na Bublic Tedger EVENING TELEGRAPH UBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

TRUE H. K. CURTIS, PRESIDENT THE H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. Becretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, Williams. John J. Spurgeon, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD Crave H. K. Cugris. Chairman C. MARTIN ... General Business Manage ed daily at Pusine Langen Building,
sependence Square, Philadelphia
DTTRAL Broad and Chestmut Streets
CIT Press Union Building
1. 2006 Metropolitan Tower
408 Ford Building
1008 Fulletton Building
1202 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS

BUREAU...... The Sun Building RUREAU...... The Sun Building London Times BUBSCRIPTION TERMS Philadelphia and surrounding towns of twelve (12) cents per week, payable

arrier, all to points outside of Philadelphia, in led Blates, Canada. or United States pos-postage free, fifty (50) cents per month-dollars per year, payable in advance, 1 foreign countries one (51) dollar per B-Subscribers wishing address changed ve old as well as new address.

SELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Public Lodger, 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 rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Philadelphia, Wednesday, September 4, 1918

LET'S HOPE IT'S SO

MR. LEWIS, the local fuel administra-tor, says that there is enough coal in the cellars of the householders to last until January and that the distribution system working so well that "there is no doubt ill will get the amount ordered." This is good news if it is true.

Why do so many of the new war plays m to have been written by ladies or gentiemen trained in the confectionery business?

THE KAISER IN THE POTENTIAL MOOD **UNSHAKABLY brave and hard as steel," wrote the Kalser in his Sedan Day message to Berlin, "we look forward closely united. We will and shall successfully overcome all storms. May God

It is not so many weeks ago that Wilelfi was more certain about God. Or was it Gott? He was telling his people that God was with them and that He would see them through to the successful nd. "God will grant it," is the way he would have put it then.

Can it be that events on the western front have planted in his mind the seeds of doubt regarding his foreknowledge of the purposes of the Almighty?

At this time of the year the politicians begin to search their souls for words adeguate to make the farmers understand how much they love them.

MR. DAMELS ON THE FUTURE

ORCRETARY DANIELS has been taking a birdreye view of the future. The men w in France, said he in a Labor Day address, will "control" the country on their return. They will insist upon Govern-

we suspect that the soldiers in France are working too hard to concern themselves with abstract theories of economics. When they come home they will certainly mper and clarify opinion in the United States. They will be a tremendous force opposed to pedantry and pretense. They will hate dishonesty. They will detest It is doubtful whether they will "control" the United States. They will not wish to control" it. No group, no matter how exalted, can control a free nation,

Mr. Daniels must take another look at the years to come.

One of these days the jokemakers will wake up and call the German Chancellor von

THE MISSION OF THE ORCHESTRA RATIFYING assurance that the Philadelphia Orchestra will sustain its conrt series at a time when music both as solace and as a stimulant acquires parular significance is at hand in the seaeribers.

Musical art in wartime has unquestionably a deep spiritual value. Every one of the belligerents has heeded its appeal. Opera and orchestral concerts flourished in Paris when the Hun was almost hammering at the gates. General Pershing lieves that good music is an essential ight in the war zone. At his request Walter Damrosch is now engaged in improving the artistry of American .nilitary bands and already some two hundred leaders have become his pupils.

For centuries music has demonstrated the scope of its ministry to spiritual needs. An inspiration to the fighting man, it hes more subtly those at home whose ughts are less quickly translatable into

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. kowski's admirable direction, may well proud of its soul-cleansing mission this ear. Its auditors may rejoice that the of "Americanizing" the organizainvolved comparatively few changes its personnel and that the large measof public support insures the continuof the regular concert cycle in the

Instead of dining in Paris, the Kaiser is ng in Berlin.

