Evening Public Ledger

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ERA OF THE PROLETARIAT

THE war, so far as Europe is concerned, moves now into the era of the proletariats. The ties that bind men to obedience to government are at best tenuous. They snap when in conflict with the immutable laws of economy, or if sacrifices beyond the power of the masses to endure are asked.

Government rests on the consent of the governed, examples to the contrary notwithstanding, and the governed, through an agony of suffering brought about solely by a class for purposes of aggrandizement, have learned that war without their sanction is an impossibility. They constitute the cannon fodder, they are the victims, and the pulsing of the telegraph instrument, the long arms of the wireless, pick this truth out of its prison and diffuse it universally. Autocracy clothes itself in the garments of the actor, sets a lavish stage and relies on the glamour of name and place to sustain it. But the printing press knows no respect for place or name. It pitilessly exposes both. There is no living brain that cannot now see the truth if it wants to see it.

Between "I, your king," and "We, the people," science has raised a great barrier, for the latter in their vastness reverse the telescope and see at the other end of it merely a puny human being, spoiled by the accident of inheritance and training, strutting perhaps majestically but of infinitesimal importance in the onrush of modernity and human progress.

The fakir is always a fakir. It was natural for the Prussian military caste, having fooled all Germany and hurled millions into unnecessary calamity by setting up the plea that it was a war of defense, to conclude that it could just as easily fool people who were not Germans. When an autocracy begins to tell citizens of other nations that they ought to rule themselves and disseminates the seed of revolution, it is not rocking the boat: it is boring holes in it. It was fine business to destroy the morale of Russia and win a triumph in Italy by deception and fraud, but revolution is a prairie fire and also a boomerang. To further its own ends the German Government has been showing the proletariats of other nations their power. What wonder that the German proletariat takes a hint from the exhibit!

The truth is that all Europe is on the verge of collapse. It is not that guns are lacking, or munitions, or men, but the romance has gone out of the conflict, the hopelessness of it has become apparent, and there is not a village in any belligerent nation of Europe that in the breasts of its inhabitants there is not a deep longing for peace, a longing which seeks utterance and when it breaks into voice will speak in thunder. The foment is everywhere. Is realization of the Kaiser's dream worth tankards of blood? If men of ambition cannot agree on a peace, cannot the masses of the nations themselves agree on one? May not discipline be treason if obedience wrecks and ruins the world? Are all men, too, insane that they must sustain with blood and heart the folly of a madman? Social upheaval, like an earthquake, knows no national confines. It is the great heart of humanity struggling for freedom.

The reason of the German proletariat has been darkened, but it reaches for the light. The proletariat of every other nation holds its senses acute. Signals of action haunt the skies. Every one is a funeral banner for autocracy, whether that autocracy is German or Austrian, or bears the stamp of some other nationality. Mr. Wilson had his finger on the pulse of the patient when he differentiated the German people from the caste that rules them. His diagnosis was right, directionally; the medicine may not be strong enough. But he has brought us to the era of the proletariats and things are going to happen in the future that will cause conservative citizens to have nightmares when wide awake. The temple of the social organism is in process of reconstruction and what it will look like when renovated neither prince nor lawyer can foretell.

BEESWAX—AND HONEY

[illegible] manufacturers are not to blame [illegible] cost of shoes. They admit [illegible] the busy bee, [illegible]

pears from the proceedings o the National Retail Shoe Dealers' Association. But beeswax costs more, hence the high cost of being shod properly. An esthetic cult among bootmakers seems to add a complication to the situation and a dollar or two to the cost of shoes.

As for us, we are inspired by the attack on the bee to cast utility aside and, joining the esthetic bootmakers, to harp on the single string of beauty. Avaunt, the commercial bee and its flying wax factory! Hail to the bee of our ideals, the poetic garnerer of honey! Our thoughts warm up the mercury to the top of the column and recreate summer day-dreaming, despite the cold and the lack of coal. Our hearts lean longingly toward Loney, the product of drowsily humming bees, winging softly among the orchard trees or exacting tribute from the garden flowers, bees in quest of sunborn nectar in fragile chalices of tinted blossoms. That's the bee for us—the bee whose poet-soul is expressed in the lyric of honey, honey conceived in the magic of a perfect day, mellowed by the rays of an early sun, discovered by a sorrel bee with pep in his appendix and poetry in his soul and hived in a paint-worn apiary under an old apple tree.

