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### TELL THEM THIS

HEN you write this evening to your man in France, tell him what he t to know. Tell him that the third ty Loan was well oversubscribed, and the Tuckahoe, a 5500-ton steel ship. launched in Camden twenty-seven after her keel was laid down. And that she will be ready for sea service rty-two days from the keel laying; that other shippards all over the counare straining to beat the record of the

Mr. Hurley did well to cable the good of the Tuckahoe's launching to Perasking him to pass the word along trenches. There is no duty more ng than, every day and in every o sustain and hearten our men over by proof that this country is behind to the limit. Each day in the week epportunities. Write to them, send tobacco, subscribe generously to the Chest (a common fund for all war organizations), and never in your show any other note than that of ud confidence and resolution.

There is every reason for proud confi-Tell your boys in France how the se skies are red at night with the leapfames of unresting factories and en-Fing plants. Tell them that on the morning (Sunday, by the way) that Tuckahoe was launched, the mineneper Widgeon took the water at Ches-r and was moving under her own steam two hours. The Delaware River is the job, Sundays and all days.

The fellows who built the Tuckahoe cer.

#### OKING OVER THE TRANSOM INTO GERMANY

ONE who wishes to understand what is going on in Germany can afford to t the series of dispatches and letters B. F. Kospoth, the special correspond-t of this newspaper in Switzerland. F. Kospoth is in close touch with Ger-

n public opinion and with German His latest letter, discussing the ods of the press censors, indicates that system of coloring news which Ambas-Gerard reported was deliberately rticed by the Government while he was Berlin has been extended so far as to ke it impossible for the German people learn what is happening. The people re not allowed to know of the military ties or of the military methods.

ls evident from Mr. Kospoth's disclosthat we must assume that the Gerpress comment on the war, cabled to country from Amsferdam and Berne. s not the unfettered opinion of the editors. y the propaganda of the Govern at. If we read the comment with this in mind we shall be able to interprea it should be understood.

German king for Finland? Of course he is crowned we may expect to hear ations for a German czar of Russia.

# SPIES AND THE CYCLOPS

RETARY DANIELS, speaking in this recently, said that the country to enlarge its jails for spies and

the same hour dispatches received the news wires indicated a conviction Washington that the naval collier Cylost recently with all her company, unk by bombs placed in the ship's

isn't the place for men who enginee of that sort. If a man deliberately another on land he is hanged. no rule of reason by which it is to exonerate those who murdet company at sea, in the dark, with-syaing and beyond reach of help. stal stigma of the old hyperhuman-I seems to persist in Washington. war. And the only way to fight the with fire.

o does not seem to be a foreign coun-coversubscribed her Liberty Loan \$2,000.000 by \$2,500.000.

# THE IMPERIAL CLOWN

what emotions, one wonders, did Kalser stand on his "advanced powatch the movements of the ged in that world-shattering ound Kemmel Hill? A German the details of the battle both and telegraphically," marking on his map.

e pawn, who cares what he m his property map? Powerless man, he lives on from day to through the mummery of routine, the jest and scorn If that sorry heart could what a medley of miserable e the thoughts of that mar outline . How is it hu-centinus his grotseque

### REVISING ALLIED DIPLOMACY

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

CORLORN 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. It is the way of humanity to hate and suspect those whom it has hurt most cruelly. Even Lloyd George had days when he conceived Russia to be Kerensky or Leon Trotaky and little eise. There are other statesmen who still believe that Russia is Lenine and the Bolsheviki.

Allied diplomacy is only now revising its opinions and its attitudes to the consciousness that Russia actually is about 180,000,000 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. Certainly President Wilson has had most to do in bringing about a new viewpoint among the Allies in the interval between Lloyd George's brusque dismissal of the Russian tragedy and Lord Cecil's somber hint of the possible consequences of that majestic error. Fate and circumstances have helped. Yet all this suggests merely the surface meanings of Russia.

Russia is like a cry, in these uncertain days, to every intelligence that is not diverted by the tragedy of war from the ultimate purposes of war. The sins and errors of the Allied diplomatists in Russia were, after all, but minor reactions of the larger aberrations of that part e society which usually has diplomatists as representatives and spokesmen. For, in the larger sense, Russia is everywhere.

