

Evening Public Ledger

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NOW FOR THE TRUTH!

JUSTICE may have levels of lead, but the extra weight puts punch in its kick. The state has made a step in the right direction in issuing warrants for the arrest of the president and a director of the North Penn Bank.

WHEN PROFITEERS REJOICE

SUCH went profiteers as are operating in Philadelphia will be glad to hear that the Department of Justice expects to be on their trail "in about two weeks." That, approximately, is what the Department of Justice representatives in this city said a year ago.

THE FUTILE "GAS MAN"

IT USED to be said of J. Edward Addicks that he confessedly rejoiced in every public attitude toward him save that of indifference. In that case his last years were bitterly spent, for to the season of notoriety wherein he had delighted succeeded one of stark oblivion.

His career of political brigandage now reads almost as a chapter in some remote geologic epoch. Electioneering methods have today their unsavory and vicious strains, but none the less the old flagrant piratical tactics whereby Clark of Montana flourished and Addicks of Delaware failed are no longer obvious.

The history of Delaware during the period of furious melodrama in which the affluent and ready-handed "gas man" waged his persistent fight for the United States senatorship is one of the most singular of the American political scene.

NEW YORK AT A STANDSTILL

STATISTICS may prove otherwise, but to the average New Yorker from Keokuk, Kalamazoo and Kanakake it was the chief industry of that city which shut down when the actors in twelve important theatres of the Broadway sector refused to hold the mirror up either to nature or their audiences the other night.

Metropolitan, can they compete as substitutes? Is the Astor Library or the Rockefeller Institute to be hereafter listed for nights of revelry?

The striking actors may be influenced by just sentiments, yet it behooves them solemnly to consider what their conduct means. A community which positively forbids its members to part with their coin is no city of pleasure at all.

A COURAGEOUS ATTEMPT TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE

The President's Address a Proclamation of the Obvious and a Recommendation of Futilities

THE task which the President undertook when he addressed Congress yesterday afternoon was beyond the power of mortal man. It was an attempt to prescribe an immediate remedy for that which only time and a long readjustment of the conditions disjunct by war can heal.

There has been profiteering and there has been hoarding. Proof is not lacking. Prices of food and clothing are so high that workers find it impossible to maintain their families in the comfort which they knew four or five years ago.

So long as this condition prevails prices will be high. And so long as there is uncertainty about the final settlement of the terms of peace the beginning of the restoration of world trade to peace-time conditions will be delayed.

Yet he had to make it. The country expected him to do something, and with most commendable courage he undertook to meet its desires. A greater man would have done more or less. He would either have refrained from making recommendations which if adopted will do nothing more than touch the fringe of the question, or he would have boldly announced that we must grit our teeth and submit to the conditions which war has produced until the operation of the well-known economic laws brings about a healthy readjustment.

The Lever food-control law is now available for application to the situation and will be available until the peace treaty is ratified and the President proclaims the end of the war. It permits the government to prevent the hoarding and monopolizing of food. It permits the President to buy food products at a price fixed by him and sell them and use the money obtained to buy more food to be sold. It forbids dealers to make unreasonable profits and permits the Federal Trade Commission to decide what is unreasonable. This is a war measure; the President would have it continued permanently and would have a food commissioner under it regulate the sale of all food in interstate commerce.

It is doubtful whether a federal law regulating cold-storage warehouses would have any serious effect on prices. The cold-storage system has stabilized prices and affected a uniform distribution of perishable food throughout the year.

Yet the President says that he assumes that it is "our purpose to assume national control of the processes of distribution." "Nothing less will suffice!" he exclaims with fine assurance. Nothing less will suffice if we are to enter upon the experiment of state socialism.

As a remedy the suggestion that the retailers be compelled by law to have the cost price of what they sell marked in plain figures on the article is childish. It is based on the assumption that the retailers are making exorbitant profits and that the exhibition of the difference between what they pay for an article and what they sell it for will force them for very shame to reduce the selling prices.

"PUBLIC SENTIMENT? BAH!"

"PUBLIC sentiment?" cried Uncle Dave Lane in discussing Mr. Moore's chances in the fight for the mayoralty. "Bah!" Your uncle saluted his morning egg and stared in pity at a questioner who presumed to believe that public consciousness has at times a definite influence in American politics.

Yet it is public sentiment that wins every important election. What Uncle Dave was thinking about was not public sentiment—which is an immensely potent element in politics—but the lack of it. It is when there is no such thing as a definite public sentiment that American communities drift along obedient to the whims of a bosses' clique.

Reformers can do better than sniff at Uncle Dave or lift virtuous eyebrows at his frank cynicism. The failure of reformers to recognize the fundamental principles of your Uncle's code has given the city a reputation for moral laxity in politics which it does not quite deserve. Every reformer of the sort that Uncle Dave has in mind when he sneers about "mahogany desk furniture" concerns himself with generalities and abstract principles.

The reformers who lose most consistently are those who try to convince the rank and file that good municipal government is chiefly a matter of good book-keeping. Good book-keeping may, indeed, be the secret of good municipal government. But it isn't the secret of successful municipal politics.

