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OUR RIGHT TO THE DUTCH SHIPS

THERE are between 500,000 and 1,000,000 tons of ships belonging to Hollanders resting now in American waters. These ships have been held here either because their owners were afraid of the German submarines and preferred to hold them idle rather than run the risk of total loss or because the American Government had refused to permit them to coal in order to hold them here and keep them out of the service of the Germans.

The necessity of increasing the tonnage available for the use of this country and its allies suggested the use of the Dutch ships. How could they be used without violation of the rules of international law protecting neutrals? A little study of the precedents showed the way. There is in international law a right of angary, which means a right of messenger service. This rule permits a belligerent to seize and apply for war purposes any kind of neutral property that may be within its jurisdiction.

This is not a new rule, nor is it one that has never been applied. Germany herself in the Franco-Prussian war sank six British coal barges in the Seine in order to block the river to prevent French gunboats from approaching Paris. England did not protest against the sinking, but insisted on the compensation of the owners. Bismarck paid for the barges.

In the same war neutral railroad cars were seized for the use of the German army and were later returned to their neutral owners, with proper compensation. If the "necessities of war" permit the sinking of coal barges belonging to citizens of a neutral State and permit the seizure of railroad cars owned by the railroads of a nonbelligerent, there is nothing to prevent the seizure of neutral shipping in belligerent ports to serve the ends of the belligerents.

That the Netherlands would protest against the seizure of the Dutch ships is to be expected. That unfortunate Power is between the devil and the deep sea. She cannot ally herself with Germany without becoming the prey of France and England, and she cannot ally herself with France and England without running the danger of becoming a second Belgium. Germany is only waiting for an opportunity to seize Holland in order to secure what Frederick List called a front door on the sea. The Netherlands have lived in fear of such a seizure ever since August, 1914, and for years it had been the nightmare in the sleep of the Dutch statesmen.

The right of the United States and Great Britain to take possession of all the neutral shipping in their ports is undoubted. The duty of the Dutch Government to protest, in order to make it impossible for Germany to charge that it has ceased to be neutral, is undisputed. The Dutch protest will be put on record and the Dutch owners will be compensated when the war is over, but the ships will be put to whatever use the necessities of war dictate.

The more chiefs the less speed seems to have been Admiral Bowles' stain on the Hog Island situation.
THAT EXTRA HOUR
SOME ONE writes to ask what the majority of people will do with the extra hour of daylight that will be theirs to enjoy after April 1.

The Gownsmen

LET us anatomize the patron—the protector, the fosterer, the benefactor, who does something for another from a position of superiority, who lends countenance and helps keep nourished. A patron cannot protect his equal, he does not need it; he cannot countenance another patron, the latter will not stand it; he cannot act the benefactor to an independent spirit, who will resent it. A patron is a superior being in whatsoever station of wealth, influence or power he may move. Now, a patron does not do anything or think anything. It is not his business to toil, unless it be in the meshes of diplomacy; neither does he spin, except on occasion, in his car, beyond the speed limit. It is not for him to plan anything, to foresee anything or really to manage, however seemingly he may appear to do so. His business is merely to own, to enjoy the proceeds of ownership and occasionally to make a dress parade on what he calls "inspection."

THE patron may be a gentleman of leisure, a diplomat or an industrial or even educational magnate. He is often as exalted as a prince or as "low down" as a ward beater, in which latter case we call him "the boss." In America the patron is most frequently merely a moneyed man with a hobby, which he fleshes a tail to the business life. If he is a connoisseur in art he buys pictures, with an eye to the investment, or plans a tomb for himself to be a perpetual eye to his neighbor whose fate it is to survive him. If he happens to "collect letters" he collects books at prices which the herd cannot pay, and he may destroy a thousand of these, his public subjects, to extra-illustrate "The Life of Nell Gwyn." In charity he often gives his name, and seldom anything else. In the time of war he is alike a publicist and a volunteer. And, if we may take a flap downward once more, when the patron is a contractor, he does not so much contract as he often expands into a political potentate.

