Evening Public Ledger

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ANNOUNCEMENT

WITH today's issues the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER begins the daily publication of exclusive news cables from the battle fronts in Europe and all the world capitals where events of tremendous political, social and economic importance are constantly developing.

Some of these cables are of such immediate interest to the people of this country that, despite their length and great cost, they are brought through at the highest rate charged by the cable companies—twenty-five or more cents a word—in order to insure their prompt publication.

The attention of our readers is especially invited to the dispatches of Mr. Philip Gibbs, the famous English correspondent, who is doing exceptionally brilliant work with the Allied commands on the western front. Frequently since the present German drive began Mr. Gibbs has scored that triumph dear to the heart of every newspaper man—a "beat" on his competitors. His record in this respect is unusual, considering the intense competition for news items of this character. There is a personal gratification for Mr. Gibbs and his editors in thus serving his readers sometimes as much as a full day ahead of even the regular news associations. But the real importance of such "beats" lies in the fact that the public is acutely awake to the advantage of getting authoritative news with the utmost speed from the front where the world is facing the gravest crisis in history.

In addition, we would commend attention also to the dispatches of Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert, one of the foremost journalists and publicists in America, who has begun a series of daily comments from Washington, the greatest news center of the western world. Mr. Gilbert's ripe judgment and scholarly attainments are plainly visible in everything he writes. His articles are more than mere news reports; they are authoritative and keenly analytical studies by an observant and well-stocked mind of daily events touching the heart and core of our national affairs.

With such news features in addition to the local and regular news association services, the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER can justly say with pride that it now offers to its readers a news service covering the whole world with a thoroughness and expedition never before excelled or even approached in a Philadelphia afternoon newspaper.

A Daniels come to judgment? No, merely to praise.

ARCHBISHOP DOUGHERTY

ARCHBISHOP DOUGHERTY, as the successor to the late Archbishop Prendergast, will bring to his high office in this city much of the sort of wisdom that is not always allied even with such brilliant scholarship as his. Long application in difficult fields has given him the intimate understanding of humble lives which properly should be the beginning of all knowledge.

A constructive and imaginative administration is assured for the diocese. The new Archbishop will be welcomed by all races and denominations alike as a personality sure to contribute much that is valuable to the life of the community as a whole.

A new peace feeler is said to be on the way from Rome. But does it start there?

A CHAUFFEUR FOR THE STATE MACHINE

THERE isn't any occasion for surprise in the news that the brothers Vare are putting their souls, their money and their organization behind the candidacy of a chauffeur who has announced himself as an aspirant for the State Senate from the Thirty-sixth Ward in opposition to Dr. George Woodward. The amazing thing is that the Vares didn't confer greater honor on the humble by assigning one of their men street sweepers for this branch of the party Government. The lucky chauffeur happens to have the same name as his employer. The coincidence will be especially useful to adroit workers who get within reach of the ballots on election day. Voters will credit the Vares with a masterstroke in this instance and others will feel sorry that they wish to find suitable company for some of the men whom they have sent east to Harrisburg.

A street driver in the Senate is a new proposal. It is one that may even touch the benumbed imagination of those amiable and respectable persons who consistently accept as gospel the Vare theory that the Vare machine is a fattening ground for [illegible] and saints.

WHAT THE STAND AT YPRES MEANS

YPRES is safe, as the armies of the Entente have held the Germans at bay. General von Arnim's sacrifice of his men has been in vain. The German failure at Verdun has repeated itself on the northern sector.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the Germans are defeated about Ypres or that the Entente armies are finally victorious. The advantage, so far as any has accrued, lies with the Germans, for they have taken a large slice of France. But they have not broken through.

In spite of the great sacrifice of life, the general situation remains unchanged. There has been a shifting of the trench lines and that is about all the physical change that has taken place.

But in spite of the deadlock, the great Picardy battle must have a heartening effect on all the nations fighting the Kaiser. We know now that France and England are strong enough to hold the lines until America can send her men in adequate numbers to affect the result.

The man-power of Germany and Austria is limited. The drain upon it cannot go on forever. There must come a time when the size of the armies the Kaiser can put in the field will become smaller and smaller. America alone can muster as big a force as Germany and Austria together at their best. This force, combined with the French and English, will be sufficient to compel a decision on the battlefield.

