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Philadelphia, Wednesday, August 28, 1918

#### WORSE THAN SLACKING

R, SCHWAB does not confine his labors to eight hours a day and he mas little patience with the other workers who fail to do their utmost in the industries engaged in war work. Here is what he said to the foremen in a Chester ship-

In plain language I regard the man who will lie down on the job at this time of labor shortage, just because he has a grudge or a legitimate grievance against some boss or management, and disrupts the necessary work of the day without giving the Government time to investigate the situation, as a traitor, pure and simple.

The President made similar statements last winter in a letter to some carpenters who were threatening to strike. Mr. Wilson was not quite so extreme in what he said, but his point of view was the same.

The slacker is the man who won't fight The man who throws down his tools is preventing those who are willing to fight from doing their work effectively by depriving them of the things they need. It ought not to be necessary for either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Schwab to condemn this sort of thing. It condemns itself in the mind of every man who thinks.

Alfonso's heated representations to the Kaiser about the sinking of Spanish merchantmen by U-boats would suggest that Germany put the pain in Spain.

MR. GERARD'S NEEDLESS WARNING

IN HIS address here yesterday James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, expressed a fear that we may be too quick to let up on the Germans. Mr. Gerard knows his Hun and we can be lieve him when he intimates that Ger mans will hope and entertain a delusion of victory until they are booted over their giver and drubbed on their own soil

Does Mr. Gerard know the psychology of America? Does he realize that it is only as the world has time to think that it is beginning fully to understand the things the Germans did to it and that the desire for complete victory, for the utmost punishment of the Kuiser and his armies, is a cumulative force that becomes more clearly felt as the tide turns

Mr. Gerard and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lodge and others need not fear that the determination of the American people is weakening. The Hun will be beaten and will be made to know he is beaten.

Liberty Bonds and the army which they help support are going over the top simultaneously.

AN OBSERVATION ON WATERMELONS TIEWED in one light the watermelon is a passable symbol of everyday life

and its high cost.

Upon its native heath, down Salem way or up in the Rancocas country, a watermelon of the requisite hue and embonpoint may be obtained for eight cents. Onetwentieth of that same melon costs not less, and often more, than twenty-five cents when it is served in any "good" Philadelphia restaurant. This latter cost is not excessive under the circumstances The watermelon gathers glory as it goes along. It must have ice and silver at the end, and a white linen cloth, and a defer ential person to fetch and carry it. It goes upon its last journey to the sound of music. Tapestried furniture, flowers and lighted candles make up its fore-

But that is not all A watermelon is but an illusion of food

despite its colorful pretensions! There is a moral in all this-if you are

industrious enough to seek it out.

How nice it would be next winter if heat could be canned like peaches.

THE KAISER IS NOT QUITE SO COCKY THE change in the German attitude

toward neutrals, illustrated by its conessions to Spain, is not the least significant indication of the effect of Foch's successful hammering on the west front.

Spain has been protesting against the sinking of her ships by the submarines and informed Berlin that she intended to seize the German ships in her harbors to replace the Spanish ships that have been sunk. After some delay and after the German newspapers had prepared the ublic for it by demanding that nothing done to force Spain to join with the Entente Allies, the Government has agreed that Spain may use the German ships to replace any future losses from submarines. The Spanish Premier, however, has inced that he will requisition all German ships in Spanish ports and that Gerany has agreed not to torpedo the ves sels thus taken, Now the Netherlands and Norway are

to demand similar concessions.

are seems to be no desire in Berlin case the number of nations making on Germany, a matter on which more than indifferent when she ifferent when she

### THE STAGE IS SET

Actors and Properties in the Stupendous War Drama at Last Determined

FOUR years ago this week Zeppelin airships made their war debut in an attack on Antwerp. The Hun hoped, and his foe to some extent feared, that the huge lighter-than-air machine would significantly affect the course of the conflict. Neither the aspiration nor the anxiety is today justified. The Zeppelin is obsolete. So are many other agencies of warfare, both mechanical and human. Rusty also are a profusion of prophecies, particularly those which sought to assemble a cast for the greatest of world

