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ENTERED AT THE VILLABELPHIA PORT OFFICE AN

Philadelphia, Thursday, April 25, 1913.

AMERICANS AT SEICHEPREY

BY GRADUAL intimation the War Department permits it to be known that the most important engagement in which Americans have so far actively participated on the western front occurred at Seicheprey and that there were approximately 200 casualties-the largest number so far recorded for one day. Who these soldiers were we are not told. A force of some dimensions was cut off. The men died at their guns.

Through such reports as these America will finally come to realize something of the dimensions of the war. Our loss so far may be counted in hundreds. The Allies have lost millions.

The German communique tells more than our own reports. "The Americans fought tenaciously." They "resisted fiercely to the last man." In hand-to-hand fighting they "displayed amazing courage and endurance." The Americans stood immovable as long as they could swing a gun-butt or pull a trigger. Then they died.

Even the French and British, used to epic heroism in regions where a man must be brave or perish, praise the men of Seicheprey. And yet the Government must plead to sell its war bonds in the peace at

Considering how offensive a German can . be, isn't it surprising that his offensives are usually so futile?

SENATOR SHERMAN PERFORMS CENATOR SHERMAN, in his hysterical

D tirade against the Administration's for-Feign policy and in his arraignment of a large group of the President's aides as "pestilential seditionists," is in no danger of being taken seriously in any place outside the limits of his own ivied ego. The Federal Government and Congress

have admitted the right of labor to or ganize. Mr. Burleson forbids this right to employes of the Postoffice Department. Yet the Senator from Illinois perceives Mr. Burleson as a "red." Secretary Baker is a "red Socialist" in the eyes of Senator Sherman. And the President, from the viewpoint of Illinois, is playing with fire in his amicable attitude toward the Russian revolutionary government.

The Senator seems not yet to have learned what is known to all the rest of the world-that the Bolsheviki, with all their red flags and their whiskers, their TRUITE and their wild hopes, didn't start the revolution. Russia was crumbling under the ains of the recent dynasty and all the foundations of government were rotted out by corruption and pro-Germanism in high quarters, while the Russian masses were still fighting magnificently. The successive revolutions have merely represented the forlorn hopes of the people more or less vainly assembled in desperate groping aspirations for decent govern-

In Europe months ago there were statesmen who talked like Senator Sherman, Their utterances were the best sort of ammunition for German propagandists in Russia. The world now admits that the American ; olicy in Russia was the only same and constructive policy

One wonders occasionally whether Senators of Mr. Sherman's type ever read anything but the whims of their constituents.

Did Admiral Bowles change his own mind about the seizure of occupied homes or did Mr. Schwab change it for him?

KNIGHTS A-WING

AIR-FIGHTERS over the west front are forever doing things that baffle the faltering imaginations of the ground below. Captain Baron von Richthofen, killed in action, has been buried by Allied filers with all the honors of war. Ordinarily he should have been hated. He was the reigning king of German airmen and was credited with seventy-eight aerial victories But he was not hated by his adversaries. When he was brought down dead in No Man's Land a lieutenant of the British air service risked his life to carry the body in for burial.

Richthofen, it seems, was a restless fighter, but clean, "He never killed an enemy when he had him cold," say those who fought him. If he had an adversary at a hopeless disadvantage, Richthofen was accustomed to force him down and to fand, beside him. The implacable enemies smoked eigarettes together and flew away,

waving their hands! What have the airmen learned in the ay high places where they may travel free from the hates and the horrors with which the German mind has cumbered the earth? The flying men of all services seem to have a code of their own, much like that of Richthofen. It is difficult to believe that this German ace fought in the same attles as the German armies that have tafiled every foot of the territory they conpered and elaughtered women and chila-even after they "had them cold." It possible to perceive life more clearly the upper air, to know how vain war ambition really are? If it is, then dets should jears to fly. This

WE ARE FIGHTING A CON-SPIRACY, NOT A NATION

BEFORE one can decide whether the United States should declare war on Bulgaria and Turkey one should get clearly in his mind what we are fighting

We declared war first against "The Imperial Government of Germany." Then we declared war on the Austro-Hungarian Government. But as a matter of fact we are not making war on this Government or on that, but on a conspiracy in which is included Bulgaria and Turkey as well as Germany and Austria-Hungary.