BREAKING LOOSE FROM THE CENSOR

THRILLING as the news of the safe passage of thousands of American troops to France on board the greatest liners of Germany's merchant fleet is the news that the long fight against stupid censorship apparently has been won. These princely vessels left our ports ten days ago and have been eastward bound while many Americans still believed the damage wrought to them by their interned German crews would take months to repair; but promptly upon their arrival in "A French Port" the announcement is cabled straight from that port to our newspaper offices without intervention of American censorship. At last America can read the news about itself as soon as Berlin reads it.

It has been the absurd, panicky practice to submit dispatches of this kind to a double and even triple censorship before they were put into the hands of American readers. Paris could read them and shout for joy, every spy in Switzerland could read them and wire them posthaste to Germany. German generals have openly sneered over their foreknowledge of our operations. Lloyd George has told members of Parliament to speak freely, as Germany knew more about American news than the Americans. When the sizzling pot of our impatience at last boiled over and irritation went the length of endangering with partisanship the most united nation on the globe it was indeed high time to let in the fresh air of sanity.

Half a million tons of Central European shipping is now used by America and her Allies. The people can well be proud of their engineers and workmen who have so quickly restored more tonnage to activity than the Germans at their present rate of sinkings can destroy in half a year. Some of the ships are the largest, one of them—the old Vaterland, now the Leviathan—the very largest in the world. We can rewrite Perry's message: "We have met the enemy's efficiency and it is ours."

All the German people's woe is traceable to their years of dull submission to censorship. It seemed that we were trying to imitate that dullness. But we remembered at last that we were Americans and, thank heaven, broke free!

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF CREDIT

ONE difficulty in the way of a free country when it goes to war is that the old habit of individual liberty has made each business enterprise a separate entity. Had our industries been one unified machine, with each firm dovetailing into another, our organizing effort would have been as easy as was socialized Prussia's. As it is, with the great majority of war-material plants under private financial management, the drawing off of vast amounts of capital in loans and welfare crusades has threatened to dampen the dashing ardor with which industry should plan to widen in every direction. Thus Mr. McAdoo's plan for a $500,000,000 Government corporation to make loans to enterprises essential to the war is an important emergency measure.

As it is our expressed war policy to maintain, while fighting, our democratic institutions as much as possible, even to the extent of forbearing to take over railroads or mines until private initiative and cooperation have had full trial, it was obviously impossible to draw a sharp line between more essential and less essential enterprise. A system of preferential credit is made necessary. The more essential enterprises must have first call upon capital. They must not be made to take their chances of getting funds in the open market. A Government pool of corporate financing will obviate this. Through the rediscounting system of the Federal Reserve banks the fund of half a billion is expected to expand to about $4,000,000,000 credit. And the Government is the most interested party, because it is only by the steady extension of enterprises that money for taxes and Liberty Loans can become available.

Revolutions are verboten in Germany, but maybe some of the people there do not know it.

When Czernin said "America and Austria are virtually in agreement" he probably had an inkling of what the Italian drive was likely to accomplish.

That man Francis is a dangerous fellow for anarchists to trifle with. He knows how to handle something that is a law from which no appeal lies.

This fellow Mars is after all nothing more than a servant of the snow man, who can tuck him into his bed of white and put him to sleep at any time.

Our conduct of the war has been entirely too cold-blooded. Senator Chamberlain may have been a little extravagant in his utterances, but we suspect that friction still produces heat and heat is another name for enthusiasm.

If it is true that Scheidemann has joined the radical Socialists the German political situation is nearer revolution than it has ever been. Scheidemann was supposed to be the tool of the Kaiser, authorized to talk peace to keep the German workers quiet.

The idea that state and municipal employes are protected by the Constitution against payment of the Federal income tax is not based on firm ground. There was a decision of that sort from the Supreme Court years ago, but the Court itself was in disagreement. The tax ought to be levied and a new decision [illegible]

PENNYPACKER'S MESSAGE OF 1905

Governor Tells of His Fight for State Regulation of Newspapers

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—NO. 61

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IT WOULD be an advantage if the houses had counsel charged with the duty of ascertaining the relation of proposed legislation to existing laws, and of seeing that legislation is so expressed as to accomplish the object intended. It is not to be expected that legislators should have technical training in law, and it is fair to them that they should be supplied with such assistance. At the last session several meritorious acts were necessarily vetoed because of imperfect construction.

