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WHEN IS A STATUTE A LAW?

CENATOR VARE insists that the law orbids any man to vote in a Republican primary who did not vote for a majority of the nominees on the Republican ticket last fall. He says that all of the plain voters

who cast a Town Meeting ballot last fall will be welcomed in the Republican primaries and no questions asked. He announces that if any of the Town eting party leaders attempt to vote in

he Republican primaries they will be com-

belled to swear that they voted for a ma-

lority of the Republican nominees. His view of the law seems to be that if a voter is willing to support the Vare party faction it can be ignored, but if you are opposed to his faction it must be nforced.

In brief, law is to be juggled in the interest of factional politics, and it can be ignored at the will of factional leaders.

But the election laws are not the only statutes toward which our political leaders show disrespect. The Philadelphia theory and practice indicate that a law is a law only when it serves your purposes. Is it any wonder that the Navy Department had to intervene in the vice situa-

Some say that the only true war cross falls to the mothers.

THE KAISER'S HAND IN RUSSIA

THE apparent determination of the Germans to make open war upon the Bolsheviki under the mask of a new royalist movement is the final attestation of somehing inherently decent in the policies of the forlorn revolutionists in Russia.

The counter-revolution, through which the Grand Duke Alexis has been declared emperor at Petrograd, obviously has been engineered by the aristocrats, royalists, bureaucrats and the wealthy cliques-the real anarchists, the same mob that has been pro-German from the first, that sold out the Russian masses and delivered hordes of unarmed peasants to the German machin, guns.

The stability of a monarchy in Russia now would represent merely a German conquest of the entire country-by proxy.

The pacifist tendencies of the Bolshewiki must now endure the ultimate test. The revolutionists must surrender and descend to the degradation out of which they tried to lift Russia, or they must fight ght hard. Their only alternative is

Slogan for war gardeners: Shell-wour own peas while the soldier shells the Hun.

WOMEN IN THE MINES

THERE is nothing even in a revised bublic opinion which will tolerate the imployment of women and girls at the mines and coal breakers. The operators who attempted this experiment near Hazieton and were promptly blocked by proper objections from the United Mine Workers and the State Department of Mines have merely shown that constant vigilance will be necessary if the safeguards which normally surround women and children in industry are not to be broken down by employers under the plea of war necessity.

The intention of the existing labor laws is to protect women and children not only against unusual hazards, but also to keep them safely out of such employments as involve unusual stress or an environment unfitted to them. The work of the coal mines, therefore, must be done by

The Kaiser prayed in the Cologne Cathedral. And the roof didn't fall on him!

SEEING PHILADELPHIA

Now and then when the usual crowd of trusting voyageurs from the hinterland pass, stark with wonder, upon the vehicle known to the light-minded folk as a rubber-neck wagon, thoughtful persons must occasionally regard them with a touch of pity and a sense of confidence outraged. They are made to believe that they are seeing Philadelphia. Yet they are carefully steered by the chauffeur and the megaphone man to everything that makes us seem a lordly town and as con-letently denied a glimpse of the things that indicate the darker side of our char-

Thus every rubber-neck wagon is trundled to the Betsy Ross House, where a sense of reverence and tender care is nicely inculated. But the wagon never proceeds Mount Moriah Cemetery, where Betsy's rave is desolate, forgotten and without inment or attention. The very flag that Betay made has been worn down to a remnant by the winds above her

It might be good for the collective soul Philadelphia if we were to be franker in visitors. The folk from back home permitted to stare and marvel at the Hell tower. They are never permitted es the cracks in it and no one hints or greadful things that happen within. m are permitted to see the Mayor's room, but there is no chauffeur at to let them know that the nunteipal government is in

WHAT IF THE GERMANS DO REVOLT?

