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If clothes are worn for warmth, then wool is better than wilk.

War Is Not Murder

ONE does not need to be the seventh son of a seventh son, nor even a first year student in a law school, to know that General Pearson's suit to prevent the sale of munitions of war to the Allies on the ground that a conspiracy to commit murder is involved in it, will be thrown out of the

The right of neutrals to sell guns and ammunition to belligerents is admitted in the law of all nations. But if there were no precedent for it, a precedent would have to be established if small nations were ever to survive. Without such a rule a nation with a big supply of ammunition could wipe out all the little nations and all the large nations, too, which had not taken the precaution to build munition factories of their own capable of supplying all possible needs.

The logical conclusion of the premises laid down in this action, begun in Milwaukee, are so impossible that it is astonishing that any lawyer who cared for his repution for sound judgment could have been found to draw the pleadings.

The First Guess on the Coal Tax

THE validity of the hard coal tax is sus-I tained in the first skirmish in court, Judge Kunkel finds that, although the law is loosely drawn, it provides for the exercise of an undoubted power of the Commonwealth to tax commodities and bust-

But this is only the first guess. It is likely that the dispute will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States before it is finally settled, so that all the intervening courts may have an opportunity to speculate about the meaning of the Constitution and the statute. In the meantime the coal counties, which will profit by the tax, are hoping that Judge Kunkel, like the boy in the song, "guessed right the very first time."

Take Her Out Once in a While WHAT are the wives doing every day while their husbands are filling the

seats at the ball game?

The men are having an outing, but the women are hard at work at home. They do not care for baseball, but they do care for relaxation. And there is no reason for denying it to them. The husband may be tired when he gets home at night, even if he does not go to the game, but the wife is tired also. She has not had a change of scene to relieve the monotony of life. A trolley ride, a jitney jaunt, or an hour or two at the movies, would do her good and make it easier for her to take up her burden the next day. And it would do the husband good also to "beau" his wife about again as he used to do before he married her.

But if it is not convenient to take her out in the evening, there are half-holidays every week in summer for most workers, and several whole holidays beginning with Memorial Day, when many hours are available for excursions to the various places of interest within reach, even if the interest consists chiefly in a view of the unobstructed sky and a wide stretch of field and woodland.

If every man who reads this will resolve to take "her" out once in a while this summer, and will live up to his resolution, he will be surprised at the rejuvenation of his wife, and will be delighted at the discovery that she can still smile as she used to do. And the wife who meets her husband half way in his bungling approaches of this kind will also discover that the man is really conalderate, and is as much interested in her comfort as he promised to be in the beginning.

Modern Progress Rests on the Straw Hat MANY and diverse reasons have been advanced to explain the progress of the world since the beginning of the 19th cen-But insufficient attention has been given to what might be described as the real cause. That there has been progress no one disputes. More has been learned of the mysteries of nature in the past 115 years than had been discovered in the previous 40 centuries. And the material comforts that make life agreeable today have been almost all devised since the beginning of the last century. The railroad, the electric car, the automobile, the sewing machine, the telephone, the steam radiator, the coal stove, electric light and even gas light are all mod-

ern inventions. And greatest of all, from many points of wiew, is the straw hat for people living in the temperate zones. The first hat of straw to be worn in the United States appeared in 1100. Straw had been used before to thatch houses, but not the heads of civilized citi-It made comfortable bedding for attle, and was stuffed in sacks to increase the softness of the pine boards used by men and women to sleep on. But straw for the head! Naver! It might do for the tropical sevants, but not for the inhabitants of the great zone in which the progressive nations

Previous to 1800 mon had worn felt and ploth hate. The Puritane, even though they ingked with contempt on Saint Clement, the inventor of felt and the patron saint of felt hats were severely simple head coverings which reflected the austerity of their spirit. And it was not till the time of Elizabeth that men began to wear bats at all, in dishath's from cans and bonnets. The bloscolumn of literature in the Elizabethan period was contemporary with the building of brims on head coverings and their transmangeillearien into hate. And the substitu-

tion of straw for felt for summer wear has been accompanied by such an expansion of the inventive and investigatory intellect as makes the achievements of all the past seem trivial in comparison with what has come since the first paim leaf hat made it possible for Americans to walk about in the heat with cool heads, however hot the sun may have been.