SPEAKING of politics and potentates, the world is in the throes of this ineffable war largely because of the patron; for medieval autocracy is based essentially on the acceptance of the doctrine of divine right, inherent in one man, to own, rule, protect and exploit the rest of the nation. "The Mad King of Europe" is the supreme fact. He is a jack of all trades; yet, with a lifetime of military training, he is not even a good general; and "the Victor of Verdun" inherits his father's military incompetence. In fact, the trouble with what Lieutenant Commander von Dyle calls, so picturesquely for a clergyman, "the Potsdam gang" seems to be that it is only the nation of efficiency and not really efficient itself. Supposing it conceivable for a moment that any nation of the world, except patron-ridden Germany, had deliberately elected, dropping all decency and all morality, to attack and subjugate the world, would it, with Germany's power and "will to power" have failed to pull it off? Could we imagine forty years of sinister plotting and plotting ending for England in a like failure? France, with half Germany's power and a hundredth part of her "efficiency" preparation, nearly broke all Europe's necks with Napoleon a hundred years ago. It is no very glorious thing to cow an unarmed crowd with a Winchester repeating rifle; and Germany has succeeded admirably against little Serbia and Rumania, half armed and distracted Russia, unexpected Belgium and recently deced Italy. These are not the successes of efficiency; they are successes of atrocious force. Even the prize ring the decent pugilist does not "hit below the belt."

THE man of wealth and station who, recognizing the obligations he has, gives, in time, effort and money to the good of those about him, has raised himself out of the category of the patron by taking his place in the affairs of men. Such a man is not so solicitous concerning the duties and obligations of his station than troubled about its honors and the recognition of his importance. He is less interested in the details of his service to the nation, to his community or to his family, than he is in the affairs of the world. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters.

PERSEVERENT obsession of patronage is its conviction that in some wise the patron is always the fountain of honor, reputation and money. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters. He is a man of affairs, not a man of letters.

WHEN the Kaiser would destroy he first flatters. Yet Sweden smiles foolishly through it all.
SPIES
THE Federals, agents who rounded up two picturesque women spies in New York and the authorities who have arranged for the immediate deportation of the prisoners to France have permitted the general public only a passing glimpse at an underlying phase of war romance which is adequate, doubtless, to justify all the wilder flights of modern fictionists. The Government officials had good reasons for slandering the covers on a wonder tale that now may never be told, since, if all that has been intimated is true, a volley from a French firing squad may terminate without ceremony a very real and actual drama.

Mrs. Storch and her friends represent types far more familiar on the Continent than in America. Mrs. Storch, under one name or another, has existed in all history and in all fiction since the beginnings of civilization. She has figured more or less prominently in countless secret intrigues of governments. It isn't surprising to find that the trail uncovered in New York leads back to Bernstorff.

The French know by hard experience something that America has yet to learn—that war cannot be waged amiably. If the accused women and their associates have actually been guilty of systematic espionage in America there will be little to tell of them after they are once delivered in France. The case should involve a suggestion for the United States. So far no spy has been put to death in this country.

Councils want full control of the city's finances. This would be very well if the city had full control of Councils.
Anyhow, the Car and Grand Duken grew more massive and impressive looking whiskers than their successors in Petrograd.
Organization of a chapter of Sons of the Revolution is postponed in Russia till they can make up their minds which revolution to follow.
The censor was careful to mark in black the speech of Deputy Romanovsk, but still I think I can guess his gist.

GOV. PENNYPACKER AS A BIBLIOPHILE

Discovers Treatise on the Book of Revelations in Home of His Kinsman

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—No. 105 (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company)
"COME over here once. I have a little present I want to give you," John called out to me, holding a book.

It was a mystical treatise upon the Book of Revelations which had belonged to his great-grandfather, Samuel Pennypacker, who had entertained Washington at Pennypacker's Mills, and who had laboriously read through the book twice, marking each day's progress and making comment. John had had it bound in Norristown.

"John, you ought not to part with that book."
"Ah! I saw you look all over dat book voice and den I know you wants to take it back vere I vas. Dat is all right. I talk if ofer wiss my wife, and she say, 'Vat do I vant wiss such oit books chust to lie around in de vay and make a dust. Gift it to de Governor vor all I gares.' And so chust you take it along and welcome."
"Three Pannebackers"
"I vas up in Percks County to see Chames Pannebacker," he reported after returning from a two days' trip with his wife and daughter.

