

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY PUBLISHED DAILY AT THE PHILADELPHIA BUILDING... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHIEF H. E. CURTIS, Chairman... DAVID B. SHIPLEY, Editor... JOHN C. MERRIN, General Business Manager...

TRiumPHS OF PEACE WORTh SPENDING MONEY FOR

IT IS truer now than ever before that no man can make a mistake in being a "bull" on America. Call it plunging if you will, but by whatever name it may be designated it is of vital importance that we begin now to get our minds ready for the great work of the future in which money must be spent as lavishly as hand for the victories of peace as it is now being dealt out for the victories of war.

The habit of doing big things in a big way, which the war has compelled this country to form, is expected to have acquired enough force when the soldiers lay down their arms to carry its benefits to the arts of peace.

We are spending hundreds of millions in shipbuilding, because the war cannot be won without ships. We have spent tens of millions in developing a port in France where we have erected nine miles of piers, because a place must be provided for the ships to land.

Unless the peaceful arts of the nation are to be set back for a generation we must think in billions when we begin to prepare for the great industrial rehabilitation that must come after the war.

Ports and waterways and railroads must be expanded in order to accommodate the trade of the nation and make it easy for our surplus to be sent to the other nations. We have port plans here which we thought adequate a few years ago.

When we consider what the nation has done in France to meet an emergency they seem woefully inadequate preparation for what must become a permanent condition. It is not too early now to begin to think in tens of millions about the development of the local waterfront.

The importance of connecting Chesapeake Bay with the Delaware River has been dwelt upon so many times that the average reader skips every article on it in the newspapers. He is weary of the subject. But we cannot ever get any further than the couch of indifference.

The project is planned. Its value is admitted. All that is needed to carry it out is money and punch. The same thing is true of the connection of the Delaware River by canal with New York Bay. It has been pointed out time after time that a waterway over this route would reduce freight rates and relieve congestion on the railroads, and that it would open up a large area in New Jersey for the establishment of manufacturing plants on the banks of the canal.

The railroads are handicapped by lack of rolling stock and by inadequate terminals. They have not kept pace with the expansion of business. Hundreds of millions are needed to bring them up with the procession. But the overcautions have said that no dividends could be earned on the money.

These are only a few of the great enterprises on which money must be spent. There are a score more of the less obvious which will occur to any one who has given any thought to the matter.

Who'll write the battle hymn of the swivel chair? WILL AND THEODORE GLEANING brightly in the torrent of the news is one of those rare and precious paragraphs which, radiant with significance, seem when they appear at rare intervals to be reduced and compounded from the world of living experience.

In a column between the roaring narrative from the west front and the outwings of one of the Messrs. Vore we were informed that Will and Theodore—shouldn't it be Theodore and Will?—have at last adjusted their old quarrel, shaken hands and become friends again.

Hate is indeed going out of fashion. Soon it will be as intolerable as a nose ring or side whiskers. Will and Theodore are pleasant gentlemen of great talents and earnestness of purpose. The nature of their historic differences has never been exactly defined. It has been said of Theodore that he loved his country so well he could not bear the thought of letting some one else be President. He is reputed to have endured, in Mr. Taft's tenure, the sinking feeling of dismay and foreboding that assails one who lends his best motorcar to a friend. The strange hand may be loved, but it cannot always be trusted with cherished things. Will is no longer President. That has helped him, no doubt. But there are deeper meanings here. The occasion suggests a mystic reason for the pains and losses of war. It is possible to imagine Theodore gazing in imagination over bloody fields at the ruin that war has wrought and then, suddenly thrusting out to Will the brawny hand so long withheld. Hate is useless. It is a burden on the mind that nourishes it. Between friends it is an intolerable thing. Even in the far country that made of hate a national asset and set it to music the consequence is spiritual devastation.

The urge is insistent to send flowers to Will and Theodore. For even ex-Presidents grow old and the warm comforts of long friendships mean as much to them as to other men. In some future day of enlightenment we shall find a way to put the unquestioned abilities of our ex-Presidents to a national use. We cannot afford to have them quarreling meanwhile. It is comforting to know that Will and Theodore may now sit down again together and talk over old times and the Irish sugar and the brown brethren of the Philippines and

the affairs of this and neighboring universes. They will be happier that way—providing always, of course, that Will is content to do only one-fourth of the talking.

...We hope Miss Carolyn Wells won't stop writing detective stories just because she has married a publisher.

