

**Evening Public Ledger**  
**THE EVENING TELEGRAPH**  
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.  
 ATLANTIC CITY: 206 Metropolitan Tower Building, 20th and Market Sts.  
 ST. LOUIS: 1008 Fullerton Building, 10th and Olive Sts.  
 CHICAGO: 1802 Tribune Building, 10th and Dearborn Sts.

**WASHINGTON BUREAU:**  
 200 Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.  
**LONDON BUREAU:**  
 22, Abchurch Lane, London E. C. 4, England

The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve cents per week, payable to the carrier.  
 The paper is carried free outside Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or United States possessions, postage free, fifty cents per month. Six dollars per year, payable in advance.  
 To all foreign countries one dollar per month.  
 Notice—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

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Philadelphia, Thursday, April 3, 1919

taining ambitions not justified by his own experience or qualifications. But his "hat in the ring." His name keeps fresh an affectionate memory in the hearts of all red-blooded and youthful Americans, men and boys who have been wont to think of manhood before political principles. They and others, it is hoped, will judge him solely on his merits.

If, indeed, his own worth carries him into the seats of the mighty, where the spirits of his father and of Lincoln and of Washington still hover, or the flood-tide of his splendid war record recedes and echoes a no greater name than just "citizen Roosevelt," he is but doing what thousands of American schoolboys are doing each day—whispering to themselves, "Little George Washington just so high, he became President and why can't I?"

**BEWARE OF THE BEFUDDLERS OF CHARTER REVISION!**

Police Ruled From Harrisburg and a Mayorality Reduced to a Mere Honorary Figure-head in Violation of Local Home Rule

SINISTER efforts are apparently making to wreck the charter-revision program.

Reports have been put out that a "ripper" bill is planned to remove the Mayor and Councils and to empower the Governor to fill the offices until an election can be held. The purpose of these rumors is to create the impression that the control of the election machinery is to be put into new hands before the mayoralty election.

If the impression can be created that the men backing the charter revision are seeking to destroy home rule temporarily as a means of getting what they are accused of seeking there will be natural and righteous indignation among the voters, indignation so hot that the legislators in Harrisburg will not dare pass any important charter bills.

Still further, certain interests are advocating openly the distribution of the present powers of the Mayor among a lot of other officials and the creation of a metropolitan police commission to take the control of the local police force from the local authorities and put it in the hands of a commission named in Harrisburg.

The suggestion of these things is an insult to the intelligence of the people of this city.

The primary purpose of charter revision is to give us a greater degree of home rule, and to do away with the necessity of going to the state capital when we wish authority to change the details of local administration.

To put our police force in charge of a state commission is to destroy the very essential of home rule. To urge it as a way to take the police out of politics is to indulge in the most transparent and barefaced sophistry. The police are in politics not because the Director of Public Safety is appointed by the Mayor. And they would not necessarily be taken out of politics if the head should be appointed by the Governor. The change would involve nothing more than shifting control of the police from one political group to another.

The police are in politics because the politicians wish them to be in politics. They were taken out of politics under Mayor Blankenburg without any change in the laws. They can be taken out of politics instantly under the laws proposed by the charter revision committee provided proper officials are elected by the people.

The police provisions of the charter draft of the citizens' committee will not prevent the use of the police for political purposes if the officials desire to use them in that way and if the people of the city are content to have them so used. But the charter draft does provide a way by which worthy citizens, aggrieved by the abuse of power by the Director of Public Safety, can bring him to book. Any taxpayer can go into court with evidence that the police are being made tools of the politicians and secure the removal from office of the offending policeman and of the superior officers who have winked at the pernicious activities of their subordinates.

This plan places upon the people right here the responsibility for the conduct of their Police Department and the remedy for its misconduct if misconduct there be. It has real teeth in it.

To urge anything else in good faith or with sinister motives is to advocate the adoption of principles in city government long since abandoned. It is to demand that we go back twenty-five or fifty years and undo all that has been done to free great cities from the continual interference of the state law-making bodies.

It is to confess that we are not capable of governing ourselves.

It is to expose the city to the danger of being governed by the faction which is in the majority in the state at large and may be in the minority here. It is to attack local democracy at its tap root, which is government by the local majority.

If it is desirable that there should be home rule, it is impossible to muster a single argument in favor of the metropolitan police system which can commend itself to the reason of an intelligent human being.

The proposition to decentralize the power of the Mayor is as pernicious as the proposition to place the control of the police under a state commission. The Mayor has too little power rather than too much.

We are talking all the time about the importance of the application of business principles to city government. Every great business man holds the heads of his various departments responsible for the department. If any department fails to produce results the head of the business knows who is to

blame and he calls the offender to account.

