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Philadelphia, Wednesday, August 14, 1918

THE ILL WIND

TT CANNOT be said that the multiplying orders of the Pennsylvania fuel administration make darkness general everywhere. They tend to make, life brighter for the burglars.

Thoughtful yeggmen have reason to feel secretly grateful to Mr. Potter and Mr. Garfield and to hold them in a sort of esteem almost as great as that which they must reserve for those who have wrecked the police department.

Lenine has ordered the execution of all who oppose the Soviet Government, thereby establishing a precedent which he is likely later to have cause to regret when the anti-Bolsheviki get hold of him.

PETROGRAD IS NOT PARIS

DETROGRAD and Paris both begin with P, but, from the military point of view, that is the only resemblance between the

cities at the present time.

The Germans have been headed toward Paris for four years, but they have found insurmountable obstacles in their way.

They are now said to be headed toward Petrograd in the hope of saving something from the wreck of their plans to control Russia with the aid of Lenine and Trotsky. They may be able to take the city, but Petrograd is not Russia, and for all practical purposes it has been dominated by Germany for more than a year.

The members of the draft boards seem be drafted themselves. They are not to be allowed to resign.

ICE AND THE WAR MENU

THE imminence of a serious ice shortage has been largely brought about through a characteristically American failure to regard frozen water in the same economic light as other foods in war times. Warned of possible wheat and beef crises, it was comparatively easy for the average citizen to revise his menu. Bidden to conserve articles he patriotically complied But the right to ice has long seemed pecultarily vested in our franchise.

No nation in the world imbibes so many cold drinks as ours; none, not even the Italians who are said to have invented it, consumes such quantities of ice cream. Though the mercury fall to zero, ice water is still the national drink.

The summer famine in gelid substances. therefore, hits us particularly hard. An exceptionally torrid August has made matworse. Perhaps, however, it will be useful in bringing the situation home to

In such weather as the meteorological experts now daily announce we ought to have a sufficiency of frozen food. But in January, when the outside temperature would please Amundsen, we really should forgo the delight, sung by Eugene Field, of hearing "the clink of the ice in the pitcher that the boy brings up in the

We don't need to freeze our throats on the same days that we clamor for coal to warm our bodies. Beef is not essential every day, nor is ice water in winter. Adjusting our conduct to this latter truth will hereafter help us to counterattack General Humidity when he launches his dog-day offensives.

The water bureau is doing its best to revent the creation of a dry zone south of Market street.

SHIPS WITHOUT FRILLS

nee of frills.

LARGER ship than the Quistconck was launched on the Delaware this morning. The Watonwan was eighty-five per cent completed and yet her launchwas scheduled as "a quiet affair." In this connection the very phrase is an piring index of shipbuilding progress. The first dip of the Quistconck marked be beginning of a new era in boat contion, and the tumult and the shouting ts due. But amid the profusion of ships scheduled to slide from the ways can't spare either the time or the ex-

The creation of a new cargo carrier is low no more a phenomenon than the proon of a new locomotive. Without mal festivities we have for years been ng the world in railroad equipment. are now about to turn the same trick

by a very human law of proportion w and to grow less ceremonious with launching as our monumental shipandeavors hit their destined stride possible that later on not even the of additions to our merchant marine Il be generally recorded in the papers. 2800-ton Watonwan, which recently d to slide from her Bristol ways, is lucky by virtue of specific mention

BOLSHEVIZED PUBLIC SERVICE

A New Question That Mr. McAdoo and Col. George Harvey May Grapple With in Cold Weather

TERY hot weather, such as the country has endured within the last ten days, is dangerous in more ways than one. It enfevers the blood of statesmen and publicists, thinkers and near-thinkers, and causes them to say wild and silly things.

We have Colonel George Harvey, for nstance, snarling charges of treason at Henry Ford and demanding in shrill prose to know what President Wilson is going to do about it. Harsh suggestions of the Tower, of slow music, of a firing squad for the gentle Henry are in Colonel Harvey's article.

Mr. McAdoo wants all the railroads in the country electrified at the earliest possible moment. We have it on the word of the Navy Department that a submarine off the Carolina coast belched mustard gas at the coast guard.

