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Philadelphia, Thursday, August 8, 1918

NOT PEACE, BUT THE SWORD TON HERTLING, as chief of staff for

the German peace offensive, once more emits his familiar mumble bumble in terms too ridiculous for serious discussion.

Lloyd George matches him with straightfrom the shoulder talk that is a knockout blow to the cynical barterers in Teutonia and the spineless head-shakers in Allied

Thus goes the battle for peace-at-anyprice-all against the crybables. When peace comes the first word of it will come from the Allied commanders, not

from Potsdam. When peace comes Washington will have much to say about how and where

and what. Just now Washington is too busy making war in the most righteous and exalted cause it was the good fortune of any nation ever to fight for, and there could be no greater good to the future of the whole world than that this is true.

Before we can make peace we have a big job to finish, and we are going to

The Kaiser's evident desire for peace comes just sixteen months too late.

The very mildest conversation becomes a hot discussion under present weather con-

SHOOTING TIED RABBITS

GERMAN ideals of sportsmanship have seldom been more effectively realized than in the sinking of the anchored and unarmed Diamond Shoals lightship off Hatteras. Beating up lame shoemakers in Zabern is a poor game by comparison.

A cripple might use his crutch as a weapon, and even Silas Weg, "with a wooden leg," enjoyed considerable powers of locomotion. Hospital ships, though as yet unconvoyed, are often armed and endowed with good speed possibilities. Bombing schoolhouses from the sky may be followed by serious counter-attacks by foe airplanes or anti-aircraft guns.

In all of the above sports 100 per cent Hun efficiency is not guaranteed. But hurling defiance at a stationary vessel is something to make both blood and iron simultaneously tingle with glee. Admiral Mahan, with all his voluminous knowledge of sea warfare, never dreamed of such an undertaking. Nelson or Collingwood. Perry, Farragut or Dewey, never once considered embracing such an opportunity. The whole concept is thoroughly original, quintessentially German.

The only drawbacks to this innovation are the limitation of the supply of anchored enemy ships manned by superannuated seamen and the profusion of craft that still persist both in moving about and carrying guns.

Judging from the latest reports from Wilhelmshaven, the recent restlessness of the foe's navies has caused the loss of some fifty U-boats. There is said to have been a revolt in the sea rats' chief lair. It is questionable whether even the complete victory off Hatterns is sufficient compen-

Physicists say that heat is a form of motion. Therefore we propose to be as motionless as possible.

PINOCHLE AND WAR

IT WAS odd that the railroad adminis-tration should issue an order against the ancient institution of the railway card game just as a number of society women of this city signed their names to a cutting pronouncement asking all people to refrain from wasting their time and energy at bridge whist till the war is over.

Card games at best are merely a relief from boredom. There is no reason why any one should be faced with the necessity of killing time in days when there aren't enough hands available for imperative tasks. Card parties are going out of fashion. Now they will be less popular than ever. But the women who made the formal protest had better reason on their side than the railroad administration can claim in this instance.

It is true that the commuter who dulls the ennul of his afternoon trip home with a sketchy game of whist or poker might find better things to do. There is much to read, much to think about and many fastmoving issues that a man should keep in step with through the serious study that is possible in half hours with a good book. But the commuter who works in his war garden at night and in the office during the day isn't always in a receptive mood immediately before dinner. The railroad administration seems minded to discipline him too severely. The order was issued, the railroad men say, to eliminate the practice of seat hogging. But there is likely to be a general feeling that the railroad administration is proposing too fond of the sales of t

SUFFRAGE AND THE SENATE

A Few Stern-Minded Gentlemen Who Have Clashed With the Forces of Evolution SENATOR DAVY BAIRD, of Camden, after a season of cloistered meditation in Washington has decided that he will not vote for the national suffrage amendment.

Senator Davy is an old-school politician. Viewed from one angle he is efficient, temperate, passionless, a finished handshaker, a woman's-place-is-in-thehome sort of man. Scrutinized from the angle of the suffragists and the ultramoderns in politics he belongs to the school of statesmanship which is not yet quite reconciled to steam.

