

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1915.

No going ever taught a goose to swim and
no flogging ever set up a school of flying.

The Prodigal Court
It is a pity that the Municipal Court, which has performed real service to the community in so many ways, should be possessed of a mania for spending public money. It insists on having an army of retainers whether there is any work for them or not, and it dreams of marble palaces, gaudily furnished, in which to install itself.

The Governor vetoed a bill extending the powers of the court on the ground that it had yet to prove the quality of its service. He thought that the court should continue its present duties, without asking for new ones, until it "made good." That apparently is what the Mayor thinks. It is what most other citizens think who have no axes to grind. But the Municipal Court wants to be shaking the plum tree all the time. It is insatiable.

There is some reason to believe that the Municipal Court was never intended to be a pesky autocrat and run the town. That, however, is what it is trying to do. A compression cap is needed to reduce the size of its head. In a financial way, it might not be out of order to suggest a spendthrift trust.

A Common Sense Decision
IF THE president of the Bethlehem Steel Company were asked whether the United States Steel Corporation was able to prevent the Bethlehem Company from getting all the business it could do, he would reply in language both forcible and plain that his company could compete with any steel corporation on earth.

So long as this condition continues, most men will agree with the United States District Court for New Jersey that the United States Steel Corporation is not violating the anti-trust laws and should not be dissolved.

The point at issue at the present time involves the technical interpretation of the statutes rather than the facts of business. When the corporation was formed the attorneys strove to keep it within the four corners of the law. They consulted the Attorney General in Washington and he approved their plan. When the charter was obtained it was supposed that the company was immune to prosecution under the Sherman law. But other lawyers took a different view of the statute, and the dissolution suit has been dragging its way through the courts. It will probably have to drag on for a year or so longer until the Supreme Court has had its say.

Divorcing Drink from Dancing
THE liquor dealers have read the signs of the times and are profiting by what they have learned. Their decision to banish cabarets shows from places where liquor is sold springs from the instinct of self-preservation. If they are to continue to do business, they understand, apparently, that it must be done without any allurements intended to demoralize young women and young men. Dancing must be divorced from drink and there must be no places where the privilege of dancing can be bought only along with a cocktail. The saloon men object neither to cocktails nor to dancing; but they have business judgment enough to know that the decent public objects to the combination in drinking places.

The Dardanelles the Key to Przemysl
ENGLAND may blame Churchill for organizing the campaign against the Dardanelles, but he has only to point to Przemysl for justification and vindication of his prophetic vision.

Of the valor of the Russian troops there can be no question. They have demonstrated it again and again. There can be no explanation of the disastrous campaign in which they have been deprived of the fruits of their former victories in the Carpathians except a lack of ammunition and proper artillery. It has been evident from the dispatches time and time again that the Czar's armies were marching sheer grit against the most modern and powerful war equipment in existence. Von Mackensen's offensive has been truly remarkable, as has been the whole German movement for the recovery of Galicia, but neither genius nor anything else could have made it successful had the Russians been at all adequately equipped to fight back.

Since the beginning of the war Russia has been cut off from supplies. The amount of ammunition consumed by modern armies is inconceivably large. France and England, with all their resources, have been unable to keep their own forces properly supplied. The enormous output of American factories does not begin to satisfy the demand. Russia must over and over again have been in desperate straits, particularly in continuing fights lasting for weeks and offering no opportunity for refilling the powder chests.

The opening of the ports of Archangel may relieve conditions, and undoubtedly some supplies have been received by way of Asia, but Russia will continue to be a chained bear until Constantinople falls and a facile route for the transportation of munitions of war is opened.

It is obvious to the importance of the campaign against the Dardanelles that undoubtedly even more heroic efforts to assure success there will be made. An advance by the Bulgarian troops, therefore, would be of incalculable assistance to the Allies. They are attacking the line in the Balkan East

in return for his help and that of Greece. This immediate key to the Allies' success in Constantinople. They should make almost any sacrifices in order to get possession of it.

Preparedness, Not Militarism

THE EVENING LEDGER, of course, does not favor militarism, despite the fact that a correspondent so interprets a recent editorial urging the Republican party to take a definite stand in favor of adequate preparation for the national defense.

There is a vast difference between militarism and preparedness. We need, for instance, no great standing army. No formidable enemy can strike us without first traversing thousands of miles of open sea. Our crying need is for a navy of sufficient size and strength to guard our shores and prevent hostile incursions against us.

England was lulled to sleep by soft voices. Lord Roberts pointed out the danger, almost begged his countrymen to make preparations, but they ridiculed and laughed at him.

We cannot make other peoples peaceful by being peaceful ourselves. We cannot overcome the machinations of a military autocracy by being lambs. We have not only the most precious material possessions in the world to protect, but in our keeping also are the most precious of human principles, liberty and freedom. It is our bounden duty to assure the perpetuation of them.

