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flowed in. It is of recent date. It has no ancient pride. It has only present interest. Its energies are not monopolized in past glories. It has not crippled itself with traditions. Its energies are free and ready for work. The old element is too arrogant to govern itself. The new element is not. Hence it is governing New England.

The government of New England has passed from the old farming element that used to be supreme. It is no longer the New England farmer. It is the New England mill-hand who rules New England. The new man is a radical. He is in force. So we have a totally new New England; once the most staid, now the most hysterical end of the country. It is the most astonishing political overturn in our history.

All Together for Philadelphia

THE end of a cramped Philadelphia is in sight. The citizens themselves are about to thunder forth their demand for an imperial metropolis. They are about to throw the hangbacks and obstructionists into the discard. They are about to thrust aside any leadership which is afraid to look the future in the face or is so wrapped up in provincialism and so lacking in vision that it cannot glimpse the splendid destiny of this commonwealth within a city.

The campaign of education waged during the last few weeks has co-ordinated public sentiment and read into the purpose of practically all citizens the determination to have rapid transit and have it quick. The crusade of Director Taylor, reinforced by the comprehensive articles in the EVENING LEDGER, has brought all sections together. The demand is unanimous. There is no hesitation, no doubt, for now Philadelphia knows what it wants and Philadelphia intends to get it.

The mass-meeting on January 14 will make rapid transit a certainty. It will be a demonstration unparalleled in American municipal life. In it every class, section, interest and division will participate. There is no need for initiative or referendum, for more powerful even than a verdict at the polls is a voluntary outpouring of citizens, in vast numbers, in support of one all-important program and enterprise. In such cases the voice of the people has in it the quick impact of lightning and the resonance of thunderbolts. There is no conspiracy that can stand against it, and before it secret agreements for obstruction become meaningless.

"Philadelphia cannot and will not bow to the will or pleasure of the Union Traction Company stockholders or any corporations when the interests of her working men and women are at stake," said Director Taylor last night, and he voiced the deliberate determination of the city when he said it. This is an issue that permits of no compromise, and as far as the play of politics is concerned the lights are out. Councils will not fail to register the will of so vast a gathering. It will be the recording instrument of the mass-meeting's determination.

The period of doubt and hesitation, of obstruction and holding back, is over. A better Philadelphia and a greater Philadelphia is in sight. New arteries that make for growth and without which our metropolitan future cannot be assured will be constructed. Let January 14 be made a red letter day in the calendar of Philadelphia's achievement. Let it be a complete demonstration of the power of the people. The answer to the problem of rapid transit will be found in the magnitude of the demonstration.

A Scientist Goes Astray

PROF. ERNST HAECKEL, of Jena, has lived a distinguished life of 50 years, for the past 30 of which he has been making important contributions to our knowledge of natural science. No one will deny him honor as a world-renowned savant. For his part in formulating the doctrine of evolution his name will always have a high place in the annals of science.

But because a man has been able to trace the minute differentiations of structure or function in species he is not thereby qualified to dictate the terms of peace in a world war. "Old men shall dream dreams," and Professor Haeckel must be dreaming with the privilege of senility when he insists that Germany shall occupy London, annex Belgium, the British and Belgian colonies, another slice of France and the Baltic provinces of Russia as her price of peace.

Of course, Haeckel does not represent Germany any more than Bernard Shaw represents England. But if he did his pronouncement would defeat his own end, because the Allies would only fight with a determination that must mean ultimate victory rather than contemplate such terms.

Books That Redden the Decks

JACK LONDON has an imagination oiled with his blood. In his last book, "The Mutiny of the Elsinor," he gives free play to his fighting fancy, and spills much blood in describing the experiences of the crew of the Elsinor between Baltimore and Seattle. London has never successfully broken from the cosmic, fleshly, materialistic doctrine of brutal force.

