KILEY

MARTIN ... General Business Manas

KWS BURBAUS:

SOOD WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 1000 tress all communications to Evening Public per, Independence Square, Philadelphia. SD AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AS

Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 27, 1918

YOU MUST FINANCE YOUR OWN WAR

THERE could be no better preparation for the third Liberty Loan campaign, beginning a week from Saturday, than the nan drive now in progress. If the Kaiser had planned to arouse America to the necessity of action he could not have

It must be evident now to the most keptical that the Germans cannot be whipped without the expenditure of vast is. In the next ten days the people st do a lot of hard thinking on money tters. The Government is asking for three billion dollars, not as a gift, but as s loan. It will pay 44 per cent interest, or more than the savings banks pay. The ple are called upon to make an investent in liberty. The money returns will good, but the returns in freedom and ce will be a hundredfold greater.

That is what the world is fighting for just now-peace and freedom. If the people were aroused as they should be the loan would be oversubscribed within less than a eek. Every gun captured and every prisoner taken by the Germans in the present drive should serve to increase the readiness of the scople to respond to the demands of their Government.

It is our war, and we must see it through, That is, it is the war of the man who reads this and the war of his neighbor on both sides of him and across the street. It cannot succeed until he is convinced of this fact and girds up his financial loins and ers the fray with grim determination and resolute purpose to see it through to the bitter end.

It costs the United States \$50 a week to ntain each soldier in France. Remember that when you put down your plunks for the third Liberty Loan.

A NEW THING FROM HOG ISLAND

HOG ISLAND has brought something nore to Philadelphia than prosperity and a storm of words. Plans for the 2000 es to be built under Government supervision in the new community of Elmwood for the workers of the Emergency leet Corporation show the great value of a little imagination and foresight in relan to the housing problem. The dwellings at Elmwood will be modest in size and of a sort within the react, of a worknan with an ordinary salary. Yet they ill be neither ugly nor monotoneus nor hat should be in every home. This is because work was directed systematically

by experts. The community of Elmwood when it is ompleted should be an inspiration to the ers who have always followed routine methods in developing residential sections of the city and neglected the excellent examples presented to them in the model munities that have come into existence so rapidly elsewhere in recent years in reponse to the general requirements of etter secial consciousness.

If Congress fails to pass the bill proylding that as fast as young men reach the age of twenty-one they shall be included with the list of drafted eligibles it will be beuse it is not necessary. At present it ms to be the proper thing to pass the

THAT JAPANESE CRISIS

ME time a historian will attempt to tell us why the excitement over the ct of Japanese intervention in Sieria suddenly evaporated. At present one ry is as good as another. It may be that the objections of the United States were responsible. Or it may be that the percial interests of Japan were so strongly opposed to the policy of the mili-tary party that they succeeded in preng intervention. A third contingency may be that a combination of the two is

We should like to believe in America hat the Japanese Government is so far give to popular sentiment that it reial party. Japan is only the y a democracy. It is feeling its wiy toward popular rule. It has reathy and good wishes of all , who would prefer to believe the purposes of the Government as ted by Premier Terauchi's announce-were based on internal conditions an on external pressure.

are two things the boys in Franc

HAIG IS HELPING US

DENT WILSON and David Lloyd the Hritish Fremier, have both lated Field Marshal Haig on his

THE TRUTH IS HARD, BUT WE MUST FACE IT

ENOUGH of General Leonard Wood's on Military Affairs has transpired to

impress upon the country the extreme gravity of the situation.

It is impossible to say too much on this subject. The nation is not yet awake. We hardly realize that we are at war. We have great training camps filled with tens of thousands of men, but we regard these camps as a sort of picnic ground. When the first draft called a little more than half a million young men to the colors there was an impression in the back of our minds, based on an optimistic feeling, that when the Kaiser heard we had begun to train so big an army he would surrender at once.

