

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY. Editorial Board: Cyrus H. Curtis, Chairman; F. H. Whalley, Executive Editor; John C. Martin, General Business Manager.

Garrison Rises to the Occasion. EVERY level-headed American citizen who faces the facts as they are will agree with Secretary Garrison when he writes to the president of the Army War College...

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THE verdict yesterday was an overwhelming victory for rapid transit and an imperial Philadelphia. Any lightness in the vote was more than compensated for by the practical unanimity of it.

Who Will Mute the City's Noises? NOW that the season of open windows is upon us the annual irritation of useless noises has begun.

Do the muscular Christians use smoking tobacco? If the streets were only as clean as the street cleaners looked yesterday afternoon there would be little more to be desired.

Taxing Drink in Great Britain. THE British Ministry has decided to limit the production and consumption of alcoholic drinks by increasing the taxes on them and thus making them more expensive.

number of places where liquor is sold and decreases consumption. They hope that it will work the same way in Great Britain and Ireland. But before they get through with it the Liberals are likely to be charged by their political opponents with taxing the drink out of the poor man's mouth, while allowing the rich to have all of it that they want.

Suffrage Day. TOMORROW is Suffrage Day. A gigantic parade and outdoor meetings will mark the beginning of an aggressive, but in no wise hysterical, campaign in favor of the suffrage amendment.

It is a pity, in view of the argument that women themselves do not want the vote, that women should not be permitted to ballot also on the proposed amendment. But they cannot, and they must rely for a vindication of their rights on the men.

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GERMANS AT BAY IN WESTERN ARENA

End of Hard Winter Campaign Reveals Invaders on Defensive Along Lines in France and Belgium—Review of the Campaigns.

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

IN the minds of all observers of the great war May 1 has been a date marking more than a calendar division. Kitchener had been quoted as asserting that while he had no guess as to the date of the termination of the war, it would begin with Mayday.

In any review of this winter campaign it is natural to divide the resumé into two parts, the campaign in the west and that in the east. Turning first to the campaign in the west, the simplest and easiest method of estimating what it has meant is to return for a moment to the conditions existing when it opened, to the situation in France and Belgium on the morning of the fall of Antwerp and in the succeeding days.

Antwerp fell on October 8, when the German occupation began. In the next few days German invasion flowed over Western Belgium like a torrent released by the breaking of a dam. At the same moment that a German force was approaching Warsaw the bulletins of all combatant nations reported the approach of the Kaiser's troops to the Channel, to Calais and to the cliffs of Boulogne, from which Napoleon had surveyed the British shores a century before.

Consider now what were the allied preoccupations at this moment. From Switzerland to La Bassee the French army stood solidly in the trenches, it had taken up after the German retreat to the Aisne. But in the desperate fighting at the Marne, in Alsace and in Lorraine French losses had been enormous.

As for the British, a "thin red line" was just taking root in the salient about Ypres. After two months less than 120,000 British troops were in the field. On this little army, presently reinforced by the remnant of the Belgian army retreating from Antwerp, the great storm was just breaking in Flanders. For a whole month the world was each day to wait with excited interest to learn whether the jerry construction thrown across Flanders from the Lys to the sea could bear the terrific burden that was being imposed upon it.