We cannot say that we have no quarrel with Turkey or that we are on friendly relations with Bulgaria, because the facts are against it. These two nations are just as much our enemies as is Germany. They are part of the conspiracy. They are in the league to extend German domination over the world. Their troops are fighting the armies of the Entente Allies. They are giving all the aid and comfort possible to our enemies.

This is so evident that no high school pupil can fail to see it if his attention attracted to the matter. No one in Washington is ignorant of it, though there has been a disposition in the Senate to indulge in sophistical discussion about the friendly relations between the United States and the allies of our enemies.

Senator Knox, leading these who want to face the issue squarely, has had the courage to offer a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to ask the President why a declaration of war against these two allies of Germany is not desirable. There must be enough clear-thinking men in the Senate to pass the resolution.

It did not need the discussion on it to inform us that the Bulgarian minister in Washington is in a position to get information about what we are doing. He is not charged with being a spy. He is not a spy, but is the honored guest of the Government of the United States. His mail is guaranteed free passage to Europe under the ordinary safeguards for the correspondence of diplomatic agents. It is his duty to inform his Government what is going on here. He would be unfit for his office if he did not give his Government all the information which he thought would be in any way useful to it in its prosecution of the war against the Entente Allies, which means in the war against us.

To say that we are not one of the Entente Allies is merely to quibble. It was at our suggestion that a supreme commander of the Allied armies was appointed. Our forces are acting under the orders of this supreme commander. We have given up the theory that we must act along parallel lines in co-operation with the forces of other nations which guided us at the time our troops helped put down the Boxer uprising in China. We have accepted the new responsibilities that go along with the obligation to fight with England and France for the same cause.

We are entertaining here the agents of our actual enemies and we shall continue to entertain them so long as we refrain from declaring war on both Turkey and Bulgaria and neglect to hand their passports to the ministers of these two countries.

It may be assumed that the President had some reasons for delaying to ask Congress to make this declaration of war, But those reasons must have ceased to be valid. When the Senate passes the Knox resolution the nation expects the President to reply to it with a request r a declaration of war.

The Germans are finding poor pickings

BIG MEN NEEDED

THERE is no finer way of helping for I the man over draft age who can leave his family for six months or more and can afford to pay his own way, than the war work of the Y. M. C. A. in France.

This work requires men of bodily and nental vigor, who have had keen business experience, who do not know what office hours" are and who are accustomed to mingling with men of all classes.

A former assistant editor of one of the largest magazines in this country, who is now with the Y. M. C. A. In France, writes to us as follows:

"This thing over here is much more wonderful than we ever dreamed. It's one of the great things of the war. We need men and better men. This is no job for the conventional Y. M. C. A. secretary, Please rub that in. We want the biggest men we can get, and we want to get all the men that can't carry a rifle and want to get in this thing. For those who want serve in the war and be right in sound of the guns here's the way to do it. Tell everybody you know to come over. Make ourself a recruiting officer. You can do great job over there in recruiting the right kind of people among your friends."

It will rain on Monday. How do we now? Why, circus parade, of course.

DECLINE OF THE LIE IN POLITICS

TF SUPERFICIAL observation and the luminous hunch may be relied upon the time has come to wake the sleeping bells and to swing them wide in Joyous utterance. From afar a voice comes upon the wind. It is the voice of Allegheny Couny's own J. Denny O'Neil. In measured syllables, loud and shrill, it informs the Auditor General-a Mr. Snyder, if memory serves-that no lies may be told at the pending investigation into the affairs of the State Highway Commission, a service which Mr. O'Neil adorns at the top. The lie is to be cursed out of politics, evicted from its ancient hearthstone, deprived of its old, old home or else Mr. O'Neil is

babbling, as they say, through his kelly. It will not do to dismiss the phenomenon lightly nor to assume that this O'Neil, witched by the stained glass saintliness of his chief patron, believes himself aircady dead and running for office in Paradise. Mr. O'Neil is an original-minded man. And the lie is surely going out of fashion. It has acquired a bad name in business, Even women are beginning to tire of it. In politics and in the ambassadorial serves of the Hun the lie still paraists in all the grandour of its original state. To suppose that it might decline to politica is to cherrile a belief netually staygoring.

