Evening Public Ledger

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JUST SO!

SENATOR VARE announces that the dominating issue in the State campaign is the ratification of the prohibition amendment to the national Constitution. It overshadows everything else, he assures us.

Just so.

There are leaders of the other faction who would also have us think that no other issue is worthy of consideration. They are exerting themselves to that end.

If they can prevent the public from thinking of anything else they can play their little game under cover of the white ribbon movement and put over all the jobs which they have been plotting since the last election.

Unless the voters beware of the bosses bearing moral issues they are likely to suffer the fate of the defenders of ancient Troy.

The Mayor has at last discovered that there is something rotten in the police department. Doesn't he know yet what it is?

POLICING THE POLICE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY ROTAN'S ambition for a detective bureau of his own, established under the authority of the State Legislature, presumably to police the police force in Philadelphia, might be credited with a remote basis of logic if Legislatures were accustomed to aspire for the ideal in State and municipal affairs. There is nothing in the present point of view at Harrisburg to give any assurance that still another force of specially organized detectives might not be required ultimately to keep a watch on the District Attorney's men.

A properly organized and financed police force in this city would not require a supplementary organization to keep it in order. Unfortunately the same forces that have degraded and disorganized the police organization here have had a more or less definite control in the Legislature.

If a man insists on having his drink why should he object to an increase in the price made in order to create a "slush" fund to prevent closing the drinking places?

THE FAILING SUBMARINE

THERE is small glory for Germany in the general tabulations of submarine results just reviewed by the Earl of Reading in an address at Washington. It has been estimated that the Allies have transported about 10,000,000 troops in the war zone. The men lost through submarine attacks numbered 13,550, including 500 soldiers lost on a torpedoed hospital ship.

The conspicuous triumphs of the submarine have been against the weak and the defenseless. When the undersea vessels went gunning for transports they were arrayed against men on their guard. If the real truth were known, it might be evident that the Germans in their submarine warfare lost far more than they gained even at the beginning. Despite all that Germany has been able to do, the Allied navies have protected the transport of 130,000,000 tons of commodities in the submarine zone. And now something mysterious is happening to the U-boats. They are accomplishing less than they did at the outset. They are being sunk in greater numbers. They are going the way of the Zeppelin.

What the "movie" stars want to see is a "close up" of a subscription for Liberty Bonds.

TRIBUTE OF THE SOIL

SURELY, when the full narrative of this war is written out in the days of peace, the people of Europe will have reason to feel something like actual affection for the soil of America. Their lives will be touched upon every side and for all time to come by things sprung from this land of ours.

The graves of dead Americans will be on their battlefields. But that will not be all. Not long ago, when the Germans began systematically to devastate the French orchards and vineyards, regions from which they were forced to retire, hungreds of thousands of young plum trees were instantly uprooted in California, shipped to France and planted in the places left desolate by the Kaiser's armies. Countless thousands of grapevines were similarly transplanted. Within a short time the land that was laid waste was blooming again.

Now, though the newer wheat crops will provide an excess estimated at 200,000,000 bushels over our own normal requirements, we are informed by the food administration that all of this and more must go abroad. We shall send it willingly and much else. But the tribute which the soil of this country is giving up should be adequate to inspire us with a new reverence for the endowments that were ours at the beginning.

The French are not lacking in heart and in imagination. It is impossible to imagine that the bond between nations more powerful than the glowing traditions which the [illegible] of the future will build up in their [illegible] memories and in their [illegible]

IS IRELAND TO BE A NATION AT LAST?

ALTHOUGH no official announcement of the conclusions of the Irish home rule convention has been made, the London Express gives what purports to be a summary of its plan. Its provisions are, briefly:

An Irish Parliament in Dublin.

An executive responsible to this Parliament.

Military service for the Irish.

Safeguards for Protestants.

A new customs arrangement.

