na Bublic Tedger LIC LEDGER COMPANY

EDITORIAL BOARD: . AMILEY

C. MARTIN ... General Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS UNG PUBLIC LEBOKE IS SEVERED to Sub-Philadelphia and surrounding towns of twelve (12) cents per week, payable

mall to points outside of Philadelphia. In miled States, Canada, or United States pos-ns, postage free, fifty (50) cents n.r. month. (86) dollars per year, payable in advance, all foreign countries one (81) dollar per orice. Subscribers wishing address changed

BPLE, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Public ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AN

Philadelphia, Friday, June 21, 1918

GOING TOO FAR

THE motives of Mr. Lewis, fuel adminis trator, are good, but his judgment is bad when he threatens to prevent the de ery of coal to any house from which a tenant has been forced to move by a profiteering landlord,

There are not houses enough in the city for any of them to be kept empty for the purpose of punishing the owners. And the innocent purchaser of a house that has en vacated because the tenant refused to buy at the demand of his landlord has a right to coal. He should not be punished for the sins of another. And he does not become a partner in the offense of the owner of the house when he buys it in od faith.

If there is no other way for punishing the greedy and grasping profiteers than risiting upon the innocent the guilt of offender the profiteers would better go uppunished. If Mr. Lewis cannot find a otter way perhaps some real estate lawyer who understands the nature of leases may be able to help him out.

Viscount Grey discusses forcibly the reans why Germany should join the league of nations for peace, but nonetheless "the ming guns that have no doubts" have by far the best of the argument in that

BONNIWELL RAMPANT

THE volunteer fireman who is running for the governorship on the Democratic ticket was at his best at Harrisburg. He s acting on the theory, laid down by one Fordrow Wilson when nominated for the overnorship in a neighboring State, that candidate for the governorship selected the party thereby becomes the party Now Judge Bonniwell wants to know who

leader if he is not. And he wants it actly understood that if he cannot be nized as the leader of the party that minated him he will organize a party alch will recognize his claims to direct to campaign. This is the spirit that vic tors are made of-and also martyrs.

Mr. Bonniwell is at present rampant and also couchant, as well as rampant gardant and salient, not to say combattant, and with regard to Mr. Palmer counter passant. If he does not know what all these phrases mean, let him consult a book on English beraldry—or Irish, if he likes that better,

to attack a ship that had cleared for action doubtless did that just as "politely" as he would have bombed the vessel had she been

THE BOOMS THAT BLOOM IN JUNE, TRA. LA!

ORMER GOVERNOR RALSTON, of Indiana, seems to have forgotten that the frosts of two hard winters must intervene before the fragile third-term boom for Mr. Wilson which he exhibited in a flowerpot in Indianapolis can become a hardy

Prematureness is sometimes as fatal to

itical booms as too-lateness. There is no occasion to get excited over the matter. The country is not yet facing presidential campaign of 1920. Many liers will cross the sea-and many come ack again-before the national convenas are held. Many new reputations will be made and some old ones may be unde before that time. If the war is still in progress the issues before the country be very different from those which is est consider if peace has been made.

It is prudent for the politician at the ment time to cut the future in very thin dices, then he will be certain not to bite off more than he can chew.

ecording to a St. Louis dispatch, the du" of the late "Gumshoe Bill" Stone eries "Fight!" It is pleasant to learn the spirit is willing, even if the flesh

SAVE EXPLOSIONS FOR EUROPE

YAVING permitted the grant of fifteen hundred licenses to fireworks dealers the Fourth of July, the Mayor in the of a "safe and sane holiday" obligexpresses his intentions "to look up law on the subject." This convenient od of dodging the issue recalls the ce in Wonderland" jurisprudence guiding principle was "sentence

. verdict afterward." Mr. Smith's shiftiness, however, although ensical, is decidedly unfunny. The tional regulation regarding the use explosives on the nation's natal day has described as of the familiar "joke" ety. But the consequences of this typed sham have in the past been

is a situation in which trifling is The Fourth of July shambles not be repeated this year. As the has in effect disregarded the Fedties' urgent request that both o and explosives he rigidly con-independence Day, it is now up ndependence Day, it

PEACE GAS BOMBS

The Renewal of the Teutonic Attempt to Paralyze the Entente Allies by Talk of Political Negotiations to End Wat

THE failure of the Germans to win their objectives in France and in Italy is followed by peace talk. Along with boasting of their victories to keep up the courage of the people at home come reports from various parts of Germany of plans for ending the war.

Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, went to Holland to talk peace with the Dutch Socialist leader. Georg Bernhard, an enthusiastic Pan-Germanist, is saying in the Vossische Zeitung that 'this war cannot be ended by any military, but only by political action." And the Hamburg merchants are talking of the economic war which they must face in the future unless a peace satisfactory to the contending forces is made soon. They dread the trade war more than the war of arms, for it means the destruction of their business.

Bernhard is not content with the separate peace perotiated with Russia, Rumania and the Ukraine provinces. They are not enough, but must be continued in order to detach one after another of the Entente Allies from the combination of enemies. France is to come next and then Italy, leaving England and America to be dealt with separately by war on

This sort of talk is a gas bomb hurled into the air in the hope that it will stifle the war spirit in Italy and France and paralyze the spirit of America with the prospect of continuing a war against a foe which has triumphed so extensively.

But the responsible men in the Governments of the Entente Allies are not deceived by any such efforts. They have been made too often in the past for their significance to be misunderstood. Neither are the reports sent out of Germany about the discontent of the population accepted at their face value. We are told that Germany is starving, that the people are rioting, that they have lost interest in the war. And we must admit that there is doubtless some truth in all these statements. But in spite of whatever straits the people may be living in the fact remains that the army is fighting with vigor and courage, and the nation produces about 700,000 youths of military age every year to fill the ranks depleted by the losses in battle. The one fact of which there can be no doubt, however, is that the German forces cannot be enlarged beyond their present strength and that they must continually grow smaller.

And the forces of the Entente Allies, thanks to the strength of America, will continue to grow larger for a year or two to come. Germany is as well aware of this as we are. This is why she is making a new peace drive in the hope that she can detach some of her enemies by a subtle form of propaganda. Political alliances may be suggested and trade combinations against the rest of the world, and other forms of appeal to the mercenary instinct of her enemies.

But she mistakes the attitude of the nations fighting her. They are not mercenary. They are fighting for a great principle, namely, that conquest shall not be recognized as a valid motive for making war and that force shall not be permitted to triumph when used for

The issue was well stated by the Kaiser at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne when he said that the war was to decide whether German morals and ideals should triumph or the ideals of the Anglo-Saxons. A negotiated peace, which would be a compromise, is the last thing which the men fighting for Anglo-Saxon principles will consent to. The French accept these principles with the same loyalty which America shows for them. And all reports indicate that they are determined to see the business through to the end.

The Entente Allies are equipped to the last man with automatic gas masks, which counteract the effect of all the noxious fumes spread abroad by the Teutonic peace propagandists. , They are enveloped in a protective armor of righteous purposes and are conscious that they are fighting for the permanent peace of the world, a peace which is not possible if Germany triumphs now or if Germany is left in any condition to make war for a generation to some. The idea that they are the chosen people of God, destined through the survival of the fittest to rule the world, must be knocked out of the German mind so completely that the first faint conception of the rights and equality of all peoples may begin to dawn on the Teutonic consciousness.

Speaking of army exemptions on the score of fatherhood, in what class would Brigham Young have been entered had he lived to these wartimes?

GERMANY'S FRIENDS OUR FOES

T IS hinted that conviction of our necessity for making war on Turkey will be forthcoming in an investigation of her alleged outrages against our consulate and hospital in Tabriz. But however damning the evidence may prove to be, such a procedure seems a very elaborate method of approaching a simple issue.

It is much easier to open a school geometry and renew therein acquaintance with the pregnant axiom that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." The spirit of governmental forces in Turkey is the spirit of Germany. Germany is our foe. The mathematical deduction is obvious and un

that country and Turkey may be legitimately extended as a reason for belligerency. Washington has held that primarily we are fighting Germany. But we would continue to oppose her in waging a war, already too long delayed, against those subject stool-pigeons of the "Near East," miscalled her "allies."

Why is it that the photos of lovely ladies playing tennis so often remind us of Broad and Chestnut streets on a windy day?

