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 Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 25, 1919

THE FIRST GLIMMER OF A NEW DAWN

The demand of the men who are drafting the new city charter for home rule in the matter of street cleaning methods and the activity of the committee on municipal affairs of the Chamber of Commerce in arousing interest in the next mayoralty campaign are symptoms of an awakening which promises much for the future.

When the influential business and professional men are indifferent to the kind of government we have that government will be bad. The unsatisfactory conditions that have prevailed here for years have grown up because the men who should have taken an interest in good government have neglected their duty. They have been too busy with their own private affairs to bother with the larger affairs of the whole community. They have sat in their libraries and in their clubs and talked and thought of everything but how to get the city so governed that a dollar's worth of work would be delivered for every dollar paid in taxes.

We do not mean to imply that they have been worse offenders than men of the same kind in other large communities. City government in America is a byword because of the indifference to it of the great mass of business men. They have farmed out government to men who have made a business of it, who have exploited the cities as a private preserve for their own profit and enjoyment.

There are signs of a new day dawning in Philadelphia. It will dawn if the men now active continue the campaign which they have begun, for the moment an alternative to the things from which we have been suffering is presented for the approval of the voters they will welcome it with enthusiasm. But they must be convinced that that which is offered them will be an improvement over the things which have been. Otherwise they will prefer the evils they know to others the extent of which they know not.

EXPANDING THE "TEMPERATE" ZONE
 CONTRARY to a rather prevalent impression, the "dry" United States that is scheduled for July 1, 1919, will not be unique. Canada goes entirely liquorless on May Day, and even now there are only ninety towns in the Province of Quebec where John Barleycorn has a legal standing.

The great state of Sonora in Mexico, nearly twice the area of Pennsylvania, prohibited the sale of alcoholic beverages some time ago. A bill for a white-ribbon Cuba was recently introduced in the national Congress in Havana. Americans who have been finding it hard to realize what a "temperate" zone of literal significance will be like are under additional pressure to picture its certain extension into the Arctic regions with a possible offshoot in the Tropics.

Canada's abstinence is a result of war legislation, for the prohibition regime there is booked to endure for only one year following the date of the signing of the peace treaty. But teetotalism in Sonora, once flowing with pulque, rests on no such temporary basis, while the Cuban plan is said to have "teeth" of permanent insiduousness.

The significance of the situation lies in the fact that if a really powerful anti-prohibition reaction is coming, it is already fearfully belated. The "Great American Desert" from but a little way above the Tropic of Cancer to the North Pole will be existent by next summer. If a mistake has been made the anti-abstainers will have the opportunity to prove that it is territorially one of the biggest blunders in history.

WILLIAMS' APPROPRIATE CHOICE
 COMPARED to Amerongen, St. Helena was Broad and Chestnut streets. William Hohenzollern's utter obscenity proves this, as it also inspires revision of the original opinion that he was more fortunate in his place of exile than Napoleon Bonaparte.

To the latter the sympathetic Las Cases played the role of a sedulous Karl Rosner, touching up in resounding phraseology the Corsican's observations and propagandizing with untiring zeal on behalf of the appealing "Napoleon legend." The ex-emperor of the French and his chronicler unquestionably passed many pleasant times together. St. Helena, moreover, admirably outdresses as one of the globe's island paradises.

Its skies are blue, its scenery charmingly picturesque, its climate suave, never truly torrid, and Longwood, where Napoleon was comfortably housed, enjoys the refreshing delights of an altitude of 1700 feet above sea level. After a quarter of a century of campaigning might there not have been considerable balm in sunny, peaceful St. Helena? Moreover, the Atlantic fleet was some time before out of the world

during Napoleon's six years of enforced residence there. Jamestown harbor, an important port of call on the India route, bustled with activity between 1815 and 1821.

Cooped within the narrow confines of the Bentinck estate, can the last of the Hohenzollern monarchs regard the fate of the world's greatest military genius with aught but envy? No Rosner cheers the slum "conqueror." No interviewer records his babbling. The Netherlands have a wretched winter climate. It begins to look as if the Bluff of Berlin in choosing his own place of exile had for a while at least saved persons, unaware of how delectable some islands can be, from selecting one altogether too good for his deserts. Whatever he has lost, Mr. Hohenzollern, seems to have kept his sense of proportion.

