

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Saturday, August 16, 1919

NO MUD SLINGING BY PROXY

BOTH Judge Patterson and Congressman Moore have announced that they would indulge in no mud-slinging during the campaign.

When Coroner Knight at a meeting in the Forty-sixth ward, addressed by Judge Patterson, took a fling at Congressman Moore by saying that one of the congressman's sons was working at good pay in Hog Island all through the war he indirectly indicted the patriotism of the congressman and did his best to create the impression that his Americanism was questionable.

The least that Judge Patterson can do is to disown responsibility for Coroner Knight's fling at the congressman and to give notice to all those who speak in his support that they must refrain from such mud-slinging in the future.

OUT OF GERMANY

THOSE persistent harbingers of woe who a year ago forecast a decade of war and then on armistice day croaked about the inevitable lengthy occupation of the Rhine by American troops will have to expand a new theme.

In reality the American occupation period has been singularly brief. Federal troops were maintained in some southern states from 1865 until 1870. Our two periods of Cuban intervention were each longer than our stay in Germany.

STAGE UPLIFT: NEW FASHION

IT IS unlikely that the social unrest of Miss Ethel Barrymore or the passionate sub-bolshevism of Francis Wilson will ever be revealed at a congressional inquiry in a manner such as would appeal to the dramatic instincts of Mr. Stone, of the brotherhoods.

If, let us say, the government should be asked to settle the theatre strike by taking over control of musical comedy, the odd and moving drama now being enjoyed exclusively by tired business men who seek their rest about Forty-second street and Broadway would be shifted to a plane upon which the whole nation might view it.

Among the astonishing phenomena of the time is the alacrity which a lazy-minded Congress displayed when, after a good many months of absolute silence, the voice of the people clearly made itself heard with a chill query relative to living costs in the United States.

Even so able a man as Mr. Wilson believed that he could control public opinion. In the end it is public opinion that is controlling him and forcing him to realize that this is a constitutional government. The country at large was the first to sense the President's earliest departures from his declared policy abroad, just as it was the first to sense the greatness of his original aims.

and down the world. The tired business man has come into his own. He can see it all from the curb. No scalper intervenes.
"I'll fight this out to the end," cried Mr. Cohan, who is in the role of capitalist, "if I have to run an elevator for the rest of my life!" Spoken like a hero!

THE MAN IN THE STREET USUALLY HAS HIS SAY

His Will Was Expressed in the Fairmount Park Sunday Recreation Decision Yesterday and Is Always the Real Power in America

LEADERS in the Sabbath association will be wise if they admit defeat and rest their case peaceably where the court left it by the adverse decision of yesterday.

Judge Staake's refusal of an injunction to prevent Sunday games in Fairmount Park leaves radical sabbatarians still free to make prosecutions under the blue laws. But the arrest of an occasional tennis player or raids on baseball games would be worse than futile.

It was not a theory of law that intervened between the Sabbath association and a closed park. It was the collective will of an intelligent majority which Judge Staake clearly interpreted in his opinion.

An educated public opinion is a better defense of any nation than armies with banners. It is the one sure prop of a democracy. For the great menace of any free government does not come from the outside but from within.

Militarists have been the peril of other countries. Here at various times big business or a political party assumes ominous aspects. Labor more recently has been manifesting signs of the perilous delusion which, in a minor way, afflicts the animating genius of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association.

The collective mind of the country is tolerant and sober and it has the distinguishing characteristic of patient humor. It will endure anything up to a given point. Then it withers and destroys whatever opposes it.

Occasionally you will hear people talk of a control of public opinion. One might as well talk of controlling the four winds. The average man in America is never misled. His mind cannot be controlled because it is always progressing. His opinions are formulated out of his own living experience.

Henry Ford tried to control public opinion. So did the Chicago Tribune when it called him an anarchist. A jury—the vehicle of public opinion—has just decided that they were both foolish and futile.

Police-men have tried to control public opinion by energetic suppression of the rules of free speech. They show only that innocence still persists in the world. The mind of the country absorbs all it hears and fortunately is able to digest it.

