nino Bublic Tedaer PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CTRUS H. K. CURTIS, PRESIDENT ariss H. Ludington, Vice President; John Un. Secretary and Treasurer: Philips. Collin B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Director EDITORIAL BOARD: CTRES H. K. CURTIS. Chairman

IN C. MARTIN General Business Manage ished daily at PUBLIC LEDGER Building.
Independence Square. Philadelphia.
E CENTRAL. Broad and Chestnut StreFIG CITY. Press Union Buildi
OSE 206 Metropolitan Too
1403 Forth Buildi
1202 Tribune Buildi
NEWS BUILDING NEWS BUREAUS:

NEWS BURKAUS:

N. E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St.
London Times
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS
The Etranico Punto Lecum is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier.

by mall to points outside of Philadelphia. In the United States, Canada, or United States pos-cessions, pestage free, fifty 1501 cents per month, outsides, pestage free, fifty 1501 cents per month, outsides, pestage free, payable in advance, To all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per to all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per Notice Subscribers wishing address changed

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Publi Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MAITED.

Philadelphia, Wednesday, June 19, 1918

THE MAYOR STANDS FROM UNDER

MAYOR SMITH very properly objects to assuming with the City Solicitor responsibility for nullifying contracts which contractors, owing to war conditions. have found impossible to fulfill without heavy loss. Many men who have engaged to do business with the city have given bonds secured by the Mayor's bonding company. If they fail to make good the bonding company must reimburse the city If their contracts are nullified the bonding

company will escape all responsibility. The Mayor has asked the Finance Com mittee to recommend the passage of an ordinance placing all responsibility for dealing with contractors in the present exceptional conditions upon Councils itself.

Whether contractors who discover that they have made a bad bargain should b allowed to back out is a debatable question. But there can be no disagreemen on the proposition that no man who has had anything to do with bonding then should be allowed to have any say whether they should be forced to live up to their contract or not.

Every time the Kaiser lauds his was aims those of our boys at the front grow keener and more accurate.

FOX AND BIPARTISANSHIP

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH has appointed Edwin J. Fox, a Democratic lawyer of Easton, to the Supreme Court

Mr. Fox is said to have been recom mended to the Governor by A. Mitchell Palmer, to whom the position was offered Mr. Palmer is a reorganization Demo

crat, opposed to the affiliation of his party with the Penrose Republican organization Mr. Brumbaugh is affiliated with the Republican faction opposed to the Penrose organization and he has made few appoint ments which were not approved by the brains of the Vare faction.

The curious will at once begin to wonder whether the Vare faction is attempting to bring about an alliance with the Democratic reorganizers.

The situation is one which should excite the interest of the Democratic leaders meet ing in Harrisburg today.

The fourteen bridges which the Aus trians have thrown across the Plave may prove decidedly useful for the return trip,

A JOB FOR MR. HOOVER

THERE is a kind of price-fixing to which the most scrupulous economists cannot

It is the fixing of prices to preven profiteering. The price of beef has advanced eight

ten and fifteen cents a pound, according to the cut, within a month. Leg of lamb has gone up ten cents. Veal chops and calves' liver cost ten cents more, and other meats are higher. There is no adequate reason for these

poaring prices. Mr. Hoover would earn the gratitude of every householder if he would give instant attention to the sub-

They have not permitted the civilian populace to be robbed in Paris, and in London prices are kept down at a reasonable figure. We are certainly as capable as the English or the French to deal with the question. The profiteer is not the retail dealer.

The blame lies further back. Mr. Hoover ought to be able to fix the responsibility and devise a remedy.

Airplanes flying overhead will attract but little attention after the shorter-skirt fashion begins.

WAR POWER VS. RED TAPE

THE deep, direct cut which the Govern ment has made through a jungle of red tape by the decision to construct at once new trolley road between Darby and ester, which will link the latter city to Philadelphia by a through double-track route, far transcends in importance any engineering difficulties of the line. It is imperative that both speedier and chearer isportation be afforded the thousands workmen engaged in Chester's war acivities, her ships, her shells, her rifles. The need for this work has been obvious a long time, but an impasse of legal histacles halted the enterprise.

