Evening Ledger

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Philadelphia, Saturday, March 3, 1917

Kaiser confined to room by severe chill.—Headline.

Is he getting cold feet?

La Follette's ultra-pacifist course has disgusted a number of his adherents in Wisconsin, who are wondering why they ever called him "Fighting Bob."

Many a pacifist would change his mind in a minute if he were assured that we would have one of those well-known moratoriums which forbid the collection of rent during hostilities.

The unloading of food at low prices is likely to break the market just as selling on the stock exchanges brings prices down. A little concerted application of stock exchange methods to the food market will make any one sorry who is trying to corner the supply.

Young Cleveland has lost his newspaper ally in the fight against the Princeton eating clubs. The Daily Princetonian under its new board of editors is very well satisfied with conditions as they are. The conflict, however, is irrepressible and is likely to go on as long as Princeton lasts.

Postmaster General Burleson's fight on the pneumatic tube service in the large cities has failed. The House consented to the Senate amendment to the appropriation bill directing the Postmaster General to continue the service after striking it out to "save the face" of that official. It might well have ordered an extension of the tubes.

The old toll road between Willow Grove and Germantown is no more. Montgomery County has bought it from the turnpike company and opened it this week to the free use of the public. The remaining toll roads in this vicinity may some day be made free, but at the present rate of progress the baby born yesterday will be gray-haired before it happens.

There are sound ethics in holding a saloonkeeper responsible for the injuries sustained by a man to whom he has sold enough liquor to make him unable to care for himself. There seems to be sound law in it also. The Court of Common Pleas has awarded $5000 to the widow of a man who died from injuries sustained while drunk. The man who sold him the liquor must pay it. A few more verdicts of this kind will make the liquor sellers less greedy for the money of men given to drink.

Spring will not be here, according to the calendar, until three weeks from next Wednesday, but signs of its approach are already multiplying in the country. Word comes from Berks County that the farmers plowing are turning up snakes which have awakened from their winter lethargy. The plowing itself is a sign of spring. White crows are seen, the cub foxes are getting so tame that they trot along the roads beside pedestrians and birds have begun to come north. But spring will not really be here till housecleaning begins and the men of the family have to subsist on cold vittles for a week while the wife wages war on dirt. Another sure sign is the release of the small boys in the remote rural districts who were sewed up in their winter clothes last fall. And when the boys in school begin to make the two-fingered sign we may be sure that summer has arrived.

The national capital will become saloonless next fall by act of Congress and without referendum. A great outcry has arisen in some quarters, protesting that this is not a democratic way of doing things, and generally speaking this is true. It would not be democratic for the Pennsylvania Legislature to declare Philadelphia "dry." But the District of Columbia is plainly an exception. The people of the district do not vote on anything that has to do with their officers, laws and administration. If they are to vote as to how much or how little liquor is to be permitted in Washington, they should also vote as to what taxes they should and should not pay. The theory has been that a Government that was good enough for the whole nation should be good enough for the city which is its home. Washington should be the most loyal and patriotic of cities, for its well-[illegible] stands or falls with the Union's. It [illegible] the nation, the [illegible] Pay Day across the river, public [illegible] benefit by the enforcement of that American principle in this land of majority rule. Anyhow, would Washington drink when a man can walk from coast to coast without striking an oasis?

AWAKE AT LAST

THE astonishment of Congress at the "revelations" of the Zimmermann note is the most astounding part of the whole matter.

German machinations in Mexico have been the subject of common report for years. German desire to detach Japan as well as Russia from the Entente is no secret. The thoroughness with which Germany goes about her work is notorious. The possibility of war between the United States and Germany has been imminent ever since the Lusitania was sunk in May, 1915.

We may prefer to live in a fools' paradise and shut our eyes to what is before them. But not so the Germans. Although they have been fighting the rest of Europe for nearly three years, there is no doubt that they have a plan of campaign already worked out, and that its execution only awaits the opportune occasion.

