ng Public Tedger

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Philadelphia, Monday, March 11, 1918

SPEED UP THE SHIPS

NO MORE radical suggestion has been made than that of Hamilton Holt that ordinary Fusiness places open an hour later than usual and close an hour earlier, so that the Hog Island, Bristol and Camdon shipbuilders may have the exclusive use of the street cars to get to their work. Mr. Holt would have this arrangement continue until the transportation facilities are improved.

He makes this suggestion because of the sperative need of ships. Every man who has studied the situation has come to the conclusion that ships will win the war; ships to carry American men and American provisions to the field of operations. Whether it is necessary to go to the extremes which Mr. Holt advises is not certain at this time, but it is certain that the sooner we realize that every nerve must be strained to get the new ships built and on the ocean the sooner will the needed re-en'o-cements be on the way to Europe to hold the Hun until he can be crushed,

The colored porter who state a box of olgars from a detective proved that he ap-preclated the joke on himself, for he told the preciated the joke on nimeen, for he judge, "Ah recken it was a mistake on mah part—a big mistake."

PROBLEM OF WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

THE perennial attempt to prevent the demoralization which comes from the mbination of wine, women and song in the same place is once more under way The Retail Liquor Dealers' Association that organization noted for its solicitude for the morals of the city, is stirred up over the popularity of the cabarets and poses to have them abolished if possile. It sees no difference between a fashionable hotel, where there is dancing with music in the room in which liquor is served, and the common saloon with a back room, where men and women dance between drinks to the music of a mechanical plano. It insists that society with a capital "S" has no social rights which may not be enjoyed by persons hose names are not in the social register. It may be right. Who shall say?

When one man noted for the frankness of his comments on his contemporaries ex-presses his opinion of another man noted for his vigorous denunciation of those who dis-agree with him the result is likely to be resting. We have this unusual combina tion presented today in what Governor Pennypacker has to say about Colonel Roose-velt in another column on this page. Colonel Roosevelt is such a fertile subject that the ossible to express opinion briefly. His comments tomorrow will be even more pungent than those appearing today.

GERMINAL

THE talk of farms and farmers that is becoming so general now can carry a lively mind into odd channels. From any country road hereabouts you soon will be permitted glimpses of the first plowmen, They will appear on the rise of a slope quite as they do in the pictures-leisurely. unhurried, assured about the elemental labor that has never varied and never changed, altogether the most suggestive figures of the times we are living in. They change the whole aspect of the fields. Old things and even growing things are turned under and destroyed. Patience and surety rect the process. The surface of the earth at close quarters appears merely orn and unpromising, yet all the infinite forces that make for permanency and bene-faction are active underneath.

Similarly the heart and spirit and consciousiess of most of the world are being lowed up. The sowers are busy everythere. The sews from Russia, the news m Japan, the news from Germany tells of it. Forces as inevitable as the plowmen are at work planting new hopes and new dratums under the broken surface. The nter is past for some. It 's passing for there. No such harvest as that now ir paration was ever before conceived.

And when the soldiers come home and reat memorials are built for those that tne greatest of them all might be selved not as a man in arms, but as a an bent and laboring, with his eyes

The abolition of tollgates on Old York ch goes into effect tomorrow, will s automobilists, but the pedestrians be in as much danger as ever from joy

THE BELL STILL RINGS

HAT bell ought to make every slacker jump at the throat of a German," one of a group of seventy-five sailors fornia who stopped at Independfall on their way to join a ship at ay. As soon as they saw the bell n drew himself up to the attitude and saluted it.

neident should be encouraging coimiets who think that ideals pulling force. That old fighting, just as it stood 142 or the things for which the sales were fighting, so thor-the leaven of liberty been

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NOAH

WHEN Noah, son of Lamech, told his neighbors that there was to be a flood they laughed at him and said they intended to do business as usual. But the rain which the wise old weather prophet predicted came in due season and it lasted forty days and forty nights. Unfortunately for his satisfaction none of the scoffers survived to listen to his "I told you so."

