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Philadelphia, Tuesday, August 20, 1918

LAST RITES FOR A LIE

THE interment services held along the Avre over the "France is-bled-white" illusion had the merit of complete finality. Even Cermany must confess that her favorite lie has been buried.

The Hun troops in this region were defeated the other day not by "shock" legions, but by what are known as "sector divisions," composed of men whose function was supposed to be purely defensive. The brilliancy of their aggressive attack surpassed even French expectations. The only thing white about France is

the incandescent flame of victory which refuses to be extinguished.

Rupprecht takes a "vacation." Von Capbelle is retired. Von Hoetzendorff is shelved and hence we see that, though crops may be poor, the canning season is out for a record In Central Europe.

SENATOR HAM DOES IT AGAIN

THOSE in France who know us by our fighting men will be disposed, of course, to regard America as a nation most generous and brave. Those abroad who are forced by circumstances to listen to the speeches of junketing Senators and Congressmen are likely to feel that America is the home of the resounding platitude.

FWe shall have no compromise with despotism," declaimed Senator J. Ham Lewis at a dinner given him in Paris immediately after a "tour of inspection" at the front. That is the oldest principle in American politics. Yet it was Senator Ham's message to France, delivered as if it represented a new and novel point of

What in the world did Senator Ham think that the French were thinking we

The denial that Spain sent any "strong ultimatum to Germany" suggests that maybe some liberty-loving printer merely embellished the word "not" with a final "e."

THE REWARD OF VIGILANCE

SAFE as a 'sub' soaked sea" suggests itself as a handy simile. Recent remarks of Herbert C. Hoover attest the of the system whereby the liberty-loving nations of Europe will receive the great bulk of their food supplies from the United States this year, the food administrator emphasized "the comparative immunity of the Atlantic iane over all others from interference by the enemy."

Peril is the best incentive to vigilance In selecting the Atlantic as the chief scene of their U-boat outlawry, the German admiralty seems to have overlooked this fact. and the reaction against piracy has been the formation of the largest and most effective ocean police the world has ever

It is reported that Emperors Wilhelm and Karl "want peace before Christman" America and the Allies are doing their best to oblige.

SCRAPPING THE DESERT'S "SHIPS"

THE German dream that important enemy vessels would be retired from trade routes as a result of the war has come true in a way that was never joyously contemplated in Berlin. The "ship of the desert" is being scrapped. A dispatch from Jerusalem describes the celebration of the arrival of the first "broadgauge" railway train from Cairo. The news that the Suez Canal is now crossed by a fine suspension bridge is also for the first time disclosed.

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez!" no longer calls forth the picture of a lazy camel caravan. The modern mind envisages a less romantic ticket office where comfortable passage may be booked for the Sinai Peninsula, Gaza, Jerusalem and way stations. The new trunk line was born directly of the war, for English railroad engineers followed across the desert the troops marching to victory in Jerusalem in the last of the crusades.

It is not, however, war, but the civilized peace to come after it which will profit most by the wonderful new Egypt-Palestine railway. Unquestionably, Jerusalem, for centuries a laggard among historic owns, is now destined for a modern devalopment similar to that which has transformed Cairo.

The isolated short line from the Holy ity to the port of Jaffa was an insuffi-ient instrument of progress. The nucleus of a great railroad system which will revothe East is now at hand. The Moslem - built , Damascus - Medina line, a large part of which is now controlled by he new independent and anti-German of Arabia, will be an important

us camels will be more plantiful and A world remade can spare these from its traffic lanes without a

TAX THE PROFITEERS

But Congress Must First Be Sure That It Is Mulcting the Guilty

THAT figures don't lie, but that liars can figure, is one of the trite aphorisms of the literature of statistics.

No one is inclined to charge the clerks who prepared the report of the Treasury Department on profiteering with deliberately lying. There is a widespread feeling, however, that the report does not tell the whole truth, and that it is therefore misleading.

No one doubts that there has been profiteering, but no expert accountant will admit that it is possible to discover what business man has been making an unfair profit and what business man has been earning merely a fair return on his business merely by computing the percentage of profit on the capital invested.

