

"YES, SHE KICKS; BUT THINK OF THE CHAP AT T'OTHER END"

Evening Ledger

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CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, President
J. H. WHALEY, Editor
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR APRIL WAS 118,927

Venezuela's declaration that no ship under her flag has suffered from U-boat outrages suggests the reason why Switzerland's merchant fleet is still unharmed.

The navy's expressed lament over the shortage of cooks must sound rather crude to the American housewife. On this tragic theme her thoughts have long been almost "too deep for tears."

To the American husband whose desk is piled high with bills for spring gowns, the news that the Paris dress-makers "midnettes" are on strike, and that work on French lingerie, laces and hats is thereby halted, must seem the one ray of cheer in the gloom of a war-wrung May.

It is noticeable that the more "cordial" Germany's notes to Spain on the U-boat question become the more Spanish ships are torpedoed. America had her fill of this variety of murderous friendship, and it is hard to see how the honor of the Dons can tolerate much more of it.

The weather this May has come in for many hard words, but all will be forgiven if the New York Produce Exchange authorities prove to be reliable prophets. According to their deductions, the new wheat crop may be a hundred million bushels greater than last year's and the increase will be largely due to beneficial spring rains.

It is to be hoped that New York will not leave any of those unpatriotic signs, which read, "Don't be drafted—enlist in the Seventy-first," lying around until June 5. By the time that day of national dedication comes we must get rid of the last foolish suggestion that there is anything dishonorable about the selective draft.

The leader of the first American force to get to the firing lines, Captain Edward L. Tinkham, is only twenty-two years old. He won the War Cross at Verdun. After serving in the Ambulance Corps he returned to Cornell to complete his course. Now he is in the thick of the fray again—and all of this swift series of decisions and diverse actions during the years in which most college men are not sure about what they are going to do in life! War takes hold of good man-made material and develops it overnight. Perhaps that is the only virtue of war as such. Tinkham's career is inspiring to young rankers. It proves to them that good work is recognized by prompt advancement. Many of the majors and colonels of our Civil War were men in their twenties, and there are many fighting in France today who won their commissions before attaining their majority.

German air raids on the English coast are to be expected in April and May, in September and October. Light and weather conditions are then most favorable for such operations. Their military value, however, continues to be nil, and the satisfaction which the Teutons can derive from such an exploit as that of last Friday must chiefly lie in the expression of the kind of savagery that is voiced in a hymn of hate and other similarly free-ried outpourings. Barbarous indeed has been the murder of innocent women and children by air bombs, but the smallest ship sunk by a submarine must always be more beneficial to Germany than the destruction of British villages. A significant fact in connection with this last raid is that apparently no Zeppelins were employed. The loss of one of these huge machines is exceedingly costly, and the skill of English gunners in "sniping" the dirigibles has unquestionably made Germany cautious.

Americans helped to build the first railways in Russia, notably the famous great, uncurved line between Petrograd and Moscow. And now within a very few days our advance guard of engineers will be on hand to aid the Slavic Republic in solving the huge transportation problems of the war. John F. Stevens, one of the chief engineers of the Panama Canal, and his party of experts are already at Tokio. It is a comparatively short journey from there to Vladivostok. In that Siberian port tons of goods, munitions and provisions are being awaiting shipment by the famous Trans-Siberian railroad. Very possibly the construction will be at

work long before Petrograd is reached. It is imperative that the Siberian line be developed to the highest state of efficiency. In this work our engineers, both by advice and by direct action, can render splendid service. Tangled problems in political morals confront the Root envoys. But it is doubtful if what they may do will transcend in substantial value the possible accomplishment of Mr. Stevens's experts, whose speedy arrival in Asia is a tribute to American energy and foresight.

RATIONAL TRANSIT PROGRAM

OBSTRUCTION in the form of delay has achieved one of its objects. It is a physical impossibility at this time to go ahead with the complete transit program. This is well understood by everybody who has given the subject any attention.

It is no longer a question whether we shall pay double the normal cost of construction to go ahead. We are confronted with the utter impossibility of obtaining the necessary materials at any cost. They simply cannot be got.