Obviously Colonel Harvey stuck to his desk in New York when the thermometer went to 102 last week. Mr. McAdoo also refused to guard against the heat. He returned to his post and let it do its worst. It is surprising to learn that the hot wave was severe enough at sea to upset the reason of a U-boat captain. One cannot be sure whether it was a touch of the sun that caused the gas attack on the Atlantic coast or whether the time has arrived when the Kaiser must establish a half-mile dry zone around every sub-

We are disposed to the latter conclu-

Now, Mr. Ford was assailed and bitten long ago by the bug of internationalism. He was what the doctors in the army speak of as a mild casualty. He may, as Colonel Harvey says, have said something about the questionable use to which some national flags have been put in time of peace. He may have even said that patriotism wasn't the end of wisdom. Henry, too, is susceptible to the heat. His peace ship went abroad in the summer. And he always has been a hasty talker. Yet Mr. Ford has been of extraordinary service to the Government since the war began for the United States. He has done more than any other man-to insure a quantity production of the Liberty motor. He is turning out submarine chasers in clouds. He even offered all his money to the Government. This isn't pacifiam and it isn't treason. When Colonel Harvey can do half as well as Henry has done we shall be disposed to take him more seriously.

Had it not been for the heat Mr. Mc-Adoo might have realized that there are things that the railroads of the country need far more than immediate electrification. They need less plush and cinders and a more civilized ideal of service. If Mr. McAdoo ever rode on any American railroad in a pair of white flannel trousers he will perceive the truth of this analysis. Were he to establish a new train to be known as the Cinderless and Plushless Limited people would ride on it-wherever it went. Were he to attempt some of the humane reforms in railroad operation that we have always lacked, something of the finesse that characterizes English or Continental railway service, he would be a benefactor of his kind. American railroad men have never had the time for that sort of thing. They were fascinated by the "big" side of railroading. Our system certainly needs refinement-a humanizing influence. Electrification will require ten years at least. Reforms quite as necessary might easily be instituted in a year.

What any observant man must perceive when he looks at the railroads nowadays, or at any other public utility, is the increasing discomforts and difficulties for the ultimate consumer. Thus Mr. McAdoo and Colonel Harvey and Secretary Daniels and Mr. Redfield and Mr. Burleson and all the others, instead of peering far into the future, might more properly agitate for a new office in the Cabinet. They might use drums and cymbals and the factory whistles and their own voices restlessly for the appointment of a Secretary for a Department to Let the Average Ununionized Citizen Know Where He Gets Off. Or they might declaim the need for a bureau, at least, established to Maintain the Mental Balance of All People, High and Low.

For something is going grievously wrong in all sorts of public service. Some singular contagior has crept into the United States from abroad. What the public services need more than formalization and electrification-and Mr. McAdoo is duller than we supposed if he doesn't perceive it-is relief from the men who are doing their utmost to lenine or, at least, to trotsky them.

It is plain that we have conscious and unconscious Bolsheviki all about us. Now and then, on some of the trolleys of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit, it is easy to experience the sensation of the friendless orphans who are taken for rides now and then in the limousines of dyspeptic millionaires. There are too many trolleymen who view their passengers with a frank, open and altogether ungracious tolerance.

It is becoming more fashionable and more necessary to wheedle the ticket seller and the plumber, the ice man and the garage attendant, telegraphers and

Those who work otherwise than with their muscle are the misfortunate and oppressed of these new days.

It is nice to see everybody getting more money. But it isn't nice to see their new power go to their heads. If

ism symbolized vividly go out to almost any cash-and-carry ice station or to those central ice warehouses where the employes of the companies sell ice to the really poor. There the women and children wait humbly in patient lines, while men who seem to have become lords and barons overnight bawl at them, fling them bits of ice or make them wait unnecessary and cruel hours in the sun. This is the iceman in his new aspect!

Essential service is increasingly hard to get. Those who render it become nore ungracious all the time. Are we all ecoming Bolsheviki together? Are high wages to make us all haughty, overindependent and unwilling to do anything that we aren't compelled to do?

Where are we drifting anyhow?

Mr. McAdoo, before he electrifies all the railroads of the country, and Colonel Harvey, before he buckles down to convict Henry Ford of treason, might answer that one question We have the impression that it will prove in the long run to be one of the most important of all the questions of the war.

The Allies have taken 1000 German guns; but the Kaiser should worry. It simply means so much more work for Krupps, in which he is a shareholder.

