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lion dollars to keep the men in the League island navy yard at work was cut from the appropriation bill is of relatively less significance, from the congressman's point of view, than that the good word he said for "Bill" Finley may have had some influence in securing the man's acquittal.

A TALK TO MARS MIGHT BE A DISTURBING EXPERIENCE

Steinmetz and Lodge Should Pause and Wonder Whether We Are Ready to Hear What Other Worlds Think of Us

WHO will lead the wise men of this generation and teach them wisdom? Doctor Steinmetz spoke with terrible nonchalance when he suggested that a means of communication with Mars might be established with a billion dollars. Marconi is fumbling about in interplanetary space to start conversations with Venus. An even more difficult task engages Sir Oliver Lodge, who has been trying desperately for years to rend the veil that hangs between us and that West where soldiers of all lands found peace after the matchless torment of modern battlefields.

Between them they may get us into unending trouble. If there is intelligence on Mars it is very old intelligence—some millions of years older than our own. Venus is younger than the earth and, perhaps, less sophisticated. We might get by, as they say, with Venus. But what appalling embarrassments might fall as a culminating punishment upon this planet if it had suddenly to reveal its follies and frailties and the vast accumulation of its mistakes to eyes not hardened by the habit of acceptance? What could Doctor Steinmetz say if he were asked why his brothers in wisdom still kill each other elaborately by machinery for no cause that any one can clearly understand?

If the realistic philosophies of the time were condemned for the sake of economy to a sentence or two, the result would not be such as to impress adjacent worlds. It would be necessary to cry out, first of all, for a dry Venus. We might teach Mars the game of empire, which, after all, is the one to which the majority of nations have given the longest study and the most sincere devotion.

To Doctor Steinmetz would fall the unhappy task of explaining the age that produced the German kaiser and the unhappier task of explaining the foreign diplomatists who still seem to believe fervently in the theories of Wilhelm and his group. Bryan and jazz, strikes and trusts would have to follow in the dismal line of lamentable things, until stellar space echoed with the last bitter truth about musical comedy and the cult that can be happy only by wearing diamonds at breakfast.

A billion dollars is not a great deal of money as money goes. But it might be used in better and far simpler ways than Doctor Steinmetz suggests. Properly expended, it might bridge other dark spaces and establish means of communication between the White House and Congress, between the plain people of Europe and their governments, between capital and labor, between the folk who produce more food than they can sell and the other people who cannot find, at any tolerable price, enough food to put on their tables.

Men who devote themselves to pure science are a marvelous group, marvelous in their patience, in ability and in their inconsistencies. They save life with one hand and with the other they destroy it. If they were better able to read their times they would know that problems more pressing and difficult than any shrouded in the eternal ether await them just around the corner.

It begins to appear that somebody will have to find a substitute for work—an old-fashioned means to happiness that is going swiftly out of style. A pundit with his car to the ground and a desire to meet the immediate and practical needs of his age wouldn't lose time in any effort to chat with planets. He would work plausibly to pave, let us say, the way to the self-boiling egg and the self-irrigating potato. Multitudes would call him a benefactor. If he could make bread grow out of trees he would do the thing which most amateur thinkers believe to be the sole requirement for a perfect world.

Sir Oliver Lodge is another man who has forgotten the rules of caution and prudence in his thirst for strange knowledge. Like Marconi and Steinmetz, he is doing his utmost to open a way for criticism that might disturb our complacency and our confidence beyond all repair.

In the region that Sir Oliver is trying to penetrate, if it exists at all, there are some odd millions of young men who recently were sent out of this life without a chance for happiness, or peace, or understanding. They were condemned by gentlemen who sat in leather chairs far from the danger and tumult, engrossed with purposes that have no relation with the hopes or the happiness of men. It is asking much to get within touch of their minds and voices now. They might have things to say that would blast the souls and wither the very ears of men who still sit in the seats of the mighty in the old world and hide greed and cruelty and newer schemes of devastation with sounding familiar platitudes.

No. There is only one thing to be said to the men who are trying to work new miracles of revelation. It is a sentence handed down from antiquity. It is, "Lay off!"

The earth, after all its opportunities, needs more time to compose itself before it can start an agitation for a league of planets.

This world moves in what might be called the most desirable suburb of stellar space. It is incomparably rich in the means to sustain and develop the thing which science knows as life. It could nourish three times as many people as now live on it. Yet in places it is hungry, and in places it is cold, and it cannot find peace even in its heart.

