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Philadelphia, Tuesday, August 13, 1918

PRO-GERMAN ANARCHY WON'T WORK THE reported flight of Lenine and Trotsky from Moscow to Kronstadt may be denied; but the worst that can be said of it is that it is premature.

These men have demonstrated that they stand for principles and practices which, applied, will destroy any orderly sys tem of society.

The Russian people may be gullible, but they cannot be fooled for long. They seem to have found Lenine and Trotsky out and have decided that they have had nough of them.

It is simply a question of how best to ret rid of them. If they have taken aselves away they have done the most forthy act of their lives.

The vigor with which Wilson specifies Vardaman and his kind reveals the Presilent as the man who put the "tag" in an-

HOLD-UPS, HOME AND FOREIGN DANCHO VILLA holds up another train near Chihuahua and makes a rich haul. Mexico is an awful place. All of us know that. It presents scenes of frequent awlessness. Thieves break in. Helpless victims are plundered. The police seem wholly inadequate to cope with freebooters and desperadoes. But what can you expect of Mexico?

Within seventy-five yards of City Hall five safes are looted of sums aggregating \$25,000. In spite of a police force, in pite of the outward forms of official restraint, enthusiastic cracksmen "carry on." In it the last ragged remnants of civic wride that forbid us from erying "What an you expect of Philadelphia?" Or, unarstanding the futility of mere words nd realizing that the only remedy for ous inefficiency in the administration a great city lies ever at the election polls, are we prepared to take it?

If not, we have no right to be virtucusty horrified at the privileges which Villa enjoys.

Couldn't the inventor of the daylighterature? Any such economy would be distinctly refreshing.

WARBURG'S RETIREMENT

THE refusal of Paul M. Warburg to accept reappointment to the Federal Reerve Board does him credit. Mr. Warburg is a German by birth, but an American by choice. He was born in 1868 and has lived here since 1902. But his kinsmen are powerful German bankers in Hamurg. He felt that if he were renominated re might be criticism of him which ld cause needless irritation at a time han all cause for friction should be

Akhough Mr. Warburg's loyalty to the of America in the war has not been usly questioned, he is probably wise to hdraw in order that those petty and susous souls who see evil in everything nay not have the opportunity for which have been waiting.

In happier times the Government may rain be able to avail itself of the services of this financial expert. They already have en of great value in guiding the Federal erve Bank through the trying period of its organization.

esibly Trotsky and Lenine fancy they hear Berlin calling, "Come early and id the Russ!"

KEEP UP THE MOSQUITO WAR

NCE whetted, the taste for victory is insatiable. The news that a vigorous hygienic offensive has routed all moses in the neighborhood of Hog Island doubtless inspire not only rejoicing, but also envy, in the hearts of thousands Philadelphians. It will be felt that er righteous war should not be ed just because a notable initial vic-

has been won. are justly jubilant. Never before have been so free from baleful buzzing. the pocket of reclaimed terrain should larged. Mosquitoes in a great modern re an archaism and an intolerable ngerous nuisance.

log Island battle, won with fuel over ditches and streams, is ave cost about \$200,000. If it five times that sum to make all alphia mosquitoless, the expenditure

be entirely warranted. ng under nets ought to be made ch an anachronism as living in wig-Havana has even discarded for they are no longer needed in

nitary tropical town, which so efprofited by the instructions of an army health experts. Rio and nid Guayaquil are exterminating ed pests. Philadelphia should be ag behind them. Wide extenpoy Hog Island front is

EXEMPT THE MINE WORKERS

And Protect Them by Government Orders From the Charge of Being Slackers

FUEL ADMINISTRATOR GARstay in the mines is followed by a proclamation by the President calling upon all mine workers to do a full day's work in order that the effectiveness of our soldiers in France may not be lessened and in order also that there may be no suffering in the homes of the people this winter.

The President, however, announces that the number of mine workers will be still further reduced by the draft, but that those who are drafted but are essential in the mines will be given deferred classification. He says that it is their patriotic duty to accept such deferment and the patriotic duty of their friends and neighbors to hold them in high regard for doing so.