When the coal dealers told the people last spring that a coal famine was impending and advised them to buy their winter's supply while the buying was good thousands of them, trusting in the promise of the Government that prices would be reduced before autumn and that the supply would be adequate, paid no heed to the warning. But the coal famine came and the people froze for forty days and forty nights. The coal dealers have been too charitable to say "I told you

Now comes Fuel Administrator Garfield, who was one of the scoffers at the modern Noahs last summer, with a recommendation that the consumers put in an order now for what coal they will need next winter to be delivered between April 1 and September 1. The price all surimer is to be uniform, instead of suffering a radical drop on April 1 and rising ten cents a ton each succeeding

Whatever action the consumers take is likely to be based on their own experience and judgment rather than on the advice of Mr. Garfield. His advice happens to be sound and based on the established practice of prudent householders, but he has unfortunately ceased to exercise any authority over the judgment of the people.

If the operation of the coal mines is not interfered with and if the railronds are permitted to supply the cars needed to supplement water transportation in the summer months an adequate supply of anthracite can be provided for the needs of this city as well as of the rest of the nation. The summer is the season of greatest production, for the reason that the weather does not interfere with the operation of the washeries. It is the season when transportation can be effected most expeditiously and economically, for the reason that the waterways are open and the anows do not block the railroad tracks. Nothing can prevent an adequate supply and a satisfactory distribution save more bungling in Washington

As there is still the possibility of more blunders, the householders who found themselves fuelless this winter are likely to take no more chances than they can avoid. They will put in their orders for cca. at the earliest possible moment and they will get the fuel in their cellars without needless delay. There is no doubt that in this city the local dealers will co-operate to their utmost with the consumers and will cart the coal directly from the cars to the cellars with as little unnecessary handling as possible. Of course, every one cannot be supplied in There are not teams enough available. But the fuel administrator deserves praise for fixing a uniform price for all summer, so that the householder who gets his supply in April will enjoy no financial advantage over the consumer who finds he cannot have his coal bins filled until August.

It has been an expensive lesson, this of the futility of depending on the paternal promises of the Government to take care of the fuel supply for the people. Few are likely to depend on the new promises, They will use their best judgment, informed by a bitter experience. Every man will be his own Noah and provide his own ark against emergencies.

SYMBOLISM OF PIE

WAR pie is a symbol opposed exa in meaning to the war broad, wielded, so to speak, by the energetic Mr. Cooke, It offers nothing to the cause of freedom. It lifts its bland brown face in one of those Chestnut street restaurants where hurried folk are accustomed to eat on the jump-an omen, a hint, a cynical interrogation. It is more significant than speeches in the Senate or the reactions in Wisconsin, this war pic, because the five-cent section of a year ago now costs fourteen cents and there is no pic-hating Trotsky to start a revolution.

Does the eating of pie dim natural pride or diminish normal capacities of resentment? Does it hinder the processes of positive reasoning? So it might seem. For war pie, newly exalted to a sort of kingly exclusiveness, carries on just the same as of yore, with an ever-increasing following,

The latest news from Russia is definitely

Director Wilson evidently thought the

outo sound was a flivver when he abolished it

Let's make all our "heatless," "meatess," "sweetless" "bleatless" days.

It is sometimes hard to tell whether the Turk is being driven out of Europe or out of Asia. Wherever he's going he is on his

Boarders asked to co-operate with land-ladies in food conservation. -- Headline. We thought landladies were the original

Berlin has discovered that there are more ways to get to India than by way of Bagdad. But it has not yet found out one

Who says the Kensingtonians are not rich? The man in that district who lost a \$399 Liberty Bond in the street three months has not missed it out of his collection.

If the Government succeeds in stopping tractors will remain in undisputed posses-sion of the rights to rob the people by carting dirt at two prices

Coal supply, car service and thermome-ter won't drop to a unanimous zero next winter. The fuel administration is taking care of the authracite situation and one can always be hopeful over the weather when it's months away. There's only the P. R. T. to

That eleven-day round trip to France made by the Leviathan, formerly the Vater-land, indicates that they are no longer de-laying the unloading of transports on the other side. When one ship can make two trips in the time it used to take to make one it is as if the size of the ship had been

PENNYPACKER ON ROOSEVELT

Former Governor Gives His Impressions, Not Altogether Favorable, of the Erstwhile Bull Moose Leader

