

Evening Public Ledger
THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
 CHRIS H. K. CURTIS, President
 Charles H. Ludington, Vice President
 J. W. Schaefer, Secretary and Treasurer
 John H. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors

EDITORIAL BOARD:
 Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Chairman
 DAVID E. SMITH, Editor
 JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at 1115 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone 631-1115.
 Published for the Public Ledger Company, 1115 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Entered as second class matter, June 20, 1878, at Philadelphia, Pa., under special rate of postage provided for in act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
 Postpaid in Philadelphia, Pa., and at other points where the Public Ledger Company has offices.
 Single copy, 10 cents. In advance, 15 cents per month, \$4.20 per year, payable in advance.
 All foreign countries one dollar per month.
 Notice—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.
 BILL, 3600 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3600

Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Member of the Associated Press
 THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein.
 All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, October 1, 1918

THE SUFFRAGE SPEECH

THE President, in his appeal to the Senate to pass the resolution submitting to the States a suffrage amendment to the Constitution, asked the Senators to substitute their judgment for their own. When he spoke, more than a third of the Senators were opposed to the resolution.

Mr. Wilson announced that he appeared as the commander-in-chief of the army and navy and he declared that the adoption of the resolution was necessary as a war measure. In the same way he asked for the passage of the draft laws, for the authorization of great loans, for the taking over by the Government of the railroads and the telegraph and telephone lines, and for all the regulations of industry and commerce to which we are submitting.

The judgment of the President has been accepted by Congress in the past. It has loyally followed the lead of the commander-in-chief of the military forces of the nation. It may follow him in this.

It must not be forgotten that the adoption of the resolution by the Senate will not give the privilege of voting to women in the States in which they do not now enjoy it. The amendment must be ratified by the Legislatures of at least thirty-six States before it becomes effective over the whole nation.

But the adoption of the resolution will serve notice on the world that the national Government is willing to do what it can to secure for the women here the privilege for which their leaders have been fighting for many years.

The grade in Belgrade at last runs upward.

WHY THERE IS SO LITTLE CHERING

AN ENGLISHMAN, writing to London from Kansas City, Mo., professes to be surprised at the calmness with which the Americans are receiving the news of the splendid exploits of their armies in Europe. He expected manifestations of enthusiasm and boastful language, but he is impressed by what he calls our modesty.

The Englishman is dilating with the wrong emotion. We take the achievements of our men quietly, not because we are modest, but because we knew what they would do before they went. We take the brilliance of their attack and their determination to win as a matter of course. We sent our men to Europe to win the war. They are winning it. We knew they would. And we are all saying "I told you so," an expression which has never been regarded as the utterance of modesty.

The armistice has started the brawl going.

DRESSING UP FOR THE BIG SHOW

HAVING perfected his style of fighting with troops that have refused to turn back since their entrance into the war, Uncle Sam now turns his attention to the fighting style. Official announcements have been made that the quartermasters department shall fit the uniform to the man instead of fruitlessly striving to fit the man to the uniform. The creation of a really "nifty" army is thus in prospect.

As this attention to military modes has but scant connection with military effectiveness—the dauntless polius who best back von Kluck at the First Marne composed the most sloppily dressed of all modern armies—is it not conceivable that the American soldier is being scrupulously tailored with some new purpose in view?

The melodramatic Hun is much moved by externals. Can the War Department be counting on his emotions as the spectator of a smart full dress parade "Under the Linden"?

It seems to have been a recreation springboard which threw Mayor Smith.

AS TO HUNS AND SHOTGUNS

THE protest of Germany against the use of shotguns because they cause "unnecessary suffering" is an example of the most stupendous hypocrisy of which there is any record.

Germany has violated every agreement made among the nations to prevent unnecessary suffering in war, suffering inflicted on civilians as well as on soldiers. She has massacred noncombatants. She has willfully destroyed whole towns. She has invented and first used poison gas. She has used the submarine against passenger ships. She has bombed undefended towns from airships. She has tortured her prisoners and mutilated her civilian captives.

