

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Philadelphia, Friday, August 30, 1918

INSTALL THE WATER METERS

THE principle of "pay for what you use" is grounded in equity. It is, moreover, a persistent antidote to waste.

Philadelphia can be a clean city without squandering its water. The consumer hasn't the slightest cause for protest if he pays in proportion to the amount he uses.

The Czechs of Bohemia will be protested by no one except the German sympathizers.

RUNNING TO COVER

THE chase is on. Bapaume and Noyon fall in a single day. Ham hears its liberators knocking at the gates.

The French are insistent that restrictions on the Hun's war menu must involve the surrender of Ham.

WHAT ABOUT THE PRIMARY VERDICT?

IT IS rumored that the Democratic State Committee, which meets in Harrisburg next Wednesday, will demand that Judge Bonnell withdraw from the ticket as the party candidate for the Governorship.

The Judge appealed for support on a "wet" platform. He received it by an overwhelming majority. The voters are eager for him as his candidate.

The elusive Salus brothers may have had their detractors, but Uncle Sam at least is convinced that they should be rated A-1.

NOYON'S HISTORY MILE

THE chief product of the little town of Noyon, which the French have just taken, is not specified in the gazetteer.

The world is going along in the settled belief that a unity of purposes between England and America can alone avert future wars.

Some things will be in the new ambassador's favor. The English and the Americans have ceased to entertain prejudices against each other.

Why didn't we think, last spring, to put into the Kaiser's mouth the following words of Macbeth:

We hope the Kaiser's illness is not due to Wilhelm's failure to send her more flowers picked on victorious German battlefields.

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WANTED—A SUPERMAN

No Mere Journeyman Ambassador Will Do for the Court of St. James

AN AMBASSADOR to England in the next year or two will have responsibilities almost as weighty as those of President Wilson himself.

England and America will emerge from the war with new powers and widened horizons. They will be the chief exponents of those high causes which alone make this war endurable to sane minds.

Through her navy on the sea and her armies on the land England has contributed most to the fighting weight of the Allies.

England, England, or rather that part of England which can make itself heard, has not been able to rid itself of a desire for the German colonies—a desire that is founded logically enough upon a pride of British achievements in like fields elsewhere and the wonderful record of constructive government that the English have left behind them in their adventures about the various earth.

It is no secret that even now British and American theories and purposes are not reconciled in Russia.

The warlike of the other Allies viewed an army in Russia as an imperative necessity, and the movement was most fervently supported in England.

Here, however, are suggested some of the surface difficulties that are sure to cost our ambassador in London not a little sleep.

Even greater puzzles will have a subtler origin. England will come out of the war transformed, and not at all the England familiar to other ambassadors.

The youths in the army have been enfranchised. Women and girls are running the industries and doing more than 70 per cent of the physical labor of the country.

Labor in England has largely eliminated the caste lines of trades unionism and has mobilized solidly as a political force with a common purpose.

This movement is gathering force under the direction of Arthur Henderson, an Internationalist, and it is broadly suggestive in many aspects of the idyllic internationalism preached by some of the more imaginative Russians, whose hopes are now in the dust.

British labor is likely to prevail against many of the institutions and philosophies that were considered as the very bedrock of familiar England.

It may change the color and the whole temper of the Government. And it is idle to suppose that reactions such as this would not affect America or operate for good or ill in relation to joint enterprises of the sort that are now dimly conceived as inevitable to the two countries.

The new ambassador will have to be a seer of sorts able to judge the force and value of these new movements and to interpret trends that are novel and dynamic in an extraordinary degree.

Misinterpretation under the circumstances might easily bring stress and confusion.

The world is going along in the settled belief that a unity of purposes between England and America can alone avert future wars.

And any ambassador will fail, of course, who cannot help to make the way clear to some such end.

Some things will be in the new ambassador's favor. The English and the Americans have ceased to entertain prejudices against each other.

Those who fight and suffer together usually remain friends. Much of the pedantry and piffle, much of the spurious pretension that is like a fungus growth about the

democratic theory, is being burnt away. Governments are being subjected to refinement by travail.

But the fires are destroying much that is good as well as much that is bad, or else the most competent observers are in error.

So the new ambassador to England will have to be a good judge of new things as well as old. He will have to be able to appraise the value or the permanency of new and sometimes amazing theories of government.

To be ideal as the central pivot in a rapidly moving world of his own kind, the ambassador would have to be conservative and liberal, wise and yet ingenious, old in intellect and young in heart, fixed yet mobile. He would have to be, in a word, a mixture of Solomon, Job, Galahad, Lincoln and Charlemagne, with a dash of Bernard Shaw and Walt Whitman for seasoning.

