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Philadelphia, Friday, July 3, 1913

GOVERNOR EDGE AND OTHERS GOVERNOR EDGE of New Jersey has announced finally that he will not campaign-vocally-for the United States Senite. He will let his record do the talking and depend on the discrimination of the people to elect him. If Mr. Edge is as farighted as his decision seems to indicate he deserves election. The wisest politician nowndays is the one who says least.

Permanent issues, dependable issues, log fcal issues are as yet nowhere in sight for either political party. The old phrases about the tariff and States' rights have ost their meaning since the war began The needs and demands of the country may change overnight.

If these times were like times that have preceded them, the Fourth of July in Pennsylvania would have been nothing more than an incidental and luminons back ground for the aspirations of Judge Bonniwell and Senator Sproul, for Governor Brumbaugh and the Vares, for Mr. Penrose and the chosen workers. But these are new times and most of the leading candidates were restrained in their manner and in their utterances. They didn't know what to sav!

The best Fourth of July celebrating was ne in the neighborhood of Chateau-Thierry.

WHAT IS WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE MEMBERS of twenty-two of the fiftyone draft boards have got together for the purpose of agreeing on a uniform interpretation of the regulations.

An attempt will be made next week to ot representatives of all the boards gether, when decisive action will be

This is a good beginning in the work of wing all cause for dissatisfaction with decisions of the boards. There has been i wide difference of opinion on the meaning of the rules. In the absence of explicit lirections from Washington there is room for differences of opinion. Agreement can be reached by compromise and concession. and when the boards do agree no drafted man will have excuse for complaint.

The boards are headed in the right direc-

President Wilson's Mount Vernon Address Declaration of Independence by Humanity From All Tyrants and Their Servitors

Nº AMERICAN can read President Wilson's Fourth of July address at Mount Vernon and fail to feel a thrill of pride in the war mission to which our

"SPEAKING FOR ALL MANKIND"

nation is consecrated. One hundred and forty-two years ago the Founders adopted the immortal document which has been the Charter of Democracy throughout the world. Yesterday Mr. Wilson revised-or, better still, supplemented-it, so that it becomes the charter of all mankind for the future. What Washington and his colleagues did then for America and the republics which were born, like this nation, out of the urge toward liberty and free insti-

humanity. This is neither a prophecy nor a boast. It is a plain statement of fact, and nobody need read the speech twice to realize it.

tutions Mr. Wilson is doing now for

Masterly in diction, simple in utterance, noble in thought, a child can grasp its significance. There are phrases in it which will last as long as men love freedom. Its message goes straight to the heart; it will quicken the pulse of the people everywhere it is heard; it appeals alike to the soldier in the trenches, the mother at home, the workman in the shop the statesman in the forum and the scholar in his study. It is the vocal thought for which mankind has been

groping in the welter of war. It is the death warrant of tyranny cloaked under the baneful power of autocracy. Once and for all the President has

disposed of the fiction still sedulously nurtared in some corners of the earth that the United States had a selfish interest in going to war. If there are 'capitalists" here or abroad who still secretly believe that some mercenary gain can be wrung out of the advantage which will surely lie with America and the Alhes when the war is ended, they are fools, fooling only themselves. If there are statesmen in Europe who stili believe that America's idealistic motives

in the war can be turned to serve the cunning means of conquests either in territory or trade, they are simpletons. If there are gibbering radicals who still believe that America is the tool of adroit European politicians in high places, they are lunatics, hopelessly mad.

Across the banners of militant democracy the one sentence which is the sum of the President's great words should be blazoned for the deluded peoples of the Central empires to read at every firing line-this:

What we seek is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

What answer can Prussianism make? How can kaiser or king longer betray the rights of his subjects in the face of such a clean and candid declaration? Where is the Lenine or Trotsky, in or out of Europe, so glib of tongue as to falsify that doctrine? How can Kultur frame a reply, however specious, without standing self-condemned before every fair and sincere lover of the rights of

men and the Governors of the future be like? Will they be wiser, abler, more sincere?

Ships had to be built. Industry had to be reorganized on a scale unbelievably vast. The finances of the country were shifted to a new basis. Armles were organized, trained, transported. New trades, industries and professions were created. We have yet to hear of a Congressman or Senator or a Governor who was able to participate actively in this general task.

