

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman... DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

PEACE HAS ITS NEEDS, TOO

Shall Business Men, Enlisted to Defeat Germany, Be Allowed to Retire From Public Affairs When They Have Done the Job?

WHEN the logs jam in a stream in the spring drive in the lumber region the most expert lumberman is summoned. He spends hours, and it may be days, studying the mass until he finds what is known as the key log. Then he knocks this log out and the timber begins to move down stream once more.

This is what has happened in the shipyards. The plans were made for the ships. Men were on hand to build them. And the yards were full of steel. But the ships were not moving from the ways as rapidly as they should. Mr. Schwab, one of the most expert steel men and one of the most successful manufacturers in the country, was summoned. He studied the situation and then suggested that the war industries board decide what steel mills should produce the steel needed, that the Emergency Fleet Corporation should determine what tonnage should be moved monthly from the mills to the yards and that the yards themselves should decide in what order the various forms of steel should be shipped, based on the order in which it was to be used. Now everything will move smoothly.

Simple, isn't it? But why did not some one think of it in the first place? Edward N. Hurley, of the shipping board, says that the "know how" of Schwab is worth a million dollars a month to the Government. This is a modest estimate of his value. If Schwab shortens the war a week he will save the world a billion dollars.

But Schwab is only one of scores of expert business men who are giving their services to the Government in the present grave crisis. In ordinary times he and they are too busy with their private affairs to give much attention to public business.

Mr. Schwab, however, has devoted some thought to the relation between politics and business, for he said during the winter that in the future the world is to be governed by the producers. He was at first misunderstood, as it was assumed that he meant the wage earners, as though they were the only producers. But he was not advocating any narrow class system. Producers are found in all ranks and they are inextricably united, just as the Government found that all industry is interdependent when it attempted to decide what is essential and what nonessential.

When the war ends it will be unfortunate if the great producers who have enlisted to help the Government win the war shall take their discharge and pay no more attention to public affairs. Government is at bottom a great business enterprise, but it has never been conducted as such. The ancient idea was that government existed for the benefit of the governors. That idea still survives in Germany. And in spite of all our talk of democracy, it is the predominant theory on which all large American cities are governed.

We have a shining example of it right here in Philadelphia, where the City Hall is filled with political appointees doing little or no work in order that whatever faction happens to be in control may find as many places as possible for its loyal followers. Victory at the polls is sought in order that there may be a distribution of the spoils of office. Men are appointed to high places as a reward for services rendered and their underlings are appointed, not by them, but by the leaders of the victorious faction. When a conscientious man happens to be put at the head of a department he finds himself tied hand and foot if he tries to reform long-standing abuses.

The capable and efficient business men, who would not tolerate for a day in their own establishments such conditions as every one knows prevail in City Hall, are apparently indifferent. There is a log jam in the City Hall. It is damming up the stream of progress and preventing the payment of adequate salaries to the deserving policemen and firemen, delaying important public works and wasting the resources of the city in a most extravagant manner. What we need is an expert who can knock out the key log and allow business to proceed in a businesslike way. There are such men here, but they do not offer themselves and when asked to serve they beg to be excused.

If these conditions are allowed to continue we shall have failed to profit by one of the most important lessons of the war, namely, that if we are to have governmental efficiency the producers must take an active part in the conduct of public affairs.

There is a significant omen in the name Diaz. Porfirio, formerly of Mexico, started one revolution, and so far as Austria is concerned, Armando, the Italian commander, is doing his best to foment one also.

THE CALL OF THE SHIPS

IT IS interesting to speculate upon the future uses of the vast fleets of ships that are coming into being at Hog Island and other American yards. Even the yards themselves are a challenge. The fleets now in preparation are but a beginning. Upon what great adventures are the new ships to carry the American spirit?

It is conceivable that we may realize our crowning achievements upon the sea. So far the world of ships hasn't attracted us. We have been too busy on land. The sea has been peopled by the nations which have had to fight it and conquer it in self-defense. The English and the Scandinavians, for the most part, have lived the lonely epic that flows endlessly upon the deep waters. What will America do in the new seas? The approach to it is in the new steamships.

READERS' VIEWPOINT

War Fit for Brutes, But Not for Men To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—There were doubtless many Philadelphians besides myself who read Mr. William F. Fiske's spirited article, "You Can Hurry Biology," in the Evening Public Ledger of June 24, and went home thoughtful. An entomologist's commentaries on life are almost always illuminating, for it seems that the present instance the writer took able issue with C. M.'s basic argument that war is unnatural because animals do not prey upon their own species. Mr. Fiske was well prepared for this instance. In fact, he need not have gone so far as the insect world to cite examples of the fighting instinct. Virtually all males of the deer family fight among themselves in the rutting season, frequently to the death. Cannibalism among animals is a different matter, and much more rare. But as even the Huns are not inspired by a wish to eat other members of the human race (at least at the present) we may leave cannibalism out of the argument. Mr. Fiske, then, proves his point. On a purely animal basis, war is not unnatural.

