

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHARLES H. H. CURTIS, Chairman... DAVID E. SHILLY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

demands of the President for the acceptance of his plan of compromise. He has been really the representative of the nation in urging it upon the operators and the miners.

COUNCILS' DAYLIGHT SAVER MAKES A BAD THING WORSE

Inefficient and Furtive Politicians Are Responsible for a Condition Under Which Even the Clocks May Be Corrupt... TS AN idea large, picturesque, romantic, jejune in its inception and utterly impossible? Then Mayor Smith will certainly approve it with a grand sweep of his pen upon the tail of an ordinance as he has just approved the daylight saving scheme of city Councils.

Next summer, for example, you will be able to leave Broad street station at 2 o'clock and arrive at Paoli at 1:45. Automobile speed liars will call the Mayor blessed. After we set our clocks an hour ahead the driver of any motor-car may start for Atlantic City and, arriving at Hammonton, swear truthfully that he did thirty miles in ten minutes less than nothing.

But there is a dark side to the picture. Bitterest among the afflicted will be the small company of pious conservatives—our pride and our dependence in times of great decision.

They will have excellent reasons for believing that the Mayor has played them foul. They were once the stern opponents of gas light. They once fought trolley cars. They regarded the telephone as a disaster and the automobile as a catastrophe before they learned to find pleasure in both.

Black times are ahead for the banker folk whose businesses are knit into the national time schedule by the telephones, the telegraph, the mails and the stock ticker. Doubtless we shall lose many bankers through nervous prostration.

The irritating thing about the new daylight saving ordinance just signed by the Mayor after what appears to have been a very real soul struggle is the action of the Mayor in itself.

The trouble is with mayors in general. They are all pretty much alike. In New York and in Jersey City the municipal authorities have been setting up independent daylight saving laws, un mindful of consequences. It is easy to imagine Mr. Smith alone with the ordinance, visioning happy workers and children gamboling in the summer sunlight, and signing the thing while his soul was filled with the whisper of a grand, sweet song of good will.

The Mayor is but a mayor. What? Well, the Mayor is-but the occupant of the Mayor's office, if you will. He obeyed a worthy impulse. The blame for a prospective period in which no one will be able to tell, even by his watch, what time it is is not upon him. It is upon the school of politics from which he graduated.

The men who defeated the daylight saving bill in Congress, where daylight saving laws should have been upheld and made permanent, are tribal kin to the Mayor and to all other mayors. Congressman Vane, Congressman Costello and Congressman Graham did not vote at all when the daylight law was brought up not long ago for debate and action.

The easiest thing in the world to do is nothing. In the code of a good many politicians it seems the safest. Any one who wants to know why an excellent and rational law was repealed has only to study the preponderant figures of the agricultural vote in general elections. Mr. Vane, Mr. Costello and Mr. Graham seem to have studied them. They did nothing. Now they are exalted like gods, above praise or blame. Meanwhile other representative members of their school of politics are busily making a bad thing worse.

So it is the school of localized politics that is at fault. Graduates of this school, whether their work takes them to Washington or into mayors' offices, have no ordered theory of life or law or economics or ethics. Their capacity for error is limitless. They are mere members of a vast clearing house which dispenses jobs.

operate as a solid unit to save daylight. They will wisely adjust their clocks in the interest of general sanity! Will they? The people ought to go to church. They should buy their coal in summer. They should co-operate against profiteers. But they do not always do these things. Aided by their mayors they will drift into a period of confusion for which their elected representatives are wholly responsible.

The extra hour of daylight made possible to the average indoor worker by "wartime" was most welcome, the most wholesome and least expensive of luxuries. The men who permitted it to be withdrawn cannot escape the sincere dislike of those who live and work in the cities.

The great public is used to being left alone to find its way out of difficulties due to the ineptitude of politicians. It will blunder along and miss trains and its dinner if the new municipal time schedule is actually made operative. In the end it will painfully devise arrangements of its own and settle down again to an ordered way of existence. So it will have to go on muddling through until it finds a way to better representation in Congress and in mayors' offices.

