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ETHERIZING PUBLIC SERVICE

The Telegraph and Telephone Lines Seem Destined for Viciation by Mr. Burleson
EVEN the most ardent admirers of Mr. Burleson—and for the sake of the argument we will admit the Postmaster General himself into this restricted group—cannot imagine him plotting and building the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York or tunneling the East River or spending millions in uncertain experiments to improve mail, telegraph or telephone service.

It would be idle to blame Mr. Burleson alone for all the limitations with which he is destined to afflict the wire service of the country. He, too, is at a disadvantage. It is the habit of mass opinion, and of all men who must interpret mass opinion, to be conservative, careful, slow-moving. It is for this reason that exceptional men of courage and bold imagination are necessary at the front of every great enterprise.

While the Folks Are Away

Summer Transformation in a City Square

IF YOU happen to be wandering around the central part of the city one of these summer days, or rather late afternoons, at say 6 or 6:30, and have nothing in particular to do for an hour or two, turn your steps westward along Chestnut, Walnut or Locust street. At Nineteenth, if you happen to be walking on Chestnut street, turn south until you reach Walnut and then direct your steps into Rittenhouse Square.

It is not the Rittenhouse Square that most Philadelphians know. Not at this season of the year, and especially late in the afternoon. It is not the playground of the "poor little rich girls" and boys of Philadelphia's wealthiest and most socially prominent families. Nor is it the playground of the "socially grownups," for there are no flower bazaars in progress, with brightly and airily gowned young women flitting from booth to booth or from group to group, variable butterflies.

NO, THAT is not the Rittenhouse Square that you will find on these wonderful summer days. The months will pass and the summer will wane, and with the return of autumn the brown boards will come down from the doors and windows of the great houses and faces and figures will appear at the windows and figures will pass in and out of the doorways, and then Rittenhouse Square will take on its old accustomed appearance.

THE grass and foliage were never greener and more beautiful, and the frisky little gray squirrels never hopped about the ground or scampered up the tree trunks with more freedom and assurance. And eating the eye about one sees all the familiar landmarks of old and modern times.

On one corner stands the dark, somber structure of Holy Trinity, and in other directions rise the towering lines of one or two tall apartment houses. Here and there a modern front on an old house or an entirely new dwelling—that is, a comparatively new dwelling—breaks the regularity of Philadelphia's historic "brownstone fronts."

IN a word, the framework of the picture, the background of the scene, so to speak, is much the same as it has been for years. And it is only as you wander and loiter along the walks and look and listen, and think that you sense the change—the summer time masquerade, transition, metamorphosis of Rittenhouse Square.

PERHAPS your attention is first attracted to an army officer and a young woman who watch with an amused yet kindly expression the antics of a squirrel. Between quick and furtive glances about him the little animal digs furiously a hole at the root of a tree or shrub, and when not a living soul—at least not a "living soul in the squirrel world"—is looking south away a tiny nut or some kind, against what to him will be a certain food shortage next fall or winter.

ACROSS the way on a bench sits a middle-aged woman. She has stopped to rest a few moments on her way home from the factory or store or office building where she works.

A little further on you meet a man, older than the woman on the bench. He is not resting, but is walking diagonally across the square, carrying a kit of some kind of tools, bound for home and a hot supper, an old pair of slippers, his pipe and an early bed; for he must rest, relax and recuperate his strength and energy and be back on the job early tomorrow morning.

AS YOU turn into one of the other walks as you come upon a sailor and his lass, seated side by side on a bench. You know it isn't fair to stare, no more to listen; but as you pass you catch a glimpse of the boy's face. A fighting sea dog? Well, yes, when he's on duty, but certainly not as this moment. Just a boy, a fellow like you were yourself not so very long ago; like your own younger brother today, like all the boys of that age that you have ever known. And you steal a glance at the girl and look again at the boy, and you hope with all the hope that is in you that he comes back, and the story goes on to the end.

YOU look up as you saunter along and three-quarters of the square ahead of you is Walnut street. Yes, and those long green objects that slide along so smoothly and noiselessly are the same smoothly, creaking trolley cars that you saw and heard "away down there at Fifteenth and Chestnut streets." And those smaller, and for the most part darker objects that glide westward toward the setting sun are the same snorting, smelling automobiles that nearly ran you down on Broad street a little while ago and kind of made you half wish you had a gas mask.

BUT the noises and the smells and the dangers seem to have vanished when the trolleys and the motors reach Rittenhouse Square these summer afternoons. The chemistry of the sunshine and the breeze have purified the atmosphere. The openness, the greenness, the whatever it is about the square that performs the miracle, has swallowed up the noises. It is as though you were—well, perhaps of the world, but miles and miles and miles away from the turmoil.

ONE wouldn't want to spend an entire day in Rittenhouse Square in these times of tremendous happenings, but to wander out there occasionally late in the afternoon and rest for a brief time and catch one's breath is, indeed, like coming unexpectedly upon an oasis in the course of a long, strenuous journey across the desert.

IT takes sixty yards of ribbon to doll up a quart bottle of fizz for the nose of a ship when it is launched. It takes about the same length of typewriter ribbon for Rosner to get the monthly Little Journeys with Wilhelm.

Home Pastimes in Chicago
We have a little baby girl, one and a half years old, who can imitate the Kaiser's angry face and is willing to give a demonstration of any thing the Bright Sayings of Children, in the Chicago Tribune.

