

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Philadelphia, Thursday, August 8, 1918

NOT PEACE, BUT THE SWORD

VON HERTLING, as chief of staff for the German peace offensive, once more emits his familiar mumble-bumble in terms too ridiculous for serious discussion.

Lloyd George matches him with straight-from-the-shoulder talk that is a knockout blow to the cynical barterers in Teutonia and the spineless head-shakers in Allied lands.

Thus goes the battle for peace-at-any-price—all against the crybabies.

When peace comes the first word of it will come from the Allied commanders, not from Potsdam.

When peace comes Washington will have much to say about how and where and what.

Just now Washington is too busy making war in the most righteous and exalted cause it was the good fortune of any nation ever to fight for, and there could be no greater good to the future of the whole world than that this is true.

Before we can make peace we have a big job to finish, and we are going to do it.

The Kaiser's evident desire for peace comes just sixteen months too late.

The very mildest conversation becomes a hot discussion under present weather conditions.

SHOOTING TIED RABBITS

GERMAN ideals of sportsmanship have seldom been more effectively realized than in the sinking of the anchored and unarmed Diamond Shamrock lightship off Hatteras.

Beating up lame shoemakers in Zabern is a poor game by comparison.

A cripple might use his crutch as a weapon, and even Silas Wegg, with a wooden leg, enjoyed considerable powers of locomotion.

Hospital ships, though as yet unconvoyed, are often armed and endowed with good speed possibilities.

Bombing schoolhouses from the sky may be followed by serious counter-attacks by foe airplanes or anti-aircraft guns.

In all of the above sports 100 per cent Hun efficiency is not guaranteed.

Why should they be interested in a process from which they have been kept consistently aloof? It has always been the hope and the belief of the wiser suffragists and of those who still hope for good government that women will be interested in politics just as soon as they are permitted to become familiar with the meaning of the franchise, its operations and its possibilities.

It may be years before the influence of women voters is actually felt either in the country at large or in the communities where woman suffrage is now operative.

But this knowledge has no bearing whatever on the rights or wrongs of the issue.

It is the exceptional man who votes thoughtfully and wisely.

There are many exceptional women who are ready to use the franchise for high purposes.

And we venture a guess that women, on the whole, are more conservative, more likely to be devoted to abstract and ethical causes than men are.

Equal suffrage is, after all, a reform that seems destined, like the Declaration of Independence or the Magna Charta.

The conscience of civilization is demanding it. Senator Baird and those of his colleagues who are still unconvinced might better go along with the crowd.

It is a rather big crowd. And it is always better to go along comfortably than to be pushed. Meanwhile it is rather odd to think that any good Bolshevik would consider Senator Baird and his group uncivilized.

PHYSICIAN says that heat is a form of motion. Therefore we propose to be as motionless as possible.

PINOCHLE AND WAR

IT WAS odd that the railroad administration should issue an order against the ancient institution of the railway card game just as a number of the society women of this city signed their names to a cutting pronouncement asking all people to refrain from wasting their time and energy at bridge whilst till the war is over.

Card games at best are merely a relief from boredom.

There is no reason why any one should be faced with the necessity of killing time in days when there aren't enough hands available for imperative tasks.

Card parties are going out of fashion. Now they will be less popular than ever.

But the women who made the formal protest had better reason on their side than the railroad administration can claim in this instance.

It is true that the commuter who dubs the annul of his afternoon trip home with a sketchy game of whist or poker might find better things to do.

There is much to read, much to think about and many fast-moving issues that a man should keep in step with through the serious study that is possible in half hours with a good book.

But the commuter who works in his war garden at night and in the office during the day isn't always in a receptive mood immediately before dinner.

The railroad administration seems minded to discipline him too severely.

The order was issued, the railroad men say, to eliminate the practice of seat hogging.

But there is likely to be a general feeling that the railroad administration is attempting to fondle of the seat hogging places where the railroad men say, to eliminate the practice of seat hogging.

SUFFRAGE AND THE SENATE

A Few Stern-Minded Gentlemen Who Have Clashed With the Forces of Evolution

SENATOR DAVY BAIRD, of Camden, after a season of cloistered meditation in Washington has decided that he will not vote for the national suffrage amendment.

Senator Davy is an old-school politician. Viewed from one angle he is efficient, temperate, passionate, a finished handshaker, a woman's-place-is-in-the-home sort of man.

Scrutinized from the angle of the suffragists and the ultra-moderns in politics he belongs to the school of statesmanship which is not yet quite reconciled to steam.

It is interesting to observe the increasing vitality of the suffrage issue. The Cause is to be credited with the first decisive victories of the war.

The President has written an appeal to the anti-suffrage Senators which would have been one of the most remarkable papers of the whole Administration had it not been overshadowed by the more dramatic concerns of warfare.

