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THE WORST IN THE COUNTRY!

MAYOR SMITH'S statement, devised to explain away upon the ground of polithe the Navy Department's revelations of idled vice in this city, does not explain isfactorily. Secretary Daniels and Mr. dick, reviewing the situation, call Philadelphia the worst vice-infested city in the

Director Wilson is responsible for the work of his department. His mismanagement and inefficiency have now brought down upon his men one of the ugliest in mts ever aimed from an official quarter at a police organization in the United

The Navy Department has merely corroborated a belief common to everybody hereabouts. For the work of the Varea and their Mayor and their Director of Public Safety and the conditions of a service which these men have maladministered and prostituted, the city as a whole is indicted officially before all the country. Even the decent men in the rank and file of the lice department seem forced, in many ces, to live down the standards set by men higher up

How long must the pseudo-respectables who support such conditions wait to realize that the corruption which they have encouraged in politics is actually penetrating into the moral life of the com-

Philadelphia isn't actually the worst city in the country. But it happens at present to be saddled with one of the worst police administrations. Mayor Smith, make your Director of

When T. R. writes on the art of being grandfather it will be as an expert, qualied by a varied experience.

SPIES AGAIN

Tr Will be interesting to observe the nature of governmental reaction to the news that German agents have actually been at work in the plant of the Curtiss Airplane Company at Hempstead, L. L. and wo: king systematically to weaker, important parts of American warplanes. Senator Overman's open charge in the Senate the usual steel radiator supports had vivid | case; out of ten. through arrests made by Federal agents.

It has been known almost since the be ginning of the war that German money soon sent to America in great quantitles and that special funds were raised by pro-Germans here for uses never exactly defined. The arrests at Hempetead may help to explain the situation.

America seems infested not only with spies, but with mercenaries too despicable be designated by a term usually reserved ar men who assume a normal risk in the rformance of a question:ble duty. It remains to be seen now whither the Govecument will intern plotters of this type in comfortable quarters at public expense or take them decently out before a firing

Soch is the man who saved the day the Battle of the Marne. May he save the world in the Battle of the Somme!

VOICES OF BATTLE

COTTHETE great motors," said a wounded French officer, teiling proudly of the part played by the air fleets of his service In the present drive, "sounded ceaseless! in the air all through the night, and if was the the music of amense organs. The mechines were steady overhead in great, great numbers, and their wings, glistening in the moonlight, made us think of a great shield of allver!"

Visions and voices are always in the air of France, because there are eyes and ears there of see and to hear them. The spirit of Joan has taken many forms since it rereed for the war. In the end it may be and that it appeared most wonderfully ever the mountit battlefields near Amiena.

Secretary Baker will know a lot mor bout war when he comes home.

A LESSON FOR PEACE

TRIKES have always been recognized The couployer loses. The comlines. The war can required to trate meat sourely the rolly and . This common method of protect contests of strength and endurance for instance as is now on in Kaseyears no more to be excused then Fer no more prothable to either

THE BIGGEST TRUST YET

PHEY are planning in Washington to create the biggest financial trust ver conceived. It is so much bigger and it is to be so much more powerful than that famous group of half a dozen men without whose approval the critics of "the money trust" used to tell us no great enterprise could be undertaken that the alleged power of the old group seems to be about like the might of Luxemburg as compared with the brute force of Germany.

The plan is no less than the concentration in a bureau in Washington of the power to decide whether any public or private corporation may float a loan while the war is in progress. An advisory committee on capital issues is already at work, but it has not yet absolate power. The Mayor and Controller, who wish to borrow money to pay for work already done on the subway and to provide funds for completing the Frankford elevated here, have already found it prudent to go to Washington c seek permission from the advisory body to solicit bids for the bonds.