Doctor Steinmetz, after he got his billion-dollar wireless station going, might find a censorship clapped on him by planets that couldn't bear to listen to things he had to tell. A dreadful voice might address him and say:

"You have had the best of life. But you have forgotten how to rejoice in the perfect succession of your days. The sun shines on you in greater kindness than we know. You appear to have minds. What have you done with the things given to you? Life with you seems to spend all its energy and all its span with the redistribution of atoms.

"The first rule of existence is peace. The second is agreement. The third is a plan. You have none of these as yet. Call up when you get your minds and your affairs in order. Your nations and your men still believe that happiness is a matter of material possessions and that is what is the matter with you. We were relieved of that error a million years ago!"

Doctor Steinmetz, looking about him and looking abroad where they are preparing for a new dash to the rainbow's end of empire, could have nothing to say to that. He would have to hang up without a word.

GREY CLEARS THE WAY VISCOUNT GREY'S clear intimation that Great Britain will not object to certain American reservations to the peace treaty must be embarrassing to President Wilson and his program of ratification without reservations. Grey's letter to the London Times politely but significantly suggests that changing the pact in some respects is not going to destroy it. This is the contention of the reservationists and leaves little ground for a further stubborn opposition to ratification through compromise.

Viscount Grey intelligently sympathizes with American traditions and hopefully looks forward to their beneficent influence when they are preserved in the League of Nations.

Evidently, therefore, the sole barriers in the way of treaty ratification are pettishness and prejudice. The diplomatic paths have been cleared. It is the imperative duty of Democrats and Republicans to take the open path to agreement.

THE REAL PLUTOCRATS ONE cannot help wondering what impression James I. Blakeslee, fourth assistant postmaster general, desired to create when he read to the Senate committee on postoffices a report on the sentiment of the farmers, compiled by the head of the division of rural mails. The synopsis of the report, telegraphed from Washington, indicates that the farmers are disheartened and are unable to make a living, and are planning to engage in some other occupation.

There are misfit farmers, just as there are misfit lawyers and misfit grocers, goes without saying. But all the available evidence proves that the most prosperous group in the whole country is the group of farmers. They have been getting high prices for everything that they can produce, from wheat to pigs, and including potatoes, apples and beef. They have been paying off the mortgages on their farms, and they have been putting their surplus money in the banks.

Modern conveniences and they operate their farms with the most improved machinery. They could not do this if they were not prosperous.

There is no better indication of the state of their financial affairs than is found in the number of automobiles that they own. We think motorists are common in this state and in New York, and Massachusetts, the three great manufacturing states. But in Massachusetts there is only one car for every twenty-four persons; in New York, one for every twenty-two, and in this state one for every twenty.

In Iowa, an agricultural state, there is one car for every seven persons, that is, out of every three families two own automobiles. In Kansas there is a car for every seven persons, in Texas and Michigan there is one car for every eleven persons, and in Indiana and Wisconsin one for every twelve. And the cars owned in these agricultural states are not Fords, either. They are the more expensive makes.

A population that can afford the luxury of an automobile when it is engaged in a business in which it is necessary to use horses is not on the verge of bankruptcy. Nor is it seriously considering engaging in some other occupation than that in which it has achieved its prosperity.

As a matter of fact the farmers are the financial backbone of the country. So long as they are making money there is no danger of a serious financial panic arising from conditions on this side of the ocean. They constitute the largest group of the population engaged in a single industry. It is their purchasing power that keeps the other industries in operation. So long as that purchasing power is unimpaired the country is pretty safe.

The objections being made by Russian manufacturers and merchants to the resumption of cooperative societies are perhaps merely unwitting endorsements, since the wisdom of trade resumption will not be disproved by any failure on the part of the co-ops. The lifting of the blockade is neither wholly blessed nor wholly philanthropic. It is a mixed policy; for it robs the Bolsheviks of all their allies. With world markets open, they must either make good or admit themselves deceivers.

There is no logical May Joyously Fool Us reason why a fair-should be successful, since no man may say with certainty that should be considered a fair price; but everybody wishes the commission success, for the evils it seeks to correct are very real. Because a man may reach a perfectly logical conclusion, and a woman, without any difficulty at all, can reverse it utterly wrong, it is perhaps well that 85 per cent of the membership of the commission are to be women.

A Pittsburgh man has returned \$1.50 worth of goods to the United States attorney, explaining that he came from Russia, where he had no rights, and anything he could do for the United States was a pleasure and he desired no pay. It is pleasing to realize that bolshevism is not the only thing exported from Russia.

It is right and proper that members of the fair sex should constitute a majority of the members of a committee designed to bring about fair prices.

