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Philadelphia, Monday, July 22, 1918

WHAT WILL THE COLONEL DO OLONEL ROOSEVELT is expected to announce today whether he will accept Republican nomination for the govwhip of New York if it is offered to

The opponents of the renomination of Governor Whitman are attempting to use for their purposes. The Colonel is ware of what they are doing. Those of his friends who wish to see him running for the presidency in 1920 are hoping that he will refuse to become a candidate for the governorship nomination. They think it will injure his chances. The Colonel welf is said to prefer to remain in private life, where he can have his say about the conduct of the war without embarrass ing any one but himself. The New York Tribune would like to see him in Congress, where he could vote as he talks.

It is unfortunate that the Colonel and Mr. Taft are not both in the Senate. Our mer Presidents could very well be made if members of that body, so that the naion could profit by the broad knowledge of public affairs which they acquired during ir service in the White House. But the absence of any constitutional provion which permits them to sit in the which they best can serve the country nel Roosevelt has been doing his best ording to his own lights, to serve it in way for the last nine years, and Mr. ft has been engaged in the same kind patriotic work for the last five years. Mr. Wilson when he retires will doubtcontinue to give us the benefit of the rience gained in administering the ment in its most trying period.

the meantime, as the Colonel is a leten of considerable skill, we may me that the decision which he may nce today will be based not wholly an his personal preferences.

Germany is finding her place in the sun

at a bit too warm for comfort.

WHY RUSSIA FELL APART THE breaking up of Russia into a lot of revolution of last year, has surprised most ervers in Europe and America. In me quarters it has been credited to the achinations of the Germans.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, who is probably the best informed English-speaking authority on Russia, sees nothing strange in it. Indeed, would have been strange, in his opinion. Russia had held together. In his latest book on the Slav empire he says that the erent and hostile races living in Russia were held together by the Czardom alone. The bureaucratic government in St. Petereburg bound the races together and held them together by force. As soon as the overnment of the Czar was destroyed sia fell apart, as the staves of a barrel

parate when the hoops are removed. If this view be correct, and there is no reason for doubting the judgment of an expert who has lived in the country for thirty years and made it his business to study its people, the problem of the relitation of Russia is not simple. Docter Dillon believes that a fatal mistake made when the central government destroyed by the revolutionists, for a enceless and irresponsible proletariat proying on the country is worse than an onsible bureaucracy living in the me way. It has involved the substitution of a hungry horde of ravening wolves for a set whose appetites were already sated.

The German Champagne drive has lost

WHAT IT TAKES TO EQUIP AN ARMY HAVE a million two hundred thouor so in training on this side of the sen. It has kept the Quartermaster's pertment busy supplying them with ment. Announcement has just been in Washington that from the beginmg of the war to the middle of June the

offment has provided: 7,542,000 pairs of shoes, 144,233,000 pairs of wool stockings, 1940,000 pairs of rubber hip boots, \$2,000 undershirts, and 1.225,000 yards of denim cloth.

s is at the rate of about ten pairs of a pair of rubber boots, two pairs es, twenty undershirts and fifty of stockings for each man.

Cynwyd has a woman milkman. Now get of for an ice lady out on the Main Line!

CZERNIN MUST GUESS AGAIN OT CZERNIN, former Foreign Minter of Austria-Hungary, says that is at bottom a duel between Great and Germany and that when these ers can come to an understanding will end.

Count entertains the views credhe will have to make another

OVERCONFIDENCE NEW PERIL Hope for a Short War, but Prepare for Long One

WE IN America are an impressionable people. Already you will find innumerable persons reading exaggerated meanings into the reports of the Allied offensive in France. In the speed and glitter of the American reactions at their first big battle and in the blinding sword play of the Foch strategy they see omens of the war's early end.

Otherwise intelligent men and women are visioning the Kaiser doddering at St. Helena as a result of the Marne drive and the Crown Prince going for a walk at sunrise with the fool killer, and Germanic Europe, recovered from its nightmare, humbled, reformed and back again peacefully at the delicatessen and the grand opera of its early innocence.

Delusions like these are as full of trouble as dynamite if too freely fondled. The war is likely to be for us as it has been for France and England and Italy. It may bring shocks, suspense, sorrow and minor disasters. If it does not we are the luckiest nation on the earth and an exception to all the rules of human experience.