* * * * *

(Here a part of the message which appears in the manuscript is omitted in the newspaper serial publication.)

At the last session of the General Assembly an act was passed requiring newspapers to exercise reasonable care with respect to what they published, and further requiring them to print upon the editorial page the names of those responsible for the publication. Although, as was natural, it caused some adverse criticism upon the part of many of those affected by it, the requirement of the publication of the names of the editors and business managers was at once obeyed by the press of the State, and the act has resulted in a marked improvement in the amenities of journalism in so far as they concern persons in private life. It is also evident that the act met with the grateful approval of the people. At the recent election, of those members of the Senate and House who voted for this bill seventy-six were re-elected and two were defeated. Of those who voted against the bill, twenty-eight were re-elected and ten were defeated. Of those who voted against the bill 26.3 per cent, and of those who supported it 2.5 per cent were defeated. Further legislation is required for the protection of the Commonwealth from the injury to her reputation and the disadvantage to the administration of her affairs which arise from the prevalent dissemination of scandalous inventions concerning her officials and their efforts in her behalf.

It is not only an unseemly spectacle, but it is a crime which the State ought to punish when day after day the mayor of one of her cities is depicted in communion with a monster compounded from the illustrations of Cope's Palaeontology and Dore's Dante. The enforcement of the municipal law is impeded, and, therefore, the State is concerned. We are compelled to recognize that since the cry of liberty of the press became a shibboleth, the relation of the newspaper to the Government and the people has been very much modified. No ruler now sits by divine right in his palace and writes lettres de cachet to confine his subjects in some bastile at his own will, and on the other hand the newspaper will sometimes become not the representative of the people seeking information for their good, but a commercial venture, the adjunct of a business house, the main object of whose existence is to aid its patrons in selling his wares, as anxious to attract attention to them by startling postures as a circus poster. This means that the attitude of the statesman with respect to them must be changed with the change in conditions. In this Commonwealth, in the main, the country press endeavors to ascertain and further the interests of the people surrounding them. In the large cities, what is popularly called "yellow journalism," with its gross headlines, its vulgar and perverted art, its relish for salacious events and horrible crimes, and all the other symptoms of newspaper disease, is gaining a foothold.

A Specific Newspaper

There is a daily newspaper of wide circulation, published in the city of Philadelphia, ostensibly by a Pennsylvania corporation. This corporation was chartered May 18, 1889, with an authorized capital stock of $25,000, of which the amount actually paid into the treasury of the corporation was $2500. So far as the records in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth show this amount has never been increased. A twenty-story building on the main street in the heart of the city, largely rented out for office and other business purposes, bears its name. Since its incorporation it has paid to the Commonwealth in taxes $5.73. Since its control of what had been a useful and venerable newspaper began, every Mayor of Philadelphia, every Governor, every United States Senator, save one who has only been in office four weeks, and every Legislature of the Commonwealth has been subjected to a daily flood in its columns not of adverse comment, but of invented untruths. The State expended a considerable sum of money upon the celebration of Pennsylvania Day, August 20, 1904, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in an effort to impress upon the nation the importance of her participation in the settlement of the West. Her building and much of what she put on exhibition were exceptionally meritorious. But the gentleman put in charge of the agricultural exhibit at the outset bought in St. Louis two lots of seeds, one costing $17.60 and the other about $5, and put upon plates, without names, some breakfast foods manufactured in various States, the various products of corn wherever made, and added them to his display. He had been selected, overlooking political affiliations, because of his connection with the Pennsylvania State College, where agriculture is taught and his previous experience in a similar charge at Chicago. His explanation is that seeds are a marketable commodity, which, wherever bought, may have been grown in any other locality, that it was an important education for farmers to see all the ways in which corn could be utilized even if they had to step over some State lines, and that no one could tell where the corn was grown from which its products were made. However forceful this reasoning may be, the management differed with him in judgment, his connection with the exhibit terminated May 31, 1904, and these articles were removed. If there had been any mistake, it had long been corrected.

