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Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 4, 1919

### LETTING UP ON LUXURIES

IN THE conferences so far held by House and Senate representatives concerned with the new revenue bill there has been a constant recurrence of the prejudice which the Middle Western man cherishes against the wicked cities and their wicked

Thus there was an invistent desire in the committees that luxuries be most heavily taxed. After many prayerful sessions and perhaps a chat with an economist or two-the framers of the bill are experiencing the rare luxury of a change of mind.

Doubtless they have learned that such schedules are the reverse of scientific.

The trouble with luxuries is that one may do without them. If they are taxed too heavily, they will not be bought. Then there is no income, no gain anywhere. The more widely distributed war taxes

shall be the less they will be felt.

### GETTING ALONG

\*ALL is fair," they used to say, "in love, war and business!"

Times change and men change with them. The Peace Conference is preparing to put the blight of universal disapproval upon submarines, poison gas, long-distance bombardments of civilian communities and air raiders.

Business has become something more than business. It is an art. It is striving toward new ideals of imaginative co-operation. All is no longer fair in business. There remains love.

Will anybody ever be able to take the liness and the double dealing and the subtle perils out of that oldest of human preoccupations?

KING MANUEL'S DUBIOUS CHANCES THE Portuguese situation continues obscure, but as yet there is no substantial ground for fearing a comprehensive backiding toward monarchy. Lisbon is the heart of Portugal as Paris is of Prance. continues republican, the line of the Braganzas is unlikely to be restored.

Spanish sympathy with kingship has rendered comparatively easy the frequent royalist uprisings which have originated on the boundary between Galicia and horthern Lusitania, but they have seldom proceeded south of Oporto. That city is now threatened with a victorious republican army. Should it be retaken all threats against Lisbon will be removed, and with the passing of that danger King Manuel's ances for regaining his crown will be as ilm as ever.

### WAR MEMORIALS

THE magnitude of the war has naturally proved embarrassing to its commemoration in art. Grandiose memorials are not readily hustled into being. "Comprehensive plans" are halted in a conflict of expert opinions or await the passage of huge money appropriations without which the work is declared to be "impossible."

In the meantime it is pleasant to note that other commemorative enterprises, less costly but no less lofty in spirit, are under way. An admirable marble tribute to Edith Cavell already adorns Brussels, and it is likely that it is informed by a quality of inspiration in which some monumental and long-discussed and repeatedly revised work may be lacking.

GENERAL GOURAUD admitted the other day that the Rhine Valley, with its charming scenery, its background of romance and its neat, well-built towns, is one of the most attractive regions of the globs. Letters from our own soldiers sound its praises and the press correndents in some slarm are reporting the sparisons which the American army of ipation is drawing between German and French billets.

Hun propaganda may seek to capitalize ils attitude, but fortunately any overplayng of the trick is likely to prove unprofitable for the plotter. Before the war Gerny made a fine showing on her material evements and won much favorable merican opinion. The revelation of the mous gap between progress external and spiritual in the empire leagued us with the Allies. Time was needed for the sigance of this fact to be made clear.

The situation is to some extent repeating sif. Peace came so suddenly that it was od for the overwrought fighting man to think soberly and introspectively on certein vital themes. Naturally the Rhine owns of Germany, untouched by the war. nt restful contrasts to wrecked eastn France. The neatness and the order relcome and it is undoubtedly pleasant flave one's orders obeyed by a popula-

formed by necessity to be docile.

mental equilibrium is restored, adments of appraisement will follow. Re-

peared so fair, she was enabled to pursue for many years her game to conquer the world. Many of the Americans now in Coblenz never saw a foreign country until they crossed the Atlantic. The reactions following the armistice are not yet overthrown

With a little more time to think things over it is easily conceivable that the keenwitted doughboy will revise superficial estimates. Material case is for a while an antidote for criticism. But the allurement nas qualities of evanescence. American clear-mindedness may be trusted to be sufficiently operative to place the proper value on German "sympathetic" subservience, attractive shop windows and trains on time.