The sociological investigator would find a fertile field for his inquiry in the relation between the summer hat of the present and the progress of the century within which it has grown from a curiosity into a commonplace. It would not do to dismiss the whole subject by saying that post hoc ergo propter hoc does not apply, for there never was a propter hoc which was not preceded by a post hoc, and the skill of the inquirer is displayed in his ability to decide which post

Indeed, what better proof is needed of the popular faith in the value of the straw hat as an aid to progress than the joyous ceremonles with which the day on which it may first be worn in spring is welcomed, and the contumely which is dealt out to the man who wears the hat after the date on which it is agreed that it must be called in in the

Marching Through the Streets

THEY are marching through the streets L today, mothers, wives and sisters. But it would be undignified, we are told, for them to march to the polls.

If the polls are such leprous places that to enter them would defile womanhood, by all means let womanhood be given the right to enter them that they may thereby be made clean. They need the prophylaxis of a woman's presence.

Women as well as men are bipeds. They possess the five senses and most of them a sixth, intuition. They eat, they drink, they read, they write. They do everything but vote, and even that they have been doing for many years in some of the most progressive and enlightened parts of the world.

The women trudge along the streets today. There is no doubt about their enthusiasm, their courage, their insistent longing to be put on a political equality with men. They, too, want to be emancipated. They have to combat the same prejudices and the same arguments that were formerly advanced against granting a general franchise to men. But the twentieth century is not so afraid of an idea as the eighteenth was. Then the fight for the vote was on the battlefield. Now it is a peaceful contest, in the streets of the cities, and constitutes an appeal to reason.

The parade really is the opening of the campaign for woman suffrage, a campaign which will be waged with vigor and enthuslasm until its purpose has been accomplished.

Cowardice of the Sons of Adam

No MAN can make a criminal of another man without the other man's consent. This obvious and elemental fact is in danger of being obscured by the outgivings of a man who is trying to shield himself from general condemnation for robbing his employers, by charging them with leading him astray through drink.

It is as impossible for a man to make a drunkard of another without the other's consent as to make him a criminal.

The responsibility for crime rests on the shoulders and the conscience of the criminal. Man is not a dummy or a tool. He is a free agent. If the fundamentals of uprightness are in him it is impossible for any outside force to make a criminal of him, or a drunkard, or a libertine, or any other contemptible

But ever since Adam it has been the habit of man, when found out, to try to place the blame on some one else.

An Envoy of Futilities

DAUL FULLER, who conducted an inves-Ligation in Mexico for the benefit of President Wilson, will go to Haiti next month to investigate the finances of that populous and poverty-stricken country.

Were he required merely to count its money he could arrive in the morning and get away by noon. But a more difficult task awaits him. He must strike the rock of Haiti's resources and force therefrom abundant streams of revenue. Perhaps a battle or two staged by the revolutionists for the benefit of the "movies" would be more productive of cash than anything else.

But Mr. Fuller cannot propose any constructive program of that sort. He must deal in futilities. There is some consolation, however, in the thought that his salary will come not from Haiti's, but from Uncle Sam's treasury.

They are using iron coins in Ghent, not

That report from New York that Mr. Carnegle has the grip is uninteresting. He never

The respirators sent to the front are not intended to make it easier for the soldiers to take a breathing spell.

Ambassador Bernstorff knew after all that his latest note was foolish, and refused to deliver it without most explicit orders from

If Germany is already whipped one cannot help wendering what she would be doing if victorious. She is very much alive for a dead one.

The Dean of Canterbury refuses to "swear off" to please the total abstinence advocates in England. He says he tried it once to the great impairment of his health.

What would happen to the clergy in the United States who should object to giving up alcohol and defend its use in public? They do things differently in England.

Speaking of transit, Senator McNichol says "every true citizen of Philadelphia will be gratified with the result." A lot, too, will be gratified with the wages on Saturday nights when construction is actually begun,

Judge Buffington is not the only one who admires the horses ridden by the mounted policemen. No one knows how many men and women carry a lump of sugar from the lunch table every day to give a favorite horse standing at the curb. As to the sentiment of the officers themselves-well, the men have been seen coming from candy stores with chocolate creams to give to their mounts, and they have been heard to say. with a sigh "It is pretty expensive horse

VAUDEVILLE ON MONDAY MORNING

Weekly Rehearsal Which Is a Show in Itself-How the Leader and the Singers Put Together the Week's Entertainment.

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

THE house was decidedly cold-both in the I thermometric and the theatrical sense. An audience of one gazed into the glare of a "bunch" light whose bulbs sprayed out from a china reflector up on the stage. Otherwise, no "foots," no curtain, no scenery; just a welter of ropes from the gridiron, "wood wings," "props" and gymnastic apparatus. Down where the footlights should have been a middle-aged woman in a mannish coat sat sideways on an ordinary kitchen chair, saying things.

Kelth's was going through its regular Monday morning rehearsal.

