

Evening Ledger

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When you see failure on the broad highway stop long enough to take the reason why out of his pocket. Then hurry along to catch up with success.

The Old War Horse Does Not Flinch

The gentlemen who attended the conference in the Mayor's office yesterday to consider the problem of unemployment were not at all confused or misled by incidentals. They knew that \$50,000 would not solve the unfortunate situation, and they realized fully, too, that the thing to be sought is a permanent and not a temporary remedy.

The conference represents the first scientific attempt to aid the unemployed, in contrast to the political blundering that has characterized other so-called efforts. The Mayor's statement indicates that the municipality and other large employers of labor will undertake to distribute employment among the greatest number possible during the present crisis, to bring men and jobs together, and later to initiate legislation devised to provide a clearing house for employment.

The municipality's part in this program will depend largely on the attitude of Councils, which in turn is dominated by the Finance Committee, over which John P. Connelly presides with dignity and authority. Mr. Connelly, we surmise, will be glad to do something to help the unemployed if he is shown how. He has been somewhat stumped, it seems, by the immensity of the problem and its possible effects politically.

The people of Philadelphia, disgusted with Councils, have looked to the Mayor to overcome all difficulties and do something. The "Old War Horse" is not disappointing them. The conference yesterday was a guarantee of that, and something tangible will be done unless the stubbornness of Councils passes all bounds.

President Will Not Be Fooled

IT IS announced that the President will veto the Immigration bill if it comes to him with the literacy test left in it. So he ought. The character of a man has never yet been tested in a spelling book. It may be a crime to be ignorant, provided an opportunity not to be ignorant has been neglected, but, unfortunately, the American public school system is not in vogue in all parts of the world.

The unfrightened Democrats of South Carolina, where Governor Blewett is about to retire into obscurity, would be in a pretty fix if reading and writing were required of them. A good many thousands would have to emigrate to Patagonia. Yet they are of good American stock and are not lacking in the attributes of patriotism. Some of the great heroes of the world regarded scholarship as a sign of effeminacy. They could not write and they refused to be taught.

Lawmaking in the Open

THE newly chosen Speaker of the Assembly of New Jersey promises a much-needed reform in lawmaking. Simple in itself, it bids fair to make those legislators who would conceal their ulterior ends beneath a cloak of verbiage come forth and reveal themselves. The promise is that when a legislator introduces an act he shall accompany it with a brief explaining exactly its purpose and intent. Too often a "snake" has been hidden within a wealth of words, virtually meaningless in themselves, yet later found by the courts to be expressive of an entirely different meaning from that which was understood by the lawmakers and public at the time of its passage.

New Jersey already has an examiner, or editor, of legislation, whose duty it is to see that enactments are couched in clear English; but even he has been unable to prevent the introduction of acts the true nature of which is obscure from the mere reading of the title.

Trifling Does Not Pay

GOVERNOR HARRISON is confident that there is not likely to be an outbreak of serious proportions in the Philippines. Why should there be? However tyrannous our administration may be, it is nearly perfect in comparison with what went before. To be sure, the people of the United States might well rebel against bearing any longer the white man's burden in that far territory, but the actives to complain would be the blindest sort of ingratitude. They have been handed something good on a silver platter, and they ought to hang on to it with the fury of centaurs.

The trouble is that some speculative and unscrupulous souls in that part of the world are using the money the United States has been

regaled by some of its eloquent leaders. They have been misinformed and beguiled. Some of them, no doubt, have been examining their bodies for the bruises which they cannot find, and other marks of cruelty. The Filipinos must not be governed against their will, therefore, say our legislators, let them be turned over to the tender mercies of bandits. Give them freedom; that is, let them Mexicanize themselves. Let them riot and murder and ravage, if they want to, for it is of such things that democracies are made.

It is a pity that the Filipinos should be the victims of wild theorizing here, but it has long been a maxim that there is nothing so good as deliverance from one's friends. Yes, the Jones bill is probably the cause of the conspiracy, but through the promises of its friends and not the opposition of its opponents. The incident doubtless will be of considerable value in tempering Governor Harrison's attitude. In government trifling never pays.

The Port is the State's

THE State of New York built New York City when it built the Erie Canal. One of the most valuable assets of Pennsylvania is the port of Philadelphia. It is an asset which the State cannot afford to let deteriorate, either actually or comparatively.

