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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1915.

Laugh at yourself now and then; you probably often have reason to.

Prosperity, if You Fight for It WAR orders loom large in the news, and when one ship brings the details of orders for \$400,000,000 worth of food, guns, automobiles and ammunition, smaller transactions are forgotten. Secretary Redfield was doubtless right when he told the United States Chamber of Commerce that the present foreign trade is not composed chiefly of war materials. Europe needs goods the production of which has been stopped by the war. America produces those goods. The Prime Minister of one country and the King of another have been appealing to the Department of Commerce to arouse our manu-

tunities. It is easy for any one to dispute Mr. Redfield's assertion that our foreign trade could be increased by \$100,000,000 a month if we had the ships to carry the goods. But the alert producer, instead of saving that it can't be done, will go out and find ships ip which his goods can be sent abroad and will reap the harvest for himself and for his country.

facturers to an appreciation of their oppor-

"It Was White of Andy"

THE Federal Commission on Industrial Re-Liations asked a canny Scot to state his name and business.

"Andrew Carnegie, retired business man, whose chief object in life is to do good to mankind."

Men may doubt the wisdom of his manner of doing it, but there is none who will not rejoice with him in his motive. His libraries are found in the far quarters of the continent. In private pensions alone he distributes \$241,000 the year. He has assisted struggling colleges, has provided means for co-ordination of educational endeavor and standardization of courses. His charities, many of them secret, have been imperial in extent and generosity. He turned iron into gold and the gold he translated into help for worthy causes and worthy people. He has, according to his lights, treated his millions as a trust fund. There has been no meanness about him, no stinginess. Wealth long ago became to him nothing more than a means whereby to aid humanity.

A desirable, not an undesirable, citizen, a man who gives the surplus back to society, he asks no classic laudation on his tombstone. What better could he get than this, "It was white of Andy"?

Who Will Take Care of the Other Baby? A baby alive for a week and that the Emergency Aid Committee had only money enough to take care of the babies dependent on it for a few days longer.

"You must keep a baby alive for a week." she said to her husband, and the next day telephoned to him at his office to be sure to remember the baby.

The man went to the Lincoln Building, in Penn Square, and left enough to keep two bables for a week. The question was asked. "Do you want to keep one baby for two weeks or two for one week?"

He was staggered by the unexpected call to settle this matter of life and death, but left the decision to the young woman in charge.

"If you take care of one baby for two weeks the little thing will get a good start. I think that is better.'

So it was left that way. But who is going to take care of that other baby?

A Flaming Jewel: Innocence

WHEN a man who enjoys a large income has to flee from his home, wander as a fugitive about the country for more than a year and then die, penniless and alone, in a charitable institution, it is evident that dishopesty does not pay. George M. Wagner merely misappropriated funds in his care. He hoped to return them, but he lost the money. And then, although he escaped arrest, the whole country through which he wandered was his prison. No, it was not so comfortable as a prison, for he was a fugitive, in continual fear of the pursuing officers, and Dread watched over his pillow at night and stood by him as he dressed in the morning and dogged his footsteps during the day. It sat beside the cot in New Orleans on which he spent his last hours, and it is likely that he welcomed death as a relief.

In the Disputations of Alcuin, the tutor of Charlemagne, it is asked:

What is the freedom of man?

And the answer stands out on the page like a flaming jewel: Immocence!

Taking Humor Too Seriously

WORD comes from England that the British are finding American sentiment, as reflected in the comic weeklies, Life, Puck and Judge, much more serious and satisfying than us revealed by the great daily news-At first thought this seems to be one I the best jokes of the young year. But a trils reflection leads to the conclusion that it pot a joke at all. The British take their wn humor with great solemnity, and treat it the such respect that they refrain from line at it until the next day, when they let the privacy of their own apartments. of one can charge them with frivolity they have repeatedly professed entire to see the point of an American even though it were so blust as the of an English building Therefore Amerihumoreus committe on the war most | ing Judge?

naturally appeal to them as serious discussions of a great world crisis.