The Congress of the United States, however, with warnings everywhere visible to men who have eyes to see, has dawdled along, trusting to luck for the protection of American interests. It is not surprising that Mr. Taft said a year or two ago that "God Almighty takes care of fools, drunken men and the United States," for the United States, like drunken men and fools, seems to be unconscious of the perils which beset its path.

When foreseeing men have urged a greater measure of preparedness, Mr. Bryan has charged that they were talking for the builders of warships and the munition makers who were anxious for profits from war business. Congressmen have risen in their places and echoed the charges in the Capitol. This week, when documentary evidence of the German desire to incite Mexico to make war upon us and seize Texas and Arizona was disclosed, there were Senators and Representatives so blind to all the facts as to suggest that the document was a forgery and that it had been made public in the interests of the men who wanted to make a profit out of orders from the War and Navy Departments.

The assurances from the White House, however, that the document is authentic have fortunately convinced all but a small minority of pacifists that we are confronted by a grave danger increasing in seriousness every hour. Even Mr. Bryan, who hastened to Washington to exert all his power to prevent preparation for the use of force, turned around and went back to Florida as soon as he learned that the Zimmermann note was genuine. This is the most creditable thing that this extreme pacifist has been guilty of for several years.

The responsible officers of the Government are now aware of the dangers that confront us. They have been actively preparing for the worst for the last two or three weeks. It is important that they should be backed by the unanimous sentiment of the whole country. The Central West, which is so far from salt water that the dangers of a naval war seem to it remote indeed, certainly has patriotism enough to stand by the Administration in its efforts to get ready to defend our shipping on the seas. The organizations, religious and industrial, which have been passing resolutions of protest against war are composed of men and women who, in a crisis, must be willing to abandon their theories and stand by their country. They must know that no one wishes war, least of all the men in charge of the Government at Washington. But they must know also that it is the moral duty of every American citizen, regardless of his ancestry, his religious creed or his industrial affiliations, to uphold the hands of the President who must prepare us for defense and must guide us through war if war be upon the knees of the gods.

The United States will hereafter play a large part in the world, as Colonel Roosevelt reminded us several years ago. It can play it nobly or ignobly. That is the only choice it has. We cannot play our part nobly unless we are prepared with soldiers and ships to defend our rights wherever they may be questioned and against whatever Power that may assume that it is the only sovereign in the world. The nation is awake now. Let us pray that it may not again fall asleep.

BOY DAY

I respectfully suggest to the fathers of the boys of our State, if they have any ideals they would like passed on to the next generation, that they pass them through their sons to the benefit of posterity.—Governor Edge's Boy Day Proclamation.

IT WAS a Camden poet who wrote, "I celebrate myself." Governor Edge, who has designated Sunday, March 25, for the purpose, is calling on the citizens of New Jersey to celebrate the Boy. He urges fathers to be big brothers to their young sons and concludes with the sage advice quoted above. There is certainly no surer way of passing ideals from one generation to another than directly from father to son. It produces more satisfactory results than any other method. If a boy is caught young enough he can be taught almost anything. The fathers of this generation who have descended from worthy sires have inherited ideals that deserve transmission to the third and fourth generations. If they take time to think of their obligations to the future the fathers of the present are likely to be loyal to the high principles of their own [illegible]

FREEDOM IN THE LAND OF BOOKS

A Boy's Experience With "Ten Nights in a Barroom"—Guidance by Indirection Is Best

By ROBERT HILDRETH

THERE is one thing that I will not permit anybody to do for me, and that is, boss my reading. I insist on choosing my own list of the best six, sixty or a hundred books, or the worst as the case may be. I refuse to be told how to read, and when I am reading, comfortably disposed in the big leather armchair, shins roasting before the open fire, I usually object to interruptions, as my wife can testify. In short, reading is my own business.

Unfortunately, however, I have a sneaking regard for the opinions of other people. When callers come—or visitors—and look over my bookshelves, I like them to understand that there are many fine books in the world that I have read, but haven't been able to buy, or haven't bought. And I also like them to imagine that I am on terms of more or less intimate acquaintance with every volume I own. I want them to think I know a lot, and I don't want to be beaten at book talk in my own library. A good many of us are pretty sensitive on the book side of our lives.