To become self-satisfied, complacent, disinterested or careless now is to make the burden heavier for the Government, the army and the navy.

We have just begun to fight. The Allies will continue to advance, in all likelihood. But it will be a slow advance unless a miracle occurs somewhere-a slow and tortuous advance and a costly one. So if ever there was a time for America to be resolute and patient and restrained in its feelings and its judgment that time is now. The actual participation of our own men in a major action should inspire us not to complacency, but to determination and renewed energy, because no one can tell when the war will end and too much optimism at this time will be as useful to Germany as armed divisions in America. Self-satisfaction marks the end of

useful achievement. It is natural enough for all of us to cheer for the men in France. We can do more for them by bending harder to whatever war jobs we have to do, so that their part of the business may not be made harder, and by acting favorably upon whatever suggestions are made by the Government and its administrative agencies and by taking nothing for

Our men in France and the officers. high and low, who direct them are not demigods. They cannot always rise supremely above the fortunes of war.

The time to cheer them loudest is when they suffer misfortune.

The navy isn't superhuman-though it has seemed to be. We may lose ships sooner or later, because few wars were ever fought upon the sea without the loss of ships. To take the bad news with the good and be unmoved to excess of feeling in either event is to be equal to these exacting times.

There are simple grounds for this sort of reasoning. Germany is far from beaten. German aspirations are like a cat. They have nine lives-and each may have to be put out in turn. Germany lost an empire when her colonies were taken away. She lost another empire in her overseas trade. She lost another when the respect of the whole civilized world was denied her. She has as good as lost Alsace and Lorraine.

And yet Germany is far richer in prospects at the present moment than she was at the outset of the war. The Allies may have to crush Germany not upon the western front alone. To save the world from ruin they may have to begin all over again after a victory in the west and crush Germanism in the stronghold that she is building in Russia. And that second war may have to be fought in a welter of unfavorable complications sprung from the growing confusion of national aspirations in that part of the world.

There is a dim possibility, on the other hand, of a collapse in Germany that would make the task simpler. But it is still remote. It will be better for all America to work at the war as hard and as brilliantly and as patiently as the soldiers in France are fighting at it.

Representative Julius Kahn, of California, ranking Republican member of the House Military Affairs Committee, who has had much to do with the legislation of the war, already has expressed the conviction, gained through knowledge and experience, that American energy should be redoubled at this point rather than diminished.

Men and more men should be sent to France, said Mr. Kahn. American force should be felt in Germany as a cumulative factor without end. This view, it is to be hoped, will be shared by Washington. And as the army grows the more of enthusiasm, work, energy and achievement will be required at home.

There is at least one man who nowadays is disposed to look upon war with a favorable eye. He is the war gardener reveling in fresh vegetables.

THE AUDACITY OF LINTHICUM

ONGRESSMAN J. CHAS. LINTHICUM -this is the way he prefers to write it; J stands for John, but he likes to part his name in the middle-has assumed the role of press agent for Baltimore and is filling valuable space in the Congressional Record with praise of that city. He has compiled a list of thirty Baltimore "firsts," including the first in the oyster industry and the first in the manufacture of fertilizers and the first in the marketing of bananas. Of course, he boasts of Baltimore's twenty-one notable monuments in spite of his knowledge that there are more monuments in Statuary Hall in the na-tional Capitol than in all Maryland. Per-haps he would justify himself by saving

that the figures in Statuary Hall are not

But if J. Chas. would like to read a really notable list of "firsts" he should get hold of "Poor Richard's Dictionary of Philadelphia," published by the Poor Richard Club in honor of the visit to this city of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in 1916. It contains more than 150 instances of the priority of this city over every other American community, beginning with the first almanac printed in America and ending with the first automatic restaurant, with the first law school, the first medical school, the first fire insur ance company in this country and the first Methodist Episcopal church in the world

in between. Baltimore is a very attractive suburb and J. Chas. Linthicum is one of its conspicuous ornaments, but it is so poorly supplied with other things to boast about that we are surprised at the audacity of J. Chas. in challenging comparison with the city where more great things started than in any other American community.

Mr. Hoover has gon over to England to Memories with the British food ministry. Perhaps he will find time to store fin the American Y. M. C. A. hut when f in the American Y. M. C. King George got the stack of wheats. here have almost forgotten what they

Speaking of drafting the tobacco supply those cigars that wives love to give their husbands should not be commandeered. They should be court-martialed!