It is likewise impossible for the city now to borrow large sums of money at 4 per cent. The enormous loans floated and to be floated by the Government at a high interest rate forbid the entrance of municipalities into the field. Their interests must and should wait.

We urge on Director Twining a frank and bare statement of the situation. He should not use abnormal conditions as an argument for hobbling plans. He should advocate a postponement of the program as a whole until such time only as conditions warrant a renewal of contracts and work. No hobnob plans, but a postponement, that is the proper program.

To this there should be one exception. The Frankford L. is in such shape that it should be rushed to completion and operated. It will earn money and the profits from it will lighten the financial load later. Experience there will teach us, too, much that we do not now know.

People are sensible. They do not expect the impossible. We do not hesitate, therefore, at this juncture to urge the course we have outlined. The public expects Director Twining to follow such a course promptly. It is the only course that can be followed, for events have lifted the situation temporarily out of the hands and control of man.

ARMY EXEMPTIONS

THE decision to exempt all married men on the first draft is a bold cutting of a peculiarly difficult Gordian knot. It is sure to be deeply gratifying to a nation which puts so high a value as America does upon home life and the care of young children. It will work injustice, because many young married men have wealth enough or parents wealthy enough to make certain the welfare of their wives and children. But it would be almost impossible to prove that a married slacker of this class was not telling the truth if he said he had dependent relatives. Leniency toward men of this type is probably more than balanced by the fact that many well-to-do married men over thirty have volunteered. So long as compromise is impossible, far less injustice is done by exempting all married men than by exempting none, because nine-tenths of them are hard-working individuals with families absolutely dependent on their earnings.

About 5,000,000 of the 10,000,000 eligibles between twenty-one and thirty-one are thus thrown out at a stroke. From the remaining 5,000,000 must be excluded all who are in any way defective. This is leaving a rather close margin for agricultural and industrial safety, now that it has been decided not to permit wholesale exemption of workers by specified classes or occupations. It is declared that the President has accepted advice to the effect that the mere fact that a man is a farmer or a munitions maker is not sufficient cause for exemption. Labor experts are to guide the operation of the selective draft, seeing to it that enough munitions makers and other workers are exempted to make certain that the supply of the most-needed products is not reduced. But this is not enough. We must be prepared for a greatly increased output, and we cannot depend entirely, in these days of labor shortage and dearth of immigration, upon the normal influx of apprentices and other youths into the factories and farms. It is not clear why the farm and munitions workers cannot be excused in a body; they are, in effect, enlisted men.

GOETHALS AT THE HELM

GENERAL GOETHALS is admittedly one of the greatest of living Americans. His utterances and actions have long inspired the deepest trust. When, therefore, the builder of the Panama Canal describes the woodenship scheme as "hopeless" it is inevitable that the general public take him at his word. Our need is for ships—for wooden vessels if timber is available, for steel merchantmen if steel is to be had. But first and always the call is for ships, as many as we can construct, and in the shortest possible time.

The wooden commerce carrier plan has been described as a "pet project." Certainly the idea suggesting utilization of our vast forest wealth appealed to the imagination as something peculiarly American. But very properly neither the affectionate nursing of a concept nor its possible romantic aspect appeals to George W. Goethals when constructive accomplishment is the urgent need of the moment.

LITTLE GHOSTS OF THE LUSITANIA

Pierre Mille Tells a Moving Story of How They Visited a German Prisoner

By HENRI BAZIN
Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in Paris

IN 1910, when Louis XIII ascended the throne of France, the Isla de St. Louis in the Seine, separated by narrow water from the city of Paris, was a small island upon which stands Notre Dame, was virgin ground. The president of the Parliament, Pierre de Charbon, bought the island from the king, and built upon it his first building, a magnificent "hotel" or real residence, capable of housing 150 persons. The fascinating history of this "chateau," which has no place on this page, I touch upon it at all only because it so happens that the second floor is occupied by my friend, Pierre Mille, author and journalist, with whom I spent a recent afternoon.

