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THE PEACE PROPOSAL

THERE is unquestionably a great longing for peace throughout the civilized world and Pope Benedict has voiced it. The spread of radicalism, which is also maneuvering for peace, and the gradual loosening of the grip of authority have combined to compel consideration by statesmen of the drift of world thought, with particular reference to the possibility of the very citadels of civilization being swept away in a maelstrom of mass rebellion.

There can be no question of the authority with which his Holiness speaks or of the fundamental importance of his proposals. On the other hand, a termination of the conflict with the Kaiser still in the saddle, with the prestige of invincibility still enfolded the Teuton legions, with Prussianism still intact and still driven by old ambitions, could not be a durable peace.

Long since the material purposes of the war sank into insignificance in comparison with the immoral and criminal spiritual purposes which were revealed to the world as underlying the entire German program. Men almost ceased to think of the nationality of territory in view of the greater terror loosed by Berlin. Lands have before this been seized by a conqueror, and treaties made with him by faithful States, but not with a conqueror whose honor was forsworn, whose testaments were worthless, who avowed a new code of ethics and proclaimed that the law of the cave man must supersede international law and the mailed fist take the place of justice in the administration of human affairs.

THE American embargo has chilled the Teuton heart. The vastness of the financial aid we have already given the Allies, the prodigality of our general preparedness, the whole-souled manner of our entrance into the war, the demonstration of the efficiency of American naval patrols, our success in transporting troops and our method of raising additional units, our airship building program and our shipbuilding program, all together have bludgeoned the truth into the heads of German officialdom. The war lords understand at least that they cannot win. It is written in every cable from America on the wireless into the ears of the "neutral" therefore, matters a very great

way down into the army. On the eastern front last week the Kaiser was compelled to promise a victorious armistice within three months. The morale had begun to break. In the west all reports agree that sullenness mans the Hindenburg line. With the whole structure of Kaiserism about to fall asunder, with the Turkia restive, the Bulgarians anxious and Austria desperate with a long winter under famine conditions drawing nearer and the iron economic ring closing in, the assassins of peace and order want to quit.

Their dreams unrealized, they are willing to forgo victory temporarily. They want a breathing space. They want to re-enforce the structure before it topples. The nations they sought to beat into submission have refused to succumb, and, instead, have within three years equalized the conditions of battle by miraculous preparation and done in that short time what it took Germany forty years to do. The flower of Kaiserism is broken and dead, but the Kaiser would save the root and nurture it to future fruition.

WE SAY that there is no sacrifice too costly to be made now in civilization's last triumphant effort to extricate from the face of the earth the monstrous system which Germany has espoused. No weakness on our part must be permitted to stay the final blow. We are fighting a second war of independence, even though we battle in foreign lands, and that independence will not be sure and certain so long as the German mind and might are directed by a family which has sworn vengeance on this country and openly declared its intention to strike at us and strike hard at the first favorable opportunity. Men living now remember the terrible summer of 1864, when even Lincoln feared that the tide had set against him and the war-weary North would vote him out of office and make peace. The South fought its last desperate battle in Union ballot boxes that November. Its final hope was to fool the North. It failed, and from that moment the Confederacy was doomed.

No less certainly is Kaiserism now doomed if civilization remains steadfast. Whoever said that coming events cast their shadows before them was inspired. They do. We require no soothsayer, only common sense, to wrest from the depths of the future its one great fact. No man lives who does not know that peace without victory was the horror of horrors to the junkers when the war began. They would not yearn for it now if they did not know that disaster was on their tracks, to be avoided by no military might which they possess, but only by skill in persuading their enemies to quit. But civilization will not quit, will not be recreant to God and man, will not betray posterity, will not sanction throwing society back twenty decades, will not surrender its triumph in the very moment of achievement.

ALL honor to the Pope for his merciful endeavor to stay the processes of destruction and restore healing peace to the world. The more honor to him, if, from the foundation he has laid, some means of building a durable structure of peace can be found. But we who have dedicated ourselves to one great purpose, who have offered at the altars of our faith the treasure won by generations of effort on a new continent, who are giving our young men, even our young women, to the great cause, we cannot turn back and eat bread and salt with the insatiable monster that gouted us into conflict. We were patient; now we are determined. In such a Government as Germany has, declared the President, "we can never have a friend. In the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no security for the democratic Governments of the world." The world is ready to treat with a new Germany. It cannot, will not, treat with the old one.

Knocking the war tax should be confined to hammering it through.

China "breaks" but is not broken. In fact, she is now mended with the strong girders of civilization.

Its reputable members seem to worry Tammany, but our home gang is ever untruffed by such annoyances.