The scenario has often been rewritten. Kitchener planned it in three acts, each of a year's duration. A favorite American revision apportions it in five after the high classical manner. Something decidedly stronger than literary tradition, however, inspires the feeling that this is the form the colossal tragic play will take, for without undue assumptions it is evident that the drama is soaring to a climax, and that its chief actors as well as its most potent machinery have been at last revealed. Maturally, some new comers will enter the cast before the final curtain falls, but the stellar roles seem to have been definitely established.

The situation has its analogies with 1813 in Europe and 1864 in America. In both fateful years it was clear what weapons and what men would be concerned in the final hostilities. The issue hung then as it does now, not on the selection of these agencies, but on the efficacy of their employment.

Prophecy has been discredited in all wars, and even though the purposes of Foch grow plainer with each new round of victories, it is futile specifically to forecast events more than a few days ahead. But the material with which all sides are working has unquestionably acquired an authoritative status. The experimental period, productive of many false hopes, insubstantial joys and even fears intensified by speculation, now discounted, is past,

It is startling, indeed, to recall the men and weapons that have been superseded up to the time when the war reached its present state of crystallization. Zeppelins are fast becoming almost as archaic as Roman battering rams. The seaplane, the marvelously mobile heavier-than-air machine, makes its valid claims for overhead supremacy. Cavalry has become a comparatively minor factor in land fighting. Tanks win distinction as the most important new mechanical contrivance of the conflict.

The submarine, on which Germany based her hopes of sea power, while still pestiferous, has been so reduced in aggressive vitality that its operations are no longer a determining factor in the great events. Moreover, it cannot rank with the "whippets" and their big brothers in novelty. Far back in the nineteenth century Robert Fulton outlined to Napoleon a scheme of undersea attack on vessels. The plan was discarded as being too inhuman.

The gas offensive, however, was something as new as it was dastardly, but though it has taken its place in the fight. ing, nobody believes that "gas" will win hearsing peace orators of the Reichstag The possibilities of heavy and light artillery have been determined. Virtually all the problems of 1914 concerning it have been solved. The same thing is true of the methods of attack and defense. It is competence of performance which counts today.

On the personal side the line-up of winners and losers is assuming completion. A host of captains and kings have departed. Kitchener, Franz Josef, Von Bissing, Von Der Goltz, Mohammed V. Earl Roberts and Gallieni are dead. Retired from the selected final cast are Field Marshal French, Serrail, Pau, Castelnau, Viviani, Asquith, Cadorna, Sir William Robertson, Von Kluck, Von Tirpitz. Townshend and many others, Joffre has a parquet seat, but the savior of France at the first Marne battle is at this moment overshadowed by other

Four years ago, save only for Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, King Albert and the Hohenzollern family, scarcely a name now prominent in either battle, statecraft or administration, was known to the general public. The new list revised for the drama whose end, if not the date of it, can be foreshadowed, includes Pershing, Foch, Mangin, Haig, Diaz, Humbert, Petain, Nivelle, Debeney, Byng, Rawlinson, Hertling, Von Behncke, Von Boehm, Karl of Austria and Ludendorff. Hindenburg was just beginning to be known four years ago, but his reputation reached its zenith at Mazurian Lakes, not long after the war began,

The new pageant which history has unfolded gives one a feeling that the first Zeppelin attack on Antwerp belongs almost to antiquity. The departed captains of the period appear "like wrecks in a dissolving dream." All the figures in the co-ordinated awakening of the huge forces of liberty are now sharply outlined. The leading actors about to taste victory or defeat now tread the boards. Civilization is preparing its palms to applaud those whom it believes are the most talented. The process of selection had been sufficiently rigorous to be

General Byng is proving that his name is onomatapoetic.

