ILLUSTRATED
Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PRESIDENT
Charles H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, P. H. Whaley, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman.
P. H. WHALEY.....Editor
JOHN C. MARTIN..General Business Manager

Published daily at PUBLIC LEDGER Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
LEDGER CENTRAL...Broad and Chestnut Streets
ATLANTIC CITY.....Press-Union Building
NEW YORK.....200 Metropolitan Tower
DETROIT.....903 Ford Building
ST. LOUIS.....1008 Fullerton Building
CHICAGO.....1202 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS:
WASHINGTON BUREAU, N. E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St.
NEW YORK BUREAU.....The Sun Building
LONDON BUREAU.....Marconi House, Strand
PARIS BUREAU.....32 Rue Louis le Grand

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS
The EVENING LEDGER is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier.
By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month. Six ($6) dollars per year, payable in advance.
To all foreign countries one ($1) dollar per month.
NOTICE—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 5000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 5000

Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

Philadelphia, Monday, November 26, 1917

SETTING THE SIGNALS FOR FULL SPEED AHEAD

RADICAL and revolutionary organization of the railroads of the country will meet the exigencies of war traffic. A huge transportation pool to move both freight and armies is to bring railroading into co-ordination with the other activities now under Federal direction and domination.

The Railroad War Board today is at the throttle of the country's transportation lines. It has its hand at the lever not through Federal commandeering, but through invitation of the roads themselves. Cars, locomotives, tracks, terminals, coal and men, operated as a unit to secure a maximum of efficiency, represent a decisive and far-reaching impulse toward winning the war.

Methods applied to stabilize and control fuel, grain and food had to centralize under firm administration the equally important means of their distribution. And this drastic necessity was seen as immediate and imperative, not by stimulating Administration officials, not by red demagogues, but by the railroads themselves in a splendid accession of patriotism which matches their previous co-operation and sacrifice of commercial aims since the United States entered the war.

Transportation is the arterial system of the body military. Efficiency and speed in moving men and munitions to France, and food and supplies here at home to maintain the war work which supports the field forces were impossible under a decentralized system. Individual operation means competition, and this in turn means duplication and wastage of mechanical equipment and man-power. Recognition of this menace in the present crisis of car shortage and freight congestion brought quick and unexpected proposals from the railway chiefs to the Railroad War Board. It is Government control without Government ownership. Profiting and dictating, the Government gains all the value and service, yet is freed from the responsibility of operation, and thus escapes the task of effecting at short notice a railroad administration, definitely proved tedious and difficult in the fuel and food administrations.

The railroad men have cleared the track for war traffic. They have solved the vital problem of transportation, second to none in supreme moment in war-time. Their proposals are practical, the clear-headed plans of experienced men. Competing passenger service will be canceled, luxury trains dropped from the schedules. Specially available lines will be diverted solely to carrying coal or freight or food. Pooling of rolling stock, trackage and equipment will permit consolidation of shipments of like bulk or classification or destination—an invaluable gain over the competing system. Shipping of nonessentials will be abandoned. Terminals will be used in common, insuring systematic grouping of commodities and vacating enormous quarters for legitimate storage of raw materials and manufactures to wait supervised distribution.

Criticism will be urged that the pooling of railroad resources violates the Sherman anti-trust law. It does, but what of that? Abnormal conditions require extraordinary measures. Statesmen must be as civic-minded to accept as the railroads are courageous to offer the drastic revolutionizing of the country's transportation. Any statute that bars victory must be abrogated under the eminent domain of national welfare. The public must be as willing to co-operate as the railroads are to sacrifice. The people are bound to suffer in curtailment of some conveniences, maybe even of comforts. That is part of their war burden, and they are going to bear it in the spirit of ungrudging and cheerful patriotism.

