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Philadelphia, Wednesday, September 11, 1918

NO USE FOR THEM

SUPERINTENDENT BERRY, of the City Hall, has burned eighteen German flags which he found in the stock of national banners used for decorating the building on festal occasions.

Philadelphia has no use for the flag of the present German State.

When the German people enter a league nations, set up a decent Government and kick out all traces of the existing vnasty and the existing order their colors may be again seen in civilized countries. And it is probable that by that time the Germans will hate their present banner as greatly as the rest of the world hates it for the things it has symbolized.

With each day of their existence Rhine whines grow increasingly bitter

WHAT THE MAINE RESULT INDICATES THE only doubtful congressional district in Maine was the Second, which had cen represented three terms prior to 1917 y Daplel J. McGillicuddy, a Democrat, of on. He was defeated at the 1916 white by Wallace H. White by a pluaby of 467. The two men were contesthis again this year. White is re-elected y a plurality of 2506. Thus the Maine gation remains solidly Republican. Tains were made by the Republican candates in three of the four districts. The ndidate whose vote for re-election was uced was elected two years ago by a Hty of about 5000.

Mr. Wilson cut the normal Republimjority for a presidential candidate

w than 30,000 to about 5000 in 1916. cold comfort for the Democrats in the election figures this year. Their hope of winning back one of the districts has sone glimmering, and the rejection of McGillicuddy, one of the most popular Democrats in the State, by an increased adverse vote in an industrial district, suggests that the prospect for a Republican House of Representatives after March 4 is good indeed.

Class deferred maketh the true patriot's mrt sick

in which the war is being viewed in THE SEAL OF FREEDOM America.

The Gesture of Thirteen Million Americans Will Be Pledged Thereby When They Register Tomorrow

THE covenant with liberty which thirteen million registrants will make tomorrow will be virtually identical in spirit with a voluntary pledge.

Under the popular agreement whereby democracies are maintained the form of a mandate gives it an aspect of compulsion, actually not inherent in its origin. Thus the draft machinery, with its peremptory call and its penalties for delinquency, is in the final and true analysis an expression of the nation's will. It exists today by reason of a

manifestation in the aggregate of those very sentiments and passionate convictions which prompt any individual citizen to volunteer for service. As representatives of the people, not

as their masters, did Congress and the President pass the two great conscription acts. Enfranchised Americans acting in mass formation are the dictators of their country's destinies.

Channels for the expression of ideals, purposes and feelings are, moreover, by no means confined to the election booth. The terrific impetus of the majority opinion is heeded at all times. It was recognized when the draft legislation of 1918 was put through.

The chief criticism on last month's proceedings in the capital was relative to so-called "delay." The voice of a volunteering nation was one of urgency. Its demand for a draft system was inspired by the richly warranted belief in its practical efficacy.

The solemnity and spiritual beauty of tomorrow's national scene are therefore unsullied by any factor uncongenial to democracy. Germany will misunderstand it, of course. It is natural for her to interpret a draft as originating in virtually an arbitrary fiat.

Her blindness to the lessons of American history has barred her from making highly significant distinctions on the subject of service calls. Had she kept pace with civilization she would know that the attitude with which our ancestors resisted conscription against their will

in the pre-Revolutionary days and their resentment of British navy drafting which provoked the War of 1812 and the eager pride with which the present call for registration is accepted represent, respectively, the repugnance to tyranny and the zeal for freedom.

Possibly if the central autocracy could really comprehend the true mean ing of pledges of life and honor that will be made tomorrow she would cease at once to wage her stupid war.

As her befogged consciousness now forbids entrance of the luminous rays of reason, her intellectual cavern must be invaded by drumming guns. As the legions loom eastward the meaning of this registration, established by the concerted consent of those whom it concerns, will be made increasingly plain in Cen-

tral Europe. At home, whatever perplexity about the registration may exist is relative almost wholly to details of its operation. Counting birthdays has been productive of errors by perfectly well-intentioned patriots.

