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Philadelphia, Thursday, August 22, 1918

CITY HALL NONESSENTIALS

ONCE more the City Hall clerks are complaining of the inadequacy of their pay and are asking their friefds to use influence to get their salaries raised.

If the departments in the City Hall were undermanned these clerks might set some sympathy, but a quarter of them could leave and get jobs at much better pay doing war work without interfering at all with the efficiency of the departments. This would leave money enough to increase the salary of the clerks really needed.

Such a simple solution does not seem to have occurred to the clerks-nor to the ward leaders.

It ought to be made plain, however, that a man holding down a useless job in the City Hall is shirking his duty in the industrial crisis which the summoning of men to the army has caused.

The Kaiser has granted the Crown Prince a six months' leave of absence. This will bring him back to the front in time to get licked again when we begin our final spring drive.

#### THE END OF VARDAMAN

TO WHAT extent the defeat of Senator Vardaman for renomination was due to the President's letter of condemnation and to what extent it was due to the decreasing personal popularity of the man himself it would be useless to conjecture.

The reassuring fact is that Vardaman is defeated. Of course, his defeat will be regarded as a condemnation for his antiwar activities and for his attempts to obstruct the plans of the Administration whether it is or not, and Mississippi will be reckoned among the loyal States.

It did not take this primary election to prove that the nation is committed wholeheartedly to the war. Every time there has been a test pro-Germans and pacifists have been condemned. The moral effect of these accumulating verdicts is likely to be manifested in a changed attitude on the part of some of the obstructing Congressmen who think that they can win popu-

Germany seems to have adjusted her war movement artistically to the seasons. On March 21 it was spring. In September It will be fall.

PINCHING THE GERMAN SALIENT T LOOKS as though the evacuation of Noyon were only a matter of time, and not a very long time, either. The French now hold Bierancourt and Lassigny, dominating Noyon from a shallow arch of higher ground. Their advance along the valley of the Oise is presumably retarded by the wooded region of Ourscamp.

At the same time Haig is striking heavily along the Ancre north of Albert. This is only some thirty miles northwest of Noyon, and if the English should get through to Bapaume the whole Somme Valley from Bray to Peronne will be in canger. The Kaiser may have to rely rather heavily on that "retreat specialist" he is said to have called in and St. Quentin may again have the dubious honor of being the headquarters of the Great Infernal Staff before frost sets in.

What we are expecting to see in the course of the next few weeks (or days) is a very vigorous offensive on the part of American troops along the Vesle. Any blows struck northward across the Aisne would render the whole German salient in Picardy additionally uncomfortable for the Kaiser's command, however skilled it may be in backward tactics.

Munitions have been made at the Frankford Arsenal for a hundred years, but never

for a better cause than now.

CASUALTIES AMONG THE KINGS ERDINAND, King of Bulgaria, is reported to be dying, presumably of worry. The Czar of Russia fell not long ago, a lonely and ignoble figure, before a aring squad of peasants. Francis Joseph f Austria died nearly two years ago. The war killed him. He died a broken-hearted and distilusioned old man. King Contine of Greece is out of a job and exile in Switzerland. These four men. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, figured prominently in the conspiracies that nated in the war. Only Wilhelm reains alive and well. Yet all the signs omens of the hour show plainly that a accumulated hatred and detestation of on is gathering for the stroke that

make his throne vacant. se kings offended the conscience of . They roused forces beside which and cannon are trivial. They

n you might pause to observe n the greatest of wars the per-

THE ISSUES OF 1920

They Are Likely to Cut Across Old Party Lines and Make the Result of the Election Uncertain

INDER normal conditions the voters have usually decided by the middle of a presidential term whether they wish to retain in power the party of the President. The defeat of Mr. Cleveland for re-election after his first term was virtually certain before he had been in office two years. Likewise it was admitted to be impossible to re-elect Mr.

But conditions at present are not normal. No one knows what is to happen between now and the assembling of the presidential conventions in 1920. While some tentative issues are framing themselves, the nation as a whole is suspending judgment on them until it knows more about them. Of one thing we can be certain, and that is that prognostication about the alignment of the voters in 1920 is pretty dangerous business. One man's guess is as good as another's, because nobody knows anything about it.

The Paris interview of Senator Lewis. printed in this newspaper yesterday, setting forth what the Illinoisan thinks will be the issues in the next presidential campaign is interesting chiefly because it epitomizes the opinion of many men who have been giving some thought to the matter. But the Senator would doubtless be the first to admit that he is only guessing and that events may put an entirely different complexion on the whole situation.

