

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CHARLES H. CURTIS, President
CHARLES H. LINDINGER, Vice President
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Member of the Associated Press
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches received by it or otherwise credited to this paper, and also the local news published therein.

THE GERMANTOWN LOOP

TO COMPLAIN is human, to concur divine. As, in common with the rest of us, the managers of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company have had considerable experience with this fact, they are probably not surprised to encounter opposition to their commendable attempt to improve the trolley service on the important line to Germantown.

The present plan involves the substitution of comfortable side-exit cars with transverse seats for the less serviceable vehicles so long in use. Hundreds of thousands of riders will rejoice in the proposed change.

A neighborhood improvement association in Mount Airy, however, is aggrieved because the operation of the adequate cars will necessitate the use of Gorgas lane and Musgrave street for a loop. It is said that the lives of school children will be endangered and the property will be depreciated.

This is the identical argument advanced when electric transportation took the place of horse-drawn car traffic in this city. We did, however, learn to adapt security to progress, and there is no reason why the process should not be continued.

The city has long sorely needed better service to Germantown. Somehow the public, which is eager for the reformation, feels that it can be accomplished without sacrificing human lives. There ought to be no obstructionism which stands for improvement by getting in the way of it.

THE OLD TOWN DOES GROW
PECULATION about the extraordinary growth of Philadelphia will soon be officially set at rest when the census takers resume their decennial activities next year.

Meanwhile there are indices of our population progress which are highly significant. The new local directory contains 121,000 more names than the volume of twelve months ago. What this means may be realized by a glance at the figures of the last census.

In 1910, apart from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Scranton was the only city in the state the population of which was more than 121,000.

In a single year we have assimilated more than all the inhabitants of the Reading or the Wilkes-Barre of a decade ago. Furthermore, in the metropolitan "agglomeration," which disregards county lines, it is well known that the growth has been prodigious.

There are sound reasons for believing that Philadelphia will be in the impressive 2,000,000 class when all the returns of the government's forthcoming inventory are made.

ROOSEVELT DAY

ROOSEVELT'S natal day becomes a red-letter day much quicker than any which has honored most other great Americans. This is in keeping with the spirit of the man and the ideals for which he stood.

The force of his personality survives splendidly in the present interest which Roosevelt week has evoked and the appeal of plans for the celebration of his birthday next Monday. The prime feature of the observance is the laying of a firm financial foundation for a suitable Roosevelt memorial. It is not easy—at least in peace times—to think of another nation-wide "drive" so finely in accord with public sentiment.

What form the memorial will take and where it will be situated is not yet determined. There is talk of a magnificent arch. The form of the structure is, however, relatively immaterial. Every American who subscribes to the fund will raise in his heart his own memorial to a beloved leader.

It is almost in bad taste to urge a popular response to this campaign. The spontaneity of affection which Theodore Roosevelt won from the nation should be enough to bring an enthusiastic and generous answer to the call.

PROHIBITION COMES NEARER

WITH THE ENFORCEMENT ACT
Private Hoards Are Safe, but the Sale of Intoxicants Will Be a Perilous Business After Next Tuesday

The prohibition enforcement bill given into the hands of the President yesterday for signature is the result of months of stormy debate in Congress.

It gives realistic form and definition to prohibition principles, fixes penalties and carries an appropriation of \$2,100,000 for the work of search and prosecution. It sounds the knell of 2.75 beer for the present at least. It calls for the elimination of all liquor signs from public view.

Yet the net is one that need not worry those who already have gathered private hoards of liquor, large or small, for their own use or the use of their "bona fide guests." Its provisions are ominous for the keepers of saloons and for the venturesome saloon owners who have been furiously marketing the strong drink which they had in their cellars prior to July 1.

Any one who is suspected of having intoxicating liquor for sale after the law becomes operative may be visited at any hour of the day or night by a federal agent with a search warrant. An exception is made for private dwellings, which are immune from search unless they are known to be used for open violation of the law. Penalties under the act are imprisonment and fines ranging from \$100 to \$1000.

