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Philadelphia, Monday, August 5, 1918

THE QUISTCONCK

TT WILL be high tide on the Delaware today when the Quistconck is launched, but only the beginning of a monumental scendancy will be registered at the world's greatest shipyard.

Any launching nowadays drives deeper me America's answer to the Hun chalenge. Hog Island's official debut, however, presages something truly titanic. High tide at a shipmaking plant whose magnitude is unparalleled in history can now be foreseen, and the splendor of that flood of ships for liberty fairly dazzles the imagination.

With the Quistconck the rise begins. Already she is a fortunate vessel, for so is any ship that plows the waves for free-In a still larger sense she is unpivaled. When within six months transports and cargo boats are turned out at Hog Island almost with the rapidity of a ubiquitous make of motorcar and the rollcall of Indian names borne on each hull as it dips into the Delaware overtaxes the memory, the Quistconck will be unforotten. Whatever fate has in store for er, she will be illustrious. She is the herald of high tide and of a maritime pageant whose brilliancy will gleam as the oppression turns to ashes.

The chief reason why King George uld probably be surprised to learn that he had been said by an American visitor to ele a Kansas Mayor is that his power is so infinitely inferior to such an official's,

FULL MOBILIZATION OF POWER HE principle of an unlimited army for which the Administration stands and establishment of narrow draft age limits do not harmonize. Mobilization of the nation's full man-power is the need of the moment. The application of these vast resources can be safely left to the War Department and to its extensive discreclonary privileges under the selective

coming legislation in Congress ould be comprehensive enough to obthe remainder of the war. Fixing the low year at eighteen and the high one at forty-five would not necessarily mean that mere boys and corpulent middle-aged men ild be at once compelled to fight. Should the army chiefs for some months desire soldiers of from nineteen to twenty-one or from thirty-one to thirty-six it could have them. Should the pressure for troops ultimately make it imperative to enlist fiber younger or older men the authority issue such a call would be at hand.

whole question is really very sim-All Americans of military age, in the prodest construction of that term, should registered. If Secretary Baker, as is reported, desires to take Class 1 men tween nineteen and thirty-six that res-

But its exhaustion should the war be reatly prolonged ought not once more os us face to face with the need of tending the limits. The new registration w about to be passed should have the supreme merit of finality.

"Enemy wants more iron for next year." ays a headline. Somebody must have been scraping off that once-vaunted first covering.

CUBA LIBRE **DOUBTS** that have existed as to the precise role which our Latin-American allies are to play in the great war are inapplicable to Cuba. A few months following our answer to German insolence the "Pearl of the Antilles" challenged the ne foe, and it is increasingly evident that every word of her declaration of lities was strongly meant.

The House of Representatives in Havana has just approved the Cuban Senate's ment to the obligatory military ice bill, empowering the President to d to France all the regular troops he expedient, together with all volun-This is unquestionably the real Valuable fighting material can be d from the gallant insular republic e population new numbers nearly

spirit of whatever contribution will ide is wholly glorious. On the kling Malecon that faces Morro Castle the blue Mexican gulf . tands a picque statue of the patriot Maceio. al originally of the liberty of his tend, that memorial now takes on meaning, suggestive not merely resistance to a tyrant, but also beast that assaults the world's It is patent that in saving

Spanish bondage amazed the Huns nt unselfishness will, of course incomprehensible to foul minds independ any instrument that force destiny of this roll-

m oppression we helped raise a

well worthy of liberty's precious

EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR

Will the Future Ask Why Men Couldn' Control the Forces They Created? WHEN the war is ended the whole

modern scheme of education is likely to appear well forward among the institutions that will be brought up for a new and relentless scrutiny. Accepted theories of popular training will be questioned, not in relation to their practical aspects and methods of operation, but upon a far higher ground. There is sure to be an effort to uncover and define ultimate goals and ideals. We shall ask at last what education is for. The war has been so costly and so great that the future will look back upon it with a merciless curiosity for origins, details, contributing causes.

It is easy to believe that the final analysis may be astonishing. It may even be said, in some future day, that deficient education caused the war. It may be contended that a really educated world would not have brought down upon itself a disaster so cruel as the present one. And the decision may be, in all truth, that western civilization drifted almost to its end because it insisted on mistaking training for education without an understanding of the difference that exists between the one and the other.

