ILLUSTRATED Evening Ledger

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MICHAELIS EMPHASIZES THE ISSUE

WITH the statement by Chancellor Michaelis of the war aims of his imperial master this country is not particularly concerned, for the reason that German purposes were revealed long ago and it was apparent some days since that Michaelis would merely voice the sentiments of the militarists. His attitude in this respect simply emphasizes the view stated three months ago by President Wilson, namely, that for democracy there is no hope in the situation so long as the Hohenzollerns and the Hohenzollern doctrine of government survive and have prevalence in Germany.

That, indeed, is the task the Allies have set themselves, to uproot militarism, which trusts only in "God and German might." The God worshiped by junkers is a God the Christian Allies do not know, and German might as a final tribunal of justice is a consummation to prevent which millions in lives and gold are being poured out by the nations that refuse to worship force and insist on the inviolability of the processes of law.

This country, however, is interested in the pronouncement of the Chancellor relative to electoral reform.

> I approve of the imperial rescript of Prussian franchise reform. I consider it advantageous and necessary to establish closer relations between the great parties and the Government and am willing, as far as possible, without impairing the federal character and the constitutional basis of the empire, to do my uttermost to impart more life and efficiency to this co-operation.

What he means by "federal character and the constitutional basis of the empire" is that system of government which permits the Kaiser to be the sole arbiter of peace and war and endows the so-called higher orders of society with virtually complete power over the essentials of policy and administration. It is this medievalism in government which the new Chancellor is determined to preserve at all cost. He, therefore, is the exponent of exactly the thing this nation is determined to destroy. He would make Germany unsafe for democracy; we have set out to make the world, including Germany, safe for democracy. Between the two opposing purposes there is no room for reconciliation. They are as far apart as the poles.

Let us, then, dedicate ourselves anew to the great task before us. Let us realize that junkerism still rides wild in Germany, still dominates German thought and purpose, and that we must consecrate every ounce of our power to the one aim of extirpating this whole school of philosophy from the face of the earth. Since might, not reason, must decide the course of history, we shall face the issue in that form, measuring our might against the Kaiser's might, and putting to the test, for a final and complete answer, the question of whether democracy or autocracy is the master of efficiency. If Freedom is in truth the mother of invention and autocracy is using Freedom's implements to wage the war, surely it is Freedom which will give birth to new ideas that will decide the conflict, or will be able to utilize her own inventions to better advantage than mere adopters of them.

We trust that the speech of the Chancellor will convince the American public once and for all of the absolute necessity of a fight to the finish, of the hopelessness of peace until the German system is utterly wiped out, and that it will intensify the efforts of our Government to make available in this war the full resources and power of the whole nation.

TEETOTALISM FOR "TEAS"

MR. HOOVER'S demand for the extinction of afternoon teas and after-theatre suppers ought to be filled very easily in Philadelphia. Home-dwellers and "snack"-hunters have essentially little in common, and our association with this latter tribe has never been more than superficially imitative.

Time was when an ear of hot, buttered corn, purchased at Broad and Chestnut streets, affectionately carried on top of a north or south bound omnibus, and there consumed with like devotion, was considered the best kind of after-theatre [illegible] sized" cone of ice cream, in any one of the numerous so-called "saloons" that are still typical of the city, filled the bill. More elaborate food was undreamed of. Meals were standardized home products, ample and all-sufficient—breakfast at 7:30, dinner at noon, supper at 6:30. Afternoon tea, with all the edible accessories in its train, was a pure affectation, a silly superfluity. Fashion demanded a change of dinner hour. Fashion dictated afternoon teas and after-playhouse suppers. Many of us succumbed. But our hearts weren't really in the new regime. It was imported. It seemed un-Philadelphian, a kind of left-handed reflection on substantial home living, even on scrapple and other highlights of the long-honored local menu.

Thoughtless outsiders, ignoring our signal function of being the mighty workshop of the nation, have called us a "big village." Psychologically there was, nevertheless, a grain of truth in the remark. But now that the patriotic value of simplicity is being preached to us, surely we can return to it with no small amount of local pride.

AN ARM OF THE GOVERNMENT

THE Government has relied exclusively on the newspapers of the nation to announce to individuals their place in the draft. This is a logical sequence of the earlier service rendered by the press, which was the exclusive instrument employed in securing the registration of the millions of men sooner or later to be brought into the armies of the nation. It may be doubted if the Government, even with the postal service at its disposal, would have been able to accomplish in months what it has accomplished so readily in a few weeks had not the newspapers of the country operated as the publicity arm of the nation. What is true of the draft is true also of the bond issue, of the subscriptions for the Red Cross and of virtually each and every other activity in which the Government has engaged on a large scale in this period of making ready.

