

Evening Public Ledger
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they are mostly on the Pacific slope. Longpowns, however, are indigenous in every state, but the most that they bring down is the laughter of their neighbors.

IF SOME ONE WAKES CONGRESS COAL STRIKES WILL BE NO MORE

The Wilson Cabinet is Stumbling Toward an Industrial Code That Should Have Been Established Long Ago

Even the remote prospect of a coal famine and consequent idleness, suffering and industrial paralysis in a country that has more coal within sight and reach than it knows what to do with is intolerable.

Unforgivable negligence among those who are supposed to direct national affairs and the ignominious disposition of Congress to talk and act as if it existed in a world removed from the concerns of the rank and file have made chaos possible in the coal industry.

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS
Six children have been killed within twenty-four hours, five by automobiles, which ran them down in the streets of the city, and one by a trolley car.

It would be just as sensible to denounce all automobiles and all automobile drivers because of this as to demand that writing be abolished because certain men are guilty of forgery.

Denunciation will not cure anything. Affirmative remedial action is what is needed.

In the second place, the chauffeurs of passenger automobiles and motortrucks should be subjected to some kind of examination before they are licensed to run cars through the streets.

And, in the third place, parents should teach their children to exercise the greatest possible care in crossing the streets.

What Congress has been unwilling or afraid to recognize is the plain fact that economic rather than political factors are, for the time being at least, dominant among the influences that shape and order the common life of America.

LET THE WORLD KNOW IT
EVERY shipping man in every country of the world should be interested in the announcement made by Director Webster, of the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries, at a meeting of the Engineers' Club that a cargo of 12,000 tons of coal had been put into the hold of a steamship here in the unprecedented time of twenty-two hours and thirty-five minutes.

Those ports with the best loading machinery are favored by shipowners because they save time and increase the number of voyages that can be made in a year and thus enlarge their profits.

Twelve Alabama Men of Their Word
farmers, having finished their harvest, surrendered themselves at the jail in Anniston, in accordance with an agreement with the court, to serve sentences for making moonshine whisky.

LINE UPON LINE
The first discovery of personal liberty, according to Bishop Woodcock, of Kentucky, who is in town to assist in the Protestant Episcopal campaign for increased church membership, is that a man's life does not belong to himself, but to humanity.

There is nothing new in this statement, but we have to be reminded of its truth periodically. It is especially necessary just now, when men of various classes are insisting on their rights without regard to the rights of others.

ROBIN HOOD OF WAYNE
His other name is Robert P. Elmer and he is the champion bowman of the United States. He has demonstrated his skill by killing a rooster with an arrow.

Thus are we fallen on degenerate days when the prowess of the bowman is unappreciated and the achiever of a good shot is hailed into court and fined instead of being acclaimed by his envious competitors.

Archery nowadays is a sport indulged in by a chosen few to whom its romantic history appeals. Now and then there is a bowman who uses his weapon in the forests after the manner of the ancients.

"The people of the United States," said Doctor Garfield to the coal operators yesterday, "are willing to pay sufficient to maintain American standards. But what are American standards?"

"The people want the operators to have a just return, but what is a just return?"

THE GOWNSMAN

The Frogs and the Mice
HOMER once sang the battle of the frogs and the mice; the mice, quick, temperamental, impetuous; the frogs, cold-blooded, croaking, leaping at anything. And it was a dreadful fight, involving squeaks, snaps, croaks, gasps and splashing for the innocent bystanders, with flying epithets, dismembered bits and splinters of prose.

AND in the days of Swift and the earlier Georges, another similar and terrible fray arose, dividing families, estranging friends, becoming political as the court took the other. The matter was one of taste, a question of preference as to the respective merits, actual and relative, of opera as conducted by Signor Bononcini or by "Myrabeur Handel"; and as it waxed furious, it was only the Philistine who laughed; and this was his cackling:

Some say, compared to Bononcini, That Myrabeur Handel's but a mimic; Others aver that he to Handel Is scarcely fit to hold a candle. Strange that this difference should be 'Twixt twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee!

