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Philadelphia, Tuesday, September 24, 1918

LIBERTY BONDS OR POLITICAL SWAG? THE prospective Liberty Bond buyer whose wages happen to be paid by the city of Philadelphia is in a quandary, It is currently rumored that he is wise to the great truth of the interdependence of rangs, be they of Potsdam or the metropolis of Pennsylvania. A boost for the latter by a financial contribution which might otherwise be diverted to Liberty Loan purposes runs sufficiently counter to the patriotic spirit of the times as to benefit the Hun ring.

The choice of going over the top or under cover is thus explicitly presented. Of course, it's hard lines to have one's job imperiled by a refusal to cough up when the annual collection plate is passed. On the other hand, there is a sneaking suspicion around that those Potsdammers, if they ever got fairly started, wouldn't care a rap for division leaders, ward chieftains, Treasurer Thomas F. Watson, Sheriff Ransley, the "little fellow" or anybody else. So what's the use of supporting a little gang if it only aids a bigger one Badgered, harried and dunned policemen. firemen and clerks have significant food for thought when the hungry-haul fellows are hailed on the broad pavement of the

Medical advice to those about to sneeze:

PALESTINE'S REACTION ON THE WEST THE theory that military expeditions remote from France would prevent the war from being fought to a clean-cut declcion on the western front has been shattered with the Turkish army in the hills of Palestine. It is indeed the elimination of the loose ends of the world struggle that will bring us closer to its crux.

Realization of this fact is difficult when military operations, geographically far affeld, fail, as did Townshend's at Ctesiphon, or the inadequately supplied little British army's recently at Baku. But victory superbly vivifies the force of the

Authentic reports indicate that Allenby has virtually annihilated two Turkish armies, the Porte's chief military arm. Forty thousand Ottomans have been trapped. The release of all Syria from the Sultan's rule is imminent. Turkey as a factor in the war has suddenly become almost negligible. The British advance of sixty miles in a week is a triumph as categorical as it is relatively new in this

In the Balkans the Bulgarian power is crumbling, with the Franco-Serbians driving ahead at the rate of twenty-five miles a day and already astride the single railway from Uskub to Salonica. Turkey and Czar Ferdinand's pestiferous "empire" are being ruled out of the conflict.

The fall of St. Quentin, when it comes, as it inevitably will, will thus have a new import. It means the dashing of German hopes in the place where they are concentrated. Looking far afield for comfort will be vain. The western front, partly because of distant triumphs, becomes the war's barometer.

Loan boom-Hun doom.

"LET US ALONE"

SENATOR THOMPSON, of Kansas, visited the grand fleet in the North Sea on August 29 and asked Admiral Rodman, the American officer v he shares the command with the British Admiral Beatty,

what message he wished to send home. "Tell the Secretary," said Admiral Rodman, "we have everything we need over here and that everything is running perfectly smooth, and for God's sake let us

No more eloquent commentary on the administration of the Navy Department as been made than is contained in the

ast six words.

The "gas" slacker, garrulous in explaining why he lapsed, is doubly a waster.

FLUNKING HAS GONE OUT

NIME was when flunking in college carried the lightest of stigmas. More often man not the delinquent student was a good fellow, whose interests were keen and anifold-simply not bookish. Low-mark men had even a way of becoming extremelikable class leaders.

Time is when failure to pass the tests, ntal or physical, means exclusion from ust exactly what every college chap from morial days has sought to enter-a game. The universities have been enled in the biggest game ever played. mission requisites are exacting, but fact seems only to whet desire to them. Two thousand applicants alified with flying colors at the miliand University of Pennsylvania yester

nking is an archaism nowadays. It eing done. Uncle Sam himself has new style. His nephews follow it

OPPORTUNITY AT THE DOOR; WILL THE CITY GRASP IT?

Philadelphia Business Men Should Be Awake Enough to Arise From Their Couches of Ease

HOG ISLAND is more than a shipyard. It is a great terminal where railroad lines meet and connect with water lines. Peter O. Knight, vice president of the American International Corporation, which has built the plant and its piers, says that it has within it the potentiality of becoming the greatest hipping point in America.