Certain books, that under the law are mine, will not be discovered by the visitor. One of them is a novel by Chambers. I bought it in my—what do they call it?—salad days. Maybe so. Anyway, the book is up in the attic, and not only is it up in the attic; it is also hidden away in the attic, where nobody ever goes. This also is a matter of pride.

The Wicked Borrower

Then there are certain other books of mine that the visitor to our house will not see, the reason being that he would have to visit the home of Harry P. Lynch, of Hartford, Conn., in order to see them. They are Horne's "Psychology of Education," Bagley's "Educative Process" and Muensterberg's "Psychology and the Teacher." (Hartford papers please copy.) In the last four or five years I have had frequent occasion to use these books. I am reminded of the quotation that appeared in my father's bookplate. It comes from the Bible. It read as follows: "The wicked borroweth and payeth not." I have seen another bookplate that reflects the experience of all owners of books. This one bears the inscription:

I'm stingy grown,
What's mine's my own.

(The printer will please underline the last word, following copy, as I am doing.) I should take drastic action against Mr. Lynch but for the fact—I might say consolation—that I am the possessor of several books of which he is the owner, presumably.

This question of the private ownership of books presents many interesting aspects. A privately owned book is incomplete without a bookplate; also a bookplate is convenient for certain purposes of conversation. My bookplate—drawn by the best cartoonist in America—shows a certain ship known to history as the Mayflower. It's always easy enough to show a visitor the bookplate. Any excuse will do. He sees the ship, and "What does that signify?" says he. "That's the Mayflower," says I. Then he knows that I am *a descendant*. You see now why it took a cartoonist to draw a bookplate like that, don't you? A good cartoonist is always satirist or humorist or both.

As I said in the beginning, I hate all attempts at the regulation of reading. I went to college and by reason, partly, of something the psychologists call counter-suggestion, I read mostly in books not prescribed by the faculty. Good books, too, I contend. Some of them were about Dante, though to this day I have never read "The Divine Comedy." Maybe one of the reasons for my literary digressions in college was the example of Carlyle and Lowell and Beecher and some other great men who refused to be bound by the curriculum. Lives of great men are not only an excuse, they are even a consolation. The consolation is an afterthought.

Regulation of reading is not always overt. Indeed it usually is indirect, subtle, difficult of analysis. My father, as a boy, read "Arabian Nights" in the hayloft. Nobody had ever told him that "Arabian Nights" was improper reading for youth. He simply felt the unspoken prohibition. So he read "Arabian Nights" in the hayloft.

I had an experience in my own boyhood days that may serve to illustrate a good many of the natural laws of reading. I was twelve or thirteen years old when one evening I spied in the village library the title of a red-covered little book which I felt at once was hardly the right sort of book for a minister's son to read. Bashfully, yea, shamefacedly and guiltily, I asked the librarian for that book. (For weeks afterward, as I well remember, I could hardly look the young woman in the face.) I smuggled the terrible volume into the house, read it on the sly, kept it hidden when not in use in the secret places of my room. I thrilled mightily as I read the vivid descriptions of barroom scenes, the violent deeds of rough men. True, my sympathies were with the right people, and not with ruffians and drunkards, but if I realized that fact, as I probably did not at the time, I certainly lost nothing of my sense of guiltiness while reading that story with the fearful title of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Afterward, I discovered with some consternation this same classic of the temperance crusade reposing respectably on the shelves of a Sunday school library. Now I'm not blaming the author for this curious little experience of mine, but am only hinting at the psychological vagariousness of reading, as we might say, and letting it go at that.

Read What Is Natural to You

Deliberate regulation of reading is going to great lengths nowadays. It is trying to shove aside the literature that is most natural to childhood. I mean what I say when I say "natural." I haven't space to explain what I mean. I have just about space enough, at a rough guess, to quote from a man who vigorously and righteously denounces the cult of the useful so far as it applies to the reading of children. This man visited an old college chum, who was married and was trying to bring up his children on useful literature. Little Harold, it seems, was just learning to read.

