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Philadelphia, Thursday, September 26, 1918

EXPLANATIONS CAN'T TAKE THE PLACE OF COAL

THE moderation in the temperature does not lessen the gravity of the coal situation. No amount of explanation can fill empty coal yards and empty cellars north of Market street.

And it will be cold again soon and each subsequent rise in temperature will be fol lowed by a fall to a still lower degree. What the people want is coal, and not explanations.

Household version: To bin or not to bin, that is the question.

DOES HE YET?

MAYOR SMITH, discussing the wisdom

of appointing men to office who had not had the experience necessary to qualify them for their work, cited himself as an example.

"Here am I, Mayor of Philadelphia." he said with a complacent smile, "and before I got it I never knew anything about the lob!"

What evidence does he possess leading him to believe that his status has been changed by time service in the job? He has got to prove it to the taxpayers.

Dispatches indicate that Turkey will be thoroughly done by Christmas.

POLITICIANS AND WAR EFFICIENCY WHO was not solemnly thrilled to hear that the Democratic candidates in Pennsylvania will cease spellbinding for the duration of the Liberty Loan drive in order not to impede that great work? Let us now reverently hope that every grasshopper in the autumnal fields will be equally considerate and refrain from hopping on the railroad tracks in order that the busy current of war shipping may not be interrupted and that the locomotives may have right of way with the steel and the concrete and the troops necessary to the complete annihilation of the Hun.

There is every hope that the Allied grip will spread to the proportions of an epidemic

NO USE FOR THOSE HE CAN'T "FIX"? 66T HAVE known a lot of newspaper

IS GERMANY GOING MAD? Von Hertling's Address to the Reichstag Is

Like a Plea to the Mildly Insane OFFICIAL Germany has spoken again through the Chancellor, von Hertling, for the ears of a world that has waited vainly during four years for a sign or a syllable adequate to prove that the Berlin Government is not utterly without conscience or decency. And again, balanced uncertainly above the tremors of earthquake, it has proved merely tireless in falsehood and fanatically devoted to lies and fraud, pretense and misrepresentation, as means of

eleventh-hour salvation. If the German Reichstag were an asylum for the mildly insane, the speech which the Chancellor has just delivered to its members would have been appropriate enough As a culminating appeal to a doomed and drifting nation the address is tragic and piteously futile.

The Reichstag is representative of such free public opinion as is permitted to exist in Germany. Its main committee has just met to consider the red menace that is closing in on the people. It had reason to expect some manifestation of logic by the Government. It was as surly, but as necessarily docile, as the overalled workers at Krupps, before whom the Kaiser acted the part of a monumental ass a few weeks ago. The dust of the approaching whirlwind was in its nostrils when yon Hertling arose to answer the indictment and the menace of a world in arms.

And what the Reichstag listened to were the prolonged, doddering inanitics of a corrupt and tired old man, intermingled with malevolent propaganda of the familiar high-angle sort intended not for the cars of Germany at all, but for the faint-hearted in the Allied countries. Of the war, of victories, submarines and the general outlook, von Hertling lied like an old-fashioned cab driver from the beginning of his speech to the end. "Die on!" he said in effect to Germany, 'rather than be crushed under the heels

of the tyrant Wilson!" The Chancellor began with the plaintive assertion that "his acquiescence in the four points laid down by President Wilson as peace essentials had met with no attention from the American Executive." Here he depended obviously on the short memory of a hurried and abstracted world.

Von Hertling said in January that he favored the President's terms "in principle."

He was explicitly answered by Mr. Wilson.

said:

The President had up to that time not lost all hope of an adjustment, based upon the repudiation of Germany by Austria. He appears to have given von Hertling the most careful sort of consideration. On February 11 the President answered the German Chancellor at length in an address to Congress. He

Count you Hertling's reply is, I must Count von Hertling's reply is, I must say, very vague and confusing. It is full of equivocal phrases, and leads it is not clear where. . . It confirms, I am sorry to say, rather than removes the un-fortunate impression made by what we had learned of the conferences at Breast-Litovsk. His discussion and acceptance of our gen-eral principles lead him to no general con-lumines. He software is apply them

clusions. He refuses to apply them . . . He would without reserve be glad to see economic barriers removed between nation and nation, for that could in no way impede the ambitions of the military party with whom he seems constrained to keep

consequent election of George W. Lamonte, the Democratic candidate, has come to naught

