

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... Published daily at 1000 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is published daily...

NONE BUT GENUINE JUBILEES SPONTANEITY is the indispensable factor in a jubilee and Mayor Smith is therefore acting wisely...

LINE UP FOR THE KICK-OFF MUCH as the public resents paternalism and exhortation, there is really no other way to make the majority content representative than by dwelling on the need for full registration of voters.

ANOTHER "TEMPORARY ONE" THAT the most important post in its diplomatic service is still embarrassing the British Government is reflected in the announcement that Viscount Grey is to represent his country in Washington temporarily...

WHO WILL WIN? CHAIRMAN GRONNA, of the Senate committee on agriculture, has announced that he is about to appoint a subcommittee to wait on Wheat Controller Barnes and Secretary Houston in the interest of the farmers...

A CHANCE FOR HENRY WHY DO not the advocates of the democratization of industry experiment on a comparatively small scale instead of seeking to begin with the railroad?

lion automobiles a year. His plants are already producing three thousand a day. Henry is an idealist and a friend of the workman. He pays a minimum of five dollars a day and he is supposed to be intensely interested in industrial and all other kinds of peace.

BOSSSES AND BOLSHEVISM ARE RELATED IN AMERICA An Old Curse That Helps a New One: Ward Politics and the Social Unrest You Hear About

WHEREVER you go these days there is talk of social and economic readjustments, of new beginnings, of better days. Business men of the better sort are eager for light—and enlightenment. They have been touched by a sense of the moral obligation that is inseparable from any position of power or influence in a free community.

Humanity is determined to get a new start in life. But the cynicism and the "gentlemen's agreements" of the past have debased and confused the processes of government in the United States, seem to have undergone no change.

It is not in Philadelphia alone that institutions of government supposed to be sacred are twisted and distorted and despoiled by men who make a trade of politics, and that rights of citizenship for which millions of men recently died are laughed at by illiterates and timorously men who haven't the decency to get out from under cover and take the chances that are familiar to any self-respecting burglar.

THE lessons of the time ought to be plain to any leader in politics. The bosses of the county will have to get out of their trance. They will have to send better men to Washington, to the Legislatures, to the courts, to mayors' offices.

It is because of the lassitude of ordinary voters who permit the political machinery of America to remain in the hands of men whose code is the code of ward leaders that we have come to a day when various groups of men think nothing of establishing themselves in a solid organization to talk and think as if they were citizens of an independent state, with interests separate and apart from the rest of the county.

This isn't a pleasant spectacle. The railroad men are not the only ones who have provided it for our contemplation. Congressmen are used to being ordered about.

The institution of Congress itself is flawless. It is the membership, elected by the orders of bosses, which is responsible for much of the confused opinion that now helps toward economic uncertainty in the United States.

Congress should have been aware of the towering problems that were certain to follow the war. It wasn't. Perhaps the President and his cabinet are not free of the blame, but at any rate Congress should have formulated a labor policy and a railroad policy and a food policy. It didn't. Perhaps it didn't know how to begin.

The fact is that any average business man or banker or labor leader who appears before a committee of Congress usually appears to know more of what is going on in the world than the men whom the bosses send to Washington to manage the affairs of the nation.

It is for this reason that various cliques and groups go to Washington, formulate laws that they deem favorable to themselves and then quite openly set about the business of crowding these laws through Congress. Yet it is the business of Congress to devise the laws which it passes. Are we to assume that in a time of unusual complications it hasn't the mind necessary to this task?

Propagandists of radicalism fall naturally into the mistake of believing that futile congressmen are proof of futility in the institution of Congress itself. Yet a decent political alertness is all that is needed in America to make of Congress a perfect instrument. If the intel-

ligence and patriotism of America were actually represented in the House and Senate in true proportion there would be no railroad problem, no food problem, no destructive intervals of uncertainty and debate such as now keep us technically at war.

These issues would have been thought out to a finish and settled in advance. The fault is traceable directly down to ward politics, whether operating in city or country, which is the basis of all elections—and back again to the people who tolerate it. Before we can get decently started in this country the election machinery will have to be dragged up out of the mazes of corruption in which it is enmeshed.

