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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AN BUCOND CLARS MAIL MATTER.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 23, 1918

BELATED RAILROAD EQUIPMENT

THE ratiroads, which under private management found it impossible to get money to buy new rolling stock, are soon to be equipped with 100,000 new freight cars and 2000 new locomotives. The Government has discovered what the railroad men have long known, that the present equipment is inadequate. It is ready to find \$300,000,000 to buy the new cars and engines. Arrangements for awarding the contracts have been completed.

But this is only a beginning. The late James J. Hill said not long before his death that the railroads needed \$1,000,000,000 a year for several years to put them in shape to serve the country. They have not been able to get the money primarily for the reason that the Government has been meddling with their business to such an extent that no one knew whether dividends could be earned on new capital. We are now forced by the need of adequate transportation facilities to raise this money at a time when we are straining ourselves to provide funds for carrying on the greatest war in all history.

If the Government will profit by this lesson now the country is likely to profit in the future

Why did nobody, ever call them dacha-huns? Or did they?

STATUS AND STATUS FIXERS

ONE of the first duties of Mr. Schwab, the official announcements say, will be to fix the status of Admiral Bowles at Hog Island. Only a little while ago Admiral Bowles was the most potent status fixer in our midst. These are swift times. Few can feel that their status is permanent. The war is upsetting the usual standards. Statesmen, captains, admirals, kings and mere citizens are having their status changed for them overnight. The world is making new judgments to meet the common need. The Mayor's status has changed. The status of politicians is swiftly changing, though they do not seem to know it yet. The Kaiser tried to change his status, but he builded on sand.

Mr. Schwab's is the only safe way. Be your own status fixer. This is good advice to aliens. Thus you will spare others the trouble of fixing your status for you and from the necessity of hurting your feelings in the process.

WHERE IS THE LEADER?

THERE is no secret about the reason for police conditions here. The voters themselves are reaponsible for them. They have consented to the exploitation of the city by a group of men whose god is their bank account. Government, according to their theory, exists for the benefit of the men who can control the patronage. Only such homage is paid to decency as is forced by the knowledge that there is a limit beyond which the exploiters cannot go and still retain their hol! c government.

The whole city consented to the election of Mayor Smith. It was known at the time why he was nominated. Yet the broad-minded, influential citizens neglected to get together and demand the nomination of a high-class candidate of recognized ability who would perforce command the public confidence. The men who should have led loitered in the camps of ease and they and the rest of us have got what we deserved.

We are told now that the way to improve conditions is to get a new law pas ed, as though a few words printed on a piece of paper could change the purpose of this community. A newspaper, which was silent during the administrations of Reyburn and Ashbridge and raised no protest against the scandalous police conditions then, is now saying that all the present scandal is caused because the police are in politics and that there can be no improvement till they are taken out. It says:

Captain Mills, we have no doubt, will make good. But the political machine re-mains. The police are its product. While the roots of a tree are alive the tree itself is alive. The lopping off of a few branches does not kill it. And the roots of a victous police-in-politics system are still firmly embedded. But these roots can be torn up, and they

still firmly embedded. But these roots can be torn up, and they must be. How? By demanding of the next Legislature the adoption of Diatrict Attorney Rotan's bill creating a metropoli-tan pollee system. No Mayor could inter-fere with that system. There would be no Director Wilson, no Assistant Director Davis, no Superintendent Robinson. There would be, in fact, a complete severance of the pollee from politics. And that is what the police from politics. And that is what we must have,

This sort of flapdoodle is not likely to deceive any one. In the first place, who ever has given any serious thought to the subject knows that the root of the trouble does not lie in the connection of the police with politics, but in the indifference of the mass of the voters to the decent government of their own city. Indifference? Yes, they are indifferent so long as no adequate alternative to the present machine rule is offered to them. We have confidence enough in our fellow men to believe that the moment there is any prospect of putting the right sort of men in City Hall the voters will rally in support of the movement.

In the second place, the police cannot be taken out of politics by transferring their control from Penn Square to Harrisburg. There is just as crooked politics in L'arrisburg as here. If we had a metropolitan police force now, with its head appointed by Governor Brumbaugh, does any one doubt that that man would have been Director Wilson? The men who dictate the Governor's appointments dictated the appointment of Wilson. And if, the Governor happened to belong to a faction which did not control the Mayor, the police head would be a political appointee, whose chief duty would be to weaken the power of the faction dominant here. We should have a Penrose Director of Public Safety fighting a Vare Mayor, or a Penrose Mayor fighting a Vare Director of Public Safety, according to the dominance of one faction or

honored. It was cut up in close fighting and badly stained and it is to be brought, to this country to be preserved, let us hope, forever.