Yet anything is possible in these wild and changing days.

Politics is the ancient sanctuary of the lie. This is because of the politicians themselves, who started the fashion by lying feverishly about their own virtues. One entering political life -- especially if he edged in by the back door-invariably went heavily laden with lies ...ood and bad. black and white, horizontal and perpendicular, fast and slow; lies for offense and defense; high-speed lies and low-flying, slowmoving lies devised mainly for purposes of destruction. There were falsehoods that might be draped upon the personality of a friend to make him beautiful to see and others that, when properly and deftly used, could make almost any man of an opposing party seem a blood brother to the person most eminent in Hades. One practiced lying in a loud, clear voice, and when he was able to toss a falsehood off into the air while looking an audience bang in the eyes with a virtuous expression, then he was assured of a fighting chance in the lower circles of public life.

It is to be assumed that the high faith which Mr. O'Nell seems to have in his day and generation and his assumption that the lie is to be put out of politics like a sinister cat into the night are inspired by a soulful determination to refrain from using the lie against any one else. We can only wait and see.

Prepara to look your last upon friend oyster, Only a week more.

If the victous driven out of this city take refuge across the river Jersey justice will have an opportunity to live up to its

Young men who read General Barnett's appeal for 40,000 men for the marine corps should remember that the corps is generally admitted to be the finest military body in

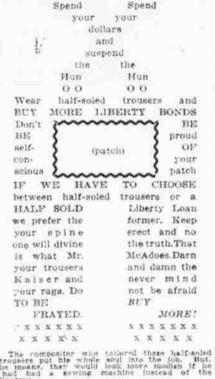
Since T. R. has determined to campaign against the German language press it seems appropriate that his initials should stand for treat 'em rough,

The Bolshevik government seems to be surprised that the Germans are murdering civillans in Russia. Is it ignorant of the history of Beigium? Now that they are to employ women on the Camden trolley cars, any one who firts with the motor girl will firt, simultaneously,

with sudden death. It is natural to suppose that the York street syster house which the police have just suppressed as a disorderly resort might very properly have been called a stew.

Now that circus time is here is it proper to Tut, Tut! ask whether you would speak of a ringmaster's profaulty as circus-

SINCE YOU INSIST



Mr. and Mrs. Dove Dulcet are shortly to celebrate their golden wedding annivershry. This does not mean that they have been married fifty years. They have a different way of measuring the epochs of connubial joy. They say they will soon have been married fifty cooks. They are now on their forty-ninth. When she leaves the celebration will take place. Any gifts

DESK MOTTGES My favorite motto, which I keep under the glass pane on my desk, is this: Even the Boss is human KATHARINE CALORY.

for the occasion may be forwarded in care

of Socrates.

"God tells us to love our enemies, but He can't expect us to love His HARRY LAUDER. enemies."

We have yet to hear of a good conscientious objection against buying Liberty Bonds. Have you DONE YOUR UTMOST?

Contributed by Since You Insist as an expression of complete disgust for the aims and purposes of the Imperial German Germannt.

The Balloon Peddler

WHO is the mar, on Chestnut street With colored toy balloons? I see hir with his airy freight

On sunny afternoons-A peddler of such lovely goods The heart leaps to behold His mass of bubbles, red and green And blue and pink and gold.

FOR sure that noble peddler man Hath antic merchandise. His toys that float and swim in air Attract my eager eyes. Perhaps he is a changeling prince Bewitched through magic moons

To tempt us solemn busy folk

With meaningless balloons BEWARE, oh, valiant merchantman, Tread cautious on the pave! " Lest some day comes some realist, Some haggard soul and grave,

A puritan efficientist Who deems thy toys a sin-He'll stack thee madly from behind And prick them with a pint . SOCHATES.

DOES THE KAISER LOVE TREES?

