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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1914.

Get Busy

THE directors of the Union Traction Company met yesterday, proceeded to declare the regular dividend and adjourned. The unparalleled generosity with which the city proposes to treat the property of the Union Traction Company in the construction of high-speed traction lines merits and should receive from the company the favor of immediate action relative to its contemplated participation in the transit program.

The city is in no wise dependent on the Union Traction Company. The company's share in the proposed arrangement amounts to but a comparatively small part of the great sum involved. The inauguration of the new system, on the other hand, without protection of the Union Traction Company, would instantly read present great profits out of the company's returns and would imperil the investment of every stockholder. Such a result the city is anxious to avoid, for the very bone and marrow of the Taylor program is fair treatment of capital already invested in Philadelphia.

In the circumstances the procrastination of the Union Traction Company in reaching some definite decision is unpardonable. Councils, reflecting public sentiment, will be compelled to take action irrespective of the Union Traction Company unless the latter chooses one course or the other very promptly. The defeat of rapid transit by dilatory tactics is no longer possible. Recent mass-meetings are very definite in their auguries.

Throwing Away Money

OFFICIAL primary expenses in Philadelphia County last year and this were entirely out of reason, according to Auditor General Powell, who refuses to approve certain vouchers presented by the County Commissioners. "I will not," he declares, "pay a higher price per thousand for printed ballots than it would require to have the ballots engraved." Other expenditures for which the Commissioners seek reimbursement were on the same extravagant scale. The Auditor General, some of his critics say, is playing politics. Maybe he is, but his position requires that he prevent waste of the public money, and that apparently is what he is trying to do.

Making the Best of the Boy

THE average boy is an undeveloped Titan. Within his agile frame there are packed and pent the forces that are to last him through the forty or fifty years of strenuous manhood. When he gets into trouble it is for the simple reason that some of his energy rebels against the bounds that are set for it. The boy does not want to be a nuisance, he is not inherently bad and he is not predisposed even to mischievousness. The trouble is that experience has not yet taught him what is the best use to make of his overplus of vitality.

Naturally the boy would rather construct than destroy, rather build a shack than pull down a street lamp, mark a trail through the woods than raid a fruit stand in the city, bind up a sprained ankle than kill a cat in a back yard. But the average city boy never has a fair chance.

Time after time it has been proved that the Boy Scout organization completely changes the trend of a boy's life. The moment he is uniformed, assigned responsible tasks, finds a legitimate channel for his exuberant powers, he moves forward along the line of rational development with enthusiasm and intelligence.

The Boy Scout movement has all of the advantages with none of the disadvantages of military organization. It turns rampant and irresponsible boyhood into useful and vigorous manhood. Every dollar subscribed to the Boy Scout work is an investment from which society will reap big returns in efficient manhood and elevated citizenship. Philadelphia must give the local movement the substantial support that is asked. Our future pauper and criminal costs can be cut to the minimum by a little money judiciously spent upon the shaping of the boys of today.

Separating the Sheep and the Goats

IT is reported that there will be no change in the commutation rates of railroads operating out of New York to the south. This may be due to the refusal of the Erie to join in the contemplated arrangement, that road and others apparently being content with an increase in mileage rates and through tickets.

Commutation travel is subject to special conditions. It is a service in which the railroads must compete actively with the trolley lines, whereas on the through routes there is, of course, no such competition. The intensity of the traffic offering disrupts ordinary rules for computing individual cost of transportation, just as a subway may transport a person miles for a nickel because there are so many persons to be carried. Suburban traffic is essentially urban traffic and is entitled to the low cost of transportation common to urban railway systems.

To expect to handle commuters on the same basis as other travelers is to erect a barrier against industrial and other progress and revert to stagecoach methods of transportation.

Ten railway trips to Bala cost now \$1.18, or 11.8 cents apiece, whereas the combined subway-elevated surface fare is but 8 cents. If it does not pay the railroads to operate crowded commuter trains at double the trolley fare, it is obvious that the nation is paying an exorbitant price for steam transportation and that the nationalization of all railroads is required for proper national development.

The German war is likely to sympathize

with the railways in their demand for higher freight rates and to join with them in their protest against extra crew laws and other gouging impositions of the same sort is even more likely to resent the argument that an increase in commutation rates is necessary in the vicinity of Philadelphia and not necessary in the vicinity of New York. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the different State commissions will be inclined to take the same view, we surmise.

Public policy should not permit a railway to make its bed and refuse to lie in it. The roads have built the suburbs. They have encouraged their development. They are under definite obligations to every commuter to maintain the efficiency of their service, and do it at a minimum of cost. If doubling of the rates, as is proposed in some instances, is really necessary, railroad management in the United States has seriously deteriorated in quality.

