

"HELL OUT, WHOEVER'S FOR ME!"



Tom Daly's Column

BALLADE ON A STRANGE WORD
October days,
When skies are blue,
I yearn for ways
My youth once knew:
When care were few,
And never grew,
I'd nothing do
But "apricote."

Today my pace
Directed to
What Webster says—
How language grew—
I come into
That word orate.
Don't "fuss" or "stew,"
But "apricote."

Small good life pays
To me or you,
When worry eases
The health asks.
To reimburse
With "pep" our state,
We shouldn't "fuss,"
But "apricote."

Envy,
Ye gods! We sue
From morn till late:
Let's nothing do
But "apricote."

For the benefit of one who may happen to read this flimsy column while riding in a street car (and more than once we have caught folks doing it), and who would, therefore, not be within easy reach of Webster's Unabridged, we would say that "apricote" in the above ballade means "to bask in the sun."

What greater proof could there be of the damnable character of this war than the righteous uprising of so many mild-mannered men to the apex of pointed language. Saying which we introduce the Reverend J. Richard Blocking, of Ridgely, Md., who in turn presents:

The Declining Kaiser
PastBill
PresentIll
FutureLil
Or if a double portion seem deserved,
make the Future Double Eil.

Some day we mean to get 'round to a review of Kit Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels," but here while we're loafing on the job the Hoskins Shop seems to have taken a leaf from that inspiring little tale, advertising a "unique book wagon, mahogany, rubber tired."

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
Ref, mebbe so, you gotta wife
Dat's good as wine to me,
You wepp be glad for mak' her life
So happy as can be.

Las' fall Carlotta tak' my han'
An' make me so happy man;
Wan year today she ees my mate,
An' so tonight we celebrate.
You thank I would forget da day
Dat pour soch sunshine on my way?
Ah! no, I gona lat her see
How kind a husband' an' I be;
How glad I am she ees so true,
How proud for all da work she do,
An' so for mak' her work for me
More easy dan eet use' for be,
An' show how mooch my heart ees stir—
I buy a leetle gift for her.

Carlotta got so pretty hair,
I buy her som' theing nice for wear—
Eh? Wat? O! no, ees nota hat;
Ees som' theing mooch more use dan dat.
Eet's leetle pad, so sof' an' theek
An' stuff weeth wool, dat she can steek
On top da hair upon her head,
So like leetle feathra bed.
Eet sure weel mak' her feela good;
W'en she ees carry loada wood;
An' mebbe so eet help her, too,
For carry more dan now she do.
So mooch weeth love wee heart ees stir—
I buy de leetle gift for her.

Eef, mebbe so, you gotta wife
Dat's good as mine to me,
You, too, would try for mak' her life
So happy as can be.

Come a card designed and printed by a prisoner in the Eastern Penitentiary, evidently not a Teuton, which bears the legend, "When an Angel is wanted in Heaven an Irishman dies."

That modest boast was first made by another Irishman, who tickled the sides of theatregoers twenty years ago as no one has been able to do it since—"J. W. Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man."
Kelly used to say: "When an Irishman dies it's bekase t'ere's an angel short in Heaven, nothin' else at all. Heaven is our home. That's the reason so many of us is blowed up in quarries—we gotta go to that way an' home. An' t'isn't we're wakin' up. T'isn't our part, it's applinted fur 't'iffere a German wail. Ye may well laugh; fur 'twas foolish. Whin a Dutchman is dead, he's dead, an' that's all there is about it; but whin an Irishman dies ye gotta keep yer eye on 'im two or three nights, I don't care what ye say."

KELLY was so easily king of monologists on those days that scores of smaller fry attempted to puff themselves up to his caliber and modeled their patter upon his. The amateur entertainers went even further and frankly stole his stuff. We were one of this class ourself, and we used to think it was a sin, in particular, that Kelly leveled that clever song of his, lambasting the fellows who claimed they could do his stuff as well as he and which had for refrain "Like Kelly Can."
Who's got a copy of it?

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN. It seems to us now, was the only contemporary of Kelly's who came within hailing distance of him at all, and Golden passed out a good many years ago. Golden was not a Philadelphian, we think, but this old town has produced most of the big vaudeville artists whose names have been accorded the dignity of electric lights above the theatre door. Kelly's name was Shields and he was born somewhere in the old city limits. There were there the Kernell Brothers, and a string of lesser lights, coming down to Frank Timney and Jack Norworth in our own day. But the real Irish variety actor (there was no "vodiville" then) trod the boards of the old Central Theatre, destroyed by fire in the early nineties.