It has, we believe, cost the newspapers literally millions of dollars to put the program through. The wires yesterday were used almost exclusively to carry the draft numbers. The office corps were employed in the presentation of those numbers. The clerical work was great. But no newspaper has made any claim for remuneration, nor will any. It is part of the public service habitually performed by and always expected of the press. Naturally so, for the press is the nation's megaphone, it is also the nation's safety valve. It kills conspiracies by publicity, it drives incompetence out of office by publicity, it brings competents into the public service by publicity and it educates public opinion by publicity.

Honest publicity will do much to win the war; censored publicity will do much to prolong it.

THREE THINGS ABOUT SETTLED

TODAY the nation can draw a long breath. It begins at last to see light ahead on a horizon that for many weeks had been banked up with three clouds of doubt. The three great tasks and duties before us centered about the words Draft, Food and Ships, and each has presented its unique and vexatious difficulty.

The draft had had difficulty enough getting through Congress. Since the President signed the measure preparations for its enforcement have gotten on the nation's nerves. It should have been taken for granted that such an unprecedented task would present obstacles. But what was at the bottom of all the irritability was the desire to "know who's drawn and have it over with." The typical remark of the drafted young man yesterday afternoon was, "Thank goodness, that's off my mind at last." He would rather, it seemed, have been drafted ten times over than have had to wait so long to find out what he was expected to do.

A final vote on the food-control bill is on the program in the Senate today. The row over the shipbuilding program seems now about to be settled by private agreement between Goethals and Denman. At a moment when the strain of these two big fights was becoming intolerable, there is a sudden clearing of the atmosphere.

With the draft, food and shipbuilding machinery all working toward one end, the country will feel that the first stage of America's highly complex war closes. The second stage is actual fighting abroad and hard work at home. We can enter upon this second stage with a feeling of satisfaction that all the tussles of our first four months of war experience were, after all, mighty big efforts for a beginner. If we were slow getting started it was because we wanted to start right. If we had known the war would be over in a few months it would have been unpardonable to debate so long. But we are embarking on many months, possibly two or three years, of war. The great preliminary measures now reaching fulfillment may save time and effort in the long run.

American history is reversing the biblical order. Numbers comes first. Exodus will triumphantly follow.

"Many Bolshivikis were scared," says a cable from Petrograd. Who wouldn't be frightened with a name like that to carry around?

Saving up against a rainy day is almost an impossibility this July. We haven't been having sufficient hours of continuous sunshine to get a fair start.

Germany is fully entitled to any satisfaction she may derive from the report that American conscription resulted in nothing more decisive than a draw.

The stealing of shoes placed in the corridors of Berlin hotels is said to be distressing many Germans. It's a safe bet, however, that Teuton diplomats and cabinet ministers have no kick to make on that score. Nobody is really very anxious to stand in their footwear.

If any connection can be drawn between the indisputable facts that Turkey is a black spot on the map of Europe and that this same nation has been rigidly lined up for total prohibition since adopting the nonalcoholic Mohammedan religion, congressional blue ribboners have a nasty historical snarl to untie.

WHY GOMPERS IS COMPLACENT

He Exercises Great Power in Washington and Union Labor Is Not Disturbed

Special Correspondence Evening Ledger
WASHINGTON, July 21.

THE complacency with which Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has fallen in with the war plans of the President and his Council of National Defense is one of the curious developments of the war situation. For almost a lifetime this journeyman cigarmaker, who, by sheer industry and ability, has made himself the most potent factor in the labor world, has fought organized capital and what may be termed "the captains of industry" in defense of the eight-hour principle, higher wages and the rights of labor generally. He has appeared before State Legislatures and the Congress of the United States with arguments and speeches that have made trouble for constitutional lawyers and lay members alike. In certain important labor controversies approaching the verge of criminality, like the bomb-throwing exploits of the structural iron workers, Gompers has stood pat with what he believed to be a justifiable propaganda, even to the extent of defying the courts and taking personal chances with the consequences. Today, however, Gompers is such a power in Washington that the President consults with him, while he confers freely with members of the Cabinet as a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defence. Associated with Mr. Gompers on this commission are Mr. Baruch, a New York banker; Mr. Coffin, an automobile manufacturer, and Mr. Rosenwald, a big Chicago merchant, and so far as the public knows, Mr. Gompers and his associates have got along happily together without friction as between capital and labor, or the employer and the employed.