Stabbing the Housing Law

JOHN P. CONNELLY, chairman of the Finance Committee of Councils, practically serves notice that there will be no appropriation for the enforcement of the housing law, and the word of John P. Connelly is law so far as the committee over which he presides is concerned.

As usual, Mr. Connelly is quick with a plausible excuse. There is no man in local public life more apt than he in confusing issues. He is particularly happy when offering the people a substitute for what they really want. So, quite naturally, he intimates that Philadelphia cannot have its housing law because the money is required to assist the poor. How subtle is sophistry when politics is being played. Possibly if the city is charitable enough its largesse to the poor may be sufficient to pay the doctors' bills resulting from insanitary surroundings.

In the last few months Mr. Connelly has several times appeared as the champion of the poor. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars he was going to get for the unemployed, but the box out of which Mr. Connelly was to get these sums proved very empty upon examination. It is to be hoped that the money it is now expected may be saved by the encouragement of unhealthful surroundings among the poor will really be distributed among the poor, as is promised. It would be a terrible thing if the less prosperous got neither the housing law nor the money, yet stranger results have been achieved by politicians in other times.

But Mr. Connelly or no Mr. Connelly, the housing law is not dead. On the contrary, it is going to be very much alive before the fight is over. If a majority of Councilmen are willing to be paraded before the public as advocates of premature cemetery-filling, a law of the sovereign State of Pennsylvania is nevertheless not easily to be ignored. Before this obstructionist Council has seen the public face opened by other hands than its own, and what are courts for if not to see that justice is done?

Wards of the Whole World

ONLY a few weeks ago Belgium was one of the happiest nations upon earth. Her population was industrious and frugal, her manufactures were humming the song of prosperity, her homes were snug and happy. There was an air of contentment and a sane and healthy enjoyment in living such as few other communities might boast. Then the invader, the reek of blood, the glare of flaming cities, the desolation of ruined homes, with the unspeakable sequence of famine and despair. And all because the prosperous little land lay in the path of the red-fanged demon of war.

Today the Belgians are the wards of the whole world. If the brave men and gracious women of other lands shall desert them now it will be fouler even than the atrocities and barbarities of the war itself. America can easily feed Belgium on what is wasted each day at American tables. Without a conscious sacrifice, without stinting our children or trimming the edge of a single necessity, we can put bread into the shriveled Belgian hands month by month until the nightmare of horror has passed and the day of peace dawns. We must! Every principle of religion and every instinct of humanity insists that we must. What we have already done we must do again and continue to do as long as the need lasts.

Various organizations are doing splendid service. The all-star performance in the Academy of Music yesterday received the support it merited and the grand concert on Friday night deserves full patronage. Each must do all that is possible, and the utmost that can be done will not be greater than the need. Above everything else we must stand by the magnificent work being carried through and projected by the Emergency Committee.

The Passing of Admiral Mahan

ADMIRAL MAHAN had the rare distinction of serving his country as a brave and resourceful seaman and of serving the world as a scientific historian. As the biographer of Farragut and Nelson he showed insight and descriptive power; but it is rather as an authority upon naval strategy that he will be remembered. Until challenged by a German naval writer only a few days ago his opinions were universally regarded as the last word upon the subject, and the criticism aimed at him in the heat of the present conflict will not diminish his renown. In the annals of history he will remain unsurpassed for a long while. America will count him among the most useful and honorable of her sons, and the sense of loss will be deeply felt throughout the country and the world.

"About this time expect" a run of gloomy days after the long spell of bright November weather.

