

Evening Public Ledger
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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PEACE GAS BOMBS

The Renewal of the Teutonic Attempt to Paralyze the Entente Allies by Talk of Political Negotiations to End War
The failure of the Germans to win their objectives in France and in Italy is followed by peace talk. Along with boasting of their victories to keep up the courage of the people at home come reports from various parts of Germany of plans for ending the war.

Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, went to Holland to talk peace with the Dutch Socialist leader, Georg Bernhard, an enthusiastic Pan-Germanist, it is said in the Vossische Zeitung that "his war cannot be ended by any military, but only by political action." And the Hamburg merchants are talking of the economic war which they must face in the future unless a peace satisfactory to the contending forces is made soon. They dread the trade war more than the war of arms, for it means the destruction of their business.

Bernhard is not content with the separate peace negotiated with Russia, Rumania and the Ukraine provinces. They are not enough, but must be continued in order to detach one after another of the Entente Allies from the combination of enemies. France is to come next and then Italy, leaving England and America to be dealt with separately by war on the sea.

This sort of talk is a gas bomb hurled into the air in the hope that it will stifle the war spirit in Italy and France and paralyze the spirit of America with the prospect of continuing a war against a foe which has triumphed so extensively. But the responsible men in the Governments of the Entente Allies are not deceived by any such efforts. They have been made too often in the past for their significance to be misunderstood. Neither are the reports sent out of Germany accepted at their face value. We are told that Germany is starving, that the people are rioting, that they have lost interest in the war. And we must admit that there is doubtless some truth in all these statements. But in spite of whatever straits the people may be living in the fact remains that the army is fighting with vigor and courage, and the nation produces about 700,000 youths of military age every year to fill the ranks depleted by the losses in battle. The one fact of which there can be no doubt, however, is that the German forces cannot be enlarged beyond their present strength and that they must continually grow smaller.

And the forces of the Entente Allies, thanks to the strength of America, will continue to grow larger for a year or two to come. Germany is as well aware of this as we are. This is why she is making a new peace drive in the hope that she can detach some of her enemies by a subtle form of propaganda. Political alliances may be suggested and trade combinations against the rest of the world, and other forms of appeal to the mercenary instinct of her enemies. But she mistakes the attitude of the nations fighting her. They are not mercenary. They are fighting for a great principle, namely, that conquest shall not be recognized as a valid motive for making war and that force shall not be permitted to triumph when used for selfish ends.

The issue was well stated by the Kaiser at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne when he said that the war was to decide whether German morals and ideals should triumph or the ideals of the Anglo-Saxons. A negotiated peace, which would be a compromise, is the last thing which the men fighting for Anglo-Saxon principles will consent to. The French accept these principles with the same loyalty which America shows for them. And all reports indicate that they are determined to see the business through to the end.

The Entente Allies are equipped to the last man with automatic gas masks, which counteract the effect of all the noxious fumes spread abroad by the Teutonic peace propagandists. They are enveloped in a protective armor of righteous purposes and are conscious that they are fighting for the permanent peace of the world, a peace which is not possible if Germany triumphs now or if Germany is left in any condition to make war for a generation to come. The idea that they are the chosen people of God, destined through the survival of the fittest to rule the world, must be knocked out of the German mind so completely that the first faint conception of the rights and equality of all peoples may begin to dawn on the Teutonic consciousness.

Speaking of army exemptions on the score of fatherhood, in what class would Brigham Young have been entered had he lived in these war-times?
GERMANY'S FRIENDS OUR FOES
It is hinted that conviction of our necessity for making war on Turkey will be forthcoming in an investigation of her alleged outrages against our consulate and hospital in Tabriz. But however damning the evidence may prove to be, such a procedure seems a very elaborate method of approaching a simple issue.

that country and Turkey may be legitimately extended as a reason for belligerency. Washington has held that primarily we are fighting Germany. But we would continue to oppose her in waging a war, already too long delayed, against those subject stool-pigeons of the "Near East," mis-called her "allies."
Why is it that the photos of lovely ladies playing tennis so often remind us of Broad and Chestnut streets on a windy day?

