

EVENING LEDGER

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Editorial Board

PERSONAL FORCE AND INFLUENCE WILL GOVERN COLORADO UNTIL THE STRIKE IS SETTLED.

It is not settled yet, and will not be settled until reason and justice prevail.

The truce gives all parties time for sober second thought.

It gives Colorado another opportunity to prove its capacity for self-government.

What's the Use?

THE rehabilitation of the Republican party is essential to the prosperity of the nation.

It cannot be rehabilitated in one State; it must be rehabilitated in many States.

It cannot be rehabilitated at all until the sore spots on it are cured.

Convalescence assumes eradication of disease.

No. It is Penrosism that has given the country a free-trade tariff.

That tariff will be perpetuated if Mr. Penrose is endorsed in November.

This is so open and obvious a proposition that politicians in Pennsylvania are the only ones who do not understand it.

The way to get a protective tariff is to get a Republican President and a Republican Congress.

Mr. Penrose cannot get it. His influence in Washington has dwindled to such an extent that it is scarcely known whether he is in town or out of town.

Even Republicans who are close to him are careful not to let their constituents know it.

What's the use of having a Senator who must be apologized for in and out of season?

Mexicans Entitled to Govern Themselves

THE only excuse for keeping American troops at Vera Cruz now would be the intention to keep them there for all time.

Mexico is as quiet as it is likely to be for many months.

There is a minimum of revolution. The Constitutional armies are amply strong enough to stamp out insurrection.

The Provisional Government when it took charge of the City of Mexico, commended its critics by preventing all pillage and outrage.

In fact, considering the peculiar circumstances under which the armies were recruited and the course pursued by them in the early stages of the conflict, their restraint was remarkable.

The Mexicans are entitled to another chance to prove that they can govern themselves.

Not Blue But Sane Laws

IF THOSE interested in innocent Sunday amusements for the masses will present rational arguments to the next Legislature that body may consider the repeal of antiquated blue laws.

The great mass of the public, men, women and children, have not the means to go to the shore or country in summer, should have the legal right to quiet amusements on the one day available.

The Christian religion is the religion of uplift, of happiness in this world, in preparation for the next.

Let there be a sane revision of the blue laws of more than a century ago—statutes outworn, outlived and perforce outwitted.

A Strong Pull Together for the Port.

THE decision of the majority in the Rivers and Harbors appropriation bill and excise appropriations for such obviously necessary work as the Delaware channel emphasizes the blunder of depending too much on the National Government for assistance.

Improvement of the approaches from the sea is fundamentally the business of the United States, but there is a very big opportunity for Pennsylvania and Philadelphia to co-operate on their own account in putting this port on a parity with any other in the world.

Nature has been prodigal enough, although requiring a little coaxing. It is altogether probable that the next Legislature will take up the matter in earnest.

Philadelphia harbor is one of the State's biggest assets. It should be treated and developed on this theory. The Delaware is the highway from Pennsylvania to the world.

Both it and the harbor must be accommodated to the requirements of shipping, no matter what those requirements may be.

A Good Pilot to Drop

MAINE has sounded the warning. The Republican party must clear for action, clean the debris from the decks, sweep aboard Penrosism, Barzansism, Lorimerism and all the other "isms" which have fastened themselves on the party.

A pilot who can only run the craft into an iceberg is a very good pilot to drop.

Emergency Patriotism

THE old idea of party government has been given a severe jolt by the war. England furnishes a case in point.

It is worth considering, even after the smoke of battle has cleared away and peace or armed neutrality is restored.

Readers of British political news before the war broke out remember how it was predicted daily that the Asquith Ministry was doomed.

The "elder" army revolt seemed the last straw, but when real war came and involved the Empire, partisan lines vanished; a party Government became the National Government by unanimous consent.

In fact, as well as in name, Lord Kitchener, a thorough-going Tory, sits in the Liberal cabinet and conducts its War Department.

Of course, the war precluded all unusual crises and called forth emergency measures of heroic national patriotism.

