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Philadelphia, Thursday, February 20, 1939

### STANDING ROOM ONLY

DHILADELPHIA seems to be enjoying the sort of prosperity which is indicated by the "Standing Room Only" sign set out in front of a theatre when a popular play.

The horses are full. The man who hunte for an apartment to rent must go to real estate agent after real estate agent in an almost vain search for suitable quarters. and if he seeks a house the agents tell him that so few are in the market that he will he fortunate if he finds what he wants. The city is short nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of buildings because the war stopped nearly all operations. The scarcity of living quarters will continue until the builders catch up with the growth of the city.

#### "ISOLATION" AND UNPREPAREDNESS

THE House of Representatives, formerly a mouthpiece for jeremlads on the nation's neglect of preparedness, now seals with approval the defense act of 1916 authorizing an army of only 175,000 men. Viewed as a temporary measure, open to change according to the outcome of the Peace Conference, caution in a still clouded altuation may be discerned in the action.

On the other hand, if the temper of Congress is unfriendly to the league of nations dea, it may be permissible to ask how we are going to buttress "splendid isolation" with a force so small. The alternative to entering into a covenant to preserve the peace is surely the assumption of an independent role in which we must be ready for war. The nation had no "entangling alliances" in 1916, yet it was on the brink of strife for which it was not equipped.

It would be interesting to hear those Congressmen who scorn the plan of moral obligations not to fight square their demands for free will with conduct which leaves the nation insufficiently supported to assert it.

## BARS THAT CHEER

ET the bars from which you quaff your cocktails be musical and, according to John Philip Sousa, you can go the limit. Even to excess there is no distressing aftermath, for, as the famous bandmaster put it yesterday, music "is the only sensual thing the overindulgence in which brings no bad results." There is a type of mind, of course, which will find in this indersement both a paradox and a drawback. How, it may be asked, can a thing productive solely of good be overdone, and can a spree, unshadowed by the fear of subsequent regrets, attain a maximum of spicy charm?

But the march king's philosophy ignores such disquieting queries, and it may prove wise for us to follow his lead in the minent era of the great and enforced renunciation. In a wet world or a dry. the sensibilities of mankind demand service. Mr. Sousa suggests that we exact it from bars that cheer rather than inebriate, from John Bach's and his kind rather than from John Barleycorn's.

Brass rods will not be wanting while the trombones blare. The vintage of Massenet will be mildly soothing with Tschalkowsky vodka, Berlioz Burgundy and Wagnerian Hock in seasonable contrast. Richard Strauss can assuredly furnish the "kick," while Manhattan quintessentials are discoverable in Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan. To a basis of Beethoven add a fillip of Mozart, a scruple of Debussy, a dram of Brahms and a jugger of Offenach and behold a cocktail of more varied ingredients than even a Jack Rose.

"Intoxicating melodies" are announce daily from "Tin Pan Alley." Operatic enthusiasts have been described as "drunk with ecstasy." "Jazz jags" are not unon. Some bars will be lively even then the white ribbon waves. There is couragement in Mr. Sousa's program. en though it is, like heaven with its perotual prodigality of music, harmless.

# DINING-CAR REFORM

MODIFIED rapture" is inspired by the announcement that the railroad adistration has removed the ban from carte meals. It is true that the diningpatron desirous of a cup of coffee and bit of toast will no longer be obliged to away the Lucullan courses of the table d'hote in his quest for the g-deferred demi-tasse sold only at the ar or dollar-and-a-quarter rate which ed the superfluous repast. This is return to common sense, but it would pre gratefully received if the memory the broken promise of fair-priced dinners

ost immediately after Mr. McAdo conjured up the pleasing picture of y-five-cent meals, the dollar-and-a schedule went into effect. Even war conditions the charge was exhigh. It offends still more now od prices are starting to to-

tious individual items on the railway menu give to commonplace articles the cast of luxury. The ordinary restaurant keeper has much to answer for, but the commissary department of the railway administration has sinned more grievously.

The restoration of the a la carte system is only a partial concession. The real reform needed is a lowering of the whole scale of charges in accordance with changing conditions.