The war, even in such phases as are ponderable at this moment, seems definitely to provide the answer that has always been wanting between the two opposing theories of education in America-between the lonely proponents of "classicism" on the one hand and the "practical" schools of pep and hustle upon the other, with their tendency to sublimate the utilitarian idea and look down upon education founded on classical literature and idealism as something worn out and done for and unfitted to a

Science is practical. And science has made the present war unthinkably cruel, terrible beyond all imagination. This knowledge involves no shadow of criticism of science. Science makes no pretensions to morals. It is apart from morals. It is searching and restless, above the world.

There seems proof enough now that the world does not know how to use the things it receives from this source. And the question that sooner or later must rise above all others that have come out of the war is whether mankind can get along with science alone, whether any practical formula is quite adequate to make existence tolerable. The war is intensely practical. It was instituted at the beginning for practical purposes, engineered by practical men. Science merely fulfilled its function. It invented and revealed. But observe the uses that have been made of its revelations and its inventions!

The truth seems to be that man's spirit has not kept pace with his ingenuity. He is clever but he is not wise. Man has created many things, philosophies, machines, influences, which he is unable to control. His machines are marvelous-yet they destroy him!

The war has shown how exquisitely the mind of man has been refined-how keen its edge has become. But it has shown, too, how deficient the larger part of mankind has been in the spirit, where ate the possibility of all age-limit tangles all the larger motives inevitably begin. There is the suggestion of stupendous drama in the spectacle of man's soul out and moving through unspeakable agony in a conflict with the things man's mind created. Because nobility was willed upon men, because the kingdom of heaven is still somehow within them, they must battle and die to overcome the things they wrought.

> This is the plight of a world which believed it was educated. It remained for America and our own armies abroad to lift the aims of this war to a plane and an aspect that can be reconciled at last with a true ideal of education. It was the spirit of America that first went to war. We made the issues finally clear. The war for the rest of the world was a monstrous dilemma without end or answer. So it must always be to men who are merely practical.

It seems the more strange, therefore, that the answer to all man's questioning, the explanation of his matchless difficulty, was written thousands of years ago in the literature which the teachers of this livelier, faster age profess to disdain. The noblest of the Greek dramas was written to show that in war the winner, too, must lose. All great literatures, like all great religions, attempt to prove that pride and possessions, material things, conquests and victories are not in themselves adequate to provide peace or happiness. In every ancient civiliza-

tion this truth was proved. It is the spirit of America that is winning this war-and yet the existence of the spirit as an active force has been denied. And so it is the spirit alone that can be educated. A mind can only be trained. It is a deeper and sounder education in elemental truth that will be adequate to control the forces of the age we live in. Controlled these forces can be by the sort of knowledge that is interpreted in what some schoolmasters call the dead languages. The dead languages are not dead. They are alive, with a sort of truth that is more efficient and logical than mathematics and more endurable than any conquest and richer than the world.

As her ships are successively sunk by the pirates hapless Spain cries "Grave!" and then proceeds to sink deeper into it.

THE HOUSEMAID'S DAY

CIVERY now and then when we are in a mood to appreciate fully the beneffts of trolley cars and submarines, airplanes and lightless nights, wheatless days and the scarcity of coal, some one rises to take the joy out of life with an intima-

is a growing shortage of domestic servants in this city and, of course, an average mind will turn instinctively to the old times when servants waited in crowds at the employment offices to be lorgnetted, selected, questioned and led to their toil. There was a servant problem in those days, too. The servant problem began with the Magna Charta. But it isn't a problem that housekeepers are facing now.

It is a famine. The reasons are various and they lie deeper than the war industries, which are claiming almost all the cooks and parlormaids. Every servant feels in her heart "as good as her mistress." Every mistress feels in her heart better than her servant. The servant rarely reveals her secret conviction. But the mistress does so rather frequently. There is no arguing these things. That way madness lies.

The fact remains that the relationship between servant and mistress, unless both are ideal types, is usually strained. And since the longing for independence and a free foot and a free spirit is the dominant phenomenon of these rapid times, it isn't strange that domestic servants are hurrying to what they consider ideal employment in the war factories where the wages have suddenly gone skyward.