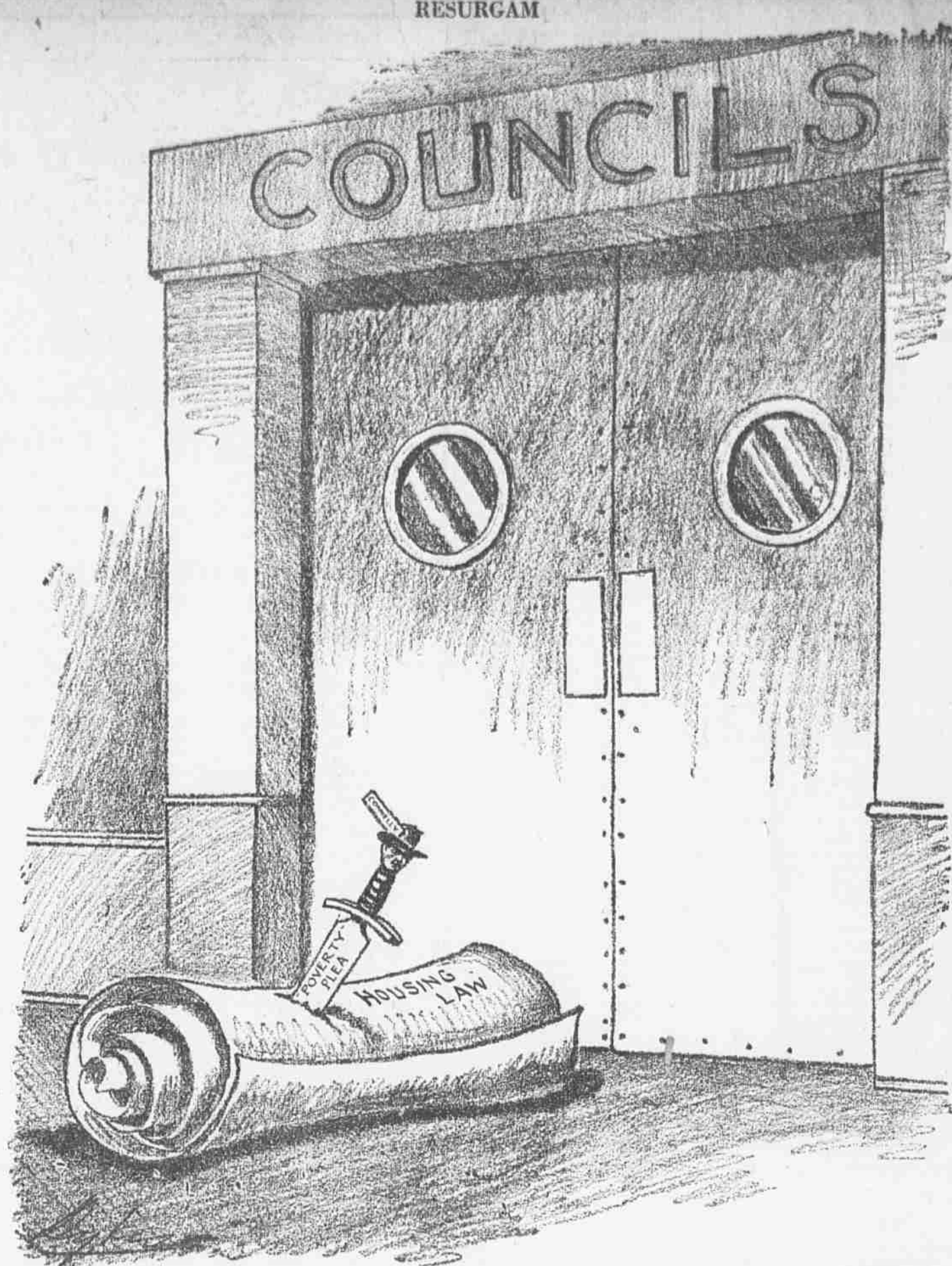
Lowering the cost of living has not been such a failure as it might have been. There are some things that cost no more now than they did two years ago.

Emerson's remark about consistency being a hobgoblin hardly applies to the widely varying official reports issued by the opposing European war offices.

What with first the Kaiser and then the Czar winning, the conflict in Poland resembles the famous battle of the Yalu, where the Russian bear swam the river one day and swam back again the next.

Judged by the cheerfulness which accompanied his 79th birthday, Andrew Carnegie is not only out-Osterizing Oster, but is doing his level best to fulfill his announced determination to die poor, even though he takes his own time at it.

The Paris figure for fully states that Germany is threatened with a beef famine because of the failure of its barley crop. Yet only a few weeks ago it was proclaiming gleefully the effect of the Czar in abolishing vodka as a Russian national beverage.



SPLENDID ADVENTURE IN MATRIMONY

How Big Chief Croker and an Indian Princess Found Romance Through the Mutual Compulsion of Big Elemental Personalities—Hardy Old Warrior Loved for His Scars, Not For His Millions

BY VANCE THOMPSON

I WAS in the smoking room of a famous club the other evening. Of course, like all clubs, it was anonymous and the members were nameless, so far as outsiders are concerned. Any way that part of it doesn't matter, for what was said there was said, I dare say, in every place where men congregate in unpunctuated seclusion.

There in the smoking room were politicians, bankers, men of affairs and of public life—old and young. And as the fashion is, most of them were cynics by profession—an unprofitable tribe. What they talked about was the marriage of Richard Croker and the Cherokee girl. "Why, he's 73!" the old men said.

