er. Penneyivania Ave. and 14th St hisacelphia and surrounding town twaive (12) cents per week, payabl points outside of Philadelphia, in lates, Canada, or United States pos-tage free, fitty (50) cents per month, are per year, payable in advance, uign countries one (\$1) dollar per

die old as well as new address changed LL SOO WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Philadelphia, Thursday, May 30, 1918

IR IMPOTENCE OF A SUBORDINATE PANY one thinks that the appointment Captain Mills as an assistant superinat of police, to exercise the important ers of Superintendent Robinson, means revolution of police methods he must

ain Mills has disabused the minds all such. Director Wilson, he says, is and of the department. His subordinates ust obey orders. Captain Mills made this on in the course of his remarks on transfer of Sergeant McMullen to a nine miles from his home, following refusal to work for the nomination of n R. K. Scott at the recent primaries He said, further, in commenting on the port that ten other officers who had not ked for Scott were to be transferred. at he was opposed to any transfers, but t Director Wilson was the head of the nt and had the right to do as he ed. "If he sends an order to me to nafer a policeman I am simply obeying rs when I put it through," he said.

It is evident that the Police Departmen not been reformed and that the old are still in control. They work ash Director Wilson, and will continue rk through him so long as he remains ice. When the public has forgotten scandal which forced Superintenden: on into temporary retirement and lled the promotion of Captain Mills to likely that the old conditions will again II. And Captain Mills, who confesses at he is merely a subordinate, must obey

The Crown Prince seems to be hankerget to the Marne again. Doesn't he what happened there before?

#### KILLING THE GOOSE

TALKOUTS at the railroad shops such as that reported at Alexandria, Va., so soo mechanics quit to look for Jobs her pay in the shipyards, would pretate a sort of confusion in the transportien system which the Government could rate for a day. The railroads are as ry to the ship program as the yards.

o men at Alexandria indicated one of nawerable problems of the present eltuation. Obviously the Government t pay emergency shipyard wages to all d men. Such an effort would tend nkrupt the country.

It will be wiser for all people who work the Government or trade with it in this ergency to balance their judgment with se of patriotism. Otherwise conscripe of labor and capital may yet be necesto avoid hopeless confusion and the

One thing we are not hearding is for

## AMERICA'S BOMB IN AUSTRIA

THE sweeping pronouncement issued Secretary of State Lansing yesterday shelf of the Jugo-Slavs and the Czechoaks in Austria, America has merely ods a dramatic answer to the sympathetic has of the oppressed groups, who ag ago began to cry, "Long live Wilson!" the intense discomfiture of the troubled natrian Government.

The President's latest diplomatic bomi will have an extraordinary moral Best not only in Austria, but in Russia. recial groups designated in Secretary ng's manifesto have been bitterly op-Their plight is familiar to Slav re. Thus the effect of America's y stated attitude of sympathy may serve to mobilize democratic opinion ent among the groups that are restless under the slow eastward exof German methods and German

ident has reason to feel well of moral philosophy as a weapon of It is becoming apparent that this gradually clearing a way in Rusthe ultimate introduction of Japa other Allied military forces reto rally the fighting spirit of the and oppose the growing menace of

official shreeklichkeit of the new fice is that the Maiser has resume rame to his mate in Berlin.

WHO IS GUILTY at of the goods sent abroad are to be shipped from cost each from Philadeling 10 per cent from Balti

ears that only 5 per Patisdelphia "for fear

vented wh

## TODAY

Our Dead in France and the War in th Light of Their Sacrifice

EVENTS are moving rapidly to temper the consciousness of America-to interpret us to ourselves. It is impossible, for instance, on this Memorial Day to do otherwise than think first of the men who have died in France. Like the dead of our own wars, they have helped to fix shining traditions that shall challenge and guide all mankind forever. The thought of their peculiar service must move any gallant heart to wonder and to tears-but never to grief. Their end was too proud for that.

To die for one's own country is noble. But to turn from peace to torment, to depart from places and things and people greatly cherished and travel far and die for a strange land is a blessed act even fuller of mystic beauty. The very soil of France must have thrilled when it received these men at the and of their travail. Now they lie in the same earth with those who came to desolate and to plunder, to kill and to destroy, Therein is the whole symbolism of the war.

