

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman... DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

THE DEMOCRATS ARE IN A HURRY They Want to Put the Country on a Peace Basis Before the Republicans Get a Chance at the Job SENATOR MARTIN'S demand for retrenchment, the repeal of all war legislation and the cancellation of war contracts as soon as possible after peace is certain suggests that the wily leader of the Democratic majority has read aright the significance of the election returns.

while breadfruit has yet to make its North American debut. Possibly the food administrator in Guam is today urging that these dishes be the festive board when Agaña, the little capital, sits down to celebrate the ancient holiday of its rulers far beyond the Pacific foam. It is conceivable, too, that the Malaysian taste for the native breadfruit when delicately dressed with fresh coconut sauce is far keener than for the roast turkey of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE CHAFFING DISH On the Way to the Party Nervousness of the Guests From Our Special Correspondent With the German Peace Delegation, Nov. 8 M^Y LAST dispatch described the progress of the Dove Train from Berlin to the Rhine, and I am now able to satisfy the public thirst for full information as to the adventures of the plenipotentiaries or parliamentaires as they are variously called. Please discredit all other press dispatches. This is the only authentic information. We had intended to make the trip from Berlin to Namur without stop-over, but when we crossed the line into the German province of Nether-Flanders (once erroneously called Belgium) the envoys confessed that they all felt so faint that unless something could be done to relieve their migraine, malaise and extreme chilliness of the extremities they would be in no condition to do themselves justice at the delightful little reception Marshal Foch had so kindly planned. Accordingly we stopped at Spa, where Erberger and Winterfeld spent the night in the hot baths. Oberdorff and Von Salow (whose name, to judge by his complexion just now, should be spelt with two S's) drank heavily of mineral waters and malted milk. General Gruenell could with difficulty be torn away from some mustard plasters which he found in a pharmacy. I put them all to bed with hot-water bottles applied where they would do the most good.

COAL COSTS TOO MUCH ALREADY DOMESTIC sizes of coal are to cost \$1.05 more a ton at the mine, according to a new ruling of the coal administration. It is explained that the increase is authorized because the miners are to receive an increase of pay amounting to \$1 a day. Bookkeepers figured that this increase would raise the cost of producing a ton of coal by 76.5 cents. They add about 40 per cent to this for profit. What the retailers will add to the price at which they sell has not yet been announced. But if they follow the precedent set at the mines we are likely to have to pay \$1.50 a ton more for coal bought hereafter.

The Republicans will control the House by a majority of at least forty, and it may go higher. They are fairly certain of a majority of two in the Senate and it looks as if their majority might be four. One of the campaign issues was a demand for an accounting for the money spent in the last two years. So far as it was within its power the country decided that the accounting should be made to a Republican Congress, which would not be interested in covering up incompetency and waste.

CRUMBLING GERMANY DAY by day, hour by hour, the need for courage and vision in the statesmanship of the immediate future becomes more clearly evident. A new peril is rising swiftly above the ruin of the older one in Europe. There is no longer any doubt, even while Bavaria is declaring its independence of the German empire and attempting to formulate a republican form of government, that the larger revolution in Germany has a red tendency. Sweden is infected with a like trouble, though Sweden has had no war. The infection that farsighted statesmen have been worrying about is actually spreading westward out of Russia and Austria.

NOT until yesterday afternoon (Thursday) was I able to get the envoys under way again. They seemed to look forward with the utmost eagerness to Marshal Foch's party, and asked me nervously whether I thought there would be any mistletoe concealed about the French headquarters. I told them that they were expected and that the kindest preparations had been made for a warm welcome, but I think from their behavior that they must be unaccustomed to society, for their reluctance increased. "Do you think our presence is really necessary?" asked Erberger bashfully. "I do hate anything formal. And I feel so embarrassed to be the guest of honor at a function of this sort. Marshal Foch might feel it necessary to make a fuss over me, and that would be so painful. How would it do if we just sent in our cards?"

MORE WANTON SHOOTING SELF-RIGHTEOUS horror at the lawless outrages in certain foreign cities comes with questionable validity from the Philadelphia contingent of the apparently chronic inability of some reckless persons in this community to be festive without being murderous.

Within two days after the result of the election known Senator Martin announces that as soon as Congress resumes its work it must begin to stop all war expenditures. He says that last year twenty-one billion dollars was appropriated for the war and that the expenditures of thirty-six billions, making a total of fifty-seven billions. This is fourteen billions more than any previous estimate of which the public is aware. The Senator is chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and we must accept his figures.