#### PROPAGANDA RUN MAD HIDES TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA!

#### Civilization Can No Longer Afford to Shirk an Obligation Upon Which World-Security So Vitally Depends

DROPAGANDA and chaos thrive upon each other reciprocally. As the state of Russia grows more and more anarchic special pleaders gallop with increasing fury on their respective hobby-horses. As violently prejudiced partisanship is recklessly expressed, the disruption of a nation is commensurately fostered. Until the vicious circle is broken, civilization is floundering helplessly in the vortex and cannot be made whole while Russia is diseased.

Admittedly the whirligig is intolerable. It is time for a propaganda quarantine. It has been time for many disheartening months, and yet the orgy of lies and counter-lies paralyzes all rational endeavor.

The Allies and America have no Russian policy. It is true that the call for the Marmora conference suggests zeal for one. but its outlines are not yet discernible. The propaganda mills promptly took on fouble shifts as soon as that well-intentioned plan was announced.

The Omsk Government sulked, and then launched into a broadside of prophery of the familiar and demoralizing type. The conquest of Moscow is floridly pictured. Its present rulers are characterized as madmen crazed with potations of naphtha and kerosene. Bolshevism sneers, pits Lenine against Wilson and wildly alleges waxing success for the Soviet sway.

Unparalleled is the glut of verbiageand unbelievable. For truth is crushed in a combat of contradictions. Upon its resurrection does the whole future safety of Russia -- and by logical extension -- of the world depend.

Defiant propagandists, representative of verbally prolific factions shrick grotesquely from the periphecy of Muscovy. The Stockholm clique reports with a profusion of lurid detail upon conditions to Moscow. The reactionary Slavs of Paris bubble with "information" about the country of the Don Cossacks. Moscow turns a similar trick with explicit "facts" concerning regions a safe thousand miles from the capital. The barrage against veracity conveyed by direct channels is the most incessant in history Condemnatory indeed must be the truth so passionately shunned. A one of all the Russian parties, the Social Revolutionariesoutgrowth of the old Minimalists-nave assented to participation in the Princes Islands convention. The deduction that they have little to conc al is irresistible. and it is quite possible to construe their attitude as an indictment of the sulkers.

Two or three factions at the proposed meeting would not justify its existence. Within a few days of grace from now to February 15, it is conceivable the present antagonism may be revealed as bluster and hat the laggards will show up. If they do the well of truth may be at last accessible. But sanction for ceasing the search will not be furnished by failure. Indeed, the need will be more pressing than ever.

Our armies in the Archangel district must be categorically informed of the meaning of their advances or retreats. It is a fact as staggering as incontestable that just now the significance of these movements is unknown. If the Bolshevists are to be indorsed, a retirement of the expeditionary forces might "constructively" be a victory for them. The eventual adoption of the opposite course would change the whole complexion of the campaign. At present it has no "motivation" at all, save that of bitter tragedy.

The Germans died for a delusion, but its concomitants were clearly defined. Our soldiers in Arctic Russia are innocently under compulsion to brand with irony the establishment of an "era of peace," and all because civilization is crippled in perplexity, badgered and browbeaten by the wiles of selfish and irrepressible propagandists.

Guglielmo Marconi is planning communication with the stars. We can await that performance. Men will not die for lack of that link. But they will perish and the world of freedom will continue to be sorely imperiled if a vast terrestrial empire remains longer an enigma.

The truth must be extracted from Russia. The conference scheme still holds out some hope, but should that vanish the civilization which would balk at the task of unearthing existing mundane facts would be imbecile.

Erect the propaganda quarantine!

Dispatch honest emissaries! Assemble undiluted facts! The program is formidable but insignificant compared with the work of crushing Kalserism which the world has just achieved. The Russian rumor diet is nauseating. All the orderly, liberty-loving nations of the world are ill on such fare.

