

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... CTRAVS H. K. CURTIS, President... DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

OUR DAILY NAVAL VICTORY

"Silent and Irresistible Power" of Civilization's Fleets Marks Unflagging Progress Toward Success

THE late Claude Debussy, philosopher as well as composer, was fond of observing that while the world seemed ever eager to appraise trifles, notably in art, it was comparatively indifferent to a great miracle of daily occurrence. He alluded to the sunset.

No one, he maintained, had ever brought his two palms together and physically applauded that prodigy. The very persistence of the wonder had dulled the senses, so quick to respond to the occasional achievement whether of man or nature.

The application of this reasoning to the greatest and most unremitting miracle of the war is obvious. Daily since Admiral von Spee's fleet was annihilated off the Falklands the "silent and irresistible power" of the Allied battle squadrons has been developing. The Jutland engagement left the situation essentially unaltered.

The U-boat warfare sought and still seeks to overturn it, but the failure of that predatory campaign is now in sight. Sea control is in the hands of the Allies and America. The magnitude and endurance of this victory and the unexploited methods of its prosecution have actually served at times to dull our appreciation of its meaning. We have been accepting the achievement as we do the sunset.

Moreover, it is characteristic of human frailty that, while we said virtually nothing at all while civilization on the sea was winning its daily victory, we have been by no means silent before any indications that the unparalleled performance was being placed in jeopardy. The campaign beneath the ocean's surface, not the still more wondrous one upon it, has been our common topic. Perhaps this is why Admiral Sims was constrained to make his statement concerning sea power so long and comprehensive, so specific, so soundly informative.

This significant report which the American admiral has just given out in London may be regarded as a condensed compendium of naval communications. The field general wires a new story in each bulletin. In its broadest sense the tone of daily reports from sea commanders would be invariable. The victory which this unprecedented sea power spells would be chronicled today and repeated tomorrow.

It is possible, however, after considerable lapses of time, to summarize in the large aspects what this superb display of force means, what relation the U-boat piracy bears to it and what are the prospects of reducing to impotence Germany's sole instrument of naval warfare. Admiral Sims has embraced this opportunity. Adhering strictly to facts, he has at the same time dispelled many illusions.

The seas do not "swarm with submarines." "Experience," declares this authoritative officer, "has shown that the Germans have been able to keep only about 10 per cent of their U-boat fleet in action on the average. Until recently this meant that anywhere from fifteen to twenty submarines were actually at work in the Atlantic, the North Sea and the English Channel. In the last few months these figures have been greatly reduced." The U-boat raid off our coasts he characterizes as weak naval strategy and "very unprofitable," proving his point by citing the repeated triumphs of the transport service.

The extent of the submarine menace in its earlier stages is ascribed to the inability of civilized human beings to interpret the psychology of fiends. As the rational peoples of the world simply could not credit the possibility of brutality being carried to the point where unarmed merchantmen, passenger and hospital ships would be sunk without warning, it necessarily took some time to build up the proper defense.

The depth bomb, the listening device, the convoy system and the fast destroyers are now our answers to the challenge. Upon our increase of these arms depends the suppression of U-boat activity. And, of course, until that goal is reached the effect of their operations can be vastly reduced by continuing, as we now are, to build ocean carriers—the submarine's chief prey—faster than they can be sunk.

That so much of the report was devoted to the U-boats is unquestionably due to the Admiral's desire to correct misconceptions with respect to inflated estimates of their numbers, with respect to their ability—now virtually nil—to cope with warships and with respect to the folly of fearing that they could carry airplanes. New York's anti-light precautions are characterized as "absurd," and there is a comforting flash of humor in his suggestion that that city be illuminated "as brilliantly as economy permits."

All this information and advice is extremely welcome, but the real heart of this survey throbs with deeper and more exultant notes. They are sounded in these pregnant sentences: "The world today is witnessing the most impressive manifestation of sea power that history has ever recorded. The enemy has not a single surface vessel on any of the trade routes. The seven seas are free for Allied commerce."

