

days of his preparation the Kaiser did not consider that a David was shooting ideas into crude American youths in the historic shades of Princeton, and doing it with such dexterity that he was becoming a past master in the art of putting light in dark places and making truth recognizable even by those who refused to recognize it at all.

Mr. Wilson has shot sentences into the German psychosis that, in the results to be achieved, make forty-two-centimeter shells look like spitballs. By the time the people of the Central Powers get through digesting the truth that has been hurled at them from Washington they'll have no stomach for this war or for any other to follow it. Our own David could have out-stared the pro-Goliath had he wished. He preferred to hit the giant's forehead with the pebble of common sense.

"LET'S COMPROMISE"

"LET'S compromise," shouts the high-lwayman when he sees relief for his victim in sight. "Let's compromise," yells the Kaiser when he spies the Gauls piling over the Verdun sanctuaries of death into the impenetrability of the German defense. "Let's compromise," is the universal cry of the individual who is in an inextricable position and cannot get out. So "let's compromise" is the slogan beginning to come from the protagonists of the Smith-Mitten proposed lease. Fine! But the very vitals of this proposed lease is the proposal to abandon the guarantees given to the people when they voted for rapid transit and substitute therefor increased fares. To talk about compromise with such a betrayal is to invite disaster. Compromise implies the existence of some common ground, and there is no common ground on which the defenders of the Smith-Mitten proposal and the citizens of Philadelphia can stand.

When we begin to penalize people for living in Philadelphia people will live somewhere else.

GENTLEMEN "VAGRANTS"

"John Parker, did you say that every idle man ought to be put to work or sent to jail?" popped the questioner. "I did," was the quiet admission. "Well, I have enough to live on, and I don't intend to work. I came to tell you that, and also that you can go to h—."

Mr. Parker seemed not to be paying much attention. Anyhow, he did not offer any response for a full minute. "That doesn't alter my attitude," he finally and slowly remarked. "I am too busy today to argue the matter out. But I expect to be back Monday, and I am going to tell you right now what I intend to do then. You are an idler, according to your own admission. You are not doing any good for your country, yourself or anybody else. You are a rich vagrant, which is the worst kind, for you could be of use if you wished. You are more to be blamed than the poor vagrant. So I will go to the trouble of making an example of you, and prove that your money does not make any difference as far as the law and justice are concerned. I am going to make an affidavit against you for vagrancy and you can present your argument in court. I am too busy to listen. Good-by."

"Say, John," he said, after his insistence upon another interview had gained him a hearing. "I want you to forget what I said a while ago. Don't make any affidavit. Don't use my name. When you get back find something that I can do that will be of some use to the country, and I'll do it, and I will not take a cent for my services."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

THE John Parker referred to is the gentleman who ran for Vice President on the Progressive ticket last year. The "vagrant" who interviewed him was a rich clubman of New Orleans. The rich man who does nothing when his country is engaged in the greatest war in all history is a "vagrant," to use mild language. He is a "vagrant" also if he does nothing, but sits idly by, when political tricksters conspire together to rob the municipality in which he lives and convert public officeholding into a plunderbund.

The only thing dead about France is the silly story about her being "bled white."

The lather of soap-box oratory necessarily makes any foothold of sedition exceedingly slippery.

By the way, who is ruling in Greece? It's hard to recall any name but that of Eleutherios Venizelos.

Neither the German nation nor the world knows what the Chancellor's policy is.—Dr. Hans Delbrueck.

Judging by his conduct, Herr Michaelis himself is equally ignorant.

The complaints of two hundred Philadelphia bakers about the threatened establishment of a six-cent loaf can never be so impressive as those of a dependent public if compelled to pay a higher price.

New York rightly raves over the stoppage of her subway last Saturday. But with all her troubles, Manhattan still has the better of us. Her system broke down after it had been started. Philadelphia's is crippled before it begins.

The brevity of the Moscow conference, which closed after three sittings, inspires the hope that action and not talk is to be the order of the day in Russia. The only things to be added now to Kerensky's and Korniloff's vigorous and ringing words are victories in the field.

