EDITORIAL BOARD: C. MARTIN...General Business Manager ed datly at Puntic Lancau Building, pendence Square, Pulladelphia, Extrat. Broad and Chestnut Stre Carr. Press Caston Building. 206 Metropolitan To EWS BUREAUS:

BOOD WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 all communications to Evening Public Independence Equate, Philadelphia BECOND CLASS NAIL WATTER.

Philadelphia, Friday, February 8, 1915

OUTORGANIZE THE HUN

THE vocabulary of sacrifice does not use financial alphabet. We have never ard of a nation going bankrupt in deof a neighbor's rights. We know of milestones along the highways of an progress that measure in terms of rs the services of great men to their ple. It is when a nation puts its fiesh nd blood on the altar that its association with a cause is forever established. Almost the first act of the American people after formal declaration of war against Germany was acceptance of the policy of concription, which was a solemn dedication of the life of every man in the nation to the prosecution of the conflict. The Government was authorized by public opinion to reach into any home and take from it its

There has never been another war waged nparable in the manner of its waging this one. The reserve armies wear no uniforms, but the rank and file of them are found in every loom, at every lathe, at every plow in the country. It is a strugde of industries, lacking the chivairie nance of former days and substituting for it the rumble of monster machines. the whir of wheels and the hum of shaftg. Systems of industry are in conflict. Autocracy has sought by harnessing modern invention to break down democratic Institutions. Democracy, harnessing the ne inventions, struggles by shrewder (se of them to protect itself and achieve safety. Mere bravery under fire is an inent. It is not leadership at the front or the intrenid behavior of particular ions that will determine victory. The seciding factors are the bread supply, ort, quality and quantity of airchips, shellmaking, railroading. The front but the mouth of the gun through which belched forth the industrial production of the millions who never see the front The machinery of war is the machinery of material civilization, and the contest itself to to determine whether that machinery shall be used for the subjugation of man-

reached high tide in pursuing a policy which organizes and disciplines the forces at the front, but contemplates neither orplous that a Government which has concripted men to die for it, if need be should have to appeal for volunteers to build ships when ships are the key to victory and our building ways are manned but onehird of the time. We take it that it is terminals to the whims of unorganized in when the speed of loading and uncading ships may in the aggregate be nulated into terms of food and life. We take it that the way to beat the German to outorganize him, to play his own alf, to meet his magnificent organization same place and with a far better one; cock of the line.

Shame on men who are so distrustful American patriotism that they fear to ation at home! They need not fear the an who works with his hands, for he uld function perfectly and bring its might to bear. Organized labor! We dines, to operate our railroads, to ur farms, to co-ordinate all national urces. We need to utilize the services not serve in the army, but have a to the nation. Not a million men ing to arms overnight, but three nt can mobilize and utilize at

to guit splitting hairs and to

THISE to use the streets of the itically burdens a public The

by the P. R. T. is a privilege to which it is entitled only so long as it meets the requirements of traffic. If it cannot perform the functions it is under obligations to perform, it cannot expect and it is not entitled to protection. These things are true in times of profound peace; they suggest the employment of radical remedies in periods of stress, and particularly in a community on which the nation and our allies depend so largely for industrial

output. We do not know that jitneys could operate profitably with the prices of gasline and tires what they are. But they could operate successfully at a ten-cent fare and they would afford immediate relief to great sections of the city, especially the navy yard. A request for the suspension of the jitney ordinance, made by Covernment authorities, could not be ignored by the city. If Jitrays in Philadelphia will speed up the war, then jitneys we must have, let it hurt whom it may We do not believe that Councils will best this ten minutes in authorizing litneys again to use the streets if public opinion manifests itself strongly in favor of such

A BRIDGE TO PERSHING!

THE discipline of the officers and num A aboutd the Tuscanio must have been superb to make possible the saving of apparently from 95 to 98 per cent of the Americans bound for France. The survivors will in due course of time face the fire of a fee as barbarous in his land taeties as at sea, a fee who has been known to erucify prisoners, to min bullets on those who exposed themselves when he displayed the sacred emblem of the flag of truce, to use muchine guns on Red Cross nurses. Casualties are casualties. inevitable, and by the soldiers themselves reckoned in the aggregate. To have transported tens of thousands of men with the ess of barely 100 is an accomplishment no one dreamed of as possible.