AMERICA'S HAND IS ON THE PLOW

Mr. Wilson Wants to Know Whether It Will Hold Fast to the End of the Furrow

IF MR. WILSON had wished a motto for his Boston speech he would have quoted the words of the Great Idealist, who said, "No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."

The President did not refer to the league of nations in set terms. He said discussion of it was premature. He came back to report progress toward the realization of the ideals to establish which America went into the war. Arrangement of details took time. There had to be careful consideration of a multitude of questions, all of which were more or less intimately related with the greater question of drafting a treaty which should adjust the issues of the present war and make future conflicts difficult.

He reported that Europe, which had distrusted America for three years and had suspected her of gross and selfish materialism, had changed its opinion. When we sent our men across the seas to fight for the realization of an ideal Europe responded at once, because we demonstrated that we sought not selfish advantage but the freedom of free men everywhere. When the war became a fight to make the world safe for the plain people who live in it, the plain people who were fighting began to lift their heads to heaven and to fight with a new ardor and a new hope. Europe discovered that "America not only held ideals but acted ideals." And he assured his hearers that the war had been won by that inspiration.

The tide of idealism is running high, not only here but in Europe. There is no mistaking this fact. And, as the President said, any man who resists it "will find himself thrown upon a shore so high and barren that it will seem as if he had been separated from human kind forever." The ideal toward which we are striving is the establishment of a world in which our children and our children's children may be spared the horrors of the last four years. Unless the arrangements of the Peace Conference are guaranteed by the civilized world, the President is right when he says they will not last a generation.

It is up to America to decide whether it will join with the other civilized nations in making that guarantee. We went our hand to the plow, and now there are men who would look back. If we palter now, if we prove that we can hold ourselves true to an ideal for only a few months, we shall not only earn the contempt of the world and forfeit that respect which we well-nigh lost through three years of doubt and hesitation, but we shall prove ourselves as a people unfit for the Kingdom of God, which devoted men are now doing their best to set up on earth.

We do not believe that the confidence in the people of Europe, which Mr. Wilson frequently expressed when on the other side, nor his confidence in the people of America, which he made known in Boston yesterday, is misplaced. Statesmen on both sides of the ocean should read and ponder these portentous sentences which occurred near the end of his latest remarks:

The nations of the world have set their heads now to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken their stride. And when I speak of the nations of the world I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it.

If the European governments fail the people who have suffered agonies because their rulers either failed to protect them from a great calamity or deliberately brought that calamity about, then the people themselves will change their governments. Whispers of discontent with the slowness of rulers are already being heard in England and France. In America there is a handful of men demanding that we turn our backs upon our responsibilities and wash our hands of the whole matter. These men are quibbling about constitutional inhibitions and national sovereignty and traditional policies and are forgetting the great world issues with which we are inextricably involved whether we will or not.

The President has arranged to see some of these men tomorrow night in Washington, and it is understood that he intends to explain to them just what is involved in the league-of-nations plan. He professes to have confidence in their patriotism and in their openness of mind. We do not suppose that he will insist on an acceptance of every line of the league covenant as made public. But unless we influence his intention he will use all the influence which he possesses to persuade them to agree to its general purposes and to commit this nation to a policy which will throw the weight of its power and wealth on the side of world peace, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of the whole family of nations of which it is a distinguished member.

AN ORIENTAL INVERSION

THE quiver of resentment felt in Japan whenever her subjects are denied rights of expatriation is a striking commentary on the wide disparity still existing between oriental and western modes of reasoning. American opinion regarding those of our citizens who change their nationality is apt to be tart. William Waldorf Astor

had a liberal dose of it. Germany, France and Italy have long refused to recognize the adoption of a new national status by emigrants from those lands.

Until 1868 Great Britain clove to the rigid doctrine "once an Englishman always an Englishman." "Once a Japanese, perhaps subsequently something very different," sums up, however, the eastern doctrine, insistence on which is creating significant issues in the Peace Conference. The island empire would prefer that her roaming subjects in Australia, California, South Africa or Mexico should become Australians, Californians, South Africans or Mexicans rather than that they should remain pledged to the Mikado.