U. S. HAS CORNER ON WORLD'S GOLD

But Financiers Are Watching Anxiously for New Developments of Situation

By WILLIAM AHERTON DU PUY

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.

AMERICA has a corner on the gold of the world. She has five times as much of it as any nation in the world ever had since time began. She has drained the surplus gold from all the earth since the war broke out and now sits in an embarrassment of wealth and wonders what she is to do with it.
It is a problem whether the United States should let the gold flow away or hold to it. There have been late certain tendencies for gold to go to Japan and to Spain. Uncle Sam has watched these nations reach for the gold, and has sent out little packages of ten or twenty millions at a time, golden loads for half a dozen automobile trucks, and walk away with them. To do this, there is the explanation that the balance of trade in favor of these nations and that the gold is taken to adjust those balances. But Uncle Sam has the gold and he is chary of letting it go merely for the sake of an adjustment that might be made in some other way.

So on September 7 the President issued a proclamation, which stated that gold might in future be exported only under certain conditions. It was put under an embargo, and has been some other commodities. If the Federal Reserve Board passed the shipment and its action was approved by the Secretary of the Treasury the gold might be shipped. Otherwise it must remain where it is.

Gold Supply Has Doubled
In the world today there is \$9,000,000,000 worth of gold. There are \$2,000,000,000 tied up in jewels, ornaments, industries and private hoards. There is another \$3,000,000,000 in the treasuries of nations exclusive of the United States. There is \$3,000,000,000 in the treasuries of the United States.

Of the gold of the world that is used as a medium of exchange, the United States possesses one-half. The United States Government has as much gold as have the Governments of all of Europe and Asia and the rest of the Americas and an incidental Africa and Oceania combined. On September 1 it possessed \$3,060,991,800 worth of it.
This is virtually twice as much gold as we had when the great war broke out. At that time the United States had \$1,500,000,000.

Then, when the war broke, for six months Europe made great demands upon our gold. This was because Europe was selling to us more than she was buying. The balance had to be paid in gold. What Europe was selling was American securities in which she had invested. For six months every dollar of gold that we carried away carried a few tons of gold. Europe drew \$175,000,000 out of the country in the first six months of war. This was a little more than the total amount of gold that we carried away. It is even showing a tendency to steal away.

Two Hundred Millions Here
Most of this gold is in the subtreasuries. Before the war came the mint at Denver had the greatest stock of gold in America. There was half a billion stored there; those days only a hundred million or so was kept in New York and Philadelphia. But now the gold has been shifted to New York and Philadelphia. There has been difficulty in hauling it away. So great sums have accumulated there. To-day there is some \$100,000,000 in the New York subtreasury, the largest amount of gold at any one place in all the world. Denver still has its \$500,000,000. San Francisco has its \$200,000,000. Philadelphia has its \$200,000,000 and other amounts.

The possession of this vast hoard of gold raises many questions that are in the realm of politics. Gold is the basis of the currency of the world and therefore the monetary systems of nations upon which is founded their credit. The United States, possessing this vast hoard of gold, has credit and power of commercial expansion. But the United States does not need credit. Instead of getting credit her province now is to extend it to other parts of the world that need the credit and will need it.

Golden Flood From Africa
England is in a position of greater freedom from gold than the United States. The United States produces more gold than does any other nation, not excepting the United States. The United States is now pouring out a golden flood that passes the production of any other region. The world now produces about \$470,000,000 in gold annually. For a decade the production has approximated that figure. For twenty-five years the gold production has been very rapidly on the increase. The output of gold has been the development of the cyanide method of refinement in the early nineties.

Under its influence annual production quickly became ten times what it had been before, a hundred times the value of the output of fifty years earlier. The treasuries of the world all went on the gold basis and the world price for gold was established. Nations bought whatever gold was offered at \$20 an ounce. There was the great reservoir of empty treasuries to be filled and the gold tide was without let or hindrance.

Last year there was falling off of \$3,000,000 in the world output. This year there promises to be a still further decline. This is due to the fact that the price of gold has fallen to \$18.67 an ounce. The cost of production has increased and the profits are correspondingly less.

Clash, caste, call it what you will, was rigidly observed in all branches of the service. Army men, while conceding politely the worth of rival organizations, still felt the army to be distinctly the top of the heap. The sailor walked, talked, ate and slept with his "buddy." The marine didn't know any friends but the marines.

