

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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EDITORIAL BOARD:
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building,
Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC CITY: Press-Telegram Building
New York: 100 West 40th Street
Detroit: 100 West 40th Street
Chicago: 100 West 40th Street

NEWS BUREAUX:
Washington: 100 West 40th Street
New York: 100 West 40th Street
London: 100 West 40th Street

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers by mail at the rate of twelve cents per week, payable in advance.

By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, at the rate of fifteen cents per week, payable in advance.

To all foreign countries, one dollar per month, payable in advance.

Normal—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

RELL, 3000 WALNUT, KEYSTONE, MAIN 1000

Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

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Philadelphia, Thursday, June 26, 1919

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can symbolize. The bitter cup of realization is at her lips. She must drink.

Civilization can comprehend the tantrum without undue alarm. The condemned criminal is up for punishment.

Justice is powerful enough to administer it and will do so.

The prelude to the treaty signing reveals Germany in the most contemptible of all her roles. Her disgusting frenzy should arm every element of decency in the world to support the scrupulous execution of the treaty obligations at whatever cost.

The most heartening feature of the situation is its exposure of the folly of mankind's sentimentalism. Germany, who hoped to gain by it, has impaired whatever specious vitality it possessed.

SUFFRAGE TRIUMPHS REVEAL THE NEW WOMAN EVERYWHERE

She is Bringing Into Politics a Critical Sense Likely to Daze Old-Fashioned Party Bosses

TO MANY incurably old-fashioned people the immediate prospect of equal suffrage in Pennsylvania will bring a sense of unreality, of dismay, of an unhappy dream that must pass before it becomes quite intolerable. These are hard years for inflexible minds that cannot change or grow. To be slow in thought, in perception, in sympathy is to be left lonesomely out of the world of action. For, wherever it may be going, the spirit of the times certainly is winged and fleet and eager.

So we are entering the era of the New Woman! The thought will terrify all those who cherish their inherited opinions as you cherish fragile antiques in wool and lavender. Haunting dread of a chaotic future represents the penalty which must be paid by multitudes who preferred to get their education out of comic papers in times when the comic papers were even more stupid than they are now. For the New Woman of popular superstition, the stern being with a check suit and a masculine jaw, never existed beyond the imagination of over-dressed joke carpenters.

The first suffragists were graduates of the earlier women's colleges—gentlewomen who happened to be ardent, courageous, able and critical of their times.

Their ranks have increased unbelievably in recent years with the spread of education—the education of the schools and the education in life that women and girls receive who struggle for a living in offices, mills and shops. Wherever the consciousness of their new responsibilities has dawned clearly upon women and girls there you will find new women.

They read. They have formed new sets of opinions.

They refuse to be befuddled by the thin patter of professional party men. It is easy to find girls working at office desks and looms who are better read than a great many men who run successfully for public office.

There are college girls of whom you seldom hear who go out to careers of old clothes and poverty in order to give battle to those who are presumed to make life too hard for women and children in industry. There are the restless-minded teachers in schools forever in rebellion against the conditions that press unfairly upon little children; and there are women who have always made the causes of the less fortunate their own.

These are the new women. They are everywhere. The war, as it reacted in America, made it plain that they have an eerie genius of their own for organization.

No one who knows anything of the work which their organizations accomplished in Philadelphia can doubt that they bring a sort of passionate resolution to ordered tasks. And certainly they bring a fresh fund of idealism that, properly directed, might easily clean and clarify the atmosphere in some of the dank and musty places in the economic and political order of the state.

The demonstrations made by the massed war organizations of women in the streets of Philadelphia are memorable. Marching and level-eyed, they filled the air with a suggestion of something austere and clean. They were assured. Their faces were like the faces of those who had mysteriously heard a command and a promise. These, too, were new women.

For the present at least the newly enfranchised woman of the country and those who are still seeking the vote represent a class consciousness—through their leaders at least.

We are beginning to hear of "Republican women" and "Democratic women." For these naive designations one has to thank the ingenious national chairmen of the two big parties. But the concerns of the women who have given energy to the suffrage movement are not Republican or Democratic. Experience elsewhere has shown that they have little hunger for office. They are for the most part grave, ardent and disinterested in the causes that touch women and children in industry and the affairs of municipal and school government.

It will surprise no one if the conventional party bosses blunder in dealing with these new voters. Disinterestedness always puzzles a politician. The bosses will have to learn.

