

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

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.

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.

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

Minds that dwell 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.

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.

Let's Cut the Grapefruit The Washington restaurateur who tried to tempt the appetite of William Piggott with grapefruit at seventy cents an order may have started something that will eventually curb his profits.

"Longfellow and Whittier and Whittier," says John Galsworthy in his essay on "American and Briton," which he reads at the Bellevue-Stratford tonight.

Pity the Blind There is at least sincerity in the proclamation of the Pan-Germans in Bavaria in the ultimate realization of a league of nations is as slender as their belief in eternal peace.

There is possibility of trouble at the peace table at the substitution of Japan for China.

Would it be just so terrible for anything to wonder if it was the woman vote that made Vermont wet?

Well, it's an ill wind, etc. The filibuster put a crimp in the Gore bill to repeal the daylight-saving law.

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

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

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

The world has the choice of two internationalisms—that of the league of nations and that of the Bolsheviks. And there is no place to sidestep.

Maybe it gratifies the short-sighted thirty-seven to realize that while they have not helped their own cause they have, at least, 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.

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 Spartacuses to effect a junction with the Bolsheviks is the desire of birds of a feather to flock together—but the proper flocking place for jailbirds is behind bars.

REFORM IN DETROIT

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

By JAMES COUZENS Mayor of Detroit

James Couzens, who assumed office as Mayor of Detroit on January 14, has described 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 cooperation of the voters in the work of betterment.

I DO not believe that there is a city in America with a healthier 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 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.

IF I were to be asked to explain how Detroit 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 citizenry to cause 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, is 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.

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. However, 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 unimpeded. It harkens back to the fencible 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 cities must be withdrawn.

[The second article in the series will appear next Monday.]

GETTING BACK ON THE JOB



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

A SLICE OF SUNLIGHT

ABOUT a quarter to 9 in the morning at this time of year, a slice of our pale primrose-colored March sunlight cuts the bleak air across the junction of Broad and Chestnut streets and falls like a shining knife blade upon the low dome of the Girard Trust Building.

MAN has traveled far in his strange pilgrimage and soled 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."

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 done.

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

IS 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.

I REMEMBER a friend of mine, a man but slow to give utterance to his inner and tender 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 told me of the strange sensation of lightness and quiet smiling that had flooded

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graph? Can you keep your heart young in a row of pigeonholes? Will you forgo the surf of ocean rollers to be serf to a rollopt desk?

LITTLE by little, and in haphazard ways, wisdom comes to a man. No matter how resolutely he shuts his ears, Truth keeps pricking within him. What a faculty, what a meanness and patrician 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 hillside 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?

IT 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 never yet learned the unreckonable endlessness of one day's loitering, measured only by the gracious 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?

QUIZ

- 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 Forrest, the celebrated American tragedian, a native?
5. Where is Luray Cave?
6. 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 carnivora?
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 Arkansas.
2. Edith Cavell was executed by the Germans 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 poet, wrote "To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars."
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-Schwartz, a nineteenth century Dutch novelist, who wrote in English.
10. Nine Presidents of the United States served more than one term in office.