Nevertheless, it serves a good purpose. because it will set the voters to thinking and may assist them in forming opinions which they can express at the polls when the time comes. Whatever else may happen, it is doubtless true that the foreign policy of the country will play a much larger part in the presidential campaign than ever before. We are now taking part in a great foreign war and we are hoping that within a little more than a year we shall be represented at the council table of the nations negotiating a peace treaty which shall remove the pretexts for more wars in the immediate future. We are playing a great part in the world now. We must decide whether we are to assume the responsibilities after the war which our participation in it has placed on our shoulders.

Senator Lewis thinks that the decision will come in the form of the acceptance or rejection of the policy of entering into alliances, offensive and defensive, with other nations. Perhaps he is right. There has already been gossip in the London dispatches about a possible alliance between this country and Great Britain. The Senator thinks that the Democratic candidate for the presidency will come from the West, and that the West will be opposed to any change in our historical policy.

As to the domestic issues the Senator places government ownership of railroads and telephones and government insurance first. These issues will cut across the old party lines and make forecasting about their indorsement or rejection exceedingly difficult. There are emall groups of thinkers committed to They are willing to be shown, and they will judge by the outcome of the experiment now making.

We think, however, that Mr. Lewis has guessed wrong when he says that the tariff has disappeared from politics and has become merely "a matter of international bookkeeping." All the signs indicate that it is likely to become one of the most pressing questions in international politics and so will react on national politics. There is involved in it the after-the-war commercial relations between the Germans and the nations of the Entente now fighting them. Are we to allow the commercial penetration of Germany in the future as it has been permitted in the past, or are we to defend our own markets? will be the question which the English, above all, must answer, and which will be put to the statesmen of France and America. Our Democratic friends cannot whistle the tariff down the winds quite so easily as Mr. Lewis seems to wish.

It is not too soon for all of us to begin to consider the future and how we are to face the problem of adjusting ourselves to the new world which will come out of the war.

The new Ludendorff drive is said to be intended to drive the reluctant German youths

## MINSTRELSY

THE death of Hughey Dougherty by no means terminates the influence of minstrelsy, of which for more than half a century the Philadelphia comedian was a gleeful exponent. Burnt-cork art after the "classic" pattern, with its pompous interlocutors and irreverent "end men," is disappearing. Yet even today its salutary spirit abides in the land of its creation and the mode of thinking it engendered saves us from many a pitfall of fatuous error.

The prime intent of minstrelsy was of course, sheer fun. But it was fun of a singularly bold and racy sort; fun which behind all its satiric extravagance was essentially keen and discerning. The follies of oratorical flapdoodle, the absurdities of fashion and snobbery, the selfsatisfaction of the shallow politician-all forms of provincial concelt in our na tional life were the game of the graceless "minstrel moke."

His weapon was laughter. By its employment he fostered in us a habit of humorous yet immensely helpful selfexamination that is today perhaps more profusely cultivated in this country than anywhere else in the world. "Mr. Bones" or "Mr. Tambo" buriesqued the stump speech and thereafter much of the windy bomblet of the politician lacked conviction. We acquired the saving stace of laughing

at ourselves, which Kipling declares blds

us even "mock our hurrying soul." The mental attitude, however, is, like minstrelsy, not cynical. It is wholesome stimulating in its sunny keenness. There is in the American character something markedly congenial to this type of selfcritical humor, but minstrelsy tilled a fertile soil with rare success.

The delicious Dougherty would probably have been appalled on being called a philosopher. None the less the humblest funmaker, alert to perceive humanity's foibles, is in a sense entitled to be so described. Sound truth often lay at the core of the last minstrel's wildest so-called 'nonsense." Hughey Dougherty was a tonic like the characteristically American form of footlight foolery he so long

### PRUNES AND PRISMS

SOUGHT immortality

Here and there-I sent my rockets

Into the air: I gave my name A hostage to ink

I dined a critic And bought him drink. SPURNED the weariness

Of the flesh; Denied fatigue, and Began afresh-

If men knew all, how They would laugh! I even planned

My epitaph. . . .

A ND then one night when the dusk was thin I heard the nursery

Rites begin: I heard the tender Soothings said Over a crib, and A small sweet head.

THEN in a flash It came to me That there was my Immortality.

Salted Peanuts suggests that the army mule will have something to say about the capture of Bray.

