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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR FEBRUARY WAS 98,272



Many women must feel that the revolutionary ruling forbidding the Czarina to use the telephone comes under the head of "cruel and unusual punishments."

What a queer company of ex's it would be if Nicholas II, Eugene of France, Manuel of Portugal, Cipriano Castro and Dr. Frederick Cook all got together to plan a counter-revolution!

New Hampshire has appropriated \$500,000 for State and national defense. The total wealth of Pennsylvania is more than twenty times that of New Hampshire.

Mr. Roosevelt says he can do nothing for his army division just now, and is therefore bound South to hunt sharks. Formidable specimens in the guise of war-contract grafters might furnish the Colonel with good game these days, without his ever going beyond Washington.

The most significant thing about Sunday's war orders is the authorization to increase the navy to its full strength of 87,000 men. Taken in connection with the emergency naval construction already commanded, the new action means that the President, as commander-in-chief, has gone to the limit of his present powers to make ready the navy for war.

Homburg, where it is reported Kaiser Wilhelm has gone, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, was a favorite recuperating place for the late King Edward of England, both when he was Prince of Wales and afterward as King Edward VII. Well-defined gossip of the time related that as "the First Gentleman of Europe" he had more influence than any other person in preserving the peace at Europe through conferences at Homburg with Czar, Kaiser, Kings and their Chancellors and Prime Ministers.

We waste \$700,000,000 worth of food every year, according to the Secretary of Agriculture; but the average domestic economist would say that he has underestimated the amount. The population of the country is 100,000,000. If we divide this number into the estimated waste we find that it is only \$7 per capita. Reduced to still simpler terms, it is a little less than two cents' worth a day. If the common saying is true that the American family throws away every day enough food to maintain a French family, Secretary Houston's figures are so conservative as to need considerable revision.

Confidence in Philadelphia's efficiency as well as patriotism can be read into the President's order calling for two National Guard regiments from this city among those summoned for policy duty. As so often in the past firm reliance is placed on the man power of the home of American liberty and the birthplace of Independence. The First and Third Pennsylvania Regiments have demonstrated their worth on the Mexican border, and although the breathing spell assigned them between crises has been small, the men may at least take personal satisfaction in the fact that a record of fine achievement has been recognized. It is one of the penalties of good work that it often leads to still harder and longer tasks.

A little-known chapter in the war's history is recalled by the arrival in New York of two cream-colored natives of the French South Sea colony of Tahiti, who have recently been fighting for the Republic at the front. France's call for aid in the conflict was answered wherever the color flew; but Tahitians in their island homes had a more definite and personal sense for responding than the blacks of Senegal, Arabs and Kabyles from the south or the strange little yellow men of Annam. This potent motive was reason for the wanton bombardment of their mummy capital, Papeete, in September, 1914. This outrage on a virtually unopposed support, supposedly tucked away beyond the reach of even a fleet, was committed by the German Admiral von Scharnhorst, on a route first to victory over the British in the Falkland Islands and then to the half-sunk town of Papeete. They have nothing to do with the war.

WOODROW WILSON AND MCKINLEY
What the Historian Who Became President Said About His Predecessor in Wartime

BY CHAS. VINTON WATERS
NINETEEN years have elapsed since the nation was last upon the brink of armed collision with a European Power. The crisis of today in many ways is strikingly analogous to that which was followed by the outbreak of the Spanish-American War.

"LEAVING IT TO WILSON"
IT IS to be expected that there will be the usual chorus of "He doesn't go far enough" to greet the address the President will make to Congress, so we may as well discount this criticism beforehand, in the light of experience.

If that historical document recording that a state of war exists with Germany had been written on February 3, that fact would not have hurried the completion of warcraft. Documents do not sink piratical U-boats. War, of the kind that we have been slowly forced into, does not fall upon us like a typhoon. It comes as a rising storm, which can have no lines to mark its start, climax or finish.

Analogy Between 1898 and 1917
The analogy between the political aspects of the antebellum situation of 1898 and the present crisis is brought out most strikingly, however, when one consults the history of the former period as written by no less an authority than the present Chief Magistrate of the nation.

Mr. Roosevelt says he can do nothing for his army division just now, and is therefore bound South to hunt sharks. Formidable specimens in the guise of war-contract grafters might furnish the Colonel with good game these days, without his ever going beyond Washington.

So it will not so much matter what the President says. If he only sets before Congress the bare facts and leaves the members to ratify what has already shown itself to be the united will of America, it will be enough.

If we are men, we do not need Wilson to tell us that we are. If we are not, nothing he or any one else could say would put manhood into us.

BRAND WHITLOCK
THE case of Brand Whitlock, at last called on Belgium by an order that at the same time ends American administration of Belgian relief work, stands without historical parallel.

