

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CUBUS H. K. CURTIS, President Charles H. Laddington, Vice President...

control. Statistics show that the unrestricted U-boat warfare is a fiasco, and Germany has evidenced no desire or aptitude for legitimate, aboveboard—or rather, above-water—sea warfare.

MAKE PHILADELPHIA SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

THE issues involved in the fight at the polls today are as grave to Philadelphia as those in the great war in Europe are to the world.

THE RUSSIAN MOUNTAIN

RUSSIA dropped out of the military landscape some time ago, and it has become the unfortunate habit of many in Allied countries to dismiss her as unimportant and to speak of her revolutionary statesmen with petulance and even scorn.

Individuals, soldiers of fortune, had felt the call of freedom long before the flag went to France. Heroic were those Americans who fought and died in foreign uniforms, but their heroism belongs to all humanity and to all time, and is only shared by America.

Those who were a bit too insistent, in and out of season, with their cry of "Wake up, America!" sometimes said, with too much bitterness, "Wait till the casualty lists come in."

The first casualty list is brief. It tells of three lives lost. It is true that the whole nation is more concerned over those three lost lives than England or France is over the loss of three thousand today.

The German victories in Italy are apparently intended as camouflage to make the people at home think that the forces of the Kaiser are not slowly retreating to the Rhine.

Woodbury, N. J., farmers say that potatoes could not all be taken from the ground because the draftees were taken too soon. There is a tendency to try to blame too many things on Uncle Sam.

MAKING CAMPS HOME FOR 'BOYS'

That's the Task of Commission on Training Camp Activities. How It is Succeeding

THE great segment of "making the world safe for democracy" has numerous arms. One of the most important in the view of the soldier lads and their folks is making camps homelike for Sammees.

The commission is only six months old, and it has done six years' intensive work in that brief span of days. The personnel is Raymond B. Postlet, of New York; chairman; Lee F. Hammer, of New York; Thomas J. Howell, of Pittsburgh; Marc Klav, of New York; Joseph Lee, of Boston; Malcolm L. McBride, of Cleveland; Dr. John B. Mott, of New York; Charles P. Nell, of Washington; Lieutenant Colonel Palmer E. Pierce, S. A.; Dr. Joseph E. Rayercroft, of Princeton University; Jasper J. Mayer, secretary.

To supply the normalities of life to nearly a million and a half young men in training camps and to keep the environs of those camps clean and wholesome was the two-fold task outlined for the commission.

Methods of Work The commission has had priceless and eagerly ready support from numerous excellent agencies for social and other forms of welfare. Except where necessitated by novel conditions, it has not created any new machinery in its "unit" of rationalizing the bewildering environment of the camp.

Suppressive work in dealing with vicious conditions is handled by direct representation of the commission, with whom are operating supervisory small portions of the committee of fourteen of New York, the Watch and Ward Society of New England, the Committee of Fifteen of Chicago, the Bureau of Social Hygiene of the National Y. M. C. A., and the American Social Hygiene Association.

The soldiers' physical wants and the needs of the mind are not neglected. Division, exchanged, and rest in each camp, by the commission, superintend the operation of the recreational post exchanges or soldiers' co-operative stores.

It's a man's size job—this of the commission. The enormity of the task is emphasized by the fact that the commission's activities are concerned with all classes of camps and cantonments under the jurisdiction of the War Department.

WELL'S FAVORITE BOOK If the fashion of distinguished authors giving their lists of "the hundred best books" were in vogue today, Mr. H. G. Wells would probably place at the top Richard Garnett's "Twilight upon the Gods."

Tom Daly's Column

Now is the fatal day When we will decide If we are to have our say Or to be denied

If you are a child you just Only go to school But if you're a man you must Break the tyrant's rule

It is hard to be a girl Who must fold her hands When defiance she would hurl At the robber bands

But the pleasure must be great O to be a man Rising early working late Voting all you can!

Leaves are falling so we call This sad time of year the fall Just as once when everything Flowers lambs and grass were found Jumping right up from the ground Everybody called it Spring.

It is plain to understand Why such gladness fills the land When the time of Spring is here For its summer right next door But when Fall winds start to roar You must nearly wait a year.

Still the patient Christian child Always faithful meek and mild Praises God with grateful song Loving all His seasons well Just as much when Fall has fell As when Spring has sprung.

IF YOU were crouching in a first-line trench in France this morning, waiting for the signal to go over the top, and suddenly felt a hand upon your shoulder and heard a voice say, "Not so fast! Have you voted this morning?" wouldn't you jump with surprise?

Of course you would, but that's how the States look after their voters on election day, and that's how long the arm of the Election Commissioner in Governor Brumbaugh has been busy for some months getting transportation for his election officers to "somewhere" in various parts of France and the high seas, as well as to the camps throughout our own country, where qualified Pennsylvania voters happen to be.

The American citizen may rashly risk his life wherever he pleases, but he is not to be allowed to throw away his valuable vote, if the State knows it.

A still more interesting tale, and one not so well known, has to do with the casting of General Phil Sheridan's first and last vote, in that same trying campaign of 1864.

"I have before me, as I write, an old newspaper clipping describing the incident. The narrator is General Rutherford B. Hayes, one-time President of these United States, and the story was afterwards sent to General Hayes by some careful person for the stamp of his approval.

"Next day Sheridan came over with General Forsythe, of Toledo, and General Crook, who also wanted to vote. I passed the word around that Sheridan and Crook would vote about 9 o'clock (and perhaps) 10:00 soldiers and two brass bands were on hand. The polling place was a wagon, and three noncommissioned officers, and two young fellows clerks.

