

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS M. K. CURTIS, President. Charles H. Liddington, Vice President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors.

from doing business in this city as to handicap all employing printers here by making it a misdemeanor for them to use expert workmen on public documents who have found the living conditions across the Delaware so favorable that they have bought homes there.

If Pennsylvania job printers cannot compete with printers anywhere they ought not to confess it by seeking to build a wall around the State to protect themselves.

The German Right to Use Submarines GERMANY has reached the point where she "no longer has sufficient food to feed her people," according to Admiral Behncke. The ships of the Allies have drawn a ring about her, which presses harder and harder upon her vitality.

There can be no just complaint that Germany should utilize to the fullest its submarine power. It is idle to attempt to limit a nation to a procedure formulated before submarines were practicable and based on conditions which modern invention has entirely overturned.

But the wanton destruction of neutral ships is another matter. This Government does not recognize the right of any belligerent to monopolize the seven seas and interrupt all commerce thereon. The oceans belong to all nations alike.

Prosperity in a Circle SECRETARY OF LABOR WILSON has a plan for wiping out unemployment. "Put the jobless to work," he says, "on land reclamation, Government buildings and river and harbor improvements."

Death Made in America AMERICANS must take a curiously uncertain satisfaction in the report from Germany that the American shells used by the French armies are superior to the shells of French manufacture.

Beauty used to be skin deep until art got busy. Marine life on the English Channel seems to be just one submarine after another.

It is a little annoying, too, to have Philadelphia's next Mayor chosen in Florida. The law says he should be selected in Philadelphia.

Every naval officer's heart the world over goes out to the captain of the Bluecher, who has just died in Edinburgh from pneumonia induced by exposure following the destruction of his ship by the British.

PROFESSOR TAFT FOR PRESIDENT?

He Isn't a Candidate Yet, But There's Talk of Getting Him Back Into Politics—It is Hinted That Mr. Wilson Has Cause to Worry.

By J. C. HEMPHILL

WILL Mr. Taft be the candidate of the Republican party for President next year? Not if Colonel Roosevelt can help it; but there is no doubt that the regulars are warming up to the professor, and that there is serious talk among serious-minded men of bringing him back into politics.

The Democratic candidate next year will be Woodrow Wilson. There is no other Democrat in sight, and the crowd who likes a fight would rejoice to see Wilson and Taft pitted against each other on "a free field and no favors."