But the British are not so far wrong. The frankly filppant and comic war articles in the humorous magazines have been shot through with the golden thread of truthful sobriety in comparison with some of the war articles published elsewhere. The real humor of the situation, for those who have the wit to see it, has been in the seriousness with which some periodicals have argued that the United States is guilty of the basest kind of neutrality, because it does not abandon all its efforts to preserve its neutrality. According to one group, we are the ally of the Allies; and according to another, we are the ally of the Germans. But Uncle Sam is all the time sitting on the fence whittling a stick and trying to be patient. If any one can look at the situation without a smile his wits have been turned topsy turvy by the war.

Make Your Councilman Stand Up and Be Counted

THAT you are for rapid transit is important; that your Councilman does not sidestep the issue is more important.

Find out where he stands and demand that he pledge himself specifically, not to rapid transit in the indefinite future but to rapid transit now.

His pledge to work and vote for an April

election is the test of his sincerity that must be asked. If he is for anything else he is against rapid transit. Make your Councilman stand up and be counted. If he has his knife ready for the

It is you, Mr. Ordinary Citizen, on whom the issue of this fight depends. There is yet time for you to nip in the bud the conspiracy to defraud you.

project, compel him to brandish it in the

The Seas Are Common Property

THE warring nations seem to imagine I that the ocean highways are a sort of "no man's land" over which the laws of civilization do not stretch and no sovereignty holds sway except that exercised by might. The seas belong to no nation, but to all nations. They are not without ownership; they belong to all nations in common. The United States, therefore, as the most powerful of neutrals, must steadfastly oppose the pretension that its ships and the ships of other nations are subject to the whims of the belligerents and cannot expect the safety usually inherent in neutral registry.

The German threat of a submarine blockade, foreboded in the remarkable interview with Von Tirpitz, as published originally in the EVENING LEDGER, renders the situation more than ever difficult. A blockade of terror is still a paper blockade, and paper blockades have no standing in international

To keep open the legitimate lanes of commerce, to champion the rights of neutrals, to stand firmly against wanton interference from above, on or under the seas, becomes the bounden duty of Washington. It is increasingly apparent that in the conduct of our international affairs the greatest skill will be requisite, if we are not to be drawn into the vortex. But it is just as apparent that a spineless policy would sink us deeper into the mire eventually. We are between Scylla and Charybdis, with a definite duty to perform, namely, the vindication of our right to carry on commerce. There must be no backdown and there must be no jingolsm.

Is This the White Hope?

TTHE war must take back seat for a time while really serious matters are considered. There is none more serious than the failure of a White Hope to emerge and demonstrate his ability to wrest the championship from its present dark-skinned possessor. Volumes have been written on the subject. It is the staple of conversation in thousands places where men congregate, and women have been known to show an interest in the fortunes of the candidates for the coveted

They have not given enough attention to the navy. If a white man is to win the distinction of being the best heavyweight boxer in the country, he is more likely to be developed in the sparring matches on the warships than anywhere else. There is Jack Mc-Dermott, for example, who ran afoul of the police because he was not familiar with the Philadelphia marriage license requirements and has had to postpone his wedding. He promises well. He has already won the championship of the sea, as well as a bride, and if he should put himself in training, who knows but that the honor coveted by every boxer in the land might not fall upon his willing brow?

Suspended Sentences and Burglary

TT MAY be humane to suspend sentence on a man convicted of burglary, but it is possible to be too kind to the criminal and not kind enough to the community. For example, if a man has been convicted of larceny three times and is arrested on the same charge for the fourth time, found guilty and then let go, as has just happened, the theory of reforming a man by putting him on his good behavior is carried too far. The community has an interest in such cases, for the habitual criminal, turned loose, is going to keep at his course of crime. So long as men of this kind are at large there will continue to be burglaries and men and women will be held up on the streets. The place for the habitual criminal is where he cannot prey on the public.

Fifteen dollars a plate was paid for the bankers' dinner last night, a pretty good price for "hard times."

His friends have taken pains to announce that Roosevelt has been suffering from African, not presidential, fever.