It is gratifying to this newspaper to discover that the men in Washington are at last awake to the gravity of the coal situation. But they still are not going far enough. The mine workers are loyal and patriotic. They are anxious to do their part toward winning the war. Because it has not been impressed on them that they are fighting as really as though they carried a gun in the trenches many of them are leaving the mines and refusing to accept deferred classification and donning the uniform when they are

Mr. Garfield's statement was meant well, but it was too placid to stir the enthusiasm of a single miner.

The President's proclamation is more vigorous and direct. It begins with the declaration that the scarcity of coal is creating a grave danger, in fact the most serious danger that confronts us. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, placing the miners in a deferred classification is not enough to remove the danger.

Nothing short of absolute exemption of the mine workers from military service on the ground that they can serve their country better digging coal than digging trenches will meet the necessities of the situation. We have pointed this out time after time in these columns.

The current issue of the Mine Workers' Journal, of Scranton, demands it in order that the miners may retain their selfrespect and escape the charge of being slackers. We know that they are not slackers, but they need the guarantee from Washington in express terms that they are doing their full duty when they remain in their present occupations.

The circular of the Miners' Bank of Wilkes-Barre agrees in principle with the Mine Workers' Journal, for it demands that some badge or insignia be issued to the miners put into the deferred classes in order that the men may have tangible justification in the eyes of their neighbors for remaining at their posts. Both of these demands come from men familiar with the psychology of the mine workers and with the mental attitude of the residents of the mining re-

It is no time for paltering. The season when the coal can be taken from the mines with the greatest ease is growing shorter with every day. The coal is there in abundance. Transportation for it can be provided when it is got out of the ground. The pressing task is to mine it. This cannot be done without the men, and the men cannot be kept in the mines in proper numbers unless the Government wholly exempts them from military service. The sooner the truth of this filters into the minds of the men in Washington the sooner will the danger of a fuel famine disappear.

It should be made clear to the whole population in every mining region in the country that the mine workers are drafted for mine work and are serving the cause of civilization by keeping at their tasks. Then the finger of scorn can no longer be pointed at able-bodied men coming from the shafts, and when their children ask them in the future what they did in the great war they can reply that they kept the munition factories running and supplied the fuel that carried the soldiers to France and kept them supplied with provisions, and that they did so under Government orders.

How much longer must we wait for the Government to issue such orders?

Whoever put the "gust" in August is richly entitled to the thanks of city swelterers. Heat waves justly fear it,

SOLDIERS ALL

GUY EMPEY, who proved to be by far the most talkative hero of the greatest of wars, has lost a captain's commission in the United States army because he demonstrated that his emotion was quicker acting than the processes of his reason Accounts from Washington seem to explain the sudden cancellation of the order which would have made Empey a captain. The President didn't like the manner in which Empey, in a public address, reserved all his praise for volunteer soldiers and, by inference, criticized those who joined the colors as selected men.

Such a view is essentially romantic and not reasonable. The Government did not institute the selective service because it doubted the willingness of the nation to fight. Men in the mass think slowly. There is no doubt whatever that the United States, once it got into the war, could have raised under the volunteer system armies as great as any even now contemplated under the draft. This process would have required time. And it would not have made for the efficient organization that we have today. We would have been compelled to wait until the full meaning of the war reached the national con-

sciousness by slow degrees. A soldier in the American army of today is a soldier, nothing more, nothing less. The Government acted wisely in removing, with one blanket order, all distinctions between regulars, guardsmen and National Army men. There can be no separated no groups of specially honored, worker is to be regar

nature of their splendid service has put all our men upon one high level.

In the case of Empey, therefore, the President acted with a just discrimination. A captain of the service who happened to be temperamentally unfitted to achieve such a point of view would be intolerable

Several crowns are said to have been paid for the liberty pamphlets which Airman D'Annunzio dropped into Vienna. Kaiser Karl is reported still loath to cough up, but the delay is only temporary.