A SIGNIFICANT RESEMBLANCE

PROFESSOR ROSS, of the University of Wisconsin, called on Leon Trotsky in Petrograd last December to learn what he could of the economic program of the Bolsheviki. He has reported the result of his interview in one of the chapters of his book on Russia. Here is a significant extract from the conversation:

I asked, "Is it the intention of your party to dispossess the owners of industrial plants

In Russia? he replied. "We are not yet ready to take over all industry. That will come in time, but no one can say how soon. For the present we expect out of the earnings of a factory to pay the owner 5 or 6 per cent yearly on his actual investment. What we aim at now is con-

"What do you mean by 'control'?" "I mean that we will see to it that the factory is run, not from the point of view of private profit, but from the point of view of social welfare democratically conceived. For example, we will not allow the capitalist to shut up his factory in order to starve his workmen into submissiveness or because it is not yielding him a profit. If it is turning out an economically needed product, it must be kept running. If the capitalist abandons it, he will lose it altogether, for a board of directors chosen by the workmen will be put in charge."

The parallel between this statement and the statements of Mr. McAdoo, explaining the returns to be allowed to the owners of the railroads and the purposes for which they are to be operated, is startling. Either the Bolsheviki are less radical than we had supposed or Mr. McAdoo cannot properly be described as a conserva-

"Are you aware. Mr. Very Good, Mr. Bones, that the deal-Bones; Very Good er who demands extortionate prices is always deaf on one side?" "Why, no, Mr. Tambo; how is that?" "Why, because all cries for relief fail to register in the

Wurm is one of Austria's generals, and He Will Also the obvious meaning Turn-Back of his name is happly suggestive of his rate of progress through

profiteer."

CAMPHOR BALLS

Our Own Mother Shipton

EVERY once in so often old Mother Shipton, the sixteenth century prophetess. bobs up again. Yesterday we heard a new version of her dope, alleging that when movies and submarines and airplanes and wireless telegraphy came along, half the world would swim in blood.

But if anybody tries to frighten you with what Mother Shipton said don't get alarmed. You may recall that the lady announced (from the safe seclusion of the year 1560) that the world would end in 1881. But when, after much anxiety, folks worried through until that time and looked around, everything was still there. And on the credit side they discovered that William McFee had been born in that year. If you don't know who he is, any bookseller will be glad to tell you.

We often wonder who starts these things some prophecy of our own. The idea is quite simple. You simply put down all the things you deem quite impossible, and then say that when all these things happen then something else will happen. This

When Woodrow stops writing "May I not, When advertising blotters blot. When skirts once more conceal the

And Germany regrets her sins; When the price of food comes down again And women vote better than the men When kids aren't maimed on the Fourth of July.

When cinders never get in your eye, When the City Hall yard is cleared of junk And profiteers are spurlos sunk, When a russet shine can be had for a jit And elevator chauffeurs don't quit, When a bald head doesn't attract the flies And a man's own wife considers him wise, When no one says, from sea to sea, "I don't mind heat, it's humidity-

And when we get a chance to go fishing once more

The world will end, if not before,

They Did, and Restrained Themselves

We expected to see this headline yester day after those food riots in Vienna. Why did no one think of it?

Austria Hungry SALTED PEANUTS.

Where They Go (The New York District Attorney's office says that Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit are the favorite hiding places of absconding husbands.)

When husbands make a getaway, where do the slackers go? Where does the pallid henpeck fly? Well if he is adroit

He seeks those centers where the visibility is low-The cities of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleve

land and Detroit.

But why not Philadelphia, Boston, Balti more, Duluth. When housewives bounce on hubby

bean a rolling pin for quoit? seems to me unnecessary compliment sooth

For cities like Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleve land and Detroit. DOVE DULCET.

Sad but True There's nothing like getting engaged to

take the sass out of a man. I know lots of young fellows who talk like TNT among their peers, but you should see them coo and molass when friend flancee gets them on the phone. No back talk then PENSIVE.

German success hindered by the rain.

By Licutenant Leon Archibald

THE scheme for these five days' maneutions being made quite in conformity with what might be expected in the real thing. This, to a large extent, placed the englneers at the disposal of the infantry, and together with all our equipment we remained temporarily attached to them until the battle was over; and in passing I should like to remark that those of our arm of the service who were thus privileged will be forever grateful to the powers that be for a freat pew in one of the most complete pantomimes it has ever been the fortune of troops to behold.

liable to bias your judgment.

