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WOITORIAL BOARD: CIRE H. K. CERTIS, Chairman SCRIN C. MARTIN. .. General Business Managet NEWS BUREAUS:

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give old as well as new address changed FIL. SOOR WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 2000 Index: Independence Equare, Philadelphia,

BROOND GLASS MAIL MATTER. Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 2, 1918.

JAPAN KEEPING FAITH

DELAYED accounts of the address of Poreign Minister Motono to the Japanese Parliament on the eve of its adjournment last Tuesday, which have just reached this country, justify the conclusion reached Jast week that the Siberian complications ere unraveling themselves. The Foreign Minister said:

Inleter said:

It is desired to make it clear that the Imperial Government does not regard Russia as an enemy. Japan will not adopt an aggressive policy toward Russia and does not heshtate to declare unreservedly and sincerely the deep and warm sympathy of the nation for the Russian people.

This declaration is made in the same drit as that which moved President Wilon to send a message of sympathy to the Moscow Congress of Soviets. Now it remains for the Russians to demonstrate that they are not enemies of Japan, France, England and the United States. They can do this by organizing to prevent the Germanization of Russia.

The Kalser hasn't yet thanked God bese his big gun accidentally hit a church in Parls and killed seventy persons. But

GERMANS TALKING DUTCH

BEFORE deciding what to think of the Dutch protest against the seizure of the Dutch ships by the United States one hould look at the war map of Europe. One will find Holland is a little spot on map, bordered by the North Sea on one side and surrounded on all other sides by territory in the control of the German armies. Holland has about as much liberty of action as a mouse between the front paws of a hungry cat.

So when the Netherlands Government, in in Official Gazette, describes the seizure of the ships as "an act of violence, which It will oppose with all the energy of its conviction and its wounded national feeling," we know that the Government is speaking for the ears of Berlin, even if the ice is not the voice of the German cellor. Yet the form in which the denunciation of the American policy is couched suggests that the German ambassador at The Hague has been using the Netherlands Foreign Office as his thplece and is launching propaganda through the official channels of a nomi-

nally neutral Government. The protest will be put on file in Washington and receive due consideration at the

Don't walt for the Liberty Loan cam-

paign to open. Buy now. THERE ISN'T ANY SECRET

T IS being said of Dr. Samuel G. Dixon. late Commissioner of Health in Pennaylvania, that the secret of combating intile paralysis, a scourge to which he woted much study, died with him. No finable statement could be more misleading. Doctor Dixon had unusual oppertunities to study infantile paralysis during the epidemics in this city and he ade no secret of the means for its elimin. He urged consistent and almost us attention to cleanliness in streets and alleys. Such simple precautions, anplied throughout the State wherever the authority of the Department of Health was uate, did much to rut the death rate in Pennsylvania in the course of Doctor Dixon's able administration of his office.

Were Doctor Dixon alive now he would as, have something to add to the ment already made in relation to the fition of Philadelphia's streets and alleys. A man with his knowledge and ce could be pacaliarly eloquent n view of the dirt that has been permitted to lie and depay and form breeding, nests for all sorts of contagions in the crowded estions of the city.

It doesn't appear as if the Kaiser would ever eat that dinner in Paris.

LOOKING BACKWARD AT IT

R most of mankind-that larger and pler part of the population that eth not in automobiles and is too to got the week-end-away habit-Bunday has its more jubilant celeon Monday, when it is possible to ut it in the newspapers and perthe manner in which reverent multieted to the occasion. This obce always tends to restore a waning

Vare celsbrated Easter Sunday by ag that Secretary Daniels was er to dethrone him in South with a volley of lies. Wistrying to determine whether d to America or to Germany. City the sacrificial lobster was llone and enten at the I the our ben and the liberty ed the religious spirit of the rates about Philadelphia

THE TRIANGLE OF DEATH

THAT great red triangle forty miles long which Hindenburg has thrust into the breast of civilization points at the heart and soul of all we hold dear. For thirteen days that bleeding fang has crept closer and closer. Spiritually speaking, it is as close to Philadelphia as it is to Paris or Amiens. What threatens them threatens us. And it is well for every man to realize the truth that confronts us.

