### Evening Public Kedger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CYRUS H. R. CURTIS, PRESURENT Charles H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. artis. Secretary and Treasurer; Philips. Collins, this B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD: CIRUS H. R. Custis. Chairman OHN C. MARTIN.,..General Business Manager

ished daily at Pustac Lanora Building,
Independence Square, Philadelphia.
CONYRAL Broad and Chestnut Streets
of CITY Press Union Building
OSE 206 Metropolitan Tower
T. 403 Ford Building
Us. 1202 Tribuse Building
ONE PRINTED STREET NEWS BUREAUS:

WARMINGTON BURBAU.

N. E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St.
New York Burbau.

The Sun Bullating
London Times BUBSCRIPTION TERMS
The Evening Pening Lepows is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier.

to the carrier.

By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month. Six (40) dollars per pear, payable in advance,

To all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per Norman Subscribers wishing address changed ust give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT . KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening Public Lodger, Independence Square, Philadelphia. Member of the Associated Press

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

Philadelphia, Tuesday, December 31, 1918

### VOLUNTEERS!

THREE thousand Vare adherents have been appointed to jobs under the city government this year. They were not drafted, neither were they

conscripted. They belong to the glorious army of volunteers, willing to lay down their tasks in private employment and wear the invisible uniform of the city and the collar which is the badge of their servitude.

And there are thousands more ready and eager to take service under the same conditions as soon as room for them can be found. But unfortunately there is not room for all of them, so it will never be possible for a parade of city employes to sing with truth, "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here," for part of the gang must inevitably be on the waiting list.

Mum is not the word. Mummers will displace it tomorrow.

### LET'S STOP TALKING AND ACT

THE State teachers' convention, now in session in Harrisburg, is to consider the demand for a 25 per cent increase in pay norrow. They are asking that the General Assembly direct such an increase throughout the State.

The teachers deserve better pay. In this city the tipstaves in the Municipal Court receive twice the wages of the average teacher. The duties of the tipstaves are so simple that any man with a grammar school education can perform them. The teachers have to spend years in professional studies before they are permitted to take a position which pays a third as much as the male political appointees of President Judge Brown, of the Municipal

So long as this condition prevails it will be impossible to attract to the eaching profession the best skill, save in the case of a few men and women who feel the call so strongly that they are willing to train the young regardless of the life of foverty to which it dooms them.

In the rural districts a farm laborer is paid better than the school teacher. The farm laborer merely cultivates corn and potatoes. The teacher cultivates the future citizens of the Commonwealth. But it is not necessary to argue the validity of the demand of the teachers for better have suffered for years is admitted What is necessary is for the men in positions of authority to set about removing the injustice. If the Harrisburg convention can them to action it will deserve the gratitude of every teacher and of every parent as well.

If every one agreed on the best way to form a League of Nations, one would have been formed long ago.

# WHEN WOMEN VOTE

APPROXIMATELY six million women cast first ballots in the recent British elections. One astonishing fact rises like a isnpost- or like a cry in darkness, if you above the confusion of the balloting. Almost without exception the women used votes to snub such of their sex as running for office. They voted almost solidly for men.

Do tomen instinctively mistrust other women and have they a lingering faith in the tradition of man's superiority in practical affairs? And are the women of England among those who have not perceived the mess that men have been making of their world or can it be that they are willing to forgive any weakness sa long as it isn't a woman who is to be forgiven? We merely ask. We do not oretend to answer.

The United States is the partner of Europe, mays Mr. Wilson, but not a silent part-

THE DALMATIAN MUDDLE THE energetic campaigns of propaganda conducted by both Italians and Jugo-Blave with respect to Dalmatia have beged the situation there to an extent ly embarrassing to seekers after truth mil justice. Unquestionably overstatement and overweening claims have char-

rized the tactics of both sides. There are racial factors which seem to sport Italy's position concerning the islands and at least a portion of w.coastal strip. On the other hand, outlans indist with apparent reason the hinterland, in which they prewill be robbed of its proper ces of development if they are cut om the littoral. Their situation would akin to that of an uneasy Serbia with-

Metorical arguments Sayor Italy, pe is to be refushioned on this an Empire will be restored,

In that case it would be strictly logical to

return America to the Indians. Mr. Wilson's visit to Italy, whence he will start tomorrow, is well timed. Opinion in that country on the Dalmatian question is by no means conclusively crystallized, as is evidenced by the cabinet resignation of Leonida Bissolati, who has been opposing any policy which savored of unjust expansion.