Politicians talk and criticize, but they seldom execute. That may be what they are for. We gain something by being aware of this aspect of the matter-even at this late date. Congress is worrying about its vacation;

but think of the Reichstag. It may have to sit until 1920.

TWO WOMEN

 $B^{\rm OTH}_{\rm had}$ a handbag stuffed with diamonds, cash and Liberty Bonds, which represented, all told, about \$75,000 in spendable money. The other had a bag that held

seven cents, the remnants of a ham sandwich and a photograph of her son who s in the army-her principal worldly possessions. The handbags were accidentally exchanged in a New York railway station. She who lost her son's picture cried nost bitterly. He was her prince and his name was Dinny, she said, and he was in France and the picture showed him in a sweater she had knitted with her own handa! "Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried when the picture was restored. "I thought I had lost you'" and thrust the bag of riches back to its owner as if it held poison

It is futile to discuss things like this. there is a world of wonder and feeling and tenderness of which a mere man may know nothing though he live to be a undred. At the occasional revelation of its mysteries one lifts one's hat silently and passes on to simpler matters like war and world politics and the contentions of kings.

The "mill" in our million now in France aspires to grind as "exceeding small" as that of the gods, and at a higher rate of speed

THE PARADE OF NATIONS

DRESIDENT WILSON, in his epochal address at Mount Vernon, said that the fate of the world must rest ultimately upon the organized opinion of mankind. In the parade of nations on Broad street yesterday it was possible to perceive how various thing the opinion of mankind is and has ver been-how rich, how truiv valorous how ennobled by eagerness, hope and faith No one who saw yesterday's procession of Americana of foreign birth will be able soon to forget it. In the garb and in the magery of the various groups were echoes of all history. And we were permitted to see the beauty and glory of some of the

things from which these people have turned for their new Americanism. Here were the representatives of nations that have been almost exterminated in their endless fight for liberty and for honor in other parts of the world.

The Serbs and Rumanians, the Poles and the Scandinavians have this great tradition to make them proud and to make them brave.

Few Americans are accustomed to thinking inteiligently of the Chinese. Few know them as they are-as a nation of wise and gentle people, passionately devoted to the things of loveliness. The Chinese group in vesterday's procession appeared, as one observer wrote it, "With the swift and sudden loveliness of a fairy tale." The imaginative symbolism with which they ht Broad street flowers from twenty centuries of philosophy and artistry.

LAURELS FOR LOTI

TT IS not easy to connect Captain Louis Marie Julien Viaud, formerly of the French navy and now winner of a special citation in army orders, with Pierre Loti, subtle spinner of perfumed phrases, champion of the exotic and the antique, creator of wistful romances of Polynesia, Japan and Turkey. In the picturesque life of the exquisite literary craftsman, whose well-known nom de plume originated in languorous far-flung Tahiti, art and arms have always curiously clashed.

As a naval officer his mission in prewar days was often to carry progress and order to distant lands. Captain Vlaud honorably performed his task and then. as the better known Loti, he wrote the swan song of fading charms in once idvilio

reaims fast sulled with "civilization." He criticized French rule in the Society Islands and Cochin-China, exalted the most un-European customs of the Turk and roundly berated the English for submerging the Philae temples by the construction of the monumental Assouan dam.

A CAREER so paradoxical has warranted $\mathbf{A}_{\mathrm{explanation.}}$ Since the beginning of the war Loti has persistently provided one by pointing out that as a literary artist he might have written things which he would be ready to repudiate as a patriot. But such a sacrifice is needless. Gems like "The Marriage of Loti," "Disenchanted" or "Madame Chrysantheme" have their secure place in art. That their author now puts this mistress secondary to natriotism is sufficiently proved by his Government's recognition of his distinguished recent services.

The whole situation is typical of his peroic fatherland and recalls the case of Anatole Brance, whose acid pen satirized the whole course of French history in "Penguin Island" and then wrote passionately in defense of his country in "On the Path of Glory," In a land of literary masters, patriotism comes first. France the scoffer. Loti the delicate prose poet, heed its call.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir-Blarney time of the sweetest words in the English language. An art in making the world brighter and happler.