Prophets and seers who were ranged with the prohibitionists or against them a few months ago must have found many things to astound them in the course of events since July 1. The more ardent advocates of a wide-open country predicted woefully that risings and riots and general tumult were sure to occur at the moment when the workingman was deprived of his liquor.

There was not a pretty argument. "If you want peace," said they, "let us keep the workers drugged in a state of imaginary contentment!"

Prohibitionists, on the other hand, assured ecstatic audiences that when the rum fiend was driven from the land we should have tranquility everywhere and wage-earners walking sedately in the country with their families on Sunday and admiring the scenery for the first time in history and putting their money in banks or in motorcars.

We have had no risings and we have no peace. Those who used to patronize saloons appear to be judging the issue dispassionately, and they seem to have realized for the first time that heavy drinking was an amazingly costly pastime. The transition from a "wet" to a "dry" state has been relatively painless so far.

While a good many bitter-enders are still insisting that prohibition is the result of a sort of transient fanaticism that would be possible nowhere else than in the United States, Scotland—Scotland of all places—is arranging for a "dry" referendum and Czecho-Slovakia is telling the world that just as soon as its boundaries are fixed it will enact "dry" laws modeled after those soon to be enforced in the United States.

The enforcement laws devised by Congress are rigorous, yet not so rigorous as the "dry" advocates would have made them. For example, there is no limit to the amount of intoxicants that a man may keep in his own residence for his own use or the use of his friends. Any one may store enough whisky to last him unto death—he may have fifteen or twenty barrels—and the federal authorities will not question him unless there is strong evidence to indicate that he is selling the stuff.

A citizen may make intoxicating beverages for his private use so long as he uses only fruit juices as a base. He may make this beverage as strong as he desires it. But, admitting this right of every law-abiding citizen, Congress hastily wrote into the enforcement act a provision making it illegal for any one to publish, sell or circulate formulae for the making of intoxicants of any sort.

An intoxicant under the new definition is any beverage having more than one-half of 1 per cent of alcoholic content. The suits instituted to defend the legality of 2.75 beer and the injunctions already granted in favor of those brewing and selling that novel product will be rendered inconsequential when the act is signed by the President. "Two-seventy-five" beer, like all other beverages declared intoxicating, is subject under the act to seizure and destruction by government agents when there is evidence to show that it is held for sale.

There was a riot of debate in the Senate about the rights of a citizen to move his private hoard from one place to another when he changed his residence. It was finally decided that such removals may be made with certificates of authorization issued by the commissioner of internal revenue. Interstate shipments probably will be allowed under similar restrictions, though the new law is a bit ambiguous in relation to that question. All movement of intoxicating beverages will have to be made with the consent of the revenue officials.

None of the 55,000,000 gallons of whisky now in bonded warehouses may be removed for sale as beverage. After January 20 it may not even be exported. Whisky and other intoxicants already manufactured and stored may be withdrawn for "scientific, mechanical, medicinal or sacramental purposes" only.

Shipment by automobile "or aircraft" are illegal unless authorized by the commissioner of revenue. The intoxicants so shipped may be seized and either sold or destroyed, and the vehicle itself taken by the government and sold to pay the fines inflicted for the offense.

The prohibitionists wished to visit dire punishment on any person found in a state of intoxication. Congress refused to co-operate with them to this end. One may be drunk without risking federal prosecution if he imbibes liquor made by himself or given to him by a talented friend.

A world of hope was based upon the doctors, but even the doctors, with their right to prescribe whisky or other alcoholic beverages for medicinal purposes, are to be strictly regulated. Physicians may not prescribe more than a pint of whisky for any one person every ten days. No prescription has to be written on blanks furnished by the commissioner of internal revenue. Telltale stubs will be attached, which must be filled out and returned to the federal authorities at intervals by each physician.

Congress appropriated \$2,000,000 for use by the Revenue Department in enforcing the act and \$100,000 to the Department of Justice for the work of investigation. The law is intended to make wartime prohibition effective. If the treaty is ratified and peace formally declared by the President before January 20 there will be an interval in which no restriction may be imposed on liquor sales. On January 20 the prohibition amendment will become effective and, so far as any one can see, the country will go dry for good.

