EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918

Bublic Ledger . K. CURTIS, Pam adimeter, Vice President; Jah 77 and Treasurer; Philip 2, Col ms, John J. Spurgeon, Direc

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cints outside of Philadelphia, in a Canada or United States pos-s free. fifty (50) cents per month, per year, payable in advance. n countries one (\$1) dollar per

Subscribers wishing address changed old as well as new address.

LL. SHO WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

all communications to Evening Public Independence Square, Philadelphia,

BO AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AS Philadelphia, Thursday, March 28, 1918

COMPLETE THE FRANKFORD ELEVATED

NO MATTER what other public works may be held up on account of the war there should be no delay in the completion of the Frankford elevated line.

This extension of the rapid transit facilities has become part of the preparation for winning the war. Its purpose is to make it easier for workmen to travel between Frankford and their homes in other parts of the city and to improve the means e munication between that part of the city north of Market street and the district around League Island.

The tow line is so near completion that can be put into service in the near future. To delay it would be like delaying the construction of roads between the reat ammunition dumps in France and the artillery at the front. Communication between the base and the front is vital to ccess in battle. It is equally vital to ssful preparation for victory at home, This will become evident to the war in-

lustries board if it will give five minutes' hought to the matter.

It seems that the British have begun a ter-offensive in several places. They began with a sally to Sailly.

THE GREAT MINDS PAUSE

SURELY all the forces of political and conomic destiny will pause momentarily and tremble and all minds concorned with the more poignant considerations of human aspiration will experience thrill of reassurance at the news that City Councils-Common and Select-are hinking of changing their august minda and of withdrawing from a prior determination to express no concerted opinion for or against woman suffrage.

This is agreeable news. It would be pleasant if it might be received with all ts glamourous intimations of the better lay, without haunting thought of these incles toward self-interest that sometimes may be observed in the personnel of the municipal government. We dislike to mention it, and yet it may be just postible that Doctor Gleason wishes to permit his colleagues an opportunity to atons for the extraordinary exhibition of bad manners and worse taste provided in the chambers recently, when a committee of representative women was received with the sort of courtesy that they might have expected at a prize fight.

A PARADISE FOR TRAITORS THE Department of Justice is one of the divisions of the Federal Government which appears not to have benefited in the least by any systematic effort at a special war efficiency. It is hampered in all parts of the country, of course,

by grievous inheritances from the slack days of peace and patronage. **Recurrent** bleak travesties of Federal procedure against traitors, seditionists and spics might be explainable in part at least upon this ground. Yet the fu-tility of the Department of Justice in many recent instances is made more deadly by an odious perversion of sentiment which, persisting in the Swivel Chair Di-

vision of the War Department or in some other equally potent sanctuary at Washington, still insists upon being gentle rather than brave in dealing with the most dangerous enemies of the country.

Abominable outrages against America and American sentiment grow more frequent even in these hours of tragedy and sacrifice. Traitors and seditionists are permitted to fling insult and derision in the very face of all the nation. And somewhere in Washington the rule is being preserved that you must depend chiefly upon sweetness and light in dealing with paranoiacs and perverts, whose malignant idiocy would compel them to lay bomb plots in heaven.

In the Public Ledger yesterday former Ambassador Gerard put the situation in a vivid sentence when he said we in this country are in a state of siege. We are in a state of siege. Yet in Chicago there was a street parade to celebrate the German drive. A good-sized crowd sang the national hymn of Xaiserdom. Also in Chicago a soldier in the uniform of the American service was hissed at a public meeting. Millions of bushels of wheat have been destroyed by incendiary fires. A few months ago a German agent, known to be one of the most dangerous in the service of his country, was caught in the act of transmitting information to the German War Office. He was arrested, treated with the utmost courtesy and sent to the Atlanta Penitentiary to be the comfortable guest of the country for two years. A little while later one of the captains of the National Army was sentenced to twentyfive years in a military prison after he had expressed what were at least frank and honest objections to shooting at his own relatives on the other side. In this latter instance the sentimentality

that replaces good judgment in some of the obscure branches of the Government wreaked itself fully.

