

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

WE CAN DEPEND ON WOMEN

When They Know What They Can Do They Will Do It With as Much Enthusiasm as the Men

THERE are 200,000 unemployed women in the State, of whom 75,000 are in this city, who should be engaged in war work, according to Mrs. Thomas Robins, of the women's division of the United States Employment Service.

The Schuylkill Arsenal, says Mrs. Robins, has material for shirts for 2,000,000 soldiers, but has no one to make them. This is but one instance of the shortage of female labor.

Very poor women and very rich women are doing splendid work, but we are told that the women of the great middle class have not responded as they should to the demands of the times.

But it would be a mistake to attempt to make a sweeping indictment of any large group of American women. Tens of thousands of them in this city and its suburbs are doing splendid work, devoting all the time they have at their disposal to some kind of war activity.

Other tens of thousands of them, however, are so occupied with their ordinary tasks that they have little time or strength for outside work. They can get no servants, for the women who worked as servants have gone into the munition factories, where they get better pay than any householder can afford to give.

The housewives, consequently, have to look after their own households. They have to care for their children, too, a duty more pressing, now and always, than sewing shirts for soldiers. The young must be safeguarded in their growing years for the sake of the future. They are those for the protection of whom our soldiers are fighting in France. It would be a crime for those at home to neglect them.

Yet, many mothers, with a keen appreciation of their duties to the present, are worrying about how they can look after their children and at the same time do something directly connected with winning the war.

Mrs. Robins' appeal is not directed to such. It is directed to those idle women with no children and to those unmarried women with no responsibilities who spend their time reading novels and going to the theatre and developing nervous prostration through lack of use for their faculties.

Women in England and France are doing all sorts of work. And no sooner is an appeal for help made than they respond in great numbers, not the women of the very poor, but the women of the middle classes, who have hitherto thought that if they ordered the meals for a servant to prepare they had done a full day's work.

The war has given them something to think about outside of themselves and their little households. Women in America have not begun to do a tithe of what their sisters in Europe are doing. The reason is doubtless due to the fact that the necessity of doing something has not been impressed upon them. We have only just begun to withdraw men from industry in large numbers. The American women are at the bottom just as patriotic and just as loyal as the women of Europe. They are waiting for some one to tell them what they can do and how to go about doing it.

It is morally certain that the 75,000 women in this city who are on the list of those said to be so little occupied that they can devote themselves to war work will respond with alacrity as soon as the way is pointed out to them. We assume that the industries here in need of help will be classified and that announcement of the specific kind of help needed will be made, and we assume also that under the lead of alert women there will be a procession of workers toward the industries where help is in demand.

Working in a factory making shirts and making gas masks or making uniforms is likely to become as fashionable as going to the dance in the popular restaurants when these women have discovered that they can really do something worth while. Some of the very rich women are even now working in munition factories filling shells and soiling their hands. They have set the example and they are happier than they ever were before because they have discovered that they can be of some use in the world.

Mrs. Robins, who says that the women doing nothing are likely to be called slackers, is a little too severe on them. They are not slackers yet, for a slacker is one who deliberately evades what he knows to be his duty. These women have not yet realized that there is anything they can do or that they are needed.

The mortality rate from grip is only one-half of one per cent. The moral is: Don't get frightened if you are taken sick. The chances are one hundred and ninety-nine to one that you will recover.

It is about time to begin an argument to decide whether Santa Claus is a Hun.

WICKEDNESS OF THE COUNTRY WHENEVER a country boy or girl goes to town he is warned against the wickedness which will surround him and do its best to drag him down. He is told that God made the country, man made the town and the real estate promoter made the suburbs, and that the only sinner part of the earth is where there are few people.

A writer in the current Unpopular Review has set out to refute this fallacy. Who man to choose a periodical so appropriately named in which to combat a popular heresy? More reminds us that the cities furnish far more than their proportion of the taxes, soldiers and churchgoers, while the rural districts lead in homicides, suicides, divorces and Congressmen.

It is he and not we who includes Congressmen among the maddens of the country. But many a mother who has gone from the city to the country to find a more moral atmosphere in which to bring up her children has discovered that for a more unbridled nastiness the country urchin unrivaled, and has fled back to town where she can keep a closer watch on her children's learn.

So it is cheerful to hear through Samuel T. French, chairman of the New Jersey Bridge Commission, that the Federal Government is being urged, apparently with some success, to lend its influence to help the plans for a bridge.

Simultaneously those who have urged a tunnel project have again become busy in the foreground.

