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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915.

A penny in the pocket is as thrittless as an idler who spends his time in bed.

Build a Hall Instead of Squabbling Over It EVERY time a new site for a convention hall is suggested the difficulties in the way of agreement are increased and the beginning of work is delayed.

Some of the proposed sites are better than others. Some are urged with the thought, primarily, of the convenience of the people who will use the building, and others, with a desire to boom real estate in this district or that. But the responsible men in the city should not permit Councils to forget that what the town imperatively needs is a convention hall and not a squabble over its location. The squabble will not accommodate a single convention or a single industrial exhibition, but will increase the difficulties in the way of harmonious co-operation among all those interests engaged in the work of making a greater and more prosperous community. The question ought to be approached with a bigness of spirit worthy of the bigness of the enterprise.

The Colonel's Supreme Failure

I thought his morality at least above the ordinary political and business morality and believed he had it in him to become a valuable leader in the State. I hoped to elim-inate the bad in Mr. Barnes and develop the good .- Colonel Roosevelt, under onth.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has "got away" with so many things it is surprising that he did not get away with this stupendous task. But he has had to confess on the witness stand that the good and bad were so inextricably intermixed in the character of Mr. Barnes that it was impossible for even him to separate them.

If he had only succeeded, what a different course events might have taken in New York and in the nation at large!

But what the Colonel cannot do it would be rash for any other man to attempt. Not even "Billy" Sunday, who is possessed of a most discreet brand of courage, dared try to reform the bosses in Pennsylvania. And he let the men who make the bosses possible think that he had no disapproval for their double standard of morality. Every man will fall to reform the bosses until personal morals and political morals are measured by the same yardstick.

Unshackling the Housewife

THE gas range has done more than any other single improvement in kitchen

lic and not the suppression of a legitimate business there can be no justifiable complaint. A modest license fee, not to discourage the business, but to protect it, may be necessary, and it would probably be welcomed by all the jitney men except those who wish to escape responsibility entirely.

Marvelousness of Common Things

THE accustomed things are usually accepted as a matter of course. One reldom stops to think of the beating of one's heart to which the flow of blood through the body is due; or of the process of breathing, by which that blood is filled with oxygen. Immunity from disease does not impress one until it ceases. Ability and opportunity to work are sometimes regarded as burdens Friends with whom one has gental intercourse-wife or husband, children or parents - are frequently accepted without thought of what they mean

Habit is responsible, also, for much neglect. to consider whence come the gracious rains and how it is that harvest succeeds seed. time in the re-urring years. The spectacle of the sunset and the more glorious panoramaof the dawn are neglected for penny chromos. The mighty pageant of the stars attracts less attention than a circus parade, and men will cross the ocean to see the Alps when by looking upward from the streets they can. see the Himalayas of the heavens piling peak on peak as the mountain-like clouds loom against the horizon.

The mute appeal in the eyes of the dumb beasts is too often denied, and we are thus deprived of the kindly companionship of our fellow mortals. And even when we do accept that comradeship we do not prize it as a blessing. The old earth, itself, swinging through infinite spaces, might fly from its orbit into chaos for any serious thought that we give to the matter. We accept it as a matter of course.

If one pauses for a moment to consider these things, one will be filled with wonder at the orderly plan of Nature, and will be moved to reverent awe in the presence of a power and a mystery beyond human comprehension. Thankfulness, therefore, is the proper mood for human kind, not thankfulness on a single day set apart by the Government, but a daily mood of reverent gratitude for all the benefits that encircle us. It is fitting for youth, that it may face life with some appreciation of its significance; and for age that it may approach its end, knowing that the Power which has guided the universe through the eternities and a single human soul through its brief span on earthwill not cease His care at that transition which we call death.

