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 Philadelphia, Thursday, May 15, 1919

**THE RIGHT THING**

THE park commission has acted in a mainly way in definitely and without equivocation authorizing the playing of games in the parks on Sunday.  
 Golf has long been played in Cobbs-Creek Park and baseball has been played at Fairmount. It was suggested that the park guards be directed to permit all orderly games on Sunday without any formal action by the commission. This could have been done, and we could have hypocritically pretended that we were not consenting to Sunday sports for the people.  
 The commission has been too honest and self-respecting to take any such cowardly course. Its action will commend itself to the judgment of all those who believe in providing all possible ways for the orderly relaxation of the people on Sunday.

**THE GUARD IN THE BEST HANDS**

PENNSYLVANIA has long been proud of William G. Price, but there is a new thrill in his admiration and affection as it regards this gallant officer and fine-souled leader in his new role of commander-in-chief of his reorganized National Guard.  
 Governor Sproul, who announced the appointment at the city's dinner to General Muir last night, fervently hailed Brigadier General Price as his boyhood friend. To this charm of old association the citizenry of this state fondly yield. Not alone for his admirable services in his artillery command in the Twenty-eighth Division during the war is warranted for General Price's new honor to be found.  
 For many years he has been a brilliant and conspicuous figure, first as colonel of the old Pennsylvania Third Regiment, later as commander of the First Brigade, and his sound administrative abilities have undoubtedly played a potent part in the achievements of our state troops. The link between their superb accomplishments in France and their able training at home in the National Guard days can be clearly traced.  
 If Brigadier General Price is as pleased over his deserved laurels as Pennsylvanians are, he is a happy man today.

**HOW TO GET TUBES BACK**

THE Chamber of Commerce meant well in cabling President Wilson to suspend further removal of the pneumatic mail tubes until Congress could discuss the subject, but it obviously avoided the heart of the difficulty. That, of course, is the incumbency of Albert Sidney Burleson, whose responsibility for destroying a vital instrument in Philadelphia's postal service is direct.  
 Tired as the public may be of hearing about the postmaster general's prolonged series of fatuities, the monotony of this censure is less wearisome than the presence of a discredited blunderer in office.  
 The mail-tube mess is merely one of an indefensible series. This expeditious postal machinery for years served the city admirably as a similar system still does in Paris, where the speedy "petits bleus" often reach their destination within an hour. The excuse for abandoning it here is about as clear as that for Mr. Burleson himself. That is to say, fully as transparent as a masonry wall.

**SENATE CAN TEAR IT TO PIECES**

THE Senate is under no compulsion of law, precedent or custom to accept the peace treaty in the form in which it is submitted to it.  
 No attempt to create the impression that the treaty must be accepted or rejected can succeed, for the reason that knowledge of the processes of treaty-making is too general.  
 The constitution provides that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators concur." The initiative lies with the President. Advice is the function of the Senate and consent depends on whether it wishes to insist that its voice be accepted. There can be no treaty unless the minds of the Senate and of the President come together. This is elementary and fundamental.  
 Treaties have frequently been amended by the Senate. The President has asked the nation interested to accept the amendments, and when they have been accepted the treaties have become valid. But the President is as free to reject amendments made by the Senate as the Senate is to make amendments.  
 President Wilson, in 1848, sent to the Senate an action treaty with Prussia, the details of which he explained. The Senate ratified it. The President refused to ratify it, and the treaty expired. Everybody

knows that the Senate has rejected many treaties which the President has negotiated.  
 The power of the Senate and the power of the President are clear and definite. The Senate may rewrite the peace treaty from beginning to end, but it would only have its trouble for its pains, for it is not likely that the President would submit such a rewritten treaty to Germany.  
 The question at issue is not one of the powers of the Senate, but one of expediency. Is it prudent for one branch of the treaty-making power, through pride of opinion, to delay or possibly to prevent the making of peace between this country and Germany?  
 The Senate, whatever it may do, cannot prevent France and England from making peace.

