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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1915.

The man afraid to borrow to boom his business lacks the courage necessary to win success.

Shifting Back to Prosperity

THE clouds of business depression have begun to lift. The cause obviously is heavy European buying. The steel trade, which is a basic American industry, has been vitalized by orders. So, too, practically all crops, except cotton, have brought a good price. Moreover, there is a feeling of confidence that following a declaration of peace there will be even larger demands on this country from Europe, enough to keep our factories on full time for many

Depression has not vanished entirely. But it has receded far, and optimism is the keynote. It always pays to be a bull on America, for the nation's business is fundamentally sound. It is a period of adjustment, as the whole fabric of business has been influenced by the war, but it is an adjustment that carries prosperity with it. The effects of a low tariff have been minimized for many months, and the country has responded. Even the calamity howlers have to give up the shouting and get to work. That in itself is a very auspicious sign.

The League of Good Citizens

THE brilliant success of the campaign for La greater Chamber of Commerce is to be followed by a campaign, which is bound to be equally successful, for a greater City

The club is understood to be, not an organization primarily for the social enjoyment of its members, though ample provisions are to be made for that, but it is to do for the uplift of the community what the Union League Club did for the preservation of the Union when it was founded. That famous organization was created as a league of men devoted to the preservation of the united nation at a time when its existence was threatened. The City Club does and will stand for high ideals in all the activities of a great city, commercial and charitable as well as political. It is a league of good citizens formed for the preservation of the city.

It is intended to secure a membership of 1500 at this time; but there are more than 1500 voters here who are in sympathy with its purposes. If the management goes about its work in a spirit of broad tolerance, it will find that the limit of membership will have to be raised from time to time, This has been the experience of the Boston City Club, one of the largest and most successful in the country, which has had a waiting list from the beginning, and at times as many as 500 names have been on it. Its total membership now is about 5000.

The Cigar Clerk and the Jitney

I hope they won't do anything to break up the jitney business. It is a fine thing for people to get out in the fresh air on Sunday afternoon.-Remark of a graytaired clerk in a Broad street clear store last night.

BY "THEY" this man meant those powers which are in the habit of interfering with all activities which in any way affect the profit from their business. You cannot put your hand on this man or that man and say that he is one of "them," but that does not remove the impression that there is an invisible power somewhere, usually described indefinitely, as "they" as the Greeks, to escape the resentment of their demons, called the Furies, the "Well Wishers." And the cigar store clerk was putting in words the thought that was in the back of the head of many a man who took his family jitneying yesterday afternoon. The people went out while they could, for they did not know how long the privilege of a cheap ride would continue.

It is too fine a thing to be strangled by any insidious power. And it will not be driven out of business if the responsible men engaged in it use their influence to protect it. Half & dozen vicious jitney drivers can do more harm to the new enterprise than can be counteracted by the efforts of all the decent men. Sunday afternoon jitneying is a respectable amusement. It has been welcomed in this city where there are few ways in which to get pleasure on the first day of the week, and it must be allowed to develop as the demand for it grows.

National Security Requires a Great Navy

FIRES is the richest nation in the world. There is none that approaches it in natural resources and none probably in the value of its human assets. It has been scarred by but few wars. It has been able to grow with little impediment. It has assimilated the outpourings of all nations and molded them into a new nationality, distinct in itself. Out of dissimilar elements it has created a new race of men, who in their turn have multiplied wealth, and built material evidences of prosperity such as no other nation ever witnessed.

It is folly to assume that envy has not been aroused. Our increasing trade engenders new animosities. The international risepoint is a novel thing in the United states. For more than a hundred years we have been a corner of the world unto ourstives. Today our international relations mke us the mest important neutral factor the world. Our interests are involved to weeks a revolutions and wars. Hints of sericomplications appear duly in the news. the world in on a tension. The visitiontion Tour rights to a continuous task for the

and-death struggle renders the belligerents more and more presumptuous in their treatment of neutrals.