The safe rule for the man who wants known world. And they may yet benefit to know whether he is involved in the greatly if they can outwit their enemies. registration of tomorrow, September 12, is to determine whether he reaches the age of eighteen after September 12. Undoubtedly 1918, or the age of forty-six before September 12, 1918. If he does either he is not entitled to register. The registrants will be composed of all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five inclusive. The man who becomes eighteen tomorrow must sign up. The man who becomes forty-six tomorrow must sign up. All men between Doubts those ages must be listed. It should be understood that these rulings apply only to men not previously. registered. In addition to American citizens, those men originally hailing from a neutral nation who have declared their intention of becoming citizens must reg-

INDIRECT LIGHTING

It is always interesting to hear more of less detached foreign opinions on one's native land. Heretofore American taste for them has been so keen that "What do you think of us?" was the stock question with which visitors were bombarded before they had passed quarantine. In wartime we have become less subjective.

There is such stupendous work to be done that the quality of its performance has been concerning us more than the mood in which we act. The two recent English opinions, however, are so contradictory as to prompt

attempts at self-analysis. Are we indeed as temperamentally overwrought as we are painted on the one hand or as stoical as we are pictured on the other? Introspection is a ticklish business, but nonetheless it seems reasonable to assume

that the comment on our emotionalism was born of deductions largely made some months ago. The first war deeds of American troops and the energy of Liberty Loan campaigns had their nervous reactions,

The present moment, when apparently a climax of the war is at hand, unquestionably reveals America in a mood of cooler determination than at any time since we entered the conflict. The test of our nerves was never more drastic. We face the largest of the drafts with the equipolse of a seasoned patriotism. We await a seemingly destined stroke by more than 90 per cent of our

troops with hope, but without a suggestion of old-fashioned spreadeagleism. Our spirits are buoyed by the Allies' superb ictories, but attuned to a possible future slower pace of fortune and adjusted to the concept of still more monumental struggles.

Emotionalism is undoubtedly an American trait and the Manchester Guardian writer's recognition of it displays a genuine knowledge of our character. At the risk, however, of boasting of this new "reserve," we feel that if Americans at this juncture pause to reflect they cannot fail to-note its presence.

How many millions of people have wondared in vain what the automobile fiend does n a gastess Sunday?

FOCH AND THE SPICE OF LIFE THE war drama is fast becoming a variety show, and one of the most stimdating ever played on the greatest stage

history. The temporary slowing up of 'reach and British progress enables Foch. the superb stage manager, to put on another act. He reintroduces the Belgians, Yesterlay they plunged forward for two miles on a front extending the Allies' lines toward the North Sea. The specifically announced doctrine of "implacable pur-

suit" is seen to be of the widest application and of the kind most embarrassing o a foe whose watchfuiness would have to be almost superhuman to forestall the indefatigable marshai's kaleidoscopic plans. His manner is familiar enough. He hits a vulnerable head, after the Donnybrook

Fair fashion, wherever he sees one. But the execution of his methods bristles with surprises. He has seasoned civilization with the hope-giving spice of life.

Very properly the Where They Shine State Department suggests that many

of the reports from neutral countries, which tell vividly of revolt and despair in Germany, be taken with a grain of salt-or not taken at all. The Germans know they are besten But since the war began they have been supreme in one field, at least. They are the greatest and most astute liars in the

On Unanswering Letters THERE are a great many people who really believe in answering letters the day they are received, just as there are people who go to the movies at 9 o'clock in the morning ;

but these people are stunted and queer. It is a great mistake. Such crass and breathless promptness takes away a great deal of the pleasure of correspondence.

The psychological didoes involved in re ceiving letters and making up one's mind to answer them are very complex. If the tangled process could be clearly analyzed and its component involutions isolated for in spection we might reach a clearer comprehension of that curious bag of tricks, the efficient Masculine Mind.

