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BECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 18, 1918

### CAN'T THIS BE STOPPED?

CEVERAL hundred miners have been taker from the anthracite region by the draft within a day or two.

This is a mistake. We cannot win the war without coal and we cannot get coal without miners. The English learned this early in the war and they had to send over to France and sort out of their armies sands of miners who had been put in

We knew of the blunder the English ide and we were warned against it, but those in authority seem to have ignored the warning.

It is about time a system was worked out for exempting from the draft the men engaged in occupations necessary to the conduct of the war. At present there seems to be no system.

The commandant of the Boston Navy Yard has ordered the officers to salute the vomen, but not in the New Testament

### SANCTITY OF THE "GROWLER" AND OTHER THINGS

NEIL BONNER has made a remark which convinces us that one-half the vomen do not know how the other half drinks. The Retail Liquer Dealers' Asociation has decided that after next Wednesday its members will cease selling spirituous liquors in bulk, but that it will protect the sanctity of the "growler."

The growler? Don't you know what It is the can, the bucket, the dish, the pail, the pitcher or what you will that the honest housewife according to Mr. Bonner) takes to the side-door of a oon of an evening to be filled with beer. The canny woman greases the inside of be can or bucket so that the barkeeper not fill it with froth, but must give her good measure. Mr. Bonner says that if the women are not to be permitted to get their beer in this way they will sit in the back rooms of the saloons and be demoralixed. So the growler trade must be protected in the interests of womanly virtue! Perhaps he is right. But he is an expert and must know.

Creel says he was only joking, but sgress does not yet see the point of his

## TROUBLES OF THE AIR MAIL

BYIOUSLY the new air mail service is experiencing some trouble in adjusting itself to schedule and in overcoming the novel difficulties of an experimental serv. man of large business affairs and of e of the mail planes have been ate. Two have had to drop in the course of the journey between here and New York. Their letters were shipped by rail. The record of the air mail service doesn't nize so far with the notions of the average man, who knows of aviation rough his reading about the amazingly ficient work of the air fighters in Europe As a matter of fact the fliers in the air service have done extraordinarily well Odd as it may sound, they face difficulties unknown to the war aviators. Because their course lies over thickly built up and populated regions they are forced to fly at great height. This is necessary because reed descent in or near a town or city often involves disaster. The aviator who flies over built-up communities must go high in order that he may be able to coast to open country in case of trouble. The mail aviators have this hindrance in their work over strange country and on routes unfamiliar to them.

There is no doubt that the new air mail ervice will be valuable, inspiring and efcient. The postal fliers are the pioneer of a service that is sure to be expanded within a few years to accommodate pasngers as well as mall matter. And best of all, it is giving a real excuse for trying out our army fliers-both men and ma-

me one is hunting for America' ddent boy. There have been times when the President thought he could name the rst one if the limit were raised to include who wear long trousers.

### THE RACE IS ON

IE international contest now on in the pyards on Great Britain and America so spectacular as a race for a yacht s, but it is more exciting just now. resent America holds the riveter's for a workman in the Baltimore of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corn drave 4875 rivets in nine hours eday, beating Tuesday's record of man in Scotland by 353 rivets.

is real sport. There is no trickery The rivet has to be driven home ed or it does not count. And the at which the men are playing is of beating the German submarines. Baltimore yard holds the prize for ent. It has been competing with nestic plants where the rivalry by keen. Now that it has taken on tional character the lovers of of skill are likely to watch for the on week to week with as much pards every afternoon for the re-te day's game.

### TUESDAY'S PRIMARIES

Who the Candidates Are and What They Stand For Issues of the Campaign

NOMINATIONS for State offices and Congress are to be made at the primaries next Tuesday. Pre-primaries have already been held-in the private offices of the party and factional leaders-and candidates to be voted for have been named. We no longer attempt to delude ourselves into believing that the untrammeled electorate goes to the polls and out of its wisdom selects the best candidates, regardless of the will of the party organizations. The primary in use is an expensive and cumbersome way of making nominations, which often deprives an uncorrupted and militant minority of the power of forcing from a majority better nominations than it would give if left to itself.