And now she threatens reprisals upon our soldiers taken as prisoners unless we stop using shotguns!

Can it be that she is preparing for the time when she is to be hazed before the sport of the world charged with her crimes and is seeking for evidence that her enemies have been using abhorrent weapons?

THE MAYOR UNDER ARREST

We Shall Soon Know Whether the Civil Service Law Means Anything or Not

MAGISTRATE CARSON showed greater respect for the dignity of the office of Mayor than was shown by the Mayor himself when he went to the Mayor's office accompanied by a constable to serve the warrant for Mr. Smith's arrest.

The Magistrate thus saved the city the humiliation of the spectacle of its chief executive officer going through the streets in the custody of a constable to give bail in court.

But he could not save the city the humiliation of the arrest of the Mayor. This arrest, however, is but one of the many humiliations that have been heaped upon Philadelphia since Thomas B. Smith took the oath of office.

He is accused of a misdemeanor in forcing the appointment of a political favorite to a position protected by the civil service laws. If he has been innocent, as we hope, for the sake of the city, he may be able to prove himself to be, and if he had been well advised, he would have made an instant demand that there be a full and fair investigation of all the facts connected with the case and he would have hastened to disclose the whole record. Instead he has taken refuge behind his technical rights and he apparently plans to fight the inquiry with all the resources of the law as interpreted by skillful counsel.

His alleged offense is not uncommon in this city. Our political organization leaders, who make the laws, have no respect for their creations. They interpret them to suit the exigencies of their political desires. No finer illustration of this disposition has been afforded than the announcement last spring that Senator Penrose, one of the Town Meeting leaders of last fall, was not to be allowed to vote in the Republican primaries because he had voted the Town Meeting ticket, but that all the rank and file of the Republicans who voted the Town Meeting ticket would be welcome to the Republican primaries. And the leaders cited the law which would keep Penrose out, and made so bold as to say that it would be disregarded when it came to the little men!

What is the civil service law which the Mayor is charged with disregarding? It is found in Chapter 83 of the laws of 1906. That law provides that when there is a vacancy to be filled by appointment in the service covered by the statute an examination shall be held and at least four eligibles "shall" be certified to the appointing power. The only exception is when some one is needed at once to fill a vacancy. Then a special examination may be given to a single candidate, who may be appointed to hold office until a list of at least four eligibles can be secured, from which the permanent appointee is to be selected. Whoever violates this law is guilty of a misdemeanor.

The Mayor is charged with coercing the Recreation Board into appointing the sole man on the eligible list and with inducing the Civil Service Commission to arrange such an examination as to man whom the Mayor desired to have appointed could pass. The Recreation Board protested against appointing the man and insisted that a list of four eligibles be submitted in accordance with the law. The protesting members were summarily removed and complainant men were named in their place and these new men appointed the Mayor's candidate.

This is the state of facts as set forth in the affidavit on the strength of which the warrant for the arrest of the Mayor was issued. And this is the law which the Mayor is said to have violated. Yet his counsel is reported as saying that he is guilty of no offense which justifies the issue of a warrant. His counsel may be right. But whether it is right or wrong, the Mayor is guilty of an outrageous violation of the purpose and intent of all the civil service laws because he has used the Civil Service Commission in securing the appointment of a political favorite to a well-paid office. It was the intention of the law to reach just such an offense. We shall soon know whether it actually does reach it.

It is pertinent to remember just now that the essential meaning of Islam is "surrender," and the Turks have always been noted for their devout orthodoxy.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER, the month of gold and russet leafage, of sparkling sunshine and crystal air, enters upon her career with happier gesture than any of the fifty sisters, which have preceded her since August, 1914. With the very trees coming their foliage into gold, as more than one rhyme-ster has pointed out, the Victory Loan will take the hint and roll up a tide of loyal mintage. With six or eight weeks of fine fighting weather ahead, Brunnhilde and Kriemhilde and Alberich and the other grandiloquently christened defensive systems of the enemy may go the way of the Hindenburg "granitic block."

