EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA,' TUESDAY, JULY 30, '1918

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Philadelphia Tuesday, July 30, 1918

MODEST GERMANY

THE discovery that Germany, assuming, that the war would soon end laid elaborate plans shortly before America's entrance into the conflict for a monumental advertising campaign here provides unsuspected evidence of Teutonic Esoderty. Can it be that our foe was unaware of being the greatest self-advertiser in history?

No millions that she sought to spend on exploiting German products could posby have availed to make them better wn than they already were, Hun rightfulness, Hun greed, Hun bullying, Hun frenzy, Hun unserupulousness already were a brand perfectly well known from the equator to latitude zero at either pole. All the fortunes of the ages could not have extended the sphere or intensity of publicity.

Past masters of advertising, did they, ind, so deprecate their achievements as to feel that anything more was necessary? One is forced to believe that as late as 1917 there were actually Germans who feared that some clvilized beings on the plobe, had not yet heard of what was made in Berlin."

The pleasantest way to accept the news that Hindenburg is "entirely well" is to se that the latest Ally victories enable him to get sick all over again.

SKY DREADNOUGHTS

GIANNI CAPRONI, the Italian wizard of aviation, wasn't talking airy periffage when he said in Paris yesterday that huge airplanes, large enough to carry a hundred men and engined as powerfully a destroyer, will be common within a for years. And no better argument for the complete extinction of German military ambitions than this easy-going preon of Signor Caproni's can be im-

With Germany completely crushed, it s conceivable that future great wars will be permanently avoided. The means of war, on the other hand, grow more terrible

These Are Times When We Ignore the **Rights of Small Nations ONE** of the oddest things about this war is the difficulty which the average man experiences in adjusting his individual action and viewpoint to the high

motives for which he is willing, in the mass, to stake his life. There are landlords who never have besitated to plunder poor tenants whom they find at a disadvantage. Yet they send their sons to battle for the rights of small nations!

Men who have bitterly opposed every movement for the betterment of labor are the first to cry out of the depths of genuine indignation that the Junkers must go. We in America are just now applauding the Czecho-Slavs for one of the bravest and noblest adventures ever endured for the cause of liberty. And here at home we are accustomed to isolate these same Czecho-Slavs in slums and regard them with prejudice and suspi-

cion as people different from ourselves. Italians and Serbians are people whom we seem able to understand only at a distance or in the second generation. We are moved profoundly by their fidelity and valor in the present war. When they come to America we too often put

them in "quarters" and leave them to the politicians and the exploiters to be misled, cheated and oppressed. The parable written by Albert C. Barnes and printed in another column on this page shows the manner in which the law of compensation reacts upon us in consequence to help political corruption

in American cities. The ward politician has altogether a shrewder view of the foreigners in this country than the average American in or out of Congress. He finds a state of affairs that makes his singular job easy. The public schools work miracles with the second generation of foreigners. But the immigrants them-

selves are another story. If the war has done one thing it has interpreted the spirits of these people. They have adventured this far to escape from torment. But most of them do not escape it. They go bewildered to their graves. The ward boss is to them the permanent sign and symbol of the free country. Through his friend, the corner policeman, the alien in America feels what he believes to be the might and power of the great republic. That the new country should seem to its new citizen to be unkind and limited alike in

its intelligence and its sense of justice is not strange. It is often said that the foreign quarters are obstacles in the way of good municipal government. They are. And the fault isn't with any of the ordinary practices or theories of government. It is with the viewpoint of the average American, which tends to keep aloof all

those who do not know our accent or wear clothes identically like ours or eat the same food. It was in this city not long ago that a

manufacturer excused low wages in his factory with the announcement that almost all his employes "were Italians." In the coal regions of Pennsylvania Poles

followed the Irish, English and Welsh miners when these miners died or retired after having sent their sons into other less rigorous employments. The Pole

been so entertainingly varied, has actu-ally reciprocal thanks to bestow. THE OTHER SIDE OF FREEDOM "Eat up your bread, dear," insisted many

solicitous mother in peace days. Tanrums and tears occasionally accompanied infantile protests. Is it not conceivable that the monotony of an alleged luxurious fare was partly responsible for such exhibitions? Wheat bread, indeed, became sufficiently conventional to be almost irritating. There were even grown-ups who, rejoicing in freedom from parental man-

dates, ate very sparingly of that common place article of food. It took the war to make the bread dish interesting. The lore of southern mammies was invoked to propagate the joys of corn muffins north of the Mason and Dixon line. Rye bread, with or without caraway seeds, appealed attractively to

many a jaded palate. Graham flour, oats, rice and potatoes gave the once invariable staff of life a wide diversity of tastes and hues. The baker's ingenuity rose triumphantly to the occasion, and butter made a host of agreeable new acquaintances.