CHIEF HEPBURN'S FIND

Street Cleaning Department Discovers Ordinance Requiring Bureau of Markets to Do Its Own Street Cleaning

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN SOMETHING new is started every fifteen minutes in Director Winston's Department of Public Works.

City contractors are becoming painfully aware of this fact. Chief Hepburn, of the department of street cleaning, has just dug up an old ordinance that is of very pertinent interest to the hundreds of small retail merchants, hucksters and itinerant vendors who hold forth along the curb line and in the markets of South Philadelphia.

Likewise, it affects every other municipal market, public mart or curb market in the city.

The discovery is certain to raise a nice point between the Bureau of Markets and the garbage and street-cleaning contractors. Principally it is bound to result in the removal of a lot of eyesores and the elimination of sources of contagion, and result in a system of municipal house-cleaning that will purify the ozone and sweeten the atmosphere in a number of neglected localities.

It isn't a case of "passing the buck." It is a movement toward the better protection of public health, one in which Director Furbush will doubtless rejoice.

THE utility, as well as the necessity, of the picturesque and economical curbstone markets of South Tenth street is earnestly recognized.

They are a feature of life in "Little Italy." The brilliant coloring of the pushcarts, leaped high with fruits and vegetables; the sleek and shining fish, the stacks of cheese, the dull gray of dried herbs and the chromatic wealth of dress, knit goods and printed cloths present a picture every day in the week whose original counterpart can be found only in Naples, Genoa, Palermo or Rome.

The reverse of this is found in the unsightly heaps of garbage and market refuse that remain after the pushcart vendors have vacated the locality at the close of a vociferous day.

Out of the ruck of neglected ordinances Chief Hepburn has resurrected this one, that is not the subject of controversy but the cause of an order that has gone out from the Bureau of Street Cleaning which will end an intolerable nuisance.

It has gotten law provides that the care and cleanliness of the streets—in other words, the street cleaning—around these market houses is the work of the Bureau of Markets and not of the bureau of which Mr. Hepburn is in charge.

Bluntly, the Bureau of Markets must do its own street cleaning. It must also do so once in every twenty-four hours. All the little heaps of rubbish and vegetable remains must be swept up and carted away, and not left to rot and decay in the vicinity of these marts until they are removed every second day or so, as is now the practice.

DIRECTOR CORTELYOU is likewise interested. Under the new system of efficiency the police are expected to report infractions of the ordinance, just as they are expected to report instances where ashes, rubbish and household sweepings are deposited in the gutters or flung into the street.

Director Cortelyou has caused both officers and patrolmen on duty to see a great light. In fact, general, indefinite or absolutely foolish reports on highway conditions are no longer tolerated. If a street is dirty it must be specified and the exact location pointed out.

No more will a lieutenant be permitted to make a report on highway conditions in his district that "the streets are completely covered with snow." An actual case.

IT IS not necessary to dignitize here on the issue as to who will keep the market signs and vicinity spick-and-span. Nor is it likely that reports from policemen will solely be depended upon.

A request will be made to designate two or three special policemen whose duty it will be daily to investigate market conditions and report upon the fidelity with which the ordinance is obeyed.

The pushcart brood and pavement purveyors of fish and vegetables will be included in this inspection. Tony, or Pete, or Pasquale, who persists in dropping banana skins, cabbage and lettuce leaves and fish offal on the street, will be given the alternative of behaving himself or losing his license.

