

LEADER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD... C. H. MARTIN... General Business Manager... EDITOR... H. B. SMILEY... Editor

TELL THEM THIS... WHEN you write this evening to your man in France, tell him what he ought to know. Tell him that the third Liberty Loan was well oversubscribed, and that the Tuckahoe, a 5500-ton steel ship, was launched in Camden twenty-seven days after her keel was laid down.

LOOKING OVER THE TRANSMO INTO GERMANY... NO ONE who wishes to understand what is going on in Germany can afford to neglect the series of dispatches and letters from B. F. Kospoth, the special correspondent of this newspaper in Switzerland.

SPIES AND THE CYCLOPS... SECRETARY DANIELS, speaking in this city recently, said that the country must have to enlarge its jails for spies and saboteurs.

THE IMPERIAL CLOWN... What emotions, one wonders, did Kaiser stand on his "advanced post" to watch the movements of the engaged in that world-shattering around Kemmel Hill?

REVISING ALLIED DIPLOMACY

We are through with Russia—Lloyd George, after the Bolshevik revolution. Germany, once established in Russia, can fight the whole world force—Lord Robert Cecil, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on Saturday.

FORLORN Russia, friendless in the dark, still manages to serve the world mightily as a mirror in which civilization may read the sum of its major errors. Toryism lashed the Russians to revolution. It was not surprising, therefore, that Toryism elsewhere in the world should call down the loudest curses on the revolutionists.

Allied diplomacy is only now revising its opinions and its attitudes to the consciousness that Russia actually is about 186,000,000 people, a great hope, a flaming spirit, high faith, limitless resources and almost limitless territory, a potentiality for good or evil that transcends all possible estimates.

Russia is the poor of the world, the misguided, the uninformed, the ignorant. It wonders and listens and suffers in every land. Its shining faith goes out momentarily to any howling idiot on a soap box since it has waited long and has never ceased hoping for the one who shall lead it out of the wilderness.

And in this Russia something as sinister as the spirit of Germany has already established and fortified itself "to fight the world." It is ignorance and suspicion and distrust of the social order. Those who are to blame are those who long ago thought they "were through with Russia."

There are faiths and philosophies which hold that nothing is lost in the universe and that even human suffering tends by some mystic process to enrich life and the world for future days. The assumption is founded, of course, upon the successive miracles that began at Calvary. If might be believed, therefore, that the heart of Russia today is the anvil upon which a new and better social idealism is being hammered out.

Germany's submarine campaign has failed and staff officers are admitting in the Reichstag that her air campaign has broken down. The land defense will be the next to go to pieces, and after that the deluge—for German ambitions.

THE CLASSICS... The classics are safe for a few more moons, it seems. The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, which concluded its annual convention in this city on Saturday, still keeps the best-sellers of antiquity sheltered under its plumed wing.

Even in wartime we cannot afford for a moment to forgo the great and beneficent strain of thought and idealism that Greece and Rome have handed down to us. Not McGuffey's readers nor Dr. Frank Crane of the press syndicates was the first man on earth to cull and utter memorabilia. Thousands of men in the trenches and training camps have been heartened and nerved to their grim discipline by some remembered snatch of Euripides or Horace, or the eclogues of Virgil.

WAR AND THE BUILDING TRADES

The building trades have suffered extraordinarily because of the war, the difficulties of transport and the demands of other industries in the labor field. Meanwhile the question of housing is cumulative in its importance.

Greater congestion in so-called slum areas is an intolerable outlook. No one who has studied the question has yet been able to offer a solution for a situation which is the more confusing because it was altogether unexpected. It has been suggested that in the absence of transport facilities cities with extensive slum areas might very properly raise ancient and unhygienic buildings and utilize the material in creating new communities of hygienic dwellings.

JERSEY AND OUR MOTOR LAWS

THE State Highway Department in New Jersey is endeavoring, with little promise of success, to obtain the cooperation of this State as well as that of New York for the establishment of uniform rules likely to reduce the number of serious motor accidents.

Suppose Tetrazzini sent word that she and Schumann-Helk would sing for you tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock in your garden. Wouldn't you get up to hear them? Suppose by the same mail came a letter from Misha Elman and Kubelik that they would play a duet before breakfast in that patch of woods near your house, rain or shine, would you be there?

Colwyn, Delaware County, has over-subscribed its allotment five times. The little town seems to be where they realize we are at war.

They are melting silver dollars into bullion at the mint and Mr. Bryan has not raised a protest.

Do you know yet the meaning of that green card with "21 to 1" printed on it?

Very Well!... The New York papers are agitated over the question of a new name for skyscraper. They suggest that we should call the fragrant weed chouroute, as the French do; or kaposta, as the Russians do; or even Liberty cabbage. For our part, since the price has gone up, we call it taxibabage.

Where Does He Live?... The sweetest sensation in the world (and the most surprising) is to go to the second bureau drawer and find a handkerchief, unscathed by the laundry, a pair of socks fresh darned, and a collar without saw-teeth.

THE BIRTHDAY REVIEW

(Today is the birthday of the German Crown Prince, born May 6, 1892.)

SAID the Prince, "This is my birthday: Day for wasp-waist, sword and stars! Let it be a feast and mirth-day—Muster my Death's Head Hussars!"