For thirteen days history has been on the anvil. Our souls have been tense with something not far from dread. We have seen what we thought was impossible: the iron battering ram of the enemy thrust back again over the land so dearly ransomed from the battalions of death.

Germany is not beaten. Amid innumerable profitless argumentations and disputes as to what we have or have not accomplished, how many airplanes we have sent over, how many ships we have built, there looms the one indisputable fact. The German army stands today within gunfire of Paris, and at the very suburbs of Amiens. It is busily digging itself in, and unless our counterstroke falls suddenly and soon it will be

It is a tragic circumstance that not until the ninth day of the world's greatest battle were the Allies able to agree upon the appointment of a supreme commander for all the armies of resistance. Although it seems as though that should have been done long ago, this is not the time to mourn past errors, but to profit by them. The thing to emphasize now is that the generalissimo has indeed been named. Our prayer is that he may be able, disposing his armies from one all-seeing nerve center, to slash through the deadly salient.

It is indeed the voice of the nation that echoes the wish that Pershing had a million men under him to hurl into the reeling lines. Our hundred thousand, who are said to be singing their way on to the field, are valiant in spirit and they will acquit themselves with the gallantry of their blood. But we shall need many more; we shall need every heart and hand and soul in this country before the smoke rolls away.

Germany has not broken through, and for her the great and bloody advance is indecisive enough; but it is no less a serious check to the Allies. Now is the time for every American to nerve himself for greater and greater efforts. God knows that England and France have done their share. From now on we shall be baptized blood brothers with them in the most gallant cause ever allotted to men.

The clergyman who suggested that all vice be swept out of the city to points beyond the limits of a ten-mile zone obviously doesn't own any suburban real estate.

WAR GARDEN ADVENTURERS

WAR gardening, if one is to accept the solemn word of many who indulge in that fashionable sport, is a far more thrilling gamble than poker or horse racing. The suspense is more prolonged. You never know what is to happen next-or whether anything will happen.

A pessimist at Ambler, thrilled by the appeals of the food experts, went fervidly to work last summer and wrung a crop of potatoes from the bashful soil of his domain. The potatoes cost him \$12 a bushel and he writes plaintively to say that there was not one potato in all his harvest that couldn't have been swallowed whole without the least discomfort.

A group of gentlemen farmers together in Bucks County to do the thing scientifically. They hired an expert, selected the ground carefully, prepared to grow potatoes by the ton and lost \$40,000 in the course of the season.

This is the dark side of the picture. The little war gardens have been successful in the main. It is the common error of the amateur to suppose that you can grow anything anywhere by merely planting seed and playing a hose at decent intervals. War gardeners will profit by taking the serious advice of the seedsman and by reading the simple instructions of the Department of Agriculture before launching the seeds into the willing but not always adequate earth. Crops must be planned according to the nature of the soil. And even if nothing grows in them war gardens provide exercise that is as good or better than golf or tennis.

It is now planned to sweep all the idlers from New York's Broadway. Few will be left but the policemen, and they may be taken soon.

WHAT A CENTURY HAS WROUGHT frite announcement that the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the present public-school system in this city is to be celebrated this week is mislead-

The school system that was established by the act of 1818 bore so little resemblance to the present system that its descent from the earlier system is difficult to trace. The principles on which public education is based have been radically changed in a century. The act of 1818 merely established schools for the free education of the poor. It was based on the theory of the Constitution, which print to 1796 directed that schools should be maintained in which the teachers should be paid such salaries as should "enable them to teach at low prices." This action was amended in that year so that the Legislature was directed to provide schools "in such a manner that the poor may be taught gratis." This remained the only provision for free public education in the Commonwealth until the Constitution was

revised in 1873. Free public education for all who de sire it is a comparatively modern thing here. In all the early years of the city and of the State it was assumed that the well-to-do would send their children to private schools. The public schools have grown, however, under this hundicap until now they provide free education for the children of the rich as well as of the poor. They teain young men for college entrance and they give to those who do pot care, or cannot afford, to enter colgo a good practical education, in many ass britar than trut which the graduates of the best colleges received a hundred

from the conception that public schools hould be maintained for the poor alone into the belief that if democracy is to be maintained the State must offer to all alike the same kind of education under the same conditions. The change has come about so gradually that we are in danger of missing its significance.

