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MORAHT'S "CONTEMPTIBLES"

UNITED States troops hold trenches on five fronts. This far-flung battle line is answer and challenge to the scorn of Major Moraht, most voluble and virulent of German military critics.

This living pen of Prussianism, which put the policies of Junkerdom into fallaciously comforting words to hearten the readers of a muzzled German press, has become less pointed, against the blunting facts known to the High Command, concerning the numerical strength and military efficiency of the American expeditionary forces in France.

It is America which is heartened by official tidings that confirm but cannot add to the faith we pin to our troops. American fighters are making good. Called from the farm, the shop, the counting house, in less than a year of war they are holding trenches against the Prussian military Juggernaut, mechanically perfected for three generations. They have not lost one trench, despite vicious attacks. They are doing more than hold trenches. Their sorties have won sections of the enemy lines.

Bravery, aggressiveness, endurance and initiative displayed by the Americans have won unstinted praise of the French and British. Naturally these fighting qualities will excite the hate of the Huns. But the Huns will discount sharply Major Moraht's estimations of "the contemptible American armies" and of "puny, spiritless, cowardly American man-power."

The term "beyond contempt" already is taking on a different meaning to Berlin militarists. No wonder, with Americans fighting on five fronts and hardly started at that.

Investigations seem to indicate that the War Department made no mistakes, but won't do it again.

WHO WILL BE THE DEMOCRATIC MARTYR?

WISDOM often is the shining reward of solitude. Disillusionment arrives after hunger and loneliness long endured. Such riches of the spirit seem to have fallen heavily upon the Democrats of Pennsylvania. They appear to have outlived desire. Victory of the sort now so fashionable with the Bolsheviki is theirs surely. Listen to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Berry as they talk of the governorship, while Senator Sproul and J. Denny O'Neil are already away with the opposition banner and going it in high gear!

Long were the Democrats isolated in the wilderness. From afar they were able to glimpse the diffused radiance of high hats that rises above the promised land. Their ears heard the music and the triumphant speeching and the echoes of the gay parades. Did they see it all as the aged see life, as a foolish sort of business after all and not comparable to peace and fixed tranquillity?

Mr. Berry thinks of running for the governorship. Mr. Palmer says he will not run. Mr. Guffey is spoken of. Meanwhile Mr. O'Neil has been around the course twice. He snatched the prohibition plank. Mr. Sproul filched the treasure from him. J. Denny's cries of anguish still echo in the newspapers. Senator Sproul obtained the additional advantage of being denounced by Governor Brumbaugh. Yet the Democrats, Bolsheviki-like, are still tranced with conversations. If they are waiting for Mr. Tumulty to come and revitalize them or for some act of the President to give them strength they are hoping in vain. The President and Mr. Tumulty are too busy in Washington, where all the vitality of the Democratic party seems to be concentrated at this writing.

Philadelphia County's per capita purchase of war-savings stamps to date is only $1.04. Seems as though we ought to do better than that.

HAIL DOLLAR WELL MET

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue wants his collectors to be cheery, hail-dollar-well-met and Pollyanna-ish in their extractive dealings with their fellow men. He says that a collector setting out to remove thirty-five million dollars or so from Mr. John D. Rockefeller must be polite about it. He mustn't act like Hindenburg or a death's head hussar. Above all things, he mustn't seem to gloat over his victim or show a tactless pleasure in his task. "Always the little gentleman" is the motto for these genial chaps who are en route to annex our "little brothers to the shrapnel."

But the ordinary man's only fear is that the particular collector who comes to feel the pulse of his pocketbook and preside over the funeral ceremony may have had his native sweetness spoiled by previous dealings with too many moguls. A revenue agent who had just come from Mr. Rockefeller would, he fears, be likely to turn on his boss at the paltry forty or fifty or [illegible] steel engravings that John Doe [illegible] for him. And that is why [illegible] to send his tax sheets [illegible] income. He [illegible]

THE CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN

CHAIRMAN HAYS, of the Republican National Committee, has given out that he expects the Republicans to control the next House of Representatives by a majority of between thirty and forty and to make gains in the Senate.