This viewpoint directs pressure on the non-Japanese nations to grant to newcomers to their shores privileges which these countries have been always rather anxious to withhold from their own wanderers. Even in a reconstructed world East and West continue to approach certain questions from most divergent angles.

CHAMP CLARK, BY ALL MEANS

CHAMP CLARK was referred to at a Washington-Wilson dinner in the national capital as "the second most distinguished American" and nominated for the presidency.

The man who did not get the nomination in 1912 smiled at the speaker and remarked, "Barkis is willin'."

Thus encouraged, the toastmaster, when his turn came, expressed the hope "that Champ Clark will be the next President of the United States."

So the dinner, arranged to celebrate the achievements of two Presidents, was resolved into an affair to boot the nomination of a less distinguished American. Clark has a hitherto unsuspected, or at any rate unnoted, claim on the consideration of the Democrats, who hope to elect their presidential candidate next year, a claim which ranks him with both Cleveland and Wilson, the only two men whom the Democrats have elected since 1855. All three have taken liberties with their baptismal names. Cleveland was christened Stephen Grover and dropped the Stephen. Wilson was named Thomas Woodrow and dropped the Thomas. Clark was called Beauchamp by his adoring mother, after her own father. But the canny youth thought that Beauchamp was not a name with which votes could be won and he dropped the first syllable and secured an alliterative and what he thought a democratic style which has justified his judgment by carrying him to success in a long series of elections to Congress and won him a majority of the delegates to the 1912 presidential convention. Now if precedents count for anything, Clark is the man for the Democrats to tie themselves to next year. No nomination could give the Republicans greater satisfaction.

The military treaty which Marshal Foch will soon present to the Germans will provide for the demobilization of the German army down to a small peace basis of between five and ten divisions of 10,000 men each. Before becoming unduly optimistic over the news, it may be wise to recall the fact that a German delegate to the Socialist conference at Bernie made the following significant statement: "Under the pretense of defending the Prussian border against the Bolsheviki and the Poles, a volunteer army of 600,000 is being organized by Hindenburg in Pomerania and eastern Prussia." Germany will play fair only when she must.

RIDING WITH ALLENBY

As I dream, it seems to me I have ridden with Allenby. I rode into the heart of the dawn out of Gaza. My desert steed. Son of a sire of the Nedjd breed. Took the breath of the morning sun. With never a pause till we had won O'er rocky sweep and o'er sandy swell To the river House of Gabriel. Then, ere the shut of the eve, we came Where the last red streamers lit with flame.

The mosque of Hebron set in the vale. With its towering minarets, and its tale Of Isaac's and Abraham's tombs. Where only the Faithful in the glooms May bow, while faintly the crescents flare. And the swart muezzin calls to prayer. Thence on to Bethlehem we sped, With the dome of Allah overhead. And never a sign of a cloud in view To blur the breadth of its gold and blue.

So he marched, and it seems to me I have ridden with Allenby. Then Jerusalem, and the hill Of Golgotha, and the sacred, still Church of the Holy Sepulchre: The Vale of the Mount, and the ceaseless stir Of pilgrim feet where the Christ once strayed. Under the cruel Cross down-weighed: I rode by Jenin with its palms. Clear out against the noonday calms: I rode by Nabulus, I rode by Nain. And over the wide Esdraea plain 'Up the slope to Nazareth. Where out of the dim bazaars the breath Of the shaven sandalwood was blown. I skirted the snow-crowned mountain zone Of Hermon, and saw the morning star Silver the roofs of Kerf Hawar. And then I looked on the lovely loom Of orange, pomegranate and citron bloom, A tower that to the Prophet's eyes Was the prescience of Paradise. And came to Damascus by the gate That leads to the ancient Street called Straight.

So he marched, and it seems to me I have ridden with Allenby. NEVER again the Turkish blighr On all this land of lure and light! Never again the brutal ban From far Beersheba unto Dan! Rather the beam of His promised Peace In this home of holy memories! His peace for all men under the sun From Nebo north to Lebanon; His peace through the hand that set them free!

No matter how the February calendar disputes it, 1919, with prodigious bounds toward world peace, inspiringly deserves classification as a leap year. Secretary Daniels, a few days ago, talked by radio telephone to President Wilson, 800 miles away at sea. This was one of the infrequent times when the President couldn't talk back.