It will be a miracle if the United States is not required before this war is over to put its foot down firmly and declare: So far and no farther. When that time comes, this Government must control so great a force that no nation will tamper with our rights. Already the war has demonstrated that a great navy is a guarantee of security at home and weight of argument abroad. It is madness, therefore, not to provide a navy commensurate with the enormous interests of the nation, a navy of such preponderant power that our voice for peace will be determinative in council.

The political party that stands squarely for a big navy, without subterfuge or deception, is the party that will win in the next national elections. The nation needs two kinds of protection.

Put the "Get-there" in Philadelphia

THERE is but one way in which to get rapid transit, and that is to vote for it.

It means much to the average citizen to be put many minutes closer to his business and many minutes closer to his dinner. It means much to him, too, to be relieved of burdensome exchange tickets and of double charges.

From any part of the city to any other part of the city for 5 cents is what rapid transit means, for the kind of transit it is proposed to have is not only rapid, but is economical also.

Rapid transit, however, means more to the city as a whole than it does to any individual. Quick lines of communication made great cities possible. The growth of cities has paralleled their railway facilities. The greatest era of urban development followed the introduction of electric cars. They made the intricate city life of today possible. It may be stated as a general proposition that superior transit facilities are a prerequisite to metropolitan achievement.

More important than any other improvement planned or contemplated in Philadelphia is rapid transit. It promises new arteries, a new system of circulation. It means a close union between centre and circumference, a vast increase of "home" territory, a new impulse to the city's growth and development, an asset on which posterity can rely in expanding the city and intensifying its prosperity.

Don't be a pullback. Don't be a non-voting mollycoddle, too busy to give a few minutes of your time to Philadelphia. Not to vote

for the loan is to be against it. Be a booster who supplements his lip serv-

ice with active work. Vote for the rapid transit loan.

"Rehabilitating" Ships From the Sea

AFTER long and serious consideration the Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company may operate the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company so long as it does not send them through the Panama

But of what benefit is the decision? The Pacific Mail Company has announced that It will go out of the shipping business in November because of the burdens and restrictions of the new shipping act passed nominally to secure greater safety for passengers and greater comfort for American seamen. Its effect, however, will be to abolish American ships and American seamen unless all signs fail. Robert Dollar, one of our largest shipowners, says that he will have to seek Chinese registry for his vessels engaged in the Pacific trade because he cannot continue to do business under American registry. And the Pacific Mail plans to go out of business entirely.

This is the way the merchant marine is being rehabilitated by the party which has for more than a generation been blaming the Republicans for destroying it by tariff laws!

Kicking a Man When He is Down

ELECTION frauds were not the only crimes of the rulers of Terre Haute, now serving sentence in the Federal prison at Leavenworth. The City Council has formally dismissed from office Mayor Roberts, who went to prison a few days ago, and the offenses charged against him were drawing warrants on the City Treasury to pay attorneys engaged in private litigation, attempting to bribe Councilmen to vote for ordinances which he wanted to have passed, causing the arrest of citizens on trivial charges and refusing to allow them to be released on bail. And, finally, because of conviction in the election case.

The last reason was enough to justify the removal of the Mayor from office; but it is a sign of a wholesome public sentiment in the community when it demands that additional and obvious reasons be given which had not been considered by the courts. Kicking a man when he is down is seldom justifiable. But no one will hold it up against the Terre Haute Council.

Rome hears that the war will soon be over, but it appears that for Rome it has not yet begun.

Speaking of the Clay case, as a gentleman remarked on the subway, lucky are they who get a second trial.

Instead of being mistress of the seas, the English fleet seems to be the mystery of the seas. Where is it?

The new guns for the defense of Manila will shoot 12 miles, and the cost will be \$700 a shot. Practice makes taxes. The Riggs Bank contest indicates that

there is too much personality and too little law in some departments of the Government. Doctor Dernburg is still paying tribute to the mastery of the British navy by demand-

ing an international guarantee of the free-

dom of the year. An American naval aviator has attained a height of 10,000 feet in a hydroplane. breaking all records. His craft, however, was unencumbered with bombs.

Those scientists at odds about the nature of the earth's core should call in the inventor of the hollow globe theory to prove to them that "there ain't no core."