Many will read of all this with smiles of olerant sympathy. Wiser men are likely to find a mist between their eyes and this odd bit of news as they stop to pon-

der the difficult course of Ireland in relation to the great war and the tragedies of those of her misguided statesmen who believed that Germany might understand and aid them. For no fighting German who saw the flick of green rise suddenly from the dust ahead of him could understand what it was all about. The green, flag is worshiped by the Irish largely because it has flown only in sad places; because of the tears that have been shed under it; because of lost causes which it ed; because it is lonesome in the world,

With the wistfulest of nations it is the nvariable habit passionately to love little and lonesome things. But the grace of pity that is like a secret music in all the literature of Ireland is a thing unknown and incomprehensible to the Hun. Germany reserves its admiration for iron and for triumph and for selfishness. The philosophy of Berlin and that of Ireland are as far removed as the poles.

The German war prisoners here say hey do not want to go home when peace comes. They would better postpone their de-cision till they know what kind of a Ger-many there will be to go home to.

We will make Philadelphia the element ity in America," says Captain Mills. Go to y the dirt will object.

John Purroy Mitchel, The Tiger former Mayor of New York, is learning the tail-spin and the loop-Tamer the-loop and other little stunts the alread Ought to be easy for a man who has learned to twist the tall of the Tammany

01.6

tiger.

A couple of Brooklyn Anything to gtrls have tried to rganize a battailon of Escape lenth. death. It seems as hough the evening jam on the Brooklyn bridge and the subway ought to be homicidal enough. But perhaps they're tired of the city of unburied dead?

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Our Foreign Correspondence

LETTER from France says: One of the pollus here used to go up to an American officer every day, salute very gravely, and say, 'What time does the train leave?" The officer would reply, with equal eriousness and courtesy, 'Damfino!' The Frenchman would salute again, say 'thank you' and walk away. It was all the English he knew. One of our boys had taught it to him, telling him it was a form of

polite salutation." A letter from England says: "A curious incident happened here last week. A lady got into a railway carriage where were seated a gypsy woman, a soldier and a civilian. In passing the private, the lady held back her skirts, at which the gypsy called out. 'You needn't do that, Madam; he has four pounds in his pocket while you have only sevenpence." The civilian, interested, inquired, 'How much have I got?' 'Five pounds,' said the gypsy. In each case the sums of money had been correctly divined. "But there was one more question for

the gypsy. 'When will the war end?' 'In May.

Humphrey Hack writes that his favorite desk motto is taken from one of Samuel Butler's books. It is: He that is stupid in

WHY I LOVE SHAKESPEARE

By James A. Flaherty

EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1918

At the request of the Eventing Public Ledger, Mr. Flaherty, distinguished lawyer of this city, has written for Shakespeare's 154th birthday this article about his favor-ite next.

JAVING carried one or more volumes of Η Shakespeare with me every day for fifty years, I respond with pleasure to the editor's request to tell what Shakespeare luan meant to me.

I am no trained scholar, nor have I had the privilege of talking with the great teachers who have made Shakespeare their life study, -It may seem presumptuous of me to don the robe of authority. "That's a valiant fiea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a llon." But the message want to emphasize is how much Shakespeare may mean to the plain man, the business or professional man, or indeed any one who faces the universal problems of humanity. I love Shakespeare because all my life I have found in his words the richest commentary on all human acts and motives. He holds the mirror up to nature. He depicts the human heart with clarity, with beauty and with the truth that every one recognizes and affirms from his own life.

I was thirteen years on, school, when I old Northeast Grammar School, when I WAS thirteen years old, a boy at the first became interested in Shakespeare. One of my fellow scholars, Gus Seeds, a brother of Jacob Seeds, had a great ambition to go on the stage. He was reading Shakespeare night and day and got me to study the plays with him, each of us reading different parts. I read Cassius and Brutus to his Caesar, and in that way my lifelong passion began.

How we saved our pennies as boys to go to the gods' gallery at the old Walnut Street Theatre and see the great ones play! I saw Edwin Forrest as Lear, The Booth, Fechter, Barry Sullivan as Richard 111, Henry Irving and E. I., Davenport who was my ideal of an actor. I was one of those who founded the Davenport Dramatic Association in this city. We used to read Shakespeare and play some of the easier pleces.