WHERE WE FAIL AGAIN yesterday, 4,000 men left this city for Camp Meade, observers had occasion to regret the confused and even mean background provided for a scene that has lost nothing of its moving significance as it has grown familiar.

The crowds at the station were large as usual. Arrangements made by the war organization for the comfort of the men were disorganized in the jam. There was no sign of the significant formality that properly might attend the departure of so many men upon so great an adventure.

The new soldier without friends found his own way lonesomely through the crush. The police arrangements were inadequate. Departure from his home city is the most difficult interlude for the selected man and for those he leaves behind him. He has gone away invariably under circumstances that could not be more depressing if the arrangements had been thought out with that end in view. The occasion isn't brightened by any touch of dignity or any suggestion of the staleness of the enterprise to which the millions are being summoned.

The soldiers themselves have described the crush and confusion of their first departure as the most disheartening experience of their new life, and one which requires a week at least of the bright and stimulating cantonment life to eliminate as a bad memory. We seem to have failed utterly to recognize the departure of drafted men as an incident among the most significant in all our history and one that should be observed at least with order and a trace of dignity.

Nothing new, says Berlin. Patience, Fritz!

Some of these fellows who are being made to kiss the flag might be compelled to see stars and feel stripes.

The Coroner's office has again censured the wild taxi chauffeurs who speed in the streets. The chauffeurs seem to have a desperate time of it trying to keep up to the taximeter.

Song of the Vice Squad VARE, oh VARE, is my little wee dog. VARE, oh VARE, is he? With his jobs cut big and his "dough" cut long.

VARE, oh VARE, for me! See-a-h-h-h! It is understood that conscientious objectors do not fight for the war because they are not for it.

Appearance indicate that it is necessary to shovel. You've got to fall dig pretty far down in connection with the vice investigation here to locate the men higher up.

Ideal war gardening would be that in which the ancient bone might send up a nice new farm to blossom by the side of the happy cabbage.

Today we saw a man in khaki met at Reading Terminal by a girl, who threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. She did it as though she meant it, too. Indeed, if there is anything that brightens brown or blue or gray eyes better than khaki, we'd like to know of it.

THE CHAFFIN DISH MRS. DOVE DULCET writes from Obesity, N. J., that her husband, the well-known 72-millimeter poet, is unable to send in his daily poem today. She says that he was so much upset by a platter of deviled crabs yesterday that he was not able to concentrate as usual, and though he began five poems, he did not finish any of them. She sends us, however, the following notes for a poem which Dove made, and it seems to us that a literary curiosity of this sort may be more valuable to posterity than any of Mr. Dulcet's finished works. It is not stated whether Dove wrote this poem before or after toying with the deviled crabs.

Humanity Human beings are moving clots of self-importance and auto-aggrandisement. Subject to matrimony, climate, and alcohol.

And imperious to argument and erudition. Human beings are suspicious of anything they do not understand; that is to say, everything. Human beings are divided into two classes: women, men and husbands. Human beings are nourished by exaggeration, self-esteem and food.

We have a new cook. Her name is Dinah. Might. A very unusual Name, and it seems to be symbolic of Her sex. DOVE DULCET.

Rejection Slips We have had a rejection slip printed for The Chaffin Dish, and we have the honor of sending the first copies of it to Messrs. Roscoe Peacock and Hugh Merr. It runs thus:

Socrates begs to inform you that he has glanced at your manuscript, but he does not like its looks. Bad as it seems, it is not bad enough for The Chaffin Dish. Rejection must not necessarily be attributed to the merit of the contribution. Socrates may have lost it in the shuffle in his desk.

It is useless to try to bring influence to bear upon Socrates to print your contributions. It is idle, fruitless and vain to attempt to bribe Socrates with parcels and plethors of gifts, as unless they are delivered personally the elevator boy gets them.

Humors, size 10 1/4; tobacco, mild; books, medium. We have received thirty-two protests already concerning the conduct of this department. The two letters that pleased us most were signed Schmidt and Hapeburg.

SOCHIATES.

THE GOWNSMAN

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY, the noted French composer of highly original, successful and significant impressionistic music, is dead at the untimely age of fifty-six; and, by way of anticlimax, Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Orchestra, has been sent to prison. To consider the latter first, Doctor Muck's excellence as the conductor of a famous orchestra that was already made to him when he assumed its leadership in neither here nor there. And the question, "Shall we play entirely music which is only subsidiary? The real issue is this: Shall we suffer art to elude the propaganda of a relentless and unprincipled foe?"