SCHOOL TEACHERS IN THE DRAFT THE draft-board ruling which holds that

definitive.

L teachers of draft age must engage in 'some essential occupation" or fight is an error from excess of zeal.

in the sense in which that term is

used at the present time. An essential occupation is one directly connected with the production of material needed in the war. If the rule laid down by the draft boards were followed generally it would take men from every industry not directly connected with war work. It is going too far to order into the shipyards or the munition factories every male teacher of draft age under the threat of drafting him

into the army if he persists in teaching. If teachers are of draft age and not eligible to deferred classification for any of the various reasons admitted as valid, they should be mustered into the army. Teaching is not a reason for exemption. but there is no reason for penalizing those engaged in it.

The schools must be kept open for the sake of the future. Qualified teachers are absolutely necessary. A man with a wife and young children dependent on his earnings is entitled to deferred classification even though he supports his family by teaching. The duty of the draft boards is to co-operate with the school authorities in keeping as many teachers as possible at their work at this time when the difficulties in the way of securing enough teachers to take charge of the classes are greater than ever before.

"German tobacco exhausted," says a headline, and my Lady Nicotine at last re-

#### RUBBER HEELS

A NEW book of poems by Rudyard Kip-ling is coming out shortly. And yet. heaven forgive us, a lot of us rhymesters are going to go right on unabashed.

We often wonder whether post-mortems are ever held on the minds of the unfortunate stenographers who have to take down the debates in Congress.

Some Have All the Luck

Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, speaking: "I want to say first of all that I have had no trouble about this war from the very beginning. As soon as the great war broke out in Europe it was evident to me," etc. etc.

> How the Senate Saves Paper What He Said What He Meant

> > I disagree with

the committee.

Mr. HORAH-Mr. ble to bring identified and a con-ident which I have to few subjects the war becan I imable to agree a portion of this ram. I feel that disagreement is ed upon such facts of conditions that the sale as the feel and the sale as the feel as the sale as the sa

Speaking of quaint names of French villages, L. T. P. informs us that just west of Chateau-Thierry is a hamlet called "Ecoute s'il pleut," which means "Listen whether it's, raining,"

This seems like a bad knock for the French weather man, but to cheer him up we'll admit that Pennsylvania has its Rainsburg; and, wetter still, there's Rainier in Washington.

There's a show on at one of the the atres in which a number of wake take the war unless it be that of the now re- part. We wonder whether they consider hemselves vaktors?

> It looks as though the good old Hinden burg line were going to be taken out of the camphor balls and worn again this nutumn But it won't be good for more than one more season.

Perhaps it was the wives of the German generals who begged them not to take Paris, because they had nothing to wear except paper gowns.

The Senate has passed an amendment to the new draft hill recommending that young men conscripted in the next draft may finish their college education after the war at the Government's expense. And all these blithe young chaps were just blessing the Kalser for getting them

out of their final examinations!

A Magazine We Cannot Live Up To Farmington, Mich., has leaped into the literary limelight by issuing a magazine which calls itself "Love, Courtship and Marriage, a Periodical of Propriety for People of Refinement." Its circular which has reached us insists so desperately on the refined character of the publication that we are very eager to read it.

Among other topics which that periodical of propriety promises to discuss both pro and con are "Courtship, Sensible and Flirtatious," and "The Perpetuation of the Human Race." We are very anxious to learn what may

be said pro the perpetuation of said race.

The proprietor of "Love, Courtship and Marriage" assures us that his contributors are all "individuals who know from experience what the intimacies of the human heart are." And he adds that "Nothing platitudinous nor picayunish is tolerated." All we can say is that it seems very unfair of him to go and spoil the market while there are so many struggling toilers like ourself who have to throw in a platitude and a picayune now and then just to fill out our space.

This enterprising editor's insistence on the fact that all topics will be treated both pro and con reminds us of the chap of whom it was said that he had plenty of convictions but no provictions.