An Example

These few simple facts, at most of uncertain significance, this newspaper, by the addition of falsehoods, innuendoes and extravagancies, elaborated into nine columns and illustrated with seventeen pictures. The publication, saved up until August 19, was adroitly timed so as to have it do what could be done by scattering it over the country to soil the celebration and thwart the object of the State. It talked of "unparalleled fraud" and "graft," although such a suggestion in connection with the sum of $22.60 was a manifest absurdity. It gave what purported to be an interview with a member of the commission. The written denial by the commissioner of the facts alleged in the interview is on file among the papers of the commission. He was made to say about tobacco that "I understand that not a leaf of this most important part of Pennsylvania's agricultural product is on exhibition." The tobacco then on display subsequently received in competition with the whole world the very highest prize. It said the sum expended upon the exhibit was $15,000. The sum actually expended was $8999.26. It told the people over the country that this exhibit was "a fraud, a hypocritical sham, an insult to the farming interests and a disgrace." As a matter of fact, the exhibit was so creditable that the officials of the exposition awarded to it three grand prizes, the highest possible award, twenty gold medals, twenty-one silver medals and thirty-two medals in bronze.

All of the people, proprietor and peasant, churchman and heathen, are concerned alike that a deliberate policy of false report to secure ill-gotten gain should not succeed. What is the remedy? Sooner or later one must be provided. Recently, in one of the States, an offended citizen shot and killed an editor, was tried for murder and acquitted. Lawlessness is the inevitable result of a failure of the law to correct existing evils. How can the right of a newspaper to publish the facts concerning the government and its officials and to comment on them even mistakenly be preserved, and the continuance of intentional fabrication in the guise of news be prevented? The Constitution in the same section provides for freedom of speech, as well as freedom of the press.

Under the English common law, when a woman habitually made outcries of scandals upon the public highways to the annoyance of the neighborhood, she was held to be a common scold and a public nuisance. Anybody may abate a public nuisance, and she was punished by being ducked in a neighboring pond. Notwithstanding our constitutional provision concerning freedom of speech, in the case of Commonwealth vs. Mohn, 2 P. F. Smith, page 243, it was held that the law of common scolds is retained in Pennsylvania, though the punishment is by fine and imprisonment. To punish an old woman, whose scandalous outcries are confined to the precincts of one alley, and to overlook the ululations which are daily dinned into the ears of an unwilling but helpless public by such journals as have been described, is unjust to both her and them. I suggest the application of this legal principle to the habitual publication of scandalous untruths. Let the persons harmed or annoyed present a petition to the Attorney General setting forth the facts and if, in his judgment, they show a case of habitual falsehood, defamation and scandal so as to constitute a public nuisance, let him file a bill in the Court of Common Pleas having jurisdiction, asking for an abatement of the nuisance, and let the court have authority, upon sufficient proof, to make such abatement by suppression of the journal so offending, in whole or in part, as may be necessary. Since this adaptation of existing law is only to be applied to the elimination of habitual falsehood in public expression, it will probably meet with no objection from reputable newspapers. Since both the Attorney General and the courts would have to concur, the rights of legitimate journalism are sufficiently protected and it is only in an extreme case that the law could be invoked. For that case, it provides a remedy. I submit herewith, marked A, a draft of an act upon these lines.

Tomorrow will be printed the draft of the act to which Governor Pennypacker refers [illegible]

THE BIRTH OF A SINGING ARMY

One Outgrowth of This War That the Soldiers of Old Never Knew

ONE perdurable thing to come out of this war, if plans now under way reach fruition, will be the practice among its veterans, when they gather in whatever may be the equivalent of the campfires of the G. A. R. posts, of reviving the songs beloved by the regiments while they were in training to be sent "over there."

During the Civil war, so veterans of that conflict tell us, there was no concerted effort to perfect a singing army such as is now in process at Camp Dix. What singing the men did was sporadic and the result of individual impulse. Few regimental or corps songs born of the Rebellion have come down to us, and very likely few of them were deserving of perpetuation beyond the period of their creation, although some would have a special interest now to the youngsters who are being inducted into the routine of camp life.

J. L. Smith, the map publisher of this city, whose memories of camp life are perhaps as vivid as those of any of his comrades, offers as the most popular of his recollection this ditty, which was a favorite of the Fifth corps on the march:

The Union boys are moving on the left and right,
The bugle call is sounding, our shelters we must strike;
Joe Hooker is our leader, he takes his whisky strong,
So our knapsacks we will sling and go marching along.

Chorus:
Marching along, marching along
With eight days' rations we'll go marching along.
Our overcoats and dress coats are strewn along the road,
They crowded them upon us—we couldn't tote the load;
Contractors put the job up, and we must foot the bill,
But Sam, our dear old uncle, we know it's not your will,
Marching along, etc.