Foch is putting the doubt in redoubt, as the paragraphers will say; and the Allied plans on the western front are not likely to fade into that "crepuscular remoteness" which is General von Ardenne's latest contribution to the embossed phraseology of the war. The swift dramatic capitulation of the Bulgarian Caedon sets the scene for further shifting and surprise in the Balkan proscenium. And the Kaiser's pundits can ill afford to spend much time and energy in repairing rotten fabric in the southeast.

All hail, then, to October! Month of scrapple and cider and overabundant loans, month of yellow and crimson leaves, month when the wisest men take their vacations, foregoing the bliss and mos-

quito bite of July and August. The only drawback in the minds of some of us is that, after having hoarded our vacations all summer, events are now moving with such electric swiftness that the careful mood has vanished. All hail to October, anyway! In the fortunes of a perplexed world she unrolls thirty-one days of supreme importance.

Tired of Following Lucifer

The Sultan of Turkey, who is playing for a break with Germany, finds himself between the devil and the deep sea. He thinks that he can get a life preserver, but he knows that there are no asbestos suits in the market.

Page Karl Rosner

It would be interesting to hear the Kaiser's opinion of selective service as it works out in the land of his scared and fickle ally.

Aims For the Love of Allah!

With his panicky call for funds from Berlin the Turkish Sultan reveals himself as a sincere champion of the cash-and-carry-on system.

The great drawing in Washington cannot fail to be productive of the fairest picture of victory.

Today's quotation for the Kaiser's calendar: "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet."

The direct antithesis of a Liberty Bond is the one for which the Mayor has been permitted to enter bail.

"Let us feed" has been forcibly ruled out of Cesar Ferdinand's library formerly dedicated to the Kaiser's Gott.

With the Allies in control of the trunk lines to Sofia the Hun may still rail as home, but no longer in Bulgaria.

CONFETTI

We Pull Some Jazz

(Kindly accompany with drum and cymbals)

It's the end of the Beginning, For we've learnt the trick of winning. And the boche's underpinning Starts to buckle and to bend— It's our lucky seventh inning, When the bleachers' cheers are dining. For the end of the Beginning 'S the Beginning of the End!

The Beginning of the End, When the Hun has not a friend, He hasn't even got a Gott On whom he can depend, And he'll get a lousy tumbing As a penalty for stuning. For the end of the Beginning 'S the Beginning of the End!

The man most eager to claim exemption from this new draft will be William Hohenzollern.

General Pershina's slogan is said to be "Herron, Hell or Haboken by Christman," and thoughtful citizens of Hoboken may be wondering just what is implied.

Liberty Limericks

When McAdoo manies your purse, For a moment your wad will feel worse, But the wound will soon heal, And the coupons you peel Will buy Bill a rubber-tired lease.

—DOVE DELICET.

Revised Timetable on the Berlin-Bagdad Railway

The management of the Berlin-Bagdad Railway announces the following changes of schedule, effective immediately, or sooner:

Those holding commutation tickets between the Serbian suburbs and Constantinople are recommended to inform their stenographers that they may be anywhere from a week to a month late in reaching the office. This is due to the suspension of direct train service between Nish and Constantinople.

Train No. 23 will stop at Nish, whence passengers will proceed on foot to the Iron Gate on the Danube. It is hoped that no complaints will be made in respect to this routing, for the scenery on the Danube is parrot-trill, and forays by hostile Rumanian natives will prevent any monotony. From the Iron Gate passengers will be ferried down the river by rafts. A few Pullman and club rafts will be furnished, if possible, for those accustomed to luxurious travel. Indisposed in the neighborhood of Bucharest, the party will transfer at the river's mouth to Turkish dhows, eventually (it is hoped) arriving at Constantinople. However, those expecting to spend Christmas in that city will do well to start immediately.

Passengers are offered an alternative route. A caravan of smoking pationquins will leave Belgrade every morning at 8 a. m. bound for Montegrin seaports, where travelers may embark upon an Austrian sublimarine. As space on sublimarines is necessarily limited, and there is much oily machinery, commuters will wear tar-paulin overalls, and limit their luggage to a toothbrush and a cork belt. In case of capture by enemy vessels, fares cannot be refunded. No return tickets sold.