It is interesting to observe the increasing vitality of the suffrage issue. The Cause is to be credited with the first decisive victories of the war. The President has written an appeal to the anti-suffrage Senators which would have been one of the most remarkable papers of the whole Administration had it not been overshadowed by the more dramatic concerns of warfare.

The Russians in all of the various forms of government tried or proposed since the first revolution have provided for universal suffrage. The service that women have given in the war has inspired a revolutionary change from the old traditions and prejudices which made the progress of the women's movement so difficult in England.

President Wilson favors suffrage. So does the House. In the Senate opinion is almost equally divided on the question of the national amendment. Senator Baird is one of the small group which will decide the matter for the United States. A constitutional amendment may not be the wisest method for the occasion. Yet it is doubtful whether the Senators will be long able to withstand the tide of sentiment that has swept aside so many obstacles in other democratic countries and overwhelmed prejudices alike among the Bolsheviki and in the House of Lords. Senator Baird, in the long run, will not make up his own mind. The world will make it up for him. Universal suffrage seems to be a certainty of the near future in the United States.

Even though the militants have chosen this momentous hour to appear again in Washington and get arrested for picketing, and even though they seem always to have done their best to convince everybody they at least are not qualified for the vote, we refuse to let them decide the matter. They are a small and restless and excitable minority, the militants. They are the folk that a clever man had in mind when he said that there would be a lot of empty lives in this country if ever the franchise was granted to

The view, familiar among the majority of suffragists, that the vote is the moral right of intelligent women, never has justified serious opposition. The politicians like to say that women would not know what to do with the vote if they had it. And most of the politicians obtain power and office because the majority of men do not know what to do with their

In almost every anti-suffrage speech the statement occurs that women aren't fore baking. Mr. Pulcet's manuscript is interested in politics. That is true. Women are not interested in politics. Why should they be interested in a process from which they have been kept consistently aloof? It has always been the hope and the belief of the wiser suffragists and of those who still hope for good government that women will be interested in politics just as soon as they are permitted to become familiar with the meaning of the franchise, its operations and its possibilities. This will take time. It may be years before the influence of women voters is actually felt either in the country at large or in the communities where woman suffrage is now operative. But this knowledge has no bearing whatever on the rights or wrongs of the issue.

It is the exceptional man who votes thoughtfully and wisely. There are many exceptional women who are ready to use the franchise for high purposes. And we venture a guess that women, on the whole, are more conservative, more likely to be devoted to abstract and ethical causes than men are.

Equal suffrage is, after all, a reform that seems destined, like the Declaration of Independence or the Magna Charta. The conscience of civilization is demanding it. Senator Baird and those of his colleagues who are still unreconciled might better go along with the crowd. It is a rather big crowd. And it is always better to go along comfortably than to be pushed. Meanwhile it is rather odd to think that any good Bolshevik would U-boat thought that lightsh. was a hosconsider Senator Baird and his group uncivilized.

MARSHAL FOCH

THROUGH the pageant of French history gleams the fame of gallant marshals. All of them were brave and able, though some-Bernadotte, for instance, and Bazaine-lived too long. In spite of certain shadows, however, the lustrous list forms an epic of glory. Ney, Massena, Soult, Lannes, Lefebvre, Villars, Turennes. Bugeaud, MacMahon will be names evoking thrills when Hindenburg and Ludendorff are ranked by an unchained world as brutal manifestations of an ugly

tyranny. Proud of the heroic title, France with held it from any of her defenders from MacMahon to Joffre. Too deeply cherished to be cheapened, the great distinction was kept inviolate. When Joffre won it civilization quivered with ecstasy. Un-

conquerable France had been born anew. And now Ferdinand Foch is his brother marshal. Seldom have firmer hands than his wielded the precious baton. History will proclaim Foch as a prime agent of victory at "First Marne" and the organizer

blood-stained stream. The entire world of liberty applauds the bestowal of so signal a distinction upon its great leader. Marshal of France!-the name throbs

like an epic in the hearts of freemen.

