

Evening Public Ledger and the Evening Telegraph... PUBLISHED DAILY AT PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

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BUDAPEST BABY BUNDLES... BUDAPEST complains because the shortage of textiles compels her babies to be wrapped in paper clothing.

Time was when the "finest English line" was accredited to a poet or literary genius and the selection often provoked debate.

PROFESSIONAL baseball, oddly enough, has been a lonely companion to Russia in the valleys of tribulation.

ty Cobb and Tris Speaker are to go sky-fighting with the naval aviation service. Eddie Collins has gone forth glorious in the habiliments of a Devil Hound.

THE disappearance of hundreds of millions in the airplane program confirms the fact that small wastes are no longer fashionable.

GOVERNOR EDGE, of New Jersey, has formally announced an intention to shun the stump in his campaign for the United States Senate.

Obviously this style of politics will become more popular. The days of triumphant metaphor, when men were elected to high office because they could speak dramatically of the everlasting hills, is passed.

LO, WE HAVE A CALIPH! But Senator Vane's Technique in That Exalted Role Needs Burnishing Up. IT IS getting warm again. This, therefore, isn't a time for the excitement and the high blood pressure that properly might ensue upon the spectacle of Senator Vane in the role of All Highest and as the frank embodiment of municipal authority addressing the real estate men of the city with promises of a fixed tax rate.

That was an odd spectacle, to be sure. It was luminous with strange intimations. It left a beholder with a giddy sense of uncertainty as to whether we are going forward in a straight line or swinging around in a circle—back to ancient principles.

And yet the thing was incomplete. There should have been a tree for Senator Ed to sit under—preferably a palm tree. And there should have been a vermillion dais and a bejeweled turban to be tipped at a nonchalant angle upon the Senator's head, and there should have been sword bearers and courtiers, warriors, executioners, slaves, merry villagers and awed travelers in vivid hordes gathered in the Presence.

So far have we progressed in two thousand years. And yet the Caliphs of Bagdad were wiser and better qualified than the Caliph of Philadelphia. That is the distressing part of it. Your Bagdad Caliph seems, even at this distance, a likable old gentleman who preserved through all his pomp and ferocity a high sense of justice, a brave tongue and the humility of heart that is the last attribute of the truly great.

Perhaps he has. But a good Caliph shouldn't dodge an issue. If Bagdad of old had been at war, if the officers of the guard were hurrying to the shipyards, if all the institutions of the caliphate were threatened with confusion and decay because of a lack of funds, if the palace were threadbare and the ways of traffic were filling up with the sands of the desert, the Caliph would recognize the need of increased revenue or decreased expenditure in the royal establishment.

The retainers at court will live as easy as before. They will eat as well and sleep as well as ever and there will be as many of them as there have always been. The Caliph will not reduce his train or his army, though such methods of economy would have been the first to suggest themselves to a wiser ruler in older times.

England's New Fertility... THE spotless, green-hedged lawns of England have prompted many a favorite German day dream.

It is undeniable that England before the war presented certain defects of a civilization far advanced along some lines, handicapped along others by ancient precedent, prejudices and outmoded survivals of the past.

the largest since 1868. Where were once velvet swards are now flourishing fields awaiting harvesting by city clerks, boy scouts, schoolboys, undergraduates, village and college women, Belgian and Serbian refugees, who have helped to make "this little world set in a silver sea" perhaps less poetically beautiful, but to a new degree self-supporting.

The "largest street-cleaning contractor in the world" announces that the \$1.75 property tax "is to be the limit." Not a few inhabitants of a plundered city thought it was just exactly that a year ago.

REPORTS from San Antonio, the principal city in the Texas congressional district represented by James F. Slayden, who was forced to withdraw from the race for renomination because of the opposition of the President, indicate the issue of loyalty is not yet disposed of. The organization favored the nomination of A. P. Barrett, a wealthy San Antonian interested in moving picture houses, who has been on both sides of the prohibition question.

There are some Texas Democrats who suspect that it takes more than a willingness to vote for a Republican to establish disloyalty, and they are attempting to prove that Bee had the support of every one with a German name. And now we are told that if the congressional convention does not repudiate Bee and name Barrett the newspapers of the district are likely to support the Republican nominee.

Berlin is now admitting the accuracy of our army figures. From admission to submission is only a step.