The slackness and the scandalous inefficiency of the Federal authority in dealing with dangerous enemies have had definite results. Demonstrations of enmity and disloyalty multiplied in many parts of the country at the moment when the German drive seemed most perilous to the Allied lines.

It is the habit of some Administration officials occasionally to lament the indisposition of a considerable part of the country to realize that we are at war. Does all of Washington officialdom realize fully that we are at war, or do those who direct the Department of Justice and some of the War Department bureaus still suppose that pussy-footing and parlor manners belong to the school of advanced militarism? In every other belligerent country traitors and spies are shot or hanged. In America we still coddle them.

Senator James, of Kentucky, and Congressman Kahn, of California, have recently demanded that the rope be used upon the more dangerous enemy aliens. Spies, traitors and seditionists should be

any court in Europe. Life on the trolleys the rush hours, when the green motormen punish the machinery, become merely a long series of bows and apolo gies and polite supplications for pardon; an endless course of training in voice modulation and temper, in posing and in the high arts of dissembling embarrassments, woe, anger and the signs of physical suffering. The green motormen are doing us an unexpected service. The P.

R. T. may wake up one of these days and charge extra for it. Come on, now: be frank; haven't TOU got some plans for a hundred-mile gun con-cealed somewhere in the old trunk in the attic? Almost every one else seems to.

SPRING AND THE WAR BUSINESS WHEN the various and sundry birds of spring drop out of the blue to sing a concerted obbligato to reveille; when thrushes or whatever others of the species happen to be the premier daylight savers of their kind beat even the mess sergeant

into the yellow sunlight of days misted all over with gold at each end, then life in a training camp must seem to involve the peculiar fortunes of the blessed. Who, in days like these, would choose

a flat-wheeled trolley astray in a disorganized schedule to a pair of army shoes and miles of fragrant road where there is neither job nor time clock iceman nor baker, landlord nor boss to confuse the screnity of his view? The little old birds,

so called by those who know them best, summon the soldier up before the trumpets. They sing to him on his hikes and they sway and shut their eyes and grow dizzy in their own ecstacy of sound-in dulcet intimations of the wonders being prepared for his eyes. So, at least, we are led to believe by letters from Dix and Meade. And there is nothing to do but eat, listen, walk and grow strong.

How many are there, these mornings, who look up from dusty desks and wish a big-jawed general would come along and whip them away into the army?

The Dickens Fellowship met last night at The Adelphia Hotel. Applauders of the fitness of things rejoiced to see the name of Mrs. Josephine Copperfield on the program. And yet people say that Charles didn't take his mes from real life.

Inconstant Constantine, the former mon-arch of Greece, has been denied his pension of 500,000 drachmas by the Athens Parlia-ment. Con will have to draw his pay en-velope in marks instead of drachmas hence-

What an ordnance department we would have if the inventors would only leave it alone and give it time to do some work !

THE CHAFFING DISH

Dove Dulcet, Philadelphia's own subcaliber poet, sends in a free verse poem in what he calls calorimeter. He calls it: EATING BY CALORIES

Fate cannot harm me, I have Dined today (Wheatless day) On Mock Mutton (254 calories), Lentil Soup (360 calories) And ice water (100 negative calories), Making a total of 514 calories.

Add it up and see for yourself. All the best restaurants tell you how many Calories you est nowadays; it Takes your mind off the food. DOVE DULCET.

Will the gentleman who signs himsel Will the gentleman who signs himself S. V. kindly call at our office? Since his article, entitled "Sitting in the Barber's Chair," appeared on this page last Monday thirteen male voices have called on the tele-phone asking the name and address of S. V.'s barber "who does not prattle." And one gentleman, more sinned against than cynical, left the following with us:

CONFESSIONS NO ONE BELIEVES THE BARBER

I am a barber: that is, one who shaves, shampoos and cuts your hair in silence. I am reticent and have no opinions on

weather and the suburban train servnds ice. I have my own brands of scaporali and nostril powder, but I never press them upon my clients. It is beneath my dig-nity to accept gratuities. The latest magazines are always waiting for you in my shop. You can get a hair cut with me in ten minutes. When I give you a "hot towel" your skin will not be scalded for a week afterward. My towels are all sterilized and my operators are all native-born citizens. All my manicure girls are young, slender, witty, sympathetic and Presbystender, with, sympaticite and resolution terians. I never say to my clients "Your hair is coming out rather fast." You need never wait for a chair in my shop. Very few of the leading politicians are shaved here; only the respectable middle-class citizens. I rarely inflict permanent injury on a customer who trusts me. I do not put Gelaha cream on your hair. I expect to go to heaven when I dle. OSCAR CHINSCRAPE.

