

Evening Public Ledger
THE EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER
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WHAT WILL THE COLONEL DO
COLONEL ROOSEVELT is expected to announce today whether he will accept the Republican nomination for the governorship of New York if it is offered to him.

WHY RUSSIA FELL APART
The breaking up of Russia into a lot of separate States, which has followed the revolution of last year, has surprised most observers in Europe and America.

WHAT IT TAKES TO EQUIP AN ARMY
WE HAVE a million two hundred thousand men in Europe and another million or so in training on this side of the ocean.

THE AUDACITY OF LINTHICUM
CONGRESSMAN J. CHAS. LINTHICUM is this the way he prefers to write it—this stands for John, but he likes to part his name in the middle—has assumed the role of press agent for Baltimore and is flitting valuable space in the Congressional Record with praise of that city.

THE GERMAN CHAMPAGNE DRIVE HAS LOST ITS LUST
The German Champagne drive has lost its lust. It is a fact that the champagne industry in France has been severely hit by the war.

OVERCONFIDENCE NEW PERIL
Hope for a Short War, but Prepare for a Long One
WE IN America are an impressionable people. Already you will find innumerable persons reading exaggerated meanings into the reports of the Allied offensive in France.

Delusions like these are as full of trouble as dynamite if too freely fondled. The war is likely to be for us as it has been for France and England and Italy. It may bring shocks, suspense, sorrow and minor disasters. If it does not we are the luckiest nation on the earth and an exception to all the rules of human experience.

We have just begun to fight. The Allies will continue to advance, in all likelihood. But it will be a slow advance unless a miracle occurs somewhere—a slow and tortuous advance and a costly one. So if ever there was a time for America to be resolute and patient and restrained in its feelings and its judgment that time is now.

Our men in France and the officers, high and low, who direct them are not demagogues. They cannot always rise supremely above the fortunes of war. The time to cheer them loudest is when they suffer misfortune.

There are simple grounds for this sort of reasoning. Germany is far from beaten. German aspirations are like a cat. They have nine lives—and each may have to be put out in turn. Germany lost an empire when her colonies were taken away. She lost another empire in her overseas trade. She lost another when the respect of the whole civilized world was denied her.

There is a dim possibility, on the other hand, of a collapse in Germany that would make the task simpler. But it is still remote. It will be better for all America to work at the war as hard and as brilliantly and as patiently as the soldiers in France are fighting at it.

Men and more men should be sent to France, said Mr. Kahn. American force should be felt in Germany as a cumulative factor without end. This view, it is to be hoped, will be shared by Washington. And as the army grows the more of enthusiasm, work, energy and achievement will be required at home.

There is at least one man who nowadays is disposed to look upon war with a favorable eye. He is the war gardener reveling in fresh vegetables. The war has brought about a change in the attitude of many people towards the conflict.

THE HEATH HEN
WHO INVENTED DANCING?
By Walter Prichard Eaton
THE one-step and waltz have one of the most ancient ancestries of any action performed by man. Men and women danced long before the earliest days of recorded history.

I have been inspired by these profound remarks by reading a paper on "The Heath Hen of Martha's Vineyard," by Edward H. Forbush, Massachusetts State Ornithologist, in the American Museum Journal.

THE most interesting characteristic of the heath hen, which, of course, it shares with the prairie chicken and to a less extent with other species of grouse, is the male's dancing and tooting at mating time. Doctor Forbush lay in a blind of corn shocks and observed at close range the antics of never less than twenty-five male birds, while a few females walked about picking up corn and seemingly not at all impressed.

WHILE the male is dancing the body is inclined forward," he writes, "the neck stretched out horizontally with the bill pointed downward; the plumage is fluffed, the tail erected and more or less spread, the wings drooping or partly spread downward, but the lowest of the separated primary quills rarely reaches the ground.

THE males danced much of the time while producing these sounds. The dance reminds one of similar performances by Indians. The bird bows or leans forward, with muscles tense and rigid, lifting the feet stiffly but quickly and striking them down hard and with great force upon the ground.

THE likeness of this performance of the heath hen to the mating dances of primitive peoples, as described in the works of anthropology, is apparent. It shows that the dance was one of the things that Man brought with him up from the lower orders whence he evolved.

At five minutes to 12 we go back to our desk and write for five minutes. Looking at it, it seems thin, pale and poorly nourished. Of course, we meditate, food has to be digested before it is any appreciable influence on our writing.