TAKE Bin F., for instance, a man ro delightful that even to contemplate his existence puts us in good humor and makes us think well of a world that can exhibit an individual equally comely in mind, body and estate. Every now and then we get a letter from Bill, and immediately we pass into a kind of trance, in which our mind rapidly enunciates the ideas, thoughts, surmises and contradictions that we would like to write to him in reply. We think what fun it would be to sif right down and churn the inkwell, spreading speculation and cynicism over a number of sheets of foolscap to be

wafted Billward. Sternly we repress the impulse for we know that the shock to Bill of getting so immediate a retort would surely unhinge the well-fitted namels of his intellect

We add his letter to the large delta of unanswered mail on our desk, taking occa sion to turn the mass over once or twice and run through it in a brisk, smiling mood, thinking of all the jolly letters we shall write some day.

AFTER Bill's letter has lain on the pile for a fortnight or so it has been gently silted over by about twenty other pleasantly postponed manuscripts. Coming upon it by chance, we reflect that any specific problems raised by Bill in that manifesto will by this time have settled themselves. And his random speculations upon household manage ment and human destiny will probably have taken a new slant by now, so that to answer his letter in its own tune will not be congruent with his present fevers. We had bet-ter bide a wee until we really have some-thing of circumstance to impart. We walt a week.

We wait a week. By this time a certain sense of shame has begun to invade the privacy of our brain. We feel that to answer that letter now would be an indelicacy. Better to pretend that we never got it. By and by Bill will write again and then we will answer promptly. We put the letter back in the middle of the heap and think what a fine chap Bill is. But he knows we love him, so it doesn't really matter whether we write or not.

communication from Bill. We wonder whether he does love us as much as we thought. Still-we are too proud to write

A few days later a new though! strikes us Perhaps Bill thinks we have died and he is annoved because he wasn't invited to the funeral. Ought we to wire him? No, be-cause after all we are not dead, and even if he thinks we are, his subsequent relief at hearing the good news of our survival will outweigh his bitterners during the interval. One of these days we will write him a letter One of these days we will write film a letter that will really express our heart. filled with all the grindings and gear-work of our mind, rich in affection and fallacy. But we had better let it rippen and mellow for a while. Letters, like wines, accumulate bright fumes bubblings if kept under cork.

DRESENTLY we turn over that pile of letters again. We find in the lees of the heap two or three that have gone for six months and can safely be destroyed. Bill is months and can sately be destroyed. Bill is still on our mind, but in a pleasant dreamy kind of way. He does not ache or twinge us as he did a month ago. It is fine to have old friends like that and keep in touch with them. We wonder how he is and whether for the fine transformation of the door, one of them came out with a scatco face: "Oh, we shan't be able to go. Uncle is at the phone. Something has happened to Charlie." He had been killed in action at the front in France. A moment later we had has two children or three. Splendid old



THE GOWNSMAN

How the War Comes to Us in the Country

WERE a small number, made up from the spirit that gives freely and frankly as W some three or four families at most, young folks and old. And we were assem-bling in this thinly inhabited fringe of the White Mountains by auto to proceed to a cer-tain delightful little lake, there to swim. the thing which one does, which no one would think of not doing, that counts. There are obligations; we don't talk about them. honor them, as a matter of course, when they fall due; and there is an end of the matter. But not an end of your admiration, your boat, eat a picnic supper, and return after the August moon had risen. This was not a mere junket of slackers: the sons of two of homage and mine, for this great simplicity in the character of our American youth, a sim-plicity that at once ennobles and makes truly democratic our young men's service to the the families were soldlering, a daughter is in training as a nurse. One of the fathers had snatched a few days from work on the hous-ings of mechanics at one of our big shipnation. O^{UR} third boy was little Johnny Clough though he was really first in the service

cards Another was not with us, because h was abroad on a political mission as far as Jerusalem. We were to take up two young women at a neighbor's and, as we drew up at the door, one of them came out with a scared

WAR PROFITS

With pearl. Her lover, wooed White the gleam Of the dream

In ruddy flame that flings Adventurous young Icarus To earth on ruined wings. But he fleic. But he knew

John had worked about at such jobs as he could find sirce he was a small boy, picking Lucifer's horns have a crust Of gold and topaz gem On points that thrust to yellow dust The heart that covets them.

THE horns of the moon are tipped By charms and won, Endymion, Inherits quietude.

