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Philadelphia, Saturday, June 8, 1918

MAKE THE NON-EARNER PAY HIS SHARE

THERE is no more popular suggestion in Mr. McAdoo's letter to Representative Kitchin than that the tax on uncarned incomes should be made heavier than that on earned incomes

Under the existing law a man carning say an income from his profession or business of a certain sum must pay 4 per cent as an income tax and 8 per cent as an excess profit tax, making a total of 12 per cent, while a man with an income of the same amount derived from interest on investments, which he may have inherited, in taxed only 4 per cent. The producer is penalized to the extent of \$ per cent.

This inequity should be emoved. They is justice in it as well as political wisdom It will place a burden on accumulated capital that it can well afford to bear. No sophistry about the taxation of the industry in which the capital is invested should prevent Congress from acting on the sug-

T. R. says his name should be spelled with seven hyphens. Full of dash, as usual

THE UNFASHIONABLE SALOON

HARD drinking is plainly going out of fashion. Naturally the saloons, where mest of the hard drinking has been done, must follow on the way to the limbo of forgotten vogues.

It isn't surprising to read in the record of the license court that 124 liquor establishments in this city have failed to pay their fees and seem on the verge of going out of business. And it is questionable whether the zealots and the propagandists have had most to do in making the liquor business unprofitable and unpopular. There is a growing impression that heavy drinking is a wasteful and regrettable business. This conviction may be traced to various sources. It is due in part to better education and to a more general enlightenment among all classes of men. The movies are said to have helped toward the decline of the saloon. If this is true it seems to prove that most men have gone to the saloons for diversion and that they have been quick to welcome a more whole ome means to that end.

In any event it has long been apparent that the saloon couldn't last in the debased aspects that have aroused most of the violent criticism and the most ardent prohibition propaganda. The retail liquor business began to manifest a definite unscrupulousness when it became involved in brewers' and distillers' syndicates. It tavern. It became a neighborhood menace. It invited criticism, defied it and therefore in process of painful obliteration.

Possibly those American wounded shipped to the fair Riviera to recuperate may find It only natural that their considerate Uncle Sam has such a nice Nice.

PANIC

IN NEW YORK, where every one is more or less nervous all the year around, a theatre manager has hastily announced that the celiars of his establishment are being made ready for those of his patrons whose health might be endangered by bombs from a flying submarine or one of the Kaiser's infant airpianes. Of course, there will be tea and cigarettes on the side and music in the cellar until the peril

How some people do value their lives Our system of preparedness cannot now be complete until the nation provides a plush-lined dugout for Congress, with an apartment specially padded for Senator J. Ham Lewis. Each Congressman must go in camouflage from this on. The silk hat of Washington must be put away because of the flashes and gleams it throws at night -vivid reflections that might guide env marauding airman with ears not acute mough to hear the uproar in the House at a distance greater than twenty miles.

Mayor Smith and Chief McLaughlin, of the Electrical Bureau, our own immediate prophets of the air raid, will be stung to ection by the example of the New York theatre man. Be ready any minute to hear of a demand in Councils for an appropriaon of \$11,000,000 to provide armored um brellas for the entourage at City Hall

They used to say "Tell it to the rines," but now we must say, "Tell it of marines.

KEEP IT UP

HE commandeering of the steel industry by the Government is as necessary as commandeering of the railroads. are to be built with all possible speed imperative that steel for them be ly as fast as it can be used. The at way to get it is for the Government take charge of the business and disute the product of the steel mills acto the needs of industry as af

rposes becomes necessary the port it. We have set our

We Must Be Prepared to Help Her When She Asks It and Not Before

THE attitude of the American people toward Russia is one of sympathetic helpfulness. Every project for the relief of the Russians will be judged here according as it meets with the approval of the Russian people.

Various suggestions have been made looking to reinvigorating the Russian armies and reattacking Germany on her eastern front. It has been proposed that Japan, either alone or in conjunction with the Entente Allies, should invade Siberia and it has also been proposed that an army of two hundred thousand Americans be landed at Archangel to co-operate with a Russian army. But these suggestions are not satisfactory. A Russian expert has demanded in the London Times that a group of representatives of the Entente Allies gather at some convenient point and agree on what is to be done to prevent Germany from controlling Russia after the war. There is no

agreement now. Yet it ought not to be difficult to agree on the fundamental principles which should guide all of the Entente Allies in their treatment of the Russian question. The attitude of us all should be that of readiness to help when Russia is ready to be helped.