He is astonished that Philadelphia business men are not awake to the opportunities that lie at their door. He did not quote the famous words written by the late Senator John J. Ingalls; but he might have done so. "Cities and fields I walk," the Senator made Opportunity say. "I penetrate deserts and seas remote. * * * If sleeping, wake - if fearting, rise before I turn away. It is the hour of fate, and they who follow me reach every state mortals desire, and conquer every foe save death; but those who doubt or hesitate, condemned to failure, penury and woe, seek me in vain and uselessly implore!"

Mr. Knight cries out to Philadelphia now: "If sleeping, wake!"

We have been talking for years about increasing the foreign trade of this port. We have talked of new piers and new railroad terminals. We have secured an amendment of the State Constitution so as to permit us to borrow money for new piers. And we have made a begin-

But while we have been dawdling along in leisurely fashion there has arisen in a short twelve months, right at our doors. a great terminal, with seven piers 1000 feet long and 100 feet wide and a supplementary marginal wharf 4000 feet long. making a total of more than three miles of wharf room for ships, with water thirty-five feet deep to float them. Railroad tracks run directly on the piers. so that cars can be loaded and unloaded directly from and to the ships. As the new ships are completed at Hog Island it is planned to tow them to the piers and load them with cargoes without the loss of an hour.

Before the war is over, and while the terminal is still under the control of the Government, the whole machinery of the terminal will be got into operation with a continual procession of ships moving in and out, carrying supplies to Europe.

Now what Mr. Knight wants to know and what the live men of Philadelphia also want to know is what we are going to do to provide business for this termial when the war demand on it ceases. What is the Chamber of Commerce

doing about it? What is the Bourse doing?

What are the great textile manufacturers and what are the steel mills doing?

Hog Island was selected by the American International Corporation before the war as the best site on the Atlantic seaboard for a great railroad terminal to connect with ocean-going ships. Men outside of Philadelphia saw its advantages. When the Government asked them to build the shippard and terminal they be-

gan at once at Hog Island. But we here at home were still dreaming about it. We do not yet realize what it means. We make a spurt now and then to develop the business of the port, but the movement has always lost momentum before it has got fairly started because there has been no driving force behind it sufficient to break down

One of the great obstacles was removed by the Government when it took over the railroads and assumed the power of diverting freight to the ports to and from which it could be shipped most economically. No railroad company can any longer pass this city by in favor of other cities. The jealousy among the Pennsylvania, the Reading and the Baltimore and Ohio systems has ceased to be effective so far as it relates to the freight that is to be landed here as their water terminals. The lines of all three railroads are connected directly with the Hog Island terminal. The Federal Director of Railroads can order that they be used to their full extent. He will so order so long as the terminal is to be used for Government

But what is needed is the cultivation of the habit among shipping men of billing their goods to Europe and to South America by way of Philadelphia.

This habit will not be contracted unless the Philadelphia business men combine to encourage it. The thing can be done if we only have the will to do it.

Can it be true, as Mr. Knight suggests. that Philadelphia is like Charleston. S C. and that her business men think the city is finished and that there is nothing more to be done?

This newspaper does not believe it is

Our business men have shown positive genius in building up their own enterprises, until in a score or more of lines of trade they are unequaled by the business men of any other city in the country. But will they get together and pool their commercial genius for the general

Opportunity knocks at the door. There should be such a rushing of men to open it that the welcome visitor cannot possi-

STOLEN RIDES

bly escape.