He is a modest man, Pierre Mille, and he will not talk about himself. But those who know his art rank him among the foremost literary talents in France. To such Americans as are acquainted with the literature of contemporary France, Pierre Mille is known, as well as at 15 Quai de Bourbon, the ancient street address of the "chateau" hotel, facing the Seine from the left bank of the island. And many more who do not read French are likely to know him, precisely because a number of his French articles have recently been translated into English for classic text book purposes.

Through an antique studded gate and across a cobble courtyard to a stairway of local stone, even if it were in the days of old great ladies in sedan chairs might be more comfortably carried up and down, I made my way. In his three-story-old mansion, Pierre Mille, I passed a few hours and during their passing one of the stories Pierre Mille told was this: "There have been more than three hundred Christmas eves and Christmas days celebrated in this chateau since it was built, recently, mentally perturbing them. And out of the thought came another. It is too late for last Christmas and too early for the next. But I'll tell it to you."

"It was bedtime and the little German prince had undressed. He had been chidingly joking with his mother, and the night among all the nights of the year, the eve of Christmas, and being a little child despite his princeliness, he still believed. So he ran across the velvet carpet to the chimney piece and placed his shoes within, after the custom of his people. He was at the age when little children are still little children, even if they are called princes. "The American governess who had replaced the English, now gone away, occasionally looked upon his childhood innocence with the thought that but a little later he would realize the value of his virgin forebears, and that being a little prince it was, of course, quite necessary he should be like them in flesh, in thought, in aim. Before running to the chimney piece, he had his shoes he had knelt in innocent wonder-stand prayer, a prayer that had been taught to him, a prayer full of fierce words that called for Heaven upon the heads of enemies he did not know. He was destined to be a princely soldier, for he had been told; and in his childish awe, pleased to wear a uniform, he had seen the colonel commanding a regiment of men who bore guns and instruments of death. He had seen them drawn up for parade and then they had been drawn up for battle. "As the governess assisted him into his tiny princely bed, he said: "Father Christmas will come this year, will he not, just as other years?" And he interrupted himself, very proud to record a memory.

"I remember very well when he came last year. He put so many things in the chimney, and the next day there were more things in the chimney, and gold and silver balls on it, and little lighted candles from top to bottom. You are sure he will come again?" "Yes, Highness," answered the governess. "He will come when you are asleep, and not come if you stay awake. He is shy and never wishes to be seen."

"I will sleep then," answered the little Prince. And the governess extinguished the light and closed the door. "The little Prince was that alone, his eyes tightly closed. But his little mind was wide awake and he could not sleep. He thought of his grandfather, formerly soldier and now a general, who he saw and when he did, seemed to see him, to be absorbed in something he could not understand. He thought of his father, whom he had seen for a long time. And he thought of his mother, who seemed a different mother with less love and affection for him than before. He had noticed, but understood not, that she must not ask why. "Then he thought of a shaggy pony, the pretty pony that was dead and could not be replaced on account of the war. Were all the shaggy ponies killed in a great battle? And he did not understand when he was answered that it was not that, but they could not cross the sea on account of the bad English. "With eyes still closed, his thought turned to Father Christmas and what he wished. "Father Christmas, I must tell you what I wish, for you do not know. Please do not bring me any more cannon, or boxes of lead, or little Zeppelins. These you brought last year, and they are all I am tired of them. I want a farm, and a sheepfold, and cows, and peasant women to milk them. I want a gramophone that plays something like which we hear in Austria and Deutschland under Alles. I am tired of them, too."