On his cycs. The horns of the sun are dipt

Winds and skies

NOTHER week passes by, and no further

OF COURSE!

THE Senators from the cotton-growing States have lodged a formal protest with the War Industries Board against any -fixing for cotton. This was expected. The cotton growers

int be allowed to make all the profit which war conditions make possible withut any interference by the Government ir representatives in Congress have kept out of the revenue bill all forms of taxation on the staple and they have levied the taxes on the industries and wealth of he States in which the majority of the oters are Republican.

The cotton men see an opportunity to make war profits and it is not to be denied om if their representatives in Congress have their way.

It looks as if we may have to toast the ming heroes in grape juice!

CAN LONGWORTH BE MISTAKEN? NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, one of the Republican members of the Ways and ne Committee, is dissatisfied with nany features of the revenue bill. He of Congress yesterday that many of the taxes are "mighty near the danger " and he said that the purpose of the ill is "to raise revenue and not to resanize society."

We are not so sure that Mr. Longworth ight. There is a school of politicians ch advocates the remaking of society tax laws which shall upset all of exag business arrangements and cus-And the title of the measure which ngworth is discussing is "A bill to revenue, and for other purposes." ot the clause. "For other purposes." ensive enough to include the re instion of society?

ts of men had to ask their wives how thay are.

ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT new treaties which the Germans ve forced out of the Russians provide sia shall pay to Germany 6,000,000. arks, or about \$1,500,000,000, to recher for the German property deand confiscated by the revolu-

> if Germany thinks it is proper to indemnify her for injuries by German property owners, ahe say when the Entente Allies emnity from her to recom French and Belgians for the ily destroyed by the Gerliberately confiscated and

Enrollment may be made at any bureau designated by the local board of the registrant's district. Regular polling places will be largely used, but in some districts there are other specified bureaus. The complete list of registration places has been published in the newspapers.

ister.

Any one in doubt as to where he should register should go to the place where he votes or to any one of the local board offices for information., The hours for registration are from 7 a.m. to 9 p. m. Persons who are ill or out of town may register by mail. The question of exemption for those

persons with dependents or engaged in the officially specified necessary industries is one which will be considered when the questionnaires are distributed. Tomorrow's registration is not complicated with those issues.

It will be the simple and superb ratifcation of the compact which the members of a democracy have made with one another for the preservation of their inalienable rights.

The signing of thirteen million names may in a sense be regarded as a single majestic gesture whereby is affixed a gleaming seal on the imperishable document of freedom.

It is disquieting these days to observe ow well women can do men's work.

MERICA'S EMOTIONAL BAROMETER AN ENGLISH commentator in the Lonion Daily Chronicle writes in prais of the "quiet pride" with which the United States is realizing the responsibilities of the war. Another observer of the same nationality tells his readers in the Mantional way"

When, toward the end of the Wet Age

a year from now. cocktails cost \$1 and highballs fetch ninety cents each, in accordance with prophecies made yesterday by the demon's custodians.

the sort of man who likes to drink himself to death will be able to say some ar tistic things about the high cost of dying.

> Talaat Bey, the Turkish Hun, has been telling the homefoiks

at Vienna that he expects peace in a short time. The cable doesn't say whether Talaat intends to shoot himself or take poison.

> The big league play-Oh. Of Course! ers who are in rebellion for more world'

cories money will, of course, be referred to sooner or later by the sports writers as Base. bolsheviki.

> A glory substitute, too, is badly needed in Berlin.

Life presents unsurmountable problems these days for those whose motto is work or flight.

Because of the shortage of cooks in Bos. ton, the society women there are preparing their own meals. And, of course, they have found that paring beans is difficult work.

It isn't t' : German border that is menaced, as General von Ardenne suggested vesterday to the quaking Berliners. It is the German interior.