Aldermen in St. Louis are not like Counclimen in Philadelphia. One of the Missouri gentlemen, for instance, has pleaded guilty to forgery in the first degree. No Philadelphia Councilman has over done anything-of-that-said.

FOLKLORE AND DREAM TRAVELS

A Psychic Mannikin With a Dainty Little Sword Who Keeps the Bugaboos Away-The Antiquity of Nightmare.

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

THIS evening I read for an hour in a vol-Lume of Dr. J. G. Frazer's wonderful garnison of folklore, which he calls "The Golden Bough." There I find accounts of many savage concepts of what sleep means, and death; and of how one may pass over from one state into the other only too simply. It is a delightful occupation, reading "The Golden Bough," and I much prefer it to Doctor Hadwen's accounts of ghost dreams and their scientific explanation, and what the Greeks thought of them, and the Romans,

I wonder if men of old didn't, for that matter, dream more than we-or even the Greeks? Today, in our locked houses, we are still comforted or tortured by dream-travels; refreshed or wentied according to our luck-But how much more powerful is Nature in nights spent out of doors; afield, on sleeping porch, under the trees!

Father of the Ghuls and Jins

The nightmare, too, is respectable in its antiquity, and treatises on it, written in the dead languages, have come down to us from authors born 2600 years before the authors of the latest dream books. Coling Aurelanus. who laid down the medical law to the first century, tells us on the authority of Billmachus, follower of Hippocrates, who lived 600 years before Christ, that the nightmare was once epidemic in Rome, and that great numbers of persons in the city died thereof. Nowadays we complain, walting, of "a weight on the chest"; then it was succinctly called the "incubus." And it is all the same as the begey man of our own childhood, I suppose; and learned doctors say that the begey man gave birth to the ghuls and jins of all the African peoples.

Nightmare, says Doctor Hadwen, is a horse of another color from plain dreaming. It is a state between waking and dreaming-a semi-consciousness. The grown men who suffer from it are, in general, indoor workers -often men of letters. And we all have blamed some of these bad dreams on unwholesome or indigestible or unwisely consumed dinners and suppers. Never were nightmares so rife as in the heydey of the chafing dish Weish rabbit. If a persistent hostess obliges you to eat Welsh rabbit when you know you shouldn't do it, insist upon washing it down with a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate in a cup of hot water-peppermint water, say some. But all dreams are not bad dreams. What is any dream at all? Bergson sums it up very briefly in the two

essays which some one has made over into an English book: A dream is this. I perceive objects and there is nothing there. I see men; I seem to speak to them, and I hear what they answer; there is no one there and I have not spoken. It is all as if real things and real persons were there, then on waking all

has disappeared, both persons and things. How does this happen? Here we have the question reduced to its simplest terms, and by a master of pure

Narrow-minded Alarm Clocks

Nothing of just these matters is discussed by Doctor Frazer, to be sure-and his is the book that I've been reading. And as a traveler I hope some day to fare to those faroff, primitive places he writer of in his "Golden Bough," where the indigenous population most thoughtfully refrained from wakening the sleeper-"because his soul is away and might not have time to get back; so if the man wakened without his soul, he would fall sick." The thought of never being wakened there, either by an uncharitable household or the unmusical alarums of an insistent parrow-minded alarm clock made of nickel and tin, fills my heart with joy in mere anticipation. Yet even that joy has its terrors-for on

another page I read that the sick man's nose and other natural apertures are secured with fishhooks-"so that if his soul should seek to escape it may be hooked and held fast," And nothing can ever induce me to set foot on the Malay Peninsula, where the art of abducting gouls and abusing them generally has been carried to a pitch of diabolical eleverness that favorably compares with anything civilization can show. In the United States, I find, my soul is fairly safe except in waking hours. I touch wood, of course, now that I have risked so rash a statement; but you see my soul has always returned to me in fairly sound condition from all its joyrides-up to tonight.