Ethics and Self-interest

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER has discovered that a dam will hold only so long as the pressure behind it is less powerful than the tesisting force of the structure. When the pressure becomes too great the dam gives 10.11.0

Likewise an international guarantee to protect the interests of the guarantors will remain effective only so long as the guarantors are protected by the guarantee. When the pressure of contrary interests becomes too great the guarantees are disregarded. Mr. Tower elaborated this proposition before the American Philesophical Association vesterday.

Whether this is right or wrong is an entiraly different question from whether it is the way things are done. The moralist may discuss the ethical qualities of the law of gravity without affecting the operation of the law. And a discussion of the moral enormity of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium will not persuade the Germans to withdraw a single soldier. Whether we like to admit it or not, the forces at work in

this war pay as little heed to the theory of ethics as do-s the avalanche when it crashes down the side of a mountain. But the world is to progress, we s fall into the error of worshiping the God of Things as They Are to the total exclusion of the God of Things as They Ought

to Be.

THE BEAUTY OF A NIGHT BATTLE

Like a Storm Before the Dawn. Scenes on the Eastern Front as Described by a Russian Writer. An Addenda to "War and Peace."

[The following is a translation of a vivid sketch which recenily appeared in the Russian newa-paper 'Russkee Sloco' and is characteristic of the unique manner in which the Russian writer views everything, even war.]

THE master-a small, shriveled old mancan hardly get up from his filthy bed: and the mistreas-a wrinkled, ill old woman -weeps unceasingly. Somewhere far away are her children-for she does not know where they are. There is nothing to eat, and she is ashamed to have to beg from the soldiers, who are so willing to share with her. Resides this, there is the everpresent terror that from the trenches, which are so very, very close, there may appear a German to fire the last remainders of her once-prosperous farm

And with these two, in their half of the hut, there are billeted eight orderlies; in the other half, in which there are two low, minute bunks like those in a ship's cabin, there are living five doctors and three organizers of an ambulance unit. In these rooms are two officer-a kitchen and a store of provisions-and here is carried on the business interwoven with the life of every day.

Evening

Toward the evening it becomes hot and stuffy in the hut from the number of persons gathered in it, the tobacco smoke, and the stove on which the evening meal is being cooked So every one goes out for a walk in the read by the woods.

There is a moon, and the evening is bright and quiet. From here can be seen troops advancing, orderlies galloping to and fro, and a long line of field-kitchens on its way to the front stretched over the surface of the sparkling snow.

Now is a strange time, when everything along the front is quiet and the war ceases for an hour or two: for the men must rest and eat to be able afterward to carry on as before.

At 9 o'clock everything is as it was, shrapnel bursts close by, and the heavy boom of artillery can once more be heard. Sometimes, rifle-firing will start, to continue intermittently throughout the night.

Having returned to the farm, where a lamp is burning and newly arrived papers are lying on the table, we drink tea with lemon juice. A young Caucasian doctor smokes now and then to lessen the numerous smells. Then we all begin to get ready to go to sleep. Some lie on their narrow folding camp beds, some on crates which once held provisions, and the rest simply on the beaten earthen floor. The conversation is of the war, of our birthplaces, and of the possibility of a night attack by the enemy. Soon all are asleep. In the little but it is warm, quiet and snug, and only occasionally it shakes from the force of the exploding shells. It seems that here there and can be no danger.

The Attack

Close on 2 o'clock we are awakened by series of shocks which by the cattling of the furniture seem to be so great that the flimsy but is having great difficulty in keeping to one spot. Some one speaks excitedly: "Do you hear it? It must be a night aftack."