OSTRACIZING AN ART REBEL

PATRIOTISM may dictate the banning of the great Wagnerian operas from the repertory of the Metropolitan, and consequently from the Philadelphia season in which is given by Mr. Gatti-Casazza's company. But patriotism should be common. Just ordinary common sense is sufficient warrant for omitting Flotow's tinkling and trivial "Martha," if German opera is to go by the board, or rather from the boards. The fact that the libretto is sung in the beautiful language of our Italian ally does not remove the dark curse of the composer's birth in Mecklenburg and his career as court conductor in Schwerin. Why, the very spelling of these words is sinisterly Teutonic, even if the composer was not actually a Prussian!

Nor was Wagner a Prussian. He was not even understood by the Berlin critics until long after other music centers had accepted his revolutionary works. Wagner was as great a radical in music as Ibsen was in the theatre. He rent the time-marked fabric of harmonic tradition and operatic convention and spun a new web of fresh and logical patterns. This is the arch-rebel the operatic oligarchy has ostracized, while it sanctions Flotow—who had a "von" before his name.

HELPING MR. HEINZ

THERE is no good reason for forty-five-cent turkey, the National Food Administration informs Mr. Heinz. The State food administrator will call a conference of dealers to learn what reason, if any, can be ascribed for profiteering attempts to spoil Thanksgiving. That it will be very hard to find a reason is shown by the spirit in which dealers are looking forward to this meeting. "The conference will accomplish no good whatever," "Mr. Heinz has no power to set retail prices." "I do not know what good could result from the proposed conference." "The people are not being asked extortionate prices now; we have been looking up cases of extortionate prices, but have found very few." These are some of the kindly hints the dealers are making as a preliminary to helping Mr. Heinz.

There is no extortion and yet there is extortion—in a few cases. Strange that so many of us have had the ill-luck to deal with those exceptional extortionate dealers! Of course, if everybody decides in advance that Mr. Heinz is going to fail to get the dealers to talk reasonably, he is going to fail.

But the law does not require anybody to buy a turkey, either for Thanksgiving or for Christmas.

The public well remembers a festive occasion when turkey was to be scarce and then at the last moment was so plentiful that it could be had for a song. No one wants the dealers to lose. We must have sane and uniform adjustment of prices. And the way to get it is through adopting a frame of mind exactly the reverse of that shown in the statements quoted.

FILL NEW ENGLAND'S COAL BINS

NEW ENGLAND'S need is extreme. With characteristic loyalty to orderly procedure New England made no clamor when coal was pushed to the Northwest by Great Lake ports in the summer and fall in order to take advantage of water transportation during the open shipping season. The chill of winter is felt in that section earlier than in many parts of the land. Vast war and home consumption industries are there. For this practical reason, if for no sentimental recognition of earlier self-denial, the priority board should issue an order for immediate movement of coal to tidewater that New England's bins may be filled, its homes kept in wartime comfort and the smokestacks on its factories fanning with the visible signs of enormous war production within.

GET THE GERMANS INTO THE UNION

IT WAS natural that Labor in England and America should for a time have hung in the balance before giving full assent to a war to a finish. This hesitation was caused by jingoism and imperialistic tendencies among certain public men who were no more the friends of labor in war than they had been in peace. A decisive development has taken place in the last few days. Arthur Henderson in England and Samuel Gompers in America have expressed the sentiments of the great organizations they represent. Rank and file are as firm for holding on to the end as are their leaders, who, on both sides of the ocean, quote President Wilson's liberal war platform and give the aim of democratizing Germany precedence over every other national or international purpose. Both Henderson and Gompers demand "a strong political offensive against Germany."

No stronger political offensive against Germany could have been made than just this solidarity of labor opinion, the echo of which will be heard across the Rhine. Every attempt must be made to inform the German industrial population that it is only by getting into the union of self-governing peoples that they can regain the friendship of men whose votes govern nations.

This movement is as different from the Stockholm Socialistic scance as day is from night. That was a plot in the interest of the German autocrats. This is a challenge in the interest of the German workers and of all workers.

"We'll never let go," says Lloyd George, and the British at Bourlon wood prove he is right. They had to capture the wood three times from counter-attacking Germans; but the third time they held it.

Provost Smith declares that co-education at Penn should be permitted in every department. The University has been too slow in this matter. If a woman can study medicine with men she can study anything anywhere.