Commuters who find themselves eventually in an Allied prison camp must not write complaints to the management of the railway, which cannot hold itself responsible for any failure of Gott and Allah to make the proper connections. These arrangements are liable to change without notice.

The management feels that the wisest plan would be for commuters to break themselves of the habit of going to Constantinople as soon as possible.

Now that the Czechs-Slovakis keep on advancing in Siberia, the Bolsheviks had better watch their steps.

As far as Hindenburg is concerned the Argonne is gone.

The cricket who has made himself a loud nuisance all summer plays a little plaintively just before the frost. And the Hun who complains of shotguns because they cause "unnecessary suffering" reminds us just a little of that cricket.

We said some time ago that we could see Mr. McAdoo's handwriting on the wall, and it occurs to us to add that his autograph will never be a rare curiosity, because almost everybody has an engraved facsimile of it.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

City Mysteries

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Why do the water carts start on their terrible voyages between ten and eleven o'clock, just before the theatres close and the ladies are abroad in their beautiful garments?

Why do the bridges over the same devoted streets continue to rain for several days after J. P. Fluvius has ceased, almost dropping their slimy contributions upon the aforesaid beautiful garments of the aforesaid fair? (To say nothing of the toppers and the glazed front of their escorts!) In more civilized communities, such as Timbuctoo, where the engineers are not wise enough to put some layers of waterproofing over and between the concrete, the rude and ready carpenters or tinsmiths came and put roofs under the bridges.

Why are all the wagons made to unload from the rear instead of the side, especially those which do business between the elevated railroad posts and the curb—and why is a colored driver of a coal cart permitted to halt on his way to his cart while he sings a blithering song?

Why do the gentlemen who macerate tobacco expropriate out of the car windows, especially against the walls of the restaurant? It cannot be called camouflage, though it might be called cascading.

Why do men, especially in this grippy time, prefer the already much-occupied car to a handkerchief—or, even, in its absence, a scarf?

Why do the heathen rage from one end of the hole under the City Hall to the other whenever a car enters or departs? Don't some of 'em think they might be nearer if they would stand quite still?

Why does the brave copper choose the occasion of holding up traffic on both sides to visit with a friend from the country?

Why do the wood blocks on Market Street erupt so often like young and avid Vesuvius—and remain in eruption far longer than Vesuvius possibly could?

Why do the gentlemen who cut trenches across the streets, not for defense, but for gas pipes, try to conceal their villainy by filling the aforesaid trenches with dust?

Why does the headlight fiend continue to rave up and down Broad (and other) streets notwithstanding a carefully drawn ordinance against him providing for fine and imprisonment?

Why do the locomotive engineers continue to smoke and smoke us until— But I know a lady who is after 'em, And she'll get 'em, never fear!

Why does the typewriter complain of these weird mysteries when nothing has helped to solve them since Herodotus began to loiter about them?

JOHN LUTHER LONG,
 Philadelphia, September 30.

Sunday Amusement for the Men in Uniform

Sir—As a member of the United States navy stationed in the city of New York, I desire to tell of the treatment of enlisted men in that city and to suggest that a similar movement be started in Philadelphia. During the week there are various dances and entertainments held in New York for the enjoyment of the enlisted men, but on Saturday and Sunday these amusements increase greatly to supply the needs of thousands of soldiers and sailors who come to the metropolis to spend their short week-end liberty.

The greatest pleasure, however, that the enlisted man enjoys is the entertainment given every Sunday afternoon at the Casino Theatre, where talented vaudeville actors volunteer their services for the pleasure of the soldiers and sailors from the various regiments of the United States Army. The actors and actresses from the Keith circuit, as well as soldiers and sailors with experience on the stage, have contributed to the success of these shows, which have been in existence for approximately a year.

To follow this plan in Philadelphia would be giving the service men an opportunity of seeing refreshing entertainment during their week-end liberty, and would send them back to camp in a far better frame of mind than if they would have spent their time wandering aimlessly about the streets complaining about "nothing to do in this place on Sunday."

