

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Published daily at Printing Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Subscription rates: Philadelphia, Pa., \$3.00 per year; elsewhere, \$3.50 per year.

Member of the Associated Press

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Philadelphia, Wednesday, August 13, 1919

MR. LODGE OPENS FIRE

The central contention made in Mr. Lodge's speech yesterday was that the United States cannot afford to meddle in the affairs of Europe.

This conviction has come to the Massachusetts senator rather late.

Mr. Lodge, if memory serves, was one of the earliest advocates of our war upon Germany.

The league of nations is the one method that can re-establish order and a sense of security and hope of stable peace in Europe.

New times demand new methods. Mr. Lodge's mind dwells in the past. If it is wrong for us to meddle in Europe now why was it right for us to meddle in the beginning?

TRAVELS OF TWO PRINCES

THE visit to America of Albert Edward in 1860 created a furore. The arrival of Albert Edward in 1919 is hailed with warm interest, but without the slightest tensity of excitement.

The prospective Edward VII was first of all a curiosity, representative of a country regarded as having long played a role of enmity or envy toward our own.

Possibly George Windsor himself could not arouse on a journey here anything like the unwonted emotionalism that accompanied his father's visit.

HIGH COST IN CONGRESS

TROUBLE was never thicker about the heads of the British Government than it is at this moment.

The British have a talent for getting into trouble. They have a greater talent for getting out of it.

There are signs in Washington that Congress is preparing to adopt another course.

There are a good many men in Washington who know how to eat their own words and thrive on the diet.

MYSTERY OF THE TROLLEYS

ALTHOUGH the new "pay-as-you-leave" trolleys, with their facilities for loading and unloading simultaneously, display the march of ingenuity, they none the less indicate the mysterious and growing penchant of the transit company for taciturnity.

Back in the frank old proclamatory days cars were distinguishable both by the colors of the vehicles and by ample and explicit signs concerning their established courses.

Health advice replaced that lucid residue. There still remained the terse terminus sign on the front and a few additional words of information on the side.

This pronounced taciturnity may seem a small matter to the native Philadelphian, but for strangers to the city the

travels of its trolleys are thickly veiled in obscurity. Save by peering the conductor or a fellow voyager, there is no way to learn whither the car is going except by a journey over the entire route.

DEPARTMENT-STORE THEORY OF CITY GOVERNMENT

It Serves to Explain Save Where the People Are Really Interested in Real Issues

IT WOULD be easy for the cynic to say that Philadelphia is about to decide once more whether it is fitted for self-government.

We are told frequently that democracy has broken down in all great cities. This is true only in the most superficial sense.

To the casual observer, and to some observers who have professed to make a thorough study of the subject, the average citizen takes no interest in the government of the city.

The city is a great mart of trade. The traders apparently assume no more responsibility for its management than they assume for the management of the department store in which they seek clothing or furniture or books or jewels.

The owners of the store must go to all the trouble of collecting the merchandise and offering it for sale. The thousands who throng its aisles every day do not look beyond the display on the counters.

This department-store attitude toward city government affords the politicians their opportunity. Some one must run the city. There is money to be made out of it.

But this view of democracy in the cities does not go beneath the surface. The people themselves periodically take matters into their own hands and disprove the department-store theory, on the permanence of which the bosses count.

Ordinarily they are willing to allow those so disposed to attend to the details of management. They are too busy with other matters to trouble themselves. So long as things go smoothly and without too great waste they are content.

They delegate authority, aware all the time that the real power rests in their hands. There is not a city of any size in the whole country in which the people have not driven from office unfaithful servants and destroyed the political power of unscrupulous manipulators of patronage.

Andrew Carnegie, who in his later years acquired considerable wisdom, once remarked that he had great confidence in democracy because "when the people are really interested in anything their voice will be heard at the polls."

The man who can devise a way to keep alive the interest of the people in their local government will solve the problem of maladministration in American cities. At present their interest does not become acute until grave abuses create a public scandal. The quickness and certainty with which they act then vindicates democracy and gives the lie to all the wallings of the pessimists.

Now it remains to be seen whether the people of Philadelphia are sufficiently displeased with the management of their great department store to demand a change in the management or whether they are content with things as they are.

