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Philadelphia, Monday, July 8, 1918

THE BLOODY FIFTH AGAIN

LL that is sordid and shameless in the practices and methods of political cliques has been evident in the Fifth Ward murder cases, which shift to the Chester County courts with a preliminary ergument today. The question of a fair and impartial trial has been secondary Delay and confusion seem to be the aims of the persons most intimately concerned.

It may not be too much to hope that the significance of the Fifth Ward and its oting scandals is not altogether lost on the larger jury that renders every final judgment in public affairs-that is the reading and thinking public. In proceedings such as have characterized the Deutsch case politics on the one hand and legal practice on the other are stripped of their traditional dignity. The instinctive faith of the people in the institutions of government and order is confused. A day of reckoning must come sooner or later. Mr. Rotan as the prosecutor in this instance is called upon to defend more than the rule of law. The ethics of his own profession are involved as well as the safety of law-abiding men.

News headlines prompt the suggestion that there are two Houses in Washington and that Congress often has less to say of government than its rival from Texas.

LET'S BE FAIR

THE Agures given out by the Treasury Department showing the alleged ex erbitant profits of merchants and manuacturers, supplementing the information entained in the report of the Federal Trade Commission, are unfair and mis-

A small business man with \$10,000 capwho turned his money over twice a year before the war may have turned his canital over four or five times during the last year because of increased business And he may have made only a fair profi on the business that he has handled. To compute his profits on the basis of his capital and to say that he has made 75 or 100 per cent is manifestly unfair to him. It holds him up to scorn as a profiteer when he has been handling his usiness only on a safe margin.

There is nothing easier than to make figures lie. It cannot be that the Treasury Department is deliberately attempting to create the impression that all business men whose capital has been working over time since the war began are dishonest profiteers. When dealing with such a vital natter it ought to give out the whole truth or none. Fairness will pay in the long run.

Now New Yorkers will be ready to admit that John Purroy Mitchel was a good Mayor

MAYOR SMITH AND A FLAG

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK is a sweet singer. Her great voice lends a new glory to our songs of patriotism. On the Fourth of July she moved Mayor Smith almost to tears when she sang the "Star Spangled Banner" at a great public demonstration. A magnificent silk flag, which Mr. Smith had given the singer to wave. was thrust again into her hands. "Take it!" cried the Mayor with great feeling. "Keep it in memory of Philadelphia!" I was a glorious flag of rich silk, of vast ize, with a mahogany staff and streamers of gold cord.

We wish Mme. Schumann-Heink joy o the flag, which she took with her to New York. The Mayor didn't know whose it was. He had a remote idea that it belonged to Councilman John Baixley. Councilman John had borrowed it from some one else. Now the city will pay for the dag joyfully. But the owner is said to have been angry for an hour or two. He midn't be.

Independence Day would justify itself showed as vividiy the joy that a practiced litician finds in giving away the things that do not belong to him.

It will not always be summer. Plan for

NOISE

NY city dweller who adventures into A the country for a night realises on his return that he lives in bedlam.

are of the P. R. T. provide most of it. ns with a crash that seems to grow uder and more discordant every hour rough the night. Motortrucks increase nd multiply. They use bigger motors and for some reason or other they make et of their uproar after dark. Oil seems o be scarce. It seems never to be used street car brakes or on the brakes of

notorcars.

There is one consoling aspect of the ation: When the soldiers return from tumult of the battlefront they will no reason to feel homesick.

OCH AND THE OFFENSIVE

The Allied Generalissime Is Evidently Preparing for a Great Drive When He Gets Americans Enough to Insure Its Success

WE ARE permitted to assume from information sent out from Washington that preparations are under way for a great Allied offensive.

If this assumption be well founded the war is clearly entering its final stages. The Germans have had the advantage from the beginning in that they have conducted offensive campaigns. Virtually every great movement has been made on their initiative. The Allies have waited for the attack and have repulsed it as best they could. The one notable exception is the Somme drive. but this resulted in one of the most disastrous defeats of the whole war. The Germans gave ground, it is true, but their retirement was an example of brilliant strategy. The British had been preparing for months to make the attack. They had placed heavy guns in position in great numbers and had vast stores of ammunition. But the Germans simply withdrew their armies out of range of the big guns, and the months of preparation went for naught. This is admitted now, although at the time we were told it was a great British

The truth is that the Entente Allies have never been in a condition to conduct a successful offensive. They have been able merely to dig in and hold their lines. But now we are told that the arrival of American troops in France is increasing the strength of the armies to such an extent that the policy of digging in and resisting attack can safely be superseded by an offensive campaign. When it will begin has not been disclosed. But it is morally certain that the winter will not open before some great movement has been undertaken

victory.