We are anvious not to annoy the weather man, but he seems to be putting the hives in his archives.

STREET CAR MEN ARE NOT FOOLS N HIS address to the operative employes, Mr. Mitten, of the P. R. T., laid stress upon the rule that motormen and conductors could not be permitted to wear

union buttons while on duty. No other attitude would be just either to the men or the public at this time. To grant the request would immediately

plunge the men into a rivalry to see which of the three unions into which they are divided would prevail. That would be fatal to efficiency when efficiency is needed most. It is flatly declared that this decision has nothing to do with membership in any union which a man sees fit to join. That Is his own business. So it reduces the

upon It. The public is not in any mood to suffer inconvenience in service for such a petty

button question to a quibble if any of the

carmen are still so foolish as to insist

The best time in which to enjoy the torrid dogdays is September, for they'll be 'doggone days" when that happy month ar-

THE CHAFFING DISH

At the Top of the Tube

WHEN lovely summer gets too blazing My mind is slippery as a fish: I'll borrow Mr. Goldsmith's phrasing And twist it for The Chaffing Dish.

AND so this bard keeps under cover, And hides his belfry from the sun: I'll tell the soda clerk I love her. And call Herr Fahrenheit a Hun.

A Rolltop Deak Gathers No Moss New York has troubles of her own. Sixen juvenile Abie Cohens were lost at

Coney Island the day before yesterday, and

not a single Smith.

O. Henry had a joke he was very fond of about hanging your hat on Cape Hatteras and going in by the Labrador. Perhaps that's what the U-boat was trying to do.

The back of our chair is so hot that we hate to lean back, and if we bend forward the smell of burnt typewriter keys interferes with our punctuation

Why Not Admit It? From Greenland's icy mountains To blistered Chestnut street, It isn't the humidity, It's nothing but the heat.

When Prince Ettel Friedrich fled from his quarters on the Vesle he left his shaving soap behind. But he was careful to take his razor with him. He knew our colored troops were near Dear Socrates: The Crown Prince

SMEED.

seems to be coming into his Aisne.

Dove Dulcet was due to give us a poem today, but his wife reports that he was overcome by it isn't the heat it's the ---As an evidence of his honorable intentions, she sends us the manuscript just as it was when the ambulance came round for Dove. As many of our readers may never have seen a poem in the dough, be-

CHILBLAINS

cing fust as it is:

When howling blizzard (Thumbs, strums, drums, numbsfff) Aloud I crysaid m; wife to me!

The mercury swarms | up | the tube, Cube, rube boob (?)

...... I said to my wife! (Strife, knife, fife, rife. Or try rhyme animes himes !!

And so, all down the street Prickly heat wheat, meat, neat, eat, beat, feat, seat????

Hertling keeps putting out some very quaint and cheerful peace terms, including the payment of an indemnity by the Allies to recompense Germany for all the money she has spent in crushing us.

Now that the Kaiser's edition of Shake speare is being edited, Herr Hertling might turn to Act Four, Scene I, of Macbeth where he will read:

Though the yesty waves Confound and swallow navigation up: Though bladed corn be lodged and trees

blown down; Though castles topple on their warders' heads:

Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of Nature's germens tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken; answer me To what I ask you.

We may expect an abject apology from the German navy. Undoubtedly the pital vesset.

SOCRATES.

The Saxons are reported to have "behaved very badly" at the second Battle of the Marne. It may be recalled that they acted in much the same way during the first historic engagement along that river. Is it possibly because of their name's typographical relationship with the prefix "anglo" that such disclination to fight against liberty was twice evidenced?

The primary meaning of "marechal," ac-A Sort of Good-Luck Horseshoer? cording to the French dictionary, is "horsehoer." It thus becomes still further evident that even before he became Marechal Foch the superb generalissimo had his steed of

In so far as they relate to the gunnery of American troops, Germany would richly welcome a "modification of war aims."

