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Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 18, 1919

matter of the right of the Register of Wills to retain the fees paid to his office is based on the same kind of technical interpretation as that which dictated the tax decision. There is a law fixing a salary for the Register of Wills and ordering that the fees be paid into the public treasury. But there is a defect in the wording of the statute which, the court says, makes it unenforceable.

The purpose of the General Assembly is unmistakable. Now that Mr. Sheehan has won his suit it would be exceedingly handsome of him to turn the net receipts of his office above his salary of \$10,000 over to the city.

A LESSON FOR TODAY FROM ANCIENT PERSIA

How the Cyprean in Shushan, the Palace, Succeeded in Rebuilding a Shattered Fabric

IN THE records of an ancient race it is set down that in the fifth century before Christ the captive cyprean of the Persian king was sad in the presence of his lord in Shushan, the palace.

The king asked what was troubling him, and the cyprean replied that the place of the fathers' sepulchers was lying waste and was in ruins.

"What wouldst thou do?" said the king.

And the cyprean asked to be sent to the city of his fathers' sepulchers that he might rebuild it. The king was gracious and gave his consent, and gave authority also for the use of the necessary timber and stone from the royal domain.

So Nehemiah went to Jerusalem and set the people to rebuilding the walls, "every one over against his own house," and in fifty-two days the job was done.

War has ruined the industrial fabric of Europe and shaken that of America. Workmen are striking for higher wages and a shorter working day. Employers are short of raw material and do not know where to find the money to buy it. The French are insisting that no foreign manufactured goods be admitted, as they wish to sell their own products in their own market. They are demanding that Germany be forbidden to receive certain raw materials until the French manufacturers have recovered from the effects of the war. The British are making similar but less extreme demands. The wage-earning people are dissatisfied with the high cost and the scarcity of food. Pessimists are looking forward to a great industrial upheaval, the result of which no man can foretell.

In America there is unemployment, and the discharged soldiers are not being taken back into their old jobs as rapidly as they would like. The labor agitators on both sides of the ocean are busy demanding that the war scale of wages be maintained and that the price of food and other necessities of life be reduced. And the lawmakers are drafting bills intended to bring order out of impending chaos.

It seems to us that the example of the cyprean of Artaxerxes will be studied with profit at this time. The walls of industry are shaken here and they have fallen down in Europe. We can wait till they fall down here or we can set about strengthening them at once with each business man, each employer and each community working "over against his own house." We must throw theories into the discard and boldly face the existing conditions.

They will once more recognize this fundamental truth. And it is to be hoped that they will recognize it before the workers, who are the people suffering the most, grow weary with the delays and do desperate things.

Every one admits the importance of getting the industry of the world into working order as soon as possible, and as the Paris correspondent of this newspaper reports, Europe is looking to Mr. Wilson to lead in that great enterprise as he has led in securing the draft of a constitution for a league of nations. If the minds of men can meet on the first task ought not to be difficult of accomplishment.

KEEP YOUR HEAD

"WILSON," sneered Lenin when he read the platform of the proposed league of nations, "is a shrewd man." Trotsky shouted his contempt. Mr. Beck, Senator Vardaman, Mr. Borah and the other incurable objectors are, to say the least, in strange company.

These critics of the President represent a transient and limited opinion. What they say, or what the supporters of Mr. Wilson say, is not the important thing. The most discouraging reaction to the league-of-nations scheme was observable in Washington when it was apparent that the wiser and the blame were confined almost completely within party lines. The issue is one, surely, when men should be able to get beyond their normal prejudices. Doubtless they will in time.

There is a tide of feeling running in America which is not inspired either by dislike or admiration of Mr. Wilson, that has nothing to do with politics or party aims, and it is this that will decide the action of the Senate in relation to the league of nations and the peace treaty. The people in this instance are not going to let politicians on either side do their thinking for them.

What we have to do now is to think coolly, without hysteria and without undue enthusiasm. We shall make wiser decisions if we are patient enough to look at Mr. Wilson's plans in the light not only of the last four years, but in the light of the future as well. A side glance at the disastrous popular reactions in all European countries, reactions from four years of intolerable agonies, will be helpful. The suggestion that other wars may come and that they may be fought with disease germs because weapons will be so terrible that armies will hardly be able to approach each other is not too horrible to be taken seriously.

The people have an instinctive sense of the immensity of the issues involved now with the league-of-nations plan. They will make the decisions. The men who seem to believe that their party is bigger than the country will have a short political life.

