

**Evening Public Ledger**  
**THE EVENING TELEGRAPH**  
**PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY**  
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 EDITORIAL BOARD:  
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 Published daily at 1200 Locust Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., 200 Metropolitan Tower Building  
 PITTSBURGH, Pa., 201 Third Building  
 ST. LOUIS, Mo., 1008 Jefferson Building  
 CHICAGO, Ill., 1202 Tribune Building  
 NEWS BUREAUS:  
 WASHINGTON BUREAU, 1200 Locust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 NEW YORK BUREAU, 1202 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.  
 SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:  
 The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding areas at the rate of twelve cents per week, payable in advance.  
 For mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or United States possessions, postage free, \$12.00 per month, \$36.00 per year, payable in advance.  
 To all foreign countries, \$1.00 per month.  
 Single copies, five cents.  
 Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.  
 BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000  
 Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

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 Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 30, 1919

**THIS SHOULD END IT**  
 IT IS becoming evident that when Governor Sproul said that he was persuaded that this city should have a greater degree of home rule he was not uttering empty words.  
 The Governor's announcement to the members of the citizens' charter-revision committee in Harrisburg yesterday afternoon that he was opposed to the metropolitan police commission bill in its present shape ought to convince the men who are urging its passage that they are attempting the impossible. If the Governor's announcement means anything it means that he will veto the bill if it should be passed. No one familiar with the state of sentiment in the Legislature believes that it would be possible to pass the bill over a veto.  
 The plan for a police commissioner appointed by the Governor might as well be abandoned at once.

**WHO CALLED BURLESON?**  
 PLAINLY Mr. Burleson is changed. His announcement of a desire to return the cable and telegraph lines to their owners is made with the air of a frightened and chastened man. The President seems to have been sending some straight talk over the cables—and it hasn't been suppressed, as the Lord High Hoodoo of Communications saw fit to suppress legitimate messages from other sources which happened to be expressive of disagreement with his policies.  
 A sudden general desire to hand the railroads back to private control is also apparent in Washington.  
 Government ownership as a theory of American politics is dead.  
 Mr. Burleson was its executioner.  
 The accounting that Congress must arrange at the next session with the owners of railway and wire lines will be a stupendous task. Certainly war conditions confused the problems of operation and maintenance for the government.  
 The acute wage question was met by Mr. Burleson, Mr. McAdoo and by Congress itself with slapdash method characteristic of reckless amateurs. Owners of the various systems will be justified in expecting the government to give them a fresh start, free of the impossible handicaps created by bad management.  
 Wage increases in most instances were justified, but unless Congress is willing to permit the railroads to provide for these reforms by continued high tariffs, the various corporations may be rewarded for their previous enterprise by a prospect of bankruptcy.

**FIUME AND THE LOAN**  
 NO ONE who knew anything of the Italians in Philadelphia supposed for a moment that they would refuse to support the Victory Loan. Again we have had the spectacle of a handful of self-advertising egotists presuming to speak for people whom they do not justly represent.  
 The average citizen among the Italians trusts America. And America has a right to trust him. It was men of his sort, his brothers perhaps, who had to do the fighting, not the few who remain safely at home in every crisis and make a paying profession of their nationality. He doesn't want to be drafted again. He doesn't want the helpless millions in his native country to be compelled at some future time to go out once more and hold contested lines in an inferno of cold and desolation before they die for the sake of somebody's vanity. What concerns him concerns America.  
 If we judge the Italians aright, they are far too intelligent to be misguided by the shameless and detestable servility of those American newspapers that have been trying to make money out of their anger and their disappointment.

**FUN IN THE TROLLEYS**  
 OUT-AND-OUT error is offensive. Half-truths, whether accidentally or deliberately disclosed, have often been ingredients of humor. It is the delicious mixture of misrepresentation with fact which composes the comic sauce.  
 Ever intent on cheering its patrons, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company's placard editors are now furnishing a new stimulus to laughter in the next signs now posted inside their trolley cars at the forward end.  
 The joke is a wee bit subtle; but, of course, one must always allow for a certain "reticence" in really good art. The placard is tersely informed that one specifically has eight-cent carfare, another has eight-cent charges, a third six-cent ones, and Philadelphia pays the traditional one-cent requisite fines of this

drollery! The rider is not told that five-cent rides are in vogue in Washington, in New York, in Brooklyn and in numerous other American communities. Nine cases out of ten, he knows that, anyway. The jest is therefore neatly compounded of his own information and what the P. R. T. obligingly dispenses.  
 As an additional savory fillip to all this mirth, the placard spells seven-cent Pittsburgh, without the sacrosanct final "h," and six-cent St. Louis out in full, a fashion confusingly suggestive of the crusading king of France.  
 It is hardly necessary to point out how much more amusing this all is than if the bulletin had been wholly false or comprehensively and frankly correct. Not since the gay days of skip-stop holidays has the transit company been so homilic.