There are 417,000 men of voting age eligible to cast their ballots if they register by registering. They are ordinarily as well content with affairs that are a little more than 200,000 of them take the trouble to go to the polls. They are not interested in a change. The silent voters are satisfied with conditions as they are—or they see no prospect of improving them.

There has been a concerted attempt for months to interest them in a change. A group of public-spirited citizens has secured a new charter intended to remove admitted abuses.

We were told that no one was interested in the subject and that it would be impossible to induce the General Assembly to pass the charter bills, but events have proved the falsity of this prophecy, and today every one is professing to be pleased with the new charter.

We have been told that there was no interest outside of the regular party organizations in the selection of candidates for the office of Mayor and for membership in the new Council. But a committee of one hundred representative citizens has asked a distinguished man to contest for the nomination in the primaries and he has consented. And the regular organization is about to make formal announcement that another distinguished man has consented to accept the nomination if the voters decide they want him to run.

There is here evidence of unusual interest. There is indication of a desire in

certain quarters for a new deal. The outcome will depend on the extent of the interest and its genuineness. There is not the slightest doubt that we can have here exactly the kind of government we desire, any more than there is that we have had the kind of government in the past that we have desired—and deserved.

It is eternally true that when a real issue is presented to the people they make their voice heard in no uncertain way. But they cannot be fooled into believing that the issue is real when it is only cooked up as a pretext to assist one group of office-hungry men to oust another group of the same kind or to keep in office one set of men which another set of men is seeking to oust for selfish reasons.

The mass of the voters take no serious interest in such contests. They are "really interested," to use Mr. Carnegie's phrase, only when there is a real issue.

LABOR'S OWN CONGRESS

THE international labor congress, which will assemble for the first time in Washington on October 29, already is established as an integral part of the league of nations.

Arrangements for the first session of labor's world parliament were completed weeks ago. Organized and unorganized workers everywhere in the world will be fairly represented at the first session of a body of delegates which has as its first purpose not the promulgation of radical doctrine, but the establishment of a code under which social and economic readjustments may be effected rationally and guardedly and with a view to the general welfare rather than to the interests of any one class.

If the labor congress were to be described in a sentence as it appears to its own members it might be called a melting pot of economic theories. It will attempt to define, year by year, the relative rights of employer and employe and to suggest methods of readjustment which may be acceptable to civilized opinion everywhere.

The need for a new and enlightened method of approach to the general question of relationships between capital and labor was clearly discerned at Paris. It is because the world is still without definite conceptions of the economic rights existing on both sides of the eternal discussion that unrest and uncertainty are now general everywhere.

The program of the labor congress is essentially moderate. It will aim merely, through discussions in which government, labor and capital are equally represented, to apply reason to the settlement of issues that now are decided by chance or a temporary advantage on one side or the other. It exerts no direct authority. But its findings, once they are formally stated, will have the sanction of the league of nations itself and the force of a moral obligation in member nations.

One of the purposes of the congress, for example, is to restrain the unfair exploitation of immigrants in any country and thus to find a method by which fair employers in one country may not be in competition with unfair employers in another. The rights of women and children in industry will also be considered at length. In a general way, the labor congress is to be conservative and constructive and far less radical than the railway brotherhoods are at the present moment.

There is no earthly reason why the United States Government should not be officially represented by delegates at the congress. The willful group in the Senate made this impossible by refusing Mr. Wilson authority to name representatives. The United States Government is therefore forced into a position of aloofness from a procedure which is in every way modern and constructive. This is the price we must pay for the Senate's instinctive habit of opposing every suggestion that happens to emanate from the White House.

Mrs. Henry B. Harrison is dead right. Insisted Upon Those hairy nauts with their stockings while on the beach and the girls should be encouraged to go without. That is, of course, some girls. We are for the Harrison treaty—with reservations.

How beautiful the world appears! How wonderful the trees! I feel my eyes suffuse with tears and sneeze! To all the beauties of the fall my hat I gladly doff. Obedient to nature's call I cough! and cough! and cough!

A Doylestown family raised cucumbers in a home garden. A child of the family sold them to a local grocer for a cent apiece. The grocer put them on sale at five cents apiece. Profiteering? If you will. But Doylestown residents may profit by the episode if they look around for other home gardens and buy their truck direct.