The men who have gone into the business of making munitions on a "shoestring" and are accused of making large percentages in profits may or may not be guilty of profiteering. It is impossible to decide on the evidence so far made public

What the country wants to know is whether the manufacturers of munitions, the shoe manufacturers, the flour millers, the garment makers and all the rest have been charging a fair price based on the cost of production, regardless of the capital invested in their business. If the price is not fair, if an exorbitant percentage above the cost of production has been charged, then there has been profiteering. But if a manufacturer has made, say, \$75 on every \$1000 worth of munitions or clothing or shoes or flour that he has turned out he is guilty of no offense which would justify any one in pillorying him as a profiteer.

The basis of computation of profits adopted in the Treasury Department statement is not wholly trustworthy without corroborating and amplifying facts. It is up to Congress to get at the truth in fairness to the business of the

The program seems to be for the House of Representatives to jam the Kitchin bill through, with its provisions for heavy taxes on excess profits and on war profits, without any inquiry to discover whether those taxes will work injustice to legitimate business. It will be the duty of the Senate, therefore, to make such an inquiry into the amount of the annual overturn in the businesses to be taxed and into its relation to the profits earned as will enable it to form some sort of a defensible conclusion as to the justness of the extremely heavy taxes proposed in the bill.

The man who seeks to get rich out of this war deserves no sympathy, but it is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that many men will make fortunes out of it. It is admitted that after the money has been made the Government is justified in taking a large part of it by taxes upon it in order to help pay the cost of the war. But we should not fall into the error of assuming that because a company with a capital of \$1,000,000 has made \$1,000,-000 profit on a \$10,000,000 annual business it is guilty of a crime. American business men as a class are not criminals. They are as patriotic as American Congressmen.

What the country desires is a fair tax law which will raise the needed revenue by distributing the burden as widely and as equitably as possible. The man in the street knows enough about what the economists call the repercussion of taxation to understand that if the shoe manufacturer, for example, has to pay a tax equivalent to twenty-five cents on every pair of shoes he produces the tax will appear in the retail store in the form of an increase of fifty cents or one dollar in the price of a pair of shoes. If any one doubts this all he has to do is to recall that when the coal operators had to pay the miners about five cents a ton more for mining coal the consumer was compelled to pay twenty-five cents more a ton when the coal reached this

At the best, the taxes which Congress is proposing to levy on the manufacturers of commodities in general use will be handed on to the consumer doubled if not trebled. Thus the country will be compelled to pay the tax two or three times over at the least, while the national Treasury gets it only once.

If Congress would levy some form of a consumption tax, to be added to the retail price when the article is sold, the country would have to pay the tax only once, and the possibility of such tax profiteering by the manufacturer and middleman would be lessened.

But in any event, every business man. great and small, and the public at large are entitled to know what justification there is in the charge made by inference in the Treasury Department statement that our industries have been making excessive profits. When the charge is proved then the profiteers can be mulcted of their gains with no injustice done to any one.

That even low shoes will be high this year is at once one of the saddest and truest of paradoxes.

RIOTS AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS

IKE every other civilized country, Japan considers its form of Government ideal for its peculiar needs. The system of administration in Japan is founded upon a nice adjustment of racial trends, religious leanings, resources, geographical environment, tradition and inherited pride with the national goals.

Tokio has aimed to make ordered government a progressive and flexible science. It has recognized, as every other administrative system must recognize, that the factors of race, character and geography must always dominate over merely abstract theory. It has clung fast to many cient principles—including class and ste and accept d poverty. The outside

world looks with various emotions at Japan. It regards with admiration and a touch of awe the placidity of Japanese existence and often is wistful in its contemplation of the peace and color, the poetry and the contentment that are perceptible everywhere in a country where no life is so humble as to suffer the affliction of ugliness or ungraciousness in its environment, Patriotism among the Japanese is as deeply rooted as religion. And yet

the country is being torn by food riots! Even the closely woven life of Japan is not adequate to resist in tranquillity the stupendous reactions of the war. The food riots in the various cities are, however, no sign of governmental weakness or of impending confusion of a more serious sort. What is being witnessed in the Mikado's country is of far more significance to the observer abroad than to the people who rioted because they were hungry. The Japanese have inherent patriotism, philosophy and simple needs to make their course easier, and yet they have not been able to resist the inroads of the international disease of profiteering. They, too, have been overwhelmed at the prospect of easy money. The get-rich-quick theory rushed the minds of the people. They couldn't help themselves. But they will. Because humanity learns only by experience. And its means of defense are its