C. W. D. U. S. N.
 Philadelphia, September 30.

The Delaware to Philadelphia—A Prophecy

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—

I am coming to you, Philadelphia, with the sunrise of your sky;

I am rolling from the ocean with new stars

I am rolling toward you with my waves of great unrest;

I am rolling on to clasp you in my arms, here to the west.

Philadelphia, I love you with a heart that's all my own;

I will make you greater—greater than your past; I'll kiss your lips, I'll kiss your eyes;

In the later wars of history I will roll on my way.

To greet your sons at morning and your stars at set of day;

The call of my shores chant in the roar of winter blast,

Of your heroes, Philadelphia, who shine brightly from the past!

Your sword shall slay the German and his blood shall stain the Austrians;

And his treaties of deception shall become an idle dream!"

HENRY GUY WALTERS,
 President Plant Research Institute,
 Langhorne, Pa., September 30.

Statues to the Animate

BOOTH Chauncey M. Depew and the inhabitants of Peekskill, N. Y., who have raised a statue in his honor, are to be congratulated. The ex-railway president, ex-Senator and beaming banqueter is especially fortunate. Side-stepping the dubious joys of post-mortem honors, he may peep at his own bronze effigy with much the same delectable feelings aroused in a living mortal impossibly privileged to read all the succulent compliments in his own obituary notice.

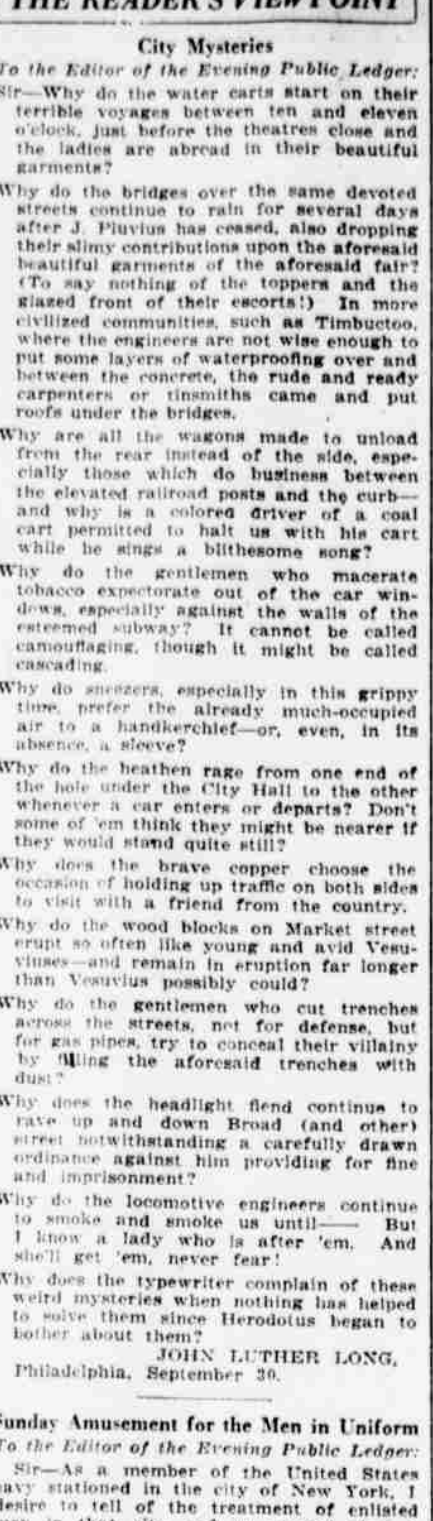
Peekskill itself derives almost commensurate advantages from its up-to-date "memorial." It knows that bronze so eloquent, so dignified, so impressive forbids betrayal of its significance—least of all by so notable a "subject" as Mr. Depew. The incentive to be worthy of one's graven image must necessarily be strong.

Pity it is that if the elevation of the Quaker statue in Harrisburg were inevitable it could not have taken place before a politically powerful Pennsylvania Senator had passed away. That monument perpetuates a record to which amendment cannot be made. If Mr. Quay had beheld the statue in his life who knows to what acts and purposes warranting the honor it might have urged him?