TO MEET A NEW ISSUE
SECRETARY REDFIELD, of the Department of Commerce, reminded the international trade conference in Atlantic City of conditions to which this newspaper has been directing attention for two or three years.

He said that the world could not get along if the United States insisted on selling its commodities abroad for cash and refused to take foreign-made goods in exchange. The foreign trade balance in our favor last year was about \$4,000,000,000. Europe cannot continue to pay us this amount in gold every year without going bankrupt.

This balance will readjust itself in the course of time, when Europe begins to produce more of what she needs. She will then not have to buy so much from us. But she has borrowed \$10,000,000,000 from us in order to help her pay her war expenses. She will have to pay the interest on this sum for many years to come, and will ultimately have to pay the principal.

She will have to pay a large part of the principal in goods if she is to maintain her solvency at home. This is so obvious that it has occurred to every one who has given any thought to the subject. But if we shut out European goods with a high protective tariff Europe will be unable to pay. It is to our interest that she sell her goods here.

Secretary Redfield has suggested that "we open wide our doors to the reception of foreign-made goods." This is the natural suggestion of a free trader. But the United States is not a free-trade country. It believes in the policy of protection for home industry. The problem before the tariff framers is to discover a way to admit enough foreign-made goods to assist our debtors in paying what they owe to us without injuring our own industries. This can be done without throwing down all customs barriers.

Included, we are in just as great need of the customs dues to finance our government as the foreigners are of our markets for the sale of their surplus.

The men in control of Congress have lately been saying that it would be wise to postpone tariff revision until there was a President in the White House in sympathy with the American idea. It may be wise also to postpone it until we learn what the conditions are that must be met by a new tariff law. Every month increases the amount of information available. In a year or two Europe will have recovered somewhat from the disorganization of her industry and will be producing goods for home consumption. It will not be necessary to adjust our tariff laws to meet a \$4,000,000,000 balance of trade in our favor, nor even for a billion-dollar balance. But they must be adjusted to conditions which no one foresees when the nation committed itself to the policy of protection.

Because her husband spent his time there, a Camden woman smashed all the windows in a clubhouse. She was arrested but promptly discharged, the judge telling the husband that his place was at home. The club directors, when they came to pay the bill for glass, will probably agree with the judge, in this particular instance, at least.

Secretary Redfield talked bravely yesterday when he said that the bankers of the United States must unite to save the world. But who, meanwhile, will unite to save the bankers of the United States?

The question in Washington seems to be whether organized labor or organized capital shall boss a defenseless public.

Bela Kun is said to have escaped into Italy, where he is promoting a revolutionary movement. If that is the kind of movement they insist upon, he and his kind should be placed in a cage with a squirrel.

Captain Donaldson beat Lieutenant Maynard's time in the transatlantic air race by about ten hours. But Maynard won the race and won the popular applause, and Donaldson will never catch up.

Circumstance is a magician who has turned the President's sick bed into a council table.

The rail-control bill is back in the Senate, but a speech-control bill would never get out of committee.

After the tea revised reservations have been edited and amended the peace treaty will be ready for a "try on."

Mrs. Mink says she presumes a revised reservation means the changing from an upper to a lower berth.

That Albert and Elizabeth make a good pair to draw to will be evidenced by Monday's crowds.

THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

Purposes of the Association Explained by the Chairman of the Philadelphia Committee

By WILLIAM DRAPER LEWIS
THERE are hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who are anxious for a suitable opportunity to show their regard and in many cases their affection for the memory of Theodore Roosevelt.

It is not that they always agreed with him. Many of those who now realize the greatness of his character, when he was alive often differed from him and opposed him politically. Today there is an almost universal appreciation of his public services. Men realize that the kind of Americanism which stood for is the kind of Americanism which, above all things, we most need in this critical period of our national life.

THESE are some of the reasons why, irrespective of party or race or creed, there is in all sections of the country a very general and growing desire to do something which will express our regard and affection for him. This general and universal desire has given rise to the Roosevelt Memorial Association, a national organization controlled by a national committee, representing persons of all political faith, all sections of the country, as well as the many-sided activities of Colonel Roosevelt himself.