WHILE THE KING COOLS HIS HEELS

AT THE DOOR IT IS not quite so easy as Germany I thought it was going to be to put a king on a Finnish throne. The Finnish Diet has rejected the resolution providing that it proceed to the election of a king. It was asserted that a republic was proclaimed in September of last year and that there was no room for a king in a

Now the pro-Germans are trying to find some other way to foist a king upon the country and the candidate of the Kaiser is cooling his heels on the doorstep. If a drive of the Entente Allies continues at its present rate for many weeks longer he will doubtless discover that the climate of Finland is pretty cold in winter.

conversation was general and trivial, is at all such social dinners.—William olph Hearst. We do not often find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Hearst, but we applaud the

above sentiment with loud acclaim.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

CENATOR VARDAMAN is not compelled to exclaim with Job "Behold my desire is that . . . mine adversary had written a book," for the adversary in 1908 wrote a volume on the "Constitutional Government of the United States." The Senator doubtlens finds pleasure in putting side by side the following extract from the book and an extract of about the same length from a letter to a Mississippi gentleman by the book's author:

diet against the present Administration.
Such statements are calculated to put a very false face upor Senator Vardaman's Senator Senator Varda candidacy. S Vardaman has

Far be it from us to defend Senator Vardaman, for he deserves all that is coming to him; but it is curious and it will interest historians of this epoch that the President seems to be unable to distinguish between loyalty to "his Administration" and loyalty to the national Government.

It would be interesting to learn just what Von Kluck thinks of it all, but just now he and Tirpitz and Herr Tauscher and Karl Muck and some others seem to have joined the choir inaudible.

THE INEVITABLE CIRCLE

TN RUSSIA, now that the confusion is at its climax, the rich, the educated and Friday night in October. the well-to-do are blaming the ignorance of the masses for the sorrow and shame and bitterness that are over the whole country. The intelligent Russians have no words adequate to express their bitterness in the face of unmerited suffering and injustice which Bolshevik rule inflicted upon every one who owned anything of value.

Most of what the better-informed Russians are saying and writing is true. Their resentment is justified.

But they seem to forget that the ignorance which brought misfortune and poverty and death to them is the same ignorance which they always either tolerated or encouraged in eight-tenths of the unhappy population. The law of compensation operates un

failingly for nations as well as for men.

The grand dukes and dowagers of the Rus-Expiating Their Crimea sian imperial family are spending the time very happily under German surveillance on the ducal estates in the Crimea. Their amusements are said to be drinking tea (without sugar, we hope), watching the young people play tennis and sitting on a balcony in the evening "musing." Doubtless they have plenty to muse about,

"The valleys were Did Ludy Turn Pale? green and smiling, but the heights and ridges had been so pitted and torn that from a distance they appeared almost white against the blue horizon." Thus a correspondent describes the present Somme battleground. But perhaps that white horizon was the pallor of the Great General Staff of Huns peeking timorously out of Ham.

"No, I'm not feeling Call the Ambulance! very well today, Mr. Tambo." "Sorry, indeed, Mr. Bones; what's the trouble?" "Why, it's about those German embassy chaps that are reported to have moved from Moscow. I was fearing that those who came to Pskov remained to prey." "Don't dwell upon it. Mr. Bones, and you'll feel much better."

A Source of Supply? murmuring thunderously for the head of Ludendorff. Simultaneously it is reported that the shortage of fat in Germany has reached a new and terrifying crisis. It may be possible that the German, after all, is here beginning to demonstrate his ability to think

his way out of a plnch.

The Huns at home are

At some of the new Motor Gossip shipyards the management is finding it difficult to provide parking space for the mechanics' automobiles. Some one rises to ask whether a chauffeur for a shipyard worker is to be regarded as one engaged in

THE CHAFFING DISH

Our Own Goosebone

THE Kaiser is said to be a great believer in omens. He might pay attention to the following: When Ludendorff begins to measure the

width of the Rhine, look out for squalls. When three lumps of sugar don't sweeten the Imperial coffee, it is a sure sign that Brazil is pro-Ally.

If the Crown Prince looks blue in the face, either his uniform is too tight or Pershing is round the corner. When Rosner's pen runs dry dissolve

the Reichstag. When Lenine and Trotsky make a getway with the collection plate the population of Berlin is likely to be increased by

When black specks appear in the western sky look out for explosions along the The fact that the famous picture of Washington crossing the Delaware was

painted on the banks of the Rhine, and really shows Washington crossing the Rhine at Dusseldorf, begins to have a more cheerful significance.

Ambassadors in Russia these days have a hard time finding, which pew they are intended to occupy.

Ludendorff is just beginning to learn how much pleasanter it is to fight with the sun at your back.

A Bolshevik is a political scientist who believes the only cure for dandruff is beheading.

