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**BELGIUM RECIPROCATES**  
 DOM PEDRO, of Brazil, was the last royal ruler whom Philadelphia saw. He was a goodly monarch, but democracy outpaced him in his native land. The king who is to visit us next fall is equal to any race with that irresistible movement. In fact, it was to safeguard that which Albert of Belgium took up arms against brutal tyranny and predatory injustice.

It is hard to realize that he wears a crown. The laurels on his brow are those of superbly won leadership, of valor and of unalterable devotion to the right.

Kingly, too, is the companion of Albert and Elizabeth. The power with which Cardinal Mercier sustained the heroic souls of his countrymen, his epic espousal of the truth stirred all civilization. To Belgium he gave hope in the face of the blackest tragedy. To all the same world he gave an example of incorruptible patriotism which inspires new faith in the human race.

The pride which the city will take from the coming visit is very vital. It rejoices also in the sincere gratitude expressed by Cardinal Mercier in his letter to Mrs. Bayard Henry, chairman of the Belgium relief committee of the Emergency Aid. That untiring organization and its leader achieved a noble work, in line with Philadelphia's finest traditions.

As a miraculously fortunate climax to a tragic tale the visitation of a king greater than his office and of this illustrious prelate will be unique.

**AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH**  
 EVERY once in a while it looks as though we were getting a little sense and then some blammed thing comes along and proves we are just as foolish as ever.

That is the experience of every individual; it is also true of every community and of every nation.

Take the matter of a Fourth of July celebration. Nobody pretends to believe that noise has anything to do with patriotism. But year in and year out we spent tens of thousands of dollars on fireworks; and hundreds of small boys blew off fingers and blew out eyes; and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost in fires. Then wisdom came to us and we advocated a safe and sane Fourth; and when we entered the war we, perforce, put into practice the thing we advocated. We had a comparatively quiet Fourth last year—but we never had a more intensely patriotic one in the history of the country.

But now that we've won the war we feel that we may be young and foolish again and, despite the appeal of the state fire marshal, dealers are laying in firecrackers and things anticipatory of the noisiest Fourth of July we have ever known, their only fear being that the supply of fireworks will not equal the demand, because so many manufacturers were busy with war contracts they had no chance to lay in stocks.

So this year the fire departments and the hospitals and the morgue wagons will be as busy as ever and the celebrators will be even noisier than their wont. It is plumed discouraging to people of quiet tastes!

**TURNING OUT PURE GOLD**  
 THE fact that the foreign-born of Philadelphia subscribed more than eighty-three million dollars to the last four Liberty Loans gives this city a right to view with peculiar interest the proceedings of the ninth conference of the National Federation of Settlement Workers soon to take place here. For the members of the various local settlements, by educating the strangers within our gates and making them at once conscious of the privileges that go with good citizenship and the obligations that it imposes upon them, did much to bring them to a frame of mind and imbue them with a confidence which prompted them to invest their money in an enterprise which stimulated their thrift and kindled their patriotism.

There are in America today about fifteen million foreign born and about twenty million more of foreign parentage. Here we have thirty-five million people who must be inspired with loyalty to the land of their adoption. It is a big order for any melting pot.

The public school does much. It cannot do all. What the school does for the children the Settlement House does for their parents as well as for the children. It has been estimated that in an average week forty thousand persons use the Philadelphia Neighborhood Houses. Each house co-operates with its neighbor in analyzing the needs of its clients and in meeting their problems.

At the least of the settlements' accomplishments is the breaking down of the racial barriers of distrust and misunderstanding. It needs tact; it needs care and infinite patience. The people who are taught refuse to be patronized; and they are particularly sensitive to anything that savors of ridicule—as who, indeed, is not? A prime necessity for their social improvement is contact with the finer types of Americans so that they may be able to discriminate between the good citizen and the blatant demagogue.

It is not too much to say that what the settlement workers do tells only half of the story; what they are is the other half.

**THE OPEN SEASON FOR PESSIMISTS IS STILL ON**

**And the Man Who is Discouraged Over the Mayorality Campaign Prospects Would Better Keep Under Cover**

THERE are nearly 400,000 men of voting age in this city. About 325,000 of them qualify for voting by registering. About 250,000 of them vote. Last fall Mr. Spraul polled 152,446 votes and Judge Bonniwell polled 59,347, making a total of 211,793 cast for the Republican and Democratic candidates for the governorship.

In elections for local candidates substantially the same relation exists between the number of men of voting age and the number of men who go to the polls.

