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Philadelphia, Saturday, July 7, 1917

PATRIOTS ARE NOT GRAFTERS

THERE are civilians in Washington whose patriotic purpose does not manifest itself in schemes to milk the Government. When men such as Howard Coffin, not to mention scores of others, are willing to face the fire of criticism which is the inevitable reward of public service, with little to gain and a great deal to lose, intent only on doing their utmost to prove that efficiency is at least as much the handmalden of democracy as autocracy, and to establish anew the corollary of that truth by a practical demonstration in this era of the invincibility of democratic arms: when such men take up such service, we need not despair of the Republic or doubt the eternal verity of the institutions which breed and bring to fruition citimens of this type.

But the glorious sacrifice and patriot ism of these men emphasize by contrast the pusillanimous, niggardly and utterly reprehensible attitude of certain other gentlemen, whose patriotism expresses itself in a mad desire to augment their bank accounts and swindle Uncle Sam. There were some lumber interests whose exuberant demands for ships of wood were only equaled in violence by the underground pressure they exerted to be sure of "getting their share." So soon as It seemed probable that the Government would build an immense fleet of airplanes, one-thousand-horsepower patriots with one-horsepower door and sash fac tories in Providence only knows what condition of dilapidation, rushed to Washington and began yelling for contracts. Civilian boards, composed of been bothered to death by expectant grafters, although the former were proposing to do business only with other titled to and wanted to get a profit suffi-

Some Senators and Congressmen have given an exhibition of obstinate ignorance by attacking reputable citizens who have done nothing more criminal than serve their country. This has tended to confuse the situation. The honest and dishonest ought not to be boiled in the same oil Secretary Baker, when ton for soft coal delivered at the mines had his finger on an outrage and he knew it. His was an attack worth while, for it was backed by incon trovertible facts. No good business man resents the truth, and no patriot wants anything else. The American people would kick half way to Jericho an Administration which did not protect the Government and them against extortion in the present crisis.

The real giants of industry now at work in Washington will not have their willingness to serve weakened by the incidental injustice that has been done grafters is not pleasant, but the sifting process will be sure and reasonably swift. Besides, a giant does not become a skunk just because he is in the vicinity of its odor. When the history of these times is finally written, not one but many pages will be devoted to a recountal of the inetimable service performed by industrial leaders of the nation, who dropped their appointed tasks and left off money making to devote their talents and their energy to the successful prosecution of the war. There will be no question then as to who were graffers and who were

WAR TOO BIG FOR DRAMA

WITH the stage now becalmed in its annual doldrums, American dramatists have sufficient time to get busy on a crop of war plays. It seems safe to prophesy, however, that there will be no harvest of such products. The tredous realities of the conflict seem to od themselves to neither fictional nor otlight treatment. In the former field

Faul Geraldy's "The War-Madame" is GOVERNMENT an exquisite little masterplece from the French viewpoint. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" has been generally accepted as "the book of the war." But what of humbler competitors? There are virtually none of them.

Identical is the professional play-

wright's course. American attempts were made two seasons ago with the melodrama of "Under Fire" and earlier with the more ambitious piece, "The Hyphen." In both instances the dramatist was a pygmy beside his subject matter. Mr. Megrue's "Under Fire" futilely sought to depict actual warfare on the stage. Mr. Knoblauch's "The Hyphen" was too as art. Indeed, before the footlights the only war triumphs have been Sir James M. Barrie's. His "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," current in both New York and London. strike the right key with rare delicacy.

If, therefore, our playwrights are wise this summer they will discuss once more the eternal domestic "triangle" and other standard social themes and keep clear of the war topic.