The Democrats will be virtually restricted in their choice of candidates for the governorship to Guffey and Bonniwell. Votes may be cast for other men. but they will be too few to affect the result. Bonniwell is frankly the candidate of the liquor interests. He is opposed to the ratification of the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution and he is seeking support among those who believe as he does. He may be nominated, for no one knows the sentiment of the rank and file of the Democratic party in the State on the subject of national prohibition and no one knows what support he will get from the old bipartisan gang which wishes to keep solid with the liquor men.

Mr. Guffey favors the amendment. He hopes to draw to his support the better element of his party. He is one of the reorganizers who broke up the alliance between the Republican State muchine and the Democratic organization. Mr. Guffey is a real Democrat, who believes in a straight-out fight. His nomination would mean that the party had set out to fight its own battles without dickers with the Republicans.

The contest on the Republican side is between Mr. Sproul and Mr. O'Neil for the governorship and between Mr. Beidleman and Mr. Scott for the lieutenant governorship. It would be incorrect to say that it is between Sproul and Beidleman on the one hand and O'Neil and Scott on the other, for some supporters of Sproul are also working for Scott.

All the Republican candidates profess to favor the prohibition amendment, but Mr. Scott voted against its ratification by Congress when it went on its final passage last December. Congressman Vare also voted against it. Scott and the Vares were anti-amendmentists in December and are pro-admendmentists in May. Mr. O'Neil is squarely opposed to the liquor business. He is anti-Penrose as well, for he does not relish the relationship that has existed between the brewers and distillers and the Penrose organization. If nominated he will continue the Brumbaugh policies, for he has announced that if elected he would make Francis Shunk Brown his Attorney General. This would mean the continued dominance of the Vare influence in the Executive Mansion. Mr. O'Neil is undoubtedly popular in the western and central part of the State, where there is jealousy of the influence of all the Philadelphia leaders.

Mr. Sproul, so far as he is tied up with factionalism, is attached to the Penrose wing of the party. He has had long experience in the State Senate. He is a undoubted executive ability. The local Vare leaders are said to be working for his nomination, expecting perhaps that they will find him as amenable to their control as Brumbaugh as Governor and Smith in the Mayor's office. We know, however, what Mr. Sproul has been as Senator and can judge from that what he would be as Governor. His friends say he would be his own master in Harrisburg. His enemies say he would be the agent of Penrose. He might attempt o play Penrose against the Vares and hold them both at bay. That remains to be seen. Penrose at any rate is willing to trust him and is throwing his great influence in favor of the Chester states-

The voters will make a grave mistake f they allow their attention to be distracted from the legislative candidates by the fight for the governorship. The Governor cannot pass or defeat the prohibition amendment. That must be acted upon by the General Assembly.

The voters will blunder also if they fail to recognize that there are other ssues besides the liquor question involved in the election. That is important, but it is a single question. It is more important for the Commonwealth that a Legislature be elected which favors economy and efficiency and will take steps to reform the State Constitution than that we have a Legislature which favors prohibition, will continue the old practices, ignore the demand for a reform of the fundamental law and the correction of the evils of government in the large cities.

A gang of workmen at Hog Island has set 161 tons of steel in eight hours; but what is Colonel Bogey's score?

# LOAFERS

WORK, when you stop to think of it, is rather hard to define intelligently Labor is not always useful in proportion to the degree of energy required in its performance. A burglar works hard. If devoted toil was in itself admirable the man who cracks a safe should be esteemed in any division of society. On the other hand, poets do not work, nor do captains of industry engage in the arduous manual labor which is the commonly accepted symbol of simple virtue. It is difficult to define and tabulate the qualities that make a loafer.