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 bawling 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. It is the ingenuous heart of this larger Russia that is thrilled by any demagogue who happens along. It is everywhere trying to understand and trying to make itself understood. Its gentle faces are in every crowd. It bides in the little streets, enduring much in silence, tending its children with difficulty, making no sound.

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." Is it strange that any cheap agitator can get a hearing and a following, or that even thoughtful men will defend the fanaticism of organizations like the Industrial Workers of the World because of the spark of justice that is behind their complaints?

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.

It is trite to say that the problems that will follow after the var will be as trying as those of the war itself. To suppose that the world of humanity, which has endured so much, may still be left to demagogues is to encourage an intolerable ssumption. It is only possible to wait and hope that the directing intelligence of the future will have become aware of the present symbolism of Russia, that it will have realized that one part of humanity can never be "through" with another. For Lloyd George, in the moment of his amazing statement after the Russian revolution, was no more ignorant of Russia than one-half of America often has been of the life of the other half.

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

# 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 plumy wing. The classical associations perhaps are not altogether unbiased advocates, but when so eminent a scientist and engineer as Dr. Hollis Godfrey, of Drexel Institute, pleads for the classics, there must be some goodly ministration that they perform in modern

Even in wartime we cannot afford for moment to forgo the great and beneficent strain of thought and idealism that Greece and Rome have handed down to us. Not McGuffey of the 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 snatches of Euripedes

Horace, or the ecloques of Virgil. It is a quaint thought that there are more copies of Virgil and Caesar and Cleero sold every year than of most modern novels. Yet it is true. And one who takes the trouble to look back at his old dog's eared texts will sometimes find a curious thrill when he discovers that those old fellows were just as human as the corner of Broad and Chestaut streets. Take this, for

Gather and save your time, which till lately has been forced from you, or fliched away, or has merely slipped from your hands. Believe the truth of my words,—that certain moments are torn from us, that some are gently removed, and that others glide beyond our reach. We are mistaken when we look forward to death; the major portion of death has already passed. Whatever years lie behind us are in death's hand.

from the Moral Epistles of Seneca, written about the year 63 A. D., and translated by Dr. Richard Mott Gummere, of the Penn

Ambassador Ishii insists that the yellow peril is the product of yellow journalism. An apt characterization of the Kaiser, who first talked of the yellow peril.

### 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. The confusion at Hog Island and the tendency to grossly inflated rents in this city indicate merely the beginning of a logical reaction. Ships and guns and ammunition are more pressing needs than houses, to be sure. Yet the question of shelter has come to have an acute bearing upon means of military preparedness. It will continue to grow in Im portance as population shifts to the centers of industrial activity. And it is likely to reach the most trying stage immediately after the war when increased immigra tion further taxes the existing accommo dations in towns and cities everywhere.

Greater congestion in so-called slum reas is an intelerable 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 sug gested that in the absence of transport facilities cities with extensive slum areas might very properly rase ancient and un hygienic buildings and utilize the material in creating new communities of hygienic dwellings. Here again the question of labor intervenes. The complication as a whole justifies the American Institute of Architects in its plan to make a complete survey of the building and housing question as it exists in all parts of the United States. The facts of the matter should be arrayed first of all for thoughtful contemplation. And the American Institute of Architects, which includes many of the ablest men of the building craft, will do a service to the country as a whole by making its survey autok and thorough.

John H. K. Scott is up the State rooting for the prohibition amendment—as well as for rotes for John R. K. Scott.

#### JERSEY AND OUR MOTOR LAWS

THE State Highway Department in New Jersey is endeavoring, with little promise of success, to obtain the co-operation 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. The officials in Jersey are working with a laudable ambition and a logical plan, and yet it is because of the'r own prior disregard of the co-operative theory that they are now finding co-operation difficult to obtain clsewhere. It has een an old habit of the exalted at Trenton to regard the roads of the State as the peculiar property of their own taxpayers. This theory has been embodied in the motor laws in clauses which discriminate definitely against license holders in other States.