General Foch is now conducting a series of attacks on small strategic positions held by the Germans all along the line. He is surprising the enemy in place after place and capturing the points which he needs. The effect of these tactics is to keep the Germans guessing and to force them to have considerable bodies of troops all along the line. It interferes with their plans for the concentration of vast forces at a particular point, for it reduces the number of divisions available for such concentration.

When General Foch has a million American fighting men at his disposal he can decide the day and the place for his first great offensive. He knows that we cannot win unless he makes such an attack and is prepared to follow it up with sufficient force to drive the Germans permanently out of that part of France in which the action takes place.

He is a master of strategy and we can safely trust him to decide when the time is ripe for action. All the reports from France indicate that the American troops will increase the strength of his armies to a much greater extent than it would be increased by a similar number of Englishmen or Frenchmen. The Americans are fighting with an enthusiasm and a determination that is a revelation to the veterans.

At Hamel on the Fourth of July they went into action shouting "The Lusitania!" as a battlecry. They realize that they are fighting the Power that was guilty of the damnable outrage of sinkng that passenger ship loaled with women and children, and they are regarding themselves as the instruments selected by heaven to bring retribution upon the guilty.

An army convinced that it is an in strument of God's justice is invincible. These American boys will be an inspiration to the fighting forces of all the Entente Allies because of the contagion of their ideals and because of the guarantee that they represent the power of a nation with 10,000,000 men eady to be thrown into the battleline if they are needed.

So when the drive begins, be it soon or late, it will be conducted by a confident army determined to put an end to ruthlessness and to bring peace upon earth through the destruction of that barbaric Power which has violated it.

The Germans can't understand why ou men go into battle shouting "Lusitania" as their war cry. The idea that we still feel angry about a little murder on the high seas s so preposterous.

JAPAN TO AMERICA

[718COUNT ISHII, the Japanese Ambas sador, made an Independence Day address at Fair Haven, Mass., which was typically Japanese in gracefulness and insight. It is only natural that the public consciousness has been largely focused on President Wilson's magnificent words at Mount Vernon, but Viscount Ishil's message was also important enough to merit moment of retrospection.

Viscount Ishli, in giving a Japanese sword to the town of Fafr Haven, pointed out the peculiar sacredness and symbolism that the cleanest and keenest of weapons has for the Japanese mind. The sword is the old chivalric emblem of the Samurai honor code. No other gift could so eloquently testify the regard of the nation from which it came. And the ambassador did well to point out that one of the most persistent efforts of the German suspicion factories is to create hostility between the

United States and Nippon. Japan is not only a proud and chivalrous nation; she is a grateful nation. This sword was sent to Fair Haven because an old whaling master of that town once be friended the Japanese donor. Japan has a peculiar sentiment of friendliness toward the United States because we have been of service to her in the past. There is every reason for increasing understanding and good will between the two nations. In all sincerity we echo Viscount Ishii's cor-

disi words, which should be impressed on the memories of thoughtful Americans: We trust you, we love you, and, if you will let us, we will walk at your side in loyal good fellowship down all the comins

Uncle Sam is listening for the step of the postman who will bring him an invitation to go to the help of Russia.

MR. POTTER'S NEW ALLEGIANCE As THESE crowded days go by it is impossible to avoid the conviction that Colonel Roosevelt must write another autobiography. Some of the biggest things that ever happened to him are happening now. William Potter, former minister to Italy, is one of them.

Mr. Potter used to be one of the Chosen Disciples. He was tireless in his devotion and his energy in the days when he graced the inner councils of the Bull Moose. He is a veteran of the Retreat from Chicago. And now he has cast all tradition behind him and declared explicitly for a third term for President Wilson.