There are eight or ten such verses, and the last ran:

The war won't last forever, some day we will be done
With drill and march and battle, and cartridge box and gun;
We'll tramp up North from Richmond to drum and fife; and then,
Oh, won't our folks be tickled to see us home again!

But the crop of marching songs to come out of the sowing now beginning in the camps throughout the country should be big and varied.

A splendid start has already been made by W. Stanley Hawkins, director of mass singing at Camp Dix, and at a meeting of the officers in charge of singing held yesterday afternoon under the chairmanship of Captain C. K. Morganroth plans were made for the standardizing of singing in the camp. The aim, as set forth in the order from headquarters, is to train "all units of the division to sing a number of mutually known songs; to arrange singing contests; to encourage the composition and adoption of regimental songs; to promote and cultivate the singing spirit throughout the division."

From the first big singing contest, held by Mr. Hawkins in November last, there has come much resultant good—and the discovery of some small mistakes, as Newt Baker might say, "which will not be repeated."

Ten units of 100 men each from the several regiments were drilled in the singing of "Over There" and "When the Great Red Dawn Is Shining," and for a third number each was permitted to present an original song of military character or an original parody of military character or a song of military character unique to that organization or branch of military service. The prize for mass singing was won by the 312th Infantry, under the leadership of Lieutenant ("Lefty") Lewis, of Syracuse University, and the prize for the best original regimental song went to the 310th Infantry for "The Scrapping Three-Tenth," by Private Harold J. Upright.

The chief good to come out of that first contest was the discovery of sufficient original talent in the camp to furnish all the songs that may be needed without assistance from beyond the borders of Dix. Five new songs were turned up, and while the words are no great shakes (a not uncommon thing with popular songs) the music is bully. Bandmaster John H. Bolan's song of the 308th Field Artillery, Lieutenant Lewis's "My Uncle Sammy" and Louis F. Scarmolin's "We'll Keep Old Glory Flying" are the best of these.

It is now planned, with the backing of the military authorities, to make such a musical drive as has never before been attempted. Each regiment will have a song leader who, it is hoped, will be selected by the men themselves, and all the regiments will be drilled in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," "America" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is further planned to offer a prize of, say, $10 for the best song for each regiment, and a similar prize for the music. And the grand climax to which all this is to lead will be the holding of a singing review as soon as fair weather permits.

There's food for your imagination! Just think of a great green parade ground in the first fresh panoply of spring, under a bright blue sky, and 45,000 men (the entire division) marching by a reviewing stand singing the inspiring songs of their country and yours with all the fire of strong hearts and the full vigor of young throats. It will be a glorious sight to see and a soul-stirring concourse of sound to hear! T. A. D.

WHY, OF COURSE WE BELIEVE IT

ROMANCE OF A WEAVER BOY

Alexander Wilson, Philadelphia Ornithologist, Moving Spirit in James Lane Allen's New Story

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S new tale, "The Kentucky Warbler," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is likely to renew interest in the career of Alexander Wilson, of this city, the first ornithologist to make a serious study of the habits of American birds. Wilson discovered the warbler, the only bird which is identified by its name with the State of Kentucky. Mr. Allen in his tale has a college professor tell the boys and girls in a Lexington high school of the career of Wilson, of his visit to Lexington and of his discovery in the woods of the beautiful and melodious bird. As a result, a boy, who had no interest in his studies and did not know what he wanted to do, had his mind awakened and suddenly developed from a careless and indifferent youth into a person with a purpose in life. Allen describes the boy with sympathy and truth and makes him a type. He takes him into the fields about his home in the outskirts of Lexington and describes the wonder which he felt when he discovered that he was surrounded by an abounding life. It is a book for lovers of youth and for lovers of nature.