"Dere vas drie of dem Pannebackers—Chames and Chon and Richard. Chon vas an old patcheler and he vas chust not so bright, and he goes to lif wiss Richard and den he makes a will and gifes to Richard all vat he has. Dere vas a great lawsuit about dat will, and dey don't speak to one another any more, and ven Richard gets purted Chames vas not invited to de funeral, but he goes to de graveyard. I chust told Chames dat I vanted somevat vat pelouged to dem old Pannebackers to bring home for de Governor. Den Chames say he haf such a knife vat old William Pannebacker made, vat made rifles in Lancaster County for de Revolution, but he don't know vere dat knife is any more and den he calls de vomen, and he says, 'Vere is dat knife vat William Pannebacker made for me, and I gif him a dollar for it,' and de vomen dey don't know, dey haven't seen dat knife diese long vey many more, but dey hunt, and dere it vas in de drawer of de old chest—sure."

Out of his capacious pocket John drew a huge homemade knife, with a handle of maple wood, and a broad, curved blade, six inches long.
"Here is dat knife, you can haf it. If you don't vant it, I vould chust keep it myself."

"Pray is out again to be President," said John, philosophically and reminiscently. "I don't know much about it, and I don't care much, one vay or de oder. But I don't believe he vil offer to be President. Ven a man vants an office so awful bad dat it chust ven he don't get it. I vould haf been a school director vonce, and I say to eferbody I danks 'em as much if dey votes against me as if dey votes for me."

John is an elder in the German Reformed Church. He goes to church regularly every Sunday and all of his ways are upright. A neighbor said to me of him, "If eferbody vas like John Pannebacker dere vould be little trouble in de vorld."
His system of theology is simple.
"John," I said, "how does it happen that while your great-grandfather was a Mennonite, you are a member of the German Reformed Church?"

"I don't know how dat vas. But I tink it vas diese vay. My grandfader he vas nodding. He don't pelong to no church. But den he gets married, and my chaimdudder vas Reformed, and so he chaims wiss de Reformed too chust to please her. Den my fader he vas Reformed and den I comes along and I am Reformed."

John makes an occasional deal in an old clock, a case of drawers, a walnut desk, a corner cupboard and a horse. Fully half a dozen tall clocks stand around the corners of his house, ticking the minutes and striking the hours, waiting until some eager antiquary comes to separate them.

A Horse for a Clock
"Dere vas a rich voman," began John (when I pressed him a little too closely about the profits on a clock), "and she didn't haf any children and she vanted to pay a horse, and it must be chust such a horse wiss such a color and wiss chust such a long dail. She didn't vant any horse vat come from de vest but he must be raised on a vurm around here, so dat he know de country and run up and down hill all right. Her man, he comes efer vey lookin for dat horse and den he comes to me and dells me vat drouble he haf wiss diese oit voman. He sees de horse vat I drife in my vagon, and he looks him all ofer and he say: 'I am tired, awful, and I pelieve dat horse vat you cot vould chust suit,' and I say: 'I sink so, too; see vat a nice long dail. But how can I get de vord done on my vurm wissout dat horse?' Den I ask de boys and dey say: 'Vat for you want to keep dat horse wiss such a dail? You cot horse' a benty. Ve gets along all right. You chust sell him,' and so I lets him go wiss de man. After dat venever diese oit voman haf her friends come to bay her a vleit on a Suintay, she dells 'em to go out to de parn and look at dat horse vat she bought, and dell her vat vas de madder wiss him and dey all comes in and say dells wiss him ofer fery particular and dere vas nodding de matter wiss him. He vas a goot horse. Den ven tay a fellow vat vas a cousin wiss diese voman he runs ofer from de parn to de house and he say:
'Vat you pay for dat horse? And she say: 'Suppose I bay two hundred tollars vor dat horse, vat about dat?'
'And he say: 'Dat horse is only vort a hundred and fifty tollars.' Den she gets mad and she say: 'Vat is if your puznes vort I bay vor dat horse. If I choose to gif my money to John Pannebacker dat is all right. I may chust be vey life it to him as to some oder peep vat I know. I spends my own money.' Then John add slowly with a low chuckle: 'I never heard no grumbelants spout dat horse. He haf a long dail, chust so nice a horse as efer I saw.'