THE Germans are superior musicians. Music is the one art to which they have succeeded, in any measure, in rising above their national limitations. But the Germans are not the only musicians in the world and some of the greatest names are not quite so wholly German as we have habitually thought them. Beethoven was half-Flemish, Mozart was a Tyrolean Austrian. In the fire and splendor of Wagner there has been suggested a tinge of the very Jewish strain which he so detested. The arts are not so much an endowment of race as the individual gift of fortune. Music flourished once in England, but that was as far west as the days of Elizabeth; painting blossomed in medieval Italy and still shines brightest in contemporary France. There was great drama in Greece, in Spain, in England, and widely separated ages. And there will come a time when the arts will rise to their place beside other American achievements. Shall we give up German music? Not where it has risen out of the fogs of Germanism into the regions of universal art. Shall we give up German literature? Absolutely yes, where it is degraded into German propaganda or depraved by German insolent immorality. Shall we take this untimely time to exploit any of the Teutonic arts? Assuredly not, for there is little in their purely Teutonic elements worthy of exploitation; and the rest they had from the ancients, from the Italians, the French, and the English, elements now long since become the common heritage of mankind. But the Gownsmen are getting lost in the folds of his gown.

IN THE death of Debussy the world of music has lost an extremely interesting artistic personality, one from whom that world might well have hoped that there was still much accomplishment to come. Debussy's work is at once that of a daring innovator, a craftsman of consummate skill and a poet, at times a highly imaginative, spirit. There are musicians, as there are poets and painters, who discover for us the greater depths and riches which are inherent in the things which we now possess; and there are musicians, as there are poets and painters, who lead the way into new provinces of art. Debussy belongs to the latter daring and fascinating class, and he is problematic, as all such leaders must remain until time and the onward trend of the art of each shall justify his conquests. The association of Debussy's music with the futurists' art is natural, with impressionism, non-instrumental, cubism or whatever may be the name of the new artism with which the lagging and breathless Gownsmen has failed to keep abreast. And our licensed libertines in words, the new free verse, is a fledgling of the same nest. But there is a difference, and a momentous one at that. The impatient student of art, weary of the slow academic processes of training, unwilling to try very hard or work very long, dashes off in a refractory mood a "thing," it matters not what, except that it be unlike any other "thing" in art or in life—colorful, unimportant, absurd. With this as his banner he marches forward with a handful of mad followers; and the further he goes, the further his distance from art. Or "the poet" is unable to understand the discipline of his sister art, unwilling to knead the intractable qualities of words into the ductility of verse, remembers that the old poet, Whitman, and, following in his difficult path, whose largest gift was his stumbling feet, the poeting throws away rhyme, verse, beauty, significance, and in a jargon of sound imitates his friend the Shakespeare.

DEBUSSY is not of this dilettante kind. He mastered the accepted laws of his art before he attempted to make new ones. He did not so much transgress the acknowledged conventions as he seemed to stretch their possibilities into the discovery of new harmonic combinations and progressions. And he infused all that he did with a rare creative impulse which is necessary to create difficult at times, in far from the vagueness, uncertainty and indecision of the seekers after novelty, whether in music, poetry or art.

WE ARE becoming inured rather than accustoming to the German claim of everything in sight. These shameless claims extend even to the invisible empire of the arts. An author, a painter, a sculptor or poet who has not been so honored is treated as a reason of his excellence, a world-poet, a world-painter, world-author, and therefore German. Germany long since appropriated the name of the world's greatest artist, the impertinence last year to condole with France in the death of the eminent sculptor, Rodin, and she will doubtless perpetrate a similar impertinence now that Debussy is gone. A German submarine blew up the British steamer Sussex, laden with harmless civilians in travel and to fro; and among their victims was the famous pianist, Enrique Granados, the famous Spanish composer, returned to his home in America, where he had attended the successful presentation in New York of an opera which he had written. This crime like a schoolboy in a scrape, and he became, in the lie to add to the crime, the Imperial Government of the German Empire descended to express regret for this "accident," and it has now offered to pay the family of Senor Granados 658,000 pesetas that the world may know how Kultur esteems music, even though it be only Spanish music.

