

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR
EDITORIAL BOARD
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enager crowds away. Not long ago at one of the Broad street theatres a group of college girls clamored at a ticket window for admission to a modern comedy delicately, yet not too delicately, woven around a series of misadventures in a hotel suite. They turned away almost in tears when they were informed that the stage that afternoon was given over to an unusually artistic production of "Hamlet."

REPUBLICAN PARTY NEARS THE DAY OF OPPORTUNITY

It Will Turn to Dusk, However, Unless Congress Handles Its Problems With Constructive Statesmanship

AS a liaison officer Frederick H. Gillett, speaker-elect of the House of Representatives, displays convincing credentials. The link, the maintenance of which he forecasts, is the authentic and traditional bond between national development and the Republican party.

Mr. Gillett keenly senses the situation. The keynote of his address to the Manufacturers' Club was the emphasis laid upon the magnitude of the task confronting the new Congress and the only spirit in which the vast enterprise can be successfully carried out.

In this broad forecast of the impending drama—one of the most interesting and important in the whole history of American politics—it would be mere perversity to conceive Mr. Gillett as weakening in his party affiliations. What he means by partisanship in this instance is, of course, simply that sort of fatuous blundering which grasps at temporary political advantages and is befuddled and obstructive when it comes to the larger issues.

Healthy party rivalry, on the other hand, is the very backbone of our domestic polity. What Republicans throughout the land would like to see is a party that is loyal to which may be intensified by the belief that it is doing the right thing in the right way.

Out of power, the capacity for such an achievement is not always easy to prove and criticism remains the somewhat dismal function of the opposition. But it is needless now for the Republican party to be infatuated with a fault-finding role. Investigations of the mammoth expenditures of the war, inquiry into the whole operation of our colossal and heroic venture will be perfectly legitimate.

Such procedures are admirable safeguards in a democracy. They will not, however, restore the liaison between the Republicanism in the best party sense and national development in its widest implications in which so many millions of Americans for years rejoiced.

Mr. Gillett is clearly thinking of the revival of that link when he outlines the momentous issues with which Congress will have to deal. Not even in Andrew Johnson's day were the responsibilities of Republican legislators graver than they are now.

Leadership is the first personal essential in the Republican camp, and it is the irony of politics that this question is complicated somewhat in the same fashion as in the past Democratic Congresses. The seniority formula which inflicted upon the country the Kitchins and the Dents is now preparing the path of precedence for Boies Penrose as chairman of the finance committee and Senator Warren, of Wyoming, as head of the equally important committee on appropriations.

Certain liberal elements in the party, notably in the West, resent this threatened investiture. Their opposition, although in these specific instances it may prove unavailing, is none the less a salutary influence. These "old guard" senators are unquestionably able. Their cynicism is susceptible, as is that of all veteran politicians of their stripe, of being turned to good uses under pressure which their knowledge of the "game" teaches them to be valid.

It is worth recalling that Mr. Penrose and Theodore Roosevelt represented the poles of political thought, and yet a canny appreciation of the inevitable necessities of the Pennsylvania senator's support of a presidential candidate to whom "game" principles were anathema.

It is quite conceivable that with the patriotic policy within the party the ripe experience and seasoned talents of the prospective chairman of two of the leading congressional committees may prove of significant assistance to the constructive program which the Republicans must execute to justify their oft-proclaimed creed.

Opportunity to reveal the vitality of that faith will be presented in an array of problems the complexity of which lends even to our completed job of winning the war the color of elemental simplicity. What that task most required was the intensifying of the dynamic national force. To settle the railroad muddle, to solve the shipping riddles and to restore sanity to the taxation machinery entail not only the multiplication of energy, but expert investigation, constructive wisdom and the highest powers of judgment.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Governor Sproul and Governor Edge "Mentioned" for the Presidency. The Philadelphia George W. Norris Confused With the George W. Norris From Nebraska

Washington, D. C., May 14.