He bases this forecast not on the hostility of the constituencies to the war policy of the Administration, for he knows that they are not hostile, but on the broader ground of the desire of the nation to prepare to meet the great issues which will force themselves to the front when peace comes.

The party which should be so foolish as to go into the approaching campaign with a declaration that "the war is a failure" and with a demand for an immediate peace would be doomed from the start to the same ignominious defeat which overtook the Democratic party in the presidential campaign of 1864. The war is not a failure. We have hardly begun to fight. Men of all parties are united behind the national Government and will do their utmost to bring the resources of the country into active play in order that victory may be won. It is neither a Democratic nor a Republican war, but a national fight for freedom.

Whatever disagreement there may be arises over details and not over the main issue. And we must all devoutly hope that squabbling over the way we are to fight may not delay preparation and weaken our forces at the front.

Farseeing Republicans are hoping that no petty politicians will succeed in preventing the national committee from basing its congressional campaign on the proposition that consideration of post-bellum reconstruction must begin at once and proceed along with the execution of plans for defeating the Hun.

The whole economic face of the world has been changed by the war. The Government is doing things now which conservatives have long opposed. For example, it is managing the railroads. There is a noisy minority already demanding that this management continue and merge into Government ownership when peace shall come. It is not too soon for the voters to begin to make up their mind on this question. The demand that the Government take over the telephone and telegraph lines is bound to accompany the demand for public ownership of the railroads.

But more important than this question of who shall run the public utilities is the great question of the tariff. The United States by loans to its allies in Europe has changed its economic relations with those nations. How shall we treat them after the war? Shall we regard them as competitors for world trade or shall we regard them as partners? Shall we have a high protective tariff wall, built primarily for our own interests, or shall we have a free-trade tariff? Or will it be wiser to have give-and-take trade arrangements which will enable each nation, struggling under a heavy burden of war debt, to have the freest possible field for the sale of the products of its factories in order that rehabilitation may proceed with the least hindrance?

No man should be elected to Congress in November who does not give evidence in advance that he has begun to think about these questions. The Republicans, who have devoted long years to constructive statesmanship, are better equipped than the Democrats to deal with them. The national committee will fail in its obvious duty if it does not bring this fact to the attention of the voters and if it does not make it clear to them that there is a vital difference between supporting the war policies of the Administration and giving a mandate to the Democratic party, whose strength does not lie in the region where big economic questions are well understood, to solve the problems for which it is unfitted.

"Game called on account of darkness" will be avoided by that daylight-saving scheme.

NAME YOUR IDLERS!

THERE are light-minded persons who will be at no loss for comment when they are informed that the policemen of Camden have been sent forth to sift out all the idlers in the city in order that those so designated may be put to work or in jail under the new State law devised to increase general war energy. It will be said—untruthfully, of course!—that policemen were selected for the ticklish task because they themselves are such finished idlers. This is a pet superstition with a good many taxpayers.

Policemen in Camden may have idled at one time. They have a hard job ahead of them now. Who and what and when is an idler?

If Walt Whitman were now alive in his house on Mickle street he would fit nicely into the classification fixed by the Legislature at Trenton, since he never seemed to do much but look out at his window. And yet Walt left work behind him that will be esteemed by a good part of the world high above the material achievements of Davy Baird, whose industry Governor Edge has just rewarded with an appointment to the Senate.

Thomas A. Edison looked like an idler when he sat on his porch for days at a time thinking out the incandescent lamp. But he was working rather hard.

Pay your dog tax unless you are in favor of dogless days.

Councils want full control of city finances.—Headline.
They always acted as if they had it.

The pickpocket who started work on a Chester Short Line car was out for sudden riches. Munition workers use those trolleys.

This is daffodil season on the streets. We stop at every flower stand down Market street and admire them. Daffodilatory they call us.

The Germans are said to have poisoned 500 army horses in Illinois. The Hun has tried his hand at poisoning everything from a well to public opinion.

Germany now threatens to seize American property on the other side of the Rhine. That is agreeable to everybody. When the time is ripe we shall seize it back again.