"And what does he read? Mother Goose?" inquired the visitor of his friend's wife.

"Mercy, no; Mother Goose is quite out of date. What an old bachelor you are! He has nice modern books—useful books about animals and birds. He can tell a red-breasted grosbeak!"

The visitor went home and wrote a first-class article for the Unpopular Review: "Poor little Harold! He is growing up in ignorance of the three wise men of Gotham (those earlier Quixotes), who put to sea in a bowl; but he has a priceless substitute in his bowing acquaintance with grosbeaks. Personally, I contrived to rub through childhood without ever seeing a grosbeak. I do not think I should have cared for that bird. I should much rather have seen a dodo, or the great roc that carried Sindbad on his back. He would have been a bird worth seeing, a thing, even in a picture, 'to make one tremble and believe.'" More follows in the same vein, ending with the sound advice, "If you want your child to love Homer, do not withhold Mother Goose!"

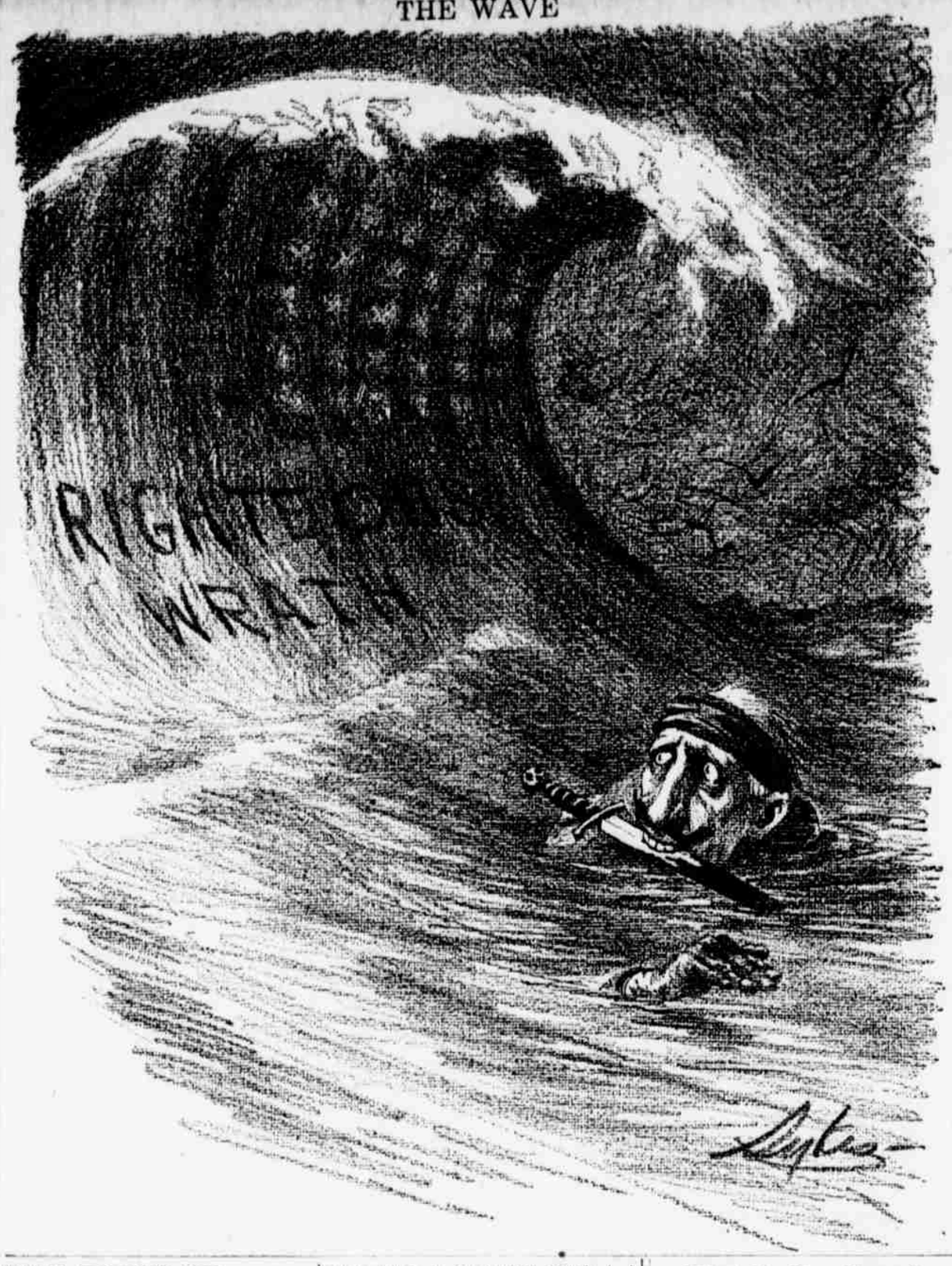
A TRANSVAAL MYSTERY

Live fish have been found in the bottom of a Transvaal gold mine, in a vertical shaft 3800 feet deep. In exceptionally dry weather small bullfrogs have been seen to distend themselves and deliberately jump down the shaft, in search of water. How they ever reached the bottom alive is a mystery.—Columbus Citizen.

THAT CENSORSHIP

Photoplays are censored; stage plays are not. The idea seems to be that people with [illegible] need to be "protected." [illegible]

THE WAVE



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"J. H." Answers Mr. Quinlan. A Suffrage Leader Defends Picketing

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters must be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

J. H. ANSWERS MR. QUINLAN

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Referring to P. F. Quinlan's letter, I beg to say in answer thereto that there are plenty of other reasons for not having one's name published, outside of being ashamed, and when I, as an American woman of American ancestry for some generations back, give expression to views held by the majority of Americans of standing and education, among them our President, who contends that the injuries inflicted on this nation by Germany are far more intolerable than those which may have been inflicted by Great Britain, I am quite content to remain in such distinguished company.

Some utterances are anything but pro-American at the present time. However, there is a German-Irish Society in Germany, just founded by a German-Irish-anti-American, namely, St. John Gaffney, and it is looking for members.