The people elect a Mayor to manage their city government. If he has power enough he can manage it successfully, provided, of course, he is also endowed with sufficient ability. And if the city is badly governed, the people know who is to blame and can elect a different kind of a man the next time. The chief executive officer must be the executive officer in chief, holding all of his subordinates responsible, as he is held responsible. He is the city manager, by whatever name he may be known.

A charter which will give the absolute executive direction of the business of the city to its Mayor will command the services of a much higher type of man than a charter which ties the hands of the Mayor and makes him impotent in the face of flagrant inefficiency, or worse, on the part of the heads of the different departments under him.

All this is so obvious that when it is stated it is proved.

The evils which we are combating are known. The proper remedies are also known and are as familiar to students of municipal government as the cure for the common ills of the body are known to the physicians. All that any sincere friend of charter revision is trying to do is to apply the known remedies to the known ills.

Those who are befuddling the issue, with undoubted sinister motives, are like the quack doctor prescribing some nostrum not to cure, but to enrich himself or those who are dependent on him.

That is, unless they are mere monkeys being used to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for some more astute men behind them.

We want no ripper bills, unless it be a bill to oust the present Board of Revision of Taxes—appointive by the Board of Judges and virtually irresponsible to the voters—in the interest of a fair assessment and an honest tax rate, along with other changes to be made effective in the new Council. This would not be a real ripper, but a step in progress.

And we want no bills to shift control of our affairs to Harrisburg on the theory that we cannot be trusted to manage them ourselves.

This city is capable of running its own business. The laws to be passed should be laws which will untie the people's hands and leave them free to do what they wish to do and which will also provide remedies to be used by the people at large when by any chance the servants they have elected in good faith prove recreant.

In brief, we wish majority rule, with power conferred upon the minority to hold the majority to strict account. We shall get these things if the citizens' committee charter draft is passed substantially as it has been introduced in the Legislature. We shall not get them if these cunning alternative propositions—metropolitan police and a figurehead mayorality—are passed.

**THE GOWNSMAN**

Revolution in Portugal

A WITTY speaker once likened the republics of South and Central America to the terrestrial globe, swimming in space. "For," said he, "down there they have a revolution of their own every twenty-four hours." It would seem that these fortunate wards of the Monroe Doctrine, for whose behoof some North Americans seem willing to hazard the peace of the rest of the world, have come by this revolutionary recurrence quite honestly. The opera bouffe is in their veins.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the Gownsmen a clipping from a recent number of O Seculo, a newspaper of Lisbon, which is too good to keep. Translated with little more than a certain involuntary freedom, it reads much as follows:

"Revolutions in Portugal are becoming periodical and there seems no good reason why they should not enter, like rain, good weather, movable feasts and holidays into meteorological almanacs. For the convenience of all, future predictions should contain an enumeration of all prospective revolutions (approximately, of course), with the probable dates and, as nearly as possible, the hours. For example: February 14, Friday, Saint Valentine's Day, full moon, sun rises at 7:30, revolution in Lisbon at 5:50 p. m." "March 2, Saturday, Saint Simplicio, new moon, sun sets 7:17, insurrection in Leiria at 3:45 p. m." Thus we shall all be warned, small accidents, especially a want of punctuality, may be prevented and no one need haunt the tobacco shops to learn what is going on. On the 14th of February, at 5:45 in the afternoon, the law-abiding citizen, happily forgetting, goes down to the streets, and there he waits for the windows and waits. On the other hand, the revolutionists at that moment know their accustomed duty and the government takes its customary precautions. Nobody is alarmed; there are no dinner parties, no one buys tickets for the theatre and birthdays are carefully kept—for the next day.

"ALTHOUGH it must be confessed that public services, such as that of the postoffice and the railroads, are not very well organized in Portugal, perhaps a 'service of revolutions' might have better luck. We might send out a letter and revolution quite so much as a belated letter. But I must insist on a skillful publicity. I do not want to speak ill of my own country, but the truth is that frequently a regrettable confusion does occur. A revolution announced, for instance, eight days beforehand for such and such a day at noon does not go off, owing to the bad example of our express trains, until four hours after schedule time. This creates a bad impression, especially in foreign countries, and causes disturbances in the lives of methodical people.

