

SETTLING THE SURVIVOR



What Do You Know?

- 1. What is a bureaucracy? 2. What is the Yale bow? 3. What percentage of the land area of the world composes Russia? 4. When was the United States Military Academy established and where is it? 5. What is a color sergeant? 6. Who wrote the poem 'Thanatopsis' and what does the word mean? 7. Why is it believed that the Russian revolution creates unrestricted use of submarines? 8. What are back laws? 9. What is the greatest land elevation in the world? 10. Where is the greatest ocean depth in the world?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the deposed Czar's younger brother, was named regent of Russia, but abdicated. 2. Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' was published in 1883. 3. The 'Von Tirpitz element' in Germany advocates unrestricted use of submarines. Von Tirpitz is former German Secretary of the Navy. 4. St. Patrick was born about 380 A. D. and died in 461. 5. Because they can detect submarines far beneath the surface of the water, like a hawk sees a fish, airplanes are formidable foes for submarines. 6. Michael V. Rodzianko, president of the Duma, is credited with being leader of the Russian revolution. 7. In war dispatches the 'Mense sector' means that portion of the western battle front of which the Meuse River is the most prominent feature. 8. Champs Elysees, Paris's famous promenade boulevard, is pronounced approximately 'shahnzay-lee-ay.' The first syllable terminating with only a slight trace of the 'm' sound. 9. The threatened national-wide railroad split was called 'proportional' because the employees were to be called out in sections. 10. The so-called German 'wall in the West' is an elaborate line of trenches, 'underground forts' and other defensive works behind the present battle front in northern France.

A CHARGE OF BONEHEADISM

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Why not use a little judgment in publishing letters from the 'popul'?

THE NEUTRAL

That they did not ask me to draw the sword when they stood to endure their lot.

THE CZAR A QUITTER

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—The 'Czar is a quitter. He should have fought for his throne to the death.

All Points of the Compass

Casuals of the Day's Work XXXVIII We had known Summer for many years. We had Sidney, and there had come to be the sort of free masonry of fellowship among us that sometimes comes to men after they have come to forty years.

'Susan Coolidge'

A. E. R.—'Susan Coolidge' was the pseudonym of Miss Sarah Chulucy Wootley (1835-1903), an American writer of juvenile stories.

'In Statu Quo'

R. V. G.—'The status quo' is correct, but the Latin expression changes to 'in statu quo' because 'statu' is the ablative form of 'status'. The preposition 'in' governs the ablative case.

THE CASE OF THE DRAMA

The drama? We never had much of it, properly speaking, so far as original work is concerned, but we did have great actors during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Speed the Street Cleaning. Playwright Calls Upon Nation to Prepare

SPEED THE STREET CLEANING

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Your editorial and cartoon 'Cleanliness or Death' unquestionably hits the point, and should drive home the fact in such forcible manner that immediate action be taken to appreciably lessen the experience and suffering of last summer.

THE FLOWER VENDOR

Now is the winter gone! Here's one that dares Flaunt in the face of gusty March his wares.

THE LESSER PEACE

Before my glass is wholly run I ask a span of quiet years, When I may mind the thread I've spun, Learn laughter and remember tears.

AWAKE, AMERICANS!

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Bully for you and the LEDGER! There are some Americans in the United States.

ACTORS AND SOCIETY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Your reply to the letter of 'M.' printed in today's issue, with reference to your publishing pictures of stage folk, contains a truth.

Tom Daly's Column

ON A MARCH MORNING There's a fillip in this air Last night never knew; Whispers are everywhere;

Lieutenant Governor Frank B. McClain sat in John O'D. Mangan's fine limousine, protected from the rain, and rode at the head of the St. Patrick's Day procession in Pittston on Saturday.

Company 'Halich,' Pittston's crack militiamen, was not at the head of the line as usual, by reason of being on its way home from Mexico.

SPANISH EYES

'Trust no black eyes' smile or frown, And be coy of eyes of blue; Glances of the chestnut brown. Are the only good and true.'

Thinkst thou I can hear thy pleading With such singing through the town, Whilst in thy clear eyes I'm reading 'Trust no black eyes' smile or frown?

Nor in thine, whose eyes are shining Starry for a love-cry due— Other warning they are signing: 'And be coy of eyes of blue.'

One alone my heart entrances, One with pining bends me down, She who turns the mellow glances, 'Glances of the chestnut brown.'

Here that hold no trace of scheming, Nor coloring in their hue, Eyes that meet me in my dreaming, 'Are the only good and true.'

THOMAS WALSH.

Here's Larry Sharkey's latest story: There was a discussion between an Englishman and a German as to which nation in the world had the greatest navy.

'You're both wrong,' said he; 'the biggest and the finest navy in the world is the Irish.' 'Huh!' they both snorted.

