

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President
Charles H. Ludington, Vice-President
John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer
Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors

EDITORIAL BOARD:
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman
P. H. WEALEY, Executive Editor
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Subscription Terms
By carrier, Daily Ledger, six cents per copy.

Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1915.
A deluge of words is like a deluge of water: it runs by without accomplishing any good purpose.

An Attempt to Prevent City Development
The Farley bill might properly be entitled an act to prevent the physical development of Philadelphia.

Great Britain's Attack on King Alcohol
While disapproving on details the British Cabinet is agreed that there must be rigid restrictions on the sale of intoxicants.

The Way to Be Discreet
IF SOME one offers you the red-hot end of a poker, you do not have to grasp it.

Always Backing Up
MR. JOHN P. CONNELLY and other Councilmen, it appears, see flaws in the new housing bill.

Investment in Health
IF A man is spending all his income for food, clothing and shelter for his family.

Up at home. These recreations are within reach of the most modest incomes.

THE TIME TO BEGIN WITH COMPENSATION

If Pennsylvania Waits for a Bill Satisfactory to Everybody in Every Particular It Will Wait Till Doomsday.

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

IF THE Pennsylvania Senate fails to pass the workmen's compensation bills it will stigmatize the State as unprogressive and reactionary.

Disagreement Over Details
In some particulars the compensation bill (which should be understood as including the several supplementary bills) is doubtless imperfect and disagreement of opinion concerning details is inevitable.

A "Satisfactory" Law
Only the influence of Pennsylvania employers can defeat the bill identified with one of the leading platform pledges of Governor Brumbaugh.

On Being Gold-bricked
SOME manufacturers at Harrisburg are reported to be of the opinion that they were gold-bricked.

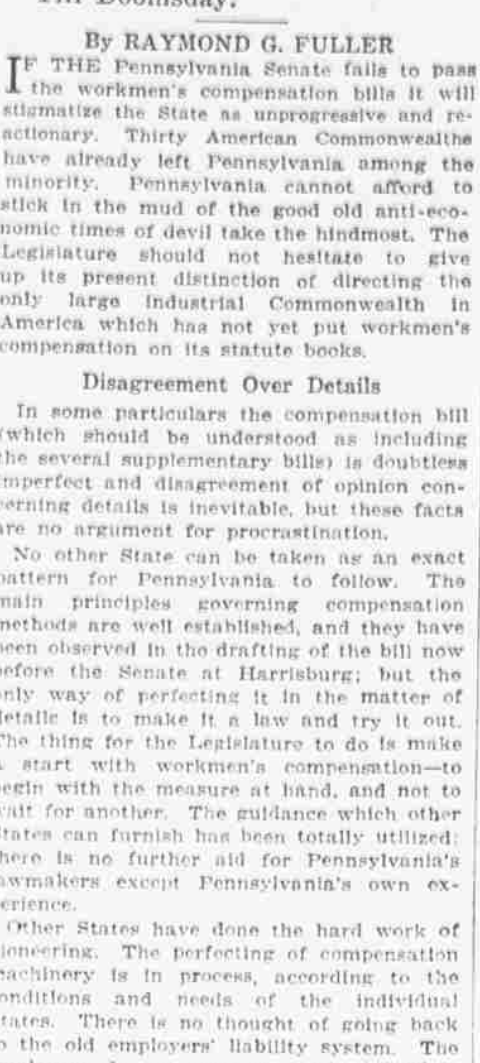
Let's Be Glad It Is No Bigger
EVEN the bitterest opponent of the Administration must be glad at the prospect that the Government will close the fiscal year with a smaller deficit than was feared.

Always Backing Up
MR. JOHN P. CONNELLY and other Councilmen, it appears, see flaws in the new housing bill.

Investment in Health
IF A man is spending all his income for food, clothing and shelter for his family.

A STRENGTH TEST

OVERWHELMING MAJORITY



well as those of all our bordering States, now enforcing an 8-hour day no more original argument seems to be advanced by the opposing employers in Harrisburg 75 years later!

The one all-pervasive argument, not confined to any industry or any group, is the simple statement: "The wages of these children are needed at home."

Placing the burden of family support under modern industrial conditions on an unprepared child may partially solve the immediate problem; but it usually creates a still craver one to be settled sooner or later by the community through criminal court, tuberculosis sanatorium, workhouse or asylum for the insane.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Pennsylvania Has Persistently Refused to Hear It.

By FLORENCE L. SANVILLE

IT seems almost incredible that there should still be in Pennsylvania a group of men able or willing to contend for the right to subordinate the needs of children to the conveniences of industry.

MARCONI OF THE WIRELESS

GUGLIELMO MARCONI, who landed in this country the other day, is full of news.

He tells us much concerning the temper of his countrymen in regard to the war; but by no means the least interesting report which he brings is that about the use of wireless telephony in directing the movements of warships and armies.



MY GARDEN

A garden is a lovable thing, God wot!

It was quite without color. "Which trip?" asked Gruelich without so much as turning his head.

"Over there, in the war zone," again prompted the Senator, "quite a time of it I imagine, eh?"

"You're tired, old man, a bit tired," suggested the anxious-eyed Mylott. "No, I'm not tired. You see I had a nap before I came up here."

"I wish your fire wouldn't crackle that way," Gruelich finally complained out of the silence.

"I-I find I sleep a great deal these days," he imagined you'd need it, Gruelich, after some of those nights you went through," suggested the Admiral.

"I wish your fire wouldn't crackle that way," Gruelich finally complained out of the silence.

"I-I find I sleep a great deal these days," he imagined you'd need it, Gruelich, after some of those nights you went through," suggested the Admiral.

Ernest Poole, a young New Yorker, author of the popular "Harbor," which has run through six editions in the six weeks since it appeared, has been war corresponding, too, and he has written a real war story for the Masses (3), which gains

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

- (1) McClure's - "The Man From the Front."
(2) Masses - "Submarines."

TWO WAR STORIES

WITH the coming of spring, the magazine war-story season has opened. It will be a long season, no doubt, lasting for months and years after the last cartridge has been fired and the last wound healed.

First in the war literature of the magazines came analysis of the causes and efforts to place the responsibility. Descriptions followed—of mobilization, of besieged cities, of the trenches under fire.

This month there are some real war stories. Arthur Stringer puts some clever psychology in his "Man From the Front," in McClure's (1):

Summing up the story briefly: The "man" is Gruelich, a dilettante and adventure-seeker, who had been overtaken and caught in the thick of war as he motored through Belgium with his chauffeur-valet-handyman.

There was a concerted movement and murmur of greeting as Gruelich entered the room. The members were not given to effusiveness. Gruelich was in evening dress and as immaculate as ever.

"You must have had quite a trip, Gruelich," he prompted in his cheery baritone. The others stood about like penguins, watching the newcomer's face.

"I wish your fire wouldn't crackle that way," Gruelich finally complained out of the silence.

Ernest Poole, a young New Yorker, author of the popular "Harbor," which has run through six editions in the six weeks since it appeared, has been war corresponding, too, and he has written a real war story for the Masses (3), which gains