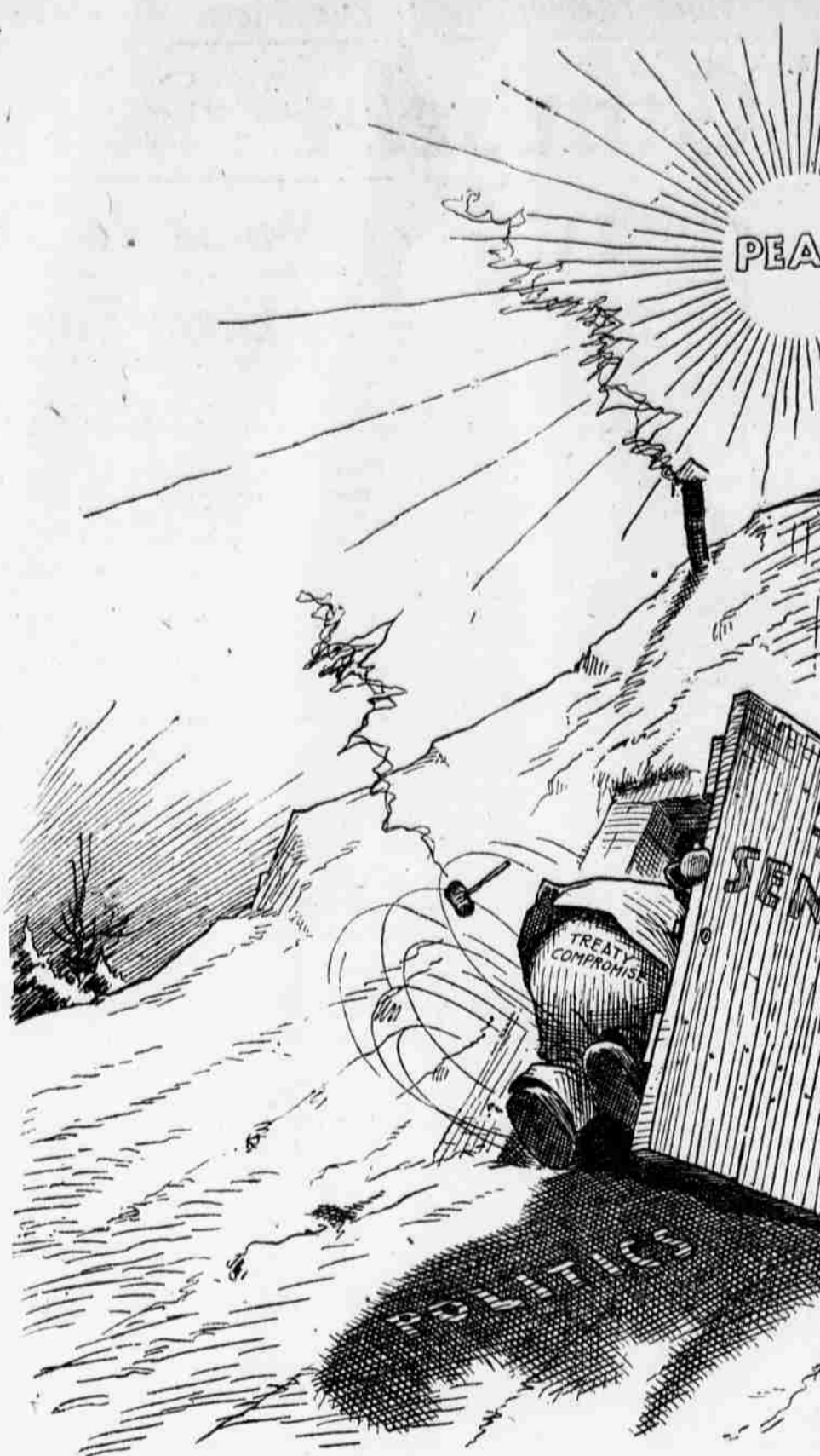
And to all of this I doubt not that Director Furbush will utter a sonorous "Amen!"

AN IMPRESSION among friends of the new administration at City Hall, which has recently blossomed into fact, is that certain members of the cabinet, and, in particular, holdovers from the old regime, have been liberally "queering" the new heads of departments and bureau chiefs.

They permit callers having business with particular departments to cool their heels in the waiting places and reception rooms until the members of the cabinet, to announce the name of the caller to their principal.

There is a twofold reason apparent in this. It annoys the visitor and awakens a feeling of resentment against the new incumbent of the office, and it gratifies the petty political enmity of the holdover employee.

STILL AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW



FROM DAY TO DAY

SENATOR HARDING is asking the Republicans to nominate him for the presidency by the name of "Hoover and Harding Heads Are Two Better Than One? Supermen or Party Men Which Best Serves Us? Prophets and Profiteers Messages From Mars"

Hoover and his wife a fine little touch of sentiment. "A little old-fashioned." He has his roots in the past and his eyes on the future. But is there any future for "two heads are better than one"? Ask the Hoover boomers! The Ohio senator probably believes in the "middle classes," another old-fashioned institution. Everybody professes great faith in the middle classes, as in the two heads that are better than one, and everybody thinks the middle classes are the other fellow. Many tears are shed over the middle classes nowadays. The H. C. I. is denouncing them. They are being hounded to make a profiteer's holiday. Ask the Hoover boomers! The Ohio senator probably believes in the "middle classes," another old-fashioned institution. Everybody professes great faith in the middle classes, as in the two heads that are better than one, and everybody thinks the middle classes are the other fellow. Many tears are shed over the middle classes nowadays. The H. C. I. is denouncing them. They are being hounded to make a profiteer's holiday. Ask the Hoover boomers!