Contradicting Sherman WHEN some one gets a box from home in our squad room,

Maginnis drops the moppingstick and Johnson drops the broom, MacPherson's off in a Highland fling and Terence begins to caper, While Sandy yanks at the cotton string

and scatters the wrapping paper. OH, HERE'S a pound of chocolate fudge that'll turn your whiskers green, And a chicken fried in its juicy hide as

brown as a navy bean. There's angel food so goldarned good that you reach for another cut, A box of sinkers sweet with lard and rich as a hazel nut.

HERE'S a thick divinity brick, so whet your bowie knife,

And a cocoanut cake that 'ud almost make a bridegroom leave his wife. Like hungry crows we perch in rows on the foot of O'Reilly's bunk, Full to the brim, but waitin' for Slim to carve us another hunk.

OH, IT'S hurry up, you lazy pup, or you'll never get a smell; Kaiser's strong, but Sherman's

wrong when he says that war is-Well, Maginnis, drop your moppingstick and, Johnson, drop your broom, For some one's got a box from home in

our squad room PRIVATE WILLARD WATTLES. First Infirmary, 164th Depot Brigade, Camp. Funston, Kansas.

Wives should remember that there is nothing said in the marriage contract about hanging up pajamas and putting away slippers.

The Third Friday in October A gentleman has written to us to know

if we will make a speech on the third We always knew that some day we would have to make a speech, and now

it seems that we are up against it. Some men are said to enjoy that sort of thing.

Let us analyze this matter, and get down to the bottom of it. If we can evolve some settled philosophy of speech-making, perhaps the third Friday night in October will not be such a tragedy for all concerned. If we were to practice a few speeches in this column between now and then we might put up a better showing.

Whenever in the past we have been

called on for a speech we have made elaborate attempts to think things out beforehand, we have jotted down little notes and devised some very stirring phrases, but in the dreadful chill and pang of the event we have forgotten everything. and had to rely on the desperation of the moment. That must not happen again. Can it be that the only good speech makers are those who have firm convictions on serious matters? Is it necessary to have some earnest message for mankind, some burning zeal to impart information? Because if so we are done for. We don't believe anything passionately enough to want to ram it down any one's neck. We never listen to people who argue. If they are right it doesn't matter, and if they are not right still it doesn't matter. Our only rule for a quiet life is to pretend to listen, but really we are thinking about something else.

The sad truth seems to be that there are no really worthy causes that we are competent to discuss. Our information is so fragmentary. For instance, if some one asked us right at this moment to get up and talk about the French Revolution, about all we could say would be that it began on a tennis court, where most quarrels do begin, anyway.

Generally when we have had to make a speech we have been far away from home, and it didn't much matter what we said: but this third-Friday-in-October business is right here in town, and whatever the remarks we utter will be used against us. Probably the safest thing for us to do will be to talk about Lenine and Trotsky, because it looks as though they won't be

able to answer back. In the meantime, if any one has any suggestions for that speech send them

What kind of a noise annoys an Oise?

Mrs. Lenine and Mrs. Trotsky will be glad to hear that we have some Bolshevixens of our own: The women who think they can help the cause of suffrage by going to Washington and getting arrested.

The clevator men in Mr. Hearst's quartment in New York nicknamed Bernstorff "the Duke de la Brew." Trust an elevator man to size up the boobs.



"WE HAVE INAUGURATED A WAR OF MOVEMENT"

-Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Where Literature Was Once Made

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE tide of battle rolling over France | Massachusetts, the other leading into New has left rulned houses and desolate fields in its wake. Such ruins fill you rather with rage than sorrow, and there is nothing lovely about them. But here in parts of eastern America we have ruined houses. deserted fields gone to waste, even roads and almost whole villages which give you a sense of gentle sadness and are often lovely in their desolation. They mark, almost al-ways, a high tide of pioneer advance in the eighteenth century, which has either ebbed again or swept on still further, leaving these clearings in a kind of forgotten back-water Most often, in my part of the country, the Berkshire Hills, they are houses, fields, roads and even villages, which were built high up from the valleys and their abandonment has been due to the railroads,