The Bolsheviki are forming an army. Look out for the new horror of the explosive adjective.

A FUTURE ROLE FOR MR. TAFT

THE qualities of mind that Mr. Taft sup-I plied to the Federal labor planning board to inspire what is believed to be the most adequate working arrangement yet devised for employers and their employes were neither new, nor strange, nor mystical. Mr. Taft's common sense, his perceptions of justice and the humane philosophy that characterizes his more familiar reactions are reflected in the terms of the agreement devised to prevent strikes and lockouts during the war.

The most amiable of our former Presidents appears to have carried into the sessions of the labor planning board nothing but a larger conception of the labor issue as it affects the country as a whole, He applied to the problem a little of constructive imagination and the unselfish and disinterested view of the third party-the nation itself.

With such an attitude of mind there is no place for the harsh prejudices and misunderstandings that usually make labor contests so painful and expensive. The commission in which Mr. Taft was a memper was able to perceive that the essential need in every case of serious labor trouble is sympathetic and intelligent interpretation of aims for both sides.

It is easy to believe that Mr. Taft was the inspiration of the recent agreement. And it is to be hoped that he may not be too busy in the future to carry this work a little further and to apply himself to the larger problems which are certain to spring up in the future, when, after the war, the country will demand a basis of permanent protection against the losses and discomforts of strikes and walkouts. on the one hand, and lockouts on the other,

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Dying Confession of an Advertising Man

N MY day I was a genuine valve in head, A shock-absorbing human dynamo. I was the subject of that famous article in one of the efficiency magazines, "Forging Behind in Business, or How One Man Fought a Long Fight and Lost." I invented pep, punch and paprika. My copy was always a big thing to look for, a small thing to find. I wore Rippenhelmer clothes, smoked sensible cigarettes, brushed my teeth up and down, obeyed that impulse, had the skin you love to touch and always asked the man who owned one. I never omitted to include the words supreme, obligate and ultimate in every piece of copy. I could split an infinitive at fifty yard, and always used to say how much more forcefully the Old Testament could have been written by Orison Swett Marden. I invented the double page spread. I never neglected to cay whom for who.

Then some one said that ads ought to be written in good English. That killed me.

But I have filed application for preferred position, next to pure reading matter, among the obits.

FUROR GRAMMATICUS.

Dove Dulcet has never had much public recognition as a poet, and the fact that we hav, printed several of his verses lately seems to have gone to his head. He sent us a long telegram last night from his home at Obesity, N. J., (collect) suggesting that he should do a daily poem for us. dealing in a light-hearted manner with the events of the day. And as an evidence of good faith he inclosed the following:

Ode to a Quartermaster

"U. S. Quartermaster in France mistakes foot powder for flour."-News

Quartermaster, save that powder For the weary feet: It was never meant for chowder And not designed to cat.

Powder to relieve forced marches Made against the Huns, Meant for corns and not cornstarches, For bunions, not for buns!

You to degradation shall come If you do not know Uncle Sam sent you that talcum For doughboys, not for cough. DOVE DULCET.

The Agony Column of the London Times s always delightful reading. Not long ago we clipped from it the following "personal":

ALFRED—Send the disguise to the usual place. Leave the parrot with Aunty; it will cheer her up. Will see you Friday as arranged.

We love to speculate about that meeting on Friday and wonder whether X. W. had brown eyes and what her disguise was, and how Aunty got along with Pollyanna, the glad parrot.

Some years ago an anthology of the Times's Agony Column was published, reprinting the choicest bits culled from the years 1800-1870. We have tried for a long time to get our hands on that book. For any fictioneer or playwright it would be better than a hundred years of correspondence courses. We told Earl Derr Biggers, the author of "Seven Keys to Baldplate," about the book and he said, "If I had a copy I would never have to think again."