The announcement by the Express that Ulster is to be included within the plan ought to be taken as a matter of course. The convention was called in order that all phases of Irish opinion might be represented. Ulster delegates were present. They had to go or admit themselves as irreconcilables, unwilling to accept any plan which they did not make.

Assuming that the forecast of the Express is trustworthy, it is easy to point out the controversial features. The extreme Nationalists have sought to set up an independent government in Ireland that should have no connection with the Parliament at Westminster. They have carried their point in part. The setting up of a Parliament in Dublin has been admitted all along as the first essential in any home rule plan. It remains to be seen whether Great Britain will consent to the creation of an Irish Premier responsible to the Dublin Parliament. It would involve a concession to nationalism which Great Britain has not hitherto been willing to make and would place Ireland at once in the same class with Canada and Australia. Her connection with Great Britain would be retained only through a Governor General appointed by the crown.

Safeguards for the Protestants are conceded as necessary and desirable by men of all parties, even though some of the most extreme home rulers in the past have been Protestants, followed loyally by the Roman Catholic Irishmen.

The provision for military service needs further elucidation before any one can form an opinion on it. The Irish have thus far objected to conscription forced upon them from London. Whether they would consent to conscription ordered by their own Parliament is another matter. If they have agreed to this, which is conceivable, they have made a concession the significance of which it is difficult to magnify.

The demand for a new customs arrangement also needs to be explained. The Irish have insisted that their industries have suffered under the present tariff laws. They have asked for some form of protection and have not got it. If they are allowed to set up an independent government as independent as that of Canada, control of their customs laws would follow as a matter of course.

It was inevitable that the Irishmen, left to themselves, would work out a plan for greater independence than the London Parliament would devise on its own account. The settlement of their differences was put up to the Irishmen with a sort of moral obligation on the part of Great Britain to accept their conclusions. Whether the plan is really workable, in view of the differences between the relation of Ireland and Canada to Great Britain, cannot be known until we know definitely and officially what that plan is. Whether it has been agreed upon by the Irishmen, with sufficient unanimity to justify Parliament in enacting it into law, is also uncertain. Lloyd George has already intimated that the Government might be compelled to act on its own initiative and disregard the recommendation of the convention.

Mr. Lennon says that the Mayor's bonding business is to be probed in the open. Now let him say that the people will be pushed to the bottom.

WOMAN EXPLAINED!

THOSE who profess to have glimpsed the inner heart of things have always said that men and women alike make heroes and heroines of the historic figures who most closely approximate in achievement their own secret ambitions and desires. Thus every roaring baseball fan roars because in his soul he is a Ty Cobb.

The acknowledged fact that the majority of Littlemary Pickford's worshipers are not men, but women, instantly tempts any mind into a field of shining revelations. When Littlemary arrived here yesterday to help boost the Liberty loan, women and girls predominated in the rapt crowds over which she was permitted to queen.

What an infinitude of knowledge thus becomes available in a flash! At last it is possible to gaze behind the veils that women have used since time began to hide their innermost desires and aspirations! All women would be like Littlemary. They would be small and blond. They would have a profusion of golden curls. They would experience great and perilous adventures and they would wish all the world to play around in. They would wish in their secret hearts to be rescued often from flying automobiles and from the paths of thundering railway trains; to endure tragic intervals of sorrow and to toil through a world of assorted dangers, carrying aloft always the principles of beauty and truth, until they arrive at last safe with their treasures in the refuge of heroic arms and strong. Who would have supposed that the movies were to serve finally as a solution to mysteries that have balked human intelligence since the flood?

Garbarino is mistaken. The sun laws are not too mild. It is the men who are supposed to enforce them.

THE ROAD TO VICTORY

RAILROAD congestion is so great that automobiles are being sent this spring under their own power from the factories to the point of delivery. Word comes from the South that a hundred new cars pass over the Lincoln Highway at Huntsville, Ala., every day for points beyond. One day last week fifty-one six-cylinder cars from a single northern factory went through Atlanta on the way to Columbia, S. C., and another consignment of eighteen cars passed through on its way to Sylvania, Ga. And new motortrucks are continuously passing through northern cities headed toward the home town of the purchaser.

