

Evening Public Ledger
THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CHARLES H. CURTIS, President
 CHARLES H. LADDINGTON, Vice President
 JOHN R. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer
 JOHN R. WILSON, Editor

EDITORIAL BOARD:
 CHARLES H. CURTIS, Chairman
 DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor

JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., except on Sundays, when it is published at the Public Ledger Building, 12th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEWS BUREAUS:
 WASHINGTON BUREAU: 2000 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Wash., D. C.
 NEW YORK BUREAU: 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
 LOS ANGELES BUREAU: 1200 Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Terms:
 The Evening Public Ledger is served in Philadelphia and surrounding territory at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable in advance.

Member of the Associated Press
 THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein.

Philadelphia, Friday, April 25, 1919

conditions are unable to do a fair day's work. The owners of such property reap returns by disregarding the plain provisions of the law governing tenement houses. If now and then a landlord is disposed to improve his property sewers are not even provided for him.

If the church women are determined enough they can force a change in conditions. They may even be able to induce some of the men in their churches who own the tenement houses to begin on their own account to improve their property before the inspectors of the Department of Health get after them.

THE AMERICANS AT PARIS ARE KEEPING THE FAITH

President Wilson Still Dominant and Immovable as the Champion of a Peace That Will Last

ANOTHER of the explosions that breathless prophets foretell when they name the day upon which the Peace Conference will be rent to make way for chaos is over. Instead of rain the dust of the feeble reprobation reveals the best omen that the world has seen since the Peace Conference should itself in secrecy. President Wilson still holds the whiphand. And he hasn't forgotten how to drive.

The statement that devastated Orlando and Sonnino was not written alone for Italy. It was written for Japan, for Australia, for all Allied statesmen and for the world at large. Unquestionably, it is a prelude to decisive action in other quarters where the mania of imperialism still persists.

This latest pronouncement is all tranquility and friendliness, yet it carries an awful air of serene finality, and there is the ring of steel in its every phrase.

The league of nations was said long ago to be dead. A New York newspaper buried it enthusiastically only a few days ago. But it is the league of nations that has refused to permit Italy to go blindly to the disaster of Fiume.

There are people everywhere who suppose that the league-of-nations covenant had been tested and denatured and beheaded in the last few months until it became only a collection of empty words. Certainly the essential principle of the document has been almost invisible at times, when it hasn't seemed shaken and uncertain like a flame beaten by the winds of night. It is like a great light that that principle has leaped suddenly out of the gloom at Paris to illuminate and reveal the elements of a crucial situation for the intelligent scrutiny of all the world. It is fixed and immovable, sustained by a calm gentleman with a poker face and an unbreakable will.

Mr. Wilson has not hurt Italy. He has tried to save Italy from a ruinous and hopeless enterprise. Italy has arrived at the peak of her ambitions. Her lost territories are restored. Trieste, the goal of Italian ambitions, has been found and made secure. For the land and its people there is in the future a great promise of happiness and green peace.

This is the Italy for which Orlando and Sonnino want a little more. They would take Fiume. And by taking Fiume they would give to their country the strut of a conqueror and leave it unfriended and arrogant, circled by enemies, hated by neighboring peoples and menaced for all time by nations fired with a blazing conviction of great wrong.

Italy might have got Fiume if there were no league-of-nations agreements to intervene. But she would have got endless years of unrest and bitterness, and a certain prospect of bloody wars. So goes the old diplomacy in the years of its late decline!

Contrary to all that has been shouted and whistled and sneered out of Paris, the Wilson philosophy, which is the American philosophy, has not changed. In the text and temper of the Fiume statement there is revealed again a persistent determination to introduce a sense of justice and the virtues of forbearance and honor, and even sacrifice, as vitalizing principles in world diplomacy.

These are the familiar virtues of common men. Without them existence would be torment. Plain people live by justice and friendship and honor among themselves. But your diplomatist has never believed in such principles. That may be what was wrong with the world.

The President has returned with serene assurance to his old method. He is talking again to the people as he used to talk to them in the days when he worked wonders up Morris-town way and in Burlington and at Mays Landing. His audience is larger now. He is addressing himself to the men who have no special interests to serve; to the multitudes in all lands who have to fight and die for things they do not understand; to the rank and file of nations that have come through these years of terror and amazement to disillusionment and despair. Something of what he promises is meant, too, for the driven millions in Europe who, even while they are striking out blindly at the whole order of society, still turn upon the world faces stamped with misery and gray pain and touched with the faith and the patience that are the peculiar riches of the poor.