Only the truth will sustain them. It must be secured that civilization may cease its tragic inaction and, fortified by attested facts, select the road that leads nearest to the goal of justice.

### ANTIS IN THE SUFFRAGE RANKS?

OF COURSE, women should have the vote if they want it. They do a large part of the world's work. Their lives are touched every day in factories by laws which men make. The welfare of their children, their property, the direction of the schools with which they have a keen concern are all involved with the processes of government in which they have no hand.

There is all the more reason, therefore, to wonder at the spectacle of the conspicuous and energetic advocates of the vote doing their utmost to obstruct it. Miss Alice Paul is on her way to Paris to heckle the President and to seed a

group of speech burners on the boulevards

near the Murat mansior It is not surprising that Mrs. John O. Miller and her associates in the Woman Suffrage Association of this city should so quickly endeavor to show that the Paris adventure is without the sanction of the majority of suffragists in the United States. Miss Paul's organization is the National Woman's party, the militant minority of pickets and hunger strikers who have agitated restlessly for a national amendment instead of the progressive

acquisition of the vote by States. The trip abroad is the militants' greatest enterprise. They shine as the newest recruits in the varied army that is endeavoring to embarrass Mr. Wilson-the exploiters, the junkers, the ruiners and wreckers of civilization.

Do they know nothing of the risks they run? Do they imagine that Paris would take their demonstrations seriously? Do they know nothing of the terrors of French humor?

If Miss Paul ever lights a fire in front of the Murat mansion some Parisian is sure to write a song-a gay and happy little song of devastating good humorwhich will be sung about suffrage in the theatres. Anti-suffragists in America would like that. But all women who want greater safety and freedom for themselves and their children would have cause to

### THE MEXICAN TROUBLE WORKS

NERVOUS reactions follow quite naturally in the Carranza government upon the news of the formation in New York of an Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico. And there has been a lifting of eyebrows in Paris at the unexpected announcement that a large representation of American and British financial interests is assembling there to tell the Peace Conference of the woes encoun tered in efforts to operate under Mexican ell, mine and land concessions.

If the new league of nations is to have, as one of its first duties, the seitlement of painful grisvances existing between the Mexicans and foreign investors, it will be brought face to face at the outset with an extraordinary entanglement of the exact sort that has always led nations to war.

Foreign investors in Mexico have many egitimate complaints. Mexicans are easy going They are often lazy. A great many of their government officials are corrupt. The country is a constant incitement to apitalists with an adventurous disposion. It is increably rich in natural re-

When British and Americans have inested heavily in development enterprises hey are often harassed by the neighbor good politicians. More recently the Caranza government has been developing a ew tax system which means the virtual confiscation of extensive property created and held by foreigners. This is the investors' side of the case. What of the Mexicans' side?

Of that we hear less. Mexicans insist hat the rights of the people are often violated by newcomers and that harsh and infair advantages are taken of the relatively helpless pecus under a labor system that sometimes varges upon slavery. If there is to be an effort to force inter-

ference by the United States in Mexico and to change the American policy of patience and tolerance heretofore observed in relation to the Mexicans because of a desire to solidify a system of friendly relations over all this continent, the measures adopted by the newest special pleaders in Paris ought to be carefully watched.

Such representatives as they have in America will bear equally close scrutiny. The fact that lobbies for Mexican interest are openly at work in Washington and that the special interests now at daggers points with Carranza have actually invaded the press galleries indicates how the wind ts blowing.

Obviously, if the world is to be pledged to self-determination, the Mexicans have that right as well as every other country. Those who have invested in that unstable country did so with a knowledge or the risks they ran. It is conceivable that the United States and England will urge the Mexicans to treat outsiders decently or, in the final analysis, to reimburse them for enforced losses. But we should have no wars with Mexico and no more blockades. The United States wishes the sympathetic co-operation not only of Mexico but of all Latin America. And we are not going to muddle a program that has already carried us far toward that ideal culmination.