Meanwhile, Mayor Smith will be in the far-off hills and the congressman who repealed the daylight law will be too busy with other matters of state to give a thought to a harassed general public which, for a time at least, will be unable to believe even the clocks on its walls.

SPOUL IN WASHINGTON

WHEN the Republican national committee selects the Governor of this state to make one of the principal speeches at its meeting preliminary to the opening of the presidential campaign, it must be admitted that Pennsylvania is rising once more to its proper place in the councils of the party.

And it is not a standpat and reactionary Pennsylvania that commands attention today—using these adjectives in their opprobrious sense. The rest of the nation should not be allowed to forget that in the great schism that divided the party in 1912, when the progressive wing aligned itself on one side and the reactionary wing on the other, Pennsylvania, although overwhelmingly Republican by tradition, proved to be the most Progressive state in the whole union.

Consequently, when the Governor of this state speaks in a political gathering it is as the representative of the largest body of progressive sentiment concentrated in any commonwealth.

Governor Sproul's address, while a characteristic political document, was still characterized by vision and by an adequate conception of the necessity of adopting a constructive, forward-looking policy to be submitted for ratification to the voters next November. He and his fellow Republicans are aware that no party can win without such a policy. They know that in the eight years since Woodrow Wilson was elected to the presidency between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 boys have grown to a voting age, boys whose personal knowledge of national politics goes no farther back than to Roosevelt's last presidency; boys who then began to regard this great American as their ideal. These young men will decide the election next year, for they will use as the instrument for executing their will that party which best represents the hope and aspiration of youth and manifests a determination to exert itself to the utmost to make this nation worthy of its best traditions.

When the miners asked for a five-day week and a six-hour day they were really asking for more rather than less work, explains Samuel Gompers. At best, one-fifth of our coal is wasted, says Secretary Franklin K. Lane, and he adds that the ultimate development of the streams and rivers of the country will yield 54,000,000 continuous horsepower. From which we deduce that what this country needs is fewer coal miners.

An English visitor in town says, "You Americans have so much money you don't know what to do with it." And each and every one of us cheerfully admits the truth of the assertion—with a mental reservation concerning one particular case.

There was no evidence of brain fog or brain fog in President Wilson's proposal to the miners.

There is general belief that city home rule is the key with which the door may be opened for a Greater Philadelphia.

"Back to the mines!" is no longer a command, but joyous appreciation of an accomplished fact.

What the miners and operators have done several weeks ago.

John Q. Compromise scored another victory. The psychological moment having arrived, he got in his licks.

In the bulk of the population heeding the admonitions of the fuel board? Not by an anthracite!

The New Year will probably come in singing, "Nobody knows how dry I am."

The moos of the old Bull Moose because political prognosticators.

And the children of the miners will now be able to enjoy a visit from Santa Claus.

THE GOWNSMAN

On Keeping Up With the Times A PLEASANT young woman, a stranger to the Gownsmen, entered his study the other day, after duly requesting an interview. She did not give her name and she did not look exactly as if she had come on business, for the furtive look of the book agent, potential or constructive, had not yet settled down on her open countenance.

THE Gownsmen will not say that he was embarrassed; he would not confess it if he had been. But he was just a little tipped off of that center of gravity which is becoming alike to his years and to his garb. Wherefore, fencing for time, he inquired in a tone intended to convey the innocence of untutored childhood: "Now just what may you mean, may I ask, by keeping up with the times?" But she was wiser than her years and parried: "Then you have not received our literature?" "Your literature! And are you, then, one of those notable people who write books?" said the Gownsmen. "Oh, no!—this with great superiority—I follow up our literature by a personal call, to explain, and—well, to take orders." The murder was out; this nice girl was one of the loathly kind, after all, "a book solicitor," a road—that is a book-agent masquerading in youth, and the Gownsmen bethought himself of how he had once rid himself of one of the kind by brazenly affirming that his education had been neglected in his youth and that to him had never been imparted the mystery of alphabetic letters? and how in another case, he—or the book agent, a man in this instance and he forgets which—had leaped out of a window.