Plut we need not for a minute take time off in self-flattery, boasting or self-enconcagement. We need to take Major Frederick Palmer's advice:

Earlift ships and let every woman and child in the land think ships. The woman who turns from labiting to choosing in a suip's riveter to do more rivets a day is serving her country. And every time you think ships you are thinking of our men fighting for you in France. Toward our suincards for the moves they mean during fighting for you in Fronce. Toward our shippards for the power they mean during and after the war the German general stoff trains its vision. Make a bridge of ships

We must keep cool and stick to our appointed tasks. But let no one think for a moment that this vast urge that is going out from ten million homes that are thinking a bridge to Perstring" is not having its effect. It is the steam in the boiler. It is raising the morale of the riveters and curpenters and all who are helping to bridge the Atlantic. It is striking a spark of splendid energy in the heart of our mechanic-soldiers. It is sharpening the wits of the planners, and, though their brains are worn to a brazzle under the tension, that is as fine a way as any to give oneself to his country.

UNITED STATES IS "IT"

I'v THE speech from the throne, Kinz George is quoted as follows. "The United States of America decided to take their stand." The use of "their" is an anachronism. It is true that it was customary before the Civil War to refer to the United States as "they," but it was then demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody that the United States is "it."

FLAPPERS

THERE was never a more solemn and eternal verity uttered than the trite old thing about many a true word said in [co]. then went to California. Upon his return When it is a notion rather than an individual that is concerned we might sny tells the truth about itself. If you want to know the gravest problem in America consult the jokesters. One joke after another about the high price and scarcity of food? We thought so. When a thing reaches the weeping point one has to laugh

That the English are taking their flap-per problem very scriously is proved by the incessant joking about it in their "fun-Father and brother went to war and mother had more worry than usual. and there was nobody home to keep flapper, aged seventeen, enceful. She went into all sorts of war, farm and welfare work. Khaki everywhere, the duration of life probably a matter of days or hours. with men leaving for France and never coming back and Zep bombs falling in the

dency here at home, but we doubt it. In any event, there would not be a particle of excuse for aberrations here. We are not nerve-racked and the subject to purdon with her easualties every week. There is reason for considerable sobtlety, for our people have been forced into the role of being for the time the ineral reservoir of

One day of sunshine is worth an actiny

A man in a Carter Glass House can't throw stones at the Senate.

It was disloyalty to waste wheat before the Tuscania was sank. Now it is freason

first before we can even see a German, but we will do it.

For every Holsbevik who says "I sur-render" there must spring up another Amer-ican to say "Never"

And the Kaiser was saying only a few weeks ago: "Our enemies are using the hate-ful words 'Boche' and 'Hun' less and less."

As good a character ration of the situa-tion in Germany us we have heard is this: The lid has blown off; how long before the bottom will drop out? There is something almost pathetic in Russia's acceptance or rejection of peace terms. The time to talk terms was before

There was a period when people used to talk about Boosevelt and the "Big Stick," but Congress in his time was a bucking bronce in comparison with the docile donkey

the army was disrupted.

Mr. Wilson urges youths to stay in col-leges and technical schools. Yes, we must learn to invent and plan as if the war were certain to last twenty years. There is no time-limit on fighting for the right.

PENNYPACKER AND DURHAM

Governor Did Not Hesitate to Criticize Activities of Philadelphia "Boss"

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY-NO. 71 (Caparight, 1918, by Public Ledger Community)

HAD long been dissatisfied with the conduct of the Insurance Department, at the head of which was Israel W. Durham. the most powerful political leader in Philadelphia a situation which had been eft to me by my predecessor. The business was well conducted under the management of Chief Clerk McCollough, but my feeling was that Durham ought to devote at least a part of his time and thought in attention to it. I wrote to him October 11, 1204, saying to him in effect that I expected him to spend at least one day of he week in his department at Harrisburg. The situation was complicated by the fact that his health was being undermined by disease. In answer to my hate. I received this centy