Local candidates are nominated at the local primaries. The number of persons actively interested in the selection of the candidates to be voted for does not exceed 25,000—that is, the men affiliated with the party organizations as officeholders and ward and division workers. This 10 per cent of the voting population tell the other 90 per cent what to do and the other 90 per cent do it.

If one were disposed to analyze the system a little closer it might be said that half a dozen men tell the 25,000 what to do.

The pertinence of this resume of election figures lies in its application to the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to secure an expression of opinion from its members on the type of man to be elected as Mayor next December and on the kind of a government the city needs. A list of questions was sent out many weeks ago to the 7000 members of the chamber with a request that they answer them. Answers have thus far been received from "only 1300," to use the phrase of Mr. Frigg, the president.

But why only 1300? This is a pessimistic word when used in this connection. As a matter of fact, Mr. Frigg should feel encouraged by the discovery that so large a proportion of the membership has interest enough in the subject to study the list of questions and has already formulated opinions which it is ready to put in writing.

Mr. Frigg invited the 400 members of the council of the chamber to a luncheon to discuss the situation and 150 of them went. This is a larger proportion than he could reasonably have expected. There is encouragement in it for those who are hoping for better things.

These men do not belong to the large group of "professional" politicians. They are the citizens who, although they do not take any active part in the nomination of candidates, have definite views on the kind of candidates they would like to have nominated. If there is throughout the ranks of the voting population the same proportion of men with an equal interest in the subject they can put their views into effect.

We have recently seen what a small organized and active group can do when it sets out to secure the adoption of an amendment to the national constitution against the opposition of large vested interests. The nation as a whole is no more anxious for prohibition than the people of Philadelphia are for an efficient and businesslike administration in the City Hall, and the professional politicians are no more powerful here than the distillers, the brewers and the consumers of alcoholic drinks are in the nation.

If 1300 representative business men agree on the type of a man to be nominated for the mayorality and then agree on two or three men of that type in whose integrity and independence the people at large have confidence they can nominate one of them and elect him. The task would be as easy as persuading a girl to eat a plate of ice cream on a hot day.

The people are hungry for that kind of a Mayor. But they cannot be fooled by any stuffed image set up and labeled with beautiful inscriptions. They know too much. They have lived here too long to be ignorant of the character and affiliations of all the men of mayorality size. They cannot be interested in any program which involves nothing more than the transfer of the control of the mayorality from one group of professional politicians to another group. That is why innumerable falsely called "reform" movements have failed in the past. The people have preferred the evils with which they were well acquainted to a new set of evils to which they would have to grow accustomed.

What is needed in the present crisis is constructive, organizing leadership. The voters are ready to follow any one who is headed in the right direction, provided he proves himself qualified to carry them any distance on the way.

We do not mean to discourage the attempt of the president of the Chamber of Commerce to secure a fuller expression of opinion by its members. It would be splendid if every one of the 7000 should answer the questions, but that is too much to hope for. We are in the habit of delegating power and delegating the duty of selecting the men who are to exercise that power. This is why not only Philadelphia but every other large American city is really governed by a small group of men willing to take the trouble to manage our political affairs for us. It is why abuses grow up which periodically exhaust the patience of the voters and bring about spasmodic efforts at reform.

Then matters sink back to their old level because the politicians are on the job every day and know all the tricks of

the trade. The virtue of the attempt of the Chamber of Commerce to concentrate the thinking of its members on the next mayorality campaign lies in its freedom from all factional bias, and in its application of the theory of the professional politicians that the way to carry an election is to begin months before any candidates have been selected by organizing sentiment in favor of a specific type of man to fill the office. The chamber can even force the professional politicians to "pander to the moral sense of the community" by nominating first-class candidates, as a Tammany leader once confessed that it was sometimes prudent to do.

There is no occasion for pessimism yet.

**GETTING ON TO THEMSELVES**

"CHIMMIE" FADDEN, whose remarks were widely quoted twenty years ago, remarked of an acquaintance given to subtle sayings that one needed an elevator to get on to him.

No elevator would have served before the war to enable the Germans to get on to themselves. Their conceit was monumental. But it has begun to shrink. They have discovered what the world thinks of them and it is sinking into their consciousness. Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau in his protest against the economic terms of the treaty remarks that Germany must continue to feed the people at home because emigration is impossible, as the most important countries will oppose the entry of any Germans.

This is a wholesome discovery, conducive to humility and may lead to repentance.

When the count read the reply of the Allies to his protest against the economic conditions of the treaty he must have made another discovery not exactly flattering to the German intellect. Whoever wrote the reply is a master of statement. With relentless logic he has shown that the peace treaty does not lay upon Germany a burden anywhere near so heavy as she deserves, and that the German attempt to escape from the consequences of the war cannot be allowed to succeed.