To tell the truth, after reading the prospectus we very much doubt whether we are capable of approaching that magazine with the high spirit of devotion and propriety that the editor demands from his readers. We shall just have to go on with the carnal and unrefined publications we are accustomed to.

We worder whether Spanish influenza really any worse Adventures at Eddystone By ROY HELTON

LONG toward 12 o'clock there is a gen-A eral movement in the direction of the washing trough. We dave our hot arms in a great common basin and dry our hands the sides of our pants. Often, in the midst these illicit pleasures, the boss comes admonishingly into our circle and remarks that it's a rule of the shop not to wash up till "quettin' time." As a consequence of the operation of this rule we are often dirty at the lunch tables and usually dirty again

AT LAST the quitting bell rings and we bolt, in a body, for the door, where we disperse to our places of refection. Some go outside for refreshment of a liquid charac ter, for pool and social intercourse. Most of us stay inside, sit around on the lumber or dare the daily encounter at the restaurant. The old hands have lunch boxes that look like baby typewriters-that give forth steaming drink, boiled eggs, fried fish and jelly roll, but Socrates would look in vain for a display of the egg-nesting doughnut. Upstairs in the lunchroom thousands of

young girls appear, as by magic, in the midst of the collarless men. They wear, for the most part, the blue or khaki bloomer costumes which are so often becoming and so often not. To wear bloomers is for a girl like driving an airplane for a man. Either you can or you can't. There is no debatable

T FIND myself surrounded by bright bevies of ladies. The air is thick with talk. A few bits still cling to my ears and I set them down as they came:
"- Oh, I know she doesn't wear it.

She's all right though. I seen him and her together and she was carrying the bundles." You betcha, and they's some that is that don't wear them, and they's some that wears them that ain't married at all-gets them at the five and ten."

It ain't like Mr. Rodgers to lose his temper. I guess he's worried. Ain't looking happy here lately." "She ought to be a handsome woman to go with a good-looking man like him."

"Good looking-I'll say he is. "You goin' to remember me, May, 'f I get that job in town?" "I'll say I will." "They's lots a new gris came in here since

we got here, May." Till say there is." - used to turn out 6000 a day here, but it's fell off since May took the job.

"Til say it has."
"Ya gotta get 'em before you're married,
Sue, or you don't never get 'em. They don't
give no watches nor like that—once they
get ya." silk stockin's-lahvaleer-he gives me enough, all right." Oh, I think he loves ya all right, Ida.

things he brought ya-he ain't doing all that for nothink-just for amusement-" "—'n gets me 'n ma-four dollar dinner-ice cream—chicken salad—" "Oh, he loves ya, all right-I know that.

It ain't that. I says when I first saw th

Bought it in a sult club; cost me \$25. One guy got his for \$3." "I know a fellow bought a suit on the installment plan-saved up for twelve weeks-first night he got it out-went down to Philly

-got drunk and had it tore offen him."

AND so on. The constant roar of mathan needed, and private lives are laid bare on every hand. During the lunchtime loaf other and more complete confidences came to me from time to time from a variety of

There was a tall professional looking gentleman who confessed to me that he was sick and sore at his job, but that in the first flush of enthusiasm he had bought monthly railway ticket. So he has to sti on for mineteen days longer. \*y opinion that, after the month, he would buy another ticket was coldly received, and yet I'm sur was right. It's pretty hard to get the habit of the ten-hour day. Another more pathetic figure was that of

a little sand; retail grocery sort of a cha who had come down from the north wit \$18-and had been at work for only three days. Tomorrow was to be pay day, and Oh Boy: He was on the verge of being broke and I had hardly the heart to tell him that by an inscrutable provision of the men up front one's pay comes always sever days behind.

Yerlly these little devices to discourage the labor turnover are very puzzling to the chaps who had their training in the ways of trade at a cross-roads department store.