Most of the increase in Britain's shipping losses last week came from vessels under 1600 tons. The larger ships usually have speed to protect them, and it is, therefore, the development of horsepower which America should keep first in mind in executing her vast merchant marine program.

Because the price of gas to the city will soon be reduced from eighty cents to seventy-five cents, and the price to the consumer will remain fixed at one dollar, the tax upon the consumer of gas in Philadelphia will be increased from 20 per cent to 25 per cent.—The Press.

Twenty cents is 25 per cent of eighty cents or twenty-five cents is not 25-1-3 per cent of seventy-five cents. Perhaps our contemporary, in discussing transit, figured that if a guarantee is not a guarantee neither is a fourth a fourth. So many people get muddled when it comes to higher mathematics.

HOW LONDON GETS ITS IDEAS

Facts and Opinions Are Not Printed in Separate Columns as They Are Here

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES Special Correspondent of the Evening Ledger

AMERICANS who were in England during the last presidential campaign, and who occasionally entertained them with the quotations which English papers made from our dailies, I recall seeing the astonishing announcement that published in the heart of the "hyphenated belt," was supporting President Wilson. I do not recall whether this was taken to be an indication that the President was pro-German or that the Germans were pro-President. But the obscure fact that the St. Louis Post-Dispatch is a Pulitzer paper and naturally takes the same line of policy as the New York World was not known here. So we Americans smiled a bit and possibly wrote to the papers to explain.

But the matter can pass beyond amusement and lead to misunderstandings when the essential information is lacking. That is why it may be worth while to write down a fair account of the press of London, as it is generally quoted in America. For example, before we found out that the Morning Standard (now dead and not to be confused with the Evening Standard, still going strong) was by nature and tradition anti-American, it was most unpleasant to read the nasty things it had to say about us. Before we realized that certain other dailies or weeklies were comparatively pacifist we were unable to understand why they spoke so kindly of us even while we kept out of the war.

The first thing to note is that the city of London has no newspapers. It has journals, or dailies, whatever you wish to call them, but no newspapers as Americans understand newspapers. To the average American, whether he knows or does not know newspaper work, the first principle of a newspaper is to give news. In London the first principle of each newspaper published, with a possible exception, is so to distort news as to inflame public opinion toward a definite object. Clear, uncolored, honest news does not appear in nine-tenths of the London press unless that news is utterly unimportant.

Three-Course-Dinner Controversy

Let me cite a case which is so old that it is now beyond controversy. Last winter a set of regulations was issued to all restaurants bounding them to serve any dinner with more than three full courses. Soup was half a course, meat one course, and so on. The official responsible for this scheme was a member of the Coalition Cabinet. It was considered highly necessary by a section of the press at that time to discredit that Cabinet in every possible way. Therefore, the three-course scheme was to be discredited.

Now if that had happened in the United States and a restaurant keeper happened to own a newspaper he might have compelled his editor to print the scheme. Then a reporter would have gone out to various restaurants and asked their opinion. He would have quoted those opposed and scouted those who did not dare to say have reported; he would not dare to say at the end of his article that "we feel that this scheme must be abandoned," or "it is a scheme, should be fired with the rest of his gang." He would have left the expression of editorial opinion to the editorial writer to put on the editorial page.

The second principle of news, which has often nothing whatever to do with the truth, is unknown to the London press. The honest news has been abandoned, and the dishonest news has taken its place. The fact that parties are represented by papers is not a danger at home, where everybody knows what he is buying. But abroad there is danger. If we know a paper to be out-and-out socialist, then its approval of a scheme may be deadly; if we do not know, we may take it to be an expression of English opinion. Similarly, if a paper is aristocratic, anti-democratic, its attitude toward our democracy may really be high praise. But we ought to know.

An Analysis of Newspapers

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The following newspapers are those which are most quoted in America, and Americans should therefore be familiar with their tendencies. Here is a brief analysis: The Daily News and the Evening Star are Liberal in politics, moderate in most ways, were out-and-out Liberal before the war and are heartily for fighting until a good peace can be won now. The editor of the Daily News is the brilliant A. G. Gardiner, the moral enemy of Roosevelt and Lloyd George. The Star is the Liberal halfpenny paper.