**LOCAL LABOR NOT BEFUDDLED BY DEBSONIAN BOMBAST**  
 Workingmen Are in No Mood to Tolerate Any Bolshevist-L. W. W. May Day Demonstrations Here

MAY DAY demonstrations of "labor," heralded with much noise in Europe and America, have usually petered out before the demonstration was made.  
 In Europe the thing was usually planned by the Socialists, who announced that they were the forerunners of a great revolution. The revolution failed to revolutionize.  
 In America, men with imitative minds thought to capitalize discontent for their own purposes and they have talked in past years of great May day parades of protest.  
 There have been some parades, but the great mass of labor has been indifferent. We don't do things that way over here, American labor chooses to progress by evolution rather than by revolution.  
 There have been threats in America this year that labor would call a general strike on May 1 as a protest against the punishment of Eugene V. Debs for violation of the espionage act. Debs himself threatened that unless he were released there would be 5000 demonstrations throughout the country in condemnation of the action of the court in convicting him.  
 Tomorrow is the date fixed for the organized condemnation of the course of judicial processes, but it does not look as if anything serious were going to happen. A Victory Loan campaign is in progress. The attention of the public here and everywhere is concentrated on the task of putting the loan over.

Such parades as we are seeing in the streets are directed by men and women whose minds are so full of patriotism and so charged with eagerness to help the nation raise the money to pay its war bills that they have no time to give to consideration of the case of a man convicted of doing all he was able to do to interfere with successful prosecution of the war.  
 There will be no Debs protest parade in this city for two reasons.  
 The police will not permit it, in the first place, for the reason that they are not willing to allow even a handful of Socialists and Bolshevists to do anything which would in the slightest degree distract attention from the loan campaign.  
 And, in the second place, the labor unions of the city are announcing that they are opposed both to a strike and to a parade. These are the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.  
 This federation has co-operated with the government so heartily during the war that it has won the respect of every one, including those who in the past were wont to look askance at the activities of the organized mass of workmen.  
 Mr. Gompers himself has been most active in assisting the government in every way possible. He has given it the benefit of his advice and he has used his influence with the members of the federation to keep them loyal to the great cause in which the nation was engaged and to postpone pressing for the redress of any just grievances which they might have. His task was comparatively easy for the reason that the great mass of American workmen, both in the federation and out of it, is intelligent and broad-minded and disposed to play fair. There are exceptions, but they stand out like the discordant notes of an instrument out of tune in a great symphony orchestra. They attract attention because they are discordant.  
 Those timid persons who fear an outbreak of Bolshevism in America should take courage when they think on these things. This is a democracy, a country of law and a land where the opportunity exists for any man to rise as far as his abilities will carry him.  
 Debs was tried in the courts by his peers. He violated the law. He boasted of it—not that he violated the law, but that he had expressed the views and did the things which the law forbade, and he insisted on his right to do with impunity that which his conscience dictated.  
 It is impossible to befuddle the minds of thinking men with any such sophistry. The policeman on the corner, the trolley-car conductor, the expert machinist, the man who runs a loom knows that the Germans who were blowing up our munition factories were acting in accordance with the dictates of what they called their conscience, but no red-blooded American has yet arisen to ask that those Germans who were caught should be released from prison on the ground that they were acting up to their lights.  
 We have confidence in our courts because we have made them ourselves. The judges are the product of our democracy. Many of them are the sons of workmen, who have been selected because of their qualifications to preside on the bench. The juries are made up of our neighbors, the men who work at the machine next to ours and the men who ride to the shop in the same street car with us. We know that when the evidence is submitted to us we should find the same verdict which they find. And we know also that the members of the American Federation of Labor are ordinarily men of like fair-mindedness with the rest of

us. Even on those occasions in the past when their judgment was warped by the heat of passion they were not essentially different from other men.  
 Therefore it is not likely that the police department will find it difficult to enforce its decision tomorrow that there shall be no Socialist-Bolshevist-L. W. W. parade. However much we may toy with intellectual anarchy when we have nothing else to do, we are in no mood to tolerate it when we are engaged in the constructive work of orderly government in such a free democracy as we have built up on this continent. Czarism is alien to us and the inverted czarism known as Bolshevism must starve to death here for lack of sustenance.