This should be a day of flowers and memories, of course. But it might also be a day of meditation. The implientions of the occasion are like a revealing light on many of our present concerns. The graves of all the various soldiers who have died on the French battlefields cry | in a decent fight. out with various meanings.

It appears, after all, that the world has been mistaken in the secret conviction that the very noise and glitter and enormity of the German adventure involved somehow a tinge of grandeur.

The humblest private in the American army is nearer eternal knowledge than the German Emperor, nearer wisdom. nearer a gentleman. There is no grandeur in a nation that permitted itself to be drilled and trained and put on display like some great, queer circus to satisfy the vanities of a family of mental defectives. If there is grandeur in the occasion it is with those men who made of pity a moving passion and went out to share the affliction of strangers. They waited long, like patient men. They turned even with something of regret from their familiar affairs because war is not the hope or the desire of any proud or enlightened man. They have died for their race as well as for their country. They shared their strength with the weak. The gods can do no more than that. The principle of such service will yet save mankind. If civilization and all its records were to be obliterated tomorrow, that conviction would be the first to spring automatically from the human sensibility. It is allied with the instinct of self-preservation. And for this principle America is fighting and Americans have died and been buried in the sea and in the troubled earth of other lands.

So they have always fought in every war. And that is why we need not grieve for our dead. They still live and lead us on. They have moved always in our own traditions. Now they will cry out in the legends and songs of France and England, Italy and Russia. They will speak to all the world for all time. They are as far away as the beginning of time from the unforgiven dead that the soil of France has claimed from the German army. And it will be well to remember all this-so that we may attend with greater reverence at the graves of the men who pioncered it on the difficult path that they are following toward

If we were a franker people we should not only take time to think secretly of all the other warriors of ours who are out upon the great mission; we should say what we feel in our hearts. We

"God be with them wherever they are, upon the great waters, flying in the face of the dawn or keeping the vigit of buttlefields for the sake of the unborn generations."

President Wilson says we should write ot "O. K." but "Okeh." that heing the correct Choctaw, but we fear we have got the habit by now. And nobedy ever taught us any Chectaw.

## THE HOME CENSORSHIP

WHEN you write to your man in France, try to put yourself in his place. Try to imagine the kind of letter that would hearten you most if you were over there on his errand.

Nothing is harder for the soldier to bear

than letters that lay poignant and eme tional stress on his absence, the distance and dangers that lie between him and his dear ones, the pangs that those at home are suffering while he is far away. Of course, he is homesick; he wouldn't be numan if he weren't. But no matter how you yearn for him, it is your plain and patriotic duty to be cheerful in writing to him. Tell him all the good news you can; the little incidents of home and the friendly circle he has left behind. Tell him what we are doing over here to back him up. Tell him about the keels they are laying at Hog Island and the pledges that are rolling in for the War Chest. Tell him about baseball and Cousin Fanny's new baby and the railroad men's raise in wages. Tell him anything but the sorrow and ache that may

e so very real in your heart. The soldier depends on letters from home but it would be better not to write to him at all than to send him letter after letter that will unman and weaken him. He has big job on his hands and no energy to pare for sad broodings. Help him to keep heerful. Censor your own letters, striking out every tendency to morbid fears and

We hope there's always a bottle of poline selts handy for a Frenchman when sees our valiant efforts to convey the sees our valiant efforts to convey the sees of French sames phonetically

battles and the Bolsheviki, Colonel Roosevelt and the crash of worlds. But their genius lags before a task that enlists the

keen and personal interest of all America. In the papers we read of "Yanks" and "Sammees." In England "Yank" is the popular term for the American fighting man. In France it is the "Sammees" who have arrived to save. The writers who still thrive upon our own soil seem to have given up the job of finding an appropriate general term by which we may talk and think of our men. And neither Yank nor Sammee "I do.

The word poilu, by which the French lesignate their own soldiers, is a legitimate native word that has many subtle intimaions of affection and endearment, "Poilu" s, properly, an adjective, and roughly ranslated it suggests a hairy or furry ispect or substance. Were we to speak of an American soldier as "Old Whiskers" the meaning would be about the same as that which the French intend when they mak affectionately of the unshaven war riors from the trenches. The British soldier is Tommy Atkins by an official decree

From the depths of feeling in this country and in Europe some satisfying term will yet spring for the American fighters, It must come from inspiration. It should be a picturesque word elequent of hunyency and cheerfulness and pride. And it will be all the better if, by some stroke of genius, it may be made to suggest some thing of the splendor and nobility of our mission in Europe and some intimation of the glad spirit which any American shows

And the Political plans attack on the funkers? City Hall is more to be welcomed than foured A good bombardment might belt fear away some of the junk.