Berlin must be "seeing things" when it begins to talk of "waves of tanks" deluging the German lines. This flight of fancy is only equaled by our own Peary's idea that airplanes carrying three-inch guns will one of these days be flying over seas.

The first vessel built for the United States Shipping Board has been launched seventy-eight days from the time its keel was laid. More are on the way. But there can't be too much speed. We do not know how fast a German submarine can be built.

ANSWERING THE QUESTION OF CAIN

Boys Are Being Saved by Men Who Feel They Are Their Brothers' Keepers

By ALLEN R. ECKMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a half-witted-not-fellow named Smith. He dabbled in stocks, knew all the head waiters by their first names and was angel to some fifty-odd taxicab drivers. He had a fine house and was vaguely interested in his wife and children. In his domestic life he was what is known as an easy-going man.

Each morning after breakfast Smith hurried downtown to his favorite broker. In the afternoon he struck a balance and then went to a nearby cafe. On successful days he went home to dinner. This was not often.

A thought came one day to the bucket-shop man that Smith might save thee by losing all his money in one deal. So he advised him on a "sure thing." The plan worked according to specifications and several afternoons later a scrub-woman found Smith stretched out on the floor of his office.

After the executors finished disseminating her husband's estate, Mrs. Smith opened a boarding house. Her daughter found employment as a telephone operator, while a son Samuel, who always had been more or less indulged by his mother, continued in school.

Sam inherited his father's disposition and temperament. When his parent died the boy was fifteen years old, and already knew how to spend money more quickly than most other boys. With the removal of what slight restraint his father had on him Sam began to stay. It was not long before he was a member of a gang. Soon he began to play "hookey." The gang taught him bookmaking.

Mrs. Smith supplied her boy's wants until they began to exceed the income from the boarding house. One day she realized that Sam was growing away from her. This knowledge was natural, and the mother suggested that he curb certain excesses and try to be of some help about the house.

"Where d'y get that help stuff?" said Sam. "I'm no porter." And he slouched from the house to meet the gang over at a poolroom.

It only was a matter of time until the boy had the fall for which he had been riding. His mother stopped supplying money, so Sam tried another way to get it. But a store detective proved to him the eye was quicker than the hand, and the lad with evidence of his first theft hanging from a pocket was haled before a judge in the Juvenile Court.

A big policeman told the weariness old story of how it happened.

"Got 'im with the goods this time, yer Honor," he said.

"So I see," observed the judge. Sam flashed back a frightened look of appeal. He had listened with mingled fear and defiance to the recital of his case.

Big Brother Intervenes

The judge was about to begin Sam's reformation by sending him to an institution when a young man who had listened with considerable interest to the testimony asked permission to speak to the lad.

"Tell me about it," he said. The boy was suspicious at first, but the young man with quick insight soon touched the responsive chord that Sam's father had missed. And the juvenile prisoner blurted out the entire story.

By a few questions, tactfully put, the young man learned of the careless father, the neglected training of his son, the tragic death, the struggle for existence, the bad gang and the final fall. Also, he learned that what Sam needed more than anything else was some person to take an interest in him.

"He is guilty, of course, your Honor," the young man said to the judge. "But what he wants is a big brother. You see, he never has had any person to give him advice. With your permission, I should like to look after him for a while."

Several days later the young man called at Sam's home and had a talk with him. He spoke about the folly of extravagance, both of time and money, and showed the value of confidence. And the boy listened. Thus began the reclaiming of Sammy.

The Big Brothers Association had its inception in 1904, when Ernest K. Coulter, clerk of the Juvenile Court of New York, beheld instances of sickness, suffering and misery among youthful offenders. When he went home the remembrance of what he had seen tormented him. The thought of young humanity being sent to the penitentiary before it had a chance to prove its worth kept him awake at night.

Finally, after he had determined upon a plan to help the youthful offenders, he addressed a meeting of the Men's Club of the Central Presbyterian Church of New York, and put the matter up to it. He cited the case of a boy who had committed an offense for which he could be sent to a reformatory, from which he might come out with his life blighted. When he finished his talk every man volunteered to help.