It is likely that a good many of them are making mistakes. Domestic service is in reality an uncultivated art that has peculiar rewards for those who go into it in the right spirit. The environment of a well-appointed home, relatively easy work, the same food that the rich and the well-to-do buy for themselves, freedom from rush, time clocks and crashing machinery fall to the housemaid who has a touch of philosophy in her make-up and a little of patience to serve her when she is annoyed by an enforced consciousness of what the mistresses used to refer to as "her station."

But adventurousness is an American trait. Even the folk who are born abroad acquire the national characteristic of impatience when they are here a while. The thing beyond all always looks better. So it is with the domestic servants who are deserting Philad iphia homes in crowds. Ultimately they will learn, as men and even nations sometimes have learned, that independence isn't all that it is cracked

Well, at least some war-garden patches are helping to abolish some war-trousers patches.

EXTRAVAGANT ZEAL

THE raid which agents of the Department of Justice and the Federal vice squad made on Woodside Park the other night is said to have been effective. The value of its spectacular aspect is more questionable.

If, as has been reported, more than two thousand persons were lured into an inclosure in order to secure some two hundred alleged draft slackers, wisdom and zeal seem to have been imperfectly blended. In that case hundreds of innocent persons were compelled to undergo a humiliating investigation.

Surely if the Government deputies were as sure of their real game as the comprehensiveness of their plans suggests. there was no need of stalking so many superfluitles. The search of such numbers of decent, law-abiding men and women young men and girls bears a taint of in-

It would appear that "man dressed in a little brief authority" has not yet ceased to play his "angry tricks."

The Kaiser is about to lose the town of Braisne, on the Vesle. He lost his brains

THE VALOR OF THE HUMBLE HE flaming ordeal through which the world is passing has revealed in heroic and heart-touching ways the qualities of courage, frugality and plain sense that live in the souls of the common people. Average humanity, with all its faults, has amazing fibers of stole idealism. Even in the wrath and anguish of terrible days it is never the hearts of the humble that are first to whimper. It is the grave responsibility of statesmen to see to it that the conduct of our war shall do no hurt to the infinite valor and patience of those who have committed all that is dear to

their leadership. It has sometimes been said that Kipling has faltered of late years in his high task of voicing the song that lives in the soul of the Anglo-Saxon race. But the unlaureled laureate of English speech is still a great singer, as witness his latest poem, just cabled from England:

I do not ask for saintly souls to help me on my way. Or male and female devikins to lead my steps astray.

If these are added I rejoice—if not I-shall

So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind. For as we come and as we go (and deadly

quick go we!)
people, Lord. Thy people, are good people, enough for me! The Atlantic cables are fortunate when they are permitted to sing to such a rhythm as that.

"I hear, Mr. Bones, Something to that the German daily "Ream-ember" journals will soon be unable to appear." "Why, how's that, Mr. Interlocutor." "Why, because all the Kaiser's presumptuous claims to Rheims have lately been reduced to mere scraps of paper."

New York is the quaintest and most Nothing Novel whimsical of towns. It was greatly exercised the other day by a hold-up perpetrated in a Broadway office building. Doesn't New York ever visit its own hotels, restaurants and barber shops?

The raincost manufac-Poetie Justice turers who have been accused of fraud in connection with army contracts are still frantically trying to get in out of the wet.

Berlin is melting down her statues. which is the first sign of an artistic renaissance in Germany. Lovers of art will now be inclined to deal more generously with the Huns when they sue for peace.

The proverb about ignorance being bliss thoroughly refuted by General Tasker Bliss, our able representative on the supreme war council at Versailles.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Wilhelm's Phrase Book

THE Kaiser and Rosner having rapidly evacuated their dictating headquarters at the intellectual town of Braisne on the Vesle River, a much-marked phrase book was found among other abandoned goods. a careful examination of the book seems o indicate that Wilhelm has been studying English. The following useful phrases were heavily underscored; evidently Wilhelm will be ready for any emergency: Never mention Chateau-Thierry to me

again. I am about to cross the Vesle (back-

Send Rosner the pulmotor.

Oh boy (Ach Knabe!) Which is the free lunch counter? How much is the commutation to St. A ticket to St. Helena, please; one way.

