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Philadelphia, Monday, April 22, 1918

THE REMEDY IS IN THE POWER OF REMOVAL

WE ARE in this war to fight German militarism and not to set up German military methods in this country in dealing with sedition or treason or any other offense.

The demand that all aliens suspected of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, made by Senator Chamberlain, be tried by court-martial is at bottom a demand that we adopt Prussian methods. How these methods are now being applied in Germany is described by a special correspondent of this newspaper in Switzerland, the first of whose articles setting it forth appears on this page today. Germany is under military rule. Strikers are tried by court-martial. Persons who protest against the brutality of the military forces in suppressing disorder are arraigned in secret before a court of army officers, tried and convicted and the sentence is executed within twenty-four hours. And when a man is acquitted he is still detained under arrest, for the mere fact that a man has been suspected is regarded as justification for depriving him of his liberty.

This is militarism carried to its logical conclusion. It supersedes and overrides the civil courts. It exercises tyrannical authority. It treats the whole nation as though it were an army compelled to obey the orders of the officers on penalty of military punishment.

The institution of such methods in the United States ought not to be tolerated. This does not mean that all who are doing their best to help Germany and to interfere with our work should not be punished. It does mean that we should continue to use our civil courts for the trial of accused persons not in the army and not found within the jurisdiction of the military authorities. The fact that many of the Federal District Attorneys are incompetent does not affect the situation. They are incompetent in too many instances. In other cases they are politically timid and afraid to alienate the pro-German vote.

The remedy lies not in depriving the courts of jurisdiction, but in the appointment of District Attorneys of undoubted ability; and iron nerve who will clean up their districts. Summary power for the removal of the incompetents is in the hands of the President. He can exercise it if he chooses. If he would exercise it in a few cases where there has been a flagrant exhibition of inefficiency he would justify his removal to the Department of Justice and put an end to the demand that the civil power become subservient and subordinate to the military.

It is gratifying that there are some Senators who have not lost their heads in this crisis. Senator Borah, for example, has said that the Chamberlain bill is in conflict with the fundamental principles of the Constitution and beyond the power of Congress to pass. He is probably right, for the bill would make it possible for the military authorities to seize any man in civil life without warrant and without knowledge of the charges against him and to try him and order him imprisoned or shot. This is just what they are doing in Germany. We cannot consent to it here and there is no need to consent.

If we keep our poise, as Senator Borah has well said, and if we retain our faith in our democratic institutions and then vigorously exercise the powers already provided in the courts, there will be no necessity for the proposed law. The courts are open. Lawyers capable of convicting the guilty are ready and willing to serve as Federal District Attorneys where the incumbents have failed, and juries can be found among the patriotic and aroused voters ready to give a just verdict with all possible speed.

We can, if we will, set the world an example of democracy in action, and we can prove that it is adequate to meet the issues of war through co-operation of the civil power in its field with military power in its realm. The military power will thus remain in the national life subordinate to the civil power.

It is not a time for hysteria, but for calm and determined reasoning, based on belief in the efficacy of the civil power to deal with offenses outside of the army.

Clean-up week is to begin May 6, according to the Governor's proclamation, but it seems to have started here ahead of time. Or hasn't it?

TRUTH COMING TO LIGHT

THE general sense of Prince Lichnowsky's charges against the German Government had been made known in cable dispatches from abroad, but now that his memoir is printed in full for the first time, it constitutes in every paragraph an unanswerable revelation of Berlin's responsibility for the world calamity. It is reinforced by the words of Doctor Muehlon, which have also just come to light.

It is instructive to note the source of these confessions. Are they from irresponsible enemies of Germany, actuated by passion or prejudice? No, they come from the former German Ambassador in London and from an ex-director of the Krupp corporation. If we had been asked to choose what kind of testimony we would like to see, to confute Prussianism out of its own belly, we could not have hoped for more shining fortune. Truly, when a Krupp director sickens of the military clique who rule Germany, there is hope for the future. "In the end, truth beareth away the victory."