BUT soon he was admonished that there is literature and "literature." And his visitor pointed accusingly to a circular still unwrapped on the Gownsmen's disorderly table. "There," she said, "there is some of our literature. Don't you even open your mail, sir?" "Not always," the Gownsmen somewhat nervously replied. And there it was, a beautiful pamphlet of many pages, in blue printing and gilded with yellow, with envelopes, order blanks, reduction in club rates inclosed, and a list of glowing testimonials, to say nothing of the pictures. "The Crest of the Wave," an international epitome of epitomes, the newest news, the newest views. Appraisal of the now; prognostications for the future; no reviews, no has-beens; why look backward? Why burden your children with school books on history, English, economics, politics, civics or sociology? Use "The Crest of the Wave" in the schools and keep abreast of the times. And the pictures disclosed happy families and joyful groups of intelligent boys and girls, sitting on the school steps, a copy of "The Crest of the Wave" in each happy hand, or grouped in numbers enormous. "Before taking 'The Crest of the Wave' was muddled about the league of nations; mystified as to bolshevism and mixed as to D'Annunzio and Fiume. Since taking this elixir of knowledge all these things have become to me absolutely luminous, and I am writing in the style of Mr. Hergesheim. Mr. Drinkwater or Lord deFabius at will. Yours contemporaneously, Mrs. Muddleton." "Oh, sir," exclaimed the pleasant young woman, "you haven't any idea what beautiful editorials our Mr. Pshaw, the editor, writes!" "Ah, yes," said the Gownsmen meditatively, "and Addison and De Quincey and poor Charles Lamb and Macaulay used to write beautiful editorials." "Yes, sir," said that pleasant young woman, "is true, but that they are all dead. And whether she meant the editorials or only those who meant them, the Gownsmen knows not even to the present day.

TO KEEP up with the times to ride on the crest of the wave, to despise the past and learn nothing of it, to be strictly contemporaneous, up to date and distrustful of theories, nervous in the presence of ideals—here is the essence of Philistinism and Philistinism is the enemy of civilization. Neither do we or our children stand in any need of being brought up to date. There is nothing so hard to escape as the present moment with its incessant claims, its trivial obligations, its inanities, its inroads on time, patience, taste, sense and strength. Out of the past we can pick and choose our acquaintance, our book, the very passage in it. As to the future, we may dream. But there it is, in the present, that we are all dead. And whether she meant the editorials or only those who meant them, the Gownsmen knows not even to the present day.

Even the Bees on Strike The State Department of Agriculture informs all and sundry that the average yield of honey per colony in Pennsylvania this year is only thirty-three pounds, compared with seventy-one pounds last year. Bolshevism begins with a B, evidently.

To Alec (Who mentions names without thought of international complications) YOU know I never frequented that horrid Globe Cafe; You never met me with a demoiseille. You know 'twas not my custom on the Place de Jaude to stray With Genevieve, Yvonne or sweet Adele.

(And even if I had cut foolish capers, Why should you print it in the daily papers?) YOU never saw me promenading up old Puy-de-Dome. A lassie and a bottle by each hand. You never found me gazing at the blonde beer's creamy foam; And the drinks you cite, I scarcely understand.

(And even if you saw such things, why need it? Appear in print where Mary Ann will read it?) WILL LOU. A Letter for Cecelia Dear Cecelia, care of Sotheates: As for your alibi and your escort we care not a boot; we have some of our own. "But come, where do you come, where is your 'dandy chop-house'?" This fair town boasts of fish-houses, tea-houses, sandwich-houses, lunch-houses, hair-houses, and smoking-houses, but we have never seen such an thing as a perfectly good broiled chop-house. Hearst says suspicion that this is another of your alibis. Yours with jealousy JANE AND STEVE.