But these are only one-act "tabloid"

dramas, duly shunning the grand man-

PHILADELPHIA WILL "ADOPT" A FRENCH TOWN

WE SUGGESTED to the French Amdelphia, following the example of Washwould doubtless be glad to "adopt" a devastated town in the recovered provinces of France and aid in the rehabilitation of its people and business, provided he would be good enough to name the particular town about which Philadelphia should throw its protecting arms. We print elsewhere a facsimile reproduction of Ambassador Jusserand's

Men talk of our debt to France. May we not forget the burden of specific obligation and base such helpfulness as we can offer on the love and admiration we have in our souls for a brave and devoted people, who have offered themselves and all that they possess in classic sacrifice for the defense of their homes and their institutions? It is a privilege, a very great privilege, to be able to reach across the seas and clasp the hands of such a people, to work with them and to help them. What a glorious thing if one community in France, above all others, should wear the word Philadelphia graven on its heart, from gratitude one equal bears another for generous service done!

We expect to be able to announce in the near future the name of the French town to be adopted by this city.

COLLECTING A REPUBLIC

THREE-FOURTHS of China's 400, L 000,000 live in little isolated villages, each with its own laws, customs and religious traditions and with a surprising degree of local self-government. The Chinese are called "the freest people in the East." Having observed that the Russian people were fundamentally democratic, President Wilson was on equally firm ground in expressing the hope and belief several weeks ago that the Chinese Republic would eventually pull itself to rether. Since 1912 Chinese intellectuals have been trying to collect a republic out of the "makings" contained in a myriad village-republics.

Civil war reopens without a national consciousness anywhere except among the immediate followers of the Manchus and the republican intellectuals. The villagers, almost entirely made up of farmers, industrious, home-loving, provincial, about the people living a few miles away. owing to the impossible transportation facilities. The rival armies are deciding omething which appears to concern them only remotely, as the Manchus did not or could not interfere much with the ocal provincial administrations. In the ong run the republican intellectuals ought to win because of the leaven of lemocracy in the whole mass. The villages have probably learned in the last five years that a President at Pekin in terferes in local affairs even less than an

"Bases are opened for Pershing's men," sings the cable. Time to play

It serves Mr. Creel right-a newspaper man ought to know better than to

Why do you spell Brussiloff with two

We do not know who the German spies are, but there is a man in Chicago the would stand investigation

According to Senator Pomerene there isn't much difference between the Coal Trust and the Black Hand.

What a simple people we are Washington thinks that German secret agents are paid huge salaries for read ing American newspapers.

The Goulds' marriages with non millionaires are said to have made Society "sit up." According to some folks. a little uprightness for a change won't to it a bit of harm.

Daniel Blumenthal, former Mayor of the Alsatian town of Colmar, is reported to be on his way to America to 'expose the Kaiser." At the risk of using a long word, we venture to call his mission somewhat supererogatory.

Norway has lost 580 ships by Ger man assassination and wonders why we won't release more of our tonnage to supply her with food and materials. People who want food these days must

Some farmers who have been caught in the maelstrom of overproduction and face bankruptcy as a result are crying for help. Mr. Hoover would have given it to them weeks ago if Congress had been willing.

a practical joke, but a term in jail would do no harm to the man or men responble for the hoax relative to draft num bers. Conscription is a serious matter and intimations that there is anything oked about it, which is contrary to

NEWS MAKING

Friendly Rivalry Between the Congressional Record and Mr. Creel's Official Bulletin

Special Correspondence Evening Ledger. WASHINGTON, July 7.

Some weeks ago a new member of Condoing it discreetly, as most new members do. close to perilous facts to be comfortable | tured the opinion that the war was not as conular as it ought to be because the people were not sufficiently informed about it. He thought there should be more publicity and that the various departments of the Government should take the newspapers more into their confidence and tell them what was going on. Thereupon an combera new member from Texas, at aid, obtaining permission to inter- a the speaker, asked if the Government was not providing for ample publicity through the Official Bulletin. The implied compliment to Mr. Creel's publication, though seriously intended, provoked a smile. Nevertheless, the Official Bulletin, which is less than two onths old, is going ahead, grouping the executive orders and other official pronouncements of the departments and making the public as fast as may be deemed compatible. with the public service. It is filed in con gressional offices for reference and is issued to the newspapers; but as there is no direct appropriation for it, the expense being borne out of war funds appropriated to the Presi dent, the edition is necessarily limited. Publications Do Not Clash