How will they answer him? There can be little doubt about that. The statesmen in Japan, whose ambitions in China are not unlike those of the Italian peace representatives in Fiume, are less assured than they were a few days ago. The ministry whose representatives have introduced occasional confusion at Paris is growing weaker. Premier Hughes, of Australia, is less insistent than he used to be.

These men are not the sort who ordinarily would move at the beck of an American President. It is not Mr. Wilson's voice that troubles them nor his letters. It is the echo of the President's voice that sobers them when they hear it flung up from the hearts of their own people.

Yet the Americans at Paris talk no magic. They are pledged merely to honorable service in the cause of right and justice and reason. The principles they urge are everywhere understood, everywhere desired. In Japan, in Australia, in China, as well as in France and in England, the plain people want peace and the

assurances of enduring peace. And they know instinctively how to obtain peace when their leaders do not. That is why, in every crisis, the unostentatious Americans get what they desire at Paris.

Certainly the Italian representatives at the conference knew the menace that Fiume would be to their people in the future. In the last analysis they are not to be blamed.

They were caught in the drift of the older diplomatic currents and they were left high and dry at Paris after having promised their people impossible things. They could not go home and explain that they had engaged in agreements too sordid to be countenanced in the treaties of peace. They could not quietly surrender their claims without sacrificing their political standing and prestige at home. An attitude of martyrdom may save them yet. And the formal statement of the President—which is unquestionably one of the great documents of the war—may serve to ease their difficult path.

Italy needs the friendship and co-operation of the United States and the Allies. She could not exist outside the circle of the league of nations. Her representatives at Paris know this, and if they were the masters of their own souls they would probably have been the first to wave the territory of Fiume away. For they know as well as any one that if the Peace Conference were to give them Fiume all the devastating machinery of conquest and militarism would instantly be released elsewhere. Then the world of civilization would have to be restored after the German fashion—to wait the time of the final smash.

SLIM CHANCES FOR A DRINK

THE feeling in certain quarters that war-time prohibition may not go into effect on July 1 arises from the belief that a law with inadequate machinery for its enforcement is a dead letter.

But such a law is not and cannot be a dead letter unless it fails to express the will of the great majority of the people. Law, as every one knows, is really the will of the majority, whether it is written in a statute or not. If there be any community in which the great mass of the people wish to have liquor sold it will be difficult for any law officers to prevent its sale so long as Congress neglects to make the necessary appropriation for the appointment of men to get evidence and to conduct prosecutions.

This is a law-abiding nation. Not many reputable business men, even in response to the demands of the community, will be willing to sell liquor in violation of the war-time prohibition act. If liquor is sold after July 1 it will be by men who are willing to run risks for the sake of making a few illicit dollars—that is, unless Congress should repeal the war-time act and give its attention to regulations to enforce the constitutional amendment when it shall go into effect next January.

STEADY PROGRESS

FLORIDA declines to follow the example of Tennessee in passing an equal suffrage amendment to its constitution. Unless Missouri is called a southern state Tennessee is the only state in the South thus far to permit women to vote. Equal suffrage is more popular in the North.

Within three months Indiana, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Wisconsin and Iowa have adopted suffrage amendments, and the Vermont Legislature put itself on record as favoring equal suffrage, but the governor vetoed the resolution.

California's legislators showed commendable self-restraint in declining to adopt a resolution urging the American peace delegation to oppose any policy that would interfere with the rights of nations to control the subject of immigration. There is little likelihood that any such policy will be adopted by the Peace Conference and to suggest its possibility is to cause embarrassment in a situation already sufficiently complicated.

Germany's inability to understand the viewpoint of her adversaries has never been more apparent than in the instructions to her peace delegates to suggest a plan for a league of nations drafted by Count von Bernstorff. It doesn't occur to Germany that possibly America might have some feelings of dislike for that person, and that such dislike might cause distaste and distrust for anything he might suggest.

It has been estimated that if the German delegates to the Peace Conference were permitted to discuss the treaty the discussion would last four months. This is a gross underestimate. The German delegates would talk until they were ready to make war again.

Geneva authorities have come into possession of confidential instructions from Nikolai Lenin for a revolution in Switzerland. But there was no revolution. The Swiss movement continues on old-fashioned lines. Bolshevism failed to locate the holes in the Swiss cheese.

Mexico's history continues to read like a Bad Boy's Diary.

Straw votes sometimes show whose political harvesting machine is at work.

There is no grief in Germany over the situation at the Peace Conference.