Councils aren't dismayed, however, by such abstract phases of one of the fash-

#### ionable questions of the hour. Councils GUYNEMER have approved the Bourse's suggestion for an anti-loafing law and a bill to make THE ACE OF ACES loafing a crime is now actually in the hands

of one of the committees. Anti-loafing

laws have been signed in New York, in New

Jersey and in Maryland. It is said that

countless incurable idlers are drifting to Philadelphia-idlers rich and poor, young

The comunities that have already passes

laws against idleness have religiously re-

frained from all efforts to define work

Usually the provision is that all person

nerween twenty-one and fifty who are no

GOOD USE FOR FREDERICK

crick the theat in Washington be melted

and turned into war material. We do not

you what Congress will do about it, but

there would be a sort of poetle justice in

using the statue, which the Kaber gave to

America as part of his pro-Cerman propa

ganda, for carrying the propagarda ognito-

Great Caesar, dead and turned to clay

the great Frederick, modfed into gins, may

well be used to stop a raid and check the

ing they are for him because he is no non-

KERENSKY'S MISSION

he undoubtedly comes in the interest of a

As such he deserves a hearty welcome

and a respectful bearing. Even though

he represents no one but himself, he r equipped by knowledge and experience to

give the State Department information

America is sympathetic with the aspira-

German plans of absorption in time to

keep the German armies busy on the

sponsibilities to established and orderly so

It took about a week to get Pathelman Amerbach in pail. Now that rectaurant Recept whom he assaulted ought to be al-

exed to do business without further mole

THE CHAFFING DISH

Thoughts in a Thunderstorm

storms. Whenever there's an electrical dis-

turbance in the neighborhood it comes and

We don't care for thunderstorms. When

the lightning gets so friendly we always

wonder whether anything personal is in

tended. And lightning is so hasty, don't

When we see those big purple clouds

piling up over our bean patch, and these

unpleasant yellow and green ribs of light-

ning snackering down in that careless and

ried about the baby's milk in the leebex

So we harry down and make the infant

drink all the milk and sneak out and put

the bottles on the next door neighbor's back

porch. Then we recall that milk turns sour

Generally our wife is out calling or

away somewhere else during a thunder-

We put all the umbrelias in the cellur.

Then we go down to the kitchen to as

Desk Mottoes

To be good is noble; to teach others to be

Evidently the "petroleum peace" in Ru-

GEOFFREY.

from Mark Twain. It is this:

good is nobler still, and less trouble.

storms comes into our mind.

or wife what we have done:

which it can get nowhere else so well.

Some of Mr. Scott's supported are says

or their social estate may be.

cover in abstrate torene ... Then

Kaiser ism.

than Beldleman.

free Russin

men of this type.

timber there very tall.

camps out on our hill.

you think?

greatly.

bathtub.

mobile.

story "Sows. Is Sows,"

old fields Carrancid.

and old for refuge.

By Christopher Morley

IN THE dingy hall of a dismantled depart-I ment store on Market street lies a little brown bird with outspread wings. It seems to strain upward, eager to launch itself into to strain upward, eager to miner fisher into the clean blue air, above the gloom and con-finement of that crowded space. Its tall is striped with the immerial colors of France. On its body is painted a red stork, it is one of the funeus ('igogne excadribe—it is Guy-mener's plane. It is the Vieux Charles.

WHAT could surpay the tenderness, the engaged in Trecognized, systematic and use With the numerity the tenderness, the simplicity, the numerity feeling in those two tyles words—View Charles! "Old Charles!" the little brown plane too gallant and so small) in which Guynemer won twenty-two of his lifty-three official triumples. What is story that little brown bird—he called it affectionately his "cuckoo"—could tell if it could speak! Never again will it see the familiar tigure, tall, gate and thin, with the busings black eyes. Guynemer, the Acts of Acts, the high of France, the herois boy who sourced so high into the heaven of glary that one day be disappeared and never came black. Guynemer is gone. There is a besend in France that his plane rides the our still. Fremch children sequint into the ridy resee that imaginary black speak. He whose exitil was like a thing bovers forever in the uzure of renow-t ful employment" are candidates for the police court no matter what their prestige But wouldn't an auti-loading bill create have in Councils themselved? Wouldn't it desolate the political wing of the Lincoln Jime I will be moving day for Mr Sobwith as well as for the sweet brides who SENATOR GALLINGER has asked congress to make that the statue of Fred-