IT IS the dull and uncertain season approaching a new session of Congress. Hence the prominence given to members and others who drop in to the clubs here with "a few fleeting thoughts" about matters of state. For want of live news matter any old thing like the league of nations or the scraps in the Republican and Democratic parties is sufficient to fill up. More recently—although it is very early in the game and there is mighty little to go upon—the boys have been stirring up some presidential stuff. They take it for granted that the Republicans will make a big fight to uphold Wilson in 1920 and are trotting out candidates. Although there is absolutely nothing like concerted Republican action, several names have been suggested. A boom has been started for General Leonard Wood and is being supported by men who would have supported Roosevelt, Harding, of Ohio, and Knox, of Pennsylvania, are talked of by the regulars, and Hiram Johnson, of California, is mentioned by the so-called Progressives. To be "mentioned," however, is about all there is to it at the present writing. For that reason the friends of Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania, and of Governor Edge, of New Jersey, may be pardoned for seeing that those "favorite sons" are at least entered in good time. A few months ago there was a lively effort to start General Pershing in the race. The thought was that it would require a military hero to beat President Wilson or whomever he might support. General Charles Dick, of Ohio, who was right over to Mark Hanna in the McKinley campaign, was behind the Pershing boom, but little has been heard of it during the recent boom period. Meanwhile everybody who talks about the matter seriously, who asks the inquiries "seriously? Will he run for a third term?" It is conceded that Mr. Wilson's plans will have to be considered by any candidate running on any ticket. It may be that Mr. McAdoo will be ready to take up the cudgels for the Democratic party?

There are all sorts of effective ways of liquidating the war debts without resorting to such clumsy and inequitably oppressive methods. Financial acumen sincerely applied is capable of suggesting convenient and productive means.

Many idle words have been spilled concerning a "shortage" of domestic issues in these days, when the cables tingle with international happenings of deep moment. Few mockeries of the truth have ever been more flagrant. In the session of Congress which begins on Monday the Republican party is furnished with a broadside of tremendous questions which may renew its political life for generations or shatter its existence in eighteen months. The worst possible policy would be one so overweighed with the unrevealed mystery of the presidential campaign of 1920 as to render amorphous and obscure the grasp of present portentous advantages.

Errors will be terribly costly. The margin of success in the last congressional election was insufficiently great to justify mere obstructionist spleen and small-spirited political juggling. The party which was defeated in 1916 and 1912, partly because of its warped vision westward, has craved for the chance to prove its mastery of vigorous constructiveness and genuine statesmanship.

Vindication time is here. Action alone can make it the wonderful era which the right sort of patriotic "partisans" hopefully insist that they foresee.

BACK HOME!

THE city is filled with people who are moving in from the four corners of the state to meet the men of the Twenty-eighth Division. The Governor did a logical and gracious thing when he proclaimed Thursday a general holiday. It will be a holiday of more than ordinary significance for all sorts and conditions of people. But only those who look out from under the service hats will know just how much it means.

"Thin and gray it was," observed one soldier when he spoke of the skyline watched from a returning transport, "and something turned over in me where my heart is supposed to be and I cried for the first time since I was a little shaver!"

Most of the men who left America for France had never been far from home. They return in many ways changed. That is apparent at any port of debarkation, for it is not in any formal fashion that the long awaited reunions occur, but at remembered corners of little streets in little towns; in a word whispered to a girl, or to a woman with hungry arms, or at old firesides after the bands have stopped playing. A great American epic is being lived at the docks where the transports come in. Walt Whitman could have written it.

Men come back filled with an inexplicable tenderness for their home country. And why shouldn't they? It is the strength of their own land that is in them. Its winds and skies were their life. You have to travel abroad to be really patriotic. It is only those who never have been away who can think of internationalism in the sense intended by the newer theorists.

It was Like Him "You will never reign," said a peer to the crown prince of Germany. The C. P. of G. seems to have been easy with his money all his life. He doubtless paid a large fee for information that any one might have freely given to any German prince in Europe a few years ago.

We Don't Know Why is it always said that this and that city—like Philadelphia and Camden at the moment—honor the returning soldiers? Why doesn't some one put the matter a bit more truthfully by saying that the returning soldiers honor the cities to which they return?

What Did You Expect? We observe that the Fiume controversy is nearing settlement. And it is observable, too, that Orlando called upon the Americans before the Americans called upon Orlando.

And of Warning to Others One may be excused for observing that when the peace treaty sign the peace treaty their will be a sign of peace.

Out with your flag! But—do you wear a Victory Button? The Democratic candidates for the governorship in New Jersey have shaken hands. Misery, some one said, loves company.

The President's preliminary message to Congress will be short. The details of the proposed peace will be discussed personally by the President when he returns. And thus Congress is again condemned temporarily to the silence which it abhors.

Mr. Taft's declaration that "my health is as good as a man with my conscience can expect" is sufficiently sweeping to convince truly patriotic Americans that he will be present to rejoice us for many, many years.