And now a grateful food administrator permits us to return in all restaurants and public eating places to the rut of an invariable and "standardized" bread and to pies and cakes no longer made with delicate rice flour, but with wheat, which, in the hands of the inexpert, sometimes produced dubious desserts. With characteristic human perversity

here may be some of us who will chafe over the restoration of the old order as at first, in our ignorance, we fretted over the new one. This much, however, is certain. Our easiest sacrifice in the war was the conservation of wheat.

It is conceivable that Germany would gladly exchange the war tool of Austria for the war Toul of France.

GOING AND COMING

Reading Terminal A dingy vault of noise and steam-Vast arches and a scoop of sky; A clang and rumble, and the stream Of smug commuters pressing by-A word-all heads were turned-and then:

troop train waiting" - "Drafted men!"

The little groups were clustered, each To watch its men pass out of sight; Brave lips that shook with trivial speech, Eyes marred by secret grief all night. Well, kid, I'll wear a service pin!" "Send us a postal from Berlin!"

The boys were game. Shirt-sleeved, they smoked: Taunted their friends-"Your turn

next draft!" Eyes swam. Apart, a sister choked; Her bosom shook as though she laughed.

It was not laughter. "Gee," one cries, 'This coal-gas, honey, stings one's eyes!" That is the time when teeth are set!

Those sickened hours, thank God, are few-Thrust out from one life, but not yet Redeemed and girded in the new.

That is the time when naught will serve But each man's elemental nerve. could not watch. Kind eyes must shut

When human hearts are bare and raw; When all the webs of life are cut One does not dwell on what one saw. fet all the passions of our race

A Parable of Patriotism

TN ONE of our large cities a man of exa alted public position addressed an assem-blage of more than 6000 of his countrymen of the same foreign birth. The occasion was the commemoration of the death of one of their native patriots. The verbatim translation here given is verified as exact by the

Fellow Americans—I am going to make a confession, an apology and a promise. I have never been true to you, to our country or to myself. You, the unthink-ing part of you, have looked upon me as a hero, because I posed as one of yourselves who had risen by merit from your state of obscurity to a position of eminence and worth in the social and intellectual life of the city. But I have never told you the truth about any of these things. I am only a sawdust hero. I am not representative of genuine things that make life worth living. My position I hold largely by virtue of the same kind of vicious politi-Fellow Americans-I am going to make

by virtue of the same kind of vicious politi-cal and social system that holds you in your present bondage. When I got where I am, with assured position, money, family and social standing. I did nothing to lighten your burdens or make you good Ameri-cans. The political kennel from which I raduated to security had fired the babies graduated to security had fixed its habits upon me and I exploited you, my official position, my country's needs, all to gratify my vanity.

At your celebrations I make speeches, but I tell you nothing that touches your intimate, personal lives or needs. In your parades I ride on the band wagon with aristocrats whom I emulate in my social life. I have sunk into the slippered case life. I have sunk into the slippered ease of a smooth. lazy, luxurious routine-in my home, my clubs, my official position. Consequently, I have made virtually no progress in intellectual or moral developnent so that I could deal with your problems, which are many. On the contrary, my name and political pull have been the means of putting in your midst unscrupu-lous adventurers who hold you in subjection while they fill their coffers. They have even played me false, But those days and those conditions are

past and done. I am from this day one of you in spirit, sympathy and determination to become konest men and good Americans. I'll make a systematic effort to develop my mind and my character so that I can help your assimilation into our regenerate Americanism.

I'll stop exploiting you, I'll work to educate you, to develop your enlightened ideals, to make you socially and intellectually free and to give you your birthrights of unhampered self-realization. I will no longer be a tool of the ignorant autocrats who hold you in subjection by means of fear, and I'll drive to helpless cover those rascals who are so cheating our country and us. No more cheap newspaper notoriety and misrepresentation at your exideals or poses will figure in my soul or outward life. It will take time to form these new habits, but you have my word that it will be done and I'll work for you as human beings and Americans, so help me God.

