

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Chairman... PUBLISHED DAILY AT PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING...

WHAT IF THE GERMANS DO REVOLT? THOSE who interpret the discontent of the German prisoners captured in the war and the reports of demoralization among German business men as proving that there is an impending revolution against the Hohenzollerns are unduly optimistic.

genial key, seeking to lure him within reach of our brass knucks. As thus: We love you, dear William, you grow on us so!

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR Valjs for Women DUNRAVEN BLEAK has compiled ten DUNRAVEN BLEAK has compiled ten DUNRAVEN BLEAK has compiled ten



WHEN IS A STATUTE A LAW? SENATOR VARE insists that the law forbids any man to vote in a Republican primary who did not vote for a majority of the nominees on the Republican ticket last fall.

THE KAISER'S HAND IN RUSSIA THE apparent determination of the Germans to make open war upon the Bolsheviks under the mask of a new royalist movement is the final attestation of something inherently decent in the policies of the former revolutionists in Russia.

WOMEN IN THE MINES THERE is nothing even in a revised public opinion which will tolerate the employment of women and girls at the mines and coal breakers. The operators who attempted this experiment near Hasleton and were promptly blocked by proper objections from the United Mine Workers and the State Department of Mines have merely shown that constant vigilance will be necessary if the safeguards which normally surround women and children in industry are not to be broken down by employers under the plea of war necessity.

SEEING PHILADELPHIA NOW and then when the usual crowd of trusting voyagers from the hinterland pass, stark with wonder, upon the vehicle known to the light-minded folk as a rubber-neck wagon, thoughtful persons must occasionally regard them with a touch of pity and a sense of confidence outraged. They are made to believe that they are carefully steered by the chauffeur and the megaphone man to everything that makes us seem a lordly town and as consistently denied a glimpse of the things that indicate the darker side of our character.

THE MARKET VALUE OF HATE THE prize quatrains that won a \$1000 hate in Germany as "the best four-line poem denouncing England's baseness" seems to us strangely lacking in calories. It is possible that the author did not really hate England, but only pretended to for the sake of winning the prize?

There can be no peace until the German military machine is destroyed. Lloyd George already perceives this, for he says that the events of the last few weeks have made it plain to every thinking man that there is no longer room for compromise between the ideals of autocracy and those of democracy. They are in the grip of death and one or the other must succumb.

On the same day that Lloyd George's statement was published the reports of addresses made by the American labor delegates in England appeared in the newspapers. These addresses indicate that labor has discovered what the rest of us have learned, namely, that there is no hope for German democracy until the military autocracy is uprooted and that there is no hope for assistance from Germany in the work of uprooting until the war ends.

THE FLAG WINS THE CROSS OF WAR WHEN the flag of the 104th Regiment of the Massachusetts National Guard was decorated with the cross of war by the French in recognition of its valor we had a splendid illustration of the way they do things in France. That regiment now has a distinction which cannot be taken from it, for as Henri Bazin, the correspondent of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, who reported the event, says, it is the first body of American fighting men to be thus distinguished. The French know that esprit de corps can be developed by such simple expedients and that there is no more valuable asset for an army.

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SMITH, HYLAN AND COMPANY IN NEW YORK they are not any happier with their Mayor than we here are with ours. John Purroy Mitchel left the Wicked City with an admirable system of municipal service. Mr. Hylan, his successor, is a politician of the sort accustomed to regard a political machine, so, heartened by the applause of his friends from Tammany, he is behaving as if the civil service were a blithe holiday.

THE NATIONAL PASTIME THE editor of the New York Sun's weekly Book Section, confined to his literary funk-hole by the mumps, has amused himself by drawing up international baseball teams, composed of authors.

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Little Willie Hall decided to do without the bicycle he had been saving for and buy a Liberty Bond instead. He bought the bond, and then some well-meaning person came along and spoiled it by giving him the bicycle anyway.

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WHEN PEOPLE SMILE AND OTHER MEDITATIONS By Logan Pearsall Smith

Smiles WHEN people smile to themselves in the street, when I see a happy and self-absorbed smile suddenly light up the face (not exactly that, it would seem, for smiling of an ugly young man or middle-aged and uninteresting woman, I often wonder of what inner vision and foot-lights, what dramatic scene of satisfied desire or malice or triumphant vanity this complacent smile is the faint reflection.

Ten Little Bolsheviks

TEN little Bolsheviks, Ten feeling very fine— One got in Trotsky's way, Then there were nine. Nine little Bolsheviks, Singing hymns of hate— One became "bourgeois", Then there were eight. Eight little Bolsheviks, Establishing a heaven— One met the White Guards, Then there were seven. Seven little Bolsheviks, Up to cunning tricks— One went to Helmsfora, Then there were six. Six little Bolsheviks, Keen to keep alive, One one annoyed a Soviet, Then there were five. Five little Bolsheviks, Out to end the war; One wrote to Hindenburg— Then there were four. Four little Bolsheviks, Friends of liberty— One went to a fortress, Then there were three. Three little Bolsheviks, Feeling rather blue; One joined the Czarevitch, Then there were two. Two little Bolsheviks, Welcoming the Hun— One tried to "fraternize", Then there was one. One little Bolshevik, Didn't have to die— He went home to Hertling, A happy German spy. SOCRATES.

Heaven Failed and H— to Pay

Berlin states that "bad weather" halted the drive to Paris. So it was Gott's department that fell down, and he must have heard a few things from Wilhelm by now— Milwaukee Sentinel.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. What is a dikh? 2. Who is Count Szerezy? 3. Who is Princess Juliana? 4. Name the author of "The Bell"? 5. Which is the Green Mountain State? 6. What is an axlom? 7. What are England's great naval bases? 8. Who is Admiral Trenchard? 9. What is meant by "straight", "plain", "fence"? 10. Who was Ares?