There are a thousand valid reasons why all of the influence that can be mobilized in New Jersey and Pennsylvania should be concentrated behind the bridge plans. Obviously a tunnel would not accommodate

wagon and automobile traffic. Yet such traffic represents a factor in the situation that grows more important every day. Under the plans already under consideration by the commissions in this State and in New Jersey it is aimed, too, to erect a bridge that shall be monumental in character and a thing of beauty as well as of practical use.

The lack of general interest in the Delaware bridge project has always been a matter of amazement to those who realize that such a means of communication between this city and Camden would give to the real estate in the vicinity of the terminals a new value probably much in excess of the cost of the work.

Meanwhile countless people would be relieved of the discomfort of slow and overcrowded ferries, all of Pennsylvania would be nearer to the Jersey shore and the way would be shortened between Jersey farms and Philadelphia markets.

Members of the old Third Regiment are now called fighting devils and share with the marines the distinction of giving the Germans a smell of brimstone.

NO PEACE PALAVERS A SURVEY of the important newspaper utterances of the country today reveals no opinion dissenting from the universal demand for a short, sharp and plain refusal of the German Kaiser's latest attempt to evade the coming judgment of the world by opening palavers for peace.

President Wilson may be expected promptly and unmistakably to voice this sentiment with a finality which shall leave no hope for even the most fatuous or most cynical follower of Kaiserdom.

Neither the German Government nor the German people have had a change of heart. The specious phrases of the new Chancellor, Prince Maximilian, deceive nobody in Germany or out. The Imperial decree reconstituting the Reichstag and the Ministers, like all German Imperial decrees of the recent past, is mere mummery.

Another just as readily written and pronounced can sweep it aside in a moment once the peril of defeat, of military destruction, of invasion, is past. The Prince's own slips of the tongue betray him. Does he expect to dupe us while he still prates of his "great and true people" and "their glorious armed power" after what the world has witnessed in the devastated lands wherever the Hun tribes have set their bloody feet?

This is the "Judas peace" against which we have been forewarned. Fortunately the people of America and the other Allied nations are forewarned against it.

No peace made while the Allied armies are still outside of Germany can be lasting or result in anything but a virtual triumph for the Potsdam malignants, proving their lying boasts that from the beginning they have been fighting a defensive war to keep assailants out of the Fatherland. No peace made without first crushing this "glorious armed power" which has been laying waste the world can assure against another irruption of the hordes of barbarism in the future.

The Day is at last at hand, but it is not the day of which the overlords of war dreamed. It is rather the Day of Doom for the Mad Hohenzollern and his cut-throat brood. They have delayed too long seeking justice without repentance. They must answer to the Allies, their judges, for their hideous crimes. Speak, Mr. President!

James H. Gay seems to misunderstand the duties of a City Commissioner. He says he does not know whether he will accept the office or not, as he has retired from business and is leading a quiet life. Does he not know that about the only duty of the office which will take him from his home is that of going out to collect his salary?

Two German kings were under fire when the British bombarded Dardzele, in Flanders, and they took to their heels and hustled to a place of safety as ungraciously as any commoner—thereby setting a precedent for the other German kings and reigning dukes!

Delmonico's, once the most pretentious restaurant in New York, has failed, and the little restaurants are making more easy money than they ever dreamed of. The coincidence involves a good lesson in economics. It shows that the man with a modest income is spending his money far more recklessly than the rich.

And nobody could go to church yesterday. It was a great day for a man to get acquainted with his family—or to read the Sunday paper through from beginning to end.

Every one who has to take his lunch downtown is wondering when Mr. Hoover will establish in this city such an eating place as he has surprised Washington with. He sells two boiled eggs for fifteen cents!

You've got to put your money up before we can put Germany down.

Grip-ridden Chicago is arresting all sneezers. Philadelphians should go her one better and arrest the sneeze.

Austria sneezing, says a headline, which merely means that the kettle has begun to boil. What the outside world wants to know is whether it will boil over.

The Serbians are chasing the Austro-German army toward the old Turkish frontier—and chucking as they do it. Serbia is one of the nations the restoration of which Germany must pay for.

Great Britain wants no Miles Standish. John Alden business about Turkey's peace proposals. He says to Constantinople: "Why don't you speak for yourself, Mohammed?"

