

Evening Public Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1918

ENGLAND AT BAY
IN FIELD MARSHAL HAIG'S GRAVE appeal to his men to stand fast to the end...

THE battle in Flanders is fearfully menacing. The Hun is farther west than ever before...

IF mortal men, fighting against odds, can hold the line, England will do it. But even if the strength of Apollyon should break through...

SHATTER her beautiful breast ye may! THE SPIRIT OF ENGLANDS none can shy! Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul...

LIBERTY BONDS are congenial companions. Ask the man who owns one.

LABOR'S ANSWER

WHILE the Senate and the House in Washington were preparing for a period of friction over the provision of the so-called "sabotage" bill which would deny the right of labor to strike during the war...

A similar spirit is being manifested in all parts of the country. The sporadic strikes reported at intervals are unimportant when viewed in relation to the magnificent co-operation of labor as a whole in the war program.

ADVERTISING WITH A HEART IN IT
What sort of world would you choose for your children? A world of hate and cruelty? A world of spies...

A FIREARM FOR GOVERNOR?

IT IS easy to pardon—may, to praise—Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell for the attitude of mind that leads him to accept the support of the war Democrats as his yearning for office expands gloriously in an aspiration for the governorship.

There are other reasons why his candidacy is important. In the far days, as yet but dimly visioned, when the travailing spirit of humanity is released from war, there must be new searchings of the heart everywhere, and especially in politics.

THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER

IT IS peculiarly stimulating to the reflective mind to see the ancient and much-discredited name of Bourbon mingling once more in diplomatic despatches.

When the Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary wrote that letter to his brother-in-law Sixtus de Bourbon about a year ago, offering to recognize France's claims to Alsace-Lorraine, did he do so as a wondrous under-dictation from Berlin?

UNMASKED!

THE refusal of the Interchurch Federation to play the farce with the Mayor is the most wholesome development in the vice situation. With a single gesture the clergymen have torn the mask from the hypocritical virtue in the City Hall and exposed it for what it is.

No more important words have come from any source than the following sentences from the letter of the federation to Mayor Smith:

Whatever may be your personal conviction and intention, our earlier interviews and past experiences do not warrant the belief that the important work of rectifying vice conditions will be accomplished through your Administration and police officials.

The Mayor had asked the clergymen for their evidence against vicious resorts. This is their reply. They inform him, as if he did not know it, that he has men under his direction who know the truth and have known it all along.

The importance of this pronouncement lies in its revelation of the fact that the church people have their eyes open. They are no longer to be fooled by fair words.

There has been talk of organizing the "church vote" in support of certain factional candidates. As was said on this page a day or two ago, there is no such thing as a "church vote" to be organized.

There is the issue, clear cut and precise. Now, what do we expect of them? Are we so cynical that we do not believe the city can be kept decent?

The federation is evidently unwilling. The men who dictated the reply to the Mayor have put their finger on the burning shame.

Muddy weather brings out Huns of our own—who drive motors carelessly at crossings and lather pedestrians with filth.

CHANGING STYLES IN MONEY

WHEN Representative O'Shaunessy stood valiantly upon his two legs in Congress and cried aloud for the coinage of a new fifteen-cent piece he almost brought fame blazing down upon the State of Rhode Island.

Since all virtue and esteem departed from the coin, the two-cent piece has been a necessity beyond dispute. We shall have to go further than that. A fifteen-cent piece would be of little use.

Who hurt the feelings of the weather man?

Who hurt the feelings of the weather man? No, we should say the condition that follows: It was a Japanese...

Very German, This Hun

A shell from the Kaiser's long-distance gun has just hit a founding asylum near Paris and killed three orphans.

Not a film, however, but the latest Russian republic

Every Bolo has his bullet.

Why should not Ireland pay the same price for freedom that every other nation has?

There is no reason for the German-American Alliance to fret over the disposition of its surplus funds.

Among the minor tragedies of war for the fair one, chief is seeing a photo of her friend in khaki chatting with some French lady in the Bois de Boulogne.

License to Fight

Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job! exclaimed the milder, as he threw aside the Evening Public Ledger.

"FORCE TO THE UTMOST" WHAT IT MEANS

Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous will triumph over the unjust, and cast every selfish dominion down to the dust.

SEA POWER

THE only ships of the German navy that sail the seas are submarines. The only German merchant ships on the ocean are those seized by the Entente Allies and the United States.

The German navy is penned in the Baltic and it will stay there so long as the naval power of the Entente remains unimpaired and so long as our own navy can cooperate with our allies.

Money without stint is needed for this work. But Sea Power in this war must be wielded by merchant ships as well as by ships of the navy.