The whole mass has now been swept ide by the Government, which goes over the top of turnplke, trolley, water, gas, etric company franchises and other inests along the Chester pike, and even to ne extent commandeers the power of he Pennsylvania Public Service Commis-

Such a swift exercise of authority is tartling, indeed, but military necessity stiffes the Federal action and that plea nanswerable. As the immediate relief gested and inadequate service could to other way, the Government had ice in the matter. The war and its men had to be served.

the time all the threads of the ob ry arguments are picked up the ably be built. Its completion d for November. One million

INDUSTRIAL VOLUNTEERING CAN PREVENT CONSCRIPTION

Labor Is Confronted by the Necessity of Choosing Between Force and Consent in Engaging in Work to Help Win War THERE is no escaping either the logic or the abstract justice of the war

ington. We have drafted men into the army to fight and, if need be, to die. We consented to the draft because it seemed to be a fairer way to raise a big army than te depend entirely on volunteer enlistment. The selective principle distributed the burden over all industries and over

all parts of the country. The drafted men cannot fight successfully if the war industries, which supply them with munitions and food and ships and clothing, are handicapped for lack of labor. The volunteer system ought to provide labor enough. It is to be hoped that it will do so.

The labor order is intended to distribute the volunteer labor where it is needed and to prevent one war industry from bidding against another for workmen. It is intended also to induce employers engaged in nonwar industries to consent to the withdrawal of such part of their force as may be needed to supply the imperative demands of the war industries.

The order comes as near as possible to conscripting labor without actually conscripting it. Employers are reminded that if they do not induce their laborers to volunteer for war work the railroad management, the fuel administration and the war industries board can interfere so successfully with the conduct of their business that ther will not have work for their men to do. And labor is reminded that it can get no work without a card from the Government employment bureaus. All this means that if the men do not volunteer they will feel he arm of the Government about them.

The men who are allowed to work at home in order to help win the war ought o be glad to volunteer, but there will have to be 100 per cent volunteering to prevent the Government taking the logical step of actually conscripting all labor and assigning it to industries where it is needed. When 3,000,000 men are drafted into an army and sent to France to fight. 5,000,000 men remaining at home cannot with justice object to being drafted into work necessary to keep those fighting men fed and equipped. The fact that the present unsatisfac-

tory labor situation was produced by bungling in the first place does not help matters. Labor has been demoralized by the bidding of one war industry against another. War contracts have been let providing for the payment of the cost of production, plus a 10 per cent profit. This arrangement made some of the contractors indifferent to economy. The more they paid for labor the larger would their profit be up to the limit allowed. So they offered extravagant wages to unskilled labor, with the result that men went from one plant to another seeking more money and getting it. Labor was unsettled and private employers found it difficult to keep their help, and we are now confronted with the necessity of drastic Government action.

The first result of the new plan ought to be a scaling down of wages to a rate that is fair to the taxpayers as well as to the workers in nonwar industry. This will create dissatisfaction among the men who have been getting big pay, but it will not diminish their obligation to work. It may force the absolute conscription of all labor.

The possibility of such an outcome is foreseen in Washington, where they are talking of reducing the age limit for the draft to eighteen years at one end and raising it to forty-five years at the other. It is intimated that some plan is under consideration to force the men between these ages to work or to fight. Large numbers of men between thirty and forty-five years old are said to be engaged in no useful occupation. Their services are needed. If they cannot be obtained in one way another way must be found.

The nation is determined to win the war and it will submit to methods which under ordinary conditions it would fight to the last ditch rather than accept. The Administration is aware of the national temper and it makes its plans with confidence.

It is unfortunate that anything approximating the conscription of labor is thought to be necessary. But if we cannot win the war without it we must consent to it and make the best of it. The decision lies wholly in the judgment of the President.

Since both food and fares have become almost prohibitive in price, we may be taxed for indulging in luxuries whether we travel or stay at home this summer.

HOW PARIS KEEPS CALM

HINDY must feel aggrieved at Paris's refusal to get worried. Raiding Gothas. Krupp monster guns, Rosner's report that the Kaiser is bronzed and bright-eyed, none of these things disturb the cool insouciance of the queenly city.

And now Hindenburg has lost his last chance to give the French capital a crise des nerfs. The fishing season has opened in France. Once more the Seine is lined with philosophic anglers. On the quays and bridges, along the ripe gauche where the bookstalls are, leaning over the parapets with bamboo poles and worms dus from heaven knows where, all Paris is fishing. It is the recreation sans parcil for convalescent soldiers. It stills the mind it promotes harmony of all the goodly faculties, it arouses appetite, its drows, languor is sweetened by excellent tobacco The meditative Parisian sits watching his cork and wondering why tobacco smoke

rises blue from the bowl but gray when whiffed from the lips.