#### IS HELGOLAND A SYMBOL OF THE NEW GERMAN MIND?

The Grief at Weimar and Its Relation to the Unapproachable Outpost of Devilism in the North Sea-

TO BE a good winner, to know triumph And yet escape the paralyzing affliction. of vanity is not easy. To be a good loser is far more difficult.

Germany bus failed both ways. The pride that can help a man to be a chivalrous victor or a philosopher in defeat Isn't in the leaders of Germany. No one who remembers the flamboyant boasting that rumbled behind the Kaiser's armies when they advanced will be surprised to find the new assembly at Welmar turning a plaintive and tearful countenance upon the outside world and groaning under the new armistice terms applied by Marshal Foch.

The burghers at Weimar, we are told. listened "in agonized silence" while Erzberger read the new conditions devised to further lessen the nation's military power. The prospect of a skeleton army and of the demolition of the Kiel and Helgoland fortifications shocked the fatherland's new representatives. The people of Germany are being told that a heariless enemy is intent upon crushing them. A sense of resentment and bitterness is being seduanate outstrayed to all classes.

Doubtless there was agentized silence on torpedoed passenger ships, and today there is agonized silence among the drifting refugees who have to seek the remnants of their homes in a wilderness of ruin and desolation. One may suppose that there was agonized silence among the first sordiers who had to face poison gas unexpectedly and in the communities where children were slain, where civilians were enslaved and driven like cattle.

Yet in none of these instances was there ery so bitter as that which the German assembly has raised at the prospect of economic pressure and enforced disarmament. In the general confusion the official consciousness of Germany is recovering and making itself articulate. And it will bear close study as one of the most important factors involved at the Peace Conference. It is impossible not to wonder whether the German mind is to continue as an allen thing, removed, aloof and incompatible with the newer schemes of civilization

There does not seem to be anywhere in the Germany of today a realization that even the worst that the Allied diplomatists might do by means of dictation or economic pressure must appear generous, charitable and humane when it is considered in the light of the last four years. Indeed, it appears that even the more enlightened German statesmen are temperamentally unable to perceive that it was only the superior civilization opposed to them, only forbearance and a regard for the decencies of life that saved their land and their cities and their civil population from devastation and torment such as the French and the Belgians have had to endure.

This is no time for fomenting new hatreds and suspicions. The hatemakers here and everywhere else have done their work too well and a lot of it will have to be undone. But the new Germany, after the Germans of Austria are admitted, will include about 100,000,000 people within what is likely to be a powerful and effia nation pitched at an advantageous position in the heart of disordered Europe is a matter of the utmost importance to the rest of the world

It is odd that the Welmar delegates should be bursting into tears of anger at the moment when the British naval author ities were publishing the first reports of the investigations made at Helgoland, because Helgoland is an excellent symbol of the German mind of ten years ago. This tiny island in the North Sea was equipped as a fortress to guard the naval base at Kiel and the mouth of the River Elbe. It was mysterious. It was closed to the vorld. What the British have just uncovered there is a truly staggering ar rangement of concrete and steelarmor plate, unimaginably intricate, proof against every known type of bomb, sheltering long-range guns and aviation bases. It includes bomb-proof tunnels and passages without number and suggests in a general way the sort of thing that madmen might work at rapturously-a fantastic horror an outpost of organized devilism, guarded like a holy shrine in the midst of the peaceful life of the North Sea.

Nowadays the collective mind of official Germany is almost weirdly suggestive of Helgoland. It is a thing existing apart from civilization, impenetrable and menae ing. Is it possible that it cannot conform to the demands of civilized life? The complaint of Erzberger and Hindenburg and the rest does not indicate even a remote consciousness of the evil they have done. Nor is there anywhere in the Germany of today that general sense of contrition which would in itself have been the best assurance of a peaceful future. It is no wonder that the representatives of European nations at the Peace Conference should view Germany as the most difficult of all their problems. A swaggering republic in the heart of Europe, fired by ambition and a continuing delusion of racial superiority, would not represent a happy outcome after all the losses and sacrifices of the recent war.