A Swede, a German, a Hungarian and a Scotchman were among the mounted policemen who led the St. Patrick Day parade in Chicago. Judging by the general display of [illegible] there was one nation which he has [illegible] in America.

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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CHAPTER XVI
JOHN B. PENNYPACKER
A SKETCH FROM LIFE

I AM quite sure this will be found to be one of the most interesting and informing chapters in the autobiography. The German people who, two hundred years ago, settled within twenty-five miles of Philadelphia have held on to their land and preserved their language, habits and traditions and methods of thought down to the present time. This life is now all rapidly disappearing. The railroad, trolley and automobile and the approach of the city and its people have compelled the old ways to succumb, and one of the most romantic and attractive of features of Pennsylvania life, such as exists in no other State, will soon be lost. I have endeavored to draw a pen picture in order to preserve and illustrate, as far as possible, the customs, dialect and manner of thought of these people. The gentleman whose name heads this chapter was selected solely because he is the most perfect survival of the old time to be found in the neighborhood. The incidents were written down on different occasions as they occurred. If I have not succeeded in making plain the keen, native intelligence, the generous spirit and the innate worth of my subject, which lies beneath the surface, then to that extent this chapter is a failure.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening and the shades of the coming night were beginning to gather. For a moment I leaned over the lower half of the stable door and watched him scattering the straw for the beds of the horses.

"Is that you, John?"

"Yes, diese is Chon. Come in vonce."

"Oh, no, I must hurry home or I shall lose my supper."

"Vell, maybe dass is better. Dere is no supper here. It is long ago dat we had our supper and," while a genial and kindly smile played over his face, "I sink it is pretty near all."

"Chon Pannebecker"

John turned to me suddenly while he held firmly the handle of the Dutch buckwheat cradle to keep it from scratching the buggy as we rattled along and queried:

"Did I efer tell you dat story of my grandfather Chon Pannebecker and anodder feller, Neimah, vat vas wiss him? I sink I did tell you dat story vonce."

"I cannot recall that you ever did."

"Vell, Neiman, he vas a neighbor and my grandfadder he vas a little dricky. In dem days all the farmers dey used to go down to Philadelphey in big wagons to marget. Dey put up at the 'Sorrel Horse' dat was a davern in Fourth street and Old York road. Diese Neiman he liked oysters and he goes out and buys a big pag of oysters to take home wiss him. De farmers dey nefer vent to bet but dey laid down on de kitchen floor on deir crain bags ven dey vanted to go asleep. Den diese Neiman he says 'I am going to bed' and dey say 'Don't be so stuck up. You come and sleep wiss us,' and off he goes to bed. Den my grandfadder he goes out to the wagon and gets the pag of oysters, and dey eat all de oysters and puts de shells back in de pag, and ties de pag up fery tight chust like it vas all right. And denn ven dey all goes home and comes to Neiman's lane my grandfadder he says 'Neiman, don't forget your pag of oysters,' and Neiman he srows de pag ofer his shoulder and off he goes. Pretty soon he sees Neiman come across the field and he look fery mad. 'Wie gehts, Neiman?' says my grandfadder. 'Vere is my oysters?' says Neiman. 'Is dey lost? It must have been de frost,' says my grandfather. 'In the winter time ven oysters freeze, dat opens the shells and dey all runs afay.' It was a fery cold day dat day, and Neiman he looks funny for avile and den he says, 'Dat must haf been it.' He nefer knowed any better, but my grandfadder he vas a little dricky."

"John, be careful about the buckwheat cradle."

One idea always suggests another to John and he goes ambling along mentally with no particular destination in view, but ever entertaining and swept hither and yon by undercurrents of character, one of shrewdness and one of generosity.

"Dat vas a fery nice copper kittle at the Weishe vandue. Only it vonce had a hole in the bottom and had been mendet. It vas not so nice a kittle as the one I let you have. Dat vas as nice a kittle as I ever saw. I vould have kept dat one for myself if you vouldn't have vanted it. But ve have such a one at home, so dese kittles you could keep for a life time if you chust used dem yourself, but ven all de neighbors dey vants to borrow dem to make abblebudder den dey gets knocked. Some people is careless. In old dimes ven anybody borrowed a kittle dey had to give a pot of abblebudder. Dat vas de rule. But ve don't do dat vay no more. Ve chust lets dem have the kittle. Mrs. Whitman she vanted our kittle this summer and I said all right she could have it. Denn she sends me a pot of abblebudder. She is a fery nice voman. I did not vant it but she chust makes me take it."