A SIGNIFICANT RESEMBLANCE
PROFESSOR ROSS, of the University of Wisconsin, called on Leon Trotsky in Petrograd last December to learn what he could of the economic program of the Bolsheviks. He has reported the result of his interview in one of the chapters of his book on Russia. Here is a significant extract from the conversation:
I asked, "Is it the intention of your party to dispossess the owners of industrial plants in Russia?"

"No," he replied. "We are not yet ready to take over all industry. That will come in time, but no one can say how soon. For the present we expect out of the earnings of a factory to pay the owner 5 or 6 per cent yearly on his actual investment. What we aim at now is control, rather than ownership."
"What do you mean by 'control'?"
"I mean that we will see to it that the factory is run, not from the point of view of private profit, but from the point of view of social welfare democratically conceived. For example, we will not allow the capitalist to shut up his factory in order to starve his workmen into submission or because it is not yielding him a profit. If it is turning out an economically needed product, it must be kept running. If the capitalist abandons it, he will lose it altogether, for a board of directors chosen by the workmen will be put in charge."

The parallel between this statement and the statements of Mr. McAdoo, explaining the railroads to be allowed to the owners of the railroads and the purposes for which they are to be operated, is startling.
Either the Bolsheviks are less radical than we had supposed or Mr. McAdoo cannot properly be described as a conservative.
Very Good, Mr. Bones, that the dealer who demands extortionate prices is always dead on one side? "Why, no, Mr. Bones; how is that?" "Why, because all cries for relief fail to register in the profiteer."

He Will Also Turn-Back Wurm is one of Austria's generals, and the obvious meaning of his name is happily suggestive of his rate of progress through Venetia.
CAMPHOR BALLS
Our Own Mother Shipton
EVERY one in so often old Mother Shipton, the sixteenth century prophetess, bobs up again. Yesterday we heard a new version of her dope, alleging that when movies and submarines and airplanes and wireless telegraphy came along, half the world would swim in blood.

But if anybody tries to frighten you with what Mother Shipton said don't get alarmed. You may recall that the lady announced (from the safe seclusion of the year 1560) that the world would end in 1881. But when, after much anxiety, folks worried through until that time and looked around, everything was still there. And on the credit side they discovered that William McFee had been born in that year. If you don't know who he is, any bookseller will be glad to tell you.

We often wonder who starts these things and we don't see why we shouldn't spring some prophecy of our own. The idea is quite simple. You simply put down all the things you deem quite impossible, and then say that when all these things happen then something else will happen. This way:
When Woodrow stops writing "May I not,"
When advertising blotters blot,
When skirts once more conceal the shins
And Germany regrets her sins;
When the price of food comes down again
And women vote better than the men
When kids aren't maimed on the Fourth of July,
When cinders never get in your eye,
When the City Hall yard is cleared of junk
And profiteers are *spurious* sunk,
When a russet shine can be had for a jit
And elevator chauffeurs don't quit,
When a bald head doesn't attract the flies
And a man's own wife considers him wise,
When no one says, from sea to sea,
"I don't mind heat, it's humidity,"
And when we get a chance to go fishing
The world will end, if not before.

They Did, and Restrained Themselves
We expected to see this headline yesterday after those food riots in Vienna. Why did no one think of it?
Austria Hungry
SALTED PEANUTS.
Where They Go
(The New York District Attorney's office says that Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit are the favorite hiding places of absconding husbands.)
When husbands make a getaway, where do the slackers go?
Where does the pallid henpeck fly? Well, if he is adroit
He seeks those centers where the visibility is low—
The cities of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit.

But why not Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Duluth,
When housewives bounce on hubby's bean a rolling pin for quill?
It seems to me unnecessary compliment in south
For cities like Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit.
DOVE DULCET.
Sad but True
There's nothing like getting engaged to take the sads out of a man. I know lots of young fellows who talk like TNT among their peers, but you should see them cool and molass when friend flancee gets them on the phone. No back talk then.
PENSIVE.
German success hindered by the rain-Headlines.
Also by the Hohenzollern reign.

MOCK BARRAGE

By Lieutenant Leon Archibald
British Royal Engineers

ON OUR way to the big offensive on the Somme in July, 1916, our division was halted about half-way along the journey for a five-day period. We were to refresh our memories with "extended order" and other movements calculated to add confusion to the Hun when we got him in the open and on his way back to the Rhine. One little item out of the many which served to imprint those five days forever on the memories of men grown weary of months and months of monotonous grind in sodden trenches is perhaps worthy of some notoriety.

