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Philadelphia, Friday, June 20, 1919

FINISH THE JOB

THE State Senate has ratified the equal suffrage amendment to the federal constitution by an almost unanimous vote.

The House is planning to take similar action next Tuesday.

That it will ratify the amendment is expected. When it acts this great Republican state will take its place in the front ranks of those keeping step with the evident demands of the nation.

This is not a partisan question, but from the beginning there have been more Republicans in Congress and out of it who have worked and voted to place the women of the country on a political equality with the men.

The job will be finished, and with the hearty co-operation of the Republican states.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH

DIRECTOR KRUSEN, with a sense of responsibility for the protection of the helpless, has urged that the use of fireworks be prohibited this Fourth of July, but the Mayor has shifted the responsibility to the police department and dealers are laying in a stock of fire-crackers and such like things, apparently on the theory that the people ought to be allowed to celebrate.

But people can celebrate without endangering life. Patriotism can be expressed in other ways than by burning gunpowder. It is not too late yet to arrange for a safe and sane Fourth, and thus prevent the drawing of the dread lottery on that day, the prize tickets of which will go to the parents of the children who are almost surely to be killed before nightfall.

SLAPPING HIM ON THE WRIST

BIGAMY seems to be treated as a trivial offense. A man convicted of marrying two women while he had a wife still living has just been sentenced to imprisonment for two years and six months.

The women whom he married illegally will suffer a more grievous penalty than he. It is difficult to estimate the suffering of a sensitive woman who has been deceived by a man into contracting an illegal marriage with him.

If the man had used brute force, he might have been sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years. But when he is guilty merely of fraud, he seems to get off with a slap on the wrist.

NO FACTORY SOVIETS

THOSE extreme radicals and parlor Socialists who hold that an employer has no rights which an employe is bound to respect and insist that, after all, the employe owns the business, will be shocked and grieved by the strange manifestation of sanity in the convention of the American Federation of Labor.

That convention has defeated a resolution demanding that the workmen in each factory be allowed to select their own foreman. In the course of the debate one of the delegates said that if the resolution were passed the federation would next be asked to demand that the workmen be represented on the board of directors of the employing corporations.

This is what a lot of amiable social reformers have been asking for. They are not quite so logical as their intellectual kin among the Russian Bolsheviks, who have been seeking to destroy all industry for the reason that "without industry there can be no proletariat."

THE SHORT BALLOT

THE superstition that all public officers should be elected dies hard, but it is dying.

It has just been decided here that as good a city solicitor can be appointed by the Mayor as can be elected by the voters, and that hereafter he is to be appointed. A lot of foolish arguments were offered against making the receiver of taxes an appointive officer and he will still be elected, not because of the arguments, but because of a political compromise.

Indiana has been in the habit of electing its state statistician, its geologist, the superintendent of public instruction and its Supreme Court clerk. The Legis-

lature has recently made the statistician and the geologist appointive, as their offices are created by statute, and it has passed a constitutional amendment providing that the constitutional offices of Supreme Court clerk and superintendent of public instruction shall also be filled by appointment.

Thus does the theory of the short ballot, containing the names of a few men on whom responsibility is concentrated, make headway.

JUSTICE WILL NOT SPARE GERMANY IF SHE BALKS

It is Her Own Fate, No Longer That of Civilization, Which Hangs Upon the Decision Which Her Chronic Shufflers Must at Last Make

ONCE before, at a supreme crisis, in the option of accepting justice or flouting it was submitted to Germany. For the characteristic reason that moral strength was meaningless to her she chose the latter course. That was in July, 1914, when Sir Edward Grey proposed arbitration as a substitute for impending universal strife.

The recurrence after nearly five years of an opportunity for epochal decision is the last that will be available. The scene is of unparalleled and fateful solemnity, for never before have ethical and physical might forged a sword of such invincibility and dazzling luster. By rejection of the treaty of Versailles or by a shifting, evasive reply, that weapon will be put into play which will not cease until the aims which it symbolizes are attained.