laws, which are the result of experience. Japan's food riots, therefore, show that human nature everywhere is pretty much alike and that it must always be susceptible to direction and to discipline of a sort devised out of common experience for the common good. Until we have been better civilized, men will not be proof against temptation. The collective will of a nation directed in the interests of all sorts of people must make itself felt in emergencies. Russia in one way, America in another, Japan in still another way show more vividly every day that law is necessary to justice, that most people and most classes become tyrannical with power and that an accepted rule and balance, founded on a just view of right and wrong, is necessary to maintain society in a state of stability.

Germany reduced her bread ration yeserday, but there is still plenty of food for thought in the Central Empire.

This May Explain It

The Kaiser's anxiety to get his men out of the trenches by Christmas may be due to a fear that if he doesn't succeed he may have

to put in the babies.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

WHY is it that the bank cashier always says to us, even before he looks at the check, "will you have it in ones?"

Lines to a Familiar Music O why. O why should my little coal bin Still bare and empty be? O why, Mr. Garfield, have you sent No chestnut, egg or pea?

Months with an R, now rapidly approaching, are notable for other things besides oysters - coal shortages, for ex-

When My Ship Comes In

Years ago I used to say: This I'll do and that I'll do If my ship comes in today, With gold to spend and give away-That was ere I had met you.

Then remember how we planned. Sitting in the summer glow. What dream-riches we'd command When our treasure ship would land-That was ere you had to go.

low there's but one ship for me. Just a transport, battered, too; But what gladness there will be When peace flashes o'er the sea And my ship comes in-with you! T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH.

William Blake as a Prophet

The New York Times has called atten tion to the fact that one of William Blake's engravings to illustrate Dante's Inferno shows a fiend whose face looks remarkably like that of the Kaiser.

An equally interesting forecast seem to us the following passage in Blake's "America, a Prophecy," published in 1793; Solemn heave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations,

Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds and raging fires, Alblon is sick! America faints! Enrag'd the Zenith grew.

As human blood shooting its veins all round the orbed heaven, Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood. And in the red clouds rose a Wonder o'er

the Atlantic sea-Intense! naked! a Human fire, flerce glowing, as the wedge
Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible
limbs were fire, With myriads of cloudy terrors, banners dark, and towers . Surrounded: heat but not light went thro'

the murky atmosphere.

This may certainly be conceived as very impressive vision of the submarine pestilence and the gathered lightnings of American vengeance. And Blake's poem goes on to a remarkable passage which also predicts the American Civil War. The only difficulty about the prophecy, which stultifies it for these days, is that Blake also seems to foreshadow a war of extermination between England and America. After all, one has to take prophets in

Tom Edison, John Burroughs and Hank Ford have gone on their annual fishing trip and taken Ed Hurley along with them Ed has slid so many things into the scater lately it seems only fair he should take something out in return.

small doses.

In answer to the old query "Is life worth living?" it might be retorted it depends upon the flivver.

The Kaiser has called on a "retreat specialist" to take charge of the German armies on the Somme front. If he is a specialist now he will be an expert by the time Foch gets through with him.

The Fat in the Firing Line Sousa has written a new march called Solid Men to the Front," and is playing it at Willow Grove. Does that eighteento-forty-five draft refer to waist measure-

ments as well as ages?

Lullaby for a Baby Tank (Apologies to Lord Tennyson)

SQUAT and low, squat and low, Tank of the western front, Feared by foe, brave Gouraud Welcomes thy features blunt. Over the rugged trenches go Crawling from Soissons or Belleau, Trundle foreshortened runt. Creep, my little one, over each brittle Hun, creep.

Creep and rest, creep and rest, Rest on the Teuton's toes; Sleep, sleep on the France we'll keep, Victory bring thee repose. Lie in thy cradle-a crater depressed Deep as German hopes in the west, Sunk in their August woes. Sleep, my gritty one, wee, unpretty one,

sleep.