The Souls of Savages

Up to tonight! I have said it. For I don't feel like trusting myself to sleep tonight. Prebably I have read too long in Doctor Frazer's book about the souls of savages. Before I can dream anything but nightmares, I shall have to reopen M. Hergson's book, to

I national defense is real enough, but it is no

new thing. This country seems to have a habit

of being in such a condition. We all know how

grossly unprepared it was in 1812, for the war

of its own declaring, toward which it had been

expectantly looking for years; so that it was

unable to protect its own national capital

against a handful of invaders. We can remem-

ber, too, the fine blue funk in which so many

of the dwellers on the Atlantic coast were for a

time in the late Spanish war. But those circum-

stances were characteristic. Back in 1783, only

10 years after the conclusion of the Revolution-

ary War, we had let some of our most import-

ant defenses fall into almost hopeless disrepair.

There has recently been made public the text

of an old letter written to Governor Clinton, of

New York, 1793, by Sebastian Baumann, a colo-

nel of New York artillery, upon this subject.

Apparently it was not the first time he had

written, either, for he began it with a reminder

that he had written before to the Governor

about the same matter. "The carriages of the

brass field artiflery," he said, "are much out

of order, and unfit for service unless they have

a thorough repair. These carriages have been

in use throughout the late war and exposed to

the weather, which has caused the wood to be

spongy and rotten. The horses' harness wants

The lack of ammunition, which is so serious

a feature of the present situation, existed at

that time, also. "We have," wrote Baumann.

"no cannon powder in the magazine, and as

the State is frequently called upon to return

that point of honor which foreign nations pay

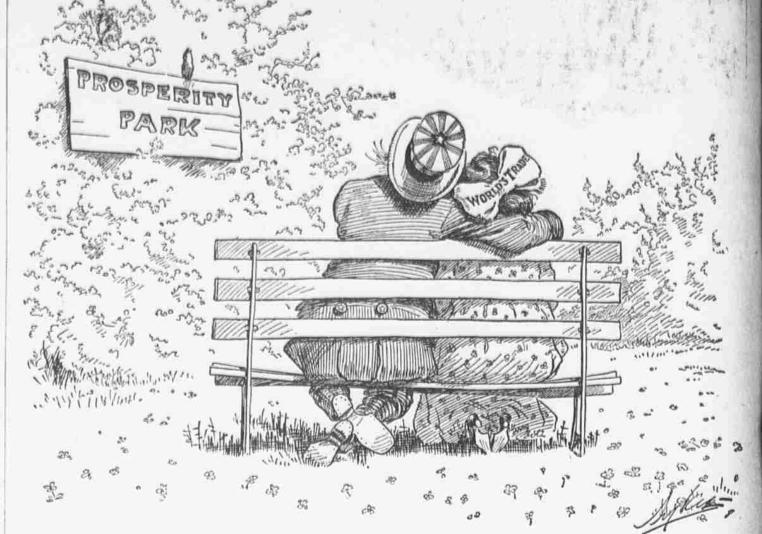
to our day on enturing our post it would not

overhauling, such as offing and stitching."

purpose, as well as for any other occasion. What such "other occasion" might be was directly suggested. "It would not be improper," he wrote, "to remind your Excellency here that our port is the first in the Union, most conspicuous abroad and most frequented by foreign nations on account of its safe and easy access, particularly in the winter season. Yet the port of New York, with all these advantages, is the most defense less, and cannot afford any shelter to a vessel which misfortune of war may cause to fly kither for protection. Nay, a ship of war may capture another in the very port. These ideas I suggested some time ago to the Surveyor General of the State, and from the present complexion of things in Europe they may soon be verified. Thus situated, would it not be advisable to apply to Congress for a few iron 18-pounders, of which there are a number at West Point of no use, and have them advantageously placed here to prevent any undue encroachment?"

It will not escape observation that the state of unreadiness for defense which then pravailed did not, as some in these days affect to think it infallibly must, prove a preventive against war, On the contrary, in spite of our unpreparedness we speedily drifted into war with France.