Curious how a habit will grow on one-

## even a habit of working.

How a Woman Reads a Magazine On those rare occasions when we do not ride in the smoking car we like to amuse ourself watching how a woman reads a mogazine.

She sits down, rocks to and fro on the plush with a graceful teetering motion to w sure she's comfortable and then looks at the cover. If it has a baby on it or a soldier in uniform she examines it carefully, and may even say to her companion: "Isn't that sweet? It looks like don't you think?"

Then with her right hand she spins the pages past rapidly, just to see that everything is all right and to make sure that the advertisements haven't been left out. Half-way through her quick eye makes a mental note of an attractive ad that catches her fancy and she turns back to see it. She looks at it gravely. From her philosophic profile as she studies it you would imagine it was a serious article on he Single Tax (which, by the way, she magines to mean a levy on bachelors).

Then she turns back to the last page and begins to run through the advertisements, backwards. It occurs to her that both sides of these questions, but the fall is coming and she will soon need an great mass of voters are open-minded, autumn hat. She makes a mental note of

> (Women, by the way, never make written memoranda of really important things. In fact, they never make written memoranda

She instinctively rejects any advertise nents dealing with masculine affairs. One of the wonderful things about a woman's mind is that she knows instantly and with out consideration what is relevant and important.

Suddenly it occurs to her that there may be a story by her favorite author in the magazine and she rapidly runs over the fiction pages, but only glancing at the illustrations. This saves her the trouble of reading them. She has a sort of distrust of the table of contents and would rather find out for herself what the issue

She reads the captions under the Illustrations and finding one that sounds interesting she turns to see who wrote the story. If it is a name she never saw before she feels convinced it is not worth reading. Probably she is right.

She finds a little poem which the despair ing editor stuck into the middle of a page as a decoration. She thinks it is rather cute, and surreptitiously withdrawing a small hairpin she slits it out and puts it into her little bag, where there are already six others of the same sort. Just then the conductor comes around for her ticket and looking up she sees that Mrs. Wine-

sap, three seats ahead, has a new bonnet. The magazine slips quietly into the crack at the back of the plush seat.

German U-boat officer said to have at ended Broadway theatre last week .- Head

If there are any plays running on Broadway good enough to lure a U-boat captain all the way from Nantucket Shoals, New York must have turned up some new playwrights.

captain in a New York saloon must have made a mistake. Surely he saw the German in the Brooklyn subway, where he had gone to get some tips for new frightfulness.

The man who says he saw a U-boat

If Jack Burroughs, Tom Edison, Hank Ford and those other irresponsible boys on that fishing trip keep on playing vouthful pranks some country sheriff will arrest them as draft evaders.

### How It Will Look to Berlin

Before you do anything these days you should be sure to think whether it could possibly give aid and comfort to the enemy. The Ford-Edison-Burroughs fishing escapade is sure to be reported thus n the Berlin papers:

American magnates, terrified at German victories, take to the woods in panic. Food age for fish, locusts and wild honey.

Adventures at Eddystone

### By ROY HELTON

### Inside the Shop

ONE hangs his brass check on the section board and proceeds down through the long rooms past piles of sawed walnut boards and long racks of half-finished gun tocks into his own shop, where, stripping off his once comely outer garments, he hangs his hat on the nail, nods to the boss and moves over to his machine. The early men are already at work. Here

and there one hears the rip and growl of the cutting blades, a deafening crash that fills one's ears from morning till night and lingers over Saturdays and Sundays in heavy ear-filling murmurs, like the sound of the

I LOOK about the room at my fellow work-men, their bare muscular arms, their hairy chests, their tense faces. They are a splendid lot. Not one of all the workmen I came in contact with failed to reveal somehow an inner kindliness, a silent sympathy with a new man on the job. They said little or nothing. The workingman has no time to acquire the habit of talk. His feelings are as remote from his lips as the feelings of the folk of the southern mountains.

These men in my room, save one or two,

were experts on a laborious and difficult task. They were very well paid for very hard and skillful work. Their methods were direct. Courtesy in the clean-hand, downtown sense was almost unknown-men working at the fever heat of piece work in a great munition plant have little time to give or take thanks. But beneath this hard, silent surface of things was something, to my way of thinking, far finer than all the social graces of Fifth avenue.

I HAD no word of welcome from any man in the shop, save the boss, and yet these fellows, speeding up to the highest point of endurance on piecework, have stopped and broken their stride of production not to talk. but to do things—to show me the right way, to run through a bit of my work for

me, while their own was waiting.