There is no financial rivalry between the Congressional Record and the Official Bul letin. Both are Government publications and neither is permitted to take advertise ments. Both, therefore, will be exempt from taxation on gross receipts, on advertise ments, or from an increase in second class mail rates, or any other of the taxes that are now being discussed by Congress and the legitimate publishers. The Congres sional Record is the mouthpiece of Congress which frequently carries such news as it now contained in the Official Bulletin, while the latter is spokesman for the President and the departments operating under hi direction. If Congress says anything about the President or the departments in the Congressional Record there would be at opportunity to 'come back' in the Bulletin if those criticized were so minded, but up to date there has been no clash. The Bul-letin, indeed, has begun to summarize the proceedings of Congress, which, considering the bulk of the Congressional I public service not to be derided.

The "Leave-to-Print" Habit

Speaking of the Congressional Record, one is reminded of constant efforts to re-duce its size. The temptation to speak for the Record and to "extend remarks" in the Record is strong. Most of the ninety-six Senators and the major part of the 435 members of the House are addicted to the habit. Since they come to Congress from every corner of the United States and repsent a thousand and one angles of lought, this is not to be wondered at Nearly every one, however, realizes that the Record is too large for comfortable or sat-isfactory reading and that much of the exisfactory reading and that much of the excellent material in it is lost to the public.
Occasionally bills are introduced to remedy alleged defects in the Record or to
make it more serviceable, but they never
make much headway. There is now pending one bill to print and distribute free
1,000,000 copies of the Record reduced to
an eight-page paper; but the cost would
probably make it prohibitive. Then again,
sporadic dashes at improving the Record
are made by individual members of Conare made by individual members of Congress, who seek to reduce the amount of reading matter in it by objecting to the "extension of remarks" by other members. course, no one popularizes himself by thus interfering with the wishes of his colleagues, and generally these reforms die early. An objector must be steadily on the job from the moment Congress opens until "leave to print," and few are able it up for more than a few days.

Quiet Members Extend

The Senate sometimes takes pride b asserting that it does not permit of the ex-tension of remarks. The Senators "speak in person" and, as is well known, they sometimes speak long. It should be remem-bered also that the number of Senators is limited. There are more than four Repre-sontatives for every one Senator. The House rules limit the longest speech to one hour. In the Senate, until recently, the zenatorial speech could run on like the brook. There is a better reason for "exending remarks' in the House than there s in the Senate. The House members cannot get the time they want to speak on all questions, and "leave to print" is often the fully way to get their views before their constituents. As to the expense of printing, which is sometimes criticized, it is about as broad as it in long, except that the extended speech that is generally carefully prepared is supplied by the member on his own acis supplied by the member on his own ac-count, while the spoken speech is first taken down by an official sten-grapher and then typewritten for the Government printer. It is likely, therefore, that the "extended" or "leave-to-print" speech in the House record is less expensive to the Government than the speech actually delivered on the floor. If the leave to extend were not granted in the House many worthy members who are not speechmakers, or others who cannot get time to debate because of the rule, would be debarred from a hearing upon public

The American Dog a Topic

The dog is not a very popular animal with the sheep raisers of the United States. He is said to do more to discourage sheep husbandry than any other instrumentality. Philadelphians interested in the "more-wool more-mutton" agitation started an anti-dog warfare several years ago. They succeeded in getting a small appropriation from Congress to encourage sheep hus-bandry, and they tried to get the war tax revenue raisers to put a tax on dogs to protect sheep against their ravages. But it remained for senatorial "leave to print" through Vice President Marshall, to ge the dog properly introduced to public life About the time the Ways and Means Com nittee was throwing the proposed dog tax nto the discard Mr. Marshall received a letter. It came from a Mr. Bonney, of Buck Grove, Iowa. It is not clear whether the Vice President regarded the letter as wise or witty, or both, but evidently he thought or witty, or soin, our evidentity he incoght it good enough to go in the Record. The appearance of the Buck Grove letter in the solemn pages of the Senate proceedings occasioned remark.

