

MONEY FIGHTS

THE millions of men in the trenches would be impotent if it were not for the billions of money which is fighting with them.

Money buys the trenching tools. Money buys the guns. Money buys the cartridges. Money buys the big cannon in the rear which prepare the way for taking the German trenches.

There can be no victory for democracy without the sacrifice of money as well as of lives. It is imperative that all the money called for by the Government be supplied without delay.

Two great Liberty Loans have already been floated. The campaign for the third loan is to be started on Saturday, April 6.

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JOY FOR THE SPECTATORS THE days have come when the old-time prohibitionists can sit back in their easy chairs and chuckle. Politicians in the old-line parties who will say in public that the constitutional amendment should be rejected are almost as scarce as peach orchards in midcoast.

Concrete seems to serve more admirably in ships than in some of the heads in Congress. Can't find basis for peace talk—Headlines. Have the pacifists-at-any-price quit prattling?

THE THIRDS LINE OF DEFENSE THE Pennsylvania Reserve Militia, now being rapidly organized, to replace the National Guard mustered into the service, is the State's contribution to the third line of defense.

Germany, brags Ludendorff, is stronger than her foes. But Germany must be stronger than her leaders if she is to avoid ultimate disaster.

The Haverford of Isaac Sharpless

THERE is a little collage, not much more than eight miles from the brim of William Penn's beaver hat, on the loveliest campus in the world. Here sons are not so very many, but they love her. Let us call her Haverford, for that is her name.

ALONG came the Pennsylvania Railroad in course of time. The brick pavement in front of Founders' Hall grew squawky with many a spring thaw and undulated under eager feet.

IN THE autumn of 1875 a young man just under twenty-seven, wise and humorous beyond his years, came in as a scratch substitute on the faculty of the college. They called him, "they could not get any one else."

ISAAC SHARPLESS was president of Haverford College from 1887 until 1917. In 1887 the number of students was ninety-four, the salary list \$20,000.

AND, somehow or other, at this time of year, one's heart goes back to those carefree days—sweet hours, and the fleetest of time—when there were no wars, no meatless days, no coal bills, no more pressing problem than bumping the faculty with some kind of intellectual barray.

IT MUST be a pleasant feeling to sound out one's seventh decade with the sense of honor and accomplishment and fine human service that President Sharpless ought to have. But probably he does not have that feeling at all, he's so busy thinking about what he's going to do during the next ten years.

MERCHANTMEN All honor be to merchantmen. And ships of all degree, in warlike dangers manifold.

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GOV. PENNYPACKER ENDS MINIATURES

Stotesbury, Whitman and Root Among the Last Interesting Character Sketches

EDWARD T. STOTESBURY DINNER with Charles C. Harrison, the former provost of the University of Pennsylvania, on the evening of September 23, 1914, at his attractive country place, I sat at the table with Mrs. Harrison, and on my left was E. T. Stotesbury, the millionaire, who, entering the house of Drexel & Co. years ago as a clerk at a small salary, is now the head of the establishment.

"I have just received a letter from the head of the firm of Harles & Co., in Paris. It is pitiable. He asks me to be his executor. He tells me the Germans are needed in the city, that he does not know whether he or his children will be alive a week hence, that he does not know whether he will have anything to leave to them, that no man can tell what will happen."

PEARY-AMUNDSEN-SHACKLETON On the evening of January 16, 1913, at the Art Club, in Philadelphia, I met Robert E. Peary, who discovered the North Pole; Roald Amundsen, who reached the South Pole, and Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Englishman, who made a brave attempt to get to the South Pole, but failed.

ONCE while I was active in the management of the Penn Club in Philadelphia, an institution at the corner of Eighth and Locust streets, started by my friend Wharton Barker, and which has entertained many distinguished persons, we concluded to give a reception to the "good gray poet."

WALT WHITMAN I have met Mr. Root on two occasions—at Chicago, where he made the speech nominating Roosevelt for the presidency, a speech which could not be heard and, therefore, made little impression on the audience, and again at the Franklin dinner of the American Philosophical Society, where he sat between me and Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, whom he spent most of his time in jibing.

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MORE OF THAT NEW RUSSIAN MUSIC Russia's new song: "Oh, Ho, Si, Coule Bolshewiki Wichi Wachi Wo!"—Yala Record.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? QUIZ 1. What is a Gnome engine? 2. Name the most popular with American soldiers on the march in France.

WE BANK ON UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS, ALWAYS



UNITED STATES BOYS WORKING RESERVE To give to the young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one the privilege of spending their spare time in productive enterprise without interrupting their studies at school, while their older brothers are battling in the trenches and on the seas, must greatly increase the means of providing for the losses at the front and the maintenance of those whose services are needed here.

DEEDS OF WUDRO, SON OF WYL

THERE has recently turned up in England, from goodness knows where, a singular and hilarious concoction which seems immediately to have become there a kind of national enjoyment, like the Bank Holiday. It is a satirical comment on contemporary conditions, dealing with conscientious objectors, prohibitionists, meatless days, lightless nights and such like things.

CHAPTER XVI. Wudro delivereth a warning. 5. Will seeketh advice. 9. And taketh it. 10. Wudro acteth according to his word. 11. Wherein Wyl is amazed. 12. Wudro speaketh boastfully. 13. Wudro setteth about the matter. 22. He frighteneth Wyl. 23. Who perceiveth the blessings of peace.

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APPRECIATION OF WILSON

A Reader Likes It When Justice Is Done to the President To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I start for the West tonight, with a few stops en route to talk business and do a word with some friends, for each of whom I am taking with me a copy of last night's EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. Blue-penciled on the inside page is an article on Woodrow Wilson, for which, on behalf of those friends and myself, I must thank you. They say all Wilson men and Americans, I derived much pleasure from reading it that I cannot refrain from a comment. Such justice to "the man of visions" is so rare in these days of turmoil.

TIT FOR TAT ON PENNYPACKER To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I read with pleasure and interest the Pennypacker autobiography, but did not like Pennypacker, during his term of office as Governor.

THE KERNELLS To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—In the publishing of the very interesting letter of the late John L. Barry, benefit of old times, recalling the old and it is singular that no mention was made of the late Harry and John Kernell. They were not classed as minstrels, but were, in the writer's opinion, productive of much far laughs. Harry with his quaint style and John with that gruff voice answering questions and appealing to the audience. Where are their successors today? Can you think of any one team that ever surpassed them in their act? C. ALLEN Philadelphia, March 16.

A COMPLAINT IN VERSE To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Unhappy day, unhappy day, When Hoover took my 'cass' away. I'm tired of eating in disguise. The substitutes for meats and pies: I cannot eat the bran and hay. That's forced upon me every day. The next war food that comes to town, Lord, give me strength to keep it down. MRS. W. C. BASKIN Hummelston, Pa., March 16.

STEPHENSON AND LA FOLLETTE Isaac Stephenson, now dead in Washington at an advanced age, was long a business politician. Looking back upon his career, it seems credible now that he was one of the sponsors of Robert M. La Follette, a fact which is easily explained. With vast interests, Mr. Stephenson's political career was confined to protective tariffs. Mr. La Follette came upon the scene a sworn foe of the tariff. The rich timberman practically hid.