TO EVEN the casual observer on any gasless Sunday one thing is plain. Those who ride down the street in an occasional automobile-even those who are accused of using physicians' flags without-

ninistration discovered it—get little fun

The gasless Sunday automobile appears furtive even from the rear. The driver is always in a hurry to get away to another place. His passengers take no pleasure in the sights along the way. They

do not like to look to the side. Conscience is a terrible thing. Providence seems to have devised it with the express purpose of making the world safe

for democracy. It is the one unfailing weapon that oper ates in thousands of ways for the great

Everett Colby, of New Tanks and Things Jersey, who was one of the first to go over he ton with the Bull Moosers, has joined the tank corps. Mr. Colby may easily have found life tame and the promise of noise and trouble alluring after his experiences with the Moose in those terrible days of old. And, speaking of politicians in the service, one might remark that the rule works backward in Pennsylvania, where the tank corps has Joined Judge Bonniwell.

Secretary Baker is Some One Always still expressing his Spoils Things amazement at the progress which the American army organizations have made in France. Those who have not yet learned to forgive Mr. Baker for his earlier inhibitions will say that they an understand his amazement, but that they annot understand why he wasn't dazed.

Write They Do Right They Are

Judging from the re ported eagerness of battle correspondents to throw up their jobs and fight in the army, it may be gathered that those who write for others are also anxious to right themselves.

An Imperial Pendant.

The plight of the Kaiser suggests that of a tyrant who may "be hanged if he knows' why he's losing the war, and also if he

The Kaiser talks and It Had to Come talks and talks unbelievable nonsense, and vet no one has ever thought of speaking of

CAMPHOR BALLS

FEW people know, unless they have gone rummaging in an editor's pigeonholes, how many poets there are in the

Mr. Cattell, the city statistician, has calrulated that in Philadelphia alone one poem is rejected every minute.

Our poets have been complaining that ce don't treat them generously enough. Therefore we have pleasure in giving them the whole department today. In the meantime, we will go out and have a talk with a coal dealer while the artists perform.

On Reading Some Anthologies of Poetry

O CHASTENED bards who sang in lyric prose and rhyme. We catch your plaints and groans across

the bridge of time. What secret power or vision has played

its subtle part To waft your souls to us so cast in magic

What gift made you divine the thoughts that stir the breast?

The lurking dreams in us, we marvel you had guessed. Your words are wailing yet, though throats

that sobbed are stilled, You help us bear such griefs as your own hearts had filled.

sweet and tuneful dirge, Which calms our sorrowed spirit and stills its restless surge.

You tame and soothe despair that else would grow too wild; For art like yours must make a raging

anguish mild. For time hasn't made one bosom with care vet heave the less

We voice the same old longings, the same old gods address. A sad though pleasant cure to ease us of

To echo doleful songs of past and weeping

And dwell upon the words a poet made in pain, And sip a little honey from his sad refrain ALBERT MORDELL

You Ask Me to Forget YOU ask me to forget this hour-

This hour that was a life to me; Ah, would it were within my power To stem the floods of memory. This hour has filled my life, and yet, Alas, you ask me to forget!

MUST I forget these kind brown eyes, Must I forget these tremulous lips, The cool white arm that round me lies The while I kiss your finger tips-Ah, wish that we had never met, But do not ask me to forget! H. TARR BELL.

Ode to a Druggist

IN MUSGRAVE'S store in Scranton town There is one Philip Jones: Who mixes up the poison stuff. And likewise ice-cream cones. A very busy man is he Correcting pains and ills, And in his time has doubtless sold, A million billious pills,

The Poet

MOONSTRUCK.

Though man-forsaken, I am God-attended. Though love-forlorn, the Spirits love me. listen to those songs with Heaven blended:

And though for it all men reprove me LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS. Supreme Spirit of the Spheres.

Query Who can alleviate The joy of a social worker Alleviating The sorrows of the poor?

DOVE DULCET. In case there should be a great popular clamor for more poetry, you will be pleased to hear that our pigeon-holes are laden with plenty more of this star-dus

T. R. and the 1920 Issue

Do Dangers of the New Internationalism Give the Republicans a Great Cause?