But the Kaiser will not surrender till he is defeated. His successes in Russia, in the Balkans and in Italy are such as to make him think that he can succeed on the western front also. Apparently he cannot be convinced of his error save at the point of a gun. England and France are nobly and gallantly holding the lines until we can send re-enforcements enough to turn the Allied campaign of defense into a triumphant offensive that will drive the Teutons across the Rhine and follow them far

into German territory. Therefore, when General Wood says that we must prepare to organize an army of 5,000,000 men and must get half of the number across the ocean before the end of the year he is merely stating

the obvious truth. We have the men. About 10,000,000 are enrolled in the first draft registration. It is up to us to train them and to get them across the ocean. The initiative must come from Washington. And there must also come from Washington a series of statements setting forth the absolute necessity of concentrating the whole national energy on this task and explaining why it is important.

This means that the truth must be

told, as Senator Lodge forcibly declared yesterday. Germany is not yet exhausted. The German people believe that they are fighting for their national existence and they are making every sacrifice to that end. They are in better shape now, so far as food is concerned, than they have been at any time since 1915.

So long as we are allowed to think that the job we have undertaken is easy we shall go about it easily. But the truth is that the undertaking cannot be carried through without straining every

It is to be expected that General Wood will be allowed to say in public some of the things which he has said in the privacy of a Senate committee room. He has the confidence of the nation. No one regards him as an alarmist. The wisdom of his demand for preparation made early in the war has been vindi-We were ready to accept his judgment before he went to France and learned at first hand what must be done. We are ready now to follow his advice, and, if we mistake not, the nation will demand that he be used to the utmost in the campaign of education which must accompany the campaign of training.

Secretary Baker is fortunately in Europe at the present moment, near enough to the fighting to get some knowledge of its seriousness. When he returns it is expected that he will act as if we were actually at war and will call to his assistance the ablest military skill available, regardless of the political sympathies of this man or that. There is no partisanship in fighting the Germans. There is statesmanship of the highest quality in recognizing this fundamental

Mr. Baller needed to learn some things. We hope ie is now learning them well that ne will not forget them on the way home.

Colonel MacArthur, who has been decorated for bravery in France, is one of those fighting MacArthurs who have long been distinguished in America.

WILLING TAXPAYERS

COLLECTOR LEDERER reports that the income tax returns indicate that Philadelphians are profiting by the war prosperity. Their incomes have been increasing since last year and, partly on this account and partly on account of the changes in the income tax law, the amount to be contributed in war taxes in this district will be three thes as great as last vear.

The willingness with which persons of small income are paying their tax is most gratifying. They seem to be proud to have neomes that come within the taxable limit and glad to do their bit.

But this is not enough. They are expected not only to pay their income tax, but to invest in Liberty Bonds as well. The stenographers and nurses and teachers with no one dependent on them are doing well in paying their taxes, but they will do better when they invest in bonds to help win the war.

Score one for efficiency. The War Department has adopted the adjutant general's recommendation that the army officers devote their time to training the men instead of filling out reports.

BR'ER RABBIT SET TO MUSIC

WHEN the smoke finally clears and the uproar of war becomes a memory and the world takes time for meditation a great many persons will be sure to develop a permanent distaste for much of the legend that now is the foundation of grand opera. It may be many years before the world returns its old favor to the Norse legends, with their persistent glorification of the sword and the shield and grandiose murder. Too much of this sort of thing seems to be incorporated in the madness of Berlin. Too many Germans are imagining themselves as Thor

and playing the role with energy. The American composer who has just set Unofe Remus to music and properly ideal-ized and interpreted the native spirit of that work has made an experiment that that work has made an experiment that will be sure at some later day to wir, the attention that cannot be given to it now. A lively and fearless muckraker has always been lacking in the field of grand opers. A great work still waits upon the arrival of some such grains. The rousic of much German opers is imperatively messessary to keep it alive. The books, when they aren't dell, are often half made and the strength of their second of the strength of the stre

is silly sentiment which, without its music, would be derided by school girls. Amer-

ican legend, on the other hand, is infinitely rich in material from which writers of perception might long ago have wrought great librettos. Efforts so far made in this virgin field have been more or less futile. But the fault has not been with the material. It has been with the method.