Of the parties to our recent fray of a not dissimilar importance, it might be invidious to affirm which is Twiddle-dum. The Gownsmen will content himself with gathering up for the curious one or two of the chips that flew, having now served their purpose as missiles, the obiter dicta that had little to do with the case which, by the by, was not decided.

INDUBITABLY there is nothing that a post, of old school or new, so resents as being asked, "What is the meaning, my dear sir—or madam—of this poem of yours?" The meaning of a poem! As if an atmosphere, an aroma, "a return," should have a meaning! Of course, in one sense, the other evening, we did not "get it." It was too subtle for Philadelphia; but we did not like to be told so. It was too much like that exasperating habit which some people have of talking about the latest book they happen to have been reading, as if an unacquaintance with their particular reading on your part were an inferiority. Or like the man who picks out some unheard-of trifle in a famous museum and, having about it, inveigled upon you the faculty of all your knowledge about everything else. The Contemporary Club of Philadelphia was treated with the condescension, the other evening, of the very choicest Bostonese brand; but perhaps we deserve condescension if we subscribe to so implicit an acceptance of the doctrine of a speedy evolution in literature, as it was enunciated in the address, by which we find a steep artistic ascent from the piers of Shakespeare to the works of Pope, and from the works of Pope to the labors of Mr. Carl Sandburg.

HOWEVER, because Edgar Allan Poe, then a resident of Philadelphia, was once treated none too civilly in Boston, it hardly becomes us to return a grudge so long remembered. The Gownsmen is very old-fashioned. He believes in the sacrosanctness of ownership. He is also very newfangled; for he likewise believes in according to woman "all the rights and privileges which appertain" to man, with a few added courtesies, hers by reason of her womanhood. Moreover, can it ever be quite fair to twist even a minor poet of a minor school on single poems or even—shall we call them strong—lines? Hereowing one wrote:

"Higgledy, piggledy, naked we lie, Rate in a hamper, pigs in a sty, Fleas in a carcass, etc. And one line of a fine lyric of Shakespeare runs: "And Marian's nose looks red and raw."

Want of taste is not confined to the vers librist; and some of their critics of the other evening contrived in this particular to excel them.

IN MUSIC we are more tolerant. We listen to our \$1,000,000 orchestra, pouring forth the golden melodiousness of Haydn, the robust sonoroussness of Wagner and the cacophonous inconsequence of a contemporary Italian composer, all on the same program, and we applaud according to our tastes. In art, too, we go to the galleries and see, cheek by jowl, old-fashioned art, following the safe ways of precedent, and things which are so blatant in their familiarity that he who would "catch on" must needs go the pace. Shall we be less tolerant of the art which expresses itself in words? The Gownsmen holds to another ancient notion, that only those despise form who are unable to compass it; likewise, that form is a trivial matter except as it is fitting to the thought, which is alone the animating spirit of all forms of art. They may in conscientious quarrel over the rhyme or the rhymlessness of verse or be jolted out of temper by the irregularities of anybody's feet, metrical or other? Each year has its growth of weeds and flowers which go with the frost. The weeds differ from year to year, while the grand old trees survive the ages. Among the small weeds at times come up what is destined to live, however in our consciousness we may not recognize a potential monarch of the forest yet to be. The scythe of criticism that would sweep all new things clean would leave us in the end only dead timber wherewith to make coffins. Only in growth and change—in art as elsewhere—is there life.

IN THE paper which Miss Lowell read to the Contemporary Club last week, the Gownsmen found much effective and brilliant criticism. In her poem with its sonorous "return" to the world "Persepolis" and what matters it whence it came?—he recognized that power to move, which is the power of poetry, whether it swing to the pendulum of a clock or ripple like a wayward stream over the impediments of rock and fallen trees to a new and varied music. When the writer of the new poetry dribbles, poses and offers us bits of broken crockery as if he were a lapidary presenting us with a jewel, let us treat him—or her—as he deserves, with neglect, disgust, if you like, but not with obloquy. It is not alone the vers librist who dribbles and poses; and the grave clothes that wrap the corpses of regularity are only more neatly folded than those which conceal infamy wrathing in free verse.