Mr. Tumulty wrote on White House stationery that the President had asked him to say that Congressman Gray, who sought the senatorship, "has always been a loyal supporter of the Administration," and he concluded the letter by remarking that "we all have a high opinion of him." Governor Edge has been nominated by vote of about five times as large as that

polled for the other candidates. This is a triumph for the Governor and incidentally a slap direct at Mr. Tumulty, who has amhitions to be a political power in New Jarsey. As the electors are voting as usual this year, it is morally certain that Edge will go to Washington. When he ran for the governorship in 1916 he was elected by a

plurality of 69,000 and Mr. Wilson lost the State by 57,000 votes and Senator Frelinghuysen was elected by 74,000. Mr. Lamonte, the hand-picked Demo cratic candidate, is no stronger than Pres-

ident Wilson, and if Wilson could not carry New Jersey in 1916 Lamonte cannot carry it in 1918.

HUNS WHO KNEW IT ALL

TT IS conceivable that the present discomfiture of Turkey and Bulgaria is not untinged with a certain furtive glee. Delight in the humiliation of a martinet schoolmaster has been a universal human. From the office. emotion since cave men assigned the first lessons to unwilling pupils. The world I used knows, with Dryden, that "men are but To mop my brow. children of a larger growth," and the civilized portions of it can hardly refrain from speculating on the possible feeling of defeated pupil armies whose teachers have

been discredited in wholesale fashion. Von Sanders, Schultz and Steinben compose that refuted staff. The first of the trio alighted at the terminus of the Berlin-Constantinople "extra-fare" express some months ago and proceeded at once to instruct the Sultan's armies in German military methods. The fulminating von der Goltz-he wie had proclaimed the imminent invasion of Egypt-had preceded

Von Sanders was to have turned the trick, first with victory in Palestine and then with a drive toward Suez. The last report of this goose-stepping master, cordially hated, it is said, by all his Ottoman pupils, depicted him in a cloud of Syrian

dust, skedaddling out of Nazareth, just six hours before General Allenby's arrival. Generals Schultz and Steinben came down to Sofia and lorded it over the Bulgarian army-that same force now crumbling under Allied pressure. Turks and Bulgars, after their own fashion, are stalwart fighters. The Hun decided that they needed builying leaders. It is well known that their mode of instruction was charac-

teristically tyrannical. It has been proved futile. Their pupils of the near East would not be human beings did they repress, even in their plight, a quiver of sardonic satisfaction over the spectacle of three "smarty" teachers who failed even more strikingly than their classes and ran for dear life.

> Upsetting the calendar in order to lick Ger-Every Day for Liberty many is entirely in order. And that's one

of the reasons why we applaud the efforts of the loan managers to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth" in the autumn.

The possibility of the **Filing** It On revenue bill making the suffering patron of a poor play pay out eighty cents tax for a

pair of seats at the theatre box office clamors for classification under the head of cruel and unnatural punishments.

RUBBER HEELS

The Ebb Tide "The pure enthusiasm which characterized August, 1914, could not last."-Count Hert-ling to the Reichstag.

THE pure enthusiasm Of sweet 1914 Has lost its punch and plasm, Has grown a triffe lean; And Gott no more delivers.

And war has lost its jazz. And Bill the Bungler flivvers And wonders what he has.

THE turnips are uprooted. The goose is out of step, The Kultur is diluted And ebbs the erstwhile pep: Old Hertling's busy packing A poultice on his spine-O something must be cracking In the wristwatch on the Rhine!

Little Beads IN A certain drug store There is a telephone booth That I will never forget. When I was engaged

I used to worship At that booth. And I chose it because it was Soundproof and airtight. I used to call Her up Every evening on the way home At the close of the conversation

DOVE DULCET.

The Boche's Viewpoint

I'm sorry we went in This town of St. Quentin-A poor town to tent in, To lodge or to rent in, And now to be pent in A town with a dent in. No coin to be spent in. No armistice meant in. No smellable scent in, But fire and death blent in And battered and bent in No chance to relent in No fun to invent in No lady or gent in 6 No Council of Trent in

But just to be shent in St. Quentin!

September

With the dawn of September morning Is born from out of the West-When summer has done with its swelter And birds have flown from the nest-The fairest of all of the seasons, And wafts of sweet-scented breath,---The dawn of the beautiful autumn, That some people say is Death.

Ah! but when I consider Thy heavens In the clear, cool dawn of fall, And the hues of the fields and woodland. There's beauty and life in all; In the sun of September mornings, The sky with its azure blue And the pale-tinted clouds of twilight, Till the fall of evening dew.