ABOUT noon of the fifth day the battalion to which my section was attached obtained one of its important objectives, immediately after which it assumed defensive tactics and spent considerable effort in, discouraging counter-attacks. The latter are as certain to occur as sunrise, and as a consequence an objective cannot truly be said to have been won until all the enemy's attempts to retake it have been frustrated. In accomplishing this end we could, for obvious reasons, look for no assistance from that indispensable ally, barbed wire. It could, of course, be assumed that an entanglement was prepared in front of us, but the cavalry had already demonstrated its lack of imagination so forcibly that more realistic measures were not only desirable but imperative. After an exhaustive consultation by the "staff" it was decided that a "dummy" barrage would greatly enhance the possibilities of our successful tenure, and this once in the annals of bat tles it was the engineers and not the artillery who furnished this eminently gunner commodity.

IN OUR toolcart was a supply of gunbetter representation of a bursting shell could be wished for than a slab of guncotton? And as a result of this ingenious discovery three sappers were forthwith dispatched for the camouflage, and then, gether with necessary accessories, were detailed to sally forth to a ridge about 300 or 400 yards in front of us and lay their charges. These were to be prepared in such a fashion that, as soon as the "enemy" was seen approaching with evil intent, the mock shells were to be "touched off," this grand display of fireworks being calculated not only to discourage the "enemy's" design, but on account of the novelty of the enterprise to create a very favorable impression in the minds of the umpires.

THESE umpires, consisting of three or I four portly generals, borrowed for the occasion, had all through the operations been galloping about, constantly in touch with every movement and endeavoring to decide which side in their judgment carried out its tasks in the most soldierly fashion; and I might again remark in passing that if any one of those umptres arrived at any lucid conclusions with regard to those five days' operations he surely merited his rank of general. Our position and next moves were evidently, in the eyes of the umpires, of some importance, for shortly after our "barrage" had been planted they galloped with a grand flourish into our neighborhood, taking up positions on the aforementioned ridge to watch developments. This contingency had not been anticipated, and as "orders were orders," the sappers religiously carried out their instructions as soon as they received the signal that "the enemy was approaching." The scene which immediately followed can perhaps be better imagined than described. Well-fed and spirited steeds immediately took charge of the umpires and proceeded to advance, retire, do anything, in fact, to get away from the vicinity of those obnoxious detonations. A horse would start madly off in one direction, only to be confronted and turned by another upheaval, while all directly concerned were rapidly developing hysterics. Through the smoke one was offered occasional glimpses of frantically gesticulating sappers who beseech ingly shouted to the riders:

'Don't go that way, sir!" To be imme diately countermanded by another order: "But don't go that way, either! Lookout, sir, there's another one there!" While the riders bit out such feelingly exclamatory remarks as:

"Stop it! Whoa! Stop it, I say!" All of which were punctuated with loud "bangs" from the barrage.

convulsive scenes on the ridge we never learned, but he evidently considered it no place for self-respecting cavalry.

vain hopes are con-



British Royal Engineers ON OUR way to the big offensive on the Somme in July, 1918, our division was halted about half-way along the journey for a five-day period. We were to refresh our memories with "extended order" and other movements calculated to add confusion to the Hun when we got him in the open and on his way back to the Rhine. One little item out of the many which served to imprint those five days forever on the memories of men grown weary of months and months of monotonous grind in sodden trenches is perhaps worthy of some notoriety. vers was in the main attack and defense taction, with our division acting in the capacity of the attacking force against a dismounted cavalry division, our dispost-

WITH the exception of one small phase I shall not go into any details concerning the progress, the aims or the ultimate outcome of the battle. My reason for adopting this attitude is simply this: When the "show" was over we of the attacking force were unanimous in the opinion that we had, in a very efficient manner, accomplished the tasks set us; while the cavalry, on the other hand, contended that we had failed miserably all along the line, and that to them therefore belonged the honors. In the face of such a difference of cpinion. and in the absence of the other side's version, I would perhaps be resorting to questionable taste in making any comments

instead of pursuing the too familiar route from the Terminal. Try it some day, you victims of habit. To start the day by a little variation of routine is an excellent excitement for the mind. THAT after-breakfast period, before the L heat begins, has a freshness and easy armed with about a dozen slabs each, tovigor of its own. Housewives are out scrubbing the white marble steps; second-hand furniture dealers have spread their pieces on the payement for better inspection and sit in their morris chairs by the curb to read the morning paper. Presumably the more ease and comfort they show the more plainly the desirability of a second-hand morris chair will be impressed on the passer-by; such is the psychology of their apparent indolence. A fire engine with maroon chassis and bright silver boller rumbles comfortably the clock-work that keeps their red and