**STRAYER ON OUR SCHOOLS**  
 CRITICISM such as Dr. George D. Strayer, of Columbia University, directed at the Philadelphia school system may be said to represent the best that is available in conventional opinion at the moment. It leaves much to be desired.  
 Everywhere in the world a sharper scrutiny is being directed at the processes of education. The war made it plain that something is fundamentally wrong somewhere.

What is education for? Where does it lead? What should be its final ends and purposes? Is a man educated when he learns how to outplay some one else in the struggle for a living or for money? Or should education be a means of training men's spirits while their hands are left to take care of themselves?  
 These are questions that are being asked everywhere by those who have not yet forgotten the subtler and more tragic implications of the war.  
 Doctor Strayer makes no attempt to answer the general inquiry. He would have a survey, he told the Public Education Association, and higher salaries for teachers and a revision in administrative methods. With these technical suggestions he was content.  
 Doctor Strayer seems to be a practical man with a leaning toward practical education. It is worth remembering, in the face of such criticism as his, that on both sides in the recent war, with the Allies and with Germany, and in the old diplomacy that made the war inevitable, there were men educated to the ultimate degree according to standards such as Doctor Strayer's. And yet they were unlearned or they would have spared the world the horror of the last four years.  
 Wherein were they deficient? What should they have known that they didn't know and what should they have felt that they didn't feel? When we know we shall be on the way to peace—and on the way to a decent educational ideal.

**THE KEY TO A CRISIS**  
 THE complexity of the Fiume problem is such that arguments concerning it, save by experts, are largely futile. The Jugo-Slavs can marshal one broadside of statistics and historical data, the Italians another. The average American has convictions concerning the alleged principle involved, but his actual knowledge of Adriatic conditions is necessarily slight.  
 But the machinery for thorough and impartial investigation is not unattainable. Article nineteen of the revised league-of-nations covenant reads as follows:  
 "The assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the league of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world."  
 Better than a dickering compromise; better than a sweeping decision, which would beget resentment and rankling emotions, would be a settlement conducted as provided for in this article of the covenant. Italy will subscribe to that document, of course. But if her signature is to mean anything how can it be reconciled with her present attitude?  
 If the pact is to triumph in fact as it does in pretensions, there can be no more significant test of its efficacy than action based on this nineteenth article in the present crisis. Kicking over the traces by either contestant would be a proof that subscription to the terms of the covenant was merely nominal.

**SENT BY WIRELESS**  
 If, after he gives up the telegraph lines, Mr. Burleson should cease using the telephone system as if it were provided for his private diversion and revise his habit of using the mail system as if it had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, he could begin the long and painful process of forgiving him for his escapades in government control.  
**OUR REASSURING "COVENANT"**  
 It is worth while remembering that if the constitution (as I said) united the sovereign states in a peace league there might have been considerable consternation in New York about the invasion by all those Pennsylvania troops which the Kroomland brought.  
**WELL, WHAT?**  
 "Well," they are saying in all the diplomatic unwholesomeness of Europe, "what could you expect from a schoolmaster?"  
**HOPE**  
 We are still waiting for an infant tank to collide with one of those automobiles that speed maniacs plunge through crowds at the street corners.  
**Texas indeed a Dewey eve just twenty-one years ago tonight.**  
 No matter what the result of the trial of Mr. Hohenzollern, he will still be found wanting—that crown he disgraced.  
 May Day will mark the arrival of more Germans at Versailles. "Must Day" will occur shortly before their departure.  
 When Congress gets to work on the league covenant even the most prolonged discussions in Paris will probably seem telegraphic in their conciseness.