The consternation of the audience was great, but the applause was greater. When one of his friends asked what was responsible for his change of heart, the orator replied: "Well, I just realized what President power will ever again be permitted to exploit a weaker people. I saw that democracy must begin at home, and I've started to do my share." ALBERT C. BARNES. Merion, July 29. Wilson meant when he wrote that no foreign

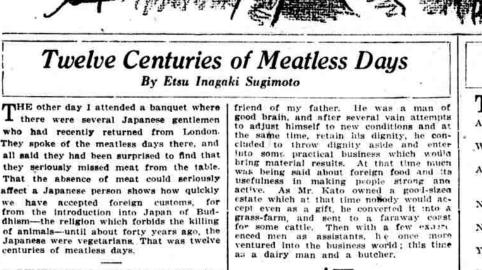
The cloud effects were We Watch so wonderful yesterday we spent a good

the Clouds deal of time out on our fire-escape balcony watching them. Evidently, after a fen days' drought, the weather man was concocting something new. "The traveling mountains of the sky" were all moving northward, great tumbled billows and crags of snow. There was a moment when

the flag on the tall staff of the Drexel Building was framed in an aperture of pure. serene blue. We took it for a good omen and went in to measure how far our men are from the Vesle River. if we don't get a decent rain soon the row Weather Man,

of elm trees in front Do Your Bit of Independence Hall. planted some years ago by the Colonial

centuries of meatless days. REMEMBER very distinctly the first time



The Heavenly Hills of Holland

How wondrously they rise Above the smooth green pastures Into the azure skies!

With blue and purple hollows, With peaks of dazzling snow.

The summits of that range, Whose colors ever change:

Yet we possess their beauty, And visit them in dreams, While the ruddy gold of sunsel From cliff and canyon gleams. In days of cloudless weather They melt into the light: When fog and mist surround us They're hidden from our sight; But when returns a season Clear shining after rain, While the northwest wind is blowing, We see the hills again.

Twelve Centuries of Meatless Days By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto THE other day I attended a banquet where L there were several Japanese gentlemen who had recently returned from London. They spoke of the meatless days there, and

all said they had been surprised to find that they seriously missed meat from the table. That the absence of meat could seriously affect a Japanese person shows how quickly we have accepted foreign customs, for from the introduction into Japan of Buddhism-the religion which forbids the killing of animals-until about forty years ago, the

THE heavenly hills of Holland,-

Along the far horizon The clouds are marching slow.

No mortal foot has trodden Nor walked those mystic valleys



"I STILL INSIST IT ISS A SILLY WAR!"

day. The prospect of a war in which the contending forces would find it cosy to obliterate whole cities in a night intolerable. Yet the methods of unmaginable destruction which warring nations will soon have within their grasp suggested by the sky dreadnoughts of lignor Caproni's plans.

Civilization 'itself would fall inevitably the sort of conflicts that will be posthe within twenty years. And the only safe course for mankind now is the elimination of the cause of war at its deepest source.

Perhaps Kerensky's decision not to come to the United States has been inspired by the thought that he can obtain an excellent idea of our population and its accomplishments by remaining right in France.

LET FACTS SUFFICE

EVEN so brilliant a victory as "Second Marne" may be tarnished by overstatement. Disappointment that Foch has not yet bagged the half million Germans alleged to have been caught in the Vesle-Marne "pocket" is not at all the sort of emotion in which same patriots should indulge. Failure to see a favorite theory work out may casily dull one's vision with respect to much substantial accomplishment. Paris is no longer seriously imperiled

Many square miles of important territory have been regained for freedom. The initiative in the titanic war game has passed to the Allies. It is far better to derive our rejoicing from these incontrovertible facts than to entertain extravagant speculations. Should unforeseen successes be achieved, our thrills over them can be unclouded and doubly keen.

In estimating the significance of the resent action in Champagne it is well remember that German military skill has shone with especial brilliancy in demaive operations. The establishment of Hindenburg line in 1916 and Von k's retreat from the Marne in 1914 notable examples of this attribute. most glaring Teuton blunders have made in offensive movements, and o historic cases failures were occad by depreciating the strength of the

the war began the French comhas heroically and consistently d this error. Knowledge of this fact ly enables us to appreciate without ations the superb gains which 'already has made. Solidity rather showiness is their inherent quality. is conceivable, of course, that the squeezing of the lines between and Soissons may have far-reachequences and that the Germans yet be trapped. Just at present, howis wiscat to exult because the tide has been definitely turned this instead of picturing its conclusion he present campaigning season. of the great doeds already ild suffice for the day.

who took up the work were gentle, credulous men of great physical power. But the older residents in that region invented a term of kindly derision for them, set them apart and viewed them as a lesser breed. These were the descendants of men who had warred for liberty before the Declaration of Independence was written.