As to past history, I was under the impression that in 1776 it was mostly the Hessians (otherwise Germans) who fought for the British on this side, as a great majority of English people sympathized with the Americans in their struggle for liberty and were against the unjust measures used against them by their German King, George III, and his coterie.

It is, however, a curious but well-known fact that the worst of enemies (so far as nations are concerned) often become the best of friends, as witness the French and British at present, and it is equally true that in the last twenty years Germany has been changing toward the United States, as we know, for instance, that she sympathized with Spain in our war against that country. It is a well-known fact that the Monroe Doctrine has become very irksome to Germany, which is inclined to make Brazil over into a German colony, and that if it had not been for the well-known intention of Great Britain to help the United States to support that doctrine, and for the great British navy, the German insidious interpenetration of Brazil would have become much more open. J. H.

Philadelphia, February 28.

MISS SAPOVITS OBJECTS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I want to tell you that you are absolutely wrong when you say the Woman's Congressional Union is not concerned about "the European war and its consequences to the country."

Never before, since the movement for woman suffrage was established in America, have American women realized how necessary it was to have a direct voice in the governing of their country as they do today. Because a war crisis is apparent, and because our women will be compelled (if such a contingency does arise) to contribute and participate as American citizens, a direct representation in the government should no longer be denied. And since the fate of the national amendment for woman suffrage virtually lies in the hands of the President as the leader of his party, the Congressional Union has concentrated upon the White House as the center of activity. And to keep the demands of the union before the eyes of the President, a constant picketing has been in progress before the White House for several weeks as a psychological means of impressing the need for immediate favorable action before the present Sixty-fourth or the coming Sixty-fifth Congress.

Furthermore, Mrs. Belmont's contribution has been supplemented in every State in our Union by women who will be a part of the thousands of women who will form an unbroken line of pickets around the White House March 4, when it is expected that President Wilson will receive a deputation appointed to represent the demands of the enfranchised women of the West and Middle West and the unenfranchised women of the East and South to ask his support and co-operation before Congress.