The morale of Germany from now on is bound to suffer progressive deterioration, for the fact that America is really in the war can no longer be concealed from the German people. When our soldiers first came in contact with the Germans they insisted that our men were Englishmen in disguise. "For," said they, "the Kaiser has told us that the submarines would make it impossible for America to send any troops to Europe." The failure of the submarine campaign is bound to react upon German sentiment, and as the fact becomes generally known throughout Germany that Americans in increasing numbers are reaching France every week and taking their places in the trenches the war will enter on its final stage.

We must not count on German demoralization, but must assume that we are fighting an alert and hopeful army confident of ultimate victory. There is no prospect of success otherwise.

Neither must we be deceived by talk of peace, which is bound to be heard in the near future following the German failure at Ypres. Such talk has been put afloat after every check in the German advance. The Germans are playing a game of seesaw. First they try for peace by decisive victories and then they try for peace by negotiation.

Plausible and sophistical propositions for peace without indemnities and without annexations—save where the people "want to be annexed"—will be launched. Some weaklings will be ready to make peace on any terms in order that the slaughter may cease. But the rest of us know that a German peace would be only the preliminary to more slaughter in the future and are convinced that there is no safety for any nation so long as the German army can lay down its weapons with a reputation for invincibility at home. Witness Russia and Rumania.

In the meantime the fighting will go on. An attempt will be made to break through at another point. The Allied strategists must be trusted to foresee where the blow is to fall and to be prepared to resist it. And our men must be rushed across the ocean with all possible speed to strengthen the resistance and to transform the defensive into an irresistible offensive that will drive the Germans out of France and Belgium across the Rhine. Peace made with the Allied armies on German soil is the kind of peace that is likely to be permanent.

Sheep on the White House lawn? Why have them there when there are so many in the big building at the other end of Pennsylvania avenue?

WORDS AND THE WAR

IT HAS been the good fortune of baseball and football and similar diversions to be celebrated in a vocabulary wholly luminous and full of glint and color. The poets who used to celebrate these games in prime have raked the dictionaries from end to end and dipped into foreign tongues in their sweat and strife as interpreters of meanings supposed to be glorious. They have been pioneers of language, for, when all else failed, they have minted new terms from their restless to stir general consciousness to joy or admiration—a proper enough employment for creative genius. And yet in this supreme crisis of our days it begins to seem as if they had played us a bit low—as if they have been caught red-handed at a sinister game devised to impoverish our imagination and hinder our vision.

Those who are forever marveling at the lack of interest and inspiration manifested in America through all the cumulative reactions of the war have wondered recently whether the reason lies in the inadequacy of the words of our language to convey a sense of the terror and majesty of the processes through which the world moves to its deliverance. It might be said that all the nobler terms of English have been worn thin long ago and robbed of their inner significance by commonplace uses.

It is easy to remember how the sonorous words eloquent of valor and strength, sacrifice and shining achievement were piled one upon the other in the old days to celebrate the acknowledged majesty of Ty, Big Chief Bender—and, by the way, where is Big Chief now?—was garlanded and festooned with the rarest jewels of our common tongue twice a week for years. He was vigilant, unconquerable, kingly, terrible. He was avalanche. He was destruction. Similar words, those that toll like bells in memory, were pinned in all their radiance to Walter Johnson, the Kansas Cyclone and Smokeball King of blessed memory, and to Tris Speaker and innumerable others. These men were loved, of course. They had a right to be. They were loved not wisely but too well. It may be their fault that we are now unable to react to the true significance of words that try to tell of the war. To hear nowadays that a soldier manifested heroism doesn't arrest attention. The football field and the tracks used to be infested with heroes. We forgot to conserve our words, it appears, just as we forgot to conserve much else of immeasurable value.

What would the baseball reporters do nowadays if they were suddenly sent over to write of battle and extermination and surging fire over half a country? It wouldn't do to say that Von Arnim at Ypres had been stopped on first and that Haig's curves have him jaiped. No, indeed! The baseball writer is usually a poet astray in the world. He himself would realize definitely enough the nature of the whole matter. He probably would perceive the extent to which he has impoverished his own language. Terms such as "smash," "monumental," "storm," "terrible" would ring as hollow in his ears as they ring in ours because of overuse. His heart probably would break and he would die.

