ening Bublic Tedger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CTRUS H. K. CURTIS, PARSIDENT MARIES H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. Film Secretary and Treasurer: Philip S. Ceillins, B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD CTRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman

OHN C. MARTIN ... General Business Manager blished daily at Pushic Lenger Building,
Independence Square, Philadelphia,
Imdependence Square, Philadelphia,
Imdependence Square, Philadelphia,
Imperimental Streets
Imperiment NEWS BUREAUS:

GOTON BUREAU.

E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St.

ORE BUREAU.

The Sam Building
BUREAU.

London Times SUBSCRIPTION TERMS EYENING PUBLIC LEDGER is served to sub-rs in Philadelphia and surrounding towns rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable

be the carrier.

By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in
the United States, Canada, or United States possealons, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month.

Big 160 dellars per year, payable in advance,
To all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per Notice Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address. BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Member of the Associated Press

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein.

All vights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Philadelphia, Thursday, August 29, 1918

LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN DATROLMEN accused of highway rob-

bery? What else can one expect of weak-minded underlings when the men higher up disregard the law and wink at its violation by their subordinates?

Highway robbery is no greater offense against the law than is the participation of policemen and other city employes in politics. Yet the powers that be appoint men to jobs in the City Hall that they may have time to devote to politics. Like master, like man, is an old rule

that seems to be working twenty-four hours a day, even in these times when certain social reformers are telling us that eix hours is enough for a day's work.

The present condition of the old Hindenburg line aptly illustrates the connection between age and senile debility.

THOSE WHO KNOW

TT IS the habit of most people to suppose that all wisdom is to be found in exalted places. Thus it is usual to assume that President Wilson or Generalissimo Foch or Lloyd George or Pershing know all that to be known about the reactions and

On the Walnut street bridge yesterday an old woman stood alone at the rail and waved her handkerchief to a blot of smoke far up the tracks where a train filled with drafted men had just disappeared. Her eyes were wet. She waved her handkerchief after even the smoke had vanished. Then she folded her hands on the bridge rail and prayed for the safety of her son in the far countries.

"He was my one lad," she said, "and he was never a night away from me

Is it too much to say that such a one is. in some of the matters related to war. wiser than any mere statesman'

The fissures that have appeared in the City Hall suggest that the cracksmen who have been making merry in its vicinity all summer are getting bolder than ever.

GASLESS SUNDAYS

UTOMOBILE owners seem resigned A after a day of feverish resentment, to the prospect of gasless Sundays. The chauffeurs of the rich will have an opportunity to go to church; and, indeed, there will be in some minds a sneaking notion that the fuel administration didn't issue its order without a thought of their pressing spiritual needs. Traffic policemen. Jersey constables, waiters at roadhouses and the chap who is taken along on motor jaunts only because he doesn't wind changing a tire will learn how to keep the Sabbath. Lazy men will begin to relearn the trick of walking. And yet, and yet-!

The automobile at its best isn't an imposing affair of plate glass and nickel plate and a fortune in extra tires bulging from the rear. It is the smaller, noisier, less svelte contraption that takes the family of a hard-worked citizen out into the country once a week for a sight of the sky and a whiff of fresh air. Under the new order the real wasters of gasoline, those who can live all week in an automobile, aren't hurt in the least. They can regard Sundays as intervals of novelty and rest. It is the man who cherishes a flivver as his one luxury who is to feel this new pinch of war most keenly.

However you look at the latest fuel rule. it appears like something that might be

Speaking figuratively, it may be said that motor maniacs are facing sunless Sun-

TALKATIVE CONGRESSMEN ABROAD CONGRESSMAN ERNEST LUNDEEN. of Minnesota, and Congressman Charles H. Dillon, of South Dakota, both of whom are listed among the men who opposed and obstructed American war measures in the House, are touring Europe with a congressional commission. They have en refused permission to visit the British battlefront and are now under investiration by American and English military uthorities because of what seems to have en loose talk aboard a vessel on which

they reached England. Talk is a habit encouraged among memes of Congress by national patience, tralition and the rules of the Congressional ord. No one yet knows what the cononal commission expects to accomlish by its sight-seeing tour of the batonts. It would have been wiser had House selected for the foreign trip with sense enough to keep their opinto themselves. This is a trait that been observable in every official visirom an Allied country to the United And we venture to believe that inflicted on these talkative Con-

THE EXPERTS

Their Signal Victories Must Inspire Humility and Awe in Every American Who Thinks

GLEE is an ecstatically spontaneous emotion. Humility is necessarily born of reflection. It is no light task for even the clearest-headed mortal to fuse these two feelings, and that is why a peculiar problem confronts American readers of this month's joyous war news. Analysis is sidetracked in the uninterrupted jubilee. The tide of battle has so definitely swung toward liberty that the temptation to visualize the final glorious stages of the war is exceedingly strong.