Some of my friends smile at my Shakaspearean passion and seem to think it a harmless kind of eccentricity, but I assure you that no one thing has filled my life with so much happiness and depth of feeling as my love for his writings. He has put sunshine in my life. We may say with Hamlet, "See what a grace was scated on this brow."

Shakespeare has become the very fiber and tissue of our language. Men speak Shakespeare without knowing it. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." "Brevity is the soul of wit." "Mum's the word." Who does not use these phrases in his own speech? "Bully," that adjective which we associate with Mr. Roosevelt, is Shakespearean; it comes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." A year or so ago I was speaking to an audience at Newburgh, N. Y. Afterward a gentleman who had been present came up to me on the train and said: "I think you must be a great Shakespearean; in your talk I counted twenty-one Shakespearean quotations that you uttered unconsciously. I dare say there were more that I did not recognize." We had a very pleasant conversation and he, too, turned out to be a lifelong admirer of the dramatist.

T WAS admitted to the bar in December, 1874, and part of my working library from the first has been a complete Shakespeare. I now keep in my office, among many other Shakespeare volumes, a fine old Porter & Coates edition, published 1868, which was given me in 1875 by my friend Jefferson Henri, "Can one desire too much of a good thing?" I know no better food for a lawyer's mind to feast on than Shakespeare. The poet knew a good deal about law, as indeed he seems to have had a smattering of everything. "Time, the old justice that examines all offenders; and let Time try you!" What better advice to a lawyer than this, "A rotten case abides no handling!" I have forty-two little vest-pocket volumes of Shakespeare; beautiful little books, not much more than an inch long. I carry two or three of these in my pocket every day, and for more than fifty years I have not let a day go by, in sickness and health, without reading a scene or an act. In these terrible days when the hearts of men have heavy burdens to bear, I have found in these beloved plays infinite inspiration and encouragement. Mankind that was noble enough to bring to expression the marvelous genius of Shakespeare is noble enough to find its way beyond and above the hell of conflict that saddens us today. And to fighters in the great cause Shakespeare has many heartening words. As he says, "The arms are fair when the intent of bearing them is just."



And tumbles us off with a roar. absolute it is the more dangerously it fans And so far below him we hardly would the smoldering spirit of anarchy into flame.

know him. Down there on the nursery floor, If it weren't for the trousers, the jolly old

31 O'Neil and Scott-a ticket to catch the virtuous and the victous?

CAN RUSSIA BE SAVED?

GERMANY is not having its own way in Russia. The landing of British and French troops at Murmansk to co-operate with the Bolshevik forces in holding the railroad which touches the ice-free port of Kola, on the Arctic Ocean, indicates this, The Finnish White Guards have been trying to get possession of this road for the benefit of the Germans, but they have not got within 300 miles of its terminus at Rola. The road affords a strategic entrance to Russia and must be held by the Allies so long as there is any body of Russian troops willing to fight the Germans.

But what is more important just now than holding this railroad is a concerted effort to counteract the effects of German propaganda among the Russians. German lies were spread broadcast throughout the country last year and no effort was made to counteract them." The Root mission from this country accomplished nothing, for it did not get in contact with the people. There is still time to do something, for the war is not to be ended this year and perhaps not next year.

A thousand men who can speak Russian would be worth 10,000 troops-or perhaps 100,000-to the Allies if they could be sent to Russia to tell the people the truth about the war and what we are all fighting for. - Russians are no more anxious than Americans or Englishmen to be ruled by Germann.

Perhaps if some one higher up should have a vacation also conditions in the police department might improve.

A ROOSEVELT DENIED US?

SINCE the war began all the astrologers who have tried to read its meaning in the stars seem, so to speak, to have been kidded by the very firmament. It is encouraging to remember this now when Catherine Howard Thompson, who for eleptoen years has been one of the most externed star gazers in Boston, avows that Archie Roosevelt, Jr., the youngest grandchild of Theodore, may "live anywhere but in Philadelphia" when he grows up. Why Archie cannot live here the stars do not

is the Philadelphis of the future to be a y of righteousness unquestioned-or are to be laft despitably to the whims of a bullan fate? Surely the rampant corpuscie of sed and the savage love of goodness to Archie Jr.'s grandpaum has dedicated we are to be relieved of William al Thomas and the sest of them

another here and in the State capital. We do not need to change the laws but to change the kind of men elected to administer them. A police ripper bill at Harrisburg would only embed the police in politics so firmly that it would be impossible for a local political unheaval to

break it loose. The people are in no mood to be fooled by any such fraudulent reform. They prefer the ills we suffer to the greater ills they know to be inherent in the suggested change. Indeed, the whole tendency of municipal reform is in the direction of home rule for the cities, with fixed responsibility upon officials readily reached by public opinion. What we need is more home rule and not less. But what we need above all is an aroused and alert leadership prepared at any cost to give the people a choice between the things we now have and the things we ought to have. They will choose right, if they have the opportunity.