[illegible] I have picketed [illegible] again picket in Washington March 4. I commend the work as a highly efficient means of winning recognition.

BERTHA SAPOVITS.

Philadelphia, March 1.

LISZT'S "FAUST" PLAYED

Orchestra Heard in a Heaping Program, With Two Soloists

According to an ancient Chinese proverb, "Do nothing too much." This terse bit of philosophy is sound artistic sense. Some of our most illustrious conductors might ponder it with self-benefit.

Mr. Stokowski's concert at the Academy yesterday afternoon did not show any effects of such a realization. Much music that glittered and sparkled was played. Some that was supremely lovely was recreated. But, to cloud no facts, there was too much of it. Sound that had been a blessing and a balm at quarter past 3 o'clock turned into a bane and an execration at quarter past 5. The audience, at first alert, grew lethargic. They simply were "fed up" with it all.

That is not to say that the concert was dull. It was, perhaps, lengthy, but with Liszt (whom the leader interprets very finely) and the two sublime standpatters—Mozart and Beethoven—it couldn't have been utterly stupid. The afternoon began with the deathlessly joyous "Marriage of Figaro" overture. It was as delightful in the breath of its beauty as is the Beethoven violin concerto—when the latter is played with an inspiration equivalent to the manner in which the Orchestra played "Figaro." Unfortunately, it was not. Mr. Theodore Spiering, the solo artist, is a painstaking and dignified gentleman, who can run through the familiar bag of tricks that most violinists keep in their closet. He is sentimental, very much so; and lento is his middle name. In pure lyric moods he is often quietly touching and effective. But his technical strength is exceedingly uncertain, a fact that is brought boldly to light when he seeks to spur his own gentle manner into the grand manner of Beethoven. Then the peculiarly grating stridence of his tone is unfortunate.

Perhaps, the impression that he created yesterday would have gained in appreciativeness if he had not chosen to play during the first movements of the concerto—a little masterpiece of its sort—the most distressingly ugly cadenza that ever proceeded from catgut. Double and triple stopping, if legitimately introduced, may have their values. Those values do not include such tortures of cacophony as Mr. Spiering raised. Probably a good deal of his imperfect work was caused by nervousness.

The symphony, Liszt's "Faust," is not often given in this city. On a program dedicated to it, and to it alone, it might shine with a vivider fire than when it is bracketed, as yesterday. It seems useless to add, in 1917, that it is polyphony of gorgeous tint and fascinating texture, rather poverty-stricken in ideal quality, though rich in idea. Under the plangent baton of Mr. Stokowski it took on hues and phases of even greater splendor, though the yawns would come during the maunderings of Marguerite. The purely orchestral part of the work was magnificently telling, every choir contributing its quota to the general effect of somber, flashing or meditative emotion. The admirable tenor and bass chorus, recruited from the organization's vocal choir, sang with laudably precise delivery and sense of word value, and that unusual and ingratiating tenor, Lambert Murphy, with his smooth, haunting and androgynous voice, placed an inflection of individual beauty on the last andante. B. D.

All Points of the Compass

Rubaiyat of a Commuter

XCII

I want to get an Iron Dog for the Lawn,
And I would like to have a Stucco Fawn.
I think they're so Poetic seen against
The Evening Sunset or the Morning Dawn.

As explained by the program at the vaudeville theatre, the scene was supposed to be one of fifty years ago. There was the motto in crewel on the wall, and the setting altogether might have passed, but when the comedian began reading local news of the up-State town from a more recent copy of the Saturday Evening Post, palpably in evidence, we understood why Mr. Belasco takes so much pains to get his details as they should be. Halftones in color were not au fait in the country newspaper of 1847. That, then, was why the [illegible]

Tom Daly's Column

THE VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday I love to sail the blue—
That is to say, the Spanish main—when all my work is through,
Yet be not far from Chestnut street, where tamer news is new.

You wonder how it's possible? The simplest thing you know!
They've taken "Treasure Island" an' they've framed it as a show
An' brought it to our very door, so every one can go.

