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GOVERNMENT BY MURDER

IN BELGIUM a holy priest, Cardinal Mercier, fearing God and none other, has lifted his voice in the wilderness of destruction and barbarity everywhere about him, and in the name of the religion of Christ has thundered forth his denunciations of the murderers and debauchees who have dared insult even God in his temples and have desecrated the human bodies of their victims, even as they sought to destroy their souls, without pity and without mercy.

Yesterday, another priest, standing where death had taken toll, amid the shambles of order and decency, in a civilized community which policemen and imported thugs were desecrating, remembering his unanswered appeals to the Mayor to take steps to prevent the very crimes which were occurring, voiced, too, his protest. Said Father McDermott: "The Mayor should be arrested. He is the most guilty one."

Let citizens consider the facts. On Tuesday night the police of Philadelphia, acting under orders, invaded the Fifth Ward. They were there for one purpose only, and that was a political purpose. Their function was to spread terror throughout the ward, to blackjack citizens, to cow the electorate and club voters into acceptance of a leadership desired by the faction which uses the Mayor of the city as one of its pawns.

Citizens and the public press had repeatedly appealed to the Mayor to call off the police as an adjunct of a faction and see that they were used only for the preservation of law and order. The Mayor had consulted with factional leaders. He had given one of them assurances that the police power of the government would not be prostituted in the ward. He had given the citizens of Philadelphia assurances that as the chief executive he would do his duty and his duty only. He kept that promise by permitting the barbaric practices which disgraced the city Tuesday night. There came to him, after that, warning that a reign of terror was threatened. There was still time for him to exercise his authority and insist on a condition of affairs during Wednesday morning bordering at least on decency. But nothing effective was done and yesterday morning murder and riot broke out.

Both had been invited as surely as if the opposing cohorts had been ordered in advance to shoot and kill. The Mayor was notified of the appalling situation. He asked: "Is any one dead?" We do not presume to interpret the state of mind that resulted in such a question. Citizens may determine that for themselves.

The importation of thugs is no new thing. Lawlessness is not new. It is, we say deliberately, invited and arranged for. Did not a faction obtain a pre-election pledge that Smith, if elected Mayor, would appoint one Wilson, a factionist, to direct the police, and has not this Wilson repeatedly and openly used the police in the services of that faction? Have not all citizens seen that the police power of the community is prostituted to furthering the political ambitions of the Vares? Have raids in the vice districts not been openly for political purposes? And why should any politician be other than lawless, if it suits his purposes, when the Mayor himself, making use of a bonding company which he happened to control before taking office, becomes through that company a profiteer from virtually every public contract made, while, in addition, private contractors fear that they must get bonds from the Mayor's company or face penalties from different departments of the government? Here is a public servant who is not satisfied because

he is a public servant. His subordinates know it, they know that he boasts of it, they know what his concept of the ethics of officeholding is and they follow the example set. The police realize what the Mayor stands for and what they must stand for if they are to hold their jobs. So is the stage set and murder, at the proper cue, stalks before the audience unabashed.

Should the Mayor be arrested? The answer is that the Organization should. Aye, it should be arrested in all of its activities and all of its functions. It is revealed as an instigator of government by murder. It has killed men's bodies and it has killed men's souls. It has blunted their consciences. It has put itself beyond the pale. We say that it is a system which can no longer be tolerated. We say that the Mayor of Philadelphia, Thomas B. Smith, the creature of that system, is morally before God responsible for the frightful conditions of yesterday. We say that citizens who have failed to take the proper interest in battles for civic decency are responsible. We say that there is nothing left to do but to rise up and smite the whole coterie of traffickers who pillage and disgrace the city. We say that this criminal Organization, maintained for piteous purposes and engaged in piteous pursuits, must be extirpated and driven out, as Tammany has been curbed in New York, and the beginning of the work of extirpation must be now. Let us cudgel the brute this November and destroy him utterly two years hence.

We can no longer endure government by murder.

OUR JUNIOR CITIZENS

IT HAD long been a fallacy, only lately exploded, that for the first twenty years and three hundred and sixty-four days of his life a person should be a political hunchman. Boys and girls of eighteen have made fine kings and queens, and in less exalted ranks have written brilliant essays on government which not every voter in the Fifth Ward could improve upon. But the mystic notion that a person "under age" is a civic zero has nevertheless prevailed.

Mr. Wilson's call to the pupils presents the new ideal of citizenship. Part of a school's work is a preparation for active citizenship, and if this is neglected it is a poor school. In no better way can the junior citizens give their share to the national effort than by working for the Red Cross, as the President urges them to do. There are many "under age" in the trenches; many boys of seventeen and eighteen have given their lives for country. They were real citizens. So are they who in this country toil for years abroad, where it is going through the fire.