Times change and men change with them. Mr. Potter is now fuel administrator in Pennsylvania under the Democrats. He sought no counsel from his lonesome chief of other days. He beat the rest of the country to a definite conclusion in relation to the third term. His tone and his manner suggest a cheerful willingness to make the election immediate without waitingfor such trivial things as years and events, settlements and victories to justify or ne cessitate the odd procedure.

No extraordinary stretch of the imagination is required to picture the consequences and reactions in the brooding spirit at Engamore Hill-the drops of sweat, the reeling minute in which the brain refuses to react to a calamitous circumstance. Here, indeed, is implous heresy. Where was it learned? Mr. Potter used to be one of the most favored of week-enders at the prophet's hearthstone. Can it be possible that the maxims of the Third Cup of Coffee have corrupted his judgment? Is the Colonel's bread returning upon a sea of tears?

Well, well! There is no telling. But one may be sure that at Oyster Bay one Bull Moose will be accused of the weasel word and, for all you know, pilloried as a malefactor of great originality

Every American city will condole with New York on the death of Major and ex-Mayor John Purroy Mitchel. Within a fortnight of his thirty-ninth birth-day he had made a remarkable record as a vigorous and fearless citizen, a clean-cut and high-spirited man. It was natural that he should have chosen to enter the aviation service, which appeals so strongly to all men of adventurous arteries.

Rectifying Facial Russians are adopting the electric fan. the pan-Soviet republic is shaving off its whiskers, because no man with a full mantle of sargasso cares for electric fans. The feels like a blizzard

There has been a Snow Man's Land heavy snowfall in Austria, but the unfortunate Austro-Huns will not find that Ukraine winter wheat arriving any quicker n that account.

A Berlin paper moans that loyal Germans should not waste should not waste starch by wearing a of the Clean lean shirt every day. The trouble is they have been putting on clean linen to celebrate victories over Red Cross hospitals.

Students of ceramics assure us that ne otter has ever yet made a President,

If the Sultan was assassinated s

And next winter we may be advised to put in a summer's supply of it

The food administrator has not ye on what is frequently described as inked sweetness, long drawn out.

Beefy meals may return, but the Ham ourg steak is still an outlaw, unprocurable in the city of its origin and patriotically metamorphosed into "Salisbury"

America's Man-Power

From a speech in the Senate by Mr. Cummins of lows, reported in the Congressional Record Our man-power is not utilized. I venture o say, and I believe it can be established that there are at least 1,200,000 men between thirty and forty who had far better have been assigned to inflitary duty instead of a similar number of men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. It would not have been necessary to have assigned all of them but they could have borne their proportion There are nearly 1,000,000 between thirty and forty who have no gainful occupation whatever, and even if these men had been classified with the men between twenty-one and thirty it would have relieved many hundred thousand men engaged in useful and cessary occupation between twenty-one and firty. We would in that way have actually added to our man-power, in my judgment—
it is, of course, in part an estimate—we would have added before Class 1 had been exhausted a million men to our effective working useful laborers, and that without the slightest infraction upon the right of a workingman to choose his own occupation, and without the least infringement upon their givileges against the conscription Let all see. For the moment I disregard the men above forty-five, although I think there should be an assimilation and an as signment of men above forty-five, just as l think there should be imperatively one below forty-five. There were registered of men be tween twenty-one and thirty, in round numbers, 9,500,000. There are between the ages of eighteen and forty-five in the country. the men between twenty-one and thirty, 13,398,049 men. I am using the per-centage of increase since the census of 1910 that has been adopted by the provost marshal general's office-that is to say, I have added 15 per cent over the census of 1910 in order to take in the growth of the last eight years, Mr. Warren—Taking them by States separately? Mr. Cummins-Altogether; all the returns

from the States.

Mr. Warren—The sum of them, altogether?

