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Philadelphia, Tuesday, August 6, 1918

"WONDERFUL!"

DOUBTLESS there were many significant things that President Wilson might have said yesterday when he appeared at Hog Island for the launching of the first ship of the American miracle fleet. There is a new and dramatic suggestion in the fact that Mr. Wilson's formal utterance was limited to one word. "Wonder ful!" said he, and he probably was thinking not only of the ship and the shipyard and the great crowd, but also of the unity of national will and purpose which the occasion made manifest

This is the first time since the war began when the President has appeared officially at a function of great national importance without making an address of any sort. In Germany they would have read with interest any expression of opinion offered at such a time by the man who is looked upon as the leader of opinion and policy among the Allies. But it is likely that the absence of any such expression, the attendant implication that the last word has been said and the last bid made to the imagined reason of Germany, will seem more ominous in Berlin than any threat or promise. The President's silence was unexpected. But it was, in its way, eloquent enough,

"Ferdinand of Bulgaria is after peace." declares a dispatch, which adds that he is "en route for Vienna and Berlin." Evidently the king has an excellent "hunch" as to where the first submissive request for that long-desired state of affairs will be made.

P. R. T. WAGE INCREASE

BETTERMENT of both public service and public servants is assured by the increased wage scale which the Rapid Transit Company has fixed for its employes. Unquestionably, under present conditions of living, the conductors and motormen deserved higher pay. Unquestionably the need for improved transportation in a city that is a giant dynamo of war work was imperative. That the new scale will prevent experienced trolley men from drifting to other lines of activity and, as a practical earnest of good will, will insure higher efficiency of service is scarcely

THE RETREAT IN FRANCE What It Actually Means, at This Stage, to the Allies and to Germany

DROFESSIONAL observers of the military situation in France have not been disposed to share the feeling of exultation which the most recent Allied victories have inspired in the more impressionable minds here and abroad.

The Allies, say those whose technical experience should enable them to perceive the matter whole, have won important victories. But we are assured in the same breath that the German purposes "emain unshaken. The soldierwriters see the German system of strategy still secure, still operating with a measure of success. The retirement of Wilhelm's armies has been orderly and efficient, despite the losses in men and guns. The Hun commanders have merely withdrawn impetuously from experimental positions and abandoned an enterprise upon which they had staked nothing definite.

The drive which has just gone to pieces appears to the eye of the professional strategist as a peace storm of an extraordinary sort. It was not meant to acquire and hold new territory or new spoils. It was merely a feint of terrorism in the face of civilization. Appraising the consequences upon this ground. the military experts perceive even the shadow of a new peril in the Allied victories. They see Germany beaten back, establishing herself in previously prepared lines, behind impassable defenses where for years she may defy the power of the rest of the world in the common effort to batter a way through to the root of the trouble. Disintegration may come about in Germany and Austria, it is argued. But may not disintegration also begin sooner or later among the Allies if they are required to face an interminable period of sacrifice and loss for ends not yet clearly defined or understood?

To every one who looks not for the fact, but for the truth behind the fact. It must seem that this analysis shows either undue bias on the side of caution or a lack of the essential quality of imaginative insight into a swiftly changing situation. The occasion is one upon which a layman, with nothing but his knowledge of human nature to guide him, properly might pit his opinion against that of the technical experts.

It is true that the Germans might withdraw to the Aisne, or even to the Rhine itself, and yet give up nothing that they wish or hope to possess permanently. The Hun's heart, his interests, his hopes are now in the East. His arms are full of Russian loot. He would be glad enough to have his hands freed elsewhere. But to presume, even with this knowledge, that the German army staff has not been dazed and stunned by the recent reverses; to believe that the recent events in France were not in the nature of a disaster for Germany or that the failure would not have been averted at any cost if it had been possible to do so is to ignore the chief element in the German line of offense. This element is the state of mind of Germany.