**WHAT DO THE SOLDIERS THINK**  
**REVIEWING THE GRAND STANDS?**

The Iron Division Fought in an Endless War That Requires More Than Cheering at Home

LET us in imagination reverse the familiar order and suppose for a moment that the folk at home were reviewed by the men of the Iron Division. Would there be applause and flag waving in the stands as we went by?  
 What have we been doing in a vast adventure that included the Marne and the Argonne forest and the collapse of Germany as more or less fleeting incidents? How should we appear in the eyes of men who, a dozen times a day, had to be great or die?  
 The Iron Division and the other divisions that fought beside it didn't go abroad merely to crush Germany. They fought to continue life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, for justice and right and to insure, above all things, reasonableness and decency in all human relationships.  
 That sort of war is endless. To assume that it was won finally in France is to cherish a delusion. The ultimate decision will be made where all great victories are won—in the minds of men.

Pennsylvania, which sent the Iron Division to France, has been one of the great battlegrounds in the universal cause. The pioneers were men who rebelled and lost and rebelled again, and retired fighting to new positions of advantage. They fought the stubborn earth and wrung wealth from it. They fought the wilderness and they fought ignorance and inherited hatreds, and yet they did not win completely. They came in succession—English, Germans, Welsh, Irish, Italians, Poles—waging together an instinctive warfare for a common end.

**HARMONY WITH A CAPITAL P**

THE agreement of the Republican senatorial caucus on Cummins, of Iowa, favored by the progressives, as president pro tempore, foreshadows a harmonious organization of the Senate next Monday.  
 It is intimated that the progressive minority has secured the promise of fair treatment in the apportionment of committee chairmanships and in return has agreed to support the general program. Whether the progressives will vote for Penrose as chairman of the finance committee and Warren as chairman of the committee on appropriations does not yet appear, but it is not likely that they will vote against them. Between what they regard as two evils, they seem to prefer to accept Penrose and Warren to permitting the Democrats to organize the Senate by continuing the fight within their own party.  
 As they hold the whiphand, and will continue to hold it so long as the Republicans control the Senate by a narrow margin of two votes, there is likely to be harmony with a capital P, standing for progressive legislation. All forward-looking Republicans hope so at any rate.

**THE KEYS TO THE ARCH**

The magnitude of the grand stand manifested by those of us who could procure no seats in the rear record-breaker.  
 The Huns seemed to have misunderstood our way of making peace just as completely as they did our method of waging war.  
 No matter what the calendar says, the University of Pennsylvania teaching staff rejoices that the next fall means a rise.  
 The University has found the money needed to increase the pay of its professors, but the Board of Education gives up the task.  
 In a way it is too bad that Germany loses all her aircraft. A little "see-plain" equipment would be decidedly beneficial in her present quandary.  
 When it comes to decorations for a parade Philadelphia does not have to take a back seat for anybody. Her artists and architects have done themselves proud.  
 The prospect of cheaper wheat, which means cheaper bread, is dangled before our eyes. It is not like a carrot tied to a stick before a donkey's nose in order to keep him going.  
 And the wounded men who reviewed the parade now know General Pershing feels when the men march before him. And every American soldier carries a general's stars in his knapsack.  
 The Peerless failed its name and did not bring its load of troops home in time to be welcomed today. But there will be welcome enough left over to warm the hearts of the boys when they land tomorrow.  
 The Dutch Government denies that it has decided to give up the former Kaiser. No one has asked for him yet, it says. But if Count Beaulieu should be consulted he would certainly say that his guest is outstaying his welcome.  
 Now the Democratic senators will quote holy writ and say to the Republican majority, "We owe you, for you pay tithes of mind and soul and Cummins, and neglect to fight for our pleasure."

ful kings, the wealth of empires, the shrewdness of men trained in the arts of buffedness have been mobilized against them. And yet they have never been conquered.  
 They never can be conquered because theirs is a cause greater than kings, greater than dynasties, greater than empires, greater than money and greater than life. It is the desire for the triumph of justice and reason in the affairs of humanity. It is universal.  
 Every tyrant has opposed it. And where are the tyrants now?  
 Men do not always define their purposes even to themselves. And American soldiers fought instinctively for an idea. And if, through a superficial view of the war, we at home do not realize that idea, the war in which the Iron Division won glory will be lost so far as we are concerned.  
 If there is one duty that America owes the returned soldiers it is to think clearly, bravely, without hysteria about the times that are past and the times that are coming. Left-over platitudes and the aberrations willed on us by high-salaried hatemakers will not do.

