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not well relax a rule that experience has proved to be necessary. Yet, since another general war seems a long way off, there is no reason why extreme sentences pronounced for technical violations of army rules should be mitigated or set aside after peace is made secure.

GROWING PAINS TROUBLE THE NEW PHILADELPHIA

Housing Problem Partly Traceable to Tremendous Transformation of City of Homes into a Genuine Metropolis

"CITY OF HOMELESSNESS" is a startling epithet to apply to Philadelphia. Citizens who are native here and to the local manner born have several forcible reasons for resenting it. Authenticated evidence of rent gouging fires the indignation. The feeling of helplessness under any system of profiteering is certain to be one fused with just anger. This is the first emotional reaction aroused by the present acute housing crisis.

But as inquiry into the situation proceeds, the sentiments inspired thereby grow more complex. "No vacancies" is a sign confronting even the house hunter who may be resigned to being overcharged by his landlord. It begins to look as though the profiteer himself were becoming embarrassed. He has not enough properties to rent even at exorbitant rates.

Indications that sinister pressure is being brought to bear to induce home-seekers to purchase dwellings at a time of inflated prices are not wanting. Yet proof of such maneuvering is far from explaining in full the magnitude of the crisis.

In many sections of the city real estate men of sound repute confess even to a shortage of houses on the selling list. The conclusion is inescapable. Granted that the profiteer is engaged in harvesting, granted that so-called "business methods" are often cold-blooded and cynical, granted that an abnormal war has dragged a list of oppressive abnormalities in its train, the fact still remains that Philadelphia is too big for its house. Formerly it fitted that edifice snugly, cozily, in a way to beget sentimental affections and a sentimental sentimentality. This was the "City of Homes." If there was one belief which the average Philadelphian cherished, that was it. It comforted him when the rate of our progress was tardy. It consoled him when great enterprises in other cities forged ahead.

Kipling's *M'Andrew* loved the rhythmic and thoroughly conservative regularity of the engines of his jet-propelled steamer. That immortal engineer would have been profoundly disturbed had his steady vessel suddenly reeled off eighteen knots an hour. He saw "predestination in the stride of yon connecting rod."

"Predestination," fatalism of the most soothing, of the least arousing, kind was in the Philadelphian's consciousness, also. He admitted that this was a "hard place in which to get things done." He confessed, almost with pride, to the fine symmetry of big business and big political interests here, and if he had qualms that initiative was thus stifled there was ready and healing balm in the utterance, "This is a city of homes." All logic shriveled before that conviction, just as it did in the old tourist days on the Atlantic when, according to the stock fable, the passenger complained, "Steward, these biscuits are sour." "Yes, Madam," rejoined the obsequious, yet unadvised servant, "but then, you know, we never lost a life."

Is it any wonder, then, that Philadelphia, the once calm, the once seasoned, the once eminently self-satisfied, in a word, the quondam "City of Homes," is apart from the genuine hardships of the present scene, a trifle dazed? *Something is actually happening.*

A process of metamorphosis is under way. The old edifice is atrophied. In a seething congeries of the homeless vast new potentialities are germinating. Mighty new energies are let loose. Many of them were harnessed for the war, but amid the surge of patriotism were being counted chiefly on their effect upon Berlin, rather than upon Philadelphia. Workshops of hitherto inconceivable magnitude multiplied. Thousands of new workmen, hundreds of dynamic new entrepreneurs, invaded our precincts.

Germany is not noted for her humor, but that nation would have found food for laughter, albeit of a bitter sort, on being informed that a large measure of her defeat was being contributed by a static old "City of Homes." She knew better. She was falling before the power house of the war.

not see that hive of endeavor as too huge to be controllable by any particular ring, political, financial or industrial. Its millionaires are powerful, but not all-powerful in their bailiwick. They have formidable competition. If one crowd of producers lacks initiative, another has it. The needed work, whatever it is, gets done.

Similar circumstances operate in connection with politics. One "gang" never rules New York for long. Neither does it control London or Paris uninterruptedly. These cities have attained the bona fide metropolitan rank. So has Philadelphia, though she hardly seems to have realized it as yet and is suffering painfully in the transition from the old status.

The period of adjustment may appear protracted, but in the end the impetus of the new forces, the increased population, the mighty new industries and expanded original ones will not brook opposition. It will soon be quite impossible for any clique, either aggressively malign or merely timidly reactionary, to hold Philadelphia "in the hollow of its hand." No hand, even in metaphor, will be large enough.

The forecast is not boastful. It is made in recognition of existing facts which proclaim an utter change in the character of this crowded community, deeply concerned just now over becoming a "City of Homelessness."