A LESSON FROM THE WEST WHAT'S the good of having a good town if nobody knows it? All the good in the world if you want to use it as a retreat or a graveyard; no good at all if you want it to grow.

One reason why western cities grow rapidly is that their people appreciate the value of advertising; they know the potency of printed ink. Kansas City is using a hundred and twenty of the leading newspapers of the United States for thirty-five days to tell the world how good it is. You'll find the ads in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. You'll find in them something about Kansas City that you didn't know before; and, if you read between the lines, you'll find something very well worth while concerning Philadelphia.

Philadelphia is bigger and richer than Kansas City; but, even as there is no product so well known that it can afford to quit advertising, so there is no city big enough and rich enough to afford to "sit tight and say nothing." Philadelphia, to keep up with the procession, must step lively and watch its step!

We are first in the manufacture of hosiery, knit goods, leather, carpets, rugs, hats, oilcloth, locomotives, street-railway cars, saws and cotton-wool. Why be so modest about it as to keep the facts hidden? And what we are second and third and fourth in are perhaps even more potent arguments for publicity.

Everything good concerning Philadelphia should be so well known that even a congressman will have it at his finger ends. Then when we strive for a ship-building plant or a canal or a dredge-boat or a Federal Reserve bank or a parade or a visit from the President we won't have to prove that we're on the map before getting down to business.

Kansas City did it; and Kansas City is but a small child to us. After a newspaperman had wakened up the citizens the Chamber of Commerce called a meeting and those attending subscribed \$75,000 within twenty-four hours for publicity purposes.

It pays! You'd better believe it pays! And those who fail to believe in industrially, commercially and financially damned!

How the Jag Works Frank E. Norton, financial engineer of Chicago, told a Pittsburgh audience the other day that now that prohibition had come, special attention was likely to be given to the musical jag, which might readily be acquired by conditional officers in the military or by conditional officers in the police force. It is the extreme possible in a plain booze jag. And to prove it he added: "It has been by music that the dun hue of muscular toil and mental monotony have been purged over with a rhytmic enthusiasm glow."

First Book of Economics In food and wage regulation "Every bug must stand on its own bottom." Every business has its own problems. The interests of employers and employees are identical in every firm—and different in degree from the interests of employers and employees in every other firm. This is inevitable where there is competition. It is lack of realization of this fundamental fact that causes strikes.

But It Sounds Interesting A dispatch from Dear Falls tells of a bill charging a Harmony car, serialing it and coming near driving it over a sixty-foot embankment. This seems to suggest the Toonerville trolley; but, as the Harmony cars are all heavyweights, really suggests Baron Munchausen.

If it had ever been urged that the league of nations was a cure-all Rumania's conduct would jolt one's faith. But to say there shall be no league because the Peace Conference cannot bring instant harmony into the world is to say that there shall be no league because a farm wagon figures in a runaway.

If anti-logic publicity managers were responsible for the Senate gallery play it must be admitted that they made a good job of it.

Any person tempted to use more ice than is absolutely necessary may get a new viewpoint by thinking of the babies of the poor, who will be the worst sufferers if we have an ice famine.

President Wilson will doubtless find time between treaty pleas and golf to veto again the bill repealing the daylight-saving law.

"Suspended Interest" is one of the factors that make the North Penn Bank serial a thriller.

The man who lets food waste in order to keep up prices is 10 per cent fool and the rest kung-fu.

The average housewife resents talk of food economy while the storage houses are gorged.

When the issue is joined, discriminating citizens may be able to separate the sheep from the goats.

There is no skeptic quite so pronounced as the political schemer who is promised "something just as good."

Grey's eyesight is probably good enough to enable him to distinguish the difference between a hawk and a hand saw.

One, at least, of the mevorality candidates will see to it that the time shall not pass daily by us.

The trouble with the "fair price" board seems to be that it will have executive duties without executive powers.

