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SIGNS AND OMENS. THE Socialists are digging themselves in with a demand for a six-hour day. The trolley company at Reading, Pa., is agitating shrilly for eight-cent fares.

REMEDIES FOR RENT GOUGING. WHEN they begin to make speeches in Washington wise men lose hope. It is yet too early to predict the result of the inquiry being made before Congress into the abuses charged against house owners and real estate men in Philadelphia.

ARCHBISHOP DOUGHERTY. THE whole city feels a sympathetic interest in the splendid ceremonial arranged at the Cathedral today for the enthronement of Archbishop Dougherty. The new Archbishop will be welcomed warmly as a new citizen of unusual distinction.

LESS LIGHT. THE reduction by 20 to 30 per cent of the artificial light in business buildings, hotels and homes now proposed by the fuel administration may seem at first glance like an excessively roundabout method of saving coal.

UPLIFT IN CONGRESS. IT WAS interesting to read Congressman J. Hampton Moore's breezy tirade directed at his colleagues in the House who are agitating for a commission to guard the morals of Washington working girls.

THE GOWNSMAN. TO ORGANIZE represents the dominant idea of our civilization. To organize is to be respectable, and as every one wants to be respectable, every one dreams of new schemes of organization.

THE CHAFFING DISH. DOES the Kaiser plan to invade Russia, where angels fear to tread? To go steam-rolling against the defenseless Soviets seems Moscowwardly.

WAITING TO BE SHOWN

What Can the Government Do With Control of the Electric Lines That It Cannot Do Now?

BEFORE the Senate passes the resolution explicitly empowering the President to take over the telegraph and telephone lines it is expected to insist that adequate reasons be submitted to justify such action.

The burden of proof is upon those who propose that the thing be done. The resolution states that its purpose is to insure the continuous operation of electrical communicating systems, to guard the secrecy of war dispatches and to prevent communications between public enemies.

Proof of these things ought to be forthcoming in the first place. What specific war dispatches have leaked out and what public enemies have communicated with one another? If the Senate can learn these things it will have made a good beginning.

The same force would operate the lines as operates them now. The Secret Service agents would have no greater right to inspect suspected messages than they now exercise. They would have no freer privilege of putting their men in an office to lie in wait for persons who wished to communicate with public enemies than they now enjoy.

The excuse for taking over the railroads does not exist in the case of the electrical lines. There are scores of railroad companies, many of them serving the same territory. Some of them were doing more business than they could accommodate and others less.

THE FAIRIES. THE faeries work so hard these days To keep us gay.

THE GERMANS DID THEIR BEST TO INTERFERE with the completion of the road. The rails for the section from Kola to Kandalakcha were shipped from Brooklyn in 1915. Part of them were on the Steamship Silverwings.

KOLA has been like a boom town in the West as a result of the discovery of its importance. The bay is thirty miles deep, with the town at its head. Where it widens out a little there is a large island named Zemenova, that has been developed as a receiving station.

THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN MAKING DEMONSTRATIONS in the direction of Catherine harbor in the hope of being able to seize the military supplies. The nature of the ground over which they must pass is such that it will be almost impossible for any considerable force to penetrate the country if they are opposed.

and that no group monopolizes the talent for wrongdoing. If a commission is to be appointed it should serve society at large and do justice to all alike.

How's Your Test, Alec? Kerensky doesn't seem to be making much of a hit in Paris. Now is the time for Alec to watch his step, for the American bismarcks are keeping their eyes on him.

A Habit We Have A lady in New York wants the nation to call itself Usonia. She says it is absurd to call ourselves Americans, because the Canadians and Mexicans are as good Americans as we are.

Boy! Page Hindy! Foch says, to make war is to attack. When the strategy of the situation permits, we expect Hindy may have occasion to recall this dictum.

Good Tidings, Mr. Gardfeld. Mary had a little blip. Her lamb just loved to roll in. But Mary, like a prudent girl, used it to put her coal in.

Darkest Germany For those who dislike the prospect of lightless nights there should be consolation in the knowledge that they have lightless days in Germany.