Pro-Germans and pacifists, who say over and over that this is not a war of and for democracy, can find their silent answer on Broad street. When an international struggle shatters naval etiquette and pairs up the blue of the sailor with the buff of the marine, it must have some big democratic thought behind it. For beating Germany is almost an easy job compared to beating old, unwritten custom into insensibility.

A GIANT FOR A GIANT TASK

WE HAVE repeatedly pointed out in these columns that price-fixing is a dangerous and difficult adventure and only undertaken because the ordinary laws of supply and demand have failed to function.

The appointment of William Potter as fuel administrator for Pennsylvania catapults him into one of the most important positions under the Government. It is not too much to say that the coal supply of this State will virtually be a decisive factor in the conduct of the war. It is an industrial war and fuel is the vitals of industry. In view, too, of the many abuses practiced in the handling of coal, frequently resulting in scandal, none but a man of the highest character, trusted both as to his integrity and his ability, could hope to fill successfully the office to which Mr. Potter has been assigned.

"WITH COMPOUND INTEREST"

LOYD GEORGE has at last come to a decision about reprisals, and it is typical of him that when he once decides a question he chooses no half-way measure.
"We will not only bomb Germany, but will give them compound interest."
This is the Premier's terse reply to the maiming of London school children. It is not the reply that one would make to an enemy with a normal mind. But the Allies are not dealing with normality. The German ruling-class mind is perverted. It has actually counted upon English humanity not to retaliate for air raids upon noncombatants. There seems to be no way to bring such savagery to terms other than by using the only methods which it can understand.

LAND OF THE FREE PLOTTER

A MASS of evidence has been unearthed by the Federal authorities to prove that the Eddynton munitions explosion was the result of a plot. This announcement was foreshadowed in the EVENING LEDGER's accounts of the disaster at the time. But it seems to be an inveterate American habit to think no evil of spies and to be kind to traitors. After every one of the many outrages committed on our soil since August, 1914, there was always a large number of persons ready to say "It was an accident" even before all the surface facts in the case were reported.

Nowhere else in the world do traitors and spies have so free a foot as here. A pro-German newspaper printed in England or France at this time would be inconceivable. A shower of paving stones would stop such a thing before it was fairly started. It is not an overfame sense of justice that permits pro-Germanism to flourish; a nation that is easy on lynchers cannot boast of that. A pervasive sense of humor which insists on treating serious matters lightly has given plotters the idea that they can go very far without paying the penalty.

THE LOCAL APPLICATION

THE EVENING LEDGER recently printed a Kipling poem, written when the poet was at the height of his power. The poem did not fit the facts which formed its theme, but it was in many respects an exact picture of the situation in Philadelphia. An explanation relative to Kipling and Parrell we print elsewhere in a letter to the editor, but there is no explanation, we believe, of the application of the conditions of the line, "We are not ruled by murderers, but only by their friends." The truth of it is evident to everybody. Nor, had the poet composed his verse in this city last week, could he have expressed the truth more eloquently and succinctly than in the lines:
They only said "Intimidate," and talked and went away.
By God, the boys that did the work were braver men than they!

Curley! Thompson! Smith!!! Who's Mayor of St. Louis?

Maybe the Vares were misinformed when they said that Maloney sent the thousand-dollar bill to himself.

The Vares camp is said to be dazed somewhat as the result of recent revelations. Maybe the murder was a "plant" to discredit the Mayor.

It must be confessed that the Giants enter the world series with considerable confidence in view of the fact that Philadelphia is not their opponent.

Maybe it will be discovered by the factions that Eppley conspired with himself to get himself murdered for political reasons. The whitewashers are making ready for another killing.

If it is any worse for the Kaiser to seize Belgium than it is for the Vares and McNichol to parcel out the wards of Philadelphia, we cannot see it. The chief difference appears that one set of these fight under a national flag while the other set have neither flag nor lance.

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LET THE LINE BE DRAWN

IN HIS letter to Max Eastman, editor of a radical publication which has been barred from the mails, President Wilson, referring to free speech, said:
I think that a time of war must be regarded as wholly exceptional and that it is legitimate to regard things which would in ordinary circumstances be innocent as very dangerous to the public welfare; but the line is manifestly exceeding hard to draw, and I cannot say that I have any confidence that I know how to draw it. I can only say that a line must be drawn and that we are trying, it may be clumsily, but genuinely, to draw it without fear or favor or prejudice.

