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BECOND CLASS NAIL MATTER. Philadelphia, Friday, March 29, 1918

MATIONAL WEALTH SCARCELY TOUCHED

WORD comes from Washington that \$250,000,000 of the new Liberty Loan will be allotted to this revenue district. New York will be called upon to subscribe \$900,000,000 and Boston \$360,000,000.

There is wealth and patriotism enough here to take up the allotment on the first day if -very one will make his subscriptions then. But that it will be taken up n a very few days ought to go without

Financial men will be interested in the announcement that no further loan will be loated by the Government until next fall. This will allow interval enough for business to adjust itself to the absorption of the large sum which is now called for and to prepare for further drafts upon national

We have already provided \$6,800,000,000 for war purposes in loans, a sum so vast that it is impossible to comprehend its magnitude. When the new loan is floated this amount will be raised to \$9,300,000,000. Chis is only about 8 per cent of the nalonal wealth, a paltry tax on a great shople when it is levied for the cause in which the money is being spent.

Was it by coincidence or through exrdinary foresight that the Bostonese ut Doctor Muck in a stone jail a few mines before Colonel Roosevelt arrived feeling

RUSSIA RECOVERING HER POISE

TF IT is true that the Russians are seeking to renew their relations with the Allies and organize their armies once more to fight the Germans, they are likely to be welcomed with hospitality. Of course, Russia must give evidence of its good faith. Some such evidence is already available, for the Bolsheviki have driven the Germans from Odessa. A renewal of the nilitary activity directed against the comthon enemy is encouraging. It will make it necessary for Germany to keep its troops on the eastern front and will by so much strengthen the at ales that are fighting the Germana on the western front.

While the Allies are i kely to be sympathetic with the Russians, they will probably await further develorments before supplying them with either money or mu-

The Kaiser's big gun seems to be almost as futile as some others that might be mentioned by name.

THE LUCKY LOAFERS

THE fates have been kind to those loafers in New Jersey who now are tearing themselves away from the poolcooms and the corner cigar stores and the frocery emporia to scuttle madly in all directions for bits of land which they may cultivate in order to escape the rigors of the anti-loafing war law recently hurled through the Legislature at Trenton. An arduous season awaits them, of course, Daylight-saving will not mitigate the stern routine of the soil. A farmer works while the sun shines, and he usually labors until he has just about energy enough remaining to put out the cat and wind the clock.

And yet, aside from all this, the young men who are now giving up the profession of loafing to till the soil will soon have many of the advantages of exclusive and lite associations. The farms are soon to claim as much of our expess and miscted energy as can be mobilized under the whip of public opinion.

A great many Congressmen will be sent the farms if the idea is wisely develed, and a considerable number of Mr. Creel's bright young men may be hurried to urge life into the reluctant cabbage nd to nourish the hesitant tomato and pre crowding vegetation into the sum of r natural resources. After-dinner speak ers in great crowds probably will be ensted for this useful service, as well as sands of the inventors who are now ng out perfectl, good stone stairways Washington. The plain, ordinary loafer paured of such inspiring company, should consider himself fortunate indeed.

The price of food has jumped again-

ONE OF THEM

P IN Lancaster they are just now aying good-by to a young man with aims of Wennerson. His is a musical and one that should be easy for the en they turn at last to celebrate it deserves. For the present the of that cognomen is in himself an anation of much that is going

ennerson is English. He lived in doing newspaper work while all brothers were doing service with his armies. One by one the brothers off. When the news arrived age of the death of the last, erson of Laucaster packed up his arted for New York on his way to enlist. "I have to go," he

MR. MARSHALL AT HIS WORST

No GREATER insult has been hurled at the patriotism of a great party than that of which Vice President Marshall delivered himself on Tuesday night in his speech at Madison. He went to Wisconsin as the official spokesman of the Administration to assist in the election of a Democratic Senator. Here are

some of the things he said: It makes no difference how pure and patriotic the purposes of the Republican candidate may be, to be elected he is now bidding for the vote of the German sym-pathizer, for the vote of the traitor, for the vote of the seditionist, for the vote of the pacifist, for the vote of the man so hidebound in politics that he rejoices at every mistake made by the President or his advisers, for the vote of the man who is willing to make an inglorious peace, for the vote of the disappointed profiteer,

By these votes alone can the Republican candidate hope to be elected.