Ordinary players lump all their times of tribulation into a bunch and go over and over their lines and scenes and acts in three or four furious weeks before the "firstnight." Not so with the "two-a-day." Every week is a new production with it. Every week the vaudeville theatres have to put together their shows and synchronize orchestra and performers. In some ways it's more fun to watch than the regular performance.

"Frank," the Hero The hero is the orchestra leader; though sometimes the performers mistake him for the villain. During the regular show he has to be ready with the proper asinine answer when the comedian leans over and says, "Hello, Frank, how's business?" Therein is the dark secret of this hero's tragedy. Mr. Schrader, who leads Keith's orchestra, happens to be named Charles.

Mr. Schrader has a lot to do. He has to see that all the bundles of music handed him by the performers have enough parts to ge round. If they haven't, there may be a strike. He has to satisfy the technician of the band-in this case it's the cornetistthat he can play the music the way the acrobat wants it even if it isn't written that way. Every now and then he has to put in a full rest or add three measures of "vamp." And always, all the time, he must listen to everything the singers say, take down all their cues, remember just where to slam in the tempo, and make the whole business come out even 12 times a week.

How They Do It

Here is a fair sample of the way he does it with a singing and talking team: The lady on the chair is Bonnie Thornton.

63 this week. She kisses her husband, "Jim." at every performance and they sing some of the famous old songs, like "Annie Rooney," which he wrote when he was not "the youngest of the old-timers."

"Good morning," says Mrs. Thornton to Mr. Schrader's shirt sleeves. And then, "We've resurrected a whole lot of dead ones."

"They're sometimes the best," replies the courtly leader.

"Well, we couldn't stand out here and sing grand opera. . . . Wasn't it awfully hot yesterday?"

Then the orchestra gets a look at the music-its first look. The natural advantages of playing old standbys like "Annie Rooney" instead of the usual new stuff "at sight" are compensated for by some very minute directions from Mrs. Thornton.

"Now bring us on," says she in the clear and careful tones of one who is sending the office boy out to change a thousand dollar bill and buy a bank. "Now bring us on very forte and loud, and die away when we reach centre. Then you don't play a thing till I say, 'The title of my song is "The Same Old Place." ' Got that? Then I go over here." and she gets off the chair for the first time, "and you play just as plano as possible for the end. I do some talking after that, but my next cue to you is 'Annie Rooney.' No matter what I say, that's my cue. Do you get ma?"

Back of her, things are happening. The stage crew have hauled up the big black backdrop on which the ambidextrous Jap writes backward and upside down. It threatens to get tangled up with the rubber tubes of a talking machine which the Jap is testing out as to length and position.

"Annie Rooney" Ad Lib.

But all this time Mrs. Thornton is singing. It's "Annie Rooney" in sections, with pauses to listen to the orchestra and to put it on the right track. The result is something like

She's my sweetheart I'm her beau, She's (not too forte) I'm her Jo. Soon we'll * * *

Never to part. Little (a little louder, please) .. Is my sweetheart.

There are 10 minutes more of instructions while the female impersonator stands fidgetting behind the bunch light. The principal results are: "After that chorus I generally come back, and say, 'Can you stand another? All right, that's what I'm here for." Now, Mr. Cornetist man, come in loud when I get to 'When she was sweet sixteen.' And when we get to the finish of the chorus you can all choke us out as loud as you can. Or they'll get our number."

The female impersonator is solemn and

saturnine and very earnest about his work. He lets out his remarkably high, fine voice with considerable violence. He sings all the words. He even takes off his collar as well as his hat. Left hand and right knee get to beating time, and by the end of his rehearsal he is down on his knees to get in touch with the leader's spirit. He seems to approve of "the boys." He ventures only one extra instruction and one criticism. "Just a bit more attack, if you can get it, boys," And to the cornetist, "When I look down at you just swell it up. You needn't be afraid of giving me plenty of orchestra. I'm just off

Some Trimmings

After that the "lady specialists," that hang from their teeth, and dance between times to give their jaws a rest, explain a few things. in secretive tones, and make way for the acrobatic dancer. He knows he "opens the show," and is consequently a little nervous. He doesn't help matters any by rattling off: "Number two is an acrobatic dance. Go into number three very forte. Cut through fast to number six. Play it just the way it's written till 'Over the fence is out' then very

The dancer hums "Deedle di di di, deedly di di" a bit and then begins a sort of anemic caricature of vaudeville violence, saving all the exertion he can but keeping in time with the orchestra. He makes some symbolic motions for the backward handspring, and then gets into serious trouble with that impeccable musician, the cornetist. by stopping short to say, "You swell out too soon. It's marked plane there." After the fracas is over, the dancer retires to "drum's" corner and explains some of the fine points of his kicks.