THE PEACE DATE

ENERAL MARCH has definitely exessed the opinion that with an army 600,000 Americans in France next ner the war can be ended in the fall. The President has explained in his wheat fixing proclamation that the Govment is risking a loss of \$500,000,000 the event of peace by the middle of

explained from Washington that n does not wish to be understood g a peace date, but when his state ed in connection with the ed by General March, it is the probabilities to infer that Vashington is looking to the

THE BROKEN SWITCH

Seasoning of Grandiose Speculation Really Nacessary to Enjoyment of te Victory Feast

THE smash across the Drocourt-Queant switch stimulates speculation to an extent that may cause facts to be obscured by hopes. Sufficient unto the day is the victory thereof. Adjusting our outlook on the war to this principle is productive of pleasure without foreshadowing any possible disillusionment,

It is obvious, of course, to every one that, given the present rate of Allied progress, the Germans will skurry out of France before winter sets in. The conception is so gloriously overwhelming that it is enough to make even a habitually cocksure prophet timid. Any mental picture of the imminent redemption of French soil must be painted chiefly with hypothetical colors.

If the German hordes are really blindly staggering under Foch's alternating blows, if their plans for resistance on previously prepared positions have been utterly confounded, f the progress of freedom's armies is merely preliminary to a vital military decision, it is almost as easy to imagine the Huns across the Rhine as across the Meuse.

They are destined to pass beyond both rivers. "How soon?" is a teasing question. It is better to leave it open.

Prior to August 8 it was impossible to forecast Foch's plans. Today they seem easier to interpret, but this simplicity may be merely superficial. By the same token an attempt to read the mind of Ludendorff, however one may detest him, savors of presumption.

To reason thus conservatively is not to espouse the irritating gospel of "the man who is always taking the joy out of life." Chariness of forecasts in the present instance clears the tracks for jubilation founded on the firmest basis-that of victory cleanly and brilliantly won. "The future," said Paula Tanqueray, "is only# the past entered by another gate." If that is true we shall keep up the march to the east. But existing facts are so inspiring that the temptation to peer under the curtain that hides coming events might today be profitably resisted. The history of the last week justifies the assumption of a festal mood by all liberty-loving patriots.

Lens which has been in Hun hands since 1914. Lens which exacted from Britain tolls as bloody as any in her annals, is tottering. Presumably, the progress toward the city's suburbs from the southwest gave the conquerors control of Lievin, in the vicinity of which lie the precious coal fields. The struggle for them, which endured through weary months of 1917 and before, ends with a celerity that is fairly startling. The third great barrier, the Drocourt-Queant switch, between Bapaume and the Pittsburgh of northeastern France, has been occupied and crossed by English and Colonial troops.

The northern end of the Hindenburg line has been flanked and thousands of prisoners bagged. The pressure which the French and Americans are exerting in the storied region of Coucy-Le-Chateau-once a medieval show place vying with Carcassonne-bites into the high ground of the Chemin-des-Dames and foreshadows an imminent thrust to Laon. Success for this movement, coupled with what has already been accemplished in the north, should make the Hindenburg line negligible.

The reduction to impotence of this much-vaunted barrier may perhaps mean the fall of St. Quentin, La Fere, Cambrai and even Lille. Long-distance prophecy need not be invoked to support this vision of victory. If there events are to happen this year they will almost certainly occur very soon. The odds are in favor of their consummation.

The redemption of these important places is not dependent on an entirely new movement, concerning which speculation is futile. If the Allies win them back they will simply be carrying an existent and surpassingly fine victory to its logical conclusion.

The aftermath is involved in uncertainty. Certain military experts picture a Hun retreat to the Meuse and the Belgian frontier. The stuff that dreams are made on, though tempting, is insubstantial. There is ample food for joy in the contemporary victory feast. Foch may vastly extend the menu before this year closes. Meanwhile the sweets which he has provided taste all the sweeter if we strain not after the unknowable.

To the list of world events of importance recorded yesterday must be added the case of the lady who returned from her vacation to find that she had left the gas range burning all summer.

DELINQUENCY AS A DISEASE THE Indiana Constitution, we believe, was the first to set forth the modern theory that the purpose of criminal courts is to reform the criminal rather than to punish him.