The writer said a tax of \$5 on male dogs

and \$25 on females, there being 20,000,000 dogs in the United States, would help some toward paying our war debis. Moreover, it was suggested that as dogs destroy sheep, a reduction of dogs by taxation would help to increase the meat supply; and as dogs consumed about as much food as humans, a tax on dogs would bring down the cost of living. One of the Senators, commenting upon the letter, said the reduction of dogs to sausage meat might also prove an important factor in our great national problem. That, however, was merely an aside, which did not deter the Vice President from giving the dog a conspicuous place in the national archives. and \$25 on females, there being 20,000,00

The Senate took no action on the Buck Grove letter, but the correspondence col-umns of various newspapers throughout the country suggest that it carried a sting and that the American dog is now a live lasse. J. HAMPTON MCCORD.

Tom Daly's Column

THE VILLAGE POET Whenever it's a Saturday in sweltering July in' seashoreseard or mountainseard the

rich begin to fly, My heart goes out in pity to the neigh-

bors who will mind The patriotic gardens that those slackers

leave behind. I've seen so many councils held across the garden fence,

It isn't any trick at all to tell how they The horticultural slacker, with apologetic cough,

Remarks: "You know, my wife an' I are takin' three weeks off. . . doctor says we need it, George.

. . . You see the way we're placed. . . . We hate to have our outens an' notatoes

go to waste. though you've got enough to do. · · · Oh, will you, George?

That's kind!" patriot takes the garden that the others leave behind.

The slacker and the slackeress they pack a trunk or two

with a merry "fare-ye-well" they disappear from view. plain, herote stay-at-home he

catches, hae in hand, feelings that are anything but 'glorious an' grand";

when his own apportionment of gardening is done,

sighs to think the neighbors' bit is still to be begun, An' weartly he mops his brow an' hitterly regretz

he's the foster-father of those orphaned onton sets.

And so upon this Saturday in sweltering July

As seashoreward or mountainward the rich begin to fly,

My heart goes out in pity to the neighbors who will mind

The patriotic pardens that those slackers leave behind.

WHY shouldn't the Government exact of each man found guilty of being a horticultural slacker" the equivalent of the vegetables his vacationing permits to rot? It would provide some work for our statisticians, surely. Kow many toes to potutoes?

OVER in England Lord Desborough has been advising people to cut an eye out of each potato before cooking it and to use these eyes as seeds. Whereupon another peer, Lord Dartmouth, thus warbles:

A tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye Were the lessons we learnt in our youth; Now Lord Desborough shows how the care of an eye

Will provide for the needs of a tooth.

Logolepts on a Spree

We had occasion to invade the den of ur proofrenders yesterday to search for a piece of copy containing a street address we needed and we overheard a couple of the wise denizens discussing the misfortune of Sam, the nightworker, Sam, you will remember, had his umbrella stolen from him in a police station by a stranger he had befriended. "Pretty tough on Sam, the lychnobite,

wasn't it?" quoth one. "Yes," quotha, "lychnobites and nyctalopses seem naturally to prey upon each

"But to be preyed upon in the ext gency of celestial lachrymation!" "Quite so. Speaking of praying, that's what my wife does at the first fulmineous

rumble.' "Subject to astraphobia, is she?" "Terribly. It keeps me poor erecting

"That reminds me," said this one, draw ing his pipe from his pocket, "have you

a locofoco? Thanks!" "Logolepta!" we snorted and went our

IT MAY be we will not be able properly to appreciate the value of poems inspired by the war until the war is over. but it seems to us there will be a perma nent place for these lines from the Chicago Tribune, built upon the news in a London dispatch that "General Pershing stopped in his walk, turned sharply and

faced File Three" FILE THREE Of nameless pedigree: One of a hundred on detail-

But would I had been he! n years a youth, but worn and old. With face of ivory; pon his sleeve two strands of gold-Oh, would I had been he!

The General passed down the line And walked right rapidly. But saw those threads and knew the sign

Ah, had I been File Three! Twice wounded? Tell me where were.