It isn't celebration that brings about revolution. It is a combination of unemployed gastric juices and clogged gray matter.

Of a certain North Penn debtor it may be safely asserted that he would willingly pay up if he could only borrow the money.

It is the opinion of many thoughtful men that it will take more than the Lever bill to raise the dollar's purchasing power.

The one effective way of swatting the rent profiteer is to build more houses.

What does Henry intend to do with all that money?

The North Penn serial grows a little wordy as it works toward its denouement.

which is, perhaps, the freest and greatest force existing under the sun today. The railway brotherhoods were the latest to get into conflict with it.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

War Record of Charles W. Need's Sons—Frank Feeney a Familiar Figure in Washington. Gossip About Well-Known People

IF PHILADELPHIANS could be induced to take their minds away from the majority situation for a brief spell they would observe big things going on in the nation's capital. The Lodge speech on the league of nations has helped to vindicate the Senate's attitude in its controversy with the President and has stiffened the backbone of those who have been contending that the President was playing a dangerous game.

PATTERSON SHOULD RESIGN

WHY has Philadelphia so persistently cherished the aloofness of its judges from active party campaigning? Why has it supported nonpartisan judiciary tickets and so clearly differentiated between the role of an arbiter in a law court and that of any other officeholder?

It is of course because the political isolation of a judge has insured security and fair play in our courts. The continuance of Judge Patterson to hold his commission as judge during his campaign violates an admirable, a necessary and a time-honored tradition. The holder of a seat upon the bench ought not to be subjected to the temptation to play politics. Occupying a position of keen responsibility, his opportunities to favor friends or punish factional foes are too profuse not to color his judgments, however sincerely he may seek to be impartial.

Judge Patterson in earnest conference with Ward Boss Seger, whose allegiance is in doubt—a scene just enacted in Atlantic City—shows how difficult it is to keep away from political bargaining. The judge has an unquestioned right to run for Mayor, but that act cannot be reconciled with his simultaneous tenure of a bench seat. His proposal not to accept salary while campaigning does not alleviate the offense, but merely accentuates it, since it shows the judge recognizes the inconsistency. The fact remains that if defeated he expects to return to the bench and it would be more than human not to carry bitter personal dislikes with him. He should resign at once.

DAYLIGHT SAVING SAVED

PRESIDENT Wilson weighs gains against losses in his veto of the new act to end daylight saving and finds the balance in favor of the present summer clock. Few laws are of universal benefit. The greatest good of the community as a whole must be the measuring standard.

As Mr. Wilson points out, the "pressing need of the country is production." Daylight saving immensely aids it in industrial centers. Fortunately, the President's second veto of an anti-daylight saving law is unmixing with other important legislation. The repeal had no place as a rider on the agricultural bill. Standing by itself after a persistent Congress had voted once more against "flat time," the case could be judged on its merits. This is what has been done and the decision should be final.

Chili Con Carne

The frequency of their revolutions may indicate that Mexicans are somewhat hot-headed, that, in other words, there is considerable pepper in their Mexican beans.

Mr. Palmer is working himself into a state of righteous indignation over the grocer who charges more than eleven cents a pound for sugar which costs him ten; but vegetables bought in bulk are still permitted to rot in order to keep up prices, and the price of meat is still rising.

The price of fish, we are told, will remain high because the funny tribes have been driven away from our shores by recent storms. What about the fish thrown back in the sea by New Jersey fishermen?

Since the growth of H. C. L. is due to perfectly natural causes we cannot hope to reduce his stature by beating him. The best we can expect is that he'll be able to reduce his "waste" line.

Judge Patterson says, "I cannot talk politics to you as I should like to." But the inhibition evidently does not extend to Charlie Seger.

Striking actors declare that all they want is a fair show. And that's all the playgoers want.

Increased production, revised distribution and determined optimism will carry us through all threatened storms.

Of a certain North Penn debtor it may be safely asserted that he would willingly pay up if he could only borrow the money.

It is the opinion of many thoughtful men that it will take more than the Lever bill to raise the dollar's purchasing power.