I come out of that shop profoundly impressed with the inner fineness of impulse in the man who works with his hands. Perhaps I was fortunate in my shop, perhaps there is a certain humanizing influence in the crooked grain of walnut and birch that I might not find in the characters of men whose lives are spent on the predictable sub-stance of chilled steel. But I do not be-

RIGHT next to me worked a tail, quiet, up-State Dutchman. He said little or nothing, took his business seriously and always had a wild burst of temper when anything broke down. One morning his belt got cranky. He came over and swo boss that the wop upstairs who had fixed it for him ought to be boiled in oil and be made to swallow whole a yard or two of that same rotten strap. A few minutes later I was roused from my tasks by was roused from my task by a tremendous rattle and crash. The offending belt had parted and, having coiled up about a pulley was milling around with its loose end to the danger of all beholders. The Dutchman, danger of all beholders. The Dutchman, venturing in too close, received a sharp crack on the side of his face. With a wild and startling burst of profanity he snatched at the end of that broken belt and by main force, against all the pull of the wheels, ripped it out of the bowels of the machine and hurled it wildly across the room. A grave, important little inspector was bending over a pile of gun stocks. The colling ing over a pile of gun stocks. The colling belt hit him over the ear and wrapped around his neck. There was a frantic scream and a long moment of universal laughter.

THE next morning, when a belt broke over I me and came rattling down on my head. understood the Dutchman's rage. I car-I understood the Dutchman's rage. I carried the fragments up to the belt man and at his bench saw the first and only evidences of the hunger for beauty in all that great plant. The beltman was a little smiling Polander, with large mustache. Over his locker was a wooden frame for an alarm clock. Carefully pasted on to its rough front was a postered neture of Norma Talmadge. was a postcard picture of Norma Talmadge In front of the locker was another work of ar!—a calendar picture of a mother and child standing expectantly by a tall draped window. I looked on the beltman with a new respect and interest. Prominently on his locker was a written sign: "No belts taken out of here onless by order of (Pollack) beltman." I hasten to add that the word Poliack was clearly the word of an-

TT WOULD be impossible to tell, in a few words, of the many curious and pleasing personalities ! encountered in that one small

Among them would surely be included the boy inspector, with an appetite surpassing that of the Fat Boy in Pickwick; he begar eating at 9:15 and finished his enormous lunch at 4:45. Every ten minutes during the day he would approach me to make certain of the time. How many sandwiches, boxes of sardines, rolls of cake that boy consumes course of a week I should be afraid to print.

Then there was Gold Tooth, a fine, tall, ling figure of a man, who was famous it the shop for a wonderful, respiendent upper incisor, which the boys swear to me he takes out every lunchtime and sticks in again when the meal is over. It was darkly hinted that he was afraid he'd wear it out if he used it for chewing—some aver he has dedicated the gold tooth to the sacred uses of tobacco. It is a pretty sentiment that tobacco. It is a pretty sentiment that think Barrie might readily understand.

THE Pirate was another first-class figure. He was a gigantic New Englander, who lid prodigles of labor, but spent his spare time eating sandwiches and exchanging sweet nothings with the little yaller gal who had the sweeping up of our floors. His nickme arose from the great blue bandann andkerchief that he wrapped around his grizzled hair, giving him all the appearance of a dime novel buccaneer or a gunner's mate on Oid Ironsides. Never gunner's mate worked harder to win a war than this tremendous man toiling at his profiling ma-

And finally the Mechanical Wonder, the and many the archancal wonder, the prize of the lot, whose job is to adjust machinery, but who also takes on the job of cheering up chronic grouches, composing quarrels and salving down everybody. In his thin cheek was always a generous wad of sliced plug. His brimless black hat hovered on the back of his head. He wa ered on the back of his head. He was always moving in the direction of trouble, and also always smilling. To him both par-ties of a dispute invariably confided their troubles. Without such men I don't see how industry could ever get along. They are the buffers between system and humanity.

THE Adjuster once confided to me that his personal dream was of a job where every week he could move into a new factory and learn all the inwardness of every new machine. I suspect he would also just as quickly learn the men who worked the ma-He was a storehouse of human and chines. He was a storemouse of municipal and mechanical information. How to make your meart beat "regular" when you go up to an army doctor. How to tell which way a belt ought to run. How many men here owned their houses, and which one had a cottage at

the shore.