It is easy to behold America in the foreground of that picture. The eye of imagination can easily see the millions about to be enlisted in the new draft as a full panoplied army. There is no essential extravagance in the mental scene. We know that this second army will be raised as soon as possible. We know also that there are hundreds of thousands of our troops in Europe who will be thrown into action as the plans of Foch mature. We know also that the wealth, resources and energy of this country already have counted superbly in the struggle, and we are entirely justified in assuming that their subsequent role will be one of grandeur.

But it is possible to entertain these stimulating thoughts without assuming an attitude of "swank" or boasting. The danger of dwelling on them too insistently lies in the fact that events of the present may be misinterpreted by the contemplation of the future. To keep our heads it is salutary to reflect on the current drama in Flanders and Picardy. To do so judiciously necessitates the leaven of bumility in our glee.

For the triumphs now crowding on each other's heels on the western front are being won not by the new giant in the strife, but by the heroes and the prothers of heroes who have for four years battled with the jorces of darkness. The Homeric scene, if rightly viewed, is enough to make even the most efficient American meck.

Since our entrance into the war eight divisions from this country have been in the fray. We scored at Cantigny, at Chateau-Thierry and other critical points. But by the very exigencies of the situation we have been pupils. The masters of war, by whose illustrious example we hope to profit, have been the almost exclusive victors since Haig broke the Amiens front on August 8 and Mangin seconded his operation further south. We do not suppose there is a single patriotic American who would for a moment dispute this fact. But we do entertain the feeling that repeated emphasis of it is good for a lusty nation planning to square accounts with the Kaiser.

The miracles which the tireless troops of France and Britain have lately performed and the zest with which the remade Italian army played havoc with the Austrian offensive on the Piave earlier in the summer are, in a strict military sense, disassociated with the American effort. Our admiration for these achievements cannot be expended too freely.

Some idea of what the British are doing today may be derived from a comparison of the present second battle of the Somme with the first. In the first longdrawn-out and bloody campaign the English won back forty-four square miles of land in the period between July 1 and October 31, 1916. Soldiers under the same flag reclaimed 116 square miles this year between August 21 and August 25! Before such almost superhuman valor and skill the attitude of a new ally might well be something akin to reverence.

Wonder is merged in that feeling as one thinks of Foch. Words cannot paint the splendor of his accomplishment: In calmer days history will analyze it, and detailed explanations of how the world was saved for civilization in 1918 will be at hand. But the large aspect of the case admits of no revision. The indefatigable armies which we shall aid won clear and decisive victories by their own sheer ability and power. As we are linked with such experts, even the greatest republic will lose nothing in dignity by seasoning with a new sense of humility its pride and joy.

Brides, it is said, are slaves in China. It is the bridegrooms that are slaves in the United States.

THEY DO THOSE THINGS WELL IN FRANCE

SPANIARD arrested in Paris on the A charge of attempting to inform the Germans of the arrival of American troops and the location of their camps has been convicted and sentenced to death.

But a man does not have to give aid

and comfort to the enemy in so direct a way to suffer the death penalty in France. The men engaged in helping the Germans here would do well to profit by the fate of this Spaniard while there is time, for American public sentiment will grow more unrelenting as the casualty lists increase in length.

A little while ago Germany was defying the world. Now she is conciliating Spain. Times change!

PHILIP GIBBS RETURNS

READERS who follow the Philip Gibbs dispatches from the British lines, and who have missed them during the last several weeks, will not be surprised to learn-as Mr. Gibbs admitted in his "story" yesterday-that his absence from the front has been due to ill health.