Lenroot warns the President to keep his hands off the Wisconsin fight. The only use of the presidential hands in the crists should be for pulling Davies out of the race.

THE TAGEBLATT BUNGLE

NOT often has a prosecuting official received such a severe rebuke from the bench as that administered by Judge Dickinson to United States Attorney Kane in ordering a verdict of not guilty against the Tageblatt editors.

Indirect though it was, the Federal Judge's reprimand clearly and unequivocally fixed responsibility upon the District Attorney and his staff for the masterful bungling of the case from the very inception.

Failure to earmark important documents seized at the time of the raid on the Tageblatt offices, failure to insure the attendance of the one chief witness depended upon to connect the two indicted editors with the publication of seditious articles, failure to establish even colorably in law the essence of the charge of treason brought against the defendants-that of giving ald and comfort to the enemythese were the conspicuous omissions of a trial whose gravity involved issues of broader effect and importance to the public at this time than the lives of the defendants, serious as any capital trial always is. And the worst of these failures is that they involved merely such rudimentary steps of ordinary prudence and caution as ought to suggest themselves to any neophyte in

preparing his case. There is little doubt that Mr. Kane succeeded in proving that the Tageblatt's columns reeked with pro-Germanism of a spiteful and sneering character. That was self-evident. But to have proceeded against the persons of the editors without a scintilla of legal evidence implicating them, according to the trial judge, was to bring the local branch of the Department of Justice into ridicule and contempt, to give fresh impetus to the mocking devils of Kaiserism still allowed to flourish throughout the land and to hearten the whole tribe of German sympathizers, who will interpret the result as a new license for their Vituperations.

United States Attorney's office since this country went to war. But it is the climax, and the powers-that-be in Washington ought to insure that it shall be the last.

This is not the first failure in kind by the

The Vare ultimatum, "Scott or fight," has not cowed the other fellow a bit. Fight

No, it is not necessary to sit up until 2 o'clock next Sunday morning to turn the clock forward. You can do it when you go to

the map? Get to know them—that's where our boys are teaching the Fritzles the smell of American powder. In sending smokes to the men on service,

Can you pick out Toul and Luneville on

buy for quantity rather than quality. That's what the Stars and Stripes, the official publication of the A. E. F., says. If all the Town Meeting party sympa-

thizers are to be ousted from the Republican party the minority that will remain can hardly claim to be called the respectable The Turk, after killing most of the Armenians, now promises through Germany to treat the remainder with consideration. But the Armenians do not put much trust in either Turkish or German promises.

Lenine is about to Further?

hurry if he wishes to be heard. They Match the profusion of green

Cars, Silly! motormen on the Chester avenue trol-leys isn't to be accepted as a harbinger of Whatever the height of our respect may be for the Bol-sheviki and their hu-

manistic theories, we have reason to feel glad that they are not functioning on the And Uncle Jee Is said in Washington yesterday that swivel-chair off

wear spurs to keep their feet from silding off the desks. It used to be supposed that the spurs were to help them cling to an oc-One good old Phila-delphia institution is the pretzel basket, which flourishes on which flourishes on streets running north and south. The true pretzel basket is equipped with vertical rods on which the dainties are stacked. We hate the Hun, but we still fall for his pastry. Do

Or Like the Merning begins at last to run Milk Wagen away the clank of his decorations, as he goes over the humps, will carry a pang of homesuckness to the Americans who happen to be within hearing distance. He is sure to sound much like one of the good old flatwheeled trolleys as it hits a defective crossing in the Land of Heart's Desire.

Lines on the Consecration of a New

Smoking Car Lovely brand-new smoking car. Sacred to the rich cigar, Carry, safely and with speed, Happy lovers of the weed!

