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Philadelphia, Thursday, January 9, 1919

**HEARTS ARE TRUMP IN PEACE GAME**

A SIGNIFICANT antidote for depression over the indications that a cynical antique diplomacy is fast assuming increased power in the European chancelleries is available in the contents of the President's mailbox. The documents in that receptacle constitute indeed a heartening novelty in the annals of international relations. They are reflective of the great mass of European opinion on the necessity of just peace guarantees and the precedence which this issue takes over all other questions booked for consideration at the Paris sessions. In as many as fifteen different languages, "stop war forever" is the fervent burden of the correspondence emanating from strife-weary peoples.

Premiers and diplomats with a zeal for driving hard, selfish bargains; statesmen intent on peace opportunism rather than enduring peace preservatives; legislators unearthing dusty and bloodstained balances-of-power doctrines are obstinately inclined to discount such popular sentiments. Interference of this kind in the grand old shell game of diplomacy is not "cricket." The Talleyrands, the Castlereughs, the Disraelis of yore tolerated no such disruption of their inner circles. Patching up Europe with a perilous adjustment of greedy ambitions was an "exclusive" undertaking.

Toryism, albeit somewhat chastened by current revolutionary warnings, would be pleased to enjoy a similar complacency today. But times have changed since the Congress of Vienna, even since the almost equally nefarious Congress of Berlin. Direct communication, unique and unimpeachably sincere, has been established between the real heart of the nations and the spokesman of a land with no private ax to grind. The hundreds of terribly earnest letters which Mr. Wilson has received impressively typify a new sort of diplomacy, altogether spontaneous and contemptuous of the rules. They form but one of the numerous indices of the spirit of the plain people in Europe, a spirit which the President has both sought and fired in his recent inspiring travels.

These letters are representative to Mr. Wilson of a constituency on whose newly asserted powers he will undoubtedly rely strongly at the coming deliberations. America has important strictly materialistic cards to lay on the peace table. She can assert her wealth, her geographical security, her immense naval and military potentiality. But equally vital in comparison with these assets is the fortification of her position that comes of the deep popular sympathy it inspires in those who have suffered and now demand that that suffering cease.

On the night of this passionate desire which effaces frontiers is dependent the security of mankind. On the extent of the defiance which it dares to make to statesmen who are purloined depends a sane outcome of the conference. There are evidences in virtually all of Mr. Wilson's recent addresses that he is inclined to regard it as a trump card in the great game, the line-up of which is daily hardening.

**USES FOR WAR ENERGY**

THE interrupted story of the Frankford Elevated, now to be completed, involves a moral.

If half of the enthusiasm, energy, interest and money necessary to successful warfare could be concentrated for a year on the works of peace that now confront civilization, the face of the world would be changed.

In twelve months in Philadelphia, we should have broad street subways, elevated lines to Darby and the northwest, widened streets in the congested traffic of the city, a new system of street traffic in South Philadelphia and a fleet Parkway.

They call Trotsky red. At this distance has a yellow look.

**THE CO-EDS' MISTAKE**

THOUGH lauded as a virtue, modesty can hardly validate its claim when it clashes with civic pride. The co-eds of the University of Pennsylvania in formally resolving to "fight the influence of French girls" being brought to bear on our boys overseas by French girls are conceivably less bold than they imagine. Their words are resounding, but do not its very existence imply deferential qualms?

Heretofore every American city was perfectly aware that it contained the most attractive girls extant the world over. Interrogate a Chicagoan, a Baltimorean, a Bostonian, a New Yorker, if this statement be doubted. With these examples of an undiminished Philadelphia femininity the boys should not weaken. We all

know that they can stand the gaff, but it would be more stimulating for them to back us up.

The surest way to make a rival formidable is to acknowledge one, even though the language employed was intended to be crushing. The substance of resolutions would have been merely mental.

**VOTERS ALONE CAN MAKE A SMALL COUNCIL BOSS-PROOF**

Philadelphia and Chester Are Showing Again That Political Reform Must Begin in the Conscience of Citizens

CERTAINLY the suggestion of a small Council of nineteen salaried members, advanced by the committee on charter revision as a basis for the proposed new charter for this city, represents an improved conception of administrative machinery. If a candidate were to be thus isolated from the party mob and subjected to the collective and concentrated scrutiny of a vastly increased and various-minded constituency, he would, as they say, have to watch his step.