NEXT Monday, October 27, is the first anniversary of his birth occurring since Colonel Roosevelt's death. This week and next Monday a special effort is being made in every state of the United States to give every man, woman and child who desires to show his or her regard and appreciation for him an opportunity to do so. Any one may become a member of the Roosevelt Memorial Association by signing an application blank and contributing, as a permanent life membership fee, \$1, or any larger sum which they may desire to give.

Arrangements have been made by the local Philadelphia committee to distribute these application blanks as widely as practicable throughout the city. Any one who has not already received a blank may obtain one from the nearest drug store. The blank contains directions how to forward the application and the contribution. Each person becoming a member will receive a certificate of membership from the central headquarters in New York.

THE money contributed is to be used by the national committee to create a memorial satisfactory to Colonel Roosevelt's family. No effort is being made to collect a great sum of money. No pressure is to be put on any one to subscribe.

Colonel Roosevelt himself would have been the first to oppose any effort to use his name to collect large sums of money at any time, and especially at this time, when there is so much suffering in the world.

THE exact form of the memorial will, of course, depend on the amount of money which the committee will have at its disposal, but we may have confidence that in any event it will be appropriate. The representative character of the committee is an assurance that the money will be used in such a way as to combine dignity with practical usefulness. Roosevelt was too intensely alive to think of the use of any large portion of the money in the erection of a mere monument.

However great the good which may be done with the funds collected, the real benefit is to be derived by the gathering together in one association of thousands of persons who unite to do honor to Colonel Roosevelt's memory.

GREAT characters are the rungs of the ladder on which a nation climbs to higher, better planes of action. Roosevelt's public services were many; but his great service to the nation collectively, and to each one of us individually, is that to him more than to any other man of his generation we owe the elevation of our ideals of American citizenship. Every American who knows the history of his country is a better American and a better man or woman because men like Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt have lived. The very act, simple as it is, of joining an association designed to honor the memory of a great man of his generation and life of Theodore Roosevelt does good to the person who joins.

THESE are the real reasons for its existence in the benefit which will come to its members in the very fact that they have united to do honor to a man who, to the great majority of his fellow citizens, is the "typical American."

The efficacy of a kick depends on the size of the boot. Little Rickiana has a large foot and kicked so some people; but the king of Hodge, discomfited by his generation English agreement concerning Syria, kicks in vain.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland has been paying his respects to the Sinn Fein government. The Sinn Feiners will probably retort with a paraphrase of the old song, "Faith, French is all at sea, says the Shan Van Voght."

Another infantry regiment has crossed the Prussian frontier and joined the Iron Division in Latvia. As German soldiers have never been accused of having initiative, there is strong suspicion that they were acting under orders from men higher up.

The French aviator who is attempting to fly from Paris to Australia has been forced by atmospheric conditions to land in Rome. This will be a shock to those who never heard of anything but sunny Italy.

The supreme council of the Peace Conference is considering a modification of the Austrian treaty at the instance of Rumania; which goes to show that one can get pretty nearly all one wants if one kicks hard enough.

A Philadelphian has paid half a million dollars for a Providence (R. I.) library. And, of course, the authors won't get a cent of the money. This is on the dead.

It is the opinion of Vere men that there isn't much use fighting charter provisions if a printer's error can rob them of their victory. But Civic Righteousness smiles the smile of sweet content.

The wild tax has been tamed, but the fares will continue to have a game flavor. Which suggests the query, Is the conductor of a taxi skin game a taxidermist?

When Secretary Redfield urges the country to open its doors to foreign-made goods he doesn't call it free trade, but that is what it may turn out to be.

Delegates to the international congress of working women, to meet in Washington, will have an opportunity of showing dilatory men how to hustle.

Perhaps capital and labor will make another effort to heal the wound before Monday's crowds.

"HEY, THERE! CAN I HELP?"



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Baron
Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty has been created Baron of the North Sea and of Brookby.—News item.

Baron of Brookby
And of the North Sea—
That is the kind of
A Baron to be!