PHOSE who interpret the discontent of the German prisoners captured in the war and the reports of demoralization among German business men as proving that there is an impending revolution against the Hohenzollerns are unduly optimistic. There is no more profitless occupation than generalizing from insufficient data and there is no amusement more dangerous when the world is at

Whatever the future may hold for Germany, it would be a grievous mistake for any of the nations fighting her to assume that they are to win the war through an attack on the German rear by the people at home. Belief in the possibility of such an attack was entertained for a time in some quarters in this country. We announced that we were the allies of the German people in the fight against their Government. But we have learned that, whether willingly or unwillingly, the German people are fighting heart and soul the battles of the Prussian militarist party and that Germany is ruled by military law. Even though the people should revolt, the Allies would still have to crush the German military organization. No other

course is safe in any event. There can be no peace until the German military machine is destroyed. Lloyd George already perceives this, for he says that the events of the last few weeks have made it plain to every thinking man that there is no longer room for compromise between the ideals of autocracy and those of democracy. They are in the grip of death and one or the other must succumb

We are slowly perceiving the truth on this side of the ocean also. It is understood that Secretary Baker intends to ask for appropriations for an army of 3,000,000 men to be shipped to France as fast as it can be trained. But we should not accept this as the final estimate of the number of men needed. If 3,000,000 are not enough we must train 5,000,000, and if more are needed we must be ready to put them in the field.

The German drive for the Channel ports which has been going on for forty lays will not be stopped until it is blocked by an irresistible force. The German strategists have evidently decided to pile men into the fight, regardless, of terrific losses, in the hope that they can break through. They may succeed. But this will not mean a German victory, for the democracies of the world are not yet exhausted and the greatest of them has not yet begun to mobilize its great resources.

If the Germans should reach the Channel, however, there would be a feeling of great exultation in Berlin and the task of the Entente Allies would become greater. The Germans have been taught that they are the chosen of the German god to rule the world through the survival of the fittest and they would interpret such an outcome as proof of divine favor. But there is no hope for the world till the Huns are taught that the German god is merely a tribal deity and does not control affairs beyond the tribal frontier.

On the same day that Lloyd George's statement was published the reports of addresses made by the American labor delegates in England appeared in the newspapers. These addresses indicate that labor has discovered what the rest of us have learned, namely, that there is no hope for German democracy until the military autocracy is uprooted and that there is no hope for assistance from Germany in the work of uprooting until the war ends. When the rest of the world is made safe for democracy the Germans may attempt to put such safeguards around democracy at home as will protect it against the autocrats armed with a gun. Our task is to smash the iron machine that rules the German people,

Caniden has already far oversubscribed its third loan quota. Crepe, boy, for the grinds who used to write jokes about Cam-

THE FLAG WINS THE CROSS OF WAR

WHEN the flag of the 104th Regiment of the Massachusetts National Guard was decorated with the cross of war by we had a splendid illustration of the way they do things in France. That regiment now has a distinction which cannot be taken from it, for as Henri Bazin, the correspondent of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, who reported the event, says, it is the first body of American fighting men to be thus distinguished. The French know that esprit de corps can be developed by such simple expedients and that there is no more valuable asset for an army.

Not only was the regimental flag decorated, but the cross was given to 116 of the officers and men because of their herole exploit in repulsing a superior German force in a battle lasting for three

We have devised a dec ration for our soldiers, but we are not so quick in awarding it as we should be. Perhaps we shall learn from our gallant and poetic allies the value of expedition in such matters

The twelfth keel has been laid at Hog Island. The thirteenth probably will be down before some of the grumblers have time to realize that by heating the world in matters like this we shall beat the Kaiser.

THE MARKET VALUE OF HATE

THE hate quatrain that won a \$1000 prize in Germany as "the best fourline poem denouncing England's baseness' seems to us strangely lacking in calories Is it possible that the author did not really hate England, but only pretended to for the sake of winning the prize? If we were writing venom at \$40 a word we could amass a deal of passion in each heavily milled syflable.

But, after all, hymns of hate seem a puny kind of propaganda. They only serve to put the enemy on his guard. If he knows you hate him with a full \$1000 worth of hate he'll surely keep his powder dry. What the Germans ought to do is to offer some prizes for really convincing love poems about England. Maybe that would fool the British fleet so that all the battleships would haste to drydock and

wreathe themselves with smilax. If we were trying a \$1000 quatrain to blast the Kaiser we'd start on a more

genial key, seeking to lure him within reach of our brass knucks. As thus: We love you, dear William, you grow on

We'd like to be neighborty; chummy, you Don't be so canny, O don't be so strange-Come a bit closer, Bill, get within range! know. But what grieves and aggravates the

German patrons and purveyors of hate is that they can't get the English to hate back. The mean-spirited fellows simply won't hate the way they ought to. The Kaiser, sitting down to pen a lyric or so, might express his disgust as follows:

I do not like these weak disdains. This lukewarm disaffection; If you dislike me, take some pains:

Be MEAN in my direction If you think I a nuisance am.