THE EXIT OF COLLEGE EDITORS OTHERS than Princeton men will be disposed to sigh with regret at the news that the university's daily, the Princetonian, as well as the Tiger and the stately Nassau Literary Magazine, are to be adjourned—as the most distinguished alumnus of Princeton might say—for the duration of the war and our military program.

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WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES SemiwEEKLY Letter Touching on the Washington Doings of Personalities Familiar to Philadelphians By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, Nov. 9. COMMODORE LOUIS EISENLOHR, who has given up his cruising boats for the use of the Government, has discovered an apple farm in Massachusetts which is so successfully managed that the proprietor offers \$1000 for every apple boxed by him in which a worm is found. At least this is the story told by George O'Conner, of Washington, whose dialect songs are familiar to those who enjoy the waxen records. George was one of those accompanying the commodore on a New England cruise before the war, when Signor Giannini, of Philadelphia, and several other musically inclined gentlemen were of the party. He tells us that George Hoffman, C. C. A. Ball, Judge Barratt and Louis P. White, the "Diamond King," were with the commodore when he discovered this remarkable old Bay State orchard. The fact that Commodore Eisenlohr is now in the orchard has something to do with the story. Possibly the commodore and his friends might be helpful to Anthony M. Hance and the other Philadelphia historians who are endeavoring to locate the original Seckel pear tree.

TOM DONALDSON, whose grandfather will be remembered by older Philadelphians as an all-round newspaper man and author of several Government volumes, to say nothing of his rediscovery of the Thomas Jefferson house, Seventh and Market streets, is keeping his eye on the University of Pennsylvania boys who enter the army and navy via Washington. Young Tom, who is now engaged "in the liquidation of the dissolved" as special deputy under Insurance Commissioner Charles A. Ambler, is something of an author himself, being one of the few Philadelphia composers who engage in what peace times might be called "dining club poetry." Associated with Henry Starr Richardson and John Irving Dillon, two other Philadelphia writers whose flinging genius has never been sufficiently appreciated, the present start of the third generation of Philadelphia Donaldsons might set up a successful poets' club.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. What famous French general was born in Sedan? 2. What is Henry Ford's opponent for the senatorship in Michigan? 3. What is the largest city in Switzerland? 4. What is unisex? 5. What are samovars and in what country are they most in use? 6. Who was the Wolfington and when did she live? 7. Who said "No man is a hero to his valet"? 8. On what island of the Hawaiian group is the city of Honolulu located? 9. Who was the last Tudor ruler of England? 10. How many inches make an ell? BIBLICAL students like D. L. Anderson and Harry McManus, of the Union League, will be interested in the outcome of Congressman Edmonds' search for Thad Stevens' friend, Nicanor, "who died in harness." Edmonds first thought Nicanor was a Homeric hero, but he was finally driven to the Scriptures. Now comes Wilfred H. Schoff, of Wyned, Philadelphia consul for Peru, Bolivia and Costa Rica and vice consul for Panama, whose trips to Washington involve an occasional visit to the Congressional Library, with a Nicanor yarn which might have been of value to Judge Bonnell had it been unfolded before the unsuspecting voters of Pennsylvania prior to the election. "You will find the story of Nicanor," says Mr. Schoff, "in the Old Testament Apocrypha, 14th and 15th chapters of II Maccabees. The gentleman was master of elephants for Demetrius, King of Syria, and was named Governor of Judea, with the object of suppressing the movement for Jewish nationalism fostered by the Maccabees. He disappointed his master by cultivating their friendship instead. Then the king ordered him to arrest Judas. So he demanded of the priests in Jerusalem that they deliver him up, but they pleaded ignorance of his whereabouts. So Nicanor

THE END OF THE DRAFT? IT IS probable that few more men will be called up for military service. The conference arranged yesterday by Provost Marshal General Crowder to consider the cancellation of orders which would send 100,000 new men to the training camps during this month was plainly inspired by the news from France.

So we may regard the activities of Congress in the way of reconstruction between now and March 4 as the preliminary skirmish in the presidential campaign of 1920, because the eyes of every leader in Washington will be fixed on that campaign and on the relation of what he does now to the political prospects of his party then. The rest of us are hoping that the leaders will not be so fully occupied with the efforts to make political capital that they will forget the necessity of doing everything in their power to relieve the country of every possible expense as soon as it can be done. If this Democratic Congress falls down on the job the next Congress, controlled by the Republicans, will enter upon the task with a light heart and a confident hope that it will justify the confidence of the nation.

