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THE VOTERS BE HANGED!

ONE gathers from the reported conversations of the political leaders that the work of making up the State ticket is to be done by the bosses, who are practicing 'business as usual,' and that the voters are to be permitted to perform the functions of a rubber stamp at the primaries.

There can be no other meaning to the serious consideration given to the reports that the Vare and Penrose people are about to get together. The little politicians accept these reports. They expect harmony in advance of the primaries that there may be addition, division and silence afterward.

And why shouldn't they expect it? Who governs the State, anyway? Certainly not the voters. They do not choose the candidates put up at the primaries. Somebody else holds a pre-primary and decides whether John Doe or Richard Roe shall run for the governorship and the lieutenant governorship. And the candidate, when elected, admits that his loyalty is due first to the man or group of men who picked him out of the field and elevated him on the pedestal of power.

The sovereign voters, permitted to cast their ballots for his nomination, that the forms of law may be observed, are mere rubber stamps; and the Governor, when elected, serves in his turn as a convenient rubber stamp for the men who permit him to put the seal of approval on what they want done.

This rubber-stamp business is thriving in spite of the war, and the voters may go hang for all that the pre-primary manipulators care.

Why, they are even now talking as if the prosecutions in the Fifth Ward murder case were matters of barter between rival leaders and as if the processes of the courts themselves could be stopped at the orders of the politicians interested in protecting the guilty. But no one is shocked. We accept it all as a matter of course and stand by holding the garments of the brutal leaders while political independence is stoned to death.

It is certainly a most humiliating situation this of a great Commonwealth submitting to a political oligarchy while the nation is engaged in a world war that democracy may be preserved. But, unfortunately, few representative citizens seem to feel the humiliation. Most of them appear contented with the way the self-appointed rulers of the State exercise their power; at least they are not protesting.

If they are discontented they have yet to give public evidence of their state of mind. If any considerable number of voters were discontented these conditions could not survive another election, for the politicians would be forced to "pander to a sense of public decency," as one distinguished statesman once put it. There may develop before the spring is over a spirit of independence somewhere which will assert itself and demand the nomination of candidates for the governorship and lieutenant governorship who are their own masters and will owe allegiance to the whole State rather than to a group of pre-primary manipulators and dickerers of patronage and spoils.

But at present it looks as if the policy of "the voters be hanged" were to triumph. We can already hear the hammers driving the nails in the gibbet. According to a "side-light" dispatch from Germany, the Crown Prince is quoted as saying that he wishes to visit Canada after the war ends. A whole lot of Canada will be visiting him before the war ends.

LAUGH: DO!

THE high school pupils at Kennett Square who named Walter Lippmann, Herbert Croly, Frank Simonds and Harold Bell Wright as joint members with our most distinguished statesmen in a hypothetical mission to the Japanese provided a moment of solemn gloom, no doubt, for those whom heaven has endowed with brows of unusual altitude. And yet the aspiring minds at Kennett weren't on so wild a wing as a cursory glance at the list might indicate. They paid a compliment to the writing craft that probably would not have occurred to their more ostentatious, if less alert, elders.

Yet unless you know, as twelve of the twenty-two pupils knew, why Walter Lippmann has a fighting chance for place in the august company of Elihu Root and Colonel Roosevelt, and unless you know, without looking up the books, what Mr. Croly and Mr. Simonds and Mr. Lippmann have done to make their association with Harold Bell Wright a matter to tingle the nerves of the intelligent, then the students at Kennett knew more than you do because they gave Mr. Wright only one vote. You must save your laugh for another occasion.

When the demand for peace in Germany becomes a public clamor for a piece of bread Germany will get both.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE-KEEPER

PASSING of the old-fashioned house-keeper through demands made by modern conditions on the time, energy and enthusiasm of women was as inevitable as the passing of the old-line businessman from modern trade and industry and the all-around scholar in the scientific and educational specialist. The memory of her pie is mouth-watering and thought of her hemstitching and hand-sewed buttonholing is cherished by mere man up against machine-made substitutes that ficklely fail to keep the faith. We would not, however, recall her, for new times require new and maybe newfangled notions. The new housewifery will be more efficient, based on the best of the old ways will be

tion of energy and economical utilization of materials that housekeeping will never again become the drudgery which dragged out women's lives and which they gladly abandoned. The new housewifery will extract every calorie out of each ounce of foodstuff and register 100 per cent of production from every item of energy. We love the memory of the old-fashioned housekeeper, but for the sake of women in the modern home prefer to reverse her only as a memory.

