris wrote, March 10, 1753:

"Though the news of our new bell cracking is not very agreeable to us, we concluded to send it back by Captain Budden, who had brought it from London last August, but he could not take it on board, upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to cast it here, and I am just now informed they have this day opened the mould and have got a good bell, which, I confess, pleases me very much, that we should first venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell cast, for aught I know, in English America. The mould was finished in a very masterly manner, and the letters, I am told, are better than (on) the old one. When we broke up the metal our judges here generally agreed it was too high and brittle, and cast several little bells out of it to try the sound and strength, and fixed upon a mixture of an ounce and a half of copper to the pound of the old bell, and in this proportion we now have it."

Herman Pass, from the Island of Malta, and Jacob Stow, a son of Charles Stow, the doorkeeper of the assembly, were the two ingenious workmen referred to in the above letter. After the second casting of the bell it was again hung and tested in the spring of 1753. More defects were soon found, however. The American casters, Pass and Stow, who were not bell founders by trade at all, had put too much copper in the metal so that its sound was impaired. Disappointed with that failure and also nettled at the gibes of their townsmen concerning it, they asked permission to cast the bell a second time. Thomas Lester, the original maker of it, also offered his services, but the authorities decided to allow Pass and Stow to proceed again, and thus the third and present casting was made, and again the bell was raised; this time in the state house steeple itself. That operation was completed by the end of August of 1753, when the American casters were paid £60 13s. 5d. for their labors.

Then began its chimes, August 27, 1753, when it called the assembly together, ringing out the old, ringing in the new; sounding its melodies for innumerable public and private events during more than four-score of years.

The first individual for whom it rang was Franklin; sent "home to England" to ask redress for the grievances of the colonies in February, 1757.

The bell echoed the hopes of the people's hearts and its melodious "Bon Voyage" sounded over the Delaware as he sailed away.

When the planing and splitting mills were closed and the manufacture of iron and steel products was prohibited by acts of parliament in Pennsylvania and the king's arrow was affixed upon pine trees and the trade of the colonies in all parts of the world restrained, the bell was again tolled to assemble the people in the state house yard to protest against such outrages.

Thus did the bell, long before the Revolution, become the beloved symbol of truth and freedom, reinforcing with pugnacious and violent peals, the cry of determined citizens, in the largest political meeting held up to that time in the state house yard, that none of the ship "Polly's detestable tea," that had just been brought into the port, should be funneled down their throats with parliament duty mixed with it."

When the port of Boston was closed in May, 1774, and the heart of the country was growing heavier with its affliction, the bell was once more carefully muffled and tolled in a solemn and prophetic manner, both to announce the closing of the port and, a little later, to call a meeting to relieve suffering in Boston on account of the restriction of its trade.

As the conflict with England approached the bell was rung more and more; its use became a matter of course, and then, on April 25, 1775, just after the reports came to Philadelphia of the Battle of Lexington, it rang wildly to assemble 8,000 people in the state house yard and to inspire their souls to a resolution pledging their all to the cause of liberty.

It rang also to assemble the Continental congress to its daily sessions, both at Carpenter's hall and Independence hall, and, finally, its crowning achievement, the one wild, defiant and joyful ringing that, more than all the previous reverberations it made, gave it the sacred name of "The Liberty Bell," occurred on July 8 (and not the 4th, as is generally believed), after the Declaration of Independence had been adopted.

This greatest of its jubilees called the citizens together in the yard to hear read in the stentorian tones of John Nixon the first public proclamation of the Declaration, and never did the old wooden rafters of the state house steeple rock and tremble with more sympathetic vibration than at this time.

When returned to the old state house steeple again one of its first uses was to ring upon the announcement of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, in October, 1781, and in the following month to toll in welcoming Washington to the city. A year and a half later it helped to proclaim the treaty of peace with Great Britain, and in December, 1795, it was muffled for the first time in many years, though not to mourn for lost liberty or over tyrannical deeds, but to lend its almost hushed music to the funeral solemnities of Washington himself.

An Interesting Grove of Venerable Oak Trees



IF you are interested in lofty, broad, noble and venerable oaks the writer will point you to a stately grove.

In going eastward along the Bunker Hill road turn to the right at the crossing of Queen's Chapel road and near midway between the Bunker Hill road and Rhode Island avenue you will see on the left of the way the oak grove indicated. Under the boughs of the great trees is a frame house with flower beds and flower-planted tubs in front and on the sides. The writer's first idea was that some grand mansion must once have stood in that grove of high oaks, but this idea, like so many other first ideas, proved on investigation, to be wrong.

The present happy tenants of that cot among the oaks are Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Columbus Murphy. Mr. Murphy is seventy-one years old, son

of Thomas Murphy, was born within 300 yards of where he lives today, and his life's experience has been confined to that pretty and romantic section of the District.

Mr. Murphy said that when he was a little boy the land around there belonged to John Hoover and then to Walter Scott. Much of it later passed into the possession of John Britton, who kept a store on Seventh street, and a little later it passed to John B. Kibbs, who subdivided the big tract into small holdings. The Murphys place three generations ago belonged to Tobias Talbert and the Murphy house was built about 50 years ago by a man remembered as Knight.

"All this country was grown over with oak trees like those," continued Mr. Murphy, "and the grove of 20 is about all that remains of the wide forest."

It is worth a trip out that way to see the kind of timber that once covered the wooded sections of the District of Columbia. The Murphys constructed a rustic bench under one of the big trees. It was built so long ago that it is a very old bench now. When this reaches print it may be that these old oaks will be in leaf, and if you pass that way you should take a rest in the shade of the glorious trees.

Here Is a Man Who Eats Sand for All His Ills

THE national capital boasts at least one sand eating man. His name is Julian Emmons and he is a doorkeeper at the house of representatives. Emmons hails from Noblesville, Ind., and came to Washington with the Democratic regime in the house more than two years ago. He is sixty-five years of age, hale and hearty.

Emmons swallows a teaspoonful of sand after each meal. He never leaves home in the morning without a phial of coarse sand. He says he was troubled constantly with sour stomach, heartburn, indigestion and kindred ills until he started the "sand cure." Now he asserts that he is never troubled at all, relishes his food, sleeps like a baby and enjoys life to the full.

He has one remedy for all ills. It



is sand. If a dark brown taste is present upon arising in the morning, do not fail to reach for the sand bottle.

He urges coarse sand, not too sharp, and forswears the fine white variety because, he says, it dissolves in the intestinal processes and is of no value as an aid to the functions of digestion.