By Walter Prichard Eaton

AMONG the many "truisms" which aren't true at all none can be further from the truth than the saying that a man's hands are subdued to the material he works in, by which I take it is meant that a butcher will be a cruel sort of customer and a maker chocolate creams a sentimentalist. I have known many butchers (not mere sellers of meat, but butchers in the good old sense, men who bought, killed and dressed the animais they sold), and most of them were large, red-faced, jovial men, who supported the local ball team and were towers of merry inspiration at the "traders' plenics." On the other hand, I once knew a thug and a rufflan who worked in a candy factory,

IT the greatest variance from the truth BI have found to be in the case of fessional tree-trimmers. Matters are bad enough in our town when the chauffeurs of the rich summer residents arrive. These men are loud-mouthed, dishonest, lewd, lazy and secrally undestrable. But you are not entirely surprised at that. They are eco-nomic parasites, performing no useful or necessary function in life; they have too much idleness; they have too many tempta-tions to graft. And they deal with machin-ery. But what I can't explain is, why the tree-trimmers, who come upon us once in so often to care for our public shade trees, our often to care for our public shade trees, our private grounds and orchards, are even worse than the chauffeurs, so that we even have to quarantine our young girls, to say nothing of locking up all our portable possessions while they are in town. The tree-trimmer is not a parasite. He is a hard worker in a dangerous occupation, and what he does is of the utmost benefit to society. Furthermore, his work is up among the green branches of the most beautiful things God has caused to grow upon the earth, his object constantly to make them healthler and more beautiful. Why should the professional tree-trimmer become a thug?

CANNOT answer. It may be due to the human conditions of labor in the tree-trimming industry. Like the members of the I. W. W. he is an itinerant laborer, to a great extent, and perhaps the real trouble lies with his employer, with society, as it generally does with the I. W. W.—a fact the United States Government investigations have clearly demonstrated. I'm not going to try to answer, in fact, but only to point to try to answer, in fact, but only to point out that when a man is trimming his own trees, in his own orchard, provided, of course, that he has learned how to do it properly, he is engaged in one of the most healthful and one of the most delightful occupations known to man. If your saw is sharp and you keep it oiled to prevent vexatious binding, and if you have even an ounce of imprinction or the property of the contractions. of imagination to make of each tree a bit of an architectural problem, you can epend two hours in ten minutes up an old apple tree and resent the call to dinner.

There stands the old tree before you, an architectural problem, and tooks, it

you approach it with ladder and tools. It was planted long years ago, perhaps a hundred, in our eastern country

In Washington or Oregon an apple tree, after twenty years, is too tall to pick and has to be cut down. When it was and has to be cut down. When it was planted men knew little about pruning and less about pests. Probably they had no pests to speak of. But now the twisted old veteran shows many a painful soar of wrong pruning in its middle and later years; scale and disease have weakened it; it is full of holes and dead wood. Yet it is alive, surdily holes and appointing undersould. alive, and sprouting suckers with magnificent

vitality.
What shall you do to it? Shall you head it ruthlessly down to make fruit-picking casier, or shall you treat it rather as a shade tree, an ornament—and ornamental it shade tree, an ornament—and ornamental in certainly is with its leaning trunk and gnarled, spreading branches and tall, arched crown. After all, you decide why not let it be a tree, tall as it likes. So you walk all around it carefully, studying its shape and making up your mind what limbs to leave for the true outline, what suckers promise best as future bearing wood, at what points to prune ruthlessly to admit air and light. When these points are settled you climb up and begin.

FOU saw with your right arm and your I left arm; you saw right side up and up side down; you saw right sage up and un-side down; you balance on the swaying edge of nothing to use your long-handled pruning shears in the top tracing of twigs. Dead wood goes crashing down to the ground. Off come the stubs left by the ignorant farmers of a past generation, who did more harm than good whenever they pruned a tree. Suckers, or "water spouts," are removed and are tugged reluctantly out from the foliage with which they have sprouted, often whipping you annoyingly in the face. limbs of fresh, pungent green wood have to come out, too. Up and down and round about you climb and cut till at last the tree is revealed in its naked architectural bones mottled with white cuts which you have got to cover with tin or lead paint, and rising from a ragged mound of wood and brush or the dead grass beneath.