The awful reality of this instrument is probably much more keenly appreciated by Germany than external indications suggest. That she has failed, however, to comprehend it completely is evident from her insidious and oblique tactics at the peace table, from her persistently unrepentant attitude and from her eleventh-hour efforts to confuse and corrupt the public opinion of civilization.

Fortunately, her struggles along this last line have been largely futile. In France, in Britain, in Italy and America the conviction abides that justice, more imposing because of the magnitude of the offense than ever before in history, is the burden of the treaty.

Occasionally, however, a befogged sentimentalism, a perverted mawkishness has intruded itself. Advocacy of a code so pernicious involves a total misconception of the spirit which animated the associated powers at the beginning of the war and still moves them at its imminent close. In particular, the meaning of the armistice has been at times flagrantly misinterpreted.

Of the two parties to that truce on November 11, 1918, but one enjoyed the privilege of a free choice. Theoretically, Germany could have continued the conflict. Practically her doom was as clearly written by the strategic and numerical strength of her foes, their equipment and their superb morale as though the campaign had been pursued to its culmination in a Sedan or a Waterloo.

The Teutonic sense of realities when they are at last unescapable prevailed. It was inevitable that the fallen empire should sign the pact to cease fighting. No such obligation halted the other combatants. What the Allies clearly recognized on armistice day was the spirit of humanity which shuddered at useless sacrifice when the ends of a long-outraged justice were to be gained without further bloodshed. But Foch sheathed his sword in firm trust that righteousness was not to be cheated of a scintilla of its stupendous victory.

It was with that conviction that civilization made its independent choice to stick arms. It is with that same confidence that it will shoulder them again in vindication of principles just as inspiring as they were in the darkest days of the war agony.

German hypocrisy having failed to obscure the issue during the period of the peace deliberations, it remains for German impotence, of which there are numerous disgusting signs, to challenge the temper of justice by a refusal to sign the treaty. It is hardly conceivable that the frenzy which has brought the Teutonic dominion to the dust will not be moderated in this final crisis. If, however, it should not, new and terrible testimony of the ancient truth that those whom fate designs for destruction are first made mad will be recorded.

The last attack upon a refractory Germany is certain to lead loose passions goaded by the most appalling provocation, though hitherto held in check for nearly five years. The Germany which is physically untouched by desolating war, the Germany which has capitalized to the utmost of its ability the plea for mercy, the Germany which faces the future surrender of part of its wealth, while some of its victors have immediate knowledge of what the most frightful losses mean, will by perversity arouse a righteous anger of immeasurable intensity.

The polls has admittedly chafed at orders which seemed subversive of the doctrine of atonement. Belgium will recall the four years of violation, Britain the sea-slaughter, America the stern and lofty principles for which she entered the fray.

One orgy of wrath can, of course, never compensate for another and the invasion of Germany, should it become necessary, will doubtless be conducted along civilized and honorable lines. But the pressure that will be exerted will be altogether different from the beneficent rule which has prevailed in the Rhineland since the armistice.

The Hun as Shylock will undergo the punishment of Shylock. Such mercy as has been shown will make way for justice, and its assertion will be unmodified, scrupulously comprehensive. The unique warfare which will prevail will be marked by the complete capacity of one side to carry out its intentions and the utter inability of the other to resist them.

Germany, once again subjected to the rigid blockade, Germany without a fleet, without the protection of her North Sea mine fields, without the once formidable

general staff, without munitions and big guns, without an army capable of more than police duty, will, if she repudiates the treaty or hedges, forfeit the last slender thread of respect which has restrained civilization from writing a more drastic peace. When that thin fiber is cut the victory of the Allies and America will be defined in such a way that trickery, propaganda and Hun bluster will mock its own lying words.

Americans, despite their hopes for a world structure of peace and the establishment of reciprocal civilized relations between the nations, are in no mood to tolerate violation of the principles for which they poured forth blood and treasure.

If Germany is recalcitrant she is precisely of the moral complexion that she was while this nation was driving her back in the Argonne forest.

If the march beyond the Rhine is begun next week it will not mean a resumption of the war; merely its continuance.