A Letter From Penrose

Philadelphia, Pa. October 18, 1994, sonal and Confidential, sociale Samuel W. Pennypacker, Ex-

ecutive Churnber, Harrisburg, Pa. Dear Governor-Mr. Durham has casully in conversation takes up with me our communication of October 11 re-arding the propriety of his going once week to Harrisburg and calling his attention to the efficial in the Evening Bulletin. I suggested to Mr. Durham that perhaps I might take this matter

that perhaps I might take this matter up with you more freely than he would like to do, and I sequested him to leave your communication with me for that gumpos. As a matter of fact, the In-surance Department has an office in Phil-adelphia, at Teath and Chestaut streets, and has for may years had an office at that place. Three-fourths of the current these of the denorment is done in the of Philadelphia. There has been dutely so criticism upon the adminstration of the department since Mr. Durham has been Commissioner. A cen-ternan of such independent proclivities as M. Charles Plats advised me last hal that the administration of the Insur-uree Department under Mr. Durham was more catlefactory than they had ever-had it, and expressed his gratification in a substantial way by Including me a voluntary contribution of \$100 for the State committee. Mr. West, a director of the Union League, has expressed him. self to me in a similar manner. Of course, Mr. Durham has been compelled to be absent a good deal from Pennsyl-vania on account of his health, but when he is beine I know that the business of the department receives his personal at tention and there is no one having bust ness with the department who cannot see him readily. As I have said, the large proportion of those having business with the department can see him more

thin at any other place.

Mr. Durham is of a sensitive nature and I know would not want to go contrary to any emplantically expressed wish of yourself upon the subject, and I believe it would be a very great hardship upon him in the present condition of his health for your religible. health for you to insist upon him going to Harrisburg just at his time, when there would be absolutely no definite ob-set pertaining to his office accomplished I suppose after January be will he in Harrisburg naybow and will then be able to conform substantislly with the suggestion made by you. The crit-icism of the Builletin hardly seems to me to be based on any good ground in the utter absence of complaint upon the part of those having business with the department, and in view of the fact that an effice is onen at Tenth and Chestaut streets in Philadelphia, I hope you will not insist upon your suggestion.

nsist upon your surgestion.
Yours truly. BOIES PENDOSE. I had opposed every effort made by the departments to establish branch offices outside of Harrisburg, where they would be beyond personal supervision and therefore, the argumentative part of this letter made little impression. However, I wrote to Penrose that if Durham were ill I would wait until he recovered his health. He and after learning that he had taken up Libs mulithral methodology I arrain included and Pearose asked me at all events to appoint David Martin in his place, which I did, expressing appreciation of the condition of the department. This conduct was not at all ideasing to those who wanted me to apply opprelations epithets to him, and it was no alleviation, rather an aggravation, that Martin attended faithfully to his duties. "Just draw a large line around Governor Pennypacker's Administration as the last and worst of its kind in the political history of Pennsylvania," was the spirited comment of the Philadelphia Rec-

Death of Frank M. Fuller Frank M. Fuller, the apparently robust and entirely upright capable and agreeable Secretary of the Commonwealth, died on July 16, and three days later was buried at his flome in Uniontown. Penrose word I were among the honorary pallbearers, The after occurrences at the funeral were astonishing. The services at the grave were scarcely concluded when we were hurried away in automobiles to a luxurlous dinner, with cocktails and wines, at the home of Joslah V. Thompson, a plain and quiet old gentleman, who had made a fortune of thirty millions of dollars in coat and coal lands. The home was a eastle up on a bill top, with stables and other buildings in the rear in which a syparite might be willing to live. In front was a paved courtyard, inclosed by a wall about two feet high, filled with flowering plants, native and exotic. It was entered, us the visitor came up the hill, by an approach of two or three steps. When we arrived it was perhaps half-past 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At the top of the steps, at this time in the day, in full dress, stood the mistress of the household, who had experience I life through perhaps thirty summers. A fan hung at her feet. It was suspended from her neck by a chain of large diamonds which almost reached the pave. Taking our hands she led the Senator and me inside to the dining table. I sat on her right and the Senator on her left. The conversation here was continuous and to say the least lively. At the other end of the table sat Josiah. The exuberant specimen of young womanhood was describing to me her manner of swimming. Much to the amusement of Penrose, I inquired:

"Can you swim on your back, too?"
"Oh, yes," she replied. In the exhibaration of the moment she

To the exhibitation of the moment she set up a game on us.

She had a French chauffeur and she instructed him that he was to take the Senator and me into the town and, on the way, show us how he could run a car. I unwittingly took another car and saw the Senator shoot by clinging to his seat, pale and distraught.