The most advanced penologists of the present day accept this theory. It has been acted upon by the Municipal Court in this city, which has just established a department of diagnosis in charge of a group of able physicians, whose duty it is to examine the delinquents to discover whether they are physically or mentally defective and to suggest methods of cure when the defects are curable.

The normal human being is not a crimit nal. He obeys the laws. He respects the rights of others and respects himself and adjusts himself to the conditions around him. There is something wrong with the criminal. It may be only incomplete education. A boy who has had no proper training and has been thrown among evil companions will contract the disease of crime just as he will contract typhoid gion or when he takes into his system the

becoming civilised when we set to the criminal. The men in

charge of the Municipal Court deserve credit for lining themselves up with the most advanced and most humane system of treatment for the unfortunates who come within its jurisdiction.

The news that the Allies are advancing various parts of Russia casts considerable doubt upon the report that "Lenine is out of

REGISTRATION FOR HOME LIBERTIES

THE Government counts primarily on patriotism to secure a full registration for the army on September 12. The bosses count primarily on indifference to secure a slim registration on the days when all citizens of Philadelphia must qualify for casting their ballots for Governor in November or else be temporarily disfranchised. A high spirit of devotion to democratic institutions will prompt millions of Americans to sign up for their country on the great military registration day. It is not the fear of punishment which will move these men to be loyal. They would be ashamed in this instance to be other-

And yet the political bosses, ever quick to see that all their henchmen are duly qualified for voting, count deliberately every year on the indifference of citizens. with regard to purely political registration. Thousands of Philadelphians, often the very men willing to lay down their lives for freedom, neglect to safeguard their franchise. Were the privilege of claiming it denied them, the chorus of protests would be agonizing. As citizens may register or not, just as they please, a duty of

vital import is often seriously neglected. The citizen of Philadelphia who fails to register on any one of the three specified days-September 5, September 17 and October 5-will be barred from voting for Governor of Pennsylvania in the November election. On the principle that freedom, like everything else, should begin at home, the requirements of political registration days should be heeded in the same spirit as that in which a man makes himself available for the army of liberty. Nothing would give the bosses more discomfort than to see this fall on the voting list the name of every Philadelphian over twenty-one.

Register tomorrow!

We have been told Can You Blame Us? repeatedly that we must not get too sanguine on account of the successes of the Allies in the past weeks. There is still a long road before us, but when we see the British approaching Cambrai on the two main roads from Arras and Bapaume, and at this writing only eight miles away on one road and eleven on the other, we just can't help crying "Well done, John Bull!" And the chap that tries to prevent us from uttering that cry is likely to need a beefsteak for his

Uncle Sam's eight-Unwilling Pupils een-year-olds are to be educated at Government expense. And we also are doing a good deal to educate the Hohenzollerns at the public expense.

would be the last thing civilized by man. Nowadays we substitute Hohenzollern for woman Judge Bonniwell, standing pat-or is it on his wet platform, is still assured

that he can make the demon safe for di-

mocracy, though that is a task which the

Here Are Ladies to say that woman

George Meredith used

Perhaps the reported demand for footsuperable calls for running shoes,

demon himself gave up long ago

The Yanks Chum Up With Their Allies

ONE of the most familiar forms of German propaganda is to spread among the people at home rumors that the soldiers of the different Allies do not get on well together. Every now and then you will overhear in the smoking car or on street corners some such remark as this: They tell me that the Yanks and the Tommies can't endure each other." The gross absurdity and untruth of these falsehoods are contradicted by all reports from the men on the spot.

An excellent illustration of the cordiality and good humor prevailing between our men and their Allies on the other side to afforded by the following quotations from recent letters from Corporal Sherman G. Coates, of this city, which his father, Joseph Hornor Coates, permits us to reprint.