Mr. Gibbs's record of faithful and in tensive chronicling under the severest conditions has been a magnificent one: he is on the ground during and after every action of the British, questioning survivors and prisoners, and compiling an accurate and vivid picture of the movements. During the terrible days of the spring and early summer, when Luden-To western lungs came so perilously

close to success, Mr. Otbbe's work was done under a mental strain and pressure

that can hardly be conceived by the civilian onlooker. That his health should have suffered under the burden of a task which puts so great a load on the nerves and senses of a spirited chronicler was, unfortunately, almost inevitable.

It is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Gibbs has now been able to resume his work as spokesman-in-chief for the British front line. And it is happy indeed that Mr. Gibbs's notebook again becomes serviceable to the public at a time of such improved prospect. Even in the few weeks he has been away the whole aspect of affairs has changed. It is Mr. Rosner who had better take a vacation now.

They are saying that the Hindenburg line has been punctured. From this distance the trouble looks more like a blowout.

HENRY FORD, DEMOCRAT THE rejection of Henry Ford as a

senatorial candidate by the Republicans of Michigan and his nomination by the Democrats fixes the party status of this pseudo-statesman beyond cavil or doubt. The race will be between Mr. Newberry, Republican, and Mr. Ford, Democrat. But this is a superficial distinction. The race will really be between Mr. Newberry, a man who has believed in defending national honor by force of arms and who has been giving his services to the nation in a military capacity for many months along with the services of his two sons. and Mr. Ford, a pacifist, opposed on general principles to all war, with no conception of the great issues at stake in the present conflict, who has used his influence to keep his son out of the army and

has said that the flag is nothing, "only a

thing to rally around," and is urged upon

the voters of the State by the indorsement

of the President. Michigan is a Republican State. It gave Mr. Hughes a plurality of 60,000 in 1916 and in the same year elected a Republican Senator by 106,000 plurality, and is represented in the House by eleven Republicans and two Democrats. Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Ford would be overwhelmingly defeated as a senatorial candidate on the Democratic ticket. It remains to be seen whether the presidential indorsement will be enough to induce the voters to send him to Washington to sneeze when Mr. Wilson takes snuff.

Since its tariff collector has been wounded in the border fight it will be difficult for Nogales to deny that it is a town of savage customs.

HAS GERMANY WOMEN SOLDIERS? REPORTS that women have been found fighting in the German trenches, that they have been killed or wounded while chained to machine guns in the uniforms of men, are too insistent to be altogether disregarded.

Germany has manifested an odd genius for finding the weak places in the Allied defense and in the Allied psychology. A Government that mutilated infants and permitted women to be murdered in their sleep might not be averse in a final desperate crisis to letting women go out for it to fight off disaster or invasion.

What would the Allied soldiers do if at some time or other they were sent against women machine gunners or against regiments of women? The soldier himself surely would have a hard time trying to decide whether to kill or be killed. One instance reported semiofficially from a base hospital a day or two ago is significant. A youthful American, badly wounded, wept on the operating table as the surgeons prepared to give him ether. He had gone through a terrific action with sailing gallantry. It wasn't his wounds that hurt

"I shot a woman," he said before he became unconscious. "She had a machine gun and was dressed like a man. I didn't know until I tried to bandage her shoulder where my bullet went-"

Would you say that We'd Cry It Aloud! the military men who are said to be engaged in inspiring confidence in the German peowere the first to put the con in confi-

It Worry You New York police reserves. And some one who read the glad news called up on the elephone to remind us that the prison to which he may send his first prisoner The news that the

Caruso has joined the

Putting Fun Germans have started digging themselves in on the Picardy front is illustrative of characteristic Hun pre-

The University Museum has postponed its expedition to Egypt for a year, perhaps in the belief that there are living kings to be interred before some of the dead ones are

With Lenine and Trotaky again reported in flight. Moscow and Petrograd have been described as "abandoned." Yet they were even more so while the Bolshevik leaders Dispatches say the Lusitania assassing

who was reported caught in an Austrian submarine is still at large. Of course he is Lusitania assassin lives in Berlin and he rarely goes to sea. Hawaii's recent successful development

of molasses as a substitute for sugar wins ew laurels for a big stick policy Now that Austrians are in Alsace the possibility of a great new Allied advance in

that region comes nearer than ever. Fashion note-Retreats are all the rage o Germany this month.