CERTAIN small percentage of the men A is amazed at how hard one has to work to earn \$5 a day. "Thought it was easy money," they continue to complain. Another equally small class of physical titans can be heard saying as I've caugh the Dutchman doing, "This-biame soft job They just give ya money here."

THE truth is that in the run of things I today a man can earn good wages, but only by hard and solid work.

Writers who try to Nutshell Stuff explain the German psychology sometimes go too far afield amid contesting theories The Germans are easily understood. They were thoroughly oppressed and booted about by their own military set in the years of When they, in turn, found the portunity to boot and oppress others they merely reverted to the old habits of every slave whom accident has made a master

Now that Judge Bonni Too Terrible well has firmly estab-lished himself upon to Consider wet platform it cessary to observe that the Prohibitionist are beginning to boast of President Wilson's support and to suggest that there will be a great deal of work for the Red Cross among Pennsylvania Democrats if the Presiden should decide to send one of his now famous telegrams to the anti-Bonniwell leaders.

News headlines say Of Course! the Germans giving up hopes. er truthfully. The isn't stating the matter truthfully. The Ger-mans are having hope taken away from them.

We shall feel that the Hope On! efficiency theory really getting somewhere if a method can be devised Hope On! apply the skip-stop system to messenge

The Hun line is certainly having racking time" just now.

In suggesting that provision be made for educating young soldlers after the war the Senate doubtless means well, but the truth is mere boys" will be able to teach not only Congress but the whole country a thing or two when they come back.

The correspondent who states that "Ger-many cannot hold Somme line" should have added, "nor any." The "wets" are advised to refrain from

faise hopes on reading the headline, "800 Win Bars at Camp Lee." Uncle Sam is simply making a batch of new army officers. While we wait for fliers it is at least ome satisfaction to know that Mangin's right wing is very much on the job.

It is merely a matter of a few months convert a "100 per cent draft" into

eally any worse oyster season loom unusually large. Judging by their recent remarks, even German sellers have their blue points.



OLD HOME WEEK

Babse, in the New York World.

# THE GOWNSMAN

Botrel, Singer of War ET me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes that nation's laws." Thus spoke some old diplomat after a long career of "lying abroad to serve his sovereign," convinced of the futility of written laws; or was it some learned folkoreate who could only "identify" the balladry of old time and was himself incapable of penning a sonnet, even to so artificial a charm as his lady's eyebrows? And yet there s much truth in the old adage! There is a nation which sings of an armed Amazon, guarding a stolen frontier with hostile eyes avaricious of further thefts westward, a nation which marches to a "hymn of hate

and sings in exultant anticipation, "Germany on the Top of the Heap!" It is this nation which has become the world's outlaw. And

it is France which springs again to life with T HAS often been remarked with surprise that men of English tongue should be so inexpressive lyrically. With a poetical literathere are no great tle. The war poetry English songs that exists, of the present moment as of the past, whether in England, the colonies or in inadequate to the America, is singularly inadequate to the great events in which English-speaking oples have played their heroic part. Tomm; Atkins goes into battle with a music hall ditty on his lips, the words of which are flippant, mawkish or inane. The German, more or less musically, shouts of God, "the good old German sword," of armor and empire; the man of Latin race is stirred to song, pertinent and adequate to the sacrifice, honor, the glory of righteous war; and its details, its humors, its pathos are things convertible readily into current song. The greatest war poetry in England has been written strictly in accordance with the second half of Wordsworth's famous dictum about poetry as "the overflow of powerful emotion, poetry as the property as the like to call the reticence of the Saxon nature which makes it easy for the English poetical Romeo to write sonnets about "the inexpressive Rosaline." but holds him dumb before his Juliet? And will this account for the circumstances that our boys at the front sing "any old thing" and that we at home are content with our dignified "Star Spangled Banner," imperfectly remem-bered, with new moralizings of our "Battle Hymn" set to a good, old camp-meeting hymn and with trivialities like "Over There"?

