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Philadelphia, Tuesday, July 15, 1919.

taken as a matter of course in the days before the word "study" dropped out of the pedagogic rule book. Mass-meetings and interpretative lectures won't help matters a bit.

Let the ordinary school child be spared the frills and compelled to commit to memory a few straightforward pages of terse English. The constitution on most points ought to be no more puzzling than the multiplication table.

**WILSON CONTINUES TO AID HIS OPPONENTS IN SENATE**

Swanson's "Keynote" Speech Suggests That Reticence Learned in Paris May Yet Endanger the Covenant

NO ONE with half a mind can accept Senator Swanson's speech of yesterday as an authoritative or inspired discussion of the administration view of the league of nations. The address was an empty gesture. Yet it was one in which Mr. Wilson was expected to break his long silence and be frank, analytical and explicit.

It is obvious that the President is still reserving his confidences. Mr. Swanson retorted for himself. He said nothing that Senator Hitchcock has not said on other occasions with greater force and greater dignity. The country listened to a solemn reiteration of accepted principles. The new spokesman for the White House might, indeed, have saved himself the effort.

Only superficial or partisan observers can doubt the fundamental wisdom and necessity of an enlightened scheme of international relationship along lines proposed in the league covenant. Nothing less is adequate to avert moral collapse and economic upheaval over most of the earth. Those who have most bitterly opposed the Paris plan never have had the grace or the courage to propose an alternative.

But it is plain that the covenant is not wholly ideal as it stands. There were disagreements among the American delegates. Decisions were made and compromises were accepted for reasons never explained. The country accepted Mr. Wilson's decisions on faith and trusted implicitly in his wisdom and his integrity. It has waited in patience and it is still waiting to be fully enlightened about the aims and purposes of the groups with whom we are to associate ourselves in the future direction of world affairs.

It is idle to suppose that Mr. Wilson is not prepared to inform the country fully. But he will be wise if he will realize now that the faith of the people ought not to be too greatly tried.

**POTATOES AND POLITICS**

Political Leaders Who Are Farmers in Their Off Hours—Coles, Scott, Johnson and Some Others in the Game

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

FEW of the thousands of Philadelphians who are members of the Town Meeting party are aware of the fact that their chairman, George W. Coles, reformer, member of the bar and political leader, is likewise a farmer. That is, he is a farmer during the farming season, which in this latitude runs from May to October. More than that, he is a successful farmer, and he is justly proud of the fact.

Farmer Coles has the finest garden in his neighborhood, and he lives in the midst of flowers. He follows the traditions of the soil. He rises, when emitting the role at his Montgomery county country place, at 6 in the morning and is out in his garden manipulating the hoe or push-pull cultivator long before the other members of his family have driven the mists of slumber from their eyes.

And it is no make-believe garden either—one of those four-by-five plots, containing six onions, three carrots and a stalk of parsley, the sport of the cartoonist and the hobby of the commuter. There's nearly half an acre in his truck patch alone.

Chairman Coles also raises wheat, rice, corn and timothy; likewise chickens and Pekin ducks on his farm. It isn't a bad thing for him. It is a pleasure which is not only conducive to his good health, but likewise profitable.

The latter fact is proof that he is not an agriculturalist. The agriculturalist tows for the privilege of farming. The farmer farms for profit.

MOST statesmen, political leaders and according to Henshaw, Gaboriau and other famous novelists, detectives love the soil and seek every opportunity to get back to it. Gladstone at Hawarden, Bismarck at Lauenburg and a list of other famous names might be cited of those who sought refuge from political cares and distractions in the quiet of the country.

One day last week Senator Edwin S. Ware and City Chairman Ramsey journeyed up to Harrisburg to see the Governor. It was their last opportunity for a final talk before Governor Sproul named his famous board of registration commissioners. Senator Ware had already gone over the situation at the executive mansion. It was a critical time for the gentleman from South Philadelphia and his political interests.