If the President, with no other purpose han the establishment of fair dealing, can be put in touch with evident and existing facts, purged of special pleading, he will be enabled to do the Peace Conference a real service in its handling of a problem second only to that of Russia in its complexity.

#### THE OLD YEAR, PASSING. SHOUTS HER CHALLENGE!

#### At the Peace Conference and Elsewhere We Shall See What the World Can Learn by Hard Experience

OTHER years have been filled with the red tumult that was to decide the fate of mankind. Yet it is upon 1919, the year now waiting just around the corner, that pundits of the future will look back when they try to read the heart of this age and write their findings down as history.

The war isn't over. It is in the coming year that it will be won or lost. Forces as great as any that met on battlefields will meet for mastery at the Peace Conference. Life will have a new beginning or it will take up the burden of hatreds and superstitions and drift on to the next disaster. We are at the end of the play-at the last act. When the curtain falls we shall know whether the stupendous drama is to have a happy ending or whether it is to be-an uncompleted story.

If we were an imaginative people we should be touched profoundly by the sight of the solitary American who moves against the vast background of a sorrowing world, against all the tides of national selfishness and passion, against vanity and ignorance, to keep the saving truth steadily revealed. We should wonder why any man must have to plead at the very seats of empire for all the unprotected of this world. We should wonder why any man should be willing to risk so greatly for the sake of strangers and even, in the last analysis, to befriend an enemy. We should be reminded again that destiny always selects a lonely man in a crisis-when great things are to be done.

But we are not meditative. "Another venturer upward after the light," we say. We hope for the success of that adventure without knowing how really wonderful it is-without pausing to remember that every departure from the elemental principles which the President represents in Europe has led nations endlessly and inevitably to one catastrophe

It will be said that this old year was the most terrible year in the world's history. That will be but half true.

Times, like men, are burdened with evil inheritances. The old year came to the world under a burden of accumulated evils and errors unequaled in human records.

But if there is some dim paradise where old years go when they die to meditate in peace, this year will have great tales to tell in the shadowy company of other old and forgotten It saw incredible things.

It saw a million men die for a great thought that was in their hearts. It saw plain men without number who went from the pleasant, ordinary ways of life and endured martyrdom because of the voices of their free conscience. It opened a place in the councils of the world where men might preach the wisdom of the heart-that forgotten wisdom that is most important of all in human affairs.

It swept the whole world in tempests of grief. Yet, at the same time, this old year brought evil thrones down to the dust and permitted forsaken millions to lift their faces up from the ground in which they were trampled toward the light. It gave to one man the might of a hundred million people to be used in the causes of troubled humanity everywhere.

No king, no maker of empire can ever again look back upon 1918 without a graver sense of his duty. For it was in this year that the guiding lights of a common human purpose were set up high above every storm to be visible to the eyes of all men everywhere, to burn the brighter after every peril, above all the confusion of nations. Even in these days these symbols are to thoughtful men as comforting as lights upon a troubled sea. Fixed and imperishable they are; to burn high and forever, safe from every marauding hand!

That was the great triumph of this

old year. It wasn't such a bad old year!

The New Year comes clothed in mystery. But it comes with a great inheritance. All the men who died left it something of their greatness, something of their high purpose. It will have a new power of eloquence. The memories alone that have been left to it should give it a passionate determination to do great things in the thoughts of men, in their hearts, in their enterprise outside in the world. There is no man in business who cannot feel, if he thinks at all, that all that he has and hopes to be was preserved for him through the sacrifices of men whom he never saw, whose names he does not even know. How can there ever again be hatred and misunderstanding between groups in America? Or have we passed through the fire without

learning its essential lessons? If the New Year is able to distribute its rich inheritances in the minds of the world all men will try to be as brave as those who fought and endured the perils of the old year. If the men in high

places, in business, in government, at the Peace Conference can be as faithful, as great-hearted as the unnamed men who passed through the fire and mud of war to save civilization, then the civilization saved at such appalling cost will

be worth while. Otherwise it will not be.

For men who make philosophies, those who sustain religions, such as make literature and paint pictures, for all who in any way try to influence the life about them, the New Year brings treasures indescribable. It brings them such revelations from the common heart of mankind as never before were seen. It brings an inspiration to exalted service because it is only in the coming year that we shall have time to sit down quietly and think of what our peace has

The memory of the sacrifices made in France will be inexorable. It will come back often to many men when they are in a mind to make ill use of the privileges secured to them by others who died in a far country. Therefore the New Year should be a happy one. It brings new purposes with it and new hopes, and it should be ennobled by high ambitions.

