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Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 5, 1919

law. This act is in force and will remain in force until peace is declared and our armies are demobilized.
 The sale of cider, however, is not interfered with, for that is not distilled spirits, neither is it a malt or vinous liquor. But cider is an unsatisfactory beverage for a man whose taste runs to whisky or beer. If, however, it remains outside the ban for a few years we may have a lot of cider millionaires, whose wealth will rival that of the old-time distillers and brewers.

POLITICAL MADNESS NOT AKIN TO STATESMANSHIP

Bedlamite Councils Must Be Rejected by the Republicans Unless They Seek Disaster to Their Party and the Nation

The introduction of the Lodge resolutions into the Senate in the present status of the peace negotiations is a calamity. They set forth the objections of signing Senators to the draft of the covenant of a league of nations, and demand that peace be made with Germany as quickly as possible and before any attempt to organize a league to prevent future world wars.

Whatever may have been the purpose of this step it will weaken the hands of the American delegates in Paris. There can be no doubt of this. Those delegates have been co-operating to the best of their ability with their colleagues in discovering a mode of procedure fitted to the existing conditions and in finding a base of agreement on which peace can be offered to Germany. We all regret that they have not moved more rapidly. We all know that delay has complicated the problem, and we all are hoping that peace can be reached at the earliest possible date.

But the delegates had not been in Paris long before they discovered that no such peace treaty as the world wants could be made effective unless there were created a body of nations agreeing to enforce its provisions upon Germany and to protect the little nations to be created out of the wreckage of Austria-Hungary and Russia.

The body of delegates is now acting as the authoritative representatives of an informal league of nations. These delegates have discovered that a formal league is an essential part of any effective peace agreement, and they have acted accordingly by having a committee draft the constitution of such an international body.

That document may be defective. It is still subject to revision. But a covenant of some kind must be made to supplement the peace treaty. Whether it becomes a part of that treaty or not is a matter of detail which must be left to the discretion of the men on the job.

What the world wants and wants as soon as possible is a peace treaty backed by guarantees that its agreements will be put into effect.

As we have already said, the action of the Senators who signed the Lodge resolutions will weaken the hands of the American delegates.

But who is primarily responsible for the conditions which called forth the resolutions?

With great regret we are compelled to say that the President himself is not wholly without blame. He has attempted to exercise autocratic power, "conferred on him," as he would say, "by the will of the plain people." From the moment he entered the White House Congress was expected to obey his will. The Democratic majority surrendered its prerogatives as the controlling group of a co-ordinate branch of the Government and merely registered the decrees issued from the White House.

Many Democrats who do their own thinking have resented in private these assumptions of the President, and all the Republicans have publicly condemned them.

Mr. Wilson made one of the most grievous political mistakes in the history of the presidency when he called upon the country last fall to elect a Democratic Congress, in order that he might go to the Peace Conference with the endorsement of the nation. There was behind this appeal the assumption that the Democratic party was conducting the war and that the Democratic party must be endorsed. But the nation knew that it was a national war. It knew that the Democratic party had hesitated and wobbled on the subject and that Mr. Wilson had been re-elected on the trick issue that "he had kept us out of war."

The response to the President's appeal was the election of a Republican Congress commissioned to prosecute the war with greater vigor. The nation accepted his challenge and repudiated his assumption that it was a Democratic war. If this action weakened him he had only himself to blame.

He was rebuked again when he went before the Senate and urged it to pass the women suffrage constitutional amendment to the constitution. Leaders of his own party expressed their resentment at what they called his interference with their prerogatives.

Now, the Lodge resolutions are another rebuke to Mr. Wilson. He has been quoted as saying that the league-of-nations covenant must be accepted or rejected as it stands. The Senate was not represented at the Peace Conference, in spite of the well-known fact that any agreements which might be reached were constitutionally subject to revision by that body. Mr. Wilson, so far as known, did not even take the Senators of his own party into his confidence, and when he returned he was met by a body of men whose amour propre had been wounded.

But the blunders of the President do not justify or excuse blunders by other men. The Senators may have a just grievance, but the present world crisis is too grave for even the pettiest of us to go around exhibiting our wounds in a search for sympathy.

The political blunder of Mr. Wilson in the congressional campaign is insignificant in comparison with that made by the Republican Senators who signed the Lodge resolutions.