From Robert Louis Stevenson they've lifted many a page
Of squealy, squally thrillers from a lost but golden age;
They've brought Romance to life again an' put it on the stage.

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest."
Hark! how the winds do blow!
Whose bones bleach in the vulture's nest
An' whose with the sharks below?
Devil a hair
Does Long John care,
For this much pirates know:
Whether they lie
Or low or high
There's *one* place all must go!

"Drink an' the devil had done for the rest."
Hark! how the winds do blow!
Snakes may hiss from the parrot's crest
An' hell in his eyeballs glow.
Devil a hair
Does Long John care,
For this much pirates know:
Whether they die
Or drunk or dry,
There's *one* place all must go!

If one can sail a parquet chair beside one's maiden aunty,
An' from the circumambient air evolve so wild a chanty,
The peanut gallery'd make of him a Shakespeare or a Dante.

An' so I mean to try it out. With head against a rafter,
A-harkening to the shots an' shouts, the ribald oaths an' laughter,
You'll find me at the matinee, a gallery god this "after."

For when it comes a Saturday I love to sail the blue—
That is to say, the Spanish main—when all my work is through,
Yet be not far from Chestnut street, where tamer news is new.

One of the semioccasional flashes that reconcile us to the more than frequent dullness of the deliberations of "the Congress" is this bit plucked from the Congressional Record. The time of that august body was being taken up with discussion of a $5000 appropriation for a California park. The dramatis personae are Mr. Borland, of Missouri, and Mr. Longworth, "who will be remembered in society circles as the husband of Alice Roosevelt":

Mr. Borland—The chief attraction of this park is that it contains an active volcano, and just now the volcano is particularly active, so there is no occasion for putting any improvements on the volcano.

Mr. Longworth—Does the gentleman say there is an active volcano in that park?

Mr. Borland—Yes.

Mr. Longworth—I would like to ask whether that volcano is a monopoly or whether there is active competition?

Mr. Borland—It is a monopoly, but I am sorry to say it is not under Government control.

METAL MEMBERS
Brass knuckles.
Tin ear.
Silver tongue.
Heart of gold.
Iron nerve.
Steel sinews. PI.

BILLIARDS has ever interested us, within reason. We have always spoken of it as "a gentleman's game" and upon occasion we play a fairish cue. But to watch a game! We much prefer to let our own Tiny Maxwell do it for us and present us with a two or three column report of it the next day. The mere thought of Tiny being "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in" a billiard arena gives us gusts of ghoulish glee. Then to read his own story of his martyrdom—oh, my dear!

EVEN in England there are some who refuse to take the game seriously. In "A Book of Laughter," Edwin Pugh writes:

Have you ever seen a professional billiard match? The players wear evening clothes, but they wear the coat only that they may take it off before they begin to play. And then they play in a pool of white radiance, whilst all around them, in a dim religious light, sit rows on rows of silent devotees as at some holy shrine, observing some esoteric ritual. Not a word is spoken. There is never a smile. From time to time the marker calls the scores as if he were chanting responses. The balls kiss-kiss with a hushed sibilance. It seems all so dignified and awe-inspiring that we begin to wonder what it is you miss, what it is you are waiting for. And then you realize it is either the grand strains of a church organ or the aides-man with the offertory bag.

Once Inman, in a match with Stevenson, miscued, and Stevenson smiled. The reporters on the following morning referred to that startling episode, quite rightly, as "an hilarious incident." I need only add that Stevenson lost the match, and with it the championship. Of course he did. A man of that frivolous cast of mind was obviously no more fit to push balls about with a stick than I am to challenge a Lancashire lad to a game of knurr and spell.

IT WAS years ago that J. W. Kelly, "the Roller-Mill Man," commenting upon a "Walk-In" sign upon the door of a business house, said: "Mebbe it's necessary; I dunno. I suppose wance upon a time somebody must 'a' druv in." And now comes W. Up with this clipping from a Wilmington contemp.:

WANTED
BOARD by couple in private family on the west side. Address P 11, Every Evening Office.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., the adventurous explorer whom Roosevelt has so often praised, honors us with an autograph copy of his new book, "Great Inspirers." The chapters dealing with Dante's Beatrice have a particular charm.