Herein lies the summation of nearly four years of naval glory. Bad days and good may alternate on the land fronts. But we have always a daily victory to celebrate. We may thrill over it without boasting. It is a supreme fact, an unanswerable asset of ultimate triumph

in the world struggle, a fact of such magnitude that, as with nature's miracles, we fall sometimes to applaud. Admiral Sims has reminded us to cheer.

America still insists on the "hands-off" policy in Russia. But the Hun is not so particular about what he does with his feet.

FEDERAL WIRE CONTROL?

CONGRESS probably will not refuse the President the authority to operate the telegraph and telephone lines, which was formally requested yesterday after all efforts at mediation between the Western Union and its employees had failed. But this end to the dispute, unavoidable as it may be under the circumstances, will be disquieting to any one who has closely considered the possible results of Government direction and Government ownership in this particular field.

Obviously the Federal Government could not tolerate the suggestion of a strike among telegraph operators. There were promises from both sides that a strike would not be permitted to interfere with Government business. But it must be remembered that nine-tenths of the business now transacted over the telegraph lines of the country relates in one way or another to the conduct of the war. The labor board suggested logical means for the amiable settlement of the dispute between the directorate of the Western Union and the employees representing the workers' organization. The President himself urged upon the Western Union officials an acceptance of the mediation principle. The corporation president refused to relinquish a fixed position of hostility to trade unionism, and the workers' officials announced preparations for a strike next Monday. Thus the disagreement within the Western Union was permitted to drift to a point where Federal interference was imperative. The Western Union officials, in rejecting the repeated suggestions for arbitration, rejected a principle and method upon which the whole world of civilization is learning to depend in affairs which are of vast importance to the destinies of one telegraph company. When victory has been won the nation will turn to the peace conference—an arbitration board of the larger dimensions—for the final settlements. But the logic of the situation is lost in the bitterness of the telegraphers' dispute. The strike as it was threatened, with the possibilities of disrupting reactions throughout labor organizations allied with the wiremen, might easily have been perilous to the nation as a whole in this crisis. The Government was driven into its present mood, and the President adopted the only means at his disposal to avoid a breakdown in the system of communication that binds the industries of the country together at their common task.

And yet the general plan of Federal wire control, while it may cheer Mr. Burleson and others of his type, will seem to many more thoughtful men to be an altogether discouraging and regrettable business. The peculiar function and nature of the telegraph system are such that it should be kept permanently free from all possible danger of political control or political contacts. If the telegraph lines of the future or the present were to be, like the post-office, say, under the direction of favored politicians in given localities, the possible consequences of the arrangement would be disastrous. It is inconceivable that the private affairs of business and professional interests throughout all the country should, by any trick of circumstances, become an open book to men of the sort familiar in the intermediate offices which are given over habitually to the favored members of this or that party. And yet that is the least of the suggested perils.

Men of Mr. Burleson's type who now express an eagerness to control the wire communication of the country are content to do the easiest part of the work. The thing that Mr. Burleson would take over were he to be given direction of the Western Union or the Bell systems is not a thing that he himself or any man of his type could have created. The talent and the initiative and the peculiar genius that built up the amazingly efficient wire systems in this country—the most remarkable telephone and telegraph systems in the world—are not available to the Federal Government in ordinary times. The great public service systems in America have been created in spite of the politicians rather than with their help. And great as the telephone and telegraph systems are, they are yet in the process of refinement and development. Government ownership would be a calamity, and it is to Government ownership that officials like those in the Western Union are driving the country.

The public service systems must ultimately have the inspiration of individual imagination. This is the quality that has given us the greatest railway and communication systems in the world. These systems cannot be entrusted to politicians unless some revolutionary process in general thinking sends the really able men of the nation into the minor fields of public service.

The seventh plank in the Pan-Germans' latest demands is the cessation of the whole British navy. It is plain to be seen that they have lost all faith in their own.

Those Russian volunteers who are raising an army in support of the Grand Duke must be well acquainted with American slang, Brother Bones.

How so, Brother Tambo? Aren't they doing it all for the love of Mike?