Baseball has ceased to be the national game. Most of us believe that the national game at the present time is war. A few still insist that it must be politics.

We are tempted to say of the Kaiser and his Bolshevik friends that they are all

A German newspaper says that triumpi will be with the nation that can maintain at home a clear consciousness of victory. But Berlin sadly feels that that is hard to do on a diet of turnips and a wardrobe of paper.

been bequeathed for his keep by a former mistress. He was probably glad to die and escape from a foolish world. Champagne is the traditional accompaniment for launchings. It was only to be expected that the first American offensive

The Quartermaster's Department has supplied 2,567,000 hammers to the army, but we notice that all the knocking is done by

civilians.

ELBOW ROOM

Wrestling With the Poppy Sometimes we try to do some writing at home, at night. Then we realize the extraordinary fertility and inventive

ness of the human brain. Not on account of the work we get done; but on account of the excuses we can blarney ourselves with to avoid doing it.

A man who could think up as many reasons for working as we can for not working would have Henry Ford backed against the old original apple tree.

At 8:30 o'clock we go up to our workfrom and look at the desk. We think well, a little reading will help to alleviate our mind and make it supple. If we read until 9 o'clock we will be able to work twice as hard after that.

At 9 o'clock it occurs to us that 2 we

read lying down on the couch the recreative function will proceed all the more rapidly. At 9:15 the bright idea comes to us that if we turn out the reading lamp and lie in

the darkness a while, thinking, we will be able to concentrate much more clearly on that work we are planning. . . . Curiously enough, our concentration doesn't

seem a bit more intense than it was . . .

less, if possible. With a violent effort, which racks the very seat of will-power, we sit down at the desk. We dip the pen . . . then it occurs to us that we might just as well get into our pyjamas, because we will have to do so some time, and the gymnastics will help to arouse our faculties.

At 11:15 we are back at our desk. We work for ten minutes. Our mind doesn't seem at all productive, except of reasons for going to bed.

At 11:30 we begin to feel hungry. We remember that intense cerebration needs bodily nourishment, and we go down to the icebox and wreck three cold boiled notatoes, half a dish of spaghetti, two bananas and nibble a dog biscuit, having heard that Fido food is rich in bone and phosphorus.

Then we go out on the porch and give the stars the once-over, thinking it is well to keep in touch with the beauties of nature. Perhaps the stars will suggest something. We brood over this and wonder how to get the immense mysteries of space into what we are writing . . . It is very disappointing, the stars only suggest

At five minutes to 12 we go back to our desk and write for five minutes. Looking at it, it seems thin, pale and poorly nourished. Of course, we meditate, food has to be digested before it has any appreciable influence on our writing. The food we have just eaten won't show until tomorrow. Therefore, why not

Twelve o'clock strikes. If we don't go to bed we shall be sickly and grim in the morning and miss the 8:13 train.

We go to bed, solacing ourself with the thought that perhaps we may dream about what we are writing and solve all our difficulties that way;

Complaints about the tobacco shortage have ceased in the German army. Foch has kept the Germans so busy lately they have had no time for smoking.

Yesterday was the Belgian Independence Day. We are still waiting to hear whether the Germans celebrated it by any more raids on Red Cross hospitals.

It seems too bad that baseball should go out of fashion when King George had just

WHO INVENTED DANCING? By Walter Prichard Eaton

THE one-step and waltz have one of the most ancient ancestries of any action performed by man. Men and women danced long before the earliest days of recorded history, and the animals danced before man. The dance is a biological survival, and when you come upon a group of young people dancing you see but a relic of the mating instinct, molded, adapted, superlaid with a thousand over tones by centuries of civilization. The fact is even vaguely recognized at times; girls have been known to go to a dance to catch a man! The waltz has been provocative of courtship-at least, the good, old-fashioned, dreamy waltz of a bygone age, when Johann Strauss was considered a musician and Irving Berlin was un known.

I have been inspired to these profound remarks by reading a paper on "The Heath Hen of Martha's Vineyard," by Edward H. Forbush, Massachusetts State Ornithologist. in the American Museum Journal.