There is every evidence that the Victory Loan is going to justify its name.

The Bibulous One inquires earnestly: "Can alcoholic content be found in half of one per cent?"

Fiume is simply the latest illustration of the old truth that land-hunger is a great begetter of bad blood.

There may be healing balm in the treaty in spite of the fact that at the present time we can see only the flies in the ointment.

It may be that Italy will yet realize that magnanimous renunciation is at times the highest type of statesmanship.

Respectfully submitted to the parties in the Fiume-Dalmatia controversy: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." To which may be added, "Blessed are the necks, for they shall inherit the earth."

THE WINNING APPEAL OF LITTLE STREETS

Carnival Camac Street's Distinction Is Not Unique, but It Establishes the Quaint Thoroughfare in Charming Company

CAMAC STREET'S delight in being at the same time small enough to be great and great enough to be small is happily manifested in the Victory Loan revel, which is nightly contributing new elements of picturesque and color to a quaint and venerable thoroughfare.

The self-confident inscription, however, "greatest little street in the world," had perhaps best not be circulated too far if the world is really to have peace when the Paris conferees adjourn sine die. Other cities with "minimalist" pretensions in streets might be inclined to protest. For if so happens that almost every metropolis on the planet boasts of a pet little thoroughfare the physical attributes of which are piquantly disproportionate to its distinction. And each one of these cities has a persistent way of thinking that the night of this asset of littleness has outranged competition.

Not even the fourteen points ventured to prick this unsettled question. Matters of local pride are not debatable. So, probably, the best compromise on the subject that can be attained is one proclaiming that nearly every important civic community is the proud possessor of the greatest of small streets—or the smallest of great streets—and that in comparison with them the pretensions of the most grandiose boulevards and parkways seem hollow and piteous.

IT WAS the Brothers Goncourt who asserted that "any monstrousity of littleness in women" was excessively winning. But that was in the era—Victorian in Britain and Louis Napoleon in France—when the undersized heroine, "a la Dickens," predominated in poetry and fiction. Alluring and unfranchised modern femininity sternly rebuffs such sentimentalizing.

But regarding streets the gospel of the artistry of little things still prevails. In fact, the more Victorian are the atmospheric side thoroughfares in our cities the more charming they are often noted. Friendly, chummy little "cane" street is appreciated quite along these lines. Junior street "lost class" when it was compelled to flank upon the east the wide plaza about the City Hall.

So-called "progress," of course, is the arch-enemy of little streets, just as sympathy-conservationism is their guardian. Modern cities, moreover, are inclined to keep pace with new conditions thus must choose between sweeping improvements with convenience as the first consideration or a middle course whereby innovations proceed at a rate not too disrespectful of tradition.

London seems to have balanced values with considerable skill. She is still rich in romantic lanes and quays, "only de sea" while at the same time wide new thoroughfares in certain sections have relieved congestion. But it is odd how little flavor attaches to these spacious newcomers.

Kingsway, of admirable utility as a connecting link between Holborn and the Strand, is indeed an elegant avenue. But the number of romances or history beats very faintly when its name is evoked. Kingsway in all its splendor, including Oscar Hammerstein's ill-starred opera house, will not "start a spirit." But Downing street will.

It is perhaps the shortest of all the famous little streets. Its single block extends only from Whitehall to St. James's Park. But the Foreign Office occupies one side of this small thoroughfare, and the intimate association of that institution with the street has given rise to one of the most significant metaphors in diplomacy. When "Downing street interferences" it is perfectly evident that the British empire is roused to action.

PARIS is rather badly off in the matter of illustrious little lanes, her boulevard makers before and after the great Haussmann having been comprehensively ruthless. On the right bank the Rue Richelieu, narrow, somber, "atmospheric," but fairly long, has a passable claim as a distinguished little street.

Across the Seine, however, better conditions prevail. Notre Dame des Champs, with its serpentine courses, its mysterious garden walls, over which roses occasionally peep, its furtive studios, evocative of the souls of Tribly and Little Billee, impart a potent charm. The Rue de Seine, too, with its mysterious twisting around the Institute and its elegant and fashion of Avenue de la Madeleine, while the name alone of the Rue Madame and the Rue Monsieur Le Prince are sufficiently interesting to secure them an honorable rating, even if these streets lacked in picturesque—which they do not.

