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Philadelphia, Monday, August 26, 1918

"KULTUR'S" JOKE BOOKS

THE presence of six hundred German books in the central branch of the Free Library of Philadelphia has been revealed six months after the management's promise to remove "all works regarded as injurious to the American cause." Some of these books have been found to contain characteristically Teuton lies. The feeling that the city's shelves should not house such products is natural and may cause their banishment.

And yet as Foch, Haig and Pershing's men drive forward it is conceivable that the comic spirit will be pained if certain of these ponderous volumes are cast into the discard. Unconscious humor is perhaps the most delectable of all brands of fun.

Such solemn glorifications of Hun milltary power as the Free Library contains seem heading for the ranks of jokesmithery. Judging by the extracts which reach this country, the German newspapers are already enlisted. Patriotism may rightly frown on Teuton-made literature, history and propaganda, but "laughter holding both his sides" is often vastly stimulated thereby.

Incidentally it may be recalled that some of the funniest things in history are the pronunciamentos threatening the destruction of England which Napoleon launched from Boulogne.

After what the Senator from Massachusetts said the other day Germany is unlikely to echo Cowper's longing for "a lodge n some vast wilderness." Viewed from the desert of Hun hopes the scene must be particularly void of charm.

OUR EASY "SACRIFICE"

MR. HOOVER returns from abroad bearing our allies' thanks for our voluntary "sacrifices" resulting in the establishment of vastly improved food conditions for the liberty-loving nations of Europe. While rejolcing that our checks on waste and our reduced consumption of wheat, meat and sugar proved so beneficial, the allusions to "self-denial" or "sacrifice" should make us blush.

To save France, Belgium, England and from the famine

ELECT A REPUBLICAN HOUSE This Would Render Harmless the "Disloyal" Democrats Whom the President Opposes WE ALWAYS regret the waste of energy when we see a man taking a roundabout course to secure the ends that he might secure by following the shortest route.

This is one of the reasons for our regret that the President has seen fit to write letters disapproving the re-election of various Democratic Senators and Representatives. His purpose is to secure a Congress which will sustain the Administration in its prosecution of the war. We know that thus far Congress has stood behind him. Indeed, it has been at times so subservient to his will that it has been charged with abdicating its functions. Yet there have been a group of Democrats who have done their best to prevent the entrance of the country into the war and to prevent the efficient conduct of the war now that we are committed to it. The President, however, has tration.

not yet condemned the chairmen of committees who are seeking re-election, although some of the House chairmen are the most persistent obstructors.

Take, for example, the case of Mr. Dent, of Alabama, who presides over the Committee on Military Affairs. He has been fighting the plans of the War Department to be empowered to call the youths between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one to the army. Julius Kahn, of California, the ranking Republican member of the committee, has been leading the fight for the Administration program and when doubtful amendments were suggested on the floor of the House the members looked to him for guidance and acted as he suggested.

Chairman Kitchin, of the Ways and Means Committee, is equally objectionable, for he has been doing his best to produce a revenue bill which will fail to meet the approval of the Treasury Department. The sound advice of Secretary McAdoo has been ignored by him, while he has attempted to inject the oldfashioned Bryanistic Populism into the

measure. The re-election of these two men is thus far unopposed by Mr. Wilson. But they will retain their chairmanships so long as the Democrats control the House. The simplest way to shear them of power to hamper the Administration is not to defeat them, but to elect a Republican House. Then by the operation of the rule of seniority Mr. Kahn would automatically become chairman of the Military Affairs Committee and Mr. Fordney, of Michigan, would preside over the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Fordney is a sound economist and can be trusted to co-operate with Secretary McAdoo in devising revenue measures which would raise the funds needed without unduly burdening any class of

business. And Mr. Kahn is committed to the proposition that the way to win the war is to raise as big an army as possible as quickly as possible by drafting into it all the military material that is needed, beginning with youths eighteen years old, which is admittedly the minimum for military service, and ending with the men of forty-five, which under ordinary circumstances is the maximum age at which efficient service can be rendered.