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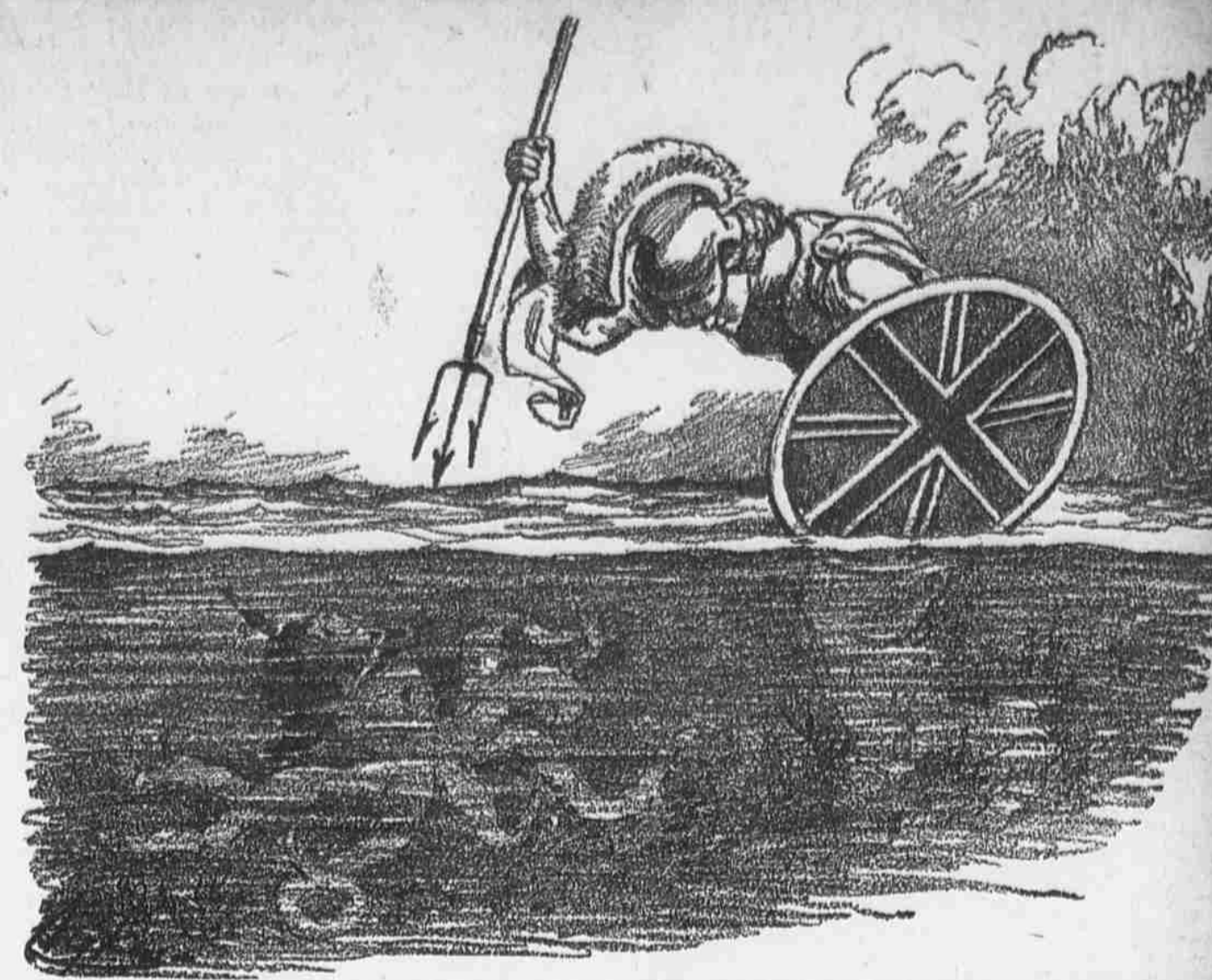
The conviction of the Sugar Trust. The dissolution of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts. The indictment of the Whisky, Lumber and Best Trusts.

The building of the Panama Canal. The reorganization of the business of the country at the custom houses and the recovery of millions of dollars of unpaid duties.

If it could be so arranged that the next race for President should be made between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft without interference from other good men who think they could "do the job" better than either of them, and a series of joint debates could be scheduled for the campaign, the people would all get the worth of their money.

A wise political worker from New York, who has made a high reputation as a prophet, said when he was in Washington several weeks ago: "No candidate of either or any party can be elected without the vote of New York State. Justice Hughes could carry New York by at least 350,000 majority."

TO THE DEATH



of the country within the last few days have said that Mr. Taft is their best chance. Will Taft be a candidate? Not unless he can be assured of the practically united support of his party.

COOKS WITH IRON CROSSES

They've Earned It Under Fire for 100 Per Cent. Bravery. "THERE isn't anything heroic about 'T' cooks," writes Herbert Corey to the New York Globe, "and when things go wrong one either apprehends a cook as chasing a waiter with a bread-knife or giving way to tears."

"They've earned it," said the man who had seen them. "They are the bravest men in the Kaiser's four millions. I've seen generals salute greasy, pallid, sour-looking army cooks."

"When the company gets into camp at night," said the man who knows, "the cook is there before it, swearing at his fire and the second cook, and turning out quantities of a depressing-looking vegetable, which is, nevertheless, very good to eat."

"So, as the company cannot go to the cook, the cook goes to the company. When meal-hour comes he puts a yoke on his shoulders and a cook's cap on his head and, warning the second cook as to what will happen if he lets the fire go out, puts a bucketful of hot vegetable stew on either end of the yoke and goes to his men. Maybe the trench is under fire. No matter. His men are in that trench and must be fed."

"Sometimes the second cook gets his step right here. Sometimes the apprentice cook—the dish-washer—is summoned to pick up the cook's yoke and refill the spilled buckets and tramp steadily forward to the line. Sometimes the supply of assistant cooks, even, runs short. But the men in the trenches always get their food."

