EVENING LEDGER

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1914

The Mayor Does His Duty

THE Mayor has signed the loan bill in spite of the $400,000 which it carries for the first of a series of Municipal Court palaces. There was nothing else for him to do. Other items in the bill were of such overwhelming importance and the necessity for haste was so great that wise consideration of the people's interest required Mr. Blankenburg to acquiesce in one indefensible item rather than imperil the success of the bill as a whole.

But the Municipal Court grab is not yet accomplished. The gentlemen who are paid with sinecures for their votes in Councils are on the way to daylight. The public is watching them. It is suspicious of anything they support. It is watchfully waiting. It has its eyes fixed on men who call themselves representatives of the people, but take their hire from the Organization.

There will be no business administration of this municipality until dual office-holding is in fact abolished. It is even now considered by observing citizens as presumptive evidence of guilt in betrayal of the city's interests.

Apply the Dynamics of Reality

WHATEVER the United States Commission on Industrial Relations intends to recommend to the Government as a remedy for social unrest, it would be a distinct service to society if it would address at least one of its recommendations to the country at large. It is a recommendation which cannot be put into law books or legislative records. There is but one place where its realization can abide, in the mind and the heart of every man who feels that he is a component part of a great social whole, and that if society can ever arrive at what some early philosopher termed "the best possible system of social legislation" it will have to seek inspiration in what some people call a social religion—that is, Christianity applied to the problems of the day and made virile with the dynamics of reality.

The Dumdum Dementia

ONE of the outstanding evils of the European conflict is the irrational, vicious attitude that the great States of France, England and Germany have assumed in their wordy wars over so-called atrocities. They have turned what should be carefully reasoned, temperate pleas for humanity into mere partisanship. Accusations of cruelty—the official use of the dumdum bullet—have been made by both sides with no other apparent motive than the discrediting of the enemy. Serious, conscientious consideration would have shown the utter futility of it all.

No reputable evidence has yet been shown of the use of the dumdum bullet by a nation now at war. There have been wounds, grievous wounds, unusual wounds. But laggard investigation, on top of flerce accusations, has shown that we only within the new "spitz" bullet, of conical shape, make such wounds, but that the slim, steel-jacketed missile, hitherto thought almost painless, will produce a terrible shock at short range. That, and nothing else, accounts for the dumdum dementia. Meanwhile truth is forgotten and nations neither vindicated.

Two-For-a-Quarter Lives.

UNDER an administration of the Southern Democracy the country is ready to go farther than "buying a bale" to preserve the cotton planter from financial disrepute. Secretary Daniels has some suit for cotton clothing. Perhaps he has seen on a winter vacation in Florida. Maybe he is really anticipating an extension of Mexican "fall weather." However that may be, he has cast in his lot with the Cotton Clothing Club and rushed to the support—moral, of course—of Miss Genevieve Clark's antisilk stockings. The first thing we know the corset laces will come back into fashion and we shall all be leading comfortable, humble two-for-a-quarter lives.

Poland Should Be Free

OF ALL the claims made by the subject peoples of Europe in the present conflict, that of the land of Chopin, Sienkiewicz and Pschibishevsky deserves particular attention. Poland, torn apart by the stress and turmoil of Europe, occupies the most tragic position in the struggle. Her sons are scattered under the banners of three armies. Russia's treatment of the Poles is comparable in cruelty and desolation only to that of Germany. Austria alone deserves credit and admiration for her merciful attitude. A people cultured, talented and occupying a place of honor in the field of art, science and literature, the Poles have borne both the yoke of Russification and the desolation of Germanization. The Czar's promise of autonomy to the Poles, like his promise to the Jews, is but a delusion and a snare. Yet the people of Poland, 20,000,000 souls in all, should be reunited. The republic of Poland should grace the map of Europe. Poland should be free.

The Sure Struggle Upward

THE history of all society is the history of strife and struggle. Out of the conflicts of the ages has risen the modern structure of civilization. All along the path of history, through savagery, barbarism, feudalism and our modern industrial state, humanity has made its way toward the realization of an ideal, which in its sum total can be characterized as social happiness. The attainment of this ideal may be far off as yet, but as sure as the earth revolves around the sun does humanity march forward toward its goal. The march of social evolution has proceeded along well-defined laws of progress. It is wrong to say that we are groping in the dark. We are moving ever onward with an increasing impetus and momentum. Every now and then a gigantic cataclysm like the French Revolution or the war in Europe shakes the elements underneath the substrata of society. These are but incidents in the great drama of progress. We need not fret. Let us note them and pass them by. For out of the travail and struggle of the ages is sure to come a civilization where war and bloodshed, poverty and shame, crime and degradation shall be no more; where every man and every race shall live and work in all the power of their manhood; where fine abilities shall go hand in hand with still finer sensibilities; where every child shall have full opportunity to develop the best that is in it, and where they that are greatest among us shall be our servants.

