

Evening Public Ledger
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

WAR NEEDN'T STOP EVERYTHING

The Lesson Philadelphia Should Learn From the Public Enterprises in Progress Abroad

AMERICA is the only country in which the impression prevails that war must stop everything but fighting. Of course, it is necessary to maintain the armies and to organize industry for keeping them equipped. But the armies constitute only a small part of the population, and life must go on now and preparation must be made for better and more convenient living conditions just as though we were at peace.

We seem to have forgotten this in Philadelphia. And the men in charge of the war activities of the national Government seem also to be unaware of it. Nearly all public improvements have been brought to a standstill. The subways are to be abandoned until peace. Only the imperative work is to be done on the Parkway. The construction of the city library has been definitely postponed in spite of the fact that nearly all of the money needed for it has been available for years. We even hesitate to pay the city employes a living wage until forced to do it by their threat to seek work where the pay is better.

The other warring countries are not so shortsighted. Australia, which has contributed a much larger proportion of her population to the armies than America, is actively engaged in planning her cities to be more beautiful and more sanitary. She has time and money to give to the subject. The English, hard pressed as they are with the work of raising armies and providing them with munitions, have not forgotten their duty to the returning soldiers and they are planning great improvements in living conditions. And the French, with Germany invading their land and almost at the doors of Paris, are continuing their great public works begun in peace times. A new subway was opened in Paris in the summer of 1916. Great bridges have been built at Versailles and Marseilles. Elaborate plans have been drawn for rebuilding Rheims. Insanitary areas in various cities have been expropriated and the tenements have been torn down. These things, which have no direct relation to carrying on the war, have been done in addition to other things made necessary by the war itself, such as extensive port improvements and canal enlargements to accommodate transports and food ships and to transfer freight inland.

Attention to some of these matters is given in the twenty-ninth annual report of the City Parks Association, just made public. And the report calls upon Philadelphia to follow the example of France and keep things going. The population here has increased 175,000 in the last two years, or 75,000 more than the normal number. It will continue to increase during the next year by the advent of more men engaged in the war industries. They must be taken care of; breathing places must be provided for them; there must be schools for their children and facilities for getting to and from work must be improved. But we seem to be thinking little about the importance of doing anything that is not immediately connected with the manufacture of munitions and ships.

The abandonment of the work on the Broad street subway is a calamity. We venture the opinion that if Paris had planned this transit line to make it easier for workers to get to their employment it would not have given it up in a panic because money was needed to feed the soldiers and pay for munitions. It would have pushed it to completion with all possible speed as a war measure. All we can do is to complete the Frankford elevated line. We have not the nerve to insist that the Federal Government authorize us to raise the money for the other subways. Or we have not the ability to convince the Government that it is a mistake to suspend operation on such imperative public works.

Our financial cowardice is costing us enormous sums. Because we are unwilling to raise the money needed to keep the streets in repair verdicts for damages amounting to \$342,000 were secured by injured persons in January and February of this year. The injuries were caused by holes in the pavements which could have been repaired for a few hundred dollars.

There seems to be broader financial statesmanship in the City Parks Association than in the City Hall. Its managers have constructive vision. They may not be able to undo anything that has been done, but if they keep at it they can force decisive action on many important public improvements that have been hanging fire for years. Then work on them may begin at the earliest possible moment after peace is declared, if not before. It is about time that this city learned how to spend money to the best advantage.

The charge that Germany's U-boat drive over here is only a feint can hardly be proved without further evidence of prostration.

GERMANY AND GERMAN-AMERICANS
IT WAS natural to expect waiting in Germany over the refusal of German-Americans to approve Kultur and its works and because of the failure of all Pan-German gospels in the United States. But few people were prepared for the clamorous grief and disappointment which the German press has been manifesting in its attacks on "traitorous" millions of German blood who "refused to act for the fatherland." This noisy outburst from Hundum under the whip is a final and amazing proof of an isolation of mind that is at once tragic, ludicrous and criminal.

Eclipse of the Sun
It seems so simple, and yet no one said it: the Kaiser thinks Germany is the empire where the Hun never sets.