But shall we be satisfied with such a basis for the conclusions which he proceeds to draw? War, we learn, is the glorious thing-out of a too-richly seeded humanity. War, bracketed with adventure, forms the "consummation of evolutionary progress" in one direction. In fact, it is itself the "Great Adventure."

There is only one conclusion to be reached by logic such as this. Mr. Fiske stops before he comes to it. But Germany did not stop. Germany's philosophers told her that war was natural and desirable, that it was her duty to make herself stronger than any other nation in order to survive. Once built, the great Prussian military machine must be put to use before it rusted. And the world is still struggling to loosen the cruel grip of that philosophy and that machine.

Some hundreds of thousands of young men have gone from America to fight in France, sober in their conviction that only by so doing could they help to end war forever. And some millions of us at home are backing up their fight with all our hearts, not because we see it as a wonderful process of nature, but because we believe it is right. It is not pleasant to hear that when all is over these boys shall have died merely for the high purpose of depopulation, and that we as a nation should at once begin deadly preparations for the next war.

After all, have we not a higher ground for our debate than the habits of the lower animals afford? Ethics has never been fashionable in scientific circles, but there are still many of us who try to judge our acts in the light of Right and Wrong. STEPHEN W. MEADER, Philadelphia, June 25.

Street Signs

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I have been in most of the leading cities of the country, and believe me, Philadelphia takes the prize for concealing with diabolical ingenuity the information as to where the stranger within its gates really is at the junction of two thoroughfares. If he is lucky he may find it nailed to the side of a building after some search, but in most cases he won't find it at all.

New York comes in for a lot of criticism, but we have at least got to hand it to her for properly labeling her streets. The rule there is, as you know, a metal post at street corners corresponding in size and appearance with the old lamp posts of the age of gas, these bearing at the top two crossbars, one running parallel with each street and bearing the name of the street in white letters on a dark blue ground. This general idea seems to be followed with minor variations by most progressive cities of any size. I don't know of any one thing in which Philadelphia seems so far behind the procession as in this, and if it has caused as many maledictions from others as it has from me since I came here, the next newspaper which publishes a notice would surely find a welcome in the hearts of many thousands hereabouts. HERSCOE PEACOCK, Philadelphia, June 22.

What They Will Do

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I have just bid my boy and his friends good-by, bound for over there. This is the consensus of their talks: "When we come back from 'over there' the world will be much wiser, and Democracy will rule everywhere and no room for a Kaiser." The Golden Rule he taught in school—a great lesson, he says—and he says, "All will be free—land and sea—and not ruled by a Hun." JOHN JAY, Philadelphia, June 25.

Dr. Porras, the President of Panama

The pleasant-faced, courteous Spanish-looking gentleman of fifty-eight or sixty into whose presence I was ushered would hardly give any one the impression of an autocrat. He had a friendly, almost boyish, air, but the men who were taking leave of him as I entered would scarcely give the visitor the impression that they were his foes. One man was standing with his back to me, but the President's waist, and taping the Spanish language for terms in which to express his admiration and fealty. To one just arrived from the United States he said, "You are a man who, with the wildest imagination, would picture the visitor to President Wilson holding him firmly around the waist, while he kisses him upon the cheek and the forehead. This is only one of the many signs constantly greeting the traveler from northern latitudes, assuring him that he has passed from the Anglo-Saxon world into the land of the Latin temperament.

The Ignorance That Is Russia

Florence Harper, who was in Russia during the revolution, recently gave the following remarkable example of the ignorance of the Russian people. During the summer of 1917, she said, a census was taken for the purpose of ascertaining the names of those who had a right to vote in the various villages. The constitutional assembly was to meet in the fall and on it the great mass of Russian people were pinning their hope of a representative government. In the various villages the names were taken by a clerk assisted by a man belonging to the priesthood. While two of these Government agents were addressing a small crowd of persons in one village in the snow-capped mountains, the priest, who was called to meet in the fall and on it the great mass of Russian people were pinning their hope of a representative government. In the various villages the names were taken by a clerk assisted by a man belonging to the priesthood. While two of these Government agents were addressing a small crowd of persons in one village in the snow-capped mountains, the priest, who was called to meet in the fall and on it the great mass of Russian people were pinning their hope of a representative government.