Mr. Cummins—Yes; the entire man-power between the ages of eighteen and forty-five will be found to be 23,488,049 men. You will remark that the division made by the provost marshal general's office is not just the division made by the Census Bureau that is, the Census Bureau classifies men as ngaged in gainful pursuits, and otherwis the men between sixteen and twenty, giving to each a half, because those are the periods taken by the Census Bureau 30,270,203 men. These include all ages without lim't above eighteen years. Engaged in gainful pursuits from eighteen to forty-five, 22,-500,520 men, about 1,000,000 men fewer than the population of men between eighteen and forty-five. Not only so, but there are a great many men between the ages of thirty and forty or forty-five who are engaged in gainful pursuits who are not engaged in any productive or necessary or essential pursuit.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Torpedoes and Roses

EVENING PUBLIC DE REPRESENTATION SOUNDAY, STORY SEED

REAR ADMIRAL AARON WARD, a former Philadelphian, who died on Friday at Roslyn, Long Island, was a distinguished naval officer and an authority on torpedoes and high explosives. He saw hazardous service in the Spanish War and was at one time commander of the cruiser Pennsylvania. But it is an evidence of humanity's love of the beautiful that he will be remembered as much for his marvelous rose garden on Long Island as for his professional services. His name and that of his wife will be certain of a fragrant immortalier in the Mrs. Aaron Ward rose, a blossom of rich and incandescent vellow.

Torpedoes and roses! Their kinship is not apparent, and yet perhaps man's most blazing explosive and nature's fairest nugget of color and sweetness have an inner rapport. The same inscrutable power-let us use Garabed's word and call it Free Energy - that uncurls the soft petuls toward the sun dwells in the tingling chemicals and acids that blossom with hideous suddenness in the scarlet flower of death. They both have their thorns.

Admiral Ward was happy in his career. To lead the active life of a seaman, with the broad laughter of the ocean in one's mind, and then to spend one's last years in a rose garden; it is the technique of a master in the art of life.

The Crown Prince says the frogs in the Allette marshes croaked so loud that he was able to bring up his artillery without the French hearing it. Is he sure it wasn't the croaking of the Death's Head Hussars?

Hindy can't be harassing General Pershing much or he would hardly have time to dictate all those nice letters to ladies

The Marines

With the help of God and a few marines We won the day," so rings the battle

With young, brave boys to whom death only means Some brighter battle 'neath some bigge

sky. The islands they have guarded, fairy lands Alien and strange and sunny, where they

History beating in their sunburned hands. How many legends of their deeds they Back in the States, through little, scattered

homes! And there is always Some One Else who leans

Breathless against the doors of Paradise. The Warrior Maid loves those who fight for France. She waits for every one and, as each comes,

She takes him by the hand and leads him in. BEATRICE WASHBURN.

The Economic Circuit

Mary had a little sow, The sow had seven shoats;

When sold they brought enough to buy Two gowns and several coats. -Warrensburg (Mo.) Star-Journal.

The shoats were tanned, but profiteers Got most of Mary's gelt : She bought them back at a ruinous price

In the form of a Sam Browne belt.

The Baby Casualty List In 1917 there were 42,917 bables born

Philadelphia. In the same year 4617 Philadelphia babies died under one year old.

This is a vastly greater death list than that of our army in France. In one year of war we have lost 3837 soldiers, including deaths in action, at sea, by wounds, accident and disease.

The 1917 infant death rate in Philadelphia was 107.6 per 1000. In New York it was \$8.8 per 1000.

In Grand Rapids it was 71 per 1000. The infant death rate in Philadelphia will probably be higher this year than it was in 1917. Each month of 1918 so far has shown a higher mortality than the same month last year. In May, 1917, it was 96.76 per 1000. In May, 1918, 101.03.

Karl De Schweinitz, of the Society for Organizing Charity, gave us these figures. And he adds, very justly, a city's infant mortality accurately indicates its standing n civilization and good government.

John Kendrick Bangs is back from France, but there are still other sounds ver there to disturb the Kaiser's peace.

The Turkish infantry who called them selves janissaries were abolished in 1826. but the term has taken on a new and more honored meaning since the doughboys in France adopted Elsie Janis as their patron saint.