BEFORE you start hauling this slash away or get your paint and pot to cover the scars you fill your pipe and contemplate your work. You see, in imagination the vigor of the old tree new going into those sound, shapely limbs which you have left, clothing them with a richer green and a redder fruit than they have known for a generation. You feel something like an architent who has renovated and restored an old house, or a doctor who has patched up a cripple. You feel, also, the delicious physical weariness of a man who has done a healthful day's work in the open.
Then you remove the slash or start in on the next tree.

It seems incredible to me that anybody can prune trees well without coming to love them, and it seems even more incredible that anybody can love trees and remain an undesirable citizen. So, after all, I get back to my first contradiction and end with a paradox. It may even be that the Kaiser is an expert orchardist!

Place aux Dames!

Place aux Dames:

DE CHARLES WHARTON STORE, the
genial magister cantandi of Philadelphia
poets, has had the gracious thought to issue
a ladies' number of his magazine. Contemporary Verse. With much justice he says
that while our poets male may hag sadiy behind their English brothers in plenitude of tone and trill, the women singers of this country are a choir second to none. Nor is this saying born of gailantry alone. The worst thing for poets is to praise them too highly Days of buffets and nights of fasting are excellent medicine for the muse. Yet Dontor Stork, in the vulgar phrase, has "said something" in his gleeful comment on the high excellence of our fair rhymesters. We con-gratulate with him upon the fact. Emlly Dickinson was the first America

woman poet to capture our heart, and next to her we would throw down gage of battle in behalf of Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese. who contributes to Doctor Stork's current number this delicious little picture:

Ellen Hanging Clothes

The maid is out in the soft April light. Our store of linen hanging up to dry; On clump of box, on the small grass there lie Bits of thin lace, and broidery blossom-white. And something makes tall Ellen—air or look— Or else but that most ancient, simple thing, Hanging the clothes upon a day in spring. Like to a Greek girl cut out an old book. The wet white flaps; a tune just come to The sound brims the still rooms. Our flags

are out. Blue by the box, blue by the kitchen stair: Betwixt the twain she trips across the wind. Her warm hair blown all cloudy-wise about, Slim as the flags, and every whit as fair.

be nervous days for the Swarthmore seis-mograph.

Still waiting for Garabed. These must



"BUT DOND'T LET ME INFLUENCE YOUR DECISION!"

DON'T CRY TILL HE GOES

Women, Says One, Must Also Be Brave in War—Evening Ledger Readers Discuss Municipal Wages and the Grocer's Sad Lot

What Women Can Do

o the Editor of the Evening Public Ledge Sir-I am writing this with the hope that it may help other women as I have been helped. My first idea of military life was obtained at the time of my only brother's graduation from West Point some years ago. I was greatly impressed with the soldiers, not in war sense, but merely admiration. Immediately after graduation my brother, now a captain, whom I shall call Jack, was sent to Honolulu. Three years later be was allowed by first turious. He was then sent allowed his first furlough. He was then sent Fortunately that didn't amount His next post was Texas. The Texas papers wrote columns about him and of the mutiny and rlot that arose between the blacks and whites. Jack was considered the hero. He came home last month for his farewell before leaving for "over there." I went home to join the family reunion. I asked him of the terrible night of the riot and if he wasn't afraid. He said, "When danger comes a true soldier never shirks, but does his duty. If you're going to get it you get it. It's far better to die a true soldler for the cause than to live and be a slacker—a disgrace to

the country."
Then he told of his dear friend, another captain who was killed on the night of the tot. He said the dying captain's last words vere, "Go see my mother and tell her not o worry." Jack stopped at Virginia, his dead friend's home, and saw his mother. She told Jack that this son made a total of three that she had lost, two in France, and she still had a fourth and only son left, n France. Yet Jack said she never broke down while

she was talking to him, except that she seemed to have a far-off gaze at times; once or twice she blinked hard, but that's all, and when she hade Jack good-by she smiled. "She's some woman. That's the kind of nen we men want. It isn't going to the theatre for us, but crying won't do any good."

