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Philadelphia, Monday, August 19, 1918

ONE REFORMER JUDGE RAYMOND MACNEILLE, of the Municipal Court, achieved his first prominence as an apostle of sweetness and light in the school of reform founded by Judge Ben Lindsey.

It always has been difficult for the average reformer to stay reformed. And it is easier to reform others than to reform one's self.

It begins to appear as if some one had put an extraordinary lot of coin in the Kaiser's conquests.

FAIR WARNING TO PACIFISTS OF ALL KINDS

IT TOOK more than four months to present the evidence against the I. W. W. agitators charged with attempting to disrupt the nation's war program.

This verdict is satisfying to every manly American. The nation is committed to a great task, and it is intolerant of every one who attempts to obstruct it.

The sentimentalists outside of the I. W. W. who have been tolerant of all pacifist agitation will do well to take warning from this Chicago verdict.

As the night-or-flight principle gains force in Russia some of the Reds are making notable records as travelers.

AN INTERNATIONAL VICE

AT LAST it is possible to define, place and visualize the legendary man without a country.

He is the war profiteer. He is plundering in Berlin and in Vienna as industriously as he plunders in Philadelphia or New York.

Since he is an outcast and an outlaw, any weapon—taxes, the law, brute force or a club—becomes legitimate when it is used against him.

The news that soup kitchens have been opened at Treviso, in the Italian war zone, suggests the expectation of using the Germans as "stock."

THE CATHEDRAL REBORN

IT WAS in the ancient and heroic city of Amiens that Jules Verne conceived many of his wonderful tales. His fertile mind forecast the submarine, foresaw the possibilities of aerial navigation, outlined other marvels still unattained, but anticipated neither the world war nor the striking role to be played therein by the city of his choice.

The rededication of the majestic Amiens Cathedral, monarch of French churches, the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the republic and one of the first in beauty, concludes moreover a chapter of miracles to which even the insanity of Verne would have been hard put to explain.

The high tide of titanic strife rolled up to within eight miles of the fair capital of Picardy. The hordes of barbarism raised their binoculars and beheld the superb minister gleaming in the spring sunlight.

And yet through months of bombardment three hits alone, and these unproductive of any structural damage, were registered on the great Gothic pile.

The towers of Amiens abide in strength and serenity. Here is indeed a miracle to challenge even a king of fantasy.

Simple exercises consecrated the monument of medieval art and faith. The scientific explanations of a Verne would have been futile with regard to this almost mystical deliverance.

The kings of the whole civilized world are lined up in gratitude. Amid our tears and prayers we have joys for Amiens.

THE TIDE IS RISING Men Like Senator Gallinger Serve to Show How Far Up the Beach It Can Go in a Single Generation

MEN like the late Senator Gallinger are useful in their old age because they are like rocks off shore by which we mark the progress of the rising tide.

The world does not stand still. The progressives of one generation are the conservatives of the next. They are denounced by the old men as radicals and in a few years they are condemned by the young men as stand-patters.

Senator Lodge was a hot-headed enthusiast in his youth. He is one of the balance wheels of Congress today, preventing by his opposition and wise council the younger men from moving too fast.

When we are pessimistic it is well to take a long look backward, that we may discover how high the tide of human progress has risen and how far out to sea are the rocky peaks of the former leaders.

Lincoln merely used the weapons at hand for winning his fights. His methods were regarded as legitimate. But he had not been dead ten years before the abuses of the spoils system impressed themselves upon idealistic young men and they began an agitation for reform.

And the fact that we are not content even now is the most wholesome sign of the times.

The radicals of the present decade will be the conservatives of 1940 and the sons of their friends will be denouncing them as stand-patters and old fogies and behind the times, just as Senator Gallinger was condemned during the later years of his life.

But if one wishes to be thrilled with a vision of progress one has only to look back at the emotions aroused in the world by the ambitions of Napoleon and compare them with the emotions which we all experience at the contemplation of the German methods and plans.

As to Senator Gallinger, he is dead. Peace be to his ashes. He served his generation to the best of his lights. If his successors do as well they need ask for no higher praise.

That Rumpier plane, which Captain Middle, of Philadelphia, recently downed, seems to have been appropriately named.

DEMOCRACY THAT ISN'T DEMOCRACY

THE "WHITERIN," the Bolsheviki Foreign Secretary, boasts that the Soviet Government is the first in the world established for the oppressed poor.

He thereby shows his failure to comprehend the essential purpose of a democratic government, namely, to give equal rights to all, rich as well as the poor, the ignorant as well as the educated.