When the Stage Is a School

THE State of Arkansas has done well in passing its comprehensive child labor law. It has erred only in classing the child actor with children in "hazardous employments," and debarring him from work when under sixteen. The stage at its worst may be hazardous indeed, but under proper conditions it is a valuable school for the child of exceptional dramatic talents.

What is needed is not prohibition but regulation. Massachusetts and Illinois have had an experience with prohibitive law. The verdict of the casual observer, as well as the expert, is that it fails to work where it is most needed. Realizing the lack of public opinion behind the law, the manager of the undesirable theatre brazenly evades it, while his reputable brother fears to allow children in houses where they would be acting under the best of conditions in the best of plays. Colorado and Louisiana have done better. They have placed the licensing of child actors in the hands of the juvenile courts, requiring the manager to sign a bond to comply with certain desirable conditions as to education, salary and guardianship. The child and the public have both benefited. Arkansas, in this respect, is not helping the child. It is only hindering dramatic art.

Conservation of Living Resources

SAFETY first, last and all the time is the slogan that civilization in America has adopted after a series of accidents and tragedies which attracted public attention to the value of prevention. Medical practice for many years has concerned itself less with the cure than with avoiding the necessity of a cure. In government the voters are beginning to realize that radical experimentation must stand the test of safety before it is indorsed. The complexity of our industrial life, the multitudinous endeavors of humanity in this modern age, the daily introduction of new machinery, of new modes of conveyance, etc., render it imperative that extraordinary care be exercised in the conservation of the greatest of our resources, namely, the population. In "safety first" there is social uplift and social progress. As a mere matter of economics the campaign justifies itself.

"Mad Anthony."

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has made another blunder. Sniffing round Broadway, instead of keeping to his excellent and useful work as a curb on deliberate, printed "smut" of various kinds, he has come a cropper over "The Beautiful Adventure"—and Mr. Charles Frohman. As to the play, it is enough to know that District Attorney Whitman has turned down Comstock's charges with the remark, among others, that "the lines referred to portray a phase of romantic love of a nature so delicate and intimate as to preclude either expression or portrayal of vulgarity. The play is neither indecent, immoral nor improper." All of which Broadway audiences had learned for themselves long ago.

It is significant and surely a most welcome promise for the abatement of the Comstock evil, that Mr. Frohman—wrathy at an accusation never before leveled at him or his plays—has sued St. Anthony for slander. The effect should be salutary and lasting.

New Duties and Old Troubles.

DOCTOR CHALMERS' sermon topic, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection," finds illustration in more than one instance. Where is the trouble in Ireland? It has been expelled by a new passion for the British Empire. A new duty compels us to forget an old grievance. The greater determines the lesser. Miss Christabel Pankhurst attracted attention a few days since as a "fury." Today she is training new recruits for the firing line. The suffragettes have lost their political madness for the time, and are rallying around the colors of the empire, which, after all, they love. Such is "the expulsive power of a new affection," such the influence of a new duty breaking through prejudice, animosity and bitterness, as the sun breaks through the clouds. The big perils and possibilities quite the little issues divide. One way to overcome an old trouble is to engage in a new task. Then does a man take up his bed and walk. This truth is amply illustrated in the experiences of the everyday life and especially in the European war.

The Turk has talked himself into a return voyage.

The Democratic party in the United States is Woodrow Wilson.

"Watchful Waiting"—Grand Spectacular Revival of Last Season's Tremendous Success.

Doctor Brumbaugh has been teaching morality too long for any bosses to teach him to forget it.

The "atrocity" howlers may learn some day that human kindliness is about the same under any helmet.

If the poet Villon had been a Virginian his plaint would have run: "Where is the mint of yesteryear?"

Wherever there is calamity there is the strength of Mr. Penrose. He is at his best in the community with the most men out of work.

Italy can tread on Philadelphia's toes as much as she wants to and she will find them to be the best toes that her soldiers ever wore.