THE heath hen is a game bird which was I once common in northeastern America, extending south to Pennsylvania and possibly west through Ohio and Kentucky. It is a species of the prairie chicken, but a little smaller and ruddler in color. But it was not in the early days distinguished from the prairie chicken, and consequently nothing definite is known about the western limits of its range, because by 1885, thanks to the lack of protection laws and the general game hoggishness of American hunters, it had been entirely wiped out of existence except on Martha's Vineyard Island, off the southern coast of Massachusetts. It was preserved there in small numbers, thanks to local pride, and in 1907 the State set aside a reservation for the existing birds, on which all hunting has been ever since rigidly prohibited and constant efforts made to eliminate cats, hawks and other enemies, as well as man. Ever so, the fight has been a hard one. Doctor Forbush says that after the forest fire of 1906 only twenty-one birds remained. In 1916 there were probably 2000. But then came a forest fire and the next winter a flight of goshawks, and the following sea son, in April, he could find only 120 birds. mostly males. A few birds had meanwhile been sent to Long Island and to Essex County, Mass., but all the Long Island birds died. An evil fate seems to follow the poor creatures. Even as far back as 1834, when the Massachusetts Legislature enacted a law for their protection, the printer conspired against them and the astonished solons found on their desks at the State House a paper with the following title: "A Bill to Protect the Heathen of Martha's Vineyard."

THE most interesting characteristic of The heath hen, which, of course, it shares with the prairie chicken and to a less extent with other species of grouse, is the male's dancing and tooting at mating time. Doctor Forbush lay in a blind of corn shocks and observed at close range the antics of never less than twenty-five male birds, while a few females walked about picking up corn and seemingly not at all impressed. The dance can be best described in his own words.

"WHILE the male is dancing the body is inclined forward," he writes, "the neck stretched out horizontally with the bill pointed downward; the plumage is fluffed, the tail erected and more or less spread, the wings drooping or partly spread downward, but the lowest of the parated primary quills rarely reaches the ground. The pinnates, or neck tufts, are erected like rabbits' ears or thrown away forward in front of the lowered head, with the points together like an inverted V. In this position the bird inflates the orange air sacks on the sides of the neck, which are about the size of a tennis ball. . . With all his beauties thus displayed the heath cock is a handsome fellow, but seems bizarre and unbirdlike to human eyes.

"The booming or tooting sound is produced not when the air is expelled from the sacks, but while they are swelling. It may be likened to the soughing of the wind or the noise produced by blowing gently into a small bottle, but is more

COTTHE males danced much of the time while producing these sounds. The dance reminds one of similar performances by Indians. The bird bows or leans forward, with muscles tense and rigid, lifting the feet stiffly but quickly and striking them down hard and very fast upon the ground, so that the sound may be heard for rods. Sometimes he stands in his place while dancing or merely wheels a little to right or left. Again he rushes for ward five or ten feet or makes short rushes around the female in segments equaling about one-third of a circle, sometimes circling her in three or four runs, but never seeming to approach very near her. . . . Sometimes a male seems to challenge all creation by flying up a few feet, cackling meanwhile and turning to different points of the compass, so that in alighting he faces a new direction."

THE likeness of this performance of the heath hen to the mating dances of primitive peoples, as described in the works of anthropology, is apparent. It shows that the dance was one of the things that Man brought with him up from the lower orders whence he evolved. At about the time Doctor Forbush's paper appeared Dr. William Beebe was writing in another magazine about his attempts to see the dance of the great occilated argus pheasant on the Malay Peninsula, an attempt attended with considerably more danger and less success than that of Doctor Forbush. This magnificent bird has secret dancing grounds in the heart of the tropic jungle and a complex courtship display, which so far has never been completely observed by a competent watcher. Even in my own region of the country within the last twelvemonth I have seen three jack rabbits dancing by moonlight on the snow, up on their hind legs, for all the world like humans. There was probably no mating instinct at work here, but jus a freak of sprightliness thus manifesting itself. No. Man did not invent the dance even if he is responsible for Irving Berlin.