We are fighting this war to put an end to Junkerism, and if it should end by the triumph of Bolshevism it would have to be fought all over again in order that democracy might triumph.

A girl has joined the marines. And there is sure to be some one who will have to call her his sweet little devil bound.

TIPS AND TIPPERS

OF LATE the bouncers abound—those who consistently make it a bit difficult to distinguish between high life and low—have started the habit of tipping bartenders.

It hasn't been proved that the bartenders invited the tips that have begun to shower on them. They were forced, by emotional patrons, into the class with Pullman porters, waiters, barbers, chauffeurs, butlers, taxicabbers, parlor maids, garage attendants and all those others who must be paid for things they don't do.

Despite the high cost of living the habit continues to spread. Before the Government took control of the railroads you couldn't go on a journey of any length without tipping everybody on the line except the conductor, the fireman and the engineer.

Adventures at Eddystone By ROY HELTON

GETTING down to work and getting safely home again are no easy problems for the laboring man of this year of our Lord.

ONE leaves his West Philadelphia home at 6 o'clock in the cool of a gray summer sunrise. His right-hand coat pocket is stuffed with lunch, his hands are stiff from yesterday's long grip on the bars and levers.

AT THE street corner three jammed cars burst open, more, one suspects, from internal pressure than by any favor of the powers that be.

THE crowd inside is usually in a state of grim good humor—sore at the conductor or the company, but willing to endure anything short of death to get down to the plant on time.

HERE, at the Baltimore and Ohio station the comedy moves to its second act. Even an habitual railway traveler will be amazed by the great variety of new experiences in store for him.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Recessional for the Profiteers (A Father Speaks)

THE people have given their labor, their food, their sleep, their sons, They have given their hands and hearts and hopes to steel the drumming guns;

Do you think the souls of men are stirred and the hearts of mothers rent For you to capitalize our loves at a thousand or so per cent?

Do you think the saddened world that rocks and groans in travail pain Has bled in stoic fortitude to fatten your private gain?

Will you have the burning flame of hearts that leaped for a visioned star To glow your sooted forges, to drive your motor car?

The flag that has never been humbled, the hope of the human race, You fly it as a mock token, to cover your own disgrace;

You have dirtied the dreams of lovers who covet an earth new-born—Hucksters of human passion, you shall learn of human scorn.

Your hands, are they so spotless? Your ways so lit with sun That you can pour your virtuous sneers on Turk and Russ and Hun?

What will you say to the bitter ghosts that whisper, frank and plain, "The world was shaken in torment, and you trafficked in mortal pain."

The people have given their labor, their food, their sleep, their sons, They have given their hands and hearts and hopes to steel the drumming guns;

And disciplined to giving, through all these broken years, Now what shall the people render to their friends, the profiteers?

The other day we were wandering in Alder street, which is a narrow lane joining Spruce and Locust between Tenth and Eleventh. We met an old colored man, with a cart of junk, singing a lugubrious anthem which amused us not a little.

Hard working man Ain't nothing but a dawg—O-o-o-o ragman Ain't nothin' but a dawg.

We wish we could reproduce the mournful minor air to which he sang this genial verse. He was chuckling heartily to himself, and seemed to enjoy his slogan immensely.

Referring to our query, "Can the Teens Fight?" Samuel Abbott tells us that there were more than a million boys of eighteen and under in the Union armies during the Civil War.

Is there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, "If it takes me twenty years I'll massacre those profiteers."

The Archdupe The Kaiser is said to have approved the suggestion that an Austrian archduke be made King of Poland.

Turn about is fair play. The "Yankee Doodle" boys have captured Cohan. The latter, however, captured the "Yankee Doodle" boys so many theatrical seasons ago that some of us are by this time quite grown up.

A German military writer says there will be no chance of peace until the frantic Americans have sown their wild oats. They are sowing wild oats down at Hog Island every day.

"A PROFIT IS NOT WITHOUT HONOR SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY—"

WAR PROFITS

WAR PROFITS

WAR PROFITS

THE READERS VIEWPOINT

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

No More Difficult to Form It Than Form the American Union

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—To see Lord Robert Cecil hail the international food commission as the nucleus of a "league" of nations reminds me of how another has seen it in a commercial union, another in a judicial union, still another in a police union, an arbitral one, not to mention less important forms.

Further encouragement is had in the fact that there is no more inertia or opposition now to overcome in bringing about a representative, self-governing "United Nations" than there was in securing a "United States" in 1788, not to say 1776.

