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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1916.

There's but the twinkling of a star Between a man of peace and war. -Samuel Butler.

Irish blood for German glory!

"The King can do no wrong!" The President can do no right!

The Republican party is not half so much in need of a candidate as it is of a leader.

A business man for President would be all

right, but Lincoln could not have qualified. me of the belligerent countries are suffer-

ing from the war almost as much as if they were neutrals. If they expect to beat Ford for the Presidency they'd better do it before his tractors

get into general circulation. What do the State's interests at Washington matter so long as Senator Penrose can

attend to his own interests at home? Filipino Land Owners Oppose Independence.-Headline. Far too intelligent to be Congressmen

correspondent wishes to know "what T. R. stands for." That is not the question. Does the correspondent stand for T. R.?

The Mayor is going to keep the police out of politics, as any policeman who works against the Vares will find out soon enough,

A Vienna paper says that "a breach with Germany means a breach with Austria." Yes breeches never come singly-always in pairs.

Mr. Bryan's regarding Villa as presidential r was almost as grievous an error as when he entertained the same opinion regardor himself.

The first thing we know Secretary Daniels will be bragging that our navy is superior to Mexico's and he'll have pins stuck in the wall to prove it.

No wonder the foundations of City Hall are a triffe shaky. There has been more underground work done there than was ever dreamed of in the transit program.

Lansdale manufacturer announces his intention of paying his employes as much as they earn. Some will be mightily dissatisfied, never fear, unless he tempers justice with

The regular season of the Philadelphia Orchestra closes this week. On the 1st of May the "Pops" begin, and it is some indication of how well these concerts were taken last year that the name is now more closely associated with music than with ginger ale,

The United States investigators of our national resources in case of war are well advised in not beginning their studies in Philadelphia. They would never need, nor test a chance, to go any further. Even if it were herely a question of munitions we could do

Chester and Kensington both report new industrial impulses. The former depends a little on a new shipbuilding enterprise. The Letter has appointed a committee to see that the elevated line is artistically painted and decorative. Considering the possibilities of peace and the obstructionists of transit, both show an extraordinary faith in the future.

I don't believe that any one—for political purposes—would dare impede the progress of Philadelphia by endangering the loan.—

We cannot believe that the Mayor is as un isticated as he says he is. Perhaps not for "political" purposes, but since when has the progress of Philadelphia been of any account to those who had an ax to grind?

The "now-or-never" sentiment has overcome whatever scruples mill and coal workers have had against striking in a time of unquestioned prosperity. Already more than 100,000 work ers are out in the Pittsburgh district and the mary attempts at rioting have begun. At the same time the anthracite situation is lsing. The question is exactly the s as it has been in many years. The are are making claims they declare just; ators assert that nothing in their presspects would justify such increases. If both sides are of good faith in their claims, it would seem an easy matter for an impartial investigation to determine the truth. Experiance indicates that when such an investion has been made the results are usually stiffying to both parties.

he a situation which must be altogether shappy for Iseland the most distressing demt is likely to be the movement of from Belfast to the south. It is an of fate that a nation so devoted to its is as is Ireland should have actually two le, and that one should be set against the or in what still appears irrepressible conly to England, and the example of violence. be Landon Chroniele points out, was before mre in the activities of the Ulater

violence, but it was lawless and aggravated, if it did not provoke, the present appeal to force. The English papers are strong in condemnation of governmental delinquency, for the rebellion in Dublin was not a surprise, and only indifference or inefficiency on the part of the Cabinet can account for its momentary

#### DUMB AS AN OYSTER

If the nation is to be saved from disaster in the next four years, it must awake and demand the election of men of political and industrial vision to the Presidency and Congress, men who are blg enough to see the problems that must be solved and have driving force enough to compel action.

FIHE country has been damning Congress for its inaction for the last 21 months. Not a new warship has been laid down, nothing has been done to increase the army save to authorize the addition of a paitry 20,000 men to the regular force. No consideration has been given to meeting the pressing foreign trade problems that will confront us at the conclusion of peace. No adequate provision has been made for enlarging the merchant marine in orde: that we may be independent of the shipping of other nations. And great industrial questions at home have been ignored as though they did not exist.

