Evening Bublic Tedger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PARADERT Charles H. Ludington, Vice President, John B. Collins of Treasurer: Philip S. Collins B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directo

EDITORIAL BOARD Cracs H. K. Cearis, Chairman AVID E. SMILEY....

OHN C. MARTIN General Business Manager dished daily at Pratic Largess Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Press Union Building 206 Metropolitan Tower 403 Ford Building 1008 Fullerton Building 1202 Tribune Building

Braner.
Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and leth St. The Sun Building SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

The Evening Public Lebons is served to aub-ribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns t the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier.

To the carrier, points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month. sessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month. Six (36) deliars per year, payable in advance. To all foreign countries one (\$1) dollar per

Notice-Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address. * BELL, 1000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 1000

Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Member of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclu-lively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not

otherwise oredited in this paper, and also the local news published therein. All rights of republication of special dis-patches herein are also reserved. Philadelphia, Feiday, March 1, 1919

HAVE WE A JIM COUZENS?

WE BEGIN the publication on this page today of a series of articles by James Couzens, the reform Mayor of Detroit, who has led the citizens of that community in their campaign for better government

Mr. Couzens is one of the most successful business men in the West. He is wice president of the Ford Motor Company and has other large financial interests. He was public spirited enough to accept the office of Police-Commissioner and he cleaned up the city. In the municipal election last fall he was a candidate for the mayoralty on a nonpartisan ticket, provided for in a new city charter in the framing and adoption of which he was largely influential.

Detroit, under the lead of this man, has developed a civic conscience. In his campaign for Mayor last fall Mr. Couzens devoted himself to urging the men to vote and to attacking the man who votes selfishly for "grinding his own ax." He was chosen by an overwhelming majority and he is, therefore, justified when he says that the way his city reorganized its government was by "firing the man with the ax to grind."

We commend what he has to say to the attention of the voters of this city. It is extremely pertinent at this time when we are all thinking of the changes that ought to be made in the charter and are talking of the number of officers who ought to be elected and of the size of the Councils and of the general purposes for which charter revision is sought.

There is nothing that this community needs just now more than a Jim Couzens who has the vision and who has the business equipment and who has the willingness to devote his time and his energies to lifting the city government to the plane of Detroit's.

THE FIRST TEST

THOEVER is in doubt as to the sentiment of the voters on the league-ofnations idea should study the returns from the special election in the Twentysecond Congressional District held on Tuesday to choose a successor to the late E. E. Robbins.

Mr. Robbins, a Republican, was elected to Congress in 1916 by a plurality of 3800, and last November he was reelected by a plurality of 9000. The district, comprising Butler and Westmoreland Counties, has been Republican since the founding of the party.

In the special election John H. Wilson, Democrat, ran on a platform pledging his support of the league of nations. John M. Jamison, his Republican opponent, did not commit himself on the subject beyond promising to follow the lead of his party. What some of the Republican leaders thought the attitude of the party should be was disclosed on Tuesday morning by the publication of the Lodge resolutions with the names of thirty-seven Republican Senators as indersers, including the two Republican Senators from this state.

Mr. Jamison was defeated and Mr. Wilson was elected by a plurality of about 400 votes, with 60 per cent of the normal vote polled. This change from 9000 Republican plurality on the issue of the support of the Democratic party in 1918 to 400 Democratic plurality in 1919 on the issue of support of a league to make war difficult ought to be instructive to Senator Lodge as well as to Senators Penrose and Knox.

EMERICA GETS ITS FIRST CALIF ACALIPH, or as the spelling reformers would have it, a calif, is primarily a successor of Mohammed and secondarily any Mohammedan chief or religious ruler.

The Californians have persuaded the stoffice Department to order that the ial abbreviation of the name of their state shall hereafter be Calif., instead of Cals for the reason that Cal, is freblorado when it is intended for places in the coast state.

California becomes Calif. And with me appropriateness, too, for there is greater variety of religions hospitably In those of any other American wealth. It is next-door neighbor So Orient and receives an overflow of Buddhists, Confucianists,

Parsees and the like, and its climate attracts the American propagandists of numerous new and strange cults. As the religious leader, if not ruler, of America it stands supreme.