The volume is called "The Agony Column of the Times, 1800-76," and it was published in London by Chatto & Windus, about twenty years ago. Has any one in Philadelphia a copy he will lend us?

A friend of ours was asked what scenes he enjoyed most in the movies. "The windy ones," he replied.

How much easier it seems to spend quarter on tobacco for ourselves than a dime on milk chocolate for Xantippe.

Xantippe tells us that ice cream sodan e sundace have gone up to twelve centa

WEEMS'S WASHINGTON IN PHILADELPHIA

THE publication of a new edition of Weems's life of Washington, by the J. B. Lippincott Company, whose office is around the corner from Independence Hall, recalls the fact that this most popular biography ever issued on this continent has been connected with this city almost from the beginning. beginning.

The first edition, the dedication of which to Martha Washington bears the date of February 22, 1800, was published in George-town. There is a copy of this edition in the brary of the Pennsylvania Historical Sc ciety. In Locust street. The society also has copies of the second and third editions. After the first edition had been sold Weems made arrangements with a Philadelphia printer to bring out another one. This second edition bears this aunouncement at the foot of the title page:

Reprinted by JOHN BROIEN, No. 83 Chestnut Street For the Author

Weems enlarged his book and changed the ording of the title several times. There is peculiar interest, therefore, in the compoaltion and arrangement of the page as it first came from the printers. Here it is, copied from the Historical Society's precious vol-

> HISTORY Of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON Dedicated MRS. WASHINGTON

And containing a great many curious and valuable anecdotes, tending to throw much light on the private as well as the public life and character of THAT VERY ENTRAORDINARY MAN

The Whole Happily calculated to furnish a feast of true Washington Entertainment and

Improvement Both to ourselves and our children

A wif's a feather, and a chief's a red; An honest man's the noblest work of God, Who noble ends by noble means obtains De failing, smiles in exile or in chains: Like good Aurelius let him reign or bleed Like Socrates, that man is great, indeed,

PRINTED FOR THE REV. M. I. WEEMS Of Lodge No. 50, Dumfries GREEN & ENGLISH, GEORGE-TOWN

(Price 2s. 3d. only.) MANY other editions were printed here after John Broien brought out his reprint. I have a copy of an edition bearing the date of 1837 and the imprint:

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH ALLEN AND SOLD BY GRIGG & ELLIOT

No. 9, North Fourth Street On the back of the title page is the copright notice, announcing that on September 24, 1824, H. C. Carey and I. Lea had de-posited in the office of the clerk of the District of Pennsylvania 'The title of a book the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit: 'The Life of George Washington, with curious anecdotes, especially honorable to himself and exemplary to his young contrymen." The title page contains further the announcement that this 1524 edition was the "twenty-seventh—greatly improved." At the bottom of the page is a note announcing that the copyright has been purchased by Joseph Allen and transferred to him. It is probable, though I have not been able to verify it that Markov Company been able to verify it, that Matthew Carey, the predecessor of Carey & Lea, published the book at one time. But there is no doubt whatever that it has been published in this city continuously since John Broien first brought it out. The Lippincotts purchased the plates from a local publisher years ago, and they have had the book on their list ever since. In fact, it has never been out of print since Weems first hired a Georgetown spirits him. Weems first hired a Georgetown printer to put his story in a book 118 years ago. More than eighty editions have appeared thus far. and no one knows how many more will demanded before its popularity wanes.

THE new edition is illustrated with repro-A ductions of the old wood cuts which appear in my edition of 1837. It is not known who made these engravings, but some of them are signed in the left-hand corner by a roman italic "A." If they resembled more closely the work of Alexander Anderson, the first American we could safely be ascribed to him. But Anderson, whose work is familiar to those who have looked over the publications of the American Tract Society, issued in the first half of the last century, was fond of a finer line than is used in the Weems engravings. Benson J. Lossing, however, in his admirable appreciation of Anderson, reproduces some Anderson engravings, and one of them is signed with an "A" identical with the letter used by the man who made the Weems blocks. It might afford a pleasant occupation for some antiquarian to find out whether Anderson did really make the engravings, or whether they were made by some other or whether they were made by some other early wood engraver whose name began with the same initial. Anderson was a New Yorker, and most of his work was done for New York publishers, but as Philiadelphia was the publishing center of the country when the Weems Washington was in its early popularity it would have been most natural for the local publishers to employ the best-known engraver in the cou llustrate the book.