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U. S.—"THERE WAS THE GOOD SAMARITAN—AND THE BUTT-IN-SKY"



—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE GOWNSMAN

AN EXCELLENT old author was once asked his opinion of the blessed state of matrimony. He replied that as to marriage he belonged to the sect of heretics who deny purgatory; for marriage is either heaven or hell—it can occupy no middle ground. Now, the Gownsmen does not propose to talk of matrimony, or rather he does not presume to; there are wholesome deterrents from a course so rash in the examples of those who believe in marriage too much, too little, not wisely or too well. But it was impressed upon the Gownsmen the other day during the protracted period of one of those trials of patience and purse that come to most of us who persist in going about on wheels, that the state of matrimony, while not always blessed like that of matrimony, possesses an advantage in the circumstance that it is less frequently heaven or that horrid opposite which defines war. To go about much on wheels is to dwell in a continual state of sustained purgatory.

Automobile—better, the blessed state of gadding about on wheels—does not consist in the possession of a grand equipage—or rather two or three of them—served by expert lackeys, liveried, luxurious. Much less is it a blessed state to rattle about in a tin wagon, turned out, pressed, stamped and boxed by an ingenious and ingenious manufacturer now on his way to the United States Senate; a contraption constructed miraculously to continue to run no matter how you or its owner or anybody else may run it down. No, the truly blessed state of gadding about on wheels lies in neither of these extremes; it is neither altogether heaven nor that other place—except, indeed, at times. The truly blessed state in gadding about on wheels is rather an exciting condition of adventure in which the joy of motion, the sense of a potential freedom at least to go anywhere, is chastened by a lurking dread of the unknown, a dread lest something may happen—and it always does happen—a heightened spirit of adventure into the perhaps, involving not so much actual danger as the delights of the unexpected. In a word, gadding about on wheels is like or unlike the blessed state of matrimony—have it which you choose—in its spirit of adventure and in the certainty of its uncertainty.

To be tied up miles from anywhere, that live possession of yours which has swept over hills, hurried around curves and tucked away miles after miles, now suddenly—and always without rhyme or reason—becomes an inert, dead mass, taking oxen—humiliating thought, oxen!—to move it, surely this is in the nature of vicissitude. To watch last year's blacksmith, transmuted into an expert machinist, scratch and nod his sapient head at a dollar a nod, to wait in lovely rural seclusion, under lofty eaves or spreading beeches, beside delicious streams mockingly babbling, or, if so lucky, to loiter wearily in some inn of the wayside, in rooms decorated with chromes, the furniture covered with plush—these are among the vicissitudes of the man who would go on wheels if he could.

THE RECRUIT (National Army)

I USED to wake up with a sticky tongue And an eye that was dull and red. And the songs that the early birds sang I heard on my way to bed; But now I jump with the reveille And my eyes are bright and clear. And I thank my lucky stars each day That the Government brought me here.

I used to be mean as a hermit crab Till I swallowed my morning drink. But now that I'm wearing the Olive Drab I'm blithe as a bobolink. For the fresh air thrills through my throat And I just want to shout and roar. And life has a savor, a zip, a zest That I never have known before.

I used to be flabby and soft and white When I sat at a desk in town. But since I've been learning the way to fight I'm husky and hard and brown. I took a cocktail to make me eat The choicest of food, but now You watch me march to a mess-shack seat And wade through the army chow.

So I smile a sort of a shame-faced smile Till I swallow my morning drink. And I'm glad that the board saw through my guile With a glance of cool contempt; And though I may perish across the seas, I'll be one of a splendid clan. For the army's taken a piece of cheese And made it into a man!—Berton Braley, in "Songs of the Fighting Forces."

Removing the Cause

The war industries board, it has been noticed, has confined itself to a reduction of the number of pockets in men's coats. Prohibition probably is expected to take care of the trousers by eliminating the hip pocket.—Springfield Union.

What Do You Know?

- 1. What is the Dual Monarchy? 2. What is responsible for the phrase, "A sense of humor," and to what does it refer? 3. Who was Hamilton Barea? 4. What is meant by the letters "S. D.?" 5. What are the colors of Harvard University? 6. What monarch said, "My subjects are my God?" 7. What is a "responsible minister?" 8. Where is Nevada? 9. What was the "New England sawmill unit?" 10. What is the derivation of "aviation?"

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Major General William M. Brancher is British Commander General of Airplanes. 2. Red and blue are the colors of the University of Pennsylvania. 3. A "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 4. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 5. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 6. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 7. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 8. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 9. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war. 10. The "peace offensive" is an attempt by means of a "peace offensive" to bring about a termination of the war.