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY-NO. 97

T HAS been my fortune to be brought into relations with the President in various ways and to have had at different times personal intercourse with him, A conemporaneous estimate of one who has filled so conspicuous a role, by any observer, may possess some value. My youngest brother, James L. Pennypacker, went to Harvard University. Roosevelt was in the same class and in some of the same societies, and when my brother beame an editor of the Harvard Advocate, Albert Bushnell Hart and he urged Rooseveit for the staff, and succeeded in having him elected. They had their photographs taken together. Consequently, I began to hear of Rooseveit in his days at college. He has frequently spoken to me of the brother as "my Pennypacker," What I heard of him was that he was not regarded among his associates as in any way remarkable save for carnestness of purpose and promptness of movement, though the fact that my brother, through most of the bizarre fortunes of the President, has been steadfast 1. his loyally speaks well for the impression he made. In the Haves campaign the students joined a parade through Beston. They were never on very good terms with the townspeople. and from the roof of one of the business buildings potatoes and refuse, it may be some stones, were thrown at them. Roosevelt, excited and angry, suggested at one that they burn down the building.

An Early Correspondence

A few years later, after Mr. Roosevelt egan to appear in New York politics, occurred the contest between Mr. Plaine and Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency. At that time I was secretary of the Philadelphia Civil Service Reform Association. The Independents in Pennsylvania favored Mr. Blaine, and when George William Curtis attempted to throw the weight of the Civil Service Reform Association on the side of Cleveland, I answered him in a letter circulated over the country. Roosevelt was also in favor of Biaine, and we had some correspondence which is still among my etters.

We touched again later in a more important way, though he probably never knew of the fact.

In the Philadelphia national convention of 1900 there was a struggle for the mastery between Mr. Hanna, supported by the national administration, upon the one hand, and Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt on the other. Hanna had selected a candidate for the vice presidency. It is a fact well known in Pennsylvania public life that Mr. Quay not only had a fondness for me. but he had confidence in my judgment. I told him at that time that the man for the occasion was Roosevelt, and I have ever felt since that I was a factor in this fateful turn in the fortunes of the President. At all events, Quay and Platt had him nominated and balked Hanna. When Mc-Kinley died and Roosevelt became the President my feeling toward him was one of enthusiastic and hopeful approval, due, no doubt, largely to a sense of some personal association, and to the fact that I was pleased to see a man of Dutch descent reach a station so exalted. I gave expression to this feeling to Mr. Quay. The only comment of that wise observer of men

"I hope he will be discreet.

In the fall of 1903 the provest of the University of Pennsylvania came to me to ask me to secure the presence of Mr. Poosevelt at the Academy of Music on the following 22d of February to deliver the annual address before that institution of learning. At the time I was very much occupied with the affairs of the Commonwealth, but the welfare of the University ever appealed to me and I promised to make the effort. Mr. Quay, upon whom Mr. Roosevelt then much depended, arranged for an interview. On the day appointed I went to Washington, and Mr. Quay took me in his carriage to the White House. I presented the matter to the President, and he, in reply, said with a laugh:

"Mr. Quay has given directions that I am not to make any address upon any subject until after the election next fail, and here he is supporting you in an effort to get me to go to Philadelphia."

Mr. Quay assented to the truth of the charge. Then the President, in more serious mood, gave me reasons why in anticipation of the political campaign be did not feel he could accept, but in effect promised me that the following year, is desired, he would make the address. thanked him and told him that would be eminently satisfactory, and the succeeding February 22 he kept the engagement.

A Tidal Wave of Words

He invited us to return to lunch with him. At the White House for luncheon were Mrs. Roosevelt and another lady or two, two or three Senators and as many newspaper editors from New York. The President came in from a horseback ride in his riding suit. He began to talk when he entered the outer door. He talked all the time on the way to the table and he talked all the time throughout the luncheon. Hardly an observation was made by any one else at the table and, in fact, it would only have been possible by the exercise of a sort of brutal force. The subject which he discussed was Italian literature, with which he did not appear to me to be very familiar. Every once in a while he turned to Mr Quay, who sat on his right, and put some question to him as to an authority, but he seldom waited for an answer. The strongest impression made on me was that of mental excitement, of a man laboring under serious nervous strain, and if I could have given him advice it would have been to sit down quietly somewhere and rest. I feared a breakdown before the end f his term.