The current agitation of the roads de partment in New Jersey seeks the establishment of laws in Pennsylvania and New York under which any chauffeur convicted of negligence in a case of serious accident will have his license revoked for a year. This is a suggestion in line with progressive legislation. The law now applies in New Jersey, but drivers may evade it by obtainng licenses from the adjoining States. The officials at Trenton insist, therefore, that they are unable to keep order on their own highways.

For years Pennsylvania has sought to obtain from New Jersey the reciprocal courtesies under which Tennsylvania motor licenses would be recognized on either side of the river, as Jersey licenses arc. The request has alway: been refused. This may not only explain the lack of enthusitrail with straining eyes in the heels of asm in this State for the Jersey idea, but also to point a moral. The time always serives when the other man can say no.

> Colwyn, Delaware County, has over ribed its allotment five times. The little

The German demand that war material be allowed to pass through neutral Holland is only another instance of disregard for in-

or Clyn's story of the treatment of women by the Germans, which appeared in the Public Ledger yesterday, discloses some of the reasons why the British and French are lighting so valorously.

Germany has sent a Dutch financier to England to talk peace. Lloyd George will doubtless talk to him like a Dutch uncle.

They are melting silver dollars into bul-ion at the mint and Mr. Bryan has not raised protest.

Do you know yet the meaning of that green eard with "31 to 1" printed on it?"

The New York pape are agitated over the question of a new name for squerkraut. They suggest that we should call the fragrant weed choucroute, as the French do; or kapoosta as the Bussians do; or even Liberty cabbage For our part, since the price has gone up, we call it taxicabbage.

# Where Does He Live?

The sweetest sensation n the world (and the most surprising) unscathed by the laundry, a pair of socks fresh darned, and a collar without saw-teeth

### Playing Safe I am feeling rather perky Now that I've heard Galli-Kirky.

Wish the soloist in our churchy Just could yelp like Galli-Curchy. When They Crown Hylan

We have been altogether too casual in naming our bridges. What is "Manhattan Bridge" or "Williamsburg Bridge" to Ger-many's mouth-filling "Quartermaster Gen-eral of Infantry Ludendorff Bridge"? For the next bridges to be built in this neigh-borhood we propose the following cogno-mens:

Third Deputy Sheriff Pat Gallagher Bridge. Chief Bureau of Repairs and Supplies Cor Chief Bureau of Repairs and Supplies Cornelius Q. Van Cortiatidt Bridge.
Secretary Board of Inebriety the Rev.
Jualah Jeremiah Judkins Bridge.
Acting President Board of Water Supply
Horatic Zimp Bridge.

Manker Parole Commission ex-Officio Bur-

# THE BIRTHDAY REVIEW

(Today is the birthday of the German Crown Prince, born May 6, 1882.) 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, zu Befebl!"

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

Ready for his martial stunt; Waiting for his proud battalions, Playboy of the Western Front. To the great reviewing stand he

Clomb the tallest of his stallions

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;

Cantered, and his aides deployed-

Heels of sub-lieutenants clicked. Then, from trench and field blood-weary, And from hamlets black with scars, Came dead voices, thin and eerie,

'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."

Spoke the Prince's lost Hussars:

'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 clotted 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 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 Mischa 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?

Yet nearly every morning you can lister o music that no human singer can equal, Last week as I passed through a patch of frees a brown bird hopped from the ground to a low limb. He had a faintly speckled breast and his head, back and wings were olive brown, while his tail was reddish brown. As I looked he slowly and stiffly raised said tail until it made an angle with his body. This action betrayed him. It was the hermit thrush, who can always be old by this trick from any of the our thrushes. I stood quiet and watched

Suddenly before my eyes he opened his beak and began his whisper song which he sometimes sings while journeying north, at though usually he is a silent traveler. I sounded miles away and if I had not watche him sing I should have supposed that the notes were coming up from the valley be-low. Then he sang loud and louder, until at last I was listening to the full summer song which I had last heard in a birch song which I had last heard in a birel grove in the Berkshires at twilight with the rays of the setting sun filtering down through the green leaves. First came a pure fluted note, followed by a tremolo of grace notes. Then suddenly the song soared up and up until it broke in a spray of golden and up until it broke in a spray of golden sound. Still the bird with open beak and fluttering wings sang on in an ecstasy yet I heard no sound. The song had gone beyond the range of human ears, for the best part of the hermit thrush's song is only heard by the wild folk alone. All day that fairy music sounded in my ears and many years may pass before again the hermit thrush sings his full song to me in migration.