The Daily Mail and the Evening News (the latter one halfpenny) are both published at Carmelton House, the war and Northcliffe's seats. They were "jingo" before the war, supported Lord Roberts's pleas for preparedness, and are jingo now. They have tremendous circulation and a certain amount of influence, because, to a certain extent, they represent a certain interest, these papers carry the habit of shoving editorial prejudice into the news of the day. The Evening News wants to hang Asquith—at least, it says so.

The Morning Post is anti-democratic, says so frankly, in brilliant and persuasive language. The Chronicle is a Liberal paper without the violence of the Daily News prejudices; the Express is Conservative, is supposed to speak for the law and the nearest thing to an American newspaper in format and energy.

The Westminster Gazette, edited by J. A. Spender, biographer and personal friend of Mr. Asquith, is Liberal in politics, but is not bitter against the present Government. It is published on green paper and has often been called the "sea-green incorruptible." In its editorial it is decidedly the best written of the evening papers and has less jockeying of news than most papers.

The Fall Mall Gazette, recently acquired by Sir Henry Dalziel, and the Evening Standard are both capable papers, neither particularly noteworthy. They are a mixture of Liberal and Conservative, both very much in the "get-on-with-the-war" spirit, both supporting the Prime Minister.

And then there is the Times, concerning which it is almost impossible for a newspaper writer to speak. It is a splendid paper for foreign news, which it gets in wonderful ways. Tremendous in influence, superb in appearance and in manner, impersonal and almost infallible in every walk and all the conditions of British politics. Therein it differs from the Manchester Guardian, which may be considered a party organ of Liberal politics, but is fair and honest and prints the news. Its editorial opinion is as well written as that of any paper at home and it is full of ideas, full of honesty and fairness, and it is a full picture of Liberal politics in Europe, which if any one thing could win me over it would be this great newspaper which separates news from opinion and does both.

Tom Daly's Column

ROSA di BATTAGLIA THE WOMAN

Eef you was here, an' would be dere, An' no could sweet or fly in air, An' was too poor for mak' da treep By takin' passage een a sheep, I aska you Wat would you do?

Eef man you love was een da fight Weeth Austriaec on da height, An' all da news you find to read Niah's proud your heart, but mak's eet bleed, I aska you Wat would you do?

You who are woman, lika me, You read da news from Italy; Oh! I am proud an' strong, but you— Eef you was me wat would you do? Ah! you cry! So, den, weell!

SOME ONE remarked that the send-off we gave our faithful stenog, wasn't the perfect thing he deserved, and that's true; but how would you like to be George Lansbury, author of a book just published called "Your Part in Poverty?" The preface by the Bishop of Winchester (England) begins:

Mr. Lansbury has done me the honour, for as such I feel it, of asking me to put a few words before his book. Under ordinary circumstances I should possibly have declined, partly because (with the exception of one chapter) I have not read the book, partly because there would be points in any writing or action of Mr. Lansbury's with which I should disagree, perhaps in some cases vehemently.

If you have seen Douglas Fairbanks in "Down to Earth" and if you laughed, as we did, at the playacting of the doctor who is his able accomplice, you may care to know that Charlie McHugh is his name and Philadelphia his native town. "Toughy," the fellows used to call him, but that didn't mean anything more than most nicknames do. His smile belies it.

AND IT WAS MOONLIGHT

In his canoe He hugged the shore. She sat there, too, In his canoe. Can it be true He did no more! In his canoe He hugged the shore.

IN THESE distressing times isn't there something hopeful in the news that the late rites over the body of Rev. Dr. Ray were performed jointly by Rev. J. M. Lyons and Rev. J. C. Lamb?

Red Flames Burn Brightest

Yellow. Yellow sands of the arena Where yellow lions rush upon their prey, While Caesar, loling on a golden couch Beneath a gilded canopy, Looks on. Yellow ribbons on the prancing horses Of Messala, guiding his chariot Round and round in the race; Messala. With his long, yellow hair Where with a golden fillet Narrow, winding streets Round jaunty-faced old hags Play with beads of amber, And lean out from windows of dirty, yellow houses. To hatter for oranges. Musty, yellow books, Bound in dull Morocco, On our walnut shelves; Spawn of all the ancient legal lore. . . .

