

"DONNERWETTER!"

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As the German press agent says, every retreat is a victory.

The war will be won in the factories of America.

We do not need any bombast; we have the goods.

Take not one skilled workman out of a factory or one skilled farmer out of his field.

Undersized men whose patriotism surpasses their stature have scant cause to lament that deficiency. There are countless important war duties the little fellows might fill with competence.

It is reported that Germany will declare war at once and save us the trouble. In that case the President can take all the steps necessary without the aid of Congress.

Ten out of every hundred babies born in the United States die. Is it worth while, in order to keep that percentage from mounting to twelve or fifteen this summer, to abandon a little laziness and indifference and enforce the proper cleaning of the city so that discasp-bearing dust and dirt will be kept from the noses and throats of our babies?

The new Minister of Justice Kerensky says the new Government of Russia favors the internationalization of Constantinople. The same idea was advocated recently by Professor Schmidt, Semitic professor of Cornell University.

There is nothing particularly alarming in the fury of the railroad men around Syracuse because they are compelled to take one hour for lunch. They see that hour, in the middle of eight hours, as making a nine-hour day. Bless their innocence! We all have been complaining about that all our lives and vowed we would go hungry rather than submit, which the railroaders now vow. But the trouble was that our demand was granted. And the worst of it was that we did go hungry.

The board of experts on munitions standards is being organized not a moment too soon, but it is doubtful if it will be able to keep all graft out of the army and navy contracts that are now to go out on an unprecedented scale. Chairman Scott will have his hands full combating the teamwork of patriots who will seek to divide the spoils of war. The roads to Washington would be black with a swarming army of grafters if these gentry had to walk. They are everywhere—in England, France and Germany. They were the Russian autocracy. They would try to run this country as if it were one big Philadelphia.

Seaport stores are as popular today as they were in 1898. Nothing could be better for convalescents on the porches of boardwalk hotels at Atlantic City than to scan the horizon for bombarding U-boats and to run up and down stairs several times a day to make sure that the fire-escapes are in order. It is as good as a "bouncy" perambulator for a baby; it shakes the little dear up and down a lot, but it helps to digest his dinner. We would say, to be conservative, that there is reason for terror, but no cause for fear. The terror is from submarines, but a new kind of submarine—taxes. The occupants of perch chairs will feel the sickening thud of supertax torpedoes and luxury-tax sheds. They are in for awful and unknown sensations. But, oh, how we envy them!

The demand for re-establishing Pennsylvania's nautical school should be immediately heeded. Many expert seamen were developed on the old schooner "Albatross" and the still more venerable "John A. King" and their refusal of our Legislature to purchase the former vessel is completely inexplicable and unjustifiable.

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our history. A noble record can be maintained by voting at once the \$150,000 needed to revive the nautical school. Pride in the present shipbuilding boom lacks full justification until we know that we have the men to operate the new craft. Many large shipping firms, doing business under the strict La Follette act, have refused to wait for native sailors to man their fleets.

42-CENTIMETER HELP

IF AMERICANS do not want to play directly into the Kaiser's hands, they must give less consideration to what war in general means and more to what are the immediate means of the moment. Misdirected patriotism may easily prove to be just the sort of folly that Germany desires.

Wasted spectacular effort should not be tolerated. And the way to avoid striking at the air is to avoid launching blows for which there is no real necessity. To do this seems hopeless without consulting the Entente.

Taking advantage of the Allies' accomplishment, devoting our brains and energies to making their now tested gun still more accurate, need never mean making England's or France's cause ours. Our own particular grievance against Germany has nothing to do with the original causes of the war.

Providing food, munitions, clothing, finances is the prose of war. Nevertheless, aid of this kind has the actual value of tons of shrapnel.

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MRS. BURNETT ON LIFE AFTER DEATH

She Tells of the "Vision" That Led to the Writing of Her New Book, "The White People"

By KATHERINE WOODS

AFTER years of persistent refusal to be interviewed, Frances Hodgson Burnett consented to talk—just once—"for publication."

"We live," said Mrs. Burnett, "in an age of miracles. Yet the most interesting thing about it is that they are not miracles at all, but development of natural law.

"I have never seen the 'white people,'" she said, "but I will try to tell you the experience that I have had and that led to my writing that book: I had, one night, a sort of vision. I do not know what to call it. I was not dreaming—of that I am sure.

Mrs. Burnett smiled again. "Yes," she said in answer to a question which the interviewer did not have to ask.

Was It a Dream?