The Berlin Government has suffered a dismal humiliation and a great misfortune at the instant when its need of public confidence at home was bitterest. The maneuver devised to encourage and

statesmen are uncommon. Death someimes changes the political and personal ine up; impeachment hardly ever. The re grets of constituents are futile until bal-

oting time comes around again. None the less, it would be interesting, were it, possible, to compare the viewpoint of in dividual voters with those of the Congress. men directly concerned in this new issue Standards of duty might perhaps differ As it is, however, the "home folks" are owerless. Assuming that the new draft ages are established, it will be the precious privilege of each Congressman within the prescribed limits of deciding for himself where he can best serve his country-in Washington or in France. Those questionnaires will make significant reading.

Every time the Kaiser seeks to establish General Lull" on the French front "General Retreat" quickly relieves him.

SCENES OFF THE CAPES

No wonder the German U-boats, which came over to "terrify" the United States and succeeded in sinking a few unarmed ships, schooners and barges novered so uneasily for a while off the Delaware Capes. These coastal projection: are something worth worrying over. For between them, and originating in the port of Philadelphia alone, more than \$500,000,000 worth of exports passed through to the ocean trade routes from which all Hun immerce is barred. Moreover, the value of materials which

we shipped abroad during our first war year was \$180,000,000 more than that of the previous twelve months. The total will doubtless be outstripped again in 1918. The present figures have just been pub-

ished by the Maritime Exchange. They proclaim Phbiladelphia as one of the great ports of the world. The decrease of \$9,000,000 in the value of our imports was relatively small compared with the immense increase on the other side of the trade sheet. Philadelphia's commerce is at last becoming worthy of her other civic propertions.

Scenes periscopically viewed off Henpen and May must remind a handful of pressed pirates of peace days near Cuxhaven on the Elbe

Happily the Quistconck slipped more atily from the ways than it does from the tongue,

A LESSON PROPOUNDED

CURE for the chronic incoherency of those Hun statesmen who babble for peace suggests itself in the words of a prominent neutral journalist. The pracical application of his formula in Berlin would conceivably settle the war in short order. The date, which we here omit, ould readily be changed to suit the situ-

ation. Here is the significant credo; "I will use the full strength of my pen and voice to make my country know the truth about the United States. In . . we suffered a disastrous disillusionment because of our ignorance. It shall not occur again if I can prevent it."

Notwithstanding their contriteness, it is entirely conceivable that something like an echo of those words will some day be heard from the German capital, already reported as plunged in the depth of "profound discouragement." Their memorization is being daily advanced by certain events on the western front.

It may be added that the date to which the text of the little formula refers is 1898. The writer is an eminent Spanish publicist. Jose M. Rinz. Without boasting, be it said that history has a particular knack of repeating itself when questions concerning the freedom of mankind are involved.

The richert prize which France secured in re-entering Solssons was her own superb cathedral

RUBBER HEELS

UDENDORFF'S masterly skill in retreating prompts one to believe he intends to do more of it.

It is said that the German verbs lag so far behind Ludy's retreating armies that they are being captured in millions. After all, Germany has always been the home of lost clauses.

And a Callous on His Palm? The Crown Prince is proud of having worn a wrist watch as early as 1905. Maybe by 1920 he'll wear a ball and chain on his ankle.

This Is Encouraging Each soul is filled with power To use at any hour; To rise out from his hole And grapple with control. SAUL PATUREN.

That which is most prominent isn't al vays the most important. The bust of Longfellow is the most visible thing in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey; but Henry W. isn't the greatest poet there by many syllables.

Human Beings

Human beings are divisible into two classes; those who enjoy being called on for a speech, and those who are panicstricken at the mere thought of such a entastrophe.

The latter, of whom we are one, take pleasure in these words of the late Henry James:

I never, consentingly or wittingly, go to dinners where that custom (speeches) pre-valls. The mere thought of it fills me with terror and anguish, and at the faintest symptom of being looked to to contribute anything but a charmed silence I become undiscoverable on the spot.

Ballad of Simple Simon cannot regulate a clock.

I cannot keep the furnace going: cannot button up a frock. Or cut the lawn when it needs mowing. never know just how to greet My wife's relations when they're calling

And when I cross an icy street You may depend upon my falling.

Each time I shave I cut my thumb I hate to give the kids a whipping; cannot carpenter or plumb, Or stop the bathtub tap from dripping: cannot grow a decent beard. And Mrs. Simon does the carving; To tell the truth. I've often feared The family would end by starving.