And so it goes for about two hours every Monday. There are variations each week, Sometimes the candy boy has to rehearse the slot machines on the backs of the chairs. and sometimes the performers worry a bit over which of the Pullman car-named dressing rooms they've got, "Zara," "Yale," "Ulva" or ""Zeno." Once in a while there are gaps. And every now and then the headliner disappoints by sending over her colored maid to rehearse the music for her entrance, Life in Keith's of a Monday morning is just like life in general-only more so.

THE FRONTIERS OF HUMOR

The curse of Babel only fell among men when they learned to laugh. Laughter is the real frontier between races and kinds of precisely is grievous. Laughter is another matter. A joke sets all nations by the ears. laugh in different languages. violently explodes into laughter at something which leaves the Prussian cold as a stone. An Englishman sees very little fun in Alceste. A Frenchman sees in Falstaff no more than a needlessly fat man. Try to be funny in a for-eign land, and you will probably only succeed insulting or disgusting or annoying or shock ing somebody. A joke cannot be translated or interpreted. A man is born to see a particular sort of a joke; or he is not. You cannot edu-cate him into seeing it. In the kingdoms of comedy there are no papers of naturalization .-

AN ANARCHIST OF MUSIC

FruiE cables brought, the other day, news Lof the death of Alexander Nicholaevitch Scriabin, the Russian planist and composer, who was one of the most striking figures of the modern musical world. He was 43 years old, and it is some-

thing of an trony of circumstances that he should have died now when his fame has just begun in Amer-

About two months ago his "Prometheus" was first performed in America. This astonishing production received a wide notoricty because for the first time music and color were joined



in actual production. It is an established fact that certain chords, when struck on the plane, will bring up the impression of certain colors to these whose ears are sufficiently sensitive. Scriabin pushed the principle of color-sound to the farthest point by having his orchestra play while a special instrument threw the proper colors on a screen placed at the back of the orchestra's platform. The result was puzzling; the critics were pisinly baffled, but the experiment proped interesting to those who heard

and saw the performance. So far there have been no imitators in this country; but the perfection of the necessary instruments and the progress of sensitive sight-hearing are very likely to make Scriabin's experiment a real contribution to musical enjoyment.

Students of the technique of musical composition think of Seriabin as an anarchist in music because he has experimented far and wide with strange harmonies, has made strange and sometimes alarming innovations in scales and chords. But to the man who knows how to listen to music, who knows that the real thing is the thought and feeling which the music expresses, Seriabin will appeal in a different way. Why did he have to experiment in harmonic progressions? The answer is that he had something to say which had not even been suggested before in music. He had penetrated behind the veil of coarse thinking and feeling; he had gone where no composer had gone before, to the soul of man and to the soul of nature, not as we conventionally know it, but beyond to what we often think is the inexpressible. As one writer has said, the wind that blows through the pages of his music is not the ordinary air of the concert room, but is "the veritable wind of the cosmos itself." And when you come to express the soul of mysterious and awful Nature itself, there is some excuse for forgetting the set rules of the conservatories.

WOMEN AND WAR IN AMERICA

Patriotic Heroines of the Revolution and the Struggle of '65." Some Reflections on the Brute Strength Theory of Fitness to Vote.

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

strangest are those which are formulated in support of a weak argument. In a circular issued by the Pennsylvania Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage a conception of government, which fortunately is not held by the majority of American men and women, is put into the following words:

THE STANDARD BEARER

As long as we MUST HAVE Government, though, to physically FORCE some people to be good-let us leave it in the HANDS OF THE MEN.

Government is not a sociable or Sunday Government is not a socialis or Sunday school matter—but a great organization of LAW and FORCE to protect HONEST per-sons from CRIMINALS. A woman has less place in politics than she has in mining coal, running trains, sailing ships, or building bridges.

Nowhere has the force theory of fitness to vote been better stated-the theory which survives from the period of ancient history when man arrogated to himself the privilege of the ballot by sheer brute strength. Its modern protagonists delight in challenging suffragists to show approved as good policemen and good soldiers-"If you are to vote," they say, "you must be able to back up your ballot with an effective bullet." Apparently they have never heard of division of labor, and certainly their idea of government is a relic of the time when, in Doctor Claxton's words, "the State was primarily a military organization and was best symbolized by the marshal's baton and the headsman's axe." Today we have a term, "police power," which means something very different from the power of the police! Or of the army and navy.