And the moon of September evenings The stars and the crystal air, And the clouds with their silver bor ler-O God! I can see Thee there. And just overhead in the shadows The van of the migrant train is moving again to the Southland, In starlight, moonlight or rain,

Why, Autumn is born in September. The time to build castles in Spainif only the end of October Would bring September again RALPH RANKIN.

We wonder whether Hertling fooled himself in that Reichstag speech? Certainly he didn't gull any one else.

Hertling says that he can look forward

Admiral you Hintze says Germany's

that list of kaputed U-boat captains.

they'll be kept warm by hiking.

SOCRATES.

The War Department strongly hints that

autoless Sundays will be continued beyond

nconveniences the extended order may lay

upon the pleasure seeker, it is safe to say

that virtually the entire country will derive

The Turks still in Damascus are un-

It is happily undeniable that the daily

extension of Foch's web around St. Quentin

is a matter of net gains.

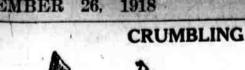
Hellas broke loose

likely to get much further than the first

syliable of that expressive and venerable

the original five weeks' schedule. Whatever

n Macedonia.





TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

realized that his home was in some vague way connected with a mysterious person whose memory occasionally attracts inquirers TT IS a weakness of mine-not a sinful one. to the house, BEHIND the parlor is a dark little bedroom. and then the kitchen. In a corner of the backyard is a curlous thing; a large stone or terra cotta bust of a bearded man, very much like Whitman himself, but the face is battered and the nose broken so it would be hard to assert this definitely. One of the boys told me that it was in the yard when they moved in a year or so ago. The house is a little dark, standing between two tailer brick neighbors. At the head of the stairs I noticed a window with colored panes, which lets in spots of red, blue and vellow

senses. Such is the simple cottage that one

"OVER HERE"

AMERICA, fall in line, fall in line, fall in line, Working all the time, all the time, all the

time. Hear them calling you and me. Ev'ry fighter for liberty. Hurry off to work, off to work, off to work,

Tell your Uncle Sam that you will not shirk, Tell your neighbors not to pine,

For we'll soon be over the Rhine.

CHORUS Over here, over here,

We're at work, all the time, over here; The men are toiling, the women are

toiling. Our people are busy ev'rywhere. We'll do our share, we'll do our share, Send the word to our boys over there

peeping over her shoulder. It was "Hans Brinker." On the same boat were several schoolboys carrying copies of Myers' "History of Greece." Quaint, isn't it, how our schools keep up the same old bunk! What earthly use will a smattering of Greek history be to those boys? Surely to our citi-

light. I imagine that this patch of vivid color was a keen satisfaction to Walt's acute light. of the Marne will be more important than

Walt Whitman Shrines

I hope-that whenever I see any one reading a book in public I am agog to find out what it is. Crossing over to Camden this morning a young woman on the ferry was absorbed in a volume, and I couldn't resist

zens of the coming generation the battles

men." said the Mayor to Rabbi Berkowitz, "and I have not much use for them. Two or three of them have been friendly to me and I have fixed two."

The first sentence is a high tribute to the integrity of the newspaper reporters. Pity 'tis that the Mayor should have found even three he felt deserving of reward at his hands.

In sound at least the watchword to coal

dealers and doughboys is identical; "Chute."

MICAWBER IS STILL WAITING

WHILE there is little resentment mani-fested at the severe criticisms of Philadelphia made by Peter O. Knight, vice president of the American International Corporation, the business organizations of the city are apparently glad to welcome his assistance in developing the foreign trade of the port.

The Board of Trade, the Bourse and the Chamber of Commerce have all expressed their appreciation of the value of the great terminal at Hog Island. The president of the Board of Trade has called upon Mr. Knight to show his faith by his works. The American International Corporation controls the W. R. Grace & Co. steamship lines, the Mercantile Marine Company's lines, as well as other steamships owned by other companies. Let Mr. Knight bring some of these vessels to Philadelphia, says Mr. Coates, and then we shall have proof that he means what he says.

This is all very well so far as it goes; but the Philadelphia business men should recall that the great port of Hamburghin Germany was built up largely through the efforts of the Hamburg business men and that half of the stock of the Hamburg-American Line is owned by Hamburg merchants and bankers. We must take the initiative ourselves if we expect to grow, and not wait like Micawber for something to turn up-not even for Mr. Knight.

Terse but true: bond or bondage.