It put a strain upon all the links in the chain of national loyalty. One result has been to subject the theory of purely partisan civil government to a new test, which shows it not to be an absolute necessity.

If the war shall teach Europe this lesson, it may be that the world will discover a new method in the science of efficient government. Proved by a crucial test to be necessary in war time, why should this new method be less desirable in the piping times of peace?

Belgium also is fighting for home-rule.

Sir Lionel Carden will soon talk himself out of the diplomatic class.

The German colors are being driven out of France, but American dry goods manufacturers can't get enough of them.

Senator La Follette is said to have "presidential plans," but there are some who doubt whether he has the specifications.

That youth of ancient days who fired the temple of Ephesus had nothing on the Serbian boy who fired a gun at the Austrian Grand Duke and Duchess.

The report that the German retreat was awkward and disorderly is not surprising. They had not been having much experience in that particular maneuver.

Some protest has been aroused in Brooklyn by the action of a Magistrate there whose sentences against reckless automobilists are said to be too severe.

But is such a thing possible?

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

WHAT constitutes a successful play? asked David Belasco in reply to a question.

And then the little wizard of the American stage—the greatest producer in captivity—delivered an hour's discourse on a subject in which he is concededly a past master.

"The success of a play is due to its love story, its stage pictures and its underlying theme. Take 75 per cent. stage pictures, a plot and a good love theme and success is assured," said Belasco, and then he added:

"Anybody can write some sort of a play, but it takes a genius to sell one."

SOME ten years ago last summer there came word across the wires that the General Slocum had burned in the East River

and that 1000 human beings, the vast majority women and children, had lost their lives.

On the staff of a Philadelphia paper was a young reporter who had given indications of ability in the line of descriptive writing, and he was rushed to New York to limn a pen picture of the horror as he saw it.

At 8 o'clock that night he returned, went to the office of the managing editor and sat down and—cried. Completely unnerfed, he could not write a line and so an unemotional copy reader wrote the pen picture. Since then, the former cut reporter has blossomed out until now the world of readers knows him as Reginald Wright Knappman, whose income from the moving picture rights of "The House of Bondage" runs into hundreds a week.

ONLY those familiar with newspaper work can conceive what a night like that of the Slocum disaster or the Titanic tragedy means.

Real newspapermen do not get excited, no matter what the provocation. A few hurried orders to reporters and photographers—a brief wire to a correspondent—an order on the cashier for necessary funds and, apparently, the thing is done.

But the collecting of a great news story—one, two or three pages—is not accomplished in an hour or a day. The foundation has been laid months and years before in the upbuilding of an organization.

The managing editor, the news editor, the city editor know their men—they need simply start the machine going.

Take the Titanic disaster as an example. For fully 48 hours the newspapers had known intuitively that something was wrong with the ship—that news had been suppressed. But what?

Then came the bare outline of tragedy—hints of awful things as yet untold—whispers of appalling loss of life. The machinery was put to work—the wires clicked—the typewriters buzzed—the story was printed and the world shuddered!

And yet, simple as this seems, there were stretches of 48 hours when newspapermen stuck to their desks—when weary eyes and strained nerves were on the point of capitulation. Still, it was all in the day's work and as such, done!

FRANCIS B. REEVES, of the Girard National Bank, visited Russia in days gone by and, as a matter of course, made a flying trip to the estate of Leo Tolstoy—altruist, materialist, dreamer—the bete noir of the Russian reactionaries.

The free American and the free Russian struck up a friendship and discussed themes nearest their respective hearts. Then came the day of parting. Tolstoy asked the banker to defer his departure.

"In America," explained Mr. Reeves, "time is money."

"What a low value you put on your time," retorted Tolstoy.

EVEN as our own Liberty Bell is cracked, so has a similar mishap overtaken the famous Roelandt bell in Ghent, next to its prototype in the Kremlin, Moscow, the most oldest bell in Belgium, having been cast in 1214, and forms one of 44 chimes. On its face it bears the following inscription in Flemish:

"My name is Roelandt; when I toll, there is a fire; when I peal, there is a victory in Flanders."