Speaking of wiseacres, the wisest of all are those that are producing corn.

victory well heeled with iron,

THE GOWNSMAN

Two Saints and an Angel Two Saints and an Angel

THERE is a robust old story about two
saints and an angel, who were strolling
down the street one afternoon. This was in
former times when there were more saints
extant to any square inch of Europe than
there are now sinners per acre in New York.
Moreover, there was nothing unusual in those Moreover, there was nothing unusual in those liberal times in the visible accompaniment of perambulatory saints by angels, as the epidemic of temptation, wherein every saint was soon to be ridden by his own familiar demon, had not yet set in, and saints might commune with angels on the thoroughfares or where they would without fear of the dictagraph, the shadowing detective or other malign inventions of later degenerate times. But to return—two saints and an angel were strolling down the street one afternoon—

THE unimaginative critic interrupted the A Gownsman here—he is always interrupting—to ask why the saints and the angel were walking? "The proper locomotion of angels, sir, at least, is by wing—see Milton—and they wheel in aerial flight (for there is no gravity about angels), circling through interstellar spaces, brushing the hair of comets, playing with the rings of Saturn; incalculable leagues, putting to the blush the latest acrobatic antics of the agile aerialist; but angels do not proceed by the foot." It is quite remarkable how imaginative the unimaginative critic can be when he tries. "Moreover," he continued, "I am not sure either about the strolling of saints. Who ever heard of a saint going nimlessly anywhere? Your saints should be, at the least, on an errand of mercy; and you ought to say so, or they will be unrecognizable. Literature and art, sir, know saints beatifically gazing into the vacuity of the heavens, that vacuity reflected in their upturned faces. Art and literature know saints in cells, in the dramatic processes of terrible temptations, in the agonies and contortions of racking, hanging, boiling, roasting on the gridiron, under the meat-chopper—but strolling! nonsense." "None the less," said the Gownsman, unperturbed, "two saints and an angel were strolling down the street, one afternoon, when a cart happened to pass by——"

A CART!" said the unimaginative critic,
And quoting the Edinburgh Review,
exclaimed: "This will never do!" When
you tell a story, you should at least set it
appropriately. You appear to know nothing
of the natural history of saints, to say nothing of the low habits which you attribute to
angels!" In his heart, secretly the Gownsman wished that the U. C. (unimaginative
critic, pronounced "ugh") were in a place
where he might study the natural history of
angels in their opposite deviation, but being
patient, like Aeneas, he endured. "A cart!" angels in their opposite deviation, but being patient, like Aeneas, he endured. "A cart!" continued the U. C., "and in heaven! You might as well have made it a limousine!" "The scene of this story," said the Gownsman, "Is not heaven; besides, the limousine is coming." "Preposterous!" exclaimed the U. C. "Your scene must be laid in heaven, for even you should know that no saint is worth anything until he is translated"; a remark which the Gownsman reluctantly confesses, quoting "Hamlet," made "a palpable hit."

Now, when these two particular saints, with the angel between them, met the cart, which was filled, by the way, with manure peculiarly malodorous, the saints, in manure peculiarly malodorous, the saints, in very unsaintly manner, forthwith held their noses, making distorted faces, until the cart had passed by. "What a low and horrible idea!" said the U. C. "I am astounded, sir, to find you seeking a cheap notoriety in the exploitation—a fine critical term!—of such unsavory matter. Literature and art, sir, should always be—" But the Gownsman, despite his resemblance to the patient Aeneas, was wearying and was disposed to combat the theory of the U. C. stated eloquently and at length, that the only odor permissible in the literary "exploitation" of saints was the odor of sanctity wherein or whereof—it is not quite clear which—they commonly die. not quite clear which-they commonly die