**THE GOWNSMAN**

**The Questionnaire**  
 A QUESTIONNAIRE is a piece of other-wise harmless paper on which some idiot has caused to be printed, or otherwise manifested, a list of idle questions, ingeniously connected to consume time and to answer which nobody cares a rap about and what nobody can possibly be the wiser for knowing. We shall not call the questionnaire a scrap of paper; it is too unimportant for that, although vexatious enough to begot, even in a habitually temperate man, the exasperation out of which wars are made. The color of the paper on which the questionnaire is printed is unessential; it is the color of the questions that tell, or rather that make the victim tell. Every thing begins with the insinuating flattery that there is really somebody who actually cares what opinions you may hold about something or other. It proceeds with the seductive assumption that, holding opinions, you courteously desire to share them with that eager and appreciative body, the rest of mankind; and that your intensely becoming modesty has alone prevented you from the illumination of the world, until this cross-examined into revelation.

THE subject of the questionnaire is unimportant, and it may be very diverse. The object is always the same, the ultimate ventilation of some notion or other and the affected support of it by the happy indeterminateness of statistics; to the end that we may decide the various laws of existence, the fate of nations, the policy of schools, our belief in gods or ghosts, our stand on rum and ruin, our notions about votes and violence, all by the simple democratic method of a show of hands.  
 IN EUROPE the questionnaire is part of a man's daily life; his birth, his christening, education, marriage, death and burial are subject to it, and his income, as ours, too, of late, suffers a questionnaire only short in its thoroughness of that of the Spanish Inquisition itself. Women in Europe feel an affront upon inquiry into their age, they are inured to it from youth. And what can it matter, my dear, if you really don't look it? So truthful in this respect have French and English women become that it is said that few fail to remember their actual birthdays for more than a slip of ten years or so, although longevity in the sex is limited absolutely to the age of forty.

THE GOWNSMAN has registered his opinions in a la route questionnaire many a day and oft, and he has consumed much honest Greek matter, the essence of the brain, in the process. How often has he recorded his "name, surname, middle name (spelled out in full)"—the GOWNSMAN hates to spell out his middle name or even to disclose it—all at the behest of the questionnaire. How often has he discovered the place of his birth (the only compensation about which is that it is not Philadelphia; how often that distant prehistoric period, the date of his first appearance on this distracting planet. His place of residence, always subject to lively change; his present occupation, his previous conditions of servitude, the maiden name of his wife's aunt—the only name the poor, dear lady ever had—his religion and his momentary admissions to creed, his politics and devotion therein, his hours of satisfaction and trepidations thereon, the color of his eyes and his hair—what there is left of it—his favorite game—as if there could be any game left after answering. All is subject to the questionnaire.

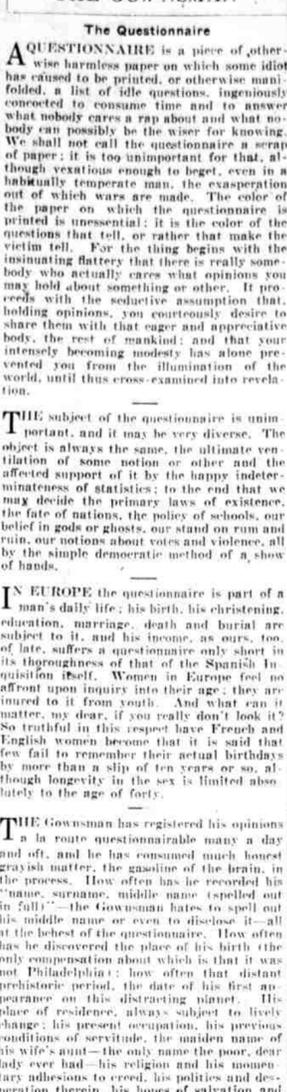
THE GOWNSMAN has often wondered what kind of a man is the compiler of a questionnaire. He must be a very busy and a very idle person. Busy in the affairs of everybody, one wonders if he can have any affairs of his own. Idle, or he would never have the time, as man's traffic with man usually goes to think of such ingenious and trivial questions or to attend to such trifles which nobody else would think of picking up off of the footways of daily life. Sometimes the questionnaire is a school-brother. Now a school-brother is the go-between of the student and his employer, and a questionnaire is part of the equipment. It inquires narrowly into everything and comes always, like Hamlet's father, in a questionable shape. "Is he (or she) a Methodist?" "Does he (or she) drink or use tobacco to excess?" These are actual questions of actual questionnaires. And how is the honest man to answer them? How is an unobedient GOWNSMAN to know whether he (or she) really is a Methodist, except by a Methodist's word? How is he to know from which his nature shrinks? How is he to know whether he (or she) drinks to excess? What is excess? And, nowadays, drinking what? Besides, who is the GOWNSMAN that shall pass on the irrelevance of his statistical results. He is apt to ask you what proportion of your class is unpunctual, or left-handed, or gray-eyed, or pigeon-toed, and he formulates great things on the premises. Sometimes he insinuates, "Do you merely teach the students to read Latin in your school?" or "do you impart to them (here read parenthetically "as I do") a speaking facility in Ciceroan diction?" We reply that just at present we are only teaching them to write classical Latin in only, very fluently, but that we are looking forward solemnly to turning out a Demosthenes or two, probably next winter. Wherefore, the reader may gather that the questionnaire is conducive to that species of comity in lying wherein nobody is worried but everybody concerned feels much more important.