The man of stars asked he. Givenchy and Lavenze, sir'— Oh, where was I, File Three Then crisply quoth the General: "You are a man, File Three." held carnivalnd Tommy's heart held carnival— God! Would I had been he! P. S. W.

"MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME, ETC. Those Pekin correspondents may be able to fool the younger generation, but they can't palm off on "us old-timers" any of that Gilbert and Sullivan "Mikado" and call it news! For instance:

PEKIN, July I (delayed).—The edict issued today in the name of Hauan Tuins, the young Emperor, follows: "Li Fuan Hung memoria; icas us to take over the Government, stating that he was forced by the troops during the trait he was forced by the troops during first revolution to become the nation's head the bemoans his defects as head of the rapublic and asks us to punish. We recognize his missistees and also his merits. We hereby appoint him a duke of the fast class.

Pooh-Bah!—"And so he bemoans his de-ets, does he, Koko, and asks us to punish m? Well, then, we must surely make the punishment fit the crime—so I hereby apoint him a duke of the first class!"

CAMBERTH.

Paper Golfers

There was a young golfer named Jensil, Whose grip and whose stance were pre-hensile; He turned in each score

But his favorite club was a pencil, GRANT RICE Around seventy-four; Another, most oddly named Gentle, Whose victories mostly were mental

Performed his best rounds With the guttural sounds and the labial, lingual and dental.

LA LIBERTE, so the dispatches tell us vouches for the truth of the story of the German officer's encounter with the Belgian lad whose donkey was not named Albert because he had loved his King too much nor Wilhelm because he loved the donkey too much. We are ready to be-

PREPAREDNESS IS STILL AN ISSUE



AT THE FRONT WITH BAZIN

What a Man Sees and Thinks While Watching the French and English Fight the Boche

By HENRI BAZIN

Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France. MIDST a moonlight as dulcet as a lovely PARIS, June 15. dream, I looked from afar. Away up in the heavens in a field of deepest blue there was a great peace, the peace of a million stars crowned in the reflected glory of the sun upon a satellite dead. But be-

low and before my vision, men fought-fought to the death for a piece of scarred earth, a piece of this dear, dear martyred France, while artillery boomed and the pure sweet air of the night was poisoned with that which has prostituted science. I looked upon these men, those of France in blue and those of Germany in gray, each sion that came to my mind through the gas masks covering their faces.

A little while ago, a mere matter of days, had seen this same territory taken by fended against a tremendous mass of Boche in close formation, defended as men de-fend their souls, their loves, their honor. For the thousandth time I bowed my head in a great admiration, in a full reverence for the poliu, the silent, patient, sacrificing poliu, and more's the grave pity, the old poliu of France. As they held true against victous attack, the thought flashed through me that these were of the men who despite me that these were of the men who, despite ears, despite soiled uniforms, despite their gathering from high and humble walks of life under the banner of a common cause, had taken upon their shoulders in full worthiness the mantle of old. For it was their prototypes who were compatrints of St. Genevieve when she defended the island fort in the Seine; who went crusading with St. Louis; who fought at Rocroi at Fontenoy, at Austerlitz. And yet, what were these ancient glories in comparison with the slory that has come to France and Frenchmen since the Marne? As nothing against the Infinite. As a grain of sand against the sands of the sea. As the lamp upon my table against all God's stars. Since it is neither for conquest, nor saintly reverence, nor the ambition of a king, that the noilu is in arms, but the purer, nobler, more deeply ingrained thing within the souls of all true men-honor and the right. With these thoughts passing in a certain sub-conscious mistiness through my mind, I looked out upon the moonlit scene before me. And I saw:

Five auccessive attacks by against the two plateaus of California and Vanciere, five successive advances of Vauciere, five successive advances of massive close formation, shoulder to gray shoulder, man touching man. Afterward I was told seven full enemy regiments were engaged. And all upon a breadth of ground measuring at most 1200 meters!