The open Sunday movement in Atlantic City is just what the "Billy" Sunday movement in Philadelphia is intended to stop,

Champ Clark could not get the Presidency, but he has been unanimously nominated by the Democratic caucus to succeed himself as

Who will emerge from the European war with the fame which was won in the American crisis by Abraham Lincoln? There is no

There must be some mistake in the report about a coming battle of Armageddon, Does not every one know that the only real simon nurse battle of Armageddon was fought in

Municipal Court Judges certainly ought to be worth five times us much as the tipstavez, so why complain when the demand for \$9060 a year is made in the tatarests of the Freuld-

TASKS ARE JEALOUS

MASTERS OF GENIUS

Own Resources.

By JOSEPH H. ODELL

structed and ready for use, by which he can engage in a score, or a hundred, dissimilar occupations. And behind the tools, ready to direct them, is the brain. Each instrument is connected with the brain by a nerve, which acts like a telephone wire, carrying messages back and forth.

The first instinct of life is to do something with the hands. The eyes see a possible action; the nerves carry the message to the brain and the brain sends it on to the muscles that control the hands; then the will gives it permission and the fingers set to work. But when the hands alone are eugaged it is in the coarsest kind of labordigging or carrying, for instance. After one day of experiment the mind can be freed from the occupation, for the man has learned to perform the task by the automatic use of the muscles; even the eyes can be released and the work proceed in the dark. If one uses his hands to fashion and adjust material, he requires a longer use of the brain and the eyes will be needed all the time. As we rise in the scale of occupation, and the work becomes more complex, more of the powers are constantly engaged. When we reach perhaps the greatest work a man can do, every single sense, faculty and power is concentrated and employed to the utmost.

Chapel in Rome, probably had his entire being focused under his will and bent to the accomplishment of the masterplece. Balancing himself upon a platform, his hands wielding the brush, his eye tracing lines and valuing colors, his mind picturing forth the great conception, his heart flinging a wealth of sentiment into the production, his memory pouring out the treasures which he had seen and heard in the past, his lips directing his assistants-never was there such an example of complete concentration and the result has stood the test of centuries and it the wonder and delight of the world today. Angelo, when engaged upon his marvelous creations. would often drop down in his working clothes and sleep upon the floor, to be ready again for work with the first light of morning. When reproached by friends for such solitary and unsocial habits, he would reply: 'Art is a jealous mistress, and requires the whole man.

It will readily be seen that a man's value to himself, or his worth to civilization, depends upon his ability to gather the various parts of his nature together and to hold them steadily upon one object for the accomplishment of a definite purpose. The power to concentrate is absolutely essential to any form of success; and the degree of success is usually to be measured by the amount of sustained concentration exhibited.

John Ericsson is a remarkable example of concentration. His inventions were so numerous, and so revolutionary in their nature, that his generation called him superhuman. The present era of naval construction began when Ericsson's turreted ironclad Monitor vanquished the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. A few sentences from the "Life of Ericsson" will reveal the secret of his genius: "He was at the shippard before any of the workmen and was the last to leave. In the construction of so novel a craft as the Monitor difficulties of a puzzling nature came up every day. If Ericsson could not solve them on the spot, he studied the matter in the quiet of the night and was ready with his drawings in the

urgency of the Civil War was over, the same blographer says: "He was utterly wrapped up in his work, his days knew scarcely any variation. His time was divided according to rule. For thirty years he was called at 7 o'clock in the morning, and took a bath of very cold water, ice being added to it in summer. After some gymnastic exercises, came breakfast, always of eggs, tea and brown bread. His second and last meal of the day, dinner, never varied from chops or steak, again. During the day he was accustomed to sit at his desk or drawing table for about 10 hours. After dinner he resumed work until 10, when he started out for a walk of an hour or more, which always ended his day. The last desk work accomplished every day was to make a record in his dairy, always exactly one page long. This diary comprises more than 1400 pages, thus covering a period crushed by machinery."

Every law of nature discovered every force applied to human progress, every principle of mechanics worked out for quickening or cheapening production, every invention that has brought the resources of the universe within our reach, every added step to the facilities of transportation, every work of art that has given us pleasure and refined our sensibilities, every book that has increased and broadened our knowledge-practically everything of value in the history of mankind, has been the fruit of that sustained and intense application which we call concentration.