Of awkward and adverse conditions,

My father-in-law makes munitions!

DOVE DULCET.

A Tragedy

It takes Who's Who to tell a tragedy in few words: HARRIS Frank author born Galway In

land, 1854 Educated Universities of Kansas, Paris, Heidelberg, Strassburg, Goetlingen, Berlin, Vienna and Athens (no degrees).

Thunders of Silence

Speaking of Frank Harris, he tells an amusing story of Oscar Wilde. Lewis Mor ris, a voluminous poet of small merit, com plained to Wilde that the press would not notice his work. "I am the victim of a conspiracy of silence," he lamented. "But

what can I do? What would you advise me to do?"



SOME DAY-

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

WILLOW GROVE

CFEAKING as a foreigner-every man is a foreigner in Philadelphia until he has lived here for three generations-I should say that no place is more typical of the Philadelphia capacity for enjoying itself in a thoroughly genteel and innocent way than Willow Grove. Cynics have ascribed the placid conduct of Willow Grove's merrymakers to the fact that eighty minutes or so standing up in a crowded trolley blunt human capacity for abandonment and furious mirth. Physiologists say that the unprecedented quantity of root beer and hard-boiled eggs consumed at the Grove account for the staid bearing of the celebrants. Be that how

cheerful place to sit and meditate. I had a volume of Thoreau with me, and began to read it, but he kept on harping upon the blisses of solitude which annoyed me when I was enjoying the mirths and moods of the crowd. Nowhere will you find a happier, more same and contented and typically American crowd than at Willow Grove. Perhaps in wartime we take our pleasures a little more soberly than of old. Yet there seemed no shadow of sadness or misgiving on all those happy faces, and it was a good sight to see tall marines romping through the "Crazy Village" arm

mores, with the green and silver shimmer of the darkening take at one side, is a

Black Slippers

A T the table beyond us With her little succe slippers off. With her white-stockinged feet Carefully kept from the floor by a napkin, She converses:

Connaissez-vous Ostende? The gurgling Italian lady on the other side of the restaurant

Replies with a certain hauteur, But I await with patience

To see how Celestine will re-enter her slippers.

She re-enters them with a groan. -Ezra Pound, in "Lustra."

READER'S VIEWPOINT

More About Boonville! To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: in arm with bright-eyed girls. Those boys nd has forwarded to me you paper of July 31 and marked Socrates's article "Corncobs" concerning Boonville, Me. my home town. He also sent me the reply to said article by an "Old Boonvillian." published in your paper. y Permit me to say that especially the reply of the Old Boopvillian is very good and true. My people came to Boonville in 1854. I. was past six years, and remember conditions as they existed then. Boonville was the starting point of the Santa Fe trail, and also an important center for slave-market. I well remember later as a boy of thirteen when on the morning of June 17, 1861, we heard the cannonading and musketry of the battle of Boonville, where, as your Old Boonvillian tells you, "the first blood of the Civil War flowed." Father's farm was only a few miles from that battlefield. The defeated Confederates retreated past our farm, and today our apple orchard (C. C. Bell Fruit Company) is on a part of that hattlefield attlefield. I am here for another week, when I will come to your city to attend the Internation Apple Shippers' convention, which will a held August 13 to 16, and if it be agreead to you (and inasmuch as I was part own) of a newspaper at one time) I might call. I have written to my orchard superinten-dent to send an apple exhibit to the coming apple shippers' meeting, when you can see the Missouri apples which now grow en part of the Boonville battlefield of '61. CHARLES C. BELL.

cannot keep my trousers pressed; I spill the ink when I am writing; drop potato on my vest. My fingernails are marred by biting. And yet, in spite of all this list I still continue to exist-

to be disputed

Best of all, the raise, which is from five to nine cents an hour, is voluntary. The danger of making it contingent on an increase of fares seems to have been realized The two issues should be kept apart. Adding to the complexities of increased fares will not benefit either the transit company or its patrons. The findings of the Public Service Commission, the clarification of the relationship between the holding and the subsidiary companies warrant careful consideration in determining fare increases.

In regard to its employes, the Rapid Transit Company has done its duty. Tangled though it still is, the fare problom can now be handled with far more directness and sincerity.