**GRADUALLY** the problem of employment is making itself felt in the navy yards, which during the war have been running full tilt. Now the work is beginning to fall off and many men who have held jobs are being dropped. Rear Admiral C. F. Hughes, who is in charge at the League Island yard, is not the least of those holding the office of commandant who are perplexed over this situation. The government simply cannot keep employed all the forces it did employ during the war. The rate at the Philadelphia yard now is held on to those employees who were most efficient. At least that is the reason given with regard to many of the discharges that are taking place.  
 In one sense Herbert H. Asquith will still be a "prime" minister if he becomes plenipotentiary to the United States.  
 On the whole, those cables which Mr. Burleson is now so anxious to return seem to have been of the heavy chain variety.  
 It is not so much a sign as a design which the P. R. T. is now significantly disclosing at the forepeak of its trolley cars.

**CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER**  
 Mitchell Palmer on the Lecture Platform—John B. MacAfee's Fondness for London—Activities of Mrs. William Ward, Jr., of Chester  
 Washington, D. C., April 30.

THREE are signs that after-dinner oratory is being reduced to a commercial necessity. The lecture bureaus, that have hitherto confined themselves to Sunday schools and teachers' institutes and like gatherings where the people were willing to pay the price of admission and take chances on the kind of wit or wisdom they were about to receive, are offering public men, including cabinet officers, senators, members of Congress and warriors bold, for banquets or meetings, "terms to be quoted." Secretaries Wilson and Reilly are said to be available on certain occasions, and a new prospectus "just out" submits the name of the new attorney general, A. Mitchell Palmer, who will talk on "German Industrial Army on American Soil," and so forth. Other Pennsylvania names include James M. Beck, the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D., and Dr. Thomas E. Green. Vice President Marshall is not adverse to the lecture platform and Champ Clark has been at it for years.

**GO WHERE** you will nowadays are unlikely to find a Philadelphian. They are thick as fleas in Washington. They are over in Paris and London and along the banks of the Rhine. John Blair MacAfee, a Philadelphia lawyer, whose name still appears on an office door in the Cooper Building, has turned up in London, not as a visitor, but as one who has become attached to "dear old Lannion" and does business there. MacAfee was a good-looking fellow with a raven-black mustache like Samuel A. Boyle, the former assistant district attorney, used to wear. He dressed well and had a penchant for promoting trolley lines. Before going abroad he was active in advancing trolley interests in and around Norfolk, and that work frequently brought him to Washington. He holds some official relation now to the group of Americans who have a chamber of commerce "over there."

**EVIDENTLY** the Thomas D. Finletter Republican Club, which attained more notoriety than it deserved during the Fifth Ward election troubles, is not going out of business. Jimmie Carter, the mercantile appraiser, is president of this club and Myer Michael, a live wire in Fifth Ward politics, is the secretary. We hear a good deal in Washington about what other clubs are doing in the northeast, in West Philadelphia and downtown, but the Fifth Warders are also represented, and we gather that Jim Finley, Andrew J. Ebert, Jim Baker and Edward T. Hackett intend to keep the Finletter standard waving. Magistrate John J. Harrigan, who used to be in Select Council, is the treasurer of this organization. Speaking of the Fifth Ward, does any one remember when Second and Spruce was a great trade center and Jacob Reed had his "East End" clothing store down there?