Is Union Labor Satisfied?

It is not altogether a State secret that Mr. Gompers is fairly well satisfied with the treatment labor is receiving at the hands of his associates and the Administration. If it were otherwise, the assumption is that Mr. Gompers would not go along with the Administration plans as readily as he does. Congress in the Clayton anti-trust act, it is true, gave Mr. Gompers what he had been fighting for in exemptions to organized labor from Federal Court injunctions, and it justified picketing to a certain extent, although it has always been a debatable question whether the Clayton or Gompers act, as it might equally well be termed in the final analysis, gave labor more than a mere sop. But while Mr. Gompers was satisfied with the act and with the various riders to appropriation bills which took away from the Attorney General the resources with which to prosecute members of labor unions for violating the anti-trust laws, it is certain that this legislation has not been pleasing to the big interests or to the captains of industry who employ labor. It is, therefore, no wonder that the spectacle of Gompers and the big interests working together in the Council of National Defense occasions comment. How does it come about?

Is it purely patriotic and incident to the war or is the "Alphonse and Gaston" act being performed because it cannot be helped? It cannot truthfully be said that labor is not disturbed, despite the apparent complacency of the president of the American Federation of Labor. The big railroad brotherhoods whom President Wilson made up to on the eight-hour question prior to the last presidential election are not members of the American Federation of Labor, of which Mr. Gompers is president. While both organizations have been working along similar lines for the eight-hour day, it is not certain that the railroad brotherhoods are satisfied with the outcome of their eight-hour agitation, nor is it clear that they fully appreciate the meaning of the commandeering of railroads for governmental purposes, to which program Mr. Gompers seems to be committed. This has appeared during the discussion of certain of the commandeering bills when railroad men in particular have sought with other labor interests to have the exemption provisions of the Clayton anti-trust law emphasized. In other words, these high-grade unions have insisted upon the right to strike under any circumstances just as Mr. Gompers always insisted upon it in ante-war days. They are somewhat skeptical of government or military control now.

Military Control Hinted At

An attempt to analyze the labor situation, as thus presented, leads to one conclusion at least—union labor as represented by Mr. Gompers is temporarily "on the inside" with the big employers. Another conclusion is that certain independent organizations, like the I. W. W., now having its troubles in New Mexico and Arizona, are "upon the outside."

To use the parlance of the political worker, the Gompersites appear to be "taken care of," for the present, while the independents play second fiddle, and the I. W. W. stand to face bayonets in the hands of United States soldiers. It is this situation that is troubling the well-wishers of labor who observe an increase in the ranks of the Socialists even among American citizens, who hitherto had nothing but contempt for that party. Instances are cited where mill owners have been asked to undertake large contracts for the Government, who, with due precaution, have first called in their employes to find out whether the contract could safely be undertaken with assurances that labor would not strike. In one case where there was such an understanding and a strike ensued after the contract was undertaken, Washington mediators are said to have stepped in with an agreement to pay the employers a sufficient increase on the contract price to make good the increase in wages demanded. If this is a true story, it may help to explain the complacency of Mr. Gompers and the members of the unions. But there is another story which relates to cantonments, and that is, that union labor has been receiving the highest wages demanded from certain contractors, whereas work has lagged on other contracts, where the attempt has been made to get along with nonunion labor. If organized labor influence with the Administration and with the Council of National Defense is so powerful at the present time, when few employers anywhere are able to resist wage demands, it may still further help to explain the complacency of Mr. Gompers.

It is of passing interest, however, in connection with the armed control of the 1200 or more International Workers of the World in Arizona and New Mexico that neither Mr. Gompers nor any of the great labor organizations have recently had much to say about what, in normal times, would have been promptly denounced as an outrage upon the right of men to strike. There does not appear to have been much in the Arizona mine trouble except that the miners who were receiving as high as $6 a day decided not to work. For this, if the statement of their attorney is to be believed, they were taken from their homes by armed men, were driven out of town in cattle cars and finally put under military guard. It was such an incident in the case of the Colorado miners some years ago that induced Mr. Gompers and many labor leaders to besiege Congress with a multitude of grievances. The right of labor to work or not to work was then proclaimed from the housetops. In the present instance little is heard from organized labor in defense of that principle, while socialism continues to gain recruits.