Baron of Jutland
And of Skagerrak;
Baron of gray ships
That never turned back.

Baron of fog days
And of crinkled gray seas,
Baron of gun-smell
That stings the wet breeze.

Baron of thunders,
Hard patience, and skill;
Baron of vigils
In blackness and chill—

Baron of silence,
Of men and of steel;
Baron of battle
From Shetland to Kiel.

Baron of seamen
Wherever ships go;
Baron of drowned bulls
Beneath Scapa Flow.

Baron of acres
Of roaring and sea—
That is the kind of
A Baron to be!

We heard recently of a young man who described himself as a "nationalistic internationalist." This is a specimen of the impenetrable fog that sometimes drifts through a too-careful skull.

Social Chat
William McFee, the star correspondent of the Dish, has sailed for South America.

Guy Wheeler called at our villa the other evening and a pleasant time was had. We took the opportunity to return his copy of "Erewhon," having had it for two years, and it was not until after Mr. Wheeler's departure that we discovered he had gone off with our newly purchased packet of cigarettes.

Lord Dunsany, we fear, will arrive in town too late for a write-up in the Dish. His impact with Philadelphia will not occur until 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, by which time we hope to be packing our trunk for a long-anticipated vacation.

The same applies to the King of the Belgians.

The moral to be drawn from the above is that those desiring publicity in the Dish must calculate their movements according to Socrates's convenience. We are sorry to disappoint both king and lord, but on the subject of that vacation we are adamant.

Those of our nice-natured clients who send in contributions during our absence will kindly be careful not to make them too witty and bright. We shall need our job again when the three weeks are over.

George H. Sargent, the genial Bibliographer of the Boston Transcript, was in town yesterday. He confided to us that the only city where the Transcript could get a page of a forthcoming gala issue set up in Old English type was here in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is erect on its toes, in our comment, and we sped George on his way with right jovial cheer.

One of the things we are most skillful at is reading the current magazines on the newsstands. With tact and skill, the purchase of a two-cent paper will often make it possible to get a fair idea of the contents of a thirty-five-cent magazine without buying it.

We are told that Champ Clark is still "bitterly disappointed" at not having received the nomination in 1912. Bearing in mind the subsequent tribulations of the

nominee, the gentleman should be paying obeisance to his biroscope.
'Chestnut street is rather tedious these days. We don't see any oil stock or asbestos nuggets for sale in the 700 block.
Like the drowning man, the columnist sees all his past life flash before him in panorama when he sits down to begin wheezing.
Sitting in the nineteenth row at the theatre, one of our constant illusions is that we can hear better when looking through the opera glasses. That, we suppose, is why we always forget to bring them.
It is rather depressing to let one's mind wander over the question of what our grandchildren may think of us.
Having discovered a man who has seen all the installments of a movie serial, we will try another. Is there any one who has not had to hock at least one Liberty Bond?
One of the best misprints we know occurred in a Brooklyn newspaper when the head for the Shipping News got shifted by mistake to the top of the obit column. This head read, "Passed Through Hell Gate."
To a Correspondent
To all your appeals we remain quite deaf; You spell Chaffing Dish with a single f.
Roasted Chestnuts
Dear Socrates:
Why haven't you said something about the roasted chestnut vendors yet? Or can't you roast chestnuts in your Chaffing Dish? The hot chestnut stand has, or should have, as much flavor as a doughnut vendor. Think how well the crisp, slightly blackened chestnut goes with bleak, chilly autumn winds; what a spicy flavor they add to a walk (not down Chestnut street—down Sanson or Filbert or some other side street; can't go down Chestnut street peeling and munching hot chestnuts). Think how pleasant the warmth they lend to your pocket and your chilled hands—for the canny vendor saves the price of a bag by gently insinuating the glassful of chestnuts into your coat pocket before you can stop him. How picturesque and aromatic the humble charcoal pan, and how picturesque and aromatic, too, the wizened Milanese or Venetian or other Roman peeling over the steam of a hot chestnut vendor of any other nationality would presumably be subject to injunction.
Also, he has contributed to the H. C. of Chestnut street parties by filling last year's ancient glass measure with paraffin—an inch or so of it.
Autumn and hot chestnuts—Italian vendors and charcoal pans—let us parady: Walk down the street in chestnut time, in chestnut time, in chestnut time. (and stealthily munching some of 'em) And you shall wander hand in pocket up from hot Chestnut street to Market. Then down the street in chestnut time (and stealthily munching some of 'em).
PENMAN.
We Never Argue
Dear Socrates: In the other night's Dish you mentioned Eulogy of a Dog or something like that. Well, I merely wish to say that you will agree with me if I say that woman needs no eulogy. She speaks for herself. DAVID CERNER.
Where Did You Get the Sugar?
In that delightful and impossible book, "The Young Visitors," the authoress states that "Mr. Saiteena ate his soup to the tune of a merry waltz." On reading this we chorled gaily, and dismissed it as a good line, but having no close relation to life. But the other day on going into a restaurant where music is dispensed with (we are under the impression that this is the thing to do with the music in restaurants) meals we ordered coffee as a chaser for our victuals. It came, and was extremely hot. Just as we started to sip the libidinous orchestra relapsed into a very jazy offering, and before we could stop our epiglottis from shimmying in time with the music the undissolved lump of sugar at the bottom clicked against our teeth, and our internal economy had been made extra-receptive to cancers.
We owe Daisy an apology. She is a realist after all. WEIGHTA SECURIT.
Viz, the Soap Box
What we need is some more safety strikers—the kind that brake only on the box. SECURATES.