She destroyed twelve and three-quarter million tons of shipping and she is asked to replace only four million tons. The fact that this will leave her with little shipping is a matter which ought to have been considered before she began to violate the laws of nations by sinking merchant craft with submarines.

And so on through the list of objections raised it is made evident that the Germans are asking that they be treated to exemption from consequences which the victorious nations themselves must face in their own economic rehabilitation.

Every position taken by the German delegates thus far has been demolished as completely as the armies of the Allies demolished the Hindenburg line. Their talk of refusing to sign the treaty must be regarded as mere words, for they are as well aware as the rest of us that no other course is open to them.

**SAFE!**

**THEY'RE SAFE!**

This was the universal thought when the news became public property this morning.

If the greatest dramatist that ever lived had deliberately plotted the scenario of the Sopwith plane's adventure, he could not have arranged a more perfect sequence of suspense, tragedy, and joyful, curtainfall. Humanity is never so rich as when it is united by some common emotion.

**Grateful for Small Mercies**

Maybe the boys will parade for us and maybe they won't, but whether they do or don't, we are glad to hear that two of the transports carrying detachments of the Seventy-ninth Division have been diverted to this port and that we shall be able to say "Howdy!" when our fellows debark.

**Dangers He Hasn't Sampled**

There's a touch of weakness even in the strongest. Take Sergeant Alvin A. York, hailed as "the greatest soldier in history." After long experiences in the trenches in France, which ought to be enough of it, he is going to visit the New York subway.

**Charge, Chester, Charge!**

The chief sanitary inspector of the United States Public Health Service says that of 3672 premises inspected in Chester, 4636 showed sanitary violations. The blame for much of the trouble is laid on inadequate taxes and lack of civic pride.

**Glad to Be Home Just the Same**

General March has announced that all troops except those in the regular divisions will have left France by June 12. Some of the boys are going to arrive here just in time to see the country go dry.

**Peace-treaty military terms for Austria are regular little out-ups.**

Both chapters and treaties are born of compromise.

One always has the impression that Villa's name is two letters shy.

Even in a base-dry country the sun of hope of the toper will rise in the yeast.

The Bibulous One declares that the only kick in 2% per cent beer is found in the courts.

It must comfort some of the critics of weakly chair companies are simply rolling in wealth.

**PONTA DELGADA AND ITS "WOUNDED NAME"**

The Ocean Flight Emphasizes the Need to Give the Isolated but Exquisite Azores Their Deserts

IF THE pangs piercing the heart of Pittsburghers when any one uncouples the final "H" from their town are a faithful index of civic sensitiveness, Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, is in for an agonizing time. No less than twelve different spellings of that name have been current in the cables describing the insular flight. Ponta Delgado, Ponta Delgadada and Ponta Delgadada rank among the disrespectful prize-winners. Other errors have been subtler. When the next batch of American newspapers arrives the worst will be known.

Perhaps a few of the injured Ponta Delgadans will understand how it all happened and be tolerant. The majority, however, will doubtless be at a loss to account for the muddle, unable to appreciate how remote their well appointed and attractive little city has been from the thoughts of the ordinary dweller on this planet.

Indeed, until the other day the English-speaking world had a chronic habit of forgetting all about the Azores. When it did remember them it was to laugh with Mark Twain or to thrill with Lord Tennyson.

One of the most delicious passages in "The Innocents Abroad" concerns the bewildering confusion of the Azores, and her possession before the moonlight fell. Mark and his fellow "Pilgrim" had enjoyed an excellent but not elaborate meal in a Horta cafe. The bill amounted to many thousands of "reis." Consternation ensued at the prospect that the memorable excursion would be bankrupt almost at the outset.

However, investigation proved that the coin in which the natives were accustomed to figuring their prices was worth precisely one American mill and that what was apparently a hundred-dollar glass of milk cost in reality only a dime.

Following that vivaciously penned farce is an admirable description of the islands as they appeared to the commentator's keen eyes in the late sixties. But the penalty of humor is a heavy one. Memory of the hilarious restaurant scene happily abides; but just the same, there is a chance that Ponta Delgada wouldn't have been misspelled so often if many readers were not a prey to the reproducible practice of counting through Mark solely for the funny places. Acquaintance with the vivid reporting of "The Innocents Abroad" would have cleared up many a muddle during the last exciting week of transoceanic flying ventures.

Tennyson is a feble prop. Of course, we all know that "At Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard Greville lay," and we have thrilled over that superb picture of the "Little Revenge" desperately battling against fifty-three Spanish men-of-war. But those pulsating lines told us extremely little about the locale of the epic engagement, inflicted an unparaphrased accident on "Flores" and made it difficult to pronounce the word "Azores" correctly without wrecking the prosody. No, "The Revenge" is not geographically illuminating. Ponta Delgada is unmentioned. It took the eye knights to make its "poor wounded name" ring around the globe.