When the Duc d'Alva proposed to Charles V that he should destroy the city, the sovereign took him atop the belfry and, pointing to Roelandt, asked:

"Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un Gant de cette grandeur?" (How many Spanish skins are needed to make a glove of this size?)

The phrase was a play on words, Gand being the French for Ghent and being pronounced as his giant (glove).

PHILADELPHIAN, traveling through the South, came upon one of the largest manufacturing plants of smoking tobacco in the world. Impelled by curiosity he visited the place. At the railroad siding stood a freight car. Curiosity again caused investigation.

The freight car was loaded to the brim with alfalfa.

And not so long ago a freight car, filled with peanut shells, was wrecked in West Virginia. The bill of lading showed that it was consigned to a Western breakfast food factory.

MAORI was arraigned in a police court five weeks ago, according to the date of the information. Through his left ear was stuck a black stick, looking like a slate pencil.

"What is that in your ear?" asked the magistrate.

"Dynamite," responded the black. They led him gently and gingerly into the court yard and separated him from the explosive. Which shows that even on the other side of the world the "safety first" campaign has made headway. BRADFORD.

The Dum-dum Myth

The Kaiser's charge that both France and England have been using dum-dum bullets is merely an echo of a similar accusation against the Germans made at the outset of the war by the French. Both charges are utterly unfounded. They grow out of the hysteria and the ignorance which are among war's lesser by-products.

No one seriously believes that any of the combatant nations are officially and deliberately engaged in violating those principles which have given modern warfare the paradoxical qualification of "civilized."

CURIOSITY SHOP

Aesop's fable about the youth who cried "wolf" until no one believed him is based upon a situation which arose among the inhabitants of Amyclaea. So often had the inhabitants of Amyclaea been alarmed by the rumors that the Spartans were coming that they made a decree that no one should ever again mention the matter.

When the Spartans actually came no one mentioned the matter, and so the city was captured.

In June, 1859, the schooner L'Amistad sailed from Havana for Principe with a large number of slaves who had been kidnapped from Africa. In route, the blacks rose and killed all save one of the white crew. The latter steered the vessel north, instead of to the African coast as directed, and the schooner was eventually seized by Lieutenant Gedney, of the United States brig Washington, and taken to New London.

The Spanish Minister demanded the delivery of the slaves, so they might be taken to Cuba for trial.

President Van Buren was anxious to comply for the sake of comity, but the Anti-Slavery Society obtained counsel and the United States District Court decided that even under Spanish law slave trade was illegal and that the negroes were free men.

The Circuit Court affirmed this decision, and in March, 1841, the Supreme Court followed suit. In this tribunal, John Quincy Adams espoused the cause of the slaves without remuneration. They were sent back to Africa in an American vessel.

The "Appeal to Battle," by which a man might fight with his accuser, remained on the statute books of England until 1819.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

FEW readers were worried when they read a few weeks ago that a strange sect, holding a camp meeting in West Philadelphia, had announced that the world was coming to an end on the 29th or the 30th of the present month.

No excitement followed this weird proclamation, but what a difference there was in Philadelphia, in 1844, when the Millerites were aroused by a similar belief!

It was just such strange prophecies which the educated regarded with indifference that made life worth living 70 years ago.

People then were thirsting for excitement of any kind, and they welcomed Miller's prediction as a break in the monotony of life.

The story of the Millerites and their belief in that of one of those popular delusions which seem to have made their appearance in every age.

The present generation does not have to be reminded of Dowie, whose ideas, while not quite so weird, still were sufficiently different to arouse general interest.

In the past there was a number of delusions that took the public by storm and held them until the true character of the belief became apparent.

The tulps that we can buy today for a few cents once were sold for fortunes in Holland during the rage of the tulip mania.

You see, these delusions are not always of a religious character. The tulip mania was purely speculative and had been nursed to perfection by unscrupulous manipulators.