He would keep better company. It is easier to watch nineteen officials than 134.

The proposition happens to be made at a time when, in this city and in neighboring communities, we are witnessing new proof of the mighty holds in which the average political boss holds all ordinary formulas and legalisms and taboos and restrictions.

A small Council would represent a vast improvement in the municipal machinery. But what is to be done with the improved machine? The best devilwagon ever made can take you either to the opera or into a ditch with the same facility. After any frank analysis it has to be admitted that the voter is the municipal chauffeur.

Reform has usually failed in permanency because it has not truly touched the conscience of the electorate. In a community that permits such a riot of cynicism as we have just been witnessing in the police department under a Vares-Smith-Wilson direction, the issue lies far deeper than any merely legal method can go. Almost everywhere in this part of Pennsylvania political cynicism has spread like a disease. There is our own City Hall, of course. And there is Chester.

Chester is passing through a time of police mismanagement and political debasement reminiscent of our own darkest days.

Chester is a place of magnificent opportunities for forward-minded men. It has an opportunity to grow and spread under the stimulus of modern industrial needs. Magnificent things might be done for its population and for its future if it were under the direction of constructive and imaginative minds. Nowhere in America, perhaps, is there a city that could profit more largely than Chester under a scientific and humanized administration. And yet Chester is in the hands of petty bosses. Its politics smell of stale beer. Its political destinies seem to be directed from the back rooms of saloons.

Here again everybody will say "the bosses!"

Yet there are times, in Philadelphia and in Chester and everywhere else, when a man who is forever snarling at the bosses seems no wiser than a man who curses his own reflection in a mirror. For the bosses usually give the people what they seem to want or insist upon having. They are always within reach—just as the Mayor and the Vares are within reach—whenever an indignant public wishes to go after them. It is not likely that Mayor Smith would have permitted the return of Superintendent Robinson if he feared any unpleasant results of an official act altogether flagrant and almost insulting to the general intelligence of the community. If men like Mr. Smith and Mr. Vares are forced to accept a small Council, they will unquestionably set about nullifying the possible reform by turning the newer municipal machinery to their own uses. If they can manage to misguide and bewilder and baffle the public under one form of administration, they are not likely to avoid trying the same game under other circumstances. That is where the factor of the voter's conscience comes in. The boss deals with the general consciousness—or unconsciousness—of the voters. Leaders for decency must learn to do likewise successfully.

Here, perhaps, is the explanation of the persistent failure of reform in Philadelphia. The reformer too often puts his faith in legalistic forms, repressions and restrictions. In many past efforts for a larger righteousness in municipal affairs the reformers depended on two battle cries. They promised "a strict business administration" or "good bookkeeping."

Strict business administrations and good bookkeeping are well enough. But these are dry words. They do not touch any one's imagination, and in every voter is the knowledge that a strict business administration and good bookkeeping do not necessarily represent the ultimate ends of life or citizenship.

There are greater desires hidden away in most people. The reformer must articulate them. Probably the absence of such articulation is one reason why a truly amazing number of men—voters—do not even know the names of their ward representatives in Councils. There is a vast mass, the majority, that "trails along" at every election without any definite interest or purpose. And until a way can be found to touch the real interests of these voters it will make little difference whether we have a large Council or small. If a city is unclean and unprogressive and if it is constantly having its pocket picked, the fault lies

with the voters as well as with the boss.

It is with daily life that the voter is concerned. Whoever can convince the people that their causes are actually linked up with his own vital interests will get plenty of support—even if he is a "reformer." If it can be shown, for instance, that sincere opponents of bossism are willing and eager to enforce a sort of policy that will insure a little more of comfort in trolley cars, a little more happiness for children, better health and better schools, an elimination of slums and the preservation of life by the simple method of cleaning the streets, bosses of the present type would quake soon enough.

There is no doubt that all people want to see the city made clean, and that any methods likely to relieve the oppression of life in the crowded sections of the city would rouse their enthusiasm.

They want happiness. They feel they have done a day's work when they quit their jobs in the evening, and they do not want to toil and fight for another additional hour in a mere effort to get home. They would like to feel that their children could breathe clean air and play with safety in the open, and that when these children get a little bigger and go to work they will not be crowded and sweated and overdriven. Leaders who come along with that sort of thing in mind will not need to worry for support.