Colonel Sebastian Baumann, who probably was denounced by some ultra-pacifists of those days as a jingo, a militarist and what not, was a ciose comrade of Washington all through the Revolution. He was a preceptor of Alexander Hamilton in artillery practice and he was postmaster at New York and Postmaster Ganerals His letter has been made public by his greatgrandson, George A. Brannan, principal of the Yan Vilesingen School, Chicago,



IN THE SPRING

seek reassurance in its polished periods. True, M. Bergson is as fond a believer in the "eccuit" as any of your savages; in accepting the presidency of the Society for Psychical Research "I am led to believe in telepathy" (he said) "just as I believe in the defeat of the Invincible Armada." But I am calmed when I find M. Bergson's dreaming ego employing words as neatly joined, as magically persuasive, as the awakened Bergson's lectures before the students and idlers and fair women who crowded the benches in his College de France, in days before the war.

The savage thinks that if an animal lives and moves (writes Doctor Frazer, of Liverpool and Cambridge-who was knighted just before the war) it can only be because there is a little animal inside which moves it. If a man lives and moves, it can only be because he has a little man inside who moves and steers him through life. That mannikinsteersman with an inside scat is the soul. And the Nootkas, of British Columbia, go further than this; they are sure that the soul is made in the image of the man whom it animates; that its seat is the crown of the head; that so long as it stands upright its owner is hale and hearty; that the moment it loses its balance its owner loses his wits. Now, there is no more danger of M. Bergson's psychic little man ever losing his balnnce than there is of M. Bergson's physical little fingers tracing across the page sentences that make bad style. It is a fine mannikin, M. Bergson's, and when it walks out of an evening to enjoy itself dreaming it walks erect and decorous, quite resolved not to associate with the shocking mannikins of Dr. Sigmund Freud and his unhappy patients.

M. Bergson's mannikin is slight and rather apper: it swings a light cane with the most debonair manner imaginable in the case of a philosopher's dreaming ego. I am no scholar myself; I pretend to no deep knowledge of Bergson and psychology; therefore it is possible that my last statement is inexact. On reflection, I withdraw the remark about the swagger little cane. M. Bergson's dreaming ego wears the green uniform and palms of the Academic Française du Reve Droit; at its side there hangs a dainty little sword, trenchant for its size, and wined dry of ink except when actually in use. M. Bergson's dreaming ego is French from the peak of its cocked hat to the tins of its pointed little toes; its walk is springy, and its eyes are bright, and its profile hirdlike-a highly civilized caslet. Yet courteous-ah, in the extremel

Thanks to M. Bergson, I can sleep now without dreaming of the Bagabos of the Philippine Islands, and Aristeas of Proconnesus -whose soul some one saw issuing from his mouth in the form of a raven. Didn't you ever read about him in Pliny's "Natural

* THE SOUL'S PATH

There is no short cut, no patent tram toad to wisdom. After all the centuries of invention. the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderwith bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old time.-George Eilot

"NATIONAL DEFENSE" IN 1812

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

(1) Collier's-"Bryan-Democracy's Goat." (2) Delineator-"Mother Jones." (3) Metropolitan-"In the Great Cause-

the Story of a Ploneer." (4) Musical America - "Mephisto's Mu-

CURRENT PERSONALITIES

EVERYBODY like everybody else! This virtually the slogan of civilization away from individualism and toward a standardized "sameness." It pours our young population through a mold of schooling and training, which turns them out pruned and pared, as nearly alike as it is possible to make them. In spite of our acceptance of this mode of life, we persist in setting up as heroes those stalwart individuals who doggedly stick to their own notions and refuse to allow their individuality to be expurgated.