An incessant artillery hattle now begins, The bursts of shells come one on top of another; they are quite close, next to us, almost upon us, right under the walls of the hut: surely it must fall. And now we rifles and guns. * * * And by 7 o'clock in can hear a sound as of a person tapping the morning, when a clow, dull, drowsy istently, untiring wall the with an enormous dry hard fist. This is the rifle fire beginning

becomes hard to distinguish one sound from the other, for the rifles and the big guns seem to make the same amount of noise, I have an unconquerable craving to go and see what is happening a verst or two away, where the battle is being fought. But from the peat bog on which the hut stands a fog has risen, and, in spite of the bright moon, is impossible to see anything in the damp

And then suddenly a drawling, low, distant roar arises, grows, approaches, I can clearly hear amid this tornado of sounds the tones of many men's voices. A far away "A-!a-!a-!" getting louder every moment. "Again, again." Here it is quite close to me, then farther off again, from this side, then from the other.

agitation. I imagine-as I cannot see anything in the cold, dank mist-that something is approaching, that in a minute out of that darkness there may appear foreign soldiers. And, again, although I am encircled by a blanket of fog. I imagine I can see some-

Dawn

done are what they have suffered. There is Then again the long-drawn-out "A-lanothing surprising in woman's heroism, but a-!" Now somehow louder, more convincthere is nothing more deserving of the ing, more triumphant. But suddenly everyworld's tribute From Europe come stirring tales of heroines of war. We learn that many kinds of work formerly performed by men are now being capably continued by women There

HEROINES OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

Woman's Work Across the Sea Is Varied in Kind, From Fighting on the Battle Line to Carrying on the Work Left Behind by the Men

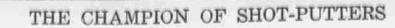
By ELLIS RANDALL

ETTERS and news dispatches from | children were sent about collecting clothes, shoes and stockings. These were all assorted. washed or cleaned, and stored away by sizes, in the different schools of the towns, so that when these things were in demand for refugees or other victims of the war they could be readily drawn upon. Housewives made great stores of jellies and jams and light foods so necessary for the hospitals, and everywhere branches were organized of the National Women's Service."

Sister Julie's Tribute

All France is proud of the little French nun who preserved the hospital at Gerbeviller from German attack, and the world has heard no more thrilling story of the war than that about Sister Julie. But when she was asked why she did not wear the Cross of the Legion of Honor given her by President Poincare, she responded:

"I do not wear it because it was not mean for me alone. It was given to the women of France who have done their duty." The women of France, of Germany, of A tria, of England, of Russia are daily performing deeds of valor and of greatness. Of the nurses, thousands are exposing themselves to as great risk as are the soldiers. A hundred women have received from Czar Nicholas the St. George's Cross which is given only for valor. In London a statue of Florence Nightingale has just been unveiled. She is represented as "The Lady of the Lamp"; that is to say, as she used to appear when visiting the hospital wards at Scutari during the Crimean War. It is fitting that new honors should be paid to the woman who did so much, both in war and in peace, to advance the methods of hospital work. Her influence still lives.





My heart beats with excitement and thing. But that is impossible.

thing almost at the same moment grows calm. One or two more shots are fired by

apparatus to free the housewife from her summer bondage. It is not possible to fix with any certainty upon the exact date of the signing of the proclamation of emancipation. There can, therefore, be no annual celebration of emancipation day; but the observance of "Gas Range Week" come, as near to such a celebration as is possible under the circumstances.

The kitchen in the properly equipped house is no longer a torture chamber in summer Heat for cooking can be had at the moment it is needed, it can be turned off when there is no longer use for it, and the room is habitable between times, as well, indeed, as when the heat is on, for there is no great mass of cast iron raised to a high temperature standing anywhere in the kitchen

The gas range has not only moderated the temperature of the kitchen. It has made it possible to put the heat wherever it is most convenient to use it. The women no longer have to break their backs bending down to a low oven for baking and reasting, but they can stand erect and put things in an oven without stooping

Women may seem to be slow about accepting improvements in household devices, but their objections are usually due to their inability to perceive the value in the alleged improvement. When a real advance is made they move with the procession. No woman will live in a house without a gas range today except under protest.

Planting War and Reaping Peace

NSWERING questions is one of the duties A of a policeman. Yesterday a Philadelphia bluecoat was accosted by an individual who evidently was not new to thirstiness and who asked:

"Say, where can I get loaded? I want to get loaded."