She is not yet ready. She has had enough of fighting for the present. It would be a waste of time and energy to devise plans based on the assumption that the Russians can be induced in the near future to take up arms against Germany. The men in control of the Government would resent any armed intervention. They would be supported by skillful German propagandists who would charge that the "imperialists" were trying to displace the "representatives of the people" and restore the imperialist party to power. The fact that the charge would be ridiculous would not prevent it from being believed. The fact that the real liberals of Russia are powerless at the present time does not make the task easier. They cannot be induced to assume control through any outside pressure.

It may be discouraging to admit it, but Russia must endure her own troubles until the real Russians awake to their duties and responsibilities. She must solve her own problems in her own way. And we must wait with such patience as we may the awakening of the people.

But in spite of appearances to the contrary. Germany is playing our game. Her methods will frustrate themselves, for they are based on the theory of tyranny against which the Russians rebelled when they deposed the Romanoffs. The German soldiers and the German civil officials are sowing the seeds of revolt wherever they go. The farmers in the Ukraine are concealing their grain and the German soldiers dare not go about that district alone. They have to travel in groups in order to be prepared to resist attack. They have slaughtered innocent women and children as they did in Belgium. They have levied ransom on cities and have conducted themselves in a manner to arouse the bitterest hostility among the people.

Now, this sort of thing came t be tolerated long. We do not mean that the Entente Allies cannot tolerate it. They can do nothing to prevent it, for they are fully occupied on the western front. But the real Russia will assert herself. Then she may be in a mood to ask for help. When the request comes we must be ready to respond. Political advice may be sought. We in America can give that without arousing any suspicion of selfish interests. We have solved some of the problems of democracy and the lesson of our experience would be valuable to Russia. Food and money may be asked for. We have both and can spare them. Men to rehabili ate their railroads and their industries may be needed. Americans are expert in industry and in railroad building.

America is in a position to decide what shall be done for Russia and when it is to be done. The Entente Allies are beginning to understand our relation to the situation. It was our unwillingness to indorse the project for a Japanese invasion of Siberia that checked that wild project. And if we mistake not, it will be the unwillingness of President Wilson to consent to any forcible intervention in European Russia that will prevent such a stupendous blunder.

We are the friends of democracy and we must impress upon all the Russians that we are ready to work with them in any plan which will perfect their system of popular government and oust selfish foreign influence from control in their affairs. But the invitation to help must come from those who want to be helped.

The death of Charles W. Fairbanks leaves only two former Vice Presidents alive They are Theodore Roosevelt and Levi P. The latter served with Benjamin Harrison from 1882 to 1893 and is now ninety-four years old. Hobart and Sherman died several years ago.

OH, THE POOR FISHERMAN

HERE and there you still can find an occasional solitary who has remained immune and aloof from all the shocks of war-protected and wrapped around in a bemb-proof, . philosophic calm through which no concern or anxiety can penetrate Mr. Bryan is representative of the type. He prefers to think nobly and trust to beaven. Some of the correspondents at the front seem as far from war as he. But the man who has seemed safest from a troubled mind or a disturbed routine thus far in the great game is the amateur fisherman who usually goes out from the Jersey coast to flirt with channel bass and sen turtles and to revel deep in peace and

solltude.

AMERICA THE HOPE OF RUSSIA | the palate. He carries no passenger. Once far out he anchors and becomes a king of

the world To approach such a fisherman, even politely, or to venture within the charmed circle of his horizon is to be received with frank agitation and outspoken resentment. Why fishermen are thus no one knows. They like stillness and solitude. They never cut the fish they catch. It is the grating noise and the harsh contacts of the land that they dislike. And surely they had reason to feel safe enough and insured against intrusion.

It is impossible to imagine the tumult in the minds of any hardened fisherman who has seen German submarines come along to explode bombs and scare away all the bass and the sea turtles-first essentials of his odd routine. The fisherman's boat represents an almost holy privacy. Now it has been violated.