After landing in England early last May, Sherman Coates wrote from Folkestone:

"The people are very cordial and hospitable. I think we are going to get on finely with the Tommies. They are as much interested in seeing if we know anything as we are in learning it from

A week later from France:

"I've just come back from four days' boarding school in the stable of a fine old chateau, where I had a bully time with a fine bunch of Tommies who were billeted there. The course was rather intensive. but very interesting, and our English offi cer-instructor a jolly good sort. I'd like to know him socially. In London he and his father are manufacturers of playing cards, and he presented us each with a deck be-Later from France:

"We've been more or less associated with a fine bunch of Scotch soldiers and officers, and have found them extremely congenial They seem to have a great deal of admira-tion for us Yanks, especially for our in-curable good spirits and joviality. And the Americans are falling in love with English football, and are rapidly acquiring some skill at it. It is a big surprise to me to see how well the Tommies and the Sam-mees are hitting it off together; it's mighty

nice, too.
"We're moving around a good deal and getting acquainted with all our numerous kinds of allies—English, Scotch, Cana-dians, Angac, French, Algerians, Italians dians. Ansac, French, Algerians, Italiansand Chinese! The last are a hot bunch!
Everybedy is treating us royally, and we
are on chummy terms with them all. The
Scotch and French are our special friends,
and Canadians next. We're also getting
acquainted with a big number of varieties
of French drinks, most of them pretty bad.
"Our captain, who has been away for
some weeks, is to rejoin us today, and
there will be some great howls of joy, as
we are all extremely fond of him."

Corporal Coates went shrough the thick of the recent fighting on the Marne, and has since been detailed to an "Army Candi-

be will be pro

THE CHAFFING DISH

HINDENBURG seems to have been badly derailed at that Wotan "switch."

The National Bakers' Service Board has sent out a bulletin urging all housewives to keep their bread in the icebox.

But the prudent housewife is too canny to keep the precious loaf in any such public spot as that. She knows the habits of the prowling husband when the rest of the family has gone to bed. She keeps the loaf of Bread in the right-hand bureau drawer, hidden by the folder of thrift stamps and the guest-room blind that came down last June but hasn't been put up yet, in spite of repeated promises on the part of the head of the house.

The Microscope Now that the British have retaken Lens, the Kaiser will look smaller than ever.

Many of those who have been making fun of our last summer straw hat (which is still going over our top) will miss it when it is gone.

When the Kaiser talks about the impossibility of the Allies getting to the Rhine he fixes his mind firmly on the distance from Cambrai to Cologne, which is 170 miles. But he ignores the distance from the Vosges front to the Rhine, which is less than twenty.

In a bookstore the other day we saw an anthology advertising itself as containing "over 600 poems of Pep, Point, Punch and Push."

It's an fli bird that fouls its own trade, and yet we don't believe there are as many as 600 really good poems in the language.

Has Cynthia Hay Fever? Dear Socrates-I am a young girl with oroien eyes and a phlegmatic disposition. Lately I have felt very trascible. I think I have hav ferer, but I am not sure. You are always so polite, won't you tell me how to be certain? CYNTHIA.

My Dear Cynthia-I am very glad to hear from you again. The last time you wrote it was to inquire "What is a Boob?" and I have often wondered uneasily just how you intended to use the information

I sent you. About hay fever: The mere fact that you can sit down and write such a friendly and nice little note makes me doubt whether you have it. For the real hay fever unfits a human being for anything except homicide and umbrella stealing If you had hay fever you would be walking down the street yearning for some one to look harshly at you, so that you would have a colorable excuse for smiting him or her with a crowbar.

The only possible excuse or explanation for the antics of the Kaiser during the last four years is that he may have hay

Hay fever is a bad case of bolshevism in the membranes of the nose. When your nose acts like an I. W. W. and attempts to terrorize the rest of your system by frequent explosions, outrages and sabotage, then the diagnosis is plain. An eminent scientist has described the symptoms of hay fever as making the sufferer feel as though his head were a pumpkin loaded with dynamite. . This is true, though there s also the sensation that one's head is a phonograph playing an endless record of narimba music plus chimes of Normandy.