Hats off, and hurrahs and vivas, but no hochs, for the first American calif.

THE GUILT OF JUDGES AT COMING WAR INQUIRIES

Who Is Actually Responsible for the Fearful

Waste and the Tragic Mistakes in France and Elsewhere? INVESTIGATIONS into the conduct of

the war will be plentiful from now on. Sir Sam Hughes, former Minister of Militia in Canada, has shocked the people of the provinces with the assertion that many thousands of the dominion's soldiers were sent needlessly to death in vain attacks

Congress before it adjourned was working up a feverish enthusiasm for army probes, which will be renewed at the next session.

In every country that participated in the fight against Germany ugly and revolting stories of failure and confusion will be told. Most of them will be true. But the tragedy of the matter is that the great and terrible significance of such revelations will be lost through the efforts of men who will be sure to make party or personal issues of war inquiries.

The lives of soldiers were wasted in every battle. Men died terribly of disease and neglect under every flag. On every front they were sacrificed without results. To suppose that it could have been otherwise is to cherish hypocritical delusions.

Almost from the first the war was peyond the control of the men who fought in it. Actions of incredible vioence raged often on lines twenty-five miles long. Victory and defeat became matters of chance or accident. Certainly there was inefficiency in many commands and many bureaus, and it ought to be punished. But the greater fault must always lie with those who permitted the war to be, since the war became a thing that could not be managed, a staggering, groping, disordered conflict in which no human intelligence could maintain anything like perfect order or complete co-ordination of units.

Unexpected weaknesses developed under pressure too great for human endurance, wild things were done in desperate emergencies, systems of operation devised with infinite care and pains broke down and became piteously futile under a combination of events that no one could have foreseen.

It is because war itself is so hideously wrong in an age of science and machinery that the sleek probers will be able to uncover horrors and failures without limit when they sit down to crucify the spirits of men whose greatest fault was that they were unequal to strain that never should have been put upon them.

War cannot be waged in an orderly manner any more. It is not even fighting. It is a slow, deliberate pulping of men by foundry methods.

Valor and daring no longer count for victory. Those who have the deadliest guns or the vilest gas or the greatest weight of steel are the winners. Slaughter occurs at unexpected places because of these newer methods of fighting and, of course, hospital methods prove inadequate. The vastness of modern armies. the scope of actions and the destructiveness of modern artillery have made the assured co-operation of essential units impossible.

To assume that war can be waged without brutal waste and endless mistakes of judgment is to exalt a lie and parade it as shining truth. And that is what a good many of the war probers will do.

Officers and departments that failed to create perfection out of chaos will be virtuously arraigned for judgment and sentence will be pronounced upon them by men who stayed at home and escaped the lightmare realities of French battlefields and, in the end, shouted down the league of nations.

Americans, British, French, Italians and Russians and the Germans and the Austrians-all fared in the war as men fare in tempests. We were more fortunate than the others. Still we have

Brest to complain of. There are disturbing reports of brave men caught in poison-gas waves in the Argonne forests and of men in other actions who were slaughtered because of

a failure of artillery support. The British have Gallipoli and Lens, French units were trapped many times and wiped out for reasons that no one ever can explain. What will the Germans say if ever they sit down to inquire into the Verdun campaign and the 500,000 casualties suffered by the Crown Prince's army in that futile adventure? And what of the 1,700,000 Russians who ed like flies before the revolution?

To organize solemn and elaborate inquiries into what it will soon be fashionable to call the mistakes of the war is to imply that war can be waged without mistakes and without cruel waste. Yet war is in itself nothing br' an organized process of waste and sacrifice. With modern weapons it is a confusion of forces so vast as to defy the human intelligence appointed to control it. It is for this reason that war must be

stopped. One of the tragic intervals of peace will come when Senators Reed, Poindexter and Sherman and the rest of the critics sit down, like the Reeds, Poindexters and Shermans of every Allied country, to question and accuse the army men who return, broken from abroad

because, when they were caught in some particularly bitter emergency, they were not so great as God

Minds that dwelt serenely in silk hats at a far distance while hell was loose over the earth are best qualified, it seems, to render judgment in such instances.