A small Council will greatly help to clear the way for a better vision of the city's responsibility to its people. But until a better public policy can reawaken interest in the voters a new charter will not automatically accomplish much else.

It is pleasant to hear that Europe is going wild over the President. A lot of people will feel that it will be better if it goes sane.

The riot that is brewing in Harrisburg over Governor Brumbaugh's job suggests that the Governor may be a war historian in more ways than one.

It is conceivable that should the Kaiser's eye roam across the Berlin dispatch proclaiming "Firing all over city," "Still at it!" would be his melancholy verdict.

**ELBOW ROOM**

A Russian Lullaby  
 Rock-a-by, baby, and drowsily nod—  
 That's only the noise of a new firing squad.  
 Thy father's condemned and thy sister's in jail,  
 Thy grandpa is offering pencils for sale,  
 Hush-a-by, baby, in old Petrograd,  
 Some day you'll live to revenge your poor Dad;  
 When the Bolshevik breaks, then the soviet'll fail,  
 And down will come Lenin and Trotsky and all!

Trump and ceremony are never needed when a truly great man goes to rest. Nothing in Theodore Roosevelt's career was more expressive of his manly simplicity than his funeral. And he will need no introduction in the Elysian Fields.

The Fifth Ward will soon be able to get some hints from Berlin on the manner of celebrating an election.

But the speech of President Wilson's that we are eager to hear will be the one that will make after seeing the devastated regions of France and Belgium. We hope that he will be made a citizen of Louvain, Verdun and Rheims, as well as of London, Rome and Turin.

"The League of Nations is not a panacea for all moral problems," says a statesman. Well, we did not expect Europe to leap right out of the fire into the panacea.

The most amusing thing about Mr. Wilson's European mail is not that he is receiving thousands of letters, but that he intends to answer them all.

Our correspondent in Berlin cables that that city echoes with "mighty shouts of 'Ho-ho!'" Evidently the High Price of Everything is getting on Berlin's nerves, too.

We are empowered to contradict the rumor that the Dutch province of Limburg is piling up all its stock of Limburger cheese on the frontier to prevent annexation of that territory by the Belgians.

Three hundred fighters have pledged a billion dollars to fight prohibition. They take their stand on Article X of the Constitution. But what they are really interested in is their own article XXX.

Queen of the Bolsheviks  
 The cruellest autocrat in Petrograd is said to be a young woman twenty-two years old. Kipling was right.

At any rate, Berlin is not suffering from food shortage.

If the suffragists keep on lighting bonfires around the White House, maybe Mr. Wilson will have no home to return to.

Only the Kaiser's strong religious conviction has restrained him from committing suicide. It is said. Never mind, there is another kind of strong conviction that is coming his way. He will find that as far as he is concerned, the Netherlands is only a halfway house to the nether regions.

Even influenza seems puny compared to the ravages of anarchy in poor Petrograd.

One of the atrocities that we would like to see stopped is the incessant quoting of Shakespeare by German newspapers.

More Thoughts About Wilhelm  
 At any rate, we hope that prohibition won't go into effect before the Kaiser croaks, because that will be the one day when we shall feel that humanity owes itself a congratulatory drink.

And when the Kaiser does get his, it is to be hoped the Crown Prince will accompany him, on the principle of getting rid of the heir of the dog that bit you.

Eighty miles of flight per day keeps a carrier pigeon in good condition, and the same thing might apply to the Kaiser.

SOCRATES.

**THE GOWNSMAN**

Made in Germany  
 LESS than a month ago, at a dinner of literary people and scholars in New York, a professor of American birth and name, known for his German sympathies before America went into the war and remembered as one of the much-feted exchange professors at Berlin, told a little story—or spread a little tale—somewhat in this wise: "Do you know, sir, that for every yard of the trenches occupied by American troops in France the United States Government is paying France a handsome rental? And what is more, our Government has obligated itself to fill these trenches, obliterate all signs of them, and reclaim the land to agriculture, until which time the rent will continue. I tell you, sir, the French are in this for what they can get out of it; they are a very grasping people." And he further "substantiated" his story by saying that he had a relative who is associated with a considerable number of other lawyers (apparently abroad), who had this momentous matter in charge.