Varnished, shining, fresh and clean, Caravan of nicotine, Lo, we wish thee long career, Rolling stock without a peer!

Welcome to suburban traffic! Hmokers all rejoice scraphic; And the many who commute May att down with their char-

Lo, how fervent is our praise

The Gownsman

THE scene would be called a pastry-shop in England: but this is not abroad; the speaker is what novels of a certain type call "my lady." She is furred and furbelowed, and her theme is pastry:

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't make those nice little cakes any more?"

"No, madam, not during the period of the war."

"Nor that other kind—you know what I mean—that I always get and like so much?"
"We are very sorry, madam, but we don't make them, either."
"Well, I must say that I think that things are coming to a prefty pass; we have far too many privations to endure."
And she flounced out of the shop into her limousine, at the door of which, attentive, stood a supernumerary flunky.

The second steep is the doorway of a sta-The second scene is the doorway of a sta-

The second scene is the doorway of a sta-tion; the persons, two women, not notably distinguishable except for a look of resolve shadowing the kindly face of the elder and for the tearstained cheeks of the younger. A train is drawing in, full of bright-faced boys in khaki, their destination ultimately "somewhere in France."

"You must not let him see you crying, lary. Let's say good-by to him with cheer-il faces. There'll be time enough for tears Mary. Let's say good-by
ful faces. There'll be time enough a
when he is gone."
And Mary dried her eyes and followed valiantly to the platform to say good-by, with
mother, to all they had to give to their

Now the Gownsman has invented neither of these anecdotes. He scorns invention with the world so full of things to be seen and heard; but there is food for anxious questionings in such contrasts. Are you, sif, or madam, or miss—are you doing your duty? Or are you only "undergoing privations"?

TT IS not many days since that word came to Pennsylvania of the death in France of Arthur H. Wilson. Wilson was a student there some years ago—a quiet, scholarly young man, doing his work without ostenta-tion and doing it thoroughly well. His was tion and doing it thoroughly well. His was a divided interest, for his heart was in music a divided interest, for his heart was in music and he answered the call of his heart's desire and went to Europe, where he studied, re-turning an excellent planist with a certain future before him. Unwilling to leave any-thing at loose ends and incomplete, he re-turned to college and proceeded to his de-gree. He had already begun a career of success as a teacher in the Chautauqua School when our declaration of war came. Wilson responded at once, quietly and as a matter of course; he was accepted in the aviation corps and in due time made his way among the first "over there," to give to his country his all. Are you able-bodied, not in want and not really "the only support" of "an in-digent father," "a bed-ridden mother" or anybody else? And are you, by hook, crook or subterfuge, shunning the draft lest you take cold in it, to sit at home snug and warm while better men are fighting for you? Moreover, are you grumbling at the discomforts of the time, at the prices of things that you used to pay less for, at the incessant babble of everybody about "this beastly war" which you think it would be "in better taste" not oing your part or only "undergoing priva-

COU don't like this war? Do you think I that anybody "likes" it? Even the Ger-mans do not seem wholly to enjoy it. Judg-ing from reports of the repeated heroism of London and the recent paule in the Rhine provinces, where the Germans are now receiving a bit of their own physic, the English and the French are far more bomb-proof than the Germans. The Chinese of old time used to wear hideous masks with which to frighten their enemies. If their masks were not to themselves frightful, they never would have used them to "frighten" others. The Emperor of all the Germans and of everything else he can grab has recently advised, with that delicate insight into the nature of his enemies which is part of his Hohenzollern birthright that Germany continues "to keep the world terrorized." A coward can never learn that you cannot "frighten" a brave man. This precious war. like the ingenious diabolical toy that it is, has branded upon it "Made in Ger-many," and it will have to be made in Germany once more and for some time to come before we are well done with it. Are you helping to carry this war of right against might, this war of civilization against say agery, into the heart of every German to his destruction if he remains the slave of Kultur, to his salvation if his manhood can assert itself above his Germanism? Or are you, too, only undergoing with a wry face "privations'??