Time is a confirmed sentimentalist. A pair of Sir Walter Scott's old slippers has been sold in London for \$80 in spite of the known fact that his poetical feet were not always correct.

A correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung, writing from Spa, says: "The English have not yet arrived. They were not able to keep pace with the swift marching time of the Germans." This suggests the story of the colored gentleman who kicked a Jack-rabbit from his path with the adjuration, "Make way for a puzon, what is in a hurry."

Clamp Clark may or may not have hopes of succeeding Woodrow Wilson in the White House, but it may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that he will not call on William Jennings Bryan to help his boom.

It is patriotic, of course, but is it not a trifle incongruous to honor, as has been proposed, so intensely live a factor in American history as T. Roosevelt with a cemetery named "John Bull Bellsaw wood?"

BRINGING WATER TO JERUSALEM

SOME months ago an account was published of the new water supply which the army under Sir Edmund Allenby had contrived for Jerusalem. The event was of great importance to the people of Jerusalem, and very expressive of the change from Turkish to British administration. Since the Herodian system fell into decay Jerusalem was dependent upon an inadequate pipe line from Solomon's Pools and upon the cisterns, public and private, which store up rainwater. The cisterns, for the most part, had become dilapidated, foul and breeding places for the malaria fly. The new supply introduced by the engineers means free water, clean water and more water, and a great gain in sanitation.

The January issue of the "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund" prints the full report of Major Stephen, R. E., who designed and executed this notable public improvement in the city which appeals to so many millions of three faiths. The report contains some additional facts worth bringing out. The necessity for a new source of supply arose from the circumstance that the army was drinking up all the good water and most of the bad, so that a water famine was threatened for the summer. The old supply consisted of cisterns with a storage capacity of 500,000,000 gallons and a pipe supply from Solomon's Pools of 40,000 gallons a day. Many of the cisterns were, in fact, empty, when not dirty. For practical reasons a new source could be found only to the south of Jerusalem. Some spring heads were found in the Wadi Arrai, twenty-two kilometers from Jerusalem on the Hebron road. On investigation they turned out to be fed from ancient underground aqueducts, probably the work of Herod. These springs had a yield of 14,000 gallons an hour of absolutely pure water. A pumping station was erected, a reservoir with a capacity of 50,000 gallons was built on the Hebron road nineteen kilometers from Jerusalem, a pipe line to the city was laid and a reservoir of 2,000,000 gallons was erected there. Within two months water was pouring into Jerusalem at the rate of 250,000 gallons a day. It is estimated that the new-old sources thus tapped again after many centuries once yielded, and can again yield, 1,000,000 gallons a day. That fact is one of a host which indicate how much more was once done with Palestine and the great potentialities of the country. For Jerusalem there has been opened up a clean and regular water supply in place of a dirty and irregular one. It is a great boon to the poor, and should lead to the stamping out of malaria.—Manchester Guardian.

The next Liberty Loan will undoubtedly be a success. It comes, we believe, during Lent.

When the crowds abroad hailed Mr. Wilson with enthusiasm, he said he regarded it as a tribute to the American people.

When the American people hail him with enthusiasm, he says it is a tribute to the efforts of the Peace Conference.

What are you going to do to get over a personal tribute to a man like that? Think how baffled Mr. Borah must feel.

Synthetic Poem

I wrote to a poet, saying "Reading your poems has convinced me That you could write a good novel In prose." And when he got my letter The poet thought to himself, "Did he buy my book, Or did somebody lend it to him?"

What is going to become of the artists who used to draw the goats for the Bock beer signs?

The Troubles of Press Correspondents

Boston, Feb. 23.—President Wilson tonight is passing his time in such ways as passengers do on a ship that has arrived home but has not landed.—A dispatch to the New York Times.

Meaning, we suppose, toiling over the customs declaration on that long list of gifts from abroad.

Boston, Feb. 24.—President Wilson this afternoon is passing his time in such ways as correspondents do when 5000 secret service men surround the man whom they wish to interview.—Dispatch to the Chaffing Dish.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Senator Borah this morning is passing his time in such ways as statesmen do when they have declined an invitation to dinner which they now wish they had accepted.—Dispatch to the Chaffing Dish.