The moral is plain for the larger world

No man's rights are sate, no privilege secure in these days. Even a fisherman's philosophy-the remotest and most abstract of all-has been touched by war and iolted back to earth at last.

The news that the Americans are fighting

The "Yanks" are prov Tell the World: ing that the value of open warfare is fully equal to that of open diplomacy.

So the Kaiser nicked we know kind of flowers he would like on his grave

General Humidity However strongly The collar shorn of its rigidity Suplarly mounted "I wiit!"

Here's hoping that Uncle Sam's mos quito fleet will completely triumph over any submarine citronella.

Judge Ponniwell is finding it more difficult to get a campaign committee chairman friendly to him than to win the nomination. The State Democracy does not appear to be anxious to be known as the party of the wets.

SINCE YOU INSIST

Business of Pondering Will bade the planets veer and spin, And loop their vast festoons? Who tipped the earth and let her roll

Unerring grooves of air? Who ruled the awful passages Of suns and earths and moons And taught them how to pass and turn

With a billion miles to spare? With poise and counterpoise? Who tossed these whimsic tricks in space

Like marbles and tin cars? And will be, weary of his play, Fatigued by many toys, Discard his complex trinket box And shut its lid of stars?

One of the things that bother minor poets is the scarcity of rhymes for "stars."

A Confession

Greeting to the Eclipse Welcome to our humidst!

Have you noticed the diagonal track of he eclipse across the brawny chest of this continent? Evidently the heavenly bodies have indorsed the Sam Browne belt.

As far as the total eclipse is concerned. however. Philadelphia falls in an area of

Like some humorists though we say it as don't like to, who often exhibit very low

The Congressional Record of June 4 deotes twenty pages to a debate in the House on the protection of migratory birds. But how about the protection of migratery hospital ships?

Desk Mottoes I have adopted the following little verse for my desk motto. Can any one tell me

who its author is? "If the day looks kinder gloom) And your chances kinder slim If the situation's puzzlin' An' the prospects awful grim. An' perplexities keep pressin Till all hope is nearly gone, Just bristle up an grit your teeth An' keep on keepin' on."

SALTED PEANUTS Any whale that does a tail spin off the Delaware Breakwater these days is likely to find itself spermlos versenkt, or at least suspected as a mother ship for shrew

How often, cries the Young Lady Across the Way, has that town Croix de Guerre

That strange illness that seems to have spread from Spain to Denmark is very common in neutral countries. It is simply an aggravated case of intense weariness of the Kaiser and his antics.

T. R. cries that there are seven hyphens in his blood. Well, there are seven colors

Doctor Dernburg says Germany must be able to supply the world with raw materials after the war. But we have had quite enough of Prussianism, which is the rawest product she has to offer.

Porto Rico wreaks her wrath.

The unhappy Chinese! Carrying on a civil war of their own and not even a motion-picture operator over there to

Two Noble Kinsmen

Two men have been found in London who spent two years in a hall bedroom to avold military service. Sounds to us like

Even if the Kaiser's press bureau won't tell the Germans that American troops are in France, it seems that the marines will force the information upon them.

What the marines have won is not only net gain, but a bayonet gain.

What's the Matter With Public Libraries

AM about to attack one of the most cher-I ished of all our American institutions one upon which, scarcely less than upon our public schools, orators have frequently informed me the greatness of the nation rests if this be true, all I can say is, it's remark able what an imposing edifice you can creci upon a feeble foundation. Our ystem is bad enough, being based, as we on a Prussian system designed to keep 90 per cent of the population in sub-jection, and we have achieved democratic greatness rather in spite of it. But our publibraries-

OF COURSE, I'm not speaking of the public libraries in our large cities. Just as in our cities the school system has long ago realized its deficiencies and set about finding a remedy, so in such places the public library is very often a library in the true sense, a place where all classes go for whatever it formation is available in printed form. presume the public library and museum of Newark, under the guidance of that foreward-looking man, John Cotton Dana, is one of the most useful institutions in the United States. Mr. Dana long ago cured himself of the notion that a library is a place where nothing belongs which isn't bound between covers and where "culture" is alone sought in the guine of fiction and poetry