But the men who ought to point the way are indifferent. Will they go to the primaries next month and vote for clean, decent, honest, four-square candidates for all offices, or will they sit in their clubs and counting rooms bewailing the disgrace which has fallen on the city, and failing to perceive that a greater disgrace has fallen on them? The forces of righteousness are ready. Where, oh, where, is the man to lead them?

An earthquake in California? But natural cataclysms do not seem to stir us now that a single battle is destroying more lives than the most disastrous earthquake on record.

FALLING IDOLS

GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER, brightest star in the baseball diadem of a place known as Chlcago, was drafted for army service in order that one more man already in camp might be released to work on a farm. This explanation is made without a blush by the draft board at St. Paul.

Two years ago any one who called Alexander a farmer would indubitably have been called mad in turn. Now Alexander is merely the humble substitute for a farmer. Times and valuations change, The really essential things are seldom appreclated until a crisis. One bushel of potatoes is of more actual value now than any game of prefessional ball.

What patrict will contribute that \$56,-960 which the Organisation expected to col-lect from the police?

THE BIT OF GREEN

TN THE smoke of the American sector in France the other day, over No Man's Land, where all things are coloriess, there burned a Lit of green. It was the flag of reland going over the top, fixed solidly to the hayonet of an Angerican Infantryman. The colors are not used in action nova-mys, he the flag of Sim was singularly

little will be stupid also in much.

We have to be a little sharp with Dove Dulcet, for all the publicity he's been getting seems to have turned his head. He says some of the magazines have been after him, and unless we raise his rates he'll give them his stuff instead of us. Anyway, his poem today is quite a feat. Here It is:

Julia has a graceful ankle: slim it was when I espled it. Still it rather makes me rankle that she never to hide it. tries She Is Dear Socrates: To settle a dispute, will

you kindly inform me am I right or is she? HUSBAND.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL is just as dear to France as Independence Hall to Philadelphia. Rheims Cathedral has been set or

fire again, is a burned and blackened wreck, the marvelous vaulted roof is falling, stone by stone. THE great cathedral of human civiliza

I tion will crumble, stone by stone, unless we do our utmost to support America's war effort. There are long, hard days before us. There is only one way to end them: BUY LIBERTY BONDS.

This being Shakespeare's birthday, it seems timely to announce to the world our discovery of a cipher proving conclusively that Shakespeare's sonnets were written by our own Dove Dulcet. One can take almost any of the sonnets to prove this. For instance, the 19th, one of the most famous. It begins:

Devouring time, blunt thou the lion's paws, And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ; Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws, etc.

Is it not plain that the first four letters of the first word are simply an anagram for DOVE? To make it plainer, the author has repeated the same word in the second line. And then examine the text with certain letters, selected by a very simple cypher, emphasized by capitals:

Devoke her own sweet brood; pLuCk thE keen Teeth. If any doubt were possible, Mr. Duicet has settled it by the following subtle ana-

gram, farther down in the same sonnet: But I forBid thEe one moSt helnous crime: O carve not with ThY hours my love's fair brow -

If that does not prove that that espence FRIENDS often ask me what are my favorite plays. The question is almost unanswerable. If I had to choose four, perhaps they would be "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It," and yet that leaves out my old and first friend, "Julius Caesar." It seems to me that Shakespeare is not played enough in our theatres nowadays, In these serious times I think the public would welcome with open hearts the words of the greatest English-speaking man who ever put pen on paper. When young men come to me for advice as to their careers the first thing I always say is, "Read Shakespeare." He is the greatest schoolmaster of all; a purifier of passion, an ennobler of the will, a dose of honest fun and good philosophy. No man is too great for Shakespeare and none is too low. He reaches through the whole scale of humanity.