Our determination that it should end right was rapturously encouraged by the armistice, and we have so accustomed ourselves to that emotion that some of us have not always paused to define the destructibility of our resolution. That will be apparent if Germany believes that she can embarrass civilization by temporarily postponing the inevitable.

The prophets who insisted that the conflict could not end until the summer of 1919 were canner than they realized. It must end then, either with German signatures on Monday or else with German humiliation as deep as the lance of justice can drive it.

The Allies do not choose this latter method. They have outlined a vastly easier path for the foe to follow. It is his own fate and not now the fate of civilization which hangs upon his decision.

GENERAL WOOD'S SPEECH

THOSE who heretofore have been judging the views of Major General Wood largely on the scant excerpts of his addresses which trickled out of the West must have been pleasantly surprised by the moderation and liberality of his views on a wide range of subjects covered in his address at the University of Pennsylvania commencement exercises.

While it is true that the general did not specifically discuss the most important topic before Americans today—the league of nations—there was not a word in his speech which convicted him of either blind or partisan opposition to the covenant, quite contrary to some of the ideas he was quoted as having expressed in the corn belt.

The nearest approach to the subject was the sentence in which he said that he was opposed to "anything that interferes with our essential sovereignty or with our traditional policy in relation to international affairs," and certainly no earnest and intelligent supporter of the league—like Mr. Taft, for example—would admit for an instant that it comes within that category. In fact, Mr. Taft and others have clearly dissipated such fears.

The general's cordial acknowledgment of the value of arbitration and the deferring of war until its efficacy has been tested, as well as his repetition of the Rooseveltian formula of preparedness, might have been uttered by any good citizen, be he Republican or Democrat, soldier or civilian. The logic is unassailable. Likewise his references to the returning soldiers and the questions of capital and labor, which latter, if not any more specific than President Wilson's amiable but vague generalizations on this theme to Congress, were as roundly and emphatically stated. Here was no fire-eating, saber-rattling militarist at all, which is something well worth noting of the utterances of a man who has spent the best years of his life as a professional in the business of preparing for war.

The change from those misleading tricklings of his remarks out of the West is welcome. Also significant. Either the general was badly misrepresented or else, like most wise men, he has been learning much on his recent travels among the people around the country.

Light in the Darkness "Sunlight is the poor man's ultra-violet rays," declared a speaker at the convention of the National Institute of Homeopathy, but where is a poor man to go to get it?

It Won't Stop the Game "I don't get this nations league," said the Senator. "It doesn't give Washington any more of a show than she has in the American League. Just for that they are not going to play in our park if I can help it." So he proceeded to gun up the admission tickets.

Tactical The belief that the failure of the Germans to sign the treaty will mean a resumption of the war is based on a misconception. There is no more fight in Germany. But she may perceive the tactical advantage of a position in which she is forced to terms which she may later wish to repudiate.

Too Great a Sacrifice An American commission in Albania has discovered that there is no demand there for woman suffrage. An Albanian woman may secure the right to vote and smoke and own property simply by swearing never to marry. To win these rights, however, it would seem she has to sacrifice the greatest of women's rights—the right to change her mind.

Hamlet's Successor "The play's the thing," said Amag, Prince of Denmark, as he pulled in a jackpot. That the young Dane is a jolly dog is the opinion of the United States army officers who instructed him in the mysteries of draw poker on the transport America. Prince Amag will play in this country several months—long enough, we hope, to prove that there is no truth in the assertion that the "times are out of joint."

"Better the end with terror than terror without end," declared a Berlin merchant who favored the signing of the treaty. Rather a neatly turned phrase for a Hun, don't you think? And so true!

HARRISBURG THE NEW

A Three-Story-Red-Brick Country Town Thirty Years Ago Now the City Beautiful of Pennsylvania

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

TO A BIENNIAL visitor, often for months at a time during a period covering a third of a century, the changes that have been wrought in Harrisburg within the past two decades are startling and beautiful. It is transformation rather than change.

My recollection of the city dates from the Fourth of July, 1873, when as a lad I made an excursion trip between midnights to and from the state capital. The name loomed large in my boyish fancy. My memory recalls it now as a three-story-red-brick country town. The streets really were homes were along the waterfront; and some of them were nothing to be proud of even in the architecture or cleanliness of their facades.