THE professional maker of questionnaires is the most deadly of the species, for having nothing better to do, he thinks others equally unemployed, and he adds to the impertinence of his questions the irrelevance of his statistical results. He is apt to ask you what proportion of your class is unpunctual, or left-handed, or gray-eyed, or pigeon-toed, and he formulates great things on the premises. Sometimes he insinuates, "Do you merely teach the students to read Latin in your school?" or "do you impart to them (here read parenthetically "as I do") a speaking facility in Ciceroan diction?" We reply that just at present we are only teaching them to write classical Latin in only, very fluently, but that we are looking forward solemnly to turning out a Demosthenes or two, probably next winter. Wherefore, the reader may gather that the questionnaire is conducive to that species of comity in lying wherein nobody is worried but everybody concerned feels much more important.

**A VOICE FROM THE PAST**

The President succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation, and the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of.  
 This is not an extract from an editorial in the New York Sun or the New York Tribune. Nor were the sentiments quoted above taken from any of the public utterances of Senator Poindexter or Senator Sherman or Senator McCormick. They are from an editorial that was printed in the Harrisburg Patriot and Union on November 23, 1863, and have no reference to Woodrow Wilson.  
 The President in question was Abraham Lincoln. The "silly remarks" were the Gettysburg speech—New York World.  
 One interesting fact which the World fails to mention is that the Harrisburg Patriot and Union was a Democratic anti-war organ of the most virulent type.  
 In the midst of wonders it is difficult to assess values. An effective way to appreciate the marvellousness of the transatlantic "hop" is to remember how impossible such a thing seemed when Walter Wellman came to grief less than ten years ago.

**OUR OWN, GOD BLESS 'EM!**



**THE CHAFFING DISH**

THERE were no skip-stops in Philadelphia's welcome to the Iron Division.

Early this morning the weather man's morale was said to be crumbling under the strain. We hope for his own sake that he will be able to hold out. The city is in a desperate mood and will not allow its holiday to be trifled with.  
 Even William Penn on the City Hall is said to have turned his head when he heard them coming up Broad street behind him.

**General Demure!**

General Muir says the parade is to be conducted on strictly military lines and ladies must not try to kiss the soldiers as they go by.  
 But surely the privilege of being bussed is one of the most cherished of strictly military privileges.  
 Just for one day nobody really cared about what's happening at Versailles, or whether the seaplanes would fly, or whether the hapless Broeckerhoff feels about the treaty.

**The Whirligig of Time**

Nothing is so ironical as the calendar. Forty-eight years ago today the Germans in Philadelphia were celebrating the triumphant founding of the German empire by a huge parade. In the Public Ledger Almanac for 1872 we find the following item in the "Philadelphia Chronology for 1871":  
 "May 15—German peace celebration; procession nine miles long, and included representatives of various trades and occupations in line. Numerous buildings were handsomely decorated with flags."  
 But a parade of the Philadelphians who have changed their minds about Germany since 1871 would now make a procession at least ninety miles long.