And here is the hope that you may find a happy New Year-happier than any that has ever preceded it!

History's delight in paradoxes is exemplified by Mr. Wilson in Manchester, speaking in Free Trade Hall on the protection of

### A BLIND "TIGER"-CLEMENCEAU

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, speaking the language of Metternich and Talleyrand. shockingly echoes a discredited and tragic past. The splenetic tone of the French Premier's address to the Chamber of Deputies is perhaps partly attributable to goading of his political opponents, but the origin of the doctrine he champions cannot be so easily dismissed.

His open advocacy of the iniquitous and perilous balance-of-power system is little less than a betrayal of the ideals to which civilization ostensibly subscribed in waging the war. Fundamentally it was the seesaw alignment of European States, necessitating competitive armaments and susceptible of dislocation at the least shifting of weight, which brought about the titanic struggle and has been the continual cause of Continental strife since the bellicose days of Louis XIV.

M. Clemenceau's expressed belief that an alliance of England, France, Italy and the United States could have prevented the great war is the blindest misinterpretation of the facts of history. Such a league would have meant peace by threat, certain to give rise to a rival combination of Powers equally menacing.

War is the inevitable consequence of such teetering. Liberals throughout the world, and President Wilson in particular, now regard the Congress of Vienna with abhorrence, not because it made peace, imperatively demanded after the Napoleonic upheaval, but because an equilibrium based on the might of one group of Powers supposedly balancing that of another could not be otherwise than criminally unstable.

It was the illusory balance of power Jefferson and inspired their antipathy to any intervention in the European cauldron. It is that same fallacious code which sickens Americans today when they behold a spokesman of France, inherently and in spite of politicians one of the beacons of civilization, indorsing in the peremptory language of military victory so ignoble and evil a formula.

M. Clemenceau and all other Frenchmen naturally long for protection against the savagery of a barbarous neighbor who has ravaged their fatherland. Lovers of freedom the world over fervently sympathize with this sentiment; but to cleareyed statesmen it is only the concert of all nations, not the newest powerful group of them, which can guarantee enduring

Whether human nature is so constituted that a league of nations can be developed to save this planet from devastating wars has yet to be proved. But one thing is cestain: the least auspicious experiment cannot be a worse failure than was the balance-of-power system. The tale of that musty "panacea" is written in blood,

The mass of mankind shrinks from its re-enactment, and the French Prime Minister's mentality is indeed seventy-seven years old if he fails to see that his tune is representative of the ruined Austria which he fought rather than of a noble nation whose lofty political philosophy is foremost in the minds of liberals every-

In Berlin they have Oh, of Course! formed a league "for the protection of the life and libertles" of the former Kaiser. It is logical to suppose that the movement is being backed by the insurance companies.

Vice President Mar-So Near, and shall confesses that he Yet So Far was present at one of the Lincoln - Douglas debates and that Lincoln held him on his knees while Douglas spoke and Douglas held him while Lincoln spoke. Well, it's something at least for a V. P. to be able to say he once sat in the lap of greatness, which is as near as he may ever come to it.

Herbert Hoover's planfor feeding Europe will War Diet provide limited rations the Hun. And the Hun is entreating that Mr. Hoover may hurry. Crow as a diet doesn't seem to fatten Germans, and the lies

### THE CHAFFING DISH

A Letter to Father Time

DEAR FATHER TIME—This is your night of triumph, and it seems only fair to pay you a little tribute. Some people in a noble mood of bravado, consider New Year's Eve an occasion of festivity. Long, long in advance they reserve a table at their favorite cafe; and becomingly habited in boiled shirts or gowns of the lowest visibility, and well armed with a commodity which is said to be synonymous with yourself-money-they seek to outwit you by crowding a month of merriment into half a dozen hours. Yet their victory is brief and fallacious, for if hours spin too fast by night they will move grindingly on the axle the next morning. None of us can beat you in the end. Even the hat-check boy grows old, becomes gray and dies at last babbling of greenbacks.