Twelve members of the New York Legislature who voted to ratify the prohibition amendment have experienced a change of heart and are now ready to vote for a law permitting the sale of light beer. This is not what the "drys" would call "sober second thought."

General can read the general run of war verse that is being consistently unloaded upon a tired world by authors who never saw even a tin hat without feeling tempted to report a crime wave in literature.

Current discussion on the far side of the Rhine contrasts the earlier theorists who held that Germany was the black sheep of Europe.

Mr. Bryan indorses the league of nations. Right for once!

Suppression of public reports on crime will not suppress the criminals.

So far as the United States is concerned, Bolshevism is simply indignation.

The daily hold-up will soon be as commonplace as the daily weather report.

Jimmy Sheehan is "for-alty" personified, and in this instance the noun is not abstract but thoroughly concrete.

Germany may enter the league of nations by the back door. But the French are haunted by the fear that she may break in.

The battleship Maine still sustains the explosion record for February 15, since the Prinkipo reef scheduled for that day failed to come off.

Doctor Krusen was not talking about the constitution of the league of nations when he said that special attention should be given to the teeth.

The railroads are to be left in statu quo by the present Congress, which means that they are to be left up in the air with their toes dangling.

The Queen of Italy is in Paris, ostensibly to visit her father. But we all know that the Paris dressmakers are showing their spring styles.

No, Geraldine, the report that French aces are coming here has no relation to the rumor that has gone abroad about the wide-open gambling houses.

Gifford Pinchot is becoming a real Pennsylvanian by moving his winter residence from Washington and New York to this city. What can this mean?

Naturally enough, all the flying up of the Germans against the new armistice terms proved unavailing. Foch waited until he saw the whites of their eyes and then fired.

England is to have a national conference of representatives of capital and labor. This is due to a realization of the fact that, with one world war just over, it would be absurd to start another.

Dr. Isaac Sharpless says that if the Peace Conference brings universal peace there will be no need for military training. But a Peace Conference can no more bring peace than a health conference can bring health. The conferences can only tell how peace or health may be procured and preserved. Military training and cleanliness are among the means to the ends desired.

Legally at least we have by no means attained the "Continental" Sunday. The spirit of 1794 still thunders against it.

Deified

A private of the Ninth Infantry was looking at General Catlin's book, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines."

"Pretty decent of General Catlin," he said, "to deify our regiment."—F. P. A. in New York Tribune.

"Music," declares John Philip Sousa, who has retired from the service, "was the fourth essential of the war." Unless, of course, one happens to sing the wrong tune, as did Germany.

"BLUE LAWS" THAT STILL FROWN AT US

Not Even the Proposed Amendment to the Act of 1794 Will Legally Exempt Pennsylvanians From Walking Sunday Chalk Lines

THE impression that Pennsylvania's "blue laws" will vanish from the statute books if the amendment recently introduced in the state Legislature goes through very imperfectly recognizes the drastic sweep of those ancient mandates. Mr. Rorke's bill would enable the Philadelphia Orchestra to give "pay-concerts" on Sunday and would legally sanction other lectures or "entertainments of an educational character" to be held on that day, but it would involve no repeal of certain stringent commands of 1794 to which so-called "law-abiding citizens" have for years given scant heed.

Critics of the league of nations covenant who find it inadequately supplied with "teeth" might alarm themselves still more did they but reflect how subtle is the process of destructive demeritary regarding laws running counter to the matured consensus of public opinion. Custom and the growth of new modes of thought can play havoc with legislation conceived in a sincere spirit of rectitude. Interpreted literally, the Pennsylvania "blue laws," still unrepealed, would render Sunday quite as static a day as in the time of Cotton Mather.

"If any person," declares the act, "shall do or perform any worldly employment or business whatsoever on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday (works of necessity and charity only excepted, shall use or practice any unlawful game, hunting, shooting, sport or diversion whatsoever on the same day, every such person so offending shall for every such offense pay four dollars." The alternative to the fine was specified as six days' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

BUT though the language of this law has been unmodified, the spirit in which it has been observed has varied strikingly with the rolling years. As recently as 1888 the sale of a cigar on Sunday was judged illegal. Six years later, however, the purchase of a perfect "for purposes of consumption" did not brand the smoker as "engaged in a worldly employment." In 1867 it was decreed wrong to operate street cars on Sunday. In 1894 Sabbath transit was judicially indorsed, although it was some time thereafter that the system indulged in bell and gong ringing to the full secular extent. Many Philadelphians can recall how the little tinkling contraptions attached to the trucks of the Market street cable cars were discreetly silenced on the first day of the week.