THE ISSUE SIMPLIFIED

ANY ONE who can read between the lines must see that the war issue is becoming more simplified every day. Who talks now of Berlin-to-Bagdad, Austrian dismemberment, German colonies, freedom of the seas, indemnities, the Dardanelles problem and all the other intricate questions which a year ago were supposed to require a program of answers before peace could be considered?

All these have been subordinated to one chief question, the answer to which will solve all the others. This question is: How soon will the German people undertake to govern themselves? A self-governing people does not want to annex territory. Its one desire is internal development. How difficult it was for our imperialists to make us believe for a few years that we ought to own the Philippines body and soul! How hopeless was the subtle propaganda that tried to make us think we must inevitably conquer Mexico! In Russia it was never the people who wanted to annex land. It was the autocracy which had ever to gain new regions to tax. When this country becomes as thickly populated per square mile as Germany we shall overrun Canada and Mexico, not as conquerors but as emigrants. The British autocracy of the eighteenth century became a trade autocracy in the nineteenth, but even that broke down, and the British subjects who emigrate to the self-governing Commonwealths allied to England lose their identity as Britons as much as if they came to this country.

But the German autocracy tied a string to its emigrants, guaranteeing to them retention of their German citizenship no matter what other citizenship they acquired abroad. Emigrants to South America and to this country were still to be Germans, always ready to make the world safe for Pan-Germanism. They and their autocracy have managed to make the phrase "Made-in-Germany" a trademark which makes the April fool placard, "Please kick me," in its advertising effects.

So long as imperialists in Allied countries kept an eye on colonial expansion as part of the expected fruits of victory the issue was bound to be muddled. The issue is simple now. The self-governing republics, aligned with the Allies, guarantee fair play to a German democracy and eagerly await its arrival.

As we said yesterday, the "Bloody Fifth" is thoroughly pacified. It won't seem like a world series with neither Philadelphia nor Boston in it. Russia can survive more "chaoses" than any country we ever heard of. It has Mexico backed off the map. Were there not enough thugs in Philadelphia that the supply of neighboring towns had to be called on? Mobs may have ruled Petrograd, but they did not rule Kerensky. On a certain historic occasion a mob tried to rule Napoleon.

Why should railroads loathe about the taxicab companies? It ought to be quite a task to attend to their own business in these times. For this thing is certain: The men who are sensible and keep their heads, the men who respect what our Allies have done and are ready to take their own place to do their bit, are receiving the same pay as nothing. We cannot make these apes pay as we make the others shut up?

THE HARM A FEW JINGOES CAN DO

British Sensitiveness Resents Casual Remarks About Uncle Sam's Prowess

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES, Special Correspondence of the Evening Ledger, LONDON, Sept. 2.

A SERIES of incidents, coming one on top of the other, moves me to write the last message which I could choose to write to America. I will mention the incidents first.

At the very beginning, a rumor which was verified and grew into a fact of an unpleasant nature.

Rising out of that, a succession of conversations and overheard remarks.

Following upon them, a direct urging from persons of such personal authority that it cannot be rejected.

The rumor and the fact, alike, I shall not repeat.

Of the conversations I can give the gist in a few words. It is (a) "They won't talk that way after they've been under shell fire"; (b) "Of course, a few rotters are bound to occur in every army, and if they talk wildly they give a bad impression"; (c) "Some of our chaps talked that way to the French at the beginning, too," and (d) "The bulk of the American army is a decent lot of men, most of whom know what they are up against and who can be trusted to keep their tongues in their heads."

From which you may judge that a few chaps have wagged their tongues rather loosely and have said foolish things.

The matter is trivial, no doubt. The entente which Mr. Balfour and President Wilson symbolized in the joint session of Senate and House will not be shaken by the mad talk of a few of our soldiers, nor will international complications arise if bragging and resentment lead to blows. But there is a serious side to the matter which we cannot overlook, and the worst thing we can do is to hide or garble the truth.

The simple fact is that a few, an insignificant few in number, of our soldiers have taken it on themselves to say that we have come in to show France and Britain how to do it. The British and these remarks have not been appreciated. The bulk of our army has gone silently and doggedly at the work of learning the new fighting, of learning everything which our Allies have been taught in the ghastliest school of experience. The inevitable few have talked much. If we do not stop them, they will talk the voice, not only of the army but of the United States.