While the use of the motorcar is increasing in the South, the amount of money spent on road construction is also increasing. Alabama spent $150,000 last year on road building. It will spend $2,500,000 this year. Texas spent $5,000,000 in 1917. It has arranged to spend $25,000,000 this year. There is hardly a State south of the Mason and Dixon's line which is not bettering its roads.

Although the northern highways have always been better than those in the South, the traffic on them has been ten times greater. We cannot fall behind in expenditure if we are to hold our place. The heavy truck is destined to do work which has been done by the railroads. We are discovering its possibilities now that we have been forced to use it. Unless the highways are built to stand the traffic the truck will have to be kept on the city streets.

Philadelphia is already linked with New York and Baltimore by truck lines, but no one knows how long the present roads will last under the constant hammering of the powerful driving wheels. Money spent on these highways is spent just now toward winning the war just as really as though it were used for building cannon or molding shells.

Highways are needed also to connect the farms about every large city with the markets within the city limits in order that food may be delivered with as little waste as possible directly to the consumer. This conservation of energy in food distribution is also a part of the work that must be done if the war is to be won.

The effect of the war upon the new theology is marked. The admirers no longer doubt the existence of hell, for they can conceive of no other suitable place for slackers, profiteers and prorogueurs.

The New Jersey clergyman who cannot distinguish between "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" would better learn the difference between these songs and "The Watch on the Rhine."

A Dash of Chloroform? By what method can Mayor Smith be made safe for democracy?

And Casualty Lists. The history of the war up to the present time, just published in Germany, requires thirty-three volumes. Wilhelm's prayers and his telegrams of congratulation are doubtless responsible for the bulk of the book.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

HENRY PLANTAGENET, who seems to be a lover of horses, says he always stops on Chestnut street to caress the mounted policeman's steeds. He adds that a horse's silky nose is softer than any lady's cheek.

Thoughts on Seismographs

A seismograph is an instrument for recording tremulations and disturbances in the earth's crust.

The only trouble with a seismograph is it must be equipped with an expensive professor to interpret its readings.

It seems to us that a great deal might be done with this seismograph idea. We must do away with the professor and make it practical.

Dave Dulcet has installed a seismograph in his home at Obesity, N. J. Every time the goldfish has a nightmare or a fin de siecle, the ingenious instrument records it. This is important, because goldfish must not be overfed when their night's rest has been broken.

But Mrs. Dulcet, not to be outdone, is hard at work on a plan for a seismograph of her own. She recommends it to all wives. It will trace a wabbly line every time Dave takes a drink at the club. And if Dave takes a glass of Tom and Jerry the instrument will summon an ambulance by wireless.

But the kind of seismograph that would be most valuable to this department would be an instrument that would warn us of the proximity of a mirthquake.

If one could say all that is in one's heart it would find an echo in every human breast.

We have received the following from the U. S. Humor Administrator:

Shortage of Humor

There is grave danger of a shortage of humor. So many of our wellknown humorists have gone abroad as war correspondents there will be a joke famine unless all our resources are conserved and put to use.

There must be no hoarding of humor. Put your jokes in circulation.

Please advise us at your earliest convenience just what stock of humor you have on hand and how long you think it will last. Inform us of your daily consumption of humor and what substitutes you can use. It may be necessary to use only 50 per cent humor in your jokes until Irvin Cobb gets back from abroad.

Have you any old witticisms or drolleries in cold storage that can be used to tide us over the present crisis?

It may be necessary to call back on the files of the Congressional Record for raw materials, but this supreme emergency must be averted if possible. We do not desire to put the nation on humor rations if it can be avoided.

U. S. HUMOR ADMINISTRATOR.

FROM the train we look out on thousands of quiet homes, each rich in the safety and peace of a quiet land. The fruit trees are blossoming, the crocuses are starring the turf, the green hollows along the railway are quick with sunshine.