Every one will admit that the war

loans should have the right of way. Every one admits, also, that the successful prosecution of the war is of so great importance that nothing must be allowed to interfere with it. But the ramifications of war preparations a. so great that it will be exceedingly difficult, if not in possible, for any little group of men to decide what is and what is not necessary. Blunders have already been made in the regulation of freight handling. For example, an embargo was put on the shipment of stone, on the assumption that stone had nothing to do with winnir; the war. But some men went to a Washington department and complained that they could not deliver material needed at a plant engaged in war work because the roads were impassable. The head of the department told them to have the roads repaired. "But," said they, "we can't get any stone. The railroads are not allowed to haul it." The official was surprised. But he set to work, and after he had unwound two or three bales of red tape succeeded in getting permission to have the stone shipped. This is only one incident of many.

Financial men and men engaged in large industrial enterprises have been watching with much uneasiness what is going on in Washington. They realize that the power which it is proposed to concentrate in a Government bureau or commission will be sufficient to ruin any business man or to boom the industries of one State at the expense of those of another; in short, that the power of industrial life and death is to be conferred on somebody who may or may not have either knowledge or judgment.

The most expert men with the purest Public Safety clean up the resorts and motives would inevitably make grave enforce the law or kick him out of office! mistakes in the exercise of any such autocratic power. Yet the ends sought n.us b accomplished in some way. If no better means can be found than those which commend themselves to the Administration we suppose they must be employed. The experience of the Mayor and 'he Controller is merely an ex-

inple of what will happen. Theoretically, an appeal to patriotism ought to be enough to prevent the attempt to raise large sums for work which will interfere with the arming and transportation of our soldiers. As that lead brackets were substituted for a matter of fact it is enough in nine

But the executive branch of the Government does not seem to take this view. We shall soon know whether Congress, which is in closer touch with the people and knows the extent of its willingness to make sacrifices, agrees with the executives.

Men are getting fat in the training camps on the army ration, so why feel down cast at the prospect of putting the whole country on rations?

WOOD STILL FIT

THIS nation is to be congratulated upon the fact that Major General Leonard Wood passed his physical test with flying colors. It would be a national calamity for an officer of Leonard Wood's gallantry and experience to be placed on the retired list a moment sooner than is absolutely necessary. We have not such a plethora of proved and seasoned generals that we can afford to spare a man of his capacity.

Majo: General Wood has come back from France with personal knowledge and personal scars to testify to his study of the military problem at the front. He new returns to his post at Camp Function, Kansan, to it still into the men of his command the energy and figuting enthusiasm for which he is so highly esteen ed.

Lancaster has bought more than it quota of thrift stamps. But what would you expect of the metropolis of the richest farming district in the world?

MAKING REAL MEN OF BOYS

THE Democrats, assisted by four Republicans, defeated in the Senate the plan for six mouths' compulsory military training for all youths between the ages of nine een and twenty-one. It was argued that "this war we are fighting has for one of its purposes the prevention of future wars; therefore, why universal military training?"

It is tocomprehensible how a man big nough to be elected to the Fenate can defude himself by any such poppycock. No man whose opinion is worth the breath it takes to express it thinks for a moment that this war is to end all war.

The triumph of force over the powers of evil can continue only so long as force ts available to keep the powers of evil in subjection. The time will come when all nations will desire justice and fair play, but that day has not yet dawned and is int thely to dawn for many generations. In the interval the only way to preserve the pence of the world is to be ready to fight for it. We have had our lesson in the numequences of unpreparedness. It ild he the beight of folly to forget it.

oline and development of the young men. There is not a man in the camps who is ot enthusiastic over the effect of military life upon him. Some of them have written nome that they have changed their views about, compulsory military training and now believe that every boy ought to be allowed to profit by it as part of his preparation for civillan life, if for nothing clse. When Congress discovers how the nation feels on this matter, it is expected to respond to what is bound to become an imperative demand.

In the meantime we must not try to delude ourselves into believing that this war is to end all war.

Has your stomach accustomed itself to the shift in the meal hour?

HELLO! MR. HINDENBURG?

TWENTY-THREE American telephone girls are now on official duty at the wires that serve the American army in Paris and beyond, and the officers who lifted receivers a Jay or two ago and heard the familiar "Hello!" must have experiencea a sense of home such as comes with the far-off sound of an old melody.