YES, WE RATHER ANTICIPATE SOME PROTESTS



TEACHING BRITISH TO THINK

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

A LECTURER is coming down from London to talk to the wounded in the ambulance hall of the hospital. Our hostess informed us. "And you both must stand and speak, too."

The three of us got into the only motor of which the establishment now boasts, a little runabout using a minimum of "petrol," and she guided us rapidly by devious roads through the fog until the blur of light proclaimed the presence of a building, one of some score built on the golf course by the British Government. The lecturer had not arrived. But the lady of the manor seated herself at the speaker's table, singing out the Scotch wits in the audience—for whom she was more than a match—while the sculptor and I looked on and grinned and resisted her blandishments to make speeches.

When at last the lecturer came he sat down informally on the table with one foot hanging in the air and grinned, too, at her bantering but complimentary introduction. It was then I discovered for the first time that he was one of the best educational experts of that interesting branch of the British Government, the Department of Reconstruction, whose business it is to teach the convalescents the elements of social and political science. This was not to be a lecture, he told them, but a debate in which every man must take a part. And his first startling question was this:

"Why should Mr. Lloyd George, instead of getting £5000 a year for his services as Prime Minister, receive any more than a common laborer?"

The question was a poser. The speaker folded his hands and beamed down at them; he seemed fairly to radiate benignity. "Now we mustn't be afraid of him, just because he seems to be intelligent," declared our hostess. This sally was greeted with spongemode laughter. Her eyes flitted from bench to bench, yet met nothing save averted glances. "Jock! Where are you, Jock? Why don't you speak up?—you've never been downed before."

More laughter, and craning of necks for the Jocks. This appeared to be her generic name for the wits. But the wits remained obdurately modest. The prolonged silence did not seem in the least painful to the lecturer, who thrust his hand in his pocket and continued to beam. He had learned how to wait. And at last his patience was rewarded. A middle-aged soldier, with a very serious manner, arose, hesitating, with encouraging notes from his comrades.

PLANE TALES FROM THE SKIES

IT IS good news that Pershing now has in air unit of his own on the American front. American planes, manned by American fliers, are going to assist the Boche to a realization that Uncle Sam's "contemptible" Major Morhart called them, are very much of the job.

And there are signs that the Hun has small stomach for his own medicine in the cities in the Rhineland are complaining bitterly of the brutality of Allied airmen who have been dropping "eggs" on them. Captain Alan Bott, M. C., of the British Flying Corps, has just published a book called "Casualty of the Clouds" (Doubleday Page & Co.), in which he foretells this phase of greater aggressiveness on the part of the Allied fliers. Captain Bott has great faith in the efficacy of multiplied aircraft to bombard the Hun, and looks forward eagerly to the day when the "fruitless" reserve of American aerial potentiality will be in action also.

Humor and modesty, takes the reader into the cockpit of a fighting plane, and dodging messages from "Archie" (the English nickname for Boche anti-aircraft guns), and sometimes tossed a hundred feet or so by the concussion of some high-explosive bullet that comes unannouncedly close, the reader soon gets a very vivid impression of the joys and thrills of the flier's life. He comes to earth again with a swimming in the blood.

Captain Bott tells more than he imagines. His modesty and charming insouciance give a magnificent picture of the only phase of warfare in which individual nerve and skill will have free scope. In the air fighting does not come in the grand tradition and romance of single combat. And Captain Bott in every line of his entrancing book betrays the sea and on land war has become for the most part a grim, mechanical and impersonal business. But an hour with Captain Bott in his "bus" will satisfy the most eager thirster for adventure that there is in a romance and a chivalry in the deadly game of men.

One of the captain's most infectious traits is the way he initiates us into the jocosely whimsical argot of the air. The fliers' language is a grand tradition and romance of single combat. And Captain Bott in every line of his entrancing book betrays the sea and on land war has become for the most part a grim, mechanical and impersonal business. But an hour with Captain Bott in his "bus" will satisfy the most eager thirster for adventure that there is in a romance and a chivalry in the deadly game of men.