Behind that vista of quietness hangs a red mirage of war, a vision of the flaming country east of Amiens, where our allies hold the enemy in check. The battle line runs a little east of Amiens and right through our hearts. That line, so mercilessly battered, is guarding all we hold dear.

Are your dollars on that line?
Have you done YOUR UTMOST?

Uttered by the Still Small Voice.

A number of electrical engineers have been heckling us because occasionally we call this department The Electric Chair. They insinuate that we don't know anything about electro-motive force and high potential and amperes. They challenge us to give a definition of electricity.

What is electricity? To the engineers we retort, watt is electricity.

SOCRATES.

"FORCE TO THE UTMOST" WHAT IT MEANS

"Force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit, the righteous end triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."—President Wilson at Baltimore.

II

MAN POWER

THERE is Man Power enough in the free nations to prevent the realization of the German dream of selfish dominion. Thrice armed that man may be whose quarrel is just; armed with his physical weapon, armed with his conscious rectitude and armed with the determination that unrighteousness shall not triumph. But we cannot trust in the justice of our cause alone. When brutes use force they must be met by brute force employed so overwhelmingly that those who use force brutally may learn their lesson.

The weapon that is to win the war is Man Power. Industry must wield it, both industry directed toward feeding and clothing civilians and fighters and industry directed toward producing munitions of all kinds. But Man Power backed by industry must be concentrated in armies and navies in such overwhelming mass that it can overcome all obstacles. A living wall of human flesh must be erected to stay the German advance; a living wall in reality that produces out of its own life the material to fill the gaps left by the dying and the dead; a wall quick with an eternal vitality that no power of evil can batter down or break through.

The stupendous and terrible task of helping to keep that wall intact is laid upon this nation. It is not a task too great for our resources. That fact must be kept alive in all our thinking.

We have the men.

The first draft law summoned all males between the ages of twenty-one and thirty inclusive to register. The response brought out a list of 9,780,685 young men within the prescribed ages, an army big enough to win the war alone when properly trained. But this restricted draft did not disclose our military resources in Man Power. The last census showed that there were 20,592,681 men of military age in the country, that is, between the ages of eighteen and forty, and that there were 26,999,151 men of voting age. In the eight years since that census was taken the totals have grown.

Out of this great number it may be necessary to create an army of 5,000,000 men before peace can be brought about. The estimate is General Leonard Wood's. But this is not "force to the utmost." We can raise a bigger army than that. France and Great Britain have done it with a smaller total population. What we must remember is that we have the men and we must adjust ourselves to the thought that these men must hold themselves in readiness to respond to the call as soon as it is issued.

"Force to the utmost" means that if 2,000,000 men are not enough; we must send 5,000,000, and if 5,000,000 are not enough we must send 10,000,000. It means that we must fight as a mother would fight whose babe was in the claws of a tiger from the jungle. And it means nothing short of that.

(Woman Power will be discussed tomorrow.)

No; He Will Flee His Country. There is one much-talked-of monarch who will have to put up a hard fight for his throne when the Kaiser dies and invades his realm.

Nobody Knows. Why is a girl pleased when she is called a peach, while a man instantly flies into a fighting mood if he is characterized as a prune?

Beauty's Youngest Son
The Centenary of "Endymion"

JUST 100 years ago today John Keats, a young man not yet twenty-three, wrote at Teignmouth, in Devonshire, the preface to his "Endymion." It is a passage that will always echo in the minds of poetry lovers like a snatch of sweet, sad music. Looking back on the poem, which had blazed in his mind for the greater part of a year, Keats confessed that it seemed a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished. And he added, in words that will live as long as any in the poem itself, "There is not a fervent bell than the failure in a great object."