TESTERDAY we chanced upon and fol-Y lowed afoot a road which is still marked on the county map, but which has for years been abandoned and is only used occasionally by the lumbermen. It leaves the macadamized State road, the through motor highway from New York into the Berkshires and the Green Mountains, at a right angle and begins also steep that the ledges show through th heavy forest, you wonder how a road ever gets up to the top, or why it should ever try. Of course, this road is now grass covered, when it is not the stony bed of a brook and eroded down three or four feet below the forest floor. The forest undergrowth is pushing out to close it up and the banks are lined with ferns wild flowers and masses of

WE CLIMBED for perhaps half a mile till we were almost under the steep wall of the mountain, and there we came suddenly into a clearing of two or three acres, meaning by a clearing a place where there were no forest trees, only masses of berry shrubs and young saplings. At first only masses of berry vines, you would have said that the lumbermen had been in here and made this clearing. But a second glance showed that was not the ex-planation. Almost hidden under the tangle of briars by the roadside peeped up th blooms of old-fashioned day lilles, the inevitable inhabitants of our grandfathers' door-yards. Beating apart the bushes we could see that these lilies had spread in huge A little back of them was a clusspirea, twenty feet across, doubtles spread from a single bush some woman had planted years and years ago. Still further back from the road were three or four apple trees, nothing but a jungle of suckers now and further investigation disclosed fire weed, the telltale sign of past habitation or of ferest fires. As there was no other fire weed on the mountain we concluded that a barn, at least, had been burned here.

THE jungle of briars and bushes was s I thick and rank that we could not find any trace of where the house had stood, not even the pile of chimney stones. But we certain that in that clearing there had once been a house, and later we learned that this was so. It was built more than 100 years ago, and was abandoned "when the old folks died," not long after the Civil War. Even then the railroad in the valley was making itself felt and the farmers were drifting down from their pioneer hilltops.

TITHIS road we were on now began to ascend the steep wall of the mountain by long switchbacks, like a road in the Rockies, and ultimately reached a V-shaped ravine in the summit ridge, passed through that beside a wild, roaring brook, under huge hemlocks, and came after a couple of miles more into an upland plateau nearly 2000 feet above sea boasts a church (where no services are held) a postoffice (which is just a row of twelve boxes in the front room of a farmhouse) and a school. It is reached, on the map, by four roads, but one of them is the one we came up, and another is quite as impassable to any but pedestrians. The other two are maintained in fair condition, but each is a six-mile pull averaging at least 200 feet to he mile, and in winter they are piled ter feet deep with drifts. You are hardly sur-prised to find the fields up here gorgeous acres of devil's paint brush, white and yel low daisies, crange-yellow meadow lilles and the like instead of green expanses of well-tended grain. I believe there are fourteen voters in the town now, of whom twelve are Republicans and all hold some town office. There is no store, no village green.

T THE northern end of the plateru A where one of the two traveled roads

York—there are several fine old sugar ma-ples by the wayside, very evidently set out in ordered row. Beneath them is a mass of the tell-tale lilles. Nearby, too, are the rem-

nants of an apple orchard, fast being absorbed by the forest, which is closing down upon the clearing. Just behind the maples we found the cellar hole of a house, with the chimney stones in a heap at the bottom and a butternut tree growing out of the center. Virtually all trace of wood had disappeared into compost, but close by stood the canopy top of a summer house or barn cu-pola, no doubt preserved by its tin covering. There were also the remnants of a well curt and the dark gleam of water at the bottom

AND in the house that once stood here, looking down the road through the gorge of the brook to the far green plains of the valley, and the yet farther and blue range of hills on the other side, American literature was once made. At least our fathers and mothers considered it literature, and purchased the volumes in which it was published in great quantities. It has been a long time since I read any of it myself, but my recollection is that it lacked sharpness of outline and individuality, that it was really but a poetic echo. I refer to the poems of the Goodale sisters, those two remarkable mother on this upland farm like gentle, twelve-year-old female Wordsworths and roduced the lyrics which at one time w nurtured them—this abandoned clearing, fast being invaded by the forest, this mournful hole amid the weeds and raspberry Those lilles in the dooryard perhaps they themselves had planted to outlive their verses. Some day at the proper season for transplanting I am going back there and get a root of those lilies, in memory of the Goodale sisters and their forgotten poems. It seems quaint to climb 1000 feet into the wild hills to get a dooryard lily with literary associations to bring back into the valley Those were the days of a hardler stock than ours. The hills had no terrors for them whatever. They pushed up higher than we have been willing to hold the line, and abandoned clearings are now their only monument.