WISE WORDS WITH BUT A SINGLE SLIP... THE editor of the Cologne Gazette is wise when he protests against the suggested demolition of the Potsdam station of gallant, liberty-loving Baron von Steuben, who fought for freedom with Washington.

Moreover, we do not need to copy every asininity of a crazy government or a rabid populace. When the day comes when reason shall have returned to the Germans, nothing will be more calculated to make them blush with shame than the sight of their own memorial.

We have ventured to substitute the word "Germans" for the word "Yankees," originally written by the Rhenish editor. But for that little slip of an otherwise acute pen, its wielder would be eligible for the ranks of patriotic American journalism.

No taxation without downward variation seems to have become the motto of certain real estate men.

IT ISN'T easy to be enthusiastic over the plans of Socialists for an international council at which the policies of President Wilson will be formally approved.

It has always been the boast of the Socialists that they were more enlightened than others. And yet they were three years late in recognizing the justice of the war. They are falling into line behind President Wilson—but they are at the tail of the procession.

The ordinary rank and file in the United States supported the President and the war while the Socialist leaders in this country were railing against both in a national platform which they are now trying to live down and forget.

It begins to appear, indeed, that the Socialists often are slower minded than their less pretentious rivals in politics.

How? They Flatten Out! The Kaiser will recognize the new Bolshevik Government at Moscow. That arrangement is fair enough since the Bolsheviks are almost the only ones nowadays who maintain a bowing acquaintance with the Kaiser.

High Premiums Rene Fonck, French ace of aces, has brought down his insurance rates must be prohibitive among the German fliers.

This Is Wanton The German "retreat specialist" is called General Von Boehn. Foch may do something toward spilling the beans.

To clear up any German doubts it may be freely stated that Mr. McAdoo's restriction on travel are inapplicable with respect to certain European sailings now undergoing a daily increase.

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Ballade of an Ambrosial Evening I KNOW a pub where I can chow at dusk On lentil soup, grilled kidneys and white wine; Take coffee in the garden, with a rusk, And smoke black leaf tobacco while I dine— Can drink liqueurs until my seasoned spine Begins to tingle and my brain to whirr: Then bring a candle, landlord, just at nine, And have the sheets perfumed with lavender!

POUR me a claret (Medoc, sweet as muck!) Carve me a juicy cut along the chine, Then watch me ply a not unwilling tusk And quaff the western sun down his decline. Perhaps some olives, seasoned well in brine, Or pot of shandygaff, if you prefer; But, landlord, to complete the fair design, Pray have the sheets perfumed with lavender!

NO HEAVY vintage: nothing strong or brusque— The smooth and mellow essence of the vine— Perhaps some green corn, roasted in the husk, And omelette singed with brandy—O benign! Allegro ma non troppo is my line: The graceful mean where all the arts concur To make one long ambrosial evening mine, And then—O sheets perfumed with lavender!

Envoy O BEST of landlords! Let your light so shine That many another thirsty wanderer May (after dinner) all his cares resign And find your sheets perfumed with lavender!

That Lincoln Highway sign at the corner of Walnut and Broad streets seems to us very misleading. It points to Lancaster and San Francisco, but gives no hint that there are any other tribulations en route. Perhaps it was some similar sign that led the Kaiser to believe Paris was just around the corner.

Why is the theatrical orchestra always bald from bass viol to utility man? Does the close proximity of the footlights scorch off the hair?

A pipe tastes fine when a man is working. But he ought not to let work interfere with his smoke.

Those two hip pockets that the Kaiser has lost in France—the Marx pocket and the Picardy pocket—seem to be something more than mere pockets after all. They begin to look like whole trouser legs.

The pleasures that the world covets are simple and unsophisticated. A cool evening, without too many mosquitoes, spent in reading the Kaiser's abjuration, would satisfy almost any of us.

An Emergency Fleet Chanty And there'll be no banquets at these monthly conferences of shipbuilders either—for these meetings are serious—dead serious—Director of Shipping Charles M. Schwab.

Oh, sing a dirge for champagne and the wine both red and white, and millionaires conferring from the break of dawn to night without a wind-up banquet and single pause for sips, for Schwab has canned the menus while he's speeding up the ships.

Take the cocktails from the table and the oysters and the veal, you are here to tend to business not to dream about a meal, and we'll get sufficient tankers by not tanking here in state, and a lot more other tonnage than we could get if we ate.