CONGRESSMAN WATSON'S luncheon in support of the upper Delaware river brought out some excellent speeches on the prospects of the stream above Philadelphia. Congress has authorized a survey for a greater depth than the twelve feet now assured to Trenton, and Colonel Ladue, the new engineer in charge of the Philadelphia district, has been intrusted with the work. Mayor Donnelly, of Trenton, wants a twenty-five-foot depth to his city, and so do Walter Wood, Thomas Devlin, Joseph R. Grundy and other up-river interested. Concerns like the Merchants Shipbuilding Company, Traylor's, the American Bridge Works, the Roebings and the pottery people would like the deeper channel extended. Ocean-going vessels have been going up stream as far as Florence, but the shipbuilders at Bristol made it clear that unless they have more water they will not be able to build ships to the capacity of the ways.

GENERAL WILLIAM H. BIXBY, predecessor of General Black as the head of the United States army engineers, who was over in Philadelphia recently, is now one of Uncle Sam's re-retired officers. The general retired before the war, came back for service throughout the war and is now again on the retired list. While in Philadelphia General Bixby called upon Colonel Ladue, whom he fondly refers to as "one of my boys," and also conferred with some of the members of the International Navigation Congress, for which he is president in the United States. It will be remembered that the last convention of this important body was held in Philadelphia in 1912, when Mr. Blankenburg was mayor. President Taft went over from Washington to speak to the assembled delegates, who remained about forty foreign nations. General Bixby says that many of the delegates were engaged in war, but that the principal officers survived and are awaiting an opportunity to announce the next convention, which, of course, the war indefinitely postponed.

THEY will get those Norrises mixed. There are no George W.'s in Washington, one the farm loan commissioner, who studied law and became a banker in Philadelphia, and the other a Nebraska lawyer, who was elected to Congress and is now a senator. No one who knows these two worthies would say they were "like two peas in a pod." They are very different and distinct persons. But down in Porto Rico—it shows how generally fame spreads—the were appearing to members of Congress for an extension of the farm loan act. The spokesman, an English-speaking native who had been to Washington and familiarized himself with terms, said, "We appeared before the farm loan commissioner, Mr. Norris," and so forth, "but the gentleman from Nebraska" said and so forth. Whereupon a member of the congressional party broke in, "Are you now referring to one and the same person?" "Yes, sir," the farm loan commissioner says from Philadelphia from the senator from Nebraska. They might not like to be found together.

ANDY McSWIGAN, of Pittsburgh, has been sending out a few Easter cards from "somewhere in France." Andy is office manager of the Knights of Columbus overseas headquarters in Paris. He got into the work early and his old newspaper experience has been serving him in good stead. John J. Curley, Peter Bolger, Arthur Morrow, Thomas B. Blynn and other Johnstown survivors will remember Andy McSwigan as one of the boys whom they met during their interesting food experiences. The Washington correspondents recall him as one of Pittsburgh's bustling theatrical managers.

WHEN preacher and politician meet—their not necessarily "comes the tug-of-war." The Rev. Dr. Linn Bowman, of the Park Avenue Church, stands high in Methodist councils, but he knows the world has to be dealt with as it is, and therefore mixes with the people. Ferd Zweig succeeded Magistrate Dave Scott as Republican leader of the Seventeenth Ward. The other day the leader met the clergyman—it does not matter where—they were both bent upon the same errand. The preacher was seeking to alleviate the distress of a family whose soldier boy is in France; the politician was trying to help out the dependents of another of the United States' young heroes. Moral: If the politician retains his influence by keeping in touch with the needs of the voters in his precinct, may it not follow that the congressional candidate will be strengthened by similar tactics on the part of the preacher? Doctor Bowman evidently thinks so.

Her cheeks are plump, her nose is straight, Her eyes are large and widely blue, Brown curls adorn her tiny pate, She smiles (my babies really do).

In all these graces I delight; I love to feel her fingers small That clutch my hand so trusting-tight— Yet one charm's subtler than them all.

A friend of mine once wrote a list Of colors rare, in rhyme he told The sweetest smells—it's strange he missed The smell of daughters, six weeks old! STEPHEN WARREN MEADER.

"Psychic Insights" For five months one staggering psychic insight from abroad has followed another. Night after night this great people goes to sleep without any hope for the future—Professor Abernethy, a noted German scientist.