Singing Water

HEARD-'twas on a morning, but when it was and where,

Except that well I heard it, I neither know nor careheard, and, oh, the sunlight was shining in the blue.

A little water singing as little waters do.

At Lechlade and at Buscot, where summer days are long, The tiny rills and ripples they tremble into song;

And where the silver Windrush brings down her liquid gems, There's music in the wavelets she tosses to the Thames.

The eddles have an air, too, and brave it is and blithe; think I may have heard it that day at Bablockhythe:

And where the Eynsham weir-fall breaks out in rainbow spray The Evenlode comes singing to join the pretty play.

But where I heard that music I cannot rightly tell; only know I heard it, and that I know full well:

heard a little water, and, oh, the sky was blue. A little water singing as little waters do. -R. C. Lehmann in "The Vagabond and

Other Poems."

FUN AND THE "LARGER OUTLOOK" .

AN ACTOR named Harry Gilfoil died in New York the other day, and few of his obituaries extended beyond seven or eight lines. A generation ago there would have been a more generous largess of space, not so much because of the player's merit-for he was in no sense highly gifted-but because of his affiliation with an extensive, droll, extravagant and yet essentially truthful footlight survey of

the land in which we then lived. Gilfoil was a "Hoyt comedian," and Charles H. Hoyt, who employed him and wrote the farcical vehicles in which he appeared, had a keen perceptive sense of satirical color. Hastily, yet mirthfully, he dramatized American provincialism, the foibles of the small town with its amateur military company, the western county seat with its flery newspaper editor, "rubes" n the city maelstrom, and the then generally ridiculed suffragist, with her verbiage about "woman's sphere."

We laughed at the expose, for despite a certain superficiality it was essentially true. Moreover, we were deeply interested in ourselves, generally speaking, provincial and glad of it.

To comprehend the change in these states, imagine what our soldiers returned from Europe would think of the works of Mr. Hoyt or the antics of his character comedian, Mr. Gilfoil. It isn't only the American army which is being formed "over there," but a legion of cosmopolites, Europe will hereafter never figure in their minds as a mere conglomeration of a "lot of foreigners." The "Yanks" will return to the New World as citizens of a still newer and vaster one

. Stage cartoons of narrowly circumscribed localisms will be zestless and without meaning to internationalized Americans. Their vision will be clear and all-embracing. That there will be as much fun in their outlook some elder sentimentalists, however, may question. Provincial America untouched by outward influences was an amusing place, and very livable withal.

The scant attention given to quaint Mr. Gilfoil's passing makes one realize how far we have already left that easy-going, self-sufficient nation behind.

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

 What celebrated religious reformer was born at Noyan, a town still within the German lines, but now imperiled by the Intest Allied advance? 2. What American statesman was particularly identified with the foreign trade policy o "the open door"?

"the open door"?

3. Where is the Black Forest?

4. Who was the author of "Mrs. Caudie's Curtain Lectures"?

5. What was the nationality of Ole Bull, the famous violinist?

6. What is the meaning of Vera Cruz?

7. What is a xylophone?

8. Who was the Kalser's immediate predecessor on the Imperial throne?

9. Where and what is the Yildiz Kiosk?

10. What President of the United States was elected by the House of Representatives?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz "

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz "

1. A ramp is a slope of inclined plane, joining two levels of ground.

2. Two Kings of France made prisoner in battle were John I, who was captured by the English at Politices, in 1536, and Francis I, the Regular and the Spanish at Fevia, in 1525.

3. The first name of Marshal Foch is Ferdinand.

5. Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," was written of the traitorous Thane of Cawdor, who faced his executioners bravely. The lines are snoken by Malcolm, in Shakesneare's "Macbeth."

6. William Alexander. on American major general, who fought under Washington, at Monmouth and other Revolutionary battles, was known as "Lord Stirling." He went to England to defend the Scottish tille before the House of Lords, but his claim was discussed.

allowed.

allowed.

he "Soo" Canal, built to avoid the rapids in the St. Mary's River, connecting Lakes Superiar and Huron, has the largest valume of commerce of any artificial waterway in the world, remus Ward, was the ren name of Charles Tenus Rowns, the Swerigen humorist.