Miss Bliss, the lady observer in the Philadelphia weatherman's bureau, has certainly had a soothing effect upon our climate. We would like to assign her a perpetual mandate in such matters.

On the north pavement of Market street, near Third, there stands what a sign proclaims as "the only cork tree in America." We hope it will be removed after July first. It will be too tragic to have these emblems of ancient happiness still confronting us.

It seems sad to think that before long cellars will be good for nothing but to keep the furnace in.

Social Chat

After watching the gentleman who sells gyroscopes on the north side of Market street we have come to the conclusion that the solar system has been pretty well thought out.

BENEATH CONTEMPT, BUT WORTHY OF NOTICE



ELBOW ROOM

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ship nearly ran aground in Boston harbor. It seems as though Boston should have dredged up those tea leaves by this time.

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CONCERNING EMPERORS

I. God Send the Regicide
 WOULD that the lying rulers of the world Were brought to block for tyrannies abhorred. Would that the sword of Cromwell and the Lord. The sword of Joshua and Gideon. Hewed hip and thigh the bones of Midian. God send that iron-ere terrorom's sun; Let Gabriel and Michael with him ride. God send the Regicide.

II. A Colloquial Reply: To Any Newsworthy YOU lay for Iago at the stage door with a brick. You have missed the moral of the play. He will have a midnight supper with Othello and his wife. They will chirp together and be gay. But the things Iago stands for must go down into the dust; Lying and suspicion and conspiracy and lust. And I cannot hate the Kaiser (I hope you understand) Yet I chase the thing he stands for with a brickbat in my hand. —Vachel Lindsay, in "The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems."

The Youngest Colony

The incorporation of New Guinea, demanded by Australia, would bring a singularly infirm race under the flag of the commonwealth. The average duration of life is shorter in New Guinea than in any other country, owing to the peculiar diet of the natives, who devour with gusto the larvae of beetles, dug out of decayed tree trunks, and habitually drink sea water when near the coast. "The people die off about forty," we are told in Mr. A. B. Pratt's "Two Years Among the Cannibals of New Guinea." "We saw one very old man, who may have been about sixty years of age—the only example of longevity that we came across. He was bent almost double, and had a long, white beard. His fellow tribesmen regarded him as a great curiosity, and brought him to see us. Despite the decrepitude of his body, however, there was no trace of senility; his senses were unimpaired, and the poor old creature showed great gratitude for a gift of tobacco."—Manchester Guardian.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ
 1. Who fired the first shot in the war between the United States and Germany?
 2. What two Republicans are rival candidates for the Speakership of the House?
 3. Who wrote "The Rink and the Book"?
 4. Who invented the telephone?
 5. For how many years was Napoleon a prisoner on the island of St. Helena?
 6. What is the meaning of the word "large," used as a musical term?
 7. What is another name for the famous picture, the Mona Lisa?
 8. What river flows through the Grand Canyon?
 9. In what war during the nineteenth century were Great Britain and France allies?
 10. Who was Phil May?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
 1. Kurt Elmer, who was assassinated in Munich last week, was Premier of Bavaria.
 2. Benjamin Franklin said "There never was a good war or a bad peace."
 3. Henry Hudson, who laid claim to New Amsterdam for the Dutch, was an Englishman in the employ of the Netherlands.
 4. Charlotte Brontë wrote under the name of Currer Bell.
 5. Panacea: Universal remedy.
 6. Rufus Daniel Isaacs is Lord Reading, British ambassador to the United States.
 7. The Seven Sages of Greece were supposed to have been Thales, Bias, Cleobolus, Periander, Pittacus and Solon.
 8. A democracy is a form of government in which there is a property qualification for office.
 9. Hamilton is the capital of Bermuda.
 10. Sentential means pertaining to the self.

Why didn't some one point out to the President, while the train passed through, that he was equidistant from Independence Hall, one of the oldest things in Philadelphia, and Woodrow Wilson Says, one of the youngest?
 J. M. BEATTY, JR.

Ned Muscham returned our copy of one of Philip Gibbs' books, and gave us a sack of tobacco and half a box of safety matches as usufruct or lagnappe. We have lots more books, Ned.
 Vachel Lindsay, the well-known poet and agent of the Anti-Slavery League, left town yesterday. On Sunday we took him to see