> GEORGES OF VNEMER, been in Parts family, has entered the ranks of the product this also become the control of the combitation of the combit, the passionate fury of combit, its injection in the control of the cory pulse of France. His life toke to the heart of the matter. Honoring this, she honored her own instincts, her own mest bleads. He was her eaglet, her imp o

stopped a linle to keep the wind away, and I' WAS when he citamined with Jean IT WAS when he channed with Jean Myrels, the gop of a well-known French automobile engineer, that his vocation began to show their. The two love used to walk in the Change Elysees, sying with each other to identify the make and power of the cars that passed When the scholars make exceditions with their teachers to see engiovering factories, Georges was always linger-ing behind to ask questions of the workmen then the others had been lined up for the starn trip. He wanted to see and touch and No ANNOUNCEMENT of Keromiky's specific mission to America has accomnederstand excepting, one day an airplane lew over the school yard. Years afterward he told his father of the incident: named the report that he will series in tins country on Monday or Tuesday, But

"I don't know what happened in me, I off an emotion so profound it was almost eligious. You must believe me when I tell

you Eve got to be an aviation.

And one of his schoolf-dinove save: "Whenthere an argulant harpened to fly over that
part of the city he followed it with his eyes
and formined watching the sky long after it.

H is father, however, discouraged the idea.
Aviation was not a current he told him,
it was suits a sport. Which was true before
the war. And then theoriges admitted his ons of the Russians. It is hoping that great recret, that as a schoolboy he had been my in an atribane. He had persuaded a filer at corticallies, near his home in Compregne, to take him up. Cronched behind the plots his arms clutched tightly round the man's the ration can organize itself to resist the eastern front. It is hoping, too, that leaders will arise with a sense of their rebody, he had tasted the glory of the air.

Witten the war broke out Georgia was ciety and organize a government which With the war broke out Georgia was with his parents at Biarritz For the manient his old dreines were forgotten. His only thought was to serve in any possible way. But he was indeed too frail for the infentry. He was indeed too frail for the infentry. He was in despair and wandered in memoraful broadings about the sandy beaches. Then one day a plane landed on the scanhors. He rushed up to the aviator and asked how he could get into the air service. The man hold him to go to the flying field at Eau. will conserve the liberties and resources of the nation. The men in the saddle at present have not proved themselves to be The suffrag sts new call bin Great Scott Stackers who have sought draft but the could get into the air service. The man told him to go to the flying field at Pau. He did so the text day, and his earne-stose, and glowing dark eyes prevailed upon the commander. On November 21 he was em-ployed as an apprentice medianlean, In-dury overalls be cleaned the engines, studied unity in the supported are not finding the UnderSam will spend \$3,000,000 for new houses in Camden. This is one wip or relieving the pressure on the ferries. the muchined in detail and, as one of the thers said, would carry a bucket of water across the field with cuthusham if the pilot would only above a question is return. In January, 1915, be became a bujul pilot and made his first ascent in February. trying Machellor writes to the ex-Mayor of Rome that America will soud to min one widdens to Europe of necessary, and the ex-Mayor is appropriately hearlened.