White waves that wash enchanted isles, And madly surge and swirl and foam Upon the glittering rocks. . . . White hands of fair Penelope Weaving an endless pattern Against the return of Ulysses. . . . And the vigor and freshness and youth Of Nausicaa. Maiden of fairest enchantments, Bathing her beautiful limbs in the sea, As the light of the dawnning day Makes a path o'er the rolling waters, And a road to the top of the hills. . . . White colonnades, White Winged Victory, And Venus, gleaming white. . . . Dream city set upon a hill, And high secure on a rock, Oh, shining, white Acropolis!

Bluff out the gutted cathedral! The splendor of Rome has passed away. Blow out the ancient candles! The glory of Greece is dead. Swing aloft the blazing torches. Let the earth burn. Red, red, red!

—WILL LOU.

Front Trench Candidates

Oh! It's poison gas And the hand grenade For the band called "Jass" And the tunes it played. SAMMEE.

The Epic-tourist

The stout, elderly man who shared the smoking compartment with us coming down from the Pocono Mountains began by telling us how unsatisfactory his lunch had been. "But," said he, "I'll make up for it. I'm on my way to Baltimore, where the oysters will just be coming along good. I'll have a couple of days at them and then I'll take the boat up to Boston. Great eating on those boats! Lobsters will be prime when I get to Boston. Then I'll ship for Halifax. Fine table on those boats, too. There's a fish up in Halifax I don't know the name of, but I tell you it's a dainty morsel. Then by the time I get back home country sausage will be ripe. Eh? Yep, I take a trip like this every year. Eimla's my home."

IF GERMAN SPIES REPORT ONLY THE TRUTH, WE SHOULD WORRY



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Plea for Calling Our Troops "Yankees"—Exemption of Aliens

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 and articles should be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WOULD EXEMPT ALIENS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—A few reasons why foreigners should not be conscripted follow: Foreigners have not the privilege of citizenship. They cannot hold any governmental positions, cannot get licenses for different kinds of business, and worst of all, they have no voice in selecting the government.

To conscript foreigners would be taxation without representation of the worst form. Our naturalization laws are so strict that most of the foreigners of eligible draft age cannot become naturalized.

Why should we compel foreigners to execute a governmental function (military) when they have no voice in the government? Let us be reasonable. A NATURALIZED CITIZEN. Philadelphia, August 28.

"YANKEES," NOT "SAMMEES"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I have been reading with a great deal of interest the various articles and comment dealing with the subject of an appropriate epithet for the boys of the United States forces of today, and it seems that nothing has as yet been suggested which has been deemed an apt name. I heartily agree that "Sammee" or "Sammie" is totally unfit for the purpose, being repugnant because it has a deplorable ring, and also because it is such a name as one would apply to a small boy of tender years. Unhappily, the French populace, due to their justifiable ignorance of the symphony of our language, innocently applied the epithet to our first expeditionary force landing on their shores. In the thought that, as they know the United States of America as "Uncle Sam's country," the name was a happy creation. But, obviously, it will not do.

However, to come to the point, I fail to discover any substantial objection to the old and reliable term "Yankee." It has snap and ginger, has an enviable history, which makes it all the more attractive and which would not exist to enhance the worth of a new name, and it contains or suggests nothing out of harmony with the life of a United States warrior. True, its opponents will say it is improperly applicable only to the men of the North. I will endeavor to show that this objection is not sound, either practically or theoretically. "Yankee" originally was a popular name for the citizens of the New England States, but later was applied by Europeans to all the people of the United States. During our American Revolution it was applied to all the Continentals, of both northern and southern colonies.

However, during the Civil War, as was natural, it was the term commonly applied by the Confederate soldiers to Union troops. This last statement, I understand, suggests the name "Confederate" disappeared automatically therewith, in sound theory if not in fact, because all the "Confederates" remained in the South. "Yankees" was the name of military age in the new United States of America, both in the North and in the South, and the Tarpeian wall, which stands dove, with the Tarpeian wall from which the Tarpeian stones were hurled, was the name of the North because of its art works and not necessarily because of its art works.