Southward to the blue Swiss border, North to Flemish sand-dunes pale, Ran the Prince's birthday order, "Skull and Crossbones, to Befeb!"

Meanwhile, he put on his frock of Whalebone, tinsel, gilded braids—Garments that had borne the shock of Many glittering parades.

Clomb the tallest of his stallions Ready for his martial stunt; Waiting for his proud battalions, Playboy of the Western Front.

To the great reviewing stand he Cantered, and his aides deployed—Angrily the royal dandy Gazed about him, much annoyed.

"Where are all my men?" he thundered. "Did I not give orders strict?" Uniformed equerries wondered; Heels of sub-lieutenants clicked.

Then, from trench and field blood-weary, And from helmets black with tears, Came dead voices, thin and eerie, Spoke the Prince's lost Hussars:

"I am here where Verdun held us." "In a shattered trench I lie," "I, where Joffre's legions felled us," "I, and I, and I, and I."

"I am where the great guns slew us." "At Bapaume death set me free," "I, where men in blue went through us— They no braver men than we."

"I am here where Haig defied us." "I, where England stood at bay," "British dead are thick beside us," "We no braver men than they."

"I, on Kemmel, where war squanders All that honest men desire," "I lie here in muddy Flanders On a trench's clogged wire."

"Come, Commander, what you covet We have bought you, flesh and soul— This is war; and since you love it, Join us, fill our muster-roll."

On the broad parade ground, waiting In his coat of braid and stars, Stood the Crown Prince, celebrating, Last of the Death's Head Hussars.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

DAWN SONGS

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

SUPPOSE Tetrazzini sent word that she and Schumann-Helk would sing for you tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock in your garden. Wouldn't you get up to hear them? Suppose by the same mail came a letter from Misha Elman and Kubelik that they would play a duet before breakfast in that patch of woods near your house, rain or shine, would you be there?



'A GLORIFIED "ROTTER"

By Jesse Lee Bennett

WE DO not hear much about the poor old Superman any more. Even the fiftieth-rare fiction writers appear to have forgotten him. He has been relegated to the limbo of discarded, moth-eaten, obscene fetishes. The phosphorescent brilliance which deluded us into thinking him really luminous soon wore off.

Yet it might be well to lift the revolting lid for a moment from the cosmic garbage can and let the sun shine upon him while we study him with fully open eyes. There are certain very illuminating aspects of the Superman which can only be fully appreciated now that his brief day of glory is over. We can gain new insight into certain forces which perverted Germany by re-examining the fetish which a perverted Germany put up for adoration. We may even observe a racial "transvaluation of values" which is one of the most ludicrous and absurd things in all history.

THE geographical conditions of Germany, on the other hand, developed over long centuries the gregarious, herding instincts. "Gemüthlichkeit," "Saengerfests," music with its subjective appeal, philosophy, dressing gowns and china pipes—all the warm human attributes so identified with the old German were manifestations of such instincts.

But with suddenly developing power, wealth and importance, a national dislike for these instinctive race characteristics developed. Germany felt her oats. She wanted to swagger and strut, she wanted to throw off the philosopher's cloak and assume "the attributes of an imperial, conquering race."

Nietzsche feels the impulses about him. He studies—with Teuton thoroughness and lack of humor—ancient languages and shows that always men have apparently accepted the equations: "Hold, fierce—noble, good." "Weak, kind—ignoble, base."

CLEAN-UP WEEK

LIMBER the sweeping machine up! Bring into action the broom! This is the week of the clean-up! Dirtiness faces its doom!

LADIES with buckets and brushes, Ladies with dustpans and mops, Dash up the street in swift rushes, Scrubbing the sidewalks and shops.

MUST these industrious ladies Polish our city alone? Surely to aid their brigade is Up to YOU, masculine drone.

SINCE for municipal beauty Women so willingly slave, Men, let us rise to our duty! Let's get a haircut and shave!

ICHABOD. The French Call Him Charlot. "Our town was big and had moving pictures twice a week," says one of our distinguished critics who went with the first unit of the American expeditionary force to France, "but up the line in the little villages there was no such source of amusement. After the men had been in training for a week or more, a French Red Cross outfit stopped at one of the villages with a traveling movie outfit and announced that they would show the picture that night. According to the announcement, the picture was 'Charlot en 'Le Vagabond.'" It sounded foreign and forbidding. The doughboys anticipated trouble with the titles and the close-ups of what the heroine wrote and all the various printed words which go to make a moving picture intelligible. Still they were patient when the title of the picture was flashed on the screen and they tried to look interested. The first scene was a road winding up to a distant hill and down the highway with eccentric gait there walked a little man strangely reminiscent. He drew nearer and nearer and as the figure came into full view the soldier in front of me could stand the strain no longer. He jumped to his feet.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What is a bastion? 2. Identify "The Pelican State." 3. Name the author of "Pussie Grandet." 4. What is meant by sapling? 5. What is a "school survey"? 6. How many ex-Presidents of the United States are there? 7. What is the curfew? 8. Who wrote "Robinson Crusoe"? 9. What is a maulmoot? 10. What is considered by most critics the most original of American (a) novels, (b) comedies, (c) artists?