WAR AND FRIENDSHIP A Little Story of a Soldier's Billet

The latest issue of The Stars and Stripes, the official publication of the American expeditionary forces in France, has just reached this country. It con-tains the following very appealing little sketch by First Licutenant Charles P. Cushing, United States marine corps re-pervise.

I WASN'T my fault-I had nothing to do with the billeting arrangements-but every living creature in the old house, and everything inanimate, seemed to cry out that first day against my intrusion. The rusty hinges of the gate protested shrilly before I could set foot in the yard. The billeting sign, done set foot in the yard. The billeting sign, done in stencil on a piece of new packing board, seemed to be a descration of the charm of the gray stone will. Madathe B— met me at the door and falled to accept my prof-fered handshake. (How could I know, then, the r-ason for her seeming coldness?) Gray-headed Monsieur, bent over his cane and shuffling along in wooden shoes, wearily led the way unstaics

the way upstairs. Once in my room, the little knicknacks on the mantelpiece, the prayer chair and the rosary beside the bed and the shelf full of well-worn books, sinote my conscience again. Those books, in particular. I took one down — "Montaigne!" The man who had lived in this moment. this room and whose personality had colored it, the man who had gone out from here to die, perhaps, for la Fatrie, had loved "Mon-taignet" I am not ashamed to say it; as I closed the book and stealthily replaced it on the shelf the tears stood in my eyes.

How was I to know, then, that the Man of That Room was still alive and gallantly fighting for his country? How was I to know, then, that Madame B----- did not take my hand because, through illness, her sight was nearly gone?

Next morning Madame and Monsieur in-vited me to their little cellar-like living room downstairs. It had a tiny stove, two chairs, a table covered with olicioth. An aged terrier, addressed as Moose, hopped up to the shelf on the front of the stove, hugging the fire. All seemed so old, so wintry pitiful!

Little by little we grew better acquainted. I gave Monsieur a package of American pipe tobacco. That did much to break down bar-riers. I told him it came from Virginia, and he looked up the State in a tiny school geog-raphy which treated of the whole of North America in a one-page colored map, with three-quarters of a page of text opposite. Madame followed me to the door that morning and whispered: "He has not had tobacco to smoke these two months, Monsteur, Ah.' He will now be blen content." And, truly, he was. It warmed one's heart

to see him sit by the fire and puff at his old black briar pipe.

SOON I heard about Madame's lliness, and had one of our navy medicos pay her a professional visit. It was wonderful to see ow she began at once to pluck up hope and spirits. The doctor's cheerful manners (bluff old mariner) did as much as his medicine to effect the transformation, Within a week she declared her sight was clearer. Doubtless it

was, too, for her aliment was one which quickly affects the eyes. My morning calls became an institution. I was shown through the other rooms of the house, closed since the war—the "company"

house, closed since the war-the "company" hitchen, with copper pots and pans of every shape and size shining on the walls: the parlor, with a grand piano which had been mute since the first days of the war. I learned, then, about the daughter in Paris-"you should hear her sing, Monsleur, and you would say, as all do, ravisant!" And, lastly, in a more hushed tone, Madame told me of the son away at the front; how hard he had worked and how he had climbed, grade by grade, from the ranks to a lleu-tenant's commission.

GRADUALLY the place seemed to grow more friendly toward me. Aged Moose I more friendly toward me. Aged Moose showed he could be taught new tricks; at least, he learned to bark a friendly greeting every morning when I came downstairs for a pitcher of hot water. The fragrance of Monsieur's pipe bade me daily welcome, too, Madame could smile now—she could see so much more clearly, thanks to the good sea-doctor from America. One day she was even persuaded to put on her Sunday black silks and fare forth to hear our Marine Hand ylay and fare forth to hear our Marine Band play

in the village square. "You must not think me overcritical," she reported later, "but your sea-soldiers should practice harder on the 'Marseillaise.' They already do really well with 'Madeline.' And they are really wonderful when they go at those happy American pieces." We pledged the Entente that evening in a

live America." Neither shall I forget you, good old friends, nor be ashamed of the love I bear you—you and your friendly land that tries so bravely to be gay. "When is Numae".

