

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
PUBLISHED DAILY AT 1202 TRINITY BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
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Subscription Terms:
The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding territory at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable in advance.

Published daily at 1202 Trinity Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
Telephone 2-1202

Philadelphia, Monday, April 1, 1918

THE WORST IN THE COUNTRY!

MAYOR SMITH'S statement, devoted to explain away upon the ground of politics the Navy Department's revelations of unbridled vice in this city, does not explain satisfactorily.

Director Wilson is responsible for the work of his department. His mismanagement and inefficiency have now brought down upon his men one of the ugliest indictments ever aimed from an official quarter at a police organization in the United States.

The Navy Department has merely corroborated a belief common to everybody hereabouts. For the work of the Vares and their Mayor and their Director of Public Safety and the conditions of a service which these men have maladministered and prostituted, the city as a whole is indicted officially before all the country.

How long must the pseudo-respectables who support such conditions wait to realize that the corruption which they have encouraged in politics is actually penetrating into the moral life of the community?

Philadelphia isn't actually the worst city in the country. But it happens at present to be saddled with one of the worst police administrations.

When T. R. writes on the art of being a grandfather it will be an expert, qualified by a varied experience.

SPIES AGAIN

IT WILL be interesting to observe the nature of governmental reaction to the news that German agents have actually been at work in the plant of the Curtis Airplane Company at Hempstead, L. I., and working systematically to weaken important parts of American warplanes.

It has been known almost since the beginning of the war that German money has been sent to America in great quantities and that special funds were raised by pro-Germans here for uses never exactly defined.

Men are getting fat in the training camps on the army ration, so why feel down cast at the prospect of putting the whole country on rations?

WOOD STILL FIT

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A LESSON FOR PEACE

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THE BIGGEST TRUST YET

THEY are planning in Washington to create the biggest financial trust ever conceived. It is so much bigger and it is to be so much more powerful than that famous group of half a dozen men without whose approval the critics of "the money trust" used to tell us no great enterprise could be undertaken that the alleged power of the old group seems to be about like the might of Luxembourg as compared with the brute force of Germany.

The plan is no less than the concentration in a bureau in Washington of the power to decide whether any public or private corporation may float a loan while the war is in progress. An advisory committee on capital issues is already at work, but it has not yet absolute power. The Mayor and Controller, who wish to borrow money to pay for work already done on the subway and to provide funds for completing the Frankford elevated here, have already found it prudent to go to Washington to seek permission from the advisory body to seek bids for the bonds.

Every one will admit that the war loans should have the right of way. Every one admits, also, that the successful prosecution of the war is of so great importance that nothing must be allowed to interfere with it. But the ramifications of war preparations are so great that it will be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for any little group of men to decide what is and what is not necessary. Blunders have already been made in the regulation of freight handling. For example, an embargo was put on the shipment of stone, on the assumption that stone had nothing to do with winning the war. But some men went to a Washington department and complained that they could not deliver material needed at a plant engaged in war work because the roads were impassable. The head of the department told them to have the roads repaired. "But," said they, "we can't get any stone. The railroads are not allowed to haul it." The official was surprised. But he set to work, and after he had unwound two or three balls of red tape succeeded in getting permission to have the stone shipped. This is only one incident of many.

Financial men and men engaged in large industrial enterprises have been watching with much uneasiness what is going on in Washington. They realize that the power which it is proposed to concentrate in a Government bureau or commission will be sufficient to ruin any business man or to boom the industries of one State at the expense of those of another; in short, that the power of industrial life and death is to be conferred on somebody who may or may not have either knowledge or judgment.

The most expert men with the purest motives would inevitably make grave mistakes in the exercise of any such autocratic power. Yet the ends sought must be accomplished in some way. If no better means can be found than those which commend themselves to the Administration we suppose they must be employed. The experience of the Mayor and the Controller is merely an example of what will happen.

Theoretically, an appeal to patriotism ought to be enough to prevent the attempt to raise large sums for work which will interfere with the arming and transportation of our soldiers. As a matter of fact it is enough in nine cases out of ten.

But the executive branch of the Government does not seem to take this view. We shall soon know whether Congress, which is in closer touch with the people and knows the extent of its willingness to make sacrifices, agrees with the executive.