The origin of hav fever is doubtful. Some say that it was a retribution for the first practical toke, which took place (as is well known) on the ark. Noah's wife and her three daughters-in-law were fed up with the continual weather forecasting done by Noah and his sons, who kept on saying that they were sure it would be a fine day tomorrow. So the ladies retired to their private sitting room and were solacing themselves with a little game of bridge and some remarks on the manners and habits of those ladies who had not taken passage on the ark. But Noah and his sons thought to amuse themselves by letting loose among the ladies one of the two mice on board. They did so, but as a result they were punished by hay fever, which seems an excessive tribulation for so slight a breach of con-

Those who suffer from hav fever are wont to console themselves with the thought that it is only people of powerful intellect who are subject to this disease; but this is only asserted by the sufferers themselves and must therefore be discounted.

Seneca, the famous Roman philosopher of the first century, suffered from hay fever, and as I suspect that you are a hit of a highbrow, my dear Cynthia, I shall quote to you what Seneca says of it In one of his letters. Omnia corporis aut incommoda aut pericula per me transierunt; nullum mihi videtur molestius. And this is translated by Dr. Richard Gummere, the headmaster of the Penn Charter School, as follows: I have passed through all the ills and dangers of the flesh, but nothing seems to me more troublesome than this. But old Seneca, who was a kind of Pollyanna and Dr. Frank Crane rolled into one, continues by saying that even in the suffocation of the disease he continues to cheer himself with brave and glad thoughts. However, he committed suicide in the year A. D. 65. It is to be hoped. Cynthia, that if you

really have hay fever you will not weakly succumb, like Seneca, to a detestable cheer fulness. There is no cure for the ailment: it is only slightly assuaged by the violent death of personal enemies and by good news from the western front. This is the one time of the year when any atrocities you may commit will be understandingly condoned by your acquaintances. In conclusion, my dear Cynthia, if you

really have hay fever you are to be congratulated. You enter upon a fraternity which is bound together by a community of suffering unknown, to the laymen When you see a piteous figure groping along Chestnut street, pockets bulging with handkerchiefs and eyes bulging with tears, with a vermilion nose and a phial of medicated cotton for sniffing, rush up, to him and embrace him. All sorrow will be forgotten in the joy of the meeting. For even hay fever has its compensations. Soil diers who have fought side by side on some stricken field know no holier fellowship.

California de Moral (1921) Car

THE GOWNSMAN

Of Poets and "Poets"

DOETS! Bah! Mushrooms! Both are I liable to spring up in a night, anyproperly dished; others are deadly; and you can never exactly tell which is which. Besides, there are about as many kinds of poets as there are of fungi, and they are similarly conspicuous as contrasted with the rest of the vegetable world in their gaudy and striking coloration, their uselessness, and in the happy brevity of their lives. Pity it is that it is only mushrooms that we can call by hard names. There is the language of poets; there should be a special nomenclature of very hard terms applicable to poets-at least to ome of them. Thus spoke the objector.

AS ONE of the penalties of wearing a very long gown a very long while, the In fact, he maintained for some years a fourteen-foot shelf whereon to stable these gift horses, into whose mouths it is not mannerly too curiously to peer. shelve this perennial crop, and in various attempts the volumes have been variously disposed. None to Leary's; Leary deals only in standard poets, only in poets who have been dead a long while, not in poets who are dead now. Some to the paper man: but it appears that the printing of poetry on white paper reduces its market value, even in these times of scarcity. Some of the volumes have been lent in the hope—based on long experience with the loaning and straying of books—that they might neves re-turn. But the punctillousness of people in frustrated this generous endeavor to diffuse poetry, for its moral influence, among those who habitually confuse their idea. the return of things which they do not want who habitually confuse their ideas as to mine and thine. One or two volumes of many dry leaves have served admirably the purpose of starting a wood fire; but the Gownsman would advise against this as none too certain a disposition of poetry, as much of our annual growth is remarkably sucrulent and apt, in the escaping of the juices. to make your fire smoke and choke up your chimney. The veracious Gownsman remem bers an evening spoiled by an abortive at tempt to light a fire with a volume of Miss Amy Lowell. One wonders whether the