H. T. CRAVEN.

VACATIONING IN 1918

By Raymond G. Fuller

SEVERAL weeks ago, you may remember, I promised myself—aloud and in your presence. Mr. Editor—that I would write some articles for your editorial page. Of course, I knew that there was grave danger wasting my time, for you never seem to be hard up for good stuff to print, but the literary urge and the fact that Fred B-(deleted by the censor) hadn't paid back the ten-spot he borrowed—and hasn't yet, for that matter—combined to spur me on to action. And where are the precious manuscripts now? In my trunk—and where that is only heaven and the United States Railway Express Company have any means of knowing, and the express company maintains a silence which I am forced to construe as ignorance. My only consolation is the thought that Heaven knows.

So I can't send you the manuscripts until the trunk comes. A man in the smoking compartment of the sleeper told me I ought to have had it checked and sent as baggage. He got on at Northampton and said he had waited three months—I think it was—for an express package from New York. It may have arrived on the train by which he left. The trunk—supposedly—was shipped from Philadelphia only ten days ago, and my vacation is up in ten days more. I had to stay in the house yesterday while the tailor was pressing my suit of clothes. He informed me over the telephone, when I called him up, that four men had recently come to town in the same boat—that is, being interpreted, with no trunk and no extra suit to wear. C'est la guerre, as they say in France.

In other words, we are living—my wife and 1—in a suitease, and having a grand

WE HAVE been traveling, you see. This is my wife's home town, but not our destination. If the trunk comes tomorrow we are going to Greenwood Lake the following day. All her middy blouses and all my fishing tackle are in that trunk. (Also the manuscripts.)

and awful time.

As I said, we have been traveling. Not far-not to the Rockies, nor yet to the Sunny South-but wasn't it Thoreau who wrote that a man could travel without ever going outside of Concord? Or was it Emer-Neither of them, however, could keep away from Boston. Everybody, even now, goes to Boston. We didn't go to Boston on this trip. It wasn't necessary, as we used

WE MADE the journey from Brandywine Summit to our West Philadelphia apartment in a friend's automobile, starting on a Monday morning. It was nearer noon than morning. Did you ever start anywhere by automobile with a party and start at the time planned on the preceding evening. No, you never did. you never did.

ON TUESDAY we packed the trunk, put-ting in everything we expected to need in camp at Greenwood Lake. (Also the manuscripts, which awatted a few finishing touches.) In the afternoon I called up the Pullman office at Broad Street Station to engage chairs on the 1 o'clock train Wednes-iay. I learned that the world moves and that you can't get reservations by telephone any day and had a seat together.

WE DIDN'T stop in New York any longer than we had to. We saw a conductorette while riding across town. At the Grand Central we got some ice cream, but no Pullman chairs. At Bridgeport we saw the Reming ton Works from the car windows. Beyond Bridgeport we saw five ships building on the ways. At Springfield we changed trains, with no time to spare. On the northbound train we secured sleeping berths and thanked our lucky stars, but we'd have gone on to old Vermont if we had had to sit up all

The conductor informed me that my B. and M. and C. Vs mileage books-left over from last year—were no good, not having received the Government's official O. K. counted my cash, and he took it and put it in an envelope. But I gave the various rail-road and Pullman conductors encountered en route a good run for the money. At the last unction point, at & o'clock in the morning the C. V. conductor was still figuring the sum total of carfare, extra fare, Pullman fare and war tax when the station was alled. He followed me into the branch-line train to convince me. No, there wasn't any quarrel. Everything was straight. Merely this: I am no mathematical prodigy. I reeived thirty-six cents and four ten-cent re bate slips in the envelope in which my sr fortune had been deposited when we Springfield. C'est la guerre!

CASUALTY lists from France-boys know or whose people we know-boys that went to school to my wife-sons, brothers, husbands, sweethearts of sweethearts. Some dead, some wounded. Boys from right here in Barre. Right across the street.

est la guerre. The neighbors have shown us letters that they have received from the boys over there. They are interesting letters, but more than interesting, for they are significant by reason of the spirit they express. They are all cheerful, some of them humorous. Somehow they make a man feel small and mean-even man whose staying at home is obligato People are talking about the new draft. It concerns me, as I shall be one of the egistrants next month.

registrants next mount.