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War Record of Charles W. Need's Sons—Frank Feeney a Familiar Figure in Washington. Gossip About Well-Known People

CHARLES W. NEED, of the Forty-second Ward, has taken a new interest in Philadelphia politics since the majority contest started. Charles was always active in the young men's Republican committees and particularly with the old young Republicans. Like Jim Eckersley, of Germantown; David Lavis, of the Thirtieth-eighth Ward, and William W. Morgan, Charlie retains his youthful appearance. His roughest boast just now, however, is the war record made by the younger Need's. Charles W., Jr., was second lieutenant of the 314th Infantry. J. Noble Need was second lieutenant, quartermaster's corps, and Percy I. Need, sergeant in the medical corps, gas defense.

STATESMEN in Washington longing for a vacation with no bright prospects in sight are yearning for the somewhat. Those who are not tied up in political campaigns have about all they can do to sleep at night after continuous days in the departments and on the hill. Senator Penrose is said to reach his yacht at Atlantic City occasionally, and Congressman Vare, who is something of a yachtman, is getting an occasional dash of the cold zone. But the two worthies have their minds fully occupied with matters not wholly pertinent to Washington.

Gossip reaching Washington admonishes us that Colonel Louis P. White and a bunch of Philadelphia jewelers got as far south recently as the Charlestown Club on one of the arms of the Chesapeake Bay. The Philadelphia jewelers generally tie up with the Washingtonians making Charlestown a half-way house for the consideration of "business of great importance." By the same token it may be expected, in due course, that Mayor Frederick W. Donnelly, of Trenton, will have to set up a meeting place for those who fish in this wet and dry season, at some convenient point between New York and Philadelphia.

THEY have a live chamber of commerce over in Camden, with F. Morse Archer at the head of it and David Baird, Jr., high on the list of directors. This chamber of commerce, like the Philadelphia chamber, the Bourse, the Board of Trade and other bodies, is kept up over the railroad situation and is petitioning Washington to see that government ownership of railroads is not cut out of the consideration. The chamber has the railroad men made a mistake in threatening Congress to strike if they did not obtain their demands, and some of them are mildly critical of the President for having encouraged this unusual situation.

MAJOR A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE has a warm spot in his heart for Major General George Barnett, head of the marine corps, under whom he served during the war. He has opened "Camp Barnett" at Lansdowne and with the assistance of the Philadelphia military training corps, of which William R. Nicholson is president, intends to set up a military training institution there while, when "Tony" Biddle was a reporter with an inclination to put on the boxing gloves, there were members of the Biddle and Drexel families who had their doubts about the future of the young man. But "Tony" has been pretty well over the world since then and he has done some big things, not the least of which is the organization of the Drexel Biddle Bible classes, which have become international.

FRANK FEENEY, the Philadelphia labor leader, gets over to Washington quite frequently. He keeps in touch with Gompers, Morrison and the other big leaders in the American Federation of Labor. The federation now has a handsome home in Washington and has established itself so firmly that the farmers' organizations are thinking of doing the same thing. It used to be the custom to send legislative agents to Washington during the sessions of Congress, but now most of the big organizations have representatives there throughout the year. It is notably the case with the railroad brotherhoods.

UPTON S. JEFFERYS, sometime corporal Company B, Sixth Regiment, N. G. N. J., who helped Uncle David Baird out as secretary when the latter was at the Capitol, is heard from in Washington occasionally through the clever work of the same old Post-Telegram. In Corporal Jeffery's absence, however, we have Quay's old lieutenant, Frank Willing Leech, who is a big ace with Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. Frank has been working with his usual vigor, but gets an occasional Washington slip as a handsome home in Jersey. Frank knows as much about New Jersey politics now as he did about those of the Keystone state when big things were being done.