The report of the German ban on new clothes suggests that the Kaiser's subjects will have to struggle along with the old dingy ones until they don the bright cap of liberty.

It seems foolish for Uncle Sam to demand explanation of the Tahrir outrage from the Turk. Hasn't he always been unspcakable?

The German junkers are still dreaming of peace with indemnities. The guns will wake them up.

In a choice between working and fighting, a great many men who are born cowards would find courage for a fair sort of row.

The gallant war record of Major Basked Roosevelt takes him well out of any Blackie rating, in spite of his papa.

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Round the Town

IF SHOE leather weren't so expensive nowadays we would love to spend all our time wandering round the town watching other people work.

We have often wondered how many of the people who pass the Columbia avenue station of the Reading Railway every day have ever stopped in there to look at the old "Rocket," one of the locomotives that our grandfathers admired. It is a very interesting sight. Made in London in 1838, it was brought over and ran on the Reading line between here and Norristown until 1872. It is preserved in the Columbia avenue station, and as you look at it you will wonder how the engineers of that day liked having to stand up all the time. There was no cab and no seat for the driver, only an open platform.

Then there is a wonderful big brewery on Columbia avenue, where we stopped the other day to watch the curious machine with many claws that tightens the hoops of beer barrels.

At the corner of Oxford and Lawrence streets we discovered a wooden cigar statue, not the usual wooden Indian, but a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh. We are sorry to say that he was wearing a decoration that looks very like an Iron Cross. He has a plumed hat, a pointed beard and a very droopy mustache. As Sir Walter Raleigh is popularly supposed to have been one of the first to introduce the Indian weed into England, it is interesting to find him commemorated in a cigar sign.

We would like to take the Kaiser for a stroll down Second street to show him that it would not be easy to starve America out. We have rarely seen so much food as is displayed along those pavements. Crates of poultry, barrels of fish on cracked ice, every kind of vegetable one ever heard of, pushcarts of potatoes, trays of apricots, carrots, onions, horseradish, and, most alluring of all, the big brown loaves of rye bread with that shiny crinkly crust. And, turning down toward the waterfront, we found a sign that seemed to us very romantic. It read: Birdsong & Co., Foreign Nuts and Fruits.

On Second street, just below Callowhill, lovers of the picturesque ought to be interested in the Black Horse Hotel, for it has a stableyard that looks just like those in the old English taverns. There are long galleries looking down over the yard, like those at the Tabard Inn. Just outside the hotel we had an adventure.

Two little boys were quarrelling, and one in anger seized a little black purse that the other was holding and threw it into a puddle in the street. The poor little purse flew open and its contents—one cent dropped into the puddle. The smaller one burst into tears, and I came to his rescue to help salvage the treasure. He picked up the purse and I went dabbling in the puddle to find the coin. And, by some magic, which need not be explained, we found three pennies in the mud. He was greatly cheered by this, and so was I. SOCRATES.

The Abdication of Congress

IN THE course of the debate in the Senate on the extension of the age limit for military service, Senator McCumber, Republican of North Dakota, had the following things to say, as reported in the Congressional Record, about the surrender of his judgment by Congress to the judgment of the executive officers:

"We are continually asserting that the American people have not yet begun to realize that we are in actual war. But why should this tardiness of the American mind elicit comment when neither the Congress itself, as a whole, nor the War Department, nor the shipping board, nor other kindred boards have yet fully awakened to that realization? Certainly Congress must admit either that it does not realize the full importance of this war, or that while conscious of its gravity and immensity it has nevertheless transferred congressional functions and responsibilities pertaining to the war to another branch of the Government."

"I wish to plead with the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs to recall the constitutional functions and to exercise the war powers of Congress. It is in the least degree uncertain as to where rests the authority to conduct and direct this war, whether in the legislative or in the executive department."

"The Constitution creating this Government imposes on the Congress the duty to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and, Mr. President, the sole authority to declare war, to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy, is an imposition upon Congress. The size and character of any army or navy created by it."