GUYNEMER was born for the air, and with his first flight began a new life. His letters home, brief, witty, intoxheated with the passion of the sky, show how every energy of his soil and brain were conserved in this magnificent gymnastic and ingulery with death. He found it "follement anusum"—madly anusting, of his first light he wrote to his father, "I was not a hit nervous; it was quite comic I enjoyed it enormously, but I'm glad mother wasn't there I don't think I established a reputation for caution." Marathon is a great place for thunder-

y task than Guyuemer in his burning o compact the air. He could not con-that what delighted him rould trouble ceive that what delighted him could trouble any one che. In June, 1915, sont to join an active escudrille (The Storks) on duty near his home, Complegue, he made it his custom every day to "tenseure" his mother and sisters of his safety and progress by pierforming the most fautastic evolutions over the house. Most of his letters were of this tenor: "Vesterday morning about 5 o'clock 1 did some twirts over the house, about 1740 meters up, Ind you see me? I punished the motor for five infinites as you'd he sure to hear no." This strain of laughing hopsishness was characteristic. After a hard duel he would come down exufting over the would come down exufting over the would come down exifting to test until he had showed each rent or fracture to his companions. On July 19, 1915, he brought down his first Boche; but he had to wall six months for his next one and also for his new plane, a Nicuport. When he got it he performed outrageous looms and spirals over the home roof to "consecrate it." presponsible manner, all the illussorted information we half remember about thunder-We remember hearing of so many cows struck by lightning that we get a bit wor-

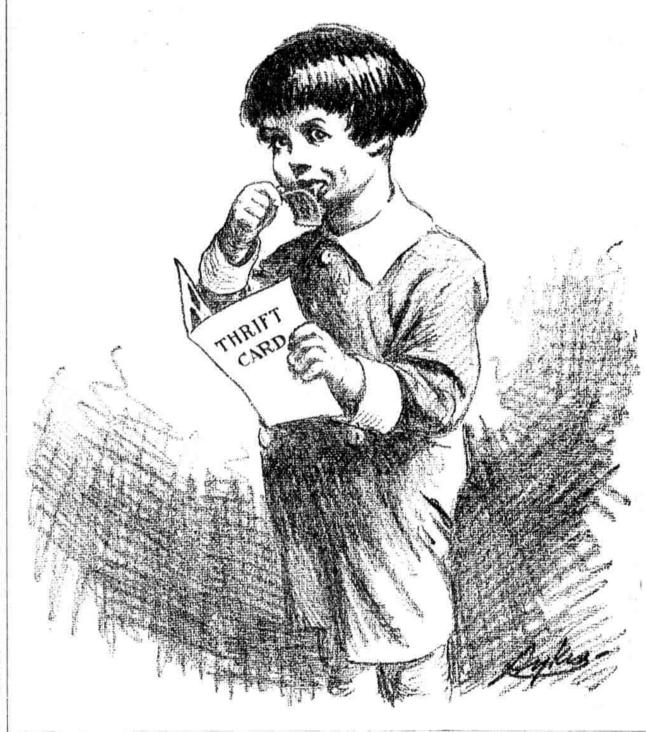
ONE could go on for many pages recountin a thunderstorm and are afraid to tell ing anecdotes of this cavalier of the six O ing anecdotes of this cavalier of the sky. Henry Bordeaux, in his just published "Vie Heroique de Guynemer," tells the story with infinite charm and tenderness. This hoy, scarvely bearded, was possessed of an al-most maniae joy and fury in his airy comtorm, and we have to bear the peril alone. most manne by and tury in his airy com-hats. His nervous, electric temperament was unappeasable. His face, departing for ac-tion, was "terrible" Even returning from a successful duel his countenance never lost its savage hunger and cagerness. After he was wounded at Verdun he was afraid that his nerve had been shaken, so on his next We take our new penknife out of our socket and put it in an old rubber boot in We have recently had some new fillings was wounded at vergun he was afraid that his nerve had been shaken, so on his next flight he determined to test himself. He reommanded himself not to fire at his Boche. He circled round the enemy flier (who fired 500 shots at him) without pulling the trigger of his mitrailleuse. This was to put in our teeth, and we have an idea they attract the lightning. That worries us We hide our safety razor under the satisfy himself that his spirit was intact.