Mr. Marshall knows or ought to know that these charges are untrue. Republicans of Wisconsin as a body are loyal, as witness the action of the Republican Legislature in repudiating La Follette. The effect of Mr. Marshall's speech is already manifest in the indignation of the loyal Democrats. They are said to be deserting Davies, the Democratic candidate, and assuring Lenroot of their support, as a protest against this kind of campaigning. But if this were the only effect of the speech it would not be so regrettable. Besides disgusting loyal Democrats, the Vice President has heartened the pro-Germans and the Socialists and lifted Berger, the Socialist candidate, from obscurity into the possibility of winning in the race, with the loyal voters of the State divided between Lenroot and Davies.

But this manifestation of partisanship is not altogether new. It is merely the culmination of a series of acts tending to make it difficult for Republicans of unquestioned loyalty like Senator Lodge to uphold the hands of the President. Some White House advisers seem unable to persuade themselves that the defeat of a Democrat does not mean a disloyal condemnation of the war policy of the Government. It is fallaciously assumed that this is a war of the Democratic party.

Unless the Democratic managers change their tactics before the congressional campaign begins there is grave danger of such a distraction of attention from the necessary work of prosecuting the war that we shall fail our allies in their extremity. We say this with extreme regret, but we are convinced that it ought to be said again and again so long as the present policy of partisan folly is countenanced by Democratic leaders.

The extra daylight bour on Monday will save some persons from fall. It will give the bitter-enders time to make out their income tax returns.

"HERE ARE LADIES!"

WE IN this city should be tempted to a sense of honor bestowed and to a trend of profitable rumination by the action of Miss Anne Martin, of Nevada, who in announcing herself as a candidate for the United States Senate chose to start her little boomlet glimmering into the vold immediately over our heads. He must be a very wise man indeed who can say post tively that the time has not come for women in the Senate. There are those who will look back into the little past at the first appearance in Congress of Miss Jeanette Rankin and remember with misgivings the burst of tears with which the Lady from Montana cast her first important vote. Tears, it will be said, have no appropriate place upon Olympus!

Perhaps, perhaps! And yet tears do not come unbidden by some deep moving experience of consciousness, and deep and moving experiences of consciousness are not too common in Congress. Tears, or rather the state of feeling from which they spring, are not ignoble tributes to an abstract cause or a great prin ciple. This is difficult ground. All the values in the case are subtle and difficult to define. Cold reason and the practical mind seem between them to have made rather a bungle of affairs all over the earth. And mere mightiness is losing much of the respect that the world once accorded it.

Collector Berry is willing to be the Democratic candidate for the governorship if no one else wants the nomination. Now is your chance, gentlemen, if any of you wish to get your name "among those mentioned" for high office,

THE TRUTH OR SILENCE

THE discovery that the official news bulletin of the Government contained inaccurate information about the shipment of airplanes to France very properly was followed by a protest in the Senate.

The people have a right to the truth in whatever formal statements come from the official news bureaus. If it is inexpedient to tell the truth, then nothing should be said. The people do not want to be misled nor do they care to be coddled with camouflage.

Mr. Garbarino is playing tag with the Tageblatt.

THE GERMAN ALARM CLOCK

WAKING up to the iron realities of war is still a difficult process for many persons, not only here, but even in England, where they can hear the sound of the guns. The decision of the Amalgamated Association of British Engineers, which was ready to strike when the German drive began and then reversed suddenly from an attitude of beiligerency toward the employers and the Government, affords an illustration adequate to reflect a general abstraction still prevalent in some classes of labor in America. The German armies were driving toward the Channel ports before these English trades unionists saw

their peril clearly. Labor and capital alike have yet to real that all the things for which they are willing to contend in this emergency are side from the main issue, altogether decondent on the main issue. If Germany chould win or even obtain widened influ-

the principle of freedom of action must vanish. Labor in the scheme of empire visioned by the Kaiser would do what it was told to do. Strikes of a sort likely to hamper the general war seem futile indeed in the light of this obvious reasoning from indisputable facts.