Mrs. Burnett's latest book, "The White People," deals with the question of human immortality. It is the story of a young girl who was able to see a few of the men and women who were, as Mrs. Burnett calls it, "outside" and who, at a crucial moment in her life, was able to meet a certain man sight possibilities of further seeing and a wider outlook—things that are here in the world that we cannot see?

"But I cried out, 'Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful! And here is how a lot of different things are in the world; always I have looked at beautiful things—the beauty has been something outside me, to which I direct my attention, and in the end I have found it."

THE WAY FOR TWO

Thought love, they say, "will find the way." There's one thing may delay it: The lover's mind is taxed to find The wherewithal to pay it.

LAGGARD

THE HEROINE IN REAL LIFE

"It is very hard to say all this for publication," she said. "I am afraid of its being misunderstood. It was all so simple. There was nothing confused or strange about it, and there is nothing of old kind in it."

THE OLD CANAL

The temporary bridge will be run across from the lower side of the inter-county bridge to a point along the canal directly opposite the lane adjoining the Wagoner's ice house.

COMPLAINT ABOUT A Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. and a former acquaintance of good character, I was very glad to have as a stranger, or was there any attempt to make it pleasant for me at all.

HOW NOT TO REMOVE ASHES

The manner of loading ashes in your city is astounding. An alkaline impalpable powder, such as dry ashes have a pronounced tendency to be, is wafted by the winds into noses, eyes and throats.

THE ADVENTURE WITH THE CORRESPONDENT

"Hello, Ralph!" he exclaimed. (We like him, even though he plays golf.) "Hello!" he replied, forgetting the telephone orders that those in the upper circles must say in response to a call.

CITIZENSHIP

J. D. M.—The facts that you give about yourself "Born in England of Irish origin and brought to the United States one year old," are not sufficient in determining your citizenship.

"UNCLE SAM"

"W. J. K.—The story of how the States Government received its name 'Uncle Sam' is as follows: During the War of 1812 Elbert Anderson, a contractor, bought provisions for the army at Troy, N. Y.

Tom Daly's Column

Comes Written by myself Lead Poetry

THE OTHER DAY my glasses dropped Upon a marble floor So at the oculist's I stopped To get myself some more

Whenever in the days gone by I used to visit there To get some glasses for my eye I really do declare

I never had to wait in line To find a vacant chair.

But now the men are all about Like bees around a prize All waiting to be fitted out With glasses for their eyes

I noticed many gentlemen Whose eyes seemed strong before But who were hard of seeing when I met them in the store

And all of them were sorry That they couldn't go any more.

And if this dear little girl's poem should happen to be read by a recruiting officer, let him take up his Bible and obey the injunction in Isaiah xliiii. 8.

SOME of our music and singing teachers are buzzing angrily because a certain high-priced voice culturist in New York has made for a talking-machine company a series of records designed to teach the art of singing.

REVERSING the tactics of his friend, Walter Prichard Eaton (who overwhellmed the word "em" with an extra syllable), Percy Mackaye allows only two to "ideal" in his tribute to William Dean Howells:

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN How Not to Remove Ashes. Y. M. C. A. Guests

W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, speaking his own opinion and not that of the board, declared that the United States should lend the Allies \$1,000,000,000, as the best way of insuring the success of America's purpose in the war.

ON FIXED POST

Sir—One morning this week I saw two policemen in uniform leaning against the front wall of a saloon at a prominent corner in West Philadelphia and watching.

A VERY LITTLE "BIT"

Sir—I have no doubt that in the event of war the city of Philadelphia will do its "bit." Meanwhile the city of Philadelphia should do its "bit" by erecting a new lamp post at Eighth and Chestnut streets.

ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS

WE HAVE received the communication below. We print it, not because it shows technical excellence, but rather that it shows how easy it is to make a paragraph out of our friends' letters:

HOW NOT TO REMOVE ASHES (Continued)

THE ADVENTURE WITH THE CORRESPONDENT (Continued)

CITIZENSHIP (Continued)

"UNCLE SAM" (Continued)

"DONNERWETTER!" (Continued)

THE ADVENTURE WITH THE CORRESPONDENT (Continued)

CITIZENSHIP (Continued)

"UNCLE SAM" (Continued)

"DONNERWETTER!" (Continued)



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE ABBE LEMIRE

ON FIXED POST

A VERY LITTLE "BIT"

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (Continued)

THE ABBE LEMIRE (Continued)

ON FIXED POST (Continued)

A VERY LITTLE "BIT" (Continued)

What Do You Know?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

All Points of the Compass

How Not to Remove Ashes (Continued)

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