The qualification for a coast-to-coast fame often lies in merely being "different," Witness the steadily growing fame of Bernard Shaw and "Billy" Sunday, whose only re-

semblance is in their initials. Sometimes, however, with characteristic inconsistency, the being "different" becomes a transgression rather than an attraction, as, for instance, in the case of the Democratic Administration officials in Washington. After 16 years of uninterrupted Republicanism, Washington society had become quite acclimated. Criticism of Democratic variability is concentrated upon the head of "Bryan, Democracy's Goat," according to George Fitch, who writes amusingly in Col-

lier's (1): A great many Washingtoniana have practiced disapproving of Bryan until any little thing he may do causes them the most exquisite pain. The Chautauqua incident was discussed all over the country. In Washington it became a broodthe country. In Washington to be bad never ing horror. A lot of Washington people had never heard of Chautauquas until they found that Secretary Bryan was frequenting them. Then Secretary Bryan was frequenting them. Then they tried to read up on the thing in Gaboriau's library of crimes. It wasn't the awfulness of the deed which shocked Washington. It was the lack of dignity. No Secretary of State had ever "chautaulked" before. It hadn't been done at all. It was impossible to conceive. The smallat all. It was impossible to conceive. The smallness of the salary was no excuse. Knox and Bacon and Hay couldn't live on their salaries either, but nobody saw them running around the country exhibiting in a tent. And besides, any one who spends that much money is extravacant. Nothing contributed more to the popularity of economy in Washington in than the fact that Bryan couldn't live on \$12,000 year. It was almost impossible for some to Republican Congressman who wo plain about his little old \$7500 and mileage to

Still, Secretary Bryan could live on \$2000 a year and serve his state dinners in a beer tunnel without coming any nearer to suiting his Washington critics. It is a hopeless case with hi He just naturally deem't suit. He wears his hair wrong. No Secretary of State has ever worn so much hair in the same place. His clothes are out of focus. His shape is obsolete and annoying. He is said to perspire in hot weather. Eminent visitors from other countries have caught him using a palm leaf fan. He wears slippers at home. did this-or if he did, he set a guard around the house, and kept his shame to himself.

Mother Jones

"Mother Jones," for 25 years a conspicuous figure as a labor leader, stepped into even wider fame this spring, when she met young Rockefeller during the hearings of the Federal Industrial Commission in New York, and afterward was invited to call on Rockefeller at his office, a call which lasted for two hours. She is described by a man who knows her personally, Peter Michelson, in the Delineator (2);

Mother Jones is now 82 years old. According one's point of view, she is a reckless labor itator who has stimulated violence in mine elds all over the United States; or she is the far-seeing organizer of miners unions, their un-daunted champion in time of trouble, the friend and teacher of mine children and—really other" Jones, with the emphasis on the 'Mother.

"I was born in revolution," "Mother" Jones in her public speeches, and this is literally true. Eighty-two years ago, just when the Irish oppressions were at their worst. Mary Harris began life in a rough peasant's cottage in Cork. Ireland. When she was 5 years old the family emigrated to Canada. Mary was sent to school in Toronto, and later became a teacher in the public schools. We next find her in Chicago, a forewoman in a dressmaking establishment. Here, in 1880, it was her lot to oversee the making of the dress which Mrs. Abraham Lincoln were at the inaugural. Then she married. Her husband, George Jones, itinerant blacksmith and ironmolder, was identified with the Knights of Labor, first of the industrial unions. They were labor's early missionaries, wanderers from choice, and as they wandered, four children were born to them. Yellow fever in New Orleans took her husband and children in one week. Mary Jones had lost her family, but "Mother" Jones adopted in their stand the "Mother" Jones adopted in their stead the workers of America. On one occasion "Mother" Jones went to

Washington to ask President McKinley to par-don a striker who was serving a life sentence in the California penitentiary for blowing up the reilroad bridge at Sacramento. With Presiden McKinley at the time were Chief Justice Mo Kenna and Gausral Algan, his Secretaryon; Was