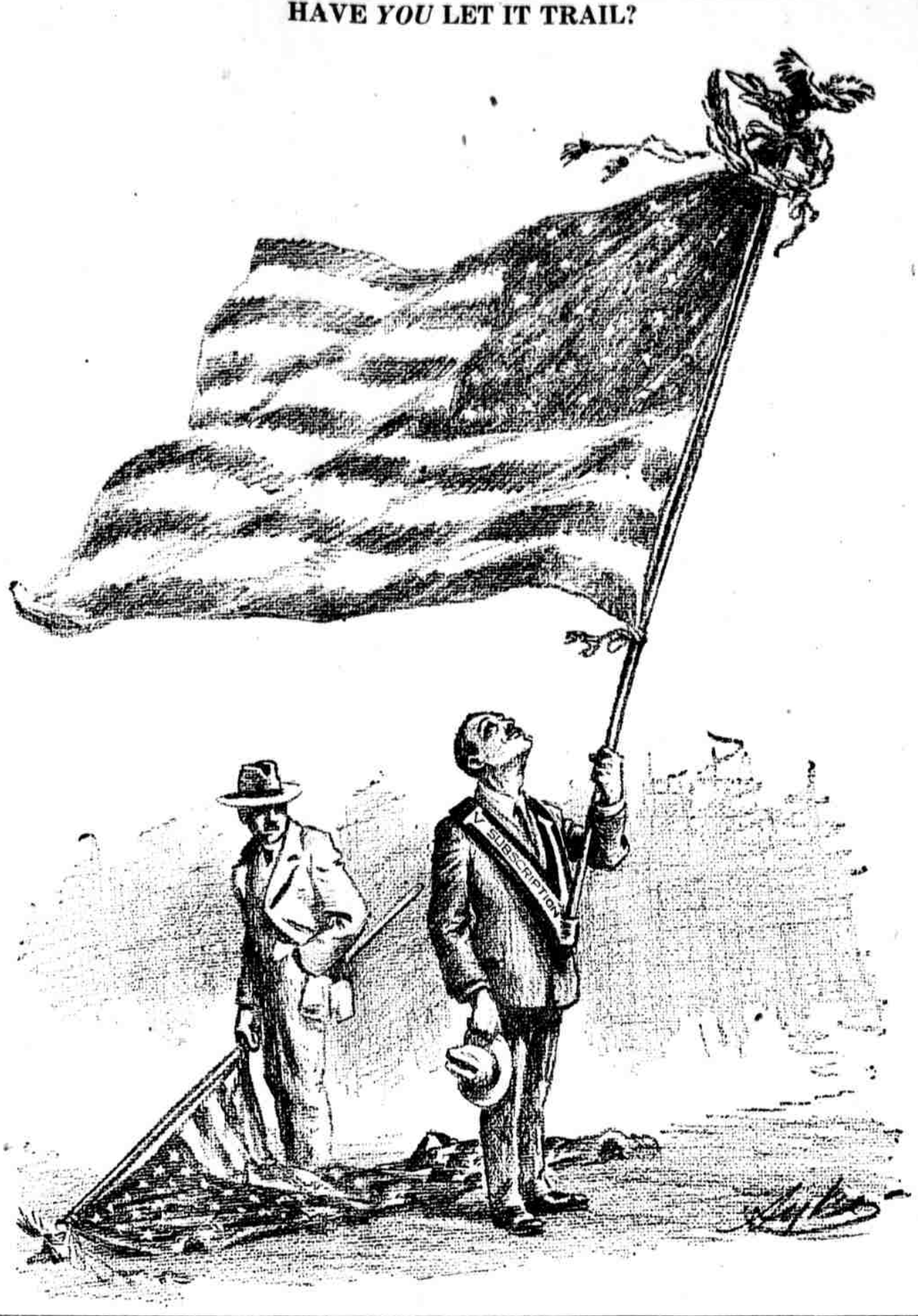
**A LADY** in California, who is evidently impressed by the success of the prohibition amendment, sends us the following about tobacco:  
 We are in need of legislation  
 To stamp tobacco from our nation;  
 Brain, energy, health it will impair;  
 These nature never can repair.  
 It is a poison sure, though slow;  
 Men should not have it, no—no—no.

Possibly the poetic impulse of Geoffrey Malin may form a suitable response to the delicate suggestion that men should quit smoking and chewing. It is submitted as a sample of modern propaganda.

**THE** ladies of Philadelphia and vicinity who are interested in waterways and who have been adding to the attraction of conventions up and down the coast have been twitted a little as to their high regard for water since the women of Chicago voted with "the wets" almost two for one. Up to date, however, the sessions of the Ladies, whose president is Mrs. William Ward, Jr., of Chester, have tended slightly more to the discussion of woman suffrage than to the question of prohibition. Mrs. Ward, whose husband was formerly mayor of Chester, has a Washington record on suffrage, but that is neither here nor there when it comes to talking Chesapeake and Delaware Canal or the upper Hudson properties. The vice president of the Ladies' Auxiliary is Mrs. Forster, who was formerly Miss Addie Edmunds; the second vice president is Mrs. Charles Elmer Smith and the third Mrs. Moffitt. The ladies have three energetic officers in Mrs. James Gwilliam, secretary, who makes a mighty good speech; Mrs. C. E. Stannard, treasurer, who knows how to get the funds, and Mrs. E. C. Wessels, chief of the entertainment committee, who is an effective organizer when things are to be done.