THE Gownsmen remembers to have sat at table once, some time before America entered this war, with the world's greatest pianist, Paderewski, and the eminent violinist, Kreisler. The latter, an Austrian, had served his country with honor in the war, remembered, and had written a little book about his experiences in which there is no word of rancor and unkindness. M. Paderewski, who had been a Pole, a patriot, a patriot. These great artists, on either side of a charming American hostess, discussed the war with candor, with courtesy and without bitterness. They were in a higher atmosphere than that of controversy and politics. And yet it is right that Herr Kreisler keep his violin in its case until a time more fit in which to forget that he has been an alien enemy.

BUT though art must rise above politics and controversy to be art, and though in the highest sense to be an artist is to be a citizen of the world; yet even the arts must yield to supreme necessity of the moment; and we pay our tribute of admiration to the bandmaster who is sacrificing "big pay" to train musicians for our army, to the painters of landscapes and portraits who are camouflaging by sea and on land, to artists like Paderewski and Ernest Schelling who have sunk the pianist in the patriot and are now each in his own way serving against that monster Kultur which would lead even the arts, so many shackled slaves, behind its hideous chariot of war.

THE GOWNSMAN.

Love for Ireland Miss May Sinclair, in her magnificent novel, "The Tree of Heaven" (adv.) sums up very wittily the love of Ireland that makes so much bickering in the world. "Lawrence Stephen," she says, "was one of those Nationalist Irishmen who love Ireland with a passion that satisfies neither the lover nor the beloved. It was a pure and holy passion, a passion so entirely of the spirit as to be compatible with permanent bodily absence from its object. Stephen's body had lived at ease in England (a country that he declared his spirit hated) ever since he had been old enough to choose habitation for himself."



A TRAGIC SMELL IN MARATHON

By ANDREW MCGILL

THIS is a very embarrassing time of year for us. Every morning when we get on the 8:13 train at Marathon for it is the 7:15; Bill Stites or Fred Myers or Hank Harris or some other groundsel philosopher on the Cinder and Bloodstain begins to chivy us about our garden. "Have you planted anything yet?" they say. "Have you put litmus paper in the soil to test it for lime, potash and phosphorus? Have you got a harrow?"

That sort of thing bothers us, because our ideas of cultivation are very primitive. We did go to the newstand at the Reading Terminal and try to buy a Litmus paper, but the agent didn't have any. He says he doesn't carry the Jersey papers. So we buried some old copies of the Philadelphia in the garden, thinking that will strengthen up the soil a bit. This business of nourishing the soil seems grotesque. It's hard enough to feed the family, let alone throwing away good money on feeding the land. Our idea about soil is that it ought to feed itself.

Our garden ought to be lusty enough to raise the few beans and beets and blisters we aspire to. We have been out looking at the soil. It looks fairly potent and certainly it goes a long way down. There are quite a lot of broken magnesia bottles and old shimbones scattered through it, and they ought to help along. The topsoil and the humus may be a little mixed, but we are not going to sort them out by hand.

OUR method is to go out at twilight the first Sunday in April about the time the cutworms go to roost, and take a sharp-pointed stick. We draw lines in the ground with this stick, preferably in a pleasant geometrical pattern that will confuse the birds and other observers. It is important not to do this until twilight, so that no robins or insects can watch you. Then we go back in the house and put on our old trousers, the pair that has holes in each pocket. We fill the pockets with the seed we want to plant and loiter slowly along the grooves we have made in the earth. The seed sifts down the trousers legs and spreads itself in the furrow far better than any mechanical drill could do it. The secret of gardening is to stick to nature's old appointed ways. Then we read a chapter of Bernard Shaw aloud, by candle light or lantern light. As soon as they hear the voice of Shaw all the vegetables dig themselves in. This saves going all along the rows with a shingle to pat down the topsoil or the humus or the magnesia bottles or whatever else is uppermost.

FRED says that certain vegetables—kohlrabi and colanders, we think—extract nitrogen from the air and give it back to the soil. It may be so, but what has that to do with us? If our soil can't keep itself supplied with nitrogen, that's its lookout. We don't need the nitrogen in the air. The baby isn't old enough to have warts yet.

Hank says it's no use watering the garden from above. He says that watering from above lures the roots toward the surface and next day, the hot sun kills them. The answer to that is that the rain comes from above, doesn't it? Roots have learned certain habits in the past million years and we haven't time to teach them to do what it rains. Hank has some irrigation plan which involves sinking into the earth a number of pipes and filling them with water.

Bill says it's dangerous to put arsenic on the plants, because it may kill the cook.

