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enthusiasm with which it was greeted last Thursday. Despite their original indifference as to parading and notwithstanding their long and arduous march, the men as a whole admitted having had a great time. To resist the spirit of the occasion was impossible. Philadelphians, of course, have no wish to impose upon the defenders of their country who richly deserve a rest. But it is highly probable that if the Seventy-ninth could be assembled for a short march here they would feel well repaid for the effort.

THE PRESIDENT CHALLENGES ABILITY OF REPUBLICANS

His Message to Congress by Indirection Puts the Controlling Majority to the Test of Capacity in Solving Reconstruction Problems

IF THE Republican majorities in Congress can cope with the program of reconstruction laid down in President Wilson's message to the satisfaction of the people, nothing seems more sure than that the next administration will be Republican. On the other hand, if they fail, it is almost as true that Mr. Wilson will have provided the Democratic party with a fine assortment of issues warranting success.

that they seek and sincerely adopt a common purpose with regard to it. Those who really desire a new relationship between capital and labor can readily find a way to bring it about; and perhaps federal legislation can help more than state legislation could.

Whither do we reform? Rather in a circle, isn't it? Perhaps since Mr. Wilson self-confessedly regarded himself in addressing the Democratic Congress as the chief Democratic leader, in addressing the Republican Congress he no longer deems it his duty to lead. But we must admit to having obtained little practical enlightenment from the section on the greater aspects of the labor question.

So it is also with the tariff. He says there is no occasion for undertaking a general revision of the import duties. Later he intimates the need of a protective tariff that will be "political as well as economic" in regard to at least one "infant" industry—that of dye manufacture.

The upshot will be, of course, that the Republicans, if they are smart, will apply the traditional principles of the Republican party to the tariff situation, yet Mr. Wilson in his ambiguous remarks will have taken some of the wind out of their sails. Mr. Wilson mentions ships, but he does not come out squarely either for or against subsidies. He also touches blithely upon the return of the railroads, saying that if he were home he would hand them back in a jiffy, naming the exact date, but as it is they will have to linger longer in the government's hands—till the end of the calendar year.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER How Representative Kreider Arranged a Pair in Paris—Charles Hawkins on the Evils of Prohibition. Father Bielein in Porto Rico

Washington, May 21. THE people of Canada who gave a rousing reception to their distinguished son, Vice Admiral Henry B. Wilson, on his return from the direction of our American naval forces in France, will be interested to know that the admiral has recovered his health and has resumed duty as commander of the battleship force. His new flagship is the New York, the largest of our largest ships ever constructed. The admiral is cautious in discussing his experiences abroad, as naval men usually are, but his old friends at home may be assured that he is not without honor amongst the men of the navy here in Washington, where he is regarded as every inch a sailor. The distinction which the admiral now enjoys is a rare one. The admiral of the navy (and George Dewey became THE admiral in recognition of his services in Manila bay) is Admiral Henry T. Mayo. Next to him in rank are two vice admirals, and two only—Admiral Wilson, whose record in France has made him one of the heroes of the war, and Admiral Gleaves, who has had much to do with the debarkation of troops at New York. Seeing what happened to Admiral Wilson on the part of the home folks, the friends of Admiral Gleaves are now talking about a celebration for him. The two vice admirals, one at each end of the line, as it were, worked out happily for the dispatch of American troops and the hastening of the end of the war.

NEARLY all the patriotic orders in Pennsylvania were well acquainted with John L. Burnett, of Alabama, the congressman who died recently, he having been chairman of the committee on immigration and naturalization during the Democratic control of Congress. Mr. Burnett was an ardent restrictionist. He was very helpful to Philadelphia on one occasion when efforts were being made to improve the condition of immigrants at our port. This was in connection with the removal of the old immigration shambles at Washington avenue wharf. He came over to Philadelphia on one occasion with Senator Lodge and others of the Senate and House committees and agreed immediately to the recommended improvement asked.

AARON S. KREIDER, shoe manufacturer, who represents the Dauphin-Lebanon district in Congress, was not in at the organization of the House for the very good reason that he has been taking a personal survey of the battlefields of France. Congressman Olney, of Massachusetts, was absent for a similar reason. Evidently Kreider and Olney met in Paris, for through the mission of the United States to the conference to negotiate peace they were able to forward word to Washington that they had agreed over there to a pair, Kreider being a Republican and Olney a Democrat. The pair was arranged when the House met. Colonel Thomas S. Crago and John S. Morin, of Pittsburgh, members of the military affairs committee, were also on the other side, but they got back in time to swear in at the start.