Those who have been watching labor developments for a series of years are wondering whether the great struggle between capital and labor, now temporarily obliterated by the opportunities as well as the necessities of war, will break in all its fury when the problems incident to the close of war come up for adjustment.

J. HAMPTON MOORE.

Tom Daly's Column

THE VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday
I should address you tritely,
Or stroll on Chestnut street and play
My ukulele lightly.

I know, in spite of draft and war—
Of which we've had an earful—
I should permit my muse to soar
And warble blithe and cheerful.

But this is why my eyes are dim
And I am thrall to sorrow:
I've just read Whitcomb Riley's "Jim"—
He's dead a year tomorrow!

The draft catches Will Lou, whose number is 601. Anybody else in our family?

WATCHING THE BULLETINS

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"
Sang the poet long ago;
And the self-same thought encumbers
Certain anxious youths we know.

Meanwhile let us pluck from this ad of the Globe Theatre a little smile that wasn't supposed to be on the bill:

This Week's Feature
"Who's To Blame?"
20 Artists.

SURRENDER

Let us have done with battles,
I am tired.
Let us have done with dreaming;
Dreams are dead.

When was the time,
"God said, 'I am tired of kings'"?

I cannot find it in the Book.

But I have read
How the people cried unto God for a King;
And He set Saul on the throne,
Because they desired a king.

And I know
That men desire something to worship;
That the throne dare not be empty,
Though they bow down
To a puppet.

An old cry rings in my ears
And will not be still.
And I see the streets of Paris,
Red with blood,
Barricaded with cobblestones,
Filled with a surging mob,
Screaming its battlecry,
Chanting its pacan:
The king is dead,
The king is dead,
The king is dead—
Long live the king!

WILL LOU.

Only a frivolous mind would be held by this, of course, but it did seem curious, after noting this head in the P. L.: "Marines Patrol Vice Districts to Save Sailors" to read in the next column that "Grant Is Vice Admiral."

Sure! Give Her an Assist

Are you interested in musical scores? asks W. L. If so, I think you ought to do something for old lady No. 114 K center, who sat behind me the other afternoon and helped Frances White sing her latest song, not missing a single note. She wasn't mentioned in the program, but I thought you might be able to give her honorable mention either in the hit or the error column.

Dear Tom—We were on our way home from Paris Island, S. C., Jack Harris and I, where we had been erecting cantonment camps for the Government. Reaching Port Royal, Jack suddenly discovered that he had grown much thinner around the belt line, so we rambled in search of a chow house. We came across one of those stable-like shanty restaurants so prevalent in this part of the country, where the main entree on the bill of fare is just plain stew. Jack ordered his stew and the mess didn't look good, but his stomach begged him to take a chance, so he dipped his bread into the juice and forced it down with reluctance. "Twenty-five cents, suh," said the colored waitress. "What, for that mess!" said Jack. Just then the proprietor entered. "Sarah," said he, "how much of it did the gentleman eat?" "Jes' de jooce, suh; he didn't touch de meat, nohow." "Well, then, suh," he said, turning to Jack, "the charge will be fifteen cents."

L. F.

DANOLOCK writes from Atlantic City: "Just spotted this one in the window of a dry-cleaning establishment on Atlantic avenue near Ohio avenue:

I AM TO FINISH ALL WORK
IN 24 HOURS

DYEING"

This ultimatum had the effect of making a certain insurance company sit up and take notice:

Gentlemen—I write personating my sister, who legally holds the policy of ———, who is now on the list of the deceased. I am tired of enduring her statements of the difficulties which you people try to exact on her unjustly. You have not one legal right to ask her a question that is not claused in nor connected with the policy. Mr. ———'s insurance was paid past quota.

We have proof coming from persons of authority who declare his sickness was not of dissipation. Men and concerns that do business with the masses observe all laws of commerce, such as "square deal," without force of law.

We do not expect trouble from you people. I made a complete copy of the policy, with all the prominent numbers. I hope you people will not force me in this affair. Such an act will lead to the publicity of my relative's difficulties and your unfirm policy, your bad courtesy and etc. My knowledge of law and commerce shall fortify me. Please have the money on Wednesday, 10 inst., the day of burial. Hoping for peace and prosperity, I remain,

Yours truly,

A practical joker, so it seems, went to the trouble of taking out a marriage license in the names of two old folks on Long Island, who had no intention of marrying. But more cruel still was the New York headwriters who labeled the story:

LICENSE TO WED A JOKE

Colloquialisms

Milwaukee appears to be profligate in the matter of prepositions. "A walk would get spending his pennies off from his mind," says the Milwaukee Journal.