One unfortunate restriction applies to the service of the American telephone girl near the front. If the tides of war should mix the wires and if she should some day get dindenburg or the Crown Prince or the Kaiser on the line she couldn't tell any of those celebrities what she thinks of them. She is too polite.

The manners of the modern telephone girl are often a source of inspiration. She keeps her good temper and her pleasant tone often under great difficulties. She has been known to help others to a cheerful frame of mind by the mere force of example.

One of these days an American telephone girl in France may get Hindenburg on the wire. Though she will be too nice to tell the old boy what an appalling chump he is, she may be imaginative enough to say: "Hello! Mr. Hindenburg? Nemesia

Certainly German republicanism has a great asset in the Crown Prince. How any one can look at him and still support the Hohensollerms is beyond our ken.

The druggist used to say that he had "something just as good" for less money, but the bakers are discovering that substi-tutes for wheat flour are so expensive they have to go out of business.

APRIL FOLLIES

WELL, it seems rather obvious, but it's got to be done. April fool, Hindy!

Dandelion wine is our favorite drink, and

Dove Dulcet believes in doing a thing handsomely when you do it at all. He says if daylight is worth saving, why not save all of it? He says he turned his clock on twelve whole hours and never expects to see the sun again. And yet, he adds, the change doesn't seem to make much difference in his daily schedule.

Real Estate Advertising

The castle of High Zollern, or Zollernhe Hill, from which a certain family once influential in Europe takes its name, is said to be closed for repairs. This interesting mansion, which is near the Danube River and is not often visited by tourists, may be highly recommended to those in search of a desirable summer residence fully equipped with family skeletons and emergency exits. The present lease will fall in shortly. interested may apply to the caretaker, or to Wilhelm, near St. Quentin.

Although they operate under grievous difficulties, all the German hur dead yet. We would like to meet the hold fellow who was given a commission to design some new Prussian bank notes not long ago. He put in his drawings a marginal dec tion of minute pictures of his favorite articles of food. Over a little vignette of a ham he inscribed in microscopic letters, "A tender memory," Over a wreath of burly sausages he minusculed in anguish, "Gone but not forgotten." And over a design of three turolps he wrote. "This is how the Germany live." All these little cartoons were so tiny that they could only be distinguished with a magnifying glass.
Unfortunately he was found out and im-

prisoned on a charge of holding the father-Dove Dulcet, our seventy-two-millimeter

et, was challenged to produce a poem complying with the customary laws of rhyme and measure, and to our amazement he belabored the Muse to some purpose. This is his effort: KITH AND KIN

The Lisping Lovers, nice young things, Are walking arm in arm: But chaperones who hear them talk

Show no signs of alarm And wholly without sin

When he says, "May I have a kith?"
She answers, "Sure, you kin," DOVE DULCET.

We get very fed up with the persons who are always calling the Administration, the War Department Congress, the shipbuilders, the food administration. Mr. McAdoe and all the rest of Uncle Sam's official neph-ws, bone-heads. It is always a great temptation to allege bene, or at any rate cartillars, as the allege bone, or at any rate cartilage, as the skutt filling of one's immediate superiors; but a grand old biblical refrain to recall now and then is "Even the Boss Knows His Job." We would be pleased to see a little parsley handed about now and then. We like it when it comes our way, even though it's as rare as freckles on a negro. Perhaps other folks like it, too, and deserve it. For instance, those engineers who rebuilt the Vaterland and other eminent packets so that they could take troops across to France. The Laviathan, which was champagned as the Vaterland, takes more than \$900 men at a time. Here's a long and foamy "How" to the fellows who put her in running order and fellows who put her in running order. fellows who put her in running order and a knot faster than before. In G-rmany they would all have had an Iron Cross.

Dulcet, by the way, twangs the string now and then. He sends us this:

SOLILOQUY At home, at night, How fine to sit And drowny-dreaming. Think a bit.