ure the cook that there is absolutely no ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1917, this king of the air flew into the Flanders sky and never returned. His comrade, Lieutenant Bozonreturned. His comrade, Lieutenant Bozon-Verduraz, last saw him engaged with a Ger-man plane about 10 o'clock that morning. Apparently he was killed by a builet through the head over Poelcapelle, but neither his hody nor his plane was ever found. That territory was under very heavy bombardment at the time, and the village of Poelcapelle was shortly afterward retaken by the Brit-ish. As Henry Bordeaux says, he accepted nothing from the enemy, not even a wooden cross. His name was carved on the wall of the Pantheon in Paris, and there can be no These must be anxious days for Ellis Parker Butler, the well-known author of "Pigs Is Pigs." The 1918 issue of "Who's Who" will soon be out and we hope it will list him correctly. The 1917 edition had him down as Alice Parker Butler. We wonder why they didn't call his famous the Pantheon in Paris, and there can be no A spare box of matches is just as imporfiner epitaph than his last citation: tant for a man as a spare tire for an auto-

"A legendary hero, fallen in the full heaven of glory after three years of ar-dent fighting. He will remain the purest symbol of the qualities of his race: in-domitable tenacity, feroclous energy, sub-lime courage." Dear Socrates - My desk motto comes

FRANCE could have done us no greater I honor than lend us the Vieux Charles, of all her gracious and noble gestures of affection, this was the finest. Think what that little brown hawk of the sky means to her. On those wings the darling of France cutrode death and laughed in air above the roofs of Complegne, sweeping and spinning to "reassure" his mother. Vieux Charles, Vieux Charles, I think your wings must quiver for the blue sky of France. mania has lubricated German propaganda in Mexico. Carranza is now trying to stir up an oil war. He may find those Tampico

## "I'M GIVING THE KAISER A TONGUE-LASHING!"



# THE FEMALE AFTER SPECIE

In War-Fund Solicitation She Is More Deadly Than the Male

by in food.

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

I WENT straight to the man who is re- | worth of thrift stamps. At the rate he is spansible for filling up there pages with type, took his proffered eigarette, and under cover of the emoke-cloud was over the tremelies and into his foremost positions be-

"It wouldn't incommode you in the least, would it, now," I said, "if my article failed to turn up this week?

The affinek had been carefully prepared and delivered with irresistible pathes. A big hole in his make-up suddenly confronted him I confidently expected him to lose his morals and say "Kamerad, Kamerad." But he re-fired dosg elly to justifious prepared in ad-vance—he has hundreds of them—and threw in the first installment of his army of maneu-

"There's a reason, I suppose?" he said. "Colonel," I said, "the reason is fair and warmer with thunder showers at night. There is a haze over the ton of the Equitable Building. The straw hats are blossoming like mad. The grass in the park across the way is ridiculously green. Before the incubators in the windows of the hortfeultural stores the multitude swirts inther and thatler, and the women gasp over the darling little watering caus, and strong men turn pale at the low price of California privet. The ladies in the subway have put on their furs. The classified columns are full of furnished apartments to let and hungalows right over the water; the kind you leap out of the windows of, you know, and right into the waves, at the risk of breaking your neck. The orators in City Hall square quote from the Greek Testament. Trousers will be worn rather snug around the leg. The newsboys are diving into the municipal fountain. There were people for dinner last night, and after that I sat me writing poerry. I haven't a cartridge in my head. It is spring, Brigadier General." ing. The straw hats are blossoming like

HE CALLED up another battalion of the said. They are pretty good. A fellow came in with a pen-and-ink sketch, Grapefrait Stand by Moonlight. I didn't buy the sketch, but he forgot his cigarettes on the table. What am I to put in place of your stuff at a day's notice?"