When a man is talking through his hat it is of absolutely no importance, whether the hat be silk or common straw.

Rumania, defying the Allies, suggests a small boy making faces at his elders.

Perhaps the Goblen is waiting to be sunk by a German crew.

Political doctors are now ready to disclose just what ails Philadelphia.

Bela Kun bumped Hungary and Archduke Joseph caught it on the rebound.

Perhaps if the Allies knew what they wanted in Russia they could get it.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

The United States Senatorship Involved in the Majority Contest.

George Hoffman as Dave Lane's Rival as a Philosopher

THE Capitol has heard of the majority fight in Philadelphia and is evincing an interest in the outcome. The temporary absence of Congressmen Vane and Moore during the House "dog days" has been noted and it is also observed that Senator Penrose is doing duty over in Pennsylvania.

The impression prevails in Washington that the stakes are larger than the majority itself; that they involve the ultimate control of the United States senatorship. If the Vares should elect their candidate for Mayor there is little doubt in the minds of the political wisecracks that they will reach out for the state leadership control.

A fight is now raging in Pittsburgh which seems to give encouragement to this idea, and the state representatives are all keenly alive to the significance of what is going on in the Quaker City. It is not so thoroughly understood in Washington as in Philadelphia that the contest is really for clean government under Republican direction, although the notoriety which Philadelphia received from the Fifth ward outrages has not been forgotten.

CORRESPONDENCE is piling up with regard to the high cost of living. Some complaints received in Washington from Philadelphia, especially from salaried men, are most exasperating. While retailers and jobbers are coming in for a large share of the blame, certain employers of labor like Nathan R. Boynton and Thomas E. Brown are inclined to think that shorter hours of labor have a great deal to do with it.

The question of extravagance also enters largely into the discussion. Fortunately he who can be satisfied in these days of reckless expenditure with last summer's suit, or a pair of shoes run down at the heels, Charles H. Hesser, of the Bulletin Building, has an idea that the packers have an understanding which extends to the leather dealers, and that an investigation on that line might be profitable—and this enters into the shoe question.

Many Philadelphia business men are putting in protests against the Kendrick and Keynon bills, which propose to regulate the distribution of foodstuffs. These men are largely distributors and they contend that the high cost of living is due as much to the farmer and to restrictive legislation as to anything else. Evidently a strong case is to be made to put the packers under closer supervision.

E. J. CANTWELL is sending out notices for the twenty-second national convention of the National Association of Letter Carriers, which is to take place in Moose Hall, Philadelphia, the first week of September. The letter carriers will be welcome in the Quaker City. They have their own troubles with the postmaster general, but they can do real service if they will tell how the Burleson system can be improved. George S. Cox, the Philadelphia manufacturer, writes from the Fairhill district that the mail delivery is getting more troublesome every day. Downtown seems to talk the same way if Emanuel Kline, of Fifth and Ellsworth streets, can be cited as authority.

R. L. P. REIFENFEIDER, who used to Norristown in a newspaper way, is now actively connected with the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers, which is beginning to loom up in tariff matters. The hosiery and underwear men have recorded their opposition to a licensing system for some time. The dyestuffs men have been agitating with much earnestness. Year by year the scope of the hosiery mill is widened geographically. The president of the National Association this year comes from Knoxville, Tenn. Members of the association are also spreading rapidly over other southern states. The headquarters, however, remain in Philadelphia, where C. D. Carter is general secretary. W. Parke Moore, Joseph Felden, Robert C. Blood and Edward Blood, Sr., of Philadelphia, are live members of the national board.

DAVID H. LANE is not the only philosopher in Philadelphia. George F. Hoffman, the cotton factor, who mixes it up at the Manufacturers' Club, with Chevalier C. A. Baldi, Louis H. Eisenlohr and some other good fellows, is running the Republican case close race. Just listen to George: "There is no use trying to please every one. It can't be done. That is clearly before us in the journey from the manger to Calvary. Hill is betrayed by one and at the crucial moment deserted by all. Putting over things is as old as time—the first deal on record is in the famous meeting at the Garden of Eden." George thinks the cotton producers should not be permitted to change the weight of the cotton ties in with the cotton. He says the foreigners won't stand for it, but we do.