I blurted it out, choking. They understood and tried to smile. The old gate creaked as it closed after

Fiction on the Disk

the relief of parents who have no senius fo

tale-telling. This suggests a regret that the marvels of voice reproduction have not been generally applied to the great romancers of

on a winter night, to turn on the disk record-ing one of the most thrilling chapters of "The Principles of Political Economy," told

in the vibrant squeak of John Stuart Mill. Or, drifting in a cance, on an August-drowsy afternoon, how jolly to dream away the

the language. What fun it would have

clanging joyously.

live America.

Vive in France

me-this time not so shrilly.



THE BULLDOG

163 INNOCENT OLD MEN By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FOUND Titania looking severely at her watch, which is a queer little gold disk about the size of a waistcoat button, swinging under her chin by a thin golden chain. Titania's methods of winding, setting and regulating that watch have always been a mystery to me. She frequently knows what the right time is, but how she deduces it from the data given by the hands of her timepiece I can't guess. It's something like this: She looks at the watch and notes what it says. Then she deducts ten minutes, because she remembers it is ten minutes fast. Then she performs some complicated calculation

connected with when the baby had his bath. and how long ago she heard the church bells chime; to this result she adds five minutes to allow for leeway. Then she goes to the phone and asks Central the time.

"MY DEAR Titania," I said. "the ways of the Government may seem inscrutable, but we have got to follow them with faith. If Mr. McAdoo tells us to murder 163 fine old men in elastic-sided boots we must simply do it, that's all. War is a we must simply do it, that's all. War is a dreadful thing. 'We have got to meet the Germans on their own ground. They adopted this daylight-saving measure years ago. They call at Sonnenuntergangverderbenpraxis. I believe. After all, it is only a temporary measure, because in the fall, when the day-light hours get shorter, we shall have to turn the clocks back a couple of hours in order to compensate the gas and electric light companies for all the money they will have lost. That will bring those 163 old gen-tlemen to life again and double their remain-ing term of years to make up for their term. tlemen to life again and double their remain-ing term of years to make up for their tem-porary effacement. They are patriotic hos-tages to Time for the summer only. You must remember that time is only a philo-sophical abstraction, with no real or tangible existence, and we have a right to do what-ever we want with it." "I will remind you of that," she said, "at getting-up time on Sunday, morning. I still think that if we are going to monkey with the clocks at all it would be better to turn them backward instead of forward. Cer-tainly that would bring you home from the club a little carlier." club a little earlier." "My dear," I said, "we are in Mr. McAdoo's hands. A little later we may be put on time rations, just as we are on food rations. We may have time cards to encourage thrift in saving time. Every time we save an hour we will get a little stamp to show for it. When we fill out a whole card we will be we fill out a whole card we will be when we are the ourselves a month younger than we are. Tell that to Mrs. Borgia; it will reconcile her." A LUSTY uproar made itself heard up-stairs, and Titania gave a little scream. "Heavens!" she cried. "Here I am talking with you and Junior's bottle is half an hour late. I don't care what Mr. McAdoo does to the clocks; he won't be able to fool Junior. He knows when it's time for meals. Won't you call up Central and find out the exact time?" LUSTY uproar made itself heard up-

said with sarcasm, "the war must have ended

about 11,000 years ago."

DEBUSSY, TONE MASTER

ALTHOUGH his life span measured fifty-six years, Claude Achille Debusy, whose death has been reported from Paris. lived long enough to see his musical radicalism almost legitimatized. In this he caped the fate of so many artistic plonent Blazing the way, however, involved many difficulties. Debussy hurled his delicate, per fumed lance at the whole structure of moder music fashioned on the principles of Wagner and Beethoven. Grandeur was the primal quality of their art. Subtlety was Debuser's In developing his concepts he even sought overthrow the whole prevailing system o harmony and reverted to the antique Gre gorian scale. His ideal was tone rather than tune, and his refined intangible melodies have aptly been called "sound wraitha," his tune, and his refined intangible melomusic purely cerebral rather than emo Occasionally he made concessions, as in the

nce, was kidnapped by a U-boat, and nously protests.