Mayor Smith was in Atlantic City quite near the place where the big fire started Burning yesterday when the news of Secretary Dan-lela's charges reached him. No one ever had an adequate notion of the Mayor's capacity to blush.

My Soul Is Across the Sea

O my beloved, I cannot sleep; The roses whisper and I awake The still small voices that pulse and roll Make awful thunder within my soul. While the roses bow and the lilles nod, I see great billows that pound and shake The very walls of the world and break In crimson foam at the feet of God. O my beloved, I cannot sleep,

The ravens are crying in yonder pine, The robins call from the linden tree: Their voices drown in the roaring flood Of that great river of fire and blood Where the hope of tyrants shall fall an die.

Ten thousand cannon across the sea. Are calling my soul; I fly to thee. There till the shadow of Death pass by, I clasp, O beloved, thy hand in mine,

I watch the war eagles wheel and son

Over the rivers of Picardy; Where tyrants have sown, I stand and

In that red whirlwind the nations reap, The wide world shrinks to a lurid line; In the dread shadow, the souls to be And the vanished ages are set to see Whether the monster beyond the Rhine, Or freedom, shall perish forevermore. Asleep while the world is crucified?

Think not, beloved, think not of me Wrapped in the bliss of peaceful dream. 'Mid bursting shells, in the lightning's gleam, I walk in the horror of No Man's Land.

For I send my soul across the sea; there in the shadow of Death with thee, See, O beloved, I touch thy hand-I weep while the world is crucified. ALONZO BROWN.



"UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO DO IT FOR YOU!"

INTERVIEWS WITH WIVES

MRS. McSKITT

VICE CLEAN-UP

with the wife of a professional humorist and greatly welcomed the assignment that sent me out to Licorice Hill, the suburb made famous by Meredith McSkitt, the noted whimhurler. The drolleries of this talented wit have convulsed three hemispheres and in-numerable continents and archipelagoes and peninsulas. His book, "The Sardonic Sar-dine," is even mentioned in Baedeker's United States as one of the things that must be read by every traveler who wishes to understand the saturnine and fantastic gayety of America.

T FOUND Mrs. McSkitt busy sewing but-I tons on a large acreage of cloth that I at first thought was a horse blanket, but she explained that it was her husband's wais coat. She had not expected me, and at first t was difficult to persuade her that I wanted interview her and not her husband. "Mr. McSkitt is in bed," she said, "recuperating from an afternoon reading at the Women's Athenaeum. He is in great demand at the women's clubs and finds them very exhaust-ing. He always comes home dreadfully disheveled too. Every time he makes a joke he laughs so tempestuously that his waist-coat buttons get loosened. And then the women rush up afterward and selze them as souvenirs. Loosened as they are, they come off easily. I have to keep an extra supply, and though I sew them on with number thread"-she held up a spool of strong cable "it doesn't seem to do much good. Mr. McSkitt laughs so very powerfully.

Being in a humorist's house, I thought I might venture on a small pun. "What you need is a haw-hawser." I said. To my dismay she turned quite white "I must beg you not to say anything like that," she whispered. "We never allow any okes around the house. There are dreadful

scenes if Mr. McSkitt overhears them. He will not permit any one else to poach on his preserves. He is very sensitive about such

MRS. McSKITT," I said, "I am very anxious to learn from you what it like to be the wife of a humorist. must be an uproarious existence. I have read 'The Sardonic Sardine,' and 'The Par-son Who Stuttered' and all Mr. McSkitt's other books, and I have often envied those who live in the same house with so marvelous a man. Won't you tell me a little

Mr. McSkitt was born in 1870," she said. in a mechanical sort of way; "he attended ol, was trained for the ministry, married

Henrietta Jones—"
"I beg your parden." I said. "Am I to understand that Mr. McSkitt has been mar-"Yes," she murmured. "She died of mel-"You amaze me," I replied. "Living with such a man, bubbling over continually with

laughter and—"
From upstairs I heard an imperious voice bellowing something indistinguishable. Mrs. McSkitt breathed a hasty apology and ran from the room. Presently I heard the bass laughter andrumble of a masculine voice, followed by shrill screams of hysterical laughter from Mrs. McSkitt. Her mirth was piercing and vibrated through the house so that the vases on the mantelpiece trembled. "Not much melancholia there," I thought.