CAPTAIN AL BROWN, James J. McNally, William G. Bernard, Howard Saeger, and other Philadelphia barge men who have fought long and earnestly for the widening and deepening of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal in order to facilitate communication with the Chesapeake Bay and points South, will be glad to know that General Black, chief of the army engineers, and General Harry Taylor, his chief assistant, are as eager as they are to begin work of improvement. General Taylor states that the engineers intend to proceed with the work immediately on being notified that the proceeding in court where the government money has been deposited have reached a stage where possession of the property can be taken. This ought not to be very far ahead. The army engineers announce that they intend to proceed with the removal of the locks at a very early day, but that the plans contemplate the use of the canal at the present nine-foot depth has been attained. Chester, Wilmington, and other points along the Delaware are waking up to the opportunity which the new free canal will afford. William E. and the Chester Shipping Company, and William Martin, of the Philadelphia Quarts Company, are enthusiastic about it.

Presumably, Mr. Strang is hoping that interest in his whereabouts will die out. But if we were a detective and wanted him we'd look for him in a garage.

The flag of H. C. L. is nailed to the mast, but "pitiless publicity" may still take the starch out of the heartless profiteer.

All the world's a stage—and melodrama seems to have been succeeded by the problem play.

Everybody will sympathize with the efforts of stockholders of the North Penn Bank to bring order out of chaos.

No one has yet broken the record of E. C. L. as champion high jumper of the world.

FIRING THE COOK



THE CHAFFING DISH

Darby Revisited, or Convinching the Soothsayer

THE Soothsayer owns a car, and tools the vistas and glimpses that he thinks particularly lovely. But he is a stubborn partisan of such beauty spots as he has himself discovered, and bitterly reluctant to concede any glamour to places he hasn't visited. For a long time he has heard us raving about Darby creek, and always asserted furiously that we had never seen a certain road up Norristown way that was (he said) a far, far better thing than any place we would be likely to know about.

But the other evening, somewhat stirred by our piteous babble about the old cider mill, we hadn't visited for ten years, he got out his 'bus and we set forth.

WE WENT out along the West Chester pike, and the manner of the Soothsayer was subtly supercilious. All the way out from Sixty-ninth street the road is in bad condition, and as he nursed his handsome vehicle over the bumps we could see that the Soothsayer thought (though too polite to say so) that we were leading him into a very bedraggled and ill-sorted region. Another sinister rebuke was that he had left up the canopy top over the car, although it was a serene and lucid evening, flushed with quiet sunset. This seemed to imply that any tract of country we would lead him to would hardly be worth examining carefully. As we passed by the university and astronomical observatory he made a last attempt to divert us from the haven of our desire. He suggested that we both go in and have a look at the moon through the big telescope. As it was then broad and sunny daylight we treated this absurd project with contempt.

DOWN a steep winding hill, and we came upon the historic spot with delightful suddenness. Our heart was uplifted. There it was, unchanged, the old gray building standing among trees, with the clank and grind of the water-wheels, the yellow dapple of level sun upon the western wall.

But what was this? Under the porch-roof was a man bending over iron plates, surrounded by a dazle of pale blue light. He was using an electric welder, and the groan of a dynamo sounded from the interior of the old mill. "It's probably a garage now," said the Soothsayer, "most of these old places are."

But that was the Soothsayer's last flash of cynicism, for in another moment the spell of the place had disarmed him. We approached, and it seemed to us there was something familiar in the face of the man operating the welder, as he watched his dazzling blue flame through a screen. It was Mr. Flounders, who has run the old mill for going on thirty years, and who used to preside at the cider press in days gone by, when we had many a pull at his noble juices. He hasn't made any cider for several years, he told us; the sawmill shed is unused, and the old mill itself is being fitted up with ice-making machinery. He says he went out West for a while, but he came back in 1914, and he had many a pull at his noble juices. The spell of that enchanting spot may well keep it hold on all who have ever loved it.

THE Soothsayer and his passenger got out their pipes and brooded a while, watching the green swift water of the mill race; the sunny flicker of the creek below as it darts on its way through the meadows; the great oak tree steeped in sunlight, and the old millstones that still lie about by the front door. Inside the building the old wooden beams and levers and grooved wheels are just as they were when the place was built as a flour and feed mill, in 1837. The woodwork still has that clean, dusty gloss that is characteristic of a flour mill. By the sawing shed lie a number of great logs, admirable sites for a quiet smoke. The Soothsayer, tremendously impressed by this time,

wandered about with us and listened kindly to all our spasms of reminiscence. We both agreed that the old mill, dozing in the sunlight, with the pale and tremulous shimmer of blue light in the porch where Mr. Flounders was working, was a fit subject for some artist's brush.