"Yes, John, that was a fine kettle I got from you."

"So."

Advice to "Swappers"

At Weishe's sale, August 25, 1908, quantities of home-made linen bags, some of them made in the time of the grandfather, used for wheat, marked with the name of the owner of that time, rough, coarse in fiber, but thick and strong, were sold for a few pennies.

"Dey is fery good for dowels," said John.

"Come in and get some tinner," said the very stout woman, who was hustling about the old kitchen with its oven attachment, at the Weishe sale, to John and me, "You are right willkom."

"No," answered John, "I don't vant any tinner today. My stomach is not all right. After a vile I vill go out to Jacob (who sold candy and peanuts from a stand, to the people at the sale) and puy me a plate of ice cream. Vep your stomach is not all right, and you don't vant to eat nothing dere is notting so goot for it as ice cream, sure." And he ate two plates of cream.

"Nefer buy an olt vagon or an olt set of harness," is a part of John's farm philosophy. He was president of the Perkiomen Pike Company until the public took the pike, and a director in the Schwenksville bank. And he owns four or five farms. He saw me tempted by an old farm wagon, well preserved, with huge rough timbers and great high dished wheels, made in 1781, which sold for $3.75.

"If you can't afford to puy a new vagon vy chust shift until you gets a liddle money. My fadder fixed up an olt vagon once and he vas sorry all his life. He says to me: 'Dat vagon is no goot and it vould not pring vat it cost chust to fix it. If I'm not here any more, don't you puy dat wagon, Chon. Let it go at de vandue.' And so I did. But I pought an olt set of harness vonce. Dey vas not chust so olt but dey was rubbed, and den ven I was going down hill wiss my team the harness proke and I vas in drouble. You let some pody else puy dat olt vagon."

"Do you know olt Mike Ziegler, vat lifes up at Lederachsville?" asked John one day when I met him in the Schwenksville street hurrying toward the plain brick house which is his home.

"I have heard of him. The Zieglers are an old Mennonite family."

"Vell, he got himself puried last veek, on Friday."

On his own lines, John is knowing. With the certainty of experience equal to instinct, he will go straight to the points of a horse or a bit of land or a corner clock. He informed me:

"Dat gradle vat you pought at Weishe's vandue is not a gradle for veat."

It had a hickory handle and four hickory blades, and a broad steel blade six inches in width which the dengel-stuck a long while ago sharpened, but its day had departed and it cost me ten cents. "Dat gradle vas for puckvheat. Did you efer gradle?" "No, John, I never did."

"Vell, my fadder vas a goot von to gradle. Many vas de day I gradled and I could gradle pretty goot, too, but not like my fader. He vould take de gradle and gut de crain right quick and lay it all down on the ground chust so, and den he says to me dat is de vay you must always gradle, too, but I nefer could," he added with a sigh.

A Forest Pedigree

"Do you know dem vite oak and chestnut voods ofer on de Schtay-Barrick (Stein Berg) vere you and I vent one day wiss de buggy?"

I knew them very well; they grew over the top of the rough hill amid masses of gneiss, smoothed by the floods of eons ago. They were not far from the Wolf's Den, a vast natural cavern, constructed by the earthquake with immense blocks of upheaved granite. I so told John.

"Vell, dem voods belonged to olt Sam Pannebacker (the nearest approximate to the pronunciation) and den dey belonged to Truckenmiller. Dat name is so long dat ve chust calls em T. Miller and ven dey gets puried up in Keeley's Craveyard dat is vat goes on to de cravestones. Dees old T. Miller he lies up dere now. And den dey pelonged to Puhl and now dey pelongs to me. I vill nefer cut dem voods so long as I lif. Dey can chust stay. Efery body cuts down all de voods and after a vile dere vont pe no voods any more." And after a pause he slowly continued: "ven I am not here any more den dey vill go, too, but dat is vat I can't help."