There will be something infinitely sad, and at the same time largely humorous, about the war probes everywhere. They will mislead public opinion at a time when clear thinking is essential to the present and future safety of the country. No one will question their wisdom and authority. Army officers are disciplined to accept punishment in silence. They will take their medicine, doubtless, and believe themselves guilty. It is safe to assume that none of the soldiers to be accused will over establish a precedent by rising in his chair and blasting his inquisitors with a pronouncement of those simple truths that everybody seems afraid to utter.

If the accused soldier were ever to turn accuser on his own account he could make out a magnificent case against some of the members of the United States Senate who will have places among his prosecutors.

"When you accuse me of wasting lives or of letting men die because I couldn't relieve them," he might say, "you are playing the part of hypocrites. There was no man on either side of this war who was not at some time asked to do impossible things and suffer intolerable pain. The accusation rests not against me, but against you and against every one who is reconciled to war, as war is fought in these days.

"It was you, gentlemen, who sneered at the efforts and hopes that may bring peace in the world. You are ignorant, but your ignorance doesn't excuse you. Men who died of gas and disease; those who were slaughtered because they couldn't be helped; the wounded who died without attendance; all the men who endured the cold inferno of the trenchés have you-not me-to blame. Because I have seen war and I hate it! You are reconciled to war. And to be reconciled to war is to be guilty!"

The Washington res-Let's Cut taurateur who tried the Grapefruit to tempt the appetite of William Piggott with grapefruit at seventy cents an order may have started something that will eventually curb his profits. Mr. Piggott, who is representing Seattle at the conference of Governors and Mayors, says he can buy an acre of grapefruit land in the West for that price. The Seattle man, in the exuberance of his humor, may have exaggerated the cheapness of western

land (ever so many people would be will-

ing to pay seventy-five cents an acre), but

he strikes a popular chord when he assails

this particular brand of profiteering.

"Longfellow and Whittier and Whit-Modern Child! man," says John Galsworthy in his essay on "American and Briton," which he is to read at the Bellevue-Stratford tonight, "can be read by the British child as simply as Burns and Shelley and Keats" The

excellent British child is undoubtedly far more emancipated than the juveniles of Philadelphia if he is permitted to browse unchecked over the somewhat virile strophes of the Camden bard. There is at least sin-Pity cerity in the procthe Blind lamation of the Pan-Germans in Bavaria

that their belief in the ultimate realization of a league of nations is as slender as their belief in eternal peace. In this they are perfectly logical. Their blockfitting mentality forbids them to believe what their imperfect morality makes them unable to understand.

There is possibility of trouble at the peace table at the substitution of Japan ware for China. Would it be just too terrible for any-

thing to wonder if it was the woman vote that made Vermont wet? Well, it's an ill wind, etc. The fili-

The junkers' desire to save the Kaiser is simply another evidence that the Pan-Germans need an extra panning.

repeal the daylight-saving law.

buster put a crimp in the Gore bill to

Whatever happens to the railroads, the Republican Senators have given themselves the privilege of shouldering the

The frequency with which the Bolshaviki are repulsed at Archangel would seem to indicate that the Allies are unable to insult 'em-

nationalisms—that of the league of nations and that of the Bolsheviki. And there is no place to sidestep. Maybe it gratifies the short-seabled thirty-seven to realize that while they have

The world has the choice of two inter-

east, hampered the President. A study of the income-tax blanks convinces us that Uncle Sam deserves the money for having thought of such a wonderfully complicated way of getting it.

not helped their own cause they have, at

As the eminent historian, Demosthenes McGinnis, once remarked concerning the Roman general, Wilsonius, "A strong chin is sometimes indicative of indifference to chin music."