THE GOWNSMAN

The Blueberry Patch IMAGINE yourself a ten-acre piece of ground on the slope of a hill, or perhaps better, part of a shelf on the way up where the whole country is arid. The hills in various depths of soil surround it, far enough away to give the sense of sweep and vastness, essential to a landscape, if it is to inspire. Lending to the south, this piece of land is flooded with sunshine, in this northern latitude tempered, on even the hottest days, by the clear, vigorous mountain air. Facing the west, the prevalent breeze blows over it, bearing the odor of pines and, at this season, the scent of new-mown hay. Two or three generations ago, this piece was cleared of the primal forests of pines, hemlocks, spruces and firs, and the pine trunks were piled up in a neat row, the wood piled up in a neat row, the wood piled up in a neat row.

NATURE is patient and awaits her opportunity to derange the trivial utility of husbandry, its regularity, its sameness, into the chaos of beauty. And here, this bit, reclaimed from the wild, first released into an ordered pasture in which it served as well the deer that came spontaneously by night, warily treading near the homes of men, as his cattle by day. And little by little there grew with the grass and by increasing encroachment the things which were real woods, because neither we nor our scythe beasts can eat them: ferns in their lovely varieties, sweet-smelling plants, flowering each after its kind and each in itself a thing of beauty; buttercups, black-eyed susans, mallows, an occasional orchid; in the fall, the closed cones with their heads of blue, the universal gold-and-red, asters, white and purple and sturdy bushes of speedwell. In the more barren spots, came lichen, gray as granite, with bright green shoots of wintergreen, its delicate white blossoms and red berries; in the damper places, deep green mosses, into which the foot sinks easier than into sags of moss. And hedges starred the stone-hedges in the scrag with their constellations of white stars, and bunchberries clustering with whitish on the edge of the woods, turned their bell-like flowers into clusters of coral as the summer passed.

NOW it was that the trees began to enter into this conspiracy to make beautiful once more this bit of hillside. Little swarms of birds shot up into rapids, the white, black, yellow, least white, that most delicate of foliage, the gray birch, and the big pine with its needles sent its seed-flings swarming on the water's edge, scattering to grow up in dainty straightness and vie with the young maples which, lost in the general green of summer, flamed into scarlet at the touch of the first frost. By no means the last to contribute their grace were the blueberry bushes, which let the botanists distinguish for themselves from shortcherries or hiberries or huckleberries.

TO MOST, huckleberries mean a snicker of blackish, sweetish seeds wild berries served in country houses which have not yet become sophisticated, with a little sugar to add grit and a little milk to add moisture. Or perhaps the mind may wander back to childhood, to one of those days best anticipated or remembered, when we actually picked the thing ourselves and carried home the evidence on lips and clothing to a modest and somewhat indignant homelier sort of epicure—and which one of us does not follow the excellent old gustatory philosopher, Epicurus, most of his life—comes the suggestion of huckleberry pie. But this seductive path into the sugary land of ecology we refuse now to follow.

THE blueberry is really a beautiful plant, and remarkably varied in its species. On our hillside plot it ranges from a little bush, a few inches in height, burying its clusters of light blue in the moss and grass about it, through bushes of two or three feet in height, bearing sticky berries, blurring to insects and almost completely black in color, to huge bushes into the higher branches of which a tall man must reach for the fruit in its several shades of blue between these extremes. A cluster of blueberries often exhibits white, two or three shades of green and of pink in the mature fruit ready to burst in the ripening berry, with a bloom on the bunch to give with the cheek of a peach; and the foliage of the bush is as attractive as its fruit, frequently turning as to single leaves or whole branches a vivid red long before the autumn.

TURN a dozen people, men, women and children, loose in a huckleberry patch and their conduct will betray their characters, infallibly. There are those who pick only for the love of picking, and those who pick for the love of eating, and those who pick more than for their own use; and some there are who have berries because they stain pretty faces and disfigure pretty faces with a vivid blue. The Gownsmen was once honored by a visit from a poet who had written beautiful of the lure of the blueberry. We looked for a practical exposition of just how to enjoy yourself in a blueberry field. But although the berrying was good and the sun shone and the breezes were of the softest, the poet was not working that day and the poet preferred to sit on a hilltop in esthetic discourse on less mundane topics. The Gownsmen knew another man—not a poet—who, picking the pitiful boxes of berries exhibited as blueberries at the village store, and held at the price of rubies, wilted things, full of stems and sticks and bits of leaves, spent his time while the sun was shining in figuring out the commercial potentialities of our blueberry patch. This man later went into politics. Indubitably the blueberry will tell. A blueberry bush is usually a thing artfully prepared by man, at any rate you must stoop to the picking. A raspberry or blackberry patch at best is more or less a matter of brambles. The blueberry alone is as nature makes it, sprouting up in the wilds, unasked and unaided, grateful to the palate, a delight to the eye, whether in anticipation or remembrance.