"BIG STEVEDORE" D. J. MURPHY, Jr., of Philadelphia, had so much to do with army transactions during the war that he has become a well-known figure in Washington. In this connection we are reminded of the efforts being made by the quartermaster's depot of the marine corps to obtain storage space in the great army warehouses at the foot of Oregon avenue. An army board has been considering the use to be made of several of these granary stations created with the expectation that the war would last longer than it did. Major General Radford, who is in charge of Broad street and Washington avenue, believes the government would be saved a great deal of money if the army could consent to the use of the Oregon avenue pier for marine corps purposes. The navy is now paying heavy rentals for such premises as it is obliged to use.

And there is always a possibility that the senators who quit the President will get more than they bargain for.

VACATIONING



THE CHAFFING DISH

Song
WHEN I go out at dawn
To climb the lovely hill,
My feet keep time to bugles,
My heart is all athrill.

The white road reaches upward
Pointing to the sky.
The fields are full of wonder
And wonderful am I.

When I come home at evening
The way seems still and long—
The trees spread mighty silence
Around one little song.

The grey road wanders downward
Through twilight dimly,
And I am glad that windows
Are shining near to me.

WINIFRED WELLES.

The Peanut Man
I love his ruddy wrinkles
Like lines upon a map.
His merry eye that twinkles
His old moth-eaten cap.

I love to eat them, too;
For munching—who could see nuts
A more delightful hue.

The Peanut Man, the Peanut Man,
I always stop to greet;
I can't go by when he winks his eye
At the corner of the street!

NO MATTER what's the weather
I spy that old man there;
My heart grows like a feather
Whatever he says care.

If he hath any sorrow,
He heaps it for himself,
Or lends it to tomorrow
The shrewd and ancient elf.

The Peanut Man, the Peanut Man,
God bless the quaint old wag;
To pass him I may sometimes try,
But I always buy a bag!

SAUEL MINTURN PECK.
L'Apres-Midi d'un Phone
SCEWER: Roll-top desk of a scribe enquiring to get through in time to catch an afternoon train for Fireforest. Curtain rises disclosing the unhappy being surrounded by a sea of papers, struggling to write one of those "homely ditties" that are said to be so easy. Telephone rings.

SOCRATES: Hello.
VOICE: Is this Socrates? Say, I've got a question for you. The reason why Henry Ford only got six cents—

(Socrates rings off, fuming. Goes downstairs to call on Jay Houze to see if Jay has any ideas he can snatch. Finds Jay bleeding his brains away over a three-line paragraph, and in humane pity tipsy away. Returning to the room, finds the telephone chattering wildly.)

SOCRATES: Well.
VOICE: This is Steve Meader. Say, I just got back from Stone Harbor. You ought to have seen that northeast wind we had down there. I'm going to write you a piece about it.
SOC: How about some spaghetti?
SOC: No; I'm buried.

NED: Sorry. Say, why don't you go out to the Falls of Schuykill some day. There's a good travel in Philadelphia out that way. I was out there the other afternoon and

(Socrates gently replaces the receiver and

returns to work. In two minutes the bell again gets his animal, as Bob Maxwell puts it.)

VOICE: Is this Socrates? Say, I gotta hunch. Got a brand new wheeze you might pull. You can pass it off as your own. See here, you know all this talk about the high cost of living. Well, last night after the kiddies had gone to bed I was talking to the wife, and it just came into my head, you know the way things do sometimes.

SOC: Yes.
VOICE: Maybe it was something one of the kiddies said that suggested it, you know what funny stuff they get off when they're going to bed—by the way, I sure do like that stuff you pull about the Erchin, the wife says you must have kiddies of your own. She has a sister up in Pike county who never had any kiddies, but—

SOC: Sure, great stuff (Wonders how to ring off).

VOICE: Well, the wife was saying about this high cost of living and it just came into my head that it's really the cost of high living and not the high cost of living that makes all the trouble. Do you get that, the cost of high living, see? The wife says she thinks some one has pulled that already, but I told her she was wrong. Now, if you want to use that, it's all right and you don't need to mention my name—

(Socrates quietly lays down the receiver, and gives his papers a shuffle. Enter lady visitor.)