"NATIONS, like private citizens, should learn how to profit by their characteristics; and revolutions, long an acknowledged industry of Portugal, have now become one of its attractions. 'Eso de las revoluciones, como va?' (And how is the revolution coming on?) Romanones asked me this question the other day before he inquired after my health. This, too, is the question likely to greet a Portuguese as soon as he passes the frontiers; and only too often he is unable to satisfy this natural and flattering curiosity on the part of foreigners. Now, it being known with some degree of certainty that on March 2, at a given hour, the trouble will be on in Leiria, an express train service might be organized for that district, with a prearranged itinerary and convenient guides for the curious. A little visit to Batalha might be included and my friend, Prof. Lopes Vieira might arrange for an adequate lecture on the Abbey of Alcobaca. The town, the railway company and hotelkeepers would profit and the patriot in any part of the world could elucidate, after consulting his almanac, thus: 'I will tell you, your excellency, there is at this moment a revolution in Braga, likely to prove very entertaining and to draw a great crowd. Braga is a very ancient and interesting town, and your excellency should take advantage of the opportunity to visit the cathedral, which, I can assure you, is well worth while.'

"WE WOULD recommend, as soon as this service is organized, an equitable distribution of revolutionary attractions to all the provinces, arranged as far as possible with a due consideration of climate and the seasons of the year. The government must not fail to intervene in this delicate matter, in order that no part of the country remain a monopoly to the prejudice of any other. And it is important not to have too many disturbances in any one month and none in some other. Indeed, why not divide Portugal into revolutionary zones, the right of inspection to remain in the tourists' office, and, if needful, establish a new ministry, which, once created, will doubtless have plenty to do? The Ministry of Revolutions and Social Corruption; that sounds very well, and will make a profit out of a sure thing? There is little method in much that is Portuguese. Why not have a little method in our revolutions?"

"YESTERDAY," writes the Gownsmen's correspondent, "I saw a mob in the Rocio. Several men were on a balcony in military costume was talking; from the looks of his hands, thrust forward, and so on, I knew it was a fine speech. The crowd gathered, then suddenly fled in panic—a very characteristic scene. It would seem that the man on the balcony was he who had appeared on the balcony." To the cheering he had replied, 'Viva Republica!'

"Yes, but which? The Republic of July, or umsteem and nine, that of December 5 or that of April? Old or new?"

"Some one in the crowd yelled, 'Viva Republica velha!' the old."

"'Nao,' answers Teofilo, 'Viva Republica Nova!'

"'Fine for you to be saying that safely up there in the balcony,' sneers a Democrat."

"'I'll come down,' says Teofilo, and he descends behind a 45 automatic, yelling, 'Nova, nova!' wherefore the scattering of the mob."

"'REVOLUTIONS!' says a Portuguese, 'they are nothing here; just going showers. But then one hates to be caught in a shower with his good clothes on.' Another exclaims, 'Ah, snhor, our only hope is that the Americans will run this unhappy country.'"

The Bolsheviki have long been too red to blush.

Suggested adjective for the Peace Conference weather report: "Fair."

It was 176 years ago yesterday that Thomas Jefferson was born, but his spirit still lives. He is still with us, his words still ring in our ears, his example still before us. He is still with us, his words still ring in our ears, his example still before us.



**JAPANIC!**

IN THREE days the latest Japanese scare budded, flowered, expanded, glittered and collapsed. The intimation at the State Department that reports of a Japanese land coup in Southern California were due to politics is far graver than any aspect of the California incident, which seems now to have involved nothing but the desire of some American landowners to lease an isolated tract to some Japanese farmers.

Who is interested in discrediting the existing Mexican Government and intent upon creating new irritations between the American people and the people of Mexico? Or who is particularly desirous of creating a widespread suspicion of Japan in this country at a time like this?

Rumors of Japanese ambitions in South America have been renewed at regular intervals for twenty years and at times have been circumstantial enough to inspire senatorial activity and grave debate. Yet there never was any actual proof to warrant American anxiety or resentment. Japan has her worries and ambitions in the East.

When Senator Phelan launched the latest rumors he doubtless was suffering from nerves. He may be declared innocent of hidden purposes. But the State Department will do a service for the country if it can reveal the names of the men who make the sort of ammunition that Senator Phelan fired.

**THE STATE'S ART JURY**

IT OUGHT to be easily possible to reconcile the functions of the State Art Commission suggested by Governor Sprunt and provided for in a pending bill at Harrisburg with those of the Art Jury which already exists in this city. There is no justification for a measure that would "rip" the Philadelphia organization out of existence.

The state itself needs precisely the sort of supervision in relation to art development in its various communities that Mr. Widener and his associates have provided here. The next ten years will bring a great expansion of decorative work in smaller towns and cities which are already preparing to commemorate the part which they and their citizens played in the war. An expert eye and trained judgment will be necessary in the authoritative direction of such work if millions aren't to be wasted in clumsy and uninspiring buildings and monuments.