Society does not require policemen more urgently than the nation requires protection. There are bad nations just as there are bad men in the world.

So obvious are these facts, so strongly have they been emphasized by the course of events in Europe, that the great majority of American citizens will not endure a policy of unpreparedness. It behooves the Republican party to speak for that majority, to translate its wishes into a definite program, to stand squarely and fairly for the sort of preparation that will assure us at all times against European or any other aggression.

Shirking a Disagreeable Responsibility
WHEN the General Assembly, with knowledge of the probable revenues of the State for the next two years, passed bills appropriating \$10,000,000 more than could be raised, it shirked its obvious duty.

The Governor, it is true, has the power to reduce the appropriations to the limits of the revenues; but that is a function which he should not be called upon to exercise. It is too much power to put in the hands of one man. He is the executive and not the appropriating power of the Commonwealth.

To execute the laws in responsibility enough, yet there must be government of some kind, and if the representatives of the people abdicate, then an autocrat in the executive mansion must govern.

But autocrats are not popular in America. Where they exist it is only because the people, or the lawmakers elected to represent them, have refused to do their duty. As a result, we have the edifying spectacle here in this Commonwealth of a single man, sitting in his office in Harrisburg and saying what shall and what shall not be done for the next two years, almost as though there had never been any legislative session. It is fortunate for the State that the man is fully competent to perform the task.

"Italy Is Not a Vassal"
PREMIER SALANDRA denies the charge that Italy sold out to the Allies by asserting that his country refused to become a vassal of Germany. "The German dream of continental hegemony," says he, "is shattered, and when peace is made it must be upon the basis of the independence and equality of all nations.

This is the kind of defense which will stir the patriotic hearts of Italians and increase respect for Italy throughout the rest of the world. Between vassalage and independent action for its own interests there is but one choice for any self-respecting nation.

What's a Veto Between Friends?
COUNCILS like nothing so much as vetoes. It eats 'em alive. Why not? Haven't men been sent to Congress for chieftaining the Organization instead of serving public interests? There is not a better drilled troop in all Europe than that noble band of representatives, select and common, which carries the destinies of Philadelphia in its nervous hands.

A Councilman, it seems, believes in a declaration of independence, if enunciated five or six generations ago, but he will have nothing to do with such a thing now. He prefers to be a tool, for that assures him a job, and often two jobs.

Yet that brave old gentleman in the Mayor's Office, who for years has fought in behalf of free municipal government, continues to battle undaunted and unafraid. With all the power that is in him he maintains the struggle to protect the city's interests and those of its citizens. It must be disheartening at times, as yesterday, for instance, when he saw his vetoes so rotuously overridden, but the old War Horse does not flinch. It is confidence such as his in the final triumph of right that inspires patriots in the long struggle against selfishness, stupidity, subservience, graft and grafters.

Mr. Taft is not the only man who rejoices that Woodrow Wilson is not a jingo. The Hole in the Wall, in the Broad Street Station, will continue to be haunted by spirits.

Most-called-for book in the Congressional Library these days—"The Ready Letter-Writer."

They are to have three-cent jitneys in Atlantic City, but how is that possible when a jitney is five cents?

The exodus of Americans from Mexico has begun; but when is the genesis of good government there to start?

Probably those dogs that hit the Merion High School coach were hired by the athletes of some other high school.

San Marino has declared war on Austria, but Francis Joseph is not losing any sleep over it. Andorra, however, is still neutral.

There is no telling what the German Ambassador said to the President, but it is pretty well understood what the President said to the German Ambassador.

THE RED MONTH OF GREAT BATTLES

June Has Seen Naseby and Plassey, Bunker Hill and Waterloo, the Glory of the English and the Freedom of America.

By JOHN LUM

IF SOME perverse fate should give to me the power of war and peace and call upon me to fix the seasons of truce and the times of combat I should certainly make June a period of peace. It is impossible to harmonize the promise of the season with blood-letting. There are fitter occupations when the world is knee-deep in June than lying at the throats of brother men or than letting loose poisonous gases to be driven by the balmy winds over the trenches occupied by sons of grieving mothers.

And there is nothing in the season that can be made to harmonize with firing shells ten miles, at a target which you cannot see, for the purpose of killing men against whom you have no personal hate. And the summer seas ought not to be vexed by the explosion of torpedoes let loose from treacherous submarine monsters. The proper mood for June expresses itself not in war, but in verses like these: Who knows whether the clouds have fled? In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake, And the eyes forget the tears they have shed. The heart forgets its sorrow and ache, The soul partakes the season's youth.

But, alas! the sulphurous rifts of passion and we do not lie dead in this June, and they have not been inert in past June. The month of roses has been the month of battles. It was in June that Sheridan made his famous ride down the Shenandoah Valley to Winchester. It was in the same month that the Alabama and the Kearsarge had their duel to the death. But these are modern scars on the month of roses.

