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MORE TROUBLE IN THE AIR. WRITERS who are never happy unless they are sad and others who believe that the war will be won only through written abuse of the Administration are again confusing the public mind with discouraged outbursts about the reported failure of the Haviland type of battle-plane in trials at the front.

Some of the men who were so eager to start a fight in the trouble zone downtown could find better uses for their energy in the army.

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Germany finds Constantinople inconstant? The Hungarian newspaper Magyarorszag reports that deaths in Budapest exceeded births. The theory that some of the fatalities came from lockjaw seems tenable.

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Water will not win the war. Neither will talk. And before the world is finally made safe for democracy there must be a change in methods of municipal administration in America.

"CALL THE MARINES!" That is the Pleat With Which City Hall Atones for a Vanishing Police Force. IT WAS plain more than a year ago that the forces of everyday discipline in Philadelphia were to be put to a new test.

In the face of such circumstances City Councils and the city administration airily abandoned the Police Department to processes of disintegration. It is idle, therefore, to talk of "race riots" as if such phenomena were inevitable and natural.

Every big industry recently established in or near Philadelphia has perceived the danger which the city itself has refused to recognize, and has taken pains to increase its police guard.

Mr. Gaffney and the Mayor alike told the truth recently when they said in answer to repeated appeals that there was no money with which to increase the pay of policemen. There isn't any money available.

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GARY SCHOOLS. WHERE is not for the war the plan for the introduction of Gary schools into the public educational system of Philadelphia doubtless would have held the eager attention of most of the citizenry.

Your Gary child goes eagerly to school. He isn't harassed by rules of iron and the shadows of abstract truths which his soul detests.

ing to read the announcement of Dr. Albert H. Raub, associate superintendent of schools, that she will be unable to give it a thorough trial before next year.

As a matter of fact, the Germans ought really be friendly to the policy of "Pan-Turkey." They do continually in their victimizing of that country.

FROM JEERS TO TEARS. THE chief of the German naval staff, Admiral von Holtzendorff, plaintively laments that American transports do not run according to a public time schedule.

We're sorry we can't be more open about this business, but the Hun himself began the hole-and-corner variety of warfare, and it we have bettered the instruction he has only himself to blame.

America is hustling on a gigantic scale to make this possible. Hog Island's first ship will be launched next Monday. Some fifty successors are promised before January, and soon after that they are expected to dip into the Delaware at the rate of one a day.

McLEMORE IN DRYDOCK. IF JEFF McLEMORE, who has just been defeated in the Democratic primaries for Congressman in the Seventh Texas District, had had his way some eighteen months ago vessels flying the Stars and Stripes might be, as they in fact still are, safely playing between Albany and New York.

There is a singular affinity among those who smoke corncobs. A Missouri meerschaum whose bowl is browned and whose filter stem is frayed and stringy with biting betrays a meditative and reasonable owner.

How It Works. George Sylvester Viereck, poet laureate of the germanism in America, who was secretly endorsed by Borah, confessed yesterday that the Kaiser spent \$50,000,000 for propaganda in America and "got nothing."

Winning the War. The fuel administration has canceled the order under which street lights were extinguished on Market and Broad streets to "save fuel."

Each to His Own. Rear Admiral Wilson, now commanding our squadron on the French coast, is said to be the handsomest man in the United States navy.

More Power to Them! Perhaps the Czechoslovaks are going to be the dark horses of the eastern situation.

CORNCOBS. A Message for Boonville. WHEN corncob pipes went up from a nickel to six cents smoking traditions tottered. That was a year or more ago, but one can still recall the indignation written on the faces of nicotine-soaked gaffers who had been buying cobs at a jitney ever since Washington used one to keep warm at Valley Forge.

Yesterday we went out to buy our annual corncob, and were agreeably surprised to learn that the price is still six cents; but our friend the tobacconist said that it may go up again soon.

The corncob pipes we always buy come from Boonville, Mo., and we don't see why we shouldn't blow a little whiff of affection and gratitude toward that excellent town. Moreover, Boonville celebrates its centennial this year; it was founded in 1818.

Delightful town of Boonville, seat of Cooper County, you are well named. How great a boon you have conferred upon a troubled world! Long after more ambitious towns have faded in the memory of man your quiet and soothing gift to humanity will make your name blessed.

What is the subtle magic of a corncob pipe? It is never as sweet or as mellow as a well-seasoned briar, and yet it has a fascination all its own.

A corncob pipe is a humble badge of philosophy, an evidence of tolerance and even humor. It requires patience and good cheer, for it is slow to "break in."