What silly things I've done today-What doylight savings Thrown away! What tosks I might

The secret of life is learning not to overdo thous. Painfully, and after many is and ex-erisense, a man learns not to eat too much, of in drink tee much, not to talk to much, of to sentil too thanh. And then, after, he is seemed for thirty years, he finds than a seemed to the property of the control of t

A WHALE OF A STEAK

A "WHALE of a luncheon" was given in New York the other day at the American Museum of Natural History by President Henry Fairfiel Osborne as a demonstration of the superiority of whale meat over other meats during the present food crisis. Whale steak is as palatable as venison, can be supplied in large quantities in the United States and sold as 1212 cents a pound. The lunchpilled in large quantities in the United Staten and sold at 12½ cents a pound. The lunch-eon was planned on a strictly war basis. Whale meat, that of the humpbacked variety which makes the best eating, formed, of course, the backbone of the meat, and the piece de resistance, as the society reporters would say, was planked whale steak a la Vanceuver.

Some years ago Doctor Osborne first besome years ago loctor cance in the came interested in the use of whale neat as a food, through the report of Roy Chapman Andrews, Curator of Mammals at the Museum of Natural History, who devoted eight years to the study of whales, who has attended whale hunts and eaten whale meat in all parts of the world, and who knows so much about whales that he has even written a book, called "Whale Hunting With Gun and Camera." It was, however, not until the present food crisis that Doctor Osborne thought of introducing whale meat generally as a substitute for beef, and decided to get up a luncheon for that purpose.

All of the guests found the taste of the novel meat excellent. Federal Food Administrator Arthur Williams, who has had international experience in compiling menus, agreed with the opinion expressed by Doctor Andrews in his book, "Whales and Whale Hunting," that whale meat closely resem-bles venison in flavor. Others said that it tasted very much like potroast, only that it was richer in fat and juices.

Whate meat is coarse grained and has a flavor peculiarly its own. "It contains," said Mr. Andrews, "more than \$8 per cent of digestible material, while ordinary beef seldom has more than \$2 per cent." The whate blubber, or fat, is also especially rich in fat and could, no doubt, advantageously be used instead of suct in cooking.

Although the subarctic islands have proved the greatest whaling grounds of modern times, the shores of our own country are the site of a large whaling industry. New Bed-ford, once the center of the world's whale trade, has lost its former prestige, but there are seven large whaling stations on the Pa-cific coast. Only three of these, however, are equipped to handle whale meat for food. The other whaling plants only use the meat as fertilizer, and 15,000,000 pounds of material that would make splendid human food are wasted in this way every year. Dector Osborne has ascertained from reliable sources that 100,000,000 pounds of whale meat could be supplied to this country annually at a cost of 12% cents a pound. This food makes an excellent steak, roast or stew when eater fresh and is said to be more palatable when tinned than beef, multon or pork. One mem-ber of the museum staff, who found whale meat too oily to be to his taste when fresh, declared that canned whale was delicious and that it tasted like first-class beef. The whale flesh, as it is now put up in cans, can be kept indefinitely and should prove a very welcome addition to the diet of all Americans who are trying to do their bit by saving on the meat which is so sorely needed by the armies in Europe.

BULBS

The other day we saw in a magazine panorama of the staff of the now evaporated Austro-Hun embassy in Washington. We suppose that Messrs. Harris & Ewing, photographers, must have had some trying ex-periences in their day, but hardly one worse than standing up in cold blood to snapshot that troupe of Mona Lisas. We took a peculiar negative fancy to the third from the left, the Baron Stephen Hedry de Hedri et de Genere Aba, who used to earn his pay envelopes as "chamberlain to his imperial and special standard and special standard and special standard special standard special standard special standard special standard special s and apostolic Majesty."

There seems to be a little uncertainty about the Baron chamberlain's name. Spoken hurriedly, it seems as though he might belong to the fine old family of the

By the way, are we at war with Austria? We never can remember

John J. Harrison-peace to his head!-Had one passion, and that was bed. Truly he counted the day Il-spent Unless by nine to the hav he went

My, how he loved, on a chilly night, To turn down the coverlet, fuck up tight, And lie, like the beautiful girl in Keats, little bit goose-fleshed, between cold sheets.