But we in Philadelphia will be particularly interested in what he has the college professor say about Alexander Wilson. The story of the career of this ornithologist ought to be read by every discouraged man, for Wilson did not find his work till after he was forty years old. He was born in Paisley, Scotland, and learned the trade of a weaver. He also wrote verse, some of which was ascribed to Burns. Because of the indignation which followed the publication of a poem in which he lampooned a rich manufacturer he fled the country and sailed for America as a deck passenger on a sailing vessel. He was so eager to reach Philadelphia that when the ship touched at New Castle on its way up the Delaware he landed and walked the remaining distance. This was in 1794. He worked as a weaver for a time and peddled in New Jersey. Then he taught in schools north of Frankford, at Milestown on the Old York road, and finally at Kingsessing, near Gray's Ferry. He taught elocution to the boy Edwin Forrest. It was at Gray's Ferry that he met William Bartram, the only son of John Bartram, who was interested in science. Bartram had made a list of American birds, and when he discovered that Wilson could draw he suggested that he make pictures of the birds. Wilson was so successful at this that he succeeded in making arrangements with Samuel F. Bradford to publish a series of volumes of an American ornithology to be illustrated with colored plates and descriptions of the birds. The set of books was to sell for $120, and Wilson was to take subscriptions for as many as possible. He went to New England, where he persuaded forty-one persons to agree to take the books. He got sixteen subscriptions in Baltimore in a week and seventeen subscriptions in Washington. Sixty subscriptions were obtained in New Orleans in seventeen days, a pretty good record for a book agent. Few of them nowadays can sell $7200 worth of books in so short a time. Philadelphia took seventy copies of the book. Wilson died in 1813, when he had completed the eighth volume of his work. In order to study the birds he had made a trip to Niagara Falls and return on foot and he later went down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, starting from Pittsburgh in a boat in the early spring when the river was full of ice. His descriptions of the birds are poetic and filled with an intense love of nature, the same love of nature which shines through his long poem "The Forester," in which he described his walking trip to Niagara. His prose, however, is much better than his verse, and his life, beginning in a factory town and ending in the open with a secure reputation as a man of science of undoubted parts, is one of the most fascinating in the history of the development of the study of science in America or anywhere else.

EDITORIAL EPIGRAMS

The Kaiser is now reported to have set the grand offensive for February. He'd better choose one of the longer months.—Springfield Republican.

Somebody ought to remind Mr. Trotsky that the early French revolutionists petted the guillotine very fondly when it was young, but it grew up and outlived them.—Kansas City Star.

These are indeed dark hours for the world, but let us not forget our most familiar proverb.—Chicago Daily News.

Expelled from the old Jerusalem, the Germans are by no means certain of ever reaching the new.—Louisville Standard.

SPROUL FOR PRESIDENT

Lancaster Editor Has Little Doubt About State Senator's Qualifications. Pennypacker's Standard

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I noticed in an editorial in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER that you touch upon a matter which I discussed in an editorial in the Lancaster News Journal of November 5, 1917. I believe with you that this situation affords an opportunity to elect a Pennsylvanian to the presidency by way of the gubernatorial chair.

I associated this line of succession with the candidacy of Senator William C. Sproul, which I think, to some extent at least, answers the final question in your very pertinent editorial. M. J. O'TOOLE.

Managing Editor News Journal.
Lancaster, Pa., January 30.

PENNYPACKER'S STANDARDS

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Having gone through the Autobiography of Governor Pennypacker before publication, may I suggest for use in your advertisements a thought which seems to have escaped attention in the many comments made upon the narrative?

This is that there runs through the autobiography consistently a standard of conduct for daily use, not on social occasions alone, or when no self-interest is involved, but for every-day application in practical affairs.

The basis of the standard is a correct solution of the principle involved, combined with decency and propriety of method, avoidance of meanness and pettiness, aversion to moral and physical cowardice, maintenance of fidelity and a standing to the guns. To conform to such a standard, perhaps, calls for more ability and character than many persons possess, but to set it forth by example and precedent, direct and indirect, should serve a useful purpose.

A very large proportion of the incidents and of the criticism of the autobiography are merely illustrations of this standard of conduct, often an application of it to some failure of understanding of what should be obvious, or in ethics, or to some act of moral cowardice or underhand behavior.

The unity of the narrative in this respect is perhaps not apt to be seen in serial publications, and I think it would be well to call attention to it. It takes on then not the appearance of "impulsive abandon," but manifests the deliberate purpose of the writer.

PENNAMITE.

Philadelphia, January 30.