pre-eminent here, as everywhere. WHEN you receive a volume of verse, acknowledge it at once—before you have "had an opportunity" to read it. This will save you some white lying and if you have conscience salve it. The best formulary to use in replying to a poet is that of Dr Holmes: "Dear sir, I have received your book of poetry. Believe me, sir, I shall lose no time in reading it." The oracle at Del-phi scarcely ever did better than that. For poet, whoever could "lose time" ir what he has written? To the profane—and the writer may have been among them—the phrase may mean—well, some-thing else. If you must use adjectives—and there are those who cannot live without them—"interesting" is altogether the most efficient, though unhappily much overworked. For a volume of "poetry" may be in several ways: As literature (occasionally), as intellectual gymnastics, as linguistic nihilism, or as a psychological exhibit, if a more or less curious departure from

poetess could, perhaps, be addicted to-but

tainly a smoker. It is safer, if you want to be sure, to leave the poets in lighting a fire. For the purpose, the Gownsman has found

nothing like a disquisition on Shakespeare;

perish the thought!

Her volume was cer

But to return: In acknowledging a book of verse, the one thing not to have done to have read a word of it. Such action hampers the free play of your critical mind. ties you down to specifications and leaves you the difficult problem. "Shall I lose the truth, or lose my friend?" The Gownsman is no casuist, but he has heard that "truth is hung on every tree"—which is so much the worse for truth. But as to friends they are rare in this cold, hard world. And shall a man lose his friend merely because his friend happens to think himself "a poet"?

THERE is a popular belief current that to be a poet is to be something queer. And like most popular beliefs this one has a basis in fact. The desire to write verses expecially to be seen postically in printile a personner form of egotiant, often a printing

cure, the matter might be simple. But this form of personal gratification grows with that whereon it feeds; and the head further enlarges, but not always proportionately the brains within. It has been said that once in her life every woman has been beautiful, doubtless in some cases quite briefly. So some men are poetical by moonlight, in springtime, in wooing time—but do not carry their poetry home with them later. Moreover, a wise dispensation of Providence has ordered it that the majority of mankind shall be poetically inarticulate and even that among those who will write, many shall be incoherent. Has the reader never perpetrated an immortal ode in his dreams, only to have it turn out in the morning a rat-tat-tat sort of thing that would be discreditable to the obviousness of Walt Mason?

OF LITTLE WEIGHT, LUCKILY

TA HAND IT HAND

In the musical consort of the world's poetry the poetaster is the megaphonist, noisy, ill-disciplined; but even he cannot drown the grand swell of harmony which is the world's lyrical soul. The poetling, on the other hand, pules on the flute or pulses on the lufe, happy in his own fatuity—but nobody marks him, and the sounds he makes echo not far beyond his own hearing. Be tween these two are the poets, the major poets, the commanding poets, few as the greater stars and as far between; and the ninor poets, so-called not wholly because for the most part, they sing plaintively, but merely because they are less than the great ones, although often as true, as tuneful, as

ONCRETELY, the poet is often a very in J teresting specimen of the race. neeting some others. He was once in a London station out of which Tennyson had ust taken his departure. He once barely missed seeing Browning at a garden party He went skating on the Schuylkill one fin winter afternoon, as a boy, and missed a lecture abominably delivered by Matthew Arnoid. These were some of the things which might have been. But he is proud to recall that he was one who helped "all unbeknownet" to make a granite tomb for the yet living good gray poet. Walt Whit-man; that he knew the ever courteous Stedman, that he met with awe James Russell Lowell, that he has listened to Mr. Yeats In private monologue, had the adorable Mr.
Masefield in his own study and sat with
Mr. Frost on his own New Hampshire hills. But the Gownsman has caught the contagior of egotism from this converse with poets DHILADELPHIA is full of poets; they