During that period, however, the selling of soda water on Sunday involved ingenious legal hair splitting. The druggist who offered it was an offender, yet the restaurant keeper who furnished it in connection with meals was exculpated. It was the "indiscriminate" selling which was offensive to the "blue laws," viewed an even century after their promulgation.

Three years later Sunday courtship was emancipated and even floridly indorsed by the cheerful decision that it was "not a worldly employment." That it was also pronounced "not a business" refreshingly cleared its amateur status from all suspicion.

IT IS evident, therefore, that the courts considerably encouraged the changes in popular opinion by interpreting the Draconian flats of 1794 with diminishing severity. On the subject of Sunday "pay" entertainments, however, the old rigidity prevailed and it has endured to our own day.

The amusing Sabbatarian veneer with which New York clothes its "sacred concerts" has been consistently unappealing to our authorities. At the present time the stellar vaudeville bills at the Winter Garden and other theatres "get by" with the elimination of the elaborate stage setting and the spectacular work-a-day costumes of the performers. The movies, too, victims of a sternly clamped Sunday "lid" in our own city, enjoy grace in Gotham.

Recklessly indiscriminate speech on any day in the week whatever is also an infraction of the Pennsylvania "blue" tenets. Moreover, profanity has emphatically grown more costly since the eighteenth century. Back in Washington's administration an oath invoking any of the names of the deity was punishable by a fine of sixty-seven cents, while swearing by any other name or thing whatever constituted a forty-cent breach of the law. To be guilty, however, the utterer had to be sixteen years of age or more. But in 1860 more formidable punishment was applied. By the Pennsylvania act of that year any person willfully blaspheming "in the name of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit or the Scriptures of Truth" shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars and undergo imprisonment not exceeding three months, or either, at the discretion of the court. The law is enforceable today.

The little notice about the recent Master J. Taffy was strangely appropriate for this leisurely district of Hutchinson, Del., Irving and Manning streets, for it is just what in London would be known as a "news." It is a strange little news, involving steam fitters and carpenters' workshops, with agreeable vistas of chimneys, attic windows, and every now and then a gentleman of color leisurely bestraddling a horse and clumping along the quiet pavement. Small brown dogs of miscellaneous heritage sit sunning themselves on doorsteps; a steam street car with a large cart is rearing down the devious alleyways, it seems almost village-like in its repose. A great place to lead a fast detective a chase! The next time George Gibbs or John McIntyre writes a tale of mystery and sleuthing, I hope he will use the local color of Del. street. Why do our native authors love to lay the scenes of their yarns in Venice, Madrid, Brooklyn or almost anywhere except Philadelphia?

ON NINTH STREET below Pine one comes upon a poem in a window which interested me because the author, Mr. Otis Gans Fletcher, has evidently had difficulty with those balling words "ye" and "thou," which



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

DID EDGAR ALLAN POE FREQUENT THE RONALDSON CEMETERY?

WHENEVER I feel weary of life, liberty and the pursuit of some one else's happiness, whenever some one tells me that the league of nations is sure to be a failure or reminds me that the American press humorists are going to hold their convention here next June and we shall all have to fog our lethargic brains into competition with all the twenty-one-karat droils of this hemisphere—whenever, in short, life is wholly gray and oblique, I resort to Veranda's for lunch.

Veranda's, of course, is not its name; nor what I tell you where it is. Eighteen months of faithful lunching, and perhaps half a ton of spaghetti consumed, have given me a certain prestige in the bright eyes of Rosa, the demurest and most innocently charming waitress in Philadelphia. I do not wish to send competitors in her regard flocking to that quiet little Italian restaurant, where the table cloths are so white, the coffee so fragrant and where the liver and kidneys come to the board swimming in a rich brown gravy the reality of which no words can approach. And that Italian bread, so crisply crusted, so soft and absorbent within! A slab of Veranda's bread dipped in that kidney gravy alone for three speeches by Senator Sherman! And then when Rosa brings on the tall pot of marmalade, which another devotee and I keep there for dessert, and we light up our cigarettes and watch the restaurant cat sprawl in Oriental luxury by the steam pipe—then we come somewhere near the throne of human felicity mentioned by Doctor Johnson.

Veranda's is an outpost of Little Italy, which does not really begin until you get south of Lombard. And the other day, after lowering the level of the marmalade by several inches, it occurred to me to renew my acquaintance with Little Italy proper.