When Mr. Roosevelt delivered his address, I, as a trustee of the University, was present on the platform. While being introduced to the trustees and others in he waiting room, he plunged at Dr. Weir Mitchell, shook him flercely and ejaculated: "I have just been reading one of your

books," and gave a quotation. ,

away, "and I never wrote anything of the

kind in my life." The address was unimportant in itself, but his coming showed kindness and was nuch appreciated.

I likewise sat on the platform and heard him make his address July 4, 1902, at Pittsburgh, noticing his habit of snapping off his words as though trying to bite through them with his teeth (perhaps this is what happened to "thru") and heard another later before the Masons at Masonic Hall in Philadelphia. On the latter occasion he attracted much attention by coming at me, with both fists closed, glaring at me with assumed savagery, striking me on the chest with force enough to upset a light man, and shouting:

"Nothing like a double Dutchman, nothing like a double Dutchman!"

A Repeated Story

On Decoration Day of 1905, which was the first time Mr. Roosevelt had ever been at Gettysburg. I rode in a barouche with him, Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel over the grounds. Ethel was then a sweet, attractive little girl of about eleven years of age, and I tried to entertain her. She afterward wrote me a pretty little note which will be found among my papers. He asked me whether I had ever seen any military service and I told him that I had carried musket for a brief period, and that it had been my fate to be in the first force to meet the rebels at Gettysburg. This aroused his keen interest and opened the way for me to tell him of the unequaled contribution of our family to that war, it having furnished two major generals, five colonels and in all one hundred and forty-eight men. "It is wonderful." he said. Afterward I heard of his repeating the tale over the country.

At a reception in Cambridge, Massachuetts, two years later, at which my sisterin-law was present, he shouted across the room to her:

"I know something about the Penny packers that you don't know. They sent 148 men into the war."

The cards, invitations, programs and photographs relating to his inauguration and my participation in it will be found among my papers.

At the inauguration balt in the evening it pleased me that Mrs. Roosevelt did not need an introduction and to hear her say to Mrs. Pennypacker, "Your husband was so good to my little girl."

In the conclusion of his sketch of Theodore Roosevelt, tomorrow, tovernor Pennypucker sums up the man's character.

DR. PENTECOST'S QUANDARY

He Doesn't Know What's the Joke or Who's the Joker

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger. Sir-Can you tell me and others "What's be joke and where's the joker" in certain

enditions? This time last year we were told there was a potato famine, and we were all ex-herted to plant potatees in our backyards to keep the nation from starving. Price, \$4 per bushel. Not more expensive to the pro-ducer, but only to the consumer. Now we are exhacted to buy potatoes and cat them freely at \$2.50 per bushel, to keep many millions of potatoes from rotting in the storage houses and save loss to the whole-salers. Why not send them to our aillies? Even the Germans would be willing to pay

a good price for them.

For months we have been exhorted to
buy meat sparingly, lent starvation come
to us and our allies. Now we are told to eat meat every day, especially mutton and because the process of conserving food has been so widespread that the meat packers find they have as large surplus of beef, etc., on hand, and if we do not go back to liberal meat-sating the beef men During the last winter we have been asked

o go without coal and learn to keep warm by patriotic enthusiasm, so that we could send coal to our ailies. Now that the warm weather has come we are exhorted to lay in abundant coal during April—enough to last us all this and next winter. Price still for domestic sizes, \$10. We must do this to keep down overproduction and lest the price of coal come down.