There is in the native viewpoint of all peoples a trace of snobbishness. Most of the foreigners who come to America to live are desperately poor. And it may be worth observing that in this country prosperity is worshiped to the exclusion of many things better worth while. In the end it may prove that it is the pov-

erty of the alien that makes his way difficult in America. Now we are seeing these people of the

European continent in the mass for the first time-as people who are as spirited, as brave, as eager as ourselves. Those of them who come to this country bring trends of character and faiths that properly might make the national character of America still richer and more various.

We shall not have finished the fight for the rights of small nations until each new citizen is given an opportunity to be a good one and made free from the unmoral exploitation by politicians on the one hand and dependent industries on the other. The war should be adequate to show that the little people who are our allies abroad are fitted to be our allies-not our dependents-at home.

Immigration will increase after the war. The great unleavened masses of the foreign born, isolated in many eastern cities, are already a peril to many institutions of local government. Left to themselves, uninformed aliens are easily made the prey of selfish interests. They are swayed by self-interested men of their own nationality. Properly, the Government itself might devise means of a better approach to this new element and might find means to make the privileges and obligations of citizenship clear

to every newcomer. Otherwise it would be far better to limit immigration. Present conditions tend to make the difficulty of selfgovernment in American cities grow constantly more acute.

THE BAN THAT BRACED US IN LIFTING the ban on wheat, save with respect to its proportion in "victory bread." from hotels, clubs, restaurants and dining cars, Mr. Hoover's appended praise for the "sacrifice" made becomes almost embarrassing. The individual consumer, whose diet for nearly a year has

Vibrated in that gloomy place.

A dingy vault of noise and steam-Vast arches, and a scoop of sky: But that great shed can never seem The same drab place as I pass by-I'll see that girl, alone, apart, Choked by her leaping, naked heart.

There will be hearts for whom that place, That crowded arch of heat and trains, Will be a shrine for some lost face. An altar of old joys and pains. Ah, when you pass those gates again Think, God be with you, drafted men.

Social Notes

Sam Scoville, Jr., of this city and Main Line, tells in the August Atlantic Monthly what to do when one comes face to face with a black-and-white animal with a pointed nose, a bushy tail and an air of justified confidence. Briefly, Sam's advice is be civil to the lvet.

. . . Dudley Harmon dropped in to see us vesterday on his way from Washington to Independence Square. Dudley is the Ladies' Home Journal's machine-gun nest in Washington, and the most harmonious person we wot of.

Ned Muschamp, of Narberth and the advertising business, was in here about cockcrow this morning. We didn't make out whether Ned was on his way to today's work or returning from yesterday's.

Now they say that Kerensky isn't coming over here after all. Have we missed our last chance of meeting a clean-shaved Russian?

Bill Stites says it must be a cinch to write pieces for the paper. We feel rather embarrassed about this, but we don't quite see what we can do.

General von Hindenburg, who will be remembered as one of the Hindenburgs who used to be so fond of the Marne, is officially reported as having recovered from his recent death. He is feeling much better, but we predict a relapse about the time the first ship is launched at Hog

Island. SOCRATES. Paradoxical "beefing" on meatless days continues in Germany every time Foch pushes

his line forward. It is superfluous to inform us that the

troops which gave way before the Franco-American advance were "drack divisions."

There are some of us who would greatly rejoice to begin a counter-attack when the food profiteer on the other side tries his estortion testion

Dames, will be in danger of permanently imnaired health. They look very seedy from lack of moisture, and by a quaint irony they adjoin a bubbling horse fountain on which is carved "Give us water, lost we perish."

A British naval officer Perhaps He Meant says that when there on the Subway are a few more fast destroyers on the job

the Atlantic crossing will be as safe as going un Broadway. But the jolly tar might have been more fortunate in his choice of a parallel. To us slow-dodging rustics Broadway does not seem a happy example of safety.

The age limit of the Ah, Gallantry! naval reserve force has been raised to

forty. But it need not be assumed that any of the yeogirls who look so dimity and dotted swiss along our pavements are anywhere near that age. Indeed, they must come perilously close to the minimum.

> While they are re-But This Time treating to the Alsne, perhaps the boches Is Final

every now and then experience that curious feeling that it has all happened before. They ought to have the technique of retreating to the Aisne down to a fine point.