ISAAC BACHARACH, who represents the Atlantic City district in Congress, has won his first tariff fight. He has succeeded in obtaining favorable action upon a "Bacharach Bill" in the House. The bill provides for a tariff on the manufacture of glassware which hitherto has been manufactured largely in Germany.

A NEW REMEDY FOR STRIKES

MOST of the railroad lines throughout the country had begun to feel the effects of the shopmen's strike when the President brought the strikers to their senses by the terms of his letter to Mr. Hines.

The shopworkers had lost their heads. They disobeyed the orders of their superiors in the unions. Mr. Wilson made it plain that the government, as the operator of the railroads, would not deal with any men or consider any claims until the strikers evinced a willingness to recognize the authority of their superiors by a return to work.

There is a moral here for all those who still refuse to believe that the advantages of trades unionism can work both ways.

Three men fell into the river from a ferry boat yesterday and two of them immediately jumped to their rescue. It never fails. Heroes are as common as blackberries, thank the Lord! All they need is the occasion.

Pusey has decided that Ambler must improve his gait.

Mr. Hines has been let in for fifty-seven varieties of trouble.

Camden street car conductors may yet have to qualify as registered accountants.

Most of us are of the opinion that Henry is no more of an anarchist than a blowout is a bomb.

Oil does not seem to have the proverbial effect on the troubled waters of South American countries.

One sometimes wonders if the nestor of the Republican organization is a kaka or a kea.

The conviction is forced upon one that Congress cannot solve the railroad problem and doesn't care who knows it.

The favorite song of every overdraft expert in town was "I know a bank where the wild time blows."

Moore's declaration of independence was as big a shock to the king bees as was its illustrious predecessor.

There is this to comfort us: It was a whole lot hotter this time last year than it is today.

In the paring down of prices the Lever bill is to be used as a kind of jackplane.

The North Penn serial grows in thrilling interest with each succeeding installment.

The cut of 15 per cent in the acreage of buckwheat in New Jersey may have a serious effect on the New Orleans molasses crop.

Opportunity knocks at the door; the politician pulls doorbells; and the answer in both cases is sometimes "Nobody home."

Was there any significance in the fact that the President didn't begin to address Congress until after the markets closed?

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

A. Mitchell Palmer's Chances for the Presidency—Charles Pilling's Interest in the Tariff—The Vares and the Congressional Delegation

Washington, Aug. 9.

WILL Woodrow Wilson be a candidate for a third term? The recent adventures of the President lead many observers here to believe that the President is looking forward, despite suggestions from the White House to the contrary. Witness the several letters or messages to Congress since the executive returned from Europe. Although the league of nations was the burning question and the House had nothing to do with it and the Senate had all to do with it, the President addressed Congress with regard to soldier welfare and urged that something be done immediately. Congress had been discussing what should be done for the soldier and regarded the President's message as an intimation that he did not intend that Congress should have all the glory.

But speaking of presidential possibilities, what also of the Republicans? They have no candidate in sight. If the President should not run for a third term who would be his successor? Champ Clark, of Missouri, or Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, might still be willing to make the race. Neither of them is extremely confidential with the President—and neither of them would expect to make the race with the support of the administration.

ISAC BACHARACH, who represents the Atlantic City district in Congress, has won his first tariff fight. He has succeeded in obtaining favorable action upon a "Bacharach Bill" in the House. The bill provides for a tariff on the manufacture of glassware which hitherto has been manufactured largely in Germany.

EVERYBODY in Philadelphia knows that John Fister, of the Manufacturers' Club, has strong convictions on the tariff—that he is a protectionist from way back. It is doubtful whether John Fister, Jr., the distinguished New York lawyer, urged the signing of a petition in favor of a protective tariff on dyes, Fister and his friends of the Manufacturers' Club were there with both feet.

THE Philadelphia congressional delegation is deeply interested in the mayoralty discussion. Congressman Vares, of the First District, is naturally concerned over the success of the Vares, and all other members take soundings accordingly. The Vares succeed in obtaining complete control of the city, what effect will it have upon the future representation in Congress? Will it be made an out-and-out Vares annex, or will it run along haphazard as it is now? George S. Graham, of the Second District, does not mix up much in these political talks, although he is the Pennsylvania member of the national congressional committee. The Third District representative has been much discussed as a possible candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor, and as it is generally understood that he does not have the approval of the Vares it is difficult for other members to phononize as freely as they might like to do.

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What was their own strike and the strike of the street-car men nearly all the actors in New York are "walking gentlemen" these days.



THE CHAFFING DISH

A Nightmare

"COME," said the distinguished architect. "I want to show you the office I have planned for The Chaffing Dish in the new building."

In considerable surprise we followed him. Up a shining marble elevator shaft we shot in a smoothly rising car, and walked down a beautiful corridor.