The port is a piece of machinery which must be kept in perfect order at all times, up-to-the-minute in equipment, and its facilities offered at moderate cost to users. That the State should put the full weight of its credit and resources behind the port improvement movement is too obvious for argument. This is the program:

We recommend that the State build wharves and warehouses provided with the best mechanical transshipping equipment; that she take steps for the completion and improvement of the belt line railway and its connection with wharves, warehouses and railroads; that she maintain wharves for transient or independent vessels; that she build a drydock to accommodate ocean steamers of the largest type; that she keep the docks dredged, and that she provide deeper channels in the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. If the initial steps for elaborate improvements are taken at this time, Philadelphia with its natural advantages will be restored to the position of commercial supremacy that she once occupied.

The sooner it is translated into fact the better it will be for Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

Brain Bacteria

PROF. LOUIS F. BISHOP'S theory that hard, consecutive brain work induces an insidious disease which shortens the lives of intellectuals need not halt the mental efforts of the ordinary man. The majority of us are willing to take such chances of longevity as come to Little, Mommens, Dollinger, Emerson, Gladstone, A. G. Wallace, Cardinal Newman and others of similar mental calibre. In fact, it would not require a very large cemetery to accommodate the men who have thought themselves to death. But even were there such danger it would be better to die young and give the world a few vital thoughts than to live for a century and be nothing more than an echo.

"Me, Jim and Justice"

TOUCH the Organization on the quick and it hollers, as Director Porter has found out. Let a prisoner inform certain Magistrates that he is under the protection of this or that politician and his innocence is established immediately; that is, he does not have to establish it, but is automatically released.

"What is the prisoner accused of?" "Assault and battery, your Honor." "Guilty or not guilty?" "That is irrelevant," interrupts Jim McShane, boss of the Steenth Ward. "The defendant's a friend of mine."

Simple, isn't it? Yet multiply the incident by a thousand, and the voting strength of Jim McShane is easily explained. The fellow who gets arrested now and then for misdemeanors always has the boss to say the word that gets him off scotfree. That is what Magistrates are for, which will be of interest to people who have imagined that these eminent gentlemen were for ornament only.

The police are handicapped when the friendships of a prisoner are of more importance than his guilt or innocence, of course, and Director Porter is quite right in saying so, even if it brings down on him the exhortation of an eminent Judge. And the "women of the street" seem to be particularly fortunate in obtaining quick releases. Director Porter has the proof. He is not "talking through his hat." That, perhaps, explains why the Organization is disgusted with him.

Bank on Men, Not Methods

THERE is nothing to criticize in the recommendations of the Pennsylvania Economy and Efficiency Commission. Undoubtedly a number of the State departments can be improved by the introduction of up-to-date business methods. Let us reform or rearrange the auditing, systematize the purchasing and redefine the duties of the several officials. But even if we get the mechanism of administration perfectly modern and absolutely flawless it will be no guarantee of good government.

Nothing can ever be a substitute for brains and conscience. We may have antediluvian methods and medieval machinery and colonial buildings, but if we have big, broad, enthusiastic, clean and patriotic men filling public offices we shall have good government. The power of appointment possessed by the Governor is worth more than all of his other powers combined. If he refuses to make appointments simply as a reward for past political services, or with a view to insuring a future party victory, and makes his choice purely upon the character and the ability of the candidates, he can be sure of a notable and successful administration.

The President came within two years of being 60 years old yesterday.

It is all right for the Italians to take Albania, but there has never been a king who could stay there.

This Mexican business is pretty hard on encyclopaedia publishers who are trying to keep their volumes up to the minute.

There are always plenty of conventions meeting in Philadelphia, and then some more. It is the convenient place.

The trouble with the Russians is that just about the time their entire force seems to have been whipped the main army arrives.

The aeroplane is doing things while the Zeppelins are waiting for something to turn up. It is the mosquito that counts in coastal warfare.

POLAND'S UNDYING NATIONAL SPIRIT

What the War Means to a Country Suffering, Like Belgium, the Hardships of a Conflict Which It Had No Part in Making.