The Russians in all of the various forms of government tried or proposed since the first revolution have provided for universal suffrage.

The service that women have given in the war has inspired a revolutionary change from the old traditions and prejudices which made the progress of the women's movement so difficult in England.

President Wilson favors suffrage. So does the House. In the Senate opinion is almost equally divided on the question of the national amendment.

Senator Baird is one of the small group which will decide the matter for the United States. A constitutional amendment may not be the wisest method for the occasion.

Yet it is doubtful whether the Senators will be long able to withstand the tide of sentiment that has swept aside so many obstacles in other democratic countries and overwhelmed prejudices alike among the Bolsheviks and in the House of Lords.

Senator Baird, in the long run, will not make up his own mind. The world will make it up for him. Universal suffrage seems to be a certainty of the near future in the United States.

Even though the militants have chosen this momentous hour to appear again in Washington, a d got arrested for picketing, and even though they seem always to have done their best to convince everybody they at least are not qualified for the vote, we refuse to let them decide the matter.

They are a small and restless and excitable minority, the militants. They are the folk that a clever man had in mind when he said that there would be a lot of empty lives in this country if ever the franchise was granted to women.

The view, familiar among the majority of suffragists, that the vote is the moral right of intelligent women, never has justified serious opposition.

The politicians like to say that women would not know what to do with the vote if they had it. And most of the politicians obtain power and office because the majority of men do not know what to do with their votes.

In almost every anti-suffrage speech the statement occurs that women aren't interested in politics. That is true. Women are not interested in politics.

Why should they be interested in a process from which they have been kept consistently aloof? It has always been the hope and the belief of the wiser suffragists and of those who still hope for good government that women will be interested in politics just as soon as they are permitted to become familiar with the meaning of the franchise, its operations and its possibilities.

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THE GOWNSMAN

Two Saints and an Angel

THERE is a robust old story about two saints and an angel, who were strolling down the street one afternoon.

This was in former times when there were more saints than there are now. There were more saints then than there are now.

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THE CHAFFING DISH

At the Top of the Tube

WHEN lovely summer gets too blazing my mind is slippy as a fish:

I'll borrow Mr. Goldsmith's phrasing, and twist it for The Chaffing Dish.

AND so this bard keeps under cover, and hides his belfry from the sun:

I'll tell the soda clerk I love her, and call Herr Fahrenheit a Hun.

A ROLLING DECK GATHERS NO MOSS

New York has troubles of her own. Sixteen juvenile Abie Cohens were lost at Coney Island the day before yesterday, and not a single Smith.

O. Henry had a joke he was very fond of about hanging your hat on Cape Hatteras and going in by the Labrador.

Perhaps that's what the U-boat was trying to do.

The back of our chair is so hot that we hate to lean back, and if we bend forward the smell of burnt typewriter keys interferes with our punctuation.

Why Not Admit It?

From Greenland's icy mountains, To blistered Chestnut street, It isn't the humidity, It's nothing but the heat.

When Prince Eitel Friedrich fled from his quarters on the Vesle he left his shaving soap behind. But he was careful to take his razor with him. He knew our colored troops were near.

Dear Socrates: The Crown Prince seems to be coming into his Aisne. S.M.E.E.D.

Dove Dulcet was due to give us a poem today, but his wife reports that he was overcome by it isn't the heat it's the —

As an evidence of his honorable intentions, she sends us the manuscript just as it was when the ambulance came round for Dove.

As many of our readers may never have seen a poem in the dough, before baking, Mr. Dulcet's manuscript is worth reproducing just as it is:

CHILBLAINS

When howling blizzard comes (Thumbs, strums, drums, numbers!!!) Aloud I cry Jubilee

..... said my wife to me!

The mercury swarms UP the tube, Cube, rube ..... boob (?)

I said to my wife!

(Strike, knife, file, rifle. Or try rhyme verses-hives?)

And so, all down the ..... street

(Wheat, meat, neat, eat, beat, feat, seat!!!)

Hertling keeps putting out some very quaint and cheerful peace terms, including the payment of an indemnity to the Allies to recompense Germany for all the money she has spent in crushing us.

Now that the Kaiser's edition of Shakespeare is being edited, Herr Hertling might turn to Act Four, Scene I, of Macbeth, where he will read:

Though the yesty waves Confound and swallow navigation up; Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads; Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of Nature's germens tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken; answer me To what I ask you.

We may expect an object apology from the German navy. Undoubtedly the U-boat thought that Lightship was a hospital vessel.

SOCRATES.

The Saxons are reported to have "haved very badly" at the second Battle of the Marne. It may be recalled that they acted in much the same way during the first historic engagement along that river. It is possibly because of their name's typographical relationship with the prefix "angle" that such disinclination to fight against liberty was twice evidenced?

The primary meaning of "marechal," according to the French dictionary, is "horse-shoer."