General Horvath says Trust 'Em he doesn't believe any When They're Tied agreement is possible between the Bolshey ist and other Russian factions for the reason that the Bolshevists cannot be depended upon to keep any agreement entered into. Which, when you come to think of it, is exactly the position of the Allies with the Huns. The only agreement they dare make is one they are able to enforce.

Wonder if Paris's new "itch" means that Permanent Peace is about to come to the scratch?

Players will not be allowed to bait the Umpires when the Big League gets down to

The league of nations idea is still an infant. Perhaps it will develop teeth as it grows older.

The militant suffragists are of the opin ion that the President haen't trouble enough of his own at the present time. Maybe the Peace Congress will take up

the matter of making the metric system uni.

versal. It hasn't enough to do at the pres-

French pilots will soon be guiding French and German vessels on the Rhine. The Watch on the Rhine is being fitted

with French works. Doubtless the militant suffragists would be glad to gum up the Welcome sign on the Brussels carpet when the President visits the Belgian capital.

No nation has yet seriously considered law to prohibit the sale and manufacture of firearms. In the absence of such prohibition (to speak in terms of the liquor traffic) high license might be an improvement on individual option.

# CHRISTMAS AT CHATENAY

By Captain Robert H. Nones, Jr. Dental Corps, A. E. F.

[Editor's Note.-This article was written n France on Christmas Day by Captain Nones, a Philadelphian and a 1908 graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.]

FOR months to come, and posetbly for years, we will all be so busy reading the tales of this war as they are written by those who have been through it that it will be very difficult for the writers of fiction to keep up with the true tales of the world conflict. We will all grow weary of reading about it. We will hear of the deeds of noncombatant organizations, of how they worked under shellfire and of their work in the rear. There will be many tales written worked under shelifire and of their worked the rear. There will be many tales written about Christmas, 1918, in France, and it is of this that I write. And now that the struggle is ended we can write with a dif-ferent feeling of Christmas than when the guns were still booming and men dying.

CINCE coming to France I have been in D many places and I have seen strange hings, but recently I have been assigned to a post where the work is entirely new to me. I am stationed at an air service spares depot, about a hundred miles from the city of Paris and but a short time ago within close range of the big guns. The work of this post is, as the name implies, to supply spare parts for airplance. spare parts for airplanes. At the present there are about 800 men and thirty officers here. They are divided into five squadrons. instance, there is a pursuit squadron a day bombing squad, a construction squad-ron, a supply squadron. In army parlance, we are living in the field. This is everything that one may look for in the life of a soldler except bulle's and shells, plenty of rain and wallowing in mud up to our knees. About a kilometer away is the small village of Chatenay-sur-Seine. The people seem to like the Americans very much, not only because of the fight which we have been in together, but from their kind hearts There are about seventy-five children in the village, and every child is a pet of some of the men in the camp.

TTHE idea was conceived of trying to make this Christmas in this little station one that we would never forget. We thought the best thing we could do would be to make those who had suffered most in the last four years feel happiest—the French people. The way to reach the heart of the grownup is through the children. Why not give the Christmas to them? It was no sooner suggested than it was acted upon, and every man gave nobly to the cause. An officer was sent to Paris with orders to buy "beauoup" toys for the children; that the sky was to limit, and he nobly performed his mis-

Christmas Eve was the time the big affair. All day the men had been at work preparing for the event. Some had been rehearsing songs, others decorating the trees, others in the woods gathering mistle-toe and greens I imagine the happlest of the whole bunch are those men under Lieu-tenam Minor, who were sorting out end arranging the toys and tagging each boxful.

In FRANCE at this time of the year night falls early, and at 4 o'clock the lights go on. Seven o'clock was the time set for the festivities. Long before that hour, how-ever, the villagers and their children arrived, and all scated themselves in the Y. M. C. A. "hut." From the excitement showing on the faces of all one could see that the folks were keyed up for something which was evidently new to them. And I might say that every one of those seventy-five children acted as though they were about have the time of their lives.

