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OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

IN QUEEN'S HALL Saturday Lloyd George in one sentence swept all incidents aside and showed beyond peradventure why the United States is and had to be a belligerent.

The revelations of German purpose and German ambition now being made by Ambassador Gerard through the columns of the Public Ledger remove all doubt.

The German war lords are far-seeing. Paris was but a way-station in their plans. With it taken, they could cross the Channel and dump their veteran armies on defenseless London.

Americans hoped that the program of devility had been definitely stopped at the Marne. They expected that the British army, growing in might, would overwhelm it in the second year.

We fight a defensive battle, even though the scene of it is in France. Civilization has annihilated distance; by so doing it has tipped overboard the natural defenses of America.

PHILADELPHIA'S politicians and voters are no better and no worse than New York's brand. Human nature being exactly the same in the two cities, it would be foolish to say that the clean-up of political life in Manhattan meant that

York has in recent years come to realize that a vast municipal organism simply cannot be run by men who would not be competent to run a business establishment employing several thousand men.

THE legend of French exhaustion, told with blustering glee by the German Junker and with sympathetic rhapsodes by not a few misinformed Americans, is shattered to negligible fragments by the magnificent phalanx of facts marshaled by High Commissioner Andre Tardieu in his explicit and authoritative letter to Secretary Baker.

But in America it is instantly and happily inevitable that the story that "France is bled white" be henceforth unheard. We have long thrilled at French courage.

But the present Kaiser had a greater vision. He subsidized German industries and revolutionized the industrial status of the country. He sent German propagandists into all parts of the world.

TAKING LIQUOR OUT OF POLITICS

WE ARE apparently about to see a national party which has maintained organization since 1872 go out of existence. The Prohibition amendment, passed by the Senate and doubtless to be passed by the House, when once referred to the States will relieve about 250,000 "conscience voters" of the necessity of nominating presidential and congressional candidates.

Congress was never the proper place for the Prohibition propaganda. Nothing that was ever said in either chamber about temperance or abstinence could affect the moral tone of the nation.

No friend of temperance can regret, however, that this tempting form of advertisement has been frustrated by its own success. The prohibitionists are driving themselves out of congressional affairs, and must now put their whole effort where it should always have been exerted, in social education and local democratic legislation to give naturally "dry" communities the right to be really "dry."

The surest auguries of peace are the guns of Italy. The Austrians are making great progress in conquering Austria.

"SILENCE OF GOD IS IMPRESSIVE"

A Priest's Rebuke to a Bereaved Father and the Reflections of a Man Who Knows War

By HENRI BAZIN Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France

PARIS, July 15. I SPENT a recent evening in the company of a dozen men who have something of reputation in the arts and professions they follow.

The war was, of course, the main topic of conversation, its horrors, its duration, its heroisms, its countless examples of devotion and sacrifice, its present phase of union wherein the issue is narrowed down to a conflict between the human race with right on one side and the German race with wrong upon the other.

"The silence of God is impressive and beyond our understanding." No reply was made, and presently the little company dispersed.

"But God Has Spoken"

On my way home I thought of his words, trying to dissect their meaning, to fathom the thought that gave birth to them.

IN THE AUGUST NIGHT The day is done, with all the heat That swathed the swooning city.

She seeks the squalid haunts of sin, With gentle self-abasement, She steals with inspiration in The poet's open casement.

How We Can Hear God's Voice

For it is in our power at least to live in something of a twilight instead of darkness. It is ours to choose. And most of us are content with plaintive arraignment of this or that, with our fantasies and our desires, remaining aloof from the great issues of God and man.

I feel that in this partial diagnosis of the priestly sentence inciting this writing perhaps I may find something of the unspoken thought behind it.

THE after-dinner or luncheon speaker who spouts geyzers of statistics and of efficiency formulae for the benefit of civic and commercial bodies might be surprised and shocked if some other statistician could lay before him figures showing what percentage of his hearers were helped in the least by his message.