Say, neighbor, direct me to a men's odging house. Waitress, I will have a few turnips. Is this the employment department?

I beg your pardon, but where is the

nearest firing squad? Hindenburg's ghost is exhibiting a sparkling vein of humor that really almost reconciles one to the old man's death. His latest quip is telling the German pub lic that he allowed a million or more Americans to cross the Atlantic unmolested by submarines so that he could leap upon them and massacre them while they

were wrestling with the French language. And with these good things chuckling in from Hindy almost every day who can doubt the truth of communication with departed spirits?

That Word Is Forbidden Dear Socrates-Beer has deteriorated so lately that I call it camouflager. BEN ZEEN.

Army Shoes

FOR a Sammy in the army, life is just one round of pleasure: From reveille till taps at night somebody's

got his measure; He hits the floor at a quarter of six and grabs his clothes and scoots

Where sleepy, cussy sergeant chaps are lining up recruits. They bawl him out the whole day long till he'd like to kill the brutes.

And every time he turns around some doggoned bugle toots-Oh, there's always something popping

But it isn't kitchen duty that gets the new

recruity, It isn't pecling onions or cleaning cuspidors.

It isn't lack of booty or the shave-tail so salutey.

That makes him pray in his honest way to soon be done with wars, isn't being far from home or being far

from booze. It isn't things he doesn't have, or things

, he'd like to lose: It's the shoes!

THEY take his clothes away from him in the receiving station And send him shivering down the line like

Adam at creation. They poke him in the short ribs and they grab him by the tongue.

They say he's got tobacco heart and can't inflate his lung. And other personal remarks that seldom

have been sung By any poet I have known without his Oh, there's always something popping

They give him soap and water because they think they'd orter.

They count his spinal column mark him up with chalk Till he would give a quarter just to be blooming mastyr

And to punch the first young corporal who gives him any talk. isn't beans and coffee and those

peculiar stenes which you meet your long-lost child or anything you choose: It's the shoes!

KNOW at last the reason men are "buried in their boots."

For shoes make splendid coffins for not too plump recruits; Or over there in Flanders they will make a cozy row

Of cast-off shoes with heels run down or ruptures in the toe And roof them up all shrapnel-proof and

cut a door below every Belgian family has a brand-new

bungalow-Oh, there's always something popping in the army!

It isn't German bullets or even doctored That gives the lonesome Sammy a fit of

army blues: It's the shoes!

STOOD retreat the other night al dressed up in my best, The captain, he looked down the line and

hollered, "Perade rest!" bent my left leg at the knee and made my stummick small, My right foot made a backward march six

inches to the wall, grabbed my left thumb, stared in front, and heard the sergeant bawl:

You lop-eared loon, look down and see, your shoe ain't moved at all!" Oh, there's always something popping

in the army!

they'd strung me to a girder I couldn't even stirred her, moved my foot around inside a doze

different ways, But they said the crime was murder, that I should of pulled it furder, And sent me up to Leavenworth and

give me thirty days. It isn't fighting Germans or the poison they use-Some day we'll paint old Kaiser Bill a hundred different hues-

It's the shoes! PVT. WILLARD WATTLES, first Infirmary, 164th Depot Brigade, Camp Funston, Kan.

Those submarines in the "offing" seem

"I LEND YOU MY GLASSES, YEH" HUN HYPOCRITE

FROM THE KAISER'S DIARY

By Simeon Strunsky

FOUR years ago I launched my armies used two boxes of colored chalk in showing in self-defense against murderous Bel-im. The problem was a simple one. It was to be solved in six weeks. Yet after four years the answer won't come out. I have spent the night checking up the figures. Not a mietake, not an oversight, from the moment I shook hands with my guests at Potsdam and set out on a much-needed vacation in northern waters. Yet the answer won't come out. The communiques from the Marne front make that plain enough. Let me go over the

First. The principle from which we started is as sound today as it was four years ago, being grounded in the fundamental fact of human nature: Grab. Before we began we had before us a complete set of ernational blue prints prepared by our ininiversity of Pilferthum, These prints showed beyond the slightest doubt that as soon as we grabbed Belgium and the French coal fields and Poland, and Austria grabbe bia and Salonica, the English would grat the French colonies and Calais, the Ameri cans would grab Mexico and Brazil, and the apanese would grab China. I remem Von Moltke, at the conclusion of the demon-stration, burst into tears and said he had never before realized the value of a education. None of the things predicted seen to have occurred, and yet in the very nature of things they must have happene pect Reuter's and the Associated Press.