HOW FAST IS THE DEMON RUNNING?

THE Legislatures of Texas and Mississippi have followed their ratification of the prohibition amendment to the national Constitution by the passage of "bone dry" State prohibition laws. Texas has been a license State. Its new prohibitory law goes into effect on June 26. Mississippi has had a law which limited the amount of liquor that any one might buy within a month. Its Legislature has decided that the limit is too high and has sent a bill to the Governor forbidding absolutely the sale of liquor.

The New York Legislature, which refused to ratify the amendment, is considering a prohibition amendment to the State Constitution. The Senate has already adopted the report of a committee recommending the passage of such an amendment. If the Assembly indorses it there will be a genuine referendum on the subject as soon as the amendment can be submitted to the voters.

The growth of prohibition sentiment is as rapid as it is surprising. Nine States have already ratified the constitutional amendment. They have a total population of 14,000,000, or about 4,000,000 less than the combined populations of Pennsylvania and New York. The five States of Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois have a combined population of 35,000,000, or about one-third of the population of the whole country. It remains to be seen whether these States will ratify the Federal amendment. If they should reject it and the other forty-three States should accept it, prohibition would be forced upon this great population without its consent. If Missouri, Michigan, Indiana, Georgia and California, with a combined population of 12,000,000, should reject the amendment, these, joined with the other five States mentioned, would give a total population of 48,000,000 opposed to prohibition, but the vote of these twelve States would not be enough to prevent the adoption of prohibition as the national policy.

It would be extremely unfortunate if the United States should be voted dry with this immense population opposed to the program. Yet it is within the range of possibilities.

It is to be hoped that peace may come before there is a final decision on this momentous question. At present prohibition of the sale of liquor is favored as a war measure by many who do not believe in it as a permanent policy in the present state of popular custom and public opinion. We do not suppose that even the prohibitionists themselves would like to have the nation render a snap judgment, only to regret it afterward. A law dealing with the habits of the people must be based on the people's habits or it will be dishonored and all law be thus brought into disrepute.

There will be time for the nation to begin to make up its mind before the great majority of the State Legislatures hold their biennial sessions next year. In the interval level-headed voters will do a lot of thinking.

Possibly Mr. Roosevelt has his own experience in mind in his belief that an Administration is a fair target for criticism.

THE ENGLISH MUNITIONS SCANDAL

THE exposure of colossal munitions profits in England, which has roused a tumult of recrimination in the press, comes as a belated but highly significant commentary upon the labor disputes which Lloyd George settled with difficulty at the outset of the war. It was demonstrated by a recent official inquiry that isolated groups of manufacturers have managed to squeeze by every governmental restriction with plunder that sometimes aggregated five times the cost of production.

When the English trades unions—the miners, machinists, shipbuilders and dock workers—were asked at the beginning of the war to relinquish temporarily and for motives of patriotism the rights and privileges which they had won through long and hard years of agitation, they expressed a willingness to make such sacrifices if their employers would manifest a like spirit. The torrent of accusations let loose on British laboring men at that time involved all sorts of charges, from habitual drunkenness to treason. The differences were finally adjusted through the mediation of Lloyd George.

The expose of the munition profiteers seems to indicate at last something of the origin of that forgotten crisis.

That German drive is driving against something, all right.

"Dave" Francis, of Missouri, is "showing them" over in Russia.

Daylight saving seems to be a panacea for everything but the income tax.

Councils' war over city jobs has ended in party peace. There was no demand for a separate peace.

Ambassador Francis's ringing declaration of heart and hope to the Russian people puts a spoke in the plan to make the Russian world safe for German autocracy.

Carnin is due to make a postponed peace statement and something is apt to be again from Hertling. The Central empire will soon be fighting the world for peace.