The statesmen of the Allied nations do not wish to so oppress Germany that that nation will be driven backward to Russia and Asia for sympathy, trade and alliances. Yet it is not humanely possible for the representatives of France, Belgium and Great Britain to permit an arrangement that would compel their own people to begin life all over again under disadvantages highly favorable to those who almost brought about their ruin. Germany is unouched. The mines, railroads and manufacturing plants of France and Belgium have been ruined. Their old enemy has set their industrial life back twenty years. The Germana show no disp

in patience the burdens that they have brought upon the world about them. Yet that is what they will have to do. It is inconceivable that Germany, having escaped with all her productive organization intact, should be permitted to compete unrestricted with the nations she has crippled. From this distance the new armistice terms may appear harsh. But in reality they are devised chiefly to equalize the weight of the great burden that now

rests upon the shoulders of other peoples. German officialdom has not learned its esson, or it would not invite the continued dislike and suspicion of the world by attempts to dodge the day of reckoning. The state of the German mind today Justifies the Allies in their determination to leave Germany completely helpless in a military way. For there are signs in abundance to indicate that the driving force that animated the Kaiser's govern ment may yet be found behind the new regime after peace is declared.

So, even in a time when all manking s longing for reason and logic and reconciliation between peoples, there must be general sense of reassurance in the fact that the Allied governments are taking no chances with the Germans. Germany may be forgiven in time. But she has long years of penance ahead of her. The diplomacy of her adversaries will not be successful if it leaves any way open for escape by means of new alliances.

#### WHEN IS A MAN?

EARL HARNES, onetime professor of education in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, has told an audience in the Girls' Normal School that the collective intellect of the people of this city is that of a child ten years old, and that the collective intellect of the 4,000,000 draftees called to the service during the war was that of a thirteen year-old boy.

Mr. Barnes is an educational expert and we must accept as true that which he says. His statement provokes wonder at the precocity of the American child intellect. it must be admitted that the average American, as well as the average Philadelphian, has grown beyond the years of childhood, even if his intellect has remained that of a youth in the grammar school. Until Mr. Barnes spoke the rest of us had supposed that the devil hounds did men's work at Chateau-Thierry and that the soldiers at the St. Miblel salient and in the Argonne Woods fought as men fight, and that there was no child's play in the work done by the sailors on the ships which chased the submarines day and night, winter and summer. But we were wrong. These full-sized men were intellectually just boys in their first 'teens. The courage they showed, the disregard of death which glorified their achievements, their endurance of all sorts of physical hardships were childlike.

Some of us, in the light of this revela tion, will be curlous to know when a man becomes a man, and how many men there are in the United States who measure up to the pedagogical standards of intellectual maturity. Who is the standard man by which we are all measured? Is there such a man or is he an arbitrary composite manufactured by theorists who seek the

We are told on the highest authority that unless a man becomes as a little child certain spiritual things are beyond his comprehension, and that if he be wise in his own conceit he is irrevocably damned. But these hard sayings do not doom all the race to intellectual childhood. And Mr. Barnes insists that the trouble with this city is that we are children and have never grown up. Which must mean that he thinks there is hope for us if we can acquire the intellectual capacity, say, of

a twenty-year-old. Now, if it has taken three hundred years thirteen-year-old child, when shall we up and what is the mental age of a German? These are not merely rhetorical questions. We wish that some one would answer them.

General Pershing Ethics and Politics when he refused for Don't Mix mally to be a candidate for the presi dency in 1920, did the expected thing. The earnest politician who wrote him about the matter was left in no doubt. "I am concorned," said the general, in effect, "only with my military duties and could agree to no condition that would divert me from them.". It is worth observing that a soldier, in this instance, manifested a keener regard for civil ethics than the fervid party men who want him to get muddled up in politics at a time when no one knows how hadly the country may need him elsewhere

Philadelphia "hold-ups" its reputation almost nightly.

The federal tax bill is at once utterly sentimental and extremely "touching."

While the Senate is exploding, it is up to the general' public to indorse the league of patience.

Georges Clemenceau's pseudonym is

seven-year-old tiger as nimble and vigorous as the French Premier. As the British have received 5000 German cannon as their share there will be enough to give one to every considerable

really a mild one. Show us any seventy-

Reitish town which wants a trophy. If the league of nations covenant were only signed all around it would be deeply interesting to note its effect on Italy in her

The only man in the Senate diplomatic gallery who heard Senator Poindexter's invectives against the league of nations was one who must have taken keen delight in the attack-the Bulgarian minister.

present anti-arbitration mood.