It is well that humanity should not forget its poets. Their pangs and their passions have many lessons for us. For those whose hearts are tender to the strange and inscrutable magic of Beauty, Keats will always have a thrilling appeal. The story of his brief and fever-haunted days is among the imperishable annals of the earth.

Never did the yearning spirit of man make more passionate and enduring outcry in its attempt to voice itself. Drunken of moonlight, dazzled by deep draughts of sky and sea, this man clutched at the stars. His romance was the romance of all, baffled by the disclosing vesture of reality, pressed hard by needless thorns. He dreamed of strange histories,

potent to send
A young mind from its bodily tenement—

and poured out for us "an endless fountain of immortal drink."

THE human brain can hold but small portions of that intoxicating anguish men call Beauty. It is not well to peer too closely into the face of life. The golden accents that men live by too often spring of the lifeblood of the musician. The song outgrows the singer. Humanity is but a narrow channel for the great flood of life and love that flows through it.

"ENDYMION" itself is one of the immortal outbursts of ardent youth, coining its dreams in fresh and overrunning gold, glutting its sorrow on the mounting rose. Obscure and incoherent as is the narrative, distracted with a thousand irrelevant tints and tones, it is in sum a glowing parable of the eager soul of man in its endless and bewildered quest for Beauty and Truth. The boy or girl who has not feasted upon it in the springtime of love and youth has lost one of the legitimate joys of life. Keats said of the early growing leafages of the forest he describes at the outset of "Endymion" that they

Run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests.

The same is true of the poem itself. It embroiders the old woodlands of classic myth with the happy and luxuriant blossoms of green fancy. Down its fragrant aisles of dappled sun and shadow we come upon little cool springs "with crystal mocking of the trees and sky." In the silver glow of that immortal moonlight the hazards of every day are forgotten. The heart of youth wanders in maiden meditation, trembling its old and painful ecstasies. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

IMMORTAL boy, and nursling of the moon! Even in the death-day of empires the heart of humanity turns back to you in pity and remembrance. When you died the great spirits whispered to each other, "Make more room." They were wistful to see you come so soon.

C. D. M.

EVERY SHIP HAS A FEW

THE GOWNSMAN

YEARS ago, when the Gownsman, in the vanity of youth, set more store by his gown and his cap than he does now, a candid friend began one of those pleasing altercations of friendship with the taunt:

"You know, that I should not consider you a reading man."

Now this roused every hard The Gownsman resident, as he had hoped, with the odor of scholarly oil, burnt night after night in steady devotion to one who was always reading; he who was nothing, plus if he was not bookish, thus to be denied the glory of his one darling vanity! And the candid friend continued:

"You are not a reading man, because it is your business to read, you read under compulsion, you read sordidly for gain, you are a slave—not a free reader."

"A FREE reader," happy thought. To read what you want to read, to read when you will and how you will. To choose a book as a man chooses a friend, not because he is "a fit associate," an improving acquaintance, perhaps, that terror, a godly one; but to choose because you have a whim to read that particular book, because you like the color of the cover, or the print, or the novelty of the unknown name of the unknown author. There are real reasons for reading a book. Moreover, think of the delight of reading when you will: in the small hours of the night, wasting oil or gas or electric light—though this last, some what disturbs the happy dangers, for electricity properly enlightens toil, but leisure, and there is a hopeless incongruity about reading an old book by a new light. Lastly, to read how you will; not like a slave meticulously beginning with the title and the preface and reading—what is worse, understanding—every word, diligently plying the index in the end to clear up the blurred spots in your comprehension and turning up delight and informed at the conclusion of these meritorious labors. This is not how to read. The free reader reserves the right to begin a book in the middle or at the end, to devote himself to two or three books at the same time, or to drop any or all of them at will, without incurring any moral opprobrium for his conduct or even a supercilious question as to his constancy. Your free reader is really the only completely happy man.