"Certainly the chairman of this war committee will agree with me—Congress has wholly failed to assume that duty or to exercise any judgment whatever in relation to it. So far all Congress has done has been to enact whatever revenue measures or other legislation the executive departments have seen fit to recommend; to make appropriations as per executive schedule; and has exercised only a motley of its judgment, even upon these subjects."

"I want to say that Congress, upon whom is laid the duty to raise armies, has not once asked itself how large an army do we need to make a success of this war; what tonnage we should acquire to support that army; Congress has not once asked these questions since we entered this war."

"I say and the Committee on Military Affairs and this is another committee—had the Committee on Commerce been active in the performance of war functions which Congress itself took upon itself when it enacted its judgment into positive legislation with direct and certain purpose, we would not have been a year or two years behind time in meeting the submarine ravages which we now have lost six or eight months before we did anything toward improving our shipping situation."

"I repeat, Mr. President, that these are not questions aimed at either of these committees, but rather at Congress itself, which, by its own legislation, has seemed overwilling to surrender its functions and delegate its authority and thereby escape its responsibilities. There is where the fault lies."

"Mr. President, in the light of our dereliction and of our total failure to shoulder our great constitutional obligation in this war, would it be impertinent for me to ask the Senate, even to plead with the Senate, to return to its ancient functions?"

"BUT HE GOT AWAY!"



Gasoline's Silver Anniversary

By BART HALEY

NOT so long ago there was a forlorn, diminutive, low-caste demon that labored unhonored and unknown to fame. He grubbed at odious tasks in the kitchens of the land. He cleaned carpets and took out stains. He was supposed to be especially talented at the business of lighting fires in stoves. He seemed condemned to inglorious travail for all time. And yet he ached for polite society. Occasionally, to display his talent, he would fend the walls of a house and send a cook or two hurrying magnificently into the blue sky. Now he is universally courted. He moves with the best people. It is even said that he will win the war for us.

HE IS the obscure devil that hides in gasoline. THURSDAY will be the silver anniversary of his deliverance from hateful bondage because the first American-made gasoline automobile turned its wheels on July 4, 1893. At Greentown, Ind., Elwood Haynes climbed upon a fearful looking contraption and moved off while the populace fled for safety. Mr. Haynes's machine could average seven miles an hour, and you could hear it three miles away. Now there is a motorcar for every twenty-four persons in the United States.

THE amazing thing about most automobiles is that they go at all. Few men know why the wheels turn round. A gasoline motor is a seething furnace of exploding gases kept cool by water. Gasoline, oil, air and water are needed constantly in such a machine. That is all that most drivers know. Of the mysteries of the pumps and the electrical equipment most men prefer to be ignorant. Most cars are sadly misused in consequence.

THE automobile is not unlike the age we live in, since it is bursting with mixed impulses of good and evil. It came upon the age suddenly and stealthily, just as if the age were a gentle old lady trying to cross the street. It has compelled extensive revisions in the street plans of cities. And as it continues to crowd and multiply engineers have been driven to desperation in efforts to adapt the established order of city streets to its uses. In the future motor traffic is sure to have streets and avenues reserved and even especially built for it.

PUNDITS have feared that the automobile may make this an age of fars. There is, indeed, danger of some such calamity. The men who used to lie insistently about the fish they caught now devote their talents to the glorification of their automobiles. It is rare that a man can be found who will say anything ungracious about the car he drives. Indeed, a man who is meticulously candid and truthful in every other relation will lie like a German diplomatist for the honor of his automobile. He will lie about its speed, its agility, its getaway, the miles it will "do" on a gallon of gasoline and its might upon the hills.

THERE is a reason for all this. An automobile is more faithful than a dog. And, like a dog, it takes unto itself something of the character of the man who drives it. The versatile devil that hides in gasoline is nothing if not adaptable. Thus the automobile that takes a man demurely to church on Sunday morning may often be seen the next night loiling in state at the doors of a cabaret or brawling at sixty miles an hour over a country road to show that it is as game and as various as its

master. It is a machine that has brought something of the golden age of youth to many men because it gives them something to play with. It has been said that married men are invariably fascinated by the motorcar. They find in its obedience an enchanting novelty.