Anxiety about the alteration is justified. It is a nasty business complicated by the acts of extortionists and the march of inevitable progress. But if self-pity is not to be legitimately withheld, neither should the thrill of joy over the fact that the hermetical sealing with which this city was for so long afflicted has been finally removed.

The lid of immutability has been blown off. Many of us are still stunned by the explosion. But the blasting was overdue. When we get our bearings there should be an altogether new vigor on the banks of the Delaware.

THE GREAT UNVEILING

AT this time of the year everybody is a little tired. Spring fever is often a real weariness due to the restricted routine of winter, the tyranny of janitors, the burdens of a season in which the world seems populated only by bosses and the collectors of bills. A general desire to flee away, to flash and flutter in the sun, is the most natural thing in the world. That is why everybody who can goes to the seashore on Easter Sunday.

We are not nearly so irreverent, as a pessimist might suppose, when we seem to dedicate one of the most solemn and splendid days of the year to vanity. It is true that penitence and contrition do not always precede the hour when the world is expected to blossom in new clothes, simulating deliverance from care and solemn meditations.

What, then, does it all mean? Merely that men and women who have been shut up all winter, chained to desks or impounded in flats, are following a mystic urge that makes them wish to turn a bright side to the sun. All the rest of creation is doing it. Why shouldn't they? Hasn't a human as much right in such an elemental matter as the violets that eye you from recesses in the park or the peach trees that are beginning now to blossom flagrantly up Burlington county way? Something tells him that he has. And on the shore boardwalks, therefore, he parades a conviction that he cannot explain.

At 11 o'clock tomorrow he will unveil his grandeur at Atlantic City—crushed strawberry ties, spats of elephant's breath, a symbol of the earth's unchanging innocence. He goes away to see new things and he is not particularly interested in the ocean. The ocean is a steady old thing, with a habit of sticking around. It can be seen any time. Man was born with curiosity as a moving passion. So on Easter he has an eye only for the beautiful and ephemeral things that pass—like styles and feminine loveliness.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Maurice B. Saul as John G. Johnson's Successor—Popularity of X-Ray Dentistry—Conditions at Camp Lee

Washington, April 19.
 THE Supreme Court of the United States, which he would have adorned had he not declined to serve upon it, no longer listens to the sledge-hammer arguments of John G. Johnson. The great Philadelphia lawyer, who "lived his profession" passed away, and we now read of Maurice Bower Saul, his "successor." The office of John G. Johnson was one worth trying to. It did not turn out a great number of students like that of Frederick Carroll Brewster, but it was a busy office, doing a big business dependent largely upon the wonderful industry and wisdom of the big man who controlled it. For many years Frank P. Prichard was Mr. Johnson's right bower. He was a man of ability and public spirit, thoroughly trusted by all the Johnson clients, but he, too, soon passed away. And now comes Maurice Saul, the next in line "to succeed" John G. Johnson. It is highly creditable to an industrious young lawyer and ought to be satisfactory to J. E. M. Keller and Charley Thomson, who used to work in cahoots with the father, Charles G. Saul, and Professor Lawrence in negotiating Republican procedure in the eighteenth division of the Thirty-second Ward.

WASHINGTON dentists, like those of Philadelphia and other large cities, have had a good season, due largely to dental photography. The application of the X-ray to the upper and lower jaws has brought on "an epidemic of abscesses" at the roots of offending molars, and extractions and treatment have been the regular order. Congressman Peter E. Costello is among the statesman group who were given the choice between years of misery and an operation. Senator Penrose, who is a little touchy about his anatomy, also submitted to an examination. Stuart Reed, a West Virginia member of the House, has been carrying around a photograph of his bisulphid, with an abscess under one of them, that so remind him of a winter scene on the banks of the Ohio near Wheeling that he cannot be induced to part with it. Dr. George F. Root, of the Union League; Dr. A. H. MacPherson, who belongs to the old Doctor Street family; Dr. Earl Riley, who lives himself in his Toms River bungalow on occasional week-ends; and Dr. W. C. T. Bauerle, who grew up in the office of Senator David Martin, are among the Philadelphians now operating along the new lines. Members of the Ocean City Fishing Club are beginning to complain that Bauerle's researches are causing him to neglect his duties to the club. Fish, they say, also have teeth.

RECENT complaints about the apparent excess of officers and men to look after the patients at the base hospital, Camp Lee, Virginia, have been answered by Colonel R. B. Miller, indicating that most of the excess cases have now arrived in this country and that the department feels safe in reducing the capacity of the base hospital at that point. The hospital has been considered as having a capacity of 2140 beds, many of them held in anticipation of sick and wounded coming from the other side. The commanding officer, however, has been directed to reduce the personnel to what is considered sufficient to care for 1500 patients. A number of Philadelphians who have been held up at Camp Lee will be interested in this announcement. Speaking of the hospital service brings to mind the fact that Dr. Walter A. Wood, of Philadelphia, until recently assistant in medical corps, who was formerly with Base Hospital No. 48 in France, is now in charge of Evacuation Hospital No. 14 at Coblenz on the Rhine. Captain Wood was advanced to the grade of major in February last.