"Then Sheridan stepped up. He was a little embarrassed, for all the men were looking at him. It was a new part for him to play. He looked at the judge and the judge stared at him. 'Your name, sir,' said the judge, with infinite dignity. 'Sheridan spoke up, 'Phillip H. Sheridan. 'In what State do you vote?' asked the judge, impressively. 'In Ohio,' Sheridan replied. 'To which county?' 'Perry County,' in that ward or township, 'My father lives in Reading township,' Sheridan replied in an embarrassed way.

THIS THING of higher cost of manufacture is running amuck. Yesterday Giuseppe made an announcement an advertisement in the price of a haircut, "because," said he, "of the increased cost of raw materials."

DAMROSCH RAPS MUCK 'DEFENSE'

'Cowardly,' Cries N. Y. Symphony Leader—Francis Rawle on German Music

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—As I learn to my astonishment that my interview regarding Doctor Muck and the "Star Spangled Banner" has been entirely misquoted in some of the papers, particularly through misleading headlines and headlines, I am compelled to issue a correction.

But the explanation that he gives is cowardly and evades the real issue. He says, "Why will people be so silly? Art is a thing in itself and not related to any particular nation or group. Therefore I would be a gross mistake, a violation of artistic taste and principles, for such an organization as ours to play patriotic airs. Does the public think that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a military band or a ballroom orchestra?"

Does Doctor Muck really believe that the national anthem should be played only by "military bands and ballroom orchestras"? He chooses to ignore the fact that the national anthem is the symbol of our patriotism and loyalty, at a time when our nation is at war, and that, even though he is an "enemy alien," the Boston Symphony Orchestra is or should be, most decidedly an American organization and ready to play our national anthem on any of its public demand it.

Equally cowardly is his claim that the playing of the national anthem would disrupt his orchestra because it is composed of so many different nationalities. All of these men have lived in America many years, and most of them are, and all of them should be, American citizens by this time.

A GHASTLY PROCESSION "I saw the ghastly procession of rescue vessels as they landed the living and the dead under the glaring searchlight torches along the Queenstown waterfront. Boat after boat came up out of the darkness, discharging bruised and shuddering women, blindfolded and naked men, and a few wide-eyed children, all innocent-minded, wretchedly blankly with this new and strange manifestation of life. Frenzied women begged me for their husbands, and men with pitiable, choking efforts went ceaselessly from group to group, looking for their little daughters, their brothers, and in some instances, for their American brides. Piles of corpses, like corduroy, grew higher and higher among the coils of ships' stores on the dark old quays."

So United States Consul Wesley Frost, now in America, describes the scene following the sinking of the Lusitania, adding in reference to the sinking of the Abasco, a big passenger liner from West Africa, 300 miles from land:

"A lovely sunset was fading in the west, and a crescent moon and evening star were in the heavens when the Abasco received a torpedo in her vitals. The ship yawed and veered like a stricken animal. Her lifeboats were smashed or overturned, splintered, and the crew were hurled into the sea. As the darkness closed down, men, women and little children struggled in those lonely waters. A hundred of them perished in this case. In others, the submarine waited cold-bloodedly until their fall to compass its destruction of innocent lives."

UNEXPLORED LABRADOR It is a strange fact that, with all the exploration that has been going on in the North during the last 100 years, the interior of Labrador should have been a terra incognita, until recently, when representatives of the United States Geographical Society and of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, passed through it. This expedition found, along with other things, a chain of large lakes hitherto unmaped, and rivers hitherto unknown. In fact, the journey covered 750 miles probably never before traveled by white men. The full report of the findings of the expedition will appear in the Bulletin of the U. S. Geographical Society.

THE LONG DAY

What Do You Know? QUIZ

1. Has the tax rate of Philadelphia ever been more than 27? 2. Who was Charles Lathrop Pack? 3. What is the minimum recruiting age for the United States marines? 4. Name the author of "The Man Without a Country."

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Finland is in northern Russia, adjoining Sweden, to which country it formerly belonged. 2. Frederick Macmonnies is a noted American sculptor.

FAST AND BEAUTIFUL "That many Americans commit suicide over the matter has been the contention of physicians for years. That many of those who do not succumb to the burden they put upon their powers of assimilation are incidentally—here is the powerful argument—the young matron who purges the fare of its fatness and abides personally by the rules she lays down may look at middle age more like a Botticelli Madonna than like a fat Flemish housewife—Louisville Courier-Journal."

SONG OF THE 5TH CANADIANS Will you open up your gramophone And turn on "Home, Sweet Home" And sing the God's own country trot Your fancies for a roam? From the prairies to the foot-hills, From the Rockies to the sea, From the "Teg" to the Pacific, Of the Western Cavalry?

Will you close your eyes a moment And imagine you are where The shades of white men wait in line The final trumpet-blare? Pass around the roll and read it (March at ease!) Of the bunch who died for Freedom From the Western Cavalry.

Will you take your pocket war-map Of the Salient to the Somme, And pick out the spots they've plodded to And those there've plodded from? Oh, you asking what they did there? They've the blessed gift of silence In the Western Cavalry.

Will you feel the pelting rain? (Left, right; left, right!) Well, they're going in again (March at ease.) And it's seven miles from camp, And they're whistling as they tramp, Oh, their spirits soon'll get damp! (Carry on!)

Will you close your eyes a moment And imagine you are where The shades of white men wait in line The final trumpet-blare? Pass around the roll and read it (March at ease!) Of the bunch who died for Freedom From the Western Cavalry.

Can you catch the faintest sound? (Left, right; left, right!) They're arriving on the ground (March at ease!) For the final big review, We'd be lucky if you To be lined up with them too, (Carry on!) From Ohio to Florida, by R. M. Dancy, Louisville Courier-Journal.



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