In making directly for New England the President may also be emphasizing the lure of the pie-belt after a season of European sojourn Mr. Hoover says that his "own instinct"

is against the federal ownership of the meat-

packing business. A case where instinct against is better than all the reasons for, Senator Poindexter objects to the regulation of American affairs by foreigners; but what does he think of regulating affairs of foreigners by Americans in the interests

### THE GOWNSMAN

Shall We Standardize Our Religion? THE Gownsman is no churchman, by I which he does not mean to disclaim the state of a bishop or that of a canon of even smaller caliber. Much less would be deny his bantism and those decorous associations which distinguish most modern civilized men from the heathen. No, when the Gownsman says he is no churchman he means an honest confession to the fact that he visits some one particular church less assiduously perhaps than it has been thought, by certain kirld friends, might be well for the health of his soul. This visiting of churches is very much like courtship. When a man goes abroad he may visit many more than he could possibly marry, unless he be a Turk or a Mormon At home the Gownsman argues not that single devotion, which is a kind of single blessedness, is not the best. If a man have a wife, let him cleave unto her alone. If he have a church, let him have none other. One church should be a sufficient possession for any man; for in religion, as in marriage, it should ever be constancy even unto martyrdom.

YET in this age, when so many strange voices are crying, it seems antiquated to some merely to go where our fathers have gone, however that may be the safest way to follow them to that goal of reward whither they are departed. There are so many competing lines, running slam dash to the promised certainties of salvation. that a mere unregenerate may be forgiven s certain bewilderment among them. In these latter days a man may be saved by land, in the air, or by water, A man may reach salvation by his works - though rarely if he is an author; or he may be saved by election, like many a political malefactor. Verily our ways to salvation are multiple: few, with our modern improvements, are straight or narrow. For the lover of the country there are the primrose paths, meandering pleasantly through well-shorn golf links, in which are carefully prepared bunkers of theological difficulties not too exasperating to one as yet green at the game. For the tired business man there is the Twenty-first Century New Jerusalem Express, fitted with baths and bars and famous for its cuisine, the chic of its waitresses and the novelties of its vaudeville. An aerial route was once tried, but this was discontinued; for the business man was too tired to stand the uplift. The Twenty-first Century New Jerusalem Express makes no stops between New York and a destination uncertain.

DESPITE all these competing lines and all this diversity there is a movement on foot to standardize, so to speak, our religious parts. Men, at least, do not wander far in dress from the accepted blacks and browns and grays. If we are drab in our clothes, why should we not be drab in our faiths? We live, thousands of us, in houses made of a pattern: inevitable rooms to sit in, unavoidable rooms to eat in, unescapable rooms in which to cook and to sleep. Why should not a like expectedness inhere in our religious?

THE Gownsman once knew an excellent woman who lived in a custom-made religion in great security and content. She used to be visited by serious doubts as to the probable salvation of many of her fellowmen, more especially her fellowwomen. But she was accustomed to say of herself, with a flerce look about her. " know that I shall be saved." And there were none so hardy as to contradict her. When this good woman died there was some debate among her patient neighbors. Her virtues and the certainty of her faith for Americans to achieve the mind of a deserved heaven; her general cantankerousness-well, quite a different place. This case is enough to create, even in the most skeptical, a conviction of the necessity of purgatory.

TET us return to the standardization of our religious parts. We are broken into a great many of them. Not to speak of lesser fragments, there are at least eleven universal churches extant in the world. Moreover, there cannot be such dangerous theological divergencies among them if they are agreed on so cardinal a point as that of catholicity. Of course, in all coalitions - except marriage and the league of nations—the question of which is to swallow which looms large; for it is a nice point in biblical exegesis, that of the final laying down, ensemble, of the lion and the lamb. Shall we regard this cubiculous juxtaposition as a figure of the unity which, even in this world, is the lion's when, admirably nourished by the lamb for future deeds of prowess, he enjoys that gustatory comfort which attends on a healthy digestion? Or shall we, more subtly, suggest that, if in the great millennium the lion shall have so lost his appetite for mutton that he will not touch a lamb, by the same token the lamb must cease to crop grass, and the unity of the two beasts can therefore be only the unity of starvation?