THOSE VANISHED U-BOATS TUST at present it would seem that any one with a zeal for self-advertising might offer a highly substantial reward for the discovery of a German submarine off the American coast and put up his purse ith an excellent prospect of its being unmpaired.

Having failed to strike us with terror on their arrival, the sea wolves have ted surprisingly little comment from on their apparent departure.

retrospect, the whole U-boat cam off our shores seems one of futility has come and gone without affecting he least the course of the war. Should resumed for another spectacular dis It is safe to propheny that its results ote from the problems

on terms In the course of his address the President reviewed the conditions necessary to peace and the details of von Hertling's pronouncement and showed that they did not run parallel at any point, and clearly revealed the Chancellor as a word juggler with a double purpose.

Detail by detail, von Hertling now reverts to his old address and plaintively asserts that he was not answered. What hypocrisy! He talked of the "age-old sorrows of Ireland," but said nothing of the sorrows of Belgium and France. He babbled of the freedom of the seas, but said nothing of the freedom of Russia. Arbitration is a principle dear to the heart of the Chancellor-now after disease germs and poison gas, flame throwers clothes. and submarines and Zeppelins and general slaughter have failed.

The voice in the Reichstag was a voice from the grave, in which the world has already buried the old order of corrupt diphomacy. The processes of arbitration which he suggested to the Reichstag are the processes that would have been seized upon a few years ago by crooks in frock coats and medals, who composed the school of secret diplomacy which always has directed the careers of pirate nations. But they are no longer tolerable to the civilized world.

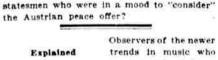
Von Hertling and his Kaiser do not yet know this. They live in the past. The Chancellor's reference to the "pure ambitions of 1914" in his latest address would make it appear that the unfortunate old man is actually touched with madness.

Meanwhile, in England and Ireland, in France and in Italy, in the United States, in every quarter of the world where white men are assembled in communities, the records of loans, of enlistments, of war service of every sort make it plain that the propaganda which officials like von Hertling keep up night and day is utterly futile. Even the radical pacifists of England have risen at last and pledged themselves to war upon the German horror. For this the German people who are asked to "die on" have to thank corrupt and half-mad leaders, whose mental and spiritual decadence was nicely illustrated in the Chancellor's speech.

TUMULTY'S FINGERS BURNED AGAIN THE effort of Mr. Tumulty, Secretary I to the President, to divert enough votes from Governor Edge to bring about the nomination of George L. Record for the senatorship by the -nublicans and the off.

Riding over to Cam-News From Abroad den on the Market calmly to the judgment of posterity. So street ferry we noticed can we all, because when posterity comes that the steam heat is on in the boat cabins. around with the axe we won't be present which are unbearably hot. And yet lots of at the chopping block. homes in North Philadelphia have no coal!

enemies are suffering from the intoxicatio : Is it proper to wonder of victory. Well, old lad, pretty soon that whether the fire at Oh, Surely! will be the only intoxication permitted us. the Willard Hotel in Washington warmed the feet of some of those



are puzzled to know what has become of ragtime might be told that it became all the rage in Germany when the army selzed everybody's good

Three persons were Referred to killed in automobil-Lansdowne? accidents in New York on gasless Sunday. Is New York in the

United States? The French call this the Autumn of The dealer who tells you that your Vengeance. And some of our coal dealers inter's coal has been "slated" for delivery seem to feel the same way about it. may mean well, but his choice of words raises uncomfortable doubts on the quality of that promised fuel.

The best way to substantiate von Herting's contention that Germany is in a "grave situation" is to sustain our deadly artillery fire.

With the storehouses of Prilep cap tured and those of Uskub menaced Serbia's base acts may be indorsed without a shade of misgiving.

Maybe the local fuel administration expects that inhabitants of the coalless northern section of the city are depending on the fire of their own indignation to keep them the bright days are dark for Germany. WATTO.

Without the slightest ill feeling toward Texas, Pennsylvania is preparing ambitiousy to become the loan star star State. Suffrage will mean quite the reverse of

"" rage if the Senate votes right today The speed of the war makes it nearly time for Mr. Wells to begin on a jubilant

sequel, "Mr. Britling Saw It Through." The somewhat unexciting primary in New Jersey demonstrates how it is possible

simultaneously to retain sober judgment and take an Edge on.

The prevailing Austrian shortage of butter may perhaps be due to her wasteful use

of it on words which are quite tasteless when the superficial grease has been scrape

the scuffle at Salamis.