The Governor has very properly attempted to meet the situation by providing for an art commission to be endowed with general jurisdiction in the state. At the same time, the plan as it is now being considered would eliminate the Philadelphia jury, which has worked most admirably because of its special knowledge of the peculiar needs and aims of this city.

This prospect suggests a serious fault in the Governor's bill, which has already been passed by the Senate. What is needed is an amendment to insure the continuance of the jury in Philadelphia, which has proved its value by actually setting the example for the state itself in this instance.

**SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, son of perhaps the most dynamic force which ever made its appearance in American public life, in announcing that he has abandoned the pursuit of business for a political career, has chosen a crucial moment to pull on his father's boots and step into that sea which ever ebbs and flows at the whim of the man with the ballot. Whether its flood will lead him on to fortune only the will-o'-the-wisp of Republican politics can tell.

In this country the door of opportunity is open to every man who, on his own merits, works out the combination which opens the lock. The task of the young man who would seek to travel the path which a great father had blazed is a heavy one, fraught with exaggerated expectations of ability and attainment.

The public will perhaps realize that, in carrying that burden, young Roosevelt has assumed a liability rather than an asset and will frown upon any tendency which will seek to accuse him of depending upon his father's reputation.

He faces peculiarly dangerous political odds. Perhaps he enters upon a career in which the suspicion of en-

**FRANCE AND DOOMSDAY BOOK**

FOR France, read Chile. For defeated Germany, read Peru. For the Saar- or Sarre-coal fields, read the Taenarica nitrate mines. Trace the story through the biggest book in the world—the book of history. To many readers it is a terrible volume, a "Doomsday Book," a cold and steely commentary on human error.

It takes courage to turn its pages, yet for every disillusionment they contain there is by implication a contrasting ideal. Confucius is accredited with stating the Golden Rule negatively. Similarly in the world's "Doomsday Book," the demonstration of "how-not-to-do-it" furnishes so often the key to justice.

Between 1879 and 1883 the republics of Chile and Peru fought a fierce and bloody war. It is the subject of a comparatively little read, yet vitally instructive, chapter in the great book. Therein it is recounted how the struggle primarily concerned possession of immensely valuable deposits of nitrate. Chile won the fray. Peru was prostrate, bankrupt.

As an extension of the indemnity principle, the Treaty of Ancón provided that those precious fields and the provinces in which they lay be turned over to the victor for a period of ten years. At the end of that time sovereignty was to be determined by a plebiscite. It has never been held! Peru, renewed in strength, nourishes an unremitting grudge for her conqueror. South America is continually darkened by war clouds. Chile assumes the attitude that "her property" is being coveted by her neighbor nation. Full diplomatic relations between the two countries have never been resumed.

In lieu of any guide to the future only the record of the past can be consulted. It is clamorous with warning when we change the names in that tragic South American chapter, as France stretches out her hands for temporary control of the Saar Valley.

The torture which France has suffered under provocation from a cruel and savage foe has brought to the love which all civilization bears her the profoundest sympathy and pity. The world, and especially America, owes her so much that the feeling that she should be satisfied, no matter what her demands, is undoubtedly hard to resist in many hearts. But the lustre of her role which she plays will be enhanced in grandeur, if that keen logic of which she has always been mistress is applied to the present situation. The republic should be unsullied in her beauty. Renunciation of her claims to the Saar country would be a supreme gesture dear to the French imagination.

More sailors in the United States navy than doughboys in the army married abroad, and the world is now wondering why this should be. There still are critics, of course, who will insist that the sailor loses hurriedly into married life because he isn't afraid of aquila.

**SUNNY SIDE UP**

Trailing Mrs. Trollope

ROY HELTON has lent us a copy of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in which Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony, recorded her numerous chagrins during a three-year tour among the barbarians in 1837-39.

She visited Philadelphia in the summer of 1839, and remarks as follows upon some scenes familiar to us:

"The State House has nothing externally to recommend it. . . . there is a very pretty inclosure before the Washington entrance, with good, well-kept grass walks. . . . Near this inclosure is another of much the same description, called Washington Square. Here there was an excellent crop of clover; but as the trees are numerous, and highly beautiful, and several commodious seats are placed beneath their shade, it is, in spite of the long grass, a very agreeable retreat from heat and dust. It was rarely, however, that I saw any of these seats occupied; the Americans have either no leisure or no inclination for those moments of relaxation that all other people, I believe, indulge in. Even their drama, so universally taken by rich and poor, are swallowed standing, and, excepting at church, they never leave the air of leisure or repose. This pretty Washington Square is surrounded by houses on three sides, but (hasso!) has a prison on the fourth. It is nevertheless, the nearest approach to a London square that is to be found in Philadelphia."