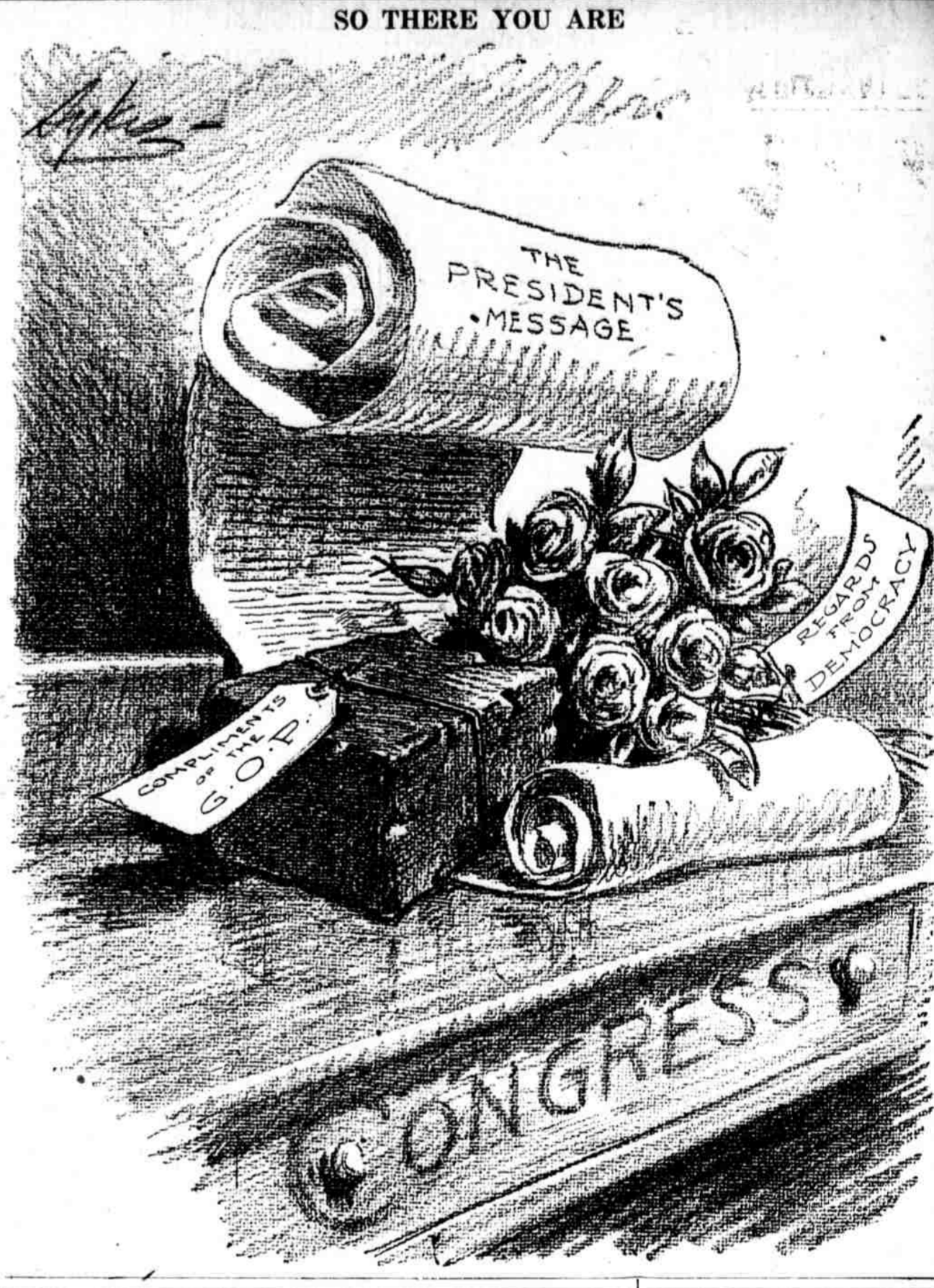
"PARIS is a long way from the Bellevue," Stratford red room," says Barclay H. Warburton sadly, replying after the event to an invitation to attend a shad supper held recently in honor of Jim Campbell, the dean of the repertorial corps. Captain Barclay has gone through a varied experience since he started out as a coroner's reporter more than twenty-five years ago to perfect himself in Paris. And Mrs. Warburton has not been without something to do in the United States, judging from her efforts in behalf of the Victory Loan, the Salvation Army and other public enterprises.

CHARLEY HAWKINS, who has gone into the banking business along with Eugene Harvey and Sam and Ollie Long, has given Washington the benefit of some views on the Liberty and Victory Bonds which Carter Glass might study with profit. "Cy" thinks the bonds could be made much more attractive to big investors. Then he taps the sidewalk with his cane and reads another idea. It relates to the enforcement of prohibition. While not attacking the moral side of the question, "Cy" calls to witness the growth of the drug habit as indicating the danger of sumptuary laws. Some widely informed people, he asserts, are inclined to think that prohibition is a cure worse than the disease.