If the Spaniards read modern history they will derive comparatively little comfort from the news that the German Foreign Office intends to be conciliatory. A report on the temper of U-boat captains would be more to the point.

Joseph Caillaux's determination to ask the Frencif Government for no favors happily relieves Clemenceau of the bother of granting him any.

Ludendorff's date book seems all stuffed up with pressing engagements.

Generals Byng and Bang seem to be operating simultaneously on the English

In her present mood Japan is likely to act sternly with any unwitting bridegroom caught with a grain of rice tucked behind his collar button.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

If the Kaiser Really Wanted to Win How difficult it is to come to any con-

We never can make up our mind whether to love it or to leave it severely

If you get too friendly with the human race it will certainly abuse your confidence; it will bum lunches from you and take up all your time telling you its troubles; it will call you up on the telephone when you are writing poetry and take away your box of matches from your desk while you are out at lunch.

AND yet, on the other hand, how de-lightful is the human race! How full of humor, of innocent aspiration and charm! How it laughs and cries and sings all around us; how busy it is, how it enjoys its meals! Really, it seems as though we couldn't get along without it. It behooves a man to devise some method of living with the human race. One who makes himself persistently and effectually disagreeable to it will sooner or later find himself among the casualty lists.

AFTER all, it is laughter that makes the human race tolerable. It seems to us a queer thing that no one ever tried to conquer the world by making it laugh instead of killing it. Suppose the Kaiser had mobilized all his enormous resources to make the world laugh instead of trying to terrorize it. Suppose he had entered Belgium with a million reels of comic movies. with a million volumes of the most amusing German books, with a hundred thousand of Germany's best clowns and funny men. He could have given Belgium the most entertaining month that she had ever had and every other nation on earth would have clamored to see the show. The laughter of Belgium would have resounded about the world and we would all have envied her. And the Belgians would have exclaimed that the Germans were far better fellows than they had ever realized. In every village square in Betetum the Kaiser could have set up free side-shows, with acrobats and moving pictures, to show the Belgians that Germany was the jolliest, best-governed and most amusing land on earth. All this would have cost far less than an army of a million men trampling through Liege and Namur and Louvain with fire and blood. It would have increased German business, and everybody in Belgium would have been eager to go and travel in Germany and spend good Belgian money there.

WHY is it that everybody who wants to conquer anybody else always goes about it in the one and only way that can never work? The Kaiser could have conquered France with a hundred thousand sculptors and artists and musicians and kind, friendly, after-dinner talkers. He could have laid France waste with laughter and appreciation of the beauties and amenities of German life. What is it to "conquer" a nation? Is it to increase one's trade with that nation, to make that nation loyal and loving to its invaders, to persuade its citizens to speak a new language, to fill it with such enthusiasm that the little children shout with glee when the conquerors pass down the street? All this the Kaiser could have done to France. Had he taken the Charley Chaplin of Germany and the Mary Pickford of Germany and the Rupert Brooke of Germany and the Joyce Kilmer of Germany and sent them across the frontier to ravage France with laughter and clean sentiment and honorable tears, and followed these with a hundred thousand others, the best minds of Germany instead of the sharpest bavonets. France would have lain at his feet.

WHY, in God's name, should the Kaiser fight for four years in order to eat a dinner in Paris, drench the world in blood and sorrow, when he could have gone to Paris in a friendly way and had that dinner for the asking? He wouldn't even have had to pay for it!

THERE is only one way on earth to con-L quer people, and that is by being nicer to them than they expect.

THE world has had such a bard, sorrowful time these last four years that it seems to have forgotten the conquering force of kindness. But some day there will come along some sensible person who will resolve to ravage and devastate the earth with friendliness. He will gather up hard-working little typists by the thousand, and Russian peasants by the million, and irrepressible devil-raising office boys and suburban wives weary of looking after the baby and scrubwomen, and stoopshouldered bank clerks, and all the rest of those folk, and absolutely lick the stuffing out of them by giving them a good laugh. He will invade the waste places of the earth and colonize them with laughter and fun. And all we humble people who find life very well worth while if it gives us a good grin once a week will crowd around him and say, "I'm whipped! I give in! I'll do whatever you say. . . . Just run that Chaplin fillum once more, won't you?"