That New Jersey iron and steel manufacturer who went into bankruptcy "on account of war" has probably not been dealing in the styles of those metals popular just now abroad.

The President still insists that the Government should buy a merchant marine of its own. The war in Europe had nothing to do with this scheme except to give its supporters an excuse for bringing it forward.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

CHIEF POSTAL INSPECTOR CORTELYOU, of the Philadelphia district, who is a brother of George B. Cortelyou, once a newspaperman but now descended to a mere financier, is a busy man. Cranks, blackmailers and black handers are his special forte. He has saved hundreds of people from the clutches of defrauders, and, incidentally, has helped solve a few mysteries of which the newspapers know nothing even to this day.

Not so long ago members of the Cabinet, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, Mayors and others in public office were deluged with letters, evidently emanating from an unbalanced brain. The writer must have spent all his waking moments inditing the missives, for there were busy days when individual office holders received as many as six and seven each. Cortelyou was put on the case and the hunt began. Suspicion soon narrowed down to George Washington Katzenmuller, a Pennsylvanian. Cortelyou and an aide called on the man. His room was weirdly decorated with newspaper clippings, playing cards, picture postals and odds and ends.

Katzenmuller admitted his identity, but insisted on being called "George Washington Katzenmuller" every time addressed. He confessed sending the letters, but argued that as they contained no threats and were simply advisory the postal authorities had no right to interfere. Knowing him to be in the right, Cortelyou tried moral suasion.

"I know that you have the right to advise the settling of differences between capital and labor by making both eat indigestible pie, as you wrote, thus killing off both sides," said Cortelyou, "but don't you see men in office seldom get letters from strangers, their mail being intercepted by secretaries. So why not send the letters to me and I will forward them."

For a year, until Katzenmuller was sent to an asylum, Cortelyou was swamped daily by his letters.

WHEN Alfred G. Vanderbilt was a student at Yale he had in Vanderbilt dormitory a suite of rooms the furnishings of which cost $15,000. A few doors away roomed a student who was working his way through the university and who was as poor as the proverbial church mouse. The latter was no respecter of mere wealth, and had a habit of borrowing anything he needed, from a razor to a dress suit.

"Hey, Vanderbilt," he shouted one evening while dressing, "lend me the scissors with which you trim your cuffs, will you, old man?"

TO STIMULATE recruiting for the British Army in France, certain girls in Brighton, the well-known English watering place, resorted to a clever device. Early one forenoon they went to the boardwalk and presented a white feather to every man to place in his hat. Naturally, the men gladly accepted the attention of the pretty misses.

But at noon a change came o'er the spirit of their dreams, for a town crier promenaded up and down the boardwalk, crying in stentorian tones:

"The Order of the White Feather has been established this day and is worn by all those who are afraid to come to the aid of their country. Oyez! Oyez!"

White feathers were NOT in evidence that afternoon, and the recruiting offices did a land-office business.

THE "On to Berlin" and "On to Paris" cries of the European combatants recall a story about a certain gentleman known to history as Napoleon. First, however, be it said that Charles XII of Sweden was the original "On to Moscow" man, and that he came to grief on the road at Poltava, where Peter the Great overwhelmed the Swedish army.

Napoleon had begun his Russian campaign and had crossed the River Niemen. Czar Alexander sought peace, and sent General Balmashoff as an envoy to ask the Corsican to go home like a good little man and stop annoying the mujiks. No sooner had Napoleon heard the proposal for peace than he led Balmashoff out of the tent in which they had been conferring and said:

"My dear general, do you think that I brought my army merely to look upon the River Niemen? Won't you please tell me the best road to Moscow?"

"There are many roads to Moscow," replied Balmashoff. "For instance, there is the one via Poltava, Charles of Sweden tried that one."

A reference to history will tell you about Napoleon's "On to Moscow" trip.

NOW that it is rumored that the United States and Spain may act as arbiters in the European struggle, attention is called again to that most democratic of monarchs, Alfonso. Kingly dignity sits lightly upon his still youthful brow. An example of this has just come from Castile, where Alfonso spent a week more or less incognito. He put up in an old inn, where modern improvements were unknown. One morning he went into the courtyard to make his ablutions, like any other citizen, and to shave. A maid furnished a piece of broken mirror. Then she began to quiz the stranger.

"You don't look like an ordinary traveler," she said. "Are you connected with the court at Madrid?"