By the Light of the Dawn

has told the story of his concentration;

the day and night, so as to bestow the least possible amount of time on the current calls of existence. I rose at 8, very late, you will say, for so busy a man. Walt an instant. While they put my bedroom in order, which was also my study, I went down stairs with some work in hand. It was thus, for example, that I composed the preface of the dictionary. I had learned from Chancellor d'Agnesseau the value of unoccupied minutes. At 9 I set to work to correct proofs until the hour of our noonday meal. At 1 I resumed work, and wrote my papers for the 'Journal des Savants,' to which I was from 1855 a regular contributor. From 3 to 6 I went on with the dictionary. At 6, punctually, we diaed, which took about an hour. They say it is unwhelseome to work directly after dinnor, but I have never found it so. It is so much time won from the exigencies of the body. Starting again at 7 in the evening, I

What Michael Angelo, John Ericsson and Other Men of Achievement Knew of Work-Making a Survey of One's

EVERY man should make a careful survey for his resources. He will discover that he is equipped to do a great number of different things. He is a chest of tools, admirably con-

Michael Angelo, in painting the Sistine

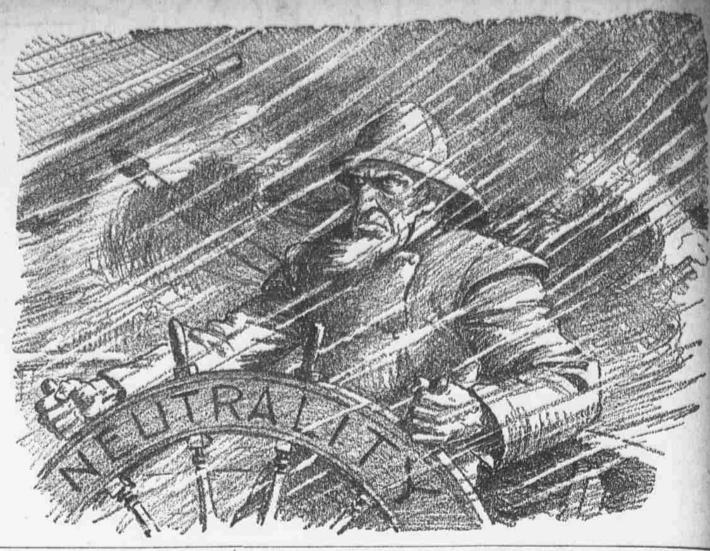
The Secret of the Monitor

Writing of his normal life, after the some vegetables, and tea and brown bread of 40 years, during which time he omitted but 20 days in 1856, when he had a finger

Emile Littre, the author of the standard French dictionary, did not begin his great task until 45 years of age, and he worked at it incessantly for the next 30 years. The mere labor of setting the type took 13 years. Littre

"My rule of life included the 24 hours of stock to the dictionary. My first stage took

A MAN'S JOB



me to midnight, when my wife and daughter

(who were my assistants) retired. "I then worked on till 3 in the morning, by which time my daily task was usually completed. If it was not, I worked on later; and more than once, in the long days of summer, I have put out my lamp and continued to work by the light of the coming dawn. However, at 3 in the morning I generally laid down my pen and put my papers in order for the following day-that day which had already begun. Habit and regularity had extinguished all excitement in my work. I fell asleep as easily as a man of leisure does, and woke at 8, as men of leisure do. But these vigils were not without their charm. A nightingale had built her nest in a row of limes that crosses the garden, and she filled the silence of the night and of the country with her limpid and tuneful notes."

CHESTERTON'S PEN AND SWORDS He Does Everything Stoutly, as a Couple of

Little Tales are Sufficient to Show A LONDONER, hoping with the rest of us that the serious illness of G. K. Chester-

ton will end in his restoration to health and work, writes of him thus: "For one thing his departure would mean the obligation of reading books about him by

rivals and imitators who are not fit to loose the latchets of his boots, because they have only learned half the lesson that he inculcates; they have emancipated themselves from conventional gentility and academic logic, without qualifying for admission into the ranks of Universal Galety. And it is this lifelong enrollment of his in the service of Intellectual Levity-this man who weighs some 18 or 20 stones-that proclaims him the living paradox he is."

He adds, "To have died at 40 would have been the last of Mr. Chesterton's perversities, and the only sad one of which he has ever been guilty."