The Government is fixing dates for the sale of the wheat in storage. Now we want to know when they will begin to fix dates for

WHAT IS A REPUBLICAN?

WHEN the Twenty-fifth Ward returned Campbell to the Republican City Committee after he had been expelled "because he is not a Republican," the onlooker was moved to ask. What is a Republican?

Campbell says that Vare is not a Republican and Vare has already made the same remark about Campbell. If these experts agree so well when talking about each other, who will be so rash as to disagree with either?

As a matter of fact, we are inclined to the view that the anxious seeker after the truth about what constitutes a Republica:, will have to seek elsewhere than in the minds and purposes of the local ward leaders.

War-savings stamps cost only \$1.14 until April L

A propagander is one who tries to lay golden eggs for the Katser.

Eat whale and keep hale, says the food experts. We went to the market, but we couldn't find any.

Philadelphia is about to fall. The Philadelphia in question, however, is fifty miles east of Jerusalem, in Palestine. It is also known as Ammon. Hog Island has amazed a Japanere mission, but the astonishment of the Japs is nothing to that which the Germans would

Barrie, Piners and Shaw in the movie they say. Barrie will play opposite Theda Bara, and Shaw will handle the custard pie, being a vegetarlan, and Pinero will fiddle while Rome burns.

experience if they could once see it.

CINNAMON BUNS

When Ben Franklin arrived in Philadel phia in October, 1723, the first thing he did was to shiper the beaupots of his native Boston, once and for all, and make the ac-qualitation of the Quaker City's most famous delicacy. As he proceeded uptown from the wharf his nostrile were halled by vapors of exceeding sweetness from a nearby bakery. He went in and asked for "rolis. firmly believe that the "great puffy rolls" for which he put down his three-penny bit were the progenitors of our present and meh-Hooverized cinnamon tidblts,

When the harsh world lets us alone long enough to read a few books we have sur-prising adventures. For instance, the other night we were mulling over Borrow's "The Romany Rye" and came across a phrase that seemed morbidly familiar. "Fear God and take your own part," says Borrow. Now, where did we hear that before? Did Borrow perrow it from Oyster Bay?

for the course of some further meddlings with forbidden literary fruit we discovered that Colonel Rouse is a novelist, a regular 12mo, clotheand author. Although the Colonel has not really admitted it, we are creditiy informed that he is the author "Pailip Deu: Administrator," a "story tomorrow," which was published in 15 We have got as far as page 153, which is 155-312 of the total; and we are getting quite interested.

Evidently the Celonel has heard of this city, for he says of a certain politician "he gave Philadelphia as good government as her indifferent citizens deserved."

Theatrical ada always do get our goat Here are some from the New York papers which made us a bit feverish. Do these blurbs really bully New Yorkers into going The slay that makes the dimples to catch

The shore with the pep, punch and p

Evil to him who ceil thinks.

nediennes? Wish we had some powerful shallow bombs

A problem for fellow commuters good old Cinder and Bloodshot: How do you keep a sixteen-month-old baby from kicking his blankets off at right? When it comes to unshackling himself, Houdini is a mudturtle compared to an urchin we wot of

OBITS WE COVET

THE CROWN PRINCE When Crowny died. And wandered through the stars, He mourned the luck of his Death's Head Hussars. He uset a tradic cop, and rudely be Asked where in hell those noble puls might be. The cop retorted. You said it, bo. You'll find them, On your was!"

Whenever we are tempted to feel a little moody or murderous our unfailing nostrum is that remarkable glad book by the self-laureled laureate of Pennsylvania, the Rev John Franklin Bair. His "Complete Poems," published at Greensburg, is a miracle of mer-riment for the base-minded. On such subjects as liquor and tobacco the Rey, has taken a poble stand, and we are glad to be able pass on his cautionary star sumers. For instance, this:

YOU ARE NOT A GENTLEMAN

enught.
Who had taken of tobacco a fresh chew; After they had walked around and had halted near the spot. When He bent and kissed her she cried out

Then she looked flercely at him like an angry little dog And replied to him while feeling very sore, You are not a gentleman, your're a big tobacco And I'll never, never kins you any more

