

Evening Public Ledger
THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CURTIS H. CURTIS, President
 CHARLES H. LINDSAY, Vice President
 JOHN C. COLLIER, Secretary and Treasurer
 JOHN B. WILSON, John J. Sproule, Directors

EDITORIAL BOARD:
 CURTIS H. CURTIS, Chairman
 DAVID N. SMILEY, Editor
 ROBERT C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
 PHILADELPHIA: Public Ledger Building, Independence Square.
 NEW YORK: 100 Broadway.
 PITTSBURGH: 100 Water Street.
 WASHINGTON: 1500 Tribune Building.
 CHICAGO: 1500 Tribune Building.

NEWS BUREAUS:
 WASHINGTON: 1500 Tribune Building.
 NEW YORK: 100 Broadway.
 PITTSBURGH: 100 Water Street.
 CHICAGO: 1500 Tribune Building.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
 The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding suburbs at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable in advance.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 8, 1919

management concerning the league of nations. "Marse Henry's" pen is still brilliant, but it is old. It writes phrases that are as archaic today as would be any brief in support of the exploded southern doctrine of state rights.

The situation is illuminating not so much for its exhibition of the triumph that men grow old as for its emphasis on the heartening that the vital spirit of any period is ever young. Ideas march when even distinguished men stand still. The real reason why Colonel Watterson will not continue to write for the paper in which for more than half a century he addressed thousands of persons is that the majority of his readers do not care to hear him when he opposes a world-league covenant.

Objections to details of the pact abound, but antipathy to its general principle is exceedingly faint.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SNOB, AND U. S. PEACE POLICIES

Misunderstanding of This Country's Aims Unusually Conspicuous Among "Unfinished Americans"

SNOBBERY isn't peculiar to any country. But unquestionably it is a mental habit that recently has been revealing disagreeable aspects in the United States.

Among snobs nothing, whether it be an accent of speech or a pair of trousers or a theory of art or politics, is considered flawless it happens to be imported. The snob of old could be conveniently disregarded. He—or she, for women snobs are the most hopeless—usually evolved as an overdressed globe trotter with a habit of servility in the presence of foreigners.

The snob in America has expanded his field. He has become a critic of government since the war ended and a voice in the affairs of nations. He is doing a great deal to confuse public opinion in a time when clear thinking is a fundamental obligation of decent citizenship. It is questionable whether a streak of the snob may not be largely responsible for the incredible abuse which certain erudite gentlemen who like to pose as publicists have been heaping upon the President. Certainly they would not think of speaking in a similar tone of Premier Lloyd George or Mr. Clemenceau. But as critics of our foreign policy in the present crisis they are less astounding in view of the present attitude of mind of the rank and file of Unfinished Americans.

"What?" cries your snob. "Say unkind things about our dear France? Question the motives of our brave Allies? America was saved by the British fleet! What man can be so ungracious as to utter an ungenerous word about England?"

There are few men in journalism or in politics who, being essentially pro-American in their utterances and their point of view, have not had outraged inquiries such as these hurled at them frequently.

So long as valor and sacrifice are honored and so long as men esteem limitless courage and devotion no one in America will ever say unkind things or question the motives of the French and the British and the other peoples who fought with us.

But definitions should be clear at a time like this. Most Americans when they think affectionately of France think of the French of the Somme and the Marne, of the patient millions in the background. Similarly they think of the British of the North Sea and the fighting armies; of the men and women who stayed at home and carried on through years of unutterable stress with an unconquerable spirit.

But your snob isn't discriminating. If he were he wouldn't be a snob. And he is the last man alive able to realize that the financial and imperialistic cliques who have done most to confuse the affairs of the Paris conference and invite the criticism of honest observers are seldom representative of the masses who won the war.

If there is one duty which presses more heavily than any other upon Mr. Wilson and the American delegates and every American at home whose desire is to see a permanent peace, it is to recognize invariably the point at which the just interests of the nations are abandoned and sinister intrigue begins at Paris. Snobs are usually ignorant of history and its lessons. They do not know, for example, that the tirades of criticism aimed at the Americans in Paris and read with avidity through cable dispatches to this country emanate as a usual thing from a newspaper frankly edited in the interests of a group which wishes to upset the republic and establish a king in Paris.

Nor can they be aware that the one newspaper in London which has most consistently opposed the American peace policy is the cherished organ of the sleazy Toryism that is doing its utmost blindly to run the British empire on the rocks. They read these criticisms and take new heart.