CHANTIES OF THE DEEP BLUE SEA

Sailors of Old Used to Haul in the Anchor and Reef the Sails to Stirring Song

By STANTON H. KING

Deep Sea Sailor and Superintendent of the Sailors' Haven, Charlestown, Mass,

In the days when ships depended on winds to belly out the sails, which was the only mode of propulsion, the calling of the sailor was rich in song. The voyages were long and somewhat monotonous. When had weather set in and sail was shortened men were called to do arduous work. Loss of sleep and uncomfortable conditions affected the staying power of the sailor.

The gale has abated. The sea subsided. The sailor. The

The gale has arated. The sea substantial canvas must again be spread aloft. The reefs are shaken out of the topsails and the men on deck man the topsail halyards. For it is aloft this yard must once more go. The vitality of the crew seems at a low ebb. For it is aloft this yard must once more go. The vitality of the crew seems at a low ebb. At such a time an "old sait" among them with a cracked voice leads off a chanty. Such hauling chanties are numerous. Some of them, like "Reuben Ranso," the unfortunate land-jubber who shipped aboard a whaler: "Bonnie Was a Warrior" and others have stories in verse that never change, but with most chanties the whole chanty song was improvised by the chanty man. He sang of the virtues and failings of the ship, the explain, the officers and crew and kept the chanty spurs out until the order came to the captain, the officers and crew and sep-the chanty spurs out until the order came to

The chanty man led off and sang the first line. Then the crew pulled while all sang the refrain. Such an old familiar chants as "Blow the Man Down" would resurred even a crew of dead men:

blow the man down, bullies, blow him right Refrain Way ay blow the man down to blow the man down bullies, knock him right down.

Hefrain: Give me some time to blow the man

Another old familiar chanty is "Whisky

Oh, whiste is the life of man. Refrain; Oh whiste, Johnny, I'll drink whisty when I can, hefrain; Oh whisty for my Johnny. And so he will continue singing of the whisky which made him pawn his clothes and gave to him a bright red nose.

Homeward Bound to Liverpool

A sailing ship has been some weeks at author in a tropleal hurbor. The cargo has been discharged and the bold is now filled. been discharged and the bold is now filled with rurs, surar and molasses. Tomorrow is the seiling day, and long before dawn the crey are mustered on the forecastle head, where they man the windlass brakes, to heave in the slack of the mooring chain. The old cook has been called for, snarks are fiving from his galley smokestack and in a little while "get your coffee, boys," is the welcome order from the boatswain.

As the mooring chain is coming aboard.

As the mooring chain is coming aboard come one starts a windlaw chanty. Perbans "Chanandonh," "Sally Brown." Over the places of Mexico and across the bay over the bills the echo of the refrain of the thanty is heard. When the chanty "Home-sard Bound" is started there may not be a some who is a citizen of that particular port o which the ship is about to sail, neverthe-cue it is a home port for the ship, and mon arrival there, whether it be laverpool given arrival there, whether it be Liverpool or London. New York or Baston or some other port, all hands aboard realize it is to so the end of their service on this particular dina. All innersy coming to them will be being when the ship arrives home, theirs o do with as they please, free from ship vertaint they will revel in reckless lives. The ends, chick, chick of the windless pawl

mislion, up one side and down the other they heave and heave and bring in the mooring chain. It is then the except. Homeward Round's tire every sailor to his depths.

clearly heard, the windless brakes are in

We are homeward bound to 1 verpool town. Refrain, Good by fare you well, good by, fare

the will continue the chanty and sing his farewell to the girls of his acquaintance in this particular port: our anchors accepts and our sails they are not And the girls we are leaving, we leave with regret

"O Stormy Is Dead!"