The sidewalks were of brick worn into unsightly holes in frequent places. The Susquehanna river side was a precipitous and clayey bank, with a fringe of driftwood along the edge of the placid water, that was in turn decorated with an occasional bow-knot of tin cans and other rubbish.

The main thoroughfare—Market street—on that unforgettable Fourth of July was deserted except for a few groups of young fellows and girls, the latter dressed in white, carrying baskets containing materials for a picnic. The busy square was a market place, empty and deserted.

The courthouse, with its colonial suggestion, was the most imposing building in the town next to the squat brick structure on the hill with Karnak-like columns known as the Capitol.

Some kindly soul informed me that the only amusement was a picnic "on the island." I was rowed over in a skiff, stared an hour or two watching some girls and young fellows dining, returned to the town and spent the remainder of that disappointing day around the Pennsylvania station down in the hollow waiting for a train home.

I have often wondered since where the Harrisburg of 1873 kept its fire horses! Possibly it hadn't gotten beyond the man power and the bucket brigade stage.

Twelve years later, when I made my first entry into Harrisburg as a legislative correspondent, I discovered that they then kept the fire horses at pasture somewhere out on Third street, now a populous region of pretty homes. In those days fires were frequent and the volunteer department was small.

There was one engine company, down on Chestnut street I think, that pastured its horses between fires. It was cheaper to pasture them than to pen them up and feed them in the firehouse.

When an alarm was sounded two volunteers would leap on a spare horse, bareback, and go clattering and smashing out to the pasture.

Ten minutes later they would return on a dead gallop, one on each horse, with an escort of yapping dogs and shouting urchins in the rear, while crowds lined the street and hung from the windows watching the fire conquering heroes come.

It was a great day in Israel for the Harrisburg populace when the fire tocsin called the horses home from pasture.

HARRISBURG had the finest farmers' market in central Pennsylvania thirty years ago. Two or three times a week Market square, now the throbbing heart of this wonder city, was abloom with masses of old-fashioned flowers and redolent of the earthy fragrance of early fruits and vegetables beyond compare.

It was a great day in white cloths; green-cases—it's cottage cheese now, smear case is vulgar—Dutch cheese in little "pats," and saucer cheese flanked by gallon crocks of apple butter; split baskets of dried apples—apple suits—with now and then a jar of golden honey strained, or it might be honey in the comb, were set out in lavish array.

The market opened at daylight with the dew still on the flowers. The odor of it all, suggestive of the wide river-fields and glorious sunshine of old Dauphin, is in my nostrils yet. Never was there such a market.

As for the farmers, they were mostly Pennsylvania Dutch. Men in their broad-brimmed hats, and their women in queer little black poke bonnets; River Brethren, Amish and Dunkards were mixed up with a liberal sprinkling of the descendants of the Scotch-Irish of the post-revolutionary period.

But the farmers' market of Market square disappeared long years ago. Its existence is a legend to the present generation. In its stead downtown Harrisburg finds a substitute within the walls of a huge double brick structure on Chestnut street. At 6 o'clock one morning last week I found the plain, thrifty, early-rising citizens converging toward it as a natural center of attraction, basket on arm. I followed the crowd.

It was an interesting and busy scene at that hour. There was the same queening as to prices and the character of the fruit. It was a bigger market than the old fair square in Market square; there was greater variety in the display of food and a vastly wider difference in the sellers thereof.

There were products on sale that were never heard of in the old market. Spaghetti and Camembert cheese; Florida oranges and cantaloupes from Texas; Spanish mackerel and California lettuce, and all the other exotic luxuries of sea and soil.

Instead of the quaint caps of the Menonite women went the Susquehanna head and Italian goddesses in calico. One looked in vain for the square cut whiskers and clean shaven upper lip of the River Brethren, the butter bowl hair cut of the Amish, now and then I overheard a bit of conversation in Pennsylvania Dutch, but modern English with now and then the accent and graceful gesture of the Italian, prevailed.

By these tokens I knew the old Harrisburg had passed away.