JUSTICE TO THE MAIL MAN

TARDY justice and tardy wisdom are linked in the bill which has just passed the House to provide better salaries for the employes in all divisions of the postal service. An increase ranging generally from 10 to 20 per cent is contemplated and will soon be in effect.

Increases granted to mechanics, labor ers, railway men and workers of all sorts in private enterprises have left the men of the Government service at a great disadvantage. The remedy for the existing conditions should be applied in the mints and in the custom houses and generally throughout all the branches of the Fedral service. This is not merely a measure economic justice under present condions. Better wages for Government employes are absolutely essential if the mail system and other divisions of the public ervice of the greatest importance to the industrial life of the country are not to be weakened in competition with private industries.

Why is it that young women mentioned rich men's wills are always said to be 'connely"?

CLERGYMEN CANNOT STRIKE

CKILLED workmen; confronted by the increased cost of living, demand bet-pay and if they do not get it they

laymen's committee on salaries for ergy in the Massachusetts diocese the Episcopal Church has prepared a port for submission to the approaching an convention, in which it reminds hes that the clergymen, conod by the increase in the cost of a cannot secure better pay by threat-to throw up their jobs, even though my they now receive .s lower in many

a than that enjoyed by skilled meis no more heroic group in Amer-

there is no more hereic group in Amer-tian the body of educated and trained occupying the pulpits of the churches il denominations and spending them-its lead the people to a higher spir-life, while they themselves are re-ing barely enough to keep body and openher. They cannot buy the books field and they emout educate their The Massachuset's committee perificient words to any or the ant words to may on

duty to see that all of our a melaitared with the pett of that they may devote the

executed, and no secret made of the fate allotted them. Until this shall be done, a good part of the country must continue to believe that from the viewpoint of officials who have full power to suppress treason the lives of pro-German paranoiacs are more precious than the lives of the American soldiers at the front or on their way there.

Sir Douglas Haig cannot be very much worried as to the final outcome of the present crisis, or he could hardly have found time to send a fifty-six-word reply to President Wilson's message of encouragement.

SEND THEM "FAGS"

AMONG the minor wartime duties of the trousered population there is nothing that ought to be more constantly remem bered than the duty of keeping our men in France well supplied with tobacco. Letters from the other side lay constant stress on the consoling virtues of the weed in the trenches. The Virginian herb has contributed many gentle and philosophic influences to human life, and is by no means the roaring devil of sin some of the panhellenists have painted it. But never in its long history, since Sir Walter Raleigh's man turned the hose on his master, has tobacco had so high a mission as its present task in soothing the nerves of the men who are facing death on the field of

honor And the smoke of the soldiers is the humble "fag." The cigar is too expensive; there is no time for the pipe. A cigarette can be smoked in a few whiffs and carries its little blue fume of relaxation where it is most urgently needed. Will you not remember that, each time you

man over there and send it to him. The German troops in the present drive are said to have received two days' "iron ration" when they were sent over the top But Haig has now given them vittles of steel (both cold and hot) for a week.

buy tobacco for yourself? Buy a carton

of cigarettes once a week for your own

THE P. R. T.'S SCHOOL OF MANNERS

DIGNITY of manner is not a quality easily acquired. Schools often teach it and teach in vain. Dignity may be in-herited, and then, like money similarly obtained, it must be lived up to, and it becomes in the course of time a curse of rts, Lignity that isn't dignified-volla! That is the ideal quality! It is flexible and easy, and it makes everybody comfortable, as a rule-the dignified and the undignified

We should be dignified in Philadelphi the trolley service is so ideally the months of size hanging on

We have received a telegram asking whether the Chaffing Dish accepts contribu-Cigars and silk hosiers (size 10%), if for warded to this office marked "Socrates," will reach the proper destination, unless they are handed to the elevator boy.