THE cats of Spring Garden street ar I plump and of high cheer and they re-mind me of the most famous cat that ever mind me of the most famous cat that ever lived in that neighborhood. She was a big tortoise-shell puss called Catterina (Kate for short) and she lived in a little three-story brick cottage on Brandywine street, which is just off Seventh street behind the garage that now stands on the northwest corner of Seventh and Spring Garden. Catterina played a distinguished even a noble, part in American literature. I am the gladder to celebrate her because I do not believe any one has ever paid her a tribute before. You she happened to be the particular per and playmate of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Allan TT 1S curious that Philadelphia pays so Little honor to that house on Brandywine street, which is associated with the brief and poignant domestic happiness of that the last two or three years of his stay h ccupied the little brick house on Brandy wine street. One of those who visited it ther described it as "a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the center of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius." What is now only a rather dingy back yard was then a little garden full of roses, grape rine and creepers. Perhaps the pear tree that is still the most conspicuous feature of the yard was growing in Poe's tenancy. It was a double tree, with twin trunks, one of which was shattered by lightning quite re-

MRS. WILLIAM OWENS, who has fived in the house for eight years, was kind enough to take me through and showed me everything, from attic to cellar. The house is built against a larger four-story dwelling which fronts on Seventh struct, now numbered as 530. In Poe's day the two houses were converted the larger one below the property as 530. In Poes day the two houses were separate, the larger one being the property of a well-to-do Friend who was his landlord. Since then doors have teen pierced and the whole is used as one dwelling, in which Mrs. Owens takes several boarders. It would interest Poe, perhaps (as he was once in the army), to know that a service flag with three teers houses from the front of the house. TUST what the "enemy' thought of the

stars hangs from the front of the house. The stars represent John Pierce, Harry Bernhardt and Dominic Dimonico, the first of these being, as I understand, a foster son of Mr. and Mrs. Owens.

It is not hard to imagine the charm of this sings little house as it may have been in the

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY writing. Spring Garden was then near the northern hue dear to Philadelphia hearts) and well freed and gardened. Until very recent y an old lady was living, a neighbor of

Where "The Raven" Was Written-

and Catterina the Cat

SPRING GARDEN STREET is a pleasant thoroughfare for wandering on a cool

summer morning about eight-thirty of the

clock. It has been my diversion lately to get

off the Reading train at the Spring Garden

Station and walk to the office from there

white striped emblems revolving. And here and there on the pavement, reclining with rich relish where the sunlight falls in white

patches, are gray and yellow cats.

THE GERMAN JAZZ

used to sit at the window and play her harp. THE house is well and solidly built; the door opening toward Brandywine street still has its original old-fashioned bolt lock which Poe's hand must have fastened many and many a time. The little dining room has a fireplace, now filled in with a stove. In one of the rooms upstairs (according to tradition) "The Raven" was written; and there are two bedrooms with casement windows in the atte. Some of Poe's finest work was done in this house, among other tales probably "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug" and "The Black Cat." And here a curious coincidence may be noted. It will be renembered that in the story of "The Black Cat" Poe describes how some very unpleas ant digging was done in a cellar. In clean-ing the cellar of the Brandywine street louse Mrs. Owens discovered recently a place where the bricks in the flooring had been re moved and a section of planking had been put in. Is it possible that this circumstance suggested to Poe the grisly theme of his story? Just for fun I would very much is to explore under those boards. They are cand have evidently been there a long time.