The interview terminated about 1:30. The senator and the sheriff hurried away to the hotel, snatched a bit of lunch and then rushed to the train for Philadelphia. Not a bit of a farmer.

They piled into a big high-powered automobile and went tearing down the Harrisburg and Lebanon pike to Hershey. Here at one of the great barns on the beautiful estate they alighted. Inside were 100 odd calves, highly bred and highly priced. Senator Ware had carried Ramsey all that distance to show him, not like it once, and I'm going to bet that it was his active time for the gentleman from South Philadelphia and his political interests.

Which leads to the sapient conclusion that, after all, politics is but a game.

**NEIGHBORS IN NEW JOURNALISM**

THE four days' old PUBLIC LEDGER sold in London on Sunday were an index of the modern transportation miracle performed by the R-34—and of something else. They represented the inaugural step in a movement of profound bearing on the maintenance of peace and international understanding.

Back in 1815 British and American soldiers slew each other on the battlefield of New Orleans, although commissioners of both belligerents had signed the peace treaty at Ghent nearly a month before. The cable and wireless have removed the possibility of such tragic misunderstandings, but their power to implant the spirit of neighborliness pales before that of the interchange of virtually contemporary newspapers.

Lord Northcliffe in June forecast the sale of London morning journals in America on the evening of their date of issue, of London evening journals on the day after and vice versa. Judging from the PUBLIC LEDGER'S performance, his statement was less a prophecy than a disconcerting announcement. The Philadelphia who sought a home paper from a news-stand in the British capital last Sunday was not served with stale information and stale comment. He got almost the contemporary article.

It is not to be questioned that this new achievement in newspaper distribution marks the beginning of a new era, not only for journalism, but also for the two "neighbor" nations in which public opinion is so dominant a factor in true progress.

**THE WOMEN MUST HELP**

THE invitation to women to participate in the approaching city campaign did not end with Thomas Raeburn White's request to Mrs. Edward Biddle, of the Civic Club, to sit on the Committee of One Hundred. Other women will sit on the committee.

This is as it should be. Women are intensely concerned in changing conditions under the new charter. The streets have not been properly cleaned, the garbage has not been collected with regularity, the sanitary conditions in the districts occupied by the poor are deplorable. Women have been interesting themselves in these matters for several years, and their interest has become acute within recent months.

These conditions must be improved and men must be elected to office pledged to improve them. Nothing will make the election of such men surer than the organized demand of the women. Unless signs are untrue, the women will organize for a cleaner city, and they will throw their influence in favor of the candidates who can be trusted with the job.

**THE POLITICAL WHIRLIGIG**

"OUR isolation," declared the President, "ended twenty-one years ago." It was then regarded, he maintained, as a sinister and ominous thing by the statesmen of more than one European chancellery that we should have extended our power beyond the confines of our continental dominions.

All the critics, however, were not in Europe. It was the President's own party which was the bitterest opponent of American expansion. Courageous acceptance of wider responsibilities after the Spanish War was championed by Republican leaders who carried out their platform.

The swing of the political weathercock is extreme. In standing for an adult America the partisan Democracy of the present repudiates its ancestry. Partisan Republicanism similarly rejects its traditions wherever it upholds hermitism today. The whole shifting scene is rich soil for the ironist.

Happily, the public mind averages a good percentage of clarity on vital subjects, while politicians move in a pestiferous way their blunders to perform.

**Heroes Here at Home**

While we are thinking of the heroes of the war we should not forget the members of the fire department, who risk their lives every day, with men and then such a catastrophe as that of Saturday.

**Just Figures**

Some statistician in Washington is telling the farmers that they waste about one bushel out of every forty-five bushels of wheat they raise, and is calling on them to save every grain. The man who made these figures never lived on a farm in the East, where the chickens grow fat in the harvest field every year.