The only thing above all others that makes diplomat worthy of the name

Blarney

it has no guiding rule, but takes care of itself in every situation.

A persuasiveness that ridicules the word nd covers the intent.

Impossible to discern even by the cleverest and just as efficacious when used with them A gift of the gods and can be used scien-

tifically only when used sparingly. A food to the egotistical

A crude thing sometimes, but never apparent as such.

When crudely handled it becomes a parody and acts accordingly.

It never fails to work unless the subject

It's a padded club both to the weak and the strong and especially useful to the physically

It is often misconstrued to mean "bull," but such construction is a crime against its fair name. It is sometimes truth and sometimes not.

It absolutely requires clean thoughts to



"SO SOON!"

forever (among cultivated people) by using Hindu and other dark-skinned troops to fight against the white gentlemen who had

through Belgium and France. . . GERMANY and America, moans Doctor Dernburg in the three of his hideous

dream, "had neither common borders nor olliding interests." How preposterous, APPARENTLY thoughtful Germans are then, that two such fraternal and mutually A still nuzzled to know why America enestimable nutions should be at each other's tered the war. It seems to them incomthroats! Alas, Doctor, it seems to have prehensible that any one should resen been a matter of colliding psychologies. such little pranks as the slaughter of We have never had, nor have we now, passenger ships or the devastation of Belnor will we ever have, any bitterness of gium, or the deportation of noncombatants. hatred for the German people. We feel

much as a man does when he is attacked

LADDIE, little laddle, come with me over the hills,

Where blossom the white May Illies, and the dogwood and daffodils:

spirits that love to roam Over the hills of home, laddie, over the

the sea. A call to the best and bravest in the land

of liberty.

the weak that fall. Whistle a song as you go, laddle, to an-

taped and burned and drunk their way For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our

hills of home.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over

To shatter the despot's power, to lift up

swer your country's call.

weak.

caust of war, and whenever war has hap pened Blarney was either asleep or his dis-ciples were woefully outnumbered by the children of hell. A son of Truth and with Truth's omnipo

country trying to disinfect the German ause in the eyes of the American public, s a "dead one." s now a roaring success in Berlin as ar interpreter of the quaint and whimsical deas that obsess the United States. His leading articles in the Berlin Tageblatt. even when reverbed and reverberated into English syntax, make merry reading.

but never a lie, because a lie is the weapon of a blackened soul, while Blarney's disciple must needs be clean of mind.

ield successfully its mighty power. It has prevented and will prevent the hole

If the food administration could eliminate vocal beefing with the other sort there would e rest for ears made weary by the restless voice of the kicker.

SQUELCH THE TICKET GOUGE

CHICAGO has outlawed ticket speculators by providing that no ticket shall be honored unless sold at the printed price and at the box office. A similar ordinance was introduced this week in the New York Board of Aldermen. Our own City Councils should follow suit.

. The sidewalk speculator is only a sporadic nuisance in Philadelphia. But the increased prices charged at ticket agencies are a persistent grievance. It has been oth affirmed and denied that the theatres share the rake-off when tickets are sold at hotel stands at an advance of fifty cents or a dollar over the regular price. The public, however, doesn't care how the rapaus game is played. The extermination of a sheer gouge is the issue.

Germany missed her chance to have a Stine Fourth of July

INDISPENSABLES

THERE are classes of public servants in this city which should under no circumstances be disturbed by the work-or-fight order of the War Department. The public would sadly miss the folk who teach good manners to the conductors of the P. R. T. We could not spare the evoted workers who keep the trolley sings in such a state of exquisite order ad pepair that the cars make no noise atever to keep people awake at nights. One may be permitted to hope that the it will not take these benefactors of heir kind, or the bellhops who sternl; reto take tips or the waiters who never out their thumbs in the soup.

The weather on the Fourth provided a tle rebuke for those speakers who seized the occasion to criticize the Government. weather was fair.

FOR SHAME!