THE WICKEDNESS OF BATTING A BALL

No amount of argument would con-vince the conscientious objectors to Sunday baseball that they are reading into the ten commandments an injunction which they do not contain. Yet it is interesting for the rest of us to recall that the biblical command to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy was at first regarded by the race to which it was given as a prohibition against work, not play, on the Sabbath. We believe that, as a matter of fact, the ancient Jews indulged in dancing and other amusements on the

The Christian Church observes Sunday is its holy day and not Saturday, or the Sabbath of the Jews. Its strict observance, with abandonment of all secular enjoyment, is due to the Puritan revolt against the license of the cavallers. When the Puritans came to America they set up as near to a theocracy as was possible for hem and read into the Old Testament practices, could conceive. Our blue laws are a survival of extreme Puritanism.

In the face of the fact that we have a rigid Sunday observance law, it is not surprising that the Mayor has declined to give his official sanction to Sunday base ball at Shibe Park. Personally, he favors it, but he is unwilling to assume the responsibility of deliberately consenting to the disregard of a statute. We could have admired his courage had he challenged the courts to an interpretation of the old law by agreeing with the plan of the army and navy officers to have ball games between enlisted men in the two branches of the service on Sundays, to which enlisted men and the ladies accompanying them were to be admitted. It is always difficult to forecast a court decision, but it is hard to believe that any Judge and jury could have been found in this county to hold that the spirit of the law had been violated. Even yet a way may be found to permit the enlisted men to enjoy an afternoon of harmless sport on the first day of the week.

In the meantime, we should like to know how much wickeder it is to bat a leatherovered ball with a club on Sunday than to knock a rubber ball with a stick on a golf course.

Humid Old Sol seems to be acting on the principle that sticking everlastingly at it brings distress.

BETTER POLICE UNIFORMS?

UNIFORMS now worn in the police department date for the most part from the days before asphalt. They were suitable enough to the time when the men were not compelled to stand in the middle of the streets in the midst of blazing heat reflected seven days from walls and pavements. The close-buttoned coats of heavy cloth and even the headgear provided for in the department rules are not suitable to summer conditions in the streets of Philadelphia:

Acting Superintendent Mills, who has the interest of the men at heart, might properly begin a long-delayed reform in the police department if he sought to devise more comfortable summer uniforms.

The cantonments and the shipyards manage to unite comfort and durability in the uniforms of their guards. Khaki and pith helmets aren't necessary in the police department. But some means should be found to duplicate for the police the benefits which the less formal garb brings to the guards at the big war industries.

Some serial stories may be all right, but Warm-to be continued"-wins favor with

WELL DONE, MR. McADOO!

FOR years men who use the railroads able mileage book good on any road be issued. They found it impossible to bring the railroad companies to their way of thinking.

Mr. McAdoo, who directs all the railroads in the country, has ordered that such mileage books be put on sale beginning with next Monday. They are to be transferable and good for any number of passengers. Thus by a single order of one man a convenience is provided for which the traveling public has been clamoring in

All the credit to which he is entitled should be given to the director general of railroads. But no one should make the mistake of assuming that it was not possible to issue such mileage books under the system of private management of the railroads.

"I'm puzzling some-A Fat Chance locutor." "Well, Mr. Bones, I'd be giad to be of any assistance, What's bothering you?" "It's just this, Mr Interlocutor: How can Germany be so short of fat when she can still call upon the

SINCE YOU INSIST

The Man With the Hoe (Press) ABOUT these roaring cylinders, Where leaping words and paper

mate. sudden glory moves and stirs-An inky cataract in spate!

What power for falsehood or for truth, What hearts attentive to be stirred,-How dimly understood, in sooth, The magic of the printed word!

These flashing webs and cogs of steel Have shaken empires, routed kings, Yet never turn too fast to feel The tragedies of humble things.

O words, be strict in honesty. Be just and simple and serene; O rhymes, sing true, or you will be

Unworthy of this great machine! Roscoe Peacock, after studying our bulletin board at Sixth and Chestnut with bated breath, copied off the following dispatch and brought it up to us: N5V67K291M5D2NN1 Reported Out of

the Senate Committee. Is it possible that the Senate has got rattled by our remarks about its willful waste of syllables?

Some one seems to have declared a dry zone around Karl Rosner's fountain pen.

Keeping Them Cheerful The following sign in the window, of a Chestnut street bookstore atways amuses

READ THE MOST TRAGICAL POEM IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SEND A COPY TO A FRIEND (5c.)

A few more thunderstorms like the reent one and we will have to put our straw hat on with a spoon.

In spite of the U-boat raid Cape Fear doesn't seem frightened.

Miss Dante to the Rescue

Dear Socrates-Your definition of a Bolshevik isn't bad, but I like mine better. It is this: A Bolshevik is one who believes a week-end begins on Friday afternoon and lasts until Tuesday morning, ANN DANTE.