Second. Having proved that the other that they could not fight us if they wished to. Professor Lugner, our pre-eminent ex-pert on ethnology and comparative ecstatics showed that the French must succumb because the annual production of yellow-backet ovels and absinthe in Paris h novels and absinthe in Faris had increased 234 per cent in the last ten years. The English wouldn't fight because of their absorption in selling cotton to the Zulus, breeding bull pups and answering puzzle contests in Tit-The Russians wouldn't fight because they never begin to fight until they are beaten, and this time there would be no chance for them to get their second wind. The United States would not fight because 80 per cent of the population are of German descent, an additional 40 per centare of Irish lescent, an additional 75 per cent have never forgotten that the British burned Washing-ton in 1814, and the remaining 55 per cent are physically debilitated by in Wall street, negro lynching and maple nut sundaes. Thus the strategic situation was not sundaes. Thus the strategic situation was physically debilitated by overing clear. I suspect some of my Prussian Guard must have got hold of the American mapl nut sundae supplies at Chateau-Thierry and absorbed not wisely but too well.

Third. Was our moral case at fault? Ach Himmel, no. Since Aesop wrote the history of the wolf who was attacked by the lamb, I can think of nothing to compare with our magnificent White Book—superb in what it ontains, and even more impressive in its vas Sahara-like silences. In logical sequence it is as perfect as a Winter, Garden libretto and as condensed as the costumes. Need I say more for this triumph of editorship than to onfess that in reading the volume over again I myself fail to understand what it is all about? I suspect the English, the Americans and the neutral nations must have got hold of a pirated edition.

Fourth. Was I at fault in choosing my commanders? Dummheit! Yever were there men more suited to their special tasks since Caesar Borgia. The mind simply cannot conceive a more inspired leader for the right wing of an invading army than Von Kluck; he should have been in Paris on Soptembe, 9, 1914, and yet here he is four years later aking the waters at Baden-Baden. There must be black magic at work somewhere. Napoleon himself couldn't have picked better men for the center armies than Von Below, Von Hausen and the Duke of Wurtembers; and there never has been a commander of a left wing like Von Heeringen. All but one of them are now busy perfecting their bowl-ing game at home. Magic once more. Von Moltke is dead, poor fellow. It probably broke his heart to think of the Louvre and lotre Dame standing intact.

Fifth. Was there error in planning the original campaign? Impossible, Professor Lugner proved to us in that same memorable session to which I have alluded that the Belgians are a feeble folk, averaging two feet four and a half inches in height, thirteen inches around the chest, and fifty-six pounds in weight. Of these figures the last are undoubtedly true teday since we believe the last are undoubted

how the Belgians would run at our first ap-proach. Can it be that the Belgians ran in the wrong direction? No; we foresaw everything; if the Belgian army started for the German frontier instead of the frontier, it must have been under a delusion; probably some faked British maps which made King Albert think he was retreating when as a matter of fact he was coming

Sixth. Have I anything to reproach myself with about the way things went at Verdun? Absurd. The campaign was a masterpiece. The outcome was preordained. Look at the facts as Falkenhayn outlined them to me after an exhaustive study of the files of the Fliegende Blatter. In the first there were no Frenchmen to stop us In the second place, they had no general equal to the task of handling 1,500,000 Frenchmen. In the third place, they would run away. In the fourth place, we had to termaster general was threatening to selze the Crown Prince as a nonessential industry Verdun was a triumph; we annihilated the French army and so learned how to go abo igain on the Oise, and again on the Aisne and again on the Marne. I did have my doubt I will confess, on occasions. I asked our good old Schmidt the other day—he is professor of informal logic-why we had to go on an nihiliating the French army for so man weary years, and he said: "All Highest, weary years, and he said: "All Highest, i can't be done. The French army doesn't exist Can you annihilate nothing? Obviously not Better have somebody write to Calllaux."