NINTH STREET is the best channel of approach to Philadelphia's Mediterranean colony. There is a good deal to distract attention before you cross the Alps of South Street. If you have a taste for alleys you will be likely to take a side street and little brick houses that lie just below Locust street and between Ninth and Tenth. Just now you will find that region announcing the loss (on January 8) of a large yellow and white Angora cat, having white face, breast and feet and answering to the name of Taffy. This struck at my heart, for I once owned a yellow Angora of the same name, which I smuggled home from Boston one Christmas Eve in a Pullman and trust that by this time Taffy has returned to his home at 26 South Ninth street, and to Mrs. Walter M. James, his bereaved mistress.

The little notice about the recent Master J. Taffy was strangely appropriate for this leisurely district of Hutchinson, Del., Irving and Manning streets, for it is just what in London would be known as a "news." It is a strange little news, involving steam fitters and carpenters' workshops, with agreeable vistas of chimneys, attic windows, and every now and then a gentleman of color leisurely bestraddling a horse and clumping along the quiet pavement. Small brown dogs of miscellaneous heritage sit sunning themselves on doorsteps; a steam street car with a large cart is rearing down the devious alleyways, it seems almost village-like in its repose. A great place to lead a fast detective a chase! The next time George Gibbs or John McIntyre writes a tale of mystery and sleuthing, I hope he will use the local color of Del. street. Why do our native authors love to lay the scenes of their yarns in Venice, Madrid, Brooklyn or almost anywhere except Philadelphia?

THE Ronaldson Cemetery, laid out in 1827, at Ninth and Bainbridge streets, comes as a distinct shock to a sentimental wayfarer already unmanned by the above appeal to the emotions. Mrs. Meredith, the kindly caretaker, admitted me through the massive iron gates, surprised and pleased to find a devotee of cemeteries. In the damp chill of a February afternoon the old graveyard is not the cheeriest of spots, but I was restored to optimism by this inscription:

Passing stranger think this not
 A place of fear and gloom:
 We love to linger near this spot,
 'Tis our parents' tomb.

This, however, was carved some fifty years ago. I fear there is little lingering done in Ronaldson's Cemetery nowadays; for the stones are in ill repair, many of them fallen. According to Scharf and Westcott's history, it was once considered the finest cemetery in the county and "a popular place of burial." Just within the gateway are two little houses, in at least one of which a merry little family of children is growing up undepressed by the strange surroundings. One of these houses, according to Ronaldson's cautious plan, was "to have a room reserved for a stove, couch, etc., in which persons dying suddenly might be laid and the string of a bell put into their hand, so that if there should be any motion of returning the alarm bell might be rung and the keeper roused and medical help procured."

JAMES RONALDSON was a Scotchman, as I had already surmised from an obelisk erected, "Sacred to the memory of Scottish Strangers," and possibly his cautiousness in the matter of burying people alive may have suggested the alarm bell theme to Edgar Allan Poe, who was living in Philadelphia at the time when the magnificent new cemetery must have been the talk of the town. Scotchmen have always been interested in cemeteries, and as I walked those desolate paths among the graves I could not help thinking of Stevenson's love of the old Grayfriars and Calton Hill burying grounds in Edinburgh. A man was busy digging a grave near the front gate, and a new oak casket lay at the door of the keeper's house. It was strange to see the children playing round happily in such scenes.

I MEANT to get as far as Christian street, the Forum and Appian Way of Little Italy, in this travel, but space is up. I save that for another time.

ARS VICTRIX

YES; when the ways oppose—
 When the hard means rebel,
 Fairer the work outgoes—
 More potent far the spell.

O Poet, then, forbear
 The loosely sandaled verse,
 Choose rather thou to wear
 The buskin—strait and terse;

Leave to the tyro's hand
 The limp and shapeless style;
 See that thy form demand
 The labor of the file.

Sculptor, do thou discard
 The yielding clay—consign
 To Paros marble hard
 The beauty of thy line—

Model thy Satyr's face
 For bronze of Syracuse;
 In the veined agate trace
 The profile of thy Muse.

Painter, that still must mix
 But transient tints anew,
 Thou in the furnace fix
 The firm enamel hue;

Let the smooth tile receive
 Thy dove-drawn Erycine;
 Thy Sirens blue at eve
 Called in a wash of wine.

All passes. Art alone
 Enduring stays to us;
 The Bust outlasts the throne—
 The Coin, Thierius;

Even the gods must go;
 Only the lofty Rhyme
 Not countless years o'erthrow—
 Not long array of time.

Paint, chisel, then, or write;
 But, that the work surpass,
 With the hard fashion fight—
 With the resisting mass.

—Austin Dobson.

What Do You Know?