**WITH** Oscar Noll in the hospital, big-hearted Tom Cunningham, clerk of Quarter Sessions and erstwhile chum of the late James P. McNichol, has been reported as a little lonely. Big Tom's loneliness, however, is more of a personal than a political nature. He has all he cares to do in connection with the Republican Alliance, but there is a spot in his heart that beats sympathetically for the memory of "Sunny Jim" and those who were generally in the senator's confidence. It is said that "politics makes strange bed-fellows," but it is certainly true that while many of the old-time leaders are forgotten soon after the grass begins to grow green over their last resting places some are left who do not forget. Quay passed out, but there are still those who love to quote him. Durhams was a mighty reader and there were signs in his last days of the falling away of many professing friends, but still there are those who take the trouble to lay tributes upon his grave. It is the latter service that induces big Tom Cunningham to keep alive the spirit of McNichol.

**A REBUKE FOR MR. COVE**  
 We don't know who Mr. Arundel Cove is—the name sounds familiar somehow—but he has an article in the May "Bookman" in which he describes a visit to G. K. Chesterton, at Beaconsfield, England. In the course of his sprightly remarks this agreeable writer—we can't help thinking we have met him somewhere—says that a man he met near the Beaconsfield railway station was very urgent that I should visit the ancient Penn church, not far away, in the churchyard of which William Penn is buried.  
 The fact is that William Penn is not buried at Penn church. As every good Philadelphian knows, many of us by dint of personal pilgrimage, he lies beneath a very modest stone in the little Friends' burying ground at old Jordan's Meeting House, a few miles from Beaconsfield through country lanes. The village of Penn, from which we believe Penn's family came originally, is also near Beaconsfield, but is quite a different place from Jordan's. The old Penn church is a lovely place, but we were more interested in Penn Woods nearby, a heavenly tract of old beeches which Bill must have known well. Perhaps when he called this part of the world Pennsylvania, or Penn's Woodland, he had in mind that little English beechy. We were wandering there one afternoon just at sunset when the slanting shafts of light fell quivering like flaming golden arrows through the chinks of foliage. In one such spear of brilliance stood a pheasant, dazzling scarlet and blue. It was almost as lovely a sight as a magazine cover, but the next time Mr. Arundel Cove wanders round Beaconsfield we hope he will correct that inaccurate Englishman who prowls near the railway station.



**RUBBER HEELS**

**Second Interview With Guy Wheeler**  
 AN IRATE face surmounted by tawny hair punctuated the tobacco smoke of our sanctum just now. It was Guy Wheeler. "You're looking idiot," he said, "what do you mean by playing me up in this paper as a damn hero? What's all this hand-painted stuff about valorous doings in the air? Beaucoeur trouble for me. Is this the kind of welcome you give a chap?"  
 We stammered something incoherent. "What," we cried pitiously, "is the use of having friends in the air service unless they're willing to pretend to be heroes?"  
 "I know," he quoth bitterly, "you don't care what you say as long as you get your space filled up, but for the love of Mike, man, to make me out a bleeding Galahad! I demand reparation. You know I was in England most of the time, and the only danger we ran into over there was from the cooking. I can face boiled mutton and brussels sprouts without a whimper, but not this bird-man tripe."  
 "This column is at your disposal for any amend possible," we bleated miserably. "Surely you know that to the newspapers every returned soldier is a hero. We thought they liked it."  
 "Not anybody who was with the English," he said savagely. "The English have different ideas about this blooming hero stuff. Kindly state that flying in England was nowhere near as dangerous as crossing Brown and Chestnut streets, and that the only peril we had to encounter was from the English cooks. If you don't do me justice on this I'll turn the Emergency Aid bondholders loose on you."  
 And therefore we wish to remark, and our language is plain, that we retract, withdraw, annul and disavow any implied testimony that Guy is a hero. He isn't, and if you love life don't suggest it to him.