Hope On! Standard the matter with the bathing out styles the year? We haven't seen any eccentricities, nor have we heard of any beach talds by the outraged proprieties at Atlantic City.

to go on endleady reading noise from nothing Peace by August" is now the Corona

"Mother's Day" reall is arriving jore in the trenches, but the emilment it caries has been accumulating interest in the

The affection of labbyists for Congressiven tax bills are being framed uplies the coveristal brother's love resemble an hydrogen

The long-range German gan that to ngain bombarding Paris man't yet reored any has on the French morals.

## BEEF, IRON AND WINE

A Lighthearted Poem Very Seriously Meant We're on a ball batted by fate to the in-

field of the stars - New York Sun THE world is a ball that is batted by Pate

On the diamond of the stars: And the fellow who's putting us over the is the southpaw pitcher, Mars.

Life may be a bout that the lifteld gets, for a drive to the outermost air, But the Unipire on whom the sun never

Will see that the game's played fair. WHEREVER the signs of the Zodow you And the lonely meteors go.

Our beloless planet has sourced and 3pun At the crack of the batsman's blow, Though the home team's more may be

nothing at all And the bleachered devils how If the nitcher sends over an unfair ball The Umpire will call it foul.

## Thoughts on Thieves

A man walked into a bank and granbed an armful of Liberty Bonds. But he will find it pretty hard to redeem them, as every bank in the country has made note of the numbers. And any bank eashler who has played quarterback on a feetball team wen't have any difficulty in memorizing them.

We nominate that bond swiper as sic cessor to the Kaiser.

He isn't so unlike Wilhelm after all Wilhelm walked into Belgium when no one was expecting him. But he's going to find it difficult to clip any coupons from his holdings.

Presumably the bond thief will follow Wilhelm's tactics, too: he will cry no annexations, no indemnities and send out a peace feeler. Why doesn't he devote his talents to

ome really useful work? Such as swiping Hindenburg's Iron Cross or pocketing some of that debris in the City Hall courtyard. The Famous Players' Film Corporation

announces that it has "rounded up" a lot of clever young writers, whose works are to be transferred to the screen. Among them are Bret Harte and Leo Tolstov. Congratulations to the Famous Players on encouraging these two promising young

What a gift of graciousness is implanted in the breast of woman! We have watched many girls serving behind quick-lunch counters who preside over their piles of sandwiches and sardines with all the charm and tact of a hostess in silk and muslin at a mahogany table.

The only If that Mr. Kipling didn't discuss in his poem of that title was the

Mr. Jeremiah O'Leary is enjoying a very pleasant spell of low visibility.

Among other low visibles, might one nention Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, some-

## HUMOR OF YOUTH

College Jokes and the Cornell Widow's Silver Jubilee

THE "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," I the vaudevillian, the omnivorous exchange editor, the musical-farce librettist and the insistent raconteur who demands that you drop everything and listen to "this new one," should pay their respects. Recognition of journalistic college "Jokesmith eries" is in order. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Cornell Widow lends special propriety to a long-belated tribute.

INORTRUSIVELY, yet spiritedly, American undergraduates have been tilling a field of publication in which many a professional has found only tares. The list of clever "funny papers" in the country is extremely meager until one encounters the sphere of the universities. A flourishing seene there meets the eye. The Harvard Lampoon, the Yale Record, the Pennsylvania Punch Bowl, the Princeton Tiger, the Williams Purple Cow, the Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern, the Cornell Widow, the Michigan Gargoyle, the Stanford Chaparral and many others turn out weekly, fortnightly or monthly a really prodigious quantity of bright quips, graceful verses

TAPSES into erudity, evidences of abbins tournalism. Nothing like it has ever d

THE quarter century of the Cornell I Wislow pretty closely defines the age of the movement. The Harvard Lampoon 1 more venerable, but that well-added sheet was for several years held to represent not so much progress as felly. Those were the days of the eradite college magazine with its discussions of the "Dantean Cos mogony" or "Spring Thoughts in the Apenulness." The humorous college paper played a dublous role. It had not yet found its true status and its pages were marced by localisms unintelligible to the layman and often highly leritating to the sensitive teaching staff. These evalence of youth have virtually passed away. Inside tips are decreasingly less necessary to the layman's enjoyment of the college comic magazine.