Out Along the Cinder and Bloodshot Hank Harris came in to see us, and gave us the first news of Marathon in a long time. It seems that Bill Sikes has two hound dogs, brothers, whose names are Romeo and Juliet. They lavish their evenings camping on Hank's front porch. Hank says he hasn't been sleeping well lately. Bill is looking round for a party this week. Among the most prominent present will be Messrs. Ferdinand, Alonzo and Sebastian.

Miss Portia Heires has finished her law course at the Venetian Correspondence School, and expects to leave shortly for her country estate, "Belmont."

Miss Rosalind Duke has joined the Girl Scouts and will spend the summer camping in the Forest of Arden. She has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Orlando de Boys, who is also very fond of the open air life.



THE CHAFFING DISH

You Told Me I Might Have the Stars YOU told me I might have the stars That cluster everywhere; That you would pluck the Pleiades To fasten in my hair. YOU said you'd catch the Milky Way And pull the white moon down To wear upon a silver chain With my velvet gown. YOU promised me the Dipper, too. For just one fleeting taste, And I would have Orion's belt To wind about my waist.

THE baby stars for finger rings. A bright one for my shoe— Now I would give them all away If I could just have you. BEATRICE WASHBURN.

Even the Bees on Strike (And even if I had cut foolish capers, Why should you print it in the daily papers?) YOU never saw me promenading up old Puy-de-Dome. A lassie and a bottle by each hand. You never found me gazing at the blonde beer's creamy foam; And the drinks you cite, I scarcely understand.

(And even if you saw such things, why need it? Appear in print where Mary Ann will read it?) WILL LOU. A Letter for Cecelia Dear Cecelia, care of Sotheates: As for your alibi and your escort we care not a boot; we have some of our own. "But come, where do you come, where is your 'dandy chop-house'?" This fair town boasts of fish-houses, tea-houses, sandwich-houses, lunch-houses, hair-houses, and smoking-houses, but we have never seen such an thing as a perfectly good broiled chop-house. Hearst says suspicion that this is another of your alibis. Yours with jealousy JANE AND STEVE.

Out Along the Cinder and Bloodshot Hank Harris came in to see us, and gave us the first news of Marathon in a long time. It seems that Bill Sikes has two hound dogs, brothers, whose names are Romeo and Juliet. They lavish their evenings camping on Hank's front porch. Hank says he hasn't been sleeping well lately. Bill is looking round for a party this week. Among the most prominent present will be Messrs. Ferdinand, Alonzo and Sebastian.

Miss Portia Heires has finished her law course at the Venetian Correspondence School, and expects to leave shortly for her country estate, "Belmont."

Miss Rosalind Duke has joined the Girl Scouts and will spend the summer camping in the Forest of Arden. She has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Orlando de Boys, who is also very fond of the open air life.

THE BUCCANEERS

When Doris and I, and Peggy and Sim Went by water to Watson's bay, The night shone blue on the harbor-rim, And the hills ran gold, with liquid day; For this was the hour of interlude, When the sunlight thins, and the shadows brood, And the sea-mist smokes away. "We'll steer by the stars," I cried, for the stars Beat milkily over the yacht, And the moon lay netted among the spars Like the slice of an apricot; "We'll steer by the Cross to Caribbee, One thousand leagues from Circular Quay, And east-nor'-south, I wot!"

Doris danced round, and she made a mouth, And she wrinkled her nose in scorn; "O silly, to talk of your east-nor'-south! And is Caribbee near Cremorne?" "Cremorne, do you say? Indeed and indeed, I'll swear that this yacht is a dolphin steed In a fiery land fofoff!"

The sun swam down, and the darkness fell, All olive it dripped in the skies; And the ferry-light fires in the glittering swell Were like deep-sea fishes' eyes. But Sim cried: "Ho, for the Spanish Main! I smell red gold on galleons twain— Ho, ho for the pirates' prize!"