"So pull your belt tighter, stow away the thought of dinner; if I fatten up the tonnage I should care if you grow thinner; and the wines you used to tinkle when you got your good old buns, I shall sprinkle at the launchings of a million deadweight tons.

"So when I call a meeting, just remember this, my boys: there is apt to be plain speaking, but no after-dinner noise; and you'll feed on rolls of dats and reports and printed slips, and we'll all grow lean together, but by heav'n we'll turn out ships!" FERDINAND REYHER.

Camping Out One who takes the train from the Reading Terminal, and sits on the left-hand side of the smoking car, will observe (after the Wayne Junction cinder has been massaged out of his eye and just before the Fern Rock flake of snow arrives) a little encampment at the brow of a hill. There are several tents in the lee of a fringe of woods, a pole with a flag flying, and a baseball diamond that has been roughly laid out in the wide field that slopes down toward the railway.

We don't know who the cheerful people are who have been camping out there all summer, but they have the right idea. We have often watched the smoke of their evening cooking fire rising pleasantly against that dark band of trees, and seen the boys gathered in the cup of the hollow field (where the sunset light gathers in a shimmering pool of yellow brightness) batting out flies against the glowing sky.

It used to be said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton and other English schools. It is equally true that what the Kaiser has most to fear on the tragic meadows of France is the quickness of eye, the hardness of hand, the decisive and fearless habit of body that have been ingrained in American young manhood by our national pastime of camping out. Arms that have been muscled with ball and paddle and axe are arms that can hurl a grenade and aim a bullet to their appointed targets.

We like to sit on the left-hand side of the smoking car on the 4:02 train, just for the pleasure of watching that little camp near Fern Rock. As long as Americans keep their taste for spending the summer in sleeveless shirts and under canvas the Kaiser will only conduct his little tours through other nations on the pay-as-you-enter principle.



CHEWING GUM By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto

ONE day soon after my coming to America I was on a street car with a friend. Just opposite was a little girl with a big bundle. She was eating something. I especially noticed her because in Japan children never eat on the street or in a public place.

My friend's conversation held my attention for a while, then I chanced to glance at the child again, and was surprised to see she was still eating. Several times afterward I looked at her, and finally I asked my friend:

"What is that child eating?" "She is not eating anything," she replied. "She is chewing gum."

AGAIN I looked at the child. She was sitting, drooped and weary, her loose hands lying in her lap and her feet spread around her bundle in a very awkward and difficult position. As I watched her tired face, suddenly I remembered something that had happened on the train on my trip across the continent.

I MADE no reply, but light began to dawn upon my experience on the train. I had been uncomfortably carsick and a kindly looking old lady had given me a small, square block of something which she said would always cure nausea. I put it in my mouth and with conscientious gratitude chewed carefully for a long time, but I could not swallow it. I explained to myself that it must be a medicine possessing wonderful merit, as it would not dissolve. After a while I got tired and was troubled what to do for the old lady had been kind to give it to me and I didn't like to throw it away. So I wrapped it up in a piece of white paper and put it in my mirror case.

I HAD another experience with chewing gum, but this was in Japan. One of the universal customs in my country is to take a gift almost every time one calls upon a friend. One afternoon I received a very formal call from a daughter of the new aristocracy—progressive, wealthy and altogether what is called in Japan "high-kara," meaning the very essence of the stylish and progressive in dress and manner. My caller was elegantly dressed, in Japanese dress, of course, for even progressive Japanese women have not reached the place where European dress is worn on elegant occasions.

After a long, ceremonious bow and the usual complimentary inquiries regarding the health of family and relatives, and also a few tactful remarks in praise of the flowers arranged on the tokonoma, she leaned forward and unwrapped a square of beautiful crepe cloth, exquisitely dyed and embroidered, and presented to me modestly, but with evident pride, a large imported paper box with English lettering on it. It was a wholesale package of chewing gum. The elaborate, ceremonious manner of my guest, every movement being in accordance with the strictest etiquette, made the sudden appearance of that plebeian package a most incongruous and amusing thing. Yet this was a perfectly natural

happening. It is not easy to choose a suitable and welcome gift for a person who has lived for several years in America and who is believed to be foreign in her tastes. So my friend had gone to a store where foreign things were sold and selected a box which was labeled "Imported Dainties! A Foreign Delicacy Possessing the Fragrance of Flowers. Used by Ladies and Gentlemen in the Cultured Society of Europe and America."