Chinese Inscriptions ON AN INKWELL

Dip here and write: But let no blot, nor trace Of evil words deface That which is white.

ON A PEN

Though flood or flame assail me I'll keep you safe, my pen; But if in work you fail me, Oh, naught shall save you then!

English Overheard by a Neighbor

Postman! little boy who comes to the door with his mother to receive the morning mail—Well, my little man, why aren't you at school?

Mother—He ain't went to school yet.

Weeks ago, when the conductor of this column was struggling with grip germs and a modest little volume of verse, 'The Valley of Vision,' by Blanche M. Kelly, slipped into this office from the Encyclopedia Press, of New York.

THE BRANDENBURG RING

Emperor William's ancestor, King Frederick of Brandenburg, wrote of the Brandenburg ring: 'This ring was given to me by my father on his deathbed, with the reminder that so long as it was preserved in the House of Brandenburg, this was later, recovered, and the Brandenburg avenged its humiliation and grew greater than ever.'

One man, however, asked me if the President knew what he was saying, and how he would like to offend Germany. I invited him to look to coming events for an answer. He is still looking.

'If only they had something to say!' cried one of America's finest lyric poets, referring, of course, to the very librista.

'That's true enough. But there's a language somewhere in between prose and poetry; and the imagist speak it. There are some thoughts that require just this mysterious speech, and the singing poets of the waterpiper, artfulness, prose writers can deny it all they wish. The imagist, however, must not confuse themselves with poets; they are verifiers, if you will; or professers; but never poets.'

'General Maude's troops,' says a news dispatch, 'are not unlikely to be close to the Garden of Gethsemane around Holy Week.' Very good! Let the Tom-pouce marching song be 'Come into the house of the substitutes.'

WILSON BLOCKS MIDDLE EUROPE

His Peace Plans Would Make Realization of the German Imperial Dream Impossible

NATION TRIUMPHS OVER PRIVATE INTEREST

FIRST in importance, even more important than the calling off of the strike, is the fact that private individuals have responded handsomely to an appeal to patriotism. It was to the Council of National Defense, rather than to each other or to the Supreme Court, that both sides bowed. It is the turning point in the long, dreary and discouraging struggle between the preparedness and the anti-preparedness men that 400,000 indispensable workers and the transportation magnates of the nation should put the flag before private interest.

Second to this as regards the spiritual harmony that this great precedent forecasts for all relations between capital and labor in the years to come, but of first magnitude in respect to our immediate national safety, was the fact that the nation was not put in the position of deciding its fate. The strike was averted before the Court's decision was made known.

ONE DAY

IN THE face of the startling events of March 17, 1917, the Tenneysonian preference for fifty years of Europe to a cycle of Cathay becomes actually modest and inadequate. That single day, on which the Government of Russia is referred to a national convention; on which the Allied armies reach the two military goals of Bapaume and Roye, sought for two and a half years; when Viennese rumors of a separate peace with the Slavic empire take on a new clarity and substance, seems almost without historical parallel.

Twenty years ago the city of Glasgow, Scotland, took over her tramway (street railway) system to be operated as a public utility. The undertaking was described at the time as a wildcat scheme.

There were reports last summer that dope had found its way into the navy. Now the same is said of the army. The mere suspicion is intolerable. Yet it would be sheer luck if the drugs that are now allowed to circulate about the country did not find their way into the ranks of the nation's defenders.

The resignation of General Lyauty as French Minister of War is one more instance of the perils which beset an army officer caught in the whirlpool of politics.

Regarding the Franco-British advance on the western front there is, of course, no occasion for favorable rather than disquieting comment. The immediate aims of the Somme offensive begun last July have been accomplished.

The war has not been kind to the heroes of overseas possessions, as witness the case of Lord Kitchener. Subduing savage tribesmen seems to supply the wrong equipment for handling the mightier problems of the general conflict.

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Those street cleaners who say they do not know where to find the dirt should attend some of the ward political meetings.

The ex-Czar should have a fellow feeling for the Spanish General Torral, who on yielding up the city of Santiago to the American forces spoke of himself as having 'dutifully descended.'

Professor Langemann, of Kiel University, insists that German sentimentalism is prostrating his compatriot attacks on the enemy. This, of course, explains why British shipping losses have recently been reduced to two per cent of the total sailings.

In the face of Russia's promised reforms, what will the melancholy Slavic novelist have left to write about? His plight suggests the one thus bewailed by Gilbert's tragically fortunate King Gamah: O don't the days seem dark and long, When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?

Director Krusen's recommendations that city house fronts be adorned with tasteful vines and foliage might be all very well for tropical Havana, where the mosquito pest has been triumphantly exterminated. At home the poetry of the idea somewhat misses fire so long as South Philadelphia's swamps continue to let loose their virulent and inexorable winged plague every summer.