MRS. McSKITT returned to the room, her face a little flushed.

But why does she seem so depressed!

I suppose I may as well tell you," she
. "It is very trying living with a humorist, because he insists on practicing all his jokes on his wife beforehand. Whenever Mr. McSkitt thinks of anything funny he sum-McSkitt thinks of anything funny he summons me and repeats it to me. If I don't yell with laughter he gets so depressed that he becomes ill. I have had to practice artificial laughter until I can scream with apparent mirth at a second's notice. Often he wakes up in the middle of the night to tell me some quip and I burst into roars of approval at once. If I didn't he would keep me awake all night explaining why it was so funny. Humorists are remorasless, you know; if you don't laugh at them they will murder you.

"One of my greatest troubles," she went on. "Is the women who are always calling ne up to make appointments for Mr. Mc-skitt to go and give humorous recitations to them at tinhs and other places. They say how jelly it must be to live with such a man, and they don't realize it is impossible for us

HAD always wanted to have a private talk | to keep a cook because Mr. McSkitt stays in bed all day to read the newspapers and sits up all night laughing at his own jokes. I have to go to the hotel to sleep the night before he goes on a lecturing tour. When he gets an idea in his head he is quite unman-ageable. He wanted to burn down the house the other evening because he said it would be a good joke on the cook to come home and find the house gone and us screaming with laughter in the ruins. He goes away on a trip and sends postal cards to the W. C. T. U. saying, "There's a very good bar at the So and So hotel.' And when we go out together he does the most humiliating things. He went up to the clerk of the Legues Cit. He went up to the clerk of the Lacquer-Gilt Hotel in New York and asked if it was the Bowery Mission. He ordered a dozen sets of cocktail glasses sent to our minister and had them engraved with the bartender's prayer. He keeps me busy apologizing all

66T CAN quite see that your life must be I interesting," I said, busily making "Far too interesting," she said sadly. "One

afternoon I came home and found that he had invited the synod of Methodist bishops to tea. 'just to see what they looked He laughed so at the idea of their coming that he had forgot to tell me about it. We only had one box of biscuits in the house. While they were here a truckload of porcelain bathtubs drove up and a dozen tubs were delivered on the lawn. He had arranged that 'to entertain the bishops,' he said. The bathtdbs are all down in cellar now. He uses them to keep goldfish in. And he is always playing tricks on me. such as advertising that free meals for red-headed men will be served here on such and such a date, or something of that sort."

T HEARD a door open upstairs and a heavy tread.

"For heaven's sake," she whispered, "don't let him find you here. He might crack a oke and if you didn't laugh he would assassinate you. He is dreadfully savage today he was at the Women's Athenaeum today and lost six buttons."

I fled, and as I closed the front door I heard Mrs. McSkitt burst into falsetto creams of laughter. It seems a hard life.

The True Voice of Russia

Everybody is saying now that you cannot

make the Russians out, that they are a na-tion of riddles. The reactions at Odessa, the whimsical warfare of the Bolsheviki help to make all Russian definitions obscure and all Russian principles clusive at the moment.

It is a peculiar coincidence which has suddenly forced opera and concert goers to a better acquaintance with Russian music in a time like this, when no one seems to know a time like this, when no one seems to know what Russia is trying to say with all her other voices. The prejudice against German music may have one beneficent reaction under the circumstances, since the work of Russians, heretofore but little known, is often substituted by the Philadelphia Orchestra and similar organizations. And the music of modern Russia has its own message for a sensitive ear. It is, in its origin, a little like modern Russia has its own message for a sensitive car. It is, in its origin, a little like the recent literature of the country. Tides of aspiration common to all the people were in the books of the last decade because, even though the mass of the Russians cannot read or write, they had the good fortune to have sympathetic and sincere and talented interpreters among them. It would not be too much to say of the later Russian music that it is the one true expression of the national apirit. And it is the music of a people of glowing faiths, of ingenuousness of heart, of vision and imagination and tenderness and an inherent love of beautiful and tender things.