AND listen to this: France, a certain tax is levied on the proceeds for the benefit of the "old man." In 1918 this tax for all the land transfers in France reached 188,000,000 francs. In 1919 the tax amounted to 540,000,000 francs, or three times as great.

In poor France three times as many peasants are able to buy land now as before the war and a vast number of them have paid off their mortgages. In Europe the wealth of the farmer is so proverbial that the new rich are called "rutabagas" after the homely beet they raise.

LOT of the poor are graduating into the moderately well off class. The silk shirt is only the first crude sign of a newly arrived, a parvenu, middle classer. For every one member of the middle class that is going down two new members are coming up out of the lower class, glittering with strange raiment, and having nails extremely conscious of a recent first contact with the manure. At this rate, the middle class is taking care of itself. Why worry about who belongs to it, so long as we are deadsure we don't?

DOCTOR STEINMETZ, who knows more about electricity practically than any one else in the world, says that if all the electric power in this world were concentrated into one great sending station we could dispatch a radiogram to Mars. Such a message would cost a billion dollars. Conversely, the messages we are getting from Mars—or is it Venus?—must be costing the inhabitants of that planet a billion dollars each. A people who would spend a billion dollars for a message would have something highly worth saying. Maybe the Martians or Venusians want to add a word to the discussion of the League of Nations. A race that has billions to spend on agitating the ether through 50,000,000 miles of space must have solved the problems of no more wars. It will be interesting to know what they think of Article X.

UNCLE Sam has done a generous and kindly thing in permitting service men who have allowed their war insurance to lapse to make renewal. It is just, also, for a man who has risked his all should be given the privilege of a second thought.

Bergdoll is apparently proceeding on the assumption that a man must have all his wits about him if he hopes to convince anybody that he has lost them.

HOOPER is in favor of giving Soviet Russia enough rope to hang itself. Nobody objects to raising the blockade on rope.

THE SMALL WIND

To Philadelphia, in Recompense for Harsh Words THE full night echoes, and a sudden gust shouts tinsily, beats "April" in my ears; He toys with pleasing skirts and chases dust. And, cruel varlet, shuts bright eyes with tears.

With plausible romance the scrubby cheat. Lusts to boil bubbling blood in human veins. And through the town pipes up his wood-songs sweet. Borrowed of birds and washed by country rains.

The ruddy juice to his fine foots a dance; The street cars jangle and the cobbles ring; Horns vail and goggle; uncouth men advance. Staring before him, looking for the spring.

The sum of noise is quiet; rattling carts. Roll silently, outmatched by beating hearts. ALEC B. STEVENSON.

Great Britain is grateful to America for its help in France at a critical time, and the gratefulness is evidenced by the presentation of its municipal flag to Winchester, Va., by Winchester, England. Great Britain also has considerable grudge against America for that it has led the way in prohibition; and the grudge is evidenced by posters that now are being displayed all over the tight little island. The Briton's mixed feelings may be summed up in a paraphrase of an old music-hall song: "I'm grateful, there you are! But since Johnny Bull may lose his little beer, w'y, 'e dunno w'ere 'e ar'!"

The groundhog paraphrases the old song to read, "Tomorrow the sun will be shining if it only stays cloudy today."

Punxsutawney is today the Mecca of all meteorological sharps.

Lodge has apparently joined the ranks of the irreconcilables.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What American political party once won a great presidential victory with a platform which was, in substance, "Down with the administration"? 2. Who was Ansonius? 3. What European city contains the famous picture gallery called "The Hermitage"? 4. What are "midnettes"? 5. Who was Auguste Renoir? 6. What is an epicureum? 7. Who wrote "Ben Hur"? 8. Why are dollops so called? 9. What king of France was called the "Man-Milliner"? 10. What is esparto? Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. To heckle is to badger with questions, comments or gibes. 2. Witches' thimbles are plants, including harebells, sea-campions, fox-gloves and bachelors' buttons. 3. Monrovia, the capital of the negro republic of Liberia, is named after President James Monroe. 4. Argon is a gas, an inert constituent of the atmosphere. 5. Amortization is the clearing off or liquidation of a debt, usually by a sinking fund. 6. Capers are bramble-like shrubs, native to South Europe. They are also the seed vessels of the nasturtium pickled, chiefly for use in sauce. 7. Samuel D. Gross was a celebrated American physician. His dates are 1805-1884. 8. A motorize is a hole in a framework designed to receive the end of some other part. 9. Morpheus was the classical god of dreams. 10. Aristophanes wrote comedies.