WE DID not fail to admire the remarkable old house across the road, where Mr. Flounders lives. It is built in three portions: a wooden lean-to, a very ancient section of whitewashed logs (which must be some 200 years old) and then the largest part, of the dappled stone of various colors so familiar to Pennsylvania ramblers. Nothing can be more delightful in the rich tint of afternoon light than that medley of brown, gray, yellow and ochre stonework. We pointed out the little side road that we were to follow, running up the valley of the creek, past reddening apple orchards and along the meadows next the swimming pool. And then the Soothsayer paid us a genuine compliment. "Let's take down the top," said he. "Then we can really see something!"

Andrew Carnegie's Favorite Poem

Our kindly Scottish correspondent, John McMaster, has sent us the following poem, written to Andrew Carnegie by a fellow Scot, Mr. Carnegie was greatly delighted with the verses, and always kept a copy with him. He often used to read it in small gatherings when he was called on to speak. He gave a copy to Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, and a few years before Mr. Wharton's death the latter passed it on to a friend, who gave it to Mr. McMaster. And here it is:

Me and Andra

WE'RE puir bit creaturs, Andra, you an' me; Ye hae a bath in a marble tub; I dook in the Cafe; I sit in a silver jug for breakfast gams to you; I suppit hame in a horn spoon, an' eat t'ill m' face is as clear as yours, and the clouds as bonnie; I whistle a tune thro' my teeth, to mysel that coos nae money.

THE bobolink pipes in the orchard white, in your hame on theither side; Gray whaups cry on the mair to me, white sea-maws moon on oor tide; An' ecran thuns in your marble hall, wi' many a lilt to the roar of the wind and the sea, in an' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly you hae a shell, or I hae a shell; For an' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly you hae a shell, or I hae a shell; An' wha' we get peyed what we're ocht, Andra, when we get hame t'ill God.

WHAT if I win fame and gear, An' what be gien if I fall; Be gien as a smart whitrook, an' just dull as a 10' ill an' in a hunder year, whether I sailly or slide; The mair the dark on a brawlin' linn as it broods on a sleeping tide; An' there's nae great differ, Andra, whether ye hae a bun, or I hae a bun; If 'no' a wheel, ye may be a clink, if ye canna' an' wha' we get peyed what we're ocht, Andra, when we get hame t'ill God.

Mr. Carnegie wrote of this poem: "Please tell R. C. that I have greatly enjoyed his verses. He is both philosopher and poet, but he cannot know how trifling are the advantages of wealth; he has to imagine one side. I have lived both, and have learned that: If happiness has not its seat And center in the breast; We may be wise, or rich or great; But never can be blessed."

Our friend, the librarian, tells us that the other day some one came in and asked for a copy of De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater."

TWO WOMEN

PITY her not who at the bright day's close Weeps o'er the petals of a long dead rose, A rose that in some treasured volume lies Faded, but precious for its memories. Gently her tears fall on the petals pale That in the past such fragrance did exhale. Her youth is gone, and Love will ne'er return. To lips where unforgotten kisses burn.

Nay, pity her who in a chamber dim Sits desolate, and listening to no hymn Of love from out the long dead bygone years, Who hath no token to bedew with tears, To whom the perfume of a faded flower Returns not ghostlike in the twilight hour. Ah! pity her whose and lips pale and cold Warm to no memory of a love long told.—Mary McMullen, in the New York Times.

Wonder what Mr. Burleson can do to muss up those nice woolen blankets that Uncle Sam is going to sell through the parcel post?

The President's experience in France has evidently led him to believe that the first two syllables in "pitiless publicity" are unnecessary and redundant.

Now that the secrets of the war are being disclosed one after another we find that we are not nearly so keen about them as formerly.

Statements, like other men, feel justified in accepting undeserved praise as a kind of balance against undeserved blame.

The blue Danube grows daily bluer.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

ROGATES