Meanwhile, when you come to think of it, to describe the marvel and the wonder of these days, the business of men in battle, the grandeur of manly deeds, we have not one remaining word that can gleam and glitter and sing, no single term safe from the dust and tarnish of service in everyday causes.

How would you like to be the ice man, too? But he is at last charged with profiteering.

THE CAT IS OUT OF THE BAG

THERE is no longer any doubt as to the reason the Vares put it to be understood works men that they were for Sproul and Scott. It was necessary to do something to induce the up-State leaders to stomach Scott. Some of them wanted O'Neil to head the ticket. By playing Sproul against O'Neil it was possible to make them understand that acceptance of Scott was the price of the local acceptance of O'Neil.

Now O'Neil and Scott are to tour the State together, speaking on the same platform, and Scott is to tell the voters that the only objection to him comes from the Penrose-Grundy crowd, which was offended because he favored child labor and workmen's compensation legislation. Perhaps he can get away with this sort of camouflage. But he knows very well what the real objection to his election to the office of Lieutenant Governor is, and if we mistake not the voters of the State will know before they go to the primaries on May 21.

Local hotel and restaurant proprietors are to have their names on an honor roll in recognition of their success in selling food. No one who eats in their places doubts that they have been paying it.

WOMEN ALIENS

DESPITE all that has been written and said within the last year, it has remained for the Federal campaign against women aliens and the arrest of an instructor at Vassar on the one hand and the proposed organization of soldiers' mothers on the other to indicate how deep and crucial the issues of war may really become.

It might be supposed that treachery to the country would be almost unknown among women at a time like this. The deputations of war are felt most acutely by women whose homes are made empty by a call to arms. Other women know this. When women conspire against women to the extent of endangering the lives of their sons and brothers and husbands the ordinary concerns of war move to a new plane of feeling and bitterness.

Miss Agathe Willelmine Bielrath, an instructor at Vassar and a friend of enemy aliens, has been arrested on a Federal warrant. The nature of her associations adds significance to the incident. There is no doubt whatever that countless women in America are still aggressively pro-German and that they have taken advantage of the immunity which so far has been accorded them because of sentiment and governmental courtesy. It is said that 20,000 women in New York are suspected of active enemy propaganda. The Government is justified in its systematic efforts to eliminate this peculiar peril. The German scheme of intrigue, as accumulated evidence has proved, often based important enterprises upon the emotionalism of women and their characteristic obtuseness in matters that touch their sentiments. It is idle to suppose that the German theory was evolved without consideration of the possibilities offered by the large German population in America.

Edison is doing Henry Ford's tractors. The rest of us are hoping that when they are as common as tin lizzies the price of food will come down.

A WEEK OF PRAYER

WHATEVER is believed in nobly is thereby made true. That is the mystery of prayer. Spiritual strength is as important at a time like this as strength of arms. The plan to have a week of prayer for victory beginning on Monday in all the Philadelphia churches has, therefore, far more than a sentimental value and more than a religious significance. The strength that is founded in faith never wearies.

A plan such as that formulated by the churches in this city, where all denominations have united spontaneously to toll their bells at each noon hour and to open their doors for special services of patriotism, might properly be emulated the country over. In such a way the spiritual attention of the entire nation might be concentrated on the looming difficulties of the hour. And a strong nation on its knees should be inspiring—even to those who do not pray.

They are to have a coalition cabinet in Hungary, but coal is just as scarce there as ever.

The German big gun appears to be killing more people among its crews than it kills in Paris.

Does that 31-to-1 mystery on the monthly bills mean that Nat Goodwin is going to keep on marrying?

If any women doubt the stories of German atrocities they ought to ask Countess de Bryas about them. She is now in town.

Two cents an hour is not a very big increase for the conductors and motormen of the P. R. T., but it is better than nothing.

OVER THE TOP

IS A female Bolshevik a Bolshevixen?

Ware Gas!