Every reason which Mr. Wilson has offered for the defeat of individual Democrats applies with equal force to the defeat of the Democratic majority through the supremacy of which in the House the obstructing committee chairmen are enabled to interfere with and delay the war work of all kinds. It is impossible to escape the logic of the situation. But whether Mr. Wilson takes this course or not, the country is likely to do it, for the prospects for the election of a Republican House improve every time Mr. Dent obtrudes his narrow views about the draft and every time Mr. Kitchin seeks to penalize certain kinds of business. The Democratic majority is very slim and the defeat of half a dozen Democrats would give a working majority to the Republicans.

or the country itself were to put up a tablet in honor of the early immigrants who ventured, often amid difficulties, into a new world that they enriched with their industry, their strength and their great devotion. They ought to be remembered now, surely, when all the world has so much reason to know the true value of honor and simplicity and purity of heart. Germany may not approve of the skip-

stop system, but she's adopting it every day in Picardy.

SENATOR LODGE ON PEACE SENATOR LODGE is an able man and a sophisticated interpreter of political motives. He is now the dominating repre-

sentative of Republican party opinion in the Senate. He has a national audience on the occasions when he takes the floor. His formal definition of acceptable peace conditions, therefore, is of extraordinary interest. And every one will at once applaud the similarity of his view to that of the President and the unity that is apparent in the purposes of the Republican leaders and those of the Adminis-

For Mr. Lodge's program is in all essentials Mr. Wilson's program, a shade more explicitly stated, somewhat more harshly phrased and having as its leading char

acteristic the commanding note and challeage of the victor. It is not as a set of peace conditions that Mr. Lodge's pronouncement can claim novelty or permanent attention. What may be termed the Republican peace program represents actually the beginning of a new epoch in our relation to the war-the period when we assume all the rights and privileges of the offensive and the attitude of the conqueror for the first time. Formerly America had a sense of struggle in which strength was evenly matched. But Germany is winded and tottering. A change in the psychology of this country is inevitable and Mr. Lodge has been the first to sense that change and to meet it. A pronouncement such as he has made will provide, in fact, a definite test of the temper of the American people under the growing stimulus of success and victory.

text of Senator Lodge's address is involved in this instance, and it may yet develop as a ground for argument between the two political parties. Always in the back of President Wilson's mind there seems to have been an insistent hope for salvation of some sort for the German nation and an untrammeled future for the German people after they have been re

A principle not clearly visible in the

lieved of the burden of their military clique. The President's sense of charity for the individual German is not always reflected in popular opimon. The passionate hatred of the world at large for the Germans of Belgium, the Germans who murdered and plundered, the Germans of polson gas and flame-throwers and submarines, has left in many minds a wish to see fire and the sword dominant upon German soll. It has often seemed even to charitable minds that a policy of an eye for an eye, of fire for fire, could offer the only decent and just finish to a way such as the present one has been. It may be assumed that such a view would satisfy general opinion now. But what diplomatists will have to determine is

whether it would satisfy the world opinior of the future as well. Senator Lodge in urging the necessity for a victory dictated on German soil does not go too far. He might justly have urged a victory dictated in Berlin. It is safe to say that a large part of American opinion will not be satisfied with less. It s even questionable whether a victory otherwise arrived at would be altogether convincing to Germany or convincing to

the gun-mad leaders of the Hun. Sooner or later we shall have to decide questions such as this. But what if the German

THE CHAFFING DISH

WE OFTEN wonder whether the Ger man soldiers write as much poetry as the Yanks do. Probably they wrote a good deal of verse in August and September, 1915, but not much since then. Our own boys seem to find pleasure in

putting their thoughts into rhyme. The following lively ballad was written by Sherman Gardner Coates, formerly an architect in this city, who enlisted as a pirvate and when last heard from was a corporal in the 109th Machine Gun Bat talion. Presumably the poem was composed before he got his stripes. The author

says it was written in a French cattle car or "Pullman side-door de luxe." Apparently the real reason for the buck private's humorous grumbling is not being able to get at the enemy soon enough.