"The Mutiny of the Elsinor" resembles "The Sea Wolf," and both books redden the decks with blood. Jack London loves a fight, and he is not less successful in reporting a flat battle than in writing a novel. He reveals the ability, however, of coloring his brutality with the most attractive colors of artistic expression, and, while the reader cannot keep his eyes from Culliban, he realizes that he is reading a man who knows something about real life.

In view of the extensive use of automobiles, this may be known as the great motor-power war.

Turkey's demand of \$20,000 from the American College at Beirut shows what a "piker" Germany's new ally really is.

The most urgent need of the contending forces in Europe seems to be provisions, and the next doctors.

The British may fight with their fate, as reported, but it is too much to expect that the Germans will abide by the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

After the worst fog in years that filled the sky and impeded all kinds of traffic yesterday, this morning appears the eyes of the city what may be another weather-war, as the sun's rays are in a danger of being obscured.

SOME FAMOUS MEN WHO NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE

Qualified for Success by Home Study. Achievement Against Great Odds. Remarkable Record of a Blacksmith. Advantages of Disadvantages.

By JOSEPH H. ODELL.

N EITHER Benjamin Franklin nor Abraham Lincoln went to college, nor did James Watt, George Stephenson, Humphry Davy, Richard Arkwright—the four great Englishmen to whom civilization owes so much, Robert Fulton, Elias Howe, John Ericsson, Ezra Cornell, Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field and Thomas Edison are among the famous American inventors who never had college training. Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, John Hopkins, Marshall Field, Philip D. Armour and John Wanamaker are examples of successful merchants who are not university graduates. Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Henry Clews, Charles Broadway Rouse, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Leland Stanford, Charles M. Schwab and J. J. Hill are a few of the giants of finance who started life without the advantages of a college education. Yet to speak of any one of these as uneducated would be unfair and untrue. They were educated because their powers were disciplined and trained by reading, observation and constant application to the gathering of information or the solving of problems.

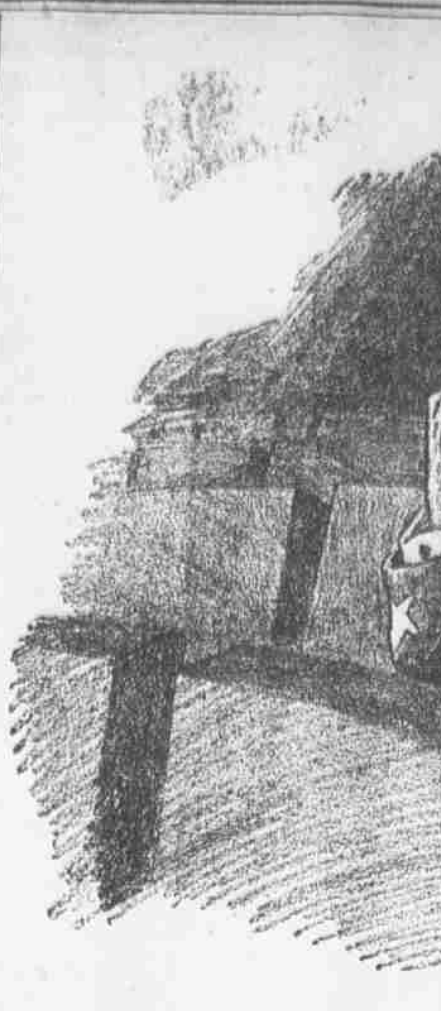
A man may be taught a great many things by professional teachers, and yet not be educated. The brain can be stuffed just as the stomach, but if the mind-food or the body-food is not digested it is wasted. Education is the development of the latent powers; it is not putting something into a man from the outside, but drawing out—educating—what is already there. It is a process that may be carried on by any one who is determined and patient. No one is out of the race because he has not spent four years within the Gothic walls of a university. He can discipline and direct his own faculties, strengthen and sharpen his own powers and he can reach almost any position on which his heart is set, even though he has no Latin diploma to frame.