One or two interesting little stories about "G. K. C." have recently been told.

"A causeur of such spontaneity was bound to be in request in the great clearing house of journalism, and Mr. Chesterton makes a handsome income from his topical columns alone. When he used to write a yearly for the Daily News it was a common thing for him to forget all about the task, potter in and out of congenial circles until the thing was overdue, and then remember it with something like jovial remorse. If he hunted about in his pockets for paper and found none, he did not repine. There is always balm in Gilead for a man of resource like him. He does everything stoutly. He knew if he went into a busy newspaper office at that time of night he would never get away again, and nobody would ever get any work done. So he would step into a tobacconist's shop, order sundry ounces of some mixture or other, take out the contents and stuff them loose in his pocket, and then scribble his article upon the wrapper as he stood at the tradesman's counter. The result would be dropped into the office letter box, duly discovered and deciphered, and the usual brilliant article would appear next day to dazzle the world as if he had written it at his desk at home and corrected a proof well in advance."

The Manchester Guardian furnishes this "Even in Mr. Chesterton's most militantly pacific days he greatly loved a sword. It was said that he seldom left his house without 'an absurd sword stick,' which never went into action, save in the matter of hailing a cab or delighting children in Battersea Park or transflxing a policeman-with astonish-"Even to this day there are more folls

than umbrellas in Mr. Chesterton's umbrella. stand, while in his study the orthodox single stick is all over the place. In the dining room of his Englishman's home Mr. Chesterton intends to await the German invasion with a French sword bayonet: it is readyon the wall. But if you ask Mr. Chesterion what is his favorite type of weapon, he will of course, tell you about the delightful wooden painted sword of boyhood, in the pre-Boy Scout era.

THE PRISONER

The hills call and the roads call, and the sea With voices of remembered deeds and days, Of winds that roam the world forever free, Tempting the rover to the wander-ways

Yet, though these voices hold their spell for me, Still do I linger in the city's mass.

Thralled by the loud conglomerate minstrelsy Of rumbling whistles and of hurrying feet.

Of rearing traffic and the clamant heat Of hammers on the ringing ribs of steel;

This is the city's summons, this the call Drowning the gentler volces, one and all, To relling music of its wast appeal. In rolling music of its vast appeal

And if I seek the road, the sea, the hills And if I seek the road, the sea, the fills.

A little space their ancient glamour fills
My utmost need; but presently I know
A longing for the tumult and the press.

The fret and hasts, the giltter and the show,
The vast and never-sated restlements.

And all the sounds of avenue and sium
Which make the city. When I hear her voice,
I turn my footsteps homeward and rejoine;
The city calls—I come!

—Barton Staler, in Munney's Magazine.

VIEWS ON CURRENT TOPICS

Unemployment, the Typical American and the Literacy Test, as Well as Overcrowded Street Cars and Belgian Atrocities.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Owing to the large number of men out of

employment during the present winter some charitably inclined people conceived the idea of renting a factory building and putting in heat and offering crude but warm shelter from the elements to the respectable poor white men in need. They sought the co-operation of the Sunday Breakfast Association, who are ad-ministering the work. Their method is, from the thousand or more people who attend their meetings, to select from three to four hundred men who are the most worthy. No men are taken in with the smell of liquor on them; American citizens are preferred, and preference is always given to men who look like workingmen.

After the first selection of three to four hundred out of the thousand I think I can safely say that the intelligent caretaker at the home can pick from 25 to 100 men at any time who would be able-bodied, willing workers and worthy of their hire to any one who could give them employment.

The home telephone number is Poplar 5867, and is located at 1218 Hamilton street, and the men usually come in at 10 o'clock at night. The first call is at 4 o'clock in the morning, another at 5 o'clock and the last one at 5 o'clock, shortly after which they are all out of the building looking after work. There is a caretaker in the building day and night to answer

Can you help by giving any of them work? We have all the money necessary to run the shelter, but would appreciate your help to find employment for the men. Two hundred men were turned away from the shelter the other night. Some of them waited outside the door until 1 o'clock in the morning hoping they might be taken in and given an opportunity to sleep on the bare floor. CARITAS. Philadelphia, January 29.