DROMPTLY at 7 o'clock the orchestra I played an overture, and at the finish the curtain was drawn aside, disclosing a picture that in its beauty surpassed descrip tion. In the center of the stage we saw a huge Christmas tree, beautifully decorated, and on each side a smaller one. The whole some was illuminated by a multitude of col ored lights, both electric and pyrotechnic. It was indeed beautiful, and for a minute all was silence, and then a huge shout and cheer filled the place. The audience was very happy. Mr. Petty then came upon the stage, made a short address upon the pur pose of the gathering, offered a prayer and Country, 'Tis of Thee." followed by a sergeant, who told the Frenc people in their own language the reason for their being present and of our customs in America at this time of the year. America at this time of the year. He finished his talk by saying that 'Santa Claus' was on his way from America and was expected any minute. While we were awaiting the arrival of that kind old gentleman we were entertained by vocal solos and singing by a quartet of fine voices. The last song had hardly died down when we heard such a clatter that we looked on the stage to see what was the matter, and lo! and behold the faithful "Old Man" had arrived, promptly, as usual. You can well imagine the noise which followed his ap-pearance. It certainly did my heart good to hear it. I had a hard time figuring which were the bigger kids, the children of the village or the soldiers. Anyway, everybody was right there, and filled up with the Christmas cheer.

THE children were next called upon the stage, the youngest boys first, then the oldest, and after that the girls. All were given presents, and there wasn't a face that did not beam. This was really the first Christmas of its kind they had ever seen. The youngest recipient of a present wa about six months old. One of our sergeant carried the little codger in his arms and gave him a horn and a ball, and you should have seen that kiddle coo and screw up it face in a grin. Little Emile Deloffre is no the proud possessor of a replica of French "seventy-five" gun. Maurice Penn. cier owns a set of building blocks and som tenpins, and I'll just bet those boys are trying to knock the tenpins down today by firing that "seventy-five" at them. I

was good to watch the little four-year-old Yvette Fascier's face light up with joy when Santa handed her a beautful little doll. Every one of these children, upon re-ceiving their toys, made a pretty little cour-tesy and a "merci" or a "bon homme neel." ceiving their toys, made a pretty little cour-tesy and a "merci" or a "bon homme noel." And so the party went on until all had been supplied. We, sitting down in front, enjoyed seeing it all. We enjoyed the spirit of the occasion. We enjoyed seeing these little children, many of whom have lost their fathers in this war, being made happy. It does one a lot of good to see the look of appreciation on the French child's face when any small favor is done for it. The French

any small favor is done for it. The French children are so wonderful.

After all the kiddies had received their toys "Saint Nick" bade us all a Merry Christmas and a good night, and the curtain was closed. Then followed more applause, and after that had subsided the final act of the program was given us. The motion received the program was given us. the program was given us. The motion pic-ture, "My Lady's Silpper," with that charm-ing star, Anita Stewart, was thrown on the screen. Strangely enough, the scene of this picture takes place in France during the reign of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and concerns the love of an American naval and concerns the love of an american havai officer for a French countess. To us who are living within a very short distance of the places where Louis and his Queen dwelt and ruled it was most interesting. The picture ended, and we all left the hut. The evening, which had begun with rain, had changed to a cold, clear night, and out in the said a large star shope above all the the east a large star shone above all the others. I stopped and gazed at it in wonder, remembering how the "Three Wise Men" had looked at and had followed that star, followed it as their guide until they came to the manger where lay the new-born babe, which was to be the man Jesus, our Saviour.

ND so Christmas dawned-a different A kind from the Christmas of the last



Ballade of Stresses and Strains

F ANYONE thinks it's a trifle To toss off a fanciful strain, Just ask dear Xantippe-my wife'll Admit how I cudgel my brain. The anvil where forges the chain Of a verse, Lears some horrible smiting-The best of it is the refrain.