One has nothing but admiration and respect for Prince Lichnowsky. The world will closely note and long remember what he says. He is an experienced student of political affairs, particularly in matters concerning the sinister and tragic role Austria has always played in European history. Before his appointment as Ambassador in London he had been in quiet retirement at his country estate since serving in the Vienna embassy thirteen years before. His memorandum, written for his private archives, tells the story of his twenty-one months as Ambassador in London. It was natural enough for a high-spirited man to wish to clear himself from his odious position as scapegoat of the heavy-handed diplomacy of Berlin.

The tone of Lichnowsky's remarkable memoir is liberal, humane and frank. He speaks as a true German patriot, one who is not willing to be quiet in the Triple Alliance policy, which was a dynamic force

HOOPS OF YESTERYEAR

By Walter Prichard Eaton

THE other day I was walking along the road thinking solemn thoughts about the war and the labor problem and the cost of living, when suddenly my eyes fell upon an old hogshead in the bushes by the side of the road. The hoops were falling out and the iron tire was half off. I picked this up, removed the hoops and took one for a hoop stick and setting the tire upright upon the road hit it a resounding whack.

Do you remember that peculiar sensation of hitting a hoop with a stick—that the blow was struck, and then, as the springing, saggy feeling of the moment the blow was struck. As the hoop sprang down the road I instinctively sprang after it. The memory released all the other memories connected with the hoops of yesteryear and myself racing along, guiding the rusty old tire with the most delicate and skillful manipulations and propelling it with the fewest needed taps at just the right instant. A man never forgets how to swim, nor how to roll a hoop. I wonder if I could spin a top. No? I must try.

As I rolled my hoop alone, to the evident astonishment of certain neighbors, who ran to the front windows of their farmhouse to observe the phenomenon, it occurred to me that I hadn't seen a child rolling a hoop in so long, these many years. The whack of the hoopsick is never heard in the land. One of the pleasant and precious customs of childhood has, apparently, passed from the world.

Who can say why this is? Not I. There seems to be no reason for it whatever. And what has taken the place of hoops? I watch the children at play. I can detect nothing. I have been thinking back over my boyhood and there seems to be many other childhood things which have disappeared. For instance, clappers. There were about an inch or an inch and a quarter wide, six inches long and slightly curved. You inserted one between your first and second fingers, one between your second and third fingers, and then, by the springing manipulation of arms and wrists you rattled off a drumlike tattoo. There were also flat clappers, with no convexity, but with bits of lead fastened to the outer side on the end of the handle. I could make such a much noise on that as the next fello, but the tune eluded me. I used to practice till the corners of my mouth were calloused—but in vain. Not so Sally Sumner. She was a pretty, self-possessed person of eleven who stood on the platform every day beside the teacher, and setting her harmonica between her rounded lips blew the martial strains to the delight of her schoolmates for the day. She was supposed, I believe, to have a great musical career ahead of her; but at thirteen she left town, and what blighted her ambitions in the end I cannot say. I only know I have not encountered her name on the concert program.

AND how about tops? Marbles I still recall, though rather infrequently. The games which used to start as soon as the frost was out of the sidewalks, and sooner than the arbutus in the fields, are rare now; but they do exist. I have seen boys spinning tops or heard the challenging cry, "Gimme a peg at yours!" I have carefully examined the backs of my fingers for the small, round, marble-like to see if they bore the telltale marks. But they don't. Surely you remember how you pulled that wooden peg out of the top of the top? You placed it in the crack made when the door was opened for the day. You shut the door, of course, the rounded head of the peg sank into the wood of the door and the jamb and you could then grasp the top, give it a twirl and pull it free. But it was wise not to be caught doing this. Tops were an early autumn pastime.

I WAS never a little girl and I never played with jackstones. But all the little girls I know did, by the way. The little girls who have long hair, and the little girls whose steps was usually the best for the jackstone parties. The game was a mystery to me, but appeared to have an endless and subtle logic in it. I never saw a little girl now squatting in a group and tossing up the curious iron "stones." Why should this game have vanished?

But today as I walked over to the village I came on a straggly dry gravel walk, and on it was scratched with a stick a series of connecting squares, much trodden and skuffed, and nearby lay a small flat stone of "Hop-scootch." I cried aloud, "Thank goodness something is left of the good old days!"