THIS story has not come to the Gownsmen through any intermediary. The professor mentioned above told it to the Gownsmen himself; and he did not enjoin secrecy. Besides, the Gownsmen, it appears, was only one of several persons thus "informed" on that particular occasion. This he knows, because two other persons spoke to him that evening about the matter as just learned from the source of the Gownsmen's information. Moreover, the same professor of sometime notable German sympathies exhibited himself as deeply interested in a memorial, to be addressed to the Peace Commission at Paris, asking that a stop be put to certain out-of-proceedings of the Turks. Naturally, he might suppose that the Armenian massacres, or at least outrages on American property in Turkey, would be the matter in question. But no; it seems that these "outrageous proceedings of the Turks" concern their disregard for ancient monuments of art and their conversion of precious marble statuary into lime; a practice which has continued among all barbarians since the time of the Roman Empire.

IT IS no wonder that this tender solicitude for fighting great wrongs should have brought about a sharp and eloquent reminder to the friend of Germany, then and there, that there are other and greater barbarians even than the Turks, without whose abetting aid thousands of horrors more terrible than the destruction of Greek marbles could not have been perpetrated, whose own deeds of violence and rapine have appalled the world. But this is wandering from the subject in hand.

SKEPTICAL and worried about this story of the American Government's payment for the privilege of saving France in distress, the Gownsmen pursued certain inquiries. Meanwhile the tale had got into the papers, as arranged no doubt, and become widespread. A hard-headed American business man, asked his opinion as to the possibility of the truth in such a story, said that he feared that it might be more or less true, though he did not like to believe it. The Gownsmen discounted this reluctant incredulity by remembering the business man's politics and his faith in that panacea, a high tariff. An inquiry of a Government official in Washington, who is said to be a man of some knowledge on the subject, but who carries no hat, has clearly the French peasant whose hat has been trampled by the conflict of armies stands to lose by the occupation of his fields, even by the forces who defend him. Perhaps the paternal French Government had undertaken to reimburse individual owners for such losses, the reimbursement taking the form of rent and restoration to previous agricultural conditions. The American army coming inquired: "How do you manage those matters?" "Thus and so." "Well, we will do as much as the French Government for that in which we are concerned."

AND now comes Captain Andor Tardieu, head of the general commission for Franco-American war matters, to "deny officially in the most categorical fashion" that the American Government has ever paid or been asked to pay rent for reconquered territory under the circumstances alleged or any other, adding: "In Germany when these claims shall be established." In a talk to the Associated Press, which ought to receive greater publicity than has been given it, Captain Tardieu tells how the rules applicable to American units as to requisition and the prices involved are precisely those applicable to French units. All hospitals and other public establishments have been placed at the disposition of the American army gratis. "In the rear zone, all questions of the French units are treated on the same basis by the French and Allied armies. The regulation of these questions is vested with the American Staff Bureau at the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force. The American Staff is sole judge of all claims, and no claims are opened to claimants up to this time for appeals from its decisions." The story with its implications and its details, which have been laid out court on the charge of keeping a vicious dog. "In the first place, your honor, my dog was educated and well brought up. Secondly, this person was bitten last month, my dog died six years ago. Thirdly, I have never owned a dog."

THE dragon of German propaganda has been scotched, but it will not die until sundown, that sundown which shall bring home to those who have planned and participated in the greatest outrage ever perpetrated on mankind a full realization of their degradation and shame. That the malefactor, hardened in his crime, should still seek to brazen it out, hideous as it is, is not altogether unnatural. But that an American citizen, in an honored and honorable position, and merely because of the accident of his foreign education and birth, should so brazenly lend himself to the promulgation of proud boasts of this sort, gratuitous and false as it is—this is a thing not only heartily to be repudiated, but to be sorrowed for. We are all "miserable creatures"; and some are more miserable than they know.

INDUBITABLY there would be but little to talk if we were all of us to speak only of that which we know; and one of the greatest of human delights, gossip about our neighbors, would be dried up at its welling source by any such universal prohibition. There is an enormous difference between talk, idle talk for talk's sake, when that unruly member, the tongue, plays pranks in a school-boy and the vibrant flash of a school-tongue of scandal and slander. The pulling down of great names, to trample them in the mud, where they tread many feet. We are all "miserable creatures"; and some are more miserable than they know.