I HAVE turned thousands to reading Shakespeare, and if this little article should gain one more convert I shall be very happy. It is 354 years today since he was born, and 254 years hence I suppose men will be reading him more than ever. Of him we may say what Hamlet said of man:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprahension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the puragon of animals!"

health is hopelessly impaired and that it seems extremely improbable he will survive his sentence. I can well believe it. dorff and his willing tools, the military judges, know this also, and the knowledge that they can rid themselves so easily of their adversaries without pronouncing too many sensational death sentences fills them with secret gies. Sometimes the German papers publish ac-

counts of trials by court-martial in which the prisoners are acquitted. This is done in order to make the world helieve the mili-tary judges are just and impartial. The Kaiser's Government naturally does not want the world to know about its implacable reign of terror in Germany. But facts will out in spite of all the precautions taken by the Prussian censors. An indiscreet question re-cently put in the Reichstag by the Socialist member, Doctor Herzfeid, to Count Hertling reveals what the military authorities do with the prisoners officially "acquitted" by the judges. These prisoners, though found "not guilty," are not released as the law expressly equires. In flagrant violation of the law they are kept in custody, taken under guard to the police headquarters of the town and there, by order of the general commanding the district, placed under "preventive arrest Preventive arrest or imprisonment is a Ger-mar war invention which permits the mili-tary authorities to keep people they suspect entertaining democratic opinions, or fine irksome in any way, in prison for an in-definite period without trial. "Preventive pris-oners" are deprived of the benefit of counsel and their relatives and friends are not even allowed to know what has become of them. It is the Bastille and the "lettres de cachet" over again, with the difference that the Bastille prisoners of the French kings were well treated and plentifully fed, even eighteenth century despotism making a dis-tinction between political offenders and common criminals. There have been many stormy debates in the Reichstag during the war about this infamous system of pre-ventive imprisonment, needless to say with-

at any appreciable result. Doctor Herzfeld's revelation in the Reichs tag shows that of all the thousands of per-sons of either sex arrested during the strikes not one has been released, even the pris-oners whom the judges could not possibly convict being kept by the military authorities inder preventive arrest. I am, therefore, thoroughly inclined to believe a statement made the other day by a German exile here to the effect that there are more than 100.000 political prisoners of one kind or another in the German prisons at the present day.

THERE is no limit to the vindictive Crueity of the German military dicta-tors toward the miserable workers who at-tempted to throw off their yoke. Not con-tent with all these arbitrary measures, they tent with all these arbitrary measures, they have hit upon a new and truly diaholical acheme to punish the strikers in their chil-dren. For the last two years the municipal authorities of many German towas have been sending the starying children of the poorer classes to the country for a few weeks in summer to board with farmers and peasants where food and particularly milk is not so scarce as in the great cities. Lately the Government, at the instigation of the mili-tary authorities, has given orders to esculu-children of parents who took part in the strikes from this privilege of spending a couple of weeks in the country to recover strikes from this privilege of spending a couple of weeks in the country to recover from the effects of the terrible foodless winter mouths. This means scarcely credible, but it is true nevertheless. After all this one no longer wonders that the strike move-ment in Germany failed, and the only sur-prising thing is that the workers ever plucked up courses to arrike at all. And yet Liest from: trustworthy sources that an active proprianda is again being fartied on in the terms from the mean being for another and more poeral strike. Eaver for another and are and more being of the interfect of still paper. It was the hand of the fight paper. It was the hand

-THE real administrators of Germany today

I are the generals commanding the military districts of the empire, who take theip/orders from Ludendorff, and not the civil provincial uthorities subordinate to the Chancellor audendorff, not Hertling, rules absolute in fermany. Militarism has never been more triumphantly despotic than after its brutal victory over Hussian anarchy. The military authorities do absolutely as they like in Ger-many, not hesitating to break the law when It sulls their convenience. Recently they turned the school children and their teachers out of two schoolhouses in Suandau, and transformed these into barracks for women numition workers, who are of late in many cases no longer permitted to live in their iomes, but are kept in downright slavery under continual military supervision. The town council of Spandau protested, but quite n vain, and Chancellor von Hertling was orced to admit in the Reichstag that he

could do nothing as he had no power over the military authorities. The incredible increase of crime in the according to statistics published by the inaccording to statistics published by the in-surance companies, 300 burglaries are oc-curring daily, has been used by General von Kessel, the commander of the Brandenburg district, as a pretext to re-enforce the city Soldiers police by military pairols. Soldiers with fixed bayonets now patrol the streets of the capital, excellently symbolizing the universal mination of militarism in Germany, The bonnactor of minimum in Germany. These patrols use their frearms indiscriminately, and several women and children have already been "accidentally" shot by them, giving rise to more "questions" by the Socialists in the Reichstag which Herr von Hertling has not yet deigned to answer, Saturday.