THE GOWNSMAN has been much taken with a little volume of French soldiers' poetry which has recently come his way. It s entitled "Chansons de Route" ("Songs of the March"), by Theodore Botrel, who is "Chansonnier aux Armees" described as "Accredited Singer to the French Armies") What could be more delightful or romantic? The little book is prefaced with a portrait of the author, a bright-faced, young soldier n his uniform of the Forty-first Infantry, These are not yet Songs of Victory. Pa-tience, they will come. Listen to the songs of the path of glory whither these will lead

TT SEEMS, from the prefatory matter, furnished by M. Tardieu, of the French Academy, that Botrel is the poet, composer and singer of his songs, all in one, and that, above all, he never loses for a moment that most important identity, the foundation of all these, that he is the brother in arms of Jean Poilu. M. Tardieu tells of three "auditoires" of Botrel, one in the hospital of Dunes, where he sang to a large room full of wounded in their cois; a second before a huge audience of soldiers recently from the front; a third efore the sailors of the fleet, mostly Bretons, like Botrel himself, hardy conquerors of the intractable sea. M. Tardieu confessed to a doubt, a fear when he heard that the young singer was accredited to sing to the wounded in their hospital. "To speak of honor, country, heroism and glory to men still breathing hard under the sufferings of yesterday, men whose fate it was shortly to return and whose tate to the supreme end? Was not this a mingling of trivialities with eternal verities, almost amounting to blasphemy?" the event disproved these misgivings. the event disproved these misgivings. And, in a heautiful passage, the editor tells of the simple power of song, how haggard faces brightened, how feeble pulses were rhythmically stirred, how each brave sufferer, in such manner as he might, was cheered, amiled, applauded, laushed, took a new hold on life. And the houst editor concludes:

"What an erior was this of mine! The heart of Botrel was much nearer to our heroes than was mine. These brave French-men loved those songs and their splendid words. • • These words expressed their own feelings, and they found them natural as their own. In a word, as in old time. Botrel was only the artistic formold time, Botrel was only the artistic formgiver of the sentiments and feelings of his kind. Our unhappy reversion to the condition of human warfare had with it a happier return-at least in Franceto the equally primitive condition of a poetry

AND the songs themselves? They are of considerable range in tone and subject songs of the march, literally; of the trench, of battle, of patriotic sentiment and devo-tion; songs in the person of the typical soldier-peasant, such as "Ayec Mes Sabots" With My Wooden Shoes. to astonishing uses, from boats in the trenches to successful weapons applied to German heads of similar material). A touching poem tells, in dialogue, of mass, cele-brated without church, altar, vestment or bell, by a sergeant-priest and of the spirit of God in the hearts of the worshipers as they kneel under the open sky. In another, "La Petite Maman," takes devotedly her second place to the true mother of her peas ant boy, their beloved France. Among the humorous and satirical poems, which are the barbarian boche full of Gaille sail, the be mocked, his gas, his great tics, vain-glory, pomp and pretensions of the Kalser and those about him. All is easy, clear, trenchant and admirably versified; and, if we may judge, as admirably set to fitting and catchy tunes.

FULLY aware of the difficulty of transthe spirit of such poetry. The Gownsman, none the less, offers this translation of a patriotic song of Theodore Botrel, "Chanson nier aux Armees." The measures of the original are preserved and the rhymes as nearly as possible. He regrets that this is all that he has space for. It may perhap be premised that Jacques Bonhomme so much the French John Buil or Sam as the Frenchman in the street, in the market place, at the plow:

The Flar of Jacques Bonhomme The flag that floats for Jacques Bonhomme of from yesterday That flag through full a hundred wars Has made a glorious way. Forget it not, a people's hope, A nation's pride and cheer; Float, float, flag of France. Jacques Bonhomme is here.