THE SITUATION

ANXIOUS Austrian attitudes, Berlin's bogus beatitudes, Crimea's cryptic devices, Durazzo's dead drives, Entente's eternal abullition, France's fast, furious fruition, Gouraud's gigantic, gleeful gobbles, Hun's hyper-hopeless hamstrung hobbies, Italy's incisive interpolations, Junker's jejune, jangling "justifications," Kaiser's kindergartensh kicking, Liberty Loan Landwehr licking, Murmans massing might, Neutrality's night, Obstinate obstacles overseas overcome, Proud Paris' perpetually preserved "plum,"

Quant quagmire's quick quelling, Ranting Russia's rebelling, Spain's sinister sneezing, Trounced Turkey's true teasing, Unwise, unregenerate Ukraine, Vena, vanquished Vahlhals, vain, Wilson's wrong-wrecking warring, X-traordinarily, X-tra-scoring, Yankee youth yonder yelling "Up!" Zeal, zestfulness, "Zowie! Zip!"

H. T. CRAVEN.

Changing Styles in War FASHIONS have changed swiftly in the arts of war. Now there is little of the old order left, and that, too, seems destined to pass. The sword has become little more than a figure of speech fashionably worn on parade. Cavalry in the present war have fought on foot and then with sabers. But it is admitted that in a general way the sword is hardly worth carrying. Automatic pistols and hand grenades are better at close quarters. Then, again, the Kaiser and other warmakers have talked so much of the sword that people everywhere in the world have sickened of the very term.

Now the salute is threatened. Officers and men alike here and in Europe complain that it has come to involve labor and annoyance. Because of the great numbers of military men of all ranks in every city a day's leave becomes little more than one salute after another. And a salute isn't the easy matter that it appears. There are the preliminaries in which the men in uniform approach and appraise each other's rank. The process requires concentration. At the precise instant the man of lesser rank lifts his hand in a manner provided for by iron rules. The palm must not be visible. The hand must be snapped back to a normal position after exactly the right interval. The rite, repeated every two minutes during the day, becomes a distraction. British officers have been the first to suggest that the salute be given only under circumstances of military formality.

Contrary to general opinion, the salute, given first, as it must be, by the soldier or officer of inferior rank, is not the exclusive duty of a subordinate. It is a symbol developed from one of the ancient forms of chivalry when knights lifted their right hands at the approach to show that they were unarmed and friendly. The salute therefore means, first of all, friendship and mutual allegiance.

War Finance Explained by Women THE national woman's Liberty Loan committee has sent out an admirably condensed statement of the needs of the Government for money and of what has been done with the sums that have been raised, as well as of the financial condition of the other fighting nations. Following are some extracts from it:

"In normal times—in peace times—it costs about \$1,000,000,000 a year to run the Government. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918, Congress appropriated in round numbers, including deficiencies, \$1,882,000,000. For 1919 Congress has appropriated in round numbers at the present session, including deficiencies and appropriation bills pending, \$2,438,000,000.

"The mind is often confused over 'appropriations' and 'expenditures.' Congressional appropriations fix the limit of what may be used. Then the government departments and bureaus spend what is necessary, and at the end of the year the appropriation lapses. Official figures show that for the fiscal year 1918 the Government spent \$12,596,702,471.14, and in addition, during the war months of 1917 disbursed \$888,000,000 for loans to allies.

"Up to the very day we entered the war Germany believed that victory for the Central Powers lay just ahead. A strong factor in this calculation was their belief that the Entente Powers were financially exhausted. 'Germany had spent fifty years preparing for a war of conquest. She knew that from its very start she must wage it from within its circle composed of herself and her allies, that she must produce from within its circle her raw stuffs and manufactured material, and by doing this, though the war has continued far beyond her eighteen months' expectancy, she has kept her money at home, used it over and over again, as the same water often turns the wheels of many mills.

"Our allies, on the other hand, owing chiefly to their lack of preparation, had to come into the markets of the United States for most of their war necessities, and in the years of our neutrality their account with us totaled approximately \$9,453,524,547. 'We advanced them money and credit, and we called the transaction a loan.' In the fiscal years 1917 and 1918 we loaned them \$5,623,000,000. Their securities and governmental undertakings to repay lie in the vaults of the treasury of the United States.

"What our allies did with that credit or money is of vast importance to us. They looked to us to supply them with wheat and corn and cotton from our fields, coal and ore from our mines, and finished products from our factories and foundries, otherwise they could not have fought at all. So they brought this credit that we had lent them into our markets and spent it over our counters.

"During the fiscal year 1918 our exports amounted to \$5,000,000,000. Most of these went to our allies, and was turned immediately and eagerly into fighting stuff for winning their war—our war.

The Miraculous Jap Japanese chef, excellent, practical and fancy cook. Thoroughly competent cook; went to all; always running kitchen immediately perfect condition; conducts himself to your entire satisfaction; possessing every essential trait necessary to do what others fail to do. Wages, \$80 up. Reasonable fare is invited. Cheerfully and cordially un-mindful of miles. Single fare will be appreciated at any cost. Address Box 743, this office.—Washington Star.