I know of another lady whose husband ad been killed. She said the real meaning of the war had not been brought home to her until she received word of her husband's death. Now all of her time is devoted to

war-relief work.
Young girls should be made to realize that we are actually at war and try to help the soldiers, not to fall in love—with the sol-dlers and sallors. It is up to us women to keep up the moral standing of the men is we want to win this war. Go in for Red Cross work all you can, and above all, when you bid him good-by, no matter if your neart seems to be bursting and the tears seem to choke you, hold back the tears until you reach home; hold up your head and-Philadelphia. April 24.

Water Bureau Wages

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger, Sir-We are wasting a lot of hot-air talk on the police department and Public Safety on the ponce department are runne Sarety Department, but not one word is said about other departments or the salaries city em-ployes are getting in some of these depart-ments. The question of salary seems foreign to the prevailing vice question in our city, but it is a fact nevertheless that the city is paying its help about the lowest wages that

paying its help about the lowest wages that are being paid anywhere.

On January 1 the Water Eureau raised its men from \$900 to \$1000 a year, which included oliers. firemen and engineers. Ollers and firemen are averaging \$20 per week, engineers about \$27 a week, and yet the in a salary whatever for a roar with week, engineers about 35' a week, and yet this is no salary whatever for a man with a family the way living is at present. So much comes off every payment for the pension; then there are assessments, which is a thing that was revived again after Mayor Blankenburg had put a stop to it. Now, with all this handsome salary, at the end of the year I find myself already in debt to the amount of \$267, and in all likelihood I will be required to buy a Liberty Bond. Now how am I going to buy Liberty Bonds Now how am I going to buy Liberty Bonds and keep my family on the handsome salary of \$1600 a year? I do not mean to be unpatriotic, but I cannot see my family suffer, so therefore I am getting into debt head over heels through the wonderful raise we received in the Water Bureau on January 1. These positions come under the heading of settled labor, yet ustyate and tipyernment somewhat he are paying daulty, what the city in

OH. Mother must economize the best that she is able, To cut the cost of living down on clothing and on table; paying for the same kind of work. Why cannot city employes benefit in the present high
wage scale the same as those of other concerns? No working man or mechanic can
begin to live on less than \$1290 the way
living is now. Does the city know this or
doesn't it care a rap for its employes? Men
are leaving the Water Bureau every day and
going where they can get a living wage.
We are ready to do our bit, but we want But why should she monopolize this plessant task? No, rather

We are ready to do our bit, but we want something to do it with WATER BUREAU.

Sad Lot of the Grocer

Sir-The lot of the average retail groces

is not an enviable one at the present time. He is being made the "goat" for many of the unpleasant complications of the food

situation. In fact, the public is being edu-

It is a familiar practice of the real thief throw suspicion on the innocent by stand-

er to divert the chase in another direction

er to divert the chase in another direction, and the grocer has to suffer. If the retail grocer makes an error in selling flour without the proper substitutes, he faces a fine of \$5000 or the closing up of his business. Were he to commit burglary or second-degree murder his punishment would scarcely be so

severe. He is expected to sell sugar, eggs

and butter at a margin of about 8 to 10 per cent, while the best authorities agree that the overhead cost of doing business is at

least 15 per cent for the average grocer.

If he innocently or willfully forgets to comply with some of the technical points of

the pure-food law, he faces a heavy fine. As a patriot he is expected, if he has bought

goods at a low price, to continue selling then

at that price, even though it will cost him more money to replace these goods than he will get from the sale of them. However,

If he has bought goods at a high price an

the market drops, he is unpatriotic and a profiteer if he doesn't at once drop his prices,

Unlimited competition keeps his margin of

profit so low that competent authorities esti-mate at least 75 per cent of the grocers fail

advances prices to meet market advances he

a looked upon as a robber, but when he sowers prices for market declines he gets

to thanks. If his customers meet with inls-

rtune, they expect him to carry them along,

and too often forget him when the sun of

prosperity shines again.