It is hard to exceed the fantastic absurdity of a German professor when he really gets going. Herr Abernethy lives well up to the standard of grotesque misthinking set by Haecel and others. One might have thought that the Germans would have observed a good deal of restraint in the tactics of the Allies and the associated powers since last November. There was nothing to prevent Foch from refusing an armistice, going on with his conquering armies and crossing the Rhine on a mission of well-deserved retribution. The enemy might well have been dosed with one-tenth of the brutality they visited upon Belgium and northern France.

And yet, it seems, Professor Abernethy thinks we should lie awake o' nights planning Germany's future. We should refrain from inflicting such "psychic insights" as keeping the luckless Germans in doubt as to what is to happen to Danzig or Posen or



THE CHAFFING DISH

Tomorrow is the day of days. Let's crave unclouded sky when you and I will go to praise the troops parading by. We'll jostle in some crowded bunch, be trod on by the fat, we'll have to do without our lunch and spill our new straw hat, we'll all be worn to little bits by shoes and jams and pushes while watching those who walked Fritz and penalized the Bushes. Our curls will suffer much, we fear, but here is our decision: We'll sacrifice a shine to cheer Our Own Keystone Division

Our good Scottish friend, John McMaster, native of the banks and breeze of bonny Doun, has been rejoicing in some hawthorn blossoms that were sent him and has graciously shared them with us. We hope it is no breach of confidence to admit that Mr. McMaster is the author of the following lines modestly signed "Sandy":

On a Gift of Hawthorn Blossoms While rosy May strewn earth with flowers, And lilies sweet its face adorn, No fairer, sweeter flower for me Than leafy, fragrant, flowering thorn.

The hawthorn blossom brings to me The sweetest hours that life may ken, When youth in happy childhood glee Slipp'd joys untold in hawthorn den.

We pu'd its blossoms, drank its sweets, And tasted of its joys divine; And now this kind reminder greets Old memories that once were mine.

Her cheeks are plump, her nose is straight, Her eyes are large and widely blue, Brown curls adorn her tiny pate, She smiles (my babies really do).

In all these graces I delight; I love to feel her fingers small That clutch my hand so trusting-tight— Yet one charm's subtler than them all.

Our Newly Fathomed Depths

WHO'S he that dares, with impious tread, Invade the eternal solitudes. That, all unbidden and unsought, Within the glacial zone intrudes.

That violates the sacred realm The feathered nomads called their own, And claims divided empire where Erstwhile the Eagle reigned alone.

Who's he, by science schooled in flight, Would gaze on Andes from above, O'er top Mont Blanc's majestic dome, And Himalaya's fastness prove?

As well might he whose tutored sight Spies out, in space, some lonely star, Essay to tread the path that leads Where uncomputed nebulae are.

And claim the petty lords of Earth, To whom terrestrial sway is given, Should parcel out, by term and bound, The void immensity of Heaven!

No more shall he life's thrall elude Who climbs the empyrean height; Though soaring, in his venturesome trail Condor and vulture share his flight!

Space is man's home! Creation hides No refuge for the enfranchised soul; Asylum lurks not in the clouds, Nor in the silence of the Pole!

How shall this ancient orb of ours, All seething with intestine heat— Old Vulcan's lair, the Forge of Hell— For long man's scrutiny defeat!

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. What day is fixed by the constitution for the opening of the regular session of Congress? 2. What is a sabbatical year in the modern sense? 3. Who said "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"? 4. What is a deodand or deodand? 5. What is the largest city in Kansas? 6. Where is the Manche? 7. Who was called the "Man of Destiny"? 8. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase "Nil desperandum"? 9. What proportion of an iceberg is below the surface of the water? 10. Who is the "speaker-elect" of the House of Representatives?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Helsingfors is the capital of Finland. 2. A kilometer is 3280.84 feet. 3. The route of the American transatlantic aviators will take them to the towns of Horta and Ponta Delgada in the Azores. 4. The word route should be pronounced as though spelled "root." 5. Sobriquet; nickname; assumed name. 6. Contretemps; unlucky accident; hitch. 7. Zenobia was queen of Palmyra. Her armies were defeated by those of the Roman emperor Aurelian in 271 A. D. and she was taken captive to Rome. 8. John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Theodore Roosevelt were Presidents of the United States who were graduates of Harvard. 9. Continued fair weather may be foretold when spiders spin on the grass. 10. David F. Houston is secretary of agriculture.