TO MY own taste, old Time, it is more A agreeable to make this evening a season of gruesome brooding, Morosely I survey the faults and follies of my last year. I am grown too canny to pour the new wine of good resolution into the old bottles of my imperfect humors. But I get a certain grim satisfaction in thinking how we all-every human being of us-share alike in bondage to your oppression. There is the only true and complete democracy, the only absolute brotherhood of man. The great ones of the earth-Charley Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, General Pershing and Miss Amy Lowell-all these are in service to the same tyranny. Day after day slips or jolts past, joins the Great Majority; suddenly we wake with a start to find that the best of it is gone by. Surely it seems but a day ago that Stevenson set out to write a little book that was to be called "Life at Twenty-five"before he got it written he was long past the delectable age—and now we rub our eyes and see he has been dead nigh as long as the span of life he then so delightfully con-templated. If there is one meditation com-mon to every adult on this globe it is this, so variously phrased, "Well, bo, Time sure does hustle."

Some of them have scurvily entreated you, old Time! The thief of youth, they have called you; a highwayman, a gipsy, a grim reaper. It seems a little unfair. For you have your kindly moods, too. Without your gentle passage where were Memory, the sweetes; of lesser pleasures? You are the only medicine for many a woe, many a sore heart. And surely you have a right to reap where you alone have sown? Our strength, our wit, our comeliness, all those virtues and graces that you pilfer with such gentle hand, did you not give them to us in the first place? Give, do I say? Nay, we knew, even as we clutched them, they were but a loan. And the great immortality of the race away from ourselves we see added to our children or our grandchildren. It was Shakespeare, who thought a great deal abou you, who put it best:

Nativity, once in the main of light, Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned, Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight

And Time that gave doth now his gift confound-

It is to be hoped, my dear Time, that you have read Shakespeare's sonnets, because they will teach you a deal about the dignity of your career, and also suggest to you the only way we have of keeping up with you. There is no way of outwitting Time, Shakespeare tells his young friend, "Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence." Or, as a poor bungling parodist revamped it Pep is the stuff to put Old Time on skids-

Pep in your copy, yes, and lots of kids is true that Shakespeare hints another way of doing you in, which is to write son nets as good as his. This way, needless to add, is open to few.

WELL, my dear Time, you are not going to fool me into making myself ridiculous this New Year's Eve with a lot of bonny but impossible resolutions. I know that you are playing with me just as a cat plays with a mouse; yet even the most piteous mousekin sometimes causes his tormentor surprise or disoppointment by getting under a bureau or behind the stove, where, she cannot naw him. Every now and then, with a little luck, I shall pull off just such a scurry into temporary immortality. It may come by reading Dickens or by seeing a sunset, or by lunching with friends, or by forgetting to wind the alarm clock, or by contemplating the rosy little pate of my daughter, who is still only a nine days' wonder—so young that she doesn' even know what you are doing to her. Bu you are not going to have the laugh on me by luring me into resolutions, I know n weaknesses. I know that I shall probab-continue to annoy newsdealers by readir the magazines on the stalls instead of buy ing them; that I shall put off having my hair cut; drop tobacco cinders on my waist-coat; feel bored at the idea of having to shave and get dressed; be nervous when the gas burner pops when turned off; buy more Liberty Bonds than I can afford and have to hock them at a grievous loss. I shall continue to be pleasant to insurance agents, from sheer lack of manhood; and to keep library books out over the date and so incur a fine. My only hope, you see, is resolutely to determine to persist in these failings. Then, by sheer perversity, I may grow out

WHAT avail, indeed, for any of us to make good resolutions when one contemplates the grand pageant of human Observe what I noticed the other day in the Lost and Found column of the

LOST-Hotel Imperial lavatory, set teeth. Call or communicate Flint, 124 East 43d street, Reward.

Surely, if Mr. Flint could not remember to keep his teeth in his mouth, or if any one was so basely whimsical as to them away from him, it may well teach us to be chary of extravagant hopes for the future. Even the League of Nations. one contemplates the sad case of Mr. Flint, becomes a rather anaemic safeguard. We had better keep Mr. Flint in mind through the New Year as a symbol of human error and disappointment. And the best of it is, my dear Time, that you, too, may be a little careless. Perhaps one of these days you nay doze a little and we shall steal a few lours of timeless bliss. Shall we see a little ad in the papers:

LOST-Sixty valuable minutes, said to have been stolen by the unworthy human race. If found, please return to Father Time, and no questions asked.