"UNDT REMEMBER, SHOTGUNS AIND'T FAIR!"



Science Bones Up on Gasless Sundays

Now We Know What the Speed Maniacs Suffer on Their Days Off

THE report of the commission of alienists recently appointed to trace the effects of gasless Sabbaths on the victims of covetous, violent motor mania is written with all the vibrant human sympathy and the wealth of tender thought that is possible only to scientists long bald. One fact stands out definitely as an answer to many of the crowding questions and hopes of the hour. Those who are not permitted to drive their motors on Sunday seldom go to church. They worship, almost invariably, in the garage.

"IN FUTURE years," observe the pundits lightheartedly, "science will be able to explain the tremendous potency of gasoline—a distillate of crude oil much used as a motivating power for internal combustion engines—to populate the subconscious areas of the human mind with farside delusions. The mind is often confused over 'appropriations' and 'expenditures.' Congressional appropriations fix the limit of what may be used. Then the government departments and bureaus spend what is necessary, and at the end of the year the appropriation lapses. Official figures show that for the fiscal year 1918 the Government spent \$12,596,702,471.14, and in addition, during the war months of 1917 disbursed \$888,000,000 for loans to allies.

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THE victim of gasoline mania withdraws from Sunday from contact with humanity. He is to be found more often in the building used to house his gas-propelled vehicle. Upon this device he vents such emotions as are usually prompted by love, or family ties or the more intimate human relationships. It is his habit to invent monstrous falsehoods about the speed of his curious machine. This is the regrettable use to which he puts his Sabbath. And it has been interesting to observe that his delusions and the falsehoods in which they are expressed become more fantastic in a fair ratio with the obvious impetuosity and the shabbiness of his particular engine.

"The Muddists and Hechastis: 'Hateds and Antihateds of Cousin.' And Getting Hotter Austria went feeling around for 'peace,' but everything she touched in that line was too hot to handle.—Atlantic Constitution.

THE DRAUGHT

"THE day" dawned. To your knees, Hun! You and your pawns! Drain that toast to its dregs So blithely begun On insolent legs: You and your spawn's Precious place in the sun!

No heel-taps! Oh, then there were none While perfidious traps: You were setting with smiles, With salvos of fun Behind blood-gully wiles: You with your scraps Of paper at one!

Bottoms up! Has the taste run? To gall in the cup? Do your lips shrink? Dare your soul shun? Come, take your drink, Unless you're all pup, Till the dead leas are done.

Prosit, so— Ay, salute, Hun! Stern npt the flow Of your earned dregs, Of solemn hard won. Then on last legs, Still thirsty, go To your spot in the sun!

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Rioting in the Austrian Chamber of Deputies? But that is nothing new. Did not Mark Twain, years ago, describe one of the prettiest knock-down fights on record when he sat in the gallery as a reporter for one of the magazines? Charlemagne Tower was then in Vienna as the American minister, and he could tell all about the pugilistic proclivities of the Austrian legislators if he would.

The Edystone rifle plant has turned out a million rifles, but it would have made a million more if it could have got the men, and it could have got the men if there had been any place for them to live. Speed all along the line seems to be necessary.

Miss Pinky, We'd Say, Is Some Cantatrice Miss Pinky Slimmer sang a duet in the Newlight choir last Sunday.—Churubueco (Ind.) Truth.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Where are the Vesuvius mountains? 2. Who is the new chief of ordinance of the American army? 3. Who wrote "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell"? 4. What does T.V. stand for? 5. Where is the domain of the Sultan of Sulu? 6. What is the difference in time between London and New York? 7. What is a barkentine? 8. What French king was married to Catherine de Medici? 9. What is an iconoclast? 10. What was the leading republic of Europe at the close of the American Declaration of Independence?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. There are four reservations a year for Philadelphia—three in the fall and one in the spring. 2. Elliot is pronounced as though spelled "Leel." 3. A brain is a small cask for liquids, butter, etc. 4. Lieutenant Peary discovered the North Pole. Captain Amundsen the South Pole. 5. Thomas Hood wrote "The Song of the Shirt." 6. A postilion is one who rides the rear horse of the leaders or the rear horse when one pair only is used and there is no driver as in the box of the coach. 7. "Bible" is an abbreviation of the Latin "bibulum," meaning "in the same place, etc." 8. Caravan leather is so called after the Spaniards of Cordoba, or Cordova, once famous for its tanneries. 9. The "mountain" of West Virginia separates the southern part of the western boundary of Pennsylvania from Ohio. 10. Atlas is the name of the mythological figure of Atlas, who carried the weight of the world on his back. He died in the A. D.