May the new German retirement from the region of Albert presage a still further retreat on the hoped-for day when the gallant king of that name comes back to his own.

THE SUBWAYFARERS

New YORKERS, after a few wild days of unexampled confusion and dismay and outcries for the riot squads, are at last able to find their way about their odd little island in the new subways. The outside world has been watching them with awed interest and reading in the headlines of a happy and a gradual return to the order which disappeared in black chaos when the Manhattanese were turned momentarily from the familiar routine.

Some new subway connections upset the balance of innumerable thousands. Hundreds were lost. Men and women without number, whose judgments count heavily in art, literature, war and politics and the drama, were rescued in the tubes or found astray and hopeless in the wrong laces and guided by the police to the cosoms of their families a mile or two away. There is an accent of jubilation and of hallelujah in the news headlines with which the newspapers in New York assure the populace that the crisis is o'er. How shall this news be kept from Kokomo and Waukesha and all that defer ential hinterland which is accustomed to look to the Manhattan for guidance in every affair of the mind or the spirit? New York, after days of terror that followed the slightest disturbance in its fafliar orbit, is at last able to find its way home to dinner!

It is the pleasure of the city man to eve himself at the top of the worldo look down upon the rest of mankind th a touch of pity. And yet his tendenas on occasions that require discriminaalmost invariably indicate that he is busy keeping up with the crowd to ther than think in circles. The new ope in New York might have to prove the truth of this dread-

unify public opinion in Germany in an hour of almost utter hopelessness has had a result exactly opposite to the one intended.

There are cumulative evidences in Germany that the collective mind of the population has been staggered by the news from France. The burghers had been assured that peace was near. Peace, in Germany, meant food for the hungry, medicine for the sick, clothing for those almost naked, fuel for the winter. And in a day the delusions of mightiness with which the existing Government has fed and clothed and warmed and sustained the people were shot away. Germany now can look forward only to limitless periods of new suffering, to more poignant years, to endless hunger and cold and sacrifice beyond the place where the mirage of peace arose.

The blows in France have struck most terribly far behind the German lines. The confidence of all the people has been shaken. The civilian population is clamoring to the Government for an explanation of things that are unexplainable.

And so, even though the war should ultimately resolve itself into a contest of morale between the Allied nations and an isolated and tortured Germany, there can be no doubts whatever of the outcome. For it is a rule of all life that in every contest one adversary gains strength and fresh determination as the other shows signs of weakness. That is the essential truth which the military strategists who write seem for the moment to have overlooked.

Germany is said to be threatening severe penalties" for those responsible for rumors of the Marne defeat, but the Allies don't a bit mind being the guilty parties.

ARMS OR THE LAW

TF THE proposed draft bill is passed. thirteen Senators and one hundred and ten Representatives will have to fill out questionnaires. By virtue of their legislative roles, exemption from service can be legitimately claimed. Free choice, limited only by physical disability, is not denied these statesmen. They may take up arms if they so desire. There is, moreover, ample precedent for such endeavor in the present war. Several French Deputies have served at the front. At home the case of the late "Gussie" Gardner, who enlisted soon after the war was declared, evokes the memory of a noble concept of patriot

Elections, generally speaking, are irre a among Ame

SETTLING DOWN

DLAINLY we are settling down to the serious business of the war. We are less excited and far more efficient than we were even six months ago. Newspaper readers who are able to recall the spiritual reactions reported from all parts of the country will easily perceive the change of humor as much as we do? that has occurred.

It is easy to recall the time when the Germans were supposed to be introducing ground glass into all the apple pies made in New Jersey. If a barber in Riverton became indisposed, the rumors went forth of a plot fathered by Captain Boy-Ed for the extermination of all barbers in America. Did Cap'n Enoch Pringle's wooden leg catch fire when Cap'n Enoch absentmindedly dozed before the fire, there were mercurial folk who instantly felt assured that a pro-German had started on a campaign of terrorism to make a conflagration of all the wooden legs in the country

Every little town in every State trumpeted at one time or another of conspiracies to polson, burn, desolate, destroy and obliterate.

