

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Chairman... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager... PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1915.

Progressives as well as Republicans are banking upon Governor Brumbaugh to carry out his own platform. He need not flatter or compromise for a moment, because the people are with him.

Sunday's Stupendous Start

PERSONALITY is the greatest factor among all the influences that play upon society. Each age and each land produces its own type of religious prophet or teacher, but not even the greatest of these has been able to reach and convince the entire population.

Philadelphia's great welcome to the revivalist yesterday proves that there are multitudes in this city who are ready to respond to his direct and vigorous appeal. They understand him; they admire his blunt and fearless way of presenting truth; they feel the force of his sincere and original personality; they believe, in spite of his apparently irreverent manner of handling sacred subjects, that he is innately reverent.

Of course there is a wonderful organization behind the movement. But even that is the product of "Billy" Sunday's brain. With real American shrewdness he saw that organization of the most elaborate kind was necessary in order to get and conserve results. And he has evolved a more perfect machine than the most astute politician ever put together.

Apple of Discord

MR. TAFT was at his best on Saturday in combating the wild theory that the Filipinos can be made capable of self-government by an ipse dixit of the United States.

Humor Thousands of Years Old

THE DISCOVERY made by a savant of Johns Hopkins and laid by him before the annual meeting of the Archeological Institute of America, that the modern cartoon is as old as the ancient Greeks, is not new.

Remaking Ruined Men

EVEN a convicted criminal has certain rights, and chief among them is a fair opportunity for redemption. Whether Thomas Mott Osborne's experiment at Sing Sing is a permanent success or not enters into the question chiefly as an example of the new attitude of society toward its unfortunate delinquents.

Emergency Aid On the Job

THE Emergency Aid is not going to give away any money. It is going to take the \$50,000 that is available and provide with it jobs for women. That will assure the help going to the worthy, and it will also take from them the humiliation which too often accompanies the acceptance of charity.

Brumbaugh Backed by the People

THE 86,701 citizens of Pennsylvania who sent Martin G. Brumbaugh to Harrisburg as Governor had a very definite purpose in mind. In the first place, they know Brumbaugh as a virtuous man who has already done a full man's work in life.

Food for the Invaders

I am quite well aware that the food we are sending over is not taken by the Germans; it reaches the starving Belgians. How insouciant it is to know. But I also know that the entire Belgian food supply has been seized by the invaders.

TRAGEDIES OF EUROPE'S BUSY "DARK CHAMBERS"

Be Careful What You Write to Friends Abroad—Even in Time of Peace Spies Watch Your Letters, But War Time Is Different.

By VANCE THOMPSON

I SUPPOSE you know what the Dark Chamber is. Any letters you may have received from Europe recently have been through that dark room—and have been developed there in more senses than one.

Every government in Continental Europe, and especially the monarchical governments, maintain one of these departments, wherein letters are deftly opened and read by spies of the police or by political agents before they are sealed up again and sent on their way. Of course, many letters are destroyed by the police. The greater part go their way, but—in Germany, Austria, Russia—you may be sure that a fairly close scrutiny is kept on the letters that come and go.

In time of war it is applied with great rigor. Everything is read; every letter goes to the Dark Chamber. When there is no time to read the letters they are burned. Thus at Konstantz, the first week in the war, 1500 bags of mail were burned.

I know one letter that was not burned. And that is the tragedy I have to tell.

A Love Story and the War

I just came in touch with it the other day in New York, and it is only the New York side of the picture I can show you; what happened on the other side of the sea you can imagine as well as I can. It begins in the church of a parish in Staten Island. Just down the bay as you sailed into the harbor you have seen the little spire of the church rising above the village.

He was a young German from Austria. I shall not give his name, as relatives of his are still alive in the place he came from. He had served his time as a soldier, but was still subject to call in case of war. He came to the United States—as millions upon millions of Germans have come, eager to escape from the tyranny of militarism.