Where 'er sorrowful parints live, They drink the champagne wine she sells, But never, never can forgive."

His comments on "Archie," the British flier's man's attentive playmate as long as he is over Hun territory, are delightful in their respectful gaiety. He confesses that the flier prefers to keep his head inside the "office" (the cockpit), rather than see the faces when Archie is bursting near by. "For my part," he says, "Archie has given me a fellow-feeling for the birds of the air. I have at times tried light-heartedly to shoot partridges and even pigeons, but 'in the poor but honest tone' on the sympathy will spoil my aim." Captain Bott insists that we do not realize the "tremendous part which the craft man is made to take in the accompanying grand tradition and romance of single combat. And Captain Bott in every line of his entrancing book betrays the sea and on land war has become for the most part a grim, mechanical and impersonal business. But an hour with Captain Bott in his "bus" will satisfy the most eager thirster for adventure that there is in a romance and a chivalry in the deadly game of men.

PRICE-FIXING VS. PROFITTEERING

THE term "Government contracts" will lose some of its allurements for the profiteer and some of its sinister meaning for the public in view of the organization of a price-fixing board for the purchase of raw materials used in war work.

Despite Doctor Johnson, patriotism is not the last refuge of a scoundrel, but profiteering masquerading as patriotism has been, and so long as human nature endures doubtless will be. Those who send their sons to fight for democracy and who volunteer their hard-earned dollars for Liberty Bonds cannot understand the business psychology of such men. Scandals in war contracts such as disgraced the honorable records of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars ought to be avoided by the centralized authority of informed, efficient, expert buyers of the type appointed to the new price-fixing board.

THE LOW-PAID MAN

EARLIER intimations are corroborated by the news that the Railway Wage Commission is preparing to increase the pay of all railroad workers who now get less than \$100 a month. The inquiry recently made by the Wage Commission into living conditions throughout the country was peculiarly exhaustive and the complete report of the investigation when it finally is published should be a document of rare value and interest. The Wage Commission obviously got some novel glimpses of the unprotected lives of low-paid men who are caught helplessly between the unions on the one hand and easy-going employers on the other.

The switchmen and office men, trackmen and laborers of the railroads have suffered occasionally because of the increased wages which the brotherhoods were able to command for their members. And they have suffered again, as recent developments have shown, because of the great and sometimes wasteful overhead expense which the railroads were forced to meet in the usual process of competition. Thus Mr. McAdoo's commission has figured that it can save \$25,000 annually in this city alone by eliminating the competitive ticket offices. The place for this money is and always was in the envelopes of the humbler workers. It is to be hoped that the reform may be progressive. The low-paid man is in the vast majority. No community can be normal or healthy while a great mass of its workers are depressed or discouraged.

SOLDIERS OF THE MACHINES

THE present war is at bottom a systematic conflict of mechanical energy. Adjutant General Crowder's pronouncement yesterday, in which the privileges of deferred classification were withdrawn from technical men of draft age in many of the important trades, was therefore expected. It is a logical development in the elaborate system of army organization on an efficient scale. Technical men and mechanics are immeasurably important factors behind the lines, in the great little-known world where tanks and guns, motors and transports, electrical equipment and signal apparatus are kept shipshape. The intention of the Adjutant General's Department is to take the needed men from the deferred lists, even though they have been listed in special classes because of the importance of their war service at home.

This new development is suggestive of the vast resources which the peace organization of the nation can offer to the business of war. Every technical and mechanical expert who joins the colors now is the finished contribution of American industry. The thousands of such men already in the service have records of achievement that are highly creditable not only to themselves, but to the industrial system in which they were trained.

IS AN OUTING NECESSARY?

THE order from Washington that the dollar excursions to Atlantic City be resumed is based on the assumption that it is as important for the workman as for his employer to have an opportunity to spend a day at the shore.

The men of the railroad companies are saying that the excursions cannot be resumed because there is a scarcity of cars. The car shortage is admitted. The necessity of making arrangements so the men doing war work may have an occasional outing ought also to be admitted.

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