We aren't so jumpy now. The truth was so much more ominous than the fiction that we have settled down to calm estimates and systematic work. It has been found that the Germans in their elaborate and expensive campaigns didn't waste time on relatively harmless ground glass and poison. Their favorite weapons have been fire, dynamite and peace talk. The lively imagination of an isolated alarmist is no longer adequate to divert the attention of the country from the actual and everpresent dangers.

If there had been a This Sounds Serious definition of useless employments in the old days the man who invented the patent stop for an alarm clock bell would have been the first to be discriminated against. That device, when you stop to think of it, seems the shining symbol of a time that provides with painful care for all sorts of warnings and safeguards and then prefers to forget

"You can look at it both ways, Mr. Tam-Try This bo." "Look at what, on Your Piano Mr. Bones?" "Why, at

them.

the cause of Germany's defeat. She failed to reach Paris because the gait was too slow, and yet, on the other hand, it was much too fast." "I think I get you, Mr. Bones."

The Germans are invariably either unrea-A Question of sonable or stupid. Nationality They are blaming their

naval officers for the failure of the submatines when, as a matter of fact, the failure of the submarines is due to American and Join it." said Oscar.

Quo Vadis?

Ludendorff lives up to his already high eputation as a humorist by the statement 'the enemy evaded us." But sometimes we wonder whether the German people enjoy Ludy's subtle brand

"Gain of ground" and "Marne" are only catchwords, Ludendorff adds. What if pan-Germany and Hohenzollern should also prove to be only catchwords?

As the German general staff moves backward, the most unpleasant thing it has to face is the communiques it strewed so plentifully behind it a few months ago Hurry up, Ludy! Keep moving, or some of those catch words will catch up with

Humid Humor

Let's kick the Weather Man into the humiddle of next week!

How angry Germany must be at Hog Island for having launched a ship whose name she can't even pronounce.

Probably the German papers are persuading their readers that Hog Island is not one island, but a whole archipelago.

Now that we have Ludendorff's "hip pocket." let's go ahead and take the whole SOCRATES. garment.

"The suffering of this terrible war has spared no German home."-The Kalser. Wrong as ever, William. Potsdam and the members of its "divine" family party are still unscathed.

Even though the Germans are hustling back toward the "Ladies' Way" (Chemin Des Dames) they are unlikely to enjoy any special politeness from a rude enemy in that region.

What a pity that the famous slogan They shall not pass" cannot be practically applied to mounting mercuries which near the ninety mark.

Can it be that the original inhabitants of Hog Island are about to take their revenge on a nation of sausage makers?

Were it not for tainting a French prefix by applying it to a Hun we might call him General DeLudendorff.

August, too, seems to have started its offensive.

Polish problems are brought pair

it may, Willow Grove has the genial and placid flavor of a French amusement park Contrary to popular theory, the French, like ourselves, are comely behaved on an outing. People to whom enjoyment is a habit do not turn their picnics into an orgy.

T TAKES practically as long to get to Willow Grove as it does to Atlantic City, but the sunburn does not keep one awake all night and asleep at the office the next day. That rolling watershed where the creeks run alternately into the Delaware and the Schuylkill is well hilled, watered and aired. There is no surf, it is true; but a superb panorama of the white combers of the sky, the clouds. And fields of plumed and tasseled corn, flickering in the wind, are no mean substitute for sand beaches. Let us be practical; no one can eat the surf! And the most important

matter in a picnic is to have plenty of food. Let me state, in passing, that the ideal picnic lunch is always packed in a shoebox; there should be included an opener for root-beer bottles, and doughnuts cal culated on a basis of three for each adult. Inside the ring of each doughnut should be packed a hard-boiled egg. Each party should include one person (preferably an aunt) of prudent instincts, to whom may be entrusted the money for return carfares, Ada's knitting bag, Ada's young anthem of our great and dedicated resolve man's wrist watch and registration card in draft Class 4A. father's spare cigar for the home voyage, grandmother's pneumatic cushion and Cousin Janet's powder-papers and copy of Spumy Stories. This prudent person will form a headquarters and great general staff, a strong defensive position upon which the maneuvers of the excursion will be based.