By BART HALEY

IT IS Colonel Roosevelt's fate—or should one say his pleasure?—to inspire in his critics a flery, an almost religious, zeal. Those who instinctively oppose themselves to the Colonel in all things great and small are clever men. They are almost as clever as the Colonel. And the Colonel keeps them talking. He keeps their minds going in twentyfour-hour shifts. He compels them to rake their gifted souls for the sort of elemental truth which they deem necessary to lay him stark and low.

The process is one that serves to enrich general intelligence and to clarify popular opinion. So, in a manner singularly novel and picturesque, the most tumultuous ex-President in this or any other world still manages to do his country an immense service. It does not matter that he is often upor tre often en questionable ground. Between

them they give us light to see by.
It is easy to visualize Colone! Roosevelt as a solitary, cloaked figure plodding industriously among the Unanswerable Questions of the Hour and trailed always by a close-knit, shadowy group, well armed and intent upon an enveloping or flanking movement designed to make him a prisoner of logic or a major casualty. Attacks and impacts are frequent. They are not casual. They are sudden noisy furious. There are sortles in the dusk, scuffles, shouts and cries of pain. No one is ever victorious. But the clash of stupendous weapons, of ideas sharp and new, brings sparks that often leave a momentary revealing light upon the No Man's Land of national politics.

THE colonel is just emerging from one of I these encounters-perhaps the most significant encounter of the year. And a new and shining thing is visible in the dust of the scuffle. It begins to appear that Colonel Roosevelt has been able to uncover a really formidable issue for the campaign of 1920— that he has performed a miracle that was beyond the power even of Mr. Lodge in his listening post at Washington. The Colonel. with his usual genius for reaching the mass consciousness in a sensitive place, seems to have laid his hands upon an issue that may grow to prodigious importance; that should serve to touch the popular imagination swiftly and surely, and that is touched, too, with the bues of romance. It is an issue that has the added advantage of being star-

spangled.

The question which he raised in his most recent address is whether the United States. through a philosophically minded and ideally disposed Democratic Administration, shall commit itself fully to a program of internationalism; whether it will merge its austere identity with other nations in the course of peacemaking; whether the republic is to re-main proudly aloof, self-sufficient and free from the confusing interests of alien policies and the novel concerns sure to be involved in a program of close co-operations with for-eign nations old and new. Nothing that has been turned up by the swift current of recent events is so alluring as this general query or so potential as a rousing challenge to national feeling. The principle upon which Colonel Roosevelt seems bent on sounding the country and his own party is opposed, in many of its aspects, to the present trend of administrative philosophy at Washington. Undoubtedly the country is being taught to think more and more in terms of interna-The question to be raised is, of course, how far we can go with safety.

THE address that carried Colonel Roose I velt's habitual critics almost to the brink of hysteria was delivered a few days ago. It was full of sneers for the doctrines of internationalism. It was opposed to the proposed League of Peace—Mr Taft's organiza-tion, "Nationalism," said the Colonel, "corre-sponds to the love a man bears for his wife and children. Internationalism corresponds to the feeling he has for his neighbors gen-erally. To substitute nationalism for internationalism means to do away with patriot ism. It is as vicious and as profoundly demoralizing as to put promiscuous devotion to all other persons in the place of the steadfast devotion of a man to his own family This address has been answered by Colone Roosevelt's adversaries in various ways— with studied contempt, with noisy rage, with Is this the man, they screeching derision. who a little while ago was willing to Poland free and insure unto the Czecho Slavs a place in the much-talked-of sun? And if a man should love his wife best of all and his country like his wife and children, why should he be asked to depart from his wife and to leave her widowed, if need for the sake of the wives of France and

Belgium?