BUT the angel, strange to say, was entirely undisturbed, the patient Gownsman continued, and, to the asionished saints said mildly: "I perceive no taint in the air, I see mildly: "I perceive no taint in the air, I see no impropriety in the necessary transfer of this yulgar necessity to the growth and glory of the lily and the rose." "Now that," said the U. C., "sounds more like the actual con-versation of angels. Get in 'llies and roses," beatific poses, 'diaphanous white clothles, 'shell-pink toesies' ' (the U. C. is that thing abhorred of gods and men, a facetious rhymester)—"and the angelic job is done. Besides, I rather like 'mildly'; angels always speak 'mildly' (once more see Milton), whose 'Paradise Lost,' sir, I have read through nine The circumspect Gownsman uttered els word under his breath which and wainropes shall not force him to divulge; for the U. C. is even more powerful physically than mentally, a fortunate or perilous cir-cumstance dependent, as the philosophers say.

THE party continued their stroll. "If there is a word," interrupted the U. C. "that I detest, it is the word 'party'"; and then, in a tone "superciliously sardonic" (this phrase is quoted from the Saturday Evening Post), added: "I suppose that your mild-spoker angel is 'the party of the first part,' your saints of delicate olfactory nerves cour saints of delicate offactory nerves "our party of the second." Legal Jargon, sir, in the telling or a story—" but the patient Gowns-man "diverted his attention," and after a further discussion of fitness of environment, atmosphere (at the moment badly tainted in this story), and other topics of high art, the C. suddenly recollecting it himself, de-red: "Well, after all, you have forgotten limousine." And the patient Gownsman. the limousine. emulating the angel, replied mildly: limousine is coming."

THE party-forgive me-the heatific group. the heavenly three, the celestial aggregation, continued their stroil. And before long there rolled past them a handsome limousine, manned with chauffeur and footman in livery, on the luxurious upholstery of which folled on the uxurious uphonstery of which lolled a beautiful lady, dressed, painted and scenter to the eyes, yet not so obtrusively as to de-ceive anybody, except, perhaps a saint. The saints looked and admired—at least so far as we may decorously suppose even Saint Anthony was permitted to appreciate the exruciating charms of the houri-demons who attempted his undoing. But now it was the angel who held his nose.

COTTHE angel, how ridiculous!" said the U. C. And after some argument as to incongruity of limousines and angels. more or less learned on palanquins, gigs and sedan chairs as "more appropriate, sir, to the antique spirit of the locus of the action," the U. C. settled into the lowest center. U. C. settled into the lowest center, so to speak, of his gravity with the words: "And speak, of his gravity with the words: "And what does it all mean? A story, sir, should always be significant, edifying, able to give an account of itself—" "Yes," said the Gownsman, "and there should always be a nail for a wooden head with a heavy mallet handy. Don't you see, my poor U. C., the her ledyship was tainted?" aura of her ladyship was tainted? "Oh, yes! to be sure. The aura, very good: Why, sure enough, the aura!"

DEAR READER, the Gownsman will not believe that you are believe that you are an Unimaginative Critic; but, are you only a saint? or are you,

The lot that the former French minister Malvy once misrepresented in Parliament was decidedly more enviable than the one which will now be his as a discredited exile from his fatherland.

The statements that Austrians are 'living in the middle age" and that middle-aged men do not make the best fighters seem suggestively to harmonize, It is perfectly obvious what kind of a

time the German soldiers who have charac-

terized our fighters as "Satans" must have been having. The best indorsement of our policy to ps to Siberia comes from Germs

"QUICK YOU STRAFE DOSE YANKEES OR I DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP MIT YOU!"



IF I WERE THE KAISER By MLLE. MARGUERITE CLEMENT

(Mademoiselle Clement, a distinguished French teacher, was sent to this country by her Government to study American reactions in the war. She has been writ ing a brilliant series of articles in L'Ocuvre, of Paris, from one of which the following extract is translated.—Editor Evening Public Ledger.)

THE Kaiser has been very frank. He has admitted that Germany does not want to enslave the world, only to civilize it; to reveal to it efficiency and justice at one swoop; to teach it to clean its streets, to educate its children and to scorn money a noble enterprise against shameless England and money-grubbing America, sunk in imperialism and dollars.

How America was amazed! She had not suspected Wilhelm of this civilizing fever.