Altogether citizens, aroused at the dumping of eight tons of old potatoes and the barrels of new potatoes, are now declaring that there is something rotten besides the spuds.

No retailer can afford to enter a cut-rate game with Uncle Sam, but, if he tries it, no consumer is going to make complaint.

Now that the Republicans have agreed on their reservation of the peace treaty special may proceed on its way.

Senator Penrose has announced himself in opposition to the repeal of the daylight-saving law, thus indicating that he is no farmer.

Mr. Gerson admitted that he had not received anything, and said that the pleasure of seeing them printed in the paper was sufficient compensation. But Mr. Childs expressed great amazement at learning he had not been paid. "Go to see the cashier on Friday," he said. "He'll have something for you."

Accordingly, on Friday, which was then ghost-walking day in the Ledger office, Mr. Gerson presented himself at the cashier's window. The cashier, looking unhappily, handed him a check for fifty dollars. "Then he said, very earnestly, 'I wish you wouldn't mention this to any one. You know it's very irregular. We don't usually pay for poems, and if the news got round we'd be swamped with poets.'"

Mr. Gerson admits that he kept it very dark indeed; but that thereafter he always got a check for ten dollars every time one of his poems appeared in the Ledger. "And it was mighty useful for a youngster in those days," he adds reflectively.

George Rigby, the bookseller on Locust street, writes to rebuke us for having referred to the bookworm as a more or less mythical creature. He says that he had a very fine specimen in a cardboard box for some time. He fed it on canary seed and small scraps of paper. It finally pinned away and croaked, and our own suspicion is that it may have been unlucky enough to eat a paragraph from one of Mr. Borah's speeches.

One of the most heartbroken men we know just now is Forrest D. Spaulding, the librarian of Des Moines, who was one of the editors of "The Use of Print," a newspaper issued by the American Library Association during its recent convention in Asbury Park. Mr. Spaulding wrote to a number of authors asking them to contribute to this worthy sheet. Among others who responded was our friend, Miss Margaret Wildemer, once from these parts, who sent in a charming poem called "A Second-Rate Novelist." But what broke Mr. Spaulding's heart was that the typesetter forgot the "By," and when the poem appeared in print, the title read thus:

A SECOND-RATE NOVELIST Margaret Wildemer, whose graceful talent is known to many time readers, was the first to chuckle at the typesetter's error. SOCIATES.

—"AND A GOOD WAGON IF WE EXPECT ANYTHING DELIVERED!"



THE CHAFFING DISH

Mounted Police WATCHFUL, grave, he sits astride his horse, Draped with his rubber poncho, in the rain; He speaks the pungent lines of "The Force," And those who try to bluff him, try in vain.

THURSDAY to every mood of fool and crank, Shrewdly and sternly all the crowd he con; The rain drips down his horse's shining flank, A figure nobly fit for sculptor's bronze.

OKNIGHT commander of our city stress, Little you know how picturesque you are! We hear you cry to drivers who transgress, "Say, that's a helva place to park your car!"

Senate galleries applaud Mr. Lodge— News item. If all the theatres are going to be closed by the actors' strike, perhaps audiences can get their entertainment in the Senate Chamber. There are lots of first-class comedians there.

Spanish THOUGH I have felt each colored syllable Fall like an autumn leaf on my beat head, I have not understood one word you said, I only know that it is beautiful.

Your sentences are velvets that you heap In green and scarlet, brown and mauve and gold, Softness upon softness and fold on fold, 'Till I drop and dream as though asleep.

