

A BARRAGE IN STATE POLITICS

The Huns Are Gaining Ground Under Cover of War's Alarums

IT IS unmistakably apparent that the war has turned the attention of most men away from the affairs of State politics. And these are bright days, therefore, for every enterprising prospector in that overworked but always rich field.

Factional workers operate comfortably behind a barrage of rumors and stories of battle, and they are relatively free from the scrutiny of those who give all their minds to the war and its reactions upon themselves or their environment.

Thus the average citizen can tell you of the things that happened at Zeebrugge and at Ostend. He knows something of the British—oblem at Ypres and a lot about the strategy of Amiens and the strength of the British navy. His geography has been mightily improved. He has time for a leisurely analysis of the theory of Bolshevism.

But he probably doesn't know even the name of the man who may be running as a candidate for the State Senate in his own district. He has pored over the maps to study the strategy of the Hindenburg drive. But of the drive being made on the State Government by the factional overlords he knows nothing at all.

And so it has come about that the war being fought by all America on behalf of the institutions of its government makes it all the easier for the men who have consistently and tirelessly attacked these same institutions from the rear.

It would puzzle the average man to know why John R. K. Scott has lined up with J. Denny O'Neil or why the Vane and Penrose factions are at such bitter odds. Governor Brumbaugh has disorganized the processes of the State Supreme Court. The most powerful faction of the Republican machine in this part of the State has consistently refused to reveal its purposes in relation to the Governorship fight. These are merely symptoms of the larger fight underneath—of plots and counter-plots being worked quietly out of sight for control at the primaries.

At the coming election some of the most important matters of State government will be decided. Prohibition is an issue. The courts are involved. The future government of Philadelphia hangs more or less definitely in the balance. Because of the inertia that is ever the characteristic of the virtuous and because of the lack of interest of the man in the street, small groups of men whom no one could possibly suspect of unselfishness are permitted to decide all these matters in advance or to leave them to their greasy emissaries in the wards and districts.

With all of the extraordinary ballyhoo of Mr. Vane and the trumpeting of Mr. Penrose and the deferential obligato of Mr. Scott no one yet knows what shape the Republican fight in Pennsylvania is to take. The primary will be held a week from tomorrow, yet the general public seems to have no interest whatever in the issues to be decided.

The trouble seems to be with the community itself, which appears unable to produce one man or one group of men whose leadership would be acceptable to more enlightened ends or whose judgments would be accepted in relation to the fitness or unfitness of political candidates. The Town Meeting party is now the adjunct of one of the Republican factions. There is nothing or no one to take the place which it presumed to occupy.

Meanwhile, we have the extraordinary spectacle of a nation fighting for decency and a State slipping complacently in the opposite direction, without a squirm or a struggle.

"Stop sniping," said Lloyd George to the English politicians. There are Americans who will not keep that rule in mind.

DON'T WE BELIEVE IN OUR BOYS? WHAT is the matter with Philadelphia? Don't we believe in the boys who are fighting for us? Don't we want to get back of them and give them the courage, the right spirit to stand up, the "pep," as we call it, that makes real fighters? As we would really seem as if these charges (for charges they are) were true. Look at these figures: We were asked to give to the Red Cross last year. Surely if there is a war activity that should arouse the best within us it is the Red Cross. And what do we do; what do we give? Cleveland gives \$6.55 for every man, woman and child in its population. New York city gives \$6.74. Pittsburgh (mark this!) gives \$6.77. Little Rochester, N. Y. (little in the sense that it has one-tenth of our population), gives \$5.95 per person. And what do we give, we of the five Counties of Philadelphia, Montgomery, Chester, Delaware and Bucks, 2,500,000 of us approximately?

LESS THAN \$1.50 PER PERSON. It isn't that we haven't the money. We have, plenty of it. We have made as much or more money out of the war as any city in the United States. And we have given to war relief less than \$1.50 per person! Why are not people on the outside perfectly justified in their conclusion that Philadelphia is falling to back our boys? The fact that we have given thousands of boys to service does not alter the case. It only makes our parsimonious giving the more inexplicable. What is the use of giving those boys if we don't back them up when we are called to give money so that they may be cared for if they are sick or nursed when they are wounded? Are we going to withhold the hand of help at such a time? Yet, in comparison with other cities, that is exactly what we have been doing. It is a case of not backing up our boys.

