

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CIRIUS J. K. CURTIS, President
Charles H. Liddington, Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer: Philip S. Colton, John B. Williams, Directors

EDITORIAL BOARD:
Charles H. Liddington, Chairman
P. H. WHALLEY, Executive Editor
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
LONDON: 110-A, Metropolitan Tower
NEW YORK: 110-A, Metropolitan Tower
CHICAGO: 110-A, Metropolitan Tower

Subscription terms:
By carrier, Daily, 50c per copy, in advance.
Daily, 50c per copy, in advance.

Advertisement rates:
A penny in the pocket is as worthless 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.

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.

Unshackling the Housewife
THE gas range has done more than any other single improvement in kitchen apparatus to free the housewife from her summer bondage.

Inspectors to Inspect
GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH'S approval of the bill increasing the number of factory inspectors from 50 to 100 is in fulfillment of the humane program which he outlined for himself when he took office.

Planting War and Reaping Peace
ANSWERING questions is one of the duties of a policeman. Yesterday a Philadelphia bluecoat was accosted by an individual who evidently was not new to thirteenth and who asked:

Suppress the Irresponsible Jitneys
JITNEY regulations could not have been delayed much longer. They have fortunately 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.

Character witnesses! More character witnesses!
Perhaps our grandchildren will see the end of the Thaw case.

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.

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 men.

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 seldom 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.

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 recurring years.

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.

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.

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER has discovered that a dam will hold only so long as the pressure behind it is less powerful than the resisting force of the structure.

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.

Whether this is right or wrong is an entirely different question from whether it is the way things are done.

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 in bright, meteor-like sparks.

When 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.

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.

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 1854, 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.

"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.

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 recently appeared in the Russian newspaper "Ruskoje Slovo" and is characteristic of the unique manner in which the Russian writer views everything, even war.

THE master—a small, shriveled old man—can hardly get up from his filthy bed and the mistress—a wrinkled, ill old woman—weeps unceasingly. Somewhere far away are her children—for she does not know where they are.

And with these two, in their half of the hut, there are billeted eight officers; 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.

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.

At 9 o'clock everything is as it was, shrapnel bursts close by, and the heavy boom of artillery can once more be heard.

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.

Close on 2 o'clock we are awakened by a series of shocks which by the rattling of the furniture seem to be so great that the flimsy hut is having great difficulty in keeping to one spot.

An incessant artillery battle 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.

When 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.

He did so because I shall go back to my books and he 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.

After the Colonel had confessed that he was 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."

"Yes, I've followed many vocations," laughed the Colonel. "And all simultaneously!" interposed Iving. "Yes," was the reply.

Yet of all his simultaneous and multifarious occupations he is doubtless proudest of his literary achievements.

THE CHAMPION OF SHOT-PUTTERS



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 vert or two away, where the battle is being fought.

My heart beats with excitement and 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.

Then again the long-drawn-out "A—la—la—la—!" Now somehow louder, more convincing, more triumphant.

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.

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 work of the German women," says Mrs. Bernhard Dernberg, "began with the first movement of troops.

"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; shopkeepers 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.

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

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



LETTERS and news dispatches from Vienna tell of the hard, efficient work which a Philadelphia woman, Mrs. Fenfield, wife of the American Ambassador, is doing for the welfare of Austrian soldiers.

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.

Numbers of women, at the beginning of the war, marched to the firing line with guns on their shoulders. They had perorated reservists who because of illness or absence had been unable to answer the call.

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 work of the German women," says Mrs. Bernhard Dernberg, "began with the first movement of troops.

"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; shopkeepers 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.

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

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 undertook menial tasks.

"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; shopkeepers 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.

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

My wing to many a quest, Sweet in the dawn and the dew Are home and rest!