Before I left the place I found that I, too, had succumbed to his charms and that the Adjuster knew all my private business. Oh, enviable man, who can master both men and machinery! Beneath whose humble and sometimes ill-washed exterior lurks the great treasure of an inquiring and a sympathetic

The New York World has collected subscrip-Go Slow on tions aggregating more Statues than \$30,000 for a

memorial to the late Mayor Mitchel. It is to be hoped that this will not be expended on a statue of doubtful inspiration, but rather for a civil service scholarship or in

## GRADUALLY SOAKING IN



## THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

It Now Exists Among the Allies Fighting

Germany

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger. Sir-Under Ne headline, "The League of Nations," Mr. Konkle expresses an aspiration that is quite prevalent among the nations comprising our allies. What views are held by our enemies we do not know, except that three years or so ago, when our President advanced such a proposition, the German Kaiser offered to become the head of it with Prussia. It looked to him that his ambitions for

world-wide rule were being easily accomplished. The reason I mention that illustration is because it brings out the fundamental question

It is all well and good for Mr. Konkle to see the analogy between a League of Nations and the formation of our nation H. G. Welis in "The Fourth Year" the same analogy. But the analogy is, we are sorry to observe, extremely superficial. It does not reach the underlying fact. I think it would help Mr. Wells in his thinking if he would concentrate the penetrating quality of his imagination upon our Civil War. It is not a pleasant subject to discuss and the hard work and fighting underneath are not especially good food for dreamers at the Civil War was the most necessary and terrible conflict that the world has seen up to the present crisis. Mr. Wells should study the Civil War and decide whether or not the present United States of America is due to the formal document known as the Constitution or whether the Union not the result of conquest between the who held the view of a League of Nations and those who held to the ideal of a single nation. If the serious fact of the Civil War does not give a sounder basis, to the think ing of Mr. Wells, it may help him to understand the underlying principle of our na-tion to observe that it has the just right and duty to lay an income tax and enforce a beneficent draft directly on the individual Our nation is no League of Nations, or i that dreamlike view should be entertained is not at all the League of Nations that

Ir. Wells is dreaming about.

If a nation like that of the United States in contemplation, then it is necessary for the electorate of each nation to under stand the personal and private, the individ-ual, needs of the individuals in every other nation. For example, the rights of an inlividual in Rhode Island would be the ject of decision by a Hindu in Bombay. espectfully suggest that I have no desir that my personal rights should be voted upon by an individual so remote and different But that is exactly what happens in America. By my vote I help decide the regulation of the private citizen in the Kentucky moun-tains. A single nation formed from all of the world, based on the theory of our own nation, is impossible. As homogeneous are the people of the United States, there friction at times, and there is no public

lamor that our electorate be extended to the four winds of heaven.

There is no analogy worth while considerng of the kind Mr. Wells dreams of. The lague Court could have furnished what was desired, except for one fact. The extension of the jurisdiction and the consent necesary to give it foundation was explicitly and categorically refused by Germany. And in 1914 Serbia offered to submit the remaining question with Austria to the Hague Court. out Austria refused. It was the desire of all of the nations except the Central Powers to extend and clarify the operations of interna ional law. That is the whole meaning of the present war. It is an effort to bring Ger-many under the domain of international law, and on the part of Germany it is a desire to establish its claim to be above that law. Until Germany is willing to come under the law of nations there can be no peace. It is precisely our Civil War in that aspect of the question. But Mr. Wells occupies the position of the flabby-minded people who asked during our war why the parties could ot compromise.

The outcome of this war is the whole cen-

ter of a wise man's attention. If the Central Powers could win, all of the dreaming would be useless. All laws regulating your con-duct and mind would be made by the junkers

ing League of Nations, solving together their refations to one another and to the enemy. It is an accomplished fact, operating smoothly and with a just co-operation. It is a league of rivals in a common service. It has under its temporary jurisdiction a wide ex-tent of the earth's surface. It has a stupendous task confronting it. When that is accomplished it may be thought useful to make the formal Constitution or treaty which will recognize a union already cemented. It will not be a union formulated by dreamer. who see an analogy, but it will be formulated by those who have fought side by side to the victorious end. H. F. HARRIS.

Philadelphia, August 20,

The Destroyer's Crew To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: -Much has been written in prose and verse about the army, and rightly so; but for some reason or other the poor old navy never comes in for much credit. Saint Barbara, our patron, doesn't seem to have much nfluence with the literary muses. Occasionally one sees something in the press that would indicate that the guardians of the sea are not wholly forgotten; but olive drait seems to have more of a hold on the popular

fancy than does navy blue.