The base of the American armies is 2000 miles away from their center of operations. That there should be adequate communication between the two is one of the fundamentals of military strategy.

He sees Portuguese, for instance, a valiant and considerable army of them. He sees a Polish legion. He finds Russians, serving under other colors since their own new banner has not reached them yet.

Gradually it dawns on Fritz that he has lacked a large order. Little by little the League to Enforce Peace has indeed come true. And while it takes some time to get the necessary co-ordination among such diverse commands, in the end not even Fritz can win the world.

The British abandoned Armentieres because it was "full of gas." Like the German propagandists.

Since You Insist

OUR MIND is dreadfully active sometimes, and the other day we began to speculate on Truth.

EVERY man knows what Truth is, but it is impossible to utter it. The face of your listener, his eyes mischievous or sorry, his eager expectation or his childish disdain insensibly distort your message.

TRUTH can only be attained by those whose systems are untainted by secret influences, such as love, envy, ambition, food, college education and moonlight in spring.

IF a man lived in a desert for six months without food, drink or companionship he would be reasonably free from prejudice and would be in a condition to enunciate great truths.

WOMEN have learned the secret, Truth must never be uttered, and never be listened to.

TRUTH is the ricochet of a prejudice bouncing off a fact.

TRUTH is what every man sees lurking at the bottom of his own soul, like the oyster shell housewives put in the kitchen kettle to collect the lime from the water.

ALL the above is probably untrue.

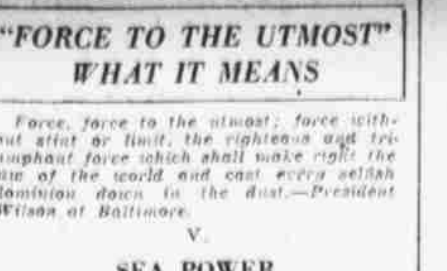
Can Lust and Wrong and Madness wage war more greatly, more valiantly, than Honor and Liberty?

In our green and blue world to be dominated by those who have warred without pity upon the weak and defenseless?

No knightly honor of old time ever took up more gallant sword than lies at your hand today.

Have you done YOUR UTMOST? Nought less will avail.

Contributed by Since You Insist



RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG A TRUE MAN

ABLE, HONEST, AND UPRIGHT IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE, HIS ZEAL AND STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE AS CHAMPION OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS AND POLITICAL CLEANLINESS CAN PERISH ONLY WHEN DOES HIS MEMORY FROM THE HEARTS OF HIS FELLOW CITIZENS.

BILLIONS

By Simon Strunsky

An Atlantic Port, April 13. I BEGAN by telling the president of the Wholesale and Plasterers' Trust Company that I would detain him only a few minutes, and he silently agreed with me.

"It is simply a question, sir," I said, "of how the loan is going, in your opinion?"

"The president of the Wholesale and Plasterers' Trust Company frowned and looked out of the window at the Bankers and Upholsterers' Tower, then in process of construction.

"I shuddered and fell to wondering how much of my forgotten German vocabulary I could scrape up against the fatal day."

"You are going to lose the war," I said, "and you are an anxious young man," he remarked, and then, very much puzzled, "is it about the money aspect of the situation you are thinking?"

"Naturally," I replied. "At least that was one aspect my managing editor thought you might be interested in. The moral phase of the problem is being handled by another reporter, who is interviewing all the clergymen in town. Still, anything in that line, especially from such a source—"

"Sit down, young man," he said. "The three billions will be forthcoming. What I don't like at all is the psychology of the campaign."

Once more I found myself puzzled by the mystery of the human soul. At this very moment, probably, my fellow reporter was being told by the pastor of the Onyx Memorial Church that the loan should have been for 4 1/2 per cent, forty years and convertible in custom house gold certificates.

Even if he survived and brought us his Truth with all the gravity and long night-gown of a Hindu fakir, as soon as any one listened to him his message would no longer be Truth. The complexion of his audience, the very shape of their noses, would subtly undermine his magnificent aloofness.

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Good heavens! I thought to myself, at this moment the pastor of the Onyx Church is probably telling the other reporter that Germany's potassium industry is on the verge of collapse.

"WHAT I should like to have seen," said the president of the Wholesale and Plasterers' Trust, "is posters showing Americans with a smile all the way between the ears pouring out the greenbacks and having the time of their lives—more or less. I should like to see them go to their checkbooks, not like a quarry slave scurrying to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfeeling trust, die into their pockets like one who wraps the drapery—need I go on?"

"That's blank verse, isn't it?" I said, making a note of as many of the words as I could remember.

"That's William Colton Bryant," he said. "Thumbs-up, you know."

"I am exceedingly obliged," and, closing my notebook, I rose to go.