**POSSIBLY** if the war hadn't smitten civilization the charming metropolis of the archipelago might have been better served. Tourist travel to the Mediterranean had come to include a brief call at Ponta Delgada, and there was in store for the traveler a series of agreeable surprises. He roamed often enough for the first time, the Azores bore no relation to his fancied picture.

Isolated they are, 500 miles from Europe to the east, more than 1200 from Newfoundland to the northwest. But their seclusion of civilization is just about sufficient to harmonize with their superlative natural charms such that it honestly deserves as our own does not—the name of temperate. Sometimes the mercury descends to 48 or rises to 86. Lush, varied vegetation, without the occasional rankness of the true tropics, is the result.

The trees bear a banquet of fruits. The well-tilled and fertile fields supply most of the necessities of life. The scenic investment is well-nigh unsurpassed. The volcanic origin of the group is responsible for mountains of fantastic beauty, for health-giving hot springs, for fascinating miniature geysers. Green hillsides descend clear to the water's edge. There are vistas in the archipelago where the sea takes on the aspect of a mighty blue river contained within majestic banks.

**Coming** after an ocean voyage, the first view of Ponta Delgada is a positive enchantment. The impression is almost Venetian. The buildings, kaleidoscopic in their hues, seem to rise straight out of the harbor waters. Large steamers cannot anchor at the shore. The landing is usually made in harbor boats and the traveler is carried to a well-worn marble or other stone stairway which he mounts to the embankment, flanked on one side by pink, blue or white warehouses and commercial buildings, faced with the decorative tiles that are so common in Portugal.

The picture is very much like one's dream of what is "foreign." North America can show nothing like it. Its appeal is a combination of the Levantine and sunny lands peopled by folk whose ancestors once spoke Latin.

There is no need to be suspicious of the native costumes. They are not theatrical, like those of the Niagara Falls Indians, but authentically worn. Among the quaintest are the huge dark hoods of the women.

Fortunately, discomfort does not go hand in hand with picturesque in this instance. There are motorcars for a spin through the lovely island of Sao Miguel—not San Miguel, as the common misspelling has it. There are nice hotels for those who enjoy tiled bedroom floors and eggs with tomatoes in the Portuguese fashion; there is an abundance of suave light wine; and for those fearful of "foreign habits and harmonizing food" there is Brown's.

At least there used to be before the war. Brown's surveyed the broad Atlantic from the crest of a high hill back of this engaging little city of 17,000 souls, and no Devonshire could surpass its clotted cream nor its English cleanliness of its cool apartments and great downy beds.

A brief trip in the surrounding country disclosed more surprises—palatial homes of wealthy springing rivers from Portugal, formal gardens rivaling those of the Riviera in splendor.

**In a sense** it is Callypsso's Isle on which Commander Read has landed. Magically he flew to a magic realm. By virtue of his marvelous flight has been brought to know that Ponta Delgada exists. But no good therefore, dictate that one should correctly repeat the name after the introduction.

When the king and queen of Belgium visit Philadelphia they may be sure of a welcome both hearty and democratic.

Court proceedings have justified the very natural conclusion that Atlantic City Boardwalk chair companies are simply rolling in wealth.

Mary Lamb, I am glad to say, is just now very comfortable. She has put her

**Halted at the Altar**

The waggish humor of our friend Lieutenant John Ransom being tarisked by his military service. From his present post in the school detachment, Nancy, France, A. P. O. 915, A. E. F., John sends us the following. And by the way, those who are inclined toward high-tension literature will do well to have a look at John's book, "Poems About God," some portions of which first see the light in this department.

**i. Obsession**

**ROGER THE BEAUTIFUL**, that finished blade.  
 Descended full of conquest on a city.  
 And what a furious racket Roger made!  
 He sacked the town, and ruled it without pity.  
 He jilted the city maids. The city mothers  
 Prayed heaven to thunder on that yellow pate.  
 Until at last, surpassing all the others,  
 Appeared a maid equipped for Roger's mate.

**ii. Obesity**

**ROGER** contained the obese of woman-kind:  
 Himself he teetered like a poplar tree,  
 His love was like a willow in the wind  
 Albeit her mother ambled heavily.

**iii. Mistletoe**

**But monstrous grandam,** coming many a league  
 To see the bridegroom, weighed upon his joy;  
 And pictures, showering on him like the plague,  
 Ancientresses of huge avoirdupois.