Now the unanimous verdict of that club—and it represents New York opinion—was that a red-skinned girl had married an old man for his millions.

But look at the thing sanely. There was no one else such a girl could fall in love with. That Croker's millions are peddled to Croker had nothing to do with the case. That they could not be separated from him, except by death, was not to the point.

What was important to her, Frank, savage way of thinking was that Croker got them by conquest. He was a conqueror. The scalps dangling from his roof tree, the ponies rolling in his yard, were signs of his prowess. She saw rightly enough that every dollar was a scalp.

Here was a red-skinned girl who had run about on bare heels among blanketed Indians until she was 12 years of age. A wild thing, but in her the soul of a princess—a raiding princess. What she raided was the white man's civilization and the white man's culture. The beginning was that she "went to school in Muskogee." I do not know what that is, but already it has the air of an achievement—to face and conquer the learning of Muskogee. And then a white man's university in Wisconsin and the diploma of Spinster of Arts; and on-still going on—to the white man's Boston "to study in a school of expression"; and, at last, to New York and the highest white attainments—to ride at the head of a suffrage parade, to beat the war drum in a notable powwow at the Women's Political Union. A wide and swift career she took in those eleven years. She had raided the white man's culture. His civilization dangled from her belt. That was her conquest.

And she looked over the heads of mankind and said to herself, "Where's my man?" With what piped could this red eagle mate? There was never an Indian loved money. That is why they are dying out of our absurd civilization. That Cherokee maid had as soon thought of loving her shoes or the paper she wrote her dreams on, or any other useful commodity, as to love green dollars or round white dollars. It couldn't get into her head that there was anything sacrosanct about dollars. Not even millions of them. She hadn't the kind of an imagination that adores millions. No Indian has. It wasn't money she wanted to marry. Only a raider like herself—as ruthless and successful, only a conqueror should

OVERCOATS

An overcoat is a sort of supercoat, designed for defense. Against a good thick overcoat a hostile winter can charge vainly for months, retiring with great losses in the spring.

The overcoat is the logical division between the broad line and the pay check. It is the first thing a man buys after he has acquired a job and the last thing he pawns while watchfully waiting for the eminent financiers of the land to get over their regular attacks of tenth year shivers.

A good thick overcoat against which a blizzard will curl up and ruin its edge can be bought for \$7. A considerably thinner overcoat can also be purchased for \$120. Yet the man who buys the latter coat regards the purchaser of the former with scorn and alludes to him as "the ignorant" class.

Overcoats tell much more to the careful observer than the palms of the hands. When a man wears a broadcloth coat with a Persian lamb collar it is a sign that he will curse fervently when the income tax is mentioned. When a man wears a costly old coat with billows of furry collar and cuffs, it is a sign that he is perfectly safe to approach the young man in a familiar way and ask him for a cigarette and his college yell.

Occasionally one also discovers an elderly man with iron gray hair wearing an overcoat with billows of furry collar and cuffs. In this case one should mention the stage with caution unless he is willing to spend the rest of the afternoon hearing about Broadway.

Overcoats are a punishment to the small boy, a boon to the grown man and a trial to the old settler who has to be hoisted into one by two daughters and a grandson. Americans are divided roughly into two classes—those who worry about styles in overcoats and those who ask how long they will wear.—George Fitch.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

Oh, Woman, what is the thing you do, and what is the thing you cry? Is your house not warm and inclosed from harm, that you thrust the curtain by? And have we not toiled to build for you a peace from the winds outside. That you seek to know how the battles go and ride where the fighters ride?

You have taken my spindle away from me, you have taken away my loom, you have put me in the dust of it, at peace without cloth or broom. You have shut me still with a sleepy will, with no evil nor good to do.

While our house, the World that we keep for God should be garnished and swept anew. The evil things that have waxed and grown while I sat with my white hands still. They have munched our World till they twined and curled through my very window-sill. Shall I sit and smile at mine ease the while that my house is wrongly kept?

It is mine to see that the house of me is straightened and cleansed and swept! My daughters alive for their souls alive, harnessed and starved and cold—Shall I bear it long, who was swift and strong in guarding them white of old?

My children cry in our house the World, neglected and hard-oppressed—Is my right not then to command all men to be still while the children rest?

I who labored beside my mate when the work of the World began. The watch I kept while my children slept I will keep today by Man. I have crowded too long by the little hearth at the bidding of Man my mate—Man has left desolate!—Margaret Williams, in the Independent.

THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

Dignity, Earnestness and Sagacity of the Gathering an Evidence of Woman's Fitness for Vote.

By E. K. M.