T WOULD advise Wilhelm (after the war) L to visit New York. He might go and study some of the immigrant families-Polish or Russian, perhaps-and compare the parents with the children. The children bathe every day; they take part in the administration of their school; they learn to speak in public; they swear allegiance every day to the law that protects them and which they will be able to modify at will when they are old enough to vote. They believe in fair play; they drink water; they go by thousands to read good books in splendid libraries. They are phlets written to inform and fortify the that life affords; and it seems also that they have learned, too, to prefer to life itself the things that are greater' than

It seems to me it would take a good deal of courage to explain to America just what one might do to civilize her.

AMERICA'S reply to the Kaiser is writ-ten in the booklets of idealistic propaganda that she distributes to her people. I am referring not to the official messages of President Wilson, but to the little pamphlets written to inform and fortify the American soldier. They speak his own language and deal with those thoughts that are most potent to inspire him. I shall quote one of these, distributed in millions. It is called the credo of the soldier:

I believe in my America, in this land of individual liberty, of justice and oppor-tunity for all—in the America which has given me my home, my friends and my

I believe in a government that draws its authority from the people, in a democracy capable of evolving with the years to adapt itself to the changing needs of I believe that the pledges of a nation

are sacred and that all civilization rests

upon agreements faithfully observed. I be-lieve that national honor is as real as personal honor, and that one cannot exist without the other. I believe that there is no neutrality possible between good and I believe that I am going to fight for the

right, for women and children and for my friends, without any spirit of revenge or hatred, but with the single desire of as-suring the peace of the world. I believe in the stars that stud my flag. They mean that it is the flag of liberty, of democracy and of brotherhood among NOTHER pamphlet that I shall quote Awas distributed in American streets to

small children during the last Liberty Loan campaign. Unfortunately I cannot reproduce the humorous illustrations. I will translate a few passages:

What 's a Kaiser?—A Kaiser is an old anachrenism thirsting for blood.

Why are there atill Kaisers; since there are no more dragons or unicorns?—Don't be in a hurry! Give us time.

What is a German soldier?—A poor fellow who have to preserve his privilege of

being killed as soon as his Kaiser feels the need of a little exaltation. Is the German soldier ready to die for

his Kalser?—Surely.

And what is the Kalser ready to do for
the German soldier?—Why, to let him die.

The German soldier fights to be sure of the privilege of being deprived of his rights. The American soldier fights to be sure of being able to enjoy his rights.

If I were the Kaiser, to show that I did not fear ideas any more than I feared other nations, I would have this credo and this catechism distributed among my subjects. It would show them what evils I am saving them from and just what the idealism of a money-grubbing nation is

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Mr. McFee in New Orleans

Mr. McFee in New Orleans
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—By the kindness of a friend I have
read my friend Mr. William McFee's delightful letter published recently in three installments in The Chaffing Dish.
I used to be the proprietor of "Alison's
Old Booke Shoppe," which Mr. McFee mentions in his letter. The shop was on Royal
street, New Orleans, only a few doors from
the late Armand Hawkins's famous antique

the late Armand Hawkins's famous antique store, which used to be a favorite resort of Eugene Field and Lafcadio Hearn. My place became, as old book shops do, the resort for any visitors with literary tastes who came to the vieux carre, or Frenche quaint old Crescent City. French quarter, of At that time McFee was engineer on the

Cartago, of the United Fruit Company, which then flew the British flag, and during the intervals of his stay between sailings made 'the old booke shoppe" his club of an eve ning. Many delightful talks we had about iterary London and about cabbages and kings. I was privileged to read "Aliens," one of Mr. McFee's novels, in proof, while he was correcting it. It was during that time that the world war started, and we had plenty to talk about. The "Kansas lawyer was still in New Orleans when I left th recently to come to Chicago, and the little Englishman from Mexico was still sojourning there when I left. I never laughed so much as over McFee's graphic portrait of "Smith," which was not his name. Truly "those were the days," and I remember them affectionthe days, and ately. Sincerely yours, STEPHEN H. ALISON,

Chicago, August 4.