Yet the whole political and commercial face of the world has changed since the beginning of August, 1914.

Congress has debated for nearly two years. There is no agreement on anything. The Administration failed to read the signs of the times at the beginning, and it has only begun to stumble through the alphabet and to spell out two-letter words in the primer of industrial statecraft and in the first reader of international politics.

The time is approaching when the nation must decide whether it is to be content with this sort of conduct of public business in Washington. The politicians out of power are as blind as those in office. They are engaged in a fight for control of the party organizations in the various States. What man shall be rewarded by a nomination for office and what man shall be punished for his bolting interests them more than the formulation of any great policies. Principles are ignored. Programs are forgotten. Personal advantage is all that is sought.

So long as the business and professional and working men of the country are indifferent the politicians will continue to play their petty game, regardless of the complex issues which the nation must confront in the near future.

If there ever was a time when men of polit-Ical and industrial vision were needed it is the present. What kind of President and Congress do the manufacturers and merchants, the lawyers and doctors, the ministers and the farmers want? It is within their power to get them. These people are the real rulers of the country. If they have any opinions they can give a mandate which their public servants will disregard at their peril. As soon as the demands of the nation are definitely formulated, the politicians will fall over one another in their eagerness to pledge themselves to execute them if only trusted with power.

The Government cannot go on for the future in the same lax and indifferent manner that it has in the past without courting disaster. But so far as the evidence shows, the nation has been as indifferent as Congress. It has contented itself with damning the Government, and has proposed no great constructive policies. There is more truth than poetry in the remark of ex-President Taft that God takes care of fools, children and the United States, for the United States has managed to escape great calamities for other reasons than the deliberate forethought of its statesmen. It cannot expect to enjoy this good fortune forever. One-half of the prudent judgment employed in the management of a great business undertaking would reform most of the abuses in the conduct of national affairs. But no greater mistake could be made than to nominate a mere business man for the Presidency. What we need is not a politician nor a business man, but a statesman with vision to see and courage to act and driving power to force his views upon others.

What have the voters been doing for the past months to crystallize the demand for this sort of a man in the Presidency and men of the same type in the House of Representatives? There is no evidence that anything has been done. We are drifting and trusting to luck. Manufacturers and merchants, lawyers and doctors and the rest have been as negligent as Congress.

Something must be done and that right early. We know whom the St. Louis convention will nominate. We know what to expect of President Wilson. If conditions are to be improved and we are to face the future with confidence of weathering the unforeseen storms, a bigger man must be named in Chicago. And the politicians who will make the nomination must be impressed with the duty of responding to the popular demand for business as well as military preparedness. But they will not respond unless the demand is uttered in unmistakable terms.

It is time that the best men in the country began to make their views known.

### SENTENCES FOR GATLING GUNS

N THIS era of "hot air" it is not surprising that a subordinate officer of the recognized de facto Mexican Government should enter into a conference with American army officers and outline to them the conditions under which he personally will permit the United States to go about its business.

Obregon, it is true, has an army of not less than 40,000 veteran soldiers under his command, while this great nation, the world's golden treasury, is able to put forth only a considerably smaller force, far flung in a battle line so tenuous that communications are threatened at a hundred different points. It may be that it is the part of wisdom, in such circumstances, for us to parley. But what good will the parleying do? In Washington the House of Representatives believes that war is waged with spitballs and that high-sounding phrases will rout any enemy of this Republic. There will be no larger army when the parleying is done. In fact, there seems to be no chance of getting any army at all worth while until the thunder of hoetile guns rings in our ears.

Our preparedness moves backward, like a crab. There is plenty of talk, but mighty little preparation. No wonder that sensible men are nauscated and sick. When an organized hand of bandits in Mexico can halt a Washington program and an Obregon can dictate terms, it is enough to cover patriotic citizens with shame. Yet the fact is that Mexican policy is half-hearted because the men behind it are half-hearted. Worse than that, they are half-hearted because they know we are not even half prepared. Yes

they do nothing but talk. We are equited in applistry and for Gatting guns we have only sentences.