The desire of the Spartacans to effect a junction with the Bolsheviki is the desire of birds of a feather to flock together-but the proper flocking place for jailbirds is

REFORM IN DETROIT

It Has Been Brought About by Getting Rid of the Man With an Ax to Grind

By JAMES COUZENS Mayor of Detroit

James Cousens, who assumed office as Mayor of Detroit on January 14, has de-scribed for the readers of the Evening Public scribed for the readers of the Evening Public Ledger how reform was brought about in his city. The series of three articles, the first of which is printed today, reviews the history of the city's new charter, explains its main provisions and sets forth the kind of arguments used to secure the active co-operation of the woters in the work of betterment. Mayor Couzans is one of the most successful business men in the West. He is applying his business ability to solving the problems of city government. As Police Commissioner he succeeded in cleaning up the city. He is expected to give the community a model government under the new charter which makes if comparatively easy for the a model government under the new which makes if comparatively easy for the Mayor to hold the heads of all departments to strict accountability.

DO not believe that there is a city in America with a healthler political mind than Detroit since she has divorced her city elections from state and nation by means of a nonpartisan charter provision. The present administration has been in office only since January 14 and, therefore, makes no claim to having brought about many of the improvements in our government. The credit goes to the individual Detroiter. He has learned co-operation and has changed his thought processes. Again the French phrase, "C'est la guerre," is most expressive. The war changed our municipal political tendencies.

Detroit's civic officials are no better than hose of many other cities, but the technical details of how Detroit assured herself a better city government may aid other communities seeking an awakened civic conscience. Fortunately, Detroit was arousing itself in a governmental way when the war overtook us. We had laid the keystones by a few legislative revisions, but perhaps they would have been lost sight of without the rejuvenation of the social

THE war period was like the early-season training days of a football outfit. We had teamwork forced upon us and found its value. We have found out that spiritually fit men are just as necessary to civic progress in times of peace as the physically fit are to national in wartime. It is my aim to have Detroit known as a city with a soul. It sounds idealistic, but we have the chance of generations to achieve our goat during this immediate post-bellum period.

As the recent issue of the paper of the Detroit Bureau of Governmental Research remarks, "Detroit's rededication problem is to build a city which will be as worth while to live in as it was to fight for." Some day somebody is going to give us a synonym for patriotism which may be ap plied to our love of city-where there is

I I were to be asked to explain how De-troit has reorganized its government, in ten words I would say, "It has fired the man with an ax to grind." Of course, the ability to accomplish such a thing goes right back to what we have been talking about. You have to educate the citizens to cease casting a ballot for somebody because he thinks that fellow will do something for him when he gets into office. The lesson which the Germans taught

Americans-the greatest advertisers in the world-on the use of propaganda ought to remain with us for a long time. I would like to see every city and town in the United States start to drive the man with an ax to grind to the bushes. It can be done, because that was the job Detroit accomplished. Only in this way can we hope to have city officials without obligations-in the odious sense of the word. The real American citizen does not want a favor if he does not believe it is being extended to any one else.

MY BASIC suggestion, therefore, js to get this propaganda to your voting population and to your nonvoting population through every possible source of publicity before the awakened consciousness of war days is lost. The heatless, wheatless, meatless, gasless days of last year were the greatest "holidays" America has ever known. * They celebrated the coming of the "Do yourself as you would have others do" era. We learned to think for the first time of people whom we had never met and to weigh their rights in our considera tions just as we did those of folks in the same block It is my earnest belief and conviction

that if this conscience can be aroused in any municipality and the man's ballot protected from tampering fingers after it is cast, that city is bound to have the type of government its best citizens aspire to. Detroit's experience proves that it can be

TAKE care of the city's soul and conscience and everything else takes care of itself, is my conviction.

Of course, Detroit has been aided not only by the unity which the war engendered, but also by state prohibition. Howover, the rest of the nation is to have prohibition and, as remarked before, American cities have the opportunity of generations to raise their political morale.

WE ARE all negligent who have to do with city government if we do not take advantage of our opportunity. We are losing one of the greatest benefits of the war if we do not see that our city governments profit by the citizen's present tendency to think of others as he never did before. The columns of discussion of the league of nations, based upon the theory that the strong shall think of the weak may have their reflection in our municipal relations if we only arouse ourselves.