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**ANOTHER EXPERIMENT**



**THE NORTH SEA VIGIL**

Remarkable Pictures That Show How the Seas Were Made Free

IT WAS a sort of North Sea morning when I slipped my office hawser and set sail for the Academy of the Fine Arts to see the collection of British naval photographs. Mingled snow and rain were falling and the streets were as slippery as the deck of a destroyer tumbling in a heavy sea. Keeping a sharp lookout for hostile taxicabs, I coasted the dangerous reefs of the City Hall and bore away up the fairway of Broad street under a smoke screen of after-breakfast tobacco. I luffed at Cherry street and ported my helm into the academy.

These (probably misused) naval terms must be pardoned, for the remarkable photographs of the official British exhibit, on display until next Sunday evening, give so strong a smack of the bitter North Sea that one comes away almost feeling the pavement away and swing underfoot. Many of us have envied the tough and bracing life of the men on that bleak water, just as (I suppose) the sailors themselves have sometimes envied us at home, our tough and bracing daily discipline, facing careering motor traffic and striking milkmen and aviating prices. Generous British mapmakers used to call it the German Ocean. But the German Ocean has been drained off and there now remains only the North Sea, which might well be called the ocean of freedom. And after studying these amazing photos, said to be the largest lens pictures in the world, one has some inkling of the circumstances of the hard vigil that saved the seaman's home with such a clean, ruddy, tough-cheeked look, such a calm and wholesome simplicity in the eyes.

VIGIL is a wonderful word. It means, as I understand it, keeping awake during the time usually given to sleep. We all keep vigil now and then, and it is an austere and purifying experience. But the vigil of the sea, facing the spears of the wind, the memories of those far away, and the menace of an unseen enemy, is surely the most drastic seasoning for human fiber. "He that will learn to pray," said an old poet, "let him go to sea." And not the least interesting feature of the showing of naval photographs are the few pictures of the men themselves, both sailors and officers. The British mariner has a face of his own. It is clean shaven, scoured and puckered by the nipping wind. It has the ranks that simple unimagined stolidity which is always joined to the complexion. The eyes are gray and keen. Such is the face of Jack Cornwall, known in British naval ratings as "Boy (first-class) John Travers Cornwall," who died of wounds received while sticking to his post at the battle of Jutland, and was awarded the V. C. posthumously. Such are the faces, here shown of three of the volunteer crew of the *Vindictive*, who took part in the famous raid of Zebruggen. From Beatty and Carpenter and the other officers down to the grizzled old seadogs who man Britain's trawlers and minesweepers, the same calm and hardened look may be traced in all the faces. The ships are wonderful, but the men are also a fascinating study. And the mascots should not be forgotten, too. Let no one say henceforth that sailors are distrustful of black cats at sea, for the mascots of the *Vindictive* on her great exploit were two large mousers of that color.

THESE pictures, it must be emphasized, are not the imaginative brushwork of artists, but actual photographs, most of them taken from the air and tinted in the

colors of life. You will see there an enormous picture of the *Vindictive* as she returned (under her own steam) after the fight at Zebruggen mole. You will see the amazing column of torn white water surmounted by a vast pine tree of black and gray smoke, sent up by 400 pounds of TNT exploding under water. Convoys of merchant ships, zigzagging on a calm sea, trace a white webwork of foaming trails across the blue, while the escorting destroyers are dropping depth charges for Fritz. You will see the oily patch on the surface that is the U-boat's only epitaph. The white ribbon of a periscope or the bubbling trail of a "tin fish" flash across the gray-green water and is snapped by a watchful camera in the air. And you will not forget the wonderful picture of the Olympic, crowded with men in khaki (Americans, perhaps, though the picture does not say so), creeping her way through a sapphire day with a leaping fan of milk-white turmoil at her throbbing stern.