Hot cross buns aren't to have any icing this year because of a rule of the Federal food administration. There are sure to be persons here and there who will feel that the horrors of war are growing more horrible day by day.

Senator Gronna, of North Dakota, once lined up with La Follette on war questions, but now says: "I know it to be my duty to do everything in my power to prosecute the war successfully." Another candidate for the Amen Corner of American patriotism.

Germany has de-Bandits Dittles clared against "violent violent acts." Our very best robbers always have preferred their victims to stand up and

GOV. PENNYPACKER ENDS LIFE STORY

Last Words in Autobiography Were Written With Left Hand After Right Arm Had Been Broken

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—No. 108 (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company) August 8, 1912

"JOHN, who is that little man?" I asked.

We sat on hickory chairs on the porch in the shade of a thriving vine which climbed to the roof. I pointed to a man about five feet four inches in height, thin and swarthy, with the French would call 'Chetif,' with dark eyes and bandy legs, who lounged against the fence.

"His name was Prown. He lifts in de woods back of Reed's mill. Dere he makes paskets out of white oak and hickory. Dere ain't any of dem old pasket-makers around any more. He learnt to make paskets from his granddadder, old George Prown. Olt George has been dead it was fifty years or more. Ven he was allfe yet he coc, about de country wiss his back all covered wiss paskets so ven you look at him you could see nothing but paskets. He makes all kinds of paskets out of straw and hickory and de rount bread paskets. Do you hafe rye bread at your house?"

"No, John, we don't use rye bread."

"Vell, ven I was a boy it was de only kind of bread we had. It was right good. You can't get any rye flour now. De millers crind all de meal out of de flour. But my mutter she sift it for herself. Dere is no more such dimes as dem vas. Dese fellow vant me to rife him an olt pair of poots. Dere is an olt pair in de parn vat is vore out and no goot any more, but he says dey is goot."

"I suppose he finds life a little hard."

"It is all his own fault. He is too lazy to work. And ven de huntin' season comes along you can never catch him at home. He is off after rappets. He lifa cheap, puss olt stale bread and eata rappets."

Grown carried off the old boots. The homely arts which once supported these people have been swept away by the onward march of events, and those who have only learned the crafts of their grandfathers have dwindled with them.

There were three of us—my brother Isaac, my son Aubrey and myself, who called on John the morning before Easter in 1912. He came into the room after a short delay wearing a rough woolen jacket with bone buttons.

"John, have you been in bed taking a nap?" I inquired.

"Ven I sleeps in de taxtime, I sleeps in de parn," was the answer.

We drifted to the profits of farming at the suggestion of Isaac.

"Your brooder and I've both varms de same way and ve both knows how ve make out. Ach, it all depends, sometimes ve gets a goot feller to work and sometimes it is de ilder way. I vonce had a feller and ven he came to me he had nodding—maybe a year's wages. I neder had to dell him vat to do. He chust do it. He looks out vor me and vor himself, too. Ach, he got along. Ven I vant to rife him something he say no, but I makes it up to him some odder way. Ven he go away he had fifteen hundred tollars. He vas de right kind but dere is no more now like he vas."

"How long did he work for you, John?"

"Nineteen years." Then he changed the topic.

"Isaac, you are chust like my Uncle Sam. He vas a tall, slim feller and vas a creat man to talk. He said he neder liked to ride in a vagon because it made him so tired."

We were sitting, my brother James and I, on the green in the shade of a hickory tree (big nut), whose spreading and graceful branches swung far out in search of air, when John came driving along. In the field beyond the farmers loaded the timothy hay on the wagon.

"Vy don't you fellows get up and go to work?" was his greeting.

And then he told us of the time when his granddadder, John, who had owned the ground on which we were lying, had first seen a railroad train. It was about to start on the Reading road, and he drove over to Royersford, five miles, to inspect the phenomenon.

"Vell, vat did you slnk of it?" was the inquiry when he reached home.

"It is a nasty sing to frighten horses," he replied.

"When were you last in the city?" my brother inquired. The city was Philadelphia, twenty-seven miles away.