The incurable snob, who persists in drawing rooms and smokers, and now then in journalism and letters and politics in the United States, will always find one unforgivable fault in Mr. Wilson as a statesman and diplomatist. The President happens to be an American.

Snobdom in America endured its greatest agony when the President first sailed for Paris. There were editors without number who blushed violently in print for their naive President and their native land and prayed (in ink) that we should not be made to appear too ridiculous by a stubborn novice with a headlong diplomatic method.

What would they say in England? What would the French think? Here indeed was a lamentable side of traditional America!

Ladies and gentlemen who are not yet reconciled to their own country talked and wrote and people who were bravely

determined to endure the catastrophe and live it down in the long years ahead.

When Mr. Wilson and the other delegates firmly crowded some of the shifter statesmen of Europe and continued to crowd them in order that they might not violate solemn pledges made to this nation and to the rest of civilized mankind in the most perilous days of the war, all snobdom in the United States endured actual pain.

How crude it all was! How raw and unconventional!

When the plain people of Europe rose and did homage and applauded the sort of Americanism which our peace delegation represents the snobs on this side of the world didn't understand the phenomenon. They never will understand it. They do not understand the sort of peace that America is endeavoring to make, and they wouldn't like it if they did understand it. The American theory provides justice and consideration for inferior and helpless people. The snob can find no world complete that isn't filled with people whom he can patronize and offend for his own pleasure.

Arts and letters, politics and literature and even the pulpits of the United States have their sprinkling of snobs. These are the Americans who have come through the last few years without perceiving the light. The magnificence of our aims means nothing to them. They do not know that we have done our utmost not only to win the war but to save the world from the utter ruin invited by the men and women of their worship. They do not know that we have actually supported rational philosophy as a novelty in the science of government.

Perhaps the snob is himself helpless. He inherits his mind. He is made as he is and in the final analysis may be helpless, and even pitiful. In heaven, doubtless, he will lift a nimble eyebrow and assume a cool and superior manner, and do his utmost to make it appear that he doesn't reside there—that he has just dropped in for a short stay during his travels.

THE COMMONEST LANGUAGE

EVERY indolent American will indorse the proposition of Arthur Elliot Sproul, made before the Poor Richard Club, that English be adopted as the international language.

It is much easier to ask foreigners to learn to speak English than for Americans to get a speaking knowledge of a foreign language. Mr. Sproul has been in Russia, where he discovered that Americans equipped with only one language had difficulty in making themselves understood.

Every American soldier in France would have been delighted if he could have talked to the French in English, and now that our soldiers are in Germany they are regretting that the Germans speak German.

The way to solve the language problem is for Americans to learn other languages. Even our diplomatists go abroad without a knowledge of the country to which they are accredited.

The late Curtis Guild, that distinguished linguist of Boston, apologized to the Czar for his inability to speak Russian in the present crisis. But the Chinese, Japanese, French, German and Italian diplomatic representatives to this country and to England speak English with fluency.

Yet, after all, English is the prevailing language of the western world and is spoken by more than 150,000,000 people. German comes next with 120,000,000. It is followed in this order by Russian, French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese. Persons who can understand English can be found in every corner of the globe, so that even the indolent Americans, who will not take the trouble to learn another language, can find some one who can understand them.

Congress managed to worry along with the President in France, but the State Legislature is taking a recess because the treaty is so essential Mr. Sproul is thought to be near Mr. Wilson. Or doesn't it?

A. E. Sproul suggests the selection of English as a world language, and a key to peace, and right away he solves the powerful seeds of dispute. Would he have folk saying "tram" for "street car," "sweetmeats" for "candy," "lift" for "elevator"?

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the importers of Chinese labor are peculiar.

Judging by the government in Moscow, the real champion prohibitionists are the Bolshevists.

Speaking of international languages, money talks in a tongue that every one understands.

Luckily for the boys fretting to come home, hope springs eternal through the gloom in Brest.

Brazil denies that there was a volcanic eruption at Pernambuco. Perhaps it was a misprint for Paris.

The warm weather yesterday and the baseball scores in the afternoon papers made one believe that spring is already here.

The neutral zone proposed by General Smuts to now mollified Hungary seems to have been the temperate zone as well.

Lloyd George says in effect that the buzz saw of the Peace Conference is running so fast that the careless observer thinks it hasn't any teeth.