THE CHAFFING DISH

SPEAKING of the mottoes that persons keep in their desks, the Rev. Charles S. Lyons sends us his favorite, which runs like this:

וְעַד יֵשׁוּעָה וְעַד יֵשׁוּעָה

He says it means "The work of a day in its day," and is appropriate for persons and journalists.

The Great Mystery

AMAGAZINE writer who want to interview a statesman in Washington says he found him enveloped in an atmosphere of considerable mystery.

The only mystery about him, poor man, was that he was trying to do some work. Any man who is working has to surround himself with an air of mystery. Because it is a universal human passion, when a man hard at work, to go and hang around him and breathe on his neck.

People collect around him like holes in a sock; they like to ask him the does it, and get him to tell them all about it. Everybody who has nothing to do hates like thunder to see anybody else working.

So just remember, every time you see a man working go and bust up that envelope of mystery. Tell every one else to go up there and have a look at him. If you leave him alone he might get something done.

A great many persons find work a mystery—a mystery so appalling that they never attempt to solve it.

Fred Myers sent us a thrift card with a perfectly good thrift stamp stuck on it. He did the same to four other persons, and each beneficiary was to repeat the stunt to five of his friends, thus starting an endless chain of thrift cards.

Our first thought was to soak off the stamp and put it on one of our own cards, but Fred had stuck on so tight that we determined to be a good sport and follow out his instructions.

This idea of Fred's is a good one. Start it among your friends. SOCRATES



LUDENDORFF'S REIGN OF TERROR
 Merciless Military Courts Are Trying Civilian Germans in Secret and Imposing Heavy Sentences for "Treason"

By B. F. KOSPOTH

Special Correspondence Evening Public Ledger

Berne, March 30.

MANY German exiles here in Switzerland believe the day is not far distant when the Kaiser will be forced by the Prussian Junkers to appoint General Ludendorff, Hindenburg's chief of staff, commander of the German empire. William II will not do this willingly, for he is jealous of the military renown of his generals. But since Prussian militarism successfully cowled the German Socialists into signing the most ignominious peace treaty in history the general staff and the Pan-Germans are omnipotent in Germany. Vastly stated by this triumph of the brutal methods of diplomacy, they plan to apply them also in western Europe.

Virtually, Ludendorff already rules Germany, so the change will be scarcely noticeable. He has completely eclipsed his chief, Hindenburg, and he has supplanted the Kaiser. He is like Von Tirpitz, a politician, although it was formerly a German boast that politics played no part in the army. Even less known than his more prominent predecessor, he is a typical representative of the Prussian military Junker caste: poor, proud and ambitious. His military talents are undoubted. Politically he is, of course, an advocate of extreme military autocracy.

LUDENDORFF and the Prussian military party owe the almost unlimited power they enjoy in Germany today not only to Russia's downfall and Rumania's misfortune, but also to a great measure to the strikes. Although they failed miserably, these strikes have filled the Kaiser's guilty soul with the fear of revolution. The military party, working on the Imperial throne, has easily convinced the Kaiser that ruthless oppression and despotic rule alone can save him from sharing the Czar's fate. Ludendorff has undertaken to keep the Reichstag, and the military, in a proper attitude toward the Reichstag, as Chancellor so long as there still seems a chance of "pacifying" America and the Allies into a more apparent than real, when Count Hertling and Von Fayer, both risen from the ranks of the Reichstag, are masquerading as parliamentary statesmen and trying to create the impression that Germany is developing democratically, while in reality German democracy lies more prostrate beneath the apuried heel of Prussian militarism than ever before.

When the strikes were at their height martial law was proclaimed in all the larger German towns. The strikes, however, were suppressed more effectively than by force of arms by calling all strikers of military age to the colors, by depriving the rest—old men, boys and women—of their weekly food rations, and, above all, by the efforts of the leaders of the Socialist majority in the Reichstag, which the military had reluctantly regard in the light of a welcome truce, allowing Germany to recuperate, to assimilate her eastern conquests and to repeat her aggression against the western Powers later in the year.

Through the war Germany has presented a double face to the world. But this incurable duplicity of the Teutonic methods was never more apparent than now, when Count Hertling and Von Fayer, both risen from the ranks of the Reichstag, are masquerading as parliamentary statesmen and trying to create the impression that Germany is developing democratically, while in reality German democracy lies more prostrate beneath the apuried heel of Prussian militarism than ever before.