The continuation of this sketch will be printed tomorrow.

Dialogue With an Old Friend

"YES," he said, "I shall certainly miss you. I can't tell you how much I have appreciated your friendly attentions all winter, coming down to visit me the way you have. Time and again when I was feeling low and choky you've come along and livened me up. Our little games of poker have made all the difference to me. You know it's good for a fellow to blow off steam now and then. I don't get a chance to go out very often myself—"

"Come!" I said. "I remember one evening you went out unexpectedly and gave us a shock. We missed you dreadfully."

He chuckled a little. "Yes, that was thoughtless, I dare say; but it was worth it; you all made such a fuss over me afterward. I might have done it oftener, but really you've been so attentive I just couldn't. I do believe you've given up a good many diversions and amusements just in order to pay me the evening visit. I thank you, old man. No one else understands me as you do."

"My dear chap," I said, "I wouldn't have missed our sessions for anything. Perhaps I've been a little peevish sometimes and put a damper on your enthusiasm. But this has been a hard winter, you know. And, honestly, I've given you the best I had. Nothing is too good for you."

"You are certainly an admirable host," he said. "I shall be sorry to miss you."

I didn't want him to get too conceited. "Of course," I said, "You won't mind my saying that you have your own little crotchets. You have an ashen pallor when you are not feeling strong that has often alarmed me. And sometimes I seem to have noticed a lack of warmth in your disposition. I wish we could have enjoyed your presence a little oftener up in the sitting room. My wife and I used to think that you carried bashfulness a little too far. But when you are at your best, my dear fellow, you certainly radiate comfort and good cheer."

"Well," he replied, gloomily, "I am very sensitive to drafts. Of course, I have my moods, I know. You were quite right to haul me over the coals now and then. A fellow can't live at high pressure all the time."

I didn't want to leave him in a bad humor. "After all," I said, "We have come through a severe season with mutual credit. And I can promise you a fine night very shortly which will rejoice you much."

He fell into the trap.

"What kind of night?" he said, eagerly.

"Anthracite!" I cried, and left before he could retaliate.

A little stubborn at times, but he is a grate-hearted fellow.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