The proposed conversion of the Taylor shipyard into a road-machinery plant suggests that, although American machinery was brilliantly exemplified in our steel vessels, technically it was "not in the word."

THE SCHUYLKILL PLAN CONDEMNED BY PENNELL

The Artist Says in a Peppery Letter That Broad Street and the Parkway Now Serve All Practical Purposes

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I am glad you find me still sprightly. I fear many wish in this town I were not so. It would be to their advantage. It would benefit their schemes and games which it has been my pleasure to expose since my return to my native city.

Now for a concrete example. I do not imagine for a moment there would be any engineering difficulties involved in making a parkway or embankment on both banks of the Schuylkill from League Island and Fort Mifflin to Fairmount Park. But have these art-park people ever tried to walk—it is the only way—on either side of the river from its mouth to the Park?

Have they even studied a map of the river? I advise your readers to invest fifteen cents in the Rand-McNally map, as the art people should have done before they brought forth their scheme. Have they ever been to Chicago and navigated the river of that name?

I have done both. No, there would be no engineering difficulties whatever. But the Schuylkill river, like the Chicago river, is a winding river of nooks. From the mouth of the Schuylkill to Callowhill street bridge have been built during the last fifty years endless plants of endless sorts—oil, paint, steel, steam, gas, two railroads, one on each bank—they can easily be wiped out by the University demagogues and the Bartram Garden and part of the University demolished to carry out the plans by intelligent engineers or even unemployed, and with the accompanying of such a scheme half the prosperity, half the commerce of the city, would vanish too, and the unearned increment of some members of the Fairmount Park Association, their families and relations would disappear also. I am not sure the latter would be serious loss to the city, as I have no doubt they have earned enough to survive. But the city would perish.

There is now, though these art people don't know it, an avenue called Broad street which leads from League Island straight to the Parkway, and that leads to the Park.

If they studied the map, as they have not, it is evident, done, they would discover that even though endless bridges were built to cut off curves, even though the river were turned round, the distance would be twice as long as the straight line from the street or coming to it by the numerous arteries that now lead to it. Would any one of our wide-awake citizens use such a method of getting anywhere that would compel them to go half a square out of their way?

And what would they see if the roads were cut? The back side of Philadelphia all the way on the east side and on the west the ruined Bartrams and the Botanic Garden and the back side of the Commercial Museum. This is the kind of rot Philadelphia is fed up on. This is the kind of rot one has to listen to day after day from art business men.

We have a splendid avenue in Broad street. We can have a splendid Parkway. If it is wanted it can be lined with splendid memorials—a part of a splendid memorial, in which we shall have our part, stretching from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., over which the commerce of the pleasure of the world will pass—a highway which would bring millions annually to the city. That is possible, practical.

The Fairmount Park Art Association's scheme is ridiculous, imbecilic, and would cost the city the price, in order to buy out the owners on each side and their rights, about as much as the war debt or the income tax and so one would use it.

And yet this report of business men, art men and lawyers in the association issued and editorially discussed is a verdict on the men and women who run this city—or want to. Mr. Sproul is quite right. We want practical people.

And are the waterworks to be ruined, too—one of the last memorials of the once beautiful Philadelphia? What a town, what a people! Yours, J. PENNELL.

Philadelphia, April 5.

P. S.—Valley Forge! Oh, shades of George Washington! He would have preferred Conshohocken and the Berks. They are real and vital. Valley Forge is a whitened sepulchre, a desecrated shrine, and even now the highway leading to it, yet Philadelphia don't know it! J. P.

WOMEN AND HOME RULE

WHEN people begin to talk in the churches on Sunday about the need of charter revision it is time that those who say no one is interested in the subject should look about them.

They may say that the meeting in the Universalist Church of the Restoration was "only a woman's gathering," addressed by women, but their memories cannot be so short that they have forgotten how the women of the city interfered in a majority campaign a few years ago with disastrous effect to the plans of the politicians.

The address by Mrs. Nichols, president of the New Century Club, was an admirable summary of the arguments for the revision plan of the citizens' committee. It is as difficult for a woman to understand why a city of about two million people should have to go to the state capital for permission to do things as for her to understand why it should be necessary for a householder in West Philadelphia to ask a householder in Germantown for permission to change the heating system of his house from hot air to steam. Home rule is what every woman believes in, both for her own home and for her own city.

The women are demanding an improvement in local conditions and they will make their influence felt before the business is ended.