**Tomorrow morning will be a rich harvest for the shoe-shining contingent.**

Fred Eckersburg, the Independence Hall engineer, put Martha Washington, the State House black cat, through a special rooming this morning. Nicely combed and with a tricolor ribbon, Martha watched the parade from a niche under the reviewing stand. Interviewed by our representative, Martha said she had never seen so many feet in her life. She was much impressed by the dog mascots.  
 We predict a considerably over-subscribed quota on home-bound trolleys this afternoon and evening.  
 All the trolleys crossing the line of march were diverted from their usual routes during the parade, and one excitement was to board a car and wonder just where it was going.  
 For one day, at least, the proud and shiny new straw hat yielded precedence to the overseas cap and the steel helmet.  
 Compensation is swift and sweet. Only last week we were laying down our iron men for the Victory Loan. And here they are marching back again as large as life.  
 Today, by the way, the third compass fell due on the second Liberty Loan bonds. But

**Keystone Dialogue**

WE  
 How were you ever so clever in doing it?  
 How did you hurtle them through the Argonne?  
 How did you rush and so crush 'em that ruing it?  
 Is what the Heinies 'll never be done?  
 How did you thrive in that hive of artillery, Popping from "stellings" from Rheims to Sedan?  
 How did you run ev'ry Hun to his pillory Squarely according to Justice's plan?  
 How did you fling ev'ry ring of pomposity, Baffled and crestfallen back toward the Rhine?  
 How was your trick grimly slick with jocosity?  
 How were you ever so wondrously fine?

**THEY**

Seeing we'll take it and stake it's believing, Why have you mullered over books of campaign?  
 Even the best are all dressed with deceiving, Ponderous answers to what is so plain, Why did you jog in a bog of obscurity?  
 Why did you fiddle with figures and maps? Why should a lingering finger give surety, Tracing the sweep to the Meuse of us chaps?  
 If you would know why our "go" had vivacity, Banish all bombast's inadequate aid, Find in the starch of our march the veracity.  
 Taste of the truth in the way we parade!  
 H. T. C.

**What Do You Know?**

- QUIZ**
1. Who is chancellor of Germany?
  2. Name two American Presidents who virtually named their successors?
  3. How many farthings make a penny?
  4. What are the colors of the flag of Portugal?
  5. What is the origin of the line "Wine maketh glad the heart of man"?
  6. What is a rancee?
  7. Who was the Roman goddess of fruits?
  8. In what novel of Dickens does the pompous character of Uncle Pumblechook occur?
  9. When did hostilities between the Entente and Turkey terminate?
  10. What is the meaning of "malice prepense"?

**Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**

1. The first Monday in December is fixed by the constitution for the opening of the regular session of Congress.
2. A sabbatical year is every seventh year allowed for rest, travel, research, etc., to professors in some colleges.
3. "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," was written by Laurence Sterne in the "Sentimental Journey." It is also used in the sense of "never say die."
4. A dead-on or dead-on is a thing forfeited to the English Crown to be used in alms, etc., as having caused a human death.
5. Kansas City is the largest city in Kansas.
6. The "Maaché" is the French name for the English channel lying between France and Britain.
7. Napoleon Bonaparte was known as the "Man of Destiny."
8. The Latin phrase "nil desperandum" means never give up in despair. It is also used in the sense of "never say die."
9. For every cubic foot of an iceberg above water there must be at least eight cubic feet below the surface.
10. Frederick H. Gillett is the speaker-elect of the House of Representatives.

**Desk Mottos**

Nothing so makes reforming as other people's habits.—MARK TWAIN.  
**Special Feature Tomorrow**  
 A notable dispatch from Lieutenant William McFee, our special correspondent abroad. Order your Dish early.  
 SOCRATES.

**Independence Hall, all dolled up for the welcome, looked as gay as a sixteen-year-old.**

The Grand Army veterans have not forgotten how the boys in line feel today. They have been there themselves.  
 The trouble with many of the presidential balloons sent up into the air is that they are not dirigible.  
 It is not so much "beside itself" as "beside its own" which describes the condition of gleeful Philadelphia today.

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