Meatless weeks and wheatless meals are now simultaneously in evidence in oppression-ridden Germany.

The exhaustion of exemption blanks is accompanied by that of Uncle Sam's patience with those who still crave them.

The similar perpendicularly of a German helmet spike and that of Senator La Follette's upright locks is peculiarly noticeable nowadays.

Why should West Pointers dislike the term "Sammee" because it means molasses in their traditional dialect? Have they forgotten that molasses sticks and sticks fast?

BRITAIN REGRETS, BUT RESOLVES

Faces Long-War Theory With Mild Case of Nerves. America's Help

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES. Special Correspondence of the Evening Ledger LONDON, July 31.

FOR the last three nights we have heard the guns, an unaccountably shattering experience. We are a hundred or more miles away, but the low rumble that comes over to us when the city is quiet is terrifying. It robs us of the last illusion of safety.

By day we go about our usual necessary tasks and occupy ourselves with small things to keep out the menace. We are not really frightened; we know that for a time at least we are safe from attack. But the guns are "getting to us" spiritually. Our nerves are not all they might be just at present.

Of the five million civilians living in and near London very few have seen the front; the nearest we have come to shellfire has been during a raid, a pale imitation of the real thing. But even those of us who have stood beside twelve-inch guns when they went off, burst after burst, or have been within 200 yards of a German shell when it exploded, sense the difference between those experiences and the illogical feeling of discontent which the guns from Belgium give us. It is nothing but a very mild case of nerves, superinduced by silly fears of mammoth air raids and by a perplexity which only time can relieve. We do not know whether Haig or Hindenburg will attack first, whether our drumfire or his will be the prelude to the creeping barrage and the infantry attack. We hope it will be Haig.

Reaction From Disappointments

The present acute attack of nerves is a reaction from the disappointments of the last few months, and also the reaction from the resolve to go on which the country has made. It is the mashing momentary regret which people experience when they have pledged themselves irrevocably to a big thing. You decide to get married, and as soon as you have published your intention you get a sudden, ephemeral twinge of regret at the loss of your liberty. It passes, but if you could multiply that twinge a million times and add to it the gravity of life and death, you would approach the feeling which is over England just now. The country has at last, and reluctantly, faced the truth of the long war, and it is through that truth, or not, Russia or no Russia, America or no America, we have to face in three years and a half of it, and the worst third of the war it is certain to be.

Well, in the moment of resolution we are met with disaster in Russia and such a series of conversations in the United States as even the meager cables have had for years. It is the mashing momentary regret which people experience when they have pledged themselves irrevocably to a big thing. You decide to get married, and as soon as you have published your intention you get a sudden, ephemeral twinge of regret at the loss of your liberty. It passes, but if you could multiply that twinge a million times and add to it the gravity of life and death, you would approach the feeling which is over England just now. The country has at last, and reluctantly, faced the truth of the long war, and it is through that truth, or not, Russia or no Russia, America or no America, we have to face in three years and a half of it, and the worst third of the war it is certain to be.

There is one thing which the United States has made no effort to do since her first dramatic entry on the stage. She has done her share with the army and navy; she has started marvels for the air; she has cooperated with every agency of war, but she has done nothing for the civilians of this country. I think that the people here do not understand how much talking we naturally do and how we discuss our own talk. We Americans know that one fine day we will invent "the atom" and that people here do not understand how much talking we naturally do and how we discuss our own talk. We Americans know that one fine day we will invent "the atom" and that people here do not understand how much talking we naturally do and how we discuss our own talk.

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The people are cheered no end by reports of preparations and of actual work; they are not particularly encouraged by month-long orations concerning food-contribution, although, to be sure, they have taken up the subject with a good deal of interest. I think that the people here do not understand how much talking we naturally do and how we discuss our own talk.

Because, once that is done, it is very unlikely that the question of peace negotiations will come up again. There is a time for all things, and there is a time when there is no time for peace. The pacifists disagree, but those who are most anxious for the war to end, and to end with at least a minimum of advantage to the world of free peoples, realize that peace talk in any form except that of a confident and determined nation is worse than useless. It is demoralizing. The demoralization is infectious; we have all caught a little of it from Russia, and it serves no purpose except that of our enemy, whom we cannot demoralize unless by the sword.

Let our American allies be defined and let America speak. The more clearly she can her judgment upon them. Let it be frank and let it be loyal. And the civilians here will give thanks to America as the army and the navy give thanks already.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The sentence imposed on twenty-eight slavers in Illinois was a year and a day on "hard labor." Now, if the courts will only gather in the men who persuaded the slavers to dodge registration and give them the same cure, the task will be properly rounded out. Before being anti-American, these agitators are anti-hard labor. They may never learn to love Uncle Sam, but, ah, how they will acquire respect for him!