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THE GOWNSMAN. How the Submarines Helped the Red Cross.

THE GOWNSMAN is settled, for the nonce, on land and captures the edge of the sea which laps and swishes idly a dozen yards away from him as he writes.

THE left, once more, and back of your predatory penman, lies the harbor—down here he used to call it "the Hole"—extending back to little wooded hills and to the small, gray town with its square church-tower, and as white as a lighthouse, and its rival dark spire—symbols of how freemen may differ in the form of their theology.

THE harbor has been quiet but for the occasional punk-a-punk of a fisherman's boat going out or coming in; a sheet of blue sea under a summer sky but for the flitting of the white sail of a catboat and wide sail of a mast of that laggard schooner out there, which appears to have forgotten that there is work to do in the world.

STILL bigger craft are now coming in. Ocean-going colliers, ships of burden, built light at the ends and wide to store away large cargoes. Three, five, eight, a dozen of them, some ingeniously camouflaged—do it becomes the GOWNSMAN not to say she comes up into the wind, topsails, jibs and masts in turn, coming to anchor in carefully selected remoteness.

larger boats anchored further out, except for our busy whitest steamer in tow. It appears that she is a stranger to salt water and hails from out Michigan way, being conducted somewhere to be made fit to do something for the nation.

FROM our harbor full we had not noticed it, but one of the tugs had slipped away. And next day we were summoned to the porches by a sudden pandemonium of whistles broken loose, pipings of tugs, deep fog horns of the larger vessels and party whistling from even the barges, all saluting the tugs in stately progress down the harbor, lashed side to side, the rescuer, spick and span, the rescued, battered but not limping, with holes from shell and shrapnel that will deck and sides, her wooden superstructure burned away and most of her paint scorched off, but untouched below the waterline and at her masthead proudly floating Old Glory.

THE GOWNSMAN noticed three little gamins on the street one day. The eldest was about twelve, the second ten, the third was a mere baby. The big boy, we will assume for good reason, cuffed number two. We will assume that he stood in loco parentis to him; it is the humble Democrat who knows him well and whom he knows well that will elect Bonnell as sure as— Well, you'll see by the time November rolls around just how it will happen.

They'll Need a Good Excuse. Before this drive is over the Germans will not only be accepting American troops but will probably be inclined to accept...

LINES TO A HOWITZER

By Grantland Rice. Lieutenant, 115th Field Artillery, A. E. F. TILT up your long, black, ugly snout. And let it lift against the sky. For when you bark your message out. We hear the roar of Freedom's cry.

No one might call you, at your best. A thing of beauty, pal of mine; Your low, squat form is hardly built. With any grace that's near divine; You're not an ornament for home, You'd never make an artist cheer, But whosoever I may roam, I only hope that you are near.

Breaches That Fail. Since wool disappeared from Germany, efficiency makes breaches out of propaganda—Brooklyn Times.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ. 1. Who was the Chevalier de Saint George? 2. What is a military ensign? 3. Where is Camp Greene? 4. Who is George Sylvester Viereck? 5. Name the author of "The Gold Bug." 6. Where is Jacksonville? 7. What is the "Koenigshe Zeitung"? 8. Who is General Mangin? 9. Who wrote the text of the Declaration of Independence? 10. Who said: "I have made ten people discontented and one ungrateful."?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz. 1. Gownman: one whose distinctive professional, official or scholastic habit is a necktie. 2. General Gouraud, a one-armed French general, sometimes combined in one person the brigandage of a vanguard, the ferocity of a personal exploit, from Baron Munchausen, the chief character in a picture-escape novel by Rudolf Knappe. 3. Doctor von Hussarek is the former Minister of Public Education of Austria. He has been reported as the successor of Doctor von Hofler as Premier. 4. Munchausen tale: a "tall" story, a piece of brazenfaced or a vainglorious fiction, a personal exploit. From Baron Munchausen, the chief character in a picture-escape novel by Rudolf Knappe. 5. Doctor von Hussarek is the former Minister of Public Education of Austria. He has been reported as the successor of Doctor von Hofler as Premier. 6. Service flag: a flag consisting of a white field with a deep red border, emblazoned with as many blue stars as the family of the soldier in the military service of the United States. 7. The Queen of Italy is named Elena. She is the daughter of King Nicholas of Montenegro. 8. Montgomery is the capital and Birmingham is the largest city of Alabama. 9. An American infantry division consists of about 15,000 men, including combatants and non-combatants. According to the most recent plans for any division to be raised in the United States, the division is composed of from 15,000 to 17,000 men. 10. A...