No Letters From Belgium

And the Dark Chamber has gone (with other things as notable) into tragic Belgium. No letters come out of Belgium. I say absolutely none—except, of course, the sort of pro-German letters that are manufactured for public consumption. For more than two months I have tried to get in touch with certain friends of mine in a Belgian city occupied by the Germans.

Making the Capital Dry

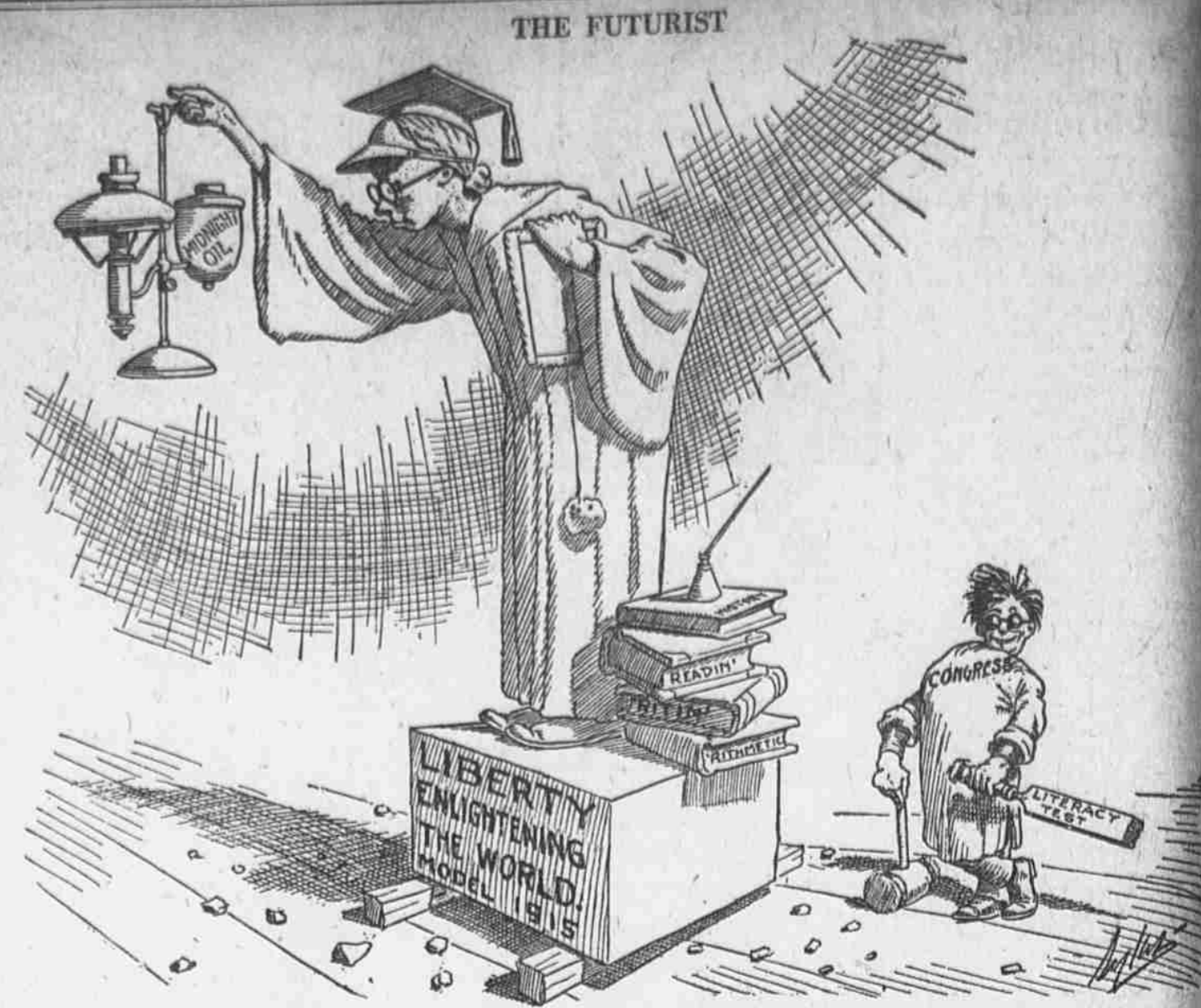
Making the capital dry may be good politics. It may even be good morals. But before putting the irrevocable seal of their wisdom upon it, it might not be both wise and fair for the Congressmen, who rule without representing in this case, to allow the people of Washington to have their say? Whether they think a prohibition regime will add to their happiness or prosperity should be worth finding out; and some other evidence on the subject would be desirable besides the declarations of those who are committed to the anti-liquor policy.