There's no apathy over the war up in this neck of the country. The citizenry don't like war any better than they ever did, but they're behind this war in good earnest. T seems to be a sort of consecration an the people, and yet, at other times, their seems to be the feeling of the young recruit vho was congratulated on his sun sire to help make the world safe for democ-

"Hell! that ain't it," he responded. "I want to get the boche that said the Ameri-cans couldn't fight!"

DOSTSCRIPT-I am finishing this letter in weather as hot as the weather was when I was writing those manuscripts. Those manuscripts—if genius is 90 per cent perspiration—ought to be important documents The title of one is "Free Verse in the Light The title of one is "Free Verse in the Light of Poetry." Another is called "William Hohenzollern in the Shadow of Hell." Sorry I can't send them, but I've just received word that the trunk is still in Philadelphia.

ARE we going camping? Oh, yes; there A are some clothes we can borrow, and some we can buy, and some we can do with-out. The gospel of doing without is popular these days, you know. There is one thing my wife and I can't do without this year, and that is Greenwood Lake.



By Christopher Morley

WONDER if there is any other country | the glamour of such a colossal drama, and where the death of a young poet is double-column front-page news? And if poets were able to proofread their

own obits, I wonder if any two lines would have given Joyce Kilmer more honest pride than these: JOYCE KILMER, POET,

IS KILLED IN ACTION which gave many learts a pang when they picked up the Public Ledoen last Sunday

morning.

TOYCE KILMER died as he lived-"in action." He found life intensely amusmore. It was raining hard, so I let the matter drop with the receiver, and we traveled to New York in a plain, ordinary coach next tacked life at all points, rapidly gathered its complexities about him, and the more intricate it became the more zestful he found it. Nothing bewildered him, nothing terrified. By the time he was thirty he had attained an almost unique position in literary circles. He lectured on poetry, he interviewed famous men of letters, he was poet, editor, essayist, critic, anthologist. He was endlessly active, full of delightful mirth and a thousand schemes for outwitting the devil of necessity that hunts all brainworkers. Nothing could quench him. He could turn out "copy" in any emergency. When he was run down by a train in New Jersey, he continued dictating from his bed in the hospital, and his weekly article for the New York Times

reached the printer on schedule. BUT beneath this whirling activity which amused and amazed his friends there lay a deeper and quieter vein which was rich in its own passion. It is not becoming to prate of what lies in other men's souls; we all have our secrecies and sanctuaries, rarely acknowledged even to ourselves But no one can read Joyce Kilmer's poems without grasping his vigorous idealism, his keen sense of beauty, his devout and simple religion, his clutch on the preciousness of common things. He loved the precarious bustle on Grub street; he was of that adventurous buoyant stuff that rejects humdrum security and a pelfed and padded life. He always insisted that America is the very shrine and fountain of poetry, and this country (which is indeed pathetically eager to take poets to its bosom) stirred his vivid imagination. The romance of the commuter's train and the sub urban street, of the delicatessen shop and the circus and the snowman in the vard-these were the familiar themes where he was rich and felicitous. Many a commuter will remember his beautiful poem "The 12:45," bespeaking the thrill we have all felt in the shabby midnight train that takes us home, yearning and weary, to the well-beloved hearth:

What love commands, the train fulfills And beautiful upon the hills Are these our feet of burnished steel. ubtly and certainly, I feel That Glen Rock welcomes us to her And silent Ridgewood seems to stir And smile, because she knows the train brought her children back again, We carry people home—and so God speeds us, wheresoe'er we go. The midnight train is slow and old," But of it let this thing be told, To its high honor be it said, It carries weary folk to

TO A man such as this, whose whole fervent and busy adventure was lit within by the lamplight and firelight of omestic passion, the war, with its broken nal affront. Both to his hunger

to his sense of what was most worshipful in human life, the call was irresistible. Counsels of prudence and comfort were as nothing; the heart-shaking poetry of this nation's entry into an utterly unselfish war burned away all barriers. His life had been a fury of writing, but those who thought he had entered the war merely to make journalism about it were mistaken

"AFTER YOU YET!"