CALLER: Is this Socrates? What a quaint little place you work in, to be sure! Now if I worked in a place like this I'm sure I should never be able to think of anything. Still, I suppose it's a great thing to be in touch with the busy world. (After fifteen minutes of miscellaneous chat and leaving three poems "just for you to criticize and tell me where I can sell them," caller departs. Socrates snoring automatically. "It was delightful of you to drop in. Do stop in any time.")

VOICE: Is this Socrates?
SOC: I'm afraid so.
VOICE: This is Mr. Swaffle. I heard you were in the market for some more insurance. Now, our thirty-year endowment policy—

(Five minutes to train time. Curtain.)

Desk Mottos
Like all owners of real property, she usually adopted toward her possessions an attitude implying that she would be willing to pay somebody to take them from her—Arnold Bennett, the Old Wives' Tale.

Advice to Motorists
Don't try to beat up a train this Sunday. It rarely pays any one except the heirs.

We note that the government offers 10,000 new spurs for sale, saying that since the armistice they have become "surplus property." We know some who have deemed a good many of those spurs surplus property from the beginning.

The poet who writes verses that are gloomy and savage can easily gain a reputation as a profound thinker. But the author of cheerful stuff is inevitably deemed narrow-minded and shallow. We have always longed to be a profound thinker, but we seem to be losing ground every day.

The assistant to the assistant to the secretary of war writes us textually as follows:
A problem of considerable proportions still confronts the nation as regards the reabsorption of these men (discharged soldiers and sailors) into the post-war structure of American society. This office is extremely anxious to obtain further suggestions as to the best method of approach looking to the solution of the problem.

We would feel more certain of the War Department's ability to approach looking toward a solution if the assistant's assistant had said something like this:
We want to get jobs for discharged service men. Can you help? SOCRATES.

The Ships That Brought Them Over

THESE are the ships that brought them over. And all through life will their names remain. Sheering west from the cliffs of Dover. Into the waste with the sunset stain. Slipping from Brest in a Channel rain. Tiring swift as a khaki rover. With pulse a-swing to the engine strain—These are the ships that brought them over.

The Calamares and Hercules. The Santa Ana and Lockenbach; And lifting far on the tossing seas. Day dreaming they'll see the Ancon's stack. The Baltic under the flying wrack. Swinging west to the land of clover. No more to travel on war's red track—These are the ships that brought them over.

The Poonahs and Muscatine. The Nausomond and Leviantan; And ever westward the spars would lean. And days seemed years on the tossing span. On the Henderson strained eyes would scan. The misty west where dreams would hover. And hearts were gay on the Rapidan. These are the ships that brought them over. —Thomas J. Murray, in New York Sun.

It having been officially and authoritatively decided that Mr. Ford is not an anarchist, we may turn how-heartedly to the task of swatting the H. O. of L.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. Who has been appointed British ambassador to the United States?
2. How old was Andrew Carnegie when he died?
3. Where was the Liberty Bell first cast?
4. What was the family name of Lord Byron?
5. Who was Narcissus in Greek mythology?
6. Who said "Hell is paved with good intentions"?
7. How many American Indians fought in the war against Germany?
8. Of what kind of milk is Roquefort cheese made?
9. What is enfolding fire?
10. What is the lowest hereditary title in England?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. The harvest moon is full within a fortnight of September 22 or 23.
2. Tomatoes were formerly called love apples.
3. "De facto" is fact, whether by right or not. "De jure" is right, by right.
4. According to a recent careful estimate, Cleveland and Detroit are tied for fourth place in population among American cities.
5. Cognac takes its name from a small town in southern France famed for its brandies.
6. The word sycarite is derived from the ancient Greek colony of Sybaris in Italy, noted for its luxury.
7. A joss is a Chinese idol.
8. Admiral David G. Farragut and General George H. Thomas were noted commanders of southern birth who fought for the North in the Civil War. Farragut was born in Tennessee and Thomas in Virginia.
9. Gynkhana is an Anglo-Indian word describing a public place with facilities for athletics and also an athletic sports display.
10. The Philippines, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Tutuila in Samoa, Guam and the Hawaiian Islands are American possessions which lie within the Torrid Zone.