MAKING READING EASY

HUMAN eyes are too valuable to be imperiled. Thus preach the advocates of safety first in factory and workshop. The fact is indisputable.

The EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER has subscribed heartily to this and many other precepts of the newer ideas in scientific efficiency. We believe in practicing what we preach.

All of which is preliminary to an expression of thanks to the many discerning and observant readers who were kind enough to congratulate us upon the new type dress in which the paper appeared for the first time yesterday. We appreciate the quickness with which our readers appreciated the change and said so in pleasant messages of encouraging strain.

The larger, clearer type in which all solid text will be printed hereafter was adopted after careful study and experiment. We are convinced that it will meet unanimous approval by our readers since it will facilitate reading under all changing conditions of lighting—in street cars, on trains, in the home or on the front porch.

Somebody with a turn for figures has declared the American people rapidly are becoming a nation half-blind in the physical sense, however far-seeing we may be mentally, and the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER intends to do its best in the future to avoid responsibility for fostering eye-strain.

APRIL AUGURIES

ALMOST any festivities in April can readily be made commemorative if the history book is consulted. The choice of the nineteenth day of this month for the opening of the Victory Loan campaign may not, for instance, have been consciously made with regard to the one hundred and forty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, yet there is a fruitful patriotic stimulus in the thought. Philadelphia's picturesque mummies, who will turn out in much greater force than on last New Year's Day, have an excellent opportunity to revive Paul Revere. His reascension for pageant purposes would be entirely in keeping with the spirit of the occasion.

Other anniversaries abound. The Spanish War began in April and the American civil conflict opened and closed in that month. Shakespeare was born on April 23 and he and his great contemporary, Cervantes, died on the same date in 1616. The United States entered the Titanic world conflict on April 6, 1917.

There is nothing sluggish about April. Even the weather, with its assortment of sunshine and rain, is apt to be lively.

There is, then, full precedent for animation in the loan drive. It is historically reasonable. So also would be a really decisive peace drive in Paris. In the midst of alarms the calendar at least backs the optimist.

COLONEL LOSES AN AUDIENCE

The retirement of Henry V. Watterson from all connection with the Philadelphia Record-Journal is directly and indirectly a result of people who were bravely



THE CHAFFING DISH

A Printer's Love Song

THE first time that I met my wife I simply could not keep from hating I had not seen in all my life. Such an example of fine printing.

Her type is not some hold-face font. Set solid. Nay! And I will say out. That no typographer could want. To see a better-balanced lay-out.

A nice proportion of white space. There is for brown eyes to look large in: And not a feature on her face. Comes anywhere too near the margin.

Her nose, in the ITALIC CAPS. Too lovely to describe by penpoint: Her mouth is set in pearl perhaps. Her chin is comely Caslon ten-point.

Each ear, a pink parenthesis. Makes my heart come to heel and stay so: For such typography as this. Is easy reading; well, I'll say so!

Of all typefounders I have met. My herfy's best, in my opinion: She is my NONPAREIL, my bet. And I, in lower case, her minion!

Walt Whitman Gossip

WE HAD the pleasure of a call from David H. Wright, the lawyer, who knew Walt Whitman and is thoroughly in accord with our hope that Philadelphia will do something to celebrate the centennial of his greatest poet.

Mr. Wright was a schoolboy when he first met Walt, in 1876. They happened to be standing side by side at the gate of the Camden ferry, waiting for a boat. Young David, who was on his way home to Riverton, had his books under his arm and his bearded poet asked him, with a twinkle, "What is a noun?" "The name of a person, place or thing," replied the boy promptly. They had a friendly chat on the ferry and David was much impressed by the dignified bearing of the philosopher.

When he got home he told his parents, excitement that he had met an immensely wealthy man, who would probably leave him a million dollars in his will. "Instead of which," says Mr. Wright, "he left me a number of ideas which are always interesting."

A LITTLE later the boy and the poet met again on the ferry. Walt had burnt his hand pushing an egg and the boy expressed sympathy. He told Walt about a little play that had been given out in Riverton in which four of Shakespeare's heroines were represented—Juliet, Ophelia, Rosalind and Katherine. Walt was much interested and a cordial friendship grew up between them. Young Wright used to visit the little house on Mickle street where Walt lived in placid simplicity, surrounded by his papers and books. They used to have tea together under the wisteria vine in the back yard. "Walt was always calm, dignified and elegant," says Mr. Wright, "and never and never uttered a word that might not have been uttered in Friends' meeting. For seven years I had charge of the Quaker Mission at Beach and Fairmount, and Walt used to enjoy hearing the details of my work there among the drunks. I remember his giving me his stage ticket to see Sir Edwin Arnold speak in Camden. He was over at Mickle street just after Victor Hugo's death, when Walt had Hugo's picture pasted up in the window with a little wreath around it. Walt was a great admirer of Hugo. "He was huge like his name," he said. "Huge like the ocean." The other evening I heard Ilya Tolstoy speak, and it seems to me that he and Bishop Leighton Coleman, of Delaware, and Walt were three of a kind—big, elemental men.