Patriotic families will now revise their table talk so that F. H. B. hereafter may be understood to stand for "family Hoover back."

A CENSOR WITH A HEART

He Passes Without Excision a Paper Edited by Twenty-seven Children and Subscribes for It

By HENRI BAZIN

Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France.

PARIS, June 25.

I SAT at luncheon in a well-known club in the Boulevard des Capucines, the guest of a charter member. He is old in years, but has preserved the eternal youth of head and heart. I had been presented to him casually a few hours before. Upon hearing my name he asked me if I happened to be my father's son, and when he discovered that he and the author of my being had been boys together in a French village he took me under his aged energetic wing for the day. His first business was to invite me to lunch. His second was to telephone, inviting several other guests to meet me—"a few men worth while," he said; "men who always say something."

It was thus I met Abel Hermant, the noted dramatist and writer, who, in common with other literary men of France in this time of war, contributes to the newspapers. It is of what M. Hermant said over the coffee and cigarettes that I compile this story.

"I know an old lady who has four sons and three daughters," said he, "all married, and the fathers and mothers of twenty-six sons and daughters ranging from three to sixteen years of age, who, ergo, are cousins. She calls them the 'Twenty-six Tyrants.' Be they so or not, this tribe of youngsters constitute a sort of little autonomic state, with laws, customs and usages duly respected by their elders. In order to maintain the necessary union between the divers elements of this youthful battalion the ruling spirits, boys and girls from twelve to sixteen, conceived the idea of creating a newspaper. But the press, to utilize a general term, regardless of its influence, circulation or quality, must bow to the distressing conditions existing all over the world for the moment—the cost and rarity of white paper.

The Only Uncensored Paper

"Therefore, as the official utterances of the Emperors of Russia, their little paper has seen but one issue, and but one copy of that issue, in six pages, properly folded, numbered and hand-written and illustrated by the editors and members of the staff, or members of the staff and editors, as you choose. For lack of matter, one page was left blank. Its circulation, while not large, was select, consisting first of a sequential passing of its single copy from home to home and family to family among relatives in Paris.

"It was entitled 'The Twenty-Seven,' and under its title carefully written, 'The only uncensored paper in France.'

"Its substance consisted in the main of a leader philosophizing upon the sad but enforced return to study after the Christmas holidays, a patriotic story describing the certain joy that must come through wearing a uniform, with the hope the day speed when the writer could have the privilege; picturesque recitals of vacation experiences, a column upon fashions by an editress of twelve and a harrowing tale of the horrors undergone by one of the twenty-seven at the hands of an unfeeling medical man, just because the writer had inadvertently swallowed a copper penny. It contained, too, an advertisement offering to exchange a box of tin surrendering 'Kamerades' for an automobile ambulance that wound with a key. Thus it even had its economic side.

"After the lone copy of 'The Twenty-Seven' had made the final rounds in Paris it was intrusted to the mails that relatives in the south, the west and east of France might revel in its contents. From Paris first to Rouen, where it was acknowledged and forwarded to Biarritz and Lyons. But en route from Lyons to a little village on the Swiss border it disappeared. The editors, after a period of anxious waiting, began a daily interrogation of the postman. He had but the proverbial courteous smile of the Latin and a negative response. Then one day during the last week the ruling spirit asked his father, home on permission from the front, if it were not possible to 'find out about it.' The father spiflingly replied he could do nothing; likely the censor was to blame.

"Vexat Censura Columbas"

"The censor! Why, of course! That was it, without doubt. The entire issue was likely lying upon his desk at that very moment; upon the desk of a heartless creature armed with enormous scissors; a creature without a soul. All sorts of calamities confronted the editors—prison, perhaps. And the oldest, who had begun the study of Latin, repeated aloud in tragic fashion a line from his study book:

"'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.'

"That afternoon the postman brought a fat envelope, a registered letter. Even in its enveloped disguise the editor-in-chief, with his brother and sister assistants-in-chief, recognized their single issue. Hurriedly they opened it, searching its pages for the mark of the blue pencil, the red pencil, the mutilated places obliterated by merciless shears. To their astonishment, the Twenty-seven was intact, and instead of censoring it contained an additional article upon its lone white page.