**The Sun Dial Outmoded**

That was indeed an illuminating veto which the President attached to the agricultural appropriation bill containing the foolish daylight-saving repeal. The failure of the House to override the executive opposition now happily assures the amendment of failure. The superiority of the clock over the sun dial is thus reaffirmed.

**And King George got his PUBLIC LEDGER for breakfast.**

The 14th of July in Paris was not only a fête of victory. It was a victory of fate.

So far as the Peace Conference is concerned, Secretary Lansing is off to spend his vacation in America.

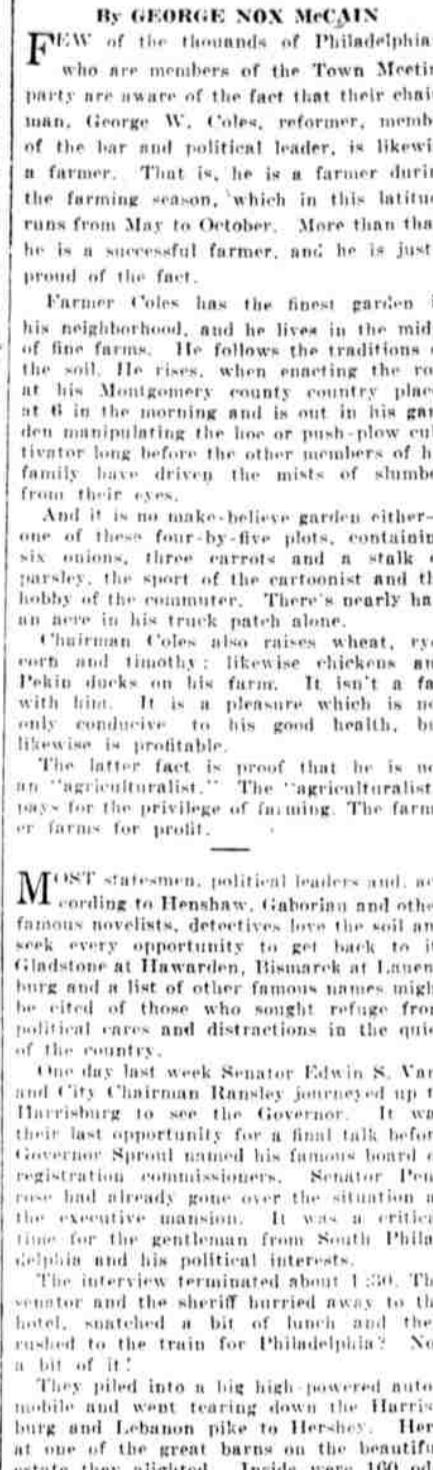
The fitness of Prof. B. F. Schappelle to teach the young idea how to shoot is strongly attested by the accuracy of his aim.

If straw votes show how the political wind blows, Franklin Spencer Edmonds should make hay.

It will be a cold day when Article X or any other article can freeze the world into immutability. Fears of league opponents in this particular are wholly groundless.

We have had the income tax, the luxury tax, the amusement tax and numberless other taxes; and now the day approaches when our national legislators will get down to brass tacks.

**"AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!"**



**THE CHAFFING DISH**

**A Confession**

SOME of our clients, with that eager and Siquitoze enthusiasm which is so pleasing to contemplate, have asked us why it was that we neglected the unparalleled opportunity to send a few copies of the Chaffing Dish over on the R-34 to cheer up King George at his dreary tasks and enliven the existence of Fleet street.

Of course the thought occurred to us, and we are a little embarrassed to have to confess just why it was that the plan failed. We had prepared a file of last week's issues of the Dish, carefully wrapped in oiled silk, with copious notes attached containing such explanations as we thought King George and Lord Stamfordham might need to make it possible for them to enjoy all the references contained in the Dish. This little parcel, correctly addressed to our London correspondent, was in complete readiness to be handed to Commander Scott of the R-34, and in fact, Commander Scott lunged around some time waiting for it.

Why, then, is the natural question, was it not delivered?