Unpleasant
It seems too bad that baseball should go out of fashion when King George has just learned to play. The game has been a source of entertainment for many years.

ELBOW ROOM
Wrestling With the Poppy
SOMETIMES we try to do some writing at home, at night. Then we realize the extraordinary fertility and inventiveness of the human brain.

At 9 o'clock it occurs to us that if we read lying down on the couch the recitative function will proceed all the more rapidly. At 9:15 the bright idea comes to us that if we turn out the reading lamp and lie in the darkness a while, thinking, we will be able to concentrate much more clearly on that work we are planning.

At 11 o'clock we wake with a start. Curiously enough, our concentration doesn't seem a bit more intense than it was . . . less, if possible. With a violent effort, which packs the very seat of will-power, we sit down at the desk. We dip the pen . . . then it occurs to us that we might just as well get into our pyjamas, because we will have to do so some time, and the gymnastics will help to arouse our faculties.

At 11:30 we begin to feel hungry. We remember that intense celebration needs bodily nourishment, and we go down to the kitchen and wreck three cold boiled potatoes, half a dish of spaghetti, two bananas and nibble a dog biscuit, having heard that Fido food is rich in bone and phosphorus.

At 11:45 we are back at our desk. We work for ten minutes. Our mind doesn't seem at all productive, except of reasons for going to bed. At 11:50 we go back to our desk and write for five minutes. Looking at it, it seems thin, pale and poorly nourished.

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TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA
By Christopher Morley
I SET out for a stroll with the mountaineer, who knows more about Philadelphia than any one I ever heard of. He is long and lean and has a flashing eye, his swinging easy stride betrays the blood of southern highlands.

THE first game we bagged was a tattooing studio at 814 Summer street. Let no one say that war means a decline of the fine arts, for to judge by the photographs in the window there were many who pine to have the Stars and Stripes, the American eagle and the shield of the food administration frescoed on their broad chests.

PASSING by an imposing bust of Homer, which we found in front of a junk shop at 528 Noble street, the mountaineer led us to see the old Hoboe's Union headquarters, a fifth and Burton street. The war may have given tattooing a fling, but it seems that it has been the decline and fall of philippic hoboism, for the veterans club has been in this form an enterprising sort of a warehouse. Work or fight and high wages have done for romantic loafing.

THE mountaineer led me north on Fourth street to where Wilsey street begins its zigzag career. We found that the strip between Germantown avenue and Front street was buzzing with preparations for a "block party" in honor and benefit of its boys in service. All down the gay little vista flags were hanging out, Chinese lanterns had been strung on wires across the street, shop windows were criss-crossed with red, white and blue streamers and booths were going up on the pavement swathed in tricolor tissue paper.

TONIGHT and tomorrow night," she said. (It was then Friday afternoon.) "Our boys are fighting for us and we are at a summer residence when I heard about this party, and I came back at once. We've got to help as best we can." The sky was clouding over and the mountaineer and I expressed the hope that rain wouldn't spoil the festivity. "Oh, I hope not," she said. "It doesn't seem as though the Lord would send rain when we're working for a good cause. We've hired a string band for the two nights—that's \$80—and we're going to have dancing in the park. You'd better come around. It's going to be a great time."

A LETTER HOME
France in June
By Grantland Rice
Lieutenant, 115th Field Artillery, A. E. F.

DEAR HEART, some day, when I come back across the night that blurs our view. When I have found the long lost track That leads again to home—and you—When I have staked across this stretch Of fifth and mud and cluttered gore. To see beyond the last lone trench Old dreams rise through the mist once more—

To meet the darkness without fear Of what tomorrow's fate may bring; To reach and find the other near Through spring's eternal wandering. And know, at last, our ways are one, Are one forever and a day, Until we meet the last dim sun That leads us on the outbound way.

Dear Heart, I've found Out Here, at last, We've never understood before; The happiness that we thought past Is but a breath of what's in store. Far from the cannon, wheel to wheel, That tear apart the midnight hue, The dawn of life that we will feel, Dear Heart, when I come back to you.

Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. Vitellina is the name of a very growing cause usually applied to the culture of grapes.
2. George Elliot (Mary Ann Evans), British novelist, wrote "Daniel Deronda."
3. "Give me liberty or give me death" was said by Patrick Henry at a revolutionary meeting held in the Virginia House of Burgesses.