TMAGINATION likes to conjure up the little household: the invalid Virginia Poressel while singing) the stout-hearted and all-sacrificing mother-in-law — "Muddy;" as the poet affectionately called her—the roses that grew over the wall, and (let us no forget her) Catterina, the cherished pet. Catterina was very much a member of the family. In April, 1844, when Poe and his wife moved to a boarding house in New York, where they found the table amazingly cheap and plentiful, he wrote to Mrs. Clemm

The house is old and looks buggy. The cheapest board I ever knew. I wish Kate could see it—she would faint. Last night, for supper, we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong and hot—wheat bread and rye bread-cheese-tea cakes (gant), a great dish (two dishes) of gant ham and two of cold veal, piled up like a mountain-three dishes of the cake No fear of starving here. Poor Catterina: Does not this suggestion

her swooning imply that she may had to go on rather short commons in little home on Brandywine street? But after all, there must have been mice in the cella

IN THE same letter, written from New A York the day after the Poes had gone there to look for better fortune, he says Sissy (his wife) had a hearty cry last night ecause you and Catterina weren't here.

BUT IT was in the winter of 1846-47, when Mrs. Poe lay dying of consumption in the cottage at Fordham, that Catterina came to her highest glory. The description of that scene touches upon a human nerve of pity and compassion that must give the most callous a pang. Poe himself, harassed by protective prides of the control of the contro poverty, pride and illness, had to witness the sufferings of his failing wife without ability to ease them. This is the description of a kind-hearted woman who saw them then:

There was no clothing on the bed but a know-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's great-cost with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed con-scious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth

DERHAPS Philadelphia will some day do Atting honer to the memory of that ill-starred household that knew its best happi-ness in the little house on Brandywine street. Mr Owens, who is a druggist, has whimsi-cally set up in the front parior one of the bly scarlet papier-mache rayens that are used to advertise Red Rayen Splits. But it

A SPLENDID THING

TT IS a splendld thing to be a man, just now-

A man with brawn and courage, who can fight.
Or one with brains to make the proper plans
And chart the courses that will lead to
victory.
Again it is a wondrous thing to be

A man of means—with money to push on And aid and speed the work in every way Where funds are needed. I am not a mae. And yet it is a splendid thing today To be a woman—one with brawn to go Right in the face of our inhuman foe And nurse the soldiers, feed the fighting

host. Drive ambulances, and do everything One sees needs doing! It is also fine To be a woman with sufficient brain To help the men in all they undertake And then suggest another thing or two
Worth undertaking! And again, the last,
A woman's money is a needed thing,
And it is something well worth living for,
To give a fortune to a suffering world, That in the future years it may be free This war's grim horrors! To be alive and part of this great work Of helping on a true democracy— One that shall be a pure, unquestioned State Wherein no trace of past injustices Wherein no trace of past injustices To man or woman, humankind or beast, Shall ever more defile the Stars and Stripes. The chosen emblem of our liberty. And, whether we be born a man

Or born a woman, we have chance to die True patriots, all—and this, perchance, may More precious even than our splendid lives!
—Lurana Sheldon, in the New York Times.

How Far, Indeed? to the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—If the Federal fuel commission renders 10 per cent of the houses of Philadelphia uninhabitable next winter by refusing to allow coal to be delivered to them, how far will such action tend to relieve the scarcity of houses and reduce rents? T.

Philadelphia, June 20.

Mary had a pair of eggs And a slice of ham. And when the waiter brought her check
She gasped and murmured, "Good-night,
nurse!"
—Macon Telegraph,

A Linguistic Offensive

English will have no near competitors among the languages after the war, for while we are obliterating the German language over here our boys doubtless are murdering the language over there.-Caruthersvilla

Pride in feminine attainments makes ne boast of the fact that Bertha Krupp is the leading gunwoman of the world.—Washing-ton Star.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Who is Major General Liggett?
2. Who is adjutant general of the United States

Army?

3. What is the Sigma Xi?

4. What is the capital of Denmark?

5. Name the author of "Oliver Twist."

6. Who was Arrigo Bolto?

7. What is meant by the military abbre.

"H. F. A."

H. F. Amp Handsch?

B. Where is Camp Handsch?

B. Who is president of Brzo Maue College?

10. Where is the Plave River?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Arthur T. Hadley is president of Yale

2. Kentucky is called the Blue Grass State.
2. Alf-ed Tempson wrote "The Princess,"

General is the highest rank in the American in the highest conferred less the dozen times in the history of the arm.

Treasury

n cans of growth is an onle mannity center
about a national hero and develop
through folk tales and poeley, which
An one of art is an onle connected
An one of art is an onle coon removed
actionome and component. The 'Illiad'
remaine of the first. "Paradice Long
time secund,
he Cobbler of Kondinicks: A forman
man of an experience of the content of the con