AND YOU MIGHT ADD PATRIOTISM

In judging man's piety
Measures of space
Are all out of place.
A person's religion is not to be gauged
By the length of his face.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What is heliotropism?
2. Which is the Queen City of the West?
3. Who wrote "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room"?
4. What is a constitution?
5. Define autonomy.
6. Who is Federal custodian of alien enemy property?
7. When was the English Commonwealth?
8. What is snow?
9. Who is Archduke Eugene?
10. What is maize?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Presidents born in Massachusetts: John Adams, John Quincy Adams.
2. Albany Congress: first general convention of the American colonies, in June, 1754. Plan of union proposed by Franklin rejected. He says: "The assemblies did not adopt it as they thought there was too much prerogative in it, and in England it was judged to have too much of the democratic."
3. Orthography: the science that treats of letters and spelling.
4. Smolny Institute, Petrograd, is the headquarters of the Bolsheviki government.
5. Agrarianism: the theory or practice of the equal distribution of lands.
6. Ph. D. (Doctor of Philosophy): a degree in course, awarded to bachelors after study in a specialty.
7. Rialto, a bridge over the Grand Canal, Venice. Used to denote a thoroughfare frequented by certain classes, such as actors, politicians, etc.
8. Leopold Stokowski is conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.
9. Heidelberg, city in Baden, Germany, noted for university and castle.
10. Dorothy Vernon, Bess Hardwick, Democratic [illegible] Elizabeth, Eng., said, "The [illegible]

Little Polly's Pome

I have a flower in a pot,
A small geranium,
Which when I got it first was not
Much bigger than my thumb.

But on my bedroom window sill
I tended it with care
And watched and watered it until
It grew quite tall and fair.

Yet I was not the only one
That helped to make it grow,
Some credit to the morning sun
I must admit I owe.

Yet it was I who placed the pot
Upon my window sill
Where lots of sunlight could be got
And it could have its fill.

And now I think the little thing
Is trying hard to tell
How full of thanks it is to me
For treating it so well.

For every morning when I wake
It sweetens all the room—.
You know that's how the flowers speak
By making a perfume.

TOM DALY.

CAMOUFLAGING THE CLOCK

MUST we, then, camouflage the clock? To the principle of the "daylight saving" scheme we give hearty assent; as a war measure and as a peace measure, too. We ourselves have often practiced it by rising to hoe the beanpatch while our neighbors were still seeking "a little more sleep, a little more slumber." It is illogical and wasteful to sleep in daylight hours in the morning and then to work by lamplight in the evening. We are told by experts in the higher mathematics that by shifting the day's operations forward one hour, from April to September, there would be effected in fuel alone a saving of $40,000,000 a year. In these times of conservation and economy that sum is not to be sneezed at, or yawned at, either. The only question is, whether to make such a saving it is necessary to monkey with the dial and say that it is 12 o'clock noon when, as a matter of fact, it is only 11 o'clock on the meridiem. The advocates of chronological camouflage seem to think that it is too much to expect of people that they will get up at 6 o'clock while it is called 6, but that we should only take to calling it 7 o'clock, getting out of bed would instantly and spontaneously become as easy as the proverbial rolling off a log. Maybe, though, we must confess that we never yet have succeeded in making vinegar taste sweet by calling it molasses. Why not shift the operations and let the names of the hours remain truthful? If the commuters' train begins running at 7:30 instead of 8:30 o'clock, and the bank opens at 8 instead of 9 o'clock, we make that the commuting bank clerk will get up at 6 instead of 7 o'clock, even though it continues to be called six; and so, mutatis mutandis, all round the clock. Let us save daylight—and oil and gas and electricity, to not to mention our eyes—by all means, but also let us consider whether the psychology of indolence or of energy will not permit us to do so without saying that six is nine and twelve is one when we know all the time that it isn't so.—North American Review War Weekly.

FOOD—AFTER THE WAR

Whatever other blessings peace may bring, it will not bring instant relief to the millions who are now distressed by food shortage. Its natural consequence, high prices, [illegible] will be as many mouths to feed when the armies are demobilized as there are now. It is true that the fare of the soldiers in the European countries is more liberal than that of the civil population, but no statesman can take comfort in the prospect of making disbanded soldiers reduced to the level of civil undernourishment. And besides, civil populations that are now enduring slow starvation uncomplainingly, recognizing that no relief can be expected while the energies of their Governments are engrossed by war, will be far less patient when peace comes. More food, not less, will be required in peace.—The New Republic.

PACKED

It was the 8 o'clock rush hour, but never before had any subway train been so packed and jammed. As the train was leaving the sixth street station a small voice piped up from the center of the car: "It's great to be out on a lark, Pop!" [illegible]