The Seine has been sacred to the angler since time unrememberable. Once we were wandering through the criss-cross of little streets on the left bank opposite Notre Dame. We found a quaint byway running down to the river and called Ruc du Chat qui Peche-Street of the Fishing Cat. Even the cats go fishing in the Seine.

labor order that has come out of Wash-The Germans will never shake the morale of Parisians as long as they can sit along the river with a rod and line. Fishing is a grand sedative, Parisian fishing especially, for not within the memory of man has the Seine yielded the excitement of an actual fish.

> "Kerensky Aid Arrives in Washington," says a headline. But it's still extremely dilatory about reaching Petrograd.

AS TO LOOKING GIFT STATUES IN THE MOUTH

THERE would have been no squabble in the Senate over the proposed statue of James Buchanan if the niece of the former President had not willed \$100,000 to pay for it. A grateful nation had not yet been moved to honor him at its own expense.

But this is not the first complication that has been produced by the eagerness of the kinsfolk of the conspicuous to do honor to their dead. There is not a city of any size which has not been asked to erect a statue of some local celebrity of greater or lesser desert at the expense of his heirs. And the public officials have in many instances been loath to look a gift piece of sculpture n the mouth.

In recent years we have created art ommissions whose duty it is to examine all such offerings for springhalt, spaying and saddle galls, heaves and blind staggers, with the result that artistically at any rate our public sculptures have improved. But we have much to learn in the matter of the choice of men to honor. There are statues of many great and near great and so-far-from-greatness-that-theynever-once-glimpsed-it in this city, but Stephen Decatur, for instance, lies in a humble grave in a local churchyard with no adequately sculptured urn to mark his resting place.

An art commission to pass on the quality f the public monuments does not seem to be enough. There ought to be a commis sion to decide who shall be honored and who shall be allowed to remain in merited

LISTENING IN

The Smell of Smells

I SMELT it the other morning-I wonder if you know the smell I mean?

It had rained hard during the night, and trees and bushes twinkled in the sharp early sunshine like ballroom chandeliers. As soon as I stepped out of doors I caught that faint but unmistakable musk in the air; that dim, warm sweetness. It was the smell of summer, so wholly different from the crisp tang of spring.

It is a drowsy, magical waft of warmth and fragrance. It comes only when the leaves and vegetation have grown to a certain fullness and juice, and when the sun bends in his orbit near enough to draw out all the subtle vapors of field and wood land. It is a smell that rarely if ever can be discerned in the city. It needs the wider air of the unhampered earth for its circulation and play.

I don't know just why, but I associate that peculiar aroma of summer with woodpiles and barnyards. Perhaps because in the area of a farmyard the sunlight is caught and focused and glows with its fullest heat and radiance. And it is in the grasp of the relentless sun that growing things yield up their innermost vitality emanate their fragrant essence. I have seen fields of tobacco under a hot sun that smelt as blithe as a room thick with blue Havana smoke. I remember a pile of birch logs, heaped up behind a barn in Pike County, where that mellow richness of summer flowed and quivered like a visible exhalation in the air. . It is the goodly soul of earth, rendering her health and sweetness to her master the sun.

Every one, I suppose, who is a fancier of smells, knows this blithe perfume of the ummer air that is so pleasant to the nostril almost any fine forenoon from mid-June until August. It steals pungently through the blue sparkle of the morning, fading away toward noon when the moistness is dried out. But when one first issues from the house at breakfast time it is at its highest savor. Irresistibly it suggests worms, and a tin can with the lid jaggedly bent back, and a pitchfork turning up the earth behind the cow stable. Fishing was first invented when Adam smelt that odor

The first fishing morning - can't you magine it! Has no one ever celebrated it in verse or oils? The world all young and full of unmitigated sweetness; the Garden of Eden bespangled with the early dew; Adam scrabbling up a fistful of worms and booking them on a bent thorn and a line of twisted pampas grass; hurrying down to the branch or the creek or the bayou or whatever it may have been; sitting down on a brand-new stump that the devil had put there to tempt him; throwing out his line; sitting there in the sun dreaming and brooding. . . .

. And then a tug, a twitch, a flurry in the clear water of Eden, a pull, a splash, and the First Fish lay on the grass at Adam's foot. Can you imagine his sensations' How he yelled to Eve to come-look-see and how annoyed he was because she called out she was busy.