"Spreedycore" (Esprit de Corps)

IF KICKIN' makes a fightin' man, then I've got this to say:

That this here war's as good as won, I'll stake my next month's pay! F'r a meaner lot uh kickers never cussed

a Yankee cuss Th'n us guys gittin' ready to clean up this German muss.

THEY ain't a single gol-darned thing in this here army game

That suits us half-baked soldiers, an' the way we knock's a shame

But still we don't mean awful much-it's just our Yankee way

Uh lettin' on we're just as good as them what draws more pay.

WE KICK agin our officers - they're dumb as Paddy's sow-

Ther' ain't a private buck of us what couldn't tell 'em how! An' as for our dear sergeants-well, the

Lord made insects too,

An' ther' ain't a lot uh difference, from us privates' point uh view.

THE corporals, they ain't so bad, 'cept when they make us work. Er drill us when we want to sleep, er spot

us when we shirk. But any guys what likes their jobs, an'

tries to git ahead. We spend our evenin's dumping them mitt-floppers* out uh bed.

WE HOLLER at our doctors with their pills an' todine;

We yell becuz it rains at night while drillin' weather's fine;

We try to kill the captain if our pay's a few days late:

We howl like fiends if we're on guard just when we got a date;

WE HATE the chow we get to est, an' swear we'll eat the cooks,

An' cuss the commissary fer a gang uh dirty crooks;

We think our uniforms about as good as burlap bags,

An' tear 'em up, an' then we kick becuz we're dressed in rags;

WE'RE tired uh being here an' wish to heck they'd move us on, An' when we're there we hate it worse

an' wish we'd never gone; We think our outfit alwuz gits the worst

of every deal, An' cuss an' bust off at the men behind the steerin' wheel.

BUT, though we're great on soundin' off an' kickin's our delight,

We won't fly out no yellow flags when once they let us fight! An' when we git our chanct at Fritz, my

bet's nineteen to one orn'ryness 'll proye to be the smashin Our

Lenine's Version

Give Him His Due

uh the Hun!

Czars.

losophy.

know what the book is.

avenue trolley.

But There Will Be Others

East of Chaulnes is the village of Mis-

ery, which the Huns have compelled to

live up to its name. Foch, as a humane

man, will soon put them out of it.

indecorous, could in years easily be the mother of a debutante. "The girls" is a spon-taneous village tribute of affection and of recognition that youth of the spirit is eternal. The girls are two in number, sisters, and they live in a little cottage of ancient vint age, surrounded by a little garden forever new with fresh blooms, midway down the village street. It sounds like "Cranford," doesn't it, or a story by Mary E. Wilkins? But the girls are about as much like "Cranford" as a pleture by Fontaine Fox is like a Kate Greenaway. The times have changed. Who knows but even in Cranford the dear ladies are now demanding the ballot? At any rate there is nothing early Victorian about our girls except their plano and the portraits over it. They pretend to be prim, old-fashioned spinsters sometimes, but their hearts are in the twentleth century.



Two Girls Solved Their Problem By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WE CALL them "the girls" in the village, suspect if I were forced to do anything so indecorous, could in verse solution in the solution of the stove stirring a great kettle of fragrant raspberries they look out from one of these windows close by and see their garden just below, full of hollyhocks, feathery asparagus, below, full of hollyhocks, feathery asparagus, current bushes, rows of chard, bird baths, Beyond their garden is a meadow and a brook, then a hayfield, and then distant woods and the long horizontals of the Berk-shire Hills. It is a pretty picture, frained by the rafters and the window sash. They know it, They live it. They stir and look and look and stir, and upon my word something look and stir, and upon my word something of the beauty of the picture goes into their

THE girls are always dressed up and they A are never busy. Yet they are almost al-ways dressed for work and almost always working. 1 suppose that faculty, like the gift of poetry, can never be acquired. God gave it to them. Call at 10 of a morning when three kettles of fruit are on the stove

tling mien, No air of pomp or of prestige; serene, Unchanging confidence is his whose might Springs from the sacred sense of being right! No flow of windy words, no pageantry Of arrogance and pride; the dignity

Of one whose plans spell victory, yet know

Grave-eved and sad he looks, as one whose

To wear the scars of battle o'er his heart.