O'N THE business side some formidable obstacles were overcome. The Pennsylvania Punch Rowl, founded in 1900 by Dan" Karcher, whose death subsequently ent short a promising newspaper career. was once on the verge of suspension and seemed destined for the fate of its two predecessors at this university -Chaif and Ren Franklin. Continuity of the paper's existence was eventually secured by reducing its format to the size of Elbert Hubbard's Phillistine, then in the heyday o popular favor.

Bowl reverted to normal dimensions, attractive make-up and the exploitation of excellent drawings. Thernton Cakley, new a painter and Clustrator of distinction, contributed a number of the covers of those early days. At about the same time Penthyn Stanlaws, on the Princeton Tiger, was developing his fantastic style, since widely known.

 $A_{\rm ery}^{\rm FEW}$  years previous James Montgomery Flagg was enlivening the Lampoon us sketches and Thaver and Owen Wister also once wrote for that paper. Indeed, the amount of is well worth consideration. Writers destined for wide recognition are perhaps trying their wings in many an undergraduate humorous magazine at the present time.

THE artists suggest an even surer ground I for speculation. Many of the colored covers are admirably designed and compare favorably with productions of professional rivals in the general magazine

TT HAS been a good thing for the Cornell I Widow to proclaim its twenty-fifth birthday. That celebration profitably directs attention to a field of art and humor too often cavallerly regarded. The other night during the Red Cross benefit at the Metropolitan Burr McIntosh told an army story which won much laughter. The source was not stated. It has since been traced to the columns of the Princeton Tiger, brightly dispensing its undergraduate mirth in wartime.

We would suggest the minting of a new three-cent coin with McAdoo's head on one side and Burleson's on the other, the twin three-centers, who have given us a new railroad fare and a new letter postage rate

fed on lies. They might have been happier if they had taken that sort of nourishment

The Ukranian minister of agriculture, has absconded with 5,000,000 rubles of German money, is evidently a patriot.

There are lots of other fellows I've thought I'd like to be-Tyrus Cobb and Joseph Conrad, McAdoo and old John D.

Your own Dove Dulcet's fame.

inspiration are of course inevitable, but considering the difficulties of publication the average quality of these 'amateur' magazines is surprisingly high. They are moted oftener than is generally realized and their lokes have a way of skipping about the country and filling in awkward little corners in the newspapers almost as frequently as the offusions of professional colvinnists." The college humorous paper has indeed become a distinct factor it veloped to such proportions in any other and. It is wholly and refreshingly Ameri-

With a new period of growth the Punch

erses. Barrett-Wendell, William Roscoe budding literary and artistic talent which first found an outlet in the college comics

If those who own Liberty Bonda will remember that they are as negotiable as cash and keep them in a safe place they will not have to complain of having them

A German lieutenant has just informed his British capters that his people have been

We're All Asking It (Speaking of the chap who bought a sheet of air-mail stamps on which the plane was printed upside down. The stamps will be worth hundreds of dollars to collectors.)

have smashed the Tenth Command With Faversham to blame, And still more often sighed to own

# THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

ALL SHOWS AND A STATE OF THE ST

Letter From a French Soldier

(Trouslated)
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Pethaps you will think my letter : liberty, but I venture to write to you or in a paper, The Lion of Arras, a weekly periodical which is principally condened with the condition of my unfortunate home town of Array That city, the chief town of the Pan-de-Calais province, is today only a heap of ruins, upon which the loches bare for nearly four years vented their hatred and

The article 1 refer to said that certain elties in America had volunteered to take under their generous guardiauship and adoption some of the marryred towns of France, such as Arras, Rheims, etc. It is a noble gesture of friendship on the part of you, our

I have been at the front since the outbreak of war. In spite of so many inferres and privations, hope is still with me, the hope of quering these turbarians who flicted so much suffering on us. In spits of the dangers of every day, our morale is good, and we shall win, you may be certain. And what does it matter whether the war lasts one year more, or two, provided we attain victory and the peace that we crave for all. For the honor of France and her Allies, let there be no indeclaive pance. We must see it through to the final victory.