"I'm delighted to inform you. Mr. Inter-Those Dashed Americans locutor, that the hyphen is winning the war." "That's a surprising statement, Mr. Bones. How do you make it out?" "Why, hasn't the victory on the Marne been ascribed to the 'dash' of our troops?"

Bankrupt Nat Good-But They're win perhaps antici-All Receivers pates that the hands of a receiver will be

kinder to him than those of the five or so wives whom he wooed, won and lost.

The heat wave will be nothing compared to the wheat wave that will be unleashed August 1, when griddle cakes go back on the menu.

It seems as though there ought to be some joke about Mr. McAdoo being the Mikado of the Treasury Department, but it still cludes us.

Tears for the departure of the sugar bowl may be at least partially assuaged by exodus of the housefly who made it his habitat.

"Extravagant", would be the Kaiser's mment on the whole Hog Island under taking, even if it were found that not a dollar was wasted on that monumental plant.

Foch's troops have triumphantly prove that "none but the brave deserve the Fere."

In this weather the sunny side of the street is No Man's Land, to a water the

I ever tasted meat. I came home from school one day and found that my father had just returned from a trip to Tokin Such an occasion was usually one joicing to the entire family, but this day there seemed to be an air of depression everywhere. As I stepped into the "shoeoff" place I heard my mother's voice in low maid. The servants all seemed excited, but they also were talking in hushed voices. of course. I did not ask any questions, as had not yet greeted the family, but I had an uncasy feeling that something was wrong. And it was hard for me to walk ly and without haste as I went grandmother's room for the usual respect ful salutations.

My grandmother was sitting with a maid before the gold thrine. I was greatly sur-prised to see the doors closed, for it was the hour when they were usually open and the obelsance before eating. There were rolls of white paper on a big lacquer tray; and the maid was pasting it over the glided doors. Almost every Japanese home has two shrines. In the time of sickness of death, the plain wood Shinto shrine, which honors the sun-goddess, the Emperor and the nation, is sealed with white paper to guard it from pollution, but the elaborat gilded Buddhist shrine is left open, as it i the Buddhist gods who give comfort to the living and guide the dead on their heavenly journey. I had never known the gold shrine sealed and, young as I was, I knew that something very strange and mysterious was about to happen.

MY GRANDMOTHER returned my bow with her usual gentle smile, but she was graver than usual. "Honorable grandmother," I anxiously in-

quired, "is somebody going to die?" I remember now how she looked-half

amused and half shocked. amuseu ang naif shocked. "Little Etsu," she said, "you should not talk in this way. Your words are fre-quently very reckless."

norable grandmother." I persisted, "the shrine is being sealed with the

"Yes," she answered with a little sign. and said nothing more. I did not speak but sat still, watching her again. troubled heart. Presently she straightened p and turning toward me said slowly

honorable father has ordered his d to taste flesh. He believes meat household to taste fach. He believes meat is the food to make children as robust and as the people of the western sea. ox fiesh is to be brought into the house soon, and we must hasten with our duty to close the holy shrine from pollution."

THAT day we ate a solemn dinner with THAT day we ate a solenin uniter when meat in our soup and no friendly spirits near us, for both shrines were scaled. We felt strange and lonely. Of course, grand-mether did not join us. She said she would rather not grow as big as a westerner-nor cunning.

THE introduction of foreign food had a great deal to do with breaking down the wall of tradition which shut us away from the world of the West. After the Restorawhich, of course, means the fall feudalism, the great majority of wealthy samural suddenly found themselves separated entirely from the system which had given them support, and yet they were bound as firmly as ever by the code of ethics which for centuries had taught them utter confor centuries had taught them utter con-tempt for money. As a result the land was flooded, those first years, with business ex-periments, where high class gentlemen at-tempted to imitate tradesmen generally th disastrous results.

THE blue-blood name of Mr. Kato did not

harmonize at all with his new occupaion, and he was looked upon with a sort of curious horror. But nevertheless many bought and ate the meat, and the business The simpler part of his workprospered. the selling of milk-was also prosperou but it also had serious drawbacks. Most or the common people believed that cow's would influence the nature of those believed that cow's mill drank it, and this caused much gossip. children heard from servants that Kato's new-born baby had a tiny h Mrs its forehead, and that its fingers were all clubbed together like cow's hoofs. This was not true, of course, but fear has a strong influence on our lives for happiness or misery, and there was real desperate anxiety about many the things in the daily life of the Kato b triffing

hold. As years passed the trouble did not lessen. Three children died in succession and the constant friction between old and ideas filled the air with tragedy.