Dove Dulcet objects to our having called him a subcaliber poet. Well, Dove, if you do want us to be accurate, we'll grant you seventy-two millimeters. But this thing on the income tax which Dove has sent us is certainly his best. He calls it:

INCOME TÁCTICS I can't help smiling down toward My right-hand trousers pocket, When I see some of my most respected acqua

tances
Leoling as though they had swallowed anafoetida Every time they think of that surtax. They Walk up and down the street

Walk up and down the street (quinting for air.
And then so beans again and wonder, flow soon solf balls will so up in price.
The question of just which bend holdings are Exempt is so easy for me. And as for Contributions to charity during 1917.
Mine was the time I went into an automat With only a nickel in my breeks And by mistake I put it into the Custard pie slot, not knowing that custard pie lad sume up to ten coats.

Y. M. C. A. ICE CREAM

In the spring of 1916 Dr. John R. Mott. the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., went to Princeton University and spoke of the wonderful work his organization was doing over there. He made an appeal for volunteers to help carry on the work in Mesopotamia. This appeal fell on fertile ground among the adventurous, the militant. and among the men who had relatives at the front, but it particularly touched those who, under the Princeton influence, desired to be of some good to others.

So Clark went out and saw the "side show in the east" through the inexperienced but none the less clear eyes of youth. Going by way of France, he caught a brief glimpse of war on the western front before he came face to face with conditions very different.

His violin plus his appealing personality soon made him a popular figure.

Then the Princeton unit was sent to Memo-polamia, where General Maude, who died

recently, was leading the advance against the Turks up the Tigris River to Bagdad. Clark was put in charge of the biggest expeditionary force hospital, not far behind the

the monotony of the desert, the tremen heat, and there is sand-sand every-e. Clark tells on amusing story about a British officer, almost suffocated by the heat—it was 110 degrees in the shade and there was no shade—who received a letter from a female relative which said that she was glad he was suffering none of the disinforts common to the men on the western

Up the Tigris Clark went with the British Army until Bagdad fell. The casualties were heavy. The hospitals were always full and the suffering "Tommies" were in constant need of his violin to help, and the concerts he organized to cheer them up a bit. The talent for these entertainments was recruited from the ranks, and one evening's bill would contain acts as varied as sentimental songs, which the British soldier loves, and stunts y acrobats and contortionists.

Clark describes the day's work as "Morning, interruptions and adjustments; after-noon, errands and getting ready for the evening; evening, athletics and the pro-

ARRIVED in Bagdad close on the heels of the fleeing Turks, the Princeton Unit proceeded to set up one of the largest Y. M. C. A. huts in the world in a building which had formerly been occupied by the Turkish Red Crescent Society as a hospital, And here it was that Clark brought the

ice cream cone to Hagdad. For the heat was terrific and he knew the "Tommies" would appreciate cones of the Atlantic City variety. He didn't know just how to make ice cream or cones either, but he had ideas on both

inside parts of the freezer. Ice was proof the British army. There was a big Arab to turn the crank and do the freezing. When everything was ready be got a native herdi-man to drive his cows up to the Y. M. C. A. The native brought two or three wives along who, at the word of command, milked the beasts and soon had a pail full of the necessary fluid. The Arab started the freezing There was lee cream.

a product that could be baked hard enough and still be caten. The proper combination of elements was attained. The cones were baked, the ice cream put in and the sign went up, "Ice Cream Cones at the Y. M.

fore, but they were willing to take a chance. And they certainly did take to the ice cream

With America's entrance in the war Clark came back home to do his bit. He describes his previous work as that of a "stagehand in the drama of war." He wanted to become real actor in it, so he has enlisted in the

where he helped in the Y. M. C. A. work among the troops there. Clark, by the way, lives in Flushing, N. Y.

spring.

Food prices have re-Saved: cently tripled in Ger-many, but this isn't a matter to worry the civilians. There isn't

any food-Confess

Mr. Creel may have caught the habit from the Senate.

Mighty Odds the Germans couldn't win, even though they outnumbered the English. About 70,000,000 Germans haven't been able to down one Kalser. No one will be amazed Muckraking

papers, now under way in Washington that the pet of Boston deserved the that fate wished on him.

ly impressed by the devastation of the bat-tic area in France and remarked, "How glad we should be that our country has been spared such terrible things:" But the Kalser himself has caused far worse spiritual devastation in

A Hymn of Hate for Plumbers We love as one and we hate as one, We hate one man, and one alone-THE PLUMBER!