IS a persistent characteristic of nature that when there are great noises in the air, each man betakes himself to the tinkling of his own little cymbals. We are entering into a death struggle with the most resourceful, the most relentless, the most merciless and morally abandoned brigand who has ever coveted his neighbor's goods down to his ox and his ass and everything that is his, when a Mr. Storey (in the Yate Review) seizes the auspicious moment to put in "A Plea for Honesty." and asks ug solin "A Plea for Honesty," and asks ug sol-emnly if we Americans are honor bright hon-est ourselves? And, not to be outdone, the constitutionally recalcirant Mr. Hard, of the New Renublic, follows close upon the trail with a subtle variation of the theme, entitled "Is America Honest?" Now the Gownsman is indifferent bonest bimself, and yet he cannot quite see how this war is to be won by 'honest" men only—barring putting Messrs Storey and Hard single handed into the Storey and Hard single handed into the trenches—unless we succeed in inventing, as the Germans have nearly succeeded, a dehumanized Frankenstein monster, made up of mechanism and chemicals, who has none of the original sin of Adam in him and may, therefore, be conceived of as truly "honest." Are these "honest" writers on honof journalistic puglism—are they, the Gowns man courteously asks, only undergoing th privations of an excellent advertisement?

PEOPLE used to believe that the giant Atlas, who supported the load of the world on his broad and stooping shoulders, grew sad-eyed and weary. So must those be-



esty playing the Kaiser's game or America's? Are they helping to win the war? Or are they, with the Metropolitan for March, they, with the Metropolitan for March, which has been dealed transportation through the mail for a knock-down-and-drag-out bit

come, the giants of our world, on whom depends the heavy weight of this war. The Gownsman hears you, my little friend; you didn't choose him or approve of any of his followers or of a single one of his ideas or actions. We all know it—you keep us constantly informed of it with "damnable iteration" and when not busy intriguing for a Governor or against him you tell us what ought to have been done. "Why didn't we jump into this war on the sinking of the Lustiania, as we jumped into the Spanish War on the sinking of the Maine? Why didn't we make the war a foregone conclusion by preparing for it? Why did we not elect a completely wise Congress, eschewing all follies and Folletts." These are some of your wise and helpful questions. Or you complain according to your personal station or experience in business: "The rich man ought to finance this war and the poor man fight it." Being yourself, neither rich nor poor, but in a Janus-faced middle way between extremes. Are you helping the men whom your country has chosen to carry these great burdens of empire, are you helping these men to win the war, or are you barking about their feet like a cantankerous fox terrier, not really dangerous but troublesome? This is the rich man's war and the poor man's war, and we will make it the beggar man's war before we will suffer it to end a victorious war of thloves.

THE GOWNSMAN.

Interview With the Inventor of the Great Cheese Howitzer

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

AS SOON as I heard of the great cheese howitzer which discharges limburger bombs and hurls them a distance of eighty miles or more, I realized the importance of this invention. A death-dealing instrument so horrible might mean the end of all war. It was imperative for me to see the inventor

I did not know where he lived, but I was aware that virtually all inventors come from Hartford, Conn., or Dayton, O. I took the night train to Hartford and there I found

the man I sought. The inventor (he refuses to divulge his name, for he fears that his military device will bring upon him the undying obloquy of posterity) is a quiet little man, with a large posterity) is a quiet little many apple. He was reading "Pilgrim's Progress" when I burst upon him. He says it is his only relaxation. It was hard to get him to talk about the cheese howitzer, because at the moment he is more interested in his wireless telewaitress, a mechanical automaton for use in popular restaurants. Each table in the cafe is supplied with a wireless transmitter by which the patron orders his meal. The telewaitress is a masterpiece of the porcelain dollmakers' art, conforming to the standard 25-27-38 measurements circumferenced by the Venus de Kellermann. In fact, this fascinating automaton is so nearly human in its perfection that it has been known to bring ham and eggs to customers ordering ice cream. tomers ordering ice cream.