Stephenson's Career
George Stephenson, the inventor of the steam locomotive, could neither read nor write at the age of 15. He was working as a fireman and man of old jobs in a coal mine. Suddenly he realized that his life would be one of coarse manual toil at the lowest wages unless he got some kind of an education. At 19 he could read fluently and sign his name. At 20 he could write with ease, and had mastered elementary arithmetic. At 21 he had grasped the first principles of dynamics and mechanics. Every hour given to study was snatched from sleep after working 12 hours a day in the mine. William Cobbett, the grammarian, learned to read after he had reached manhood and was serving as a private in the army. Doctor Rittenhouse, the astronomer, began with only a few books, and these he committed to memory in the night. He covered the fences, barn doors and loose shingles with diagrams. Alone and unaided, by tireless study, he became one of the greatest mathematicians of his time. Benjamin Franklin studied while he ate his meals. Henry Kirke White mastered the Greek language and literature while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Hugh Miller, the stonemason of Cromarty, became a world-famous geologist and versatile scholar by devoting his evenings to books after a day of manual labor in the quarry. Science owes much to Cuyler for the result of studies pursued while riding in a carriage from place to place on other duties.

There is a price to pay, of course. The young man who wishes to fit himself for life's highest honors and richest prizes must be prepared to make sacrifices—he must work while others play, study while others sleep and think while others dream. There was a time when what a man might be was decided by his birth; now it is determined by his initiative and diligence. No feudal baron or social law of caste can hold back the one who persists in qualifying himself for a commanding place. Each is his own destiny, the ruler of his own fortunes. And as the rewards of this life yield themselves only to the trained mind, education is absolutely imperative. That solid achievements can be won against the most discouraging odds has been demonstrated not once, but a thousand times. It is no handicap that the ambitious man is without the influence of money or powerful friends or social standing. Such losses are really gains, if they are properly understood. "To be thrown upon one's own resources," wrote Benjamin Franklin, "is to be cast into the very lap of Fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unacquainted."

The Case of Burrill
Elihu Burrill was a blacksmith's apprentice in New England. He determined to obtain an education. He began by studying practical subjects, such as mathematics and surveying. When about half way through his apprenticeship he took up Latin. In the evenings of one winter he read the Aeneid of Virgil. Cicero and parts of other classics. Then he tackled Greek. During the winter months he had to spend every hour of daylight at the forge, and even in the summer he had few leisure moments. He carried his Greek grammar in his hat, and often found a chance, while waiting for a piece of iron to get hot, to open the book with his black fingers, go through a pronoun, an adjective or a verb without being noticed by his fellow-apprentice. In this way he learned all the principal languages of Europe and then passed on until he mastered several Asiatic tongues. He became known far and wide as "the learned blacksmith." Here are a few lines from his private diary that should act as a tonic upon any one who is discouraged:
"Monday, June 15: Headache; 40 lines Cuyler's 'Theory of the Earth'; 64 pages French; 11 hours' forging."
"Tuesday, June 19: Sixty lines Hebrew; 30 pages French; 19 pages Cuyler; 5 lines Syriac; 10 lines Danish; 10 lines Bohemian; 9 lines Polish; 5 names of stars; 10 hours' forging."
"Wednesday, June 20: Twenty-five lines Hebrew; 5 lines Syriac; 11 hours' forging."
The famous Scotch scientist, John Hunter, who made an anatomical collection which the British Government bought for \$75,000, learned to read and write while working at the carpenter's bench. He believed it was in him to become a great man and that no sacrifice was too great to make for the end desired. By giving up every amusement and cutting down his sleep to the minimum he was able to place himself at the head of the medical profession in a few years, besides making the world his debtor for many remarkable discoveries.

Trade, Not Speculation
From the Boston Transcript
When securities are depressed, Americans are prone to think that there is no bottom to the market, and that a change is needed. But the best advice is to trade, not speculate. To an extent unappreciated in this country, it is clear that between speculation and



WASHINGTON VS. PHILADELPHIA

Remarkable Results Attained in the Capital in the Betterment of Tenement Conditions.