MY ERRAND in Camden was to visit the house on Mickle street where Walt Whitman lived his last years. It is now occupied by Mrs. Thomas Skymer, a friendly Italian woman, and her family. Mrs. Skymer graciously allowed me to go through the

downstairs rooms.

DON'T suppose any literary shrine on earth is of more humble and disre-Any one who wants to know what the garded aspect than Mickle street. It is a British navy has been doing in its off little cobbled byway, grimed with drifting hours might consult the finest free-verse smoke from the railway yards, littered with poem the papers have ever printed, to wit, wind-blown papers and lined with small wooden and brick houses sooted almost to Officers of the German general staff are blackness. It is curious to think, as one vorried about their coal supply for this walks along that bumpy brick pavement. winter. They don't know where to have it that many pilgrims from afar have looked delivered. Better ship it somewhere east forward to visiting Mickle street as one of of Berlin and be on the safe side. They the world's most significant altars. As Ches-terton wrote once, "We have not yet begun to get to the beginning of Whitman." But won't need much coal, any way, because ayfarer, of today will find Mickle street far from impressive. The little house, a two-story frame cottage, The Turks are feeling the pale in Pales tine, and the Bulgars are setting the mace

painted dark brown, is numbered 330. (In Whitman's day it was 328.) On the pave-ment in front stands a white marble stepping with the carved initials W. W.

given to the poet. I dare say, by the same friends who bought him a horse and car-riage. A small sign, in English and Italian, says Thomas A. Skymer, Automobiles to Hire on Occasions. It was with something of a thrill that I entered the little front parlor where Walt used to sit, surrounded by his litter of papers and holding forth to faithful One may safely say that his was listeners. a happy old age, for there were those who never jibbed at protracted audience.

DESCRIPTION of that room as it was in a certain vicarious satisfaction from the A the last days of Whitman's life may not announcement. The pain of foregoing motor e uninteresting. I quote from the article ublished by the Philadelphia Press of March 27, 1892, the day after the poet's death :

Below the windowsill a four-inch pine shelf is swung, on which rests a bottle ink, two or three pens and a much-rubbed spectacle case

(The shelf, I am sorry to say, is no longer there.)

e table-between which and the wall is the poet's rocker covered with a worsted afghan, presented to him one Christmas by bevy of college girls who admired his rk-is so thickly piled with books and work-is so thickly piled with books and magazines, letters and the raffle of a iterary desk that there is scarcely an inch of room upon which he may rest his paper as he writes. A volume of Shakespeare lies on top of a heaping full wastebasket that was once used to bring peaches to market, and an ancient copy of Worcester's Dictionary shares places in an adja ent chair with the poet's old and familiar soft gray hat, a newly darned blue woolen sock and a shoe-blacking brush. There is a paste bottle and brush on the table and pair of scissors, much used by the poet who writes, for the most part, on small bits of paper and parts of old envelopes and pastes them together in patchwork

find nothing in the parlor at all reminiscent of Whitman's tenancy, except the hole for or wnitman's tenancy, except the hole for the stovepipe under the mantel. One of Mrs. Skymer's small boys told me that "He" died in that room. Evidently small Louis Skymer didn't in the least know who "He" was, but

clates with America's literary declaration of independence.

THE other Whitman shrine in Camden is L the tomb in Harleigh Cemetery, reached by the Haddonfield trolley. Built into a quiet hillside in that beautiful cemetery, of enormous slabs of rough-hewn granite with a vast stone door standing symbolically ajar, seemed to me grotesque, but greatly impres-sive. It is a weird pagan cromlech, with a sive. huge triangular boulder above the door bearing only the words WALT WHITMAN, Palmy and rubber plants grow in pots on the little curved path leading up to the tomb; above it is an uncombed hillside and trees flickering

in the air. At this tomb, designed (it is said) by Whitman himself, was held that remarkable funeral ceremony on March 30, 1892, when a circus tent was not large enough to roof the crowd, and peanut venders

did business on the outskirts of the gather ing. Perhaps it is not amiss to recall what ng. Fernaps it is not amiss to recall what Bob Ingersoil said on that occasion: He walked among verbal varnishers and veneerers, among literary milliners and tailors, with the unconscious dignity of an antique god. He was the poet of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice. And though one finds in the words of the

naive ingersoil the squeaking timber of the soapbox, yet even a soapbox does lift a man few inches above the level of the clay.