Take steps, dear, to abate me—
Come, pierce me with a red-hot damn,
And if you hate me, HATE ME!

A British flying officer says the air over the western front is as crowded with aircraft as Fifth avenue is with motors. If he could see Market street on a Saturday afternoon he might change his metaphor.

SMITH, HYLAN AND COMPANY

 $I_{
m pler}^{
m NEW}$ YORK they are not any happear with their Mayor than we here are with ours. John Purroy Mitchel left the Wicked City with an admirable system of municipal service. Mr. Hylan, his successor, is a politician of the sort accustomed to regard any community primarily as an adjunct to a political machine. So, heartened by the applause of his friends from Tammany, he is behaving as if the civil service were a cathedral and be a kaiser out upon a blithe holiday

The laughter, ribald and shrill, that New York has been turning on us lately might now be echoed at the expense of the cliffdwellers in Mr. Hylan's town. And it would be easy to indulge in the sort of sarcasn, which brightened idle hours for New York journalists when they first discovered that we were corrupt and contented. But the present situation is 'ou broadly suggestive, too generally inclusive, for that.

Surgeon General Gorgas, it appears, has intervened in New York on grounds of general welfare, just as Secretary Danlels intervened recently in Philadelphia, General Gorgas wishes to stop a demoralizing process instituted by Mayor Hylan in the Department of Health, The army, you might suppose, liasn't enough to do in training millions of new soldiers and fighting the Germans and caring for its wounded. It must find time to go about the country dragging the Smiths and the Hylans out of their mudholes and teaching them to walk straight and to be at lerst emporarily decent.

These new responsibilities that we are rowding on the military establishment are profoundly suggestive. The . merican people are sending their sons out in countless thousands to fight and die for a theory of government which they themselves consistently disregard and debare in their personal practice every election day.

German propaganda is not permitted in America. But party propaganda, intended to defeat and degrade every principle of free government, is taken for granted and systematically encouraged.

The Tammany system in New York, like the system upon which the Vares are buildng their machine in Philadelphia, is the esult of a secret organization, which inludes ward workers, division leaders, newspapers, neighborhood physicians, jobolders, business men and contractors, all of whom are grouped to prevent the expression of community opinion in local government. They are culisted for their wn purposes and not for the interests of the municipality.

It is the habit of writers nowadays to say that political bosses are necessary. Potical bosses may be said to be necessary when the people finally admit that they themselves are not fitted for self-govern-

The Smiths and the Hylans are not peculiar to New York. They are everywhere. And they are not accidental, Mayor Smith represents the civic consciousness of Philadelphia just as truly as Mayor Hylan represents the civic consciousness of New York. The one, shamed by the Secretary of the Navy into a performance of his duty, and the other, who must be stopped by Federal authority from imperiling the health of the citizens and the military organizations for the sake of his jobhungry friends, are fairly representative of what we often produce in the way of municipal administration after more than a hundred years of experience with free government.

Prowling ward heel-Moyamensing Is ers, under the orders of Acting Superintendent Mills, are not to be lof in the station houses after this. The city ight be happier if Captain Mills refused to

The revolution in Fin No. Say land is about over, Hope is Finnished with the Kalser's friends in a position of dvantage. It might be said, in other words that Hunism in this instance has Finlanded

"We owe our armies a great debt," says the Kalser. When money And Dead Men Cannot Collect is low pay your obligations with golden words!

Is hate a fashion, Neither: It's craze, a fad or a the National Game means of amusement Neither: It's in Germany?

A German officer who lost his temper at his Dutch landlindy told her to beware the Ides of August. About that time, he cried, Germany will put Holland in her hip pocket The beginning of August is a kind of sacred date for Huns. It was at that time of year they began murdering Belgians,

Why is it so hard to persuade Mis-ourians to sit in the Senate? Aren't Misouri meerschaums, known to the vulgar as cob pipes, permitted in that august par-

Rittmeister von Richthofen said that he Allied aviators are pretty good fliers, but little too eager to attack. Not bad praise

. The Germans are cruel to take sand from Holland. Sand is just what the Netherlands Cabinet seems to need. Mr. Gerard says the Germans don't

laugh any more. Why should they?

The next memoirs we are waiting for are those of the Kaiser Karl's mother-in-law.

Would they come across more readily they were asked to buy Liberty Bombs?