Mr. Wilson's search for a properly qualified ambassador therefore suggests again that the presidency is a difficult job in more ways than one.

Vorwärts is beginning to wonder why Germany has no friends. Its wonder is likely to turn to amazement before the Entente Allies finish their work.

While Philadelphia was talking about the importance of increasing the pay of policemen earlier in the summer, New York was adding from \$100 to \$150 a year to the pay of all policemen who received less than \$1500.

Now the New York Board of Estimate has decided to add \$150 a year to the pay of the men receiving \$1500, making the pay of the first class men approximately \$5 a day.

This is the figure which this newspaper has been urging upon Councils as the proper rate of pay for the local policemen.

Councils is still enjoying its summer vacation, and the policemen are still working for their inadequate pay.

PRUNES AND PRISMS

THE British seem to have attached a substantial sinker to the northern end of the Hindenburg line.

Dear Socrates—May I suggest to the headline writers that as the Allies are now encircling Ham, that section of the front be called not a pocket, but a sand-bag? TERRIBLE TERENCE.

Why is it that when two poets meet one of them always feels it necessary to pretend not to be a poet?

If you see a man with a handkerchief in every pocket, you need not assume that he is a shoplifter. Far less fortunate, he may have hay fever.

Lieutenant Schweiger, the man who sank the Lusitania, seems to have a bad case of Hindenburg death.

It is said that Thomas Nelson Page will succeed Walter Hines Page as our ambassador in London. . . . would you call it turning over a new leaf?

When the war began the Royal Academy in London was exhibiting a large painting of the Krupp directors by the famous artist Sir Hubert van Herkimer.

We look forward with unconcealed eagerness to see what sort of smelting salts the Kaiser will hold under the nose of the German people while he explains to them that the Hindenburg line is the best of all places to watch the lovely autumn tints in the landscape.

Among other axes that Austria is anxious to grind we might mention the Slovak.

It isn't really necessary to enjoy yourself. The important thing is that other people should think you are enjoying yourself.

Thoughts on Clinton Street

Sometimes after lunch we stroll along Clinton street, which is a quiet and shady little byway running west from the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Now that the Main Line doctors have raised their fee to \$5, having a headache may be as costly as a seat at the opera.

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THE GERMAN MADNESS

By Christopher Morley

BEHIND the famous Hindenburg line Germany has prepared another Devil's Ditch. She calls it the Wotan line, after the all-powerful Norse god of warfare.

This is highly significant, the very name of this ditch being most un-Prussian.

It is a Line of Valor, or a Line of Democracy, or a Line of Good Old German Gemuetlichkeit.

It is a Line of Wotan; in other words, a Line of Fury, a Line of Blood, a Line of Madness.

BUT day by day Germany approaches her inevitable nemesis, and the line more potent than any Hindenburg or Wotan: the dotted line where her pretensions to cruelty of the world.

She has conducted her war under the cruel sway of madness and falsehood, and her retribution will be those that await those twin frontiers.

The madness of madness is that it always turns inward and destroys what is most dear to the man.

Lao-Tse, however, did not underestimate the value of college professors, whom he calls "sages."

The record which this national organization has made in the sale of Liberty Bonds is splendid. It has sold bonds to one out of every twenty-three inhabitants of the country in a total amount of \$203,000,000.

There are the heads of sixteen goats on the capitals of the street columns at the street entrance of the P. R. T. terminal at Sixty-ninth street.

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CHRIST IN FLANDERS

WE HAD forgotten You, or very nearly—You did not seem to touch us very nearly—Of course, we thought about You now and then—

Especially in any time of trouble—We knew that You were good in time of trouble—

But we are very ordinary men. And there were always other things to think of—

There's lots of things a man has got to think of—His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife—

And so we only thought of You on Sunday—Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And all the while, in street or lane or byway—In country lane, in city street, or byway—You walked among us, and we did not see. Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—

How did we miss Your footsteps on our pavements?—Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember: over here in Flanders—(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear. We never thought You much in England—

But now that we are far away from England—We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—Where did we wait and wait in the trenches—

You touched us ribaldry and made it fine. You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—

We're glad to think You understand our weakness—Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—

We know You prayed for us upon the cross. If anything could make us glad to bear it—

It would be the knowledge that You would bear it—Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—We feel so sure that You will not forget us—

But stay with us until this forest is past. And so we ask for courage, strength and pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

—L. W., in the London Spectator.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States?

2. What is a palimpsest?

3. What Bourbon royal house still rules in Espoira?

4. What is hazaki?

5. What is the chief town in the United States south of the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies?

6. What is another name for the constellation of the Dipper