The scheme for these five days' maneuvers was in the main attack and defense tactics, with our division acting in the capacity of the attacking force against a dismounted cavalry division, our dispositions being made quite in conformity with what might be expected in the real thing. This, to a large extent, placed the engineers at the disposal of the infantry, and together with all our equipment we remained temporarily attached to them until the battle was over; and in passing I should like to remark that those of our arm of the service who were thus privileged will be forever grateful to the powers that be for a few in one of the most complete pantomimes it has ever been the fortune of troops to behold.

WITH the exception of one small phase I shall not go into any details concerning the progress, the aims or the ultimate outcome of the battle. My reason for adopting this attitude is simply this: When the "show" was over we of the attacking force were unanimous in the opinion that we had, in a very efficient manner, accomplished the tasks set us; while the cavalry, on the other hand, contended that we had failed miserably all along the line, and that to them therefore belonged the honors. In the face of such a difference of opinion, and in the absence of the other side's version, I would perhaps be resorting to questionable taste in making any comments liable to bias your judgment.

ABOUT noon of the fifth day the battalion to which my section was attached obtained one of its important objectives, immediately after which it assumed defensive tactics and spent considerable effort in discouraging counter-attacks. The latter are as certain to occur as sunrise, and as a consequence an objective cannot truly be said to have been won until all the enemy's attempts to retake it have been frustrated. In accomplishing this end we could, for obvious reasons, look for no assistance from that indispensable ally, barbed wire. It could, of course, be assumed that an entanglement was prepared in front of us, but the cavalry had already demonstrated its lack of imagination so forcibly that more realistic measures were not only desirable but imperative. After an exhaustive consultation by the "staff" it was decided that a "dummy" barrage would greatly enhance the possibilities of our successful tenure, and this once in the annals of battles it was the engineers and not the artillery who furnished this eminently gunner commodity.

IN OUR toolcote was a supply of gun-cotton, detonators and fuses. What better representation of a slab of gun-cotton? And as a result of this ingenious discovery three sappers were forthwith dispatched for the amouffage, and then, armed with about a dozen slabs each, together with necessary accessories, were detailed to sailly forth to a ridge about 300 or 400 yards in front of us and lay their charges. These were to be prepared in such a fashion that, as soon as the "enemy" was seen approaching with evil intent, the sapper shells were to be "touched off," this mock display of fireworks being calculated not only to discourage the "enemy's" design, but on account of the novelty of the enterprise to create a very favorable impression in the minds of the umpires.

THESE umpires, consisting of three or four portly generals, borrowed for the occasion, had all through the operations been galloping about, constantly in touch with every movement and endeavoring to decide which side in their soldierly fashion and I might again remark in passing that if any one of those umpires arrived at any lucid conclusions with regard to those five days' operations he surely merited his rank of general. Our position and next moves were obviously, in the eyes of the umpires, of some importance, for shortly after our "barrage" had been planted they galloped off with a grand flourish into our neighborhood, taking up positions on the aforementioned ridge to watch developments. This contingency had not been anticipated, and as "orders were orders," sappers religiously carried out their instructions as soon as they received the signal that "the enemy was approaching." The scene which immediately followed can perhaps be better imagined than described. Well-fed and spirited steeds immediately took charge of the umpires and proceeded to advance, retire, do anything, in fact, to get away from the vicinity of those obnoxious detonations. A horse would start madly off in one direction, only to be confronted and turned by another upheaval, while all directly concerned were rapidly developing hysterics. Through the smoke one was offered occasional glimpses of frantically gesticulating sappers who beseechingly shouted to the riders:

"Don't go that way, sir!" To be immediately countermanded by another order: "But don't go that way, either! Lookout, sir, there's another one there!" While the riders bit out such feelingly exclamatory remarks as:
"Stop it! Whoa! Stop it, I say!" All of which were punctuated with loud "bangs" from the barrage.