Seventh. Did I overlook anything abou Russia. Not a thing. We were prepared in the field; we were prepared politically and morally. We passed a no-annexation resolu-tion and took only 500,000 square miles. We prepared a no-indemnity resolution and took only \$6,000,000,000.

Eighth. Did I miscalculate on Gott? Never. I called in all the theological faculies, and they brought the proof with the ried, of the homiletic department, showed that the People of the Book means the Peopl necked race, but a stiff-kneed race, referring to the goose-step, and that the Promise Land, stretching from Dan to Beersheba, is

I have checked up the figures. They are I have checked up the land up. Tright to a dot. But they don't add up. T answer hould have been at the latest Christ-mas, 1914, and it is now August, 1918. I have created a new morality and a new logic Must I devise a new arithmetic?

P. S .- It's the professors who are at the bottom of it. Not my kind of professors, but the other kind; for there are bad professors as well as good. I mean the Wood son kind. A professor who would rather make a happy phrase than grab a couple of provinces, who spouts words about the people instead of to the people, who blurts out the delphia dentist's hand lose its cunning! (Copyright, 1918.)

Admiral Von Holtzendorff is the latest German mogul to have been retired on account of "ill health." The crossing of several hundred thousand American soldiers

every month seems to give the German naval

leads seasickness.

George W. Nicholson, of this city, made wo efforts to enlist, despite the fact that his heart was on the right side. And when you come to think of it, that may have been one of the very reasons why he was so eager to fight for liberty.

Considering the way Finland has refused to defend the cause of liberty, it is not at all surprising that a predominating color in the new flag of one of her merchantmen lately arrived at an Atlantic port, should be

The new draft which patriotic Cuba is any through is infinitely stronger than

THE SIX-INCH SPEAKS

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

MY VOICE is not Caruso's and I'm just a triffe loud;

The odds are you can hear me in the midst of any crowd: My accent isn't pretty when I get the last

command, But I speak the only message that the Hun can understand.

Give me the right deflection and the proper range to boot; Give me a keen-eyed gunner who is hep

Give me the ranging angle and before the minute grows I'll give the boche a lesson in the only gab

to how I shoot;

I'm just a wee bit throaty and perhaps a trifle hoarse;

My accent isn't soothing and my diction's somewhat coarse: I've never studied grammar and my style

is poorly planned. But I speak the only language that the boche can understand.

John Bull's "Ensign"

Sir Eric Geddes, the First Lord of the Admiralty, tells an amusing story of the grand Seet. "We had an American unit with our grand fleet," he said; "they took turn and turn about with us; they were one navy out there. The American admiral, on going aboard the flagship one day, said to Sir David Beatty, 'For the first time I have seen the royal standard flying in the grand fleet.' The British commander-in-chief looked puzzled and asked where the flag had been seen. 'I passed it just now as I came here,' the admiral replied. 'Look! There it is!' Sir David Beatty looked, and the American officer remarked: 'That's your royal standard —John Bull on a flag.' The flag shown was a blue bull on a white ground, and denoted meat ship with supplies for the fleet."-

Pollyanna William "Cheer up!" says the Kaiser to his armies, the worst is yet to come."-Boston Glo

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

2. Who is head of the Air Ministry in Great Britain? 8. When and what were "The Hundred Days"?

What territory is meant by Land"? 5. Who was Citizen Capet? What is the Golden Gate? Where is Ellington Field? What is the capital of Pont

 Name the author of the Iliad?
 Who said. "God be praised! I die happy"? Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. General Degoutte is the commander of the Sixth French Army, covering the sector between the Marne and the Ourcq, with which the largest force of Americans is brigaded. Batum: an important city on the Black Sea,

"The Marselllaise." by Rouget de Lisle, is the national hymn of France. national hymn of France.

The lion's share: the bisgrest portion in a division. The aliusion is from one of Accop's fables.

Theran is the capital of Persia.

Major General James G. Harbord, formerly chief of staff to General Pershing, has been appointed director of supplies for the American expeditionary forces in France. He commanded the American marines at Chateau-Thierry.

Maithusian doctrine: the theory that the

Malthusian doctrine: the theory the population of the world is growing than the food supply. So called from thus, who propounded the theory.

City of Brotherly Lave: Philadelphia a free translation of the Greek words