O you who gape from the ferry-decks At the lunatic yacht below, Do you ken, as you slughishly lug your necks, You were slaughtered an age ago? Plundered and put to the plank and the sharks, You factory-hands and insurance-clerks, In a stolidly staring row?— Kenneth Slessor in the Sydney Bulletin.

The commission is unalterably of the opinion that it is no part of the province of a sinking fund to rise to an emergency.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. Where is the Republican National Convention to be held? 2. Name four Republicans mentioned as candidates for the presidency. 3. What is the correct pronunciation of the word coupon? 4. When did Demosthenes live? 5. What are the colors of the flag of Japan? 6. What was the Declaration of Bordenax? 7. What is an equerry? 8. What is the shortest day in the year? 9. Name a bird, not a parrot, which can be trained to talk. 10. How many wars of the United States have been conducted under a Democratic administration?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Captain Ross Smith is the first aviator to fly from England to Australia. He has won a prize of \$50,000. 2. The reparations commission authorized by the peace treaty is to consider Germany's responsibilities for the scuttling of the Scapa Flow fleet. 3. St. Francis of Assisi lived in the latter part of the twelfth and the early part of the thirteenth centuries. 4. "Cavalleria Rusticana" means "Rustic Chivalry." 5. General John Bourgoyne was the British commander of the army which surrendered to the Americans under Gates at the decisive battle of Saratoga in the Revolutionary War. 6. Cape Fear is a promontory forming the southern point of Smith's Island, off the coast of North Carolina. 7. J. Alden Weir, a celebrated American painter, prominent in the impressionist school, died on December 8. 8. Cicero was the author of "De Senectute," a treatise on old age. 9. Cassia is an inferior kind of cinnamon. It is also a genus of plants yielding scum leaves. 10. A steppe is a level plain devoid of forests, especially in Russia and Siberia. SOCRATES.

THE CHAFFING DISH

You Told Me I Might Have the Stars YOU told me I might have the stars That cluster everywhere; That you would pluck the Pleiades To fasten in my hair. YOU said you'd catch the Milky Way And pull the white moon down To wear upon a silver chain With my velvet gown. YOU promised me the Dipper, too. For just one fleeting taste, And I would have Orion's belt To wind about my waist.

THE baby stars for finger rings. A bright one for my shoe— Now I would give them all away If I could just have you. BEATRICE WASHBURN.

Even the Bees on Strike (And even if I had cut foolish capers, Why should you print it in the daily papers?) YOU never saw me promenading up old Puy-de-Dome. A lassie and a bottle by each hand. You never found me gazing at the blonde beer's creamy foam; And the drinks you cite, I scarcely understand.

(And even if you saw such things, why need it? Appear in print where Mary Ann will read it?) WILL LOU. A Letter for Cecelia Dear Cecelia, care of Sotheates: As for your alibi and your escort we care not a boot; we have some of our own. "But come, where do you come, where is your 'dandy chop-house'?" This fair town boasts of fish-houses, tea-houses, sandwich-houses, lunch-houses, hair-houses, and smoking-houses, but we have never seen such an thing as a perfectly good broiled chop-house. Hearst says suspicion that this is another of your alibis. Yours with jealousy JANE AND STEVE.

Out Along the Cinder and Bloodshot Hank Harris came in to see us, and gave us the first news of Marathon in a long time. It seems that Bill Sikes has two hound dogs, brothers, whose names are Romeo and Juliet. They lavish their evenings camping on Hank's front porch. Hank says he hasn't been sleeping well lately. Bill is looking round for a party this week. Among the most prominent present will be Messrs. Ferdinand, Alonzo and Sebastian.

Miss Portia Heires has finished her law course at the Venetian Correspondence School, and expects to leave shortly for her country estate, "Belmont."

Miss Rosalind Duke has joined the Girl Scouts and will spend the summer camping in the Forest of Arden. She has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Orlando de Boys, who is also very fond of the open air life.