READING, in short, is very much like walking—or any other human activity, for that matter—do it for itself and it is a joy; do it for some ulterior, calculated purpose and it becomes a thing of naught. To read for gain, intellectual, moral or monetary, is like walking to get somewhere. To read for pleasure is to gad about, whither you will, stopping when you like, returning when you are tired of gadding. The man who walks to get somewhere is intent on that petty end and sees nothing by the way. There are no surprises for him; the unexpected would not jostle his set and prosaic make-up. No laugh of children would lift his eyes from the road; no flitting butterfly disturb his steadfast gaze forthright. He gets there, and that is all he gets. The free reader knows that it is quite immaterial in the long run of things that any one should get anywhere; it is what we see and hear by the road, and whether we leave that road behind us in undisturbed beauty or "improved" by our passing into the likeness of something unhuman and desolate.

THERE was some time since, in a college frequented by the Gownsman, an excellent elderly professor, long since gone to his reward, who was in many respects an ideal reader—except, perhaps, for a certain disconcerting omnivorousness. He made it a rule to read for pleasure after midnight, having toiled all day and half the night in his vocation. When he slept was a mystery never solved. It was his good old-fashioned custom to visit one of our big libraries periodically and there thumb-and-finger the new books, especially fiction, taking away with him the volumes which took his fancy and invited a closer acquaintance for some one of the good reasons noticed above. The professor was old-fashioned, too, in the diversity of his learning—it was before the days when each scholar digs down only in his own little ditch—and his knowledge of many tongues, several sciences, long and elogion was notorious among those who knew him. But back of the desk at the library there was an excellent young-old woman, one of the stern type, that could never have fallen into the error of Cain, for she esteemed herself always her brother's keeper; and she did not know the professor. She knew only "the foolish old man" who was always "taking out" novels as an elderly gallant might be taking out young ladies. And her impatience at last became a solicitude, which rose into the query: "Wouldn't you like, sir, perhaps, to see some of our more improving books?"

YET can tell a man somewhat by the books he keeps, not, of course, his ledger or his day book, but the shelves or bookcases or the emotionally furnished room that he calls his library. Do not judge him too certainly by bound copies of unread fashionable poets—given to him by maiden aunts at Christmas—which decorate the parlor table; or believe him an absolute devotee of the poetry of the moment, even if you find "Amy Lowell" or "The Little Review" to say nothing of "The Blast," lying carelessly about on his blotter. He may possibly design to have you think him far more abandoned than he really is. You can tell him better by the things they are often rather "things" than books—that he actually reads, which are sometimes locked up from his family, because they are so costly or for some other reason. As to the newspapers, our customary provender, which as a rule is "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food"—the newspaper a man reads will tell you his nationality, his religion or want of it, his politics, and you can gauge more narrowly his nature, his taste, his mentality by noting the column to which he first turns: is it sport, finance, politics, baseball or the pictured jocularities of the last page which simmer in insipidity during the week to burst out virulently into color and horror in the Sunday editions of certain papers. It is amazing what some people will read. Indeed, for that matter, even the average man will read almost anything—a timetable, advertisements of fertilizers or shoestrings. "The New Republic"—to escape that awful thing, communion with his own thoughts. The Gownsman once knew a man who read "The Nation" for his sins—and he was a great sinner.

THE Gownsman has often wondered why "the mystery of alphabet letters," now so universally understood, has not been utilized, as has knitting, for example, in penitentiaries and in many other places in which men and women are daily punished. The Gownsman is not unaware that there is much of this kind of penance already in practice. The crime of having become an editor is visited with heavy penalties in this kind. The reader of students' themes, for many years is possessed of a strong brain if it does not soften in the process. And those who read for publishers, to judge them by their works, at times succumb quite homelessly to the insidious effects of this same mollifying disease. There can be no question as to the efficacy of reading as a punishment and as penance. Moreover, the penalty might be made fittingly to suit the crime. Reviewers should obviously be compelled by law actually to read every syllable of the books they have reviewed. There are well-known writers—Dreiser, for example—who, for the safety of the public, might be doomed to such perpetual penal reading that they may never find, by hook or crook, a moment's time in which to perpetrate another novel. And there are others, like Masters, the epitaphologist, to whom might be meted out the ghoulish atonement of a long time of forced labor over the irksome platitudes of actual mortuary inscription. There are great possibilities in reading as a punishment and as a penance. The use of a library as a house of correction is another thing, perhaps somewhat less practicable; and it must be confessed that just as there are some writers who are beyond any hope of reclaim, so there are readers who must be left their husks and their Hirsts.