HERE the two theories clash brightly enough, And yet Colonel Roosevelt and his critics have not yet attempted to do more than touch the surface of a question that becomes larger every day. Certainly when seace is declared we shall have no easy time determining the part we shall take in inter-national polities. Endless morasses lie in that direction. Emotional and intellectual forces, tremendous and immeasurable, ar-impelling the United States in the drift to vard a new internationalism-to a place at which we should have to give up something of our old exclusiveness and, perhaps, not a little of our national energy. No one can get the measure of the new world that is to be so far it is only possible to perceive the looming difficulties vaguely. That we shall have to make stupendous decisions when the war ends is certain. Shall we decide to reurn to the old point of view, to withdray to our own berders and leave Europe to make to our own berders and leave Europe to make the best use possible of the gifts we have put in her hands." To what extent, on the other hand, shall we assume responsibility for new and shaky European governments? Which is the safe and most honorable way? Could the League of Nations keep the in dividual members in order? Will the new little nations maintain in peace the ideals that they are warring for? If they do not shall we go abroad to make future wars?

These are but superficial queries related to a great central question of our future course, and yet no man can answer them until he as seen the forms and shapes into which fresh from the fire.

But in risking to bring the great topic to

the fore Colonel Roosevelt has manifested his old virility of mind. And he is in a way to make the campaign of 1920 a cam-paign of constructive thinking and one that well be the most interesting, rather than the dullest, of a generation.

Roberts asserted that editorials in the Philadelphia Tageblatt interfered with the draft. Not so you could notice it, whatever may have been the intent. "Finnish throne in doubt," says a head-

ine. Yet there is no doubt whatever about the throne finish in certain quarters of the That Hejaz band which so gallantly co-

perated in General Allenby's victory seems

to have converted the "Turkish Patrol" into

a "rag." Foolish question for September 24: What's the use in the Kalser promising the Sultan a free hand in Persia, when Turkey has already taken the count in Palestine?

The war experts tell us that General Allenby's front in Palestine "extends roughly north." "Roughly" is right.

Some few Turks may withdraw to Tyre but 25,000 tire without withdrawing.

"HOW COULD I HELP IT? ALLAH QUIT WHEN HE FOUND GOTT HAD DESERTED!!"



Making Marathon Safe for the Urchin

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE Urchin and I have been strolling about Marathon on Sunday mornings for more than a year, but not until the gasolineless Sabbaths supervened were we really able to examine the village and see what it is like. Previously we had been kept busy either dodging motors or admiring them as they sped by. Their rich dazzle of burnished enamel, the purring hum of their great tires, vokes applause from the Urchin. He is learning, as he watches those flashing chariots, that life truly is almost as vivid as the advertisements in The Ladies' Home Journal. where the shimmer of earthly pageant first was presented to him.

W comely that the Urchin and I would like to leave some picture of it for future generations, particularly as we see it on an utumn morning when, as I say, the motors are kenneled and the landscape has ceased to vibrate. In the douce benignance of equipoetial sunshine we gaze about us with ever of inventory. Where my observation errs by too much sentiment the Urchin checks me by his cooler power of ratiocination.

Marathon is a suburban Xanadu gently caressed by the train service of the Cinder and Bloodshot. It may be recognized as an aristocratic and patrician stronghold by the fact that while luxuries are readily ob the fact that while invaries are readily ob-tainable (for instance, banana splits, or the latest novel by Enoch A. Bennett), neces-saries are had only by prayer and advowson. The drug store will deliver lee cream to your very refrigerator, but it is impossible to get your garbage collected. The cook goes off for her Thursday evening in a taxi, but off for her Thursday evening in a taxi, but you will have to mend the roof, stanch the plumbing and curry the furnace with your own hands. There are ten trains to take you to town of an evening, but only two to bring you home. Yet going to town is a luxury, coming home is a necessity. The supply of grape juice seems almost unlimited, get coal is to be had catch-as-catch-can.