There were Tories hostile to the people of the newly declared United States when they were fighting to establish their independence. The Tories who are here when it was fighting to keep the Union whole. And now there are socialists who declare that the American people should not fight to establish their rights against foreign aggression. Always there is a party.

Tom Daly's Column

Pomes Written by myself Lull Pooley

THE BABY'S BREAKFAST

My little sister Frances she Is just a little after three And smartly smart as smart can be, And such a healthy appetite For such a little tiny mite You wouldn't think it hardly right, And yet some morning if you could Observe her at her breakfast food I know that it would do you good For soon as mother gives her rum She puts herself upon her tum And rolls her eyes and says "Oo yum!"

When I am old enough some day To marry and can have my way I'll take my husband's hand and say "Although our furniture and stuff May all be cheap and even rough Our table must be big enough Because I'm going to try to find Some children of the proper kind With which it may be quickly lined And we'll be happy when they come To rub themselves upon the tum And roll their eyes and say "Oo yum!"

We never quite realized the horror which the Germans made to fall from Heaven until we watched our own baby reeling ecstatic appreciation of some little kindness of our providing. The young, unmarried man may be the favored makings for a soldier, but it will be the fathers who will beat the Kaiser to his knees.

We're as hungry for peace as the next and we're sure of the Pope's good intentions, but, thinking and thinking upon the news from the VATICAN, all we could get out of it was

VAIN ACT

But Must Have Used a Periscope

Why fear for the future of our great and glorious country? We are the melting pot from which raw alien material emerges heroic. Our own dear paper tells of Joseph Jagobinski, a seven-year-old boy who refused to take anesthetic at the Pennsylvania Hospital and watched the doctors take fifteen stitches in his scalp.

PAUL STEIN, the gentlemanly station agent at Fisher's on the Reading, picked up at Leary's last week a little book, published in 1864, called "Leaves From the Battlefield of Gettysburg." It's made up of verses and letters from a field hospital written by Mrs. Edmund A. Souder. The most interesting thing in it, to us, was a letter dated "Gettysburg, November 20, 1862," describing the consecration ceremonies at Gettysburg Cemetery the day before, in which no reference whatever is made to Lincoln's address.

Curious how those immortal sentences fell upon unappreciative ears. We had heard of this before, but to make sure that Mrs. Souder wasn't the only misappreciator of glory-a-borning, we looked over the files of the PUBLIC LEDGER and in the issue of November 20, 1862, we found two and a half columns of solid type on the first page, of which more than 90 per cent comprised the address of Edward Everett, the orator of the day. On the second page there was a half-column account from another correspondent, in which "the modest, fitting" address of the President of the U. S. is given in full—two inches of space.

Everett had been played up as "the orator," and Everett was lauded by press and public. Even he, and he was more than an orator, missed the greater eloquence of "the modest, fitting" words of the awkward giant with a nation's sorrows upon him. Or did he?

HISTORY THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Some time ago a certain Mr. Terence O'Brien wrote to your paper to slander the Irish race. His argumentation was not convincing, but it is the sort to which we have grown accustomed. It is of the type which men like myself have frequently found in English rhetoric papers in college, before the pupils had studied logic, in it is possible that the letter of Mr. Reilly was written by just such a youngster? If so he should ask some of his elders to look at his work before submitting it to the press.

A CALL FOR DOG CATCHERS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Are there no dog catchers in Philadelphia? We live in a new section convenient to the many yards and find some of the conditions there hardly believable in a big city. During the winter weeks passer with no collection of garbage, and now that the warm weather has set in we are overburdened with stray animals that boys leave on the lots close by. I am continually calling for aid from societies, but some say we are out of their district. Others want me to be the dogs to the steps. My little cur has been bitten in the lip by one of the animals. We have a good many children in this one short block, and in the grass plot out front it is nothing to see three un-kennelled dogs among the small children. Not knowing where to send my complaint I thought this published in your widely read paper might bring about the desired result.

Mrs. W. L. BOOTH. Philadelphia, August 11.