My Dear Little Friends—You thought to escape the censor! You cannot. Nor can others. He has, in his official capacity, read line for line and page for page. He has performed this duty to France with a great pleasure and a great joy. He finds nothing to warrant taking his pencils from behind his ears, the red behind the right, the blue behind the left, nor to remove his scissors from his drawer; on the contrary, much that demonstrates the blood that is the pride of the whole world today. He bows in homage before it.

And he respectfully apologizes for having been compelled to exercise his official function, for penetrating within the borders of a select clientele, and asks to be included among these subscribers for the future. To that end he makes bold enough to pose for an instant as twenty-eighth editor in this contribution in words and to inclose a contribution in fact as subscription for each and every future issue printed, perhaps, he respectfully suggests, upon a little press which the subscription may enable the editors to buy.

THE CENSOR.

"In a separate envelope lay a clean, crisp, new banknote for 100 francs.

"The Twenty-seven, even the tiniest, quivered with delight and surprise, their fathers smiled, their mothers thought the censor was charming.

"But I entirely disagree with them. I say it with feeling, as a writer who has looked upon the dread, dreary white space in the middle of his article. I say it is criminal to thus plant deeply in the minds of twenty-seven future French men and women a firm, ineradicable belief that the censor is a good and smiling fairy, who guards and protects the writer and his art and aids him in securing deserving publicity for his articles."

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Righteousness of Prayers for Victory—Views on Just Taxation

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters must be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

MILITANT CHRISTIANITY

To the Editor of Public Ledger:

Sir—I would suggest to "A Christian on Guard" that he read up the history of our present war. I am only a girl, but I would like him to know my point of view and also have him answer my questions.

If "A Christian on Guard" does this perhaps he will discover who entered Belgium, who disregarded all the laws of peace, who in reality caused this whole war. He will be able to figure out why ministers of the Church are praying to the Lord, mighty in battle (Psalms xxiv, 8), also our Mediator (I Tim. ii, 5) for victory over our brutal enemies, the Germans. In looking over the list of names, titles and characters of Christ in the back of any Bible our friend won't find the title of "God of Battles" he mentioned. Will he please tell me where he did get it?

It seems that heretofore the Socialists didn't say much about Christ, but now that the present war is on and virtually the whole world is at war with the few brutal countries still in existence, they take refuge behind the cloak of Christianity because they are too cowardly to fight for the right and are almost all pro-Germans to the backbone.

It also seems that the spirit of brotherhood is being kept alive on our battlefields through the aid of the Church, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and several other organizations without the aid of the Socialists. The majority of the Socialists never enter a church unless it is to hear a lecture on socialism. What is socialism? Why, every Socialist will give you a different definition of the true meanings of socialism. I once heard a Socialist give a lecture. He told the audience that with the exception of two crimes he had committed all the crimes in the category and at that time was being watched as a suspect in the big Los Angeles blowing up of a large building—the Times Building. What kind of people are these who call themselves Socialists? Will some one please explain?

I am really glad to know that the true Christian spirit is to allow Germany to walk over us, to kill our people on passenger vessels (such as the Lusitania) and still not do anything for our own protection. If our friend "A Christian on Guard" had signed himself "a pro-German" I think it would be readily understood why he wishes to know the reason the ministers of the gospel pray for our victory over our enemy.

Will some one kindly tell me why we, the people of the United States, should allow our enemy to murder our people and yet not pray to our God that we should be victorious and finally have an everlasting peace?

O. N. L.

Philadelphia July 20.

SINGLE TAX NOT ESSENTIALLY A TAX

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—A little trade paper, published in western Pennsylvania, gives this as the first law of government: "Levy no taxes and collect all the ground rent for public purposes."

This statement will probably appear absurd to those who feel that "death and taxes" are inevitable and to those who believe that they have a right to collect the ground rent which any given community may create. The [illegible] to any one who will study the question, a mighty fundamental truth becomes apparent, and although single taxers are compelled, through an inadequate language, to use the word "tax" and apply it to the collective taking of ground rent, the fact remains that the collective taking of ground rent is not a tax on individual industry and enterprise; it is a mere taking of a value, by the community, of a fund which only arises because of the community. The dictionary gives rent as being "periodical payment for the use of land." Tax, "to impose a rate or duty for State or municipal purposes." Property, as "a thing owned to which the owner has exclusive right of possession." According to these definitions, land rent cannot be classed as private property because the owner does not make it. Only the coming of population can originate it and only its increase or decrease can make larger or smaller the volume of rent.