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Volts for Women

DUNRAVEN BLEAK has compiled ten rules about women which he says are infallible. We have some hesitation in printing anything infallible in this department, because some one is sure to contradict it, but here goes:

1. Women think second-hand bookstores are "dirty."

2. They are very witty, but they have no sense of humor.

3. They ask unanswerable questions and then answer them. 4. They are annoyingly pretty.

5. They eat too much. 6. They believe what they say and say

it too often. 7. They marry some one else.

8. They like the house to be "tidy." 9. They think you can't get on without

them

10. You can't. James How, the "Millionaire Hobo," returned recently from a peace conference at Stockholm carrying a wicker suitcase and a nut cracker. He will need the nut cracker, undoubtedly; but what is the sultcase for?

Apparently there is a peace conference in Stockholm almost every day. The Stockholm police force must be kept busy preserving order.

Suitcases are made either of sole leather or wickerwork-like people's heads,

Just as soon as the United Soviets decided on that new Russian flag the Czarevitch goes and spoils it all.

Lord Rhondda, British feed controller, made iii by self-denial, -News Dispatch. DO YOU want to be like Lord Rhondda?

Until he was yallery With loss of calory-Then buy one more Liberty Bondda!

DOVE DULCET

Of hunger he grew ever fondda,

Little Willie Hall decided to do with out the bleycle he had been saving for and buy a Liberty Bond instead. He bought the bond, and then some wellmeaning person came along and spoiled it

by giving him the bicycle anyway. The meaning of sacrifice is to do without something, to surrender for an unselfish purpose something one holds dear. If the philanthropist who insisted on stultifying Willie's fine-hearted patriotism really wanted to do the right thing she should have bought him another Bond.

One of the new German tanks has the skull and crossbones painted on it. The German high command seems to recognize the peculiar appropriateness of that emblem for its cause.

We will never again make jokes about ferryboats. The Iris and the Daffodil, two of the vessels that immortalized themselves in the raid on Zeebrugge, were formerly municipal ferries on the Mersey, at Liverpool. Thousands of Americans have crossed over to Birkenhead on them, on the way to Chester and Oxford.

Monday, May 6, is the trown Prince's birthday, when he attains the golden age of thirty-six. We hope Crowny will live long enough to read the birthday poem we are brewing for him.

If anybody else feels the urge to go us one better in such a gentle salutation Socrates will be glad to examine the manuscript. We will mail the most potent to Willie by partial post.

A big oversubscription to the Third Lib-Loan would be a nice kind of birthday present for Crowny. As the loan campaign ends on May 4, he'll be able to read all about it in the Berlin papers on his birthday morning.

Ask the Man Who Loans One A dollar in the hand is worth three in your friend's pocket.

That new Pershing shoe the American troops are wearing is said to be "Ueber Alles in der Welt." SOCRATES.

THE NATIONAL PASTIME

THE editor of the New York Sun's weekly I Book Section, confined to his literary funkhole by the mumps, has amused himself by drawing up international baseball teams, composed of authors.

His English line-up isn't so bad. He has

Wells as pitcher; Chesterton, catcher; Ben-nett, first base; Conrad, second base; Galsworthy, third base; Kipling, shortstop; May Sinclair, Rebecca West and Eden Philpotts, He endears himself to us by sayin that William McFee will go on the firs when Kipling retires. He picks T when Kipling retires. He picks Thomas Hardy as manager and (incredible) George Moore, that long exploded and fusty George, coach.

Personally, we would take out his battery,

putting Fillaire Belloc on the mound and Gilbert Murray behind the plate. We would pass Galsworthy to the bench, and put Chest-erton on the third sack. Miss Rebecca West would yield to E. V. Lucas in the garden. And our choice for manager and coach would be Barrie and Shaw. Now for the American team! The Sun's

iterary editor's numps have hadly heveled his judgment. Think of an American literary nine in which neither Vachel Lindsay nor Edgar Lee Masters mentioned; nor Don Marquis nor Tom Daty! (And Tom used to play ball for Fordham We refuse to reprint the Sun's up for the American team, but here it is as we would man it: Tarkington, pitcher; Amy Lowell, catcher; Don Marquis, first have; Vachel Lindsay, second base; Margaret Deland, third base; Simeon Strunsky, shortstop; Irvin Cobb, Tom Daly and Ed Howe, fielders. Edgar Lee Masters, manager and Mary Roberts Rinehart, coach.