The wounds of France are his-her grief

And her untarnished glory for All Time!

-Elizabeth Newport Hepburn, in the New

Texas Doesn't Adjourn Politics

Of this year's registration in California

621,000 registered as Republicans and 326,000 as Democrats. It seems that the large

as Democrats. It seems that the large majority of the voters of California have

Hard on Jim Ham

Life is full of disappointments and when-ever the paper announces in a conspicuous way that the war is going to end this year

we read on and discover that at least that's what somebody like Senator James Hamilton Lewis says.—Ohio State Journal.

lost all sense of shame .-- Houst

a code of bonor to a perjure

France!

sublime

York Times.

simply

part

FOCH

GRAVE-EYED he looks at us from

His face lean, worn and lined, intent,

Soldier of France and our great leader

Not with the Prussian War Lord's bris-

soldierly yet with the thinker's

printed page,

grim, sage,

brow-

now!

Most

German hoped to impose on them by her U-boat piracy, it was necessary merely to banish thoughtless extravagance and to rearrange and systematize the richest of all national cupboards. Nature, so profuse in her blessings to the United States of America, should be the real recipient of the gratitude which the food administrator passes on from nations which, if we are faithful to his comparatively mild regulations for the coming year, will be relieved of all drastic rationing save only in beef and Sugar.

No victory has been greater than that of freedom over famine. What Mr. Hoover and his colleagues in other countries have done is worth a jubilee, but the average American, well-fed throughout the conflict, has performed a relatively easy duty. Flattering unction hardly lies gracefully on his lucky soul.

American Congressmen rode over London in American battleplanes a day or two ago and were told by the British officers that the Liberty motor is to do great work in the war. This is additional proof, of course, of the complete failure of the air program.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE

Tar E death of Warren Barton Blake by ming at Nantucket brings a very poignant sadness to all who knew him and is a public loss whose greatness can perhaps only be realized by those of his own profession. Of all the younger journalints reared in Philadelphia, there was none of more honest and valuable achievement, and certainly none so instinctively modest shy of the limelight. As a magazine taff writer it was his privilege to do most his work unknown and unsigned, but re was a sympathetic and luminous mility about his editorial articles in Colr's that made them always recognizable to attentive readers. .

Although only thirty-four, Mr. Blake ad already made himself one of the innal ambassadors between this country od France who have done so much to enpar the two republics to each other. His r, his infinite charm and modesty of lity, won him innumerable friends France, where he had spent much time. had only recently returned from six he in Paris, where he was in charge an important division of the Red Cross He was indefatigable in his efforts o bring France and America together, only a few weeks ago it was our privito print on this page his able article rica in Alsace," written for Bas-

on Blake had lived he would have own as one of the ablest editors eneration. Those who loved him aming the untimaty loss of an tunely loss of an

The high rents in Philadelphia cause one to wonder whether a job on a moving van represents an essential employment.

WHO REMEMBERS CASTLE GARDEN? TT WAS sadly like New York to rave and quarrel and divide itself into classes over the proposed transformation of Battery Park for one of the war industries: to "save" that historic place amid a great outcry and yet to miss the inner heart of the question altogether. Of course Battery Park should be kept inviolate. It should be preserved like any other city park and for the same reasons. But who remembers Castle Garden and the epic of American life enacted there year after year in the old days, when much that has made this country strong and great and kindly was coming to us on the sea's own tides?