"And then sleep came to him, the sleep of the little child, but mingled with it, somewhere in his mysterious mind, remained the spirit of his last waking thought, of Father Christmas. And so he dreamed. "He heard in the chimney piece a host of little voices. Was it Father Christmas accompanied with the angels? But then he saw as they came out over his shoes that they were not angels, but little children; that Father Christmas was not with them; that they were little boys and little girls in their nightclothes, no bigger than himself. He saw that they were very beautiful and that they had come to play with him. But as they came close he saw they were very pale, that their hair and nightclothes were wet, and they seemed to be crying as they stretched their little hands out toward him. "What is the matter?" asked the little Prince. "I don't want you to cry; I don't want you to be sad." "And they answered in low concerted voice that in his dream he could scarcely hear: "We are little American and little English children. And one of them was drowned. We were on a big, big boat. We don't know why we were drowned. We had always been good boys and girls, little Prince, and we were very happy. We had a great cold salt-water. We opened our mouths to call our papas and mamas, and the water came in and we died almost right away. But just before we died, we heard the derisive voices of men who spoke in your language. Why were we drowned by these men, little Prince? We wanted so to see this Christmas night and Father Christmas, not dead and wet, but happy and alive. And we came because our spirits may go this Christmas night and Father Christmas may not be here. But just before we heard that great feast night in your country. Shall we never again have the playthings he brought us last year in our countries? "And then the dream of the little Prince died, as dreams will; the dreams of waking and of sleeping hours. "The next morning when the governess came she found him with a smile and suddenly burst into tears. "I have had a dream, a dream," he said. "What was it, Highness?" asked the governess. "That the little Prince shook his little head and would not answer."

Tom Daly's Column

THE BIRTHDAY
Give thanks for this survival!
For here's the anniversary
Of Teacher Dear's arrival
In his maternal nursery.

Other Noted Men Born May 28
Louis Agassiz, naturalist, 1807.
Tom Moore, poet, 1778.

IF I WERE YOU
If I were you and you were I,
Felicia, I soon would care
The agonies I now endure
Because my pleadings you deny.
I would not take a fellow's eye
They slay him with a glance demure,
If I were you.

THE NEW HAD
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Before the New York State Legislature
October 3, 1876.

This time still holds "in peace and pride of mind"
The best of those who linger for the day
Within her confines, sure of their reward
If they but look for gratitude beyond.

Why Not "Harem Scarem"?
When the British enter the village
The fat Turk, who was his burkemaster,
or whatever you call it, was taken by surprise;
and so were the women of the household, who ran helter-skelter.

MOVE TO AMEND
The Legislature at Harrisburg is considering
a bill to abolish the free lunch.
A thought within my brain is born—
A hope that is perhaps forlorn,
But, oh! that it might be!
Why not destroy John Bull's corn?
And let dear Free Lunch tree?

IRELAND'S GRIEVANCES
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—In an editorial today you concede that Irish home rule should be given "on general and national grounds," yet somewhat inconsistently ask for some specific grounds upon which it should be given. You then say:

Let every fellow do his bit,
And smile while he is doing it;
It may be leading home forlorn;
It may be only hoing corn;
Who does his job the best he can.

AND we learn for the first time from "The Recollections of Sir Algernon West" that a clever poem we had always attributed to Lord Byron was written by a Miss Pansyhouse. It's that epigram on the letter "H."

"Twas whispered in Heaven,
And eho caught faintly
The sound as it fell
On the confines of earth
'Twas permitted to read
And the depths of the ocean
Its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere
When 'tis risen asunder.
And seen in the lightning.
And heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man
During the war of Ireland,
It assists at his birth
And attends him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness,
Honor and health;
Is the prop of his house
And the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser
It is hoarded with care,
But it is sure to be lost
In his prodigal heir.
It brings every hope,
It prays with the hermit,
With monarchs is crowned,
Without it the soldier,
The sailor, may roam,
But woe to the wretch
Who expels it from home!
In the whisper of conscience
'Tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool
Of passion is drowned.
'Tis softer than woman's breath,
It will make it acutely
And instantly hear.
But, in short, let it rest,
Like a delicate flower,
Oh, breathe on it softly,
It dies in an hour!



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Specific Grievances of Ireland Against English Rule—War Blamed on Acts of Mankind

WHOSE WAR?
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—In a recent address by ex-President Taft bearing upon the war I find these words: "When the war began people began to lose faith in the Lord, but as it progressed the divine light seems to unfold."