"Shut Up the Braggers"

And now for the urgings which prompted me to write disagreeably. A copy of the incident before me, preferred not to mention them. Yesterday I had reason to change my mind. Good fortune brought me to lunch with one of the greatest men in England, a man of whose worth, by his own energy and genius done as much as any civilian in this world for the success of the Allies. For a variety of reasons I cannot recite, we were together, and he said but it was enormous. I asked him what he would write to America if he were in my position and his reply came like a shot.

"Tell them, for Heaven's sake, to shut up the braggers!"

On the way home I fell in with a soldier. He had been out there since January, 1915, and was just back for his commission as first lieutenant.

He said to me: "If they only knew what we had been through they wouldn't talk the way they do."

I asked him who they were, how many of them.

"One in several thousand," he replied, "is more than enough. We aren't sensitive, old chap, but we are a bit touchy. It's not so much that we are proud, but it is a matter of national honor that we are proud of."

And here is an incident which came to my mind when he spoke. A casual acquaintance of mine, who had come from Salonica, wounded. On the way he witnessed a running fight between a tramp steamer and one of the largest submarines in the German navy. The tramp won. When he landed at certain port in Mexico he found that the United States had broken off relations with Germany, and in the joy of the occasion he hailed the first American man-of-war to enter an American war vessel—and said:

"Well, we're together now, what?"

"To which the American replied, 'Old man, when the good old United States navy goes going to the United States they have more chance than a snowball in hell!'"

All the Harm Done by I Per Cent

In the many months which have passed since then, this country has met the grin and silent men of our navy. He has been impressed by their determination and their modesty, their absolute admiration for the United States navy, and their willingness to learn. But he has never forgotten the words of that bounding lieutenant.

I know that ninety-nine out of our hundred millions are innocent of the charge of "swanking." When we think of the record from Mons to Verdun few of us have the heart even to jest at the expense of the men who were there through three years. But can't we do something for the bounders who know nothing of this war and who talk much?

In all seriousness we may consider the simple fact that the words of one soldier of our army, spoken to another soldier of an allied army, carry further than the eloquence of Field-Marshal and Prime Minister. What the latter say we all believe, and only those of us who already believe take the trouble to read and to understand. But what Tommy says to Gaston and Gaston to Joe, that is the message that reaches the people "who do not count" in international politics. That means it reaches the millions of men who make up the world.

Troops Made Fine Impression

A short time ago the American soldiers marched through the streets of London. Their reception was tremendously good. But a few people wondered how and why it was that the British and French troops, weary with the dust and heat and blood of Verdun, had been invited to parade through these same streets. London has never seen its own soldiers, not even the London Scottish, marching through her streets. The honor was given to us for many reasons. For one thing, it showed England that our troops were not only brave, but were, it made civilian England happy. It happened that the first cheer which welcomed our men came from a company of leave men, just coming from the station after a trip to the front line. I do not think that the men who received that cheer are in any mood to brag about what they will do.

One of the first things that I perceived when I went to issue an order of the day concerning the British. Is it impossible to install into every man coming here something of that respect, both for France and for Britain? Is it impossible for us to realize that the impression the few make can ruin the fairest prospect for international friendship, which the world has ever seen?

For this thing is certain: The men who are sensible and keep their heads, the men who respect what our Allies have done and are ready to take their own place to do their bit, are receiving the same pay as nothing. We cannot make these apes pay as we make the others shut up?

Tom Daly's Column

THE ALL-ROUND SPORT. This sporting life is never tame. For once a guy gets in. He finds the angles in the game. Are changing every minute. And he has got to know them all. Still hustling and pursuing. Through winter, summer, spring and fall. Wherever things are doing.

Now, in the spring, the sifty thing. Is sporty fishing tackle. I handle that and wily chat. Of rod and reel and hookie. Then summer brings the horseshoe ball. Golf, tennis, quoits, canoeing. And I keep busy with them all—There's always something doing.

The hunting season's drawing nigh. And football's soon to follow. I see your look? You wonder why. My chest should be so hollow. And what to one so pale and thin. All this athletic art meant—Dear heart, I'm just a salesman in The Sporting Goods Department.

Entomological

The largest fly in the world is Stanley Muschamp, virtuoso. He weighs 200 pounds, is more than six feet tall, and yet, after we had spotted him four different times in a small crowd disembarking from a ferryboat yesterday morning, he got away from us. We wanted to introduce him to a native of Ocean City who had come up from the shore with us, but whom we hadn't met at all when we were on our vacation. The cool weather had driven him away. But yesterday morning he got on the train with us and attacked us without provocation. We slew him and tucked him into our largest vest pocket—our old friend Amos Quito. We wish to strike out a paragraph of our recent praise of Ocean City to insert this: Some musketeers are weak, Some at least have pity; But if such we seek O shun Oshure City.