War and Welfare

In his recent book on "Organized Democracy." Doctor Cleveland, after grouping the functions and activities of government according to welfare relations, comments on one item in the list as follows:

"Both sexes are concerned in questions pertaining to national defense. While in case of war men are drawn into armies and incur the greater personal risk, the increased burden of civil life falls more largely on women. The ability of a nation to survive when at war depends as much on the one sex as on the other. Both are equally concerned in international relations, in the protection and maintenance of friendly relations with foreign powers, in obtaining information abroad in the interest of extension of trade, and in providing for international cooperation concerning matters of health, education and morality."

This is only the truth. It reflects the community of interest which exists among men and women in the conservation of the State. Ardent idealists, however, have asserted that if women were armed with the ballot war would become immediately impossible. They are wrong if they are thinking of less than all of the great nations of the world. They misread history. They misinterpret the qualities of womanhood. They forget that women stand nobly with men in patriotism and in national defense. They forget that not all wars are materialistic. Yet they are right if they are thinking of the socializing processes to which the ballot in the hands of women would give a new impetus.

While honoring women for their part in the promotion of peace, and working to the end that they have a more effective part, let us not neglect to pay tribute to the part which they are playing in the present war, and which they have played in past wars. In wartime they have shown qualities of citizenship which are at least consistent with the qualities desirable in voters. We may say that woman's place is not in the army or navy, we may say that the heroism of a Joan of Arc or a Florence Nightingale, or of a Molly Pitcher or a Sister Julie is not a title to the ballot, but we cannot say that wemen have falled country in the duties and obligations of wartime. Doctor Cleveland was merely quoting history when he said that "the ability of a nation to survive when as war depends as much on the one

sox as on the other." Even the war spirit may animate women to their everiasting glory. An illuminating

Definitions are sometimes inadequate, often unavoidably imperfect, but the essay, "Women and War": "In the town of Lexington, Massachusetts, where was shed the first blood spilled in the Revolution, there slept peacefully on the morning of April 19, 1775, a young man named Jonathan Harrington. To him in the early dawn came his widowed mother, who aroused him, saying, 'Jonathan, Jonathan, wake up! The Regulars are coming, and something must be done.' The something to be done was plain to this young American, who had never fought, nor seen fighting, in his life. He rose, dressed, took his musket, joined the little group of townsmen on the Common and fell before the first volley fired by the British soldiers. His wife (he had been married less than a year) ran to the door. He crawled across the Common, bleeding heavily, and died on his threshold at her

That was defensive war.

Read the story of the Revolution and you will read of heroines as well as heroeseroines of the battlefield, of the farm a plantation, of patriotic toil and devotion. As Mr. Bruce says in his book about "Women in the Making of America." "Not a few women paid with their lives for their sublime devotion to the demands of pity, char-

Women of the Revolution The antis, in their uninspiring literature,

thus; "As women, we do not want the strife, bitterness, falsification and publicity which accompany political campaigns." It might be remarked that properly the question is not so much whether they want to particlpate in politics as whether they ought to want to, but never mind-it is quite as interesting to wonder why American women could not go through a "battle of ballots" with as little harm to womanhood as resulted from the War of the Revolution! The American woman of Colonial times did not shrink from hardship. "She was," to quote Mr. Bruce again, "pre-eminently courageous and resourceful, able to depend on herself and think for herself. Whether in the older communities along the Atlantic, or among the straggling settlements of the mountain frontier, she displayed a wonderful readiness in adapting herself to conditions and in meeting emergencies. There was no peril which she did not face dauntlessly, no obstacle she deemed too great to be overcome. If occasion demanded, as was often the case, she did not shrink from tasks and dangers usually falling to men.

"And for all her hardihood and energy, she remained essentially womanly, finding her chief interest in her home, her husband and her children. It was for them she toiled and sacrificed, directing her every effort to the upbuilding and preservation of a happy home life."

The Revolution did not make the American woman less a woman. In the Civil War she was equally glorious. There was Mrs. Bixby, to whom Abraham Lincoln wrote that

famous tribute to the women of wartime. The noble, martial lines of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"-they were written by a woman.

THE ROAD TO MAY

When we were young in Eden, Remember how we'd stray From out the April shadows Into the sun of May? every year the Eden That love knew comes again, When May walks down the morning To kiss the lips of men-

The argosies have vanished The argosles have vanished
That plowed the Aegean deep;
But still upon the Nilus
The cars of Cupid sweep
The barge of Chopatra
Along its pristine way
Through dead Egyptian gardens
Unto the morn of May;

All things awake and tremble, The lark on viewless wing
Takes up to God's blue heaven
The love that helps him sing:
And we are young in Eden
As we were yesterday.
When through the clouds of April
We found the road to May.

—Felical McMinery, in Smart