But German Aire Roosevelt, when he was bombarded for was bombarded by German guns, must have realized how so of his papa's enemies used to feel in the

"Victory has be Defudes Himselt

AS READERS VIEW IT

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The proposal that war saving stamps should be used as tips suggests to me a plan that would help our Government to sell more thrift stamps.

Not every one can afford to pay out twenty-five-cent tips, and I would like to make as a suggestion to the right parties the following: To make up books containing twenty five-

cent stamps.

To make up books containing twenty ten-

cent stamps.

These to be used as tip money and these stamps to be exchanged for \$5 stamps when enough of the five and ten cent stamps are Instead of giving tips in coin, I would suggest that we give tips in stamps. In this way I believe that we can secure more money

way I believe that the for our Government.

LOUIS B. HOWITZ.

Philadelphia, March 30, Likes "Social Prattle

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-I read Mr. Percy Shallow's "Social Prattle for Men" with considerable pleasure, even at the expense of some personal humili-ation because Mr. Shallow reveals the fact, hitherto unknown, that I am doing the dish-washing myself in the evenings and that the Whistler "Miniature in Yellow," for which I paid several thousand dollars, turned out to be a twenty-dollar bill. I am shortsighted, it is true, and often make grotesque mistakes, as, for instance, when I tried to wash Mrs. Albacore's pet alligator, thinking it was

But I can forgive Mr. Shallow for making public some of the secrets of my menage, because the "Social Prattle for Men" seems to me such a jolly idea, and I have always thought it grossly unfair that the ladies should be so entertained by newspaper small-talk while we men are comparatively neglected. If you will send your Mr. Shallow out to call on me in Caraway Park I will (in the yulgar phrase) nut him wise to will (in the vulgar phrase) put him wise to a great many curious and quaint little inci-dents that occur in this suburb. There are a number of anecdotes about our mutual friend, Gerald Thimbletrot, that would amuse

your readers, I feel sure.
I hope that "Social Prattle for Men" will be continued as a feature in your valuable paper, for I am sure that it will give rise to a great many amusing embarrassments and prevent many of us from taking ourselves too seriously. ALBEMARLE ALBACORE. Caraway Park, April 1,

Dispatches say the Irish regiments won over heavy odds on the west front. That in This is a habit of Irish regiments.

"Politeness Arst" is the new slogan fash-ioned for trolley pas-Tee? we would suggest to the management

Where is Amious?

that it is never polite to let a lady stand.

Who wrote "The Blithedale Remance"?
What American city is known as "the City of Bretherly Love" and why? What is humus?

5. How many Presidents of the United States were born in New York State? 6. Identify "the Old Man Eloquent." What is builing? What is meant by muscovy? Who is Amelita Galii-Cure!?

10. Name the composer of "The Rustic Wedding" Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Answers to resterday's Quiz

1. Pennayivania is called the Keyntone Sixte of account of its central or "haysform" position in the thirteen original States.

2. Ring Henry VIII of Engiand was called "Bluff Ring Hal" on account of his rough-ond-ready manners.

5. The Dobrudja is an important province of Rumania, it was overrun by the Germania and Bulgarjana, and its separation from the native hand is sensuabled of Rumania as one of Berlin's peace terms.

4. "Larafel" is the coming and title peen of the first collection published by Edgar Alion Pos.

5. Swims thard is a best, but the rest is made.

Pos.

Notes chard is a book, but the rest is not estable. The leaves are used like animals and the midribe like manarages. If in becomin popular with American Essiences.

New York city is collequially called Gotham.
Attle sait; graceful and with lowers is writing or socialing. Referring to Athenian qualities. Attend heing the capital of Attless is a field marginal.

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