## Tom Daly's Column

O! VERRA WAL. O Meester Dal', eets maka me seek, Dat I no landa for a week! An' my Marie, she saya to me, How comes cet dat no more she see Her leetla Villain on your page, For wat she theenks ees mos' an aget An' Pete, dat sal peanut, banan', He's joosta lauphin' all he can, An' tell Marie my stuff ees bum, An' no good for your colly-um O Meester Dal', pleass' show dat wop; Joost for tonight, put me on top! -P. Villain.

CIR-The other day wagon No. 522 of the Adams Express Company passed along our street and I noticed this legend on its side:

ADAMS EXPRESS COPMANY But is it, really, as many as they used to cop, before the parcels post came?

We witnessed an interesting conflict twixt a giant snake and Mrs. Ferdinand Shupp Sunday afternoon and, of course, as usual, woman again was conqueror.—Stroudsburg (Pa.) Times.

> The Season's On "My dinner's cold!" He swore with vim; And then she made It hot for him.

Besides, she told The silly man: "You made it cold,

### A Chinese Melodrama

For you're a fan.'

By Tingo A. Ling. THE Chinese drama has some gripping I moments. It must not be supposed that the citizens of the Celestial Kingdom (\*) are too pacific and easy-going to be averse to the idea of tragedy. Not so. However, it must be admitted that a certain restraint is insisted upon, and that the gory melodrama dear to Occidental civilization is acceptable only in a modified form to the theatregoers in the Flowery Republic (†) Thus, acts of violence required by the drama must be performed off-stage and, in fact, before the rising of the curtain, when possible. We submit a brief synopsis of a Chinese tragedy, performed with great success in most of the more important theatres of the Kingdom (t).

\*We mean Republic. tl. e., Kingdom. !Substitute Republic.

### Ha! Ha!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE. Stik, a young Prince. Shay Shoo, a Villain. Li La Lu, a Princess. Nall Ong, a Witch, Mother of Li La Lu. Hang Ong, a Life Insurance Agent.

Act 1, Scene 1. Stik, the Prince, has been killed by swallowing colored confettl during the festivities at a funeral. Enter Hang Ong to collect from the estate a policy of 5000 yen which became due to the company, which had paid the premiums, as soon as Stik breathed his last. Since Stik, the hero, is dead, he is represented throughout the performance by a crayon portrait of him. Li La Lu, the heroine, is discovered putting acid in her mother's tea. Hang Ong-"Go to it, kid. That'll make another policy I cash in on, and, as before, I split with you."

Li La Lu (blushing prettily)-"I have only just begun to help you, dar-ling."

Scene 2. Enter Shay Shoo, villain. He seizes the cup and flings its contents out of the winow. Strong scene between Shay Shoo and Hang Ong. Latter bursts into laughter as he realizes he is outwitted, slaps Shay on back and gives him a cigar (unpolsoned).

Shay Shoo-"The old witch whose life you seek is too good to die. Only the bad die young." (Strong stuff. Youbetcha.)

Act II. Nail Ong, the witch, enters, wearily, having sat up all night nursing the sick baby of a poor neighbor. She says her prayers and goes to bed on a ladder standing vertically in the middle of the dining room. Sticking her feet in a rung, she is soon sleeping soundly. Enter Li La Lu, carrying a wild white mouse in an iron cage, which grinds its teeth and switches its tail viciously. Li La Lu places one of her mother's hands in the cage, tying it securely. (Page boy sticks up Nail Ong's portrait alongside Stik's.) Nail Ong, waking, is hungry. "Ah, my little Li La Lu is always so thoughtful." Eats white mouse. (Page boy enters, removes Nail Ong's portrait.)

Act III. The portrait of Shay Shoo is discovered set up alongside that of Stik. It appears that Shay Shoo met with disaster some time between Acts II and III. Enter Li La Lu and Hang Ong.

Li La Lu-"I don't see mother about." Hang Ong-"My precious, I have a treat for you. Your mother ate the wild mouse, but I had taken the precaution of filling the mouse with tacks. (Hangs portrait of Nail Ong beside those of Stik and Shoo Shay.) (Curtain.)

> Bean Boundaries T.