**The Value of Criticism**  
 Our friend Dove Dulcet, the well-known sub-caliber poet, has recently issued a slender volume of verses called Peanut Butter. He thinks we may be interested to see the comment of the press on his book. We don't know why he should think so, but anyway here are some of the reviews:  
 Buffalo Lens: Mr. Dulcet is a sweet singer, and we could only wish there were twice as many of these delicately rhymed fancies. There is not a poem in the book that does not exhibit a tender grasp of the beautiful homely emotions. Perhaps the least successful, however, is that entitled "On Losing a Latchkey."  
 Syracuse Hammer and Tongs: This little book of savage satire will rather dismay the simple-minded reader. Into the acid vials of his song Mr. Dulcet has poured a bitter cynicism. He seems to us to be an irremediable pessimist, a man of brutal and embittered life. In one poem, however, he does soar to a very fine imaginative height. This is the ode "On Losing a Latchkey," which is worth all the rest of the pieces put together.  
 New York Reaping Hook: It is odd that Mr. Dove Dulcet, of Philadelphia we believe, should have been able to find a publisher for this volume. These queer little doggerels have an instinctive affinity for oblivion, and they will soon congregate with the driftwood of the literary Sargasso Sea. Among many bad things we can hardly remember ever to have seen anything worse than "On Losing a Latchkey."  
 Philadelphia Prism: Our gifted fellow townsman, Mr. Dove Dulcet, has once more demonstrated his ability to set humble labor for his extraneous measures. He calls doggerels have an instinctive affinity for oblivion, and they will soon congregate with the driftwood of the literary Sargasso Sea. Among many bad things we can hardly remember ever to have seen anything worse than "On Losing a Latchkey."  
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 Pittsburgh Cylinder: It is a relief to meet one poet who deals with really exalted themes. We are profoundly weary of the myriad versifiers who strum the so-called lowly and domestic themes, Mr. Dulcet, however, in his superb free verse, has sealed olympian heights, disdaining the customary twaddling topics of the rhymesters. Such an amazing allegory as "On Raising the Ice Box," which deals, of course, with the experience of a man who attempts to explore the mind of an elderly Boston spinster, marks this powerful poet as a man of unusual satirical and philosophical depth.  
 Boston Penrose: We find Mr. Dove Dulcet's new book rather baffling. We take his poem "On Raising the Ice Box" to be a paean in honor of the discovery of the North Pole; but such a poem as "On Losing a Latchkey" is quite inscrutable. Our guess is that it is an intricate psychanalysis of a pathological case of amnesia. Our own taste is more for the verse that deals with the gentler emotions of every day, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Dulcet is an artist to be reckoned with.

**Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**  
 1. The word "nationals" as used in the league of nations covenant means either citizens or subjects or both.  
 2. Gustav Ador is president of the Swiss Confederation.  
 3. "Inspiring bold John Barleycorn" is a line from Burns's poem, "Tam O'Shanter."  
 4. The president of the German national assembly is Herr Fehrenbach.  
 5. The Aquitania is accredited with the fastest transatlantic run made by any troopship, having recently made the crossing to New York in five days twelve hours and some minutes.  
 6. Osaka is the second largest city in Japan.  
 7. Napoleon Bonaparte gave himself up to Captain Maitland of the British man-of-war Bellerophon on July 15, 1815.  
 8. Lake Geneva is also called Lake Lemane.  
 9. The Democratic national convention which reconvened Woodrow Wilson for President in 1916 was held at Baltimore.  
 10. Twenty hundredweight make a ton.

**To My Daughter—3 Days Old**

YOUR eyes look out unquestioning, unafraid.  
 On an alien world.  
 Your ears are crinkled, half-unfolded leaf-buds;  
 Your hands are fluttering moths at twilight;  
 You have sipped on the white milk of my love—  
 You have never tasted the salt of tears.  
 Little unawakened heart!  
 When your eyes have grown dark with pain,  
 When your ears have heard the rhythm  
 Of your own sobbing in the night,  
 When your weary hands have lifted the burden of sorrow,  
 And your lips have forgotten my breast,  
 This other drink I bring you—  
 The strong red wine of courage,  
 Distilled from the slow drops of my suffering heart.  
 Then shall your eyes look out  
 Unquestioning, unafraid,  
 On an alien world.  
 —Nancy Barr Mavity, in The Bookman.

**What Do You Know?**

- QUIZ**
- Who has been appointed secretary general of the league of nations?
  - Who called architecture "frozen music"?
  - What was the name of the three-headed dog which, according to Greek mythology, guarded the entrance to Hades?
  - What is ashtar?
  - Who was the possessor of the magical sword "Excalibur"?
  - Where are the Straits Settlements?
  - What book of the Bible tells the story of Joseph?
  - Where is the famous church of St. Sophia which the Greeks want reclaimed from Mohammedanism?
  - Who was commander of the French army after Marshal Foch became generalissimo of the Allied forces?
  - Of what state is Postmaster General Burleson a citizen?

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