More trouble for Carewensky in the Fifth Ward.

The Fourth Ward and not the Fifth used to have the call for sanguinary political battles in the old days when Squire McMullen was boss. The Democratic caucuses always met then in a hall on the second or third floor of some building in the ballpark. And once we asked the Squire why. "Why?" would he, that's a foolish question. What would he, the good 'ol chuckin' the kickers out the window if we wuz only on the first floor?"

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN

Have you seen my brother, the mountain? Have you heard him bellow his song? Old he is, Bold he is, Faced and true as gold he is; But mad is my brother, the mountain, And glad is his mirthless song.

Ever ere this little world began, I stumbled out of the sea; Before the age of the earliest man, The stars shone down on me. I vomited lava and smoke and fire On all that aroused my mighty ire. And when of this race of men I tire, I'll tumble them down in the sea again, I'll tumble them into the sea!

They builded their houses of stone and wood, Their cities that touched the sky; They looked on their work and called it good, Forgetting that I was nigh. But where have Rome and Athens gone, Nineveh, Tyre and Babylon? So, when with their smiles and tears I've done, I'll tumble them down in the sea again, I'll tumble them into the sea!

They plan their lives for a little span, Less than a hundred years; They worry and fight, they laugh if they can. They struggle on through their tears, They have little loves and little hates In little hovels with little mates; And little they know, when they bless the fates, I'll tumble them down in the sea again, I'll tumble them into the sea!

Up from their windows they turn to me And find me ever the same; They think I am dead, they cannot see My passionate, inner flame. They tunnel me through and strip me bare. They vaunt their power with a pom-pom and a shell. Not knowing the day that my wrath shall flare And tumble them down in the sea again, And tumble them into the sea!

I'll swoop on their cities that dot the plain, I'll smash all their temples and towers; I'll dart my fire to scorch their grain, My lava will wither their flowers. I'll show them that mountains are stronger than they, Older and mightier, living for aye, And then, when they bow before me and pray, I'll tumble them down in the sea again, I'll tumble them into the sea!

So bellows my brother, the mountain, So chants he his ancient song. Glad he is, Proud he is, Willful, wild and mad he is, Have you heard my brother, the mountain? Take heed of his deathless song! WILL LOU.

The Accommodating Car

A business man from Montreal arrived in this city yesterday afternoon greatly concerned regarding the whereabouts of several members of his family, one of whom had earlier in the day telegraphed him that their car had become ditched a short distance north of Plattsburg, for him to come here and help them out of the dilemma.—Plattsburg Press.

Now for the "Four," for the shore! and we'll bet that some yet of a "sketch" there will meet us again when the train ambles in, and will grin, yes, and snort, and scort us back home in the gloom, Boy! run out and get us a couple gallons citizenship.



"VETS" NEEDED IN U. S. ARMY

Allies Have Thousands in Charge of Sick Horses, Americans Only Seventy-two

By HENRI BAZIN, Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger.

I HAVE spent a day with an American officer at his work of buying mounts for the staffs of Generals Pershing and Sibert. He is an expert veterinarian and was sent across the sea eighteen months ago to make veterinarian investigation for United States army records, being still in Europe when the United States entered the war, and having been since attached to the force now in training here. He selected thirty-five splendid horses, each with a pronounced Arabian strain. I know little about the fine points of horsemanship, but so far as beauty and spirit were concerned these animals were exceptional.

We have exactly seventy-two veterinarians attached to the entire American army. No additional men have been assigned for this important branch of service in the new army. We have nothing in even the semblance of a field or base hospital equipment for horses. If a horse becomes ill from whatever cause, there is no place to send him. All precedents during this war show that 50 per cent of horses used for artillery, cavalry, campaign or mount purposes contract mange at the front.

To Buy 7000 Horses a Month

Mange is a contagious disease, and it plays hob with the horses upon all lines. Every horse so diseased is a menace to his fellow horses. And if a cure is not effected, the horse eventually dies. Also, horses perforate are wounded in battle. When such is their lot, they must be killed if the injury is severe or cured in a hospital if their cure be possible. And beginning at once, 7000 horses a month are to be purchased for American army requirements in France.

The English have profited by experience born of the Boer war, when 60 per cent of their horses were afflicted with the mange and 80 per cent of all the horses they used because proper treatment could not be given them. Out of that experience the King's army perfected a plan of campaign that has reduced the percentage of loss from disease or curable wounds among horses to 7 per cent of the total thus far used in this war. To do that they went at the job.