"WHO IS THE TYPICAL AMERICAN"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir.—In this Evening's Ledger appears an editorial under the caption, "Who Is the Typical American?"
Irvin Cobb is quoted as declaring it is George

either Theodore Roosevelt or Sitting Bull. Now, as your editorial suggests, what consti-

tutes the typical American?
"It is not in wealth, nor rank, nor state, but 'git up and git' that makes men great." He is most typically American who has the loftiest conception of our institutions and that which constitutes true American citizenship, and who most nearly exemplifies such conception in his He must be successful-not necessarily in

financial wealth, but measured by character and service.

He must be keen, bright and alert, in "correspondence with his environment.

He must have broad sympathy for his fellow-

He must be law-abiding, ready to assist in macting and enforcing all just laws, He must be in the game all the time and willms to play it fairly.

Mr. Cohan, by Mr. Cobb's own explanation.

certainly falls short in his "typicality." Mr. Cohan does forget (perhaps it's Mr. Cobb), the existence of the "noblest American of them all, the modest Theodora Roosevelt." I say it in all seriousness—perhaps Mr. Roelt will admit it. A. L. SMIT A. L. SMITH. Philadelphia, February 2.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY GIFT To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-"Heaps of German Dead Sad Gift on Kaizer's Birthday." This lugubrious headline in today's EVENING LEDGER I beg leave to amend by quoting the words of the immortal poet Horace:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"-i. e.,
"Death for one's native land is sweet and decorous,"

Permit me to state, gentlemen, that the only sad gift (if gift it be) that could be offered his august majesty on his natal day is a cowardly retreat (which God forefend) before the for.

HERTZOG. Philadelphia, January 27.

BENNETT VS. SHERLOCK HOLMES To the Editor of the Evanting Leaguer:

Sir-Those two charming instalments of James O'Donnell Bennett's letter in reply to an article by the author of "Sherlock Holmes," which accused the Germans of being engaged in a cruel enterprise, shall, beyond any doubt or dispute, help all the friends of Belgium and France to understand these countries have suffered but little from the German's offensiveness. * * * Only one-seventh of Louvain is ruined. That table all is not lost. When one leg is broken off the table all is not lost. When the bottom only of the jug is smashed we can still borrow on six-sevenths of the value of the pitcher at the pawnbroker's well. What is the loss of an arm!—nothing. If you have not lost the use of your shoulder and the remainder of your limbs. * *

"My observations," he says, "in September, and again in October, in northern France, con-vinced me that the civil population of Helgium, vinced me that the civil population of Belgium, and not the Belgium army, was the principal cause of Belgium's wees." I think a brief remark fits this profound writing of Mr. Bennett, namely, all the other sources of information to date agree that the cause of Belgium's wees was and is the invasion of that country by Germany.

Germany.

Future ages will cherish copies of that photograph of Mr. Bennett sitting on hunkers opening package after package of dum-dum builets at Maubeuge. But our descendants will shake their heads a triffs sadly as they reflect upon two remarkable things about Mr. Bennett's account of this dum-dum instance. First, they will wonder why the Germans did not teil Mr. Bennett that it was Continental quatom to do some range practice with dum-dums, and that the natural place to find dum-dums would be in forts like Mannengo used as formed a Second (though Sy

this time this thought may have occurred to Mr. Bennett himself), the fact that he was able to open so many cases of dum-dum bullets, and not cases of something else more dangerous to imaginative soldiery, is fairly good proof that those thousands upon thousands of dum-duns those thousands to the sale sealer and the sale sealer and the sale sales are the sales are those thousands upon thousands of dum-dum were not really used by the Belgians agains the Germans. I am savage enough to remark that had I been there I might have been impelled to impel a few of these missiles against a foe which broke into my country without the least sensible cause. * *

Both may be bad, but which is worse, "Shelock Holmes" announcing to us that many Belgians worse killed, or Bennett telling us the

gians were killed, or Bennett telling us that many Beigians were not killed, only a few being silled, and even these being given decent buris by the Germans? Philadelphia, January 25.