WELL, the Whitman battle is not over yet, nor ever will be. Though neither ladelphia nor Camden has recognized 330 Mickle street as one of the authentic shrines of our history (Lord, how trimly dight it would be if it were in New Eng-land !), Camden has made a certain amend in outting Walt into the gay mosaic that adorns the portico of the new public library Cooper Park. There, absurdly represented i an austere black cassock, he stands in the following frieze of great figures: Dante, Gutenberg, Tyndale Mollere, Washington, Penn, Columbus, Moses, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Long-

fellow and Palestrina. I believe that there was some rumpus as to whether Walt should he included; but, anyway, there he is.

TOU will make a great mistake if you Y don't ramble over to Camden some day and fleet the golden hours in an observant stroll. Himself the prince of loafers, Walt taught the town to loaf. When they built the new postoffice over there they put round it a ledge for philosophic lounging, one of the ost delightful architectural features I have ever seen. And on Third street, just around the corner from 339 Mickle street, is the oddest plumber's shop in the world. Mr. George F. Hammond, a Civil War veteran, who knew Whitman and also Lincoln, came to Camden in '59. In 1888 he determined to oulld a shop that would be different from anything on earth, and well he succeeded. Per-haps it is symbolic of the shy and harassed oul of the plumber, fleeing from the unreasonable demands of his customers, for it is a kind of Gothic fortress. Leaded windows, gargoyles, masculine medusa heads, a sallygargoyles, maculine meduas, a sary-port, loopholes and a little spire. I stopped in to talk to Mr. Hammond and he greeted me graciously. He says that people have come all the way from California to see his shop, and I can believe it. It is the work delightful and original spirit who ot care to live in a demure hutch like the rest of us, and has really had some fun out of his whimsical little castle. He says he would rather live in Camden than in Philade this, and I daresay he's right.

There's no shirking, we're all a-working, And we won't guit work Till it's over Over There.

Send them lots of guns, lots of guns, lots

of guns, Keep them on the run, on the run, on

the run. Our boys are calling you and me;

Send supplies for liberty.

Speed 'em up today, right away, no delay, Get them on their way, on their way, on their way:

Tell our fighters ev'rywhere That Uncle Sam will do his share. T. W. DAVIS.

Carrie Nation's Cow

You might think they were little roadelds shrines, all leafed over on top of their four supporting poles. There is one in front of almost every barrack building in the S. O. S. On closer inspection, though, you see that while not exactly shrines of religion, they are shrines of temperance. For, suspended under each one of those leafy canopies, is the old O... D, chlorinated water bag, better known as

the Carrie Nation cow. They are-awfully strict about the use of chlorinated water down in the flat lands upon which many of the big camps in the S. O. S. are perched; they have to be. And that is why the cow is tended so carefully, kept cool in her sylvan grot and all the rest.

-Stars and Stripes.

What Do You Know?

OUIZ

- 1. What German general ran away as Allenby's victorious army plunged through Palestine? 2. What is a gibbous moon?
- What is the difference and immigration? between emigratio
- 4. What is an emu? 5. What is incorrect in the following: "The Book of Revelations"?
- 6. What is feverfew?
- Who was Figaro, after whom a Paris newspaper is named?
- 8. Which is the "Hoosler State"? 9. What is- pulgue?
- What fortress in the war zone was formerly called "La Pucelle," the maid, because prior to 1870 it had never surrendered?
 - Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
- Malor General Gorgas is surgeon general of the United States army. 2. Quotidian means dally, from "quotidianus." a Latin word with the same significance.
- 3. The Louisians Territery was purchased from France by the United States in 1803 during the administration of Thomas Jofferson.
- 4. Voltaire wrote "If there were no God is would be necessary to invent him."
- would be necessary to invent him." 5. A grackle is a bird allied to the incident or blockbird. The bent known warlety, found in America, is the so-called purple grackle, The miles are about twelve inches long and of a uniform glessy black, with metallic reflections.

- when a more the state of st. Sephia as a more the state of st. Sephia was expected in the state cen under the Emperor Justinian.

The continued advance of the Greeks near Lake Doiran profanely suggests that It would be nice of the fuel administrator if he would say whether he wishe

us to start the fire or risk Spanish influenza In spite of a careful examination I could The Kaiser, when he appeared on the Lorraine front the other day, delivered speeches in three languages-and lied in

rides has been nothing at all compared with the pride of displaying the magnitude and intensity of a voluntary patriotism. The Allies' complaints over the prevailing bad weather on the western front may be assuaged with the reflection that the sun will shine again for them while even

word.