Courage of the Boche They came forth bravely to their death.

sese barbarians. They came under an in describably withering fire from seventy-five tir de barrage. And as they came they fell. And as they fell the gaps were filled. And again. And so they died—died for evil And again. And so they died—died for evil ambition, vainity, for the thwarted fantasy of their vainglorious Emperor. In but one instance, in but one tiny space, did they succeed in occupying the trenches of France—at 3:39 in the morning, with the certain sign of day to come forecast in the heavens as it always is to those who know the night and love it. It was a corner of California plateau to the northeast. plateau to the northeast. A corner lost to France at 3:30 and regained by 4:15.

All during the hours before and until 8 in the morning the fight raged, a fight waged such as it is seldom given observers to see. It was wonderful, horrble, fascinating, unfor-gettable! Those of the enemy who succeeded

and others upon their sides, their backs their breasts. Among them lay the dead of France.

They were pitially many, but nothing in comparison to the number of the Boche. And every one of them, I thought, some

And every one of them, I thought, some mother's son. Every one.

Yet for the tree murderers, the violators of women, those that had sacrileged houses of God and the humble homes of God's worshipers, I felt not an atom of pity. It was only for the sons of France who, as milions before them, had rendered the supreme sacrifice that my heart filled with tears. They were of the Busque, the Bearnals, the Gassen, whom I had witnessed take this Gascon, whom I had witnessed take this same ground in victorious attack but a few days before. They had defended in equal glory, mais pas avec la wieme bonne chance. Yet they have held, both the living and the dand, in a common cause. Sanctified tertitory redeemed and re-redeemed. God Gascon, whom I had witnessed take this

save each of their memories Before noon, with my officer escort, I had motored to the English front. There in the hot June sun preparations were under way as, indeed, they are always. At every cint passed work was always visible, th

onstant getting ready to die Under Fire in No Man's Lan

With the night we went forth into the first line. There was but vigilance, since nothing in the way of immediate attack The German first line was hardly 600 meters before us. And the moon shone as the night before. Suddenly a Boche mitrall euse began to spit lead. With the firs familiar crack we threw ourselves flat, the balls passing harmlessly over our heads. And as suddenly as it began it ceased and silence reigned, save for the far-off boom of heavy guins. It was "nothing of importance." So we arose and went on, quietly, past the mark of battle and skirmish, past German dead, some recent, some that had been dead for days. For it seems for a little time past the Boche does not gather his dead as rapidly as of yore. imiliar crack we threw ourselves flat, the

Now and then we passed an outpost, and I noted the English soldier was always young—young and full of vigor, full of enthusiasm, by no means stolid as the pollu of France; less tired, perhaps, since are less heavy.

We had regained the first line, tramped over two miles upon the shell-torn land that is no man's and that is torn land that is no man's and that is destined soon to become again the land of France. It had been but a harmless innocent little walk in the moonlight. Just a walk in which "nothing of importance" had occurred, save the ever-present, always ready, always eager waiting for the hour. And yet it seemed to me as full of thrill as the excitement of the fight I had looked

upon the previous night. Not the excite-ment that grips the entrails, but that calmer thing that sinks into the soul and gives one time to think, to hold secret converse, in some tiny measure to fathon upon the spot where it is being done tha which England and France are doing tha which, please God, America has to Prussla and her ill ideals are laid flat upon the ground. It's coming. But before the day this blood-scaked land of France will drink new vintage, the blood of liberty's ons across the sea-

With the thought something gripped me by the throat, held me as I walked. And I stopped and looked up at the North Star chining in a great calm and a great beauty shining in a great calm and a great beauty far off in the heavens.
"What is it" anked my escort.
"Nothing." I answered, "nothing. I was but thinking of other mothers and the sorrows to come to them, mothers over there across Atlantic's summer sea, moth-ers who will drink deep of understand-ing and sacrifice ere Right triumphs and the world is Free."

NO TIME FOR "SOB STUFF" Here is a sensible hint from an office

in the navy:
"I wish." he says, "we could censor the 'sob stuff.' A boy gets a letter from home filled with 'Your dear empty chair is at the table,' or 'Mother cries herself to sleep every night, wishing for her boy,' and the result is a homestell satior made doubly

was wondered, but the second to the enemy who succeeded temporarily in occupying a trench of France were in the very occupying isolated from their companions in arms, surrounded by the braves of France. Those that did not surrender died. Not one of these odd-hundred escaped save as a "kamerad."