DERHAPS, after all, the method of sal-I vation may not be so important as salvation itself. And why may we not extend our ideas on democracy from this world to the next? If all are to rule here, why not save all in the next-except, perhaps, the Bolshevists? It will be a great time when, dissolved in a larger spiritual solvent than that of creed, there shall be, for example, no Puritans; when a man may listen, in a pure, clean, regenerate Philadelphia, to beautiful music on the Sabbath day, not performed necessarily in a church, and yet not scandalize his neighbor. In the face of this great negation, war, before all its hideous dis play of human depravity and crime, and with all the misgivings of heart which thought on these things engenders, we have more than ever the need of that consolation and stay which is true religion's. It has been suspected that theology is not alone the work of man, but that the clerks of a certain fallen Someb.dy have had very busy fingers in much of it. Can it be then, perhaps, that before the religion which is to come some day to rule in our hearts can become truly universal, we must slough off some of our antiquated, petty, uncharitable and man-made incrustations with feudalism, kalserism and other dis carded medieval furniture?

The news from Paris Indicates that it akes more than five bullety to kill a tiger



IN SPITE of the fact that he has not yet returned our copy of "Walking Stick Papers," we have lent Dr. A. Edward Newton another book. For the information of the curious, the volume is "Margaret Ogilvy," by ... M. Barrie.

We reaffirm our conviction that Boon ville, Mo., is the best town in Missouri that we have never visited. We have just heard from our friend Charles C. Bell, of that town, that a consignment of corncob pipes is on the way to us from the Phoenix-American Pipe Works of Boonville. And as one of our colleagues recently bought a carton of safety matches, all we need now is some tobacco.

We learn that a young man in York who had been rejected by the army bribed a naval examiner to admit him into the service by giving him a de luxe set of O. Henry's complete works.

We have a great deal of sympathy with that dishonest naval officer. We, too, could be bribed to do anything if that de luxe edition of O. Henry were held out

We wish to repeat that gifts for Socrates must NOT be left in care of the elevator boy.

H. T. C. sent us hustling to the dictionary by asserting that he is a librocubicularist. We find, after some study, that it merely means one who reads in bed.

Who Is So Relentless as a Poet?

WHARTON STORK and Dick Gummere are taking calisthenics preparatory to entertaining Vachel Lindsay this week-end. Vachel is the only American poet to whom was never said, "Louder, please!" We wonder whether Wharton and Dick

know what they are up against? And is the seismograph out at Swarthnore prepared for some extra heavy con-

Most poets, when called upon to recite heir verses, do so in a timid, furtive, bashful and apologetic fashion. They are ashamed to admit how much they enjoy is Not so Vachel.

It seems only fair to warn the community.

WHEN I come to a town," says Vachel. "I want a manager for one whole day and a line of march. I prefer that my personal conductor be the head of the English department of the local college, a leading editor of the city, the librarian or the like. I expect this person to have a sense of humor and enjoy being responsible for me and my schedule for the day. and be willing to let me wear him out, especially his conversational powers.

COTTHE audience I prefer above all others" 1 (continues Vachel) "is the high school assembly. If there are four high schools I want to appear before all of them, a forty-five-minute period in each one. I expect the English teachers to have my six books in the school libraries or the public library the month beforehand. I mean nothing whatever to an audience unfamiliar with my work. They find me neither amusing nor edifying.

66T CAN give" (proceeds Vachel) "at least five recitals of an hour each without saying any verses over again. "Next to the high school assu-leter the moonday brack clubs.

the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce and the like. These can be taught my verses by running them in the news paper.

"HALT!"

SENATE

66 AFTER I have recited for the noonday (adds the indefatigable Vachel) "it is a perfectly natural thing to include the women's club, 3:30 to 4:30 p. m. These clubs are apt to be trained by the shy men that have preceded me on recital tours in the wrong way for the present plan.

"BETWEEN recitals" (asserts Vachel) hotel or the house of my host. But in the automobile and after the last recital I want to learn all about the town's boasts and graces. The last recital is apt to be \$:15 o 9:15 p. m., though I have no ob to a short program at a dinner in between, if it is a different audience. Any one who wants to sit out the rest of the day with me, 10 p. m. to midnight, is welcome to do it in a conversational way.

"I despise" (cries Vachel) "giving only one program. I enjoy giving three to seven a day, and my last is generally my best."