Consequently when I do see something about the navy that seems to have the divine spark I feel as though it ought to be pub-lished on the biliboards of the world. The Our Navy, a publication which is certainly too little known in civilian life for it is ex tremely interesting and entertaining, both to seaman and landsman:

The Destroyer's Crew

They needn't climb at their sleeping time To a hammock that sways and burn They leap, kerplunk! in a cozy bunk That quivers and bucks and jumps. They hear the sound of the seas that pound On the half-inch plates of steel And close their eyes to the lullables

They're a lusty crowd that is vastly proud Of the slim black craft they drive, Of the roaring flues and the humming crews That make her a thing alive.

They love the lunge of her surging plunge
And the murk of her smoke-screen, too,

Of the creaking sides and keel.

As they sail the seas in their dungarees, A grimy destroyer's crew There's a roll and pitch and a heave and hitch To the nautical gait they take,

For they're used to the cant of the decks asiant
As the white-toothed combers break On the plates that thrum like a beaten drum.
To the thrill of the turbine's might,

the knife-bow leaps through the yeasty With the speed of a shell in flight.

Oh, their scorn is quick for the crews who To a battleship's steady floor,

perch At thirty-five knots or more. They don't get much of the drills and such That the battleship jackles do, But sail the seas in their dungarees, A grimy destroyer's crew.

Unfortunately the poem is anonymous, which is to be regretted; for to me, at least, it is a real literary gent. If you think it worthy of a place in the columns of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER I should certainly appreciate your putting it there; and I am sure that many other saliers would be glad to see it in a "nonsectarian" paper, for it seems to breathe the real spirit of the navy. PAUL H. MYRICK, Yeoman, Second Class, U. S. N. R. F.

Philadelphia, August 19.

A Tribute From Our Allies To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger. Sir-Le Figaro of July 20, 1918, gives the cllowing as an extract from Le Gaulois of same date:

The Americans The Americans

All accounts arriving from the field of battle show them playing with danger, as though they grudged not having braved it sooners. A French general hesitated to send his men to a particularly exposed position. "Take ours," offered his American colleague; "we still have 15,000,000." Superb words, because they wendsrfully interpret the breadth and gasterosity of the American spirit.

### STUBBY JONES, EXEMPT

CONGRESSMEN unsmiling, Who call stern duty king! When taxes you are piling, Pass by one precious thing. Go tax the palaces awheel The Midas family owns, But do not tax the pushmobile

That's run by Stubby Jones!

O Solons of the Senate! O financiers profound! Tax tales by Arnold Bennett;

Tax pomes by Ezra Pound; Tax beer and beans and veils and veal; Tax Coney ice-cream cones: But do not tax the nushmobile

Tax patriotic ballads; Tax all the wartime plays; Tax syllabub and salads; Tax aces-full-on-treys;

Tax every gambling Wall street deal O'er which the sucker groans; But do not tax the pushmobile That's run by Stubby Jones! Tax hat and glove and panty: Tax undershirt and sock:

Tax pots at penny-ante: Tax grandma's eight-day clock; Tax sealing-wax and orange peel; Tax spooning on the phones; But do not tax the pushmobile That's run by Stubby Jones!

-John O'Keefe, in the New York World. If you see a young man walking about the streets with an air of conscious pride the streets with an air of conscious pride you may safely conclude he is one of those who became of age since June 5 and will register for the draft on Saturday.

are 2000 of them-almost enough to make

The plan to house Gloucester shippard The plan to house Gloucester snipyard workers at Atlantic City this winter is enthusiastically indorsed by every shore landlord who sees profit in letting rooms usually vacant in the cold weather.

What is fame? A Pennsylvania farmer is said to have heard of John Burroughs, but to be ignorant of the identity of the other members of that famous fishing party camping out this week

# What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Where is Lake Baikal?
2. What is a philatellat?
3. What is the nationality of Maurice Maeter-4. What is the derivation of the word Friday?
5. What State does Senator Vardaman repre-

6. Who said "Difference of opinion makes horse

7. What is a kermis?
8. What gifted young American poet was killed in action last week?
9. What is the second largest city in Maryland?
10. What is another name for a mouth-organ? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Baku, recently reached by a British expeditionary force, is a port on the western along of the Caspian Bea.

2. Franklin D. Reseavelt is Assistant Secretary of Novice and Secretary of the Secretary of Secretary of

rever Cleveland defeated James G. Blat-for Freedent. Ville" is the city ball in Freedent Joyan.