"I am," said the King.

"Perhaps you know his Majesty himself."

"I do."

"What do you do for him?"

"Oh, lots of things. Just now I am shaving him."

BRADFORD.

Divorce in Kansas

From the Kansas City Times.

One divorce proctor representing society and a raft of divorce lawyers making fees out of that particular branch of the administration of justice!

Is it any wonder that our divorce business is in a very bad state of health and hygiene?

Two or three or half a dozen proctors attached to the divorce courts could handle all the business at far less cost to the "clients" and to society. The business would be much reduced in volume—no one would be interested in promoting it; no collusive suits would dare be filed.

CURIOSITY SHOP

Written on a hackman's slate in Kennebec, Me., was the following: "Joe, send hacks and wagons in time to carry the following to the Bar Harbor train: One wife, two nurses, three servants, four children, five trunks, four valises, three grips, two bundles, one Me."

About 1645 a strange sect made its appearance in England, maintaining that the millennium was at hand and that the Saviour would descend from Heaven and erect the fifth universal kingdom. Its followers went so far as to elect Jesus King of London. Cromwell dispersed them in 1653, but in 1661 occurred another uprising, which was suppressed with loss of life. They conspired to murder the Protector and usurp the Government. They were known as the Fifth Monarchists.

The phrase "gossamer days" was originated in the legend that one Saturday evening a maiden was spinning fine thread in the moonlight. The moonlight drew her up into the sky and now she may be seen spinning in the moon. When "gossamer days" set in, in the early autumn, the white threads she spins may be seen floating about in the air.

Jack Ketch, the English hangman, was first mentioned in 1678. It was he who beheaded Lord William Russell and later the Duke of Monmouth. His successors have been popularly known by his name.

The quotation "He that runs may read" is not from Habakkuk, who says, "That he may run who readeth it," but from William Cowper, who wrote:

"But truth on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery to learn,
Shines side by side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read."

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Recognition.

Instead of the usual "notice to staff" the city editor has caused to be placarded in the news room a "notice to gentlemen of the staff."

Ye district, street and rewrite men who
yearn for the days of old,
When the saucy scribe with his diatribe was
a bit of a common scold;
Ha' done wi' score for the newer game and
your fodder of pork and beans,
Hereafter ye are gentlemen who batter the
type machines.

Hereafter ye are journalists—what though
ye long in vain
For a flowing tie and a hunk of pie and the
price of a dainty cane;
What though ye dream of the olden way
and the one-time mighty pen,
Give ear to the City Editor—he calls ye
gentlemen.

The Friendly Isles Will Stay So.

King George II of the Tonga or Friendly Islands has just heard about the war in Europe. It may be ended by the time he reads through the files of the last two months to learn what it's all about.

Natural Weapons.

Gimlet eyes.
The hook nose.
The biting tongue.
The hatchet face.
The cutting voice.
Keen ears.
The bullet head.
Iron nerve.
The sharp chin.
The marble heart.
The stony glare.

He Lived in Boston.

There was a young fellow named Murray,
Who knew not the meaning of hurry;
And when he was chided
He laughed and derided
His friends and declared—
Really, if I were addicted to the reprehensible habit of using slang, I should find it incumbent upon me, at this particular juncture of circumstances, to enunciate the lightly ironic current expression, "I should worry."

Unlimited Opportunity.

The publisher was in despair.

"What's wrong?" asked the eminent author.

"My best advance notice man has left me. He's writing letters for breach of promise plaintiffs."

Naturally.

"I say, old man, you're looking rather drawn."

"Yes, I've just had a tooth pulled."

Not Yet Decimated

Przemysl still holds out, only three of her consonants having been put out of commission by the Russian guns.

Yes, Where?

Where, where is Whitcomb Riley now?
His rhymes we seldom see.
Remember how he used to write
Step-ladder
po-
et-
ree?
—Kansas City Star.

Architecturally Speaking

Shooting at the towers of ancient cathedrals is something to which not to a-spire.

Censored

"Does your wife bathe? The girls on the beach make some pretty pictures."

"My wife has no time to join in making pictures. She and some others have formed a board of censorship."—Pittsburgh Post.

Vegetable Gardens

"You should by all means have an Italian garden."

"Al right," said Mr. Nurich. "And we'll plant some spaghetti."—Kansas City Journal.

Not a Bit Heroic

"Why don't you see that your daughters learn to cook?"