Surely I greet some prince unheralded From Spanish castle or Castilian star, Who murmurs of his love—alas, you are Only the waiter offering me bread! WINIFRED WELLES.

We hear a good deal said about increasing the purchasing capacity of the dollar. But how about increasing the dollar's capacity of the purchase?

They say that Jersey fishermen have been throwing back some of their catch in order to keep up the price of fish. We disbelieve it. No fisherman could do a thing like that. It is contrary to every instinct in his breast.

H. C. L. Nursery Rhyme A yell and a holler, A depreciated dollar Gets spent so horribly soon, It used to last till supper time, And now it's gone at noon.

Desk Mottos Get what you like or you'll grow to like what you get. BERNARD SHAW.

In our favorite tobacco shop we ran into Mr. Felix Gerson, who told us an entertaining anecdote of George W. Childs. When he was a young man Mr. Gerson used to contribute frequent poems to the editorial page of the PUBLIC LEDGER. He was then working as chief clerk in the Reading railway office at Port Richmond, where he came in contact with many sea captains. One of these captains wanted to give him a number of parrots and monkeys. Mr. Gerson had no particular use for these pets, but offered to find some way for the skipper to dispose of them. He found out that Mr. Childs was the vice president of the Zoological Garden, and went to call on the famous newspaper proprietor to make arrangements for the monkeys and parrots to be given to the Zoo.

When Mr. Gerson sent in his card, Mr. Childs recognized his name as that of the author of a number of poems on the editorial page of the LEDGER. He spoke pleasantly of them, saying that he had not read them, but that Mrs. Childs had liked them very much. And then he added, "What did you get for them?" Mr. Gerson admitted that he had not re-

THE TAVERN OF THE BEES

HERE'S the tavern of the bees, Here the butterflies, that swing Velvet cloaks, and to the breeze Whisper soft conspiracies. Pledge their Lord, the Fairy King: Here the hotspur hornets bring: Fly word, and drink away Heat and hurry of the day.

Here the baron bumblebee, Grumbling in his drowsy cup, Half forgets his knavery, Dragonflies sip swaggeringly, Cavaliers who stop to sup: To whose boast come whining up Gnats, the thieves, that tap the tuns Of the honeyed musk that runs.

Here the jeweled wasp, that goes On his swift highwayman way, Seeks a moment of repose, Drains his cup of wine-of-rose, Sheathes his dagger for the day: And the moth, in downy gray, Like some lady of the gloom, Slips into a perfumed room.

When the darkness cometh on Round the tavern, golden green, Fireflies fit with torches wan, Looking if the guests be gone, Linkboxes of the Fairy Queen: Lighting her who rides unseen, To her cliff sweet-pnea bower, Where she rests a scented hour. —Madison Cawley.

We'll all be reconciled to high prices once we have swatted the profiteer.

What Do You Know?

- 1. What is the capital of that part of Russian territory controlled by Admiral Kolchak?
2. Who is president of the Actors' Equity Association, now striking against the theatrical managers?
3. Who wrote "Shirley"?
4. Who was the classical goddess of music?
5. What is dapple?
6. What is the pronunciation in England of the word lieutenant?
7. What is the smallest state in the Union after Rhode Island and Delaware?
8. Where is Montmartre?
9. Who was the projector and engineer of the Suez canal?
10. What are the asteroids?
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Belleau Wood, in France, was renamed in honor of the valor of the American marines "Bois de la Brigade Marine."
2. The Louisiana purchase was made by the United States from France in 1803 in Jefferson's administration.
3. A laird is a Scotch landed proprietor.
4. Circumambulant literally means surrounding. Metaphorically it is used to describe the air or the heavens.
5. John, the first Earl Russell (1792-1878), the English essayist, wrote under the pseudonym of "The Goutleiman Who Has Left His Lodgings."
6. Grover Cleveland was the only American President who filled two non-consecutive terms.
7. The Romany are the gypsies.
8. The Sorbonne is the seat of the public courses of the faculties of science and letters of the University of Paris.
9. A. Mitchell Palmer is attorney general of the United States.
10. President Wilson has called for an international labor conference to meet in Washington on October 29.