TERE are 177,000 coal miners in America. Thirty-three thousand of them have n drafted into the army.

takes two years to make a miner. A dier can be made in three months. sident Lincoln once said he could te a major general with a stroke of

of the gravest scandals of the war is been that arising out of the lack of ght of the men responsible for exmen engaged in coal mining from

ought to be ashamed of them and to do works meet for repentrepairing their blunders without

man Specifically, it is possible for the casuist to read too much or too little into the

intention of the President by applying the old conventions of diplomacy. One might say, for example, that the second paragraph of the President's four generalized but still definite declarations of "ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting" is aimed at some of the statesmen of the Allied countries who have not yet disabused their minds of the hope that rational and perconal profit may be reaped from the enormous expenditures of life and wealth flung into the breach of battle. Or, he could argue with the nicety of the academician, that it is not easy to apply abst-act principles to particular instances where the situation is so complex and variously confused by national traditions. jealousies and aspirations. But this is all

beside the purpose. Inspired by the exalted truth, compact within the brief address of the President. every delegate to the peace conference which will sit at the close of the war should find no obstacle to a settlement which will preclude for all time a repetition of the horrors through which mankind is now passing. No other course can succeed.

Everybody in Philadelphia said this morning, "It seems just like Monday."

THE FARMERETTE: HER MEANING

FARMERETTES, lament the telegraph wires, are not proving altogether satisfactory in southern Jersey. The captains of agriculture have found some of them to be too frivolous. And so the stern routine of the soil was disturbed and work was hindered, and from the region of Woodbury many of the girls have been sent home to Philadelphia.

Now, no one of all the millions who have fied away from farm life will be disposed to agree altogether with the farmers about Woodbury. A little more of frivolity and a little less of the rod of iron might long ago have made farm life tolerable to the multitudes who have left it for the illusive happiness of cities. Farmerettes may be frivolous. But the farms are not frivolous enough.

How many let their patriotic arder past with the day?

WAR LESSONS IN GOVERNMENT TOLUMES are being written of the changes that experience may dictate in the theory and methods of industry after the war. Nothing is being said of the possible reactions in politics. What will the Senators and the CongressRaly to us. But of the remote peoples we know too little. Yesterday's pageant was adequate to show how nrdently mankind everywhere has pursued the ideals of freedom, honor and wisdom. The procession of the newer Americans showed how much of richness we may have ultimately in our civilization. It said as plain as words that we must justify the faith and the devotion of these people by

We know enough of France, England and

Unhanny Austria! Walloped by the Italany and hustled backward under the heet of Germany !

THE FUTURE OF THE HERALD DODMAN WANAMAKER, James Still-K man and Eugene Higgins are, to pub-

them ever high.

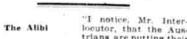
lish the New York Herald as executors of the will of the late James Gordon Bennett and later as the managers of a special corporation formed to publish the paper and conduct a memorial home for New York journalists founded in honor of Mr. Bennett's father.

The fate of this newspaper, which has been in the control of father and son for eighty-three years-a family record unequaled in American Journalism-is a matter of national interest. It was the evident intention of Mr. Bennett that the family name should continue to be connected with the Herald for all time, as the corporation is created as "a perpetual memorial."

When anything goes Twenty Times wrong a Russian says a Day "nichevo," which means "never mind !" How many opportunities Russia has had to

say that while Lenine and Trotsky have been on the job.

Hoetzendorf, the defeated Austrian gen-Experts ! eral, is being called a stuck-up ignoramus in the German pre-German press is familiar enough with the species to make its verdict generally accept-able.



trians are putting their troubles right up to Emperor Karl." "How's that, Brother Tambo?" "Why, the paper says that 'they ascribe their recent defeat solely to the rain.'"

The University Mu-Oh, Boy! seum may have treasure in the cently acquired nillar of Pharaoh's palace, hunk of the one at Potsdam would enrich it still more.

-----The Germans are planning a coup in Russia. In Russia they speak of it as a coop.

"Polish problem solved" chirps a head-line, but it's hard to credit in these days of ten-cent shines.

tent backing. A soothing lullaby to the fretful and an encouragement and a stimulant to the weary. Universally defined as deceit, but such a definition is a malicious calumny Impossible of possession by the ignorant is a mental defect and not here ignorance the lack of book learning. A snake charmer

Solomon's main claim to being considered wise man. Possessed more or less by all neonles, but oms to be partial to shamrocks and shil-

guarding our vigorous Ideals-by keeping laluhs. T. H. C. Philadelphia, July 4.