They have 15,000 enlisted men in the veterinary end of their army. Over these enlisted men are 1140 officers. The supreme in command is a major general, who has three brigadier generals under him. They have three enormous base hospitals, one in Woolwich, England, and the other two veterinary in France. They have three veterinary base medical supply depots, all in France. They have mange-dipping depots where horses are sent when afflicted with this malady; and after the first dip the four-footed fighter or worker looks up and takes notice when the second comes to him, because that itch is given a splar-plexus blow.

Half Million Animals Used

The French army has virtually an identical equipment. More than 15,000 men are mobilized in their veterinary service. Their commanding officer is a major general. They have one more horse hospital than the English. Out of 500,000 horses used in this war they have lost 16 per cent of those which received curable wounds or contracted curable diseases. As I said at the outset of this story, the United States has just seventy-two men on this job, with the highest officer a major. But in reality the highest horse medical authority in the outfit is a captain, the major in command being unacquainted with horse troubles. Also, the

THE LOVE OF A BEAR

"vet" end of the United States army service is a side issue of the medical department. QUIZ 1. Why are Marsia lanes so called? 2. What Greek god corresponded to the Roman Vulcan? 3. Who is the present ruler of Mexico? 4. What portion of American territory was once owned by Russia? 5. What is the chief work of the Italian poet, Tasso, and when did he live? 6. What is the motto of Philadelphia? 7. What French military academy corresponds to our West Point? 8. What is the other name of the Dog Star? 9. Who was Thomas Nast? 10. Who said "God made him and then let him pass for a man?"

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. General Luigi Cadorna is a generalissimo of the Italian army. 2. Stuttgart is the capital of Wurttemberg, Germany, a kingdom in the southwestern part of that country. 3. Three of Ibsen's plays are "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler" and "The Enemy Below." The dramatist was a Norwegian. 4. The character of "Lady Teazle" occurs in "The School for Scandal." 5. California, Washington and Oregon are the States bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean. 6. Bialystok is the capital of Lithuania. 7. A lama is a Buddhist priest of Tibet. A llama is a Peruvian beast of burden. 8. The Wittenberg was the name of the modern Parliament. 9. "Hak-nah-see" means, alas. The term is used chiefly in Mohammedan countries. 10. The three types of thermometer are Fahrenheit, Centigrade and Reaumur.

GIRARD IN PLAGUE TIME

MANY honors have shone around the name of Stephen Girard. Yet one of his most striking services to the community, and indeed, to humanity in general, is little commented on by historians. For in Philadelphia in 1793 there was a panic which caused for intensity by a similar happening in the United States. Yellow fever, which broke out violently, was the cause of it. The people were in a state of terror, and the city was almost deserted. Churches and schools closed, and only one of the four daily newspapers continued to be published.

"Philadelphia bore a bleak and tragic aspect. Naturally not everybody was able to leave the detested city. Those who remained had recourse to fanaticism. Tobacco was smoked continually, even by women and children. The chewing of garlic was supposed to ward off the disease, and the streets were strewn with bundles of garlic. The city was almost deserted. Churches and schools closed, and only one of the four daily newspapers continued to be published.

During a period of about a hundred days, only one paper was published. The circulation of 25,000. Fearful conditions existed in the hospitals. Nurses were vainly sought for service there. This juncture of the plague and the fire of 1793, which was a calamity of the century, was a calamity of the century. A committee was appointed to lighten the plight of the distressed, and to take care of the sick. But only twelve would consent to serve as nurses, and two would volunteer to assist in the hospital. Stephen Girard and Peter Helm composed this heroic duo.

Possessing wealth both might and means, they were able to do a great deal of good. They preferred to enter the hospital. For sixty days they performed their duty, nursing the sick and doing the most difficult tasks, such as carrying the patients to the hospital. They were able to do a great deal of good. They preferred to enter the hospital. For sixty days they performed their duty, nursing the sick and doing the most difficult tasks, such as carrying the patients to the hospital.

NEW YORK'S NEW COLLECTOR A POET

If the Hon. Byron Rufus Newton is nominated and confirmed as collector of this port to succeed the Hon. Dudley Field Malone, who resigned for well-known reasons of conscience, New York's Custom House will not be the first establishment of the sort which has sheltered an eminent man of letters. It will be remembered that Nathaniel Hawthorne served three years as surveyor of the port of Salem, Mass., and after the first dip the four-footed fighter or worker looks up and takes notice when the second comes to him, because that itch is given a splar-plexus blow.