By EDMUND FULLER

SHOULD this war end with the autonomy, a reward for fidelity to Russia in her hour of need would be no undue compensation for the trials through which the unhappy land is now passing. The Poles, like the Belgians, are suffering from the hardships of a contest in which they originally had no interest. The determining battles between Russia and Germany are taking place on Polish soil; and, which ever wins, desolation must be for the time the portion of the people.

The woes of Poland are as familiar in romance as in history. In that fearful novel which a former generation read with avidity, "The House of Warsaw," they were recited with sentimental rapture; and the Thaddeus of our old friend, "The Bohemian Girl," could always bring down the house with his stirring reference to the time when the fair land of Poland was plowed by the hoof of the ruthless invader.

Freedom's Shriek

The historian, less partial, has had to confess that, little as the partitions of the country were justified in morals, the inhabitants themselves were not wholly blameless for the fate that overtook them. Freedom may have shrieked when Kosciuszko fell, but she had been previously wounded in the house of her friends. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the inability of the Poles to govern themselves made their country for years the plague spot of Europe. Almost from its first appearance in history, Poland was cursed with a military aristocracy quite as arrogant as that of Prussia in later days—a class out of sympathy with the needs and desires of the body of the people.

The country emerges from the darkness at the end of the 18th century with the achievements of its first King, Boleslaw, who, after incessant warfare, dominated the whole region from the Carpathians to the Baltic and the Elbe to the Bug. When he died the whole structure collapsed, and for nearly three centuries Poland, divided and subdivided, was devastated by her neighbors. The Tartar invasion in the middle of the 13th century left her well-nigh prostrate. The Lithuanians and the Teutonic Knights between them might have completed the work had it not happened that the force of circumstances drew Poland and Lithuania together under one King.

In 1506 Sigismund the Great came to the throne, and under him and his son the kingdom far exceeded its old power under Boleslaw. Its western boundary was 90 miles from Berlin, its eastern 150 miles from Moscow. Its population doubled. Its industries developed and settled government blessed its inhabitants. But with the death of the second Sigismund it passed under the sway of elected kings, its Diet became an oligarchy, and its aristocratic military caste obtained full domination. Nor was the rule of this caste even efficient. The liberum veto, or the right which any member had of objecting to and thus blocking legislation, made it possible for an individual or a faction to force the Diet to a policy of inaction, no matter what the peril of such a policy might be. This brought the nation to anarchy on more than one occasion.

In fact, the history of Poland from this time down to the third partition in 1795 is a rather dreary chronicle of disorder and disaster which the heroic deeds of men like Sobieski and Kosciuszko cannot altogether redeem. Sobieski defeated the Turks and saved Vienna, but he accomplished nothing in the way of the internal reforms which the country needed so much. It may be doubted if any one could have done this. The turbulent nobles had the real power, and they used it solely for their own benefit. The miseries of the peasant class could hardly be greater under a foreign tyranny.

The Land of Kosciuszko

Sobieski's successor was Augustus of Saxony. He involved the country in war with Sweden, and Charles XII tried to force Stanislaus Leczynski on the Poles as their King. He did not accomplish his object; but the elective nature of the monarchy enabled Russia later to get the place for Augustus III, and on his death for Poniatowski. These were the events which led to a league among the more enlightened Poles to reform the Government and to preserve the national independence, now obviously threatened. The movement failed, and the various partitions of Poland among Russia, Prussia and Austria followed. It was against the second partition, in 1793, that Kosciuszko and his associates fought.

That episode is in some respects the most splendid in all Polish history. Kosciuszko, as Mme. Sembrich has reminded us, had fought in the American Revolution, where he greatly distinguished himself under Gates and Washington, and was chief engineer in constructing the fortifications at West Point. After the war he received the thanks of Congress, and was made brevet brigadier general. These military experiences were of value to him in his attempt to free Poland. Although finally defeated, he kept the field for six months against a greatly superior force. Thereafter Poland ceased to exist. To Austria, Russia and Prussia went the spoils and the honors of war.

Austrian Poland has been fairly contented. Russian Poland, after the failure of the liberal constitution granted by Alexander I, has been a hotbed of smoldering hatred against the barbarous methods of its masters. German Poland has resisted to the uttermost the policy of peopling it with German immigrants. Yet in this time of trial the sympathies of the Poles seem to be mainly Russian, largely because of the promises which the Russian Government has made. Whether these promises are kept or not, whether Poland is reunited under the Russian or the German flag, the undying spirit of nationality has been greatly revived by the very distresses from which the people suffer. Not the least important change in the map of Europe is likely to be observed here when the war is over.