By force of the foregoing argument, the term "Yankee," then, applicable in 1861-1865 only to the men of the North because of its art works and not necessarily because of its art works, is applicable to the men of the South because of its art works and not necessarily because of its art works.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Who was David Hamer? 2. An oft-quoted phrase is as follows: "O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" Who said that? 3. There were two great Cromwells in English history. One was Oliver Cromwell. Who was the other? 4. Has any South American country declared war on Germany? 5. What is meant by the saying, "I won't take his dust"? 6. The word "shingles" has three meanings. What are they? 7. What does the phrase "au gratin" which appears on menus, mean? 8. Name several of Lloyd George's recent predecessors in the premiership. 9. What is the largest city in Spain? 10. Where is the Liek Observatory?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Benedict XIV, the last Pope to take the name of Benedict before the present Pope, reigned from 1724 to 1763. 2. Camp Hancock is at Augusta, Ga. 3. Such expressions as "tainted titles" are those which are given to titles that are bought by subscriptions to party funds. 4. Monsignor Kennedy was rector of the American College at Rome. 5. The Finnish Diet is the legislative body of Finland. 6. There are four postage classes of mail matter: First, two cents an ounce; second, three cents an ounce; third, one cent for each two ounces (circulars, etc.); and fourth, unsorted mail. 7. William Hughes and Joseph Sherman Freese were like New Jersey Senators. 8. The only revolution in Germany of any importance was the uprising of 1848, which failed to secure any permanent reforms. 9. Isonnia of Loopta (1491 or 1495-1556) was the founder of the Jesuits.

WHEN THE GREAT DAY OF PEACE FINALLY ARRIVED

WHEN a nation has learned to live with a war it is hard for it to realize that peace will ever come again. So it is now, when the prospects for an end of the agony seem nearer than at any time in the last year. So it seemed even in 1845, up to the very day of Appomattox.

The news of the surrender of Lee's army was received in Philadelphia about 9 o'clock on Sunday, April 9, and created great excitement and joy everywhere. Reading history backward, it is hard for us to believe that any one could have doubted the result after 1864. But there were persons in this city on that Sunday who refused for hours to believe that the good news could be true.

Dispatches were sent to all the churches in the city and the glad tidings were announced from the pulpits. At the hotels, at the Union League and at the National Union Club the news stirred up the most tremendous emotion and patriotic fervor. Crowds besieged the newspaper offices for details. The firemen came out with their apparatus on parade, bells were rung and steam whistles blown. The firemen carried the news to the outlying districts.

The uproar continued until after midnight, increasing with each hour. An extra issue by one of the newspapers was eagerly bought at ten cents a copy. Impromptu illuminations were gotten up in various parts of the city, and every one made his or her way to Chestnut street, which was thronged all evening. Bonfires were lighted. The celebration continued on Monday, and business, in great measure, was suspended for the day. Cannons and pistols were fired and a salute of 200 guns was thundered forth by order of the Union League.

The Corn Exchange Association organized a patriotic meeting, and at the Board of Brokers it was almost impossible for business to be transacted. And then, while all this merry-making was still in progress, a few days later came the news of the most pathetic individual tragedy in all American history. Six days after the peace news, the city received the sad tidings that

MUST BE A MYTH

A benevolent organization in a small city asked a prominent theorist who was summing up nearby if he would sing at a concert they were giving, explaining that they could not afford to pay him his customary fee. The theorist magnanimously replied that the organization could pay him as much as he was worth to them.

When the concert was over the chairman drew out a tall, deaconlike gentleman, and said: "We'll settle with you now, Mister. How much do we owe you?" "You were to make your own terms," bowed the artist. "So we were," said the chairman, pulling out his wallet. "Got change for a fever?"—Causus Firmus, in Musical America.

GERMANY MAKES WAY FOR JOVE

Italian antiquaries are able to combine patriotism with antiquarianism by calling for the removal of the Palazzo Chigi, used as the German embassy, which stands exactly on the site of the ancient temple of Jove, with the Tarpeian wall at its rear. The palace dates only from 1650, which in Rome is but a day before yesterday. The art works are not necessarily because of its art works.