BUT Mr. Kato was an unfinching type of man, and being honest in his progressive ideas, his active brain thought out a scheme by which to broaden the views of his super-stitious family. The majority of intellectual men of that day, though broad thinkers themselves, allowed the women of the family to remain narrow and ignorant; and so t was that the female members of the Kate family were in the habit of taking their problems to a certain priestess who was rever enced for her marvelous supernatural pow was rever

ers. Their faith in her was absolute. One day Mr. Kato called the priestess to apparently to assist in settling some puzzling matters. Really attempt to open the eyes of his Really it. was an family the absurdity of their superstitious belief. He thought if that could be done that peace would come once more into his home.

The priestess went through a very elaborate ceremony, part of which consisted in falling into a trance and interpreting messages supposed to come from unseen friends in the spirit world. While she was in this state Mr. Kato asked her many questions. the answers of which were well known to the family. At first the replies were only vague, but gradually, by skillful leading on his part, they became more direct; but they were unsatisfactory and even untrue. Finally the spirit messages from the revered ances-tors became so absurd that the entire family was aroused. The children were startled the gentle wife was puzzled and grieved and the poor old grandmother shocked beyond

REFORMERS sometimes use cruel methods, No man could have greater love and respect for a parent than Mr. Kato had for his mother, but this experience saddened and shortened her life. A Japanese woman knows only one way to right a wrong, and that is to sacrifice herself. The brave woman sickened refused all medicine, and soon was laid to rest with the ancestors whose dignity and honor she had died to uphold.

words.

THIS tragedy, over what to an American seems a trifle, is only one of many during the last decade in Japan. To a greater less extent, it has been the experience of al most every family that has drifted from old to new in ideas and customs. And amusing as it may appear to an American, more of these tragedies than can be readily believed these tragedies than can be readily believed have been due to the introduction of meat. Now things are more settled. Meat is not yet eaten universally, but even in the inte-rior it is no longer looked upon with horror and joathins. It is found in all restaurants and hotels, it is eaten daily in many homes, and in Tokio there is scarcely a block that does not have its little "Nikuys" where meat The old Dutch painters loved them, Their pictures show them clear .--Old Hobbema and Ruysdael, Van Goven and Vermeer. Above the level landscape.

Rich polders, long-armed mills, Canals and ancient cities,-

Float Holland's heavenly hills.

-Henry van Dyke, in "The Red Flower."

Obcycd the Injunction The Smiths had a hen which insisted upon neclecting her comfortable nest to lay a daily

egg in the coal cellar. "I can't think," fretted Mrs. Smith, as she and her small son John together hunted for

that particular egg. "why this one hen insists upon using the coal cellar." "Why, that's easy, mother," exclaimed

John, "I suppose she's seen the sign, 'Now is the time to lay in your coal." "-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Many a bitter battle is waged by the war gardener in Hoe Man's Land.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- What is a "sownsman"?
- Who is General Gouraud?
 Name the author of "Swiss Family Robinson."
 What is a Munchausen tale?
- Who is Doctor yon Hussarek
- What is a service flag? Who is the Queen of Italy?

8. What is the capital and what is the largest city of Alabama?

9. What is the strength of an army division in the United States and abroad? 10. What is the corresponding army rank of a commander in the United States navy?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. George H. Boberts is the British Minister
- of Labor. 2. Cettinje is the capital of Montenegro. 3. General S. B. M. Young, retired, is the former chief of staff of the United States army. He saw distinguished service in the Spanish-American war. He solvecales an American Babling army of 5.000.000.
- A. American mining arms of s. 000,000.
 The Constitutional Democrats. The name is a coined word from the "K and D" which are the initials of the two words of the party name in Russian.
 The heir to the throne of Italy is styled "the Prince of Naples."
- "the Frince of Naples." 6. Heartk Ibsen, Norwegian dramatist, is the author of "A Doll's House." a play which was revolutionary in its turning of the state from romance to realism. 7. The Young Preiender: Prince Charles Edward Maart, whose partians blotted for his restoration to the throne of England. 8. Busen Airss and Bis do
- restoration to the throne of England. 8. Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro are the largest cities of South America. 9. Empress Zite is the spoune of Emperer Cari Francis of Austris. Nhe is a descendant of the Austris. Nhe is a descendant basis

and him and the own shilds a low to