This was the beginning of the Big Brother movement, which since has spread through more than forty cities in the United States, Canada and Australia.

Volunteers Needed

In Philadelphia it is two years old. It was started here by Judge Raymond MacNeille and Assistant District Attorney Charles Edwin Fox. To keep the boy who begins wrong from getting into more serious trouble is the problem being worked out by the Big Brothers.

With the beginning of the work here Judge MacNeille and Mr. Fox enlisted the services of District Attorney Samuel P. Rotan, who offered office room in the Domestic Relations branch of his department. A year later the organization moved its office to 1414 South Penn square.

Too much credit for the success of the work cannot be given to George W. Casey, the executive secretary. Mr. Casey formerly was superintendent of the Philadelphia Boys' Club. Through his efforts and his keen insight into the boy-mind more than 250 lads now are in the care of Big Brothers. The organization is nonsectarian, and every boy placed is put in charge of a Big Brother of his own religious faith. This man watches him, pats him on the back, encourages, advises and guides the "Little Brother" and places him in the way of becoming a useful man. Not more than one boy is put in charge of one man.

The first Big Brother was George Scott Stewart, Jr., a Philadelphia attorney. Mr. Stewart is now in the army, but before he left his "Little Brother" was on a fair way to become a good citizen.

Mr. Casey's work never is done. He visits the Juvenile Court each day and is the intermediary through whose hands the Little Brothers pass on their way to Big Brothers. Just now the crying need of the organization is for more volunteers.

In bringing the Big Brother and the boy together the central office stands ready to obtain a position for the boy if needed, relief for the family if necessary and to co-operate in any other way possible. At the same time most of the boy's problems to be solved are left to the man's common sense and intelligence, so that the boy may feel that it really is the Big Brother who is the friend. Once a month the Big Brother is asked to make a report on his charge.

LOCOMOTIVES QUIT "POPPING"

"You seldom hear an engine popping off any more," said a railroad man. Firemen are told not to let 'em pop off.

"In case steam is gotten up in an engine, and for any reason it is not wanted right away, the Government and the railroad have instructed us to blank the fire, and if the locomotive is not to be used for some time, to put out the fire and build it again.

"Most of these are little things, but they all count up to save a good many tons of coal in the course of a year."—Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette.

Tom Daly's Column

Pomes Written by Myself Litel Polly

THE WINTER BOARDER

Last night when I laid down to sleep
And all the house was still
I heard some winter breezes sweep
Across my window sill
They didn't roar the way they do
When they have come to stay
But only just to let you know
That they are on their way.

And then another noise more queer
And strange as it could be
A kind of chirping load and clear
Came up the stairs to me
And then I heard my father say
To Mother listen dear
Our winter boarder's come to stay
He's in the kitchen here.

Then I remembered and I guessed
Who was this boarder strange
It was the cricket in his nest
Behind the kitchen range
O I was glad because I like
To lie in bed and hear
On winter nights when all is still
The cricket's song of cheer.

GEORGE C. WATSON, who read Robinson Crusoe by moonlight when he was a boy in Aberdeenshire, because his aunt wouldn't let him have a candle in the house, obliged us yesterday by turning his sharp eyes upon the character of the late William B. Smith, the Dandy Mayor.

"It was Bill Smith's wonderful memory that made him Mayor of Philadelphia," said Mr. Watson. "He had a genius for geniality; but many another has had that, without the ability to remember names and faces quickly. The Dandy Mayor never forgot. He had just gone out of office when I met him first—just met him in passing at a concert at the Academy of Music—and I didn't see him again for two years. Yet he came up at once and called me by name."

THE TOWN is full of talk about the Dandy Mayor and the funeral will bring old gossipers to the fore. There will be much rehashing of political yarns of a generation ago, and some new ones will come out that never saw the light before.