We are still urged to abstain from wheat-

or, at least, equal the price, of flour; to cat fish at a larger price than beef. Is there such a scarcity of fish in the sea on

account of the war? In fact, it seems to some of us that we have been educated to abstain from eating meat and potatoes until the high price of food could be fully established, and now that it is up, to eat plenty while the price is ligh, lest the food barons suffer great loss We are asked to save grain for our allies, but are told that we must not interfere with the brewers and distillers, who make and

the brewers and dishlers, who make and sell in this country twice as much beer as is made in Great Britain, France, Italy, Aus-tria and Germany. Even Germany has banned beer for 1918. And now, on account of the exceeding mildness of last winter, we are threatened with an ice famine and must be prepared not only for scarcity, but for a great advance in price. I wonder if in midsummer we shall not be exhorted to buy and use ice liberally not be exhorted to buy and use for inerally at the advanced price lest the poor loc backers find themselves overstocked and their ice all "worm exten."

What's the joke and where's the joker? GEORGE P. PENTECOST.

Philadelphia, March 9.

DOING HIS LITTLE BIT will fight for Uncle Sam on the land, or

the sea.

I will work for Uncle San ail I can,
will do my little bit for the cause of liberty.
And will die, if it should be, like a man.

I will eat for Uncle Sam in my home every day, Though I may not like the strange bill of

fare: For the soldiers need the wheat and it seems the only way
We can send it to the boys "over there"

will heat my home to suit Uncle Sam, for he needs

All the coal that he can get for each trip,
will follow Uncle Sam, yes no matter where

he leads, And my coal will help to fire every ship. will speak a word of cheer to the boys in the trench.
This will be my rule of life every day; Wherever I may be, on the farm bench.

I will start a word of cheer on the way. will help you all I can with my cash, Uncle Sam, I will buy up all the bonds you demand: If I cannot go myself I can send another man, And will pay to keep him there, understand.

we all must do our part. Uncle Sam, and we will,

For this cursed, dreadful war we must win,
And our famous knock-out blows on the
monster, Kaiser Bill,

Will most surely jand us safe in Berlin.

And when once we reach that goal, Uncle And when once we read the Sam, over there,
And the vic'tory we have won, my, won't we
Lift our hearts to God above in an earnest
heartfelt prayer
That mankind forever more shall be free?
J. K. CARR.

"What did you think of the technic prima donne lest night, fire. Company is the company in the company is the company in the c



The Unnatural Naturalist

To GIVES us a great deal of pleasure to announce, officially, that spring has arrived.
Our statement is not based on any irrele-

vant data as to seminoxes or bluebirds or book-heer signs, but is derived from the deepest authority we know anything about, our subconscious self. We remember that ome philosopher, perhaps it was Professor James, suggested that individuals are simply peaks of self-consciousness rising out of the vast ocean of collective human Mind in which we all swim, and are, at bottom, one. When ever we have to decide any important matter, such as when to get our hair cut and whigther o pay a bill or not, and whether to call for the check or let the other fellow do so, we don't attempt to harass our conscious voli-tion with these decisions. We rely on our subconscious and instinctive person, and for better or worse we have to trust to its rightcoursess and good sense. We just find our-self doing something and we carry on and hope it is for the best.

hope it is for the best.

From this deep abyse of Subconscioueness we learn that it is apring. The mottled goosebone of the Allentown prophet is no more meteorologically accurate than or subconscience. And this is how it works

ONCE a year, about the approach of the vernal equinox or the seedsman's calalogue, we wake up at 6 o'clock in the morning. This is an immediate warning and ap-prisement that something is adrift. Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year we wake, placidly enough, at seven-ten, ten minutes after the alarm clock has jangled. But on this particular day, whether it be the end of February or the middle of March, we wake with the old recognizable nostaigia. It is the last polyp or vestige of our anthro-pomorphic and primal self, trailing its pathetic little wisp of glory for the one day o the whole calendar. All the rest of the yea we are the plodding percheron of commerce, patiently tugging our wain; but on that morning there wambles back, for the pothe pang of Eden. We wake at 6 o'c'ock; it is a blue and golden morning and we feel it imperative to get outdoors as quickly as possible. Not for an instant do we feel the customary respectable and sanctioned desire to kiss the sheets yet an hour or so. The traipsing, trolloping humor of spring is our velue; we feel that we toust be abfast. We leap into our clothes and horry downstairs and out of the front door and skirmish round the house to see and smell

IT IS spring. It is unmistakably spring, because the pewit bushes are budding and on yonder aspen we can hear a forsythia bursting into song. It is spring when the feet of the floorwalker pain him and smoking-car windows have to be pried open with chisels. We skip lightheartedly round the house to see if those bobolink bulbs we planted are showing any signs yet and dis-cover the whisk brush that fell out of the window last November. And then the news-boy comes along the street and sees us prancing about and we feel sheepish and

prancing about and we reel sneepish and ashamed and hurry indoors again.