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A WHALE OF A STEAK

A "WHALE of a luncheon" was given in New York the other day at the American Museum of Natural History by President Henry Fairfield Osborn as a demonstration of the superiority of whale meat over other meats during the present food crisis. Whale steak is as palatable as venison can be supplied in large quantities in the United States and sold at 12 1/2 cents a pound. The luncheon was planned on a strictly war basis. Whale meat, that of the humpbacked variety which makes the best eating, formed of course, the backbone of the meal, and the piece de resistance, as the society reporters would say, was planked whale steak a la Vancouver.

Some years ago Doctor Osborn first became interested in the use of whale meat as a food, through the report of Roy Chapman Andrews, Curator of Mammals at the Museum of Natural History, who devoted eight years to the study of whales, who has attended whale hunts and eaten whale meat in all parts of the world, and who knows so much about whales that he has even written a book, called "Whale Hunting With Gun and Camera." It was, however, not until the present food crisis that Doctor Osborn thought of introducing whale meat generally as a substitute for beef, and decided to get up a luncheon for the purpose.

All of the guests found the taste of the novel meat excellent. Federal Food Administrator Arthur Williams, who has had international experience in compiling menus, with the exception expressed by Doctor Andrews in his book, "Whales and Whale Hunting," that whale meat closely resembles venison in flavor. Others said that it tasted very much like pot roast, only that it was richer in fat and juices.

Mr. Andrews relates in his book that when he was studying the whaling industry in Japan he found whale was almost the only meat used by the poorer classes. He says: "Few people realize that the great whale meat plays in the life of the ordinary Japanese. Too poor to buy beef, their diet would include little but rice, fish and vegetable. It is not for the ordinary Japanese that whale meat is prepared, but for the Japanese who are better off than most of us here. Besides the blubber and flesh the Japanese use the heart, liver, tongue and other organs of the whale. They prepare it in a variety of ways, but their favorite whale dish is made by chopping the whale meat up finely and mixing it with vegetable plants and a sauce made from the bean called soyus. In the summer when the fresh whale meat cannot be shipped inland because of the heat, the flesh is cooked and canned at the Japanese whaling stations and sent to all parts of the Mikado's empire."

Whale meat is coarse grained and has a flavor peculiarly its own. "It contains," said Mr. Andrews, "more than 98 per cent of digestible material, whereas the average mutton has more than 92 per cent. The whale blubber, or fat, is also especially rich in fat and could, no doubt, advantageously be used instead of lard in cooking."

Although the Antarctic islands have provided the greatest whaling grounds of modern times, the shores of our own country are the site of a large whaling industry. New Bedford, once the center of the world's whale trade, has lost its former prestige, but there are seven large whaling stations on the Pacific coast. Only three of these, however, are equipped to handle whale meat for food. The other whaling plants use the whale meat as fertilizer, and 15,000,000 pounds of material that would make splendid human food are wasted in this way every year. Doctor Osborn has ascertained from reliable sources that 100,000,000 pounds of whale meat could be supplied to this country annually at a cost of 12 1/2 cents a pound. This food makes an excellent steak, roast or stew when eaten fresh and is said to be more palatable than mutton, beef, mutton or pork. One member of the museum staff, who found whale meat too oily to be to his taste when fresh, declared that canned whale was delicious and that it tasted like first-class beef. The whale flesh, as it is now put up in cans, can be kept indefinitely and should prove a very welcome addition to the diet of all Americans who are trying to do their bit by saving on the meat which is so sorely needed by the armies in Europe.

There seems to be a little uncertainty about the Baron chamberlain's name. Spoken hurriedly, it seems as though he might belong to the fine old family of the de Generates.

BULBS

The other day we saw in a magazine a panorama of the staff of the now evaporated Austro-Hun embassy in Washington. We suppose that Messrs. Harris & Ewing, photographers, must have had some trying experiences in their day, but hardly one worse than standing up in cold blood to snapshot that troupe of Mona Lisas. We took a peculiar negative fancy to the third from the left, the Baron Steiner Henry de Hiedel et de Genera Abs, who used to earn his pay envelopes as "chamberlain to his imperial and apostolic Majesty."