After some talk about the telewaltress, however, I induced the scientist to speak of the cheese howitzer.

"OF COURSE it has been rejected by the United States Ordnance Department?"

I asked.

"It has," the inventor replied. "The greathearted humanitarians in charge of the department said that it was too terrible to be contemplated by any civilized nation. I am afraid, however, that the Germans may have got wind of it. It carries a long way to leeward," he added, with a dry chuckle. "Would you be willing to tell me the principle on which the howitzer operates?" I asked. "It occurred to me—"

"You have hit upon it at once," he said. "Curd is the most powerful deterrent in the world. A secret combination of curds and whey, stimulated with lactic acid, forms the limburger shell. This shell discharges itself by its own gas, which is so powerful that it hurls the projectile at least eighty miles. The most curious feature of the shell is that it has a subtle and conscious affinity for Germans. It does not need to be aimed at any particular target. It is simply discharged in the air, and its own unerring instinct leads it to the largest group of Prussians within range. I am now working upon a formula of peculiar loathsomeness which will have an affinity for the Kaiser. When I complete that shell I shall fire it off, and it will necessarily travel until it finds its human complement."

The inventor's eyes flashed brilliantly, and hard to have no wonder whether he was a fanatic.

complement."

The inventor's eyes flashed brilliantly, and I began to wonder whether he was a fanatic. And yet his theories seemed to be based on sound and equitable principles.

LET ME take you up to my gas chamber." he said, "and I will show you something."

We ascended to a curious globe-shaped room, built of heavy metal. "The walls of this chamber are cellular," said the inventor, "and padded inside with sausage meat. Sausage meat is the only known reagent for the limburger gas. A sausage dugout is absolutely the only defense against its devastating effects. Curious, isn't it, how nature always provides the antidote, if one can only hit upon it?"

Against the wall of the chamber I was amased to see a large pipe organ. I asked its purpose.

amased to see a large pipe organ. I asked its purpose.

"I am going to prove to you," said the inventor, "the secret and mystic affinity this limburger gas has for Prussian kultur. As soon as any of the gas is liberated it finds its way irreststibly to the nearest point at which its inborn and assential frightfulness can express itself. The sasiest way in which I can demonstrate this is by means of this

"I should have asked you before. Have you

"HOCH!"

any German blood in you?"

I was about to say no, but at that instant an extraordinary thing happened. The organ began to groan. There was a weird moaning sound in the pipes, and then with a majestic growl it began to utter "Die Wacht am Rhein." I listened with mingled amazement and fear. and fear.

and fear.

"You see?" he said. "The gas, confined in this chamber by the sausage walls, is forced to wreak itself upon the only possible mode of expression, which is the organ. It is fortunate that you are pure American in blood. I brought a German up here once without knowing it. As soon as the gas was liberated he died miserably of curdophobia. It was very tragic."

HE idea was first suggested to me by L the old German pun about Kalser and Kaese," he said. "Kaese is the German word Kaese," he said. "Kaese is the German word for cheese, and Kaiser is a perversion of that word, meaning the Big Cheese. This suggested to me that German kultur is peculiarly susceptible to cheese. You have often seen in any cafe how a German is peculiarly exhilarated and exalted by the presence of a good stout whiff of cheese. Now if this whiff can be magnified and pungentified a billion times it produces in a German the supreme exaltation of all, which is death. He is simply disintegrated and shattered by his intense joy. I have devised this odorometer for testing the power of the gas."

He pointed to a dial standing on a table. "I have obtained an intensity of 15,000 hohenzollerns in my gas." he explained. "The hohenzollern is the unit I have invented to measure the power of the gas. One hohenzollern is the amount of cheese odor necessary to destroy a Prussian at the distance

sary to destroy a Prussian at the distance of fifty miles."