JUST what the "enemy" thought of the convulsive scenes on the ridge we never learned, but he evidently considered it no place for self-respecting cavalry.
So far as Austria's And of Size Also vain hopes are concerned, that celebrated Venetian span over a little canal is indeed

THE GERMAN JAZZ



Where "The Raven" Was Written—and Catterina the Cat

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

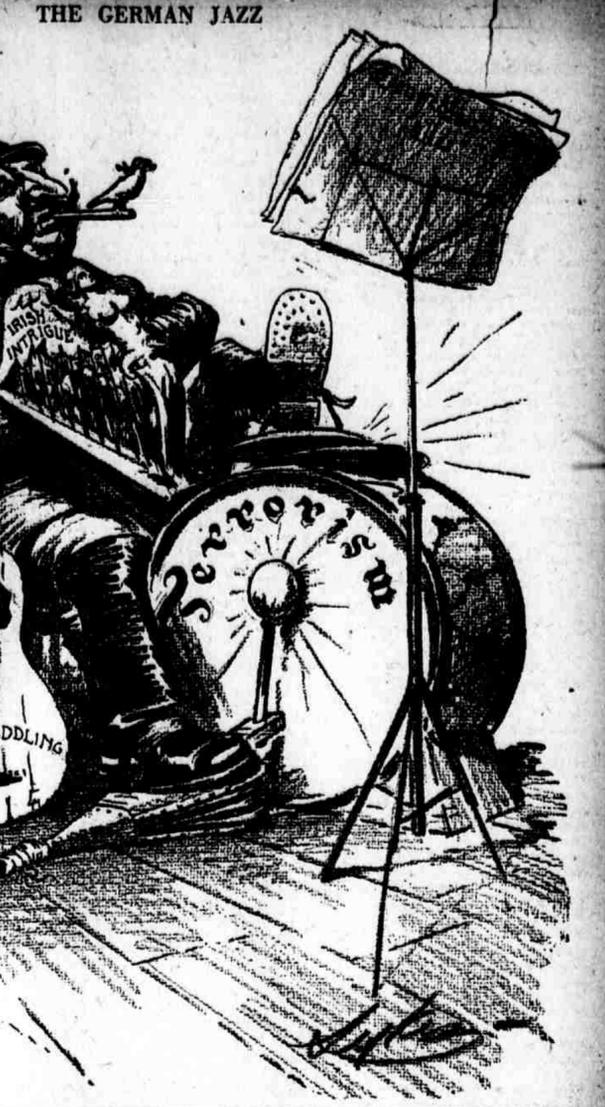
SPRING GARDEN STREET is a pleasant thoroughfare for wandering; on a cool summer morning about eight-thirty of the clock. It has been my division lately to get off the Reading train at the Spring Garden Station and walk to the office from there instead of pursuing the too familiar route of pursuing the Terminal. Try it some day, you victims of habit. To start the day by little variation of routine is an excellent excitement for the mind.

THAT after-breakfast period, before the heat begins, has a freshness and easy vigor of its own. Housewives are out scrubbing the white marble steps; second-hand furniture dealers have spread their pieces on the pavement for better inspection and sit in their Morris chairs by the curb to read the morning paper. Presumably the more ease and comfort they show the more plainly the desirability of a second-hand Morris chair will be impressed on the passer-by; such is the psychology of their apparent indolence. A fire engine with maroon chassis and bright silver boiler rumbles comfortably back to its station after putting out a fire somewhere. The barbers are out winding up the clock-work that keeps their red and white striped emblems revolving. And here and there on the pavement, reclining with rich relief where the sunlight falls in white patches, are gray and yellow cats.

THE cats of Spring Garden street are plump and of high cheer and they remind me of the most famous cat that ever lived in that neighborhood. She was a big tortoise-shell puss called Catterina (Kate for short) and she lived in a little three-story brick cottage on Brandywine street, which is just off Seventh street behind the garage that now stands on the northwest corner of Seventh and Spring Garden. Catterina played a distinguished, even a noble, part in American literature. I am the gladder to celebrate her because I do not believe any one has ever paid her a tribute before. You see, she happened to be the particular pet and playmate of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe.