Just at this writing there is also a very short street in Paris—one, in appearance, of recent construction—which has acquired a certain sensational position. It is the one-block-long Rue Edward VII, and it leads merely from the Boulevard des Capucines to the entrance of the new Hotel Edward VII. But it so happens that that conventional-looking hostelry has lately been the residence of Victorio Emanuele Orlando, of Italy.

Buenos Aires differentiates sharply between grandeur and intimacy as street names. Her broad Avenida de Mayo is a picture of Paris. But the narrow and thoroughly Spanish Calle Florida unquestionably comes first in her affection. At 5 o'clock every afternoon this ancient thoroughfare is roped off. All vehicles are suspended and the elegance and fashion of Argentine on foot possess roadbed and pavements. It is the time of "paseo" and of respect for the Spaniard's immemorial tradition of promenading.

But of all the little streets in the world the Rue Ouvidor and the Serpes are perhaps the proudest. Wheeled traffic is forever forbidden from their paving stones, and such invasion would be impossible anywhere. Despite the opening of the highly fashionable and roomy Avenida Central, the Serpes clings sympathetically to the constructed Rue Ouvidor. Awnings from housetop to housetop keep out the blazing tropical sun. On the absurdly narrow, fantastically tiled sidewalks are the best shops in Brazil.

So also are the finest bazaars in Seville on her famous Serpes, whereon no wheels ever revolve. The little street, with cafes sprawling quite across it, bears the palm for crowdedness. It winds delightfully and in full confirmation of its name—"Serpent." Awnings shade it graciously and the brilliant Andalusian sun peeps in only through the divisions in the "rigging."

Sometimes its rays, illuminating the pink or blue stuccoed building walls, beam on a marble tablet of which Seville seldom fails to boast. The inscription proclaims the house as one in which Cervantes wrote part of "Don Quixote."

ASSUREDLY, then, Camac street is in a happy company when she rejoices in her littleness. A companionship with Wall street, decidedly greater than its size, seems permissible, and the claims of narrow Bourbon and Toulouse streets in New Orleans are also valid. Little streets, indeed, form a noble company.

WHO'S IN DANGER?



THE CHAFFING DISH

April Travels
 ONCE, when I was traveling in an April yellow. Men were building houses. With mortar, planks and nails: On their airy scaffold. I saw them at their labors. Watched them measure windows. Heard them driving nails.

All these little houses
 Seemed to stand on tiptoe. Strained their naked rafters. Shining in the sun: I, as I was traveling. With no home to go to. Understood their yearning. Eager to be done!

TO THOSE little houses
 When they shine with lamplight Men will come returning: At the end of day: Men who had to travel. Will hurry home to supper. Wondering, as I did. Why they went away!

and then. It is also said that he has an eye on games that will be played in the old home town, and has no great yearning to face that high-tension stuff of Wood's before the home fans. However that may be, Eddie is inexorable. He has Vic slated for catcher or not at all. Vic says it would kill him with the home crowd if he dropped one of Wood's sizzlers. The fact is the whole team is a little bit scared of Wood's technique. Fellows on the press bench noticed that when Wood came up to bat the other day in a practice game the infield edged back until they were playing way out yonder in the garden grass. Then, of course, Wood laid down a bunt and made three bases on it. This business of having one player pull new stuff like that breaks down the morale of the team. They all say that Woody's ball is a wizard, but when it comes to standing up to it they enunciate "Let George do it!"

Trouble in the Training Camp
 Orlando Pulls Bonehead Stuff (By Our Sporting Expert)

Paris, April 24

ONCE more all is confusion in the training camp. Manager Eddie House thought he had his team all lined up for the opening of the Big League season. And now, on the eve of the first game with Fritz Ebert's boys from Berlin, Vic Orlando is holding out on Ed, refusing to sign his contract.

Eddie isn't saying much. He was observed munching toothpicks in the grill of the Hotel Clifton this evening. His demeanor was calm, and those on the inside say that he has supreme confidence. Some of the newspaper boys bribed a chambermaid at the hotel to set up a dictaphone under his bed, in the hope he might utter something in slumber. They don't know Ed. He sprays his vocal cords with freezing mixture every night before hitting the hay.

VIC says he's through. He says if Eddie won't put him in the infield he'll go right back to the spaghetti farm, and a rumor ran through the ranks that he had ordered a special train to take him home if Eddie didn't come across with something. None of the boys really believes this, however. This is Vic's first chance to get into the Big League game, and the way every body dopes it he would be a nut to turn it down. Vic said today, with tears in his eyes, that his home folks had set their heart on seeing him cover the second sack. But, as Artie Halfour said, being interviewed just after catching some high flies on, in the left garden, this outfit ought to be run according to what's the best team play, not on what the home-town fans want to grab off. Geo. Clemenceau, who was rather peeved for a bit at giving up the first nuttress, is now playing at third. The old veteran is in fine form. Through his mustache he filtered the remark that Vic was trying to pull a *tee de os*.