When William Thomson, the famous English electrical scientist, was made Lord Kelvin, did the electrical wits of that day say that he was raised to the ampeerage? SOCRATES

Hoo-?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Who, versatile with proteids and such, Holds in his clutch A nation's palate? Who, veritably

Agranary world embracing, aims to commandeer Who verges near, Himself, to that wide scope his plans com Who verifies

Of magic dispossessed the gaping Hun Of Belgium won? Who verisimilitude to Moses's fame

Can better claim? Dare one deny a superstar has riz-Who veracious is? STANLEY K. WILSON. Philadelphia, July 6

We Don't Think So, Harold

Harold Begbie, a well-known English jour-nalist, went to see the Fourth of July base-ball game in London. "But." he says, "if you think I understood the game or the brilliant strategy of the players, who wore jockey caps and long stockings and boxing gloves and fencing helmets and swung Indian clubs, gentle reader, you are in error."

The stimulation of modern philately is best expressed in terms of thrift stamps

The news that "Germans can seize sup plies from China" is calculated to make en-vious many a sweet-toothed American res-taurant patron who has failed to get a second crack at the elusive sugar bowl.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON



ROMANCE OF WANT ADS

By Sarah Addington

ELEANOR and I have a good many exclusively feminine traits that exasperate the head of the house almost to the breaking point. Our taste for mayonnaise. our devotion to tea napkins, our preference for sweet-smelling soaps - all these are sources of the deepest pain and disgust to one who thinks that sugar and vinegar are good enough for any tomato that ever grew, who enjoys no napkin unless he may shroud himself in it and who revels in the strong soap that most civilized people use

only for the dog members of their family. Yet all these are but faint shadows of the real cloud that dims our lord's bright conception of levely woman and her attributes. For Eleanor and I have a still darker vice, a deeper sin, a blot that no amount of sweetness and light from other directions can in the least lighten or fade. Eleanor and I read the want ads, and thereby hangs our disgrace.

Now there is nobody who has greater respect for journalism than the writer of this apologia. One who earns a living by writing pieces for the paper naturally would take some stock in the business And Eleanor and I agree that the war news is most important, that an editoria page is good enough reading and that political news has its virtues. But as we point out, when these discussions arise, as they do systematically at Sunday breakfast, are there any reasons why one should arbitrarily and didactically decide against another page of the same paper, even if it does happen to be at the tall end and done in the smallest type in general use in the art of printing?

IT REQUIRES genius of a particular I order, a delicacy of feeling of a rare sort, a perception of unusual fineness, I claim, to appreciate want ads. There they are, tucked away, with no gouging headlines, no arresting titles, no pictures; just rows of human wants, line upon line, precept upon precept, like beans in a row or orphans in their beds.

And I claim still further that the man who cannot see the romance there, who cannot read the stories between the lines. or for that matter in the very words themselves-well, I was going to say he had no imagination, though of course one would never say such a damning thing about one's own chosen mate.

TAKE one of the most obvious groups for example, the situations wanted. What's flood of ambitions welter through the "Young man. 18," who "wishes position in architect's office while studying in architectural school." Can't you see him laboring over his blueprints, dreaming pillars and domes and beautiful things of marble? But his pocketbook is not as big as his ambition or his bills, so he puts in a want ad at thirty cents a line, while his future waits a few days until some architect does or does not answer his ad and his prayers.

BUT what about the young swashbuckler who admits the following: "Prepossessing appearance, tact, vision, initiative, executive ability"? Will he or will he not get along in this world of press agents and pushers? He will. And while he's waiting to see which large corporation he will 1 onor with his services he takes a lesser job at \$15 and lives on beans and bluff.

AND so it goes on throughout the entire tises for a maid, meanwhile holding up under what would be nervous prostration if she had time for it. The lonely couple

house for sale, the old family place where every&corner has a memory, every stick and stitch a history-yet they feel they

of war a little less empty and silent. "Young business woman" writes out he want ad. "Room wanted with congenial family: breakfasts and dinners." Don't tell me she isn't sick and tired of the sky light and the cheap restaurants; that she hasn't been wondering lately whether she didn't make a mistake to come away to the city when home had been so comfort able and pleasant. Well, she knew something was the matter with her, so she thought she'd try for a "congenial family."

must get into town nearer the girls, nearer

the stir of war that makes the loneliness

THE farmer's wife takes her chance and asks for summer boarders. "Maybe the work won't seem so hard," she figured out to herself, "if there's somebody around be side the hired man and a little money coming in." . So she goes to the garret and gets out the old lace bedspread and rummages in the cherrywood chest for the best tidles and doilies, and one afternoon between dishes and milking time she opens up the spare bedroom in preparation for the city folks who may come up her road in answer to the announcement that "Farmer's wife will take summer boarders; garden vegetables, fresh eggs and milk; near Chautauqua and fair grounds.