The Kaiser laments that the German-Americans are insufficiently equipped with Kultur. Did he mean the Turvarevian for them?

The great German drives have been aimed to destroy lines of communication, to hit at important junctions and thus to paralyze an end danger such Allied lines as must depend on the railroads for food and shells. It has been evident in more than one great action that important junctions were seized without having the desired communication went on as if by magic. The Germans found that they could not cut their blood in the communication went on as if by magic.

A LETTER TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

THIS morning, after paying the gas bill and saying several times, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity," we thought we would sit down and write a letter to the Russian people.

We were about to begin when some one looked over our shoulder and said: "What's the use? Nineteen-tenths of the Russian people can't read."

That daunted us for a moment, but then we rallied. Even if only one-tenth of the Russians read this that will be eighteen millions, which will be a good beginning.

We have infinite faith in the Russian people, mujiks and ikons and pogroms, all of them. Even if they can't read, they have a much deeper, subtler, intuitive sense that will bring them in touch with us. We never thought much of reading, anyway. So much that you read isn't so.

What we are about to say to the Russians will get to them ultimately. We can imagine the mujiks and the droshchies and the Don Cossacks nudging each other and whispering the good news. Far away, on the back steppes and on steamers puffing up the Vistula at fifteen knots at hour, bloused and booted peasants will pass a faded, yellowed clipping from hand to hand. Even the Czar, perhaps, will find it laid on the chopping block when he goes out to split his morning kindling.

Everybody is saying now that we must do something to help Russia. We must send an army to Archangel; we must send a navy to Nova Zembla; we must send a carload of questionnaires to Petrograd. It seems to be assumed that if Uncle Sam will only disguise himself as Uncle Samovar the Russians will rally round him from the Urals to the gutturals. Having freed our own slaves, we are to free the Slavs. All our humanitarian novelists are eager to write the Russian Uncle Tomsk Cabin.

It seems to us that a military expedition to Russia would be a grievous error. In the first place, Russia is not pining to rally round anybody. All she wants is to be let alone to settle her perplexing internal problems. In the second place, Russia's battle is being fought on the Marne and in Flanders and at Hog Island. We have our hands full fighting that battle.

It need not be supposed that Russia is a broken, helpless, pliable nation in the hands of Berlin, prostrate under a flood of German irregular verbs. We don't believe it for a moment. A nation that has survived centuries of vodka, that toppled the portentous superstition of the Romanoffs almost overnight, that has grimly broasted generations of hunger and blizzard and miasma that has kept itself warm with beads of its own heart—such a nation cannot be held in bondage by the imperial crack-brains of Berlin.

Russia has had a dream; a dream such as comes to the very steadfast and very simple. She has had a dream of a life in which plain men will no longer give their lives to blood and vermin for what they do not understand, for what means nothing to them. She has had a dream of land to be tilled, of parliaments in which even the humblest shall have a voice, of small and happy homes with a glowing stove and well-fed children sprawled upon the floor. It is the same dream we have in this country, but Russia must be allowed to pursue it in her own way.

Russia would not understand an Allied army landing on her soil. She is sick of fighting, of hunger and confusion and blood. She has seen the ultimate tragedies; she has seen her own women shorn and trousered and armed with bayonets, marching to a tragic death and horror. She has set war behind her as a nightmare by which she accomplished nothing.

"Germany is eating the country up in great mouthfuls," says a New York newspaper in an editorial on Russia. But large mouthfuls are very indigestible.

Let no one fear that Germany will digest Russia even if she seems to swallow her. In every move she makes Germany is showing to Russia the character of Prussian designs and conquests. Let us fear rather that Russia may misunderstand our own attitude in the war. Let us make it plain to her that her dream is our dream. That what she is seeking to win by not fighting, we are seeking to attain by going on fighting. What we are accomplishing on the west by resistance, perhaps she may even sooner accomplish in the east by non-resistance.