1. What was the date originally set for the opening of the conference with the Russian factions at Prinkipo?
2. Who was James K. Paulliding?
3. What is teleology?
4. What kind of person is described as a "Paul Fry," and what is the origin of the expression?
5. Who wrote the romance, "Paul and Virginia"?
6. What is the capital of Java?
7. For what place do the initials P. Q. stand?
8. What noted Canadian statesman died yesterday?
9. What is a "piou-piou" in French soldier slang?
10. Who was in command of the British fleet at the Battle of Jutland in 1916?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. President Wilson will land at the port of Boston on his return to the United States.
2. The Persian name for Persia is Iran.
3. Thirty and a quarter square yards make a square rod or perch.
4. Beaumarchais wrote the play, "The Barber of Seville."
5. The Gunnison tunnel in Colorado is the longest on the American continent.
6. Hygieia was the Greek goddess of health.
7. A hopscagon is a plane figure of twelve sides.
8. A crescent was a metal vessel for holding grease or oil for light, usually mounted on a pole.
9. "Bijouterie" is jewelry, trinkets.
10. Wolfe Tone was an eighteenth century Irish revolutionist.

CRIME WAVES

THERE is shooting and highway robbery in New York as well as in Philadelphia. There has been a spate of this sort of disorder in Chester and in other cities and towns further south. If crime of this sort is for the moment beyond adequate control, it is because police departments are usually easy going, subject to routine processes and inertia and without the administrative skill that would enable them properly to meet emergencies.

The increase of crime was to have been expected. Recent conditions in this part of the country made it almost inevitable. The epidemic of violence and robbery will subside in time. Meanwhile, the police can do little but talk and keep it within loose bounds.

The extraordinary demand for labor of all sorts, and especially for unskilled men, who were offered phenomenal wages in the war industries crowded on the eastern seaboard, tempted all the casuals, the "floaters," the men who wander over the country in a life of vagabondage because of an unwillingness or a temperamental inability to merge themselves in the routine industrial scheme. Men of this sort usually are scattered in the West and South. They flocked to the East. Now with the slowing down in the war industries a good many of them are footloose and in need of money for which they won't work.

They will drift out to the open country after a time. Meanwhile, if the police could net a few of them and treat them in a manner that would be a sobering example to the whole class there would be fewer hold-ups and less gunplay.

This police seems unable to do. They weren't prepared for a situation which everybody knew had to develop.

BETTER LATE THAN NOT AT ALL

MR. WILSON has invited the members of the congressional committees dealing with foreign affairs to meet him at dinner in Washington to discuss with him the draft of the constitution of the league of nations.

This disregard by the President of all the precedents which he has set will be welcomed with enthusiasm by those who think that in the conduct of foreign affairs there should be the most intimate understanding among the President, who negotiates treaties, the Senate which ratifies them and the House which participates in legislation to carry them into effect.

The new precedent which he is setting for himself ought to commend it to his judgment so that he will not return to his old policy of splendid isolation in the White House.

HE MADE PICTURES POSSIBLE

LOUIS E. LEVY, who has just died, properly is called the father of the modern illustrated daily newspaper. Until the invention of the line screen for making half-tone engravings it was impossible to print in a daily newspaper such illustrations as adorn the last page of this journal. Line drawings were used, but a line drawing lacks the photographic accuracy of a half-tone engraving. It may be more artistic, when made by a master of his craft, but it is impossible for newspapers to employ for daily work such experts with the pen as Charles Dana Gibson. The mechanical processes which have been developed along with photo-engraving have made it comparatively easy and inexpensive for the reproduction of pictures of important events within an hour or two of their happening. Such pictures, illustrating the news, make the daily journals invaluable records of contemporary history.

Bore Mr. Levy's processes were perfected many attempts were made to print an illustrated daily paper. The Graphic, published in New York a generation or two ago, was a notable example. But none of the Graphic's illustrations were made on the day of their appearance and most of them were old wood cuts which had previously been used in the art magazines. If the Graphic could have printed artistic pictures such as appear every Sunday in the Intaglio supplement of the Public Ledger or on every page of the Evening Public Ledger it would have succeeded where it failed. But it was born ahead of its time and it has remained for the journals whose primary purpose is printing the news to surpass in pictorial excellence a periodical which hoped to succeed by virtue of its illustrations alone.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

THE contract which the Rapid Transit Company made with the underlying companies, by which it agrees to pay all claims on the underlying companies, is valid and will be enforced, according to the decision of the state Supreme Court, in spite of the fact that when the contract was made no such heavy taxes as have been levied for war purposes were in contemplation of the same court in the