"Why should I? They wouldn't cook for me. Let their husbands supply the material for them to practice on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Synonymous

Tommy Figgjam—Paw, doesn't "reverse" mean to back?

Paw Figgjam—Surely.

Tommy Figgjam—Then what did Uncle Bill mean when he said that he busted up in business because he had too many reverses and not enough backing?—Chicago Post.

More or Less

This war, indeed,
Is mixed up so
The more you read
The less you know.
—Kansas City Journal.

And we didn't know much in the first place.

Great Guns!

Brander Matthews says the war will stimulate literature. Possibly somebody will write a book on the "six best shellers."—Detroit Free Press.

Di-illusioned

In Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married a daughter of a supposedly wealthy man of that town. A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside.

"I am ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!"

The Briton was a good loser, however, for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh!

"By George! Then I did marry for love, after all."—Harper's Magazine.

IN MEMORIAM

Notre Dame de Rheims, September, 1914.

Men raised thee with loving hands;
Thy stones, more precious than gems,
They wrought for a Light to the Lands;
Now the Light of all Lands condemns
Hun and Vandal and Goth
Who serve the Lords of the Night,
Who have turned the coat of their troth
And darkened Our Lady of Light.

Men made thee beautiful, yea
Their hearts flowed out as they wrought;
Thou wast builded not for a day,
For an age thou wast builded not;
And they carved thy portals and towers
For peer and brugher and clown,
That the Book of Our Lady's Hours
Might endure tho' the sun burned down.

By the grace of thy ruined Rose
By the sullied strength of thy Towers,
Thou shalt triumph, Lady! Thy foes
Shall cower as the hunted cowers.
Thou hast not fallen in vain—
Fallen? Thou canst not fall:
They shall crave thy pity in pain,
Who flung thee hate for a pall.
—Lee Wilson Dodd, in New York Tribune.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

MORE serious attention to markets has been given lately than at any time since 1859, when the city had time for little else. But the occasion which drew attention to the erection of market houses all over the city 50 and more years ago had nothing to do with reducing the cost of living.

We are now beset with that problem in addition to the one of convenience, which was all that seemed to call for consideration in 1859. The establishment of a farmers' market at 69th and Market streets, where farmers from the surrounding country, and as far away as Lehigh and Northampton Counties, may bring their products to Philadelphia, promises to be a very interesting experiment.

FROM the point of convenience it has something to recommend it today, while in 1859 it would have been impossible and ludicrous. Before the elevated railroad on Market street was erected 69th and Market streets was not so near as West Chester, so far as time was concerned. Now it is a small matter of 20 minutes or little more.

One of the first conveniences, we might call it necessities, that was considered for his capital by the founder of Philadelphia was the establishment of a market in High, now Market, street, at Front. The old journals of the Common Council are filled with references to the regulations for this market. Indeed, scarcely one meeting of that body from 1704 until the Revolution passed without more or less reference to the markets.

In those days the city fathers did not have authority to create loans and sell bonds for municipal improvements. When they desired to extend the market sheds another square, they had to borrow from some Philadelphian who had civic pride enough to advance the necessary money. There was some income from rent of stalls, from wharfage and a few other perquisites, all of them rather trivial and small from the modern viewpoint.

BY 1816 the market sheds extended westward on Market street to Eighth street, where they stopped. There were also the sheds on Second street, north and south, and these still remain. Later in the last century similar sheds were erected in the middle of Spring Garden street, by the District of Spring Garden; in Girard avenue, by the Penn Township, and in Bainbridge, then Shippen, street, and in Moyamensing avenue by the District of Southwark. The District of Moyamensing erected sheds in Eleventh street, south from Bainbridge street.

Those were the places where Philadelphia went to market before the Civil War. All of the sheds, except those on Market street, survived until about 25 years ago, and visitors to the city, especially those early European travelers who came here to look us over like some rare and astonishing tribe that had done well under civilization, wrote enthusiastically about Philadelphia and her markets.

WHEN Philadelphia started to regain its commerce and was doing a larger manufacturing business than any other city in the country, in the early 50s, the business men on Market street began to demand the removal of the market sheds. They might be convenient, but they did not believe it. They declared business demanded that the main business thoroughfare should present a better appearance, now that the city had become a metropolis by the consolidation of all political parts of the county.