I chased him all the way up the ridge and half way down the reverse slope. "Put in something about the Bed Cross." I said.

half way down the reverse slope. "Put in something about the Red Cross." I said. "How?" he said, forming a sallent. "General of Division." I said, "it's the casiest thing in the world. "Tell the people who are hovering before the hat-store windows that if rains just as heavily on No Man's Land as it does on the best \$5 Panama Teil the people in the touring cars that things are much less confortable on the stretchers in the boyaux. Remind the people in the hungalows that there is less air around the

hangslows that there is less air around the operating tables in the dugouits."

I saw his line wavering, but he called up his camouflage corps.

"Go on, go on," he said, and I thought there was a grim smile in his eye.

"Ask the people," I said, "why on earth it should be necessary to formulate any arguments for the Red Cross. That's all."

My shock attack had him groggy for a mo-ment. He had evidently been prepared for a sustained bombardment.
"That's fine," he said, "as far as it goes. We need another thousand words.

There's war stangs," I said, to counter-attacked flercely, "I was just thinking about that," he said.

FIELD MARSHAL," I said, "it's rather You mean? h interesting about war stamps. They also life easy for us parents. You know

make life easy for us parents. You know how we used to lie awake nights thinking of how to save up for the children. It isn't any longer necessary. They attend to the thrift. All I do now is lie awake nights thinking of what will happen to the butcher's bill after the young ones get through being thrifty for the week."

He countered bravely while re-enforcements were rushing up. "There is a good deal in what you say," he remarked, "though not, quite enough."

ot quite enough. "Harold, you know, has reformed," I said "He no longer demands a nickel for running errands to the drug store. All he wants is a thrift stamp. He is constantly volunteering for drug-store service. He has stocked up with peroxide and tooth powder till the autumn offensive of 1921. He has no preju-dices against the grocer, either. He skips down with a dollar bill and bring; lack a box of soda crackers and ninety cents!

THE nautical-looking old man who spears going we shall room be worth \$10,000 in thrift stamps, provided I can keep the fam-The great problem, however is to prevent the cook from leaving. Harold is nightly generally in the kitchen trying to sell the cook thrift stamps. The other day we found the girl in tears. He had been ing to sell her a Liberty Bond. He suc-led. She said she had never been in a e where she had been so much pub There are those who say that intervals between selling stamps to Maggie Harold visits the below, where the banana dd visits the teches But I den't know. He advanced under cover of darkness "Have you another eigarette?" he said, "And Harold's small sister"" "Versailles Council, give car." I said, im-

parting a lighter touch to the horrors of war The female out for snecke is more deadly than the male. Throld's small sister comes around after her subject and says she knows t new dance. She insists on my being very comfortable in the armehair and not reading semfortable in the all soft very good dane-chile she dances. It isn't very good dane-ing, but it isn't very bad, it isn't as good as Paylowa, but it's better than the Brahma-putta Elbow Dance. The performance lasis from one minute and a half to three minutes. When it is over, she announces that the When it is over she amounces that the price of admission is twenty-five cents—one thrift stame. When I tell her that I are connected with the press, she says nothing doing and demands the war tax one nicke in each, twice the legal rate. I think Mr. McAdoo ought to know about it."

ave" he said. "That is all, Generalissimo," I made

"I thought you might tell me something about the others, if you had them," he re-marked, somewhat inconsequentially. I hought. And then, suddenly,

cigare."

So be was bringing in his heavy guns,

"Now there's the shinbuilding program,"
he remarked, "I wonder if you've ever
thought about it."

"Not a thought." I told him.

His fave grew sad. For a moment. I limakine, he contemplated some sort of sappling
operation, but gave it up.

"Well." he said, "I magine we have almost
enough for this week. Better luck next

nough for this week. Better luck next ime, Ludendorff." I don't quite know what he meant but what's the odds so long as I reached my objective?

There is just one kind of neace talk that s useful now, and that is the voice of the cannon discharging explosive shells in the

(Copyright)

Forceful Language

### German trenches.-New Haven Union What Do You Know?

How many Democratic Presidents have ther been in the last fifty years? 2. Name the author of "Natrona"? What were the thirteen Original States?