Probably it was in that moment that all the bickerings and back-talk of husbands and wives originated; when Adam called to Eve to come and look at his First Fish while it was still silver and vivid in its living colors; and Eve answered she was busy. In that moment were born the men's clubs and the women's clubs and the pinochle parties and being detained at the office and Kelly pool and all the other devices and stratagems that keep men and women from taking their amusements to-

Well, I didn't mean to go back to the Garden of Eden: I just wanted to say that summer is here again, even though the almanac doesn't vouch for it until the 21st. Those of you who are fond of smells, spread your nostrils about breakfast time tomor-

IN A Y. M. C. A. HUT

Lawrence Perkins, a nephew of the late ohn Lowber Welsh, of this city, volunsome nonths ago for service as a C. A. hut secretary in France. He had had no previous experience in such work and was doubtful of his success, but they would not accept him in the army and he wanted to do his bit. He succeeded so well in managing his hut near Toul that at the request of the officers, when the soldiers whom he had been serving were moved to the tracehes he serving were moved to the trenches, he went with them. He suffered severely from shell shock and was compelled to go to Paris to recover. He was accompanied from Toul to Paris by Howard Butcher. Jr. of Philadelphia, to whom he has written the following account of his work with the soldiers.

IN WORKING with the United States Army Y. M. C. A. in France there is one great thing that stands out above all others-opportunity. It is always there, whether one's work is a success, mediocre or a failure. The Y. M. C. A. gives us just that-this wonderful opportunity-and we must do the rest. It gives it to us with both hands; virtually unhampered (so many people seem to think otherwise), and we must work out our own salvation by help of our reason, our common sense and, best of all, our hearts. There can be no frills or shams with the American soldier in France: it is the real stuff that counts. and it is just plain man to man always. so if he makes good and you make good you both succeed, and if you don't you fail,

T KNEW little about the Y. M. C. A. in America and imagined its viewpoint of life differed radically from my own, so I scarcely dared hope to be accepted as a secretary for war work in France when offered my services in New York. I told the committee I smoked, took a drink when I wanted one, and I am not sure, but I believe I said I occasionally swore. However, they gave me my opportunity, for which I shall ever be grateful.

KNEW as little about opening a hut as I did about opening a hotel, but after two days of being general utility man in a well-run hut in a large town I was told I was to have one of my own, all my own to sink or swim by. Late one October afternoon I was set down from a motortruck in a small village in northern France with a load of canteen supplies and a piane, and told to "go to it." In a moment I was surrounded by a mob of excited boys, and the plane was being played before it touched the ground. It was bedlam! I was deluged with questions:

"Will you help with a minstrel show?" "Did you bring a football?"

"Do you think we will be out of this damned place by Christmas?" etc., etc.

I won't dwell on my struggles and discomforts those first few weeks. I hate sweeping a floor, and tobacco chewing, with the usual accompaniment, makes it a filthy job. Also I still consider trimming and filling oil lamps an undignified proceeding for a man of more than forty. The boys soon thought so, too, and came to my rescue. My hut was in the loft of a ruined mill with the millrace running beneath a wonderful room with great beams and deep shadows, full of charm and sugges tion, and it was the happiest of homes to us all for the four months we were there My boys were not born with a silver spoon in their mouths nor with a golden tongue. Their language was dreadful, lurid. I thought the matter over carefully and reasoned something like this: It was as natural for them to swear as to breathe My job was to make them as happy as possible, and they could not be happy unless they breathed, so I let them swear away, but I drew the line if they swore in anger at each other. I made my greatest bid for their respect and affection and I won out. though it took me weeks to find the key to ome of their hearts. They are all "my boys" now in every sense, and I love them all, the good ones and the bad ones-only there are no bad ones-and I am prouder of their affection than of anything that has ever come to me. They call me Larry and Kid, which is pleasant to hear when one is more than forty, and since I have been with them in the trenches I am known

WANT to put down one or two inex pressibly touching incidents among many that have come to me. One day a young ster, a mere lad in whom I had taken an

less clegantly as "Larry, the Louser," be-

cause of the affection the cooties have

for me.

interest, said: "Look here, Larry, you don't know it but I have always been a crook, a thief. but somehow I guess I won't be any more." Then again. Just before Christmas, I was working on the tree when I was grabbed from behind and a voice said, "You do everything for us and we love you," and he kissed me on the back of my neck and was

gone. EARLY in February the long-expected order for active service at the front arrived, and with it my permission from the Y. M. C. A. to go with the men. I have been on two battlefronts, always with them, whether front-line trenches, support or reserve. My officers have been goodness itself and have given me every opportunity. They agree with me that the moral effect is very strong in having some one with those boys, some one who does not have to be there, but who goes as a friend to live their life and to share their dangers. When possible I carried in supplies, sometimes even into the front-line trenches, but more often it is just for chat of mother, sweetheart and home, and together for a time we can almost forget the foul mud, the rat-infested dugouts and the incessant shellfire.