BETTER BE RIGHT THAN BE GERMAN

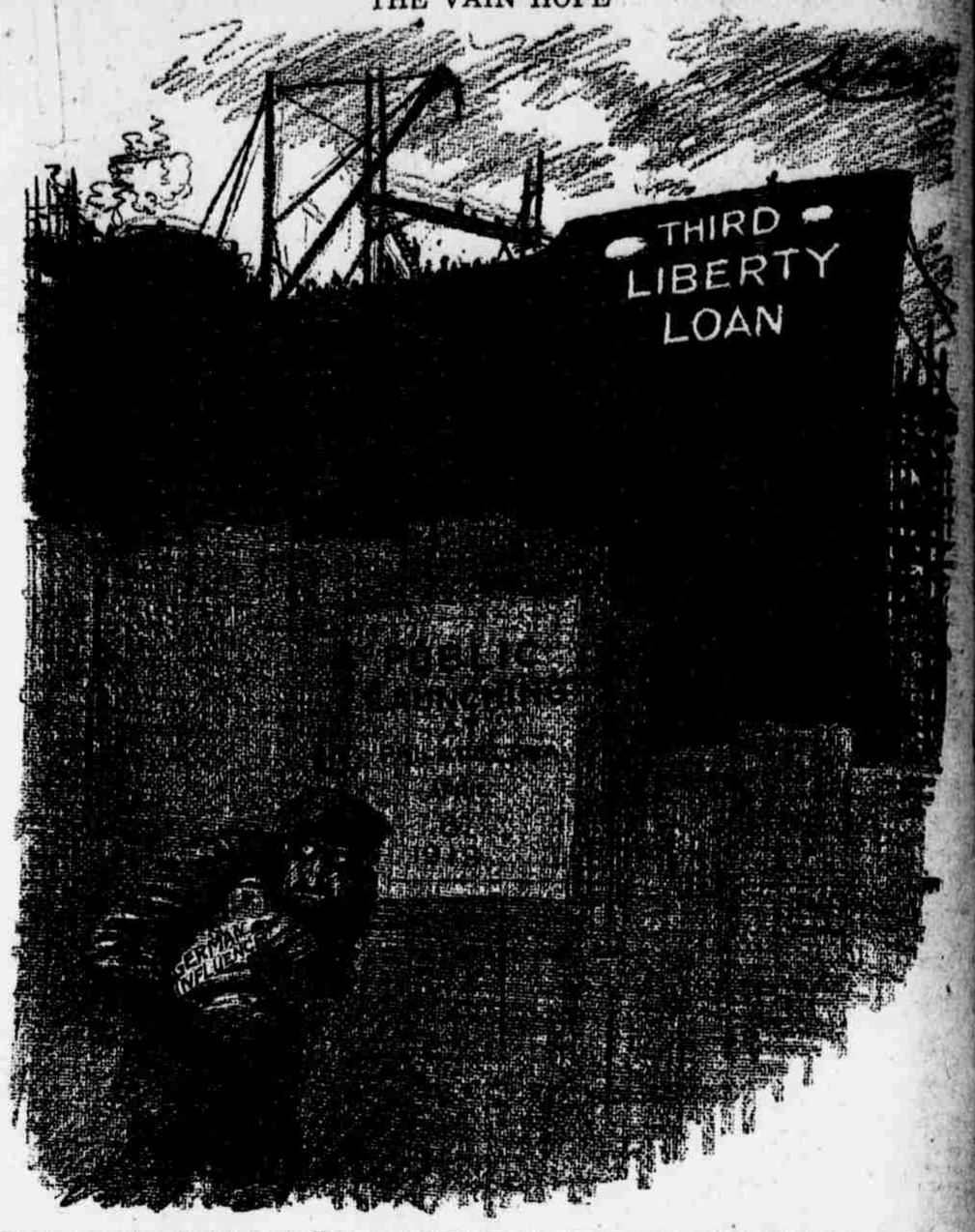
"Suppose that France and England were defeated in this war, would it not be better for Greece to have remained neutral?" Demetra Vaka asked Venizelos when she called on him in Athens. She tells of the interview in her new book, "The Heart of German Intrigue."

"To begin with," said Mr. Venizelos, "France and England cannot be beaten. Even if they lose for five or seven years, in the end they will win."

"But suppose that you are wrong?"

"In that case, madame, I make the same answer to you that I made to King Constantine when he insisted that France and England would be beaten: 'Even if those two nations are beaten, it is better for Greece to be beaten on their side than to win on the side of Germany.'"

THE VAIN HOPE



HOUSING WAR WORK WITHIN OUR GATES

Philadelphia Association Is Doing Its Big Bit—Views of Readers

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—When America entered the war, a little less than a year ago, the Philadelphia Housing Association, like every other organization in the country, was called upon to answer the question, "Are you essential?" Our report for 1917 gives the answer.

During the first weeks, even the first months of the war, when the United States wrongly assumed that it could do its share in achieving the victory without using all its resources, any organization that did not directly serve the soldiers and sailors had a hard time proving its right to existence. The Housing Association did so serve, for it aided in designing the barracks at the National Army cantonments. But that was only a small part of our work in those early weeks. Our main job was to help make and keep Philadelphia and the surrounding industrial district a place in which our industrial army might live and remain strong and efficient. We believed, what is now evident, that it would be just as necessary to build ships and manufacture munitions as to train soldiers.

We got our first foretaste of what war has brought Philadelphia when the negro migration reached its height last spring. The Housing Association co-operated with other agencies in forming a negro migration committee in order to prevent so far as possible the development of menacing conditions. For a time there was intolerable house overcrowding. By appeals to owners we succeeded in having the negro districts considerably enlarged and so relieved the situation.