THE photographs form a curious contrast to the permanent and placid exhibition at the academy. The huge likeness of the riddled *Vindictive* hangs, if I remember right, just underneath a peaceful pasture scene in the main gallery called "In the Meadow." The photographs are a pageant of all that was magnificent, all that was terrible, all that was tragic in that four years' sea adventure. It was characteristic of British generosity to include several very excellent pictures showing the American naval forces at work; for instance, the crew of a U-boat surrendering to the United States destroyer *Fanning*. A great many of the enlargements show the last minutes of torpedoed vessels, among others a British hospital ship with the big Red Cross emblem on her side just awashed. Scenes on British destroyers resulting, torpedoed crews are vivid with suggestions of the many who were not picked up. On the narrow decks of the sharp-nosed little destroyers stand lines of sailormen in their clumsy sea attire, numb and bewildered. Very striking, indeed, is a series of three photos of a sinking cargo vessel loaded with barrels. The first picture shows her soon after the torpedo had struck, when she is beginning to list heavily. The second view shows her rolling over and the barrels floating off from her deck into the water. And in the last scene she has just disappeared with only a boiling swirl of water where she vanished; a great cluster of barrels are drawn into the vortex by the suction, and the other casks curiously spun off in a long straight line, perhaps by some centrifugal current thrown out by the rim of the whirling eddy. There is one very clear picture of a sinking steamship breaking up as she sinks; her bow is already under, and seems to have parted entirely from the body of the hull. Each of these pictures carries its own conviction to the onlookers; a conviction which has no very gentle feeling toward those who carried the war into the ranks of noncombatants. Of all the works of man's hands ships seem the most alive, and the end of a fine ship is a tragic spectacle.

ONE interesting picture is that of a British cruiser standing by in the middle of an iridescent patch of oil, where she has sunk a submarine by a depth charge. At her stern a small boat is waiting in readiness to pick up the survivors, should they come to the surface. Also she is in entire readiness to make sure of her victim if he should prove not to have been thoroughly "done in," or done under, one might say.

For Fritz had, like his own, and one of them was to release a quantity of oil if a depth bomb had failed to reach him, to fool the enemy into believing he had been destroyed. Whereupon he would presently come up again and have another try. But this wholesome fear of depth bombs is well understood after examining the photos of such charges exploding, throwing up masses of crumbling water and tearing the heaving surface into a lather of foam.

THE photographs are certainly a triumph of camera skill and quickness. Their exceptional size makes it possible to study all phases of naval warfare, its humors as well as its tragedies. The aerial views of the Zebruggen mole and Bruges Canal mouth, blocked by sunken cruisers, will make those daring sallies plain than many books of print. Ice-coated rigging, fireproof garments, gasmasks and goggles make plain some of the ordeals the sailor faces on his lawful occasions. The whole exhibition is not to be missed by one who has a mind to know something of the work of the navies of freedom. Tomorrow and Sunday will be free days, and on Saturday admission is twenty-five cents for adults and ten for children. The admission receipts go to American war charities.

C. D. M.

We will root for Doctor Garber's "better English" plan if we are assured that the good work will be applied at the very beginning to improve some of the official pronouncements from Harrisburg and City Hall.

Lenine, now in iron by Trotsky's order, has an opportunity to realize why everybody dislikes him.

It was always interesting to wonder what the professional haters would do for exercise after Germany was beaten. But no one ever supposed that they would turn their attention on the President.

In the days of his greatness William Hohenzollern had a habit of picking violets. It is safe now to suppose that he wishes he had stuck to violets and refrained from indulging himself in the matter of quarrels.

**What Do You Know?**

- QUIZ**
1. What part of Holland is Belgium said to be desirous of annexing?
  2. How old is President Wilson?
  3. What is a crevasse?
  4. What were the "Seven Wonders of the World"?
  5. Where are the Straits Settlements?
  6. How many times was Henry VIII of England married?
  7. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase "De morte hominum"?
  8. What is a postcard?
  9. Which is the largest planet of the solar system?
  10. How many sheets of writing paper make a quire?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
1. Giuseppe Mazzini was a famous Italian patriot, revolutionist and writer who was active in the unification and independence of his country. He died in Pisa in 1872.
  2. The name of "Home, sweet Home," is by Sir Henry Bishop.
  3. An epitaph is a short poem, especially pastoral allusion.
  4. "The greatest of faults is to be conscious of one's faults."—from Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."
  5. The name of "Home, sweet Home," is by Sir Henry Bishop.
  6. General Ambrose Burnside, a Federal commander in the Civil War, was nicknamed "Kaiser Wilhelm."
  7. An ostrich is a European hunting, a small bird, with a long neck, a long tail, and a yellowish breast and a buff abdomen.
  8. "The Babe's Progress" is by William Brewster, the celebrated English naturalist and author of the sixteenth century.
  9. The Moon is the modern name of the Greek peninsula called the Peloponnesus in classical times.
  10. Because it was a meeting place of American patriots during the Revolution and the scene of important decisions. Faneuil Hall, Boston, has been called "the Cradle of Liberty."