I wonder why it is I feel so queer And everything stands so close like, and clear! The woods that used to seem so far away Last winter, now right up to me and here! "Come on and play, for spring is surely here!" "I'm sort of creepy all along my spine. And when the bluish warbles on the line I want to yell, and kick up in the air And go and be an Injun chief somewhere— I sometimes think I'll bust, I feel so fine."

THE BIRDS OF CITY AND SUBURBS

Half a Hundred Species Spend the Winter in or Near Philadelphia—They Respond Readily to a Welcome to Our Dooryards.

By WITMER STONE, Sc. D. Curator of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

THE study of wild birds is probably at no time more fascinating than in midwinter. They are fewer both in species and individuals than at other seasons, so that the adding of another kind to our list gives us much greater satisfaction than when birds are singing in every thicket in spring and summer.

Birds, however, are by no means so scarce in winter as the casual observer would suppose. The records show that in a circle of 10-mile radius about Philadelphia no fewer than 55 species regularly spend the winter; while one year or another 65 additional kinds have been seen within this area.

It has become quite a fad among amateur ornithologists to take a bird walk on Christmas Day in order to ascertain what birds may be seen, and the average number recorded on such occasions during the last 10 years in this vicinity is about 25, although on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, where winter birds find more congenial shelter, several competent observers working together were able to record 41 and 42 species, respectively, on Christmas, 1912 and 1913.

Along the river meadows, as well as in swamps and meadows inland, there are, throughout the winter, flocks of various birds of the sparrow tribe, several species being frequently mixed together. Conspicuous among these are the slate-gray snowbird, with thin white breasts and conspicuous white tail feathers, the speckled-breasted song sparrow and the rusty-capped tree sparrow, with the single dark spot on the middle of the breast.

Small flocks of goldfinches are not uncommon, now in an olive brown livery, but still characterized by the black wings, undulating flight and canary-like call.

The speckled, black and white, downy woodpecker hammers on the dead branches while the brown creeper, mottled like the bark over which he climbs, is mounting, spirally, up the main trunk, creeping like a mouse. Meeting him midway, we may see a white-breasted nuthatch, with slate-blue back and black cap, who prefers to slither high up on the trunk and come down stub-tail in air and head toward the earth.

in varying numbers through the winter. Meadow larks—their yellow breasts veiled with brownish-flush from the river marshes in compact flocks, feeding there in the mossy open ground and along the water courses until the return of spring makes it possible for them to scatter back over the uplands.

Purple grackles or "blackbirds," in small numbers often remain in their autumn roosts, a small garrison left by the great herd that has passed on to the southward, and scattering every day over the country; they furnish a winter record of interest. Robins and bluebirds and an occasional flicker are found locally throughout the winter months, and these, with the several species of hawks which scour the meadows for mice, a few owls and a varying number of wild ducks on the river, constitute the bulk of the regular winter avifauna of Philadelphia and vicinity.

The introduction of the English starling gives us another conspicuous winter bird, though it is here also, if less in evidence, in summer as well. Its black plumage recalls the blackbird, but the slighter spotting, the slender yellow bill, the short tail and peculiar flight will identify it at once.

Keeping the Neighbors' Cats Away The main points are to provide more or less native thickets in your grounds where birds will find natural shelter, and where all the dead leaves and sticks will not be raked up leaving the ground bare and "clean."

Winter birds can be further attracted by fastening pieces of suet to the trunks or limbs of trees, but the English sparrows often take possession of such food. They may be eliminated by making suet and pouring it into a cocoon shell which has a large opening on one side, then suspending the cocoon by a string or wire from a branch. The wild birds—downy woodpecker, nuthatches or chickadees—will come readily to feed, but the sparrows, like the cats, are suspicious of a swinging object and will not come near it. Feeding shelves or boxes, protected on top to keep off the snow, may be placed on posts in the grounds and supplied with grain, and other food, or similar shelves may be arranged just outside a window, by which means birds may be brought close to an observer inside the house.

Culture Culture looks beyond machinery, culture looks beyond the great passing—the passion for sweetness and light. It has an end yet greater, the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be important until the raw and unkindly masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light—Mark Twain.

Making Friends Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating what is noble and loving in another.—Franklin D. Roosevelt.