HENRY R. EDMUNDS, who for so many years has been active in educational matters in Philadelphia, was a brother-in-law of Joel Cook, former congressman from the Second district. He has survived the Philadelphia editor-congressman, who during the life of the late George W. Childs was an American correspondent of the London Times, and his son, George W. Childs Cook, whose death occurred more recently. The Edmunds family has kept in touch with the surviving member of the Cook family, Mrs. Edmund H. Kase, wife of a former Philadelphia physician who is now in active practice in Los Angeles, Calif. Doctor Kase married Miss Cook when the family resided on Broad street near Poplar, across from the Metropolitan Opera House. He is making good out West.

GENERAL LOUIS WAGNER, who had an excellent soldier record, was anxious that one of his boys should become an army officer. Brother Louis went into the insurance business. Another son, Harry S. Wagner, concluded to make a try-out for the army. He did so early enough to be commissioned for service in our colonial possessions, and since then has been rising gradually in the military field. It would do the general good if he were living to know that his boy Harry is now a full-fledged colonel of infantry in the United States army and has become one of the experts in the tactical use of modern weapons of warfare. Colonel Harry is on duty at the Infantry School of Arms, Camp Benning, Georgia, where he is assistant commandant and director of training. The members of the Lions Club will recall that Harry Wagner and Charles C. Allen, now also a regular army colonel, went into the service about the same time and have both attained distinction.

IT IS the opinion of many knowing ones in Washington that the "solid South" is not so strong under the Wilson administration as it has been. Northern members who go South come back with stories of snafus that are almost unbelievable. The truth is that many southern business men are becoming skeptical about the President's world plans and are particularly critical of the modern tendency toward government ownership. The taking over of the railroads by Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Burleson's action on assuming control of the telegraph and telephone lines cannot be said to have met unanimous approval in the South. Many Philadelphians now at southern hotels note this change of sentiment in the editorial columns of southern newspapers. Witness our own congressman, George S. Graham, and Charles J. Harrah, formerly president of the Midvale Steel Company, who connected up recently for a respite from northern cares at Augusta, Ga. And Augusta, by the way, is the city whose arsenal has been placed in charge of Colonel George Montgomery, until recently the commandant of the Frankford Arsenal at Philadelphia.

It is impossible that the Song of Peace should be sung by the International Quartet in such a way that the German critics will be unable to detect a few blue notes. There is nothing really new in the "Wilson doctrine"—an unwritten pledge to support France as the "postpost of civilization." The phrase was made and kept when the first American soldiers landed "over seas."

The policeman, of course, do not pretend that there is anything either immoral or criminal about a charity dance in a respectable hotel. It is simply that, having rooted out all vice, closed all gambling dens, jailed all footpads, and made the city safe for democracy, they go "naturally" had to look around for new worlds to conquer.