"You can get loaded all you want down at the next street-there's a bar on the corner."

The militarist, too, is good at giving directions. But don't blame him for all the wars there are in the world. Statesmen and people are not wholly guiltless, and civilization still has far to go.

Suppress the Irresponsible Jitneys

TITNEY regulations could not have been e delayed much longer. They have forgunately been made before any great scandal or disaster has occurred through the solicitation of business in the streets by a large number of irresponsible and unlicensed operators of motorcars.

It is important that every fitney operator carrying passengers day or night shall be known to the police and chartered or Hoensed in such a way that he can be identined, if need be. The safety of the public demands this, the safety of the men and women in the streets as well as the safety of the woman and men in the motorcars.

The regulations which the Police Department hus already made are reasonable, and are accepted in good part by the responsible operators of the cars. Experience may prove that they need to be increased and made more stringent, but so long as the primary surplus of them is the protection of the pub-

Inspectors to Inspect

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH'S approval of the bill increasing the number of factory inspectors from 50 to 100 is in fulfilment of the humane program which he outlined for himself when he took office. There can be no adequate factory inspection in a manufacturing State the size of Pennsylvania with a force as small as that which has been hitherto employed. It is doubtful if 100 inspectors will be enough to make the thorough inspection that is necessary if the employes are to be protected in their rights and privileges.

When the standard of factory construction has become established and respected by the manufacturers of all kinds, and when the human obligation of the employer to his employes is admitted and fulfilled, it will not be necessary to make so thorough an examination of the factories every year as is now required. But until the conditions are improved the State must exercise its right to compel obedience to the laws and regulations intended to protect the health and morals of the factory workers. Some time they will be obeyed automatically, as a matter of course.

Character witnesses! More character witnessea

Perhaps our grandchildren will see the end of the Thaw case.

At the rate they are coming most of the April showers will have to fall in May.

Japan says to China, "Yield or fight." But

China may take it into its head to do neither. General Obregon has occupied Irapuate with results less distressing to himself than if Ipecacuanha had occupied him.

The college athletes may have to engage in relay races, but the Colonel wants it understood that he can outdistance any boss relay team all by himself.

The children who start to walk to the Panama Fair ought to remember that it is even a longer way to San Francisco than from the French battle front to Tipperary.

How futile that suggestion to the Pan-American Union for a permanent arbitration commission to take the initiative in settling international disputes seems in the face of a real war!

The discovery that the report of the naval battle off the New Jersey coast was without foundation will not prevent the circulation of other similar reports. Naval battles as summer resort attractions are much better than sea serpents.

One gathers from the addresses before the American Philosophical Association that if the kings of Europe would only marry Philadelphia girls the next generation of princes might 'contain' more real mon.

We hurriedly dress and go out It is terrible, but wonderfully beautiful,

The Battle

Short red flames burst out one after another, the searchlight throws its strange long pale beams as far as the horizon, and the screaming shrapnel falls on the ground n bright, meteor-like sparks, and in the air there is the ceaseless crack of rifle fire. bursting of shells and the clatter of shrapnel, the constant, untiring business of a battle.

Then everything begins to quiet down like a storm that has exhausted its fury. But hardly have we started toward the hut when again * * * It starts slowly, quietly, far away. Then nearer, clearer, more persistently, shriller. Rifles, quick-firers, howitzers, all once more enter the lists. The farther away the fiercer it seems. Now it

T. ROOSEVELT, MAN OF LETTERS

N O MAN can forecast his own life. And Colonel Roosevelt has been as unsuccessful as the rest of us. Perhaps he has been more unsuccessful, for his actual career is so different from what he thought it would have to be 25 years or more ago that no one would think that the reality could possibly have succeeded the dream which preceded it. The Colonel indicated his early occupations when he was cross-examined in Syracuse by the attorney for William Barnes. Here is a transcript of part of the record:

"Were you a lawyer?" asked Mr. Ivins. "I studied law," Roosevelt replied, "but I never practiced. Early in my life I became an author."