WE GET a great many rumors about the good ship George Washington that moves back and forth across the ocean on the order of the President or secretary of war. About the time she was taking the peace delegates over it was said there were more cages of birds than there were men on board. The rumor required for a regular Bill Bunnet banquet. Then we were told that while our soldiers were living in close quarters at Brest waiting to come home the ship left port on her return passage with hundreds of empty berths. The last rumor related to her alleged unnecessary detention on the other side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Queen Baker to attend some function on shore, Congressman Madden, of Illinois, and Dr. J. Chalmers Du Costa, of Philadelphia, came over on this trip. Congressman Madden says the ship was delayed for the secretary of war, but that he was held up by an inspection.

MORE about Pennsylvanians in far-off places: The group of congressmen who inspected Porto Rico arrived at Mayaguez several months after a devastating earthquake, the ruins of which were still exposed. The natives poured out in great numbers, but they were so generally of the Spanish-speaking type as to make the outlook cheerless for agreeable conversation or speechmaking. Presently the acting pastor of the church conducted by the Padres Redentoristas, which had been wrecked, put in an appearance. "Yes," I speak English," said he, "as you are convinced that you are on an island you would remember me to the good people at old St. Pete's." The speaker was the Rev. George Bielein, one of the Redemptorist fathers, formerly attached to St. Peter's Church, at Fifth street and Girard avenue. Father Bielein has a big job on hand in getting new quarters for his congregation, but a fine new church building is now being erected under his direction.

DR. JUDSON DALAND, after a creditable service in the navy, has put off the uniform of lieutenant commander and gone back to active practice. He is one of the many Philadelphia physicians who sought service in the navy, but he was probably the farthest away when the war broke out. Doctor Daland received the news as he was headed for the sacred city of Thibet, and he had to travel about 1600 miles before he could obtain any real information about the situation.



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA By Christopher Morley

THE Paoli Local IT IS always puzzling to the wayfarer, when he has traveled to some sacred spot, to find the local denizens going about their concerns as though unaware that they are on an enchanted ground. It used to seem a hideous profanation to the Baedeker-stained tourist from Marsupial City, Ind., to step off the train at Stratford and find the butcher's cart joggling about with flanks and rumps. And even so does it seem odd to me normal things to do and not (what it really is) an excursion into Arcadia.

Some day a poet will lutanize the Paoli local as it ought to be done, in a tender strain— Along that green embowered track My heart throves off its pedlar's pack In memory commuting back— Now swiftly and now slowly— Ah! lucky people, you, in sooth Who ride that caravan of youth The Local to Paoli!

THE 2:15 train is a good one to take, for it affords an interesting opportunity to observe those who may be called sub-commuters: the people who come in town in the morning, like honest working folk, but get back to the country after lunch. These, of course, are only half-breed commuters. They are the silver-chevron suburbanites who mull all day. They are strikers, school-bus, golfomaniacs and dandies from the home of Athene, Bryn Mawr. They are mere cherubim and seraphim, not archangels. Stern and grizzled veterans, who go home on the HJW-05 (which is not new New Year's Menagerie), will not run Saturdays June 7 to Sept. 27, both inclusive. No baggage service! speak of them scornfully as "Sam Brown belt commuters."

One who was nourished along the line of the Paoli local, who knew it long before it became electrified with those spider-leg trolleys on its roof and before the Wynnewood embankments were lined with neat little garages, sometimes has an inner pang that it is getting a bit too civilized. And yet no train will ever mean to us what that does! The saying that was good enough for Queen Mary and Mr. Browning is good enough for us. When I die, you will find the words "PAOLI LOCAL" indelible on my heart. When the Corsican patriot's bicentennial comes along, in 1925, I hope there will be a grand reunion of all the old travelers along that line. The railroad will run specially decorated trains and distribute coupons among commuters of more than forty years' standing. The campus of Haverford College will be the scene of a mass-meeting. There will be remembrance addresses by those who recall when the tracks ran along Railroad avenue at Haverford and up through Preston. An express agent will be barbecued, and there will be dancing and song and passing of the mead cup until far into the night.

gloriously sunny May afternoon. Three girls are sitting under a hedge at the top of the embankment reading a magazine. The little iron fences, so characteristic of the Main Line, make their appearance. A lady (tubed in a tight skirt totters valiantly down the road toward the station, and the courteous train waits for her. If the director general of railroads were a bachelor perhaps he would insert a new footnote in his timetable, "ss, will not wait for ladies in hooded skirts. The signal gives its blithe little double chirp and we are off again.