There is an opportunity now of changing this. Within a week or so we shall have a chance to show to the world that we are not the city of the "Der teuerliche Simplicissimus," as Grimmelehausen, was published in 1669 and is a novel describing the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. We should have Von Freytag-Loringhoven from quoting a comic paper as authority for the tragedies of war. It seems queer, however, that he should have done so in the nineteenth century for his

happily. The War Chest represents the morale of our boys day and night, well and sick, happy and depressed, fighting or wounded. To such a fund we should give out utmost. Not our "bit"; that is not enough. That is what we have been doing and that is why we have been giving less than \$1.50 per person. We must give our best. That is what everybody over there is giving for us. We cannot do less.

Mr. Borglum's soaring imagination doesn't seem to have qualified him as an aviation expert.

NAPOLEON A GERMAN?

ANOTHER dutiful German professor—the cables do not say whether he is a mere Doctor of Frightfulness in an obscure university or a distinguished Professor of Murder at Heidelberg—has appeared with one of the discoveries that have been found so useful in Germany to console a population in the almost total absence of things to eat.

He has found that Napoleon was in reality of German origin.

Does this explain the Corsican's fervid efforts to obliterate Germany from the map of Europe? Certainly Napoleon managed adroitly to conceal the dreadful fact completely while he lived.

It is easy to understand that Germany should claim him. Germany needs to make a pretense of the simpler virtues. And Napoleon appears relatively a modest and unassuming person when considered in relation to the Hun of today.

It will not do seriously to accept anything like an opinion that happens out of Germany nowadays. Any one who has ever observed the commor hallucinations in an insane asylum knows how often the delusion of grandeur recurs as a hopeless symptom of mental imbalance.

Germany is no longer a country. It is a sublimated madhouse.

The Blow May Be Up The Allies on the west front, say the war cables, are awaiting another great German blow. Can it be that the Kaiser is preparing to make still another speech?

It Is Much Easier Hog Island is to launch fifty ships this year. And all the critics could launch was rumors.

Ludendorff and Hindenburg have quarreled and the Crown Prince is making a war of intrigue on the Kaiser. Surely there is at least one frankfurter somewhere in Germany waiting to be divided.

The Germans had the right idea in calling one brand of their battleplanes Gothas. They show all the tactics of the Gothas.

Hog Island will begin to launch ships in August. And about that time we may expect another peace drive from Germany.

Speaking of the success of concrete ships, how about the old Vindictive?

THE BURNING GLASS

What Germany Is Taught to Believe General von Freytag-Loringhoven, of the German imperial staff, writes as follows:

England has been successful in keeping the Entente together, and has utilized the fact that the destruction of the Central Powers proved to be far more difficult than had been anticipated in order to strengthen the bond between herself and her allies.

They had involved themselves in a common undertaking, which had not proceeded according to expectations.

Now there was no alternative but to carry it through. True.

This wearing down of forces in trench warfare has taken place on most sections of the front, but we have reaped positive results only from the war of movement.

The French authorities left no stone unturned in order, with the aid of a corrupt and lying press, to destroy the confidence of the nation in an ultimate victory.

It is not true, then, that Rheims Cathedral is in ruins and the orchards cut down and the nurseries bombed and the women deported?

How stupid of France not to realize that the Germans invaded her with only the kindest possible motives!

Unlucky for the Hun, though number walked the plank long ago. Aren't three billions to be given to our new armies? And thirteen letters in our national motto, E pluribus unum?

Something About Helgoland When the Vindictive left Dover on her last and most glorious sally, watchers on shore noticed that her funnels had been painted with some message in the international code flags. Evidently it was some little word of tenderest for the Germans at Ostend. Can any one guess its purport?

And the Kaiser Also Two things the German with her never I've down: their treatment of noncombatant and the Lichnowsky memorandum.

Rough Fled We would have liked to see those American boys march through London. Some of the English officers who watched them feared that their boots were not quite heavy enough for the Flanders mire, but we imagine that when it comes to Hun-trampling they'll be on the job.

A FACE IN THE RAIN

A certain of rain in the night And a face that shines through the rain. A burden of pain in my breast And a splendor of joy in my pain.