Then there are short drag chantles where the men give one strong pull at the last in the men give one strong pull at the last word of the refrain. It is a sweating-up chanty, "Haul Away Jo," "Hold the Bow-line" and "Johnny Bowlier," to get an inch Buck and Roll Me Over." Refrain, "Ivo, Ma Bowler, Do" At the last word Johnny Bowker. Fo. "At the last word, 'do' every ounce of weight is thrown into the pull. During a gale the ship is ant to leak, for the strain is sovere. The pumps are now manned, a tail rope is attached to the pump handles go that all hands are on-abled to work the pumps. Then the chanty man sings his chanty. It may be 'Only One More Day,' or 'do! Storm Along,' which is a doleful song, with a tune more mouraful than the words.

s Stormy he is dead and he is giste, is fruin. To my volume a storm a long is Stormy is dead, be will storm no more, ofrain: As as, as Mister Storm about

Then he continues to sing of the storm We will dig his grave with a silver stude and lower him doors with a golden chain, o stormy is deal and gone to rest, of all the scalars he was less.

There is a chanty which is sung up aloft. It has been blowing hard and both watches of the crew are stretched out on the main yard to gather up and secure the mainsall. The canvas is wet, the night is dark, the nen are struggling with the bellied-out sall. It is necessary that they be guided, so that they will grip the canvas and pull together, and so smother it on the yard. At such a time, above the roaring, howling winds, the voice of the bucco second mate is heard. He is leading off on his chanty. The men now hold their grip walting for the time to pull together. They are listening to the song of the second mate as he sings about Faddy boyle and waiting for the time to There is a chanty which is sung up aloft, Faddy Doyle and waiting for the time to exter into the last word of the refrain when the canvas is gathered in and smothered upon the yard. The ship is rocking and olling, the men are standing in the for ropes, holding on with the wrinkles of their hide, anxiously waiting to get the sail furied that they may go below and turn in. Now we hear the voice of the second mate.

ro my wayayay, ah! Refrain, We'll hang Paskly Doyle for his boots, The chanties have a pathos all their own, Steam interfered with them. A younger race of seamen took the place of the old shell-back. We have only now the echo of the hanty remaining, but we hope the real thing

THE MAN FOR WAR HOUSING

What the war-housing committees have ac-complished is chiefly their own education in the elements of the problem. They have begun to learn that neither general business ability nor experience in commercial contracting arnor experience in commercial contracting ar-chitecture or town planning can furnish sat-isfactory qualifications for the task. This is something we shall all have to learn before we have won the war. We shall have to learn that the first consideration of all is the national need for such housing as will take care of all the workers our war indus-tries can use and keep them contented and efficient. At the head of our housing service, therefore, we need, not a man with the technical experience of the businesses and professions connected with building, but a man capable of organizing the social and inprofessions connected with building, but a man capable of organizing the social and industrial data by which the need for housing may be measured. Such a man as Mr. Heary Bruere, for example, would be excellently qualified for the task, With the work to be done determined, it would become practicable to mobilize professional and business talent for its execution. We lack none of the elements out of which to build a splendld system of housing that would help us to win the war and to case up the difficulties of reconstruction. We have only to put these elements together under a man with the weight of industrial statecraft.—The New Republic.

FAREWELL LETTER

"We Shall Live Forever in the Results of This War," He Wrote, About to Die

OF A SOLDIER OF 20

Now that America has had its first big war disaster-the torpodoing of the Tuscanin, with its loss of American soldiers-a soldier boy's last letter is of interest. This poliment letter was written by a London youth of twenty years, Lieutenant Eric L. Townsend, who was silled In France September 15, 1916, while leading the first wave against a German posttion. Along with his will was found this manly attempt to comfort his father and mother

September 8, 1916.

Vol. are reading the letter because I have pose under. Of course, I know you will be seriable ent up, and that it will be a long terrible ent up, and that it will be a long of the pose of th of the many and the arms to " You will still have dear little

Yen must concole yourself with the thought that I am happy, whereas if I had hyed-

who knows?

Itsmember the saying attributed to Solon,
"Call no man happy till he is dead." Thanks
to your self-sacrifleing love and devotion, I,
have had a happy time all my life. Death
will have delivered me from experiencing

It has always seemed to me a very patiful thing what little difference the disappearance of a man makes to any institution, even though he may have played a very important role. A moment's regret a moment's pause for readjustment, and another man steps forward to carry on, and the machine clasks onward with scarce a check. The death of a leader of the inition is less even than a seven days' wonder. To a very small number is given to live in history—their number is scarcely one in ten millions. To the rest it is only greated to live in their united achievements.