It will be recalled that Bill Smith won the nomination for Mayor in 1883 without one of the leaders of his party favoring him. They couldn't see him at all, but Bill saw nearly all the delegates. He met them—at night mostly—where he could ask them "what they'd have," and when the nine hundred odd delegates met in convention he had nine hundred even in his vest pocket.

Joe Noble, who was boss of the Second Ward, could never understand it; but there was another matter that mystified Joe even more. As soon as Bill Smith was nominated the "Noberry" crowd worked hard for him; and when he was elected Joe went to the new Mayor with a list of the men he wanted appointed to the police force and those he wanted removed. "All right, Joe," said the Mayor, laying his finger on one name, "everything's yours except this man." "Why," said Joe, "that's the man I want most." "No," said the Mayor, "he can't be touched." Joe stormed and fumed and threatened, but he never did budge that one policeman. He probably never did learn why, but this was the reason: The Democratic leader of the Second Ward, the shrewd Mr. McManus, had picked Smith as the likely winner and had contributed $5000 to his campaign fund, with the one stipulation that the one policeman be named should not be touched. Why he should pay such high tribute to keep a cop in his uniform it would be hard to explain, but McManus probably got $5000 worth of fun out of it.

WHEN Holy Cross College tossed its 200-starred service flag to the breezes, a stirring song, written by the Rev. F. P. Donnelly, of the faculty, and fitted to the tune of "The Top o' the Morning," was sung. Here are two of the four stanzas:

THE SERVICE FLAG

Be our Service Flag unfurled
For our brothers thro' the world,
Who in battle bravely muster,
To emblazon freedom's luster;
Who, wherever they may be,
Are revered in memory,
Where our banner keeps the cluster
Of their stars.

Chorus:
Pray heaven stay beside them,
And ever safely guide them,
And o'er all danger tide them,
To come back in glory;
They have heard their country's call;
They have given her their all;
And our flag enshrines the story
In their stars.

It was Service bade them come;
They have gone from out our home;
All the links of life are broken,
And the parting word is spoken;
And for us they spend their breath,
And for us they march to death,
And for us they leave a token
In their stars.

THE BOLD YOUNG SOLDIER

"Ma says I mustn't speak," said she,
demurely,
"To any strange young men."
"Quite proper of her, too," he said, "aye,
surely.
Let's not be strangers then!"

WILLIAM H. FLETCHER, of New York now, but of Kilkenny long since, dropped in to add a fact or two to our meager knowledge of the history of the unfortunate J. Gerald Brenan, the author of "Shanahan's Ould Shebeen." When we published his wonderful poem—it was July 23 last, if you want to hunt up a copy—we said we thought he had been dead some time. Mr. Fletcher confirms this. Brenan was killed in Paddington Station in the fall of 1906.

He was, at that time, engaged upon a history of the famous Howard family of England, and he himself came of a good old clan in Kilkenny. His father was Gerald Brenan, J. P., and his uncle, Mulhallen Marum, M. P. for North Kilkenny, the hard-riding daredevil of whom some one has written a ballad beginning:

"Harum scarum
Mulhallen Marum,
Rode down the steps of St. Canices'."

YES, IT MUST BE AWFULLY INTERESTING

FRANCE, A GLORIOUS INSPIRATION

The Heroic Stand of the Great Republic Has Moved American Poets to Song—Proceeds of the Book for the Hero Fund

A NUMBER of Americans famous in the world of literature, music, painting and various phases of national life decided some months ago that they would combine their forces in a tribute to France. Under the guidance of Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, poems, stories, bits of music and drawings were gathered together from these men and women and now appear between the covers of a single volume, "For France," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. All profits coming from the sale of this book will go to the French Heroes' Fund. The contributors include Colonel Roosevelt, William Dean Howells, Owen Wister, James M. Beck, Otis Skinner, John Burroughs, Charles Dana Gibson and many others. They have drawn pictures, written stories and reminiscences and paid tributes of admiration for the splendid heroism of the French. Besides prose and pictures there is a particularly distinguished collection of verse in the volume.