**iv. Luck**

He knew his beautiful bride was doubly doomed:  
 By two heredities to increase and thicken;  
 This bride, he swore, had better not be groomed!  
 He took another town. But she was stricken.

**v. The Kaiser**

—And has she waxed amiable, and does she grow  
 Unto his dread?—Ironically, No!  
**JOHN CROWE RAMSON.**

**Early History of Teatotalism**

Mary Lamb, I am glad to say, is just now very comfortable. She has put her

**"HAWKER AND GRIEVE, PASS BY! I CAN'T STOP YOU!!"**



**THE CHAFFING DISH**

**NINETEEN** public spirited men in New York of various professions, submitted themselves to tests in order to ascertain whether 2% beer is intoxicating to the greatest extent was exhibited by a steel engraver, who drank fifteen bottles. Hard on his trail were a printer, a bookbinder and an electrician, with thirteen bottles each. A bank clerk and a cigarmaker dispatched nine bottles. It seems to us interesting that the fact that those who logged the least lager—logged behind with the lager, we might say—came in several laps behind—were a journalist, a publicist and an artist. The journalist snuck six and a half bottles, the publicist three, the humiliated artist only two.

It was the unanimous verdict of the doctors who presided at this interesting function that none of the sodality showed any tokens of excess. The broker's clerk who drank eight bottles in three hours left to attend a wedding. The only one who seems to have been at all deranged by the ordeal was the manufacturer of typewriter supplies, who drank six bottles and then "dropped the company, outlining a project for establishing a social center at Newark, N. J."

Spent part of the evening with Charles Lamb (unwell) and his sister.  
 —Robinson's Diary, January 8, 1811.

Late in the evening Lamb called, to sit with me while he smoked his pipe.  
 —Robinson's Diary, December 20, 1814.

Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore: "Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?"—quitting the action to the word, and hobnobbing.  
 —Robinson's Diary, April 4, 1823.

Lightship breaks away from her moorings, but is safely brought to port.—News Item.

What one might call bringing home the heacon.

It is safe to guess that Alvin York, the red-headed sergeant from Tennessee who killed twenty-five Germans with his machine gun, would have been glad to turn the weapon loose on some of those who tried to heroize him at a New York hotel.

**THE OPEN BOAT**

**WHEN** this here war is done (says Dan) and all the fightin's through, There's some will pal with Fritz again as they've been used to do. But not me (says Dan the sailorman), not me (says he). Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on wintery nights at sea!

When the last battle's lost an' won or won an' lost the game, There's some'll think 'em arm to drink with square ends just the same. But not me (says Dan the sailorman), an' if you ask me why, Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water beaker's dry!

When all the bloomin' mines are sweep' an' ships are sunk no more, There's some'll set them down to eat with Germans as before. But not me (says Dan the sailorman), not me for one. Lord knows it's 'ungry in an open boat when the last biscuit's done!

When peace is signed an' treaties made an' trade begins again, There's some'll shake a German's hand and never see the stain. But not me (says Dan the sailorman), not me, as God's on high. Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your shipmates die!

—C. Fox Smith, in "Small Craft."

**What Do You Know?**

- QUIZ**
- Who is Hugh Wallace and what is his post?
  - What is the wettest known region on earth?
  - Why is a drink to a lady a toast?
  - Who wrote the novel "The Fair Maid of Perth"?
  - Why is a violoncello so called?
  - What were the names of Columbus's ships?
  - What is the literal sense of "en-thralled"?
  - How did the Bolsheviks regulate tips?
  - Who fixed the prize for the transoceanic flight?
  - Why is a bay or a gulf called a bight?
- Answers to Saturday's Quiz**
- Aristides the Just was an Athenian statesman and general, born about 485 B. C. He instituted important civic reforms and participated in the victories of Marathon, Salamis and Plataea.
  - Paraffin is a fatty substance, derived by dry distillation from wood, coal, petroleum, etc.
  - "Parthian thrust"; remark, glance, etc., reserved for the moment of one's departure, like a missile discharged backward by a flying Parthian horseman.
  - United States senators are paid \$7500 a year and money for mileage and certain other expenses.
  - Formosa was annexed to Japan in 1895, as a result of the Sino-Japanese war.
  - A "blimp" is a type of lighter-than-air airship.
  - A catamaran is a raft or float of logs, tied side by side, longest in the middle, used for communication with the shore or for short voyages.
  - Trepang is a kind of shellfish or sea slug, found in tropical water and used extensively by the Chinese in making soup.
  - The battle of Waterloo was on June 18, 1815.
  - "Mr. Doulos" is the pen name of Percival F. Doulos.