But this is wandering from my subject. I wanted to say something about William Miller and his delusion that sent dozens of weak-minded persons insane, and in some localities ruined numerous persons.

Miller was born in Massachusetts, but he was a resident of Low Hampton, in the northeastern part of New York, when he announced his calculation of the date of the second coming of Christ.

While a young man he had confessed himself an atheist. He had served as a captain of infantry in the United States army in the War of 1812, or in 1815, that he suddenly became religious.

Then he began to study the Bible, but he also began to calculate the time when Christ was to appear on earth again, and finally he declared that he had overcome all difficulties and had reached the conclusion that the date would be in the spring of the year 1843.

Of course, a great deal of this got into printed form, and soon he had convinced numerous persons who were willing followers. The delusion spread rapidly, but, of course, had its greatest vogue when the time Miller had set approached.

Miller's theory of the second Advent was founded upon his interpretation of the real meaning of the terms days, weeks and years in the Old Testament. I will not attempt to bore anybody by repeating his interpretations, and there would not be sufficient space here to do it.

But I can assure any incredulous reader that it was much like Ignatius Donnelly's famous cryptogram in Shakespeare in one respect: you could not find the answer even after you had the rule to find it.

No one ever could work out Donnelly's cryptogram, and, perhaps, as he was a very bright man, he did not intend they should.

The first date set for the second Advent by Miller was April 14, 1843. The disciples awaited the day with "deepest solicitude," but when it arrived nothing happened. But they were not discouraged. They were assured that ancient chronology was not thoroughly understood, and that a few months more or less might elapse before the welcome day arrived.

In the meantime, Miller had a stone wall built on his farm and there was a good deal of talk about it. Some prying ones tried to know what he intended to do with a stone wall if he was so soon to leave this world.

It also was charged that Miller had refused to sell his farm; and the newspapers were asking him pointedly what he needed a farm for. They also took one of his disciples, J. V. Himes, of Washington, to task because he was engaged in publishing and selling "more than 5,000,000 books and papers."

They added by way of comment that "He must be engaged in a speculation," and thereupon scouted the truthfulness of the prophecy.

But, as in the case of all delusions, Miller had followers in many parts of the Eastern United States. They were pretty well represented in Philadelphia. When the first date had failed Miller promptly referred to the occasional failures of even Biblical prophets, and announced that very probably his calculations had been wrong.

He then asserted that on October 22, 1844, the second Advent would occur.

This statement was made very positively, and the Adventists became very deeply interested. As the time approached some of the followers gave away their property. Storekeepers disposed of their stocks to whoever desired them for nothing. In one section of the country as many as 15 persons became insane. Some of them were not even followers of Miller, but they were afraid that he might speak the truth.

When the day arrived the Philadelphia followers of Miller went to Darby, where they awaited the end of the world. There were more than a thousand of them, and they began to pray and sing.

But it rained. They were very distressed, and when they found the day was not the day, they waited till the morrow. Then there was more rain, and the majority of the Millerites plodded their weary way back to the city along the Darby road. A few were willing to give Miller another 24 hours of grace, but they, too, found his calculations were inaccurate.

When the excitement was at its height, there were advertisements in the daily newspapers of "ascension robes," and one store had a placard in its window to inform passers-by that "muslin for ascension robes" was sold there.

There is none of this kind of excitement now. Few persons have even remembered that the enthusiasts who held what they called an "apocalyptic camp meeting" last month in West Philadelphia, and who are rather irreverently referred to as the "Holy Rollers," have decided that the world is to come to an end within the next two weeks. GRANVILLE.

THE IDEALIST

Wise was the man who said "A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the man who inflicts it."

Here is a little story about a man who is the figure of power in a little church not far from our city. You know the kind of man I mean. Some men, by very reason of their dominating personalities rather than their executive ability, naturally gravitate to positions where those about them look up to them as a matter of course.

One evening this man passed a young member of his church on a street corner. In fact, the young man was the organist, and in receipt of

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Circular Evolution