66TF THE Germans ever hear of this invention they will stop fighting at once,'

"Of course they will. But the War Department says it would be unsportsmanlike to take advantage of their peculiar weakness in this way."

The inventor wanted to take me out to his because to the peculiar weakness.

The inventor wanted to take me out to his laboratory to show me the howitzer in actual operation. He said he had had a model of the city of Milwaukee built at a distance of a mile from the laboratory, and by shooting subcaliber cheese pellets at it from a miniature howitzer he could show me the exact effect of the limburger shell. But I was getting nervous. My wife's second cousin had married into a German-American family and I did not know what retroactive effect this relationship might have on the gas. I did not think that, with this monstrous secret in my possession, I ought to take any chances.

The inventor offered to take me out to his farm, where he has a herd of 500 Holsteins

farm, where he has a herd of 500 Holsteins busy yielding the milk from which the cheese shells are manufactured. It looks to me now as though the war would be ended not by man-power, but by cow-power.

Memo to a Press Agent

Accretain play which had its premiere in Philadelphia recently was bediened by its press agent with the customary acclaim. In the heart and bull's-eye of the blurb, however, it seemed to us that the ingenious chrysostom missed his customary steady footing. For this is his collocation of winged words, intended to jure us in thousands to the faqueuils: "It touches only slightly on the present war situation, but in a neutral way."

The Chaffing Dish

A New York paper remarks that it will be perfectly easy to get our clocks and watches to obey the daylight-saving rules, but asks, "What are we going to do about the sun dials?" They will keep on telling the truth all summer. We'll have to compose a lot of new sun dial mottoes. We suggest "I mark only the wheatless hours."

If Dr. Scott Nearing will only show up in Ardmore the citizens of the suburb will change the name to Tarredmore.

The Huns have taken Ham, and the Kalser

That style show is to be held in Atlantic City because that resort is near Philadel-phia. But why not hold it here because Philadelphia is near Atlantic City? Broper way to boom this city is to bring people here instead of taking them away.

The Kaiser is the pressagentissime of the German forces. Whenever he goes man-enough to the front to get within hearing distance of the back he takes with him a little pad of printed forms, which (our special correspondent assures us) read like this:

By the grace of God our noble troops have sprung | forward | and executed a magnif-cent | crushing victory | Rushtruck-loads of Iron Crosses. Our men are moving

forward to new positions of greater antage. With love, WILHELM.

OBITS WE COVET HINDENBURG

When Hindy died, and undertakers came,
The Kaiser said. "Embaim the precious such
Make it immortal as his noble fame—
Use precious unquents, churi, or you will

Use precious unguestion rue it."
But the embalmer, who had suffered sore
And lost three sons, was sick of Bill's palarer;
He bowed him out and double-locked the door,
the bowed him out and double-locked the door,

Kaiser Bill evidently constituted himself the umpire of the present titanic struggle, and God is merely doing the coaching along the base lines. Bill considers himself the umpire on whom the sun never sets. SOCRATES. What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Why are the Philippines so called?
2. What is the origin of the word clear?
3. What is a cicerone?
4. How are diamonds formed?
5. What is the unusual feature of the unusual feature of the unusual feature?
6. Why were wooden indians used as a nist sale.
7. Where is asphalt obtained?
8. What is barrage firs?
9. Who is in sugrems formand of the Al

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

George Fox (1934-91) was the foundation of the Condition of Swarthmore Hall. Lake George of Swarthmore Hall. Lake George of the Seciety of Friends of the Seciety of Friends of this house.

Braille is a wretent of writing and print for the blind, as called from Braille. Franch inventor of the aystem.

"The Way of All Flesh" was written by a not Butler, a well-known Earlish ask who died in 1905.

name was firmetein. He is new the best of War in the Succion Science of the Succion Science

American and lor lines of high or street of high clerytien. The more than the high clerytien. The more than clerytien.