Soon after the strikes broke out all the munition factories in Germany were placed under military management, and the workers were naturally being dealt with still more severely than the ordinary strikers. In Munich a journalist, a young university student, and a Red Cross nurse, who were accused for having conspired to organize the strikes in the Bavarian capital, were sentenced to terms of penal servitude from three to five years. The wife of one of the Elbing city councilors will have to spend three years in a Prussian penitentiary because she led a body of rioters in a street demonstration in this well-known manufacturing town on the Baltic, where most of the German torpedo boats and many submarines are built. The military court in Stettin sentenced the local Socialist leader, August Horn, to five years and three months' penal servitude. However, the military courts are being sentenced to the Bavarian capital, where sentences of penal servitude from three to five years have not yet been abolished, although the strikes have been over for a long time.

The strike leaders unfortunate enough to fall into the clutches of the military authorities are naturally being dealt with still more severely than the ordinary strikers. In Munich a journalist, a young university student, and a Red Cross nurse, who were accused for having conspired to organize the strikes in the Bavarian capital, were sentenced to terms of penal servitude from three to five years. The wife of one of the Elbing city councilors will have to spend three years in a Prussian penitentiary because she led a body of rioters in a street demonstration in this well-known manufacturing town on the Baltic, where most of the German torpedo boats and many submarines are built. The military court in Stettin sentenced the local Socialist leader, August Horn, to five years and three months' penal servitude. However, the military courts are being sentenced to the Bavarian capital, where sentences of penal servitude from three to five years have not yet been abolished, although the strikes have been over for a long time.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you kindly advise me as to what department at Washington I should apply for information regarding the refund of my money paid in on the \$100 bond of the second Liberty Loan subscribed to by me while at camp. To date of my discharge I have paid in \$50. I have been discharged for physical reasons. J. S. N.

Philadelphia, April 19.

The Liberty Loan committee advises J. S. N. to continue payments on his bond until the total amount of \$100 has been subscribed. Discharge from the army (on physical grounds) should make him better able to pay installments, they point out. There is no department in Washington to which he can appeal for return of the \$50 he has already paid in. If there is any valid reason why he cannot continue payments he should take the matter up with the agency through which the bond was purchased. The reasons for asking return of his money should be stated in full and action will be taken by the health, travel company or other agent to whom he makes payments.—Editor of the Evening Public Ledger.

Rent Profiteering

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—A few days ago my wife and I after careful consideration, decided that we could afford to buy just one \$20 Liberty Bond on the \$100-week plan. We thought that as I am too old to go to the front or be of use elsewhere that it was our duty to aid in the war effort. We thought that we were doing our duty could be best performed by purchasing a bond, however small.

This morning I received a curt note from my landlord increasing the rent \$5 a month. As I see no way out of it, I must accept his terms, but to do so I must give up all idea of buying that bond.

Now I ask you is not that man deliberately blocking the good and patriotic work of prosecuting this war to the bitter end? The rent I now pay is, if anything, entirely too much, so that the proposed increase is profiteering of the most objectionable kind, if not downright robbery.

Philadelphia, April 19. A WORKING MAN.

TODAY'S USELESS QUESTION

When you buy a pair of shoes why does the salesman put in the laces in such a perverted way that the other, and after a week of futile effort you have to take them out and rethread them?

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
1. Identify "L'Aiglon."
 2. Which American river is called "the Father of Waters?"
 3. Name the author of "Thanatopsis."
 4. What is meant by the "theory of evolution?"
 5. Which is the largest inland and commercial city in the German Empire?
 6. What is a standard fruit tree?
 7. What is a bridequest?
 8. When was the battle of Waterloo?
 9. Who is the new British Secretary of State for War?
 10. Who is Count Westkeel?

- Answers to Saturday's Quiz**
1. Maximilian was founded by George Calvert.
 2. By the Treaty of Tordesillas, the boundary between the Kingdoms of Castile and Aragon was set at the Atlantic Ocean, and the Atlantic Ocean was divided into the Atlantic Ocean and the Atlantic Ocean.
 3. The Crusades: medieval campaigns for the reconquest of Jerusalem from the Saracens.
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