That is, the refraining from writing! XANTIPPE may loyally stifle The rumors of anguish and pain-She'll guard the front door with a rifle While I chivvy verses in vain;

But some day I fear she'll complain Existence is far too exciting-The best of it is the refrain, That is, the refraining from writing!

VANTIPPE dear not for her life'll A Confess that my verse is her bane; Just hint it, she'll flash you an eyefull Of wholly convincing disdain; And yet I am sure she is fain

That I should relinquish inditing The best of it is the refrain, That is, the refraining from writing!

Envoy O POETS! Be wise and abstain: Your frenzy the home life is blight

The best if it is the refrain, That is, the refraining from writing!

### Old Mortality

IT HAS long been customary to make fun I in rather patronizing fashion, of the elegiac verses that our forefathers loved to carve on tombstones. Wits have made merry over the simplicity of these homely rhymes; and indeed many of them, concealing in their apparently naive phrase a quaint or even unintended turn of satire. are funny enough to modern eyes exempt from the personal pang. And yet, standing on such sandy footing as the drifting dunes of Time, humanity is in no station for unmixed mirth on this topic. We sometimes think it is almost a pity the old custom of tombstone verses has vanished. It has always been a human instinct to break into rhyme when the heart is strangely stirred, and sincerity is always apparent even through the clumsiest vesture of song.

THE other day we spent some time in the lovely churchyard of Old Swedes, that little plot of quietness that contrasts so queerly with the huge docks and clanging freight sidings that environ it. There we found an epitaph, an echo of some longforgotten sorrow, that still touches the heart with its simple grace. Abbreviated, it runs thus:

LIZZIE Affectionate Daughter of
Died December 24, 1857.
When Christmas bells ring out their chi
And helly boughs and sprigs of thyme
Were hung on many a wall,
Our LIZZIE in her beauty's prime
Lay in our darkened hall.

ND what could be more proudly moving A than the inscriptions on the resting stones of the old Swedish pastors of Gloria Dei, men of stern courage, who crossed a weary sea to labor for their faith in the stripling city of the unknown West? Of A kind from the Christmas of the last four years—and I sent up a prayer of thanks that the war is indeed over and that "Peace on Barth, Good Will to Men," reigns over this earth.

Olaf Parlin, one of these, it is nobly written, "and in the Last Combat, Strengthened by Heavenly Succours, he Quit the Field not Captive but Conqueror."

### The Original Woodrow Wilson

"The weight of those affairs and interests for which we are met together is such that I could not with a good conscience satisfy myself if I did not remonstrate to you somewhat of my apprehensions of the state of the affairs of these nations.

"THAT 'VICTORY' HABIT IS HARD TO LOSE, YOUR EX-HIGHNESS!"

"The well-being of these nations is now at stake. I shall offer it to your judgments whether there be a possibility of discharging that trust which is incumbent upon us for the safety and preservation of these nations. By the advice of so wise and great a council as this, which hath in it the life and spirit evil may be obviated.

"You will find I will be very plain with you before I have done, and that with all love and affection and faithfulness to you and these

"I would beg of you to consider a little with mp, what that resistance is that is likely to be made to this mighty current? I think

"After so much expense of blood and treasure, we are now to search what blessings God hath in store for these nations. It is very well known to you all what difficulties we have passed through and what issue we are now arrived at. We hope we may say we have arrived, if not altogether at what we have arrived, if not altogether a we aimed at, yet at that which is m yond our expectations. The nature of this cause, and the quarrel, you all very well know: most of you have been actors in it; it was the maintaining of the liberty of these

"And yet we are not without the murmur "And yet we are not without the murmur and yet we are not without the murmurings of many people, who turn all this grace
and goodness into wormwood. And those
men are of several ranks and conditions—
men that will trouble nations for an interest
which is but mixed at the best—made up of
iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnez-

sar's image.
"If God should bless you in this work, and "If God should bless you in this work, and make this meeting happy on this account, you shall all be called blessed. You shall be the repairers of breaches and the restorers of paths to dwell in. If there be any higher work which mortals can attain unto, I accompledes my ignorance of it." knowledge my ignorance of it."