If the members of Select and Common Councils seek a precedent for action on housing legislation in Philadelphia, they need only to turn their eyes southward to Washington. A few years ago the capital of the United States contained some of the worst slums of any city in the entire Union.

Within a few hundred yards of the Capitol itself was the notorious "Willow Tree" slum; a veritable labyrinth of rookeries, inhabited by blacks and whites; alleys leading into alleys, lined on both sides with structures of miscellaneous homes; filled with rubbish and of all, offensive alike to eye and nose; in short, a pest-hole of the worst description. It was aptly named, for its entrance was typical of the trunk of a tree, while the runways to which the entrance led suggested branches.

Within a stone's throw (literally, not figuratively) of the British Embassy, in the heart of the aristocratic section of northwest Washington, was a similar slum, though not so notorious when viewed as an object of interest to visitors of a morbid turn of mind as was the "Willow Tree."

These were but two of the centres of poverty, filth and disease in the capital. In addition, there was the so-called "Division," or what in other metropolitan cities is commonly termed the "Tenderloin." While one part of this latter section partook of the aspect of a well-regulated and carefully groomed residential quarter, the remainder was in certain respects as bad from a sanitary viewpoint as the abodes of the physically fit or morally unclean poor.

Then came the advent of the Wilsons—as a family. Mrs. Wilson, aided by her daughters, investigated the housing conditions. Investigation led to agitation and agitation to a campaign for a "clean-up," such as Washington had not experienced since the days of "Boss" Shepherd.

Congress, which is relatively the same to the District of Columbia as Councils are to Philadelphia, was appealed to for remedial legislation. The response at first was slight. But public opinion was aroused, and, although the residents of the capital have no vote, their demand proved too strong to withstand. First came a clean-up of the "Division." There were no raids. A police blockade was declared, with the result that the habits of the "Tenderloin," their nefarious trade cut off, soon moved. The campaign proceeded. The "Willow Tree" quarters of human misery was made a centre of assault. Its almost unbelievable conditions were opened to the limelight of public gaze. What happened was tragically recorded during the lamented closing hours of Mrs. Wilson's life, when she breathed forth a desire that Congress enact the legislation that should wipe out blind alleys and stagnant arteries of human existence. The President put the matter before the Congress leaders, and, as also has been recorded, Mrs. Wilson had the satisfaction of knowing before her death that her desire for decent housing had been carried out.

Philadelphia was the capital of the nation before Washington or the District of Columbia was dreamed of, and was the seat of government during the most historic days of the country's career. It today contains and venerates the edifice from which the liberty of the American colonies was proclaimed. Yet its Councils would seem to be reluctant to eliminate conditions similar to those which existed in Washington only a few years ago.

Will the most historic municipality of the nation lag behind the official merely for want of enabling legislation that is patently demanded by all citizens who take pride in the "city of homes."

THE BALKAN FIFTH ACT

Turkey's Entry Into the World War Declared Logical.

The advent of Turkey among the combatants has been variously viewed. One of the most interesting analyses comes from Frank H. Symonds in the New Republic. Mr. Symonds finds in the arrival of Turkey on the battle line something so logical as to suggest the fifth act of a drama immeasurably grand and technically perfect. A general who the Great Powers, seated about the table at the Berlin Congress, turned back two million Bulgarians in Thrace and Macedonia to the gentle mercies of the Turk, in order to protect their own peoples from war. Similarly the Serbs of Bosnia were transferred to the actual but not the titular sovereignty of Austria. The Greeks of Epirus, Macedonia and the Aegean Islands were left beneath the Ottoman yoke. Russia was placated by leave to rob her ally Rumania of Bessarabia, inhabited by Rumanians. Bulgaria was granted a permit to seize the Bulgarian land of Dobruja.