COME ON, REMORSE!



The Man From the Front

THOMAS CURTIN, well-known war correspondent and author of "The Land of Desponding Shadow," arrived from Europe just before the German drive began, when he was an eyewitness of the operations on all fifteen fronts of the war. In an interview he summed up the problems facing the Allies as follows:

"Three years and a half of war have convinced me of the following: "For any appreciable time any great offensive will clog in its own weight, no matter how successful in the initial stages. "That one of Germany's greatest war advantages is that she dominates her allies and that she in turn is dominated by the most determined collection of men in the world—rendered partly so by the fact that their whole system is staked on winning. "The Central Powers have the advantage in homogeneity in the dominant race of their alliance. "From the military point of view, the Central Powers have a tremendous geographical advantage. From the endurance point of view, the Allies have just as tremendous a geographical advantage. Our vulnerable front is the Atlantic Ocean. We must lose sight of this fact for a moment. "Another German advantage is that she has had to pin her faith all along on herself alone. Thus her leaders had increased incentive to make plans and rapid adjustments to fit the changing phases of the war. "The only way to make a league of nations worth the cost of printing its rules and regulations will be first to beat Germany and then invite her in. "And we can beat her if, collectively, we sufficiently want to. But we must have the will to win and we must have no thought but to bring all our resources into the task of winning."

We Must Not Hate the Hun? You tell me that we must not hate the Hun. Nor blaze in scorn his execrable name. That even as where fire is there is flame. So in man's warfare things perform as done.

That cry aloud to the all-seeing sun; You say that malice, murder, avarice, shame, Besmirch all players in this devil's game. That victor, victim, in their guilt, are one; I would not credit this: right still is right, Though dragged in violence through the fens of hell; Justice still lives and day shall flood with light. The hollow dens where nameless blasphemous things dwell; No hatred of the fiend becomes full well. Our primal manhood, risen in his might, FELIX E. SCHELLING.

WHAT we want to know is, How do you ever find out all these things about vegetables? We bought an ounce of tomato seeds in desperation, and now Fred says "one ounce of tomato seeds will produce 3000 plants. You should have bought two dozen plants instead of the seed."

How does he know those things? Hank says beans are very delicate and must not be handled while they are wet or they may get rusty. Again we ask, how does he know? Where do they learn these matters? Bill says that stones draw out the moisture from the soil and every stone in the garden should be removed by hand before we plant. We offered him twenty cents an hour to do it.

THE most tragic odor in the world hangs over Marathon these days; the smell of freshly spaded earth. It is exalted by the poets and all those happy sons of the pavement who know nothing about it. But here are we, who hardly know a loam from a lentil, breaking our back over seed catalogs. Public opinion may compel us to raise vegetables, but we are going to go about it our own way. If the stones are going to act like wolverines and suck the moisture from my soil, let them do so. We don't believe in thwarting nature. Maybe it will be a very wet summer and we shall have the laugh on Bill, who has carted away all his stones.

AND we should just like to see Bill Stites write a poem. We bet it wouldn't look as much like a poem as our beans look like beans. And as for Hank and Fred, the wouldn't even know how to begin to plant a poem!

The German-American Alliance is to be dissolved, but it's something stronger than writing Gail is used in the process.

QUIZ

1. What is a salient? 2. Identify "Max Adler." 3. What are some characteristics of "Gone with the Wind" architecture? 4. Who wrote the oratorio, "The Danaides of Faust"? 5. What is a sobriquet? 6. What is meant by Arabesque? 7. What is a "muster"? 8. Which American city is called "the Hub of the Universe"? 9. Who is General von Below? 10. What is a "tee marquee"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Amsterdam is a city of 100,000, eight-eighths built from Paris and five-eighths from New York. 2. Channel, at which the Germans are driving their "iron" divisions. 3. Nathaniel Hawthorne's American gothic novel "The Blithedale Romance." 4. Philadelphia is called "the City of Brotherly Love" in allusion to the meaning of the Greek words in the name. 5. Hamus is a deviled vegetable matter, used as a fertilizer. 6. The following Presidents of the United States were born in the State of New York: John Jay, John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore and Zachary Taylor. 7. "The Old Man Eloquent," a name applied to John Quincy Adams during his congressional career, which succeeded his incumbent of the presidency. 8. Below is a general name for a large tent. 9. Billian is gold or silver considered small in value imparted by culture or shaming. 10. Nancy is the ancient name of a large tent.

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