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES For two hours President McKinley listened, while his special train the was about to leave on his summer vacation) waited. He pardoned the striker. As "Mother" Jones was leaving, Secretary Alger asked, "Mother, will you plead for me like that when I get into trouble?" "Oh,

when you get into trouble you won't need me.
There will be 50 parasites to plead for you." The President and the Chief Justice joined in the laugh on the Secretary of War. Another woman pioneer, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, the suffrage leader, who has been writing her memoirs for the Metro-

politan (3), gives some thrilling stories of pioneer experiences in the Middle West: To drive 50 or 60 miles in a day to meet a lecture engagement was a frequent experience. Once during a 50-mile drive, when the thermometer was 20 degrees below zero, I suddenly realized that my face was freezing. I opened my satchel, I took out the tissue paper that protected my best gown, and put the paper over my face as a vell, tucking it inside of my bonnet. When I reached my destination, the paper was a perfect mask, frozen stiff, and I had to be lifted from the sleigh. I was due on the lecture platform in half an hour, so I drank a huge bowl of ginger tea and appeared on time. That night I went to bed expecting an attack of pneumonia as a result of the exposure, but I

awoke next morning in superb condition. I pos

sessed what is called an "iron constitution," and in those days I certainly needed it. That same winter in Kansas I was chased by wolves, and though I had been more or less intimately associated with wolves in my pioneer life in Michigan, I found the occasion extremely unpleasant. During the long winters of my girlhood, wolves had frequently slunk around our log cabin, and in the lumber camps we had even heard them prowling on the roofs. But those were very different creatures from the two huge, starving, tireless animals that hour after hour trailed behind the cutter in which I sat with another woman, who through the whole experience never lost her head or her control of our frantic horses. They were mad terror; for, try as they would, could not outrun the grim things that trailed us, seemingly not trying to gain on us, but keeping always at the same distance with a patience that was horrible. From time to time I turned to look at them. They were so near that I could see their eyes and slavering jaws. and they were as noiseless as things in a dream. At last, little by little, they began to gain on us, and they were almost within striking distance of the whip which was her only weapon, reached the welcome outskirts of a

Art of Attracting Attention Press agents' ruses for attracting attention

town and they fell back.

are numerous and devious. Musical America (4) tells an amusing story illustrating the resourcefulness of Henry Russell, for some years manager of the Boston Opera Com-

During the last season in Boston, he displayed the genius of a Barnum. Business was not particularly good. The scheme came into his head when he was about to produce Monna Vanna of getting Maeterlinck to come over to ap-pear in connection with its premiere. He announced that Maeterlinck had made a bet that ne would come over to the United States, with out being discovered, thus putting the entire Boston press on the qui vive. Reporters from every paper were detailed to watch the steam-ers. All kinds of good and amiable people who looked like Masterlinck, or who were to, were trailed for days, much to their as-tonishment and disgust. Finally it was arranged that somebody who was made up to look like State terlinck should get off a steamer from Europe and go to a small and secluded hotel, about which the about which the Boston reporters camped. That

Then Maeterlinck in Europe denied that ha was here. His denial was denied. Boston was been up to be the control of the control was here. His denial was denied, boston sure it had him. The agitation was kept up for days. The result was that when the curtain went up for Monna Vanna, you could not have squeezed an umbrella into the audience. The house was packed!

TWO NAMES OMITTED

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-Will you permit me to call attention to what seems to be an instance of giaring laor of peculiar prejudice. accuracy or of peculiar prejudice.

clopedia Britannica makes no mention of Isa
Maitland, the English churchman, who did
much by his essays to explode some of the current false statements about the customs and
writings of so-called "Dark Ages," which are gradually becoming lighter through the efforts of scholars. Also, it ignores Commodors John Barry, the doughty Irish-American, though giving a column and a half to Captain Paul Jones J. FRANK WALSH. Florence, N. J., April 23.

THE SIXTY-YEAR-OLD BOYS

It ence was the rule, in your youthtime and the fifty-year man was far gone in de-That he wore bushy whiskers and steeped as

he walked. And quavered a bit in his voice as he talked! But, oh, what a change has come over man-The fifty-year youngster of now isn't blind Or halt or decrepit or whiskered—nay, say! The sixty-year "kid" is the rule of today! There may be some snow at his temples "is truth:

truth;
But folks say, "Some people grow gray in
their youth."
He's carefully groomed, and he's straight as

He laughts like a child, and he amiles like a

He's natty and nobby and brisk as a hor-To meet him, to be in his presence, is 20%. Instead of December, he's April or Mar-The distr-year youngater is with us to stay.