We have been living in an age where man's will to do as he pleased has been uncircumscribed. It hearkens back to the fenceless days of pioneer times. The greater part of the better thinking world is agreed that the act of one country affects all others, and so Detroit has learned to know that the act of one individual affects all others.

If this gospel can be imparted to a city's industrial leaders as well as to its municipal executives, Ambassador Bryce's former arraignment of our citles must be with-

[The second article in the series will ap-

GETTING BACK ON THE JOB



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

A SLICE OF SUNLIGHT

ABOUT a quarter to 9 in the morning, | graph? Can you keep your heart young at this time of year, a slice of our | in a row of pigeonholes? Will you forgo pale primrose-colored March sunlight cuts the bleak air across the function of Broad and Chestnut streets and falls like a shining knife blade upon the low dome of the Girard Trust Building. Among those towering cliffs of masonry it is hard to see just where this shaving of brightness slips through, burning in the gray-filac shadows of that stone valley. But there it is, and it always sets me thinking.

Man has traveled far in his strange pil-grimage and solaced himself with many lean and brittle husks. It is curious to think how many of his ingenious inventions are merely makeshifts to render tolerable the hardships and limitations he has imposed upon himself in the name of "civilization." How often his greatest cunning is expended in devising some pa thetic substitute for the joy that once was his by birthright! He shuts himself up in beetling gibraltars of concrete, and thinks with pride of the wires, fans and pipes that bring him light, air and warmth. And yet sunshine and sky and the glow of blazing faggots were once common to all! He taks to his friends by telephone, telegraph or machine-written letters instead of in the heart-easing face-to-face of more leisured times. He invents printing presses to do his thinking for him, reels of translucent celluloid to thrill him with vicarious romance. Not until the desire of killing other men came upon him did he perfect the loveliest of his toys-the airplane. How far, in his perverse flight from the natural sources of joy has his love of trouble

So it is that one poor, thin, thwarted fliament of sunlight, falling for a few preclous minutes across a chasmed city street, eems so dazzling a boon and surprise that he passes enchanted on his darkened pavement. Man, how easily you are pleased!

TS THERE any one, in our alternate moods of bafflement and exultation, who has not brooded on this queer divergence of Life and Happiness? Sometimes we feel that we have been trapped: that Life, which once opened a vista so broad and golden, has somehow jostled and hurried us into a corner, into a narrow treadmill of meaningless gestures that exhaust our spirit and our mirth. In recent years all humanity has been herded in one vast cage of confusion and dread from which there seemed no egress. Now we are slowly, bitterly, perplexedly groping our way out of it. And perhaps in the difficult years of rebuilding each man will make some effort to architect his existence anew, creeping humbly and hopefully a little closer to the fountains of beauty and strength that lie all about us. When did we learn to cut ourselves apart from earth's miracles of refreshment? To wall ourselves in from the sun's great laughter, to forget the flamboyant pageantry of the world? Earth has wisdom for all our follies, healing for all our wounds, dusk and music for all our peevishness. Who taught us that we could do without her? Can you hear the skylark through a telephone or catch that

in a row of pigeonholes? Will you forgo the surf of ocean rollers to be serf to a rolltop desk?

LITTLE by little, and in haphazard ways, wisdom comes to a man. No matter how resolutely he shuts his ears, Truth tility, what a meanness and paltriness of living this is that would send us hence with all Life's great secrets unlearned, her ineffable beauties unguessed, her great folio only hastily glimpsed. Here is this spinning ball for us to marvel at, turning in an ever-changing bath of color and shadow, blazed with sunshine, drenched with silver rain, leaning through green and orange veils of dusk, and we creep with blinkered eyes along narrow alleys of unseeing habit. Here is the great book spread before us day by day. Chapter Sixteen: How the Surf Comes Crumbling In; or Chapter Ninety: Birch Trees by Moonlight; or Chapter Three: April Rainfall in a City Square-for this author's volume circulates all about us, and may be found on the humblest stall. Transcribe these passages on the pages of your heart, where you have found space (I'll warrant) for much more irrelevant matter. What will it profit us to keep a balance at the bank if we can't keep a balance of youth and sanity in our souls? Of what avail to ship carloads of goods north, east, south and west, if we cannot spare time to know our own dreams, to exchange our doubts and yearnings with our friends and neighbors?