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ABDICATION IN GERMANY WHEN the Kaiser abdicates, what powers will he formally renounce? Will he merely give up his functions as president of the confederation of the German States or will he also step down from the throne of Prussia? The German empire, as every one knows, is a confederation of four kingdoms, six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, three free towns and one imperial territory. If the Kaiser merely surrenders his rights as emperor he will remain King of Prussia, with powers about as autocratic as he enjoys in the greater office. Prussia contains 134,000 of the 208,000 square miles of the empire and 40,000,000 of the 60,000,000 population. It has the veto power in the Bundesrat and elects a majority of the members of the Reichstag. If there is to be abdication that amounts to anything in the empire it is apparent that something more is necessary than the resignation of the presidency of the confederation by the Prussian king. And the democratization of Germany will have to extend to all the States if autocracy as a principle is to be abandoned. But we have heard nothing of any imperial plans being in this direction.

It is to be hoped that the Allied representatives who had to deal with the Hun armistice commission had caution enough to keep their hands on their watches. FESTAL "WAR FOOD" THE abundant and diversified resources of Pennsylvania are comfortingly manifested in the complacency with which citizens of this State are enabled to regard the Food Administration's request for a Thanksgiving war menu. Mr. Heinz's ruling that only home-grown products be served is in reality the sentiment of mandates. The standardized Thanksgiving dinner of turkey, cranberries, vegetables and pumpkin pie has always been authoritatively attractive. Now we learn that it is patriotic as well, for all the concomitants are products of our Commonwealth. The Philadelphian who can point to sacrifice in his consumption of the traditional Thanksgiving Day feast will assuredly be the exponent of self-approbation as a fine art. The ailments of heart-of-palm-tree said, which has of late years made an expensive plea for our epicurean consideration, are as yet insufficiently widespread in this region to inspire patriotic alarm,

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The Street Railway Engineer

CONVOYED of eagles in his sanctuary poring over maps, His mind's eye paints a million souls hanging to his straps. These irretrievable lowlands, this wilderness of swamps, His rails will pierce, his wires festoon with incandescent pomp. Like fabulous monster foraging his steel antennae draw City to city, block on block, mustering from its maw. His dynamo send spinning out along bleak country lanes Currents of empire, on which magic tide he holds the reins Alone, he speeds vast futures forward, he and only he Infallible as God plants the metropolis to be. Visions ensnare his spirit; jostling holidays crowd round This mute pin on the blueprint that he marks to pin to ground Vagary with a car barn. Here his master plan congests: Stores shoulder one another greedy; his rich bequests A movie palace sorges across; broad-faced arc lights wink And grin, while gossiping corners herd together for a drink. A loose-linked factory sprawls across the blind end of his dream, Its every window glazed with life, its every stone a scream; And actually outbulking it a mortarboard-capped school Inflates its chest where crouches now a hovel by its pool. AYE, he it is that shall unleash this avalanche, his whim Create high destinies, his will imperishably limn The curve of multitudinous careers; nor any power Shall say him nay, who by a sputter of the pen may dower With miracle largess this waste or that, slice Andean Wealth in what random channel he elects—this immobile man Pricking headlong out over the blank map. What issues drip From that suspet and continent hand! Incredible round trip To revelation—and return! No air brakes here, no sand For slippery metals; but car after gossamer car full manned By unborn rapt homeseekers spurts forth from this ardent brain On racing soundless wheels. Immortal freight, deathless terrain! The double starting bell snaps shrill, unintermittent; wraith Pay-as-you-enter presses hard his fellow jet of faith. Pursued, pursuing, cycling on interminably one— In one man's passionate forecast. Sharp he checks up the run To a new heaven—and jots the tally down in seconds; shifts A scratch or two upon the map thereby transposing drifts Of unimaginable fortune, scrolls his work "neath lock And key; and throws a pettish glance up at the office clock. — STANLEY KIDDER, WILSON.

A False Note

"One of my pupils," says a Buffalo teacher, "could not understand why I thought that the following paragraph from his composition on 'A Hunting Adventure' lacked animation and effectiveness: 'Pursued by the relentless hunter, the panting gazelle sprang from cliff to cliff. At last she could go no farther. Before her yawned the chasm, and behind her the hunter.'—Montreal Daily Star."