Tom Daly's Column

THE VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday an' half your work is through An' some one calls to take you out, pray what are you to do? An' if the caller has a car with only seats for two Who wouldn't jump to ride in it to see what news is new?

THE RIDE

Out of the heat Of the brick-walled street, To the country road— And Home the goal!

Slow down the pace For this awkward place. Now ahead; full play— Away! away!

Sunset's to spill On the highest hill But a purer gold Its shadows hold.

For there we turn Where the home-lights burn, And our wild ride ends As night descends.

If you'll recall last Saturday and think of it this minute You'll readily agree with me the smile of God was in it.

An' not to cut your heart out in an office close an' nasty, Like gronches old an' crusty when you should be going an' lassy.

Oh! better far to seek the beauty Nature is revealing Than try to pull a poem from the cobwebs on the ceiling!

To those the blazing sun oppressed, What time he played the hector, The night-wind comes from out the west, A Hebe bearing nectar.

Impartially she gives to all A blessed draught ecstatic; The ennyve in pleasure's hall, The sick child in the attic.

I watch the pensive poet there, Beside his window dreaming, To him the night, so calm and fair, With rhapsodies is teeming.

Up through the fields of twinkling spheres His raptured soul is winging, And in his fancy's flight he hears The very heavens singing.

Sing, poet! Sing the night-wind's song, And weave your fancies through it; Some heart, world-weary, in the throng Will beat responsive to it.

So, when on such a Saturday but half your work is through An' some one calls to take you out, pray what are you to do? An' if the caller has a car with only seats for two, Who wouldn't jump to ride in it to see what news is new?

THE LADY WITH THE GINGHAM APRON

Says: "Days, d'ye mind, I don't speak to the neighbor woman next door because I'm too busy; an' other days I'm too good natured." An' again: "Sure I never noticed her apron, but I've seen her all over town."

THE INSECT



DESCRIPTION DODDER

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Teuton "Kultur" Philosophy and the Power of Prayer—America's Potash Resources

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.

GERMAN MATERIALISM

TO the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—In your inspiring editorial on Saturday, entitled "In Prayer is the Power of Many Army Corps," you speak of the greedy materialism of the alchemists who, catching a glimpse of the wonders of chemistry, thought they could create untold wealth if only they could find the philosopher's stone, which would transmute all baser substances into gold.

They made the same blunder that the Germans are now making, for they misinterpreted what I have long believed to be a profound spiritual message delivered by some unidentified religious teacher of the early centuries. This prophet, doubtless, declared that there was a formula which, if applied to the living of men, would transform all those things which seem unworthy into the most precious and most-to-be-desired possessions of men.

Up through the fields of twinkling spheres His raptured soul is winging, And in his fancy's flight he hears The very heavens singing.

Net proceeds for the year 1916: \$70,484.76 Gross income: 610,286.45 Cost of operation: 539,791.78

Net income being \$70,484.76, arising from production of 273 1/3 tons of potash. This report shows the entire cost of installation of plant and expenditures, and beyond this \$28 per ton profit, and without the separation of any by-product and its added or prospective value.

Time will develop and conclusively demonstrate that this is true in America, as it has been in Europe, that a large consumption of fertilizer goes hand in hand with a highly developed and intensive system of agriculture.

POTASH SUPPLY GUARANTEED

TO the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—In making this broad statement the writer is mindful of the apprehension and timidity of capital investing in what is virtually an untried field, one which has hovered the scepter of German monopoly of this important salt since the famous mines at Strassfurt were discovered in 1840.