Castle Garden, which distinguishes the Battery Park, is, as a matter of fact, one of the great landmarks of American history. It was the receiving place for immigrants in the days before Ellis Island. when the north of Europe was sending most of its adventurous souls to the new world. ' There are men and women still living who passed through Castle Garden, and they are sure to remember it as a temple of sorts-as a place of ends and beginnings, where happiness and tears were strangely mixed. The immigrants of

that time were not Bolsheviki and they were not fatherlanders; they were not of the kind who believe that America was discovered and ordered and civilized and developed for themselves alone. They came as seekers after justice and opportunity, and they were the mothers and fathers of much that is best in America today. History will yet recall them when the them. time comes to glorify the bravest and most

pioneers of all time. They are talking now of putting up a hiet to the men who "saved" Battery lea

should surrender after some great disaster in France and sue for peace upon Allied terms? What if, after a complete down fall in the German army, we might be called upon to fight another year and to lay Germany waste in the advance to Berlin and set aside the opportunity for a peace that might be fair and lasting? The victor in arms is not likely to waste time on such subtleties. President Wilson differs with Senator Lodge in that he seems able to imagine a whipped and reformed Germany that yet shall prove amenable to justice and reason and escape the horrors of forced invasion. There is a school of opinion that supports this view There are observers who insist that a devitalized and broken Germany would be a burden and a menace to civilization They hold that a peace founded upon a humane consideration for all the people will bring Germany back again as a friendly element in the family of western civilization and recover to the world some of the good which German character contributed in the years of its sanity. It remains to be seen how America at

large will feel in relation to this theory. It must be remembered that Senator Lodge and the leaders with whom he consulted before making his address have none of the responsibilities of the President. They can become more conciliatory or more harsh without any violation of political ethics. They are freer to talk than Mr. Wilson. They easily can be more explicit. And yet it must be said that Senator Lodge has again acted with signal patriotism in departing from routine to strengthen the hands of the Administration, to ask more of the country even than the President has asked, to support ever a sterner policy than Mr. Wil-

son's. And finally in the name of his party he has withdrawn all hope from the

The chap who gets any This Weather real satisfaction out of looking at the ther-

mometer to see "how high it is now" might be said (but not by us) to be a victim of mercuriosity.

On the whole it is pleasant to learn that some detachments of German troops are being transferred from Finland to the west front. We won't have to go so far to lick

Neither one nor several swallows make summer satisfying to the Hun, a truth he learns while the process compelling him to orge large bitss of France continues.

JERRY COATES. THE girls earn their own living. They Co. A, 109th Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F. didn't always have to, as the family por "An army variant of "hand-shaker." a fellow who trics to make himself popular with his su seriors. traits attest. Once upon a time they dwel in a large city, amid comparative affluence But do they now lurk drably in that "gentee poverty" of our Victorian story-tellers? They do not. They have no liking for poverty The fault, dear Trotsky, is not in our genteel or otherwise, just as nobody has wh is in his right mind ; and they at once, when the blow came, set about devising ways and means honorably to avoid it. Do they talk sadly and with much show of haughty pride But in ourselves, that we are underlings. about their days of affluence? They do not about their days of amuence? They do not. They never mention it. That's over. Here's the present, a most fascinating time, full of things to do, plans to make, people to see. When they depart, in speech, from the pres-ont, it is always to speak even more cheerfully of the future. Unconsciously when it called them "the girls" the village hit upon a pro-found truth We have always felt a good deal of pity for the late Czar, who may have been weak but certainly was not contemptible The passages from his diary after his fall which are now being published are full

found truth.

of the pathos of a baffied and bewildered WHAT do they do for a living? They make man. "I read much in Julius Caesar," he wrote of a two-day train ride. A German **W** jams, jellies, preserves; they can fruits and vegetables (which they raise themselves paper professes to find in Nicholas's diary in their little garden, with hollyhocks in the middle of the asparagus bed and the caulithe proof that his personality was "insignificant." But insignificant people do not flowers between the larkspurs). Further more, they convert in summer their dining room, with its creasy floor, its big ceiling beams, its old, wide fireplace, into a little shop. Here they sell their jams and jeilles, turn to Shakespeare for consolation. The fact that the Czar pondered over the drama of a Roman emperor overthrown by the bolsheviki of his day seems evior such jars as have not been made on order, and various articles of handlcraft and even some antiques gathered in the neighborhood dence of considerable humor and phi-In front of their cottage swings a little white they are ninety. Nicholas's personal tastes in literature sign. They painted it themselves, letting the black paint from the letters run down at the being excellent, it is curious that he chose for reading aloud to his children during bottom. If anybody else had done that it would have looked simply sloppy. But the girls did it-and the effect is charming. You their captivity a volume called "A Milwill know the sign by this mark and by the colored roses on one side and the colored jelly jars depicted on the other. lionaire Girl." It would be interesting to