ELWOOD HAYNES, when he made his first American automobile, reserved his trial flight for the Fourth of July, because he wished to make the occasion one of national significance. He gave John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford good reasons for celebrating the greatest day of the year with an altogether new fervor of the spirit. Gasoline was selling at eight cents a gallon in those days. Now it costs twenty-eight. Mr. Ford was in the bicycle business. He, too, was experimenting with gasoline engines. He became enormously rich because, after the motorcar had been developed as a rich man's luxury, he determined to bring it within reach of the great mass of the people.

GEORGE H. McFADDEN, Jr., is believed to be the first Philadelphian who ever used a horseless carriage in this part of the country. About twenty years ago he imported one of the first French Panhards. It is said that parties of sightseers were frequently organized to watch him coming into town at the appalling rate of ninety miles an hour. You could hear the crash and rattle of Mr. McFadden's Panhard when it was about half a mile away. The French had improved greatly on the first American cars. It is to the French that the world owes its obligation for the automobile in its present form. The early American builders clung to the scheme of the familiar wagons and carriages of the period. The French devised the first machine with small wheels, and they were the first to put the engine under a hood forward of the driver's seat.

THOSE AT HOME

OH, THE spring was made for loving. When the glad birds sing; And the summer made for mating, Faithful to the vows of spring; And the autumn made for roving, When the birds have taken wing; And the winter made for sleeping, For a long and restful sleep, Like the slumber of the weep, And as dreamless and as deep.

WHO can think of spring or loving While the marching armies sing? Who can think of summer mating While the cries of battle ring? Who can think of autumn roving While their souls are taking wing? Who can think of rest or slumber While the bugles sound to war, Till the marching feet come homeward And the bugles sound no more? —PHOEBE HOFFMAN.

"Paris," says a distinguished French general, "will never be the Germans' prey." Nevertheless its acquisition still remains their prayer.

Kuehnlmann says that Germany wishes to live within the frontiers traced by history. Does he refer to past history or future history?

We have such confidence in Germany's "honesty and chivalry" that we have nearly a million men in France to give it the once over.

Germany declares that the great frustrated attack on Rheims was only a surprise. It certainly was. The French saw to that result.

Germany has named a "danger zone" for neutrals along the Atlantic coast, but apparently did not consider it necessary to mention Coney Island specifically.

Congress's disinclination to take a recess seems to cast a doubt on the authenticity of "all-clear" signals in politics.

Poor Motive Power Austria's battle line in Italy is really a bread line.—Chicago News.

Nothing in It Names is, as somebody once remarked, names. Which makes it all the more disappointing to learn that L. Cookwell, of Manchester, Eng., lost in the restaurant business.—Springfield Union.

Conservation of Suet Those who claim the Kaiser is insane should explain to us why he keeps himself and his sons out of the fighting line with such splendid sanity.—Savannah News.

A Timely Version They also serve who only save and swat!—Chicago News.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What is meant by carotography? 2. Who is the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholas-Nichol? 3. What is the force of the suffix "vitch" in Russian names? 4. What is a suffix? 5. What is an "emulsiotic"? 6. Where is Moscow? 7. What are the colors of Cornell University? 8. Name the author of "A Tale of Two Cities." 9. "God Save the King" is the national air of Great Britain. 10. Who said "Annihilation has never changed the history of the world?"

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Hadfield is the college for women affiliated with Harvard. 2. General von Kluck: One of the German commanders in the 1914 drive on Paris. 3. Augusta is the capital of Maine. 4. "God Save the King" is the national air of Great Britain. 5. "The Lady of Shalott": A poem by Tennyson. 6. Boris Rukhmetsev is the Russian error to the United States. 7. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers was in 1620. 8. Charles: The most westerly branch of the Elbe, found mainly in Moldavia and Bohemia in Austria. 9. James Monroe was the fifth President of the United States. 10. Casus Deveni is the cantonment at Arac, Mass.