Russia is so vast, so inchoate, so far away, that we can know very little about her with accuracy. It is no business of ours to lay down the law about her political troubles. Let us cease to jibe at her Soviets, her Bolsheviks, her Mensheviks. Let us have faith that the splendid mass-virtue of that great people will find a path out of its agonies. When she asks us for help we can try to give it. We cannot force help upon her. We talk of the rights of small nations. Great nations have their rights, too, and one of those rights is a right not to have their rights thrust upon them. Russia must help herself, and we can help her with our prayers and our brotherly goodwill.

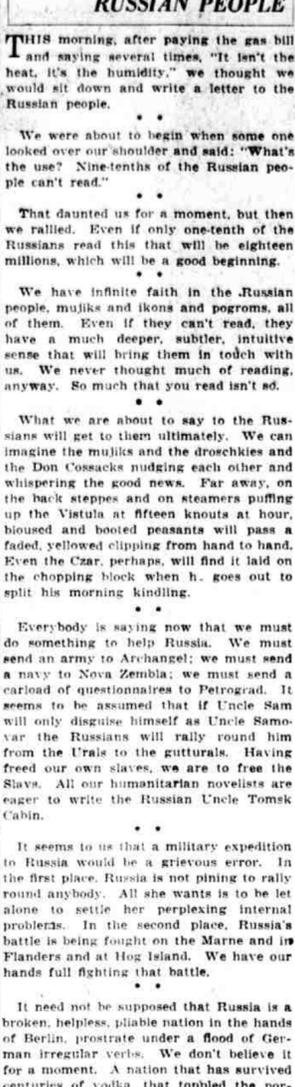
And now we find that after all this we have not yet written our letter to the Russian people. Well, that must come another day. But every time we see the picture of a Russian peasant and see those grave, worried eyes speaking a great hunger and a great sadness at the hardness of life we want to take his toll-worn hand. We want to tell him that we, too, on this side of the world, are meeting some of the thorns of earth and making valiant efforts to soften them.

That spy Fritz Flagg discovered at Atlantic City, in any relation to Camou, of the same family?

A patriotic way to be reconciled to the new cost of miles which goes into effect at home today under the new railroad rate order is to remember the still higher price of a man's life.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.

FOR THE PERIOD OF THE WAR



Harding, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

GEHEIMRAT SHAKESPEARE

By Simeon Strunsky

(The scene is a couple of hundred miles north of the scene in the west of Bohemia.)
TEACHER: Children, our literature lesson today will concern itself with our new national poet, and indeed him whom with our good strong sword we have mightily acquired and self-determined, as by clause 25, section 11, paragraph D of the peace treaty, "Raw Materials and Poetry" entitled. The proper atmosphere to create, I will now ask Hans Schulz to declaim the selection which, by instructions, he has to memory annexed. Recite therefore one, thou Hans!

Hans (reciting): The to-be or the not-to-be, that asks itself. Whether it nobler is in the German mind the slings and arrows of outrageous non-German fortunes to suffer, or to take up shining arms against a by the British Grand Fleet despotically ruled sea of troubles and by ruthlessly opposing—

Teacher: Ach, himmelsohn! Proceed therefore, now, thou Hans.

Hans (proceeding): (therefore)—and them? The to-be? The to-sleep? Kopf; and by a sleep to say we end already the unto the flesh appertaining heartache and thousand natural shocks? Donnerwetter, it is a de-votely to be wish-d consumption! The to-die? The to-sleep—

Teacher (wiping his eyes): Also, enough, thou Hans therefore. Ach, children, the tears will come as they please when one thinks already of this ancient German poet, so shamefully wrested from us by the Polish sea-robbers when from the mouth of the Elbe they emigrated about the year 108 A. D. (in Fritz proceeding): (therefore)—and them? Fritz (reading): Wilhelm Schalkbard was born in Straßharn-Ofen. In the Grotto (Haus of Warwickschir, famous as the principal stopping-off place between Kansas and the former London. He married Anna Hasen-pfeifer and ran away to London, now Wilhelmshaven. On his German side he was a genius and on his English side something of a vagabond. For a while he made a living by holding horses in front of the theatres, whence, as shown by the great Sigmund Freud, the poet's pathetic revelation of his own experiences in his old age, crying, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Teacher (wiping his eyes): Famos, thou Fritz (reading): Proceed, Fritz.