Here may be seen. Recorded by a queer machine, The outlines of a human bean When our dome gets on Its new spring Stetson This long, thin chunk O' bany funk Is what it sets on ....

E haven't heard a parrot story for a monkey and a parrot of a time. We may be wrong-and we fear and tremble some what—but we're going to let Shon Rea get by

While waiting his turn to perform at a church upper recently a dignitary of our city related story which illustrates what a frenzy may do. The pastor of a Haptist church one hot sum-ner morning exclaimed in his fervor to the congregation.

"Brethren, what shall we do to be saved?"

What shall we do to be saved?"

The reply came through the open windows from the adjoining parsonage in the squawking tones of a parrot which the parson hall bought the week before from a shipwrecked sallor:

"Pump! Fump, you sons of perdition."

And W. B. M. reports this sign in front of an uptown bookstore:

DICKENS WORKS HERE FOR \$1.36 THIS

WEEK The Maximus situation is nort of al stress and -- Mr. Pleasand (Pa.) Journal It to kind of; even odd, in fact,

### HOW LIFE GOES ON BEHIND THE LINES

Bread and Water Instead of Cakes and Ale-The Habits and the Spirit of Life in War-Torn Europe

WHO will write the history of the Great Peace? Not the peace which will come after the war, although that will call for all the great heart and the great mind of humanity to record; but the peace that actually exists now in Europe. The history of the war is complicated enough. It ranges from the Kamerun to the Kattegat: it is a war of men and machinery and principles and politics. Probably no man alive today, possibly no man born in the next half century. will be free of the taint of the war. And

yet there is a peace in Europe. Life goes on, not so wanton nor so wondrous as it was, behind the trenches scarring the fair face of nature. It is a life of commonplaces, of dim sadnesses, of bright lights and of blinding tragedies. The war sends its dreadful report into every town and hamlet of Europe, but in the fields about the towns the farmers are turning up the soil. still smelling with the eternal richness of earth, and in the by-streets the shops are still busy with women who bargain for the day's provisioning. Children come from school and play in the open places and are tucked into bed with ancient fairy tales and lullabies. Today, as in the years before the war and as in the years to come, some things remain unchanged.

Small Things Change

But there are differences, and the casual observer is mightily struck by them. While the great things resist, the small things go under and new systems of living work themselves into the common life. The navvy in London finds his favorite "pub" unaccountably closed at certain hours, a farmer in Bavaria cannot procure a horse for love or money, a sempstress in Paris is relieved of paying rent, and heaven knows she is thankful for the relief. In Manchester a young woman is careless about gloves and her hands grow chapped. She sends to the apothecary for rosewater and glycerine and there is none to be had, for the Government has forbidden its use. In Lyons a newspaper appears with three pages (out of four) perfect blanks. In Berlin women helped to dig a subway: in France the fields are being tilled by women and children, and Englishwomen have been taken across the Channel to see their suc-

CARR. These are passing items in the great account which must be made of the upheaval in Europe following after the first declaration of war. There is a whole history of government in the ability shown by each country to centre and control the activities of the civilian populace while the total energies of the nation were supposed to be at war. In Germany, a highly centralized government, we see the methods of perfection; in France, a demogracy in spite of the failings of its governmental system, we see perfection almost without method. In Russia, which has the form of autocracy and the spirit of democracy, and in England, which has the reverse at times, we see quali

Germany Takes Action

Several months before the war began Prince von Buelow warned Germany that the momen England declared against her Germany would be compelled to be self-sustaining. However Germany may protest now against England's starvation policy, the fact is that she expected it and prepared against it. Shortly after the German armies tramped through Belgium millions of cattle and swine were slaughtered by Government decree. The purpose was to insure a supply of meat and, far more impor tant, to save the corn and other provender In this case somebody blundered, for the price of meat went up beyond all limits. Since then an adjustment has been made. The Govern ment has a monopoly of wheat and rye and supervises the distribution of bread, so that only 2.2 pounds go to a family each week Potato flour is officially urged as a substitute for wheat flour; cheap kitchens have been established, and for those who cannot pay at all there are free kitchens. Distribution and economy have solved the food problem in Germany, and her vast supplies are being augmented by the reclamation of \$3,000,000 acres of moorland, by intensive cultivation and by taking up large landed cetates and turning them into farms. For all the protests, the fact is that a good dinner at the Hotel Adlon, in Berlin, is still cheaper than a corresponding dinner at the hostelries around Broad and Chestnut. What the Government did not do co-