It thus becomes still further evident that even before he became Marechal Foch the superb generalissimo had his steed of victory well heeled with iron.

In so far as they relate to the gunnery of American troops, Germany would richly welcome a "modification of war aims."

Speaking of wisecracks, the wisest of all are those that are producing corn.

German stock seems to be of the rolling variety. Rolling steadily down hill.

"QUICK YOU STRAFE DOSE YANKEES OR I DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP MIT YOU!"



IF I WERE THE KAISER

By Mlle. Marguerite Clement

(Mademoiselle Clement, a distinguished French teacher, was sent to this country by her Government to study American reactions in the war. She has been writing a letter to the Kaiser, and the following extract is translated.—Editor Evening Public Ledger.)

The Kaiser has been very frank. He has admitted that Germany does not want to enslave the world, only to civilize it; to reveal to it efficiency and justice at one swoop; to teach it to clean its streets, to educate its children and to scorn money—a noble enterprise against shameless England and money-grubbing America, sunk in imperialism and dollars.

How America was amazed! She had not suspected Wilhelm of this civilizing fever. being killed as soon as his Kaiser feels the need of a little exaltation. Is the German soldier ready to die for his Kaiser?—Surely!

And what is the Kaiser ready to do for the German soldier?—Why, to let him die. The German soldier fights to be sure of the privilege of being deprived of his rights. The American soldier fights to be sure of being able to enjoy his rights.

IF I were the Kaiser, to show that I did not fear ideas any more than I feared other nations, I would have this credo and this catechism distributed among my subjects. It would show them what evils I am saving them from and just what the idealism of a money-grubbing nation is worth.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Mr. McFee in New Orleans

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—By the kindness of a friend I have read my friend Mr. William McFee's delightful letter published recently in three installments in The Chaffing Dish.

I used to be the proprietor of "Alison's Old Book Store," which Mr. McFee mentions in his letter. The shop was on Royal street, New Orleans, and was a few doors from the late Armand Hawkins' famous antique store, which used to be a favorite resort of Eugene Field and Lafcadio Hearn. My place became an old book shop when I had about five visitors with literary tastes who came to the view car, or French quarter, of the quaint old Crescent City.

At that time McFee was publisher on the Cartago, of the United Fruit Company, which then flew the British flag, and during the intervals of his stay between sailings made "the old book shop" his club of an evening. Many delightful talks we had about literary London and about cabages and kings. I was privileged to read "Aliens," one of Mr. McFee's novels, in proof, while he was correcting it. It was during that time that the world war started, and we had plenty to talk about. The "Kansas lawyer" was still in New Orleans when I left there recently to come to Chicago, and the little Englishman from Mexico was still sojourning there when I left. I never laughed so much as over McFee's graphic portrait of "Smith," which was not his name. Truly "those were the days," and I remember them affectionately. Sincerely yours, STEPHEN H. ALISON, Chicago, August 4.

Tipping vs. Thrift Stamps

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—It seems to the writer that the almost universal habit of tipping, which is in vogue in restaurants, depots, barber shops, etc., should, in such strenuous war-time as we are now experiencing, be abandoned, at least for the present, and the money thus virtually wasted be diverted to some of the numerous war funds. I trust some of the readers of this article will follow me in carrying out my idea of abolishing tips and buying thrift stamps instead. A. M. Philadelphia, August 2.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Sir Joseph Maclay is the British Controller of Exchequer. 2. "A Roland for an Oliver" means tit for tat. Roland and Oliver were paladins of Charlemagne. The legend is that whatever one achieved the other tried to outdo. 3. Cronan is an important city of France, about five miles north of the Alps, almost on the base of Mont Blanc. 4. General Horvath is the anti-Bolshevik leader of the White Army in Russia. 5. The Amazon is the largest river in South America. 6. Reign of Terror, the period in the French Revolution between the overthrow of the Girondins, May 31, 1793, and the fall of Robespierre, July 27, 1794. 7. Odysseus: Homer's epic poem of the wanderings and adventures of Ulysses (Odysseus) on his voyage home from Troy to Ithaca. 8. Denver is both the capital and metropolitan city of Colorado. 9. Old Hickory: an epithet applied to Andrew Jackson. 10. A manure is like a man-of-war, which between wind and water (circumstances) there is danger. It is not a democracy. It is a raft. You must be a man of war. You must be a man of war. You must be a man of war.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was Mesmer? 2. What is Camp Sheridan? 3. What was the Colossus of Rhodes? 4. What is Adonias Reiter's "scheer"? 5. What was the curfew bell? 6. For's "Faban policy" was recently mentioned. What is the allusion? 7. Where is Kandahak? 8. Who was dubbed "Expounder of the Constitution"? 9. What is the poetical name of the United States? 10. Who said, "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments of the world weigh less than one lovely action?"

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