But for this war, I and all the others would have passed into oblivion like the countless myriads before us. We should have gone about our trifling business, eating, drinking, sleeping, hoping, marrying, giving in marriage, and finally dying with no more achieved than when we were born, with the world no different for our lives, liven the cattle in the fields fare no worse than this. They, too, eat drink, sleep bring forth young, and de, leaving the world no different from what they found it.

But we shall live forever in the results of this war. We shall live as those who, by their sacrifice, won the great war. Our spirits and our memories shall endure in the proud position Britain shall hold in the future. The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it. I slid not make much of my life before the war, but I think I have done so now. happiness, It has always seemed to me a very pitiful

proud position Estitan shall hold in the future. The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it. I did not make much of my life before the war, but I think I have done so now.

One sometimes hears people say, when a young man is killed. "Poor fellow, cut off so early, without ever having had a chance of knowing and enjoying life." But for myself, thanks to all that both of you have done. I have crowded into twenty years enough pleasures, sensations and experiences for an ordinary lifetime. Never brilliant, sometimes almost a failure in anything I undertoos, my symmathies and my interests sometimes almost a failure in anything I undertoos, my symmathies and my interests sometimes of the many interests and my interests and it could not appreciate. And, as I have said, of most of those I had tasted.

I don't suppose I ever met anybody who was not my superior in knowledge or ach evement in one particular subject, but there his knowledge and his interest ended, whereas, my interests comprised nearly the whole field of human affairs and activities. And that is why it is no hardship for me to leave the world so young.

Well, I have talked a lot of rot which must have given you great pain to read and which will not bring you much comfort. I had intended to try and say words of comfort, but that scarcely being possible it has drifted into a sort of confession of faith.

To me has been given the vier sk; to you is given the more difficult—that of living in sorrow. He of good courage, that at the end you 1 y give a good account.

Kiss Donald for me.

A PACIFIST'S CONVERSION

When He Saw How Germans Fight He Concluded They Must Be Defeated by Force

VERNON RELLOGG, professor of entomology in Leland Stanford University and a long-time openent of war, has dis-covered that theoretical nacifism breaks down when confronted with the kind of war that

the Germans are waging.
Professor Kelloug was an assistant of Herbert Hoover for two years in the relief of the noncombatants in northern France in no session of the Germans. He was in constant contact with the high German officers and had many conversations with them on their theory of war and on the mission of the German race. He discovered that they were evolutionists, or nee-Darwinians, as he calls them. They have accepted the doctrin of the survival of the fittest as a formulation of the law of progress. They have formulated for themselves the corollary that the fit in for themselves the coronary that the ne me order to survive must take to account of the unift, must trainede them under foot, kill them, do anything to get their out of the way of "progress." They have assumed that

assumes that a merciless natural law is in operation and that they are its agents. When Professor Kellorg first came in contact with Germans believing in these things he was a pacifist, opposed to all war. He is still opposed to var as a general tractice, but he says in a little book, "Headquarters Nights," published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, in which be described his experiences with the German high command, that he is now convinced that this is a righteous war and that there is no hope for the world unless Germany is defeated by force. If Germany wins, the Germans will assume that less Germany is defeated by force. If Germany wins, the Germans will assume that their theories are correct and that the German race is the one which has proved in fitness to survive and to dominate the world, as the buil in the herd which defeats his rivals dominates the herd. They will apply in the affairs of men the law of the brute heast and woe be to that race that raises its voice in protest.

Nothing has a constant.

Nothing but no overwhelming defeat by superior military force will convince the Germana that their assumptions are unsound. This conclusion of a professional biologist, familiar with the laws of progress, that the worshipers of brute force must be persuaded of their error by homeopathic treatment, is significant of a change that has come about in the thinking of many who were pacifiest four years ago. Those who remain pacifies four years ago. Those who remain pacifies ought to read what he says and those who want to find a justification for the war which civilization is waging against harbarism should also read Professor Kellogg's book.

NO ANSWER TO THE SECTION OF THE PROPERTY CONTRIBUTED TO THE PROPERTY CONTRIBUTED TO

NO ANSWER TO THIS QUIZ Why is it felks sit this way to The ear we miss. While in the one we esten at har We'relammedlikethis?

QUIZ 1. Who said: "Give me liberty or give me

deatify "The Iron Chancellor."
None the author of "Share Acres."
Who was Hercules?
What is the meaning of "H. M. 8."?
Name the capital of Tasmania.
What was the Grail?
Indiae the articiple of homeopathy.
Who is Muricy?
Where is Mesopotamia?