SIMILAR advertisements to this may be seen in many first-class cake shops of Tokio, so possibly at some no distant day the familiar sight of unwearied moving mouths may be seen by American tourists as they whirl in their Jirrikishas through the land of the Rising Sun.

Although we have not heretofore been a chewing-gum nation we will have to acknowledge that history accuses us of something much worse. It is said that our ancestors, ages ago, were addicted to the habit of betel-nut chewing, and that this was the origin of the custom which survives today in the harmlessly blackened teeth of Japanese old-fashioned women.

It is a fact that the first conquerors of Japan, who no doubt came originally from the hot shores of India, planted betel orchards in the warm islands of the South where they first landed, but on account of difference in soil and climate it was almost impossible to make the trees grow, even with the greatest care and the most continuous labor.

RARE things are always precious and their dying use is naturally confined to those who represent rank, elegance and wealth, so the time came when only people of the highest class had betel-stained teeth. Imitations must have become the fashion then, for during the Middle Ages, long after the nuts were extinct in Japan, both men and women of high rank blackened their teeth with a preparation made from eggplant peeling. The imperial courtiers kept up this custom to the time of the Restoration, but the warrior class never accepted it, they seeming to scorn any fashion which spoke more of rank, elegance and ease than of strength and power of arms.

The Berlin Tageblatt's declaration that the Allies are beginning to show signs of weariness suggests a keen appreciation of how exhausting a job counting prisoners has lately become.

Revised for the Picardy battle front—"Ye Bumps and Brays of Hunny Doom!" Nobody Knows One problem which we do not expect to solve until our pastor returns from his much-needed six weeks' vacation, is how the Hun ever contrived to slip into the Christian era.—Daily State Journal.

THE RETURNING

THEY passed: the crowds dissolved, the music died; But one old man with hair like wind-swept foam Gazed into space with somber eyes and cried, "God bring the dear lads, when their work is over, home!"

God bring them home, those boys?—ah, they who bear The dreadful shock, they shall return some day With newborn souls, and they shall ever wear A loftier mien than when they went away.

But they who fall, knights of the living God, Who meet the dawn upon a foreign shore, They shall come back from France's populated sod To be our boys, unchanged, forevermore.—Louis Dodge, in Scribner's Magazine.

It begins to look as though General Von Boehn, Germany's retreat specialist, had been engaged just in time to conduct his armies in the only movement of which they are now capable.

Foch's indorsement of the Bible as a battle inspiration recalls the sentiments of Stonewall Jackson, whose military qualities also were vigorously akin to those of the illustrious marshal.

The Silver Lining Postmaster General Burleson is having the time of his life applying his theories of national communication in the greatly enlarged field that has lately been intrusted to him.—Providence Journal.

What War Is Coming To It is now planned to invade Russia with a movie army under the command of Generals Chaplin, Fairbanks and Pickford.—New York Evening Sun.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. What Government investigation is now in charge of Charles E. Hughes? 2. What is the origin of the word maulskinner? 3. Who is the American Ambassador to Russia? 4. What American President was called "Old Hickory"? 5. What is the meaning of "Fat Tuesday," the title of Leonoville's popular opera? 6. What is the capital of New Hampshire? 7. What character in Shakespeare declared "I never lie the head that wears a crown"? 8. What is the meaning of the word "souffle" and how should it be pronounced? 9. When was the Spanish Armada defeated? 10. What were the "locusts" in John the Baptist's fare of "locusts and wild honey"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Hubert Denr is chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. 2. Mardi Gras is French for "fat Tuesday." It is specifically used to describe the last day of carnival, Shrove Tuesday, which immediately precedes Lent. 3. Clement L. Vallandigham was a Congressman during a part of Lincoln's Administration. He was tried by court-martial for making incendiary speeches against the Government and sentenced to imprisonment. Lincoln, however, changed the sentence and had him deported into the Confederacy. 4. A maulskinner is a pointed iron tool, used on ships for scaling ropes. 5. A soufflé is a tall, light, airy dish. 6. The Assonet Dam, built to utilize the waters of the Nile for irrigation purposes, is at the First Cataract, just above the point where the river crosses the Tropic of Cancer. 7. New Hampshire is called the "Granite State" on account of its large granitic production of that stone. 8. A soufflé, or more correctly, an Oriental soup shrapnel. 9. The Armada was the classical Muse of Tragedy. 10. The locusts of the Bible were "hoppers" and "grasshoppers" of our day.