This seems to be poetry day. Plantagenet (fine old family, the Plantage-nets) sends us this, which can only mean that the gardening season has begun; unless it's a poem that Henry wrote last year and wasn't able to sell:

MY FAVORITE FLOWERS The vellow orchid why discuss, When you can est asparagus! What stained-glass window could repeat The red-veined leafage of the best?

What delicately mottled green Is in the humble, honest bean, And what a balm for sin and grief The crisp and curly lettuce leaf!

The corn, in green, translucent files, Shimmers like cathedral aisles: The cabbage that the frost has touched Is like a pigeon's throat unsmutched.

An onion, if you hold your nose, Is marvelous as any rose! HENRY PLANTAGENET.

Dr. William C. Farrabee, a South Ameri-can explorer, spoke the other evening of a snake he had met. He cut its head off with a machete and it ran a hundred feet before it realized that it was dead. The rattleanake of Prussian militarism may be in this case. It cut its own head off when it raped Bel-glum, but the deuce of it is, the serpent is still rattling. SOCRATES.

The Hydraulic Muse Theres two cars in like There's two cars in this building. boss, so p 1 s a s e don't crowd; fifteen per-sons is all by law allowed; and 'deed it don't seem fair to me to work this coon to death; the folks keeps shoving in on me, I hardly can draw breath; this cos is full from this, the breath ; trom ta full from night with lucky jostiins. bustiins

bottle of twenty-year-old port from the cob webby cellar : sipping slowly, and talking the while of the happy days to come, with peace in the world again and all the church bells

"HULLO," I said: "what's wrong?" "I'm wondering about this daylight

saving business," she said. "You know, I think it's all a piece of pro-German propa-ganda to get us confused and divert us from our military program. All the women in Marathon are talking about it and neglecting their knitting. WHEN the hour arrived that I must W shoulder my pack and bid good-by to my billet I took down "Montaigne" again. This time the good old book was like my good aged hosts and venerable Moose and the rare old wine. I chanced on a passage of philosophy about wars • • • I closed book reverently after a while and put it back, bien content. Madame and Monsieur followed me to the

gate, wrung my hand and wished me the best of luck. Moose barked excitedly. "We shall not forget you, Monsieur Charles. We have learned to love you. Long

our military program. All the women in Marathon are talking about it and neglecting their knitting. Junior's bath was half an hour late today because Mrs. Benvenuto called me up to talk about daylight saving. She says her cook has threatened to leave if she has to get up an hour earlier in the morning. I was just wondering how to ad-just my watch to the new conditions." "It's perfectly simple." I said. "Put your watch ahead one hour, and then ge through the same logarithms you always do." "Put it alsead?" asked Titania. "Mrs. Bor-gia says we have to put the clock back an hour. She is fearfully worried about it. She says suppose she has something in the oven when the clock is put back, it will be an hour overdone and burned to a crisp when the

when the clock is put back, it will be an hour overdone and burned to a crisp when the kitchen clock catches up again." "Mrs. Borgia is wrong," I raid. "The clocks are to be put abead one hour. At 2 o'clock on Easter morning they are to be turned on to 3 o'clock. Mrs. Borgia certainly won't have anything in the oven at that time turned on to 3 o'clock. Airs. Borgia certainly won't have anything in the oven at that time of night. You see, we are to pretend that 3 o'clock is really 3 o'clock, and when we get up at 7 o'clock it will really be 6 o'clock. We are deliberately fooling ourselves in order to get an hour more of daylight." "I have an idea." she said, "that you won't or up at 7 that morping."

THE "bedtime stories" by a certain popu-lar author have been put on phonograph records for the enjoyment of children and

"I have an idea," she said, "that you won't get up at 7 that morning." "It is quite possible," I said, "because I intend to stay up until 2 a.m. that morning in order to be exactly correct in changing our timepieces. No one shall accuse me of being a time slacker."