THIS is the chance for service the Y. M. C. A. makes possible for us older men, surely the finest of chances, to do something to make this grim game of war less terrible for these poor boys, many of whom have little understanding for what they are fighting, but are ready to bleed and die at their country's call. At times the suffering and tragedy of it seem more than one can bear, but it is for all of us to strive to look ahead as hopefully as we may. One day I was walking over what had once been a green field of fair France, now a torn and ragged waste from bothe shellfire. Out of the yawning crater of a shellhole a skylark rose and soared, singing, up and still up until it was but a small cross in the blue sky. I need say no more.

Uncle Sam not only expects to feed the Allies, but to give Ger-



THE GOWNSMAN

DOETIC license is a convenient term, designed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. Like charity, too, poetic license is likely to begin at home, somewhat to the disturbance of the home. But unlike charity, which is often bedridden and unable to go abroad, poetic license is an outrageous gadabout. In fact, poetic license gads and egads about everything, ruffling he respectable furbelows of Mrs. Grundy and exasperating all the little rule-of-thumb critics who sit in big chairs and tell us how we ought to do things otherwise.

DOETIC license is a double-edged weapon of offense. It may merely affect what a man writes or says when he gets his singing robes on. And the Gownsman may remark parenthetically that wings and a halo are not en regle for all singing robes. Or i may cut back, this license of the poetic temperament, and affect the poet-or shall we call him the licensor? It may make him absent-minded so that he takes-or mistakes-somebody else's ideas or somebody else's wife for his own. It may elevate his thoughts to such a degree that he neglects the trivialities of life, such, for example, as the payment of the butcher's bill-though possibly this is not so accurate a case of poetic license as of poetic justice in these days when the fleshpots of Egypt have become a double snare, for the soul and the purse.

THE art of shocking Mrs. Grundy, like that of the old masters, seems now irrevocably lost. It was at one time a flourishing, often a highly lucrative, employ ment, as the triumphant successes in many fields of Byron, Shelley and Oscar Wilde can attest; or Poe, Whitman and Whistler, to come nearer home. For each in his own sweet way ruffled the feathers of respectability - if respectability is an old bird, as seems quite likely; or fluttered the lawns which deck the pudgy shoulders of conventionality-to return to Mrs. Grundy with the poetic license of "pudgy shoulders" graciously forgiven. Whether this excellent old lady, the guardian of our public conduct if not of our private morals, has belied the eyes of Argus and fallen asleep, dropping her lorgnettes in her lap, or whether old age has actually fallen upon her, certain it is that she cares less and less what people do, although she occasionally awakes to what they write.

IF YOU are not possessed of genius-and so few of us are-the next best thing is the achievement of notoriety. Get your name in the papers-it does not much matter for what. Contrive to have somebody -it does not much matter who-call your book or your speech or your conduct "scandalous." Get Postmaster General Burleson to prohibit you and your wares the use of the United States mails-and, my boy, you are made. You have emerged, you are at last visible to the naked eye. And now, to keep it up. Do not do things in the manner in which other people do them. Any man can attract a crowd on the street by turning a handspring. It is not difficult to turn a handspring; scarcely more so than to turn a hand-organ. To leave figures, of which the Gownsman confesses himself as fond as an actuary, if you write the things which courtesy and title-pages call poetry, do not rhyme-rhyming is diffi cult, but you must call it "hackneyed." Do not descend to counting syllables; no great poet ever does, and besides, it is likely that you will count wrong. Above all, do not nake your meaning clear; what has poetry to do with meaning? Mystery, profundity

epigram-not epitaph; that will come soon

THE greatest triumph in modern art which the Gownsman has ever seen was a something at a "rebels' exhibition of art" in Paris, under the skeleton shadow of the Eiffel Tower. "It" was on a pedestal in the center of the sawdust-floored atelier (this word, to show the reader that his Gownsman is on easy terms with French. Do not imitate too obviously). "It" could be viewed from eyery side, and looked pretty much the same from any. Could it be statuary? "It" was painted vividly, variegatedly, venomously. Could "It" be a picture? "It" seemed made of pieces of aterial curiously bent and Could "It," after all, be only a species of ngenious mechanism?

"Ah!" exclaimed a fair Frenchwoman at my back, with brightening eyes and hands clasped in ecstasy, "C'est un poeme ravissant!"