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

Wildey Street

SET out for a stroll with the mountaineer, who knows more about Philadelphia than any one I ever heard of. He is long and lean and has a flashing eye; his swinging easy stride betrays the blood of southern highlands. He tracks down distant streets and leafy glimpses with all the grim passion of a Kentucky scout on the trail of a lynx or some other varmint. No old house, no picturesque corner or elbow alley escapes his penetrant gaze. He has secret trails and caches scattered through the great forests o Philadelphia, known to none but himself With such a woodsman for guide good hunt-

I studio at \$14 Summer street. Let no one say that war means a decline of the fine arts, for to judge by the photographs in the window there are many who pine to have the Stars and Stripes, the American eagle and the shield of the food administration fres-coed on their broad chests. Professor Al E. Walters, the craftsman, proclaims himself artistic and reliable in this form of embroidery and the sitter has "1500 up-to-date design to choose from." The mountaineer and I peered through the window and were inter-ested to see the professor's array of tools laid out on his operating table.

Passing by an imposing bust of Homer, which we found in front of a junk shop at 528 Noble street, the mountaineer led me to see the old Hoboe's Union quarters at Fifth and Burtonwood streets. The war may have given tattooing a fillip, but it seems that it has been the decline and fall of philosophic hobelsm, for the vagrants clubhouse is dusty and void, now used as some sort of a warehouse. Work or fight and high wages have done for romantic loafing The mountaineer pointed out to me th kitchen in which the boes held thei evening symposia over a kettle of hot stew. The house was donated through the munificence of J. Eads Howe, the famous millionaire hobo, and the mountaineer ad-mitted that he had spent many an entertaining evening there discussing matters of in-tellectual importance. "How did you get the entree to such an exclusive circle?" I asked enviously. "I was a member of the union," he said, with just the least touch of vain-

THE mountaineer led me north on Fourth I street to where Wildey street begins its zigzag career. We found that the strip I street to be found that the strip between Germantown avenue and Front street was buzzing with preparations for a "block party" in honor and benefit of its boys in service. All down the gay little vista flags were hanging out, Chinese lanterns had been strung on wires across the street shop windows were criss-crossed with red going up on the pavement swathed in ored tissue paper. At one end of the block the curbstones had been whitewashed. We stopped to ask an elderly lady when the fun

ONIGHT and tomorrow night," she said. (It was then Friday afternoon.)
our boys are fighting for us and we want to do everything we can to help. I was at my summer residence when I heard about this party, and I came back at once. We've got to help as best we can."

The sky was clouding over and the mountaineer and 1 expressed the hope that rain

wouldn't spoil the festivity.

"Oh, I hope not." she said. "It doesn't seem as though the Lord would send rain when we're working for a good cause. We've hired a string band for the two nights—that's \$60 and we're going to have dancing in the street. You'd better come around. It's going to be a great time."

to be a great time."

Everybody in the street was busy with preparations for the jollification, and I was deeply touched by this little community's expression of gratitude and confidence in its pression of gratitude and confidence in its boys who are fighting. That is the real "stuff of triumph of which the President spoke. And one has only to pass along Wildey street to see that it is fine old native stock. It is an all-American street, of pure native breed, holding out stiffly and cleanly against the invasion of foreign population. The narrow side alleys look back into patches of vivid green; there are flower boxes and vines, and the pavements and markle steps are strated. we found a tavenn dispensing Wildey street's favorite drink—pop and porter—and we halt-ed to drink health to the block party.

BEYOND Shackamaxon street we struck into the unique silence and quiet cleanliness of "Fishtown." The quietness of those streets of quaint little houses is remarkable: in the golden flood of a warm afternoon they lay wish hardly an echo to break the stillness. The prevailing color scheme is green and red: many of the houses are neaf cottages built of wood; others are the old parti-colored brick that comes down from ancient days. Almost every house has its little garden, often outlined with whitened village in the heart of the city. An occasional uckster's wagon rumbles smoothly along the asphalt paving; an occasional tinkle o a piano in some cool, darkened parlor. That is all. I can imagine no haunt of ancient peace more drowsy with stillness and the treble chirp of birds than the tangled and overgrown cemetery at Thompson street and Columbia avenue, in the bush of a hot sum-

THERE is a note of grace and comeliness in Wildey street life that one attributes to the good native stock of the inhabitants. The children are clean and rounded and goodly. The little girls have plump calver and crisp gingham dresses and blue eyes; they sit in their little gardens playing with paper dolls. Their brothers, with the mischief and errant humor that one expects of small boys, garnish walls and hoardings with whimsical legends scrawled in chalk. The old family toothbrush that lay on the floor was one such that amused me. Another was a regrettable allegation that a (presumably absent) playmate was afficied with "mainea."
The mountaineer and I, after studying the context, came to the conclusion that the scourge hinted at was "mange!"