JUST the same, this last crisis burst on the training quarters like a bombshell. Eddie had Vic Orlando slated as catcher, but Vic says he won't stand for it. He says he's had old Wood Wilson zoom over the platter. There's no question about it, the lanky moundman is in wonderful flog. His delivery is a little too formal to catch the eye of the bleachers, but when the ball leaves his claw it travels. His stuff has a deceptive quality. It looks easy. But it has terrible traveling capacity. He bakes them fresh with every wind-up. When Fritz Ebert's cloutsmen stand up to Wood's hot muffins they're going to find them mighty puzzling.

WOODY says he doesn't give a — that is, he says he doesn't really care whether he pitches for this outfit or not. His spiel is that he has a perfectly good business at home that earns him a decent living, and he won't go on hurling unless the team backs him up. The way the scribbles dope it, Wood must have something on Manager Eddie, for the only thing that makes Ed look like a syllable and audible sounds is when Wood threatens to quit.

There isn't much dope about the Fritz team. They are said to be weak in batting and also nervous about playing on foreign grounds. Sliding for home is rumored to be their strong point.

THERE is no doubt, however, that training quarters is in a good deal of an uproar today. Wood was doing a little waltzing with Geo. Clemenceau, and Geo. said it wasn't fair to throw them so hard in a mere practice. Woody said he had a ship waiting with steam up to take him home if Geo. didn't relish his pitching. Davie George, getting the draw into the argument, cried that he had an airplane all gassed and ready to fly home with. Even Prince Emir Feisal, the Arabian dark horse, who was given a tryout for one of the bench-warming positions, claims to have a camel all ready harnessed and waiting to lope home with him if the team breaks up. Chuck Grayson, the talented rubber-down, who vears Woody his olive oil massage after exercise, says that Wood's pulse is normal. Eddie House, under extreme pressure, remarked this evening, "Tomorrow will be a lovely day."

IN spite of all rumors, our prediction is that the teams will meet on schedule time.

I SHALL BE PROUD

WHEN John comes home with pomp of banners proud. And marches up the street to thrilling drum. As I stand by, all eager in the crowd. And realize the truth that he has come. If on his brow the fame-lit laurel rest. And men shall know and speak his chivalry. If service stripes his bravery attest. Ah! thrilled shall be the very heart of me!

But if just John, plain John, comes back to me. The soldier lad, my only boy so dear (Whom I knew brave wherever he might be). And once again I have him with me here. The world to me would then seem just as fair. Just knowing he is HOME—and did his share. —Florence T. Osman, in the New York Herald.

As Sam Weller Would Say
 When it comes to buying Bonds of Victory Let the whole wide nation Spell it with a W. —New York Sun.

As to Figures
 Bill pending in Florida Legislature gives women right to wear trousers. Sounds a bit radical at first blush, but after all, is mere substitution of the literal for the figurative. —New York Herald.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
1. Where and what is the Wharton School?
 2. Who commanded the United States forces in Italy?
 3. Where is the Dalmatian coast?
 4. Who is Count Czernin?
 5. What is a plebiscite?
 6. In shipbuilding, what are stars?
 7. What was the Alexandrian Library?
 8. Where did the phrase "almighty dollar" originate?
 9. What is alto rilievo?
 10. Identify "The Father of Angling?"

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
1. Dr. Philander P. Claxton is the United States commissioner of education.
 2. Stricker is in shipbuilding, a longitudinal stiffener for the side of a ship.
 3. Charles Dickens wrote "Little Dorrit."
 4. Lord Byron wrote "A thousand years scarce serve to form a state; an hour may lay it in the dust."
 5. Forty Immortals: the membership of the French Academy, which is restricted to that number of distinguished men.
 6. Adam's apple: so called, according to legend, because a piece of the forbidden fruit lodged in Adam's throat at that point.
 7. Albion: a poetical name for England, from the white cliffs.
 8. To finish Aladdin's window: to try to complete another's work. In allusion to the fact that Aladdin's palace was perfect except for one window left for the sultan to finish, but his treasure failed him.
 9. Aldine Press: founded by Aldus Manutius, in Venice, in 1469, in the first century of printing.
 10. Signor Orlando is premier of Italy.