operation did. Piows are lacking, because the factories are busy with armament, so that farmers now share their implements with each other or rent them, at a very small cost, from a holding company. Like the community spirit of the medieval ages is the temper of the German stay-at-home, who allows his government to dictate the price of food and co-operates with the authorities to keep the value of coin and notes at the established figure. The Continental, accustomed to ringing metal, is now using bills quite as freely as his American tourist, and he sees that no foreign exchange forces a depreciation of the bill's value. He has adjusted himself to conditions as surely as the devotee of the gay life in Berlin. When the all-night life disappeared he consoled himself with going to the opera, where "Parsifal" ran two weeks in succession.

"YUM-M!!"

Individualism in France

In France the Government trusted much more to the individual. The first great question in a nation of proprietors was the problem of rent. It is a fact that rents were suspended by instinct. For a long time, before action was taken, no rents were collected by landlords and none were offered. It just seemed right that, when the earners were away, no charge should be made for those left behind. It seemed right, too, that while half of France fought for their lives and for France's life, the other half should not drink absinthe, and that was proscribed. Night life died out in Paris, too, and although "you wouldn't know that the war was on" occurs in many letters there is a note of sadness. "It is so dark at nights." is a strange cry from the city of perpetual light. But the principal shops are open, women go bargain-hunting, even if they do bargain chiefly for bandaging materials for the hospitals. Everywhere women have replaced men, done it cheerfully and capably.

In England Mr. Justice Darling still dispenses wit and wisdom from the bench, so all is well. But recruiting, unknown on the Continent, occupies the British mind, and the "conscientious objectors" wear badges to show why they are not in the training camps. Solid old business men spend half a day in the "City" and the other half at volunteer, work in some munition shop near London, and they are conducted to and fro by women who are quite as capable of calling the English equivalents for "Fare, please," and "Watch your step" as their brothers were. The London Times still prints its "agony column" of personals, and there is a good deal of agony there on account of wounded and missing men. But you still find quaint little notes such as "Bob-how could you? J." and a recurring notice from a "Really lonely officer in England" who would like correspondence.

These are all surface indications of some thing serious that has happened. It will take more than a war to change the face of the earth, and more than many wars to change the good faces of human beings. But nothing less than a war could summon all their energies, could make them so patient and so brave under the manifold miseries of a changed existence. They are living in terrified peace, but they are living bravely. G. V. S.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Obregon has now "clashed" with Carranza exactly the same number of times the Crown Prince has been recalled to Berlin in disgrace, and the contest will therefore go into extra innings.—New York Evening Post.

The impression one gets from the Berlin dis-patches since Sunday is that Germany has no stomach for war with the United States, and that the Kaiser could command at once the sup-port of a numerous and influential minority if he were to put the exponents of submarine frightfulness definitely and permanently out of business.—Springfield Republican.

A Tacoma jitney driver proposes to run "free jitneys" with contribution boxes attached "on the same plan that the churches of the city are conducted." This announcement shows either an abiding faith in human generosity too beautiful to shatter or a deep ignorance of the financial condition of many of our churches. -Tacoma Tribune.

As the situation develops it becomes more and more apparent that sooner or later the Gov-ernment will be forced to shoulder its due re-sponsibility for the safe and continuous operation of the railroads which it has, in the last quarter of a century, deprived of much of the necessary authority and courage for the proper management of the transportation industry.— New York Sun.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE This, then, is she, My mother as she looked at seventeen,

When she first met my father. Young incredibly, Younger than spring, without the faintest trace

Younger than spring, without the faintest trace Of disappointment, weariness, or tear Upon the childlike earnestness and grace Of the waiting face.

Those closs-wound ropes of pearl, (Or common beads made precious by their tise) Seems heavy for so slight a throat to wear; But the low bodice leaves the shoulders bare And half the glad swell of the breast, for news. That now the woman stre within the girl.