IT IS curious that Philadelphia pays so little honor to that house on Brandywine street, which is associated with the brief and poignant domestic happiness of that brilliant and tragic genius. Poe lived in Philadelphia from 1833 until 1844, and during the last two or three years of his stay he occupied the little brick house on Brandywine street. One of those who visited it then described it as "a small house, in one of the pleasant and quiet neighborhoods far from the center of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius." What is now only a rather dingy back yard was then a little garden full of roses, grapevines and creepers. Perhaps the pear tree that is still the most conspicuous feature of the yard was growing in Poe's tenancy. It was a double tree, with twin trunks, one of which was shattered by lightning quite recently.

MRS. WILLIAM OWENS, who has lived in the house for eight years, was kind enough to take me through and showed me everything from attic to cellar. The house is built against a larger four-story dwelling which fronts on Seventh street, now numbered as 530. In Poe's day the two houses were separate, the larger one being the property of a well-to-do friend who was his landlord. Since then doors have been pierced and the whole is used as one dwelling, in which Mrs. Owens takes several boarders. It would interest Poe, perhaps (as he was once in the army), to know that a service flag with three stars hangs from the front of the house. The stars represent John Pierce, Harry Bernhard and Dominic Dimonic, the first of these being Poe's I understand, a foster son of Mr. and Mrs. Owens. It is not hard to imagine the charm of this snug little house as it may have been in the days when Poe (in his early thirties) and the cat were together with the poet and the



A SPLENDID THING

IT IS a splendid thing to be a man, just now—
A man with brawn and courage, who can fight.
Or one with brains to make the proper plans
And chart the courses that will lead to victory.
Again it is a wondrous thing to be
A man of means—with money to push on
And aid and speed the work in every way
Where funds are needed. I am not a man.
And yet it is a splendid thing today
To be a woman—one with brawn to go
Right in the face of our inhuman foe
And nurse the soldiers, feed the fighting host.
Drive ambulances, and do everything
One sees needs doing! It is also fine
To be a woman with sufficient brain
To help the men in all they undertake
And then suggest another thing or two
Worth undertaking! And again, the last,
A woman's money is a needed thing.
And it is something well worth living for
To give a fortune to a suffering world.
That in the future years it may be free
From every menace that would dare repeat
This war's grim horrors! It is wonderful
To be alive and part of this great work
Of helping on a true democracy—
One that shall be a pure, unquestioned State
Wherein no trace of past injustice
To man or woman, human kind or beast,
Shall ever more defile the Stars and Stripes.
The chosen emblem of our liberty.
And, whether we be born a man
Or born a woman, we have chance to die
True patriots, all—and this, perchance, may
Be
More precious even than our splendid lives!
—Lurana Sheldon, in the New York Times.

How Far, Indeed?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—If the Federal fuel commission renders 10 per cent of the houses of Philadelphia uninhabitable next winter by refusing to allow coal to be delivered to them, how far will such action tend to relieve the scarcity of houses and reduce rents?
Philadelphia, June 20.

Our Daily Poem

Mary had a pair of eggs
And slice of ham,
And when the waiter brought her check
She gasped and murmured, "Good-night, nurse!"
—Macon Telegraph.

A Linguistic Offense

English will have no near competitors among the languages of the world for while we are obliterating the German language over here our boys doubtless are murdering the French language over there.—Carutherville Democrat.

A Black Sheep

Pride in feminine attainments makes no boast of the fact that Bertha Krupp is the leading gunwoman of the world.—Washington Star.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. Who is Major General Lenoir?
2. Who is Adjutant General of the United States Army?
3. What is the name of the capital of Denmark?
4. Name the author of "Oliver Twist."
5. Who was Arlecchino?
6. What is meant by the military abbreviation "H. H."?
7. Where is Camp Hancock?
8. Who is president of Bryn Mawr College?
9. Where is the Plaza Hotel?
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Arthur T. Hadley is president of Yale University.
2. Kentucky is called the Blue Grass State.
3. Arlecchino was a name used by the Italian comedian.
4. Arlecchino is a special warfare in an aviation warplane.
5. General is the highest rank in the American Army. It has been conferred less than a dozen times in the history of the army.
6. William H. McAdoo is Secretary of the Treasury.
7. An out of growth is an outgrowth extending from a national hero and developed subsequently as a separate entity. It was developed and conceived. The "Hill" is a member of the first "Paradise Lost" line around.
8. The father of Roosevelt is a German name. It has been conferred less than a dozen times in the history of the army.