He did not say then that he had expected to be a man of letters and nothing else, but that is what he thought was to be his fate after the Utica convention in 1884, when he was elected as a delegate-at-large from New York to the Republican National Convention and committed to opposition to Blaine. After the convention he wrote S. N. D. North, then managing editor of the Utica Herald, that his course had aroused so much hostility that he had little expectation of being able to keep on in politics. The letter is printed in full in "The Many-Sided Roosevelt, an Anecdotal Biography," by George W. Douglas. In 1893 he wrote another letter on the same general subject, which can be found in the same book. He said:

"If a man has political foresight, who lives in a district where the people think as he does and where he has a great hold over them, then he can seriously go in for a continuous public career; and I suppose in such a case it is all right for him to shape his public course more or less with a view to his own continuance in office. I am a little inclined to envy a man who can look forward to a long and steady course of public service, but in my own case such a career is out of the question; and, personally, it seems to me that a man's comfort and unefulness are greatly impaired the moment he begins to get worrying about how

dawn comes up from the north, plete silence all along our front.

carts make their way along the road, orderlies hurry hither and thither. On the plain and in the woods the artillery fire at intervals. Some wounded are being brought In to the bandaging point and some one says that last night there was a night attack on our trenches, but by the strong, well-aimed thrusts of our brave men's bayonets it was repulsed

A FIGHT WORTH FIGHTING To the Editor of the Evening Ledge

Sir-Keep up the fight

I am immensely pleased with your editorial Put a White Feather in Respectability's Cap." It is to the point, and every word of it is true. Keep up the fight! ALBERT S. HAESELER.

Philadelphia, April 22.

RIGHT AND MIGHT

Hold by the right, you double your might.

his votes and actions will affect his own future When I was in the Legislature I soon found that for my own happiness, as well as for the sake of doing good work, I had to cast aside all thought of my own future; and as soon as I made up my mind to this end and voted simply as I thought right, not only disregarding the people themselves, if I honestly thought they were all wrong on a matter of principle, not of men or of expediency, then I began thoroughly to enjoy myself and to feel that I was doing good. * * * My hands are fortunately free, for I have not the slightest concern about my political future. My career is that of a literary man, and as soon as I am out of my present place I shall go back to my books."

He did go back to his books and has gone back to them many times since, if it can be said that he has ever completely abandoned them. The list of titles of his published works is long and it covers a wide range of subjects, from natural history to naval affairs and from philosophy and ethics to the development of a continent. The man of letters persists in him. And the man of letters of the nation have welcomed him into their number, for he is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, composed of the most distinguished 50 writers and artists in the country, including William Dean Howells, Henry James, James Ford Rhodes, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry van Dyke, John Singer Sargent, William M. Chase and the rest of the leaders in their profession.

an author, the attorney with whose questions this article was begun, asked: "What else did you do?"

"I went West and was a cowboy upon the 'Little Missouri' in Montana."

"We want no more of that. You have had many callings, have you not?" "Yes, I've followed many vocations," laughed

the Colonel. 'And all almultaneously"' interposed lvins.

"Yes," was the reply. Yet of all his simultaneous and multifarious

occupations he is doubtless proudest of his literary achievaments.

is work and work a plenty for the women of Europe, and hardship and grief. Herold The day in the trenches begins. Baggage qualities are called forth with every rising

Women Warriors

Vienna tell of the hard, efficient work

which a Philadelphia woman, Mrs. Penfield,

wife of the American Ambassador, is doing

for the wolfare of Austrian soldiers. In rec-

ognition of her services the Emperor last No-

vember conferred upon her the Grand Cross

of the Order of Elizabeth, an honor hereto-

fore reserved for persons connected with the

imperial family, Recent messages which

have come out of Austria describe evidences

of appreciation and gratitude shown by the

people of all classes toward this American

woman, who bears a distinguished part in the

In every war women have honored them-

selves and their country by what they have

humane activities of wartime.