A few days later from a dark thicket I heard the song of his cousin, the years or seard the song of his cousin, the veery

A few days later from a dark thicket I heard the song of his cousin, the veery or Wilson thrush, also rarely ever heard when the bird is on his travels. It only lasted a moment, a weird arpegio chord of so-prano and contraito notes like a phrase of harp music. The veery is the lightest brown of all our thrushes and is sometimes called the tawny thrush from the color of his back and sides.

In almost any nearby pasture can be heard the silver flute notes of the little field sparrow, with its pink beak and unspotted breast. From the nearby treetops sounds the flamboyant song of that grand opera singer, the brown thrusher, with his long brown tail and beak and heavily spotted breast. He likes the topmost bough, where all can see and hear him while he pours forth a flood of finely executed florid phrases more artistic, but to my mind not more beautiful, than the single limpid notes of the field sparrow. Below the thrusher on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes of the flower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes on the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes of the flower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes of the lower limbs is that shot with the single limpid notes of the little flower limbs is that shot with the single limbs and more beautiful, than the single limpid notes of the field sparrow. Below the thrasher on the lower limbs is that slate-colored singer, the catbird, who at his best is nearly equal to his more brilliant rival. He will take snatches of half a dozen other bird songs and weave them together with trills ripples and whistles of his own until would believe that a whole chorus of bird were singing in the bush. If the cathire were as rare as the nightingale people would travel hundreds of miles to hear him. As it is, he sings in our door yards, and most of us won't even get up to hear him.

# Social News From the Middle West

Mrs. J. T. Miller read an article on "Per sonal Devils." Seventeen were pr Boone (Ia.) News-Republican. The first fall meeting of the Ladies' Mati-nee Musicale will be hell in the Central Chris-

tian Saturday afternoon at 2:39 o'clock. The Columbus (Ind.) Republican. Mr. Roberts went to Kansas City with a car of hogs. Several of the neighbors went in together to make up the car.—lola (Kan.) Register.

> A Book on Economics Between long rows of figures lurk Pictures of little boys at work.

And how poor women fade away Page after page the margins say

# "BIRTHDAY GREETING, PRINCE, FROM YOUR HERITAGE!"



# A GLORIFIED "ROTTER"

By Jesse Lee Bennett

WE DO not hear much about the poor liberately sought to develop those instincts and to accentuate their peculiar charactertieth-rate 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 uminous soon wore off.

Yet it might be well to lift the revolting idel 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 books of Nietzsche, in which Superman slowly grew from an idea into a voodoo, are all concerned with the glorification of the predatory instincts of man at the expense of the herd or gregarious in-

Now the geographical situation of Engcenturies such predatory instincts in her sons that, with little recognition of what they were doing-from necessity and as a matter of course-they conquered one-fifth of the earth's surface and learned to govern one-fifth of the world's peoples. so little intellectual, so little articulate, has the process been that only the tiniest fraction of Englishmen have ever taken seriously the attempts of Kipling and others to create an imperial consciousness, a sense of great race destiny. Englishmen are too healthy for that sort of thing. They play too much, meditate too much. They conquered an empire all in the day's work. but they have always loathed any "intellectual" or "damned professor" making a philosophy of what they had done.

THE reographical conditions of Germany on the other hand, developed over long centuries the gregarious, herding instincts. "Gemuthlichkeit." "Saengerfests." music with its subjective appeal, philosophy, dressing gowns and china pipes-all the warm human attributes so identified with the old Germany 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, flerce-noble, good." "Weak, kind-ignoble, base." It was what Germany wished to hear

She accepted the equations avidly. And with their acceptance the world beholds an unthought-of philosophy of force develop in our modern life; sees predatory qualities, acted upon-not simply and instinctively and naturally, but deliberately, consciously and with articulate design.