Teacher: Right good, thou Fritz. And now therefore tell me, thou Otto Müller, what of this great national poet of our Schalkbard of the best-known plays are.

Otto: He wrote "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice."
Teacher: "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice"? And your reasons?
Otto: By their names, sir, Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Teacher: Ausgezeichnet! The all too common and by ignorant people accepted impression is that Hamlet is the principal part. But, as we say in Westphalia, Nons avous change tout cela. And other plays?

Otto: "Measure for Measure," the principal character is an Executioner.

THE POET

Christopher Morley

THE barren music of a word or phrase, The futile arts of syllable and stress, He sought. The poetry of common days He did not guess.

THE simplest, sweetest rhythms life affords— Unselfish love, true effort truly done, The tender themes that underlie all words— He knew not one.

THE human cadence and the subtle chime Of little laughter, home and child and wife, He knew not. Artist merely in his rhyme, Not in his life.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Pianos and Mules

We are paying Spain for thousands of army mules by sending its people American-made pianos. Somehow this seems a revolt of national industries. Are the Spanish serendades finding the mandolin no longer adequate to their needs? Or is Spain in its war prosperity enlarging its home luxuries and its musical activities? It is certified to in trade reports that Spanish business has profited enormously by the war. There is more ready money in northern Spain, than has been there since Hidalgo days. And there seems to be a supply of American pianos capable of absorbing as much of this wealth as our rule needs make necessary.—Rochester Post Express.

A Fat Color

"Aviation tan" is a new shade for sweaters, "Kaiser tan" will be popular after the sweaters have done their work. The ingenuity of American dyemakers, we imagine, is already very busy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

They'll Be Good Later

"There's a shortage of June bridegrooms," wails a matrimonial statistician. All because there's a bumper crop of heroes headed toward France.—Reading Telegram.

We'll Spend the Trip

Last time the Germans got to the Marne they had a Rundreise Billet, a round-trip ticket, and didn't know it. Sometimes history repeats itself.—Louisville Herald.

Seriously, Now

What will the farmer's wife think of the farmerette?—Boston Globe.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What are the Delaware Capes?
2. Where is Villers-Cotterets?
3. What is the capital of Holland?
4. What is Secretary of Agriculture in the Wilson Cabinet?
5. Where is Columbia University?
6. What is the origin of the name of Ohio?
7. What was "The Spectator"?
8. Who was William Harrison Ainsworth?
9. Who wrote, "It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies, that the native metal of a man is tested."
10. Name the author of "David Copperfield."

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The war tanks were suggested by American farm tractors.
2. Mme. de Maael, Burgundy Anna Germaine de Rival-Belstein (1788-1817), French novelist and critical writer.
3. Philadelphia was the first capital of the United States.
4. "Kidnapped," a novel by Robert Louis Stevenson.
5. Augusta is the capital of Maine.
6. General Peyton F. March is Acting Chief of Staff of the United States army.
7. Couvades, wild merrymaking given to sailors on their return from sea.
8. Albert Widener, American in Postmaster General of the United States.
9. Wren of the Green, the chief man of the London and Essex.
10. The author of "David Copperfield" is Charles Dickens.

And a Herring? Emil Kipper, an alleged German spy, is to be given a hearing in New York.

Overripe The Berlin Kreuz Zeitung's declaration that the times are not ripe for peace is an understatement. As a matter of fact, they're rotten.

Speaking of Destroyers The superb authority of our fighters at Chateau-Thierry indicates that there are no "sub-marines" on the Marne. Our boys have fully qualified.

Music, Mr. Leader! "When is a consolation in Paris a desolation in Philadelphia?" Well, when, Mr. Bones? "When it's a boulevard."

Why Rub It In? The order that we start an offensive against the fly is difficult to execute. He's too inclined to get the jump on us.

The greatly increased value of tin has taken all the sting out of a ubiquitous brand of automobile jokes.

How can the Germans increase at the damaging revelations of Dr. Wilhelm Muehlen, the exp-munitions maker, feel otherwise than "krupp-unters?"

If King George, who is to attend a Fourth of July baseball match, wants any instruction in the game there are certain

Otto: Lots of people. There's Earl's