"You just stay where you are, my boy," he said gruffly. "I am not through. What I want you to remember is that you mustn't buy your bonds just as if you were paying burglary insurance. What you are really up to is putting your money into a building and loan association."

At last we were getting down to business, I thought to myself.

HE DECIDED that he had put it very well indeed. Yes, a building and loan association, and the proceeds are to go toward building up a new world."

This was worse than ever. Plainly it was a case for the religious reporter or the poetry editor. I suggested that this time must be very much taken up.

"Not at all," he said. "And that is another reason why people should give cheerfully. They might as well get the habit. There will be plenty of more loans after this."

"You foresee no early end to the war?" I said.

"After the war, son, after the war," he cried merrily. "We may as well get used to the idea."

"To be sure," I said, recalling a word I had seen the other day in a headline. "Refunding, you mean?"

"Straightout Liberty Loans," he said. "When we have finished with the first part of the program, somewhere between Metz and Berlin, we'll start in at home; consolidating our liberty positions, young man; that's plain enough."

I gurgled intelligently.

"After the war," he said, "we are going to have a five-billion Liberty Loan for the schools and colleges. No more half-starved girls teaching school for \$10 a week. No more children marching off to the factories anywhere between the 'ages of eight and fourteen. Eighteen years the factory minimum and high schools compulsory for everybody and college for everybody who wants to go. Also technical schools and big farm schools."

I grew anxious for the depository of the Wholesale and Plasterers' Trust.

"And after that there will be the coal mine and shirtwaist Liberty Loan," he said. "A couple of billions, say, for re-tilting every coal bin in the country and an exterior fire stairway for every garment factory in the country. Perhaps that might be consolidated with the railroad bridge and phosphorus law Liberty Loan for another couple of billions. Simultaneously

we might float our homestead and market gardening Liberty Loan for another five billions. "Yes," he said, looking out of the window, "we might as well get used to the Liberty Loan idea and be cheerful about it."

"But you can't go on borrowing forever, you know," I said, growing rather familiar in my address as I recognized that I did not have to do with a banker, but with an I. W. W. soap-boiler. "The mere interest charges will be enormous. Is it fair to Mr. Amos Pinelot and the future generations?"

"We should worry about the future," he rapped out; and then more soberly, "My dear young man, the future will hardly feel the interest charges. It will be so well off. The war will really pay for itself when we come to capitalize the lessons of the war. Look at all the treasure that will be recovered from the bottom of the sea by the submarines. Look at what the airplanes will do for commerce. Think of all the gold mines in Siberia and all the coal in China and Central Africa. Think of all the savings that now go into bonds. Think of the addition to the productive powers of humanity by releasing half the world from bondage—I refer to the women. Think of whole wheat bread and cheaper cuts of meat and the outside leaves of lettuce. It's a cinch."

Nevertheless, I think the directors of the Wholesale and Plasterers' Trust ought to know about this. SINEAD.

The Quaker's Appeal

Art thou a citizen? Do thy duty then—

Go buy a bond; 'Twill profit thee in steady royalty—

Strengthen thy loyalty—

Go buy a bond!

Art thou an enemy? Native of Germany—

Go buy a bond; Hast thou not shelter found

Where freedom's joys abound?

Then art in duty bound—

To buy a bond!

When men call at thy home, Do not fume and fret and foam,

But buy a bond; Hide out behind the plank—

'Till get mine at the bank;

His buy will be a blank—

Buy thou a bond!

Let all their means bestow, 'Till 'over the top' we go—

Go buy a bond; Send with thy gift a prayer

For the boys 'over there'; Show that for them we care—

Go buy a bond!

DAVID E. JONES

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is Prince Lichonawski?

2. Where is Holnague?

3. Who wrote "His" argued without who's last?

4. Name the British, French, German and American commanders in France.

5. Where is "The Great Pyramid"?

6. Who was "The Man in the Iron Mask"?

7. What is the Iliad?

8. When and what was the Heira?

9. What is an Inverness?

10. Who is commander of the British forces in Palestine?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Employment, in a military sense, is the position, parapet and accessories for

2. The "Grand Monarque" an entree applied to Louis XIV of France.

3. Alassio, a straits in the province of Venetia, the scene of action in the Italian war

4. "The City of Magnificent Distances," a novel applied to Washington, D. C.

5. Andrew Bonar Law is the British Chancellor of the Exchequer.

6. Pyrex from dew of water, especially a covering of minute ice crystals forming on cold surfaces.

7. Louis XIV, the largest of a series of covers to "The Great Pyramid,"

8. "The Heira" a novel by Charles Dickens.

9. "The Inverness" a novel by Charles Dickens.

10. Venetian Carraras is the president of Mexico.