THE first thing that always strikes me A at Willow Grove is how amazingly well dressed everybody is. The frocks, hats and ankles of the young ladies are a vision of rapture. The young men, too, are well dressed, in the best possible style, which is, of course, the uniform of Uncle Sam, The last time I was there it was a special celebration day for the marines. Several hundred of them were loping about in their cafe-au-lait khaki, fine, tall, lean chaps, with that curious tautness of the trousers that makes the devil dogs look stiff-kneed Bronzed, handsome fellows, with the characteristic tilt of the Stetson that must flutter the hearts of French flappers. And as

for the girls, if Willow Grove on a Saturday afternoon is a fair cross-section of Philadelphia pulchritude, I will match it against anything any other city can show.

WILLOW GROVE, of course, is famous for its music, and at dusk the Marine Band was to play in the pavilion. That air auditorium, under open-air audito

n the coffee-and-milk uniform will see crazier villages than that in Champagne and Picardy. It is well to store up all the innocent mirth one may in days like these.

THE last arrows of suplight were still I quivering among the upmost leaves when the Marine Band began to play, and the great crowd gathered under the trees was generous with affectionate enthusiasm. And then, at a bugle call, the rest of the sea-soldiers charged shouting down the dusky aisles, climbed the platform, and sang their war songs with fine pride and spirit. "America, Here's My Boy"; "It's a Long, Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get there, by Heck"; "Goodby, Broadway: Hello, France" and "There's a Long. Long Trail" vere the favorites. And then came the one song that of all others has permeated American fiber during the last year-"Over There." There is something of simple gallantry and pathos in it that I find genu-

inely moving. The clear, merry, audacious male voices made me think of their brothers in France who were, even at that very moment, undergoing such fiery and unspeakable trial. The great gathering under the trees seemed to feel something of this, too; there was a caught breath and a quiver of secret pain on every bench. "Over There," unassuming ditty as it is has caught the spirit of our crusade with inspiration and truth. It is the informal

S WE walked back toward the station A the rolling loops and webbed framework of the scenic railway were silhouetted black against a western sky which was peacock blue with a quiver of greenish crystal still eddying in it. The bullfrogs were drumming in the little ponds enameled with green scum. And from the train window, as we rattled down that airy valley, we could see the Grove's spangles and festoons of light. Philadelphia may take her amusements placidly, but she knows

A good instance of America's determination to win the war is the fact that Mr. Taft was in a New York hotel the other morning at 7 o'clock hunting for a public tenographer.

St. Helena is not the only island eager welcome William the Damned. Hog Island, Nova Zembla and Tierra del Fuego would all be glad to welcome him with open harms.

The new taxes on tobacco will arouse good deal of grumbling among the Grand Army of Nicotine. Another grudge against the Kaiser.

Mr. Hoover is in France, and probably rant keeper in Paris wants to

New York, August 5.

That Frosty Feeling

Turkey, it would seem, is giving Germany the icy mitteleuropa.-Chicago Evening Post.

Spelled Several Ways What the business world needs right now is more cents.-Detroit Free Press.

What Do You Know? OUIZ

- 1. Who is Winston Spencer Churchill? Winston Churchill? 2. What is a Gordian knot?
- Where is Camp Funston? When and what was the Hegira?
- . What is the location of the Great Pyramiar
- What is an iconoclast? 7. What is the largest river in the United
- What is a noncom.?
 Who said, "For me it will be enough that a marble should declare that a queen, having released such a time, lived and ded a virgin."?
- Yekaterinburg is a Russian city in the prov-lince of Perm near the Siberlan border. Ex-Cuar Nicholas was executed there.
 Lord Weir is chief of the British Air Mig-istry.
- The Hundred Days: from March 20, 1818, when Napoleon escaped from the Island of Elba, till June 22, when he abdicated. 4. The Holy Land: Palestine.
- Citizen Caret: the name siven by the Franch revolutionists to Louis XVI of France during his trial.

6. The Golden Gate: the entrance to the harbor of San, Francisco.

- 9. Iitad: Homer's spie poem relating and fall of Troy. It is one of the pleces of all literature.

how to enjoy them.

. What is the capital of Spain?

Answers to Yesterday's Ouiz

Eilington Field: the United States aviating grounds near Houston. Tex.
 Harrisburg is the capital of Pennsylvania.