A posthumous poem from Alan Seeger, whose "I Have a Rendezvous With Death" has achieved international fame, appears in the early part of the book, as follows:

There was a stately drama writ
By the hand that peopled the earth and air
And set the stars in the infinite
And made night gorgeous and morning fair,
And all that had sense to reason knew
That bloody drama must be gone through.
Some sat and watched how the action veered—
Waited, profited, trembled, cheered—
We saw not clearly nor understood,
But yielding ourselves to the master hand,
Each in his part as best he could,
We played it through as the author planned.

Theodosia Garrison takes a line from a newspaper, "The women of France today do not weep," and writes upon it:

Brave eyes, dry eyes, that do not weep today,
Your tears shall be at last your great reward,
Even as those of old who faced the red
And rack dry-eyed, then gained in one surway
All heaven, with its shining seraphs starred,
And know through splendid tears the face of God.

"France in Battle-flame" is the subject of Edwin Markham's contribution, which concludes:

O France of the world's desire,
O France, new-lighted by supernal fire,
Wrapt in your battle-flame,
All nations take a splendor from your name;
All souls are touched to greatness by your soul.
In you we are reborn to noble dreams—
In you we see again the sacred gleams
From man's immortal goal.
The faith that rises from you as a star
Will light the ages coming from afar,
When men shall band in one confederate fate
To build the beauty of the Comrade State.

Something of the "Joan of Arc" of Mark Twain is expressed by Lizette Woodworth Reese in "The Good Joan." She writes:

Along the thousand roads of France
Now there, now here, swift as a glance,
A cloud, a mist blown down the sky,
Good Joan of Arc goes riding by.
In Domremy at candlelight,
The orchards, blowing rose and white,
About the shadowy houses lie;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Who saith that ancient France shall fail,
A rotting leaf driven down the gale!
Then her sons know not how to die;
Then good God dwells no more on high!
Tours, Arles and Domremy reply!
For Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Amelie Rives (Princess Pierre Troubetsky), whose name often has been associated with various war benefits, contributes some remarkable lines under the title, "France." The spirit of the "Marseillaise" fairly permeates the lines:

Then not alone her sons
But those of every nation upon earth
Who cherish right and beauty above ease,
Sprang to her call.

Invincible and fair,
She stands upon the ramparts of the world.
The living praise her with a million tongues:
"Debout les morts!" not now to fight her.
But to acclaim her "France Deesse et Mere!"

"O Glorious France" comes from Edgar Lee Masters, who won fame by his "Spoon River Anthology." Here are his introductory lines:

You have become a forge of snow-white fire,
A crucible of molten steel, O France!
Your sons are stars who cluster to a dawn
And fade in night for you, O glorious France!
They pass through meteor changes with a song
Which to all islands and all continents
Says life is neither comfort, wealth, nor fame,
Nor quiet hearthstones, friendship, wife nor child,
Nor love, nor youth's delight, nor manhood's power,
Nor many days spent in a chosen work,
Nor honored toil, nor the patterned theme
Of daily labor, nor the crowns nor wreaths of seventy years.

With the recent publication of Hugh Gibson's "A Journal From Our Legation in Belgium," in which is revealed the story of the last days of Edith Cavell and her murder by Prussian officials, there is particular interest attached to Vachel Lindsay's poem, "The Merciful Hand," written to Miss Alice L. F. Fitzgerald, Edith Cavell memorial nurse, going to the front:

Your fine white hand is heaven's gift
To cure the wide world, stricken sore,
Bleeding at the breast and head,
Tearing at its wounds once more.

Your white hand is a prophecy,
A living hope that Christ shall come
And make the nations merciful,
Hating the bayonet and drum.

Each desperate burning brain you soothe
Or ghastly broken frame you bind
Brings one day nearer our bright goal,
The love-alliance of mankind.

Josephine Preston Peabody takes the title of the book for the title of her poem, "For France":

Here on the borders of the calling sea,
And what am I that stand,
Straining my heart against the things to be,
And warm and close my ruddy child with me;
Brighter than flame, my little son with me,
Aid in my hand, his hand!