The league of nations has not been a partisan issue. Its supporters and advocates have been in all parties. All the Republican traditions have been such as to justify the confident hope that whatever any other party might do it would adopt the great moral idea for world betterment as its own. As in the last congressional campaign it adopted the war as its own. But a majority of the Republican Senators have so acted as to surrender any

claim which their party might have had to sympathize with the hopes of a suffering world and to hand over to the Democrats on a gold platter a ready-made issue for the presidential campaign next year.

All the professions of solicitude for a league of nations to insure peace, made in the specific way which the Republican Senators propose, will go for naught because every one knows that the effect of their action will be to make difficult the formation of such a league. They have thrown a firebrand into the Peace Conference that is certain to be used by all of the reactionaries to light a flame which they hope will destroy the foundations of the temple of peace, already laid with great difficulty.

The statements of certain of the nations gathered around the peace table have ambitions still unrealized. Some of those ambitions will be unattainable if a workable league covenant is framed. These statesmen will welcome every evidence of petty bickering over the subject in the United States or elsewhere, and no one will be better pleased than they if the Peace Conference can be compelled to draft a peace treaty with Germany without a league-of-nations agreement signed simultaneously by the delegates. They will say that peace has been made and that the rest can wait until there is greater unanimity about it. And years may go by before anything is done.

Unless the Republican leaders are courting disaster they will right about face at the earliest opportunity, abandon their policy of petty bickering over order of procedure, line themselves wholeheartedly on the side of the hopes and prayers of the whole civilized world, demand that a league of nations be formed and pledge to the support of every patriotic American.

SIX-SHOOTERS AND OLIVE BRANCHES

IT IS doubtful whether the hanging of Leon Trotsky on the old gallows of Moyamensing Prison or the tying of William Hohenzollern to a whipping-post in front of the Statue of Liberty in Penn Square would create a more overwhelming demand for tickets of admission than did the joint appearance last night in New York of President Wilson and ex-President Taft, appealing from the same platform to the American people to bring permanent peace to the people of the world by their sanction of the covenant for the league of nations.

Perhaps never for any public event of the kind in this country has there been such a vivid eagerness to look upon and listen to two great men as that which was revealed last night. No greater lottery has ever been conducted on this side of the Atlantic than the allotment of 4000 tickets of admission from applications which easily exceeded 100,000. Had some of those persons indulged in a mental retrospect which conformed to them that here, indeed, was a scene more benign than the death of an erstwhile East Side "Red" and less requiring of physical effort than the rawhide lashing of an ex-emperor?

Maybe they did remember that seven years ago Theodore Roosevelt tore in half the Republican libel of William Howard Taft and let him sink in the waters of political defeat. Yet the other day that same man wept as he stood over the simple grave of the great American.

Seven years ago Woodrow Wilson denounced the principles that Mr. Taft believed in. Taft then witnessed Roosevelt himself sinking beneath the Wilsonian current and the victor seated in the minority saddle of the Democratic donkey. Yet last night that same man gave strength to the rich idealism of the American President with the gift of his calm logic and the brilliancy of his analytical powers.

By the stand he has thus taken in the furtherance of that covenant which has sprung from the wisdom of an international mind, Mr. Taft has deliberately and knowingly, confident in his own firm judgment and high motive, drawn upon himself the ire of a distinctive group of powerful Republicans.

Even as he waved the olive branch of a common purpose above the nonpartisan heads of his listeners, senatorial six-shooters were being aimed at the well-protected heart of our only living ex-President.

And yet, who would be surprised if, a little while hence, this same "Big Bill Taft," as all Yale men affectionately love to call him, were once again to shed the magic smile of his simple self-forgetfulness over the shining barrels of the congressional six-shooters and effect such a camouflage of olive branches as to drive from every electoral mind the memory of the weapons whose triggers were really never pulled?

The I. W. W. idea is that to labor is to prey.

We are off on the Lenten voyage bound for the port of Easter.

Philadelphia's most popular flower yesterday—the Woodrows.

Chief Mayer finds comparatively little idealism in the meat business.

The tide in Irish affairs was taken at the Flood valuation in the House.

There are many who will love the city charter bill for the enemies it has made.

When I. W. W. members fall out, bomb plotters may get what's coming to them.