See America First" is not the favorite slogan of our army this summer. "Come with me, and mind your!" "Expatriating the corporal, with his men, is led down the "Strand" to the guard's post

THE SENTRY
By Lieut. Leon Archibald
British Royal Engineers
HALT! Who air ye? The voice of a sentry comes from out the night clear and distinct.



OUR BOYS

NO SPOT in the world I know
Like on the farm! Gee! it's the place
To make a start in the human race.

All outdoors at his command,
Feels the lift-up of the land;
Can't be cramped in wind or mule;
Every chance to jump an' hustle.

Then the fun! What can't he do
Workin' with the farmer's crew?
Drivin' teams an' feedin' hogs,
Milkin' cows an' haulin' logs.

Runnin' the rake in the hayfield wide,
Bossin' the team with proper pride,
Trainin' the steers to see an' haw,
Showin' off 'fore paw and maw.

When I think of them city boys
Livin' in flats with dirt and noise,
Havin' no call to use their arms,
I'd like to move 'em to the farms!

SUREST SIGN HUNS ARE LICKED
Wait till the Kaiser congratulates the
Crown Prince on his splendid victory; and
then we will know that we're all right and
safe.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

LIVED TOO SOON
But for the anachronism Lady Circus
might have been a millionaires, with pork
at forty cents a pound.—Brooklyn Eagle.

INCIDENTAL EXERCISE
Meanwhile, with the fourth Liberty Loan
not so far away it will be all right to
continue buying thrift stamps just to keep
your hand in.—Savannah News.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. What is meant by "probatina a will"?
2. Who was the Mahdi?
3. Who was the last Christian ruler of Japan?
4. What are the "Tales of a Wayside Inn"?
5. What is meant by the abbreviation "G. A. A."?
6. Name the author of "The Prince and the Pauper".
7. What was a "whimsical boy"?
8. What is a "canon"?
9. What is meant by the abbreviation "G. A. A."?
10. What is a "canon"?
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Denver is the capital of Colorado.

THE SMASH

NO MORE gratifying news has come from the front than that the Americans and French were conducting an offensive on a twenty-five-mile line yesterday between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, and that it was so successful that the boche turned tail and ran like hell. More than twenty towns were taken in the first push and the advantage seemed all with the attacking armies.

THE tactical purpose of the move seems to be to relieve the pressure upon the line between Eims and Chateau-Thierry on the eastern side of the salient. It was evidently unexpected by the Germans. They apparently counted on keeping the initiative in their own hands. Now that they have been forced to meet a real offensive, even on a comparatively short front, they must modify their plans somewhat. They may have reserves enough to send to the relief of the threatened line; but whether they have or not, it is encouraging to know that the armies of the Entente are in condition to take the initiative with hope of being able to keep that advantage.

DIRECTOR WILSON'S WELFARE WORK
VIRTUALLY all of the policemen in Philadelphia are members of a beneficial organization which has been developed from the spontaneous impulses of the members themselves. Because the association officially supported a demand for decent wages it has incurred the enmity and suspicion of the Director of the Department of Public Safety. There is a movement on foot among the uplifters at City Hall to organize a rival organization, which is delicately referred to as the "Policemen's Welfare Association." The political motive is not altogether lacking. By the means suggested, of course, the police could be crowded neatly into what Europe speaks of as blocs—for voting purposes and ward diplomacy.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT at the New York Republican convention has frayed the issue on which the congressional campaign is to be fought. He said that we need a Congress which will give the Administration vigorous support in the prosecution of the war, and yet will fearlessly supervise and when necessary investigate what is being done.

THE need for this sort of a Congress has been increasingly evident with the passing months. Congress as at present constituted has surrendered its functions. Orders have been issued from the White House and Congress has obeyed without question. This is too big a war to be conducted on the sole judgment of any small group or faction. It is a national war in which the men of all parties are intensely interested. The independent judgment and advice of Congress are essential if we are to avoid colossal blunders. The Republican minority has demonstrated its patriotism. It has supported the President when the Democrats have hesitated, and on several occasions the necessary laws would have failed of passage if the Republicans had not voted for them. But the Republicans have persistently demanded that Congress exercise its constitutional functions. They have protested against its abdication when the Democratic majority has voted against the better judgment, for laws drafted by the executive departments.

THE issue is clear. We must have a real Congress made up of real men unafraid to criticize when criticism is justified, and unafraid to oppose when in their judgment the executive departments ask for authority which they should not exercise. The almost uniform acquiescence of the Democratic majority with executive demands prove that a Democratic Congress is unequal to the tasks the war lays upon it. We must have a Republican Congress, not because the Republicans are more patriotic than the Democrats—no more questions the loyalty of the majority now in control—but because the Republicans will insist on exercising the functions of the great legislative branch of the Government and in giving to the executive branch the benefit of its broader view of the best method of winning the war. There is the highest authority for believing that in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom.

Colonel Roosevelt stands on this declaration in Holy Writ. If we mistake not, Taft will urge the same thing upon the convention today. As former Presidents they speak with the authority of experience gained by experience.

THE Federal Government can rise splendidly enough upon the wing of imagination when it is dealing with things that touch the national emotion. Thus the great reclamation projects in