WELL, my dear Time, we approach the Zero Hour. I hope you will have a Happy New Year, and conduct yourself with becoming restraint. So live, my dear fellow, that we may say, "A good Time was enjoyed by all." As the hands of the clock go over the top and into the No Man's Land of the New Year, good luck to you! Your obedient servant,

There is something wrong somewhere The Electrical Bureau did not spend all the money set apart for it this year. This will have to be looked into by the job seekers.

It is safe to forecast that some bone-dry resolutions made for 1919 will be better kept during the latter half than during the first six months of the new year,

The weather man seems to have imbibed the peace spirit to the extent of postponing as much as possible the least opportunity for It is piquantly typical of the race of seventy-three Trishmen that they will meither stand for the Parliament for which they stood nor six in it aither.

NOT THE RIGHT ANIMAL TO WAVE THE RED FLAG AT, ACCORDING TO THE RECENT ELECTIONS



# THE INEVITABLE GOING ACROSS

By Roger Sawyer Forbes

The following sentiment for the new year was written by the Rev. Roger Sawyer Forbes, minister of the Unitarian Society of Germantown, who, although a newcomer in Philadelphia, is rapidly making a reputation for itimself as one of the most inspiring preachers in the

NO GET into a "rut" is human. To stay there long is not humanty possible. For one of two things is sure to follow: Either the "rut" will rise on both sides and bury one alive or it will push in, most narrowly, and squeeze one to death. This is as true of the life of the nations as it is in the experience of the individual. Man, men, must keep going on and across, When any one says to you in these momentous days, "Everything's going to be different," you can truthfully answer, Of course! It always has been and ever

will be. TT 18 as natural, too, for humanity to keep going across as it is necessary. From the day when the hardy Ohthere, returning from the White Sea, showed the walrus teeth to King Alfred, to the time when our own Peary, going over broad lanes of oper, sea betwen the ice fields and 500 miles by sledge, reached the Pole, men have refused to be halted by chasms. Between "the call of the wild" and "the call in the blood" there is a constant correspondence.

THIS is a good thing to keep in mind at the beginning of a year of yawning difficulties.

The philosophers once had a seemingly mpassable gulf to try to bridge, between Thought, Idea, Spirit on the one hand, and Matter on the other. They finally covered it. For they found in Will a common denominator. "Matter" was reduced by study to force; but, of course, to force directed. Now, direction requires effort, and to make effort means to will. On the other hand, hought, all clear thinking, requires attenion. Attention means effort, more or less, And-once again-to make effort means to will. Will is the essence of the human soul and of the universe. It is capable of carrying us anywhere.

THE chasms which we now fear are sopial and spiritual. But let them not daunt us. Events often help us on toward our difficult destination. The gulf between classes has been wide. Between "the employing class" and "the workingman," it has been said, there can never be community of interest or exertion. Think of what has taken place of late under the pressure of crisis. Collective bargaining on the part of labor has actually been encouraged by not a few great employers, who have "come across" their former objections most wonderfully.

We see pictures of the mixed boards that have been dealing with industrial puzzles. For one who does not happen to know their faces it is impossible to tell which of these cheerfully serious gentlemen, standing shoulder to shoulder, represent employers and which are representative of the workingman. They all seem to have been working together as comrades. Unity is not out of the question.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Gompers sat, and also spoke, together recently at a dinner; the former being introduced as "the best loved man in the United States" and the latter as "the greatest labor lessler in the world." Mr. Taft line never been charged

with favoring Bolshevism. Nor has Mr. Gompers been accused of making many concessions to "the capitalists," Still, they appeared to have a cause in common. When strong-willed men resolutely go over the top of their prejudices they meet in the land of reconciliation.

MEN have the power to climb, fortunately. Six hundred years ago every great city or house had walls and moats. The border between England and Scotland was the scene of constant raids and conflicts. But the people's ideals kept climbing and their conception broadening, until they had got so far above these artificial obstacles as to realize the utter absurdity of them. Then they filled up the moats, took down the walls, wiped out the borders and allowed one another to go back and forth quite easily - all on equal terms, The world at large is about to derive the full benefit of that lesson.

Those who have read John Muir know that the most awful crevasse can be surmounted by a pioneer with a blizzard at his back. Blessed blizzards! They serve a good purpose.