The Tavern of the Bees

Here's the tavern of the bees: Here's the butterfly, that swing Velvet cloaks and to the breeze Whisper soft contraband. And the armored beetle bold, Like an errand-knight of old, Feasts and tipples potlucks-deep While the friar crickets keep Croaking low a drinking-song Like an Ave, all day long.

Candy-makers and Boothicks

There is one thing that Wellesley students did not give up, and that is candy, but it cost them dearly. There was no penny attached to eating it, but no girl ever ate any that she made herself. She sold it to her companions and turned the money into the fund. Hundreds of dollars were realized in this way.



WELLESLEY'S BAPTISM OF FIRE AND FAITH

The Splendid Story of Toil and Self-Sacrifice by Which Alumnae and Students Raised the Two-Million-Dollar Restoration Fund.

By H. T. GLAUS

ALL the money-raising devices known to the professional promoter—and a few that aren't—have been utilized by the students and alumnae of Wellesley College in their attempt to make it clear that they did not depend entirely on the outside world to secure the \$2,000,000 needed to complete the Endowment and Restoration Fund.

With some of the means used for raising money, Philadelphia is, of course, familiar. There have been here, as in every large city, dances, bridge parties and fairs in aid of the Restoration Fund. There is not a State in the Union in which there has not been some Wellesley activity. From far-off Tasmania, even, has come a small subscription, and eight graduates of the college now living in Hawaii recently gave a dramatic performance in Honolulu which netted more than \$300.

The Blind Junk Dealer

It is doubtful if any money campaign in history was operated so much on the principle that "every little bit helps." No sum was too small to be added to the fund. For the past few months the Wellesley College office has been largely occupied with acknowledging the receipt of gifts, ranging from 5 cents to \$100, from every corner of the United States. Outside of the \$750,000 appropriated conditionally by the General Education Board and the \$300,000 given by an anonymous donor, there were no contributions larger than \$25,000. There were thousands as small as one cent. By the sale of Restoration Fund stamps similar to those used by the Red Cross at Christmas and selling for a penny apiece the sum of \$175 was raised.

Utilizing the Movies

If the students have been active in the matter's behalf, so, too, have been the graduates. Alumnae everywhere have been giving dances, bridge parties, plays and teas. Those living in the West have stood sponsors for the publication of a book containing old reliable Wellesley recipes. The class of 1903 compiled a booklet of poems by Wellesley authors, which netted \$800. In many cities moving picture shows of typical Wellesley scenes were put on often in the regular theatres on a percentage basis. As the college owned these films the expense was trifling and any return almost clear gain.

Bryn Mawr Helped

Then, again, the performance of "The Brunell," given in Boston by the junior class, netted more than \$500, the joint Wellesley-Princeton Glee Club concert in New York City showed a profit of \$250, and more than \$500 was made as the result of two concerts by Sousa's Band in Boston. One of the pleasing features of the whole campaign has been the willingness on the part of Wellesley's sister colleges to help her. Vassar, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke and Radcliffe have all, through their undergraduate bodies, made substantial contributions to the fund.

Though the affair has distinctly a humorous side, no one living at a distance from the college has any idea of the burden the students and faculty have borne in the last nine months. I happened to be at the college during the closing hours of the campaign. There was still a considerable sum to be raised, but an enormous mail was on hand, and there was confidence an event which the fund would be completed. Most of the students were away on their vacations, but the relief on the faces of the members of the faculty told plainly how glad every one was that the job was done. Making \$2,000,000 had been hard work, but no one will deny that the effort was worth while.