Buried by blanket and padded quilt, Many a castle in Spain he built; Nestled and snuggled and spread his toes,

John J. Harrison wisely deemed That sleep can never be overesteemed, And a twelve-hour night, on good wire springs. Is something rare in the lives of kings.

The passion that most men bestow On golf or cards or tit-tat-toe. On the other sex, or baseball scores, J. J. H. put in on snores.

Oh! that man made sleep a career; He would lie and pound his ear Eighty Catermoor hours a week-What 60 you think of that technique?

Him for being so bedridden: It looked to me like a vertain lign Of horizontality of the spine! John's sleepmeter would mew and buzz,

I, as his roommate, had often chidden

At eight o'clock, when to work I went, John would register great content. "Sleep," he said, "appeals to me, So I take it seriously: I wish my blanket could be my pail-

But never could jure him out o the fuss,

He as a man I so edmired

Save the daylight, and save it all!"

"WHALE of a luncheon" was given in

Mr. Andrews relates in his book that when he was studying the whaling industry in Japan he found whale was almost the only meat used by the poorer classes. He says: Few people realize the great part that whale meat plays in the life of the ordinary Japanese. Too poor to buy beef, their diet would include little but rice, fish and vege-tables were it not for the great supply of flesh and blubber furnished by the huge water animals. In winter if there is little fish to be had, the meat of the humpback whale, which is most highly esteemed, sometimes brings as much as thirty sen (fifteen cents) prepared, but ordinarily it can be bought for fifteen sen or less." Besides the blubber and flesh the Japanese use the heart liver, tongue and intestines of the whale as food. They prepare it in a variety of ways. but their favorite whale dish is made by chopping the whale meat up finely and mix-ing it with vegetables and a sauce made from the soy bean called shoyu. In the summer when the fresh whale meat cannot be shipped inland because of the heat, the flesh s cooked and canned at the Japanese whalng stations and sent to all parts of the Mikado's empire.

pastry shop, in 237 South Sixth street, and buy a slab of cinnamon bun. Then we walk round Washington square, musing, and gradually walking round and engulfing the cinnamon bun at the same time. It is surprising what a large circumference those buns of Henry's have. By the time we have gnashed our way through one of those warm and mystic phenomena we don't want to eat again for a month again for a month,

The real reason for the cinnamon bun is
to fortify us for the contemplation and onslaught upon a tragic problem that Washing-

classification needs no further scrutiny or analysis. But there is one thing in Washing-ton square that embodies an intellectual prob-lem, a grappling of the soul, a matter for continual anguish and decision. ON THE west side of the square is the Swiss consulate, and it is this that Oswiss consulate, and it is this that weighs upon our brooding spirit. How many times we have paused before that quiet little house and gazed upon the little red cross, a Maltese Cross, or a Cross of St. Hieronymus, or whatever the heraldic term is, that represents and symbolizes the diplomatic and spiritual presence of the Swiss republic. We have stood there and thought about William Tell and the Berne Convention and the St. Gotthard Tunnel and St. Bernard dogs and winter sports and alpenstocks and edelweiss and the Jungfrau and all the other trappings and trappists that make Switzerland notable. We have mused upon the Swiss military system, which is so perfect that it has never had to be tested by war; and we have wondered what is the name of the President of Switzerland and how he keeps it out of the papers so successfully. One day we lugged an encyclopedii, and the Striesman's Yess, Book out to the square with us and sat down

The Taming of the Snoore

And just evaporated into repose,

Out dilemma is quite ample. Where there is a consulate there must be a consul, and it seems to us a dreadful thing that inside that building there lurks a Swiss envoy who does not know that we, here envoy who does not know that we here we who are walking round the square with our mouth full of Herry Roia's bun, once spent a night in Switzerland. We want him to know that; we think be ought to know it; we think it is part of hir diplomatic duty to know it. And yet how can we burst in on him and tell him that apparently irrelevant piece of information?