FIFTEEN years since the magician of twentieth-century progress touched the municipal pride of the capital city and wakened it to a new and radiant existence. The transformation has been proceeding each year with accelerated impulse.

The cobble-strewn water's edge and the clayey banks of the Susquehanna have disappeared. In their stead is a magnificent attraction, or river wall, that holds suggestions of Venice near the Arsenal. Above and behind it is a boulevard whose stately trees, minus the bordering residences, recall the ancient Tiber Highway of Tula in the heart of old Mexico.

EN GARDE!



THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

WE HAVE an idea that this century is going to look back on the indiscretions of its teens with the same horror that the average man recoils his own outrageous doings at that awkward age.

We note from our favorite Congressional Record that the Senate has granted an increase of pension to Fernando Cash and David Tenpenny.

Our friend Leicester Holland has been made a doctor of philosophy by the U. of P. for having written a thesis on "Traffic Ways About France in the Dark Ages." Perhaps he will continue this train of investigation and give us a thesis on the skip-stop system in Philadelphia.

The subjects of doctor of philosophy theses are among amusing to the humble layman. Miss Emily Faulkrod, for instance, is now a Ph. D. by reason of her treatise on "The Compounds of the Word Horse." We hope she did not forget the horse's neck.

Saturday is the longest day of the year. And it will seem doubly so in Weimar, when they are making up their minds what to do about the treaty.

They Should Have Said "Ah" The German lady secretaries are said to have put out their tongues at the crowd as they left Versailles. Perhaps it was only because they thought they saw Doctor Grayson in the gathering.

And speaking of the unruly member, why is it that one hears a good deal about the mother tongue but next to nothing about the father tongue?

Others, gentlemen, the Cosmos! Let them toast whatever they've a mind to—

Their lady, or their Alredale, or their pipe, their own pet hobby, which the world is blind to,

Or Art, or Freedom, or a dish of tripe . . . My mistress in her years is not too truthful. Yet young of heart; and of such great renown.

Confess she tops all others, if you're truthful— So, gentlemen, the Cosmos! Drink her down!

The Cosmos is—(slow music here)—my mother! She is the largest dad I've ever had; I do not think I care to find another: She loves me, good, or neutral, or plain bad.

I doubt if I could get along without her.— Or you yourself,—or Smith, or Jones, or Brown. Myself, I'm often lyrical about her: So gentlemen, the Cosmos! Drink her down!

She'll drink you down, some day when it'll please her, To that omnivorous Lethem maw Where nebula and neolith and Caesar And Sacred Geese have gone; where Bernard Shaw, T. Wilson, sun and meteor and planet, One day shall rest, beside this silenced crowd. So, while she leaves us breath enough to span it. Come, gentlemen, the Cosmos! Drink her down!

CONQUEST

UP, FOR the march has begun! Forward and onward the press! Swift move the hurrying ranks, Emerald file after file, Grasses and reeds of the marsh, Grasses of meadow and hill, Clover and buttercup blooms Led by the dominant wind, Many-voiced the acclaim From myriad murmuring leaves Of poplar and maple astir, Loud is the drum of the bee; Strong is the music and sweet Pouring from jubilant throats Of sparrow and glad bob-o-link. Bright are the pennons that wave Far in the radiant air, Gold of the brave fleur-de-lis Set in long banners of green. On to the conquest we move, An irresistible host, Thrilled by a single desire— The kingdom of beauty is won! —Margaret Sherwood, in Scribner's Magazine.

The Salus bill appears to have been lost in transit.

Since the Germans object to a peace of righteousness they may be given a piece of right—what they gave Belgium.

Sooner or later the United States Senate may move to amend the old song to read, "Who Killed Round Robin?"

Three hundred thousand gallons of whisky will be tied up in St. Louis July 1 in a presidential I-may-not.

Congressmen have decided that there is no longer any greater need, now that the war is over, to save daylight than there is to save wheat.