Clothilde, it was, or Genevieve, Who, with a sword's keen blade, Cilpping her rich queen's mantle, A royal standard made. To some tall chief she gave it, Who raised it on his lance: Float, float, flag of blue, Fair flag of Gallic France

A moment came, our country lay \* Supine in throes of death, Nor church nor State nor chivalry Could stay her parting breath. When lo! the Saint-Avenger Jea Then lo! the Saint-Avenger Jeanne Arose, a scraph of light: Float, float, golden lilles Three, on a field of white.

And one day, in an hour of supreme-Who's fiercer, roused than he?— Jacques tound his task, a fight to death For his new-found liberty "Marseillaise" upon his lips, He won through fire and flood; Float, float, terrible flag. Red with a brother's blood.

And thus-who is there can forget?-Our flag, there, flying above Became through the years tricolor In saving the things we love. Fearless to suffer; Aye, Float, float! for thee we live, thee our lives we freely give, For thee we live, and die.

The Japanese themselves seem to have The Japanese temserses seem in nave solved the question as to whether or not they shall have a big army in Siberia. Judging by the latest defeat of the Bolshevikt, even comparatively small detectorents of the Milesto's troops are equal to the situation.

# ROUGE BOUQUET

N A wood they call the Rouge Bouquet There is a new-made grave today, Built by never a spade nor pick Yet covered with earth ten meters thick. There lie many fighting men. Dead in their youthful prime,

Nor taste the summertime For Death came flying through the air and stonged his flight at the dugout stair, Ciny, to clay

He hid their bodies stealthily In the soil of the land they fought to free And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear Three volleys ring; And perhaps their brave young spirits hear The bugle sing: Go to sleep

Co to sleen Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell You will not need them any more,

Danger's past;

Brave and dear.

Now at last, Go to sleep!" There is on earth no worthier grave. To hold the bodies of the brave Than this place of pain and pride Where they nobly fought and a Never fear but in the skies Saints and angels stand

Smiling with their holy even On this new-come band. St. Michael's sword darts through the air And touches the aureole on his hair As he sees them stand saluting there,

His stalwart sons; nd Patrick, Brigid, Columbill Rejoice that in veins of warriors still The Gael's blood runs.

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,

From the wood called Rouge Bouquet A delicate cloud of bugle notes That softly say:

Comrades true, born anew, peace to you! Your souls shall be where the heroes are And your memory shine like the m

us here. -Joyce Kilmer, in Scribner's Magazine.

## A Logical Reason The belief in a hell will persist as long as everybody knows some one who he thinks ought to go there.—Albany Journal.

### What Do You Know?

OUIZ 1. What American Cardinal is now critically ille-2. What are the "boyaux," to which reference be-

3. What is the oldest theatre in America? 5. How is the expression "bete noire" used and what is the literal meaning of the French words?
6. What is a cenotaph?

7. What is the standard coin of Spain, and what is its par value? 8. Who is "Gentleman Jim"?

9. What was the real name of "Stonewall" Jack 10. Where is the Taj Mahai?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Georges Cliemenceau, the Prime Minister of

France, is known as "The Tiger."

2. The victory of Naratoga, wan by an American army under General Gates in 1777 is rated by Edward Creasy, the English historian, as one of the fifteen declaive histiles of the world. Following the capture of Burgoome's British army French ampoor was given to the American cause.

3. "Lapsus calami" is a Latin phrase descriptive of a silv of the pen. It is a companion expression to "inpuss linguae," a silp of the fongue.

4. A caisson is a water-light case used in laring foundations under water, and also as
ammunition chest or wagon.

5. The colors of the flag of Brazil are vellouand green.

6. President Zachary Taylor was known as "G Rough and Ready."

Rough and Ready."

7. Victories Nardou was a noted French dramabilit, author of "La Tosca" and "Madamas Same-Gene." His dates are 1831-1906

1. The bland of Madamacri is a French colour.

6. "Liberty and union, now and forever, as a colour colour.

Daniel Webster on damary 26, 1830

12. Achieratic is a mar-like substance.