Reuse of Waste Paper

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger

Sir-1 noticed in your paper on June 25 n article stating that beef steak cost less than writing paper, that all papers are being affected owing to the supply of raw material from which paper is made becoming exhausted and calling the attention of the lic to the wastage of paper, and that there must be a halt. Who is wasting the paper? The public? In my opinion, no! The manu-facturer of paper is to blame to a great extent by not turning back into circulation news print, book stock and writing paper instead of using this class of waste paper in manufacture of paper boxes, etc. This is where the waste comes in; common fiber

can be used for the manufacture of paper boxes, etc. I know that 50 per cent of news print and book stock can be reclaimed without any deterioration to the stock treated Probably the manufacturer of paper knows the same, but is it that it pays him better to use waste as stated on the manufacture of hoxes, etc., and gouge the public in price for the finer qualities of papers? If there has to be a halt called upon wastage of paper start at the head and not at the tail end of it. The public cannot be saddled with every-thing that comes down the pike.

THOS. B. HARRISON. Philadelphia, July 3.

[If this correspondent can tell the paper manufacturers how to extract the carbon printing ink from waste newspapers so that the stock can be used again they will be glad to hear from him.-Editor of the EvENING PUBLIC LEDGER.]

Nationality of Noted Men

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Kindly let me know the correct nationality through your valuable paper of the following men: General Foch, General Perfetti, in charge of the Allied aero welfare Bartholdi, maker of the Liberty statue, and John Sousa. D. A. P.

Philadelphia, June 29. [General Foch is a Frenchman, born in a Basque country in the south of France. Major, not general, Perfetti is an Italian Bartholdi was an Alsatian, born in Alsace when it belonged to France. John Philip Sousa is an American of Portuguese descent.— Editor of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.]

THE DAY AFTER

 $\mathbf{A}^{\text{FTER}}_{\text{July,}}$ Thanksgiving, the Fourth of

Or any kind of a fun-day, Each of us says, with a puzzled eye, It feels just like a Monday.

But after a fellow's been out on a bust Or any old kind of heyday, He never says, as he hunts for dust, It feels just like a pay day.

or firing on the Red Cross, or the phosphorescent and zigzag humor of the suggestion that a few million Americans should be turned over to Mexico if the latter would make war on us. All these playful gestures should be endured with the patience one accords to a pet mustang in the front parlor, flicking the cut-glass bonbonniere over with its tail and putting a hoof through the panel of the grandfather clock. . . GTAHAT we are at war with America,"

. .

grieves Doctor Dernburg, "seems almost like a bad dream." If Germany feels that way about it she will do well to look for the causes of the bad dream where such nightmares generally originate, in some surfeit of strong, rancid or bitter lishes. It is an overplus of the Welsh rabbit of Prussianism that has given Doctor Dernburg and his pals this unwholesome night agony. The Kaiser seems to have wanted to revive the Holy Roman Empire, to become (in the old phrase) the Emperor of Almaine. Instead, he is the Emperor of Ptomaine, and the German stomach, hardy as it is, will not suffer him much longer.

. .

THIS strange and incomprehensible dream that afflicts the Doctor must seem almost as meaningless and grotesque as the hoots and hisses that greeted him when he toured this country in May, 1915, explaining why the sinking of the Lusitania was a perfectly genteel act. Unhappy man! With the utmost good humor and friendliness he climbed platform after platform, beaming with dulcet and cheery considerations. After all, a matter so academic, so theoretical and remote from passion as the murder of a few hundred women and children, what was that among friends? Why shouldn't it be discussed amiably, pro and con, pointing out a: the end of each paragraph that the Lusitania was really a British cruiser in disguise? And that the unfriendliness (if there were any) was England's for letting Americans

travel on her? And to Doctor Dernburg's embargasament and chagrin, his audiences met him with yells of anger and scorn.

. .