The article in The Lion of Arras said that soon our town would have a goodnesther efty

The article in The Lion of Arras said that soon our town would have a godnether city in America which will generously aid us in reconstruction. Arras, as I have said, he only a town of ruins. My home, like so many others, has been the prey of the yandals. I was married and engaged in the milk hostness two years before the war. Today I see all my hopes and plans vanished forever. My wife, who was wounded at Arras early in 1915, handly recovered and was able to 1915, happily recovered and was able take refuge with a relative in Paris. Si nonths ago, when the situation reemed fairly secure, she returned to our hon which was still half habitable. But at t time of this new invasion she had to fi

which was still half habitable. But at the time of this new invacion she had to flee under shell fire, again leaving everything we possess to the mercy of the varialis.

What will happen after the war? Who knows? It has meant ruin for many of us, people of the northern provinces, small merchants and farmers. Ruin anyway, even if good fortune spares us our lives.

At the bottom of his dugout the French valider has his periods of thought and mediators. oldier has his periods of thought and medi-

soldier has his periods of thought and medi-tation. He thinks of his loved ones, of his life in old days—se happy compared to that of today—but in spite of everything he is faithful to his duty. He must he so; it is for France and her Allies.

That is what I am thinking. Mr. Editor, as I write from the bottom of my dugout, Perhaps my letter in its long journey will find among your readers some one who would among your readers some one who would be sincerely glad to take an interest in the situation of a French soldier, not more worthy than all the others, but who has tried to do his duty as it lay before him. You can imagine the pangs of my condition—my wife feetiles my home in rules.

a fugitive, my home in ruins.

How I hate them, these "sales boches,"
when I think of all our sufferings, moral
and physical. You can tell them in America and physical. You can tell them in America that we are very happy at the arrival of our American brothers. For our part, we repeat to them our only thought—to go on to the end, to the final victory.

I hope my letter will reach you, and in the hope of some reply please accept, Mr. Editor, my respectful salutations.

CAMILLE BIENFAIT.

First Company de Meuses,
Thirty-third Regiment of Infantry, s. p. 214.

France.

France, P. S.—I inclose some little flowers from At the Front, May 6.

Folly of Economic Peace Talk

Folly of Economic Peace Talk

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir-What kind of peace is an "economic peace" made with an irresponsible, lying Potsdam gang of rulers. What individual could have gone into a Belgian home and looted and murdered and raped and burned and not have been jailed and hung long ago? How about a band of military rulers who are doing this very thing in a most cruel and blood-thirsty manner? What kind of talk is "economic" peace talk to such a band who control wonderfully trained, and cruel and abject soldiers through forty years of military teaching and of backing by school materials.

**MEMORIAL DAY, 1918** 

orable peace is the word, not "cconomic" peace. Suppose Belgium had accepted Germany's trade and "cconomic" peace terms, where would the world be today?

One Sinn Feiner writes so easily, so triffingly off the nen that an "cconomic" peace solution could have been reached any time during the year 1917 and, Kaiserlike, calls on God to witness that this is not German, prepaganda and, Kaiserlike, saying, while stealing your pocketbook, that thus the world could have been ruled by justice and not by force.

not by force.
in parts of speech some say the verb. there say the noun, is most effective in lying and deceiving. I hold it is the adjective ad all, jaclo-to throw), throwing pen and nk bombs at American soldier boys, our sons

y the way, is a small and incidental matter. The Kaiser's "holy" war and the pacifist's onomic" peace are examples of such lying ectives, instead of "economic" peace, why use another adjective—"echo-named"

The Huns take the benefit, and, like Russia we get the "echo." There was an "economic" peace for you! Russia! Who talk peace at this time are traitors, pro-Germans or, enarty, more than short-sighted.

From the standpoint of German benefit alone, as our leader. President Wilson, says, we are conducting the noblest and most right-cours wer in history, to free \$0,000,000 people from the damnable yoke of hereditary and in sorn militarism and its inevitable results to themselves, as well as to the world. Instead of "comornic" peace why not use a synonym a trade, a mercenary, a material, an abject and dirhonorable peace. Incon-

elvable of America. celvable of America.