The blasting retort that Judge Bonniwell began to write to A. Mitchell Palmer last Sunday has yet to be published. Is the Judge tuning up his courage or tuning up his

vocabulary? The fleet corporation announces now that there as ample ships for our troops. Before long the problem will be one of sup-

plying enough troops' for the shine Because Moses Uritzky, a soap-boxer in Bolshevik councils at Petrograd, was

killed by a counter-revolutionist, 512 men and women, mostly innocent of any crime, were taken out under orders and slaughtered in the streets. And that is what they cal

a government of idealists ! Senator Lewis was aboard the tra sport Mount Vernon when the German U-boat man-

aged to torpedo that vessel in the dark. Can it he that the captain of the Mount Vernor neglected to compel Senator Lewis to dous his diamonds and quiet the thunderous walstcoat that has kept Washin

By this time we have written Bill several letters in imagination and enjoyed doing s but the matter of sending him an actu-letter has begun to pall. The thought an actual The thought no longer has the savor and vivid sparkle it had once. When one feels like that it is unwise to write. Letters should be spontaneous to write. Letters should be spontaneous outpourings: they should never be undertaken merely from a sense of duty. We know that Bill wouldn't want to get a letter that was dictated by a feeling of obligation .

ANOTHER fortnight or so elapsing, it oc-

ten what Bill said to us in that letter. We take it out and con it over. Delightful fel-low! It is full of his own felicitous kinks of whim, though some of it sounds a little old-fashioned by now. It seems a bit stale, has lost some of its freshness and surprise. Better not answer it just yet, for Christmas will soon be here and we shall have to write then soon be nere and we shall have to anyway. We wonder, can Bill until Christmas without a letter?

WE HAVE been rereading some of those imaginary letters to Bill that have been

dancing in our head. They are full of all sorts of fine stuff. If Bill ever gets them he will know how we love him. To use O. Hanry's immortal joke, we have days of Damon and Knights of Pythias writing those uninked letters to Bill. A curious thought has come to us. Perhaps it would be better if we never saw Bill again. It is very difficult to talk to a man when you like him much. It is much easier to write in the sweet fantastic strain. We are so inarticu sweet fantastic strain. We are so inarticu-late when face to face. If Bill comes to town we will leave word that we have gone away. Good old Bill! He will always be a precious memory.

A FEW days later a sudden frenzy sweeps over us, and though we have many pressing matters on hand, we mobilize pen and paper and literary shock troops and prepare to hurl several battalions at BIN. But,

to hurl several battanons at Bin. But. strangely enough, our uterance seems stilled and stiff. We have nothing to say. My dear Bill, we begin, il seems a long time since use heard from you. Why don't you teritef We atfill love you, in spile of all your short-

'That doesn't seem very cordial. We muse over the pen and nothing comes. Bursting with affection, we are unable to say a word. Just then the phone rings. "Hello?" we

say. It is Bill, come to town unexpectedly. "Good old fish!" we cry, ecstatic. "M you at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut "Maa

five minutes. We tear up the unfinished letter. Bill will never know how much we love him. Perhaps it is just as well. It is very embarraspin to have your friends know how you feel about them. When we meet him we will be a little bit on our guard. It would not be well to be betrayed into any extravagance of cordiality. SOCRATES

The Callowhill Street Line

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger Sir-The editorial on Route No. 66 in ac exceptionally good as to call for a word of mment from a Vine street resident. The line "Tis a far, far better thing to know that a car will never come," etc., at once bethat a car will never come, etc., at once de-comes classic. Such a weird anomaly as Route No. 66 deserved an editorial epitaph and it could not have had a better. A. J. R. SCHUMAKER, Indedelphia, Genember 1.

grasped the trembling hand of our friend. who seemed aged in a moment, as he stood, pale, with quivering lip, repeating and re-peating: "Charlie was all I had. Charlie was all the world to me."____

 $\mathbf{I}_{\mathrm{bas}}^{\mathrm{N}}$ THIS country of ours the population bas been at a slow and steady ebb for L has been at a slow and steady etb for half a century or more. The ambitious young men have gone to the citler, the ad-venturous to the West, leaving the old, the feeble, the incompetent, though there are nany happy exceptions, and the hereditary thrift of generations, established on the soll, is still evident here and there in flourishing acres among the many descrited farms, or rather, sites, now overgrown, where farms once were. But if the men have ebbec, the of the forest has returned, insensibly tide of the lorest has been and, obliterat-overgrowing the once plewed land, obliterat-ing the landmarks of old stong walls, planthuge trees in the cellars once houses, overgrowing even the roads that Within the recent memory once had been. of the Gownsman, the road down "Breakneck Hill." for example, has reverted neck Hill. for example, have it that a nature; for nature would have it that a torrest should descend in time of storm down that roadbed. It is now a torrent bed, and

man has given up the fight.