If women have good memories—and they are said to have better memories than men—they will look with mixed emotions on the party leaders who now run in circles and toss off glowing speeches to bid them welcome and do them honor. A few years ago these same men tut-tutted them to one side and told them that they should be at home minding their children instead of meddling with work which the Lord had set aside for the unerring hands of men.

Mr. Vare, in stoutly supporting the suffragists' cause at the eleventh hour, followed the example of the influential politicians everywhere in the country. In New York, in Illinois, the leaders who most fiercely opposed suffrage were the first elaborately to welcome the women voters to full citizenship when the vote

became inevitable. They debated in rival groups for the credit of having brought the miracle to pass.

Elder statesmen everywhere still are obdurate. Mr. Penrose and Mr. Knox view the progress of suffrage sentiment in Washington and at Harzlarburg with woeful eyes. They are accepting the extension of the franchise about as the Germans accept the terms of peace. They will tell you that women will not know what to do with the vote after they get it.

Perhaps women will not know what to do with the vote. In Chicago, for example, they are charged with having voted in supine and unthinking obedience to their men and thus swung the city into the control of the powers of darkness. But this represents no adequate indictment of the cause as a whole. Indeed, if the first years of equal suffrage should bring failure and confusion to the newly enfranchised women no one need be surprised. Women voters need practiced leadership and they will have to have time to develop it. They have shown no disposition to form an independent party and have thus revealed the instinct of political wisdom, since independent parties formed in the interest of one class always fail for the simple reason that all other factions unite against them on general principles.

It may be predicted that the feminine vote will drift to one party or another, but it is not likely ever to be as solidly bound within party lines as men's votes are. Women unquestionably have a cause. They wish to have a voice in revising and administering the laws affecting them and their children.

SPROUL AND THE MUZZLER

GOVERNOR SPROUL has made the first big mistake in his administration.

It was to force through the vicious and dangerous so-called "anti-sedition" bill.

He was able to put it across the speaker's desk in the House only by the utmost use of whip and spur.

All his gubernatorial power of appointment, protection and favor was brought into play, even to the extent of sending his private secretary on the floor of the House as a lobbyist after the measure had been decisively defeated. With the aid of county leaders the Governor scared up enough votes on reconsideration of the bill to squeeze it through. At that he had only three votes to spare. He is welcome to whatever prestige he thinks such maneuvering brings him. But it is disappointing.

By this wise departure from the course of dignity and poise Governor Sproul becomes a pledge breaker. He breaks solemn pledges voluntarily made to the people of the commonwealth in his praiseworthy inaugural address last January.

Declaring that his long service in the Legislature made him thoroughly appreciative and respectful of the dividing line between the executive and legislative offices, he said:

"It is the duty of the Governor to recommend such measures as he may deem necessary or important. * * *

But it was never intended that the political power of the executive should be used to control legislation or to influence or dominate political action."

Has he forgotten those words already? Is he finding out that he must play the game like all the gubernatorial failures that have gone before him?

We thought the Governor was more courageous than appears from his evident tremors over what he and a few bad advisers around him call the Red menace. This hysterical sedition bill shows that he has lost his nerve.

"The present bill is not intended in the slightest to curtail the liberty of the legitimate press," glibly explains one of the Governor's spokesmen.

What rot! What has intention got to do with it when nowhere in the bill is to be found the least qualifying phrase acting as a restraint upon any moss-grown mind on the bench that quails before every new idea in the world and would glory in interpreting such a law in the most inclusive terms?

Suppose, for example, it came before such a judge as the late Samuel W. Pennypacker, with his medieval ideas on muzzling the press? How would he apply the loose and vague phraseology of the act?

Moreover, what assurance can Governor Sproul give concerning the interpretations of this act after he is gone from office? Then how silly it is to talk about "intentions," especially when there is nothing in the act to express them.

In the language of the sporting field, our revered Governor has "pulled a bone" which has materially reduced the odds in favor of his leaving the office—perhaps for a higher one—with a satisfactory and first-class record before the people. To become convinced of this fact he need only wait until the public is fully awake to the significance of the muzzler with its twenty-year jail sentence.

The Germans have postponed the evil day as long as possible.

Whoever gets the pen the Governor used, the city gets the charter.

Pretty soon the dress designers will begin to make voting costumes for women.