Monuments to the living may conceivably be solemn stimulants. On her lot in a French cemetery Emma Calve has erected a marble image of herself as Ophelia, and that role in Thomas's opera of "Hamlet" is acknowledged as one of the finest in the singer's repertory. That carved figure is irresistibly a spur to idealism.

The statue as a stolid mentor to the animate original is a theme with possibilities. One can't help speculating, for instance, on the effect on Philadelphia of a Mayor Smith in marble.

"I'M CURED!"



AMERICAN WAR POSTERS

Possibilities of the Medium of Art Expression Recently Revived to Help Loans, Shipbuilding and the Red Cross

By BART HALEY

AN EXTRAORDINARILY vivid exposition of one of the most difficult arts was hardly to be expected as a by-product of war. Yet that interesting culmination is upon us. The posters that appear everywhere to advertise the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross and the aspirations of the Emergency Fleet Corporation are not merely advertisements. They represent the full extent of the progress we have made with one tremendously potent method of interpretation.

Some of the posters are good. Some aren't. The mass of the assembled work contributed by American artists in effect like to have a permanent effect on general taste. The poster may return to its old popularity, and if it does we shall have an additional grain of comfort when the costs of the war are summed up.

POSTERMAKING is an art that was never greatly encouraged in America. Consequently the posters now being used so extensively by the Government and the war organizations are obviously the work of men accustomed to the restraints of popular illustration. The Emergency Fleet Corporation has distributed the best of all the newer posters. This is the shipyard picture made by Jonas Lie, a painter whose work is familiar to any one who is in the habit of attending the successive shows at the Academy of the Fine Arts. Mr. Lie's picture is an altogether unconventional work, filed with energy and as arresting in composition and color effect as a poster should be. J. Scott Williams has made a poster almost equally forceful for the fourth Liberty Loan. It is the familiar figure of a heroic woman against the tumultuous background of war and marching troops. But it is a far more conventional poster than Mr. Lie's.

PROPERLY to understand the aims and a great poster it might be well to accept a leading hint from the work of men like Steinlen and Forain, two French draftsmen who display in all they do the sort of skill essential to this method of expression. Of Steinlen and Forain it may be said that they so grounded themselves in the arts of draftsmanship and so ardently observed life and the world about them that they can see instantly beyond distracting details and render in a few lines and masses the dominant, poignant or significant passage of form or line that is the heart of a picture. To be equal to this miracle a man must have learned all that is to be known about drawing—and much to leave out himself. Before he knows what to leave out of a picture he must know what to put in. Behind the few swift lines of a Steinlen drawing there is a world of knowledge and experience—of knowledge painfully and patiently acquired, tested, relieved of its bit of truth and cast aside. The resulting work is without a distracting line or a superfluous detail, simple as a cry, startling in its almost harsh simplicity—and unforgettable.

STEINLEN, Forain and the few other living artists who are equally as skilled are suggestive in their work of those men who, having grown very old, realize that wisdom needs but a few words and that rhetoric and metaphor and long vocabularies are essential only to those who know little of life.

THE MAKING of a great poster is from the beginning to the end a task of elimination. The completed work should be a shout filled with meaning and adequate to attract attention above all else in its environment. It should be an idea reduced to its elements and, if possible, nobly pictured. There have been schools of poster-making that tended to bewildering masses of beautiful decoration, to fantasy and to involved design and coloring. Mucha, who flourished in Paris twenty years ago, was the leader of that fashion. But he did not succeed in changing the basic convictions of the rank and file of poster men, who never have departed far from a quest after the sort of explicitness and simplicity that is best represented in the older Japanese prints.

In France and in England, where posters have had a consistent vogue for a generation, many artists have shown that subtlety and tenderness may be reflected in a few lines or in simple masses. A painter will paint his subject as he sees it. The poster man will consider that same subject for its essential lines and masses, and, like a mural painter, will render these masses always with a view to making them effective in relation to the border lines of his composition. The completed work should need no explanation. It should be plainer than words, whether it aims at the suggestion of terror or fantasy. One who observes a group of workmen, say, will not be aware of the buttons and buttonholes in the picture as he recalls it. He will see in retrospect only the major lines, the masses of shadow, the light on a hand. This is the aspect which a poster-maker tries to get into black and white or color.