bustle in our streets. To range among them offhand. Harrison Morris was a poe as delightful to read as to know—until "the iron entered his soul"; and Francis Williams is reported to have written an epic on Lincoln, a fine thing for a loyal son of Cincinatus to do. Good gray Hanby Hay has courted his Muse as a lover for a lifetime. and she has been compliant. Doctor Watson has practiced poetry as successfully as medi-cine for years, and John Haney has written it as well as he has taught it. Wharton Stork is a large metrical magnate, so to speak, for not only does he make poetry and translate it; he likewise garners and pub-lishes it for others; and Narvey Watts is a reritable wigard with his pen, for better reasons, but also because he contrives to write Over There over here. Horace Trau-bel has nobly maintained the great traditions of Whitman over the river; and Richard Heckscher, though no longer with us, is not forgotten for the fervency that was his Owen Wister once wrote a certain poem-but we will not allude to it. And, "Younges but we will not allude to h. Shu, where wren of nine," there is our own Kit Moriey, ready, witty, sound, in whose education the Gownsman claims a modest part. The Gownsman will not gratify the vanity of a certain Philadelphia poet, who took his talents and his crotchets away with him to London, by miscalling all these "the shillings and pence of Philadelphia poets." None shall pound so ungraceful an allusion out of your Gownsman, who apologizes for scores that he has left unsung.

KINDLY, simply, gracious Joyce Kilmer has gone, "a minor poet," if you will, but leaving the world the happier, the better for his song. Like England's Rupert Brooke Kilimer went blithely to war, a volunteer, a patriot, a martyr to a great cause. In his own fine words of Brooke:

IDYL OF LAYING IN

TTHE provident prattle of coal being chuted in summer. The shipshaping anticipations of the July

plumber. The householder's gloat over fat bins enriched with refections.

Proud paterfamilias pott'ring round drooling directions. To painters and patchers and gutterers and

all that rabble Whose service engages the utilitarian's babble-

All this has a ring that is more than a little &scordant And apt to engender remarks rather sav-

agely mordant.

That rate all prevision a posture and patently phony. om the man who suspects that the witer will find him still "stony."

Thus again is erected the scriptural tenet

of balance And the poor man's one talent tacked on to the man of ten talents. STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

The young lady who tried to kill Lenine Explained! may merely have

There are men so mean that they stroll around at this time of the year and give their straw hats to

To the competition The War in Verse for the shortest war poem we would contribute this:

We say these things Unpardonable

Kalser

Done

with regret, but it does seem that the British are putting the scar in Scarpe Haig's motto is evi dently Scarpe diem.

the war news closely will be forced to the Observation German navy is made up of what you migh

Any one who follows

What Do You Know?

OUIZ?

 What natural product gives particular value to the country about Lens, in the war zone? 2. What is a tierce? 3. Who was Simon Bolivar?

4. When is King Arthur supposed to have lived?
5. What is the alleged origin of the term

6. Who was Admiral von Spee. 7. From what heathen god is the name Wed-nesday derived? 8. What is an allanthus tree?

9. Who said. "Architecture is frozen music"? 10. What is the capital of Rumania?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz A pectarine is a kind of peach with a smooth, downless skin and firm flesh. 2. William C. Redfield is Secretary of Com-merce and William B. Wilson Secretary of Labor.

3. The Mouroe Doctrine was first defined in presidential message of James Mouro sent to Congress in 1823.

4. Latakia is anniled to a kind of tobacco which was shipped originally from Latakia, a port in Syria, but is now grown else-where. 5. Shawmut is said to have been the Indian name of Boston. 6. The Persees are a people of India, numbering about 90,000. Their ancestors emigrated from Persia in the seventh century when the Arabs overvan that country. They are followers of the religion of Zoronster, which involves fire-wurship.