John Muir and Emerson

From The New York Sun. To John Muir there was no peril, nothing nearly, save an accidental fall in the American wilderness. "One should go to the woods for safety," he said. Civilized towns he regarded as more dangerous and hostile. A man could take care of himself in the wilderness and nature was beautiful. He practiced what he preached. With a bundle of bread and some tea he went into the Sierras alone at all times on the year. He never missed death and he never saw it. He was safe and happy in the tremendous woods of nature he felt alone. The bear was a comrade—Muir never carried firearms—the rattlesnake he never shot. He was a simple man, but his life was a story of the greatest beauty in the world. One of the greatest misanthropes of Muir's life was Emerson's shrinking from a night in the sequoias under the stars. The Concord philosopher came to see the big trees, Muir was his guide and a sunset glow transfigured the west. "What an opportunity for the author of the 'Song of Nature'!" In vain his admirer pleaded with him. It was getting late, the dew was falling, there was a chill in the air, the camp bed was rough, strange noises were abroad, and Emerson left Muir to his wilderness.



UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE LABOR MARKET

Cost to Workers and Society at Large of Present Inefficient Means of Bringing the Jobless Man and the Manless Job Together.

By JOHN B. ANDREWS Secretary American Association for Labor Legislation. [By special arrangement with The New Republic]

OLD-TIME HOLIDAY "ADDRESSES"

Night Watchmen of Philadelphia Used to Present New Year Verses to the Householders.

THERE is a species of native poetry that has completely passed into eclipse, and though to a large extent it was rather crude in style and not very lofty in its homely sentiments, it seems a pity that it is no more. For many years the native muse used to find expression in the "addresses" which were distributed by the newspaper carriers and by the city's night watchmen, before the days of the police.

The annual addresses which the watchmen used to present to householders in expectation of a gratuity at Christmas went, of course, into oblivion when the city was consolidated and the watchmen gave place to a more or less regular police. But the newspaper carriers continued the custom until about the end of the Civil War. That was a period of reconstruction in this city, as well as in the South. The old times and old customs were beginning to give way to newer ideas and practices.

There was something delightful about the unadorned way in which the watchmen and the newspaper carriers offered in verse their claims to be remembered at the festive season of Christmas and New Year's. In the eighteenth century, when the carriers, then usually boys, began to present the sheet containing a poetical description of world-enveloping events of the year coming to a close, the verses were of a higher type than in the last century, when in all of the watchmen's addresses a decidedly mercenary note was struck. In the carriers' addresses, almost until the custom died, the verses were more of an offering than a deliberate demand for a gift.

A few of these ancient addresses still remain in the collections of antiquaries, and they give a fairly lively impression of just what the custom was. The newboys of the eighteenth century, as did their successors, the carriers of the nineteenth, usually selected some writer with a poetical gift who would agree to write the verses for a small sum, or, perhaps, would do it as a contribution to the cause.

In the collected works of the young Pennsylvania poet, Nathaniel Evans, who died in 1767, in his 25th year, there will be found a copy of the address he wrote for the newboys to give to their customers at New Year's, 1762. Evans was a young minister who had decided poetical gifts, and no one who reads his "Verses for the New Year, 1762," will doubt that probably not one of his young newboys had any very clear idea of what he was driving at. The verses are filled with poetical similes, which must have entirely passed over the heads of those whom they were intended to profit. It was, in short, a rather high flight.

The addresses of the old-time watchmen went right to the point, and even debated it with the prospective giver. The address of the Philadelphia watchman for the year 1818 is an excellent example of the style, both of the verses and of the rather humorous audacity of the petition.

In the course of a dialogue between a watchman and a citizen this occurs:

CITIZEN. You've no title of me to expect a reward, With all the appearance and pride of a lord; For watching Philadelphia, there's taxes app'ear. Yet you must come round at the close of each year.

WATCHMAN. I beg your forgiveness if I have offended, It is not by any means what I intended, I'm sorry I'm sure to grieve you today, And put you in mind of the taxes you pay.

CITIZEN. I never refuse to be liberal and kind When any good reason at all is assigned.