A LESSON FROM DAYLIGHT SAVING

By Walter Prichard Eaton

HOW long is it since you've heard anybody say anything about "daylight saving," or read anything about it or even thought anything about it? You set your watch ahead one hour on the last day of March; the next day or two you read the joke about the family who had breakfast at 3 a. m., because ps, ma, Johnny and Sue all set the clock back an hour; and since then you've gone about your tasks and pleasures just as if nothing had happened. The habits of an entire race of people have been altered over night by almost mutual consent (there was one old lady in our town who refused to make it unanimous; she "wa'n't goin' to yield to no such foolishness," she said, and her clock still runs on the old schedule, while she does some mental arithmetic every time she wants to catch a train), and in a little more than a month the new order is as commonplace as the old.

YOU can prove by this, if you like, the metaphysical contention that time is but a delusion of the human mind, so that it isn't of the slightest consequence how you divide it. But you can also prove that human habits, ways of acting, feeling, thinking are less fixed and unchangeable than we supposed, or than those who for various reasons distrust change want us to suppose. If the entire nation can set its clocks and wrist watches ahead an hour, altering the time routine of a century, and not feel in a month any sense of strangeness whatever, the entire nation can do a great many other things in the way of change without any inconvenience.

G. B. SHAW once said that Socialism is a practical possibility whenever people believe it to be. There is profound wisdom in that remark. Daylight saving was a practical possibility simply because the nation saw the need for it and acted as a unit; and then, when it was a realized possibility, men went right on as before, accepting the new order as though it had always been. We can all realize that the same procedure might be made in the past, were any suggested Government control of the railroads. But circumstances made us all believe that such control was necessary—and we go from New York to Philadelphia, from Chicago to St. Louis, without any feeling that the world is about to come to an end or the heavens to fall.

SOME day, perhaps, we shall reach the point where we realize that poverty and slums and unemployment are a crime, a crime of society. We have, hitherto, always spoken of them as "necessary evils." The thought of the social and economic changes necessary to abolish them was uncomfortable; it didn't have the belief that they could be abolished, that these changes could be made, or that, if they were made, men could get along. Nonsense. When the majority of us want to make these changes, reality sense the need for them and have faith in them, they will be made. And in a short time we shall find ourselves still men and women, toiling, loving, playing, marrying and giving in marriage, with only a kind of troubled and shamefaced memory of the social order we have left behind.

THE same thing is true of international relations and peace. Why has there never been a real league of nations and international courts? We are suddenly, after the centuries which have elapsed since a league was tentatively tried around the shores of the blue Aegean, asking that question. The true answer is, there has never been such a league because the mass of men in the different nations didn't think it possible. They didn't believe it would work, and they wouldn't and didn't. The mass of each nation saw with the eyes of selfish national imperialism and could not look beyond that habit of vision to find a different and nobler habit.

JUST as the war has brought us daylight saving, it is bringing us closer and closer to the belief in international federation, which alone will make such federation possible. These last four years have purged the war aims of the Allies, and when America entered the struggle, she entered with the idea of internationalism and the ultimate substitution of justice for force already on the lips of thousands upon thousands of our people. I have myself been surprised and heartened to see the change coming here in my own small and very Yankee community, the nationalistic bluster fading out, the self-assertive objections to international federation growing fainter, and all the time the idea growing that we are not in this struggle to "avenge the Lusitania" or protect our "national honor," but to stop the onrush of reactionary force, which is the great foe in the world today, to the ideal of international federation and the rule of reason and justice applied to the relations of States, as it is already applied to the relations of individuals.

WE are coming to see that this federation is not only possible, but that it must be. We are catching up to the lone voice hitherto crying in a wilderness of nationalistic distrusts and imperialistic ambitions. When the mass of us believe in this thing, it will suddenly come, and moving in a secure and more comfortable and happy world we shall look back on the past with wonder. Saving daylight is a useful thing. The world certainly needs more light, of many kinds, on many problems. We need to believe that no change is impossible, that if faith can move mountains and get you up at 6 o'clock who never rose before 7 in all the years of your life, it can abolish the rule of hatred and hatred between nations and substitute the rule of reason and order and justice. The growth of such a belief among the Allied nations is the thing Germany, in reality, has most to fear, if her present rulers remain in power and her peoples remain obstreperous sheep.

This is the thirteenth, but the old superstition being an unlucky number being painted the plank long ago. Aren't three billions to be given to our new armies? And thirteen letters in our national motto, E pluribus unum?