AM speaking rather of the public library in rural parts, where it is housed, perhape, in a room in the "town hall," adminintered by a board of trustees chosen from the village worthier and presided over by village spinster most needs the whatever money. After a considerable acquaintance with such libraries I am convinced that the money annually spent upon them is virtually wasted and would do far more good both to the spiritual and material riches of the com-munity if it were applied to bettering the

I ET me explain this shocking statement. In the town where I live we have reads that are almost impassable from mid-March to mid-April and pretty bad for a month longer and for a month in the fall. For at least three months out of the twelve we lose time, money, patience, getting our produce to market, etc., not to mention the wear and tear on motors and trams and the discouraging effect on the young people, who go to the cities as soon as they can. We also have a public library which we support to the tune of \$200 a year, because we believe it is one of the foundation stones of American democ-

NOW I'd rather see some of those stones under our roads. Two hundred dollars a year would put good gravel quite a dis tance on the worst places, and in a decade would virtually make passable for twelve months our swams, stretches. Spent on the library, what does it mean? It means a salary to a spinster who opens the room where the library is boused on Saturday afternoons (also Wednesday afternoons in summer) and dispenses the few books on the shelves to a few children and fiction-hungry females. Probably less than \$50 a year it left to buy books with, when expenses are paid, so you can imagine how pitifully inade quate any effort to keep up to date is, even in the single field of fiction. As a reference library the collection is quite worthless on any line, and it simply exists, as a thousand other small-town libraries exist, to provide a few children and women with fiction. To say that such an institution is a foundation stone of American greatness is a laugh

T LIVED for some years in a town which spent over \$1000 a year on its library. Naturally, it had more books and was open every day. But when I came to investigate the stacks I found it had no books on agriculture, farm engineering and sanitation tree trimming, plant diseases etc. later than tree trimming, plant diseases, etc., later than 1878! I found it had no books on modern economics, sociology, philosophy. I found that if a school teacher had wished to stage a play she could have found neither any plays nor lists of plays nor books to tell her how to stage them. But we were pure—oh, yes, we were pure! The splinster, who was secretary of the library board, carried a copy of "Pam" to the fireplace, grasped firmly in the tongs, and threw out Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" (one of the great religious books of the world), because Newman was a Roman Catholic.

ELL, what are you going to do about WELL, what can you do, with only \$200 car?" is the common answer to any

WE CERTAINLY ought to do something. or else give up this ridiculous bluff about our wonderful public libraries. The first thing to do, ungallant as it sounds to say so is to fire out the spinsters and administer the libraries by volunteers, if necessary but by people with a vision. The second thing have got to do is to get over the idea that a public library, especially a small one, is a collection of books for the restricted dissemination of "culture" (i. e., fiction). It is a collection of information for the educaand assistance of all classes

TO THIS end the United States Departs I ment of Agriculture especially and other national and State departments should equip every public library with its useful bulleting a spray formula for a new potato disease of how to build a concrete manure tank should know that he could get the latest informa-tion at his local library. The latest aids for teachers in all lines should be there. The vomen should go there for information about canning and conservation. Useful articles on such subjects should be clipped as read and nut on a bulletin board or in scrapbooks. A least one magazine of international politics to explain Europe and America, should be of The library should be constantly ad vertised to the village until its true function was realized and its resources made use of It should be in close and constant co-operation with the public school

TO ME there has been something pro

I foundly disheartening during these past three trying years in the almost complete ignoring of the small-town public library (at least, in my part of the world) by all the forces seeking to get essential information to the public. There has been a perfec flood of "newspaper publicity" (which goes to make the next day's fire); there have been posters and pamphies and bulletins. But nowhere are they collected, sifted, kept available for reference. They are lost in the shuffle, while the spinster librarian goes serencly on each Saturday afternoon putting her little rubber stamp on the slip inside the back cover of "Pollyanna" and similar stuff. don't believe one of our active farmers has entered our library in a decade, unless it was to get a "story book" for his wife. I don't believe it has given any assistance to a teacher, a dramatic club, a boy trying to educate himself for college, to a single person really seeking a public library for the purposes to which a library ought to be dedicated. And I don't believe this needs to to spend (which, by the way, would be made brary could be a necessity instead of an idle luxury). A proper spirit and vision in the librarian, a proper co-operation by the State and Federal bureaus and a more extensive co-operation by the city libraries could easily work a revolution. And I have idea that the United States Department of Agriculture and Education are the places where the movement ought to start. Perhaps has started-but it hasn't got to my nec