EVEN after nearly ninety years there is a certain pang in learning that while Mrs. Trollope found nothing comely about the exterior of Independence Hall, she proclaimed New York's City Hall as "noisy."

TRYING to imagine that we were Mrs. Trollope, we took a stroll up Ninth street in the bright April sun. It was Marchy and the burly sandwich-man of Market street, the long-haired, hatless philosopher so well known by sight, was leaning shivering in his shirt-sleeves against an arc light standard trying to wrap his advertising board around him like an overcoat. "Why don't you walk up and down a bit?" we asked him, after he had rebuked the thermometer with a robust adjective which would have caused Mrs. Trollope to call for hartshorn and ammonia.

"Can't do it," he said. "I've got a bum job today. Got to stand on this corner, advertising a new drug store; 7:30 to 12:30 and 1:30 to 5:30. It's a long day, I'll say so."

NINTH STREET above Market is a delightful and varied world in itself. At the corner of Filbert we found the following chalked on a modest blackboard:

Irish Stew  
Pot Roast  
2 Vegetables  
15c

Within a number of citizens were taking those standing drama Mrs. Trollope deprecates. We were reminded by these social phenomena that we had not lunched. In a neighboring beehive we dealt with a delightful rhubarb pie, admiring the perfection of the waitress's demeanor. Neither too condescending nor too friendly, she laid the units of our repast upon the marble counter with a firm clank which seemed to imply that our eating there meant nothing to her; yet she hoped we might find nourishment enough not to die on her hands.

THE assorted attractions of North Ninth Street never fall the affectionate stroller. Novelty shops where mysterious electric buzzers vibrate and rattle on the plate-glass panes, and safety razors reach bottomless prices that would tempt even a Russian statesman to unbush. Picture shops, where such really delightful sentimental engravings as "The End of the Silex" cause soft-hearted bystanders to fly home and write to dear old grandmothers; wine shops where electric bubbles shimmer all day long within pyramids of six bottles. Stock Up Before July First!

**IN A HOSPITAL**

I HAVE a little garden—That's very fair to see—Asters, pinks and pansies, Roses and sweet peas.

Close grouped in tiny clusters—Each lifts its smiling head—My garden's on a table—That stands beside my bed.

Soft pink, rich purple, yellow, Like some gay butterfly, I love to watch them nodding Against my window sky.

The perfume of the pansies Is like rich garden loam, The perfume of the roses Whispers to me of home, —Constance Johnson, in "Everybody's."

Remember, it was Uncle Sam who bestowed the precious gift of victory. All he will ask in a few days is a loan.

Senator Ashurst some months ago called Lower California "the Achilles' heel of the United States." He might have added that it was periodically shod with gum-shoe politics.

One admirable feature of the proposed airplane traffic rules is that grade crossings can be inexpensively abolished by mere fiat.

It looks as though it will be up to Senator Borah to drop the "d" from his cry of "Amend!" when the revised league pact is submitted to him.

"Berlin gambling crazy," says a headline. Evidently the same old plunger she was when Ludendorff speculated so desperately.

King Coal is anything but a merry monarch when he intrudes upon the Paris conference.

**What Do You Know?**

**QUIZ**

1. What are the two languages of Belgium?
2. What is the meaning of "carte blanche" and what is the origin of the phrase?
3. What kind of a boat is a dingey?
4. Where is Constanza, where troops of the Entente are said to have landed?
5. What Roman Emperor delighted to enter the gladiatorial contests in the Colosseum and styled himself "The Second Hercules"?
6. What scholastic degree is expressed by the letters LL.B.?
7. Who wrote "Hans sorrow; care'll kill a cat"?
8. What is the capital of Missouri?
9. Who is William Hale Thompson?
10. What is the new world's record for speed by an airplane?

**Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**

1. Bela Kun is the Foreign Minister of Bolshevist Hungary.
2. The Idaho is ranked as the largest and most powerful battleship in the world.
3. Demure is the word applied to the creator of the world in Platonic philosophy; also sometimes to the Christian God or to supposed subordinate agents in creation.
4. Anatole France is a noted French novelist, essayist, satirist and savant. His real name is Anatole Thibault.
5. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were the American Presidents who died on the Fourth of July, 1826.
6. Gas was first used in an attack in the war by the Germans in 1915.
7. "The Book of Revelation" is sometimes called "The Book of the Apocalypses."
8. Skirting is playing the baccapone.
9. Potable water means drinkable water.
10. A vedette is a mounted sentry placed in advance of an outpost.