We have our masks all ready for the German peace gas that will presently be drifting across to us.

* *

A few more victories like the present one in Flanders, and there won't be much left of the German Empire.

* *

Some wiseacre said that "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." If Prussian imperialism is the shadow of Bismarck, we don't wonder the German people used to yearn for a place in the sun.

* *

We imagine the German high command must be pretty well disgusted by the failure of their offensive in the west. Now for a stout oak subscription to the Liberty Loan to disgust them a little more.

Our Own Proverb Factory

A proverb is saying something everybody knows in such a way that nobody can recognize it.

* *

Gratitude, said some cynic, is a lively sense of favors to come. And a platitude is a lively sense of surprises to be uttered.

* *

No one laughs so little as the humorist's wife.

* *

Who is so financially fond of prose as the poet's mother-in-law?

* *

The best man is one whose conscience twinges when some one else's foot is trampled on.

It Happened at Ypres

"This loss of life is severe,"
Said Hindenburg at Ypr.
"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Said Kaiser Bill at Flomer.
"The Britishers are queers,"
Said Ludendorff at Wipers.

Those who carve on a public building some inscription that seizes the imagination or touches the heart of the passer-by have done well by their fellow citizens. The other day we were passing up Eighteenth street and were delighted to read these words carved over the door of the Medico-Chi Hospital:

"Thou can'st not lay thy finger on the spot where pain ceases to be experienced. They shall live for ever."

Things That Make Us Despair

We saw a sign on Market street that likened itself as selling "nothing over fifty cents." And when we drew sigh to gloat over the display windows, the very best article we saw was an azure fascinator for eighty-seven cents.

War has its compensations.
For instance the
Lovely ladies who sell
Papers at the railway news-stands
I buy twice as many
Young Stories and safety pennants
As I used to. Why at
The Reading Terminal . . . .
. . . . . *blighted by censors*
Some lady! DOVE DULCET.

We have fallen into the bad habit of thinking on the street. And there aren't seem to be any traffic rules in our mind; sometimes a thought will come galloping down the left-hand side of the thoroughfare rattling over the cobbles and crowding everything else off the roadway. We need a few mental mounted police, that's what.

One of the thoughts that occurs to us on crowded streets, when we see the movement blossoming with its lovely garden of humanity, is this: How on earth do they all earn a living? Is there enough money in the world to keep them all supplied with socks or stockings, nose powder, tobacco, winter woodens and tickets for the movies?

Of course the answer is, they don't, and there isn't.

Or else, they do, and there is.

A Busy Afternoon

Matthew Miller is just the right kind of fellow to go to the circus with. He's nine years old and doesn't flinch at any quantity of peanuts, hot dogs and ice-cream cones.

Matthew chaperoned me to the circus the other afternoon. We fed the elephants, had a talk with the sword-swallowing lady and the barking man, admired the baby giraffe, read the program from end to end and still had time to see the "greatest show on earth."

MONEY put into the Liberty Loan doesn't come home to you gassed and maimed and on crutches. It comes back fresh and smiling, with the glow of duty well done, and a merry little increment of 4¼ per cent tagging behind it.

Contributed by Over The Top

The Kaiser is said to be suffering from hallucinations. Turn about is fair play. So many other nations are suffering from the Kaiser. SOCRATES.

Say He Was Glassed

Would it be proper to say that the Philadelphia man who found ground glass in his pie was another victim of the familiar German piety?

When Laughter Is Dangerous

At the Art Club, under a new rule, it is proper to say "have a smile" when you wish to stone financially for the refreshment served to another in glasses. Presumably the modern attenuated cocktail would be designated as a shtick.

Or to Jump From

The three newest Rhine bridges have been named by the Kaiser in honor of Ludendorff, the Crown Prince and Hindenburg. Each of these generals will now have something appropriate to escape over when the time comes.

The rent of Truck Chauffeur Woodward's house has been raised a dollar a month, and he is to be nominated for the State Senate. Couldn't a better way be found to help him pay his rent?

Sunday baseball at Shibe Park! Ye gods and little fishes, what is the world coming to when enlisted men are to be allowed to have some harmless recreation?

"GOTT! VOT IF HE GOES SANE!!"