WATCHMAN. I'm confident then you'll be liberal to me, As I'm sure I can offer a very good plea: The watchman's hard lot—it is frequently found, In a winter's night, when he has to go round, Is a hard one indeed—for through hail, rain and snow, And the night air so dark he must constantly go— The hour to cry—and the salon to seize, Whilst the slumbering citizen rests at his ease.

Ever on the alert to save you from harm, Should he break out he gives the alarm, And thus property rescued from consumption dire.

And says he'll bid the dawn from the ravage of fire.

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IT IS apparent to any one who knows anything about the subject that our labor market is unorganized and that there is a tremendous waste of time and energy in the irregular and haphazard employment of workers. It is this very great social waste which we are just beginning to appreciate, but every method for overcoming it so far tried in America has been painfully inadequate.

The first and simplest method of bringing workmen and work together is by unsystematic individual search. A man not recommended for a position by a relative or friend often follows the easiest course, that which involves the least immediate expenditure of money and thought. He starts from home and drops in at every sign of "Help Wanted."

"Help Wanted," scrawled on a piece of cardboard, is the symbol of inefficiency in the organization of the labor market. The haphazard practice of tramping the streets in search of it is no method at all. It assures success neither to the idle worker in his search for work, nor to the employer in his search for labor. On the contrary, by its very lack of system it needlessly swells the tide of unemployment, and through the footweary, discouraging tramping which it necessitates often leads to vagrancy and to crime.

Tremendous Waste

It is impossible to reckon the cost to the community of this methodless method. Beyond the tremendous waste of time, there is the waste incurred by putting men into the wrong jobs. The law of chance decrees that, under such lack of care, misfits must be the rule; and society now permits the daily process of attempting to fit a round peg into a square hole.

A second common method of connecting employer and employe is through the medium of advertising. About 2000 newspapers published in New York State carry every year some 800,000 columns of "Help Wanted" and "Situation Wanted" advertising, at a cost to employers and employes estimated at \$20,000,000—an expenditure of about \$5 for every worker in the State. If the money spent brought commensurate results, there would be less ground for complaint. But at present an employer advertises for help in several papers, because all the workers do not read the same paper. The employe lists the positions advertised, and then starts on the day's tramp. At one gate 50 or 100 men may be waiting for a single job, while in other places a hundred employers may be waiting, each for a single employe. Unnecessary duplication of work and expense by both parties is apparent.

Philanthropic employment bureaus fail mainly because of the taint of charity which justly or unjustly clings to them, and have become for the most part merely bureaus for placing the handicapped. Self-reliant workmen are inclined to shun such agencies, and employers do not generally apply there for efficient labor. Charging small fees or none at all, these offices are unable to compete with the more active private agencies which spend large sums of money developing clientele among employers and employes. Trade union "day rooms" and offices maintained by employers' associations have to contend with mutual distrust, while their benefits are at best limited to one trade or industry.

"Employment Sharks"

Private employment agents, doing business for profit, have sprung up in all large centres, no fewer than 800 of them being licensed in New York city alone. While many of these operate with a reasonable degree of efficiency, their general character is picturesquely if not elegantly indicated by their sobriquet, "employment shark."

In the year ending May 1, 1914, the Commissioner of Licenses of the city of New York reported the investigation of 1222 complaints against registered employment agents, resulting in nine convictions, the refunding of more than \$3000 to victimized applicants and the revocation of 12 licenses. Among the worst evils held at the door of the private agencies are charging exorbitant fees, "splitting fees" with employers who after a few days discharge a workman to take away for a new applicant with a new fee, collusion with immoral resorts, sending applicants to places where there is no work, and general misrepresentation of conditions.

ROSTAND AT RHEIMS

Rendered from the French of Edmond Rostand by Thomas Waid. They make it only more immortal still. The vandals mar, yet lives the work of Art. Let Phidias witness, and Rodin impart. How in these fragments speaks the primal thrill. The furthest crumbles on the gulfless hill; The shrine, the broken, lives with noble heart; Our eyes, raised wistful where its spire would start. Find heaven's crown leveler through its shattered shell. Let us be grateful. . . Fate would loathe without. What Greece could boast of on her hill of gold. A Beauty in its outrage sanctified. Let us be grateful, now the heads upon. The shimmering German sunken would give. That shows service and our Parliament. —Edmond Rostand