TN SUCH a community one may know the I whole countryside or not: the country-side is sure to know all about the newcomer, who is anybody arrived since stage-coach days. The summer boarder is not frequent in these parts—they are too remote for him, too primitive. Put the bucolically minded rofessional man, the teacher with that wise professional man, the teacher with that wise dispensation of American education, a long vacation, in which to live and grow, it is he who has made himself a nest in many an old farmstead, who migrates year after year, family and all, with the swallows, to and fro, as the season changes. The summer folk and the native, the austere, nimmer folk and the native, the austere,

unicative, unattractive, yet uncommunicative, unattractive, yet numan, New England native, canny as a Scoten-man and valuing his services in these times beyond the price of rubles, half contemptious beyond the price of rubies, hair contemptuous of these city folks that "you never see Coing anything." but square, if hard, in his deal-ings, with the shadow of that black thing, Puritanism, still somewhat upon him, but a man for all that, and expanding, at times, unexpectedly. As to the summer folk, he is simply your next door neighbor at home, masquerading in overalls with a hoe or an ax ostentatiously and awkwardly carried over

"town," three, that is nearly 10 per cent, are gone, a proportion that wothd mean the State of Pennsylvania in the draft over 100,000. In our small way, we have already been hit very hard. One of our boys died of disease in camp, with only one regr that he was not to have his chance at Germans. The Gownsman did not know Germans. The Gownsman did not know this boy, but he knows by this spirit what he was and that the star that is his on the service flag of his country is rightly a white star.

OF THE two others, one was Charlie. Charlie was a Boston lad, with the tra-ditions of the Hub and neighboring Harvard surrounding him. He disappointed the family tradition as to Harvard with an easy-going tradition as to Harvard with an easy-going, nonchalant disposition, out of which many good things may be made, but not scholars. His was to be a sterner school than Harvard, and as honorable; but, alas; his was a speedler graduation. When we are seeking with what seal we may the jewel which is concealed in the head of this tost, units and wrounded. We say, may it not be found to the true descrete of earther? What was

up such crumbs of education as a bright mind might find by the way. He was kept in the neighborhood by a sister whose growing family needed such help as John might give them. There was wood in the Gownsman's house once of John's splitting; and ther are beds of John's digging in the garden. In the second year of the war, the spirit of adventure seized on John and he shinne from Boston with a cargo of mules for Eng-land. In London he enlisted, not altogether incongruously in a Stotch Highland regi-ment and, after due training, found his coveted way to the front. In a boyish let. ter, the last that he wrote, he laughs over wearing kilts and tells in indignation of the cowardice of the Germans "who kill women and little children" and of how they "run

though he was really first in the service

chen we get at 'em with our bayonets.' The Gownsman recalls the solicitude of John, at half-grown boy, to give his baby niece an how he struggled over a stony road outing : with the overgrown child and a huge bundle of washing in a crazy little soap-box wagon of his own making. There is nothing which so stirs the American heart as Germany's inhumanity to the weak and the helpless John was hit with shrapnel during a charge his face to the enemy, and instantly killed There is no golden star for him on our village banner, for he fought in the British ranks. But John was as native as one of our pines, as white, as straight, as beautiful