Accompanying this agitation for the removal of the sheds was a movement for the erection of market houses in the central part of the city. A good many business men, probably to assist in the removal of the sheds more than from any idea that the investment would prove profitable, took shares in numerous market companies that were started. For a few years there was a veritable craze for erecting market houses. Other sections of the city became inoculated with the spirit, and market houses arose in virtually all of the populous centres. Some of the speculations proved failures, or at least enjoyed little success, but some of them are still in being.

FINALLY, in 1859, Councils agreed to the removal of the sheds from Market street, and then the market houses began to assume importance. The Eastern Market was erected on the site of the Bourse. The Franklin Market erected the building now used by the Mercantile Library. Indeed, this building was never occupied as a market, and the statue of Franklin, which was cut by Bailly and adorned the platform over the entrance, was later erected on the PUBLIC LEDGER Building. At Twelfth and Market streets two market houses were built, the Twelfth Street Market and the Farmers' Market. These have been superseded by the Terminal Market. Above Sixteenth street on Market another market house went up, and still another at Nineteenth street.

But they were put up in so many quarters that the housewives soon appreciated their convenience, and the old, ungainly sheds were never missed. GRANVILLE.

Feed America First.

From Life.

Almost any little boy or girl can understand why we might have to pay more for some things which are imported into this country from war districts. That is a matter over which we have no control. We have to pay what is asked or go without.

But can any little boy or girl tell why we should pay more for things which are exported? Alas and alack! the old-fashioned excuse that they who own the stuff are anxious to be richer no longer suffices. We are trying to get away from the idea that we are a nation of cannibals feeding on each other. And there is such a simple way to fix it, possibly a number of simple ways. National governments are granted the control over their exports and imports. How easy it would be to pass a law saying that no goods should be exported so long as the price here at home is higher than before the war rumors began. How would that be?

We have always rather liked the slogan, "See America First." Isn't "Feed America First" quite as euphonious and much more important?

THE IDEALIST

One day a merchant erected a newly tired automobile wheel right inside the entrance to his store. He was enterprising; moreover, he firmly believed in the conservation of energy.

But, more important than all, he knew human nature. One out of every 20 persons in the throng that passed through the door gave the wheel a fresh spin. The merchant figured on the wheel being kept in a state of motion all day.

Down in the basement of the store a washing machine demonstration was in progress. Its purpose was to show the mechanism of the machine in action. It moved and moved all day. For every turn of the automobile wheel upstairs supplied power for the machine downstairs!

Some men make tremendous fortunes simply because they bank on human nature steering along certain fixed and prescribed lines. They foresee the movement, they know what people in the mass have done before; and they know that the change in the fundamentals of the mob spirit from day to day is quite imperceptible.

We can take a lesson from these leaders, even if we do not aspire to wealth. Many of us harbor an indescribable aversion to meeting new people, mixing with folks who are likely to be quite strange and foreign in their ideas and activities. Sometimes we think they know so much less than ourselves that they are quite apt to prove uninteresting dull.

The minute you begin to mix with the mob, high, medium and low, then you begin to know human nature. Continue to keep your acquaintanceships within a limited circle on the strength of their social standing, education or possessions and you will never know it.

Doubtless, the merchant with the automobile wheel had mixed with the mob himself, for certainly he knew its habits. And knowing its habits is knowing human nature.

VIEWS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The story of the death of the former Duma representative, Dazheparidze, which appeared in your paper today, prompts me to say a few words about the Czar's manifesto to his "dear Jews." I was in Kishineff on that fateful day of April, 1903, which has gone down into history as the day of the Kishineff massacre. On that day, the holy day of Easter, some 50 Jews were killed, several hundred wounded and their homes destroyed by the gangs of hoodlums, who, with orders from "above" and with the active aid and encouragement of the police and soldiery, exacted a horrible revenge upon the people whose ancestors, they contended, were responsible for the crucifixion of the Carpenter of Nazareth. It is not necessary for me to narrate the story of that massacre and the series of others that followed. They are too well known and still live in the horrified imagination of the civilized world. The Beiliss trial, too, is still alive in the mind of the newspaper reading public.