There is now a proposal before the Senate to deprive La Follette and other members of their seats on the ground that their utterances are seditious and their propaganda a menace to the successful prosecution of the war. The attitude of these persons is, in effect, that free speech is guaranteed by the Constitution, that they cannot be restrained legally in any manner whatsoever and that it is not within the province of the Senate or any other body to examine into the effect of their utterances or the wisdom of them.

In March, 1861, Jesse D. Wright, thirteenth Senator from Indiana, wrote to "His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States," a letter introducing an inventor who wished to dispose of an improved firearm. The inventor said Bright was handled with gloves by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate; but Charles Sumner finally forced a vote, and Bright, in February, 1862, was formally expelled. The Senate, if two-thirds of the membership will it, can expel a member without giving any reason whatever. It can expel him for general "conduct." The power is unquestioned. But in the case of La Follette and his associate agitators, is it expedient and do he and they deserve the humiliation?

As to the expediency of it, there is a powerful pacifist element in the Northwest, a deluded element, and undoubtedly the Wisconsin Senator has relied for support on this home sentiment. He is making political capital by taking issue with national policies because he believes that those national policies are not local policies. Popularly in his territory, he concludes, is on the other side of the fence. He is probably wrong; but whether he is wrong or right, expediency should not govern the Senate's action. When you get hold of a traitor, skin him. There is nothing else to do.

We are for free speech. America lauds Harden because he tells the truth in Germany and fears no man. Patrick Henry was not afraid of treason. For him there was only one treason, and that was treason to his own people and his own country—America. But a war of the character of that in which we are engaged makes new rules. Traitors could run wild and trouble-makers talk their heads off until war was declared. Then, by all the precedents set, there could be but one Americanism, and that the Americanism of co-operation. But under the mask of free speech certain of our public men are engaged in a slimy, reptilian movement. They do not demand that the war end. They attempt rather to compel the adoption of policies which would assure the defeat of our troops in the field. They want to bring it about that failure will rest everywhere on our arms and we be forced to acceptance of German terms. They seek to create class dissension and dissipate the energies of the nation. They are not truly pacifists; they are agitators.

The President, with his accustomed tact, has stated the case in a nutshell. Extraordinary occasions require extraordinary treatment. He dislikes to draw any line at all, but he cannot prosecute the war successfully unless he does—and he is going to see that this country is successful, no matter how many La Follette there are. Every citizen is at liberty to be an American, but no citizen is at liberty to be a traitor.

SMASHING NAVAL ETIQUETTE

THE war has fostered some curious customs, but none more curious than that of smashing and sailing strutting with their wings and tails raised in the air, and in the other set have neither flag nor lance.

WINTER'S THREAT TO FRENCH POOR

Mrs. Duryea Says Money Will Literally Save Lives—Parnell and Kipling

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Mrs. Anna Larrey Duryea, president of the Secours Duryea, Paris, writes the following letter after having seen Verdun. She sends a very urgent plea for money, as the reorganization of the Red Cross will delay the supplies that go to her regularly from here.

"Yesterday I went to glorious Verdun. Words fail me! The world never saw such a stupendous monument to human endurance and courage. The military commander, Dehay, was more than kind; he took us through the miles of ruined streets, where no living creature stirred, and one sees half a ruined wall, with its memory of luxurious homes, where weeds grow in the drawing room and birds sing in the deserted garden, as beyond Nature's eternal resurrection of beauty."
This vast citadel, which withstood German might, is more impressive than a battlefield. Huge bombs still fall, and each day takes its toll, while the scene comes in the field spreads and spreads, and the blood-red poppies grow from the graves of those brave men, as though proving that their very sustenance was drawn from such quiet hearts to give us the message: "I am the resurrection and the life." Beg your bit of America to prove their valor, that it may share in their glory.

"This depot cares for the war widows and their children, who come here by hundreds, winding from the unaccommodated charity; the babies blue-lipped from poor nourishment and the terror to which they were born. If only once—for once would see an enough—those beautifully dressed and kindly women at home could see these they would spend themselves in very pity. Three years have they borne such suspense and disaster as the world has never known, and now it is 'up to us' to share a minute part of the struggle. Oh! I beg you, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, to give, give, give as never before, for the coming winter we contemplate with fear and dread, France is fighting with superb determination for victory, and when one contemplates what she has paid, one feels that all one has is not enough to give."
And so, I beg brazenly and without shame. I know how really hard you work, but remember, you work in comfort and plenty. You will never be hungry or see your home a cindered ruin, or those dear to you, in their old age, bereft of everything but sorrow. The immensity of this tragedy is beyond description. Therefore I ask of you one thing: wherever you go, whoever you speak with, beg—ask them to deny themselves a theatre ticket, a box of cigarettes, and send the money here. It will literally save lives in this fair land of France, to which we of America owe such a debt of gratitude."