AN APPEAL FROM MT. GRETTA To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—The following is from a committee representing Companies 10, 11 and 12 of the Motor Ammunition Train: To the home folks of the City of Philadelphia:

WE SUSPECT THAT THIS BELLIGERENT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO PACIFY



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Disloyal Lawbreakers—Biased English Histories—Dog Catchers Wanted Downtown

TREASON AND ITS PENALTY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—In the EVENING LEDGER of August 8 a correspondent writes over the lynching of Little, in one of the Western States, and prates about the law. How much did Little and his adherents care about the law? We are at war and it is no time for traitors to travel around the country advocating resistance and disobedience to the draft. It is a special law made for the occasion of the war against Germany. Why? Because we have among us a lot of curs, with big yellow streaks, who would not volunteer in defense of the country that gives them shelter.

But he says, "Little was a cripple." Did that stop him from doing "his bit," not for our country, but for Kaiser Bill? There ought to be more strung up. This is no time for traitors. We are at war. No civilized government will tolerate treason and sedition. In time of war the death penalty is rigidly enforced. I am for peace; I love peace, but not now, not now! We must fight for it, and we'll fight until we bring Kaiser Bill to his knees and teach him and his Junker crowd that they can no longer defy and sneer at American rights.

In conclusion, I would advise the Watsons, Goldmans, Berkman and others, if they will not fight the Kaiser, that they must not attempt to nullify the conscription act. They who do so violate the law and commit the greatest crime that can be committed against our country—"Treason." Does your law-abiding (?) correspondent know that? Philadelphia, August 12.

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What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. What railroad, without employing a crewed system, attained an altitude nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc? 2. What are the present temporal possessions of the Pope? 3. What is the second city in Portugal? 4. Who is the head of the new Japanese mission to the United States of the war? 5. What is the meaning and application of the term "nom de guerre"? 6. What is a "southern"? 7. What is the meaning of the nautical term "at-ty"? 8. What Frenchman was known as the Prince Imperial? 9. What was the "Mississippi Bubble"? 10. Who was Baron Muenchhausen?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The prevailing religion in Poland is the Roman Catholic. 2. As a result of submarine or mines, 2748 British merchantmen have been lost since the outbreak of the war. 3. Senator Gore comes from Oklahoma. 4. James Schopenhauer was Vice President during Taft's administration. 5. Victor Hugo in an address said "Forty is the age of youth; fifty is the youth of old age." 6. Franz Liszt, the pianist, was a Hungarian. 7. The red light is displaced at the port side of a ship. 8. A lapwing, sometimes called a pewee, is a bird. 9. "Lasso" comes from the Spanish word "lazo," a lasso. 10. Robert Browning is the present poet laureate of England.

FORREST'S BROAD STREET GARDEN

On the authority of the poet we learn that "stone walls do not a prison make," but time was in Philadelphia when the privacy of one's own garden was hardly obtainable without the aid of high, solid masonry over which curious eyes could not peer. Edwin Forrest, the most gifted of all the many distinguished actors to which this city has given birth, learned this vanished truth of a vanished era through practical experience.

Forrest was an original in many ways. His restless mind was forever buying itself with innovations. That charming home for retired actors that bears his name on the banks of the Delaware was at first something entirely new in charities. Residence in the institution was an honor. It carried no sting. A novelty in American literary patronage was his system of fostering the native drama through prize competitions. The not unworthy footling products of Richard Penn Smith, Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird and Robert T. Conrad remain testimony of the usefulness of this endeavor.

When it came, however, to revolutionizing the physical aspects of city gardens, Forrest failed. We are quite accustomed now to low stone copings or iron railings of open construction that fall far behind the vision of passers-by. England, with her great walled-in estates, still marvels at this manifestation of liberty, and so did Philadelphia in 1855. In that year Edwin Forrest purchased the handsome brownstone mansion at the southwest corner of Broad and Master streets. The fine house, by the way, is standing today and is used by the Pennsylvania School of Design. The garden actor not only wanted a lawn for his residence. He coveted a city vegetable garden as well, and when this was laid out, citizens were started to behold it bounded by an open iron grating instead of the conventional and forbidding masonry barrier. But the time had not yet caught up with the illustrious tragedian's railing. Within a few months the too-modern grating disappeared, and up went a high stone wall along the Broad street frontage.

Forrest's friends asked him why he had finally surrendered. He laughed and answered: "One day I was in the garden, having on an old hat and light linen coat, which extended almost down to my feet, working away with my back to the street. I heard a sort of murmur; I paid no attention to it, however, when suddenly a shrill, hoarse voice shouted out: 'There he is! There he is!' and another, more manly, exclaimed: 'It is Richelieu.' I turned suddenly around, and to my utter astonishment saw the whole length of the iron railing lined with a group of men, some shouting Macbeth, Hella, Hella, and the devil knows what; and I rubbed into the house the sounds of their

self wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best. Fa-la-fa!—Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the throat, the stature, bulk, and his accumulation of a man! Give me the man