Cromwell at Naseby

The great victory of Cromwell over Charles I at Naseby, which destroyed the royal power and laid the foundations for the Commonwealth in England, was won on June 14, 1645. This was a triumph for democracy and a defeat for privilege which heartened all freemen, but in comparison with the battles of the present June it was only a skirmish between two small forces. Charles I had an army of 10,000 and Cromwell mustered only 13,900, but they fought for their lives with such weapons as were available, and when Charles I lost his guns and ammunition train it was impossible for him to equip another army in all England. But the pettiness of the conflict does not diminish the greatness of the issues involved.

Only eight years later Admiral Blake, "general of the seas," who treated the Atlantic as a British lake and disputed the right of the ships of other nations to sail it unmolested, met the Dutch fleet in the Channel on June 2, and forced Admiral van Tromp to flee for his life. He had not long before seized a Portuguese fleet of merchantmen as a reprisal on Portugal for refusing to allow him to attack the Dutch in Portuguese waters. The rights of neutrals were poorly defined in those days, and no right was admitted on the sea save the right of superior power.

The power of the sea which Blake won for the British is now challenged by other nations; but the dominion over India which Lord Clive won at Plassey, on June 23, 1757, has been strengthened with the years. But it was not a great battle, save in its consequences. Clive had only 1100 European troops, supported by a small native army of 2100, and he was opposed by 50,000 men under the Nawab of Bengal. But he had undermined the loyalty of the Nawab's commanders by the liberal use of gold. The battle was a farce, but for all that it is down in the records as "a glorious victory," and one more to be placed to the credit of the month of roses.

The Battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought on another continent in June, 18 years after Plassey, was of greater consequence to the world. Although it was nominally a British victory, the colonists discovered that they could fight, and all the other battles of the revolution were but echoes of that conflict where the waters of the Mystic and the Charles mingle as they enter Boston Harbor. The Battle of Monmouth, on June 28, 1776, is important, because it shows with what persistence Washington pursued the enemy. Sir Henry Clinton, who had evacuated Philadelphia, was hastening to New York with his small army. Washington followed, and would doubtless have won a decisive victory if General Charles Lee had obeyed orders. Lee, however, was afraid to fight, and Clinton succeeded in getting away after a drawn battle. Lee paid for his disobedience by retirement for a year.

From Friedland to Waterloo

June was the month of Napoleon's great triumphs and his final overthrow. June 14, 1805, is the date of his brilliant victory at Marengo. Exactly seven years later to a day he met the Russians at Friedland, and handled his troops with such wonderful skill and triumphed so completely over the enemy that it seemed as if the whole world were his if he only chose to reach out his hand to take it. He had other triumphs afterward, but his decline dated from that glorious hour at Friedland, when his men acclaimed him with all the enthusiastic adoration of soldiers who believe that their commander was more than human and only a little less than divine. His downfall came in June, 1815, when on the 18th of that month the Allies under Wellington outgeneraled and outfought him at Waterloo.

The month is full of anniversaries of battles and sieges of the Civil War. Memphis was taken on June 6, 1862; the battle of Cold Harbor was fought from June 1 to 3, 1864; the fighting at Winchester lasted from June 13 to June 15, 1862, and at Lynchburg from June 17 to June 18, 1864. The seven days' fighting before Richmond, in 1862, began on June 26, and the Gettysburg campaign, which culminated early in July, was really a product of June.