We found ourselves in front of a vast mahogany door, on which was a little bronze relief bearing the word SOCRATES. The architect pushed a button and instantly appeared a small page-boy in a neat plum-colored livery and silver buttons. On his cap was embroidered in silver braid The Chaffing Dish.

"This is the ante-room," said the genial architect. "This is for callers. You will be here tastefully upholstered in it, comfortable lounge chairs, newspapers and magazines on the table, and plenty of ash trays. The boy will receive all visitors here and take in their cards. Please also notice this little lens concealed in the wall. It communicates with a periscope beside your desk, so that you can see who the visitors are and what they look like before giving permission for them to enter the sanctum. Observe the sign, PERFECT SILENCE!"

It was indeed a delightful chamber, and our heart rose strangely. The walls were paneled in dark oak; there were sporting prints of high-spirited gentlemen riding to hounds, and a bust of Don Marquis stood in the place of honor over the mantelpiece.

We passed into an inner apartment. "This is the ante-room," said the genial architect. "This is where your stenographer, a very beautiful damsel with golden hair and pointed finger nails, will deal with correspondence and take care of the files."

"And this," he said, opening another door, "is the sanctum itself. Please note how carefully all details have been planned for you in your work. Here, you will be assisted by a commanding fair prospect over the city, in a comfortable leather ottoman. It was felt that perhaps sometimes during the course of the day you might feel the need of a little slumber; nothing prolonged, of course, but just a few winks. Here, in this large crystal fountain of green glass, is fresh ice water. It has been arranged with a little automatic valve that admits a bubble of air into the cistern every three minutes. This bubble, welling upward through the clear water, is a very pretty sight, and causes a pleasant gurgling sound which is refreshing in warm weather. I thought that it would be a nice little gurgle to hear in the silence of the office."

"The walls, you see, have been decorated with mural paintings by Maxfield Parrish, showing the famous humorists of history at work. From Ecclesiastes down to Henry Ford, here is a little pipe organ in case you should require the solace of music. And speaking of pipes, please note the rack of corncobs beside the desk. They are kept automatically filled with a fine blend of tobacco by a special machine."

"Your desk itself will, I hope, commend itself to your taste. It has no pigeonholes at all, for pigeonholes are only a device for mislaying important papers. In order to keep your desk free from confusion I have invented a mechanical suction pipe which will swing down from the ceiling every five minutes, pick up all loose documents and silently convey them to your secretary in the next room, who will file them. This little gas jet is for lighting your pipe, doing away with the necessity for Swedish matches. Here is an inkwell which never needs to be filled, a typewriter that never gets out of order, a pot of mulligan that never gets thick. Observe the drawers of the desk. They empty themselves automatically into a filing chute every evening. Thus there will never be any of that congestion that you have often deplored in your old roll-top."

"And how about the Dish itself?" we asked bewildered. "Does that write itself automatically?"

PROHIBITION

"WOULDN'T mind if it were gin," he said.

"Good gin's like ether, sick with pungent sweet, And rum I never liked—not even neat— Champagne and such stuck pins into my head.

Old port was sunlight where a ruby bled, The silky-bright liqueurs had twinkling feet Like grey children running down a street, And beer's as old a brother as good bread.

"Still, I can give them up," he drawled, and sighed. Like a poor scrawny gust of city wind.

"But it's the precedent that's bad. You'll find Things worse hereafter—I'd a friend who died; And, well, damned souls had never much to tell—

—But now they've stopped the Letha, down in Hell— Stephen Vincent Benet in the New York Evening Sun.

The real hardship connected with the discharge from the navy of 800 yeomen in this city is that they will be forced to discard the natty uniforms they have been wearing.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What is a sterturation?
2. What is hagiology?
3. What city is known as the Monumental City?
4. Who was Paracelsus?
5. Who said, "A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it"?
6. What French writer was known as the Apostle of Infidelity?
7. What is a gigue?
8. When was King Albert of Belgium born?
9. What is the area of Portugal?
10. What flower is known as the shepherd's sundial?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Minsk is a town in Western Russia on the Svislitch.
2. Solmization is the system of associating each note of the scale in music with a particular syllable representing either C, D, etc., of natural scale, or the first, second, etc., note of any scale.
3. False bay is an arm of the ocean on the southern coast of Cape Colony, South Africa, east of the Cape of Good Hope.
4. Samuel Richardson (1689-1761) is known as the Founder of the English Domestic Novel.
5. Epictetus wrote, "Happiness is an equivalent for all troublesome things."
6. George Byng, Baron Torrington (1603-1703), was an English admiral present at the taking of Gibraltar in 1704.
7. There are twelve Federal Reserve districts—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco.
8. Mary Queen of Scots (1542-87) is sometimes called the White Queen because she wore white while mourning for her French husband.
9. Guido d'Arezzo in 1025 chose the first six syllables of the Latin hymn beginning Ut Queant Laxis and developed the harmonic hand. Each syllable represented a given pitch, ut being movable as it do in the tonic sol-fa system. The ut is sometimes known as the Guidonian ut.
10. "Kinematic" pertains to the science of motion without reference to force or mass.