And yet, And yet,

Even so, the loops and globes Of beaten gold

Of beaten gold
And jet
Hung, in the stately way of old,
From the ears' drooping lobes
On festivals and Lord's days of the week.
Show all too matron-sober for the cheek—
Which, now I look again, is perfect child,
Or no—or no—'tis girihood's very self,
Molded by some deep, mischief-ridden elf
So mesk, so maiden mild.
But startling the close gazer with the sense
Of passion forest-shy and forest-wild,
And delicate, delirious mervineents.
—William Yaughn Moody.

# 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 dally.

QUIZ

 Who is the Irish Secretary in the British Cabinet?
 Was a Justice of the United States Supreme Court ever nominated for the Presidency?

3. What is the population of Dublin?

4. Is there an admiral in the American navy?

5. To what country does the Island of Corsica belong?

6. Is General Nelson A. Miles a graduate of

West Point? 7. After what man is the Poor Bichard Club named?
8. Is it illegal for a candidate for public office

to vote for himself?
ow many members of the national House
of Representatives are elected from Dela-

ware? 10. Who are the Sinn Feiners?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Thomas Nelson Page.
 Dublin is at the mouth of the Liffey River,

near the centre of the east coast of Treland.

3. It is about 15 miles farther in an air line from Houston to El Paso than from Phila-

delphia to Chicago.

4. Richard Olney is a Boston lawyer and a

former Secretary of State.

5. The illiterate in Iowa, 10 years old and over, constitute 1.7 per cent. of the population.
This is 0.2 per cent. less than in any

other State Owen Wister is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

 Forty million yards of carpet are weven in Philadelphia every year.
 The Spanish-American war was in 1898. 9. Orville Wright is alive. His brother Wilbur

10. Francis Bacon died on April 9, 1626.

The Thing Undone Editor of "What Do You Know"—I should like to find the poem containing these lines: It isn't the thing you do, dear,

That gives you a bit of a heartache At setting of the sun. And I should like to know who wrote it. Can bu help me? ELIZABETH.

you help me? Will some reader of this column come to the help of this correspondent?

Wedding Anniversaries

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Is the 50th wedding anniversary commonly called the diamond or the golden wedding? C. R.

It is the golden wedding. The common names the different anniversaries appear in the

following table: First-Cotton. Second-Paper. Third-Leather Fourth-Fruit and flowers. Fifth-Wooden. Sixth-Sugar Seventh-Woolen. Eighth-India rubber.

Ninth-Willow.

Tenth-Tin.

Twelfth-Silk and fine Thirteenth—Lace. Fourteenth—Ivory. Fifteenth—Crystal. Twentieth—China. Twenty-fifth-Silver. Thirtieth-Pearl. Fortieth-Ruby. Fiftieth-Golden Seventy-fifth-Diamond.

Mackay's Poem, "Winged Wings" Editor of "What Do You Know"-Who is the

author of the lines,
"Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play"? Perhaps you will be so kind as to publish the rest of the poem.

G. L. D. The poem entitled "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds," was written by Charles Mackay. The four stanzas follow:

Teil me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the west, Where, free from toll and pain,

Where, free from toll and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No.
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bilss for which he sighs—
Whare sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow, Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No." And thou, serenest moon, That, with such lovely face,

Dost look upon the earth, Asleep in night's embrace; Tell me, in all thy round

Tell me, in all thy round

Hast thou not seen some spot

Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wos,
and a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,

O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place.

Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals

Waved their bright wings, and whispered-"Yes

Pauline Hall

Editor of "What Do You Know"—"Pauline
Hall is dead!" Did Tom Daly pass this along to
you as one of his mundane jokes? "Pauline
Hall" is living in a Manhattan (New York city)
apartment house with hor husband, under her
married name. "Pauline Hall" is no more dead
than is Pauline Markham, or Ada Harland-Kastthows, or Josie Mansfald, or Musgie Mitchell, or
Luita Crabtres. All of the old female drumatic
guard are still here on God's green earth and
long may they thrive! W. J. H.