And for umpire? The Sun offers no suggestion. We would choose Garabed Giraassian.

What a Change!

One cannot refrain from comment on one remarkable change time has wrought between eighteenth and nineteenth cen-tury civilization and that of the present day. News dispatches tell that the Elyses Palace and the Hotel Champs Elyses Paris, have been taken over by the American expeditionary forces, the buildings to be used as offices and quarters for officers of the American army. The Elysse Palace was erected in 1718 for Count Louis d'Auvergne. It was used as a residence by the great Napoleon, by Napoleon III and by other noble Frenchmen, and until recently was the residence of the President of

What a change from the traditions of old France: And what a change for many of the sons of democratic America! Those of the sons of democratic America! Those officers are sons of blacksmiths, preachers, millionaires, washerwomen, college professors and the good rank and file that compose American civilization. And they are living together in the palace of a former emperor while they pursue the spiendid quest for world freedom and democracy.—Milwaukee Journal.

IS THIS THE "DARKEST HOUR?" THEN SHOW OUR BRIGHTEST LIGHT



WHEN PEOPLE SMILE AND OTHER MEDITATIONS

By Logan Pearsall Smith

Smiles

WHEN people smile to themselves in the street, when I see a happy and self-absorbed smile suddenly light up the face inot exactly made, it would seem, for smiling) of an ugly young man or middle aged and uninteresting woman, 1 often wonder of what inner vision and footlights, what dramatic scene of satisfied desire or malice or triumphant vanity this complacent smile is the faint reflection.

The Bubble

COMETIMES, walking home at worried about money or with the war and the national debt crushing down on my shoulders, for a change and solace I allow my egotism a little airing. Taking out the cork from the jar in which I usually keep my vanity bottled, that friendly Jinn rushes out and swells up like a cloud and fills the sky. I walk lightly on in another world, a world that might be. a world that should be, if I had justice done me-a world in which I cut a much more creditable figure.

I shall not describe this ideal, exquisite universe; even for me 'tis but the hubble of a moment, and I soon snuff it out or of itself it bursts and vanishes in thin air.

The Latchkey

WAS astonished, I was almost horrorstruck by the sight of the new moon at the end of the street. In bewilderment and Blakelike wonder I stood on my doorstep gazing at it. For what was I doing there? I, a wanderer, a pilgrim, a nomad of the desert, with no home save where evening found me-what was my ignoble business on that doorstep; at what perfidy had the moon caught me with a furtive latchkey in my hand?

Shrinkage

COMETIMES my soul floats out beyond Dthe constellations; then all the vast life of the universe is mine. Then again it evaporates, it shrinks, it dwindles, and of that flood of high thought, which overbrimmed the great bowl of space, there is hardly enough left to fill a teaspoon,

Misapprehension

DEOPLE often seem to take me for some one else; they talk to me as if I were a person of serious, settled views, "What is your opinion of democracy?" they ask. "Are you in favor of the Channel Tunnel" "Do you believe in Existence after Death?" I assume a thoughtful attitude, and by means of grave looks and evasive answers I conceal—or at least I hope I conceal—my discreditable secret.

A Call

Y WONDERED why I was sitting in that I overfurnished drawing room sigiling and moving my hands. We talked of Shelley and French literature and the Future Life, and I made the remarks that I have made a hundred times before on those subjects. Then putting on my overcoat and hat, and taking my umbrella, I went out into the street, and under the solemn and passionate skies of the winter sunset I walked briskly home, thinking of dinner,

Faces

LMOST always the streets are full of Adismal and dreary-looking people; sometimes for weeks on end the poor facehunter returns unblest from his expedi-

tions, with no provision to replenish his day-dream larder. Then one day the plenty is too great; there are princesses at the street crossings, queens in the taxicabs and the gods themselves can be seen openly promenading up and down the

Card Palaces

WAS a follower of Epicurus this morning in my bath, a Materialist at breakfast; but an Idealist afterward, as I smoked my first cigarette and turned the universe to transcendental vapor. But took up and began to read the Times. I had no longer any doubt about the existence of the external world. So as I worked or read or walked the streets, this idle building up and knocking down of metaphysical card palaces went on inside me till, by the time the enormous day was over, I had vaguely believed, I think, in almost all the more widely known explanations of existence.