Transfer and the sates of the second second

With docility I did so, and reported the result. "About 163," I said. "There you are," she exclaimed trium-phantly. "Throwing away all that perfectly good time amounts simply to murdering 163 harmless old men of seventy, or 252 able-bodied men of thirty-five, or 1630 innocen-little children of seven. If that isn't airocity, what is I 1 think Mr. Hoover or Mr. McAdoo or somebody ousht to be prosecuted." I was aghast at this awful result. Then an idea struck me, and I took the pencil and began to figure on my own account. "Look here, Titanis." I said. "Not so fast. Movins the clock shead doesn't really bring those people any nearer their graves. What is a fine thing. By deleting a hundred which is a fine thing. By deleting a hundred which is a fine thing. By deleting a hundred which is a fine thing. By deleting a hundred which is a fine thing. By deleting a hundred

Ultimately the Kaiser There Will Be Crew can eat his words, but that sort of diet will hardly be very satisfying to the starving

The Feminine Language To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I have read with much pain Andrew McGill's "Grammar of the Feminine Lan-guage." Will you be kind enough to pass on to Mr. McGill the subjoined protest? Dear Andrew McGill-Of course, you are a man and have never as a young lady been summoned down to the front parlor at \$:15 to take charge of entertaining one of your learned sex for the evening. Other-wise you would not have had such a per-fectly beautiful time describing the gram-mar of the feminine language in Tuesday's EVENING PURLIC LEDGER. I, would be interesting to flay your

<text>

ighly effective cantata "The Prodigal Sea with which, in 1884, he won the cover "Prix de Rome." But in the main his sural subjectivity led him into other fields.

"Pelleas et Melisande" is the most preter-tious exemplar of his methods. Originally

condemned as cryptic and monotonous, this music play, based directly on Masterlind's mystical drama, eventually took rank as masterplece of exquisitely beautiful toos painting. The work puzzled New York is 1998, and Philadelphia still more when Gener 1998, and Philadelphia still more when Ose Hammerstein first gave it here the followin year. Subsequent performances clarified into the world's great opera houses. His purely instrumental writings prov-less baffing and some of them, notably the prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" at now rated as almost conventional comm

now rated as almost conventional

All modern French music and much of the All modern French music and much at world's has been influenced by Debasy musical palate. D'Indy and Ravel in native land have modified, but none the adopted, his coloring. Pucchi employs it "The Girl of the Golden West." Skrya and the modern Russians have followed an No composer has quite gone to Debusy extremes, but the effect of his art is lib to endure for many years. It was ungust tionably representative of the fine spirit and intellectual potency which France preserving for civilization. H. T. C.

Field Marshal

Field Marshal E speaking in his s sage to President with their lives to hold the Germans b says none of them will count the cost might be written large as a suggestion those who are now asked to subscribe to t new Liberty Loan. new Liberty Loan.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is the British director general of mi 2. Who first used the phrase "The Almighte

Who first used the pirate of the interview of the present battle?
Where is Amlens and what is its important in the present battle?
Where and what is the Bridge of Sight?
Where is General van Knohne?
What is constant by argue-area?
What is the Kah-JNear?
What is the Kah-JNear?
What is the Kah-JNear?

Answer to Yesterday's Quis

Answer to restorday's Quit 1. The Philippines were named in house of Philip II of Spain. 3. The words clear is derived from the in-"resarry," which is summand to be a whose shape summaries the derivation of the shape summaries the derivation of the same of Clears, because is office knowledge. 4. Diamonia are pure carbon crestalling the limit caural is pressure of same mathem.

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There was a young girl of Lahore, The same shape behind as before; And as no one knew where To offer a chair, She had to sit down on the floor. Or Nightmores?. The German armies have been kept so busy for a week that they are living according to a rule of a

In the Garage? In the Garage? Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. former chief chemiat in the Department of Agriculture, suggests that every family raise a pet pig as a food-conservation measure. But where would the pig be kept when it wasn't being entertained in the parlor?

Hat or Maturalt and that is a

afternoon, how jolly to dream away the hours listening to some pellucid little tale in the start-and-stop accents of Henry James. But seriously, let us hope that this new idea will be widely taken up by the volce-reproducing companies. Think what it would have meant to us to have Stevensoh's stories or Riley's poems preserved in the very tones of the authors. Think, too, of the fat record royalites for writers that lurk in the scheme. If we were a phonograph mogul we would move heaven and earth to get the Jungle Book stories recorded in Mr. Kipling's own volce; and perhaps also Mr. Chesterton's rumbling bass in some of his deathless limericks, such as

Dr. William C. Farrabee, a South Ameri