(The Imperial German entourage has become alarmed at the Kaiser's mental condition.—Swiss Dispatch.)

BULLIED BY THE BIRDS; HARMLESS CITIZENS MENACED

By Christopher Morley

Marathon, Pa., May 2.

I INSIST that the place for birds is in the air or on the bushy tops of trees or on smooth-shaven lawns. Let them twitter and strut on the greens of golf courses and intimidate the third business men. Let them peck crudes along the railroad track and keep the trains waiting. But really they have no right to take possession of a man's house as they have mine.

THE NESTING season is a time of tyranny and oppression for those who live in Marathon. The birds are upon us like Hindenburg in Belgium. We go about on tiptoe, speaking in whispers, for fear of annoying them. It is all the fault of the Marathon Bird Club, which has offered all sorts of inducements to the fowls of the air to come and live in our suburb, quite forgetting that humble commuters have to live there, too. Birds have moved all the way from Wynnewood and Ambler and Chestnut Hill to enjoy the congenial air of Marathon and the informing little pamphlets of our club, telling them just what to eat and which houses offer the best hospitality. All our dwellings are girt about with little villas made of condensed milk boxes, but the feathered tyrants have grown too pernickety to inhabit these. They come closer still, and make our homes their own. They take the grossest liberties.

I AM fond of birds, but I think the line must be drawn somewhere. The clothes-line, for instance. The other day Titania sent me out to put up a new clothesline; I found that a shrike or a barn swallow or some other veery bad built a nest in the clothespin basket. That means we won't be able to hang out our laundry in the fresh Monday air and equally fresh Monday sunshine until the nesting season is over.

Then there is a gross, fat, indiscreet robin that has taken a home in an evergreen or mimosa or banyan tree just under our veranda railing. It is an absurdly exposed, almost indecently exposed, position, for the confidential family business she intends to carry on. The iceman and the butcher and the boy who brings up the Sunday ice cream from the apothecary can't help seeing those three big blue eggs she has laid. But, because she has nested there for the last three springs, while the house was unoccupied, she thinks she has a perpetual lease on that bush. She hotly resents the iceman and the butcher and the apothecary's boy, to say nothing of me. So these worthy merchants have to trail round a circuitous route, violating the neutral ground of a neighbor, in order to reach the house from behind and deliver their wares through the cellar. We none of us dare use the veranda at all for fear of frightening her, and I have given up having the morning paper delivered at the house because she made such shrill protest.

FRIGHTENING HER, do I say? Nay, it is we who are frightened. I go round to the side of the house to prune my benzine bushes or to plant a mess of spinach and a profane starling or woodpecker busties off her nest with shrewish outcry and lingers nearby to rail at me. Abashed, I stealthily scuffle back to get a spade out of the tool bin and again that shrill scream of anger and outraged motherhood. A throstle or a whippoorwill is raising a family in the gutter-spout over the back kitchen. I go into the bathroom to shave and Titania whispers sharply, "You mustn't shave in there. There's a tomtit nesting in the shutter hinge and the light from your shaving mirror will make the poor little birds crosseyed when they're hatched." I try to shave in the dining room and I find a sparrow's nest on the window sill. Finally I do my toilet in the coal bin, even though there is a young squealing bat down there. A bat is half mouse anyway, so Titania has less compassion for its feelings. Even if that bat grows up bow-legged on account of premature excitement, I have to shave somewhere.

WE CAN'T play croquet at this time of year, because the lawn must be kept clear for the robins to quarry out worms. The sound of mallet and ball frightens the worms and sends them underground, and then it's harder for the robins to find them. I suppose we really ought to keep a stringed orchestra playing in the garden to entice the worms to the surface. We have given up frying onions because the mother robins don't like the odor while they're raising a family. I love my toast crusts, but Titania takes them away from me for the blackbirds. "Now," she says, "they're raising a family. You must be generous."