> DERHAPS, too, you will notice something else about their little red cottage behind Leise about their little red cottage behind the sign. The entire roof of the veranda (now sagging a bit in the center) is covered not only with a Virginia creeper, but with green moss in which the characteristic flora which grows in moss.—the small grasses, ferns, saxifrage, etc.—is present, just as though the veranda roof were the top of some ancient boulder in the woods. The girks did that. They went up to the second grow some ancient boulder in the woods. The girls did that. They went up to the second story with pails of earth and dumped them out on the shingles. Then they set out pleces of moss and even scattered a little seed. The village thought them crasy. The local car-penter, in an excess of friendliness, hurried over to tell them it would and in time the very beams. uld rot the shingles

THEY laughed. "All right." said the elder "when that happens you shall make a new roof, so we can put more earth on it. But "Yes." said the younger "was discord." "Yes," said the younger, "we simply can't live without moss on that veranda roof. It is quite unthinkable."

The carpenter shook his head sadly. He told his wife the girls were "queer." Mean while the rains came, the sun shone and in a year or two that veranda roof became a thing of beauty.

am the French Ace of Aces, and foreign governments have recognized me as such. I no longer belong to myself. Some may assert that I am merely a shop window, but it is a window over which it would be rude on my part to draw down the curtain. It would be like the person to whom you give a becat-tiful jewel which he shuts up at the bottom of a drawer. I consider that acting as I do is an act of courtesy on my part toward those who have decorated me, as well as an act of justice to aviation itself. My breast on the one hand and my officer's uniform on the other will remind every passerby that in the Fifth Arm there are not only cor-combs, always the same, walking up and down in Paris, flooding all kinds of bars with their presence, with uniforms and tunks free from any decoration." THE girls enjoy canning. For that matter they enjoy everything. Life is all a de-lightful "party," as they would find it. But, having set out to make a living by canning, why-presto? Canning is simply the most faseinating thing in the world. Their can-ning kitchen is the whole upstairs of their story-and-half house knocked into one room, with white rafters and window sashes hinged to awing in and out. As they stand by the

and their faces are not flushed, they have time to talk to you, to make you sure you were the one person they really were "just dying to have a visit with." Yet some how, The son of a Republic, born to be Its saving, selfless "man of Destiny"; while the conversation waxes merry and laughter floats out over the garden, the jam Strong in retreat, yet stronger in advance. ets stirred, the glasses filled. I wo nld The brain, the hope, the driving Will of business men I know could take a few lessons from the girls. I'm sure the world would be a happier place.

WHEN the girls go to walk they carry fasionable canes and wear white shoes. They return with bunches of wild flowers and weeds, indiscriminately mixed, after having spoken to all the bables, boys, women, men and chauffeurs on the way. These weeds and flowers they dump into old baskets and bean pots and other unpromising receptacles. give the bunches a pat here, a pull there, and suddenly their proh, their parlor, their shop, is lit up by the color, and you would not

change a leaf of the bouquet nor suggest

any other possible receptacle. THEY make jam because it is fun to make jam; they adore their view because it is an adorable view; they hugely enjoy exercising their bright wits in conversation because being bright and with is lost versation because being bright and with is lost more fun than being literal and dull. In fact, their world is so constantly full of a number of things that they are much more happy than any kings nowadays. They are the hap ple I know. The result is that no be permanently unhappy in their presence, and the village will call them "the girls" till

Why Guynemer Wore His Medals

longer belong to yourself, you belong to everybody. To be well known is to see around you all the time a number of persons who never cared for you before, but have

suddenly assumed a pseudo-friendship for you. All at once they find out that you are a charming conversationalist, an infinitely fine soul and more of the same kind of gush.