CO IS it, after all, such stupid reading D back there in the want columns ? Are Eleanor and I nosey old women to devour the little paragraphs so eagerly? Are we mean-spirited and picayune to turn there first and back to the headlines later? Are we less loyal to the great world issues of the day, to art, to politics and to, ye gods! the great financial market, just because we prefer a little "human interest" first, not the kind manufactured to order, but the unconscious little tales of life and living that stand there in'all their pith and truth sometimes just three lines long?

No, we say; the allegations of him who takes his paper as his editor would have him, instead of as the business manager would choose, are false. But I'm afraid we're going to have even a more intimate experience with the want page some day, be pitched headlong into it ourselves some what like this:

Friend Husband-Come home. We'll promise to read the paper in the order as she is wrote.

New Ideals

War is in itself damnable-a profligate misuse of the accumulated brain-stuff of centuries. Nevertheless, there's many a man who has no love of war, who previous to the war had cramped his soul with littleness and was chased by the bayonet of duty into the blood-stained largeness of the trenches, who has learned to say, "Thank God for this war." He thanks God not because of the carnage, but because when the winepress of new ideals was being trodden he was born in an age when he could do his share. - Coningsby Dawson, in "The Glory of the Trenches."

Some Famous Affinities

Collar and Necktie. Slate and Pencil, Jack and Jill. Milk and Water. Conductor and Motorman Shoes and Stockings. Knife and Fork.

Huns and Atrocitie -Nashville Tennessean.

OUR HOUSE By Andrew McGill

TT SHOULD be yours, if I could build I The quaint old dwelling I desire, With books and pictures bravely filled And chairs beside an open fire. White-paneled rooms with candles lit-I lie awake to think of it!

A dial for the sunny hours, A garden of old-fashioned flowers-Say marigolds and lavender And mignonette and fever-few. And Judas tree and maidenhair And candytuft and thyme and rue-All these for you to wander in

A Chinese carp (called Mandarin) Waving a sluggish silver fin Deep in the moat: so tame he comes To lip your fingers offering crumbs. Tall chimneys, like long listening ears, White shutters, ivy green and thick, And walls of ruddy Tudor brick Grown mellow with the passing years.

And windows with small leaded panes. Broad window-seats for when it rains. A big blue bowl of potpourri And-yes, a Spanish chestnut tree To coin the autumn's minted gold. A summer-house for drinking tea-All these (just think!) for you and me.

A staircase of the old black wood Cut in the days of Robin Hood. And banisters worn smooth as glass Down which your hand will lightly pass. A piano with dear yellow keys For wistful twilight melodies, And dusty bottles in a bin-All these for you to revel in!

But when? Ah well, until that time We'll habit in this house of rhyme!

A Bitter Prospect It is doubtful whether rhubarb will ever rally from the blow of the Government's sugar-ration order.—Chicago News.

Seasonable

It is pleasant to contemplate that the weather has become warm enough again to permit the resumption of furs. During those cool days they had to be laid aside.—Cin-

Origin of a Name The familiar wash tie seems to have derived its name from the fact that it always needs washing.—Kansas City Star.

Try to Find It The uncommonest thing now i

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was Cardinal Richelleu?
2. Where is Hagsbrouck?
3. Name the author of "The Fair Maid Perth." 4. Who was I risk Heep and what was his

characterister

5. How many divisions comprise an army corpof

6. Was Washington a general of full rank?

7. What is an anti-alreraft gun?

8. What is an admiralit?

9. Identify "The Admirable Doctor."

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. Martin You Boren was the eighth President 2. The rose is the national floral emblem of 3. Vittorio Emmanuele III to the King of Italy.

5. Illinois comes from Indian words meaning

homily 1. a sermon or preachment, either formul or informal. The word is used in a strictly technical or slightly humana

a. Will H Have is the chairman of the National Committee of the Benublican parts.

2. Quit claims A deed of release or relinuation ment of a claim.

12. Niemort is a nort town of northwest Be near the French frontier.