THERE is a satirical poem of Heine's in which he speaks of the day when the I which he appares of the day when the rulers of Germany will realize their political ideals by turning the whole country into "one vast penitentiary." This prophetic vision of the German poet, who was a republican and a Jew, and whom the Kaiser has always detested accordingly, has come true during the war. Germany is today one great "Zuchthaus." where the entire population is, so to say, undergoing "preventive imprison-ment." Why do the Germans stand this ment." Why do the Germans stand this preposterous military tyranny which would have goaded any other mation into revolt long ago? That is the first question I usually ask Teutons professing liberal opinions here in Switzerland where they are opinions. Here in Switzerland where they are opinions here in Switzerland where they are out of Ludendorff's reach. The answer is always the same. The Garman people are cowed by the enormous prestige of the Kaiser's generals. The efficiency of the Prussian military machine stuns them into submission. And the Germans have never been a free people; fear and reverence for their uniformed masters are deeply rooted in their hearts. in their hearts.

IT is the business of America and the Allies to shatter this disastrous reputa-tion for efficiency on which the despotic power of the Prussian military casts rests. Only when Hindenburg and Ludendorff are squarely defeated on the field of battle will be contend building of the Greener weilt the convict population of the German pen-tenitary break out of their cells and peace and liberty once more reign in Europe.

trousers. That romp on the nursery floor.

DAD thinks that those trousers descended From some very old patriarch; He says they were carefully mended For Noah to wear on the ark:

But though they are shabby and dusty We love them and know what they're for: . And Mother will spare them while Daddy ean wear them

For games on the nursery floor-The old fraying trousers, the old playing trousers.

That romp on the nursery floor! CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

TODAY'S USELESS QUESTION

Why do most of us wish to be called 'old man" at twenty and, at fifty, to be hailed as "old boy?"

"Not young and beautiful women alone, but women of all ages marched eight abreast Shame for the cause of Liberty." So speaks an un-gallant reporter of Philadelphia's parade on

The movie people of Washington are try-ing to set a fifteen-cent coin fiinted. The When Texas Went Dry ourpose for which a fifteen-cent coin would

have served in Houston, says the Houston Post of April 16, made a permanent and pomewhat hilarlous exit last night at 10:30 o'clock clock.

What Do You Know? QUIZ

J. Where is Rheims? 2. Who is John Purroy Mitchel? 3. What is meant by the expression. "the can do to wrong"? 4. What is the Wall Street of London?

value Khill

- What is the Wall Street of "macadamize"?
 What is the derivation of "macadamize"?
 Which is the Finetree State?
 Who founded Pennsylvania?
 What is the Laccous?
 What is the Laccous?
 What is the Laccous?
 What is the Laccous?
 On the state of the state?
 Identify "the Maid of Orleans."

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- L'Algian (The Englet): a name applied to the sour of the first Name and Marie Lader, here King of Rome and marie Judie Relebratal by the Congress of Vienna at the fail of the Name and the fail of the Name at the fail of the Name at the Failer of 2. The Mississippi is known as "the Father of Watern."

- 5. Viscount Milner is the new Beltich Socretion 6. Count Weigerin is the recently realized Hor

The Mississippi is known as "the Faiter w Waters."
 Willen Culles Berant wrete "Thanntenia."
 Evolution: the theory of biology which stars the descent of man as from the lower and subject of man as from the lower and subject of man as from the lower and subject of the seneral, the derivation of weaks a static seneral, the derivation of weaks of the sen bighty meaning traves.
 Hamburg is the chief part and commercial does not grow administ a soft or in sensite forms. In the United States as the seneral does not grow administ a soft or in sensite forms. In the United States a standary is a full-stated tree, discinguished from the sensities tradied on devarf rests.
 Prideebaad, in the military sense, is de-france weaks are stated on devarf rests.
 Frideebaad, in the military sense, is a bridge manual free states of the states as induce manues the extremity of a bridge manues the extremity of a bridge manues the extremity of a bridge manues of Waterios une faught has H 161.
 Viarement Milner is the new British Beerteriot.