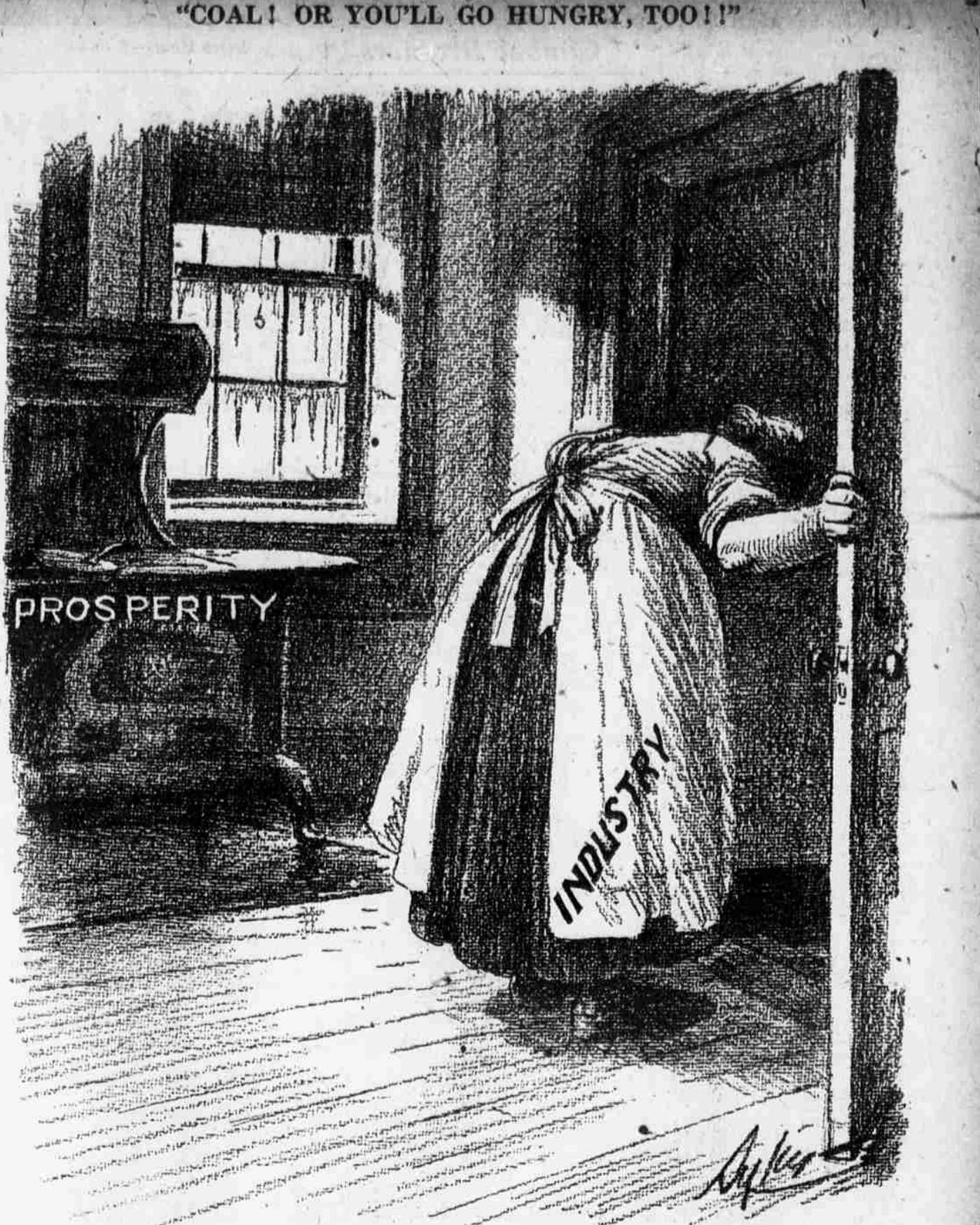
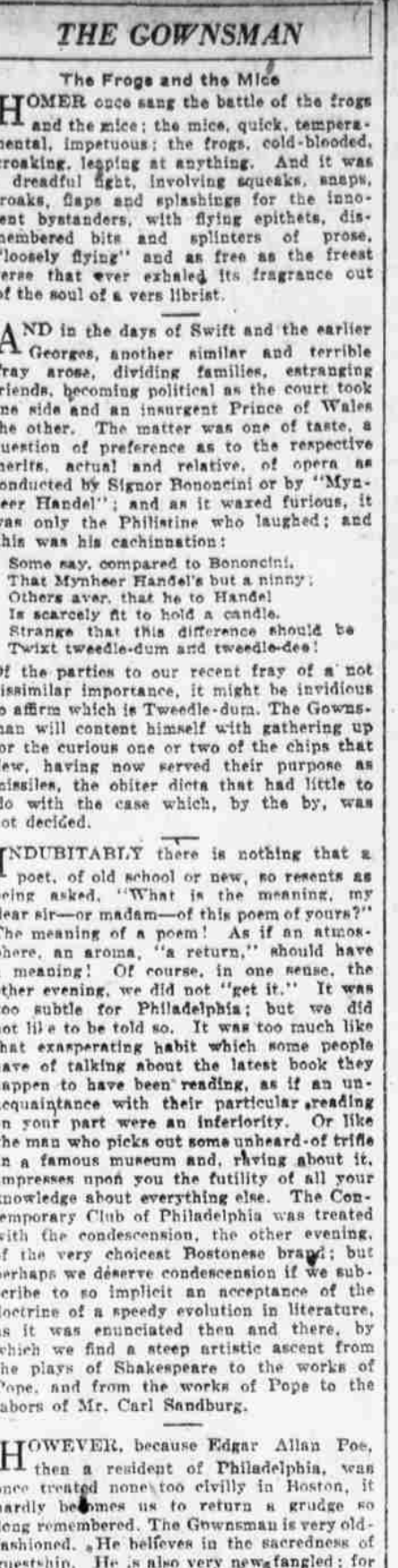
A woman elected to the New York Assembly bought candy for the families of all the men who worked for her. The Young Lady Next Door But One wonders if this kind of thing isn't responsible for the scarcity of sugar.