DELIGION has drawn lines of gaping R cleavage. Consider, however, the effect of the last five years upon the denominations. The crisis got us somewhere. It forced us to approach one another. We now realize how important it is that the spirit which was in Jesus should be in every one. Facing the same way that the Master faced, taking His attitude toward suffering, getting His "spiritual frontage," we find that we are closer than brothers. Men will never be able to batter down

ne another's creeds, but as they grow in terms of charity, service, vision, they will rise superior to their wall-like idols, as a swift runner and jumper in the games goes sailing over line after line of hurdles Life is in nature transitional. That is the fact for us to keep in n.ind. The goal may not be visible. We may be sure that it is incredibly good. We shall do well to move with life, nothing doubting, every-

thing hoping. What was the word which came to Moses of old? "Epeak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." What says one of the noblest of American singers and seers?

Lowly faithful, banish fear,

Right onward drive unharmed; The port, well worth the cruise, is near, And every wave is charmed. Secret treaties? Let's see, have we not

heard something about them in Pennsylvania politics between the Democratic and Republican Organizations?

For the Rummy's Column Child of my heart I'm going to say good-by: I hate like blazes for to see you go. Your demise brings a teardrop to my eye. I loved you, dear old friend, I loved you'so.

sorrow deep I sit and contemplate

My loneliness when you'll have passed away. wonder if you'll reach the pearly gate, For I am going to kill you New Year's Day

Never again will you and I commune
In lowing allence or in joyful mirth;
Our paths will never cross, and by next June
They'll banish you forever from this earth.

So let me sit alone with you tonight, Child of my heart, dear old friend Harley

oors, And let your spirits move me till I'm tight. For you'll be dend to, ms on New Year's

GOOD-BY

### THE "RAVING"

(With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe) ONCE upon a midnight dreary, While I wandered weak and weary, Vainly looking for a corner Where to board the trolley line: As I shambled on undaunted. Suddenly, my eyes were taunted,-Taunted by a street-car sign: "Know the Truth," it boldly bellowed Tread not on my tracks divine."

On it went, but never stopping. Whilst a crowd, their brows a-mopping, Trailed along with nickels ready To bedeck the Mitten mitt; And as I stood there a freezing, Teasingly, these words were writ: "Ye who ride and rule, decide-Ninety-one have done their bit."

Careless Public be not reckless Lest ye find you're rendered neckless. By those blameless, sacrificing Martyrs who would save our time; They care not for fuel so much, sir, Wear and tear on cars and such, Sir. But they'd hate to charge a dime; Keep your backs from street-car tracks And hall the road sublime.

A League of Nations Not Parliamentary says Senator, Reed, will not work. Well, there is some comfort in the the same thing may be said of some mem-bers of the Senate.

LEON L. CARROLL, U. S. N.

There would be no harm in such yawps as that of which Senator Reed delivered him self in New York about the League of Na-tions, if it were not cabled to Europe.

After President Wilson reaches Rome he will be able to learn whether the ministry is the spokesman of the Italian peo-ministry is the spokesman of the Jugo-Slavic terriple when it demands the Jugo-Slavie terri-tories on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The close view is always best in such mat-

The farmers are to get three-fourths of a cent less for their milk after today, and the dealers in town are to be allowed threefourths of a cent more for handling it. The consumer gets nothing, but that's

## What Do You Know?

1. What border city in England has been visited by President Wilson? 2. What is the mean distance of the moon from 3. Who as Richard Levelace and when did he 4. What is the meaning of the word betimes?

S. How many stars were in the national flag flying over Fort MeHenry, Baltimore, when Francis Secti Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner"? What is the largest city in Sicily?

What is a limpet? Who was Calderon! 9. In what plays of Shakespeare does the chap-acter of Faistaff appear?

10. What kind of a sail is a jib? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The official title of the British Foreign See-retury is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

2. La Marcha, where Cervantes laid much of the secue of Don Guixote, was an old prov-ince of Spain in the southern part of New Castile It is new comprised in the prov-face of Cludd Real. 3. Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music of "Pinafore" and W. S. Gilbert the words.
4. Prince Albert of the House of Grimaidi is the reler of Monaca.

5. The chief colonial pensessions of Holland are in the East Indies. The principal islands under her role there are days, Sumatra and Cedeves. She also controls a jerse tart of Bornes and a portion of Timer and New Galaca.

6. General von Groetter acceeded General Lin-dendorff as first quartermaster general of the Germ : 100

7. Obtinents means to darken or obscure the mind, to -v sider, simpery.

8. An Emplish horn is a wendwind musical instrument. a hind of obsc.

D. The features is the marred river of India.

13. Only one placeteral rules was east in operation to the married with the married with