I only want to emphasize the fact that the Czar's promise is but a delusion and a snare. He can no more grant a respite from the indignities and persecution suffered by his Jewish subjects than the protest of an individual can stop the slaughter on the Continent of Europe. The Czar never has acted and never can act upon his own initiative. He is surrounded and ruled entirely by a clique of bureaucrats, who are the real rulers of Russia. There is but one hope for the Jews of Russia and the people of Russia in general, and this is that history will repeat itself; that the present war, like the Russo-Japanese War, will be followed by another revolution in Russia, which will wipe off forever from the face of the earth the most hated and most criminal dynasty of the Romanoffs, and that the victory of democracy in Europe will have its effect upon Russia in firing that great empire with the true spirit of culture and modernism. Then and then alone will the Jews and the people of Russia breathe a sigh of relief from the thraldom of ten centuries. JOSEPH SHAPLEN.

Philadelphia, September 24, 1914.

WHERE DOES THE FUNGUS GROW?

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—May I congratulate you upon the engrossing news conveyed through the columns of your paper, both in the news and editorial columns? Very interesting was a recent editorial telling of the discovery of an intoxicating mushroom and its description by Doctor Verrall, of Yale. An intoxicating mushroom must surely prove a popular delicacy, especially if, as the discoverers assert, it has no bad after-effects. I have been interested—purely from a scientific standpoint, I assure you—in the use of alcoholic stimulants from ancient to our times. "The Banquet" of Plato is chiefly fascinating in that it gives a vivid picture of the bibulous habits of philosophers. Socrates is described as passing his cup until morning. Jack London and Will Levington Comfort are the most recent confessors along this line. It indeed seems all the struggles against the redoubtable John have been in vain. As you say, perhaps the reign of Bacchus may be over. But can you tell me where the delectable inebriating fungus can be secured? R. D.

Philadelphia, September 23, 1914.

UNIVERSITY OPPORTUNITIES IN U. S.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—In an essay on university and research work, written by Hamilton Wright Mabie before the slogan of "Educated in America" was created by war conditions, the author has this paragraph:

"Opportunities for advanced work in the American universities are now so ample that study in foreign institutions, while not without its advantages, is no longer a necessity, and the number of Americans in German universities has greatly fallen off."

The whole essay is a substantiation, by means of concrete facts, of this assertion.

F. R. G.

Trenton, N. J., September 23, 1914.

WHAT HAS PENROSE DONE?

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am glad you are devoting the editorial columns of the Evening Ledger to a campaign against the election of Penrose. * * *

You know the saying, "It is the man behind the gun that counts," applied to war. It is a much more pertinent saying when applied to peace and the development of a real prosperity. The prosperity of a country cannot be measured by its great material and financial development. It can only be measured really and permanently by the character, development and opportunity of the great mass of its people.

A. H. TOMLINSON.

Swarthmore, Pa., September 15, 1914.

A NON-PARTISAN VIEWPOINT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Knowing the powerful influence the LEDGER wields in Pennsylvania, I write to you in all sincerity and ask whether you do not think that this influence should be directed against the re-election of Senator Penrose. I do not write from a partisan standpoint, having only in view the welfare of my State. Won't you give this your consideration?

SAMUEL KUNKEL.

Harrisburg, Pa., September 15, 1914.

Killing Off the Race

From the Christian Herald.

From the Christian era till the present time, as statists and historians tell us, there have been less than 240 wariess years. Up to the middle of the 19th century it was roughly computed that nearly 7,000,000,000 men had died in battle since the beginning of recorded history, a number equal to almost five times the present estimated population of the globe.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

In spite of the high prices reported elsewhere, pork is at a discount in Washington just now.—New York World.

It is unlikely that any news derived from German sources would change the current of opinion in the United States as to responsibility for the present war.—New York Times.

Speaking of governmental economy, this would be a good time also to shut off the abuses of the franking privileges and to reduce the expense of the Congressional Record by cutting out the unspoken speeches.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The President has the emphatic support of the country in his vigorous protest against "fake" peace stories which have been sent out from the National Capital. They could be nothing less than seriously mischievous to the cause of peace and, moreover, must put the United States in a false and ridiculous position.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

There is need for the prompt opening of the Federal Reserve Bank system. There is need for a system of finance in the United States that will stabilize and localize the financial affairs of the Union—one that will be national in its character and free from illicit control in the slightest degree by the bankers, financiers, and promoters of Europe, or of our own country.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The President is to be recommended for his refusal to change his Mexican policy as a result of the reported quarrel between Carranza and Villa. So far as the United States is concerned these men represent the same idea. It is the principle of self-rule. If they must fight in order to settle the personal issue, the fact is to be regretted, but the principle remains the same.—New York World.