APRIL FOLLIES

WELL, it seems rather obvious, but it's got to be done. April Fool, Hindy!

Dandelion wine is our favorite drink, and it'll be along soon.

Dove Dulcet believes in doing a thing handsomely when you do it at all. He says if daylight is worth saving, why not save all of it? He says he turned his clock on twelve whole hours and never expects to see the sun again. And yet, he adds, the clock seems to make much difference in his daily schedule.

Real Estate Advertising

The castle of High Zoltern, or Zoltern-on-the-Hill, from which a certain famous international in Europe takes its name, is said to have been built by a certain Count von Munsau, which is near the Danube River and is not often visited by tourists, may be highly recommended to those in search of a desirable summer residence fully equipped with family skeletons and emergency exits. The present lease will fall in shortly. Those interested may apply to the caretaker, or to Wilhelm, near St. Quentin.

RITH AND KIN

The Leping is a young thing, As walking air in form, But chamberlains who bear them talk Show no signs of alarm.

THE TAMING OF THE SNOOZE

John J. Harrison—peace to his head! Had one passion, and that was bed. Truly he counted the day bliscent Unless by nine to the lay he went.

DOVE DULCET

We got very fed up with the persona who are always calling the Administration, the War Department, Congress, the abolitionists, the food administration, Mr. McAdoo and all the rest of Uncle Sam's official nephews, boneheads. It is always a great temptation to allegorize, or at any rate caricature, as the skill filling of one's immediate superiors; but a grand old biblical refrain to recall now and then is "Even the Boss Knows His Job." We would be pleased to see a little parody handed about now and then. We like it when it comes our way, even though it's as rare as freckles on a negro. Perhaps other folks like it, too. If you're a poet, in instance, those engineers who rebuilt the Vatterland, and other eminent packets so that they could take troops across to France, the Levathan, which was christened as the Vatterland, takes more than 5000 men at a time. Here's a long and foamy "How" to the fellows who put her in running order and a last faster than before. In Germany they would all have had an Iron Cross.

SOLLICITU

At home, at night, How nice to sit And drowsy-dreaming, Think a little.

DOVE DULCET

The secret of life is learning not to overdo things. Painfully, and after many a sad experience, a man learns not to eat too much, not to drink too much, not to talk too much, not to spend too much. And then, after he has learned this lesson, he says to himself: "I wish I could learn not to overdo things."

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SETTING THE CLOCK FORWARD

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THE TRAGEDY OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ONE of our favorite amusements at luncheon time is to walk down to Henry Rosa's pastry shop, in 237 South Sixth street, and buy a slab of cinnamon bun. Then we walk round Washington square, musing, and gradually walking round, and enjoying the cinnamon bun at the same time. It is surprising what a large circumference those buns of Henry's have. By the time we have gnashed our way through one of those warm and mystic phenomena, we don't want to eat again for a month.

The real reason for the cinnamon bun is to fortify us for the contemplation and onslaught upon a tragic problem that Washington square presents to our pondering soul.

Washington square is a delightful place. There are trees there, and publishing houses and book stores, and a fine old building, the old building, where we have better luck than in the dining room with water running off in trickles, until the head waiter glared. And so all we saw of Switzerland was the interior of the tobacco-stall, where we tried, unsuccessfully, to get some English tobacco. Then we went to bed while our garments were dried. We stayed in bed for ten hours, reading fairy tales and smoking and answering modestly through the transom when any one asked us questions.

The next morning we overhauled our wardrobe. We will not particularize, but we decided that one change of dress was badly needed. We thought we had better get busy. It's a long bike ride from Basel, to London. So we just went as far as the Basel Cathedral, so as not to seem too unappreciative of all the treasures that Switzerland had been saving for us for countless centuries; then we got on board our patient steed and trundled off through Alace.