Mrs. Duryea's work is almost entirely among the refugees. A soldier will never starve and a soldier will never go naked; the Government sees to that; but the Government cannot and does not look after the civil population, and that is our part of the job. Send me any sum, however small, and I will forward the amount to Mrs. Duryea, in Paris, to buy supplies over there. Checks may be made out to Margaret French, Treasurer, and mailed to Miss French, Chesterwood, Glendale, Mass.
MARGARET FRENCH, Glendale, Mass., September 20.

PARNELL AND KIPLING
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—The reference to Charles Stewart Parnell, in introducing a Kipling poem that you seem to think applies to the Fifth Ward murder and outrages, is based upon a misunderstanding of the facts. You probably had in mind what is known as the Parnell Commission, which unquestionably was the greatest political and personal triumph in the eventful life of the great Irish leader.

In the year 1888 the London Times published, in facsimile, letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell and distinctly incriminating crimes in Ireland. For months the Times dared Parnell to bring himself out against it, and this last in spite of the fact that he had written this Mr. Parnell, and he had done so, but he did not.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ
1. Only four Americans have borne the title of "General"—that is, without the prefix "major" or "lieutenant" or "colonel" or "admiral." Who were they?
2. About how far have the German planes flown from their base to the English coast?
3. Is an army or navy officer supposed to sit in his hat to a woman in speaking to her on the street?
4. About how old is Von Hindenburg?
5. Displayed on a wall at Oxford University was the famous picture of a woman. What was her name?
6. What was the name of the "perpetual" of our draft law?
7. What is meant when one says, "That man is a grand old fellow"?
8. What is a grand old fellow, when one speaks of above or below the sea level?
9. Where is Formosa and what does the word mean?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. President Lincoln was in office when the first military draft was effected, in 1863. Who were the other three?
2. An operative bill is a single of comic relief.
3. A man whose name is open or transparent is called a "glass man."
4. The "Prize" Office and the "Prize" Office are the names of the prizes of the English King's household.
5. Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur W. Pinero and Henry James were the three leading dramatists of the day.
6. Equinoxes occur at the beginning of spring and autumn.
7. The Women's Christian Temperance Union was founded in 1849.
8. The Bay of Bengal is a bay of the Indian Ocean, located on the Bay of Bengal, 333 miles long.
9. President Wilson is sixty-one years old.
10. The name of the prize system of that name, invented dynamite.

THE WEREWOLF AT LARGE

The philosopher who came to pay his respects to the man who was also a werewolf (whom we shall henceforth call M.W.A.W. for short) was named Professor Schmuck. His was a globular man, with protruding chin, big eyes, much magnified by immense spectacles. The fame of his book on "Eschatological Problems Among the Hivites and Hittites" was world-wide. But his real specialty was universal knowledge.

Yet on entering the arbor where M.W.A.W. was sitting, this world-renowned learned One made three deep obeisances, as if he were approaching an idol, and stammered in a husky voice: "Highly Exalted—dare I—'Ah, our good Schmuck!' said M.W.A.W., turning in his chair and crossing his legs. 'Come in. Take place. Take beer. Take breath. Speak out.'"

A REFORMED PACIFIST

Whenever Mr. Bryan says that it's the right kind of a war and that we must see it through, it's time for the other pacifists to come into camp and surrender.
—Christian News and Courier.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little boy dog is covered with dust. But sturdy and staunch he stands with rust. And the little toy soldier is red with rust. And his mucker molds in his hands.
Oh! the years are many, the years are long. And the soldier was passing fair. And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't you go till I come," he said. "And don't you make any noise!" So, toddling off to his transient bed, He dreamt of the pretty toys. And, as he was dreaming, an angel sang "Awakened our Little Boy Blue— Oh! the years are many, the years are long. But the little toy soldiers are true."
Ag. faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Awaiting the touch of a little hand. The smile of a little face; And they wonder, as waiting the long years through.
In the dust of that little boy, What has become of our Little Boy Blue? Since he kissed them and put them there, They have been waiting for him to come.