An English paper reports that a girl was saved from drowning by an undertaker. Will the Embalmers' Union fine him for unprofessional conduct?

Not even the most gullible German will believe that an advance on poor old Petrograd will do much to ease Ludendorff's blood pressure on the western front. Nothing amuses a German prisoner so

much as the care that is taken to prevent him from escaping. Germany is a good deal more respectful

toward scraps of paper now that she is vearing them. When Wilhelm gets to Petrograd

We know what he will find: A thousand hungry Soviets That Trotsky left behind Discarded manifestoes, and

Some blank checks of Lenine's-The Russ has bolshevictuals, but He's mighty short of beans. The Germans haven't enough sense to

If you make a perfect ass of yourself you can get away with anything. The trouble comes when you show yourself an

imperfect ass. Germany keeps on trying to exchange comen deported from France for babykillers captured by the poilus.

But one good interne deserves another.

The Spirit of France

"We need some more aluminum for our rings." wrote a French pollu, referring to the metal rings that the French amuse themselves by making from German shell

"We have ordered some from the boches: they are good business men and are filling the order immediately."

You want to be careful what temptations you fall for and what ones you re-sist • • sometimes a temptation doesn't come again.—Don Marquis.

Think, for instance, what self - control and forbearance the Kaiser and Hindy showed in not insisting on eating that din-SOCRATES

It seems a little too hard on Spain that, having been the refuge of "Boss" Tweed. Marshai Bazaine, Porfirio Diaz and Jack Johnson, she should now be selected as the residence of M. Malvy, the discredited ex-Foreign Minister of France

Now that a dry zone has been fixed around the Frankford Arsenal, thirsty workmen may try to enlarge it by absorbing the liquids to be found outside the zone limits.

If Lenine and Trotsky ever form the subect of a volume in the "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Men" series, the writer will have to do a lot of traveling.

Although we do not know much about the Usuri River, which British troops are said to have reached, we somehow feel it should be brimful of interest.

So far as Uncle Sam is concerned, those

coastal wasps are I O U-boats, and it is fervently hoped that he will promply pay what Oddly enough, the Government seems to have decided that one of the helpful means

of promoting the defeat of Germany is not to The lightning stopped the clock in the City Hall tower, but the high old times went

on as usual beneath it.

Karl Rosner is likely soon to say that the report of the Allied victory in Picardy is merely a "frame-up."

Germany clamored for a place in the sun. but Philadelphia would forgo hers without

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS HIM



merely manlike intelligence, but lead us into

Life on the subject of vivisection.

or anything that he loves.

an agreement with the perverse opinion of

VOUR Gownsman is a bit of a lover of

I nature himself, in an indolent and inter-

mittent way. He is no naturalist in any sense of that abused designation. He ad-mires science, as already implicitly stated, but does not like her superior and super-

cilious manners, and would dislike exceed-ingly—should she ever so condescend—to have her turn her cold, searching eyes on him

Gownsman ever botanize—as he once ento-mologized—he will not pluck flowers for microscopic scrutiny from his grandmother's

sportsman and looks with horror on the Eng-

et's go out somewhere and kill something

A ting bucolically at the foot of an ancient

apple tree, with thickets of wild cherry, blackberries and ferns encroaching as con-

fusedly and inartistically as nature can grow

such things in their completest dishevelment

Near by is a boulder of granite that would

cover a fair-sized city lot. It is close enough to show the splashes of lichen which radiate

from dark centers and fringe white on the

green apples over the boulder with the

abandon of a white arm about a lover's neck

In front the blades and ears of grass fringe

ward, framing distant forests of deep green

overtopped with hills in lessening shades of violet and blue as they recede in remoteness. The field stretches in the foreground fore-

ward and downward, flecked, in the tawny

green of standing grass, the Gownsman, bad husbandman, is sorry to have to say, with splotches of shining white, which he is in-

formed are wild parsnips, a disreputable

FOR sound there is the distant tinkle of

Cowbells, the sighing—not soughing—of the wind in the trees overhead, the hum of

bees in busy passage to and fro and the flut-ter of wings in the thickets. There follows the twitter of swallows in flight from the

great barn not far away and a bubbling song

of gladness from some winged seraph, a lovely musical phrase which, could the musi-cian catch it, might be worked into a ravish-

ing human melody. Other sounds come to the ear which will hear them, a thrush in the

woods, the metallic click of the cuckoo—is his secret whether he is far off or near