The new bathing suits uncover a multitude of ships. Some one ought to suggest that they tax the gas in Congress.

The Bolshevik control Moscow. But can they control themselves? A war in professional baseball seems uninteresting—even as a sideshow.

Stroebel, the German Socialist, who called upon his people to hurl their rulers "to the devil," hasn't much consideration for the feelings of hisades.

If the proposed revenue bill is passed wouldn't it be only consistent to pay taxes on paper shoes, near-silk frocks and imitation wool trousers with substitute money?

We hope no one will have the poor taste to criticize the weather for a long time to come. Not within our memory has there been such a marvelous spell of cool, clear, azure weather at this time of year.

Those German editors who continue to trot hopefully forward with peace proposals evidently haven't learned that some of the old maxims have been revised and that, although it only takes one to make a fight these days, it takes two to make a discussion.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Broodings on Russia. DOES the Kaiser plan to invade Russia, where angels fear to tread?

To go steam-rolling against the defenseless Soviets seems Moscowwardly.

The Kaiser's kind of warfare is not only ruthless but truthless.

Apparently the Letts have organized some pansoviets of their own. Pantaletts, we call them.

The Czecho-Slovak troupe has walked the trans-Siberian railway ties all the way to Vladivostok. Perhaps they call themselves Slavostoks.

While the new Finn-Hun expeditionary force is marching along the Kem-Kandalak-Kola railway on the way to Ekaterina, it is to be hoped they will take with them the author of the song "K-K-Katzy."

A Bolshevik official in Moscow telegraphs that the weekly mutiny was caused by a group of cheeky fools. Is that a whiskered pronunciation of Czech fools?

The German editors are very hot over the fact that a few pro-Huns in this country have been forcibly draped in tar and feathers. They must be jealous, for certainly a suit of tar and feathers is more durable clothing than the paper garments worn in Berlin.

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Extra Attraction! Great Literary Sensation! Tomorrow, the first installment of an amazing serial. By William McFee. Order your Chaffing Dish early!!!

IT IS A LONG ROAD TO KOLA

THE proclamation of martial law in the Russian province of Archangel and the landing of American marines to co-operate with the French and British forces in protecting military supplies at Kola, on the Murman coast, occurred at about the same time. The news reached this country on the day before the Fourth of July.

But not one person in a thousand knew enough about the geography of Russia to tell where the Murman coast is or to explain the relation of the province of Archangel to the other provinces.

ARCHANGEL, or, as the transliteration of the Russian spelling has it, Arkhangelak, is the northernmost subdivision of Russia. It touches the Arctic Ocean and extends east and west from the Ural Mountains to Finland. It is bounded on the south by the provinces of Volodga and Olenok. It has an area of 326,000 square miles and a population of 500,000, or a little more than one and a half persons to the square mile.

KOLA is the newly rediscovered ice-free port of Russia. The Norse fishermen had known of it for generations, probably for centuries. The tag end of the Gulf Stream approaches it and then loses itself in the icy waters of the Arctic.

THE war has changed the whole aspect of the country roundabout, for it brought about the discovery that Kola was far superior to Archangel as a port for landing military supplies. Archangel is on an arm of the White Sea 300 miles further south than Kola, but its harbor is frozen for seven or eight months of the year.

THE line between Petrograd and Petrozavodsk has been open for several years. Two hundred and thirty-seven miles north of Petrozavodsk the new road reaches the town of Soroka on the White Sea. In the same latitude as Archangel. Swerving to the northwest the road touches Kem, thirty-five miles away. Kem is the most important industrial and administrative center of the region, but it has a population of only 2000.

THE section of the road across the Kola peninsula to the Murman coast was built under the greatest difficulties. The workmen were almost literally eaten alive by midges and mosquitoes, the pest of the Arctic regions in summer. They appeared in great clouds and it was almost impossible for the workmen to prevent themselves from breathing them and swallowing them.

THE Germans did their best to interfere with the completion of the road. The rails for the section from Kola to Kandalakcha were shipped from Brooklyn in 1915. Part of them were on the Steamship Silverwings.