But is it God's war? I think not. For even though admitting His supremacy in all things, it is possible for the finer sensibilities of the human mind to become reconciled to the thought that a being so powerful as to be able to bring into existence this vast universe, placing therein a small speck upon which, after creating all things else, He created and placed man, that a being whom we have learned to regard as a loving Heavenly Father, would now find it necessary to resort to such means as are now being used to destroy the workers of His own hands? The great tragedy of the war is a human tragedy, founded upon the baser elements of human nature, entirely out of harmony with both the divine nature and the divine will. Let not, therefore, the warring nations try to place the responsibility of their battles; but to show them wherein they have erred, wherein they are in the wrong, and what they can now do in order to bring this awful carnage and bloodshed to a speedy end.

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What Do You Know?

QUIZ
1. Agrarian disorders are reported in Russia. What are they?
2. Where is Kent, which was bombed by Germany?
3. Who is McAdoo, who, it is hinted, may be the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1920?
4. What are carnivorous animals?
5. What is a spread-eagle speech?
6. Who was Captain Cook?
7. Where are the Barren Grounds?
8. What baseball team is called the "Cubs"?
9. Who is Doctor Ross, named as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury?
10. What was the Salic law?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. A correspondent is one who writes, and a reporter is a person writing for a publication. A correspondent is a person whose duties are not limited to a particular branch of the news.
2. Alexandre Ribot is the French Premier.
3. There are forty-eight states in the American flag—one for each State.
4. Johns is a seaport on the west coast of England. A correspondent is a person whose duties are not limited to a particular branch of the news.
5. The caseyway is a large bird of Australia, probably best known for his system of communication with any one.
6. Nathan Straus is a New York merchant, probably best known for his system of free milk distribution to the poor of New York City.
7. Trieste is an important Austrian port on the Adriatic Sea.
8. A person serving in an army man in uniform is liable to a fine of \$1000 and a year's imprisonment.
9. The Carlisle Indian School is at Carlisle, Pa.
10. The Salic law.

THE IRISH SITUATION

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—I regret very much the editorial, "Hired on Ireland's Friends," which appeared in the EVENING LEDGER recently. America must not lose patience now, as she is Ireland's friend, and now is the time of redemption. England has fooled John Redmond. Now she is getting ready to fool the American people. Her old convention I may be wrong, but I believe the majority of the "convention" will be such men as "E. C. Herdman," plucked to suit the British Party. Naturally, the "convention" members will disagree and the result will be flashed through America "England leaves decision in Irishmen's own hands. They have decided to scatter through the north and around Belfast are just the same as those of German descent—American-born men who now sympathize with Germany. The Irishmen are of English descent, Irish born, who would rather see Ireland in partition than see her prosper."

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Registry by Mail

READER—If you are away from your home division or precinct on June 5, you are required to register by mail. A few days before registration day go to the clerk of the county where you may be (or to the city clerk if you are in a city of more than 25,000 inhabitants) and obtain a registration blank. Fill it out and mail it to the registrar of your precinct so that it will arrive there on or before June 5.

Ministers of Agriculture

The Canadian, British and French ministers corresponding to our Secretary of Agriculture are the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada; the President of the Board of Agriculture, London, England; and the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, Paris, France.

Farm Work

E. O. K.—Detailed information regarding farm work may be obtained best by a personal visit to the Philadelphia Bureau farm labor recruiting bureau or the office of the United States Immigration Commissioner, 132 South Third street.

Noncitizens

READER—Every male resident of the United States between the specified ages, whether or not he is a citizen, is required to register June 5.

Exemption From Draft

R. R.—It is probable that a man with astigmatism will be exempted from military service, but it is impossible to say, as no definite announcement on this point has been made.

Woman on Dollar

E. E.—The woman's face on the American silver dollar is that of the Goddess of Liberty. It was designed from no particular model, but was the designer's conception of an ideal face. It was first used in 1875.

Four Years a Citizen

READER OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER—All men of the specified age, whether or not they have their first papers for citizenship, must register June 5. If you have your first papers and are German born, you are an "alien enemy" and will not be subject to draft, according to the present interpretation of the act.