IT WILL be apparent, therefore, that while there is much good in the present crop of Liberty Loan posters, much that is appealing and valuable and even imposing, there are few good posters. Mr. Raleigh, for instance, in his study of the forlorn little girl with the infant crushed to her breast, has not made a poster. He has done something more or less according to your point of view. In the sensitive profile of that little child's face he has pictured neither terror nor fright, but something more subtle—the disbelief and the half-sensed horror that would afflict a child under the circumstances, which he has suggested in the rest of the drawing. He has sounded the celo note that other ears in France have heard constantly under the boom and crash of the war.

But you have to listen to hear it. Were Steinlen to have sized upon the same subject for a poster, he being one of the few masters of pure line and mass alive, would have made his whole picture ring like a cry of desolation. There would have been nothing to take the edge off the meaning of the work. His meaning would have stood out, challenging, solitary, without any adornment.

Raleigh's drawing is full of tenderness and feeling. But it is the work of a man accustomed to making illustrations for people who insist upon being shown all the details in women's gowns and gentlemen's gloves. The work of the other poster-makers for the Liberty Loan is similarly hampered, more or less. Howard Chandler Christy's unbelievable Columbus—pale, emaciated, bloodless and overdrawn—show how dead this inhibition can be when it takes deep and permanent root.

AMERICAN WAR POSTERS

Possibilities of the Medium of Art Expression Recently Revived to Help Loans, Shipbuilding and the Red Cross

By BART HALEY

AN EXTRAORDINARILY vivid exposition of one of the most difficult arts was hardly to be expected as a by-product of war. Yet that interesting culmination is upon us. The posters that appear everywhere to advertise the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross and the aspirations of the Emergency Fleet Corporation are not merely advertisements. They represent the full extent of the progress we have made with one tremendously potent method of interpretation.

POSTERMAKING is an art that was never greatly encouraged in America. Consequently the posters now being used so extensively by the Government and the war organizations are obviously the work of men accustomed to the restraints of popular illustration. The Emergency Fleet Corporation has distributed the best of all the newer posters. This is the shipyard picture made by Jonas Lie, a painter whose work is familiar to any one who is in the habit of attending the successive shows at the Academy of the Fine Arts. Mr. Lie's picture is an altogether unconventional work, filed with energy and as arresting in composition and color effect as a poster should be. J. Scott Williams has made a poster almost equally forceful for the fourth Liberty Loan. It is the familiar figure of a heroic woman against the tumultuous background of war and marching troops. But it is a far more conventional poster than Mr. Lie's.

PROPERLY to understand the aims and a great poster it might be well to accept a leading hint from the work of men like Steinlen and Forain, two French draftsmen who display in all they do the sort of skill essential to this method of expression. Of Steinlen and Forain it may be said that they so grounded themselves in the arts of draftsmanship and so ardently observed life and the world about them that they can see instantly beyond distracting details and render in a few lines and masses the dominant, poignant or significant passage of form or line that is the heart of a picture. To be equal to this miracle a man must have learned all that is to be known about drawing—and much to leave out himself. Before he knows what to leave out of a picture he must know what to put in. Behind the few swift lines of a Steinlen drawing there is a world of knowledge and experience—of knowledge painfully and patiently acquired, tested, relieved of its bit of truth and cast aside. The resulting work is without a distracting line or a superfluous detail, simple as a cry, startling in its almost harsh simplicity—and unforgettable.

STEINLEN, Forain and the few other living artists who are equally as skilled are suggestive in their work of those men who, having grown very old, realize that wisdom needs but a few words and that rhetoric and metaphor and long vocabularies are essential only to those who know little of life.

THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG

NIGHT held me as I crawled and scrambled near The Turkish lines. Above, the mocking stars Silvered the curving parapet, and clear Cloud-latticed beams o'erteked the land with bars. I, crouching, lay between Tenseless, inert armies peering through the night. Twin giants bound by tentacles unseen. Here in the dim-shadowed light I saw him, as a sudden movement turned His eyes toward me, glowing eyes that burned. A moment ere his snuffing muzzler found My trail; and then as serpents mesmerize He chained me with those unrelenting eyes. That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws And soft-approaching pitter-patter paws. Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept— That moment had my swift revolver leapt— But terror seized me, terror born of shame Brought flooding revelation. For he came As one who offers comradeship deserved, An open ally of the human race. And sniffing at my prostrate form un-nerved, He licked my face! —Geoffrey Dearmer, in "Poems."

THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG

NIGHT held me as I crawled and scrambled near The Turkish lines. Above, the mocking stars Silvered the curving parapet, and clear Cloud-latticed beams o'erteked the land with bars. I, crouching, lay between Tenseless, inert armies peering through the night. Twin giants bound by tentacles unseen. Here in the dim-shadowed light I saw him, as a sudden movement turned His eyes toward me, glowing eyes that burned. A moment ere his snuffing muzzler found My trail; and then as serpents mesmerize He chained me with those unrelenting eyes. That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws And soft-approaching pitter-patter paws. Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept— That moment had my swift revolver leapt— But terror seized me, terror born of shame Brought flooding revelation. For he came As one who offers comradeship deserved, An open ally of the human race. And sniffing at my prostrate form un-nerved, He licked my face! —Geoffrey Dearmer, in "Poems."

SEVENTEEN HEALTH RULES FOR CHILDREN

1. Begin the day by drinking a glass of water and drinking at least six glasses during the day.
2. Do not go to school without breakfast.
3. Eat regularly three times a day.
4. Eat slowly and chew all food well.
5. Drink milk every day—four glasses are not too much.
6. Eat some breakfast cereal every day.
7. Eat some vegetable besides potato every day.
8. Eat bread and butter at every meal; dark breads are best.
9. Eat some fruit every day. Spend the pennies for apples instead of candy.
10. Do not eat candy between meals; eat candy and other sweets only at the end of a regular meal.
11. Do not drink tea or coffee; it does the body no good but does harm.
12. Do not eat or touch food without first washing the hands.
13. Do not eat fruit without first washing it.
14. Do not eat with a spoon first washing it.
15. Observe the same rule with reference to a glass or cup.
16. Do not eat from the same dish with any other person.—Massachusetts Commonwealth.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

QUIZ

1. What world conqueror was king of Macedonia?
2. What is the Porter?
3. What is hakekelehu?
4. What is the second largest city in Bulgaria?
5. Who is the present Sultan of Turkey?
6. Into what ten leading sects is the Mohammedan religion divided?
7. Who are the Janissaries?
8. What city was the ancient capital of Serbia?
9. Who is the king of that country?
10. Who commanded the Serbian army during its long period of inactivity?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ

1. General Maingo is commanding the French armies in their Chambrone drive with the American forces.
2. "Knight without fear and without reproach" was the characterization of the Chevalier captain noted for his courage and chivalry in the wars of Charles VIII, Louis XII and Francis I. His duties are called the "Lionel" of the Helvetes.
3. A shibboleth is a test word or opinion distinguishing one nationality or nationality. It is from the Hebrew.
4. The Land of Cockaigne is an imaginary realm of idleness and luxury. It is metaphorically and whimsically applied to the part of London, the United States and the "Land of the Living Dead," which district has, by extension, come to be called the Cockney section of the city.
5. There are four kingdoms in the German Empire—Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg.
6. A hakekelehu is one wholly written by the person who signs it the inventor.
7. The distinguishing characteristic of Corinthian architecture is the United States with columns carved to represent acanthus leaves.
8. A rampant animal is one that chews its cud.
9. Zachary Taylor and U. S. Grant were the two American Presidents who fought in the Mexican War.
10. Helel was originated in Helel and was introduced by the British in the Venetian calendar about the year 1320.