"Darcy, so I am informed, is a runaway from his own country. In disguise and under analysis" our own dear paper made Governor Whitman say, "he left his native land because he was afraid to fight in the cause for which his fellow countrymen are sacrificing their lives."

"Analysis" is right; and under microscope and an eye that looks [illegible] kindly upon the fight [illegible]

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. What is a collateral descendant?
2. How many inhabitants of the United States live in cities?
3. Who is H. von Eckhardt, mentioned in the alleged German plot to array Japan and Mexico against this country?
4. What is "Italia Irridenta," for which Italy is fighting?
5. Name the two Generals Bell in the United States army.
6. Representative Mann, of Illinois, is minority leader in the House. What is a minority leader?
7. President Wilson is spoken of sometimes as the twenty-seventh and sometimes as the twenty-eighth President. Explain this.
8. What part of the human body's weight is water?
9. Has Germany any diplomatic representation in this country now?
10. About how many cords of wood are used annually in the manufacture of paper in this country?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The "onus of war" is the "burden of war," or the responsibility for it.
2. Zodiacal light is the reflection of sunlight after sunset or before sunrise upon the thin material surrounding the sun and lying almost directly in the plane of the earth's orbit.
3. The Rev. Henry Noble Couden is chaplain of the House of Representatives.
4. Epicurus was a noted Greek philosopher (342—270 B. C.), who taught that pleasure, which includes honor, prudence and justice, is the highest virtue.
5. Kut-el-Amara, on the Tigris River, in Mesopotamia, was surrendered to the Turks by General Townshend about a year ago and recently was recaptured by the British.
6. The United States is by far the greatest motion-picture-film producer, the country's annual output being estimated at 1,000,000,000 feet, worth $40,000,000.
7. President Buchanan is buried in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa.
8. Rear Admiral Henry T. Mayo is commander of the Atlantic fleet, with the rank of Admiral while serving as commander.
9. England depends upon oversea production for about two-thirds of its food.
10. Counting armies and navies, the United States forces in the Civil War numbered 2,772,408; Confederates, 750,000.

R. H. Davis

E. A. W.—Richard Harding Davis, novelist and playwright, was born in Philadelphia in 1864, and died at his home at Mount Kisco, N. Y., April 11, 1916. He was educated at Lehigh and the Johns Hopkins Universities, receiving his early training as a writer through "elementary school" experience as a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia, and through the excellent criticism given him by his literary parents, L. Clarke Davis and Rebecca Harding Davis. He was a war correspondent in the Graeco-Turkish, Spanish-American, Russo-Japanese, South African and European Wars, and in clashes in Mexico and South America. From newspaper writing he was graduated into magazine fiction and book writing, but never gave up reporting. He was inclined to be spectacular, which caused some adverse criticism. This feeling for the dramatic he carried into his work, to the patent delight of his readers. His heroes are dashing, brave and manly; his plots exciting. Just as his profession carried him to many parts of the world, so his pen described many climes in his masterful manner. He was a prolific writer, producing many volumes of books, among which the most important are "Gallagher," "Soldiers of Fortune," "Van Bibber," "The Bar Sinister," "The Lion and the Unicorn," "Our English Cousins" and "The King's Jackal." Among his plays are "Ranson's Folly," "The Dictator," "Who's Who?" and "The Taming of Helen." He married twice. His first wife, Miss Cecil Clark, of Chicago, divorced him. His second wife was Miss Bessie McCoy, an actress.

Trenches

R. S.—The trenches on the western front in the European War extend about 750 miles.

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

THREE men who started to play pinochle each possessed two United States coins. The six coins totaled $3. When the game ended each man still possessed two coins, but Claus had won eight cents, and his brother Karl profited twenty-two cents. Now, how much did Heinrich, the other player, have left at the end of the game?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

FIRM, Fist, Flat, Feat, Meat; More, Lone, Lane, Lean, Lean; Hide, Wide