The filibuster does something more than kill time and bills. He kills public confidence.

Civic bodies continue to demand that the burglar and the highwayman be taken out of politics.

Wounded soldiers need sticks. Send a can, if you are able, to the Jewish Welfare Board.

The danger of Bolshevism is lessening in England with the return of shipyard workers to their jobs.

If a mad dog could reason and talk, its remarks would probably reflect the courage and the fatalism of Clemenceau's assailant.

The absence of La Follette's name from the list of signatures to the Lodge resolutions seems, on the face of it, a pathetic oversight.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER
Inside Story of the Republican Speakership Caucus—The Sherlock Holmes of Philadelphia

—Washington, March 5.

NOTHING more interesting than the speakership fight has taken place in Washington for many years. The Republican conference—although some Republicans are now willing to admit it was a caucus, a term much derided in modern politics—was an event which the Democrats of Congress would gladly have paid a liberal price of admission, tax included. It had been talked about for many months and was expected to develop a first-class row. What it did develop was worthy of the pen of "Marx" Henry Watterson. It was as much like a national convention as anything we have had in recent years. Almost everybody conceded that Mann, the faithful but plodding House leader, had earned the speakership. No one questioned his ability, but influences outside the House of Representatives had made themselves felt in the interest of Gillett and, whether he knew it or not, much manipulation and some gumshoeing was done in his name. The Mann force were not organized with the clever thoroughness manifested by the Gillett managers. Mann stood almost alone, relying upon his record and that hope of appreciation which he had a right to expect would be his reward. As often happens, however, the manipulators overplayed their game. Some of them saw great power and influence ahead and they worked upon Senators and through National Chairman Hays until it looked as if those who dared to vote for Mann would be swept out of existence. Senators Lodge and Penrose and Watson, of Indiana, and other Senators were accused of attempting to influence the House organization, and Uncle Joe Cannon finally broke loose, "calling a spade a spade" and denouncing "foreign interference" in the House's domestic affairs. Those who stood by Mann when the vote was called included Butler, of West Chester; Moore, of Philadelphia; Grist, of Lancaster; Porter and Mevin, of Pittsburgh; Darrow, Crago and McFadden were a sort of steering committee for the state delegation, the latter being an aggressive Gillett man, who was suspected of carrying the Penrose influence to the Gillett band wagoners. After the Pennsylvania delegation had selected Moore to represent it on the committee on committees, McFadden's name suddenly appeared along with that of several Gillett insiders on the celebrated committee slate.

This so stirred the delegation that Aaron Kreider, of the Dauphin-Lebanon District, was immediately advanced as the choice of most of the Pennsylvanians to combat the mysterious influences that had injected McFadden into the fight.

The introduction of that slate by Winslow, of Massachusetts, the "big whip" of the Gillett forces, was what "spilled the beans." The campaign against Mann had succeeded. Gillett had been selected for Speaker and Winslow was flushed with victory, but that slate was so clearly intended to take care of the personal interests of those who had departed from Mann for Gillett that the whole body of the conference was instantly in uproar. Winslow went down like a flash. Mann stepped forward with his substitute resolution liberalizing the committee on committees and it went through with a whoop. From that time on Mann made the motions, taking what was good from the Winslow program and eliminating that which was undesirable, but each time carrying his point with the ease of a Matt Quay or Mark Hanna. It was the queerest reversal of political maneuvers that most of those present had ever witnessed. It upset the apple cart of those who were banking upon high place and power and helped to restore the equilibrium if not the good humor of a much-exercised convention of representative Republicans.

Gillett will be Speaker and Mann will continue to be an active force in the House, although he has declared he will not under any circumstances continue to serve as floor leader. He had hoped to wind up his career as Speaker, which would have relieved him of the fearful drudgery to which he had been subjected and which has broken his health. But that day has gone—some are charging it up to the "ingratitude of nations"—and while he is likely to figure in parliamentary proceedings, it is expected he will now take life easier. While the management of House affairs will remain largely with those who assume charge in committees under the Mann plan, most Republicans are hoping for harmony and are expecting no untoward aftermath of the great fight that was so disappointing to some.