Tipping vs. Thrift Stamps

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-It seems to the writer that the almost universal habit of tipping, which is in vogue in restaurants, depots, barber shops, etc., should, in such strenuous wartimes as we are now experiencing, be abandoned, at least for the present, and the money thus virtually wasted be diverted to some of the numerous war funds for the boys over there, who are risking their lives and making many sacri-fices for those who remain at home, and this, too, for a very, very small compensation. The "man behind the gun" is, in my opin-

ion, vastly more entitled to the sum that the tips amount to than those of our civilians who stand behind hars and barbers' chairs or wait in restaurants and cafes, and who are now, under protection of labor unions, enjoying comfortable surroundings, etc., at dictated wages, and to my mind not any more entitled to tips than are conductors on treet cars or clerks in stores. The ordinary man will spend in a week about fifty cents (some even more) for this foolish habit of tipping, and I trust some of the readers of article will follow me in carrying out my idea of abolishing tips and buying thrift Philadelphia, August 2.

Gabriel D. Fahrenheit died in 1736, but his mercury keeps marching up the tube.

It is inadvisable for even the most agile walk on his hands during this weather The pavement's too hot.

"Lenine," says a headline, "threatens yar on Japan." Is the rash Bolohevik aware by coning some four or five thousand Siberian populate him from a post of extreme rafore the walls of Source?

BALLAD MADE IN HOT WEATHER

FOUNTAINS that frisk, and sprinkle The moss they overspill;

Pools that the breezes crinkle; The wheel beside the mill. With its wet, weedy frill; Wind-shadows in the wheat; A water-cart in the street; The fringe of foam that girds

An islet's ferneries; A green sky's minor thirds-To live, I think of these.

Of ice and glass and tinkle Pellucid, silver-shrill. Peaches without a wrinkle: Cherries and snow at will From china bowls that fill The senses with a sweet Incuriousness of heat: A melon's dripping sherds; Cream-clotted strawberries;

Dusk dairies set with curds-

To live, I think of these!

Vale-fily and periwinkle; Wet stone-crop on the sill: The look of leaves a-twinkle With windlets clear and still: The feel of a forest rill That wimples fresh and fleet About one's naked feet: The muzzles of drinking herds; Lush flags and bulrushes: The chirp of fain-bound birds-To live, I think of these! -William Ernest Henley,

Joined the Dodo What has become of the old-fashione

ummer magazine, with its three fiction stories, an article on the trusts and 245 pages advertising perforated underwear?-Rochester Post Express.

What Do You Know?

1. Who was Mesmer?

Where is Camp Sheridan? 3. What was the Colossus of Rhedes? 4. Who is Admiral Reinhardt Scheer? What was the curfew bell? 6. Forh's "Fabian policy" was recently tioned. What is the allusion?

7. Where is Kandalaska? 8. Who was dubbed "Expounder of the 9. What is the poetical name of the U

10. Who said. "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than one lovely action."

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Sir Joseph Maclay is the British Controller

Shipping.

"A Roland for an Oliver" means it for it.
Roland and Oliver were paladins of Charles magne. The legend is that whatever achieved the other tried to outyle, many remances were told of these burst that whenever a person told an imperbal story to outdo one related before it called giving a Roland for an Oliver.

Craonne: an important city of France, a five miles north of the Aisne, almost of Laon and northeast of Solssons. 4. General Horvath: the anti-Bolshevik and one section of Siberia.

6. Reign of Terror, the period in the President Revolution between the overthrow of Grondists. May 31, 1793, and the fall 2 Robespierre, July 27, 1794.

7. Odyssey: Homer's cole poem of the ings and adventures of Ulysses (on his voyage home from Troy t 8. Denver is both the empital and Colorado.

9. Old Hickory: an epithet applied to

10. "A monarchy is like a man-of-shots between wind and water exceedingly; there is dancer of co-lists a democracy by a raft. Ver sailtr overlapp is, it is a pos-