Seven stolen cars were found in a West Philadelphia garage, but it is still almost as difficult to recover a stolen automobile as a stolen umbrella.

THE GOWNSMAN

About the Study of English

IN A RECENT number of The Nation, Professor Norman Foerster has made several notable discoveries about English, which he finds sadly in need of reconstruction, especially in our graduate schools. He is particularly troubled with the "box" of "rampant barbarism," as he calls radical ideas in education, and facetiously divides teachers of English—as he might those of any other subject—into the German oligarchies whose thoroughness he approves, as who does not, and a surprising creature of his imagination called the dilettante, whom he describes as intelligent of scholarship, possessed of bad taste and likely to sentimentalize over beauties, rhythms, cadences and emotional spontaneity. The Gownsmen has never had the misfortune to meet this variety of what must be the genus muller, no matter what its sex, so he cannot do justice to this straw man, nor sympathize with Professor Foerster's denunciation of "the demagogic power of dilettantism to win a large student following," a matter, surely, of the most trivial variety.

SOME time ago an intelligent carpenter was making repairs in a college building and fell into a pleasant passing of the time of day with a teacher. One day this carpenter inquired: "What subject, sir, do you teach?" "English," replied the teacher.

"Suppose anybody needed to be taught English, leastways in a college," said the carpenter, "how would you go about it?" "Well, I have seen some of them dazed around here, I suppose they have to be taught English," said the teacher, and he added, "The teacher found the matter really difficult to explain."

ENGLISH, in college, as elsewhere, is quite a number of different things. And first of all, English is a tool to us who speak it, our daily, universal tool. Like any other tool, the user must know how to handle it, and become skillful in its use. Like almost any tool, it has possibilities and limitations, and it will do surprising things in competent hands and preposterous and dangerous things in the hands of incompetence. The use of English can be taught like the use of any other tool. Once more, like a pencil or a brush, for example, English may be used not only as a utility, but as the means of producing art; and guidance in this way may be had, as in any other art, although its triumphs are individual and above all rules of rote.

ENGLISH, from another point of view, is interesting as a growth which has gone on from the early days when our forefathers were semi-savages—far more Teutonic than they have since become by intermixture—dwelling among the dunes and sparse fir forests of Jutland, and practicing a form of marauding warfare of which the late German example is only an historic throw-back. How this rude tongue has developed into a language of the power, the complexity and adaptability of modern English is an absorbingly interesting historical study, and one naturally a part of the equipment of a man of education. Back of this lie deeper fields which concern the relation of English to other tongues, the laws of its origin and growth and the conditions out of which these things have risen. It will not make these things simpler to call them by the hard names philology, phonology and morphology, nor better matters much by saying that all these studies are linguistic. But it would be clear to our intelligent carpenter, that there are things to inquire about and teach to others besides the un-Englished dago.

AND now we reach the topic of our friend—of The Nation, and that is English considered as literature; as the humanist considers it. English as one of the humanities. From a subject scarcely known except in the form of the old rhetoric, English has become a single generation in America at least, a subject of universal attention, commanding large departments as a subject required of all and taken by choice, where choice is free, by large numbers of students. This is not because English is made up of "snap courses," for nearly all such work entails much reading and much writing. It is not because the dilettante rules in the English room. The modern young man and young woman do not flock after the dilettante. Much less does a Prussian efficiency in the hunting down of facts attract him. The reason for the attractiveness and success of English in our colleges is its humanistic character, which only English can wholly impair. The reason for the popularity and success of English in our college classrooms is referable to the fact that English is the last stronghold of the humanities. And the humanities we must have.

IN OUR graduate schools we have been most Prussianized and our scientific friend has held too undivided a sway. There is need that we do away with some of our superstitions about "original research" as the only thing which should demand the activity of man, and that we should give up generations and the hushed voice of adoration whenever we hear of some inconsiderable trifle as "added to the sum total of human knowledge." Human knowledge is a good deal like money and the getting of it like money getting. It is not the acquisition of knowledge that is important; it is the use we make of what we get. Any one can make money; few know how to spend it to advantage. So any one of average ability can learn things and, going about in a queue of knowledge, pick up a strange public. The trodden ways, pick up a strange public. The trodden ways, pick up a strange public. The trodden ways, pick up a strange public.