The fact is that here begins our embarrassment! We struck a snag in composing the letter which was to go with the parcel; so serious a snag that we were unable to decide what to do, and although Commander Scott most generously offered to keep the ship waiting about until the parcel was ready to go off without them.

The letter, in behalf of American columnists in general, was addressed to the editor of Punch, and this was how it began:

Dear Editor:

I take this opportunity of sending you my friendly greetings on this great event in the relations of our two nations. Along with every one else we are sure that we say about each other in your country and mine, now that we are assured that our words will be read so promptly. It is our words which every time a misprint occurs in The Chaffing Dish it will be read on Fleet street within four days. But, that the editors of our serious journals have made haste to felicitate us mutually; why indeed should we be backward to congratulate one with another?

Since, as many of our leading writers have not hesitated to assert, it is now annihilated. No one now thinks any more of space than the mutineers on Treasure Island thought of Ben Gunn. The astounding developments of the past weeks have made both of us, you and I, marvel. Who do you think it is, indeed, whom History will point to as the man who won the war?

We got so far as that when doubts assailed us. It would be a grave thing to hint a misprint (for we were assured that we were so doing with an error in syntax. We began to ponder. We didn't think any too well of our sentence about Ben Gunn. Indeed, we had had trouble with it before. And that sentence, *The astounding developments, etc., have made you and I marvel*—it is correct? Shouldn't it be *now and me marvel*?

We turned to Mr. Joseph Conrad, said to be the greatest living writer of English, for counsel. On page 73 of his latest novel we found:

*The upward cast in the eyes of Mills made us both, Elvst and I, turn round.*

We concluded, therefore, that this sentence of ours was O. K. We went on to have another look at the next one:

*Who do you think it is whom history will point to as the man who won the war?*

We submitted that sentence to the Quiz-editor. He said it should be *Whom do you think it is whom history will point to?*

We turned to another soothsayer, who cried furiously that it should be *Which do you think it is whom history will point to as the man whom won the war?*

The office boy, who has a nice instinct in these perplexities, averred it should go thus:

*Whom do you think it is which history will point to as the man whom won the war?*

By this time we were getting grievously confused. We tried it this way:

*Whom do you think it is whom history will point to as the man whom won the war?*

They did not seem right. We tried a paraphrase thus:

*Whom is the man to whom history will point to as the man by whom the war was won?*

**THE CHAFFING DISH**

While we were fuming over these matters the time came for the R-34 to sail. Rather than run any danger of having the editor of Punch think the Chaffing Dish is at all uncertain about its who and whom we determined to be a good sport. We didn't think it was fair to keep the R-34 hanging around indefinitely while we wrestled with pronouns. In a high state of excitement we sent a wire to the gallant aviator. We said: "Don't wait on us any longer. Sorry to disappoint King George, but can't be helped."

Then we realized that in our hurry we had committed the worst of all errors in that telegram. We had said "wait on" when we meant "wait for." We only hope he won't show it to the king.

**Desk Mottos**

To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity or semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body, but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Just now the thing that seems to bother Secretary Daniels is Shantung. But we no one take that too grimly. He's only trying to mark time while Larry Sherman has a breathing space to think up another argument against the league. This is the way the schedule of arguments runs nowadays:

**Mondays**—Treaty is pro-Japanese.

**Tuesdays**—Treaty is pro-German.

**Wednesdays**—Treaty embroils U. S. in foreign problems.

**Thursdays**—Treaty leaves U. S. isolated and unfriended.

**Fridays**—Treaty is too vague.

**Saturdays**—Treaty is too rigid.

**Sundays**—Breathing spell to think up some new ones.

We are a peace-loving, opposed to bloodshed, and, therefore, we counsel Mr. Walker D. Hines to keep away from Fiercestreet. Those who go down to the ferry, but help of sundries on Saturday mornings were wont to take the 9:47 from Camden, a pleasant train which we have eulogized before. But Mr. Hines, for some inscrutable reason, has taken this train off, substituting a 9:25 from Broad street. This not only deprives one of a pleasant ride over on the ferry, but also (more to the point) costs \$4.43 a round trip instead of \$3.78. As this means thirteen rounds fewer hot dogs over the week-end it is no smiling matter. If Mr. Hines should show himself in Fiercestreet it is our conviction he would be rent limb from limb.