Something About Helgoland When the Vindictive left Dover on her last and most glorious sally, watchers on shore noticed that her funnels had been painted with some message in the international code flags. Evidently it was some little word of tenderest for the Germans at Ostend. Can any one guess its purport?

And the Kaiser Also Two things the German with her never I've down: their treatment of noncombatant and the Lichnowsky memorandum.

Rough Fled We would have liked to see those American boys march through London. Some of the English officers who watched them feared that their boots were not quite heavy enough for the Flanders mire, but we imagine that when it comes to Hun-trampling they'll be on the job.

A FACE IN THE RAIN

A certain of rain in the night And a face that shines through the rain. A burden of pain in my breast And a splendor of joy in my pain.

"IT AIN'T SO, EEFEN IF IT ISS SO!"



THE KAISER'S TEARS

A Reader Analyzes the Grievs of Potsdam—Others Discuss the More Important Matters of Coal and Spanish

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—There is a world grief over the fact noted in your paper that the Kaiser weeps over the destruction of St. Quentin.

Has he a seared and callous soul that he shows no vestige of grief over the destruction of women and children? As has been said, his family is the only German family with six sons in the war unscathed and the women relatives of his family are uninjured.

Why, then, should he weep over stones and mortar and not shed tears over the drowning of noncombatant women and children and the mutilation of mother and babe?

What penalty fits the crime of drowning women and children, aye, and people harrowing crimes to women, through his military agency, far worse than death?

The most fitting of all punishments seems to me solitude on some such spot as the island of Elba, and the terrible remorse of a guilty conscience. If the bloody lust of the remorse of failure, of being ignored, despised, abhorred, loathed by his own people just as he now is and forever, will be by all peoples of the earth, support and work the everlasting laws of the universe will bring the Kaiser crowd its punishment. The world will not be licked and stay licked by the Kaiser.

This letter is intended to be written about women and children. I pity the man who would not gladly and willingly die to have a chance at one, two or three of these purely military vipers who are cumbering the earth with their military ideas, develops brutes.

I need not mention women as fighters in this connection—mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts are all fighting women. Let us be to the limit. American women are surpassed by none as real fighters in their wonderful spirit grounded on the knowledge that this is directly their fight. Heaven bless them in their prayers and support and work their inspiration to the boys going and at the front! E. C. T. Philadelphia, May 11.

A Call for Coal

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—These are the days when to destroy we must build. Destruction must be followed by construction. Don't knock with a sledge hammer; you might smash in the door. "If you can't boost, don't knock." The old knocker is out of date. Be constructive; for instance, in one of our morning papers I notice that Mr. Lewis, of the coal commission, says that if we do not order more coal than we are at present ordering we shall have a coal famine here next winter. Now, inasmuch as Mr. Lewis knows this, don't you think if he had the people's welfare at heart he would contrive some way to offset this threatening condition?

Don't you think he would get busy and see that this calamity could not happen? But no, he puts it up to the people, and if there is a shortage of money or because a man will have to move at a thirty-day notice, or on account of many hardships and uncertainties he cannot at present put in his coal, why he stands a chance of freezing. Levally, isn't it? It is certainly some conservation commission to keep the coal in the earth simply because the people are not able to store it in their cellars. Why shouldn't the Government erect a great coal yard in this city and sell the coal to the people next winter?

Is it any harder to lease sufficient space to do this than it is to build large docks in France? If the coal commission is not equal to this, why not put it up to Secretary Baker. If Garfield will not commandeer the coal mines and the necessary space to store coal for this city, then fire Garfield and put in a man like Schwab or some working man who has backbone enough to protect the mothers and wives and friends of the boys over there. We have so much coal we must freeze! Now this is a...

Study Spanish

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—There is excellent opportunity now for teachers with a moderate degree of originality to develop a system of instruction in Spanish; to develop an interest that is not historical but prospective. It is customary among teachers to follow historical lines instead of the lines of originality. Germany has flourished and gone to seed. The century just passed was the German century. It produced its muscular poets and philosophers. There is no use of belittling its influence on human thought. But it is dead. To revivify itself it has sold itself to the devil in the manner of Faust, but the devil is the prince of darkness, not of light. The century is passing to the nation that has the forward vision.