Let us by all means have the sane Fourth that earnest gentlemen everywhere have demanded since the beginning without avail. Then, looking at some of the gowns that are worn and pictures that are painted and policies that are practiced and reading the poetry that is being written, let us strive earnestly to give the other 364 days of the calendar the semblance of rationality. By consistent effort, if the reform progresses as it has progressed with the Fourth of July, the sanity movement might be advanced into January in about 40,000 years.

Idle Hands The question of employment of prisoners, raised by Judge McCarty in his defense of the Eastern Penitentiary apocrypha, is always a hard one. Certainly the state law which forbids the employment of more than a small percentage of convicts in prisons imposes a difficult problem on a man in Warden McCarty's position, and confuses the whole business of prison management. And yet, admitting all this, one cannot help but wonder why the convicts who actually clamor for work after they are in jail didn't start earlier and keep out of mischief.



THE CEDAR CHEST

WE HAVE been desperately hoping that the last drop of humiliation will be administered to certain willful senators by the treaty being signed on June 29, which is Mr. Borah's birthday and Mr. Lodge's wedding day.

A New Yorker—Mr. Trotsky—is running things in Russia; and another New Yorker—Mr. De Valera—is calling himself president of Ireland. We can't help wondering whether Germany won't have to go to the mystic island of Manhattan to find a really acceptable chief executive.

And yet when New York wants a mayor she has to go to Brooklyn for him.

Our friend Lewis Shanks insists that going by a second-hand bookstore on Ninth street he saw a sign displayed:

DICKENS WORKS ALL THIS WEEK FOR \$4

Nothing startling about that, you will grant; but Mr. Shanks also insists that he overheard a brawny laborer say, as he lapsed the sign, "He does, does he? The dirty scab!"

Desk Mottos We live in a series of rushes—like the infant Moses.—H. H. MUNRO.

Pax Dei O LORD, All merciful, grant us Thy peace.

The peace of truth, of justice, righteousness. That maketh strife engendering wrongs to cease. And all the world with equity doth bless.

Grant us Thy peace; on truth deep founded.

The truth that bares the wrong deceit would hide.

And builds on rock foundations to endure.

Thy peace, wherein good will and faith abide.

Grant us Thy peace; let justice have her will, For justice perfected with mercy blends.

In righteousness our lives themselves fulfill, And nations just attain their lawful ends.

The League of Nations, seeking for a way To lessen war, in wisdom, Lord, increase.

That, happier than its hope, it speed the day When wars of nations, wiser grown, shall cease.

Not for a Truce of God we make our prayer, The transient stopping of the cannon's roar.

Thy peace we ask, for all men everywhere, That furls the flags of battle evermore.

Our hearts that pray for peace, search Thou! Make clean

From war producing greed, from self-will base.

The wicked thought that stops at naught between Its selfish aim and profit, power or place.

Into Thy secret place lead us, Most High, Teach us and train to stay our minds on Thee.

That, conquering every war-beggetting lie, We gain Thy peace,—of love and liberty.

CHARLES T. SEMPER.

To a Thief THIS has been a dream day, Winging hours along Like a culprit skylark's Theft of Orphean song.

With the clouds accomplice To her blessed wrong.

THIS has been a dream day; Burglar of my heart You have stolen visions

That were set apart Just to tempt the cunning Of your thievish art!

TONY.

Speaking of operations, Irvin Cobb has been made a doctor of laws by Dartmouth

THE SWIMMER

MAN'S works are graven, cunning and skillful

On earth where his tabernacles are; But the sea is wanton, the sea is willful,

And who shall mend her and who shall mar?

Shall we carve success or record disaster On the bosom of her heaving alabaster?

Will her purple pulse beat fainter or faster For fallen sparrow or fallen star?

I WOULD that with sleepy soft embraces The sea would fold me—would find me rest

In luminous shades of her secret places, In depths where her marvels are manifest,

So the earth beneath her should not discover My hidden couch—nor the heaven above her—

As a strong love shielding a weary lover, I would have her shield me with shining breast.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

The unanimity with which the judiciary committee of the national House of Representatives agreed that a man may have liquor in his cellar after July 1 without being liable to prosecution suggests that the members of the committee have been forehanded in preparing against a dry spell.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who is Francesco Nitti?

2. Who said "These are the times that try men's souls"?

3. What was the original name of Cincinnati?

4. What is a bathos?

5. What is the English equivalent of the Irish name Sharn?

6. What is the longest river in Australia?