We now see that we have been operating on entirely old-fashioned lines. Hereafter we shall refuse all invitations to dinner unless the host can guarantee to produce a complete file of the Chaffing Dish for the previous month, tied up in pink ribbon, and will submit to our reading it aloud between courses.

Speaking of poets, the next time you pass the corner of Sixteenth and South streets say Howdy to Mr. S. M. Francis, the colored poet laureate who has a stand there. Mr. Francis has the right idea: he admits that he writes no dialect or slipshod stuff, only "classic verses," and he sells them at ten cents each.

"I began to write long ago, down behind the sun in the swamps of South Ca'lina,' says Mr. Francis, when called upon to account for his present greatness. "I used to sit by the clay chimney and write on a slate. They used to tell me to go out and pick some cotton, but I preferred to write poetry. In everything I write my mind goes back to one thing:

'Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of Time." Mr. Francis's footprints on the sands of rhyme have brought him letters of commendation from Josephus Daniels, the secretaries of King Albert, "Lord George," General Pershing and other poetry lovers

## That White House Table d'Hote

But suppose Senator Borah had NOT been invited to that dinner party at the White House?

We feel sure that Mr. Borah's refusal of the invitation was not due to mere apprehension that he might be convinced against his will. Probably he has succumbed to that delicious advertising of a certain restaurant syndicate and is taking all his meals in those spotless halls.

The movie we are anxious to see is James Montgomery Flagg's "Beresford of the Baboons," a take-off on "Tarsan of the Apes."

The slience of Karl Rosner since last November has been so profound that one could almost hear his pen drop.

### The Road That Knows No End

66DUT out the light," the shades of death are falling Over the eyes that shall wake to earth no And he hears in his dreams the great Com-

panions calling Him they have loved of yore. they choose to ride in their chosen

Wherever the ways of valiant hearts may Joyful and unafraid through whatever region. Put out the light," as down through death's

dark canyon.

Bound ere the break of day on the endless quest.
The great Companions ride with their great

Companion, Nor plead with God for rest. They ride to do the will of the great Commander With one more loyal knight and steadfast friend. Their deathless figures looming ever grander

Behind their track all earthly lights are And suns and stars shall dim and dimmer

On the road that knows no end

shine. But o'er their distant path shall gleam unfailing
The lamps of God divine. Theirs is the high adventure of all adven

tures. Theirs the will no fear can swerve or bend. Theirs the call confirmed by God's indentures.
To the road that knows no end.

Others may walk beside still waters flowing Through pastures green and fields of endless calm. But these forever hear the bugles blowing And crave the victor's paim.
thers the voice of ceaseless adoration
Before the throne with angel songs may

blend. But these ride on in tireless exploration Of the road that knows no end.

We catch the gleam of knightly pennons giancing Or faintly hear their mystic bugles blow On that far way they go.

find you Where'er your ardent souls their vigor How good it were some day to ride behind

On the road that knows no end. -William H. Crawshaw, in the Kansas City

# What Do You Know?

1. Who is President of Cuba?
2. Who said: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the whole face of the earth would have been changed"?
3. When does the present Congresa expire?
4. How long did the "Reign of Terror" last in the French Revolution?
5. What was an oread in classical mythology?

ogy?
6. What is the meaning of the abbreviation
7. Opening of the abbreviations? "Gtts" on doctors' prescriptions?
7. On what date does Good Friday fall

this year? . s. How many gallons make a barrel in

What flag used by the weather bureau, indicates a cold wave?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Heigoland is little more than a mile long. 2. Litany; series of petitions for use in church services. Valentine Cameron Prinsep, a noted Eng-lish artist, is said to have been the original of Taffy in Du Maurier's

Bogota, Colombia, is known as the "Ath-

4. Bogota, Colombia, is known as the "Athens of South America."

5. Rupert Blue is surgeon general of the United States.

6. Victor Blue, an American naval officer, determined definitely for the first time the presence of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba in June. 1898.

7. The real name of the creator of "Mr.

7. The real name of the devalue of Dooley" is Finley Peter Dunne.
8. "Effend!" is a Turkish title of respect, meaning lord.
9. Thaumaturay is wonder working.
10. The Constitution of the United States before the passage of the amendments and divised into even articles.