Regardless of whether or not the Pennsylvania suffragists are going to lead their cause to victory in 1915—and some of their most ardent well-wishers are of the opinion that so long as the liquor interests continue to be of dominating importance in the politics of the State, the hopes of linking it up with suffrage is visionary at best—the one great fact which stands revealed at the present time, and which was forcibly demonstrated at the recent convention at Scranton is that Pennsylvania women are not only eager for the ballot, but, what is more to the point, are ready for it. No one, not even the veriest misogynist, could have been present at the six-day gathering of those 350 delegates representing thousands of women all over the State, without being impressed by the dignity, earnestness and sagacity of their convention.

No one could have viewed the caution which they moved without feeling that it was an eloquent refutation of the will-o'-wisp hysteria of which the sex has been often accused, or have contemplated the which they devised—whether it brings about or not—after a careful analysis of the situation in Pennsylvania, without realizing the magnificent contradiction of the character light-headed short-sightedness it was, cheap, inconsequential chatter about mental unfitness to take part in the affairs of government, all the silly, clap-trap talk the "defeminization" of the votes for advocate were reduced to dust and as this representative assemblage.

The modern suffragist, as exemplified Pennsylvania delegate is no "dodo," contrary, she is more apt to prove a breaker than an eyeglass; a fascinating panther rather than a fanatical bore. She knows when to wiggle her husband around to her viewpoint, and she knows when to wiggle up his curls in bringing around to her viewpoint, and she knows a strong dose of John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Olive Schreiner, administered before, and after meals, will be the most means of gaining her ends. And it is no reer or prophet to say that when she begins to comprehend all these things, is not far away.

With the possible exception that it is a bit more serious, a bit more dignified and great deal more energetic, this convention differed in no great measure from the typical man's. There was the same tug between the radicals and the conservatives, the same proportion of striking personalities and colorless nonentities, noticeable in every large gathering. There was not, however—and this point aimed to emphasize the difference—any factional feeling or any dissimilarity of ideals and ambition.

The Woman Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania exhibited but one ambition in its convention, and on this they stood as united as the links of an endless chain. No congress ever saw a greater unanimity of desire. They want the vote, one and all, and they want only the vote. After that they ask for nothing more. Because after that they will have to ask for nothing more. They will be in position to get what they want.

The two extremes of the suffrage cause, the "anti" and the militant, received small consideration from the convention. And rightly so. The drunkard, who is a practical temperance cause, because he preaches what he practices, would never be considered for a minute as a serious opposition to the cause. Nor was it thought that Carrie Nation, possibly the greatest militant the world has ever known, did any big damage to prohibition evils.

The Pennsylvania women adopted the same attitude toward the "anti" and the militant as the temperance leaders take toward the drunkard and Carrie Nation. The former is to be converted, if possible, or ignored, if not. The latter to be frowned upon or laughed at—doesn't much matter which.

When the rampaging Carrie took out her hatchet over so often and began hitting things up to the right and left of her, poor those at a distance, at least—smiles thought the lady a bit crazy. Those in vicinity probably didn't stop to think, so were they dodging. No one, however, for a minute that because one champion cause ran amuck the movement was a harum-scarum one.

No open-minded man would refuse to his ballot for religion or temperance, because there were Carrie Nations in ranks.

The suffrage convention frowned on Carrie Nation-Emmeline Pankhurst tact applied to the campaign in the Keystone. Moreover, they declared against spectacle of any sort, and registered the stamp of approval on the State-wide demonstration which was to take the form of a parade Harrisburg, suggested by an insurgent. Was not sentiment. It was real sapient sense. Parades have been tried here found wanting. Conservatism, on the contrary, has showed the cause along a graceful, and who knows but what it takes it the whole way?

When Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, president of the association, whose personal influence, and who always has been for the policy, conducted along dignified, her chair and taking the floor, from convention that at the time of the national suffragists from New Washington in 1913, when only a tit of Pennsylvania was invaded by a lion, the demonstration cost the last three votes in the Legislature cold shower over the radicals, cast of such intensity, that they had to out when the gathering adjourned.

That question irrevocably ahead of outlining a constructive continued, with the result of an on a more solid, a more optimistic basis than ever.

And whatever her feelings, whatever her conviction, its sort of sport, indeed, who glass to their "apex" as obvious efficiency, if not, speedy success.

The Cotton

From the New York World. Under the new banking law, and credit for loans and less for stock speculation, is largely unlawful to stock and energy in the direction of view of what has been going on, an Attorney General Special Grand Jury right now.

Democracy

From the Kansas City Times. In the light of history, the nation has taken to be the greatest of all men, and just after a national audit, remains democratic.