"If vas about drei years ago," said John. Then, turning to me, "I hafe something I vant to rife you. I vish I had seen you before you went to Gettysburg," and, as he drove away, I heard "come over voice."

The gift soon was sent to my house and proved to be a pair of old leather saddle bags in good preservation.

August 1, 1914.

This afternoon John rambled along with very little consecutiveness of thought, but ever entertaining.

"Do you vant to puy a horse? Dere was a man offered me a horse—dat was yesterday—for sixty-five tollars. You don't hafe to pay as much for horses chust now as you did before harvest. But den he vas seventeen years olt. Maybe you don't vant a horse so olt. Sometimes dese olt horses is fery goot on a 'arm. I hafe vorked out a goot many olt horses. Put I vould neder sell 'em. A man offered me a hundred tollars for a horse twenty-two years olt, but he did not get him."

"My granddadder, Chon Pannbecker, built the stone house vat you own. He vas a blacksmith. The ground vas nearly all covered with woods. He used charcoal. Dere vas no hart coal in dese days, and dey had to keep the fire half covered up or it would be all purned out.

"My grandmutter vas Mary Schneider; she vas ninety-one years olt ven she died. Ven she vas ninety, she vould come into the room and sit town in a chair, and say: 'I can't do anything any more, you will hafe to get somebody to help.' She vould sit avhile and den go out to de kitchen and fuss around and come back and say: 'No, I don't vant nobody, dere is nodding to do here and Sam he always helps and gets dings vor me.' She did all her own work. But ve did the washing for her—dat she couldn't do."

THE WAR GARDENER'S ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE



MEETING THE GODS FOR A DIME

By ANDREW MCGILL

IF WE had to choose just one street in Philadelphia to the exclusion of all others, probably our greatest affection would be for Ludlow street. We have constituted ourselves the president, publicity committee and sole member of the Ludlow Street Business Men's Association and Chamber of Commerce. We propose in this manifesto to make known to the world just where Ludlow street is, and why it is so fair.

Ludlow street is not in any sense a thoroughfare. It does not fare through, for its course is stopped by several bulky buildings, it rears here and there in a whimsical, tentative manner. We do not pretend to know all about Ludlow street, nor have we charted its entire course. But the path and quietness of the street of culture is trod almost daily by our earnest feet.

OUR doing with Ludlow street begin when we turn off Eleventh street and across the flank of the Mercantile Library in an easterly gambit. Then, with our nose cocked for any wandering savors from the steaming roast beefs of a Tenth street ordinary well known to epicureans, we start along Leary's. This necessitates a portage through the Federal Reserve Bank on to the roaring coast of Chestnut street. We double back on Ninth and find Ludlow reappearing just above Leary's Book Store.

Here it is that our dear Ludlow street finds its mission and meaning in life. From the tall-braved facade of the Mercantile Library to the thought-Italian art and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Botticelli with collected Madonna's, Springs and Nativities pour palm on the spirit. Say Spain, Murillo and Velasquez; England, Romney, Reynolds and Constable; France, Claude Lorraine, Millet, Corot, and America, Abbey and Whistler—these are only a few of the names that illuminate the bead-roll of art. No such bright memories spring from German art, which is not professional jealousy or hate-hymning. It has a profounder reason. German art is as subtly menacing to ideals as other forms of Prussianism, and as evilly pervasive. Its grotesquerie, its starkness, its cruelty have been an ill and harshening influence. Authentic art is inspiring and spiritual.

Bulbs

"The Hun hope to break through to the channel ports," composing-rooms a contemporary. They would be that if the Hun ever got there.

Speaking of offensives, the food administration has wallpored the good old hot cross buns by forbidding any icing on it. The Hun offensive.

Two women in London read a book by Ralph Waldo Trine (no, not Emerson) and committed suicide. The jury, after examining the volume, returned a verdict of justifiable despair.

We often wonder why more book reviewers don't make away with themselves.

What Do You Know?