The steel strike and the coal strike serve to remind us that the reason we "muddle through" when threatened with disaster is a good constitution.

A "steamed contemporary speaks of 'a wet ass' in Washington. Well, one naturally expects a little dampness at an east, doesn't one?

Ludendorff has called Bernstein a liar. Now if Bernstein will be similarly frank concerning Ludendorff the record will be complete.

The supposition is that most of the Washington jokers were killed in the war.



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Columist Soliloquizes Upon the Theme of Returning From a Metrical Furlough

ARRISE, O heart, resume the theme And pass the scalpel o'er the strop: Vacation's but a pleasant dream— Peel up the desk's old rolling top. With cornob pipe your courage prop And get you to the task, poor fish, Till from the tree of words you lop A Ballade of the Chaffing Dish.

WHEREVER human follies teem, The watchful scythe may swath a crop Of genial japes, and skim the cream Of mortal error. As a sop To local satirists, you'll drop A scoffing tush, an acid pish, Or, polling out your bassoon stop, A Ballade of the Chaffing Dish.

DAMN satirists, for they will scream Your tender stuff is sugared slop— Damn sentimentalists, who deem Your bitter musings you should chop; Damn all, and lay on with a mop Or with a hatchet, as you wish— And sing, if you should feel de trop, A Ballade of the Chaffing Dish.