TOWARD Merion we skirt a brightly sliding little brook under willow trees, with glimpses of daintily supervised wilderness. It is all so trimly artifice that one is surprised to see that the rubbery stalks of the denudation have evaded the lawn-mower just as they do in less carefully razored suburbs. Honeysuckles sprawl along the embankments, privet hedges bound neat gardens. There is a new station at Merion. In old bucolic days the Main Line station masters lived and kept house in the depots, and if one had to wait for a train one could make friends with the station master's little girl and her mother. Now the station is a city grown up now and Bryn Mawr alumnae. At Narberth one sees clustered roofs embowered in trees, in the hollow below the railway, and a snatch of plowed land. Now one is really in the country. Narberth, Wynnewood, Ardmore, Haverford—so it runs, like a chapter of begats. At Wynnewood, if you are sitting on the embankment, see an alluring vista of long alleys through sun-speckled greenery. The baggage agent has nailed an old chair seat to a little wooden box which provides a meditating throne for such small leisure as a Main Line baggage agent gets. Ardmore—strange to think that it used to call itself Athensville—doesn't quite know whether it is a suburb or a city. Clumps of iris look upon busy freight yards; back gardens with fluttering Monday linen face upon a factory and a gas tank. And then, in a flash, one is at Haverford, the goal of pilgrimage.

Haverford is changed as little as any of the suburbs since the days when one knew it by heart. Yet Mr. Harbaugh has moved his pharmacy to a new building and it can never be quite the same! The old stuffed owl sits bravely in the new window, but the familiar drug-scented haunt where we drank our first soda and bought our first tobacco is empty and forlorn. But the deep buttercup meadow by the Lancaster pike is still broad and green, with the same fawn-colored velvety cow grazing.

And there is one thing that they can never change: the smell of the Haverford lawns in May, when the grass is being mowed. A dazzling pervasion of sunlight boaters over those gentle slopes draws up the breath of the grass, blue space is rich with its balmy savor. Under the arches of the old manures are the white figures of the crickets. In the memorial garden behind the library the blue fox is out in pale masses. The archway of the beech hedge looks down on the huge prostrate mock-orange tree, under the bench (I hope they're hemlocks) by the observatory is that curious soft, dry, bleached grass which is so perfect to lie on with a book and not read it. And here comes Harry Carter careering over the lawns with his gasoline mowing machine. Everything is the same at heart. And that is why it's the sense of pilgrimage, the loveliest spot on earth, then, now and forever!

The man of real self-restraint is the one who can look over his wife's shoulder while she is hunting for a word in a dictionary or any kind of index and not think irascibly that he could find it much quicker himself.

PLACES

PLACES I love come back to me like music. Hush me and heal me when I am very tired. I see the oak woods at Saxton's flaming In a flare of crimson by the frost newly fired. And I am thirsty for the spring in the valley As for a kiss ungiven and long desired. I know a white world of snowy hills at Bonton. A blue and white dazzling light on every-thing one sees. The larches and hemlocks and maples sparkle, Their ice-sheathed branches tinkle in the sharp thin breeze. And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-crust. With the winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from the trees. Violet now, in veil of veil of evening. The hills across from Cromwell grow dreamy and far; A wood thrush is singing soft as a viol In the heart of the hollow where the dark pools are. The primrose has opened her pale yellow flowers. And heaven is lighting star after star. Places I love come back to me like music— Mid-ocean, midnight, the waves blue drowsily; In the abyss's deep churning the eerie phosphorescence. Seems like souls of people who were drowned at sea; And I can hear a man's voice speaking, hushed, insistent. At midnight, in mid-ocean, hour on hour to me. —Sara Teasdale, in Scribner's Magazine.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. What town is the American headquarters in France? 2. Who was Jaso Santos Zelaya, who died in New York the other day? 3. Who is the founder of the Boy Scouts? 4. Where is the Vistula river? 5. What is the meaning of the nautical phrase "ship-to"? 6. Who said "all free governments are party governments"? 7. Who was called the "Locksmith King"? 8. What is a duergal horn? 9. What is the "Carnagnoles"? 10. When is the Vice President of the United States entitled to a vote in the Senate? ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ 1. St. Germain-en-Laye is the headquarters of the Austrian peace delegation. 2. Ponta Delgada means "Delicate Point." 3. Daedalus or Daedalus, in mythology, made the Cretan labyrinth and fashioned for himself wings by means of which he flew from Crete across the sea-chipelago. 4. Harry G. Hawker, the aviator, was an Australian. 5. Henry Shrapnel (1761-1842) was the English inventor of the shrapnel shell. 6. The "Storm and Stress" (Sturm und Drang) period in German literature was named after Klinger's drama of that title, and was noted for the impetuosity of its writers, among whom were Goethe and Schiller. 7. Sydney Smith, in "Recipe for Salad," wrote "I am glad I was not born before tea." 8. Dohlin is named from the Irish "dubh-linn," the "black pool." The chief part of it stands on land reclaimed from the Liffey river. 9. Gothenburg is the second largest city in Sweden. 10. It was the sixty-sixth Congress which began its special session yesterday.