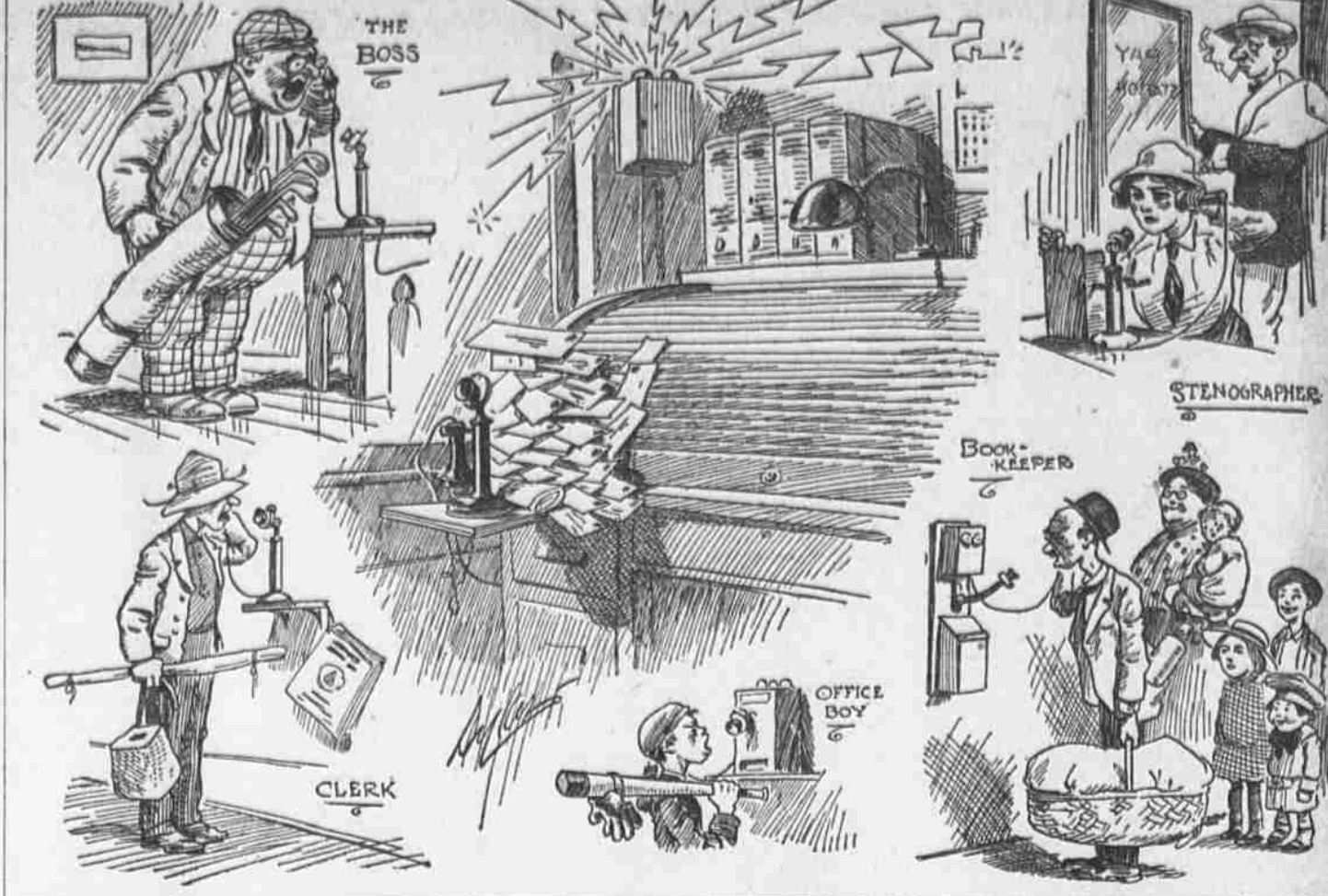
Its failure would not in all probability have meant the advance of new German armies to Paris, but it would have meant complete conquest, not alone of Belgium, but of Northern France. It would have meant the capture of the Channel ports, it would have meant fortifying German position in the west almost impregnable.

In sum, as the winter phase opened, German armies were on the offensive in the west, as they were also advancing upon Warsaw in the east. Success or failure for their second great offensive hung in the balance for at least a month.

THURLOW WEED'S GRANDSON

THURLOW WEED, after making a reputation as a journalist and politician in western New York, went to Albany in 1850, at the age of 31 years, and founded the Albany Evening Journal. He set out to oppose the policies of Andrew Jackson. He acquired a wide reputation and a national influence. It is admitted that he was more largely responsible than any other single leader for the nomination of Harrison for the Presidency in 1840 and Taylor in 1848.

"BUT, OPERATOR, I KNOW SOMEBODY'S THERE!"



BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

- (1) International—"April Shadows." (2) Scribner's—"The Frelands." (3) Collier's—"In the German Trenches." (4) Vogue—"In the Wake of the Paris Openings." (5) Everybody's—"The Springtime Gem."

SPRING FANCIES

SPRING is a time of mixed emotions. After the lethargy of the still white winter, the intoxicating sweetness of the spring breeze, the fragrance of budding trees and flowers and hedges, the subtle enticement of lambs and heifers and colts at play, and the poignant thrill of life stirring and green things growing stir up a keen susceptibility to both the pleasures and the pains of the changing season.

It is springtime in the magazines, as well as out of doors, and in spite of all the hackneyed witticisms about the springtime poet, he and she have contributed some very charming verses for the occasion. Helen Hoyt appears in The International (1) with a charming, tripping spring poem, called "April Shadows."

Shadows, shadows, shadows, Netted all across the grass! How would it feel to step on them? Would they trip me as I pass?

Gentle-spreading, cloud-gray patterns, Pale and delicately laid; Lovely trees, with twigs and branches. All of shadows made.

I will dance among these branches! In and out the sunny spaces! Where the shadow trees are lying. Where they bend in hollow places.

John Galsworthy, who writes such wonderful lyric prose, gives a sense of springtime and young love in his serial story in Scribner's (2) to set the pulse a-flutter. May blossom was beginning to come out along the hedge of the private grounds that bordered that bit of Cockney Common, and from it, warmed by the sun, the scent stole up to her.

A very different sense of springtime is given in a recent article by Albert J. Beveridge in Collier's (3), describing a recent trip from Berlin down into northern France. "It is a grimly incongruous picture he draws of death and rotting decay spreading over the budding fields which should be stirring with new life and hope.

MY CONSCIENCE Sometimes my conscience, say ye, "Don't you know me?" And I, says I, altered through and through. "Of course I do. You are a nice chap ever" way, I'm here to say! You make me cry, you make me pray, And a lot of things that I think that way— That is, at night. Where do you stay Durin' the day?"