By fall it became evident that there was a serious housing shortage for whites. For a long time it seemed impossible to convince the community of this. In September representatives of one of the large shipbuilding companies came to us for aid in finding houses. The next week a representative of the housing committee of the Council of National Defense came to us for information. We proved to them that there were few vacant, habitable houses. Shortly afterward the American International came to us for information. When it learned the facts it began to advertise for families who would take in lodgers and sent out a corps of men to make a house-to-house canvass. Since then we have worked with every shipbuilding company in the Philadelphia district, except one, and have made two investigations for the United States Shipping Board, one in New Jersey and the other in Delaware County.

As a result of this work it became evident that vigorous efforts along two lines were necessary.

First. To increase the supply of wage-earners' dwellings.

Second. To keep existing dwellings in a wholesome and sanitary condition.

For the first we organized a committee on supply of dwellings, of which Malcolm Lloyd, Jr., is chairman. This committee found that operative building had nearly ceased, that there was little prospect of its being resumed in 1918; that by the end of 1917 our supply of dwellings would be 3874 below our normal requirements, and by the end of 1918 more than 9000 below, unless some means of encouraging the builders were found. In addition, the influx of war workers created a demand for some 12,000 dwellings. The only hope of meeting this demand lay in the Federal Government. The committee, therefore, went to Washington and put the facts before the housing committee of the Council of National Defense. They received the assurance that dwellings for 15,000 shipbuilders would be erected in Philadelphia. The number has dwindled to 2000 houses. We are still working, however, and hope to have a much larger number authorized this spring.

The second line of work meant increased effort of the kind we have been doing for years. In this we feel we have achieved some measure of success in spite of the fact that pressure of population has brought into use houses that for years have stood vacant because of their condition. We have inspected from 1000 to 1500 properties every month. We have handled 14,156 violations of the sanitary and housing laws. We have secured the abandonment of 1357 vaults. Altogether we have secured 4244 corrections of insanitary conditions. By persuasion of owners, after the city had been working with them for a year or more, we secured improvements in 504 houses that cost $61,546—six times the amount it cost to run the Housing Association.

JOHN IHLDER,
Secretary.

Philadelphia, March 18.

SALMON P. CHASE SAID IT

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—The famous quotation, "The way to resume is to resume," cited by you and credited to Horace Greeley, is from a letter by Salmon P. Chase to Greeley.

A. R. SCHUMAKER.

Philadelphia, March 18.

AN APPEAL TO "DRY" VOTERS

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir — The Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League, with headquarters in Philadelphia, has launched an aggressive campaign for the enrollment of voters. This is a patriotic effort which should meet with the most generous encouragement on the part of good men.

The attention of thoughtful and patriotic citizens is thus directed to the fact that if they intend to take part in electing to the Legislature candidates who will support the ratification of the constitutional amendment they must be sure to enroll. Only by so doing will they have a right to vote at the primary election on May 21. It is estimated that not less than 20 per cent of the better class of voters outside of our cities is lost because of failure in this direction.

Investigation proves that in the wards of cities which are controlled by liquor interests almost every man is enrolled. The last day on which electors in boroughs and townships can enroll is March 20; the last day in first-class cities is April 17, and the last day in all other cities is May 1.

The liquor organization claims to be supported by 180,000 men, virtually all of whom are enrolled, and all will vote. Bishop Berry relates that an election had been lost to the "drys" by four votes "because six men had prayed in the church for prohibition instead of going to the polls and voting."

Temperance history is being rapidly made. The change of sentiment in Pennsylvania is very pronounced. Prominent candidates of all parties, aware of the growing popularity of the temperance movement, are declaring themselves in favor of the prohibition amendment. A prominent Pennsylvanian recently said: "The prohibition question has been a moral issue before our people for many years; it has now become a great economic issue. Pennsylvania, conservative as it is in matters of this kind, may be depended upon to act promptly and favorably upon this question."

ALLAN SUTHERLAND.