With an Ear to the Ground
It is true that Mr. Wilson ascribes to McKinley certain traits of character that he would not admit possessing himself. For example, he speaks of McKinley as "a leader who received his ideas, not from his own individual examination of affairs, but from the action of his own original powers upon the subject matter of public policy, but from the men about him whom he most trusted, from the subtlest of opinions abroad, out-of-door, from those who brought him the counsels of Congress and the news of events."

WAGNER AND U-BOATS
THE mere fact that virtually no political argument was provoked by Leopold Stokowski's presentation of an entirely Wagnerian program at last Saturday night's Philadelphia Orchestra concert is striking evidence of a kind of American fair-mindedness so broad that it is taken for granted. The mere suggestion of taboos of the great Richard's music has been derisively scouted throughout the land.

In civilized France, usually so receptive of the best artistic ideas originating from whatever source, the situation is now reversed. Wagnerian operas are indefinitely barred, and even Camille Saint-Saens, once so close to German musical thought that his opera of "Samson and Delilah" received its premiere, not in Paris, but in Weimar, is now an exultant leader of anti-Teutonianism in music.

AUTOINTOXICATED NEBRASKA
A ratio of one automobile to every twelve persons in Nebraska gives a forward glimpse of the gathering shadows of loneliness threatening pedestrians. Chances of escape on foot appear remote. Safety lies in one of two directions leading to the same end—hit "the rps" or the auto show and places in Omaha.

Tom Daly's Column
THE WINE OF SPRING
I was not I this Sabbath morn until—
Like Johnny Keats, whose fame is mounting still—
I stood tip-toe upon a little hill.

The hillock crowned our small suburban street
Whose yellow ribbon stretched beneath my feet
Through double rows of tiny homes that lay
Like dusty jewels all along the way.
And there stood I! With heaving breast and side,
And tingling tongue between lips parted wide
I felt the spring rush on me like a tide:
The sap was in my blood; in every vein
The wine of spring was bubbling strong again.

I looked with scorn upon a fat old cod
Whose puffy feet, in clumsy rubbers shod,
Climbed painfully the hill-road I had come.
He seemed so bound with rigors and so numb,
So wholly out of keeping with the time
When only Youth and Beauty dare to climb,
That in my heart I felt a humming
To do a wild, Quixotic, foolish thing—
I yearned to take three leaps down the hill.

We particularly abominate the word "adown," so we stuck it in the above poem. You see, it is necessary for one to drag an intentional flow into one's work occasionally, otherwise one's "newspaper verse" would automatically become "magazine poetry."

Musical Notes
The Philadelphia Orchestra gave an all-Wagner program on Friday and Saturday last. The Philadelphia Class of Northeast High School gave an all-Tomoddy program of recitations Friday night.

THE PURIST TO HIS SON
My son, you'll do me proud some day
If these instructions you'll obey:
Don't say "those kind" and "all but he,"
Don't ever, though most graciously,
Inquire "who do you want?" I pray.

Commercial Candler
"Candor" is a little monthly published in the interest of the Commercial Casualty Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J. On the first page of the March issue we find "A Message to All Who Want More Business," by W. Van Winkle, secretary (can it be Wrip?). Therein, right off the bat the magazine earns its title, or something "just as good," for the secretary says: "It pays benefits for loss of life or limbs, provided a person is disabled in the meantime, whenever such loss occurs, even though it is five or six years after the accident happens."

THE FIRE COMPANIES
A moment's pausing in the traffic's hum
Heralds the faint insistent call of bells;
The blood is thrilled as though some epic drum
Rumbles its message over field and fells.
The engines swirl along the waiting street
As though upon a stage prepared with care.
With heat of brazen bells and flying feet,
Out where the distant fire sink and flare.
— T. J. MURRAY.

IDEA FOR A CARTOON
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—I took particular notice of your cartoon called "Are You Ready, Mr. Invincible?" Why not publish one entitled "Are You Ready, Mr. Millionaire; Not With Your Money, But With Your Life?"

"HUN JOURNALISM"
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—I enclose a German newspaper which shows a photograph of three American ships sunk by maniacs. I don't understand the Hun language, but I would like to know if these people have the nerve to pretend to be American citizens and flaunt these etchings in our faces.
— S. L. Philadelphia, March 24.

TREATMENT OF GERMANS
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—I happened to engage in conversation this past week with a prominent member of the German-American Alliance, whose name is not necessary to divulge at this present time, but I learned a great deal in regard to the bitter feeling of Germans in this country against the American people. While some of them express this feeling openly, the majority keep it secretly in their hearts, and he told me if it would come to a show-down the German-Americans would be loyal to America, but with it all the German people will never forget the vile accusations heaped upon them by the American public in general, accusations which are unfounded and untrue and remain to be proved.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
Human Rights of the Child.
Treatment of Germans in America—"Hun Journalism"

MARY LYON'S SECRET
A vivacious Mount Holyoke freshman, home for her first Christmas vacation, turned to her grandmother, a graduate of Mount Holyoke's early days with the appeal: "Tell me what you most remember about Mary Lyon. Was she really such a wonder as all they say?" With a reminiscent smile, the white-haired grandmother answered: "I can see Miss Lyon now as vividly as if it were only yesterday that I arrived, tired, hungry and fearful, into the strange new world of the seminary. Her large blue eyes looked down upon us as if she held us all in her grasp, and we were conscious of her power? My dear, she was power. All that she taught she was. There are some things that cannot die. One of them is a spirit like Mary Lyon's."