IF MY GARDEN doesn't amount to anything this year the birds will be my alibi. Titania makes me do my gardening in rubber-soled shoes so as not to disturb the birds when they are going to bed. They begin peeping at 4 a. m. right outside the window and never think of my slumbers. The other evening I put on my planting trousers and was about to sow a specially fine pea I had brought home from town when Titania made signs from the window. "You simply mustn't wear those trousers around the house in nesting season. Don't you know the birds are very sensitive just now?" And we have been paying board for our cat on Long Island for a whole year because the birds wouldn't like his society and plebeian ways.

MARATHON has come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the commuters are to be dispossessed in this way by a lot of birds, orioles and tomtits and yellow-bellied nuthatches. Some of these days a wren will take it into its head to build a nest on the railroad track and we'll all have to walk to town. Or a chicken hawk will settle in our icebox and we'll starve to death.

AS I have said before in these exclusive dispatches, I believe in keeping nature in its proper place. Birds belong in trees. I don't go twittering and fluffing about in oaks and chestnuts, perching on the birds' nest steps and getting in their way. And why should some swarthy robin, be she never so matronly, swear at me if I set foot on my own front porch?

A correspondent cables that he found Hindenburg filled with high spirits. The reference may be to the new super-rum which other correspondents with the German armies tell about.

Mr. McAdoo's new locomotives are to be initialed "U. S." It seems to us that the engineers ought to be dressed in stars and stripes and chin whiskers to carry out the symbolism.

MARGARET

By Henry Weir Boland

"That I may the lady's name shadow sweetly, like yet more, to Margaret."
OSCAR WILDE.

Spring comes back with violet,
Daffodil and crocus. Yet,
To greet each floweret,
Nevermore comes Margaret.

Days of gold or nights of jet;
Suns that soothe or winds that fret
May our changing ways beset,
Nevermore comes Margaret.

In bush and tree and gray turret,
Birds nest again. The sad owlet
Mopes from sunrise to sunset,
Nevermore comes Margaret.

Life may bring an amulet
That will charm away regret;
Time may teach us to forget,
Nevermore comes Margaret.

Soldier Dogs

"It is interesting," writes Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke, in the course of a book on the war, "to know that dogs are being used in many ways in the war, including sentinels, dispatch carriers, ammunition guards, to seek out wounded as convoys, etc. The dogs must first undergo an examination before a board with a special jury. If they are accepted for service they are placed in centers for instruction, preparation and training. They are intrusted with experienced trainers who make them familiar with their positions as soldiers, and then they are taught courage, discipline, sangfroid, prudence and dispatch. It is only after a long course in these schools that the dogs are sent to the front for active service. As sentinels, the dogs are used in the trenches. It is said that some dogs have saved whole companies of infantry in time of fog by showing by their growling the near presence of German forces. They carry orders and instructions from one unit to another across country exposed to shell fire, and they go swiftly through places inaccessible to man. One dog had its jaw broken while on such a mission, but in spite of the wound it carried the message to its destination."

The President has subscribed for $48,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. If every other man would subscribe a similar proportion of his income, the loan would be floated overnight.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What was the Labyrinth?
2. Which is the Hawkeye State?
3. Who wrote "The Tent on the Beach"?
4. What is meant by a "martinet"?
5. What is the Kremlin?
6. Who said, "A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy"?
7. Where is Laibach?
8. When was the Constitution of the United States framed?
9. What is cartography?
10. Who is Ian McPherson?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Peat: a carbonaceous substance formed by partial decomposition and coalescence of various mosses and other plants. In its older forms utilized for fuel.
2. A fort is a separate unit of defense; a fortress is a combination or assembly of forts and defensive works.
3. Samuel Johnson, British philosopher and man of letters, wrote "Rasselas."
4. Florida is the Everglade State.
5. "Eureka," more properly "Heureka" ("I have found it"), the triumphant exclamation of Archimedes on discovering the principle of specific gravity.
6. Aria: an elaborate vocal number, sometimes virtually independent of the scene and often highly ornamented, in an opera or oratorio.
7. Barrage: a preparatory commanding or bombing, either by gas or explosive shells, to open the way for an infantry attack.
8. General von Stein is the German Minister of War.
9. Argon: a colorless, odorless gas, constituting .93 of the air, also found in volcanic fumes.
10. Hypochondriac: a person querulous about or anxious over imaginary ailments, sometimes with simulation of symptoms of a malady.