WOULD any one who recalls George Barton as secretary to Wes Thomas, Collector of the Port, believe he had reached that stage where he could boast of having two sons in the army and one daughter a nurse? Yet the facts are as stated. Herbert Barton, George's oldest son, was a graduate of Temple University, and after passing the state law examination was recently admitted to practice at the Philadelphia bar. Another son, George Barton, Jr., is with the Pennsylvania Railroad studying engineering. May the boys hew close to the Barton line as it has been laid down by their daddy, whom some regard as the Conan Doyle of the Quaker City.

ON HIS way home from Milwaukee, Charles Elmer Smith, of Philadelphia and Barnegat City, stopped over in Washington. He had some business with the Postmaster General. Charles Elmer had been secretary of the National Association of Builders' Exchanges of the United States, but retired from office along with John R. Wiggins, the president, also of Philadelphia. Those things for which Milwaukee was once famous seemed to have no attraction for Wiggins or Smith, who, having put in a hard year in the interest of the national body, were glad to lay down the office they held, with or without refreshments.

But when that gavel fell, Of what a fall was there, my countrymen; Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, While filibuster flourished over us. But most of all fell down the thirty-seven. Who had a chance to play a noble role In freeing all the world, and could see only A petty party issue.

Of the two attempted assassinations—Gail's attack on Clemenceau and the



THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

To Senator Sherman
 "Gentlemen, Mr. Sherman has the floor"—
 And in that session, tragic and absurd,
 Men heard him piling word on futile word—
 Lawrence Y. Sherman: What does Y. stand for?
 For Yawn, perhaps? You should have heard them snore.
 Men sat with heavy eyes, and ached and stirred,
 And talking, talking, talking undeterred
 That Senator, half zealot and half bore.

Against deep-mooring tides of human will
 This sudden schemer sets his futile plan.
 Aye, but a wave shall break to cleanse and spill,
 Aye, but a wind shall rise to purge and fan!
 What humorist holds votes from women still
 And gives them pause for laughter—to this man!

Well, the Senate has proved itself a very present hindrance in time of trouble.
 We can't help thinking that if Senator Sherman worked in an office he would be the fellow who is always borrowing matches.

We hear that the seventeen-year locusts are expected again this summer. We also prophesy some seventeen-year jokes about the time that convention of newspaper humorists meets here in June.

The Golf Stream is beginning to flow again.
 Mark Antony in Washington
 If you have votes, prepare to cast them now!
 You all do know this covenant: I remember
 The first time ever Woodrow wrote it down:
 'Twas only lately, in the Murat Mansion,
 That day he overcame the Bolsheviks.
 Look! in this place ran Knox's dagger through:
 See what a rant the envious Borah made:
 Through this the filibuster Sherman stabbed.

And, as he drooped the morning hours away
 (While statesmen snored and mumbled on their desks,
 And viewing all that mass of legislations
 Shouted, "They shall not pass!")
 The gavel sounded, and the gabble ceased.
 And then that so-called robin, that round robin,
 Pecking the gentle husks of old reaction,
 That resolution of the thirty-seven
 (At midnight staid, of midnight dulness bred)—
 That was the most absurdst thrust of all!
 For when the noble Woodrow heard Lodge blab,
 Stupidity, more strong than German arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his sense of humor,
 Even in Tumulty muffing up his face
 And at the sill of those committee rooms
 Which all the while ran talk, great Woodrow laughed.

But when that gavel fell,
 Of what a fall was there, my countrymen;
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 While filibuster flourished over us.
 But most of all fell down the thirty-seven.
 Who had a chance to play a noble role
 In freeing all the world, and could see only
 A petty party issue.

Of the two attempted assassinations—Gail's attack on Clemenceau and the

Senate's attack on the league of nations—we hardly know which was more unworthy.

But we venture to think that the recuperation of the second victim will be just as speedy as that of the first.

What is West Philadelphia going to do about that street called Vintage avenue?

The other day we printed on this page a very clever pseudo-classical ode under the title, "If Horace Had Been an Advertising Man." We asked who was the author, and find to our pleasure that it should be credited to Mrs. Corinne R. Swain, of 648 North Fifty-sixth street, whose delightful verses are familiar to many magazine readers.