There may still be blizzards and frozen plumbings and tumbles on key pavements, but when that morning of annunciation has but when that morning of annunciation has come to us we know that winter is truly dead, even though his ghost may walk and gibber once or twice. The sweet urge of the new season has rippled up through the oceanic depths of our subconsciousness, and we are aware of the rising tide. Like Mr. Wordsworth we feel that we are wiser than we know. (Perhaps we have misquoted that, but let it stand.) THERE are other troubles that spring

I brings us. We are pitifully ashamed of our ignorance of nature, and though we try to hide it we keep getting tripped up. About this time of year inquisitive persons are always asking us. "Have you heard any song sparrows yet?" or "Are there any robins out your way?" or "When do the laburnums begin to nest out in Marathon?" Now we really can't tell these people our true feeling, which is that we do not believe in pecking in on the privacy of the laburnums or any other songsters. It seems to us really immodest to keep on spying on the birds in that way. And as for the bushes and trees, what we want to know is. How does one ever get to know them? How do you find out which is an aider and what is an elm? Or a marcissus and a hyacinth, does any one really know them apart! We think it's all a blue. And topouls. There was a next of this time of year inquisitive persons are

Let nature alone and she'll let you alone.

BUT there is a pettifogging cult about that moreover, children keep on asking one. We always answer at random and say vagtail or a flowing shrike or a female musnolia. We were brought up in the country and learned that first principle of good manners, which is to let birds and flowers and animals go on about their own affairs with-out pestering them by asking them their names and addresses. Surely that's what Sindespears meant by saying a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. We can cujoy a rose just as much as any one, even if we may think it's a hydrangea.

if we may think it's a hydranges.

And then we are much too busy to worry about robins and bluebirds and other poultry of that nort. Of course, if we see one hanging about the lawn and it looks hungry we have decency enough to throw out a bone or something for it, but after all we have a lot of troubles of our own to bother about. We are short-sighted, too, and if we r only a bandanna some one has dropped why either it flies away before we get there or it does turn out to be a bandanna or a clothespin. One of our friends kept on talk-ing about a Baltimore oriole she had seen near our house, and described it as a beauti-ful yellowish fowl. We felt quite ashamed to be so ignorant, and when one day we hought we saw one near the front porch we left what we were doing, which was writing a check for the coal man, and went out to stalk it. After much maneuvering we got near, made a dash—and it was a banana peel. The criole had gone back to Baltimore the day before. We love to read about the birds and flow-

ers and shrubs and insects in poetry, and it makes us very happy to know they are all round us, innocent little things like mice and entinedes and goldenrods (until hay fever time), but as for prying into their affairs we simply won't do it. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PROCLAIM AMERICANISM There was a ficree punch of a solar plexus ature in that reply given a Norwalk, Wis., man recently by a citizen of his home town

Said citizen number one:
"You don't have to shoot your mouth off time to show that you are at American.

To which the second man replied: "No; and you don't need to keep your outh closed all the time or speak in whispers in order to show you are a friend of

he Kaiser."
Hard-headed logic and red-blooded patriotism there are in this reply. There is no such thing any more as being neutral. We have passed the period when one can remain silent on matters of Americanism. The time has come for every one to show his colors, for every one to be counted. Millerthese for every one to be counted.-Milwauke

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

Who is acting quartermaster. United States army? Where is Irkutsk?

5. What is the new name and function of the German liner Vaterland?
4. Who wrote "Jame Eyre"?
5. Who is Cleofonte Campanini?

What was the Peace of Tilsit? Identify "Bluff Kink Hal."

What was the League of the Three Em-9. Who is Leopold Aner? 10. What was the Augustan age? Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. A protocol is a preliminary agreement out-links mutual acceptance of terms in a controversy. It is most used for the arrec-ment between belligerents prior to a freaty of peace.

ment between belligerents prior to a treaty
of peace.