Their object is to go out with you and to

take you to see their people. And when they

longer know where sincerity begins, whether

longer know where sincerity begins, whether they are pleasant to you out of friendship or vanity. You are apt to become unjust to those who do not deserve it and confide in others who deserve it still less. The women roll their eyes tenderly as they look at you, and when you think that they are looking at your face they are studying your medals. I am the French Ace of Aces, and foreign adverseries have recording as such I

look at you they imagine that you them. The misfortune of renown?

Just About as Popular Something of the modesty of Georges Perhaps calling whale-meat sea-beef will make it as popular as dogfish has been since t began to be called grayfish.—Boston Globe. Guynemer, the world-famous aviator, is to Jacques Mortane in "Guynemer, the Aces." Guynemer was asked why i Act by Jacques Mortane in "Guynemer, the Ace of Aces." Guynemer was asked why if he were so modest he went about with his crosses and medals upon his breast. His reply was, "If I do this it is not be-cause I take pleasure in it, for if it be sweet to know that you are celebrated, glory is accompanied by many drawbacks. You no bases belong to yoursalf, you belong to

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who is Prime Minister of Spain? 2. What is a murrain? 3. Who planned the city of Washington? 4. What is the origin of the word candidate? 5. What river discharges the impose volume 6. What is the real name of Gabriele D'An-munto?
- mumio?
 what is breadfruit?
 What French marshal surrenlered Mets to the Germanns in the Franco-Francelan Way
 What part of the United States was included in the Gadden purchase?
 Where was Congress sitting during most of the time that Washington and his army were encamped at Valley Forge?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- Charles E. Hughes, working under the De-partment of Justice. Is making an invest-gation of the ariphane situation.
 The original mausoleum was a magnifeent tomb erceited to Mausolus. King of Carls in Asia Minor. by his queen, Ariemeste. In the fourth century B. C. The word has almon been extended to describe any claborato structure designed expressely to inclose structure designed expressely to inclose 3. David E. Francia is the American ambas-4. Andrew Jackson was known as "Old High-ut Texture designed expression as "Old High-ture the standard of the structure of the standard of the structure of the standard of the

- Andrew Jackson was known as "Old Heart of Tarilacci," the title of Leonesvalle's pro-ular opera, is Italian for "The Clowns."
 Oncord is the capital of New Hampshire.
 The lice "uneasy lies the head that ways a scheme by the spoken by King Hearty 10 is Shakespeare's play of that name.
 The Franch word "souther" the annual for the spoken is a name descripting of light, freihy fends, manually made with whites of beaten cers.
 The Ronalsh Armada was defeated by the Isan.
 The The The State of John the Basile's farg of a when of lowest free, whose the farmer is a wind of lowest free, whose is farmer is a wind of lowest free, whose is farmer is an and y its the the state of the farmer is a when the lowest free, whose is farmer is a wind of lowest free, whose is farmer is an and with the state arm of the state arm o

A British merchant captain who was captured by a U-boat complains that she was terribly overcrowded. The submarine was 200 feet long and carried a crew of seventy-seven. The gallant skipper evidently has never traveled on a Woodland Why is it so much easier to think when

one's feet are elevated about forty inches from the floor? Is there anything Darwinian in the matter?

Flashlight manufacturer arrested on top of Mount Washington.-Headline.

People who amuse themselves these days by waving lights on tops of mountains are apt to find their vacation prolonged to an uncomfortable extent.

Two Is Company

A play has been produced in New York with only two actors in the cast. Is this a profiteering dodge to release so many more of the population for the SOCRATE

conciliators and the Lansdownes in America-from the faint-hearted and the cowardly. Of America at this moment it may be said that she is more completely united in sentiment and in purpose than any other nation in the world. Not Bad in