Nowhere in heaven or earth is there a more motley crowd—is there more contrast of face, station and intelligence. Because men, when they are working, tend to reduce their costume to its lowest terms, and in spite of a few pointed, waxed mustaches and dapper, full-tailored coats and new straw hats, it is harder to pick out the crowd of the milkman or the farmhand, than it can be done, but it is hard.

Girls, however, are more on the defensive, and must maintain their social stamp however hard they labor. There are many, walking this half-mile along the high board fence who may be said to be adorned with a half-mile of red, and you can see it at once. There are others who will not be out of the house tomorrow evening.

The Crown Prince His nose is red; His eyes are blue; His chin recedes; His armies too.

The rejuvenated capital of Palestine is reported to have instituted "all-wheat" days in order to reduce the drain on rice, barley, rye and other cereals. The news fortifies our faith in the Bible, which characterizes the New Jerusalem as Heaven.

Referring to a pro-Hun who tried to defend the Kaiser at a National Park camp-meeting, a leading Doodle boy says that the Kaiser's splendid new instrument offensive experienced an identical punishment.

A Dandy Affair Turn about is fair play. The "Yankee Doodle" boys have captured Cohan. The latter, however, captured the "Yankee Doodle" boys so many theatrical seasons ago that some of us are by this time quite grown up.

Shell Shock at Eppohalmic Giter To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—As various medical meetings in England and France, and also in this country, eminently at a medical meeting held by the



On Some Recent Allied Victories

BE HUMBLE, O my country! In this hour, Remember there are fiery paths to cross. Undreamed of anguish and unreckoned loss.

Of Peace shall blossom after hell's red shower. Be confident; be brave; yet also be Like the great Christ in His humility; Be mindful of the purpose of your power.

It is not gain you seek. It is not praise. Therefore let pride be hushed in the dust. Fight on, forgetful of this flaming sword. Of sudden victory. There shall be days Of darkness when your bright steel seems like rust.

Be humble, O my country, in this hour! —Charles Hanson Towne, in the New York Tribune.

The Princes' War

Every one will have noticed that in the battles on the western front the Crown Princes of heir-apparent are always mentioned as the heroes of the combat. It is always one or the other of these royal blood chaps who is doing all the fighting. The real soldiers on that side are scarcely heard of. There is a purpose in this, which is to serve the Prussian dynasty, which represents all that Germany is fighting for. In this way it is hoped that the Huns will always associate the Princes with the bloody encounter. These Princes may be miles and miles away, but the mention of their names in connection with the battles will tend to make the Germans believe that the divinity of kings is still there in the conflict—Ohio State Journal.

We'll Know Next Winter

What is it Doctor Garfield says—that there will not be a coal shortage, or that there shall not be a coal shortage?—Boston Globe.

Beauty's Tribute

Tax on cosmetics! All right. Most girls that can't afford to pay it don't have to use 'em.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. What distinguished American newspaper editor recently retired from active service? 2. What is copra? 3. Why are the Don Cossacks so called? 4. What are the asterisks? 5. What American general ran against Abraham Lincoln at his second election? 6. What is the largest city in New Jersey? 7. What islands in North American waters are still in the possession of France? 8. Who said "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"? 9. What is the largest ship in the world and what is its present name? 10. Who is "Carmen Sylva"?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. Mexico's most valuable oil wells are located near the port of Tampico, on the Gulf coast. 2. Admiral von Behcke is Admiral von Capelle's successor as the German Minister of War. 3. Della Salter Bacon, an American author, was the first to give general credence to the theory that the plays ascribed to Shakespeare were written by Francis Bacon. She presented her case in 1877, with a book entitled "The Shakespeare and Bacon Controversy Unfolded." Nathaniel Hawthorne contributed the preface. 4. The Banda Islands, in the Molucca Archipelago, are the world's chief source of nutmeg. 5. The Chicago World's Fair was held in 1893. 6. The original meaning of the French word "chiffon" is "rags." 7. The southernmost possession of the United States is Tutuila, a portion of the Samoan Islands group in the South Pacific. 8. The iguana is a large West Indian and South American tree lizard. 9. True weight is which twelve ounces make a pound, is used in weighing gold, silver and jewelry. 10. Richard Olney was an American statesman, secretary of State under Grover Cleveland, who died in 1917.

Teaching Fritzy the Game

Orders have been given for 60,000 hand grenades, to be turned out at the rate of 2,000 a month. Our baseball players in France need more exercise.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.