We suppose the next thing the Kaiser will do. in his efforts to convince the world

PHILADELPHIA AN ARTIST'S PARADISE

By Charles Wharton Stork

DHILADELPHIA will never be an artistle center. Granted, but why worry? For that very reason it is an ideal home for the painter and the writer.

OUR home public has not, perhaps, con-

sidered this matter for reasons which will shortly appear. Because Philadelphia is not an artistic center it is assumed that there are no Philadelphia artists. This brings us to our apparent paradox, viz. many good men, but they are a bit too far hat the very reason this city is an ideal place for artists in that the city as a whole knows little about artists and cares less. That is just what the good artist needs-

THE facts are the same in all professions that require solitude and contemplation. In a city that is mentally asleep there is not enough noise of thinking to disturb the original genius. Consequently it was here that Frederick W. Taylor, un known to his fellow townsmen, worked out his system of scientific management which brought experts from all parts of the world to visit him. It was here that John G. Johnson argued cases and collected pictures until the New York leaders of business who were looking for the greatest lawyer in the United States came over and engaged him to plead before the Supreme Court. Philadelphia seems Indifferent about keeping his art treasures in the city, but European connoisseurs declare it to be the finest private collection of paintings in the

WITH scholars it is the same. The late sion he needed for his monumental edition of Shakespeare. Henry C. Lea made himself such an authority on Spanish history that Lord Acton told him there was vir tually no second in his field. It is true that in their later years these two men became fairly well known in their native place, but this was after they had become sufficiently set in their ways to be above any consideration of temporary fame. Professor McMaster, at the completion of his invaluable "History of the American People." is in a similar position. Prof. F. B. Gummere, of Haverford College, still continues to receive from abroad most of his recognition as a leading authority on popular poetry.

EXAMPLES such as these have been often noted before. The point to be made here is that Philadelphia's indifference, instead of being a drawback, is a tremendous advantage to a really good man It is only the never-will-be type that wants to be patted on the back all the time Think of the number of weaklings whom our cold-shoulder cure has eliminated and turned into respectable druggists or school teachers! Meanwhile the strong man has had few temptations to cheapen his work during the formative period of his career.

MONTRAST conditions in New York. The O promising youngster is promptly snapped up by a newspaper, magazine publishing firm, art dealer or theatrica company. Whatever his gift, he is in duced to "play it down" to Fifth avenue and Broadway. Thus his artistic conience is vitiated. Cheap to the bissarie design, catchiteaches the man to repeat himself, consequently he never changes and never de velops. This is what has caused an English dramatic critic to say, "Every year I meet with a new crop of promising writers and find that last year's men have dropped

YOU CAN DO THIS IN YOUR SPARE MOMENTS

BUT, it may be argued, if solitude is good, why not isolation? To this we answer that moderation is the best rule in all things. The Middle West produces away from the center of things. They are lacking in necessary training; they are too far from New York and from Europe to get the culture and vitalization which every one needs from time to time. Provincialism is their strength and their limitation. The same thing is true in another way of Boston. Boston hinders her geniuses by coddling and conventionalizing them. Chicago has all the drawbacks and few of the advantages of a metropolis.

TO RETURN to our premises then. Philadelphia is the ideal city of America for artistic, scientific and scholarly development. And the proof is the number of men we have at the top in any given pursuit. There is a much larger percentage of Philadelphians in "Who's Who" than there is of New Yorkers, or even of the inhabitants of Boston and Cambridge combined. Furthermore, many eminent Philadelphians who made themselves here have moved tway to enjoy their success.