We have thought of yar,ous ways of breaking it to him, or should we say breaking list o him.

breaking it to him, or should we say breaking him to it?
Should we rush in and say the Swinz national debt is I— or kopecks, and then lead on to other topics such as the comparative helpits of mountain peaks, letting the consul gradually grass the fact that we have been in Switzerland? Or should we call him up on the telephone and make a mysterious appointment with him, when we could hiurt it out brutaily?

We are a modest and diffident man, and this little problem, which would be so trifling to many, presents inscrutable hardships to us.

ton square presents to our pondering soul.

Washington square is a deligitful place. There are trees there, and publishing houses

and warm green grass and a fire engine sta-tion. There are children playing about on the broad pavements that criss-cross the sward; there is a fine roof of blue sky, kept

from falling down by the enormous building at the north side of the square. But these things present no problems. To our simple philosophy a tree is a vegetable, a child is an animal, a building is a mineral, and this

Book out to the square with us and sat down on a bench facing the consulate and read up about the Swiss cabinet and the national bank of Switzerland and her child labor

problems. Accidentally we discovered the name of the Swiss President, but as he has kept it so dark we are not going to give away his secret.

A. We think the countil ought to know that we spent one night in Switzerland once, we think he ought to know what we were doing that night, but we also think he ought to know just why it was that we spent only one night in he beautiful country. We don't want him to think we hurried away because we were amounted by marthing, or because the national det was so many rupiece or plantary, or because child labor in Switzerland is that the thought that the countil and all his staff are in Islail greenance.

ANOTHER aspect of the matter is this. We think the consul ought to know that

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Tragedy of Washington Square

SETTING THE CLOCK FORWARD

ONE of our favorite amusements at lunch-time is to walk down to Henry Rosa's the tragedy of Washington square. I'l WAS a dark, rainy man, cycled into Basel. We have been riding cycled into Basel. We have been riding down from the dark WAS a dark, rainy night when we bi I cycled into Basel. We has been riding all day long, coming down from the dark clefts of the Black Forest, and we and our knapsack were wet through. We had been bleyeling for six weeks with no more luggage than a rucksack could hold. We never saw such rain as fell that day we slithered and sloshed on the rugged slopes that tumble down to the Rhine at Basel. (The annual rainfall in Switzerland is —) When we got to the little hotel at Basel we sat in the dining room with water running off us in trickles until the head waiter clared. in trickles, until the head waiter glared. And so all we saw of Switzerland was the interior of the tobacconist's, where we tried. unsuccessfully, to get some English baccy, Then we went to bed while our garments were dried. We stayed in bed for ten hours. reading fairy tales and smoking and answer

ing modestly through the transom when any one asked us questions. The next morning we overhauled our wardrobe. We will not particularize, but we decided that one change of duds, after six weeks' bicycling, was not enough of a wardrobe to face the Jungfrau and the national robe to face the Jungfrau and the national debt and the child-labor problem, not to speak of the anonymous President and the other eights that matter (such as the Matterhorn). Also, our stock of tobacco had run out, and German or French tobacco we simply cannot smoke. Even if we could get along on substitute fumigants the issue of garments was imperative. The nearest place where we could get any clothes of the kind that we are accustomed to, the kind of clothes that are familiarly symbolized by three well-known initials, was London. And the only way we had to set to London was on our bicycle. We thought we had better get huny. It's a long bike ride from Basel. on our bicycle. We thought we had better on our bicycle. We thought we had better get husy. It's a long bike ride from Basel, to London. So we just went as far as the Basel Cathedral, so as not to seem too un-appreciative of all the treasures that Switzer-land had been saving for us for countless cen-turies; then we got on board our patient steed and trundled off through Alsace.

THAT was in August, 1912, and we firmly Intended to go back to Switzerland the next year to have another look at the rainfall and the rest of the statistics and status quos. But the opportunity has not come

So That is why we wander disconsolately about Washington square, trying to make Dabout Washington square, trying to make up our mind to unburden our bosom to the Swiss consul and tell him the worst. But how can one go and interript a consul to tell him that sort of thing? Perhaps he wouldn't understand it at all; he would misunderstand our pathetic little story and be anary that we took up his time. He wouldn't think that a shortage of tobacco and ciothing was a sufficient oxcuss for slighting William Tell and the Jungfrau. He wouldn't appreciate the frustrated emotion and longing with which we watch the little red cross at his front door, and think of all it means to us and all it might have meant.