BUT after the Doctor returned to Ger-many, undoubtedly his genial mind forgave the boorish Americans for having been discourteous to him. A hasty people the Yankees! They had been annoyed about the Lusitania because after all she was a favorite ship of theirs and they had been sentimentally attached to her. But they would get used to that sort of thing. After the U-boats had sunk a few more ships Americans would grow accustomed to the novelty, and even feel a certain gambling exhilaration in wondering which ship would go next. So the Doctor turned his mind to other matters, and created great satisfaction in the Fatherland by

on the high road by a maniac. The madman must be overpowered, he must be held and bound and the knife ripped from his hand, though it takes all the neighbors to do it. Even in the fury of the scuffle we are too proud to hate the man himself. But for the dreadful and unclean and inhuman possession that has perverted his brain and sense we have infinite pity, infinite horror. It is that grim spirit of evil that creeps so often and so subtly through human affairs. To cleanse the aching earth of this poison we have set our teeth

and shall give all, to the end. W^E ARE sorry for the whole anguished earth. Doctor, but sorriest of all, per-

haps, for you and those of your kind who have cast the great abilities and fervors of your manhood into the barren task of justifying wrong and sacrificing your hearts for a bleeding error. We did not want this war: you yourself were one of those who by your endless pratings thrust it upon us. It seems to you a bad dream, you say? Ah, but ere it is over you will see it more than a bad dream. It will be a very tangible reality. Why not run down

to Chateau-Thierry for your next weekend? SOCRATES.

The Letter of the Law

An illiterate Wisconsin justice of the peace used to consult what looked like a law book. but which was really a mail order catalogue. One day a colored person was haled before the squire for drunkenness. The squire heard the evidence and then, after opening his book and glancing at it, fined the prisoner \$4.49, to be worked out on the road As the negro was being at 25 cents a day. As the negro was being led away he said to the marshal: "I'se sho" a unlucky guy." "Unlucky nothing " re-plied the marshal. "If the squire had hap-pened to open that book at automobiles instead of pants you'd he working on the read the rest of your life."-Galveston Tribune.

> Man Wants but Little Here Below All Turkey now wants Is the restitution of Arabia, Palestine, Mesopotamia and Egypt And the Crimea and Crete. Which reminds us That all we want is a couple or three Million dollars and A private car and limousine and A summer cottage By the sounding sea and A ticket to Atlantic City And a self-acting fly-swatter And a greyhound And something that'll stop A sunburned place from stinging And a silencer that'll Work on cats

And a large tub o' suds And an invitation To the Kaiser's funeral And a few more little Old triffes like that. When it comes to sitting Down and yearning for things Turkey haan't anything on us. --Macon Telegraph Brother, soldier brother, the spring shas come back again. But her voice from the windy hilltons is calling your name in vain;

For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the blossoms roam

Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France" you sleep,

Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep, Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your

life laid down.

You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown,

As mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!

And the lips that quiver and faiter have ever a single theme,

As we list for your dear lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to weep

Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose keys the angels keep!

Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam.

Over the hills of God, laddle, the beautiful hills of Home.

-Lilian Leveridge, in "Over the Hills of Home and Other Poems."

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

- 1. Where is Barnard Collece? 2. Name the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night."
- 8. What is the national air of Germany? 4. What is the Foreign Legion? 5. Who was the sixth President of the United States?

What is meant by "Croix de Guerre"?

7. What is the highest noncommissioned officer

- 5. Who was W. E. Henley? 9. What is meant by "infitration" in a military
- 10. What is a vampire?

Answers to Wednesday's Quiz

- 1. Trinky College (America) is at Hartford.
- Connecticut is known as the Nutmer Stater sometimes as the Wooden Nutmer State, in reference to an allered Yankee trick of manufacturing imitation nutmers.
- 8. Chauce-Claus process: An important method of extracting subhur from waste.
- Chaver-I turn process: An important method of estractions subhuru from waste.
 Cade Nepeoleon: A co-stillantism of French haved mulnis on Roman law and sponsored by the first Bonaparte.
 The Chevalier Bayard was known as the "knight without free and without resuranch" (sans, peur et sans reprache).
 Gusenpe Veril, Italian composer, wrote the second of "Aida".
 "Aida" was written to order on the commission of the Khedive of Esput for the analysis of the second of the se