THE PRESIDENT'S WISE VETO To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-It is with a feeling of gratification that

I read of President Wilson's veto of the im-migration bill, and am sure that his actics should be commended by the people generally. The immigration bill, in its present form, it The immigration bill, in its present form is clearly contrary to the principles and ideals of more than a majority of the American peopla. It seeks, first of all, to close our doors to hexest, industrious and liberty-loving people who are denied the right of agitation for what they deem to be their inalienable rights. If we but look back, in our own history, to the time our forefathers came to this country we will find that they were composed of the same class of people as will be affected by the bill, should be the composed of the same class of people as will be affected by the bill, should be the proper of the same class of people as will be affected by the bill, should be the proper of the same class of people as will be affected by the bill, should be the proper of the same class of people as will be affected by the bill, should be the proper of the same class of people as well as the proper of the same class of people as well as the proper of the same class of people as the proper of the same class of the same class of people as the proper of the same class of people as the proper of the same class of people as the proper of the same class of people as the proper of the same class of people as the proper of the same class of people as the people of the same class of people are the people of the same class of people as the people of the same class of the people of the same class It become a law over the President's veto. Can any one claim that this country is the worse off for their coming? Decidedly no. They were the founders of our ideal government and everything it stands for, and we must not allow the opponents of immigration to shallow the ideals of our forefathers and cast a stall when the good will of the American resolu-

upon the good will of the American people.

I do not claim that our immigration laws should be without some restrictions. But I do say that the restrictions should be to test the character, purpose and personal fitness of the immigrant, so that the deserving ones shall find a hearty welcome to our shores.

This country and the institutions will be This country and its institutions henefited by proper immigration. If the efforts of Congress are directed to the removal of the objectional features of the present bill our representatives there will fufil their dust to the American people and our beloved country will continue its course of progress.

BENJAMIN NATAL

Camden, N. J., January 29.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Kindly let me know whether or not the vote in Washington, D. C. If not, kindly let me know through your paper why not.

Philadelphia, February 4. Philadelphia, February 4.

[Though the population of the District of Columbia is greater than that of some of the States, the people have no voice in their severament. They are governed by three Commissioners, appointed by the President and the Senate, and by laws made in Congress. The Constitutional Convention of 1787, at the isstance of Madison, placed among the enumerated powers of Congress the exercise of exclusive jurisdiction over such district as might. clusive jurisdiction over such district as might by cession of particular States, become the sest of the National Government. By the act July 15, 1790, the capital was located on the banks of the Potomac. By act of February L 1801, Congress assumed exclusive control or the District.-Editor EVENING LEDGER.]

OVERCROWDED STREET CARS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger. Sir.—Permit one of your daily readers to as the Philadelphia Slow Transit Company through your columns what right it had to pack one of its cars 150 children returning from the tabernacle Saturday afternoon last, and enter cars? This happened to be one of these cars routed No. 35—the block number was 3 one hundred and fifty-six persons or fares relistered, and sight transfer. especially into one of the old type pay-s istered, and eight transfers, which are registered; total, 164 fares all in the car at time. "Just imagine." Now you cannot pe a Pullman car in that manner, and why should this company be permitted to do so? You cannot pack a cattle car in this manner. The law forbids it. And why should this company bermitted to do worse?

H. V. BISHOP Germantown, February 1.

OVERPRODUCTION AND WANT

To the Editor of the Evening Ladger: Sir.—Under the right kind of an industrial system, a volume of production sufficient is quantity to supply the needs of a country would allow the people a decent use of such produc-tion, but now we have overproduction at the same time that we have want on every hand and

same time that we have want on every hand and
the average person or family has to practice the
strictest kind of sconomy.

People are financially poor. Money is to
scarce. The production of the country, financial
through the credit system, has to be sold desi
the counter for cash, and the volume of production is greater than the money circulation
of the country can handle, and that is who
everproduction and want so hand in hand.

OKIGINAL THINKER.

Paulsbore, N. J., February 2.

Paulsboro, N. J., February 2.

SPIENDID ARTICLES Fo the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-Permit me to express our thanks for the splendid articles on workmen's compensation which were published recently in the EVECCH LEDGER You certainly can be of great serils movements of this character.

GENTRUDE EREER

Socretary, Department on Compensation Industrial Accidents, National Civic Particular Civic

Maw York, February &