The indolent Gownsman has received a morn

ing call from eight or nine different families of birds since he sat down in this spot. He was interrupted just now to return the salu-

tations of a persistent little fellow with a white bib on and wearing a white-striped head-dress, who reiterated "How do you do!" in a language of liquid sweetness long drawn

out; but, as he left no visiting card, your ignorant Gownsman cannot tell whether he was really a white-throat or only a vesper, a song-sparrow or a hedge-sparrow with the

light of the sun and imagination shining or

SOMEWHERE, Oliver Wendell Holmes suggests the charming thought that on the

outskirts of every town the grass and the flowers are continually conspiring to creep in, to cover, to make beautiful the usliness of the temporary structures of men. On the

shore we pick up a white pebble; it is lighter than usual; it is the piece of a bone of a dead fish, cleansed and purified by the sun, shaped

to roundness, smoothness and consistency, as

to roundness, smoothness and consistency, as an atom in the silver strand. We may harrow the land and out of our harrowing bring ugliness and plenty. But even with forests leveled we can spoil little of the earth's perennial green. We may toll, too, on the sea, but we cannot destroy the water's eternal splendor. By land or sea, it matters not, nature can wait. We only are the things of the moment. And we end as we began without a definition of "Nature" or of our "return" to our brown Mother Earth, which, when all is said, seems the only certain thing. Is your Gownsman a relantist that he must be forever defining?

which really has no place on any

upward, the irregular apple branches

lishman's alleged ideal of a holiday:

Above all, the Gownsman is no

THE GOWNSMAN

Does the Naturalist Love Nature?

BACK to Nature!" the prophet and the pundit proclaim, but neither will stay the plodding haste of his own way thither to inspire anything except terror and disanimal can learn about a man that is likely to inspire anything except terror and disgust. The beasts do not talk—at least outside of German folk-lore and beast-lore, which appear to be much the same thing. reply to the idle query, "What, sage sir, is Nature which you capitalize so insistently, and why 'return'?"

NATURE? Well, let me see; nature is something green, something that isn't town or kept too nicely." Some such answer as this we might expect from the man in the street, who usually has an answer ready for anything and who, as a rule, is not so very far wrong. For the man in the street, let the Gownsman say, parenthetically, he has the deepest possible respect; for he, at least, is not that awesome thing, a specialist. Besides, the man in the street speaks the language of the moment, not some dead tongue; he is free from scientific jargon and, not finding a word, invents one, wherefore he is always comprehensible. However, let us see; nature is something green, that grows. A flower, a tree, a cabbage, each is plainly nature; but a man? Not all men are green or ill-kempt; and some, alas! have long since ceased to grow. Obviously man is out-side of nature, especially when he herds in owns, whence the saying: "God made country, man the town," and the devil the suburbs commutable.

THERE are persons who think of the country as a place in which to get good things to eat. Such persons do not live in too close proximity to a large city or they would long since have learned the difference between a farmer, who lives on the land and sends his surplus to market, and a trucker, who "lives off the land" and on the leavings which h annot sell. To some nature is the country by mere country folk, but potentially by she erds and shepherdesses, all supernally young, gay and fascinating, possibly even dwelt in—who knows?—in deep recesses, by elves who hacht the shadows and by fairles who swing in the sunshine. "No, sir." said elves who hasht the sunshine. "No, sir," said the little boy from Boston, his eyes magnified to the size of those of an owl, as he stared through his goggles. "No, sir, the belief in fairles is a popular superstition, connived in ill-advisedly by ignorant nurses and indulgent mothers. There are no fairles in that word, but I have personally observed eleven wood; but I have personally observed elever varieties of edible mushrooms, to say noth-ing of deleterious fungi—," and the disquisi-tion wandered on through fields, blazing in sunshine and glorious with autumn flowers until the congenial asphalt brought the young