But that vision is not one of commerce. Though commerce is the outward token of spiritual energy, it seems to me that our President has given a new trend to political valuation, though I think his adoption of racial origin as the basis of self-determination is wrongly founded. It is too historic and not sufficiently co-operative from every standpoint. I think racial origin is diametrically opposed to the basis of unified action and that that fact has been demonstrated in the laboratory of our national life. Racial integrity as a basis of law and civilization is Hebraic and caused the dispersion of that race. It is founded on killing off the Philistines in order to displace them. The Germans are engaged in that now and will be dispersed.

We have not girded our loins. We are still remiss and negligent of our duty. The Hun is at our gates. How can any one in this crisis study German, teach German, advocate German except he sell himself for the money? A teacher's wage? A teacher must believe or he cannot teach. He must have enthusiasm and belief. No one believes in Germany now. It is a symbol of death. C. J. WILSON. Philadelphia, May 11.

Cash Versus Credit

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The editorial spanking given single taxers in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER was to the point and deserved. The theory that paying rent and holding land out of use is responsible for economic distress was long ago exploded, as also was the idea that social problems could be solved by taxation.

The evil of the land market is in preventing the proper crop of buildings from growing on land already in use, thereby restricting the employment of labor, with resulting curtailment of all other markets. That the land market is directly responsible for all the troubles of capital and labor is absolutely true, but solution and cure of these troubles are to be brought about—not by single tax—but by a change in our financial system. That change is putting business on a cash basis—a cash market.

The principle of the cash market is partially recognized in the third Liberty Loan, when the Government reserves 10 per cent of the issue to maintain the bonds at par. Now if the Government were to exchange all its certificates of debt into one uniform issue, having a 1 per cent reserve with which to redeem certificates in cash on demand, it would not be necessary to fix any time limit for redeeming securities. These securities would be resold, of course, and the Government could maintain any necessary number of billions of dollars' worth with very small reserve for any length of time. ANTHONY R. CROWELL. Philadelphia, May 11.

TWO-TOED FOLKS

By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto

MY FIRST year in America I had my laundry work done by a negress named Minty. She was an unlettered but faithful soul, who in her simplicity and good nature reminded me of characters I had read of in stories of the old South.

I always wore Japanese dress and, as I lived near a manufacturing city, I was obliged to have three or four pairs of my white house-shoes in the wash every week. The Japanese house-shoe is a foot-mitten of white cotton or silk, the great toe separated as is the thumb of a hand-mitten. Minty had washed these white shoes many times, but as she had never spoken of them I had not realized the amusing impression they had given her regarding the feet of Japanese people.

WHEN my baby was a few weeks old Minty came to see it. The nurse displayed the little one with pride and for several minutes Minty squatted down by the crib, talking baby-talk, cooing and clucking in the most motherly fashion. Then suddenly she raised her head and asked: "May I see her feet?"

"Certainly," said the nurse, turning up the baby's long dress and cuddling the two little pink feet in her hand.

"My lawdy me!" cried Minty in a tone of the greatest astonishment. "If they ain't jus' like ours!"

"Of course," said the surprised nurse; "what did you think?"

"Why, the stockin's is double," said Minty, almost in a tone of awe, "and I 'sposed they wuz two-toed folks!"

WHEN the nurse told my husband he shouted with merriment and finally said: "Well, Minty has struck back for the whole European race and got even with Japan."

The nurse was puzzled, but I knew very well what she meant. When I was a child it was a general belief among the common people of Japan that Europeans had feet like horses' hoofs, because they wore leather bags on their feet instead of sandals. That is why one of our old-fashioned names for foreigners was "one-toed fellows."

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. What is the origin of the name Georgia? 2. Who is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States? 3. Name the author of "The American Commonwealth." 4. Where is the Kearsge River? 5. What is the meaning of Charlemagne? 6. What is a criticaster? 7. Identify "The Old Dominion." 8. What is the subjunctive mood? 9. Who was the third President of the United States? 10. What is shandzzzz? Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. Ernest Inagaki, German, wrote "The Hun and Me." 2. The two most considerable sources of names of American States are Indian Sanskrit names and the names of rulers of European monarchies honored by explorers or colonists. 3. "The Huns in the New World," the title of a novel by Edgar Allan Poe, American poet and author. 4. Field Station; the heroine of the Robin Hood legends. 5. The Lone Star State; a name applied to Texas. 6. Tautology is a repetition of the same idea in different words. 7. "The Old Dominion," the name of the State of Virginia. 8. The subjunctive mood. 9. Andrew Jackson. 10. A shandzzzz is a...