The above words were spoken to Parliament by Oliver Cromwell, January, 1658.

The barber who shaved the Kaiser for eventeen years is now out of a job. The world's greatest example of a man who might have taken a short cut to fame, and didn't.

### Giving Nebraska Her Due

Herbert Johnson, the cartoonist of the Saturday Evening Post, has called us up (and also called us down) about that article of ours the other day on cartoonists. We said that Briggs came from Wiscon sin, which Mr. Johnson admits is true as

far as mere birth statistics are concerned; but like a loyal Nebraskan, he insist: that Nebraska deserves all the credit for putting the joy of Briggs's cartoons into life. It seems that Briggs and Johnson grew up ogether in the famous town of Lincoln, where undoubtedly the presence of Bryan the Magnificent lent encouragement and inspiration for the growth of young humorists. Briggs was three years the older of the pair. We would like to see moving pictures of their youth; the boyhood of two such drolls must have been a Huck Fins and Tom Sawyer epic.

Mr. Johnson adds that he and Briggs both studied at the Western Normal College in Lincoln, and says that he gives us this inside dope to spare us from the wrath of infuriated Nebraskans who cherish Briggs as one of the State's greatest bea-

He tried to tell us that Rollin Kirby, the New York World cartoonist, also began his

### WOMAN MADE THE WAR HER OWN

WOMAN made the great war her own. On paper no Aenelds of the brink That cannot be, in the same let of ink. Bracketed with her graphic winnowings Of service sheaves at home. Nor may the

Of howsoever venomed fortune sink Her caravel of mercy, fragile link Cementing an entente of kindred kings.

boss?

What victor song is unkissed of her lips? Her sacrifices put to sea in ships, Her prayers as pennons in the vanguard

And, radiant herald of Apocalypse, Lo, in her breast the wound of the Red

Cross! STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Bolshevism is the Guessing rule of the proletariat and the elimination of In Cheap the upper and middle

classes; it is practical Marxian socialism. Strict adherence to its principles would make not only an organized State impossible but an organized army equally impossible. The organization of the present Bolshevist army, therefore, means a depar-ture from the principles on which the party was founded. The army's supreme comwas founded. The army's supreme com-mand represents the aristocracy; its under officers, varying grades of the middle class. When its "proletariat," the Soldiers' Councii, ran things, disaster followed. Its present success in different fields may argue the growth of a stability that may eventually make for a strong government. At any rate, one guess is as good as another at

## What Do You Know?

1. What is a woodchuck? 2. Who is Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court? 3. Who was George Frederick Watts?

4. Of what country was Oscar Wilde & 5. What is the meaning of the word hiero-

6. What inscription does the red flag of the Bolshevists bear?

7. Which hemisphere, the Northern or the outhern, contains the greater amount of land?

8. What is the meaning of Porto Rico? 9. What is a periphery? 10. How many planets are in the solar sys-

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

 Fiume should be pronounced as though spelled "Few-meh," with the accent on the first syllable. 2. An oratory is a small chapel, place for religious worship.

3. Kippered means cured by cleaning, rub-bing with salt, pepper, etc., and drying with air and smoke. 4. Ermete Novelli was a noted Italian comedian. He died last week.

 A Mohammedan who has made the sacred pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to be called Hadj. 6. Des Moines is the largest city in Iowa

7. France has had nine Presidents since the foundation of the Third Republic. 8, Colonel E. M. House is reputed to be the author of a novel called "Philip Dru

Administrator."
The expression, "thick as leaves in Vallombross." Is derived from a passage
in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which
runs, "Thick as autumnal leaves that
stress the brooks in Vallombross."

A paradid in casesical mathematics.