ANOTHER proof that Marathon is patrician at heart is that nothing is known by its right name! The drug store is a "pharmacy," Sunday is "the Sabbath," a house is a "residence," a debt is a "balance due on bill rendered." A girls' school is a "young ladies' seminary." A Marathon man is not drafted, he is "inducted into selective service." And the railway station has a porte cochere (with the correct accent) inservice." And the railway station has a porte cochere (with the correct accent) in-stead of a carriage entrance. A furnace is (how erroneously!) called a "heater." Mara-thon people do not die—they "pass away." Even the cobbler, good fellow, has caught the trick: he calls his shop the "Italo-American Shoe Hospital." THIS is an innocent masquerade! If Mara

thon prefers not to call a flivver a flivver, I shall not expostulate. And yet this quaint subterfuge should not be carried quite so far. Stone walls are made for sunny lounging yet stone walls in Marathon are built with uneven vertical projections to discourage the sedentary parts. Nothing is more deligitful than a dog; but there are no dogs in Marathon. They are all airedales or spanlels or mas-tiffs. If an ordinary dog should wag his tail up our street the airedales would cut him dead. Bless me. Nature herself has taken to the same insincerity. The landscape round Marathon is lovely, but it has itself well in hand. The hills all pretend to be gentle declivities. There is a beautiful little sheet of water, reflecting the trailery of willows, a green salute to the eye. In a robuster community it would be a swimmin hole-but with us, an ornamental lake! . Only in one spot has Nature forgotten herself and been so brusque and rough as to jut up a very sizable cliff. This is the loveliest thins in Marathon: sunlight and shadow break and angle in cubist magnificence among the oddly veined knobs and prisms of brown stone. Yet this cliff or quarry is by com-mon consent taboo among us. It is our inmon consent taboo among us. It is our indelicacy, our indecency. Such "residences"
as are near modestly turn their kitchens
toward it. Only the blacksmith and the gastanks are hardy enough to face this nakedness of Mother Earth—they, and excellent
Pat Lemon, Marathon's humblest and blackest citisen, who contemplates that rugged
and honest beauty as he tills his garden on
the land abandoned by squeamish burghers.
That is our Aceldama, our Potter's Field.

only approached by the athletic, who keep their eyes from Nature's indiscretion by vigorous sets of tennis in the purple shado

T IFE is queerly inverted in Marathon

Nature has been so builled and repressed that she fawns about us timidly. No well-conducted suburban shrubbery would think of assuming autumn tints before the ladies have got into their fall fashions. Indeed none of our chaste trees will even shed their leaves while any one is watching; and they crouch modestly in the shade of our massive garages. They have been taught their place. In Marathon it is a worse sin to have your lawn uncut than to have your books or your hair uncut. I have been aware of indignant eyes because I let my back garden run wild. And yet I flatter myself it was not mere sloth. No! I want the Urchin to see what this savage tempestuous world is like. What preparation for life is a village where Na-ture comes to heel like a spaniel? When a thunderstorm disorganizes our electric lights for an hour or so we feel it a personal affront. Let my rearward plot be a deep-tangled wildwood where the happy Urchin may imagine something more feroclous lurking than a posse of radishes. Indeed, I hardly know whether Marathon is a safe place to bring up a child. How can he learn the horrors of drink in a village where there is no saloon? Or the sadness of the seven deadly sins where there is no movie? Or deference to his betters where the chauffeurs. in their withered leather legs, drive limou-sines to the drug store to buy expensive cigars, while their employers walk to the station puffing briar pipes?

HAVE been hoping that the war would knock some of this topsy-turvy nonsense out of us. Maybe it will. Sometimes I see on the faces of our commuters the unac-customed agitation of thought. At least we still have the grace to call ourselves a suburb, and not (what we fancy ourselves) a superurb. But I don't like the pretense a superurb. But I don't like the pretense that runs like a jarring note through the music of our life. Why is it that those who are doing the work must pretend they are not doing it. not doing it; and those not doing the work pretend that they are? I see that the mot messenger girls who drive high-powered cars wear Sam Browne belts and heavy-soled boots, whereas the stalwart colored wenches boots, whereas the staiwart colored wenches who labor along the tracks of the Cinder and Bloodshot console themselves with filmsy waists and light slippers. (A fact!) By and by the Urchin will notice these things. And I don't want him to grow up the kind And I don't want him to grow up the kind of chap who, instead of running to catch a train, loiters gracefully to the station and waits to be caught.