If some far-secing "economic" prophet should write and request a house-to-house canvaes, as in case of War Chest, and ask every clizen of all the Allies, "Are you in favor, as Germany prolongs this war of conquest, of never trading in raw or made matequest, of never training in taw made inter-rial with Germany and do you so piedge yourself?" I can see an "economic" peace on the horizon when German spies and agents turn in their reports. The German omic" and commercial morale is already breaking, and that would bust it wide open. Philadelphia, May 29. E. T. C.

## The Liquor Party

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger Sir-It appears to me that the men at ne head of the two Democratic "factions" in this State lack the ability to grasp an "issue" when they see it. And to prove this assertion, take the primary election of Tuesday, May 21. Mr. Guffey had the indergement of both wings of the party and failed to win the momination. And why? Simply because he could not grasp the sen-timent of the rank and file, who are opposed to prohibition. Can any one imagine a real Democrat in

Can any one imagine a real Democrat in favor of such a law? And to put up a candidate on such a platform and expect to get Democrats to vote for him just gives an idea how far off in their sense of judgment they were. Here we have the situation of an issue lying around loose.

Judge Bonniwell, having brains and his car to the ground, grass the issue, and. the ground, grasps the issue, and without any organization to back him, win

out-and puts both factions of the party in out—and puts both factions of the if Bonni a hole. It would not surprise me if Bonni well makes the "Personal Liberty" phras his platform, to see him win out in the figi A VOTER. for Governor. Philadelphia, May 28.

A Slander on Philadelphia

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-I read with interest your statement that "it will cost \$2.92 to get from New York to Philadelphia after June 19, but it is worth it," and it reminds me of the story of the traveler who said to the ticket agent at the Pennsylvania Station in New York: "Give me a ticket. I want to go to Philaiphia."
"You're a liar." said the ticket agent. "you're a liar."

Philadelphia, May 29. Colonel Harvey, who once wrote of the President at his worst, is now talking of his et his best. Pretty soon he will strike an average between the two and write about

## "THESE DEAD"

THE torch our fathers set alight Burns pale and flickers in the breath Of ruthless, autocratic might-

The flame of freedom faces death!

Men rush across the sea to fling Their bodies in the monster's path; Their eyes grow sick at suffering; Their spirit lashed to Godlike wrath.

O thou, that in another day Of sorrow, soothed and comforted, Thy words remain hope's gleaming ray

To those that mourn heroic dead. And when the brutal cables bring The bitter lists of maimed and slain The echoes of thy phrases ring-

vain!" ICHABOD. Get in Line Now

railroad president now?-Baltimore News.

"These dead shall not have died in

The Order of the Day Patches of prominence and popularity— war dispatches, potato patches and trouser patches.—Nashville Tennesseau.

Proof of Sincerity While Prussia was making peace sugges-tions she was hard at work on air tanks, super-submarines and seventy-mile guns.—

Vashington Star. A Decrease of Power

Germany is troubled over the tremendous decline in her birth rate. But when it is remembered that Germany's anxiety just now is based on nothing more than fear that her future armies will suffer from the decrease. the balance of the world is not going to waste much sympathy on Germany's threatened loss in population. When a nation looks upon its growth merely as a militaristic asset, then the more democratic people of the earth can rejoice that the supply of men proves inadequate to meet the ambition of some potentate who would make the entire world

s vassals.—Galveston Tribune

Hard Luck Whene'er I read the glorious news From fields where battles rage. I wish that I could knock a score Of years off from my age.
It's tough to stand upon the curb
And watch the soldiers go.
It's tough to be so doggone cid You cannot strike a blow To sit and wait and boil and fret And grouch and curse and hate, And never get to swat the Hun— Believe me, boy—some fate! —Brooklyn Eagle.

## What Do You Know?

QUIZ Where and what is the Chemin-des-Who was Aesop? Who is the German Crown Prince? What is the "nation

9. What President served two terms, but not

10. Who said. "A Conservative is only a Tery

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The trenty of peace between Russin and Japan was negotiated at Pertamosth, New Hampshire, in 1905. The University of Ponnsylvania is

A men always make increases his kno Dr. Bemuol Schnee