RESURRECTION



THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Brainstorm
 I WISH my mind would let me alone
 And cease to harass me
 My head rings like a telephone,
 Why won't it let me be?
 My poor old fuses might be bust
 By Thought's bright lightning squalls—
 My mental switchboard won't adjust
 For such long-distance calls.
 I am convinced that Thought is vain:
 Reflexes see me through.
 Why can't I do without my brain
 As other people do?
 Pccavimus!
 Speaking of aviation, what we want to see among the Germans is some peccavation.
 Between the dark and the daylight (we have it straight from Mr. Longfellow) comes what is known as the Children's Hour.
 'The Husband's Hour' comes along about midnight, when the icebox in the pantry lies unguarded and defenseless.
 We understand that the headline, "California May Lift Ban on Cooties," was a misprint. It should have been cooties.
 We also understand that the question of cooties was hotly discussed in Paris.
 To the list of those not favorite sons, add Burleson.
 The peace treaty as so far drafted is said to contain about 70,000 words. "Tush!" cries the editor of the Congressional Record. "We can do better than that almost any busy day."
 This office has just passed through a nerve-racking time. The learned pundit who completes the daily Quiz took to his bed with tonsillitis, after having prepared several lists of questions, but no answers. After several days of feeble attempt to answer them, his colleagues are ready to admit that there is no other man of reference living who can cope with this job. Happily our little brother of the lexicon is back again and the Quiz-fans may breathe easy.
 Except the poets, no one uses the good old word "dwell" any longer. The way rents run nowadays, no one can stay in any one spot long enough to say he "dwells" there.
 All this talk about the Saar Valley leads us to remark that we bathed in that stream August 4, 1912, and spent the night at the Hotel Muechener Kindl at Saargemund, and if it is still under boche management we would warn tourists against that hostelry. The beer was admirable, but the tavern itself was noisy, dirty and outlandish. The Saar itself is none too jolly a stream, being polluted by some kind of chemicals from factories and fringed with reeds that have a slimy cutting edge. This is our personal contribution to an international question of some magnitude.
 How is Milwaukee going to keep famous after July first?
 In his new job as food distributor, it looks as though Nansen would reach the Poles at last.
 The Grammarian's Funeral
 The good old Litotes Brothers are hard at work these days. "It is not unlikely that no small indemnity will be assessed," they say, "and it is no secret that the Germans will not assent without demur."
 Paraphrasing Bassanio's friend, if your love do not persuade you to oversubscribe the loan, let not our paraphrasis.
 "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!" cried Lorenzo. Meaning, of course, the bank where he kept his Victory Bonds.
 Don't let the new Statue of Victory be a lone loan woman.
 Robert Burton wrote "The Anatomy of Melancholy" to "rectify the perturbations" of his mind, and that seems to be the motive behind much of the scribbling German statesmen are doing.
 If daffodils were merely yellow flowers
 (Third Version)
 If daffodils were merely yellow flowers,
 They would not cost us fifty cents per plant;
 I'd buy one, just to cheer the gloomy hours,
 But, at their present price, I simply can't.
 Alas! When even necessary buying,
 Must be restricted by H. C. of I.,
 I can't afford to purchase, though I'm dying
 To take a daffy home with me to dwell.
 If daffodils were merely yellow flowers,
 How easy in their golden light to bask!
 Instead, each day the price still mounts and lowers—
 'The florists' figures chill me when I ask.
 The price of one would buy the family luncheon;
 As I'm the one who has to meet the bills
 For all the food we have to buy to munch on,
 I can't consider buying daffodils.
 Think how their cheerful glow would light the hours
 When springtime's drenching rains come, gray and cold!
 Did you hint they were merely yellow flowers?
 I think they must be made of solid gold.
 SUB ROSA.

THE DANCING FAUN

THOU dances of two thousand years,
 Thou dancer of today,
 What silent music fills thine ears,
 What Bacchic lay,
 That thou dost dance the centuries
 Down their forgotten way?
 Alas for thee!—Alas, again,
 The early faith is gone!
 The gods are no more seen of men,
 All, all are gone—
 The shaggy forests no more shield
 The Satyr and the Faun.
 On Attic slopes the bee still hums,
 On many an Elian hill
 The wild-grape vesper, but never comes
 The distant trill
 Of reedy flutes; for Pan is dead,
 Broken his pipes and still.
 And yet within thy listening ears
 The pagan measures ring—
 Those limbs that have outdanced the years
 Yet tireless spring:
 How canst thou dream Pan dead when still
 'Thou seem'st to hear him sing?
 —Robert Cameron Rogers.
 With the return of the various hospital units a certain popular song should be amended to read in at least one verse, "When the girls come home."

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. What is a tergum?
 2. Who are the Spartans?
 3. Name the commander of the American naval forces in French waters during the war.
 4. What and where is the Sphinx?
 5. What American city is known as "the City of Elms"?
 6. Who is the attorney general of the United States?
 7. What is the "Stat Mater"?
 8. What was the Tammany Ring?
 9. Give the origin of the phrase, "To sound one's own trumpet."
 10. What is the most richly endowed church in the United States?
- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Symbols of the evangelists: Matthew is usually represented with a scroll before him and holds a pen; Mark sits writing with a winged lion by his side; Luke holds a pen and a scroll and near him is an ox; John has an eagle near him.
 2. Carter S. Glass is secretary of the treasury.
 3. "Iron Division," a popular name applied to the Twenty-eighth Division, A. E. F., also known as the Keystone Division, and made up originally of the National Guard of Pennsylvania.
 4. Sobriquet: a nickname or popular epithet.
 5. Escorial: A Spanish royal palace, about twenty miles from Madrid.
 6. Hugh Gibson, formerly first secretary of the United States embassy at Brussels, has been designated as the first American minister to the new Polish republic.
 7. W. M. Hughes is the premier of Australia.
 8. "Sliver Carrie," is by Theodore Dreiser, an American novelist of the realistic school.
 9. The Liberty Bell is kept in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.
 10. The flag of the Irish republic is a tri-color of orange, white and green, the stripes running parallel with the staff. It originated from the banner of the United Irish Societies.