THE Gownsman is an admirer of science-I not always of the scientific. He once more or less scientifically, collected, "ob-served and studied" more than 3000 different kinds of insects, noxious and innoxious. that was in his nonage, and he passed on to other things noxious and innoxious. Can a scientific man really love nature? Does the designation of a thistle as a Cirsium lanceolatum induce even a Scottish botanist, such as our Professor MacFarlane at the University, to love it the more? Can the habitual calling of things by hard names possibly breed in the man addicted to such language a true love of the creatures so maligned? It has been questioned whether Thoreau did not love nature too well to be a really good naturalist. And our ancient of days, John Burroughs—may the sylvan gods spare to many more years in the world he loves !- does he mix his heart with his head somewhat too much for the scientist de rigueur, in his loving observances of nature It was Mr. Burroughs who once argued convincingly in a book how, after all, no animal actually reaches, in its instinct, the reasoning faculties of man. But he gave away his case in the end with the confession: "But there is the dog—and the dog is different." It was Mr. Burroughs who once argued con Was there ever a reasoning, analytic, scien-tific lover—except, perhaps, Goethe—who ex-amined the cardiac stimulation of a bird while it was a-flutter in his hand? Science versus Love? Science with his spectacles, apparatus, appliances, charts and heavy volfor that antiquated engine of war, bow! Science versus Love! The defendant has no standing in court. Old as he is, he is still a minor, and there is none who will stand his "next-friend."

IF THERE are doubts about the scientist as a lover of nature, there are only certainties about "the nature-faker," now happily rather out of vogue; it was he who studied zoology out of "Reynard the Fox" and folk-lore out of "Mother Goose." Peace, you fanciful poets, with your pathetic and other fallacies; silence, you presers of the

The Reader's Viewpoint

Can't Goose-Step Over America

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Your loyal editorials are classics of inspiration and comfort to camp and hospital and home. Our pride and joy in the deeds of our soldier boys are beyond expression in words. How we await daylight and the Public Ledger and news of victories against overwhelming odds, of advance in spite of gas and masks and long-range guns and how again we await the Evening Public Ledons and extras for news of their valorous victories with rifle, machine gun and bayonet; flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. American courage, American ardor and

American fighting ability. How their wounds and death sicken us! We know and appreciate their sacrifice. We ire suffering and trying to support and uphold them with the same matchless courage and spirit with which they are fighting. Only theirs the honor and the glory. They also serve who only stand and wait. If they could only know how proud we are of themour glorious soldier boys! If they could see with what pride and exaltation of spirit and "treading on air" we read of their suc-

They are our children, and the hearts of the whole American people go out to them as they cannot know. Our love for our sol dier boys, fighting with inspiration for world freedom, surpasses all else. They would have our pride and cheers even in temporary defeat, but in victory, driving "goose-stepp murderers and thieves to their own lair, the American people are wrought to the highest pitch of righteous rage and pride and mingling of emotions. Kaiser, Krupps and "Kultur" system have made many mistakes in pinning their life, property and their religion on the "goose step. But their greatest mistake was when they

thought our boys could not fight!

They were mistaken when they thought they had only to order and their "goosesteppers" could loot Belgium with impunity.

Had they only known it, Germany was whipped by the world when her first "goosesteppers" invaded innocent Belgium.

The firm of Kaiser Bill & Sons could "goose-step" their obedient German people around their own country, but they made their mistake in ever dreaming in their wild-est imagination that they could easily "goose-step" over America. They did not know our boys. They know them now and will better know them later. E. T. C. Philadelphia, August 13.

What Do You Know?

What is the deep-water port of Hamburs?

Who wrote "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"? 3. What is the royal house of the present King of Italy?

4. What was Grover Cleveland's first name, which he discurded in political life?

5. What is the original meaning of boudoir?

What rece of people is numerically predomi-7. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase

8. By what name is the battle of Antietam gen-erally known in the South?

Which boundary of the Terrid Zone is formed by the Tropic of Cancer?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz The town of Nayon was the birthplace of John Calvin, the Protestant reformer. His dates are 1509-1564. 2. John Hay, Secretary of State under McKinier and Roosevelt, was a prominent champion of the foreign trade policy of "the open door."

3. The Black Forest lies east of the Rhine in the Grand Duchies of Baden and Wurtemburg.

Douglas Jerrold, an English humorist, wrote "Mrs. Caudie's Cartain Lectures." His dates are 1803-1857.

S. Vera Cruz is Spanish for "True Cross." xylophone is a musical instrument of wooder bars graduated in length and vi-brating when struck or rubbed. The Kulser's immediate predecessor on the imperial German throne was Friedrich III. who died in 1888, after a rule of about three

months.

9. The Yildiz Klosk is the Sultan's paince in Constantinople.

10. John Guiney Adams was elected by the House of Representatives, since hone of the candidates in the election of 1814 has majority of electoral volume and participated to the candidates in the election of 1814 has a majority of electoral volume and participated to the candidates and the candidates are constant to the candidates and the candidates are constant to the candidates and the candidates are candidates and the candidates are candidates and candidates are candidates are candidates and candidates are candidates and candidates are candi