This being true, then land rent is a fit subject for the levying of a "rate or duty for State or municipal purposes." Let us suppose a State or municipality levying a rate or duty sufficiently high to take all of land rent and, at the same time, to continue our present method of taxing the products of labor.

It is easily evident that the coffers of the State or municipality would be filled to overflowing and the producers and consumers of the community would cry out for relief and petition their taxing authorities to lighten their burdens.

Let us suppose the taxation boards were composed of men possessed of only ordinary taxation knowledge, but with a strong love for justice and a proper regard for the principles of morality. They would patiently hear all the well-known arguments of those who would ask that ground rent be relieved from taxation. This would be followed by the claims of the producers and consumers, asking that all products of labor and enterprise be freed from taxation.

Would not the taxation boards, in their striving after justice, be compelled to decree that land rent, being entirely dependent on population and not on individual exertion, should bear the burden, and that products of labor, not being dependent al individual exertion, should be relieved entirely from taxation?

OLIVER McKNIGHT.

Philadelphia, July 19.

THE SPREAD OF FEDERALISM

Suppose that Ireland should now become bent on being a republic and it should appear to the British people that Ireland would be more reconciled to the maintenance of the old political connection with the sister isle if the kingdoms should all become a republic together—a federal republic with States taking the place of kingdoms and principalities—what then?

It will be said that we are using a very lively imagination. That is true. But here is another flight. Assume that the United States of Great Britain and Ireland had been established; of course, it would be only the central part of a world-wide federation including Canada, South Africa and Australasia, all under a republican form of federated government. Would a still greater federation between the United States of America and the United States of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, South Africa and Australasia then be beyond all possibility of realization?

Republican institutions are more far-spread today than they were when the great war began. Even the autocratic regime of the German Kaiser is cracking under the strain of the conflict of the nations. Thrones topple and monarchs are locked up in their cellars while the republics of the world endure every shock. What does this mean if not the spread of the republican principle among the nations where the democracies control the Government?

The purposes of the Almighty are worked out in mysterious ways. The Sinn Feiners will never make their dream of an independent Ireland a reality. Ireland could not be an independent sovereign State, in the older sense, and prosper. But in the principle of federalism under a republican form there may yet be found the final solution of the difficulties which disunite the English-speaking world.—Springfield Republican.

THE LEADER

This is the man they deemed of languid blood,
A schoolman versed in books, who, Hamlet-like,
Showed but heat-flashes powerless to strike—
His resolution blighted in the bud.

They knew him not—nor we, who trusted him.
See! how his brooding purpose, taking form,
Falls like swift lightning from long-gathered storm.
While fateful thunder shakes the round world's rim.

His country, stirred by him to lofty strife,
Sharing his vision, with high passion thrills;
It climbs, renouncing minor goods and ills,
And stands beside him at the crown of life.

To a new knighthood he ordains the brave,
To be soul-worthy of a freeman's birth—
Not for our wrongs alone, but that on earth
None shall be master, none shall be a slave.

But yesterday a secret of his heart,
His welcome message floods the globe like light;
It cheers the farthest darkness by its might;
Its boldness makes the undisceptered start.

Where it has spread, by sea or mountain side,
Or by the bivouac of the caravan,
The lowliest feels a part of Heaven's plan
And stands erect with new-awakened pride.

Beleaguered Liberty takes heart again,
Hearing afar the rescuing bugles blow;
And even in the strongholds of the foe
His name becomes the whispered hope of men.

—Robert Underwood Johnson on Woodrow Wilson.

WAR AIRPLANES

The tendency in airplanes has been to run to two extremes—for fighting, as small and fast as possible, and for bombing, as large and powerful as possible. In a three-seater one passenger sits out in front mounted in a machine-gun turret. The pilot comes next, immediately behind the motor, while the second passenger sits behind him mounted in another machine-gun turret. This airplane is capable of carrying many hundred pounds of explosives, and, being very fast and heavily armed, generally accomplishes its mission.

The German "Albatross" is capable of a horizontal speed of 300 kilometers (about 187 miles) an hour. It is a single-seater and carries three machine guns which, being controlled by the motor, shoot automatically and simultaneously through the propeller. The sight of these weapons converges at approximately fifty yards in front of the airplane, making the chance of hitting the opponent three times as sure.