Who is the man whom I have cursed?

Whose faucets yield a sorry trickle?

William

Whose boilers give no heat, and burst, Whose sacred promises are fickle? Who planned my most mephitic drains? Whose faulty pipes destroy my cellings?

Whose gutters tumble when it rains

And lacerate my sacred feelings?

Whose basins every year are frozen? Who says "today" and means "next week, For universal hatred chosen? THE PLUMBER!

We hate one man, and one alone— THE PLUMBER!

We love as one and we hate as one,

CONES IN BAGDAD

ITS a far cry from the fake Oriental splenders noticeable in parts of Atlantic City to the Near East of Bagdad. Yet they have something in common, as is proved by the way ice cream cones—so celebrated and necessary in one place—have proved popular in the other. Which, in its turn, has comething to do with the great war.

THEN times the required number of men responded to the call. Among those inally chosen was Arthur T. Clark, who had been prominent in student activities and had made a good scholastic record. Also he could play the violin.

For a time he was detained in Bombay. Here he put in his time among the sick and wounded "Tommies" in the great hospitals.

MESOPOTAMIAN war conditions are far different from those in the west. There

A tinsmith made the tin cylinders for the

MEANWHILE experiments had been made with dough in a native bakery to obtain

The "Tommies" had never eaten them be-

United States aviation service.

On the way home be stopped off in Pekin.

tears. The veils of earth's temples are rent from top to bottom; men look questions they dare not phrase.

And on this Good Friday the world faces issues and horrors such as men have never grappled with before. Our globe has fived All this is pretty good work for a young fellow who, if he had stayed in Princeton, would have graduated from college just this

> The Senate charges that George Creel has been reckless in the presentation of facts.

Shad wantonly putted down the pinars of its house and all who dwell therein are stricken and whelmed in the wreckage. All the hard-won sanctities, the laborious gains of generations, are tossed and splintered in the turmoil. The world reels and staggers in a net of pain. No matter where one goes he cannot escape it. There is no abiding place to which he can fly; the tremble of the

earth will seek him out, the hands of pain will press upon his forehead. Death has us if the examination of Doctor Muck's private in his snare; the world is War's and the fulness thereof. Who can find words to tell the sadness of it all? THE brain throbs and the heart sickens at The Kaiser was great

the needless tragedy. And yet humanity will rise above this fearful tornado of destruction. Man is a building animal. Like the ant, if his home is devastated, he sets anew to refashion it, and better than before. Who can look down the aisles of history without marveling at the indomitable courwithout marvelling at the indomitable courage, the restless eagerness of the human being? Busy to build, to harness the mysterious powers of nature, to bend his surroundings to his plan, on every city street one wonders at the richness and determination of his will. One after another we sicken, age and die, but the miraculous struggle goes on. Where one falls his children succeed. What humanity sets its heart on it achieves.

n it achieves.

TODAY humanity is on the crucifix. It is the day of death and bitter disappoint ment. Our enemy has pressed us hard; his lines are almost where they were when he was first halted three and one-half years was first halted three and one-half years ago. Gallantry and sacrifice such as were never exceeded have spilled themselves in scarlet to stem the tide, yet peace is still far away. Before us lie months and years of unremitting effort. And yet, on this of all days, we have no voice for disheartenment. First of all humanity has willed that the Prussian menace shall cease. It is the united flat of civilization that this group of builties shall no longer fill the earth with habred. They will learn, in their appointed time, what it means to defy the will of united man. And then we can in utter sincerity repeat

And then we can in utter sincerity repeat the greatest words once said on Good Fri-day, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Of the vast majority of our foes this is wholly true. Cajoled and cudgeled into arms by generations of false and treaching, they will yet learn that our court in their stool. Fight they and show

Thoughts for Good Friday them with their own weapons we must and will; but in the end there shall be recon-cillation. There must be for the world to

detached speculation is so petty. It is well, Shoulder to shoulder the world of enlightinstant problems of every day, can rarely enment and liberty is ranged to meet this last corrush of the Brute. Millions of men have initiant problems of every day, can rarely sit down to pender the great common cry of suffering and perplexity that humankind sends up to the unlistening stars. Amid all the beauty and graciousness of the visible world, amid the joyous and diverse medley of human contacts, amid our loves and laughters and the harmless vanities of earth suffered, each on his own cross of agony and renunciation, to the end that there may yet be an Easter for the world at large, an Easter of wider hopes and dearer visions.