CELESTIAL MECHANISM
A. D. R.—You may refer to an article in the "Laplace" column, "Dées as machines" (god from a machine) is a term coming from a device in ancient classical theatres whereby a god was brought upon the stage by machinery to solve abruptly a tragic difficulty and bring about a quick denouement, as is done by Hercules in Sophocles' "Philoctetes," and Athena in Euripides' "Philoctetes in Tauris." Celestial mechanism in astronomy refers to the vast subject covered by Pierre Simon de Laplace, the great French astronomer, who announced the theory of intricate mechanical harmony in the solar system. The Laplace translation of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" (four volumes, Boston, 1829-33).

RED CLOUD
H. L.—Mappesya-luma was the Indian name of Red Cloud, a famous chief of the Ogalala Sioux Indians, who fought the United States in 1863-68 and died in 1908.

FIRST FRATERNITY
L. B. W.—The Phi Beta Kappa Society was the first Greek letter fraternity. It was founded at William and Mary College, Virginia, in 1776, for the "promotion of literature and friendly intercourse among scholars." It was a secret organization until 1831, when it became honorary. It is identified with high scholarship.

IRELAND'S SHAMROCK
W. K. J.—St. Patrick, patron saint of Ireland, is responsible for Ireland's adoption of the shamrock as the national emblem. St. Patrick, the story runs, was vainly endeavoring to explain the doctrine of the Trinity to an audience. They could not comprehend the idea of "three gods in one." St. Patrick, stooping, plucked a shamrock and held it before them, saying, "Do you not see in this wild flower how three leaves are united in one stalk, and will you not then believe what I tell you, that there are indeed three persons and yet one God?" His hearers were convinced, and ever afterwards the shamrock was considered the national emblem of Ireland.



What Do You Know?
Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- 1. What is maize?
2. What is the meaning of the red flag, which is reported in great evidence in Petrograd?
3. How many national guardmen remain on Mexican border duty?
4. Who was General Winfield Scott?
5. Who wrote "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"?
6. What are ceramites?
7. Who is Dr. Karl Helfferich?
8. Who were the publicans in the Bible?
9. How did Utopia come into use as meaning perfection?
10. Name the fine arts.

- Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. The United States was the first nation to recognize the new Russian Government.
2. Miss Loretta Walsh, of Philadelphia, is the first woman to be enlisted in the United States Navy, excluding the nurses' corps.
3. Count von Dohna-Schloden is the commander of the German raider Mowe.
4. "Eseric" means something profound, intelligible and understood by only a chosen few. It is pronounced "ess-terick," with accents on the first and third syllables.
5. The navy's "razz rule" is an order that no long connected with the navy may make public utterances about the navy without first obtaining permission from Secretary Daniels.
6. A generalissimo is a supreme commander of several armies. It is a superlative expression coming from the Italian.
7. A Russian zemstvo is a rural district council elected by the peasants, householders and landed proprietors.
8. Admiral Farragut's Union fleet bombarded New Orleans in April, 1862.
9. Honan Lay is the British Chancellor of the Exchequer.
10. "Captain Jack" Bonavita was a famous animal trainer, recently killed by a bear.

All Points of the Compass
DREAM POETRY
WE PROPOSE, some day, to write a sort of essay which was given a title many years ago by Mr. Edward Sanford Martin. He called it "The Feathers of Lost Birds," meaning thereby to designate certain vague thoughts which promise something to the writer of fugitives, but which, being true to their genius, remain fugitive, and refuse thereafter to be caught by the salting of time.

One of them came to Mr. Martin:
The patriot lives, obscure, without
The poet, critics tell us, smoothly
twaddles.
The patent-logic man it is who storms
The heights of nobility and Fame's
high rafter straddles!
Soap is the stuff—
And there it all ends, but what a line of thought! Would it might be continued!

And now comes one of our own. We had been sleepless, till at last came this blessed relief, and we dozed. When came this:
Dignified and sore on the handle of the door.
Sat a lady filled with hope, handing
Out this cheerful dope.
Did you see me as I passed? Tell me; that is all I ask.
Tell me, that is all before I
And then the nurse came in and said
It was time to wake up and take our sleep's
draught.
We believe in dream poetry. Do you?

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