The Vatican's Position To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—A dispatch from The Hague describ-ing the ceremonial opening of the Dutch Parliament last week contained the follow-ing sentences: "The heads of the Entente diplomats were

"The heads of the Entente diplomats were divided from those of the Central Empires by an aisle. It is perhaps significant that the representative of the Holy See was seated with the latter." No one can seriously attach any significance to the fact that the Pope's representative happened to take his seat with the Teutonic diplomats. Undoubtedly it was a regretable accident that the papal envoy should have been seated on either side; it could not be more than an accident.

In a world torn with passion and beset with tears there has been no more honorable and consoling spectacle than the Holy See's preservation of a neutral heart. From the papacy saddened humanity expects and desires no partisanship. Those who have pretended to misunderstand the Vatican's tentative moves for an armistice willfully disregard the whole mission and function of the Pope. It is wholesome to quote again the words of the Pope in his appeal to the beligerent nations in August. 1917. These, the Pope said then, are the three purposes the See has had in mind: Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents as is suitable for Him who is the Common Father and who loves all His children with equal affection. Continually to attempt to do all the good possible, and that without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion, as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity. Finally, our pacific mission also requires to omit nothing as long as it was in our power which might contribute to hasten the end of this calamity.

Even in the midst of our just passion it is

calamity.

Even in the midst of our just passion it is well to know that at least one agency is as neutral as the human heart may be.

Villanova, Pa., September 31.

The Food I Left Behind Me

WE HEARD today from one among The first to cross the sea. T've slept in the rain and mud," he said, "Where candles are a luxury. Though it maybe that your reply To this will never find me, I only know of one regret-The food I left behind me!

4T'VE slept with rats in crater holes-I've sniffed the gases—fought the lice-I've passed up sleep and passed up smokes. The thousand things you sacrifice:

But here I stay to see it through. There's just one tie to bind me To the life I lived so long ago-The food I left behind me!

(67110) think of salads, steaks and chops, Potatoes, pie and savory fish I left upon my dinner plate! I often wish I had some dish I spurned in the past whose very sight Today would nearly blind me-Would I had what waiters got Of the food I left behind me!

GITHOSE plates of luscious edibles I nibbled at and pushed away Now rise again like steaming wraiths And haunt me every eatless day, Oh! some one send me kindly A table d'hote allowance of The food I left behind me!" -Sergt. John P. Roche, in "Rimes in Olive

Russia's Rainbow Division In Russia we now have the Red Guards (Bolshevik), the White Guards (bourgepisie), the Green Guards (Czecho-Slovaks), and the Black Guards (anarchists). Why not unite them in a Rainbow Division?-The Inde-

From a Window

A winter evening, but the frozen land Presents one cheerful picture; there below, Shaking as the with laughter, poplars stand, And warm their fingers at the sunset glow. Antoinette de C. Patterson in Contemporary

Vision of Peace

Once more the sea on which we float

And give Sir Thomas Lipton's boat

Will be a pleasant place

out even from strips of No Man's Land along

What Do You Know?

Who is in command of the victorious British forces in Palestine?
 Why is the right side of a ship called the starboard?

s. Which is the Wolverine State? 4. Who is the American ambassador to Italy?
5. When was Jerusalem taken by the Crusaders?

6. Who said "It is a condition which confronts us not a theory"?
7. How does the republic of Ecuador get its name? 8. What is a figurine? 9. What syliable should be accented in the

10. Which was the last southern State to second from the Union in 1861? Answers to Yesterday's Oniz

Sofia is the capital of Bulgaria.
 Vice President Marshall comes from Indiana.
 "Demnition bow wews" is a favorite expression of Mr. Mantalini in Dicksos's "Nicholas Nickleby."

4. A casserole is a heat-proof earthenware ves-sel in which various foods are cooked and served. 5. An isosceles triangle is one of which two sides are equal in length.

6. "Andante" is the Italian word for going. In music it indicates moderately slow time. 7. Charles Beado wrote "The Cioister and the Hearth."