COK at a few of the fields we have not

noted. In the novel we have Owen Wister, whose "Virginian" has not been approached by any living American. Of the younger men, there, is Joseph Hergesheimer, regarded by many-critics as the coming master in artistic fiction. In the drama we have John Luther Long and Edward Carpenter. Among painters we have Joseph Pennell, Maxfield Parrish, Vioet Oakley. Daniel Garber and Joseph Pear son, all strongly distinctive. In illustration there are Walter Taylor, George Harding. Thornton Oakley, Jessie Willcox Smith and Anna Whelan Betts. Among the younger poets are M. Struthers Burt, William Laird. Phoebe Hoffman and Dorothy Anderson: of these, perhaps only the first-named is widely known as yet, but the others are being watched by those whose opinion counts. Even among free-verse writers we may count "H. D.," Ezra Pound and Donald Evans as Philadelphians in their early training. In music there are Celeste Heckscher and Camille, Zeckwer, composers; David Bispham, Allan Hinckley, Nicholas Douty and Horatio Connell, singers, and Frank Gittelson and Sascha Jacobinoff. violinists. This does not count Mr. Stokowski and the many talented members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which is now so valued a part of our civic-artistic life.

LET the Philadelphian, then, be of good courage. The longest way around will be the shortest way home to fame in his native city. When New York and London discover-him he can afford to wait for local appreciation. He lives in a city with all the opportunities that culture can offer and he is within easy reach of the great market. New York. He has lovely nature all about him, friends as many as he can do justice to and a community that will leave him alone. With these advantages if he does not make mad be has only himself

A BROAD ST. SUNSET

WHAT do you see, friend, as you go your rounds of the city? What besides people and buildings, soldiers and army trucks, straw hats and trolley cars? What else do

OUR city—any big city—is alive with the most wonderful sights. They may be seen at daybreak, at high noon, at sunset, at darkest midnight. Look about you as you go your way and behold these wonders that are all around you. Be your own Whistler as you ride or walk over the Schuyikil at night and look down through the grim network of gir-der and trestic to the river below. Be your own Maxfield Parrish as you look up from your office window to the great banks of fleecy white clouds piled high against the brilliant blue of the sky. Be your own Joseph Pennell as your Willow Grove train whisks you along past the glare of the great

Midvale furnaces. These marvelous pictures are all to be had for the looking; and more real, more vivid than ever the pen or brush of a Whistler, a Parrish or a Pennell could portray them

MAYBE you saw that mother-of-pean sunset the other evening from the waiting platform of the trainshed at Broad Street Station. It came at that period which might best be designated as the luli between "supper rush" and the "dash for the There have been few hours of quiet

there was such a time this evening. The few people who were about seemed to come and go with the lightest, roftest step. Not even the usual noise from the street; not a sound the usual noise from the street; not a so from a puffing engine or a moving train. STOPPED before the "official clock," set

and around Broad Street Station of late, But

my watch and turned casually around. There, in the west, at the far end of the great, black trainshed, I beheld a canvasa picture far more wonderful, far lovelier than anything I have ever seen in art gallery,

A little while before the great arched outlook must have been flooded with the golden glare of the setting sun. But that was gone now and in its place I saw a veritable er-of-pearl sky—broad, soft stretches of the most delicate shades and tints of pink, blue and cream, blending into and out of another with almost inconceivable variation. And against this picture of infinite beauty and purest coloring, as though to into a score of pictures and frame each one in ebony, criss-crossed the black iron girders that support the roof of the train shed.

BUT even as I looked the picture faded.

And as I turned to go the noises of the night came up to me from the street below. and I knew that the crowd was gathering or Market street and that the soldier and girl had about decided that, judging the pictures "out front," it was a pretty good film and they guessed they'd go in. E. A. M.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

What was the origin of the tanks as a was Who was lime, de Stael?
What was the first capital of the United States?

Name the author of "Kidnapped." What is the capital of Maine? Who is General Perton C. March?

9. What were the Wars of the Roses? 10. When was the Norman Conquest? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Chetenu-Thierry is an important Franch Duke Athrecht of Wurtemburg, German eral engaged in the Marne battle. Hartford is the capital of Connecticut. "Hamlet," a tragedy by Shakespears, Capitalin William Market State of Connecticut.

Captain William Kidd, a Scotch 5. The great mountain system of eastern America is the Appalachian. Josephus Daulels is Secretary of the 2