THE DEATH THAT KILLS NOT

TT IS well for man's tranquillity that his

I individual capacity for understanding and

has had to confess his frustration. We can

enigma of blind and aimless suffering.

I most solemn and reverent memory as the

symbolic day of vanquishment and loss, is the day of the lightning, the earthquake and

the Cross. It is the day of death and sor-

the day of inscrutable darkness and

perhaps, that each of us, engressed in

PILATE

THE days to come will need the braced nerve and resolution of every citizen. This wasteful, heedless and complacent na-tion is yet to be the compression of liberty there runs the note of pity and terror. Ste-venson and every other philosopher who has tried to scrutinize the double face of destiny not reason the problems of the soul to any logical satisfaction. In the eyes of every human being, if we look close enough, there to come, and greatly we may vindicate the blessings granted us in the past. But we shall need courage stout, valor unbending. this easy to put down high creeds on paper, easy to call others to the colors. We have been the spoiled child among nations. Now the world looks to us for the virtue in our blood. Much has been granted us. Much will be required. is this pathes of the enigma we can never solve. Not the enigma of natural death, which is so often the beautiful and kindly release from battered grouing, but the

community of Buffering conture of our resolution, men and will have to lean upon each other for com-fort. Each one of us will have to contribute what best he can, asking his soul day by day, Have I done my part in abridging the world's torment? Those who heartlessly world's terment? Those who heartlessly fritter away their chance to help will merit the damnation of their fellows. The lives and hopes of millions wait upon us.

THE world is on the crucifix and our dear I green planet shakes with the anguish; but these who read the portents can see that through a million tragedies; its kind and familiar old face is scarred with the torments of countless defeated hopes and tor-tured lives. And yet it seems not a mere egotism of the moment to think that we are the tide has awang. There can be no victory for the Brute. The judgment of the eternal fights against him: the undying law that whatsoever things are lovely and gentle shall now in the tornent of pangs sharper than the race has faced before. Never in history were forces so titanic leveled at each other. whatsoever things are lovely and gentle shall conquer those that are fierce and savage. The lesson of Golgotha is true today. "In the end Truth beareth away the victory." The death warrant of Prussian militarism may The very air around us vibrates with the wings of death. As the great tide of battle swings savagely to and fro the listening heart grows faint to think of the fury of it. not yet be written on the field of battle, but it is already witnessed in the hearts of men. COMETIMES it seems as though humanity And in the moment when the fight is hottest let one take heart from the words of one of the finest of English poets: had wantonly pulled down the pillars of

And while the tired waves, vainty breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain, Far back, in creek and inlet making, Comes allent, flooding in, the matu.

DEATH does not kill; the grave does not bury. Those who have "gone west" to a sunset of lasting radiance in the memory of sunset of lasting radiance in the memory of men poured their lives like wine to give fuller life to the weak and humble. The meanest, most ribald private in the ranks has trod the road of the Cross with Christlike valor. Humanity that holds such nobility knows no death. It is we who are dead if we cannot grasp and hold the meaning of the sacrifice. It is for us to see that "these dead

1. What office does Leon Trotaky now hold in the Bolshevik government? 2. Who was the originator of the "ruthless sub-3. What is meant by the alluston "Knicker-

4. What cathedral is called "the Parthenon of Gothle Architecture"? 5. Who is the United States censor and what is

his official time?

6. Where is Pleardy?

7. What is meant by the Julian calendar?

8. What was the Morey letter?

9. What was the "Know Nothing" party?

10. Where is Odessa?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz I. General Maurice is the British director gen-eral of military operations.

miens is less than a score of miles from the Picardy battlefront. It is a key to Paris, eighty-six miles away, and the English Channel, forty-two miles away, by the Somme River, on which Amiens is situated. 4. The Bridge of Sighs, in Venice, connects the Doge's Palace and the State Prison.