6. What is the capital of Ohio?

What is a sergeant major? What is meant by the initials "K, of C."? What is the origin of the name of Kentucks?

### Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

 Mohoeks: a prototype of "hooligans," who infested London in the eighteenth century.
 Florida comes from a Spanish word, meaning "land of flowers," James is the most frequent given name of the Presidents of the United States.

4. Old Glory is a nopular term of affection applied to the American flag. Proscrpine: in classic methology the daughter of Ceres. She was abducted by Pluto and as his wife, was queen of the lower regions

6. Responsible ministry: a cabinet whose program and policies must have the indergement of a parliamentary majority. The government retires on an adverse vote resistered against a vital party policy. Engiand has a "responsible ministry." 7. "Tom Sawyer": a story of American life by Mark Twain.

S. Betsy Ross (Mrs. Elizabeth Clappoole), who, according to tradition, mude the first Amer-ican flaz, is buried in Mount Morish Ceme-tery. Philadelphia.

9. Harvard University is in Cambridge, Mass. 10. Jonkherr J. London is Fureign Minister Holland.

### THE HARPOONER SUSPECTS

By Stephen W. Meader

T the scraps of paper and eigar-stubs in our schare dropped his bag of waste on the end of my bench and sat down with a brief nod of greeting. It was a fine afternoon. My polite observation to that effect brought forth only a surly grunt and I turned away to the company of my pipe. There was no wind stirring. A blue puff of smoke, gently impelled from the corner of my mouth, found its way past he nose of the ex-car-ferryman, and watching him sidelong I saw him sniff and fumble in his pockets. The ancient black pipe apscared. The Harpooner shifted his weight measily and fidgeted the pipe about in his ands while I smoked on with deep and obvious content. At last he cleared his

"Let's sec." he muttered, "what did you ay was the name o' that terbaccer?" I swung around. "Angelica," I replied, genially. "Here, fill her up."

HE PACKED the tobacco in with a horny thumb and thanked me quite civilly. "Now," I said, when the black pipe was

drawing, "tell me what has spoiled your He took a puff or two in silence, "Well." he said finally, "things ain't what they used

"No," said I seriously. "Us mixin' in with all these different

Alleys an' furriners," he went on. "We generally used to manage to fight our own wars, without callin' in fellers that couldn't even talk American."

GPPAKE these here, now, Blue Devils. I seen 'em pullin' up in front of Independence Hall in automobiles with them little soldier-girls drivin' 'em. First I thought they was sailors, from the caps they had on, but then when they got up close I saw the gold-braid trumpets sewed on their clothes an' I guessed right off they must belong to some fire department. Only, as I told Kelly, the cop, I'd hate to have that bunch workin' on a fire around my house.

"'Fire,' he says, 'them ain't firemen. Them's Alpine Chauffeurs!"

WELL, o' course he knew, so I shut up, but they sure was a bloodthirsty lookin' gang. I guess maybe they keep 'em

"Anyhow, they all marched in the Hall with their flags an' the band played first the 'Marseillaise' and then the 'Star Spangled Banner,' an' before you could get your hat on again they started 'America.' got tired just standin' still, but you know them, now, little Motor Messinger Maids kep' their hands up to their foreheads salutin' the whole time, an' never winked

a eyelash. "By 'n' by the Blue Devil Chauffeurs ome out, laughin' an' jabberin' in their lan tuage, an' wavin' to the girls in the crowd. Somebody says they've all been wounded an' got medals for bravery an' so they're

takin' their vacation over here. "Well, maybe so. Maybe them female tam o' shanters is what soldiers wear in Paris, France, but it looks funny to me. You never can tell much about these furrin'-talkin' fellers. An' say"-he leaned closer and lowered his voice-"how about them mustaches, huh? Some of 'em looked

mighty like this here Hindenburger to me." With an emphatic nod the Harpooner picked up his sack and strode away in the

direction of a trespassing cigar-stub.