But light is breaking; our natural resources, tremendous as they are, are ever ready to hand over to scientists, capital and husbands of industry not only great wealth to the pioneers, but a continuous and permanent flow into the wealth of our country through the ages to come, and what is infinitely greater to every true American, national independence from the dictation of a foreign monopoly.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Citizens of what state have made the most violent resistance to the draft by date? 2. What city is the capital of Bukovina? 3. Who was General Erdell? 4. What action has the national House of Representatives taken on the food-stuff bill? 5. What is the significance of the expression "the millstone"? 6. What is the rating of a National Musician? 7. What is an astrologer? 8. What part of France is called the Massif Central? 9. Who wrote "The Ancient Mariner"? 10. Who said "While there is life there is hope"?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The United States and Great Britain. 2. Indianapolis. 3. General Erdell. 4. The river Zaire is on the Congo. 5. An age limit of forty-five is favored by the general. 6. Detection of counterfeiting and ordering of the chief duties of the United States Secret Service in times of peace. 7. Ethel Barrymore and Marie Walcott. 8. The treaty for the purchase of the West Indies by the United States. 9. Benjamin Franklin said "There is no such thing as a free lunch." 10. The chief historical source of Dickens' "The Tale of Two Cities" was Carlyle's "French Revolution."

A TRIUMPH OF NEPOTISM

PHILADELPHIA has never done so well for their relatives as Thomas McKean, who was elected Governor of the Commonwealth in 1802. McKean appointed relative after another to lucrative posts, also prevailed upon his party to elect the At-Large, in 1806, his nepotism became chief political issue of the community.

In the July of that year the Governor appointed Dr. George Buchanan, his physician, as physician at the Lancaster Dispensary. Buchanan had for seventeen years been citizen and resident of Maryland, not of Pennsylvania until after the appointment was made. This was in the Aurora, under the title "The McKean Family," gave the following list of persons connected by blood or marriage with Buchanan, with the salaries attached to their positions:

Thomas McKean, Governor, \$2000; Joseph B. McKean (son), Attorney General, \$5000; Thomas McKean, Jr. (private secretary), \$400; Thomas McKean Thompson (nephew), Secretary of the Commonwealth, \$2150; Andrew Pettit (son-in-law), Flour Inspector, \$600; Andrew Hard (brother-in-law of Pettit), Auctioneer, \$2500; Dr. George Buchanan, of Baltimore (son-in-law), Lazaretto physician, \$1000; William McKean (brother-in-law of Buchanan), Brigadier General, \$1000; Andrew Henderson (son of the Governor), prothonotary of Huntingdon County, \$150; Huested (father-in-law of Thomas), clerk in the Comptroller's office, \$100; Joseph Reed (a near relative of Buchanan), prothonotary of the Supreme Court, \$2500.

Even before this list was published, Aurora was being used by the Governor to make liberal cases, and by McKean to make another son-in-law, on three more chairs. Before the close of July the publisher of the Aurora was in a state of bankruptcy, and was keeping the city in a state of confusion. It was reported that the Aurora would publish next. But he had his eye on the Governor. He was saved into the hands of the "friends of the people" (as far as possible). To consolidate opponents, he appointed William Fitzgibbon, a Federalist, Chief Justice.

McKean added to his unpopularity by attending the annual dinner of the George Society in Philadelphia, at which toast "To the King" was drunk. The Republicans, a few days later at an annual meeting, adopted the following toast: "William Pitt, the common sense man; and Thomas McKean, the Pennsylvania slave."

WANTS DATA ON MEDALS

TO the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I am obliged to you for your courteous reply to my inquiry about the inscription on the Washington medal, but it leaves the original inscription still a mystery. Your suggested explanation of the inscription, poor Latinian among Americans of a century ago, is just and pertinent, witness the motto of the order of the Cincinnati, conspicuous on the notable Civil War medal at the head of Boston Commons under the very nose of the sacred codfish. But that motto contains a somewhat pardonable solecism; this on the Washington medal is a fairly grotesque in their departure not only from Latin, but from any intelligible form. As soon as my health permits, I shall be interested in consulting with Major General Huested, who you refer to as being successful in recording the names of the other medals in his collection.

PHILADELPHIA, August 5.

PROGRESS SQUEEZES OUT INCOMPETENTS

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