

Evening Public Ledger
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
PUBLISHED DAILY AT PUBLIC LEADER BUILDING, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

TRUMPHS OF PEACE WORTH SPENDING MONEY FOR
IT IS truer now than ever before that no man can make a mistake in being a "bull" on America.

THE GOWNSMAN
CLAUDE ACHELLE DEBUSSY, the noted French composer of highly original, successful and significant instrumental music, is dead at the untimely age of fifty-six.

COME ON, REMORSE!
THIRD LIBERTY LOAN
STARTS APRIL 6th
GET ABOARD



LO! THE OSTRICH!
HERE and there in Philadelphia are types of the tired mind which, at any crisis demanding frank and constructive criticism of municipal affairs, leave their ancient bow to sentimentalize over the city and its traditions and to declaim that all is well.

PEACE FIGHTING AT MALVERN
LIBERAL interpretation of old and new laws fixes the rights of pacifists in America. The man at Malvern who found himself in a crowd of difficulties because of a fervid anti-war interview has himself to blame.

HOW TO GET ON THE FRONT PAGE
NOW that J. Denny O'Neil and Senator Sprout are neck and neck flaunting at equal altitudes the banners of prohibition and woman suffrage—causes, by the way, which each charges the other with having flouted—a conspicuous lack of imagination is causing the State campaign to sag into abysmal dullness.

WILL AND THEODORE
GLINTING brightly in the torrent of the news is one of those rare and precious paragraphs which, radiant with significance, seem when they appear at rare intervals to be reduced and compounded from the world of living experience.

RIGHT FOR ONCE
MR. BRYAN has emerged from obscurity to say in Pittsburgh that there are only two sides to the war question now: either you are on your country's side or you are Germany's side.

WHERE WE FAIL
AGAIN yesterday, when 600 men left this city for Camp Meade, observers had occasion to regret the confused and even mean background provided for a scene that has lost nothing of its moving significance as it has grown familiar.

THE CHAFFIN DISH
MRS. DOVE DULCET writes from Obesity, N. J., that her husband, the well-known 72-millimeter poet, is unable to send in his daily poem today.

THE GOWNSMAN
THE GOWNSMAN remembers to have sat at table once, some time before America entered this war, with the world's great pianist, Paderewski, and the eminent violinist, Kreisler.

REJECTION SLIPS
We have had a rejection slip printed for The Chaffin Dish, and we have the honor of sending the first copies of it to Messrs. Roscoe Peacock and Hugh Merr. It runs thus:

SOBACATES
We have received thirty-two protests already concerning the conduct of this department. The two letters that pleased us most were signed Schmidt and Hapeburg.

SONG OF THE VICE SQUAD
Vare, oh Vare, in my little wee dog.
Vare, oh Vare, is he?
With his job cut big and his "dough" cut long.

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A TRAGIC SMELL IN MARATHON

By ANDREW McGILL

THIS is a very embarrassing time of year for us. Every morning when we get on the 8:13 train at Marathon for it is the 7:15 Bill Stites or Fred Myers or Hank Harris or some other groundsel philosopher on the Cinder and Bloodstain begins to chivy us about our garden.

He says nicotine or tobacco dust is far better. The answer to that is that we never put fertilizers on our garden, anyway. If we want to kill the cook there is a more direct method and we reserve the tobacco for ourselves. No outworm shall get a blighty one from our cherished baccy pouch.

FRED says we ought to have a wheelbarrow. Hank swears by a mulching iron; Bill is all for cold frames. All three say that hellbore is the best thing for sucking insects. We echo the expletive, with a different application.

OUR method is to go out at twilight the first Sunday in April about the time the outworms go to roost, and take a sharp-pointed stick. We draw lines in the ground with this stick, preferably in a pleasant geometrical pattern that will confuse the birds and other observers.

WHAT we want to know is, How do you ever find out all these things about vegetables? We bought an ounce of tomato seeds in desperation, and now Fred says "one ounce of tomato seeds will produce 3000 plants. You should have bought two dozen plants instead of the seed."

THE most tragic odor in the world hangs over Marathon these days; the smell of freshly spaded earth. It is exalted by the poets and all those happy sons of the pavement who know nothing about it. But here we are, who hardly know a lone mad lentil, breaking our back over seed catalogs. Public opinion may compel us to raise vegetables, but we are going to go about it our own way.

AND we should just like to see Bill Stites write a poem. We bet it wouldn't look as much like a poem as our beans look like beans. And as for Hank and Fred, the wouldn't even know how to begin to plant a poem!

THE German-American Alliance is to be dissolved, but its constituent parts will remain united something stronger than writing Guild is used in the process.

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ
1. Another name for a city of 100,000, eight-eighths mile from Paris and five-eighths mile from New York City is Channel, at which the Germans are driving a wedge.