WE TOOK another turn around Washing-WE TOOK another turn around Washing-tion square, trying to emboden our-self enough to go in and tell the consul all this. And then our heart failed us. We de-cided to write a piece for the paper about it, and if the consultever sees it he will be gen-erous and understand. He will know why, behind the humble facade of his consulate on Washington square, we see the heaven-piece-ing numnits of Switzerland rising like a dream, blue and allvery and tantalizing.

Now that you have the extra hour of daylight, don't make light of it. Tat. Tut!

How It Started

Babies Next ing accentency carroid boys to the trenches.

After the next drive from thermany you may tune your ear for Wilhelm's charge that the Aftics slaughter women and children

FOCH THE BRILLIANT

THE staff of the Twentieth Corps of the French army had a banquet at Nancy in 1912. The commander of the corps in ad-

essing his officers said: and deliver the blow there." "But suppose, general," said an artiller, officer, "the enemy has no weak point?"
"Then make one!" the general came back with a gleam in his eye and a decisive tilt of

with a gleam in his eye and a decisive tilt of the chin.

The general was Ferdinand Foch, who has just been made generallssimo of the Allied armies in Picardy. General Joffre has char-acterized him as the greatest strategist in Europe. He justified Joffre's judgment by his brilliant maneuvers at the Battle of the Marne, He held the center of the French line with 120,000 men, opposed to 200,000 Germans. Both his wings were driven back, but he decided that the Germans were disregard-ing their own center and he made a Terrific attack upon that point, broke the German line and saved the day. He was also in com-mand during the first successful fight at Tyres and prevented the Germans from

breaking through to Calais, Foch was born in the Basque country of the border of Spain. His father was a Bone-partist and was secretary for the prefecture of Tarbes under Napoleon III. One of his brothers is a lawyer and the other is a Jesuit priest. He served as a subaltern in the French army in the Franco-Prussian War. He later became a captain of artillers and then was made professor of tactics in the Ecole de Guerre with the title of commandant. When he reached the grade of a brigadier general he was put at the head of the War College. Clemenceau was Premier the War College. Clemenceau was Premier at the time. He had Foch as a guest at dinner and discussed routine business with him. When the coffee was brought in the

Premier remarked: "I've a good bit of news for you. You are nominated director of the War College. Foch expressed his astonishment and said that he was not a candidate.

"That is possible," the Premier replied, but you are appointed.", "but you are appointed."

Foch protested and said that he way afraid that Clemenceau did not know that one of his brothers was a Jesuit priest. The Jesuit priests were then in discepute in political circles.

"Jesuit he d——!" the Premier is said to have replied. "Oh, I beg your pardon, You are the director of the War College. All the Jesuits in creation won't alter that—it is w This is the way promotions have come to this great soldier. He has been picked for important work because he was qualified and not because he sought to push him-

self forward. The selection of him, therefore, in the present emergency to direct the strate egy of the Allies indicates that he is the choice of the men who know his abilities and is not pushed forward as the result of

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Why is Pennsylvania called

State?

7. Identify "Bloff King Hal."

2. Where is the Debrudia and in what connection in it figuring?

5. Name the author of "feralet."

6. Which is Swian chard?

6. Which cits is known as Gotham?

7. What is meant by "Attic sait"

8. What is the sign of office of a field marshal?

8. What is the sign of office of a field marshal?

2. Where is Noyun?

10. Who is zeneralissime of the Allied forces is France?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz-General Nittl in the Stallan Snancial minister who has just floated a new last. Fire third inste of Liberty Bonds will be interest at the rate of \$14 per cont. Themas Carlyle, British blatering, count and obligation wreter "fractic Recording to book of deep philinguish and solvitability written in a receasing and solvitability written in a receasing and solvitability and solvitability written in a receasing and solvitability written in a receasing and solvitability written in a receasing and solvitability written.