TN EVERY man's heart there is a secret nerve that answers to this vibration of beauty. I can imagine no more fascinat ing privilege than to be allowed to ransack the desks of a thousand American business men, men supposed to be hard-headed, absorbed in brisk commerce. Somewhere in each desk one would find some hidden betrayal of that man's private worship. It might be some old newspaper clipping, perhaps a poem that had once touched him for even the humblest poets are stout par tisans of reality. It might be a photograph of children playing in the surf, or a little box of fish-hooks, or a soiled old timetable of some queer backwoods railroad or primifive steamer service that had once carried him into his land of heart's desire

T. REMEMBER a friend of mine, a man much perplexed by the cares of earth but slow to give utterance to his inner and tenderer impulses, telling me how he first grasped the meaning and value of these inscrutable powers of virtue that hurl the whole universe daily around our heads in an unerring orbit. For some reason or other—he was writing a book, I think, and sought a place of quiet—he had drifted for some winter weeks to the shore of a southern bay, down in Florida. When he came back he told me about it. It was several years ago, but'I remember the odd look in his eyes as he tried to describe his experience. "I never knew until now," he said "what sunshine and sky meant. I had always taken them for granted before." He old me of the strange sensation of light-

through him in that land where Nature writes her benignant lessons so plainly that all must draw their own conclusions. He told me of sunset flushes over long, purple waters, and of lying on sand beaches wrapped in sunshine, all the problems of human intercourse soothed away in a naked and unquestioning content. What he said was very little, but watching in his eyes I could guess what had happened. He had found more than sunshing and color and an arc of violent sea. He had found a new philosophy, a new strength and realization of the worthiness of life.

IS strange that men should have to be reminded of these things! How patiently, how persistently, with what dogged and misdirected pluck, they have taught themselves to ignore the elemental blessings of mankind, subsisting instead on pale and wizened and ingenious substitutes. It is like a man who should shoulder for a place at a quick lunch counter when a broad and leisurely banquet table was spread free just around the corner. The days tick by, as busy, as fleeting, as full of empty gestures as a moving picture film. We crowd old age upon ourselves and run out to embrace it, for age is not measured by number of days but by the exhaustion of each day. Twenty days lived at slow pulse, in harmony with earth's loveliness, are longer than two hundred crowded with feverish appointments and disappointments. Many, a man has, lived fifty or sixty hectic years and hever yet learned the unreckonable endlessness of one day's loitering, measured only by the graclous turning of earth and sun. Some one often asks me, "Why don't you wind the clocks?" But in those rare moments when I am sane clocks do not interest me,

What Do You Know?

1. How many Presidents of the United States have there been?

2. Who was "Ik Marvel"? 3. What are ember and rogation days? 4. Of what city was Edwin Forcest, the celebrated American tragedian,

native? 5. Where is Luray Caye?

How many kings of England were named James? 7. What wicked queen was known as the "She-Wolf of France"?

8: What is an equerry? 9. What are carnivera?

10. What part of the land surface of the globe lies the most below sea-level?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Little Rock is the capital of Arkanshs. 2. Edith Cavell was executed by the Ger-mans in October, 1915.

3. Admiral Sims was commander of the

American fleet in European waters during the war. 4. The vernal equinox begins on March 21 at 11:19 a. m.

5. The Nobel peace prize in 1917 was won by the International Red Cross of Geneva.

6. Richard Lovelace, the English post,

wrote "To Lucasta on Going to the Wara" 7. Palm Sunday, this year, falls on April 13,

8. Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston.

9. Maarten Maartens was the pen-name of J. M. W. van der Poorten-Schwarts, a nineteenth century Dutch novelist, who wrote in English.