THE GOWNSMAN.

Perhaps He Once Fell in It. Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, wants to see the statue of Frederick the Great at Washington toppled into the Potomac. Now, what can the Potomac have done to Senator Owen?

Berlin has at last discovered it was a mistake to assume that America cared for nothing but munition contracts. But Germany is still in the kindergarten class when it comes to knowledge of American purposes.

They have stopped bootlegging in Camden by the simple process of stopping the sale of less than a quart of liquor to be taken from the saloons. But Camden is so far away that our local authorities never hear anything about what goes on there.

The Commuter and His Ticket

WHEN the railroad man drops into verse one would think he would write as a railroad man, but the following poem by Henry J. Myers, which appears in the Railroad Men's Magazine, indicates that he writes as a human being:

My commutation ticket has been punched
all full of holes;
Conductors do not realize that tickets must
have souls.
But I know (and the ticket knows) that
such is not the case;
There's meaning in each punch hole in its
travel-punctured face.

For each conductor has a mark that is his
very own;
By crescent, circle, spade or square his
handiwork is shown.
Each mark relates a story of a trip to east
or west—
A story that the ticket holds within its
paper breast.

This oblong tells about the trip where first
I saw my sweet;
This square reminds me of the time I offered
her my seat;
This diamond is the journey where I looked
into her eyes;
This arrow is the morning when we only
spoke in sighs.

This double star reminds me how a vow
for life was planned;
This circle was recorded when I asked her
for her hand.
The ticket's month expires there, but I
shall not be vexed.
Because its little story is continued in the
next.

And when I bring my bride to town I hope
they punch a heart.
And when I bring her home they ought to
punch a Cupid's dart.
Then later, when I ride to work, to earn
her bread and mine,
They'll wish me luck and fortune if they
punch a dollar sign.

And if success rewards my daily business
trips to town
(Which fact will be recorded on my ticket
by a crown),
Perhaps a few years afterward the trainmen
of the line
Will find a group of little tickets traveling
with mine.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What is a "complete fertilizer"?
2. Name the composer of the "Jupiter" symphony.
3. Who is chairman of the United States war trade board?
4. What is a campanile?
5. Who was the Mahdi?
6. Identify St. Louis.
7. Who said "I would rather be right than President"?
8. Where is Hamburg?
9. Who is commander-in-chief of the Italian army?
10. Where is the Olse River?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Moscow was the ancient capital of Russia.
2. Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell is president of Harvard University.
3. Howitzer: a cannon, shorter, lighter and more nearly a right cylinder in shape than a gun of the same caliber, used to throw shells with medium velocity and usually at angles between 15 and 45 degrees. It attains an object sheltered from direct fire by indirect or curved fire.
4. Kiel is a fortified seaport and naval base in Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia. It is the terminus of the Kiel Canal, which connects that sea with the Elbe River.
5. Rear admiral in the navy corresponds in relative rank to major general in the army.
6. Oliver Goldsmith, Irish dramatist, novelist and poet, wrote the comedy of manners, "She Stoops to Conquer."
7. Aneroid barometer: one in which atmospheric pressure distorts a thin-walled spherical metal, thus moving a pointer on the temperature scale.
8. Procrustean means inflexible. Procrustes, ancient brigand, made his victims fit a special bed he had made.
9. Mary Tudor, Queen of England, was "Bloody Mary."
10. General W. J. Kahn is in command of cantonment at Camp Meade, Md., and Md.