Now that the City Or Worse Or Worse Controller has held up the pay of Superin-tendent Robinson and other members of the follise Bureau whose absence seems necessary to the public good, it may be re-membered that it is only politicians who unctimes are paid for doing nothing.

Canny Andy Every now and again we have occasion to recall what a very carny Scot was Andrew Carnegle, "Charley" Schwab, chosen to dig the shipbuilding scheme out of the niorass into which it has been plunged by a succession of well-meaning misman-agers, is one of his "boys."-Louisville

First Impressions of an Aviator

The following description of his first experience in the air was written by a Haver-ford student in the course of a letter to a

The first ride isn't especially fun, because the wind in your face is terrible; your hel-met pulls under your chin like a train of horses; your clothes are so stiff you can't nove around much, and when you start to and your stomach hits the top of your head But it's funny how soon one gets used to flying and thinks nothing of going up. Of ourse, the machines we have are absolutely croof, and as long as the motor runs are asier to run than a Ford. After you get to the idea, you can make spirals a kinds of things which are lots of fun." als and all

Reply to Mrs. Yale

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger. Sir-I read the poem by Elsie Duncan ale, suggesting what father can do to econo-Alas, poor father is already d these things and then so ceply to Miss or Mrs. Vale as follows, to wit: Dear lady, Miss or Mrs. Yale,

Your eyes have not been busy Or, praise the gods, whene'er we meet Your winsome glances miss me.

All your suggestions come too late; I say without misgiving I'm fighting now the seventh round With Lord High Cost of Living.

My socks are worn and full of holes-My B. V. D.'s past mending; I cannot count my shoes' half-soles, Their list would be unending.

I wear three patches on my breeks, My wardrobe's rather flighty; I fear a fire most because I haven't any nighty.

Don't preach to me of saving pence Or nickels, dimes and dollars; ve squeezed each bill I've seen so tight The very eagle hollers.
DAVID COLDEN MURRAY.

Philadelphia, April 22,

Ten Little Bolsheviks

TEN little Bolsheviks, Feeling very fine-One got in Trotsky's way, Then there were nine.

Nine little Bolsheviks.

One became "bourgeets," Then there were eight. Eight little Bolsheviks Establishing a heaven-

Singing hymns of hate-

One met the White Guards, Then there were seven. Seven little Bolsheviks, Up to cunning tricks-One went to Helsingfors.

Six little Bolsheviks Keen to keep alive. But one anneyed a Soviet, Then there were five.

Five little Bolsheviks,

Then there were six.

Out to end the war; One wrote to Hindenburg-Then there were four. Four little Bolsheviks,

Friends of liberty-

One went to a fortress,

Then there were three. Three little Bolsheviks, Feeling rather blue; One joined the Czarevitch, Then there were two.

Two little Bolsheviks. Welcoming the Hun-One tried to "fraternize," Then there was one.

One little Bolshevik. Didn't have to die-He went home to Hertling, A happy German spy. SOCRATES

Heaven Failed and H- to Pay

Berlin states that "bad weather" halted he drive to Paris. So it was Gott's depart-nent that fell down, and he must have heard few things from Wilhelm by now.

What Do You Know? QUIZ

What Is a dike? Who is Count Szerenyi? Who is Princess Juliana?

Name the author of "The Bells"? Which is the Green Mountain State? What is an axiom?

7. What are England's great naval bases?
8. Who is Admiral Tyrwhitte?
9. What is meant by "straight," "place," 10. Who was Ares? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

 Suttee: a Hindu widow who cremates herself or is cremated on the funeral nire of her husband, also the custom of such crema-tion, which is still secretly practiced in India. 2. The Channel ports: Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne, on the English Channel, against which Hindenburg is pressing his new al-

3. Oscar Wilde wrote "The Ballad of Reading 4. Toesin: an alarm or warning bell.

Bremen: capital of the republic of Bremen, one of the Stries of the termin Emper-sive of the Stries of the termin Emper-Situated on both banks of the Weser, say miles southwest of Hambers, most to which it is the chief mercanifle emportum of Ger-many. 6. High German; the literary and polite language of Germany.

8. Gulf stream; the warm ocean current of the North Atlantic Ocean.

9. Moliero: assumed mane of French dramatics.
J. B. Foquelin, of the period of Louis XIV, author of "Tartuffe," "I/Avare," etc.

19. Austen Chamberlain; son of Janeah Chamberlain, as British statesman, Recently applicated as one of the members of the British was Cubinet.