THE WAY OF US ALL

WE'LL measure it not by years, but miles. This road that we needs must follow; We'll sprinkle it over with tears and smiles, And travel it, hill and hollow.

'Tis merry you are, and your steps are glad, For smooth is the stretch you travel; A score of miles ahead of you, lad, I'm cursing the grit and gravel.

You've berries to eat and grapes to suck, And flowers on your path are prinked; But all the fruits that are mine to pluck, Are bitter and dry and wrinkled.

All gracious and green on either hand, The fields from your feet go trending; But, somehow, a shadow lies on the land Where I, through the dust, am wending.

For even its gold seems touched with gray, Since gray is for age and sorrow; Ah, what I am seeing, my lad, today, You'll see for yourself tomorrow.

As though they were lit for your own self's sake, The lights in the noon skies strengthen; But limbs that are weary and bones that ache, You'll know when the shadows lengthen.

The road is the same for us all, in truth, Though brave to your eyes, and splendid; And where I am trudging today, bright youth, You'll trudge ere your journey's ended.

Yet merry and free be that heart of yours, While bright be the leagues you follow; 'Twere cruel to burden the soul that soars, Or tether the wheeling swallow! —Roderic Quin, in the Sydney Bulletin.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What notable victory during the world war was achieved by General Yudenitch, who is now leading the anti-Bolshevik forces in the Baltic region?
2. What college did George Washington attend?
3. Where is Latvia?
4. What is a caret?
5. What is the original meaning of the word etiquette?
6. Who was chairman of the industrial conference in Washington?
7. What is a distinguishing feature of American battleships?
8. What is the great coffee port of South America?
9. Who is called the father of English printing?
10. What is a marsupial?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. M. W. Ireland is surgeon general of the United States army.
2. A plane is a surface such that the straight line joining any two points in it lies wholly in it.
3. William Waldorf Astor conducted for a time the Pall Mall Gazette and the Pall Mall Magazine.
4. An Amerind is a member of one of the native races of America, an American Indian or an Eskimo.
5. The word utopian, descriptive of an ideal state, refers back to the ideal commonwealth which Sir Thomas More called Utopia in his fanciful work of that title.
6. The heir apparent of the throne of Belgium is Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant.
7. Mount McKinley attains a greater altitude than any other American mountain. It is more than 20,000 feet high.
8. A concordat is an agreement. In a particular sense it is an agreement between the pope and a secular government.
9. A scintilla is a spark, an atom.
10. Chamisso's "Peter Schlemml" is the story of a man who lost his shadow.