AND after our simple country manner, we church we all gathered, the other evening with the aid of the selectmen, the minister his choir and an egregious brass band of four pieces, come all the way from Conway to do honor to the dead. The list of the twenty-nine was read by one of the selectnen with solemnity and over a road stony with the difficulties of diffidence. A eulogium, nore fluent in our hearts than ready or our lips, was pronounced on each of the fallen three and a service banner was unfuried by two of the maidens of the village All was interlarded with much singing o such patriotic songs as we half remembered and the egregious brass band "executed several numbers and kept us patriotically standing a great deal. It was a matter of smiles and tears. It has alway mingled seemed to the Gownsman a credit to certain sects, the Puritans, for example, and the Quakers, that they should have abolished such music as they could make in the praise

your own insufficiency and know it is granted to few men in this world. It had not been granted to the egregious four from Conway. BUT, unblessed with Charles Lamb's happy condition, who had no ear, the Gowns man has let sound run away with him. The

of their Maker; to stand face to face with

dignity, the reality, the patriotism of ou was preserved above captious crit evening was preserved above captious criti-cism of trivial externals by "a simple talk by Arthur Rodman, the secretary of the Y M. C. A. training college at Springfield Mass., who came down literally from the top of Mount Washington in tramping togs shortening his few days of outing. our fourscore people of the American boy as he had seen him in France. How happily was the world profited by the death long since and decent burial of the thing called feathers, of virtuous platitudes and fur and feathers, of virtuous platitudes and fervent sentiments. It is a long way from Jennings Bryan's oratory of cross and crown to a significant message of President The secretary at Springfield did not wilson. whise. The accelery at spinghed old hot talk down to us, but took us all, down to the humblest, with him. We were not only informed by his words, we were better pa-triots for them. The hand to help, not of exheriation, the words of a brokher, not of a superior, humanity not theology—are not them. Inc. more of the things which are

Heed! take heed For by oreed Glory dies.

-Katherine Lee Bates, in "The Retinue."

Efficiency of the Colleges

Arthur H. Quinn, dean of the collegiate department of the University of Pennsylvania, has the following interesting things to say about college and business efficiency the course of an article in Scribner

Magazine for September: "The American college is not perfect, for is a living thing. It is facing now a eries of problems that are taxing the brains series of problems that are taxing the brains and the hearts of those whose duty it is to see that our colleges meet their great oppor-tunities and responsibilities with courage and adisdom. After the war is over there will be the problem of guiding the thought of the next generation rightly, especially in the fields of economics, politics and social science. In order to meet this task the college must, above everything else, have public confidence. "Public confidence. like kissing, sometimes goes by favor, and again, like kissing, there

may be more of it than is generally sus-pected. The public likes the college and is pected. The public likes the college and is even parting, with some reluctance, from its traditional conception of a college professor as a being with long hair and shoestring necktie, and of the college as a place to which a studen; retires from the world, This conception died finally, it is hoped, when at the same time a college teacher be-came the President of the United States and the President of the United States became a college teacher, and the vital and constant counection between the life of an American college and the life of the working world became apparent. The man in the street or the suburban train or the luncheon club or where else criticism is most rampant is now usually willing to acknowledge that the ern college may be as efficiently may as the average business. What he ha managet the average business. What he has y see is that it is conducted with mu he has yet greater efficiency in both the popular and the true meanings of that word."

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

- What is the meaning of the word boon, in the phrace "a boon companion"?
 Who is the present Frime Minister of Italy?
 What language is spoken in Halli?
- What is a planet? Who sald "God helps them that help them setters"?
- 6. What is a "pourbaire" and what is the mean-
- 7. What is the cupital of Kansus? 8. How long is a meter in English ment? . What is General Crowder's official position?
- Where is Leonardo Da Vinci's famous pie-

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- Gustaf V is the present King of Sweden.
 The nadir is the point of the heavens directly means the beaver in distinct the strength in distinct the sentist. The word has been extended to mean the lowest point, place or time of a rest depression.
 The bellwetter is the leading sheep of a flock, with a bell wetter to head to head or a standard to the sent depression.
- Eicht Presidents of the United States-Wash instan. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, The William Issary traritout. taylor and Wood row Wilson-were born in Virginia.
- chard Wagner, the noted German composer wrote a march for the Contennial Espec-tion of 1876.
- A Parelle vietner, means a vietner presi o cont. The task of Parelle in presi o cont. The task of Parelle in the presidence of the task of the task is president of the task of t

OF THE little squad which went from this the shoulder.