The pitfalls and dangers which an aviator must avoid at the front are becoming more numerous every day. Anti-aircraft guns, mounted on fast motorcars, chase around the country behind the lines and prevent the enemy airplanes and Zeppelins from remaining over our territory. This type of battery was responsible for the Zeppelins brought down at Compiegne in April, 1917, and Revigny in April, 1916. In fact, this invention was one of the immediate causes of the Germans giving up their "strafeing" with Zeppelins. The record for distance and height in hitting an airplane with this type of cannon is 15,000 feet in the air at 9000 yards distance across country. A very large crew is required to man one of these cannon. Beside the cannon a telephonist gets the report of the position over which the German machine is flying.—Carroll Dana Winslow, in Scribner's Magazine.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What is the meaning of the Scotch word "eldritch"?
2. What Latin author anticipated Bismarck's remark concerning "blood and iron" by several centuries?
3. What is the capital of Iceland?
4. From what one of the generals of Napoleon Bonaparte is the present King of Sweden descended?
5. Name two celebrated actors born in Philadelphia.
6. Where and when was Pickett's charge made?
7. Name three English poets belonging to what a bitter satirist called the "Fleshly School."
8. Who built the first steamboat in America?
9. What is the Talmud?
10. What is the meaning of Kentucky and from what language is it taken?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Salsify is a British and Continental European plant with long, cylindrical, fleshy roots, eaten as a vegetable.
2. "Sacrilegious" is the correct spelling.
3. Prior to the Balkan War of 1913 Salonica belonged to Turkey. By the terms of the treaty of peace the city was ceded to Greece.
4. "Porto Rico" is Spanish for "Rich Port."
5. Charles Godfrey Leland, a noted Philadelphia journalist and author, wrote the "Hans Breitmann" ballads in 1868.
6. A lugger is a small ship with a four-cornered sail, set fore and aft. Luggers were frequently used in smuggling.
7. A "Lucullan feast" means a particularly elaborate and exquisite repast. Lucullus, a noted Roman gourmand, died 57 B. C.
8. Most countries of Continental Europe use the centigrade thermometer in place of the Fahrenheit.
9. Teheran is the capital of Persia.
10. General Petain is generalissimo of the French armies.

WHEN OUR ARMY NEEDED LEAD

PEOPLE who worry about U-boats and various other war nightmares can console themselves with the thought that there were more formidable, more seemingly hopeless worries to be encountered in this city in a war that was just as important in making the world safe for democracy as the present one. The problem that beset Washington in the Revolution was essentially the same as our trouble—namely, the difficulty of getting supplies through a blockade, with failure certain if the supplies were held up. This anecdote, told by Richard Peters, was repeated many years after by Henry Simpson:

"I was Commissioner of War (said Peters) in 1779. General Washington wrote to me that all his powder was wet and that he was entirely without lead or bullets, so that should the enemy approach him he must retreat. When I received this letter I was going to a grand gala at the Spanish Ambassador's, who lived in Mr. Chew's fine house in South Third street. The spacious gardens were superbly decorated with variegated lamps; the edifice itself was a blaze of light; the show was splendid, but my feelings were far from being in harmony with all this brilliancy.

"I met at this party my friend Robert Morris, who soon discovered the state of my mind. 'You are not yourself tonight, Peters. What's the matter?' asked Morris.

"Notwithstanding my unlimited confidence in that great patriot, it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to disclose the cause of my depression, but at length I ventured to give him a hint of my inability to answer the pressing calls of the commander-in-chief. 'The army is without lead, and I know not where to get an ounce to supply it; the general must retreat for want of ammunition.'

"'Well, let him retreat,' replied the high and liberal-minded Morris; 'but cheer up; there are in the Holkar privateer, just arrived, ninety tons of lead, one-half of which is mine and at your service; the residue you can get by applying to Blair McClenachan & Holkar, both of whom are in the house with us.'

"I accepted the offer from Mr. Morris with many thanks and addressed myself immediately to the two gentlemen who owned the other half for their consent to sell, but they had already trusted a large amount of clothing to the Continental Congress and were unwilling to give that body any further credit. I informed Mr. Morris of their refusal. 'Tell them,' said he, 'that I will pay them for their share.' This settled the business. The lead was delivered. I set three or four hundred men to work, who manufactured it into cartridge balls for Washington's army, for which it [illegible]