Lerd Brassey was an English naval expert
and explorer. He is known chiefly through
the notable voyage of the Sunbeam, which
added greatly to knowledge in various
branches of science.

3. Vitebak is a Russian province bordering on
Courland and Livonia. He capital, of the
same name, about halfway between Petrograd and the Baltic, has been a concentration point for the Russian army of defense.

N. Maye is the new chairman of the

4. Will N. Hays is the new chairman of the Republican National Committee. 5. Gustavus Adolphus of Serden was called "The Lion of the North."

6. Frangipant is a perfume made from the West Indian Jasmine, Named from Marquis Fran-cipant, marshal in the army of Louis XIV. 7. The Statue of Liberty is on Bedice's Island in New York harber.

S. A familiar essay is one on a homely subject treated informally or even cellequially.

9. Income taxes must be paid on or before June 18.

10. Garabed 7. H. Giragonian is the leventer of the contract of t

Sometimes when I sit down at night And try to think of something new, Some odd conceit that I may write And work into a verse or two, . There often dawns upon my view—
The while my feeble thoughts I nurse—
A little book in gold and blue,
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

And though I try, in wild affright At thought of all I have to do, To keep that volume out of sight. If I so much as look askew I catch it playing "peek-a-boo."

Then work may go to pot—or worse!

I'm giving up the evening to
"The Oxford Book of English Verse." Oh, some for essays recondite, And some for frothy fiction sue, But give to me, for my delight, One tuneful tome to ramble through: To hear the first quaint "Sing Cuccu!" And all those noble songs rehearse Whose deathless melodies imbue

"The Oxford Book of English Verse." ENVOY

Dear Reader, here's a tip for yo Go buy, though skinny be your purse And other books of yours be few, "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

THE WATERLOO OF GENIUS

World-War a Phenomenon Too Vast to Be Encompassed in Words of Prose or Verse

EVEN to the most attentive minds on this side of the world the war still remains somethow unreal and unbelievable because the writers have found it too big for them. It has passed the comprehension of gainst it is a phenomenon that cannot be encompassed in world. assed in words

Rudyard Kipling went to the North Set to write of the fiercest naval battle of all time and the voices that rise out of his admirable narrative are, after all, but the time and the voices that rise out of his admirable narrative are, after all, but the voices of the Brushwood Boy in a naval uniform, of Mulvaney of blessed memory or of the great McPhee in another guise. H. G. Wells took the war as a text for one of the most ambitious and successful novels of recent years, yet the visions he presented to his readers led only down the stately orridors of his own mind. Patrick McGill, one of the new lights of English fiction, enlisted as a private and went to France and wrots chiefly of the somber and incurable humos as a private and went to France and wrose chiefly of the somber and incurable hume, and the Spartan endurance of the Irish soli-diers from his own Donegal. John Masefeld went to Gallipoli. In the book that follows he wrote of that appalling campaign. But the sea that was friend and mother to has always witched him again as he tried is turn from her. It is of the sea and its my-tery and tranquillity, its lights and its perila-that he writes with completest understanding. And so the gray war goes on, moving.

And so the gray war goes on moving stupendous, complicated and mysterious at the inner processes of life itself. Now and then a staccato dispatch from some desolute waste of the sea or from a stretch of ton land can carry an overwhelming suggested of its reach and scope and terror. But there is nothing in all the recent literature of battles that approaches the stark versity of the few good war photographs that the various Governments have caused to be made it is these pictures that suggest the trycolor and dimensions of the tragedy procreating in an area that covers half the earth. Mile after mile of British march solidithrough the dust, their stole faces to desky. The French turn from their torment as smile at the camers. Air machines fall as blaze. The land appears as if it were pret to a wandering earthquake. The thing is too big even for imagination. And so the gray war goes on, mo olg even for imagination.

THE UNIVERSAL POET It is said that a poet died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be con-tended rather that a (somewhat minor) bard

breast of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that a (somewhat minor) bars in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His lift from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chambat the heart of it, in which he dwalls lighted; and for as dark as his pales seems to the observer, he will have some in of bullsere at his belt.—Robert Louis