Then it was over! In the full light of the early morning sun I looked out upon the field. Not a square inch of its territory was in the hands of Germany, and all she had for her futile effort was but the dead in gray. It seemed as if they were uncountable. My escorting officer from our point of observation estimated that they numbered 1500. They hay in all sorts of positions, positions that were grotesque, like marjogetfer; some gitting some with hand in hand as if in profound thunght, some the hand in hand as if in profound thunght, some the hand in hand as if in profound thunght, some the hand in hand as if in profound thunght, some the later that the hands of the raining the factors are the table. Let there be become at home as well as in the table.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

What Chinese general has just replaced hav Enurerer on the throne at Pelint 2. Where is Ponta Delgada, which was

3. What is regarded as the national Canada?

4. When did St. Patrick live?
5. In what Chinese city is there an Assecurit for United States citizens? 6. What is a mirage?

7. Who is the author of the remark, "God Americans, when they die, go to Farb" 8. What was the real name of Bill Nret 9. Of what island is Premier Venizeles a sa-

10, What plant blooms at night? Answers to Yesterday's Quit

Answers to Yesterday's Quit

1. The English word for an inhabition of Caprius is Capriote.

2. The Society of the Cincinnati was famile in 1783. It was originally composed a officers of the American Combetts arms. The organization is now astendined by descendants in the elect size line. The mame refers to the Rossi Cincinnatus and was adopted in aliase to the approaching change from militar to civil pursuits after the Revolution.

3. Ethan Allen demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderous "in the name of excent Jehovach and the Continuation for the Rossi of the Continuation of the

a. The planet Jupiter has eight more

The planet Jupiter has eight moons.
 St. Elmo's Fire is the glow ecomouses the slow discharge of electricity to earl frum the atmosphere. This discharge appears usually as a tip of light ea he extremities of pointed objects, such a church steeples, maste of ships and ess on the finzers of the outstretched has necompanied by a crackling noise.
 decome Bonaparte, King of Westphalis a breiher of Napoleon, married Eliabe Patterson, of Baltimore, in 1803.
 The Germans under William 1 defeated in French under Napoleon III at Seds, it the Department of the Ardennes, True on September 1, 1870.
 Delhi is the caultal of India.

to. Delhi is the capital of India. PRISONERS OF WAR

MERMAN treatment of prisoners is Gaccordance with all classic tradition The ancients looked upon prisoners takes battle as proper subjects for permane slavery; in fact, the bulk of the enormal slave population of the Roman empire almost entirely made up of the captives un descendants of captives) taken in campain

However. The Hague war regulations di horses and military papers, remain the property. They can be confined anywhe their captors desire, but only as an Inde pensable measure of safety and only so los as circumstances demand their closs detect tion. The State may utilize their labor se

cording to their rank and aptitude, with the exception of officers. Their tasks must be be excessive and must have nothing to with the military operations. They may b authorized to work for the public sardie for private persons or on their own access Work done for the State must be past

according to the schedules in force for the soldiers of the national army employed similar tasks. The wages of the prisoned must go toward improving their conduct and the balance must be paid them on the release, after deducting the cost of the maintenance. As regards food, quarters at ciothing, prisoners must be treated on the same footing as the troops of the Govern ment that has captured them. Any act insubordination warrants the punishme that would be received by soldiers of the

capturing Government. Escaped prisoners, recaptured before the have succeeded in rejoining their army. liable to disciplinary punishment. Pris ers who, after escaping, are again captur in battle are not liable to any punishme for the previous flight. Every prisoner war is bound to declare his true name a rank if questioned, and if he disregards rule he is liable to a curtailment of the vantages accorded to the prisoners of class. Prisoners may be set at liberty parole if the laws of their country author it, and in such cases they are bound on !

personal honor scrupulously to fulfill as regards their own Government and Government by whom they were made roners, the engagements they have tracted. Any prisoner of war who is stad on parole and recaptured while because against the Government to white