5. General von Kueline is the German general who commanded the forces that captured Bapaume.

Bapaume.

6. The Democrats in the days prior to the Civil War were once known as "Baruburners."

7. Argus-cyed: cryfty and watchful. In affusion to Argus, who had a hundred cyes and was put by June as guard over 10.

8. The Manmoth Cave, near the Green River, in Rentucky, is the largest cave in the world.

9. Keh-i-noor, a Golconda diamond, one of the largest and purest in the world, new one of the first own in the covern lewels of Laurana.

18. The Arty days made in the largest version to the covern lewels of Laurana.

AS READERS VIEW IT

The Kaiser's Correct Title

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Reading the splendid educational editorial entitled "The Carrion Empire Is Doomed," from a recent issue of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, the words "William the Damned" appealed to me with their illuminating appropriateness. They stuck in my craw and remained there, as a happy phrase often does.

I believe if the editors of this country

would transfer the title of the late Abdul Hamid (Abdul the Damned) to the Kalser and continually refer to him as "William the Damned' that it will help educate the Amer-ican people to the hideousness of the menace which threatens civilization. The phrases which are now universally used of "Billy the Katser." "Katser Bill." etc. are filippant, vulgar and weak, and they woefully inislead in the mental impression which they convey of the man with the shriv-

eled soul. But the editor of the Livening Punce Leptien did justice to his subject. He gives the man's correct mane, as is fitting and proper to the head of a great nation. He gives him a title—the dammed—a distinthis title and he is dead. It is now looking for an owner, and William is obviously entitled to it. He has earned it. He has earned it by words and deeds which are worthy of its

terrible significance. It is dignified, descrip-tive, appropriate. It fits the man. Philadelphia, March 28.

A READER

The Wheat Situation To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir.—The editor of the Evening Funce League.

Sir.—The editorial in the Evening Public League.

League Tuesday entitled "Don't Make the Same Mistake Twica" was publicly read at the Produce Exchange today and unanimous. approved. It's good work. Keep up this of work that producers and the pu

may know what we are up against.
SAMUEL S. DANIELS.
Secretary of the Produce Exchange. Philadelphia, March 27.

Retort to Andrew McGill

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Mr. McGill's article on grammar, estitled "Syntax for Cynics," sounds very much as if he had been overhearing his wife's conversation on the telephone with anoffer woman. Why critleize her innocent, "aderable, cute, sweet" contributions to her friend's description of another friend's bah? And perhaps the buzzing of the wire which he could not hear was "norrid" when she was trying to talk about the "active passion" of her "husband" when he couldn't find his "hat" to wear to the "opera." If a woman's vocabulary contained some of the interjections that grace the telephone conversations of the loud-voiced man at the next telephone in the public booths, there would be no danger of her conversation being over-heard. The first exclamation would over-

come the eavesdropper. The fact that "Mrs. Edwards has no tasts The fact that "Mrs. Edwards has no tasts in hats" could have no possible interest to a man, and any woman would know better than to mention it to a man. The man would be most likely much pleased with Mrs. Edwards's latest effort and want his wife to get one just like it. That Mr. McGill picked his sentence out also sounds as if he had been overhearing with care. And if the concluding sentences overlapped so that he could not make them out, so much the better. They at least were between the two women only. When a woman wants to keep a secret she

at least were between the two women only.

When a woman wants to keep a secret she talks all around it and leaves it to the man to get the impression that she is telling the thing she wants to keep.

The idioms of the remaine language would lose their charm if they were ever glossaried and made every day. Listen to conversations, if you will, but don't try to understand them, because if she knows that that is what you are doing she will put so many curves into her conversation that your brain will become twisted like a Kitchener tos.

ONE OF THE DEAR THINGS.

Philadelphia, March 27.

When Dector Wiley want to die," says
Was in Love Doctor Harvey Wiley.
food expert. Something wrong here. Our recollection doesn't
confirm that melancholy musing. When we
were that way we not only didn't want to die,
but we did our best to keep the florists. See
bon makers and telephone boothy from