ON THE west side of the square is the Swiss consulate, and it is in this that we find the heretic term in that represents and symbolizes the diplomatic and spiritual presence of the Swiss republic. We have stood there and thought about William Tell and the Bernese Convention and the St. Gothard Tunnel and St. Bernard dogs and winter sports and alpenstocks and edelweiss and Jungfrau and all the other trappings and trappings that make Switzerland notable. We have mused upon the Swiss military system, which is so perfect that it has never been tested by war; and we have wondered what is the name of the President of Switzerland and how he keeps it out of the papers so successfully. One day we lugged the Jungfrau and all the other trappings and trappings that make Switzerland notable. We have mused upon the Swiss military system, which is so perfect that it has never been tested by war; and we have wondered what is the name of the President of Switzerland and how he keeps it out of the papers so successfully.

OUR dilemma is quite simple. Where there is a consulate there must be a consul, and it seems to us a dreadful thing that that building there looks like a Swiss consulate, but we are not going to give away his secret.

WE TOOK another turn around Washington square, trying to embed ourselves enough to go in and tell the council this. And then our heart failed us. We decided to write a poem for the paper about it, and if the consul ever sees it he will be generous and understand. He will know why, behind the humble facade of his consulate on Washington square, we see the heaven-piercing summits of Switzerland, rising like a dream, blue and silvery and tantalizing.

Now that you have the extra hour of daylight, don't make light of it.

Blinded shouldn't be blamed for his use of poison gas. He has tried it even on heaven.

The Kaiser is sending his boys to the trenches. After the next drive from Germany you may be the one to slaughter them.

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FOCH THE BRILLIANT

THE staff of the Twentieth Corps of the French army had a banquet at Nancy in 1913. The commander of the corps in addressing his officers said:

"Find out the weak point of your enemy and deliver the blow there."

"But suppose, general," said an artillery officer, "the enemy has no weak point?"

"Then make one!" the general came back with a gleam in his eye and a decisive tilt of the chin.

The general was Ferdinand Foch, who has just been made generalissimo of the Allied armies in Picardy. General Joffre has characterized him as the greatest strategist in Europe. He justified Joffre's judgment by his brilliant maneuvers at the Battle of the Marne. He held the center of the French line with 120,000 men, opposed to 200,000 Germans. Both his wings were driven back, but he decided that the Germans were disregarding their own center and he made a terrific attack upon that point, broke the German line and saved the day. He was also in command during the first successful fight at Ypres and prevented the Germans from breaking through to Calais.

Foch was born in the Basque country of the border of Spain. His father was a Bonapartist and was secretary for the prefecture of Tarbes under Napoleon III. One of his brothers is a lawyer and the other is a Jesuit priest. He served as a subaltern in the French army in the Franco-Prussian War. He later became a captain of artillery and then was made professor of tactics in the Ecole de Guerre with the title of commandant. When he reached the grade of a brigadier general he was put at the head of the War College, Clemenceau was Premier at the time. He had Foch as a guest at dinner and discussed routine business with him. When the coffee was brought in the Premier remarked:

"Foch a good bit of news for you. You are nominated director of the War College."

"Foch expressed his astonishment and said that he was not a candidate."

"That is possible," the Premier replied, "but you are appointed."

Foch protested and said that he was afraid that Clemenceau did not know that one of his brothers was a Jesuit priest. The Jesuit priests were then in disrepute in political circles.

"Jesuit be damned!" the Premier is said to have replied. "Oh, I beg your pardon. You are the director of the War College. All the Jesuits in creation won't alter that—it is a fait accompli."

This is the way promotions have come to this great soldier. He has been picked for the post work because he was qualified and not because he sought to push himself forward. The selection of him, therefore, in the present emergency to direct the strategy of the Allies indicates that he is the choice of the men who know his abilities and is not pushed forward as the result of favoritism.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who is Philadelphia called the Keystone City?
2. Identify "Diof King Hal."
3. Where is the Dolomites and in what country?
4. Name the author of "Jestral."
5. What is Swiss cheese?
6. What city is known as Gotham?
7. What is meant by "Able saw a field marsh?"
8. What is the sign of office of a field marshal?
9. Where is Norway?
10. Who is generalissimo of the Allied forces in France?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. Generalissimo is the Italian municipal minister who has just started a new party.
2. The third issue of Liberty Bonds will contain the names of the men who know his abilities.
3. Thomas Carlyle, British historian, essayist and philosopher, wrote "Jestral."
4. Name the author of "Jestral."
5. What is Swiss cheese?
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7. What is meant by "Able saw a field marsh?"
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