It must be a painful shock to any elderly citizen when the papers begin to call him "seventy years young," or whatever his number of years may be. He knows then that he is really getting old.

The Urechin struck off a good one the other day. He was eating some ice cream with great enjoyment and paused a moment to give his thoughts an accurate expression. Finally he said: "I like ice cream. It makes my tongue happy."

**Literary Notes**

We have not read Mrs. Rinehart's new novel, "Dangerous Days," but we are advised that there is a minor clergyman in it called Mr. Haverford.

We think that Mrs. Rinehart has done the Main Line an injustice. We maintain that Mr. Haverford is an inappropriate name for a minor cleric, or even for a major cleric. The name suggests some one more like a fox-hunting, cricket-flanneled squire; some one who spent his early youth swimming in Derby creek and laying pennies on the P. R. R. railroad track to see the engine "natten them out"; his middle manhood in snuffing a mit-bushed frosted giant on the veranda of the Merion Cricket Club.

If we had wanted to name a person after a Main Line village we would perhaps have called him Mr. Nerbeth or Mr. Overbrook, but certainly not Mr. Haverford.

SOCRATES.

**THINGS**

SOMETIMES when I am at tea with you I catch my breath At a thought that is old as the world is old And more bitter than death.

It is that the spoon that you just laid down And the cup that you hold May be here shining and insolent When you are still and cold.

Your careless note that I laid away May leap to my eyes like flame When the world has almost forgotten your voice Or the sound of your name.

The golden Virgin Da Vinci drew May smile on over my head And daffodils nod in the silver vase When you are dead.

So let break and dust corrupt and thieves Break through and I shall be glad Because of the hatred I bear to things Instead of the love I had.

For life seems only a shuddering breath, A snuffing desperate cry, And things have a terrible permanence When people die.

—Aline Kilmer, in the Bookman.

The king of Rumania is informally advertising for a wife for his heir. He could not do better than come to America, where there are queens aplenty.

A yarn salesman is advertising that he wants a job. Why does he not apply to the opponents of the league of nations, who are trying to market the largest and most varied assortment of yarns ever exhibited to an indifferent public?

**What Do You Know?**

- QUIZ**
- In how many hours did the R-34 make the return trip to England?
  - What is the literal meaning of ameo?
  - What victories does the Arc de Triomphe in Paris commemorate?
  - Who is the heir to the Italian throne?
  - What state is Senator Swanson from?
  - What state has the largest representation in Congress, including both senators and representatives, and what is the total of its delegates?
  - What are the Romance languages?
  - Who is governor of Massachusetts?
  - When was the battle of the Boyne fought?
  - What is an opheicleid?

**Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**

- Jean Antoine Houdon was the sculptor of the famous statue of Washington which is generally regarded as best combining fidelity of portraiture with artistic merit.
- The work is now in Richmond, Va.
- Amortization in finance means to extinguish a debt, usually by a sinking fund.
- Columbus died in the city of Valladolid, Spain.
- Tradition ascribes to Nathan Hale the expressed regret that he had but one life to lose for his country.
- An amio is a cap, hood or cape of feminine orders; also a badge worn by French canons on the left arm.
- The chief American-controlled cable line runs from California to the Philippines by way of Hawaii and Midway island.
- A chaffing dish is so called by association with the obsolete sense of the word "chafe," to warm.
- Graffiti are drawings or writings scratched on walls, etc., especially on ancient walls, as Pompeii; also decorations by scratches through plaster, showing different colored under-surfaces.
- Certain small onions are scallions, not "scullions."