And I was satisfied; the thing was only poetry, after all.

THE Gownsman doubts not that the artist, the constructor, the piecer together of "It" was a decent enough person, doubtless with one wife-and that his own-and six or seven children, and addicted to no greater irregularity, let us hope, than a modicum of stimulant for an imagination that must conceive, under the rules of the new art, a something that never had been shown heretofore on land or sea. The poetic license of our day has been transferred from the poet to his works, a blessed amelioration in the habits of poets and a boon to all respectable biographers. Who cares how many commandments anybody breaks in a book? Who cares if any poet is disrespectful to the Westminster catechism or flippant about the thirty-nine articles, as was Shelley? Free verse is more harmless than free love; and delirium tremens in plaster or in marble may be somewhat hard on the public who become the real sufferers, but the perpetrator at least escapes the fate of Poe.

BOHEMIA, alas! is dead with all the dear disreputables who once inhabited its hospitable shores. Poetic license, which once was wont to break out in rash conduct and deck the sinner scarlet; poetic license, that had its fling and after the fever wrought many a great name back to recovery and fame, now customarily strikes in, leaving on our literature, our art, our music, our architecture ever the decadent symptoms of singularity, egotism, posturing, stridency and absence of beauty in

WHEN the Gownsman began this paper he intended to tell his readers about our own Ezra Pound, who has delved into the poetic past of prehistoric China and asounded the English in their own capital. Mr. Pound is not le dernier cri of futurism or even of post-futurism, to say nothing of cubistry or parallelepipedonism. Mr Pound, the Gownsman is credibly informed has squared the circle of all poetry and stands today in the future of futurism where we may appropriately leave him.

If the Kaiser will come to Philadelphia An August in a month or two, we Greeting will be glad to let him

Now our Congressmen can have a happy, heedless summer. Ac-

THE READERS VIEWPOINT

A New Yorker Pays His Respects To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Apropos of the editorial in today's issue of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, with its sarcastic comments in reference to New-York and the so-called idiosyncrasies of New Yorkers in general, permit me to state that Philadelphia is not immune from air attacks by German airplanes, with which you state New York is threatened.

Even this, however, would not fluster the slow and leisurely life of Philadelphia. Even few bombs dropped over Billy Penn's head would hardly arouse the inhabitants of the Quaker City from the lethargy with which the majority of them are afflicted. If, as you state, "ennui is a plague of summer in the inexplicable city of New York," there is only one other place to be compared with the allis a section of the battlefields in France re-cently 'gassed," where every one is uncon-scious. Speaking of gas, I cannot help but smile when I think of the way the nonchalant "Sergeant Major Ryan" "gassed" the gullible City of Brotherly Love.

1777 Broadway, New York, June 17,

Clips "Funnies" for Soldiers To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—L would like to ask some naturalist
what species of insect "the young lady across

the way" belongs to, for, surely, she "reasons not." She hardly has the instinct of insecis; not." She hardly has the instinct of insects; yet, in spite of this fact. I miss her greatly when she is hidden. Last Saturday I felt something amiss when finishing the Evening Public Leder, and convinced myself this morning it was the absence of our "young lady," as I clipped any real "funnies," as is my custom every day (before sending the "yesterday's" paper to the cellar), for my soldier envelope. By the way, I wonder how many mothers and sisters do this for some soldier lad? My soldier says, "Pletse keep sending me funnies from Philadelphia papers; anything to keep me laughing."

Well, to continue about "the young lady

Well, to continue about "the young lady across the way," to my surprise I saw her In the middle of the page, entirely missing her on Saturday. The satisfying "link" was on Saturday. The satisfying that united. So out she came by the scissors and into my soldier envelope. I keep one addressed, and as soon as full send it off. addressing another one for the MRS. J. F. F. Philadelphia, June 18. "Can you tell me, Mr.

A Little Ballad Bones, in what re-will Follow spect the food admin-Will Follow istration and the war labor department are alike?" "Well, Mr. Tambo, wherein lies the similarity?" "Beo, wherein lies the similarity?" "Be-they are both opposed to much loaf-

What Do You Know?

1. What is the highest rank in the United States navy and the highest grade new held? Where is General Sarrall? What is perious? What is the capital of West Firginia?

What flower has been most generally pre-nosed as the floral emblem of the United States?

Who wrote "The Marilan"?
Who is the Queen of the Belgians?
Where is Viberg?
Who is Mrs. Mand Buffington Booth?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Radoslaveff is the Premier of Bulgaria. Field marshal is the highest military in European armies.