Only a few weeks ago he wrote: To tell the truth, I am not interested in writing nowadays, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. I ..m a sergeant in the regimental intellige most fascinating work possible-more thrills in it than in any other branch, possibly, aviation. Wonderful life! I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life-unless I be

A JOURNALIST and lecturer Kilmer was copious and enthusiastic rather than deep. He found—a good deal to his own secret mirth-women's clubs and peetry societies sitting earnestly at his feet, expectant to hear ultimate truth on deep matters. His humor prompted him to give them the ultimate truth they craved. If his critical judgments were not always heavily documented or long pondered, they were entertaining and pleasantly put. The earnest world of literary societies and blue-hosed salons lay about his feet; he flashed in it merrily, chuckling inwardly as he found hundreds of worthy people hanging breathless on his words. A kind of Kilmer cult grew apace; he had his followers and his devotees. I mention these things because he would have been the first to chuckle over them. I do not think he would want to be remembered as having taken all that sort of thing too seriously. It was all a delicious game-part of the grand joke of living. Sometimes, among his friends, he would begin to pontificate in his platform manner. Then he would recall himself, and his characteristic grin would flood his face.

AS A journalist, I say, he was copious; but as a poet his song was always prompted by a genuine gush of emotion. 'A poet is only a glorified reporter," he used to say; he took as his favorite assignment the happier precincts of the human heart. As he said of Belloc, a true poet will never write to order-not even to his own order. He sang because he heard life singing all about him. His three little books of poems have always been dear to lovers of honest simplicity. And now their words will be lit henceforward by an inner and tender brightness-the memory of a gallant boy who flung himself finely against the walls of life. Where they breached he broke through and waved his sword laughing. Where they hurled him back he turned away, laughing still.

Li customary dishonesty that says "He died as he would have wished to." No man wishes to die—at least, no poet does To part with the exhilarating bustle and tumult, the blueness of the sky, the sun light that tingles on well-known street corners, the plumber's bills and the editor's checks, the mirths of fellowship and the joys of homecoming when lamps are lit-all this is too close a fiber to be stripped easily from the naked heart. But the poet must go where the greatest songs are singing. Perhaps he finds, after all, that ife and death are part of the same rhyme

TET us spare his memory the glib and

When We Come Back

WHEN we come back, remember . . the things we planned to do: The little house upon the hill with room enough for two.

casement with the ivy, the grass so soft and deep. The singing roof where drops of rain would lull the night to sleep.

You said you'd hold me tight and never let me go again, You'd kiss each scar upon my face and

every mark of pain; When we come back, remember-you laughed when it was said-I might be out an arm, but you would hug

I'll know you will have suffered far more

I'll know the sleepless nights when you could only walk and cry. Remember, proud of heart, dear, if I should chance to fall,

me twice instead.

You'd rather I had not come back than never go at all .

When we come back, remember . . . the things we planned to do: The little house upon the hill with room enough for two.

The casement with the ivy, the road a winding track, The little house upon the hill, and ... and-when we come back

Charles Divine in "City Ways and Comnany Streets." Nobody Gives a Tinker's Dam

It is a desperate undertaking at this sea-

son for any ambitious candidate to seek to arouse popular interest in politics.-New · Not to Mention the 45s

The thirty-five and forty year old fellows who have been expressing regret that the age limit prevented them from going into the army are not looking as happy now as they did a short time ago .- New Orleans States.

Must Feel Like Doing Something No doubt the Kaiser will soon think of exempting the Crown Prince from military service on the ground that he has a dependent wife and children.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

Who is the present Chancellor of Germany? 3. Who is the commander of the troops in Siberia?

4. What was the real name of Mark Twain?
5. Who said. Woman will be the last thing elvillzed by man"? 6. What country in the world produces the most

7. What is a winch?
8. Who was Vice President under Taft? 10. Why are actors called Thesplans?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz Henry Waterson recently retired from the active editorship of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

. Copra is the dried kernel of the coco-nut. . Asteroids are small, irregularly shaped plan-ets, lying between Jupiter and Mars.

General McClellan was the Democratic can-didate for President defeated by Lincoln in the election of 1864. 6. Newark is the largest city in New Jersey.
7. The small islands of St. Pierre and Miquein form the only North American possession of France. They lie off the muthquet control Newfoundland.

8. The line, "The paths of glory lead but to the

9. The Levinthan, formerly the Hamburg-American liner Vaterland, is the largest skip in the world.

10. Carmen Sylva is the pen name of the Queen Bowager of Ramsula, where of King Charles I. She is distinguished as a montant and posses.