MOST thrilling of all, Wildey street be-comes more and more maritime. Over the roofs of the houses one sees the masts of shins—always a sight to make the eager heart leap up. Cramps' Shipyard is at hand, and many of the front windows display the starred service cards of the United States Shipping Board, On Richmond street, paralle o Wildey, are shipchandlers' stores, with vindows full of brass pulleys and chocks and cleats, coils of rope and port and starboard lanterns. We hurried down toward the water-front and peeped through the high board fence to see a steamer in drydock for a coal of camouflage. Great stripes of black and

DENN TREATY PARK, at the foot of Columbia avenue, would deserve an essay of its own. Here, under a pavilion, the mountaineer and I sat surrounded by the intoxicating presence of water and boats, watched the police patrol launches being overhauled, watched a little schooner loading tumber (I couldn't read her name, but she came from Hampton, Va.), watched the pro-file of Camden shining dimly through the file of Camden shining dimly through the rain. For a very smart rainstorm had come up and we sat and felt a pang of sympathy for the good people of Wildey street, whose Chinese lanterns and tricolored tissue paper would be ruined by the wet. We watched the crew of the tug Baltic getting ready for supper and dinghies nosing the piers and bobbling with the rise and fall of the water, and we saw how the gleam of rain and with and we saw how the gleam of rain and mist on the roofs of Camden looked exactly like a fall of snow. Pishtown uses Penn Treaty Park as a place for lounging and smoking under the peeling sycamores and watching the panorama of the river.

D S. I thought a great deal about th A block party on Wildey street that night and hoped that the rain would not have spoilt it. So the next morning I got off the \$1.13 at Columbia avenue and waiked down past that deep violin note of the Columbia past that deep violin note of the Columbia avenue sawmills to see how things were going. I found the same old lady on the sidewalk, hopefully renewing her red, white and blue tissue, and I noticed that all the children were wearing fantastic patriotic caps made of shirred and fluted paper. "Well," I said, "how did things go?" "Oh," whe replied, "the rain hurt thinks a bit, but tonight's going to be the big night. It's going to be the big night. It's going to be the big night.

A LETTER HOME France in June

By Grantland Rice Lieutenant, 115th Field Artillery, A. E. P.

DEAR HEART, some day, when I come

back Across the night that blurs our view, When I have found the long lost track That leads again to home-and you-When I have stalked across this stench Of filth and mud and clotted gore.

To see beyond the last lone trench Old dreams rise through the mist once

We'll know, beyond these blood-shot scen That leave their wake of blight and pain Just what an old-time twilight means When dusk steals out some friendly lane, And, hand in hand, home-bound we drift, Beyond the mangled and the dead. To watch once more the old moon lift Its silver etchings on ahead-

To meet the darkness without fear Of what tomorrow's fate may bring; To reach and find the other near Through spring's eternal wandering. And know, at last, our ways are one, Are one forever and a day, Until we meet the last dim sun That leads us on the outbound way,

We'll know just what it means to see A far light glowing through the gray, Dim dusk of April's witchery, When I come back again-some day-A light from home—and not the flow Of battle flame from darkness hurled, A light from home that sends it glow To two lost lovers down the world.

Dear Heart, I've found Out Here, at last, We've never understood before; The happiness that we thought past Is but a breath of what's in store Far from the cannon, wheel to wheel, That tear spart the midnight hue, The dawn of life that we will feel, Dear Reart, when I come back to you.

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In days of peace bloomers were commonis voted unbecoming and unladylike, besides. In days of war overalls are everywhere declared to be "too cute for anything."-Louis-

What Do You Know?

1. For whom was America named? 2. What is meant by the letters "U. S. M. C."? ? 3. What is make? Where is the University of Michigan Id-5. The official war reports frequently mention

6. What are the "colors" of Yale?
7. Name the suther of "Handr Andr."
8. What is the usual name of the May apple?
9. What was the Bastille?
10. Who is Maximilian Harden?

Answers to Saturday's Quis Viticulture is the science of vine growing most usually applied to the culture of

2. Goorge Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), British novelanid by Patrick Honry in a prerevolu-ary speech before the Virginia Hous

4. Martin G. Brumbough is the Governor

6. The lock is the national floral emblam of Wales.
7. The helt to the throne of Scale is called the Prince of Asiarias.