- 1. What is the meaning of the phrase "douce far niente"?
2. What is a sily?
3. Who was the general Galliviat?
4. When does the daylight saving measure go into effect?
5. What was the site of Lancaster being celebrated recently?
6. What is a chevront?
7. What is the superstition connected with amethysts?
8. What is the origin of the term "commuter"?
9. What is the meaning of "Lancaster travelers"?
10. What is the meaning of the saying "Somebody is always taking the joy out of life"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The bayonet is so called because of an action of French soldiers during the Franco-Prussian war, having run out of ammunition, they fastened their bayonets to their rifles and fought on.
2. The wheels of an automobile incline inward at the front because they are "steering" wheels, and the inward lean of the wheels is necessary to keep the car from toppling over.
3. "Cathedral" is derived from "cathedra" or "bishop's seat," placed in the church where the bishop is pastor.
4. The Italian army still holds a small strip of the Salvo territory.
5. Lithographs are printed from stone plates.
6. Columbus sighted land on Friday.
7. Haldredrath Tabor is regarded as the greatest of the troubadours.
8. Zeppelin are named after the inventor, the late Count Zeppelin.
9. Professor Frederick P. Lantieri experimented with mechanically produced lightning bolts in 1871, when he successfully produced a bolt which was a duplicate of the natural lightning bolt.
10. This is the site of the WAR-SAVING STAMP which helps to give William the Kaiser a cramp. Till the end of this month \$1.14 is its cost—If you wait until April One penny you've lost. So go buy a stamp if you can't tote a gun. And lend your assistance In humbling the Hun.

HIS GRACE OF YORK

"A MAN'S MAN" is the way Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, characterizes the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D. D., D. C. L., LL. D., Litt. D., who comes to Philadelphia on the eve of Holy Week in his mission, undertaken at the request of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country and with the approval of the British Foreign Ministry.

Doctor Lang is essentially a democrat, a lover of the ideal of popular liberty and a lover of the people. He has carried with him through his career to high ecclesiastical estate realization that religion and humanity should be correlated. He is a scholar of fine attainments, a pulpitist with the graces and convincing qualities of genuine oratory. While here he will bring his gifts of speech and spirituality to the task of doing his bit to lighten the ties of friendship and understanding between the two great branches of the English-speaking race and to impress on America the fact that the will of the English people is set in seeing the world war through to victory for democracy and liberty.

Doctor Lang was born in Scotland in 1864, son of the Rev. Dr. John Marshall Lang, a noted Presbyterian clergyman, who served as moderator of the Church of Scotland and chancellor and principal of Aberdeen University. His change from Calvinism to the Church of England came when he was twenty-five, followed his schooling at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford. After a curacy in Leeds and a vicarship in Oxford he became dean of divinity at Magdalen College, then suffragan bishop of London. This was followed by the canonship of St. Paul's with the bishopric of Stepney consolidated in his person. He was made an honorary chaplain to Queen Victoria and received other honors and all great offers of State except the chancellorship.

Doctor Lang is the eighty-ninth in succession in the see, which was founded in 661. The Archbishop of York is "Primate of Metropolitanus Angliæ," is addressed as "Most Reverend Father in God by Divine Providence" and has precedence over all dukes not of royal blood and all great offers of State except the chancellorship. Blackstone says: "Before the Conquest, by a constitution of Pope Gregory, the two archbishops were equal in dignity." William the Conqueror gave precedence to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but Thomas, Archbishop of York, was unwilling to acknowledge his inferiority to Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and appealed to the Pope, who referred the matter to the King and barons, and in a council held in Windsor Castle they decided in favor of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop of York long refused to acquiesce in the decision. It was not till after a number of quarrels that the matter was settled—a hundred years afterward, in the reign of Henry II. So now the Archbishop of Canterbury is "Primate of All England" and the Archbishop of York is "Primate of England."

The other day we met a charming gentleman who is on his way back to his native

Russia to attend an alumni convention. Four years ago he attended a compulsory four years' course at the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul in Petrograd, on account of his activities in behalf of the United States in Russia. He tells us that all the alumni of this and similar institutions are getting together in the hope of rescuing Russia from her troubles. We suggest this college yell for them: Peter and Paul, Peter and Paul. We care for the Romanoffs nothing at all! Bolshevik, Menshevik, Lenin and Trotsky, We haven't got much, but we'll keep what we've gotky.