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YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER 'TIL THE WELL RUNS DRY



THE GOWNSMAN

TO ORGANIZE represents the dominant idea of our civilization. To organize is to be respectable, and as every one wants to be respectable, every one dreams of new schemes of organization.

ADVERTISING book might be written by a nearly any man of middle life who has not forgotten how to use his pen on organizations to which he has belonged.

BUT the Gownsmen has digressed from one painful subject to another, from organization to the damnable art of telling the truth, which latter art he is credibly informed once past a successful practitioner of it for a period of twenty-four hours in jail, where he richly deserved to be.

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NOW, of organizations that we have thrust upon us the chiefest are charitable and literary. For nineteen centuries good men have been deeply concerned in the saving of their own souls; now we are mainly busy about the souls, the health, the conduct, the nutrition and the manner of getting born of other people.

LITERARY and learned societies are the very fungus of the world's intellectual activity. Like the fungi they spring up over night in almost any crowd, warm atmosphere and flourish in a variety of form, color and attractiveness.

AGENTLEMAN of middle years and anxious ways once called upon the Gownsmen "to interest you, sir, in an important movement which I am now setting on foot."

"Now I come from the West, where, you know, we do things." The Gownsmen nodded assent to the first, an obvious truism.

"In my native town we have a literary society, sir, 700 strong. I find nothing like that in Philadelphia. Sir, it is a crying need. I want to interest you in the foundation of a literary society in which Philadelphians can begin the study, sir, mind you, the serious study, of poetry."

And only modesty prevents the Gownsmen from reeling off the list of honors of this kind which are his.

NAY, modesty, begone; who cares? The Gownsmen cut his eye teeth in the Browning Society, which in his day beat out our western pioneer with a member, the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society—mark well the distinctive spelling—had read twenty of the plays of Shakespeare and, making a menu card out of quotations from each, had dined on it before the State from which our Westerner came was even founded. Is it for nothing that Benjamin Franklin, who founded the Franklin Inn, the PUBLIC LEDGER, Hogg Island and the Northern Opera up at Poplar street, also founded the American Philosophical So-

ciety for the diffusion of useful knowledge which our esteemed secretary, the ever-amiable Dr. I. Minis Hays, considers only matters which concern the measurements of stars of the seventh magnitude or investigations into premature senility among the gastropods? Think of the literary societies of North, West and South Philadelphia—the latter at this very moment discussing that English classic, "Figs Is Figs." Think of the literary reminiscences of Camden, with Whitman, now finally buried there, or of the poetical potentialities of Manayunk, when Ogontz has given us Ezra Pound!

LASTLY, there are organizations—as there are organisms—which one would fain evade, and these are especially all societies designed to teach one anything, to make one better, to regulate, order, guide and interfere with that innate willfulness which alone prevents the reformers from reforming the human race, regenerate and unregenerate, off the earth. It is an admirable safeguard of nature that you cannot educate a real boy beyond a certain point; the boy in him rebels, and it is a happy shortcoming that organization carries with it its own deadliest foe, for even the faithfulest wardens cannot live by the organization alone.

THE SLACKER

By Stanley Kidder Wilson

I CAME upon a rose Within an orchard close, Single, on a frail stalk, At a break in the walk. It struck at me, a tease, 'Neath the serious, busy trees; With a truant air danced Opportune to winds as they chanced; Shyly curtsyed, pouting, As if faintly doubting, In presence of the fruit My grave stand at salute; Lifted no arresting voice, Murmured, "Twas not my choice; I, too, would bear and serve, Enrich sinew and nerve, I, too, be patriot, But, alas, sterile my lot! Mine's but a laughing bit, Mine merely to flit Puddle from eye to eye As hunger plods by."

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. What is the capital of the Dominion of Canada? 2. Who is William Morris Hughes? 3. Who first pulled Jingoism and latitude in the location of Alaska? 4. Name the Three Musketeers of Dumas's romance. 5. About how many American troops are at the front? 6. What are the equinoxes? 7. How does the order of succession to the throne of Turkey differ from that of other monarchies? 8. What is a gynecologist? 9. Who is the German commander on the Austrian front? 10. Who said: "I would rather be the first man here than the second in Rome?"