I will my head, I fold his littleness;
Before the blinded Chance,
That leaves me here my treasure to possess;
Whose sunward heart (beyond all twilight guess)
Would so take fire and follow on—no less,
For light and life; for liberty, for France!

Perry MacKaye offers tribute to France as follows:

Half artist and half anchorite,
Part siren and part Socrates,
Her face—alluring fair, yet recondite—
Sailed through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask,
Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,
Blazed to the world her single soul—Jeanne d'Arc!

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is head of the Railroad War Board?
2. Name some classic football matches.
3. What novel had an important influence in events leading to the Civil War?
4. Name two noted musicians who have entered the United States service for the war?
5. Who is General von Ludendorff?
6. Where and what is Occoquan?
7. What three nations signed a pledge against a separate peace in the early part of the war?
8. What is the status in the draft of 1918 of a married registrant, without children, whose wife is skilled in some gainful occupation in which she is employed or in which she can obtain immediate employment without hardship?
9. What is the origin of the word "silhouette"?
10. Who composed the "Rustic Wedding" symphony?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. Antipasto is the mixture of appetizers, such as olives, strips of red pepper, anchovies, etc., served at the beginning of an Italian dinner.
2. Pot-walloper is a term applied before the British enfranchisement act of 1832 to voters who had the qualification of having "boiled their kettle" within six months in the shire.
3. A pianoforte is named from the Italian words meaning "soft" and "loud," the invention of the sustaining pedal enabling variety of tonal volume and dynamics impossible to the old-fashioned keyboard instruments, such as the harpsichord and clavecin.
4. Henry Clay is reputed to have said, "I would rather be right than President."
5. According to Section 76 of the new selective service rules: "Any married registrant whose wife or children are mainly dependent on his labors for support" shall be placed in Class 4, thus postponing his call to the colors to the very last classification of eligibles.
6. Lieutenant General Sir Julian Byng is British commander in immediate charge of the Cambrai sector, where Field Marshal Haig has won a great victory. He has been advanced to the full rank of general.
7. Federal War Port Boards will be appointed to control wharves, docks, harbors and exports.
8. The budget system of financing governmental divisions means the estimation in advance of the probable requirements for various departments and their allotment in proportion to the total income available.
9. "Peter Ibbetson," a novel by George Du Maurier, has been turned into a play this season.
10. The Kremlin is in Moscow.

AVIATION AND DISTRIBUTION

AFTER several years of general discussion, superficial and serious, as to the high cost of living, the conviction has become prevalent that, in the United States at least, one cause of the condition, and a cause that must be removed before a right adjustment can be realized, is the lack of sufficient facilities for transportation. The railroads have indeed been made to do much. They have been swifter and have served a far greater number of localities than have water craft. But the railroads are proving insufficient for meeting all the demands. With the development of good through highways, railroad service is already being supplemented by that of motortrucks, in some instances operated over regular routes, carrying freight much as it is carried by rail.

This kind of service has furnished, in localities where it has been introduced, no little relief from conditions now due in part to the fact that the prior claims of the Government must be satisfied. But that there will be ample opportunity for aviators to make themselves useful in helping to solve the transportation problem who can doubt? That passenger service by air will soon be an everyday matter seems a foregone conclusion. But what of the carrying of express matter, even articles of considerable bulk and weight? The feats being accomplished in the air in connection with the war seem to promise an ability to transport heavy articles. We hear much of fruits and vegetables, raised in sections more or less remote, failing to reach people who would be glad to buy them, because of the want of transportation facilities.

If aircraft can carry such articles, perhaps along with dairy and poultry products, think how quickly they can be deposited fifty to a hundred miles away, no matter if they are raised far from a railroad or even from a good highway. Express rates by air may, for a time at least, be somewhat expensive, because of the value of the machines and the services of the aviators and the limited amount of the cargo, but at least many more trips can be made in a day in this way than are possible "over the road." Relief from the congestion of the railways and of the highways is undoubtedly coming partly by way of the air, and may be coming very soon.—Christian Science Monitor.