It is regrettable that ever so many otherwise good citizens get the notion into their heads that Uncle Sam isn't big enough to enforce the laws he makes.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. How many senators voted against the declaration of a state of war with Germany in 1917? 2. Name two common vegetables unknown in the United States at the time of the American revolution? 3. What is a dossier? 4. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase "noctens volens"? 5. On what river is Antwerp located? 6. What is a succedaneum? 7. Who was La-Perouse? 8. What was Shays's rebellion and when did it occur? 9. What is the third largest country in South America? 10. What position did Charles E. Hughes resign to become the Republican candidate for President in 1918?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The Turks acquired Constantinople in 1453. 2. The literal meaning of ineffable is unutterable or inexpressible. 3. Joseph Korzenowski is the real name of Joseph Conrad, the novelist. 4. John Townsend Trowbridge wrote the humorous poem, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine." 5. Schleswig-Holstein lies between the southern boundary of Denmark and the northern boundary of Prussia. 7. The battle of Molino del Rey occurred in the Mexican War. It was won by the Americans under "Uncle Sam" on September 8, 1847. The name means King's Mill. 8. Asphalt is a mixture of bitumen, pitch and sand. 9. A caret is a mark, like an inverted "v," placed below a line to indicate a place of omission. 10. An assegai is a slender spear of hard wood formerly used by South African tribes.

(The Senate) wasted six weeks in wrangling over this one, and ratified it with one vote to spare. We have five or six matters now demanding settlement. I can settle them all, honorably and advantageously to our own side, and I am assured by leading men in the Senate that not one of these treaties negotiated will pass the Senate, I should have a majority in every case, but a malignant third would certainly dash every one of them. To such monstrous shapes has the original mistake of the constitution grown in the evolution of our politics.

Soul Values Though little he possess, call him not poor— Though by the sweat of brow his bread he earn— Whom love awaits within his humble door, Whose children shout with joy at his return: But poor he is though gold and fame be won, Who little, trusting hand from his doth miss; And she of hungry heart at set of sun Who knows no rapture of a baby's kiss. Ah, pity them whom death doth sore bereave, Whose fortune fails, or friends, or health have lost; But them who ne'er for others' losses grieve, And can forget old friends, then pity most. To lose the heart to love, yes, that is loss, A loss with which none other can compare. Who loves, who prays, finds glory in a cross; Pray for the souls that feel no need of prayer. MAUD FRAZER JACKSON. The Bureau of Bombustibles has issued a warning that there may be more explosives coming through the mails. If this is a hoax, it seems a cruel way of making Mr. Burleson hustle. SOCRATES Principles for Criticizing the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations (Gathered from the Lucubrations of New Republicans, New York Nationalists, Peepers, Bedroom and Bath Bolsheviks; the Reed-Borahs, and all who are again the government.) First. The treaty must give full self-determination to all Poles, Czechs-Slovaks, Jugos-Slavs, Danes, grave and frugal Transylvanians, Margarinees, Lettas and Hindrants. Second. The ancient boundaries of Poland and Bohemia, including its seacoast, must be integrally restored. Third. This must be done without taking an inch of territory from the German empire. Fourth. France must have the coal of which she has been deprived by the destruction of her mines. Fifth. But it is robbery, infidelity to the Fourteen Points, just as bad as Prussia, etc., etc., to take this coal from Germany. Sixth. Reparation must be made for all material damage committed in France and Belgium. Seventh. But it is outrageous, undemocratic, inhuman and all the rest of it, to do it with German money. Eighth. We have to insure to the new and victim nations the peaceful enjoyment of their liberty. Ninth. The first step toward this must be for the Allies to disarm themselves completely. Tenth. The league of nations is (a) a tyranny of the black and yellow races over the white; (b) a world power trust of the "Big Four" (all white); (c) a surrender of American sovereignty; (d) useless because powerless; (e) the most potent instrument of tyranny ever devised; (f) insincere, because it doesn't involve immediate disarmament; (g) insane, because it may involve ultimate disarmament. Eleventh. Any mandate under the league offered to Great Britain will be land grabbing and camouflaged annexation on Britain's part. Twelfth. Any mandate under the league offered to the United States will be an intolerable expense and responsibility that we cannot think of accepting.—James Postifer, in B. L. T.'s column, Chicago Tribune.