WHAT is it that happens when you make a man laugh? He is immeasurably purified and magnificently weakened. For an instant he is all spirit. He s at your mercy, prostrate before you. You have conquered him. When Charley Chaplin is kicked across the film and is so delightfully humble and sweet about it. that poor, much-buffeted shadow on the screen is for a moment the master and conqueror of the whole house. He holds us in the hollow of his hand.

AMAN could make himself emperor of Chestnut street by being resolutely gind to every one he met along the pavement. We must not force our kindness on any one, and we must even be a little bit peevish about it, because no one likes self-conscious geniality. It is well, if possible, to look rather angry while one is being nice. Then bring on your damned human race, and we defy them to resist us! All you have to do to sauer kraut is smile at it, and it becomes Liberty cabbage.

ET us add that in the end we are going to conquer the German people by steadfastly believing that they are better than they pretend to be. Not even the Kaiser and Ludendorff can permanently fool us about the human race. SOCRATES.

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY



Germany and Indemnities

TT IS fortunate that statesmen-that is, ! men with experience in dealing with the practical questions of national and international politics-will sit at the peace table, and not such men of letters as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

We all sympathize with the point of view of Sir Arthur, as exhibited in his article in the London Standard, an epitome of which has been cabled to this country. It would satisfy a poetic sense of justice if Germany were invaded and laid waste. and if the peace treaties were made in Potsdam, and if Germany were compelled to pay an indemnity equal to the war expenses of all the nations fighting her.

RUT it is probable that the world will be Il content with something far shor of poetic justice.

TT IS a little premature, however, to con-I sider the question of indemnities so far as to fix specific sums which Germany must pay. But there is one form which indemnity should take that would satisfy the conscience of the world, and that is the repayment to France by Germany of the billion-dollar indemnity secured at the end of the Franco-Prussian war and the ceding of Alsace and Lorraine back to

THE exaction of this indemnity was one I of the most outrageous acts in the history of civilisation. The war was forced upon France by Germany, and it was forced through the lying telegram which Bismarck sent from Ems, after the interview between the French ambassador and the king of Prussia, in which the French ambassador asked the king to agree never to consent to a prince of the house of Hohenzollern sitting on the Spanish

THIS lie started the war which resulted In the defeat of France. Germany compelled the nation which she had forced into war to reimburse her for its cost and took in addition two provinces of French territory. The billion dollars put Germany on her feet and made the creation of the present German Empire possible.

THAT empire is therefore built on lie.

THE Prussians discovered in 1870 that I lying and making war were profitable. They decided in 1914 to make war and lie some more. They started the war and falsely accused Russia and France, in turn, with starting it. They violated their sworn word by invading Belgium and calling the treaty which they disregarded a mere scrap of paper. In brief, they began the war by enlarging the foundation of lies on which their empire rests in the hope that they could enlarge the superstructure as they had done in 1870.

THE war, then, is being waged by the LEntente Allies to prove that truth and righteousness will prevail in the long run and that whatever nation builds on lies lays its foundations in shifting sands.

BEFORE the war is over the German statesmen will discover that they have forfeited the confidence and trust of the civilized world, if they do not know it already. They will learn that no one will eccept their word nor put any trust in their treaties, and that the nations fighting them will not be content with any peace which leaves the Germans in any

condition to make a new war for genera-

THEY are likely to discover also that A Germany will be regarded as an outlaw nation until she does works meet for repentance, and that then, and only then, can she be welcomed back as an equal in the family of nations. The crime of Serbia in murdering her king was petty in comparison with the manifold crimes of which Germany has been guilty-crimes not only against international law, but against the laws of our common humanity. These crimes, however, are but the flower and fruitage of the original crime on which the empire rests.

IT IS not necessary to demand an indemnity equal to the war bills of all the nations fighting her in order to impress upon Germany the enormity of her offense. The fact that she planned to collect an indemnity of forty billion dollars from America to reimburse her for her war expense does not justify the Entente Allies in demanding seventy-five billions from Germany. Such an indemnity could not be paid. It would take almost every mark owned by every German citizen and leave the people penniless. The annual interest on such a sum would be two and a quarter billion dollars at three per cent. So what is the use of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or any one else talking about the impossible?