WITHOUT question the Germanssidering the instinctive qualities of the

But that is a task which is beyond the powers of man, who can develop his mind but cannot deliberately change his in stincts. Moreover, it happens that the truly predatory races have not only not vorshiped abstract force-they have been somewhat ashamed of their own nature and have developed an apparent sentimentality and hypocrisy to hide them; have elaborated sportsmanship and fair play to temper them.

What greater paradox does history reord than that the nation with instinctive predatory inheritance should develop a philosophy of frightfulness, hardness and exploitation?

THE antithesis of the Superman philoso-I phy may be summed up in a few senby Thomas Huxley, who said: "The cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends. Let us understand, once and for all, that the ethical progress of society depends not upon imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

In other words, a cleanly animal people learns slowly by self-control, service, pity and altruism to temper beastliness, create standards of honor and conduct. A suddenly rich "highbrow" people uses logic and reason to glorify rudimentary brute instincts rather than to suppress them; accepts the nonintelligent, evolutionary forces of life as the greatest forces and, instead of combating them, assists and perfects them. That is the "transvaluation of values

which the world will observe with amazement long after Nietzsche's "transvaluation of values" has been forgotten. The Superman was never a truly beroid

figure. He was merely a glorified cad, bounder and rotter, loud-mouthed, unscrupulous and selfish. His "brutal, frank philosophy," far from representing anything new or admirable, represented things very old and very bad-untempered selfishness and uncontrolled brute instincts, the slow mastery of which by individuals or races represents the only real human prog-

The Superman, we can now clearly see, was but a crude glorification of the very instinctive forces existent in every man and opposed, in their essence, to all the fine and beautiful things which will and discipline and altruistic development have purchased so slowly in this old world of

With which result of our scrutiny we may now drop back into the cosmic garbage can the half-silly, half-fiendish fetish we took from it. Moloch, Mumbo-Jumbe and those hideous gods of ancient Peru will surely try to remove themselves as far as possible from the noisome relic thus thrust among them.

# So It Would Seem

Spring is here now, or at least almost here, and we suppose those of our patriotic citizens who put up their automobiles when it was so slippery last winter, in order to win the war by conserving gasoline, are thinking of taking them out again in order to win the war by conserving time in go-ing from one place to another.—Ohio State

# Naughty Michigan

# CLEAN-UP WEEK

TIMBER 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 dis-tinguished 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 trainin; 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 a picture that night. According to show a picture that hight. According to the announdement, 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 rem-niscent. He drew nearer and nearer and as the figure came into full view the soldier in front of me could stand the strain no loager.

He jumped to his feet. "'I'm a son of a gun,' he shouted, 'If it isn't Charlie Chaplin.'

"Recognition upon the part of the audience was instantaneous and enthusiasm unbounded. If Americans go out tomorrow and capture Berlin they cannot possibly show more loy than they did at the sight of Charlie Chaplin in France. Never again will the French be able to fool them by disguising him

# What Do You Know?

What is a bastion? Identify "the Pelican State." Name the author of "Eugenie What is meant by sapping? What is a "school survey."

i. How many ex-Presidents of the United States

7. What is the curculo?

What is a mausoleum?
Who is considered by most critics the most original of American (a) poets. (b) composers. (c) artists? Answers to Saturday's Quiz

Kansas is known as the Sunflower State,
"The Decralager," a novel by James Featmore Copper, one of the carliest American
novelist. Drive." as used in war news, has two meanings, both somewhat loose. In a large sense it is used to denote a major offen-sive. In a restricted sense it is used for an attack or assault. 4. "The Little Old Lady of Threadneedle Kireel." a slang term for the Bank of England. 5. Sector. In the military sense, is a section exement, with some strategic unity of

battlefront.

6. The tirand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Parma is the mother of the Empress Zita of Austria-Huntary. She recently was insulated from the Dual Monarchy for the president of the property of the president of the property of the president of alleged spitiolierman tendencies.

7. The Piterims landed in 1820.

8. Cabat: a clique or secret association, manally of official persons. From such a clique in the reign of Chapten II of England, whose initials make the ward: Clifford. Avingon. Buckingham, Ashley, Leuserchie, Alexander Hamilton was killed in a deal with Aaron Suc.