Answer to Yesterday's Quiz

1. St. Mihiel is a French town near the Ameri

can sector.

Rever Admiral Francis T. Bardes, United States may, reffred, has been chosed in charge of chiphoidiling at Hog Island.

Fronkiis Places was the President born in New Hamschire.

Charton-Bulwer freats: Between the United States and Greet Britain, 1834, concerning a canal across Central America.

F. O. B., "free on board," indicates that good are delivered in Hunt charge as far as the negrees delivered or freight station. Firstber transperiation must be paid by purchaser.

6. dares Frankmore Cooper wrote "The Deer-

7. Mark I wain: The pen name of Samuel Lang-horne Clemens. 8. Venice is railed "The Mistress of the Adriatic."

p. Clearing bouse: An institution where checks are exchanged between banks in the same city and differences settled.

McAroni Ballads DA LEETLA DOCTOR

"W'en I am beeg," says he— Dat leetla keed of mine— "Gran' doctor I weell be. An' oh, so smart an' fine You weell be proud of me; W'en I am beeg." says he.

"You beeg enough," she say-Hees madre, dat's my wife-"I like you deesa way. Eef only all your life Like dees you joost could stay; You beeg enough," she say.

"You are too beeg," I cry. "You crowd your madre's heart. Eef you grow more, oh, my! You bust cet all apart! No room dere now have 1:

You are too beeg," I cry. "Wen I am beeg," says he I feex all dat for you.

Eef hearts can bust, you see Gran' doctor I weell be W'en I am beeg," says he TOM DALY.

WEAKENED CONSTITUTION

FF THIS amendment (putting prohibition is the Constitution) shall be adopted it will bring about a state of things which is in several respects absolutely unprecedented. It will be the first instance of a deliberate imposing upon the people of one State of the will of other States in a matter affecting the ordinary daily life of the people of the State: it will be the first instance of prohibition de creed for the population of any great city is the world; but what I here wish particularly to direct attention to is that it will decre prohibition in a manner essentially different prohibition in a manner essentially different from that which has obtained even in the States and parts of States in which prohibition has existed. I do not refer to any circumstances concerning the effectiveness of its enforcement; what I have in mind is the character of the decree itself—the way in which it is riveted down. There is no substantial analogy between an enactment put into a State Constitution and one that is made part of the Constitution of the United States. In nearly all of our States the Constitution can be changed by a process that is not much more formidable than the passing is not much more formidable than the passing of an ordinary law; in none is the process comparable in difficulty to that of amendiar the Constitution of the United States. If the people of any State desire to repeal or modify the act by which they inserted prohibition into their State Constitution that desire has only to be made clearly manifest in order to only to be made clearly manifest in order to be accomplished. But once imbed such a pro-vision in the Constitution of the United States and it will not only be impossible for

States and it will not only be impossible for the people of a single State to repeal or in any way modify it, but it will be next to impossible for the recople of the United States to do so.

Finally, apart from all questions of self-government for the States, and all questions of personal liberty for the individual, the insertion of the prohibition amendment into the Constitution of the United States would constitute a deplorable degradation of its character.

To introduce into it the decision of a special question like that of the character. To introduce into it insediction of a special question like that of the centrol of drink, however strong the wave of public feeling that may seem to be behind that decision, is to lower the level and weaken the authority of the whole instrument. The Constitution has often been criticized as being too difficult of amendment; the criticizem will sain infinitely in force if the cited as being too difficult of amendment; the criticism will gain infinitely in force if instead of being, as it now is, simply an instrument for safeguarding the fundamentals of government in a Federal republic, the Constitution is to become a recourse for those who, having at any given time gained the favor of the people for some alluring properands, seek to amalgamate their special profect with the enduring structure of the great instrument which embodies the organic law of the nation.—Fabian Franklin, in North American Review.

SOME CHOICE WINTER READING

Those who have no coal in the house may gather some comfort from this entry taken from the journal of Dr. Alexander Hamilton, of Annapolis, who visited our fair city nearly two centuries ago: Wedn.sday, June 18, 1744—Early in the morning I set out from Philadelphia, heing willing the depart that city, where upon account of accessive heat it was a pain to live and breat