THE statesmen who will negotiate the peace treaties-who will "dictate," to use Senator Lodge's apt phrase, the terms of peace-will not attempt the impossible But of this we may be sure, namely, that they will dictate such terms as will convince the Germans that lying does not pay and that there is such a thing as nternational honor, the disregard of which will not in the future be heralded as justification for glorifying the statesmen guilty of it. G. W. D.

Levity by the Learned

Nonsense, perhaps, but, oh, how precious!" wrote W. S. Gilbert in "Patience." The rhapsody is justified. The art of nonsense is indeed rare and delicate. A worthy visitor to its exclusive field is dead in Boston. Arlo Bates, professor of English literature in the Massa chusetts Institute of Technology, was known for many other things besides funmaking. He wrote admirable verse and a series of novels characterized by keen psychology and graciously pellucid English. Whether or not he ever regretted the creation of 'Prince Vance" is not on record. There are owlish individuals who might describe a work like that delectably amusing and fantastic tale as an indiscretion. It is to be hoped that Professor Bates failed to heed them. This little story although perhaps as infrequently associated with its author's reputation as "The Wrong Box"-that gem of "judicious lev ity"-is with Stevenson's fame, remains a delightful specimen in wise foolery, cousin of "Alice in Wonderland," far distant, it is true, but still related.

In this connection it is pertipent to note that Professor Bates himself was said by irreverent pupils to resemble the immortal Walrus of "Through the Looking Glass." Reference to the above facts may shock alleged "intellectuals," but assuredly they should inspire a peculiar affection for a polished literary craftsman in the hearts of any willful band of readers gifted with

Do You look for a lane that is longer Than boulevard, avenue, street, A way that is made for the stronger, A path for wandering feet?

THE HIDDEN ROAD

Then listen! I know of a highway That turns into tracks little known. The spot for a vagabond's byway. To claim all the world for your own.

riband where colors are lighter-Meandering, mystical moon: And the stars are all winking the brighter With jewels for nights in June.

Where music and laughter are flying,

And each has a poem to give. And one never gossips of dving. Because of the joy that you live.

And it's oh! for a wind that is blowing And touching your cheek with a kiss, A song that is rising and flowing, And it's there you will find all this.

But I can't put your feet on the byway; I can only beseech you to start, For the road is called Happiness Highway And it ends and begins in your heart. -Charles Divine, in "City Ways and Company Streets."

has six sons in the army, all of them headed for the front, presents another striking con-trast to the Kaiser and his six princelets safely hiding in bombproofs — New York Evening Sun. "Did your garden help things along?"
"Yes," answered the patient man.

Quite a Contrast

Governor Manning, of South Carolina, who

No Trouble to Show Goods "McAdoo orders courtesy to public on railroads." So would you if you had a couple of Liberty Bonds to sell on the side.—New

"Yes," answered the patient man. "It helped the neighbors to raise some of the finest chickens I ever saw."—Washington

Evening Star.

York Evening Post.

Love's Ruse Jack (about to go)—Hallo! It's raining. Betty—Take father's umbrella, then he'll e glad to have you call again.—Boston

What Do You Know?

What colonial dependency of Great Britain
is characterized by the initials U. S. A.?
 What is the capital of Tennessee?

Who said "A thing of beauty is a joy for-

4. What is the original meaning of

5. What is the standard coin of Italy?
6. Who assassinated President Garfield? 6. Who assassinated President Garfield?
7. What people invented our system of numer-

8. When was the Paris commune? Who is Prime Minister of Canada? 0. Who wrote the words of "The Marselliaise"?

Answers to Yesterday's Ouiz 1. The prominent American prelate now criti-cally ill is Cardinal Farley.

2. "Boyaux" is a French word for communicat-ing trenches. 8. The oldest playhouse in America is the Wal-nut Street Theatre. Philadelphia, eracted in 1808. pulcontologist is one versed in the life of

Bete neire," used to specify one's pet ahomination. is a French expression, which literally means "black beast." cenetach is a sepulchral monument to and whose body is chewhere or a temp from which one has rises.

7. The peacin, whose par value is a little mare than unceteen cents, is the standard coin of Spain.

James J. Corbett, once purilistic champion of the world after his victory over John L. Snillvan, is known as "Gentleman Jim."

9. "Stanewall" Jackson's real name was Jefferson Jackson.