Swift Newton is home from service in France with the Johns Hopkins Hospital unit, and tells us that George Wheeler, son of Associate Superintendent George Wheeler, of the Board of Education, served in the same unit. He adds that George Wheeler discovered a medical preparation to be used in the treatment of wounds that the army doctors of England and France had been looking for since the beginning of the war. He was told to work out the formula if possible, and did so in half a day, in the laboratory of Base Hospital 18.

We have not had an opportunity to verify this by reference to the English and French medical staffs, but it sounds interesting, and it also sounds like a Wheeler, George being the younger brother of Guy Wheeler, who has the reddest head and the quickest wits of any member of the Electric Chair's official family. Guy is in the aviation service and we expect to see him almost any day. We haven't answered any of his letters in the last six months, and he is probably so incensed that he will shortly be home to tell us what he thinks of us.

The shattered city of Ypres, at the request of the Belgian people, is to stay in ruins, "to stand for all time as a monument to the futility of hate."

The scene in the Senate yesterday, if it could only be perpetuated in bronze or on canvas, might serve the same purpose.

And we can't help seeing a rather appealing pathos in the statesman turning, for one brief hour, into the grandfather. What a welcome relief from the realm of endless vituperation and unthanked effort must have been that little excursion into the privacy of family affection.

Womankind, of course, has an abiding interest in Mr. Wilson's efforts to find information for the League of Nations but it is secondary to interest in Mrs. Wilson's gowns.

Victims of Hun ruthlessness might look with equanimity on growing chaos in Germany if it were not for the fact that Germany cannot hurt herself without hurting others.

That the Azoreans should desire to do honor to President Wilson is not due alone to admiration for American idealism. It is also due to appreciation of the worth and strength of the American navy, which used Portugal's westernmost colony as a base.

With municipal landing places for airplanes and dirigible balloons, the city may yet find itself independent of railroads and boats. And, by the same token, with the development of air service, Pittsburgh or Butte, Mont., may easily become receiving ports for transatlantic commerce. There's a messy little germ in every blooming bud.

On Looking at a Children's Book

Dated 1838
 "TO EDWARD, John and Mary, with fond love,"
 That's the inscription that the front page bears.
 It's full of dogs and cats dressed up as clowns,
 This picture book of theirs.

One page is torn; did John and Mary fight
 And tear it? (Edward I am sure was good.)
 And then, perhaps, they kissed and made it up.
 As loving children should.

Edward, I find, died young in '43,
 But Mary lived to quite the other day;
 And John's the cross old man in the bath chair
 Who often comes this way.

And yet the pictures still are fresh and bright,
 They have not changed, and still the childish show
 Is as it was when it pleased little eyes
 So many years ago.

It seems a little sad to me
 That it is so.

NANCY MAUDE
 The showy helmets and uniforms the Germans prepared for their triumphal entry into Paris will be used to help the Victory Loan campaign in New York. This is one of life's glorious ironies.

As yet no good evidence has been adduced to prove that a man will be less godly for having paid good money to hear good music played by a good orchestra on Sunday, and there is little likelihood that such evidence will be presented at the hearings on the Torke bill.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
1. What is a bicameral system of government?
 2. What is minkwear?
 3. In what century did the Chevalier Bayard live?
 4. What was the real name of Joaquin Miller, the American poet?
 5. What office in the British cabinet is now held by Winston Churchill?
 6. What is a Eurasian?
 7. Who is the new chairman of the Democratic National Committee?
 8. Into what province is Ireland divided?
 9. What does an all-blue weather flag indicate?
 10. What is a gopher?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
1. The Entente flag in use on Austrian and German ships, the final disposition of which has not yet been made, is composed of white and blue, and a white stripe running horizontally.
 2. La Follette represents Wisconsin in the Senate.
 3. "The ruins of Ypres will be left in situ" means that they will be left as they now are, that no portion of them will be taken away for exhibition elsewhere. "In situ" literally means in place.
 4. Eugenie de Montijo, former Empress of France, is ninety-three years old.
 5. There are forty-eight states in the American Union.
 6. Hawthorne wrote "Generosity is the flower of justice." The passage is from his "American Notebooks."
 7. The income tax may be paid in four installments, the first being due March 15.
 8. Dr. Samuel Johnson was called the "Leviathan of Literature."
 9. There were twelve so-called "Mines Prophets."
 10. A barbecue is a large wooden or iron framework for roasting or broiling.