"One of my dreams," says Mr. Wright, "is of a little twenty-five-cent volume of 'Leaves of Grass' that could be used in the public schools. It's a great pity that the editions of Walt's poems cost so much. Ninety cents or \$1.25 is too much for a book of poetry, anyway. Over in England I have seen nice little paper-bound editions of our American poets selling on the newsstands for four cents each. That's why English people know Whitman so much better than we do. Those to whom Walt's poems would mean most very often can't afford to pay a dollar for a book."

MR. WRIGHT is happy in having been able to be of considerable service to the young French newspaperman who translated the French edition of "Leaves of Grass." He met him in Paris some years ago when the Frenchman was working on the translation and was able to explain many of Walt's colloquial Americanisms which puzzled the foreigner greatly in his search for the corresponding French word.

Mr. Wright's own plan for celebrating the centennial of his boyhood friend, shows how well he has absorbed Walt's kindly, all-embracing philosophy. He has just written to Warden McKenty, at the Eastern Penitentiary, offering to give a reading of Walt's poems to the prisoners on May 31, Walt's 100th birthday. It seems to us that this would have pleased Walt more than any plan we have heard.

We suggested a year ago that a pleasant memorial for Walt Whitman would be to have one of the Camden ferry boats named after him. Another idea has occurred to us. Name a hotel for him. This is a practice that is already begun. The leading hotel at Hannibal, Mo., is the Mark Twain and Greensboro, N. C., is now marking the Hotel O. Henry.

THE LINDENS

THE Lindens step so gently up the hill. Like leopards, stately dames of long ago. Waving their fan-leaved branches to and fro. They gossip of the rushes and the rill. Whether the breeze has paid the rose's bill. For perfumes which he lavished on a bee. And if the linnets in the locust tree Trills love songs to the pink or daffodil.

And when the silver moon slips slowly by To keep her tryst with some awaiting cloud Their green procession heaves an envious sigh And vows she isn't maidenly or proud.

And when it grows too dark to spy or peep The Lindens softly yawn and go to sleep.—Charlotte Becker, in New York Sun.

Wooden ships may not be popular, but when the soldiers return from France look out for a demand for wooden shoes.

The German leaders are still trying to shift responsibility for the Kaiser's fall. There is no secret about it on this side of the ocean. Uncle Sam admits that he did it.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the day when Greece ceased to bend her knee in supplication to the Turk, and the local Greeks appropriately made merry over the independence of their native land.

Of course the mothers and sisters and fathers and brothers of the men in the Iron Division should have places of honor in the grand stand when the soldiers come marching home.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
- Who was Jean Jaures?
 - Sunday was the tenth anniversary of the most notable event in the history of modern exploration. What was it?
 - What is poi?
 - What is a "thunder-sheet"?
 - Where are the Society Islands?
 - What is the correct pronunciation of Saucio Panza, the celebrated character in Cervantes' "Don Quixote"?
 - A native of Virginia was one of the ablest commanders on the Union side during the Civil War. Who was he?
 - Who wrote "And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew"?
 - How many prime ministers did Great Britain have during the course of the war?
 - Who was Sir William Crookes?
- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
- The Philippine Islands were named after King Philip II, of Spain.
 - Bassal is a dark green or brownish rock, often in columnar strata.
 - Nesicent; ignorant of, agnostic.
 - Bulwer-Lytton wrote "What Will He Do With It?"
 - The "Three Musketeers" of Dumas's romance were Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.
 - Taoism is the religious doctrine of Lao-tse, the ancient Chinese philosopher.
 - Stephen Pichon is the present French foreign minister.
 - Comfit; sweetmeat, sugar-plum.
 - Consistory; Senate composed of pope and cardinals; Lutheran clerical board; court of presbyters.
 - The largest city in Porto Rico after San Juan is Mayaguez. The first town in population, although not the capital, is Ponce.