While retail grocers are failing by the

thousands every year we note that the meat trust, oil trust, tobacco trust, sugar trust and all the other trusts are getting fatter

each year from excessive profits with no in-terference from governmental authorities, who are so busily engaged in running down

who are so busing engages in running down some luckless, insignificant grocer for some technical violation of the food rules that they have no time to investigate the gigantic offenders who, through their absolute control of the necessaries of life, arbitrarily fix

of the necessaries of life, arbitrarily fitheir prices at such a point as to give then

tens of millions of excessive profits each

stonal man are all getting at least 100 per cent more for their produce or services than prior to the war and their patriotism is un-questioned, but the grocer is compelled to

do business under costly war conditions on the same or a less margin of profit as before

GROCER.

The unfortunate Ger

man citizen who was robbed of his life's

savings by a pick

The Kaiser may be

his own safety in

he war. He surely is the "goat." Ashland, Pa., April 24.

pocket at City Hall now knows exactly it feels to live in Germany these days.

That May Explain It intent on slowly terminating his

Underleables are said No Piece Like Hems to be flooking to New York signs vice you

A Kalser in

Our Midst?

ple in order to insure

The farmer, the wage-earner, the profes

n business sooner or later. Every

o matter what the loss

waxing fat on excessive wartime profits.

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Philadelphia, April 24.

by Father! Daddy, don't discard your socks, for

that would be quite silly, Trim off the tops for wristlets warm to wear when days are chilly; Don't throw your old suspenders out, for

ECONOMY FOR MEN

By Elsic Duncan Yale

some of this frugality be practiced to

it would be far smarter To cut them up with greatest care to make a stylish parter

THE threadbare coat that long has been your patient form adorning Will make a very useful vest to wear on

Sunday morning; While from your daughter's ribbon bows you'll cut, if you are thrifty, ome necktles that for business wear are really very nifty!

YOUR dress-suit coat is all worn out and looks quite "on its uppers"? Twill make a good Tuxedo, then, to wear to little suppers.

Don't throw your old cigar-ends out, but chop them up so neatly. To make an economic smoke and fill your pipe completely.

THESE many little helpful hints with best intent we're giving So Father, too, may help reduce this awful cost of living:

For there are many, many ways a husband who is clever May save a penny here and there if he will -

but endeavor. -TODAY'S USELESS QUESTION

Why don't the tailors make ash-colred suits, on which tobacco cinders could be dropped without leaving &

What Do You Know?

QUIZ
Who was Madame Recumier Who said, "I have had wealth, rank and hower; but, if these were all I had, has wretched I would be"?

Name the author of "A Fable for Critics."

Heatify "the Large of the control of the

Identify "the Astronomer Poet of Persis." What is the name of the Mahammedan serve

6. Where is Zeebrugge?
7. Who founded Georgia?
8. Where was the Promised Land? Who is Vice Admiral von Capelle?

What is meant by "the lion's share"? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Massachusetts is called "the Buy State." 2. Robert Browning, British poet, wrote "su dello."

3. Skunk rabbage: an early spring plant a cont-shaped brownish spathe. a cowl-shaped brownish spathe.

4. By the Constitution (Article II, Rection II) the Precident is commander-in-chief of the army and newsy beth in times of season war. 2010 of the militias of the excess Sintes when called for war service.

5. Hotbeds and cold-frames are sinced soak ore a framed box, usually with slouns in The hotbed has a soil layer over her nurs, the cold-frame has any rich felasis soil.

6. Robin Flood: a medieval hero of Emiser who led a hand of merry posterior and robbers, with headquarters in a wood forest, stealing from the rich helping the poor and distressed.

7. Veryal Virgins; ancient Raman priestens Venta, who had a very important dup in the Roman religion. One of their a was to keep a flume perpetually burst to keep a flume perpetually burst to head a perpetually burst to head a perpetually burst to head a perpetually burst because in his a significant production of the significant productions of the significant productions and significant productions are significant productions and significant productions and significant productions and significant productions are significant productions.

nymesters a mendo-mest also a bandily a ranged collection of rhymnus words.

9. Isle of Wight; on Island and administration of the English Country of English in the English Country of Hamushire.

10. Barun Bitancislay van Richthafen, week. He had wan se and selektion see week.