Philadelphia, March 18.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who wrote "Dr. Faustus"?
2. Where is Vladivostok?
3. What is dew?
4. Identify the "Merry Monarch."
5. Who was Queen of England for less than three weeks?
6. Who is Victor Berger?
7. Which is the "Mound City"?
8. Distinguish between the use of "like" and "as."
9. Who is Major Moraht?
10. Where is Metz?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The Gnome engine is a rotary gasoline motor of French invention used extensively in Europe on small, fast airplanes.
2. American soldiers abroad usually sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" when on the march.
3. Concrete ships were first built in Norway.
4. The series of war cartoons made by Louis Raemaekers, a Dutch artist, during the first year of the war and published widely in neutral countries, angered Kaiser Wilhelm more than any other published commentaries on German methods.
5. A soviet is an elected committee for the direction of communal government in Russian towns and cities. An elaboration of the soviet idea is now being applied to national affairs by the revolutionists.
6. "Lettres de cachet" were the letters bearing the secret "cachet" of the French kings prior to the revolution. The term connotes unusual privacy.
7. General Ludendorff is quartermaster general of the German army and confidential man to Hindenburg.
8. The work of Chopin is usually regarded as the most beautiful and eloquent of all piano music.
9. A modern building stick is made from a species of bamboo grown in Java. It is light and strong and [illegible]
10. [illegible] is the Russian word.

JOHNSTOWN, PHOENIX CITY

Sturdy Pennsylvania Town Will Recover From Million-Dollar Fire As It Did From Flood

JOHNSTOWN, pride of the Conemaugh Valley, has the substance and spirit not to be daunted by the ravages of fire or flood. In the three decades elapsing since the terrific catastrophe immutably linked with its name Cambria County's most important and charming city has restored its importance and charm to the maps of Cambria County. It will rise phoenix-like from the million-dollar fire that swept its trade center this week just as out of the waters of the flood it reared a community so great that a million-dollar fire could not burn out all its business section.

Johnstown's disaster came almost at its civic centennial. Founded in 1791 and incorporated as a city in 1889, on May 31 of that year the dam across the South Fork, a branch of the Conemaugh River, was carried away, thus releasing Conemaugh Lake in a maelstrom of waters. The swirling, sweeping flood engulfed without warning the peaceful, smiling valley and submerged its industrious domestic villages and Johnstown, its metropolis.

The momentum and cumulative force of heavy rains sent resistless impact against the dam of the South Fork, about twelve miles directly east of the city and eighteen miles along its stream bed. To the swollen stream were added the waters of the lake, a body 2½ miles long, 1¼ miles wide and 100 feet at its normal depth.

Estimates set $10,000,000 as the total property damage. The mad waters took toll of 2235 lives.

Aid from all over the country poured in to the stricken communities. The American Red Cross, then young as a formal chartered organization, justified by its work its insistence that the Red Cross was a mission of mercy in catastrophes of nature as well as on the field of battle. The Permanent Relief Commission of Philadelphia performed yeoman service. More than $3,000,000 was subscribed for the sufferers, in cash and material, and personal service of a value beyond calculation was rendered by volunteers. Johnstown was soon rebuilt; out of the ruins emerged a city greater for the trial.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Japan was a faith-keeping nation. She became Germany's enemy by the naive reason of being Great Britain's ally. By breaking faith she might have taken as much of Asia as she wanted. By breaking faith today she could divide the whole of Asia with the Teuton. Asia to Japan is Asia. Faith is more—New York Tribune.

We do not yet know the full price that has been exacted from the helpless and demoralized Russians for their folly in believing that their liberties could be safeguarded by bargain and barter with the enemy, but it is no greater than the price that all the other democracies will have to pay if the German sword triumphs. What has happened in Russia will happen to all Europe—it will happen to us—unless that sword be broken.—New York World.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S ANTHEM

With apologies to a well-known patriotic air.

My garbage can, of thee,
Sign of frugality,
Of thee I sing!
Eat all the scales and fins,
Read Hoover's bulletins,
Waste no potato skins,
No not a thing.

Let every loyal man
Now paint his garbage can
Red, white and blue—
Thrift in the kitchen means
Shrapnel for foreign scenes:
Save the prunes, can the beans,
Seeing it through.

Perish the thought of wheat!
Forgo the use of meat!
No cake for tea!
Eating the bread that's stale
Will make the Kaiser quail;
Each empty garbage pail
Means victory!