Envoy, to a Lady, As Required by Tradition— ADAME before whose charms we flop Is needed. Rhyme suggests Miss Gish— Let Dorothy or Lillian pop. This Ballade of the Chaffing Dish.

Send on the Bronx We notice that the writer of the best business letter during the current fiscal year will be awarded a bronze statuette by La Salle Extension University.

Here is our entry: Dear Sir: Your order, accompanied by remittance, received today. The goods have been forwarded. Hoping for further favors, Faithfully yours, CHAFFING DISH & CO.

Always found, it occurs to us that it might be well to submit more than one letter for the competition. Perhaps this one will grab off the prize. Dear Sir: Your offer of a \$2 raise in salary is returned. I beg to inform you that owing to the death of my uncle in Australia I have just entered upon the disbursement of a fortune of three million dollars, and our connection thus comes to a severance. Hoping for a continuance of the same, yours, etc., DOVE DULCEL.

We Tilt at Windmills The Bishop of New York, in presenting a Bible to the Prince of Wales, said: "This Bible is the King James version, for which we are obligated to the Church of England and whose pure English and devotional rendering have become so large a part of the religious history of the Western Hemisphere."

The worthy bishop laid stress on pure English, we feel called upon to protest against his misuse of the word obligated when he meant indebted. Obligated, one of the most frequently misused words on the far-from-literate island of Manhattan, means bound by contract, with an uncomfortable sense of penalties and burdens attached.

We feel sure that if only the prince had been given a Bible in Philadelphia none of our local bishops would have fallen down in this way.

Managing editors never have to reprint reporters for loitering when a fire occurs in a factory where the girls work in bloomers.

One of the most annoying features of all the will-power questionnaires that we have read is their insistence on the self-qualifying

ON A SQUIREL

NOW that in gorgeous polychromes The trees hobnob, A workman in gray jumper roams About his job.

When sunrise he maintains top speed Till darkness lowers, Nor ever thinks if he exceed Eight working hours.

So eager he to spot his spolia And promptly flog them, He fails to ponder as he toils The labor problem.

His sense of honor's somewhat blunt; He goes and dines, As danger approaches the blood recedes, displaying a streak of yellow.

'Tis true a chestnut to him is Naught but a nut; That all abstruse philosophies He'd greet with "Chut."

But though he might not recognize His Latin name, He gets—a quality to prize— There just the same.

Denying their color is the readiest thing the Reds do. Perhaps the reaction is natural with them. As danger approaches the blood recedes, displaying a streak of yellow.

What Do You Know? QUIZ

1. What former German liner is now a subject of dispute between the United States and Great Britain? 2. How does a cow's method of getting up from the ground differ from that of a horse? 3. What kind of an animal is a boreal? 4. Who was Charles Brockden Brown? 5. What is the Esch bill, which has just been passed by the House of Representatives? 6. How many American soldiers were sent to France during the war? 7. What celebrated English novelist was born a hundred years ago this November? 8. Where is Zara, which D'Annunzio recently captured? 9. What was the Missouri-Compromise? 10. Who was Vice President during the second term of Theodore Roosevelt?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The two ex-premiers who were returned to the French Parliament in the recent elections were Briand and Viviani. 2. Fences were ensigns of authority in Roman times. They were a bundle of rods with an ax in the middle carried by a hector before a high magistrate. 3. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the campaign life of Franklin Pierce. 4. San Domingo, capital of the republic of Santo Domingo, in the West Indies, and Seville, Spain, are the two cities which claim to possess the remains of Christopher Columbus. 5. Hospodar means lord. The governors of Wallachia and Moldavia, which later formed Rumania, formerly bore that title. 6. George the Fourth of England, when he was Prince of Wales, was the intimate of Beau Brummell, the celebrated dandy. 7. Doneybrook is now included in the suburbs of Dublin. 8. A malaguena is a Spanish dance. It derives its name from the city of Malaga. 9. Neptune is the planet farthest from the sun. 10. Charles Frohman was lost on the Lusitania.