Numbers of women, at the beginning of the war, marched to the firing line with guns on their shoulders. They had personated reservists who because of illness or absence had been unable to answer the call. It is said that several hundred reached the front. Some of them were wounded. It is probable that most, if not all, of the women soldiers have been discovered by their officers and sent back home. Olga Ellviser, however, is a member of a Cossack regiment, and not under pretense of any kind. She fought in the Russo-Japanese War and won a medal, and when the present war broke out she me-

joined her regiment. Russian and Polish women are acting as scouts and spies in Eastern Poland. The corps which is thus engaged began with the Polish Women's Unity League of Poland. The 200 members began to practice gymnastics and military drill on the Mokotsky field, They drilled without arms, the aim being to attain physical fitness and to develop a discipline which would enable them to render efficient assistance to the defending army and the noncombatants in case of the siege of Warsaw. They took to men's clothes and then to a uniform of their own. When the invaders retired in November the Women's

corps spread out through the evacuated territory and gave valuable aid to the army of Grand Duke Nicholas. On the reinvasion the women changed their uniforms for their customary dress and went on scout duty.

Guarding the Railways

"The work of the German women," says Mrs. Bernhard Dernberg, "began with the first movement of troops. Patriotic women's associations were formed voluntarily, and these immediately took steps to furnish food at the different railway stations, day and night, through which the trains of soldiers passed. Young girls and children were eager to join the work with their mothers, and boys of 16 and under guarded the railways day and night.

"Coincident with that came the movement of refugees from East Prussia, for this started with the advance of the Russians across the border before the declarations of war. These refugees had to be taken care of in private houses, whose owners threw open their doors to them. I had six of these refugees in my own home.

"Then, of course, women had to take up the work left by the men who had been called to arms. If men were in charge of big businesses, their wives took their places in the office; shopkeepars left their stores in the hands of their wives; in some cases women took the places of men on the tramcars, and, of course, mothers had to take the place of fathers as heads of families. The war came so unexpectedly there was no time for men leaving for the front to make arrangements.

"Next, the stream of wounded began to flow back from the fronts. When it was realized that great problems must be mat.

Czar's Sister a Nurse

In warring Europe women of high rank and low are devoting themselves to nursing wounded soldiers and caring for the families of the poor. The Grand Duchess Olga, & sister of the Czar, is a nurse in one of the largest Russian field hospitals. Of her, Mms. Bakhmeteff, the wife of the Russian Ambassador to America, says: "She wears the same dress, takes her turn by day and by night in doing the hardest routine work, in receiving the wounded, removing their bloodstained clothes and their heavy boots, bather the wounds, assists at operations and shares in the work of the wards, precisely as does the young woman from the humble walk of life. Scores of men have had their wounds closed and dressed, have been fed, and sometimes have had their eyes closed in death by the hands of the Grand Duchess, without ever knowing the identity of the gentle woman who to them, and to her fellow worksrs,

is just a nurse." In Germany a similar effect on class distinctions has been observed. Women who had been in the habit of having every wish attended to by a host of servants, and who had never known what it was to do any sort of service for themselves, cheerfully under took menial tasks. The daughter of the Chascellor became an assistant nurse, which meant that she had to help do anything required in a hospital, down to scrubbing foom In a thousand tasks presented by war conditions, women of all stations of life are working side by side.

If there is glory in war, patriotic and her manitarian service has won it for the woman of Europe.

UPWARD LIVING

We live by Admiration. Hope and Lovel And, even as these are well and wisely fixed. In dignity of being we ascend. -Wordsworth

THE NEST

Glad is the grove with light. And the gian is song-careased. But longing comes are night For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair. And distant hills more blue-Still claims that next my care In the dawn-in the dew-

For though the wild may we My wing to many a quest. Sweet in the dawn and the daw Are home and rest? "Peerse Earle Coates is sortes?"

After the Colonel had confessed that he was