So today we have the fifth act, the world war. The men, women and children of Macedonia, Thrace and Armenia, who were sacrificed that there might be peace north of the Danube, have died in vain, but not unavenged. Champagne and Picardy, Brabant and Flanders, East and West Prussia, Galicia and Poland, now know the horror that was the share of Macedonia for a generation.

As this terrific conflagration mounts higher and higher, the pacifists perceive in it the negation of all things sound and best in human life. They feel that the peace that was before and pray that it may speedily return. Yet granting as that is said of the horror of all wars of this kind beyond all others, is there not discernible in it proof that the insupportable ancient condition to peace is that it shall prevail south of the Danube as well as north?

That the men who are fighting and

AT THE THEATRE OF WAR



OUR ARMY

Plearly should prosper, those of the Balkans have perished for a generation. That there might be peace for England, Germany, Austria, Italy and France, these nations consented to the torture of those in Macedonia. Looking backward, then, is it not possible to perceive that the thing some men called peace was, in fact, a sham, an inveterate now fallen to the estate which is the final phase of all inveterates in a world in which the truth does most remorselessly prevail?

Our standing army consists of two mouthfuls of infantry, with an appetizer. The United States supports about 60,000 soldiers, who are ready at any minute to answer to the call of their country and push ten million invaders off our beloved soil. Nothing would be so inspiring as a patriotic American business man as to watch its number band hand made into ten times its number to a disorganized remnant of supplicants for quarter. Miracles are always inspiring to watch. The United States has always been averse to employing large bodies of American young men in the arts of idleness, such as a standing army always furnishes between wars. While all Europe has been an armed camp, the American has gone on placidly accumulating business, automobiles, indigestion, tickets to the world's series and offices of trust in the gift of the people. Peace has been an unparalleled blessing for this country, and if the question were voted upon tomorrow America would roll up a tremendous majority for international amity, with loving cups on the side.

The United States and Belgium agree thoroughly on this point. No country has sired peace more passionately than Belgium, when the lid came off last August. If Belgium had had five times as many soldiers and a few siege cannon with threats as her wish, she might have gotten her wish. But the Belgian army was not noticeable in the general confusion and the German army stroled over it.

We may always have peace in this country, and then, again, some victorious and snorting power may decide to get mad at us on 119 counts and capture the Old Faithful Geyser. If this happens, we must rely on our gallant 60,000 men, who will be backed up by a resolute and valorous patriotism and an ignorance of military methods as abysmal as the Grand Canyon. Perforce we should not insult these brave defenders of our peace by increasing their numbers, but it does seem as if the average American ought to be taught which end of a musket to grab in a case history decides to repeat itself and history repeats a regular phonograph when it comes to repeating—George Fitch.

Through the Canal
From the New York Tribune
When the old Oregon leads all her proud successors over the American continent, she will look back some 15 years to the anxious spring of 1899. Then the Oregon was in her prime; but she was built on the west coast, and there she was in the hour of need. Her trip through the Strait of Magellan in 85 days from San Francisco to Key West was a magnificent record, and it happened, it brought her to the battleground in time. But the moral was plain and the immeasurable value of an isthmian canal was brought home in a fashion Americans could never forget. As the Oregon climbs through Culebra from sea to sea in a matter of a few hours, the circle will be complete and the lesson will be written for all the world to read.

GODS OF WAR
Fate waits on from the plumes' shore:
We swim beneath the epic skies:
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize:
Where the beaked galleys clash, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas!
High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep
The winged chariots take their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters and suffer wings
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath;
More loud the battle-cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. Now have ye warred,
Defeated armies of the Lord?
This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fall:
His prophets have not lost their power;
Curses and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace!
With the dead circling of the suns
Thou couldst not feel their power increase.
I, how the dust and suffer wings
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream told outcasts born:
Could overthrow the pride of kings?
They pray on Christ the ancient scorn.
His love is good and suffer wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abuse his name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence to the heart's dunes,
O Nations, is not Zeus today,
Along a hundred leagues of death.
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we held,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high