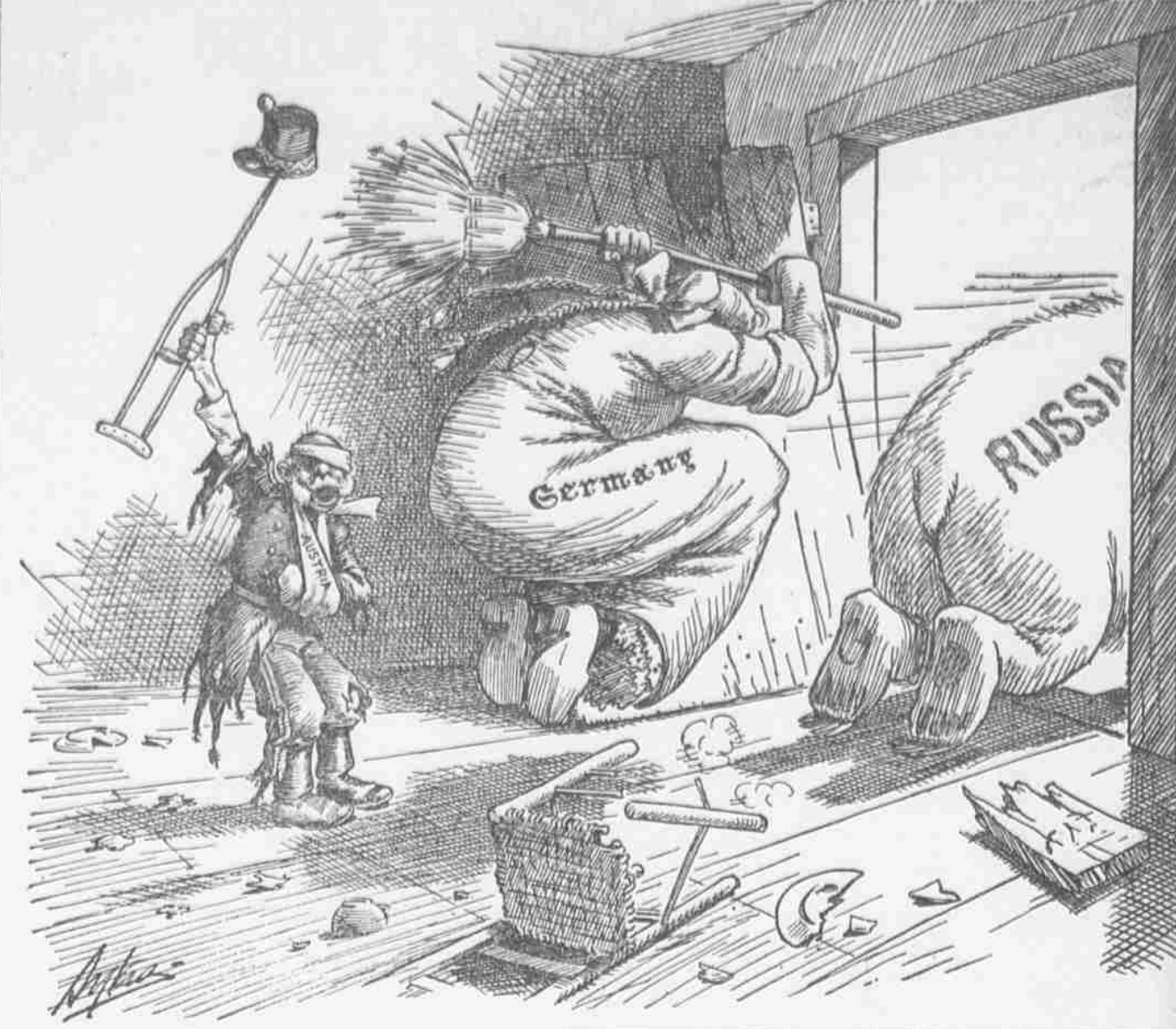
No mention of the June tragedies should omit reference to the massacres of Custer and his troops on the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876.

And yet, as we look over the records, we all feel like saying in the slightly changed words of Lowell, that No matter how bloody the past may have been, 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.

THE COMING OF PEACE
Oh, dream no more of quiet life,
Care feeds the careless out. More wise to war,
Thine heart entire to Fate's sure strife.
No peace will come, thou know'st not when,
—Kakko.

The Conceited, Lofty Poplar
These native sons are inimitable. The Ruman has them for every line and distance. He has one for every tree and for many of the smaller plants. The love of the woods is

"ME AND BETSY—!"



CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF RUMANIA

Wooden Plows Are Still a Common Sight on the Farms—Fondness for Folk Tales and Proverbs—Personification of Natural Objects—Some Superstitions

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

THE Ruman, or Rouman, self-styled direct descendant of the Roman conquerors who swept and beyond the Danube into Pravia early in the second century, may prove to be a most serious thorn in the side of bogged Austria if Rumania enters the war. But the outstanding characteristic of the Ruman is caution and the memory of past events will probably make the country doubly careful before taking any action.

The Ruman is a lover of the mountains and the woods. It is, indeed, to the peaks and forests of the Carpathians that he owes his national existence.

Isolated in them, the Ruman has clung more tenaciously to the ways and customs of his ancestors than any of the Latin races, and it is said that today his language contains more pure Latin words than the Italian. His is a composite nationality, however. About 29 towns and villages of Rumania have been positively identified by archeologists as of Roman origin, but there were Dacians in the land before the Romans and other racial stocks have left their mark on the language and character of the people.

Off the beaten track in Rumania the traveler may still find the peasant cultivating his land with a cumbersome wooden plow of the fashion of 18 centuries ago. Fashions in dress have lingered through the same long period. Especially is this true outside the cities. The costume, both of men and of women, is nearly always white. The men wear trousers almost twice as long as the leg, very tight and gathered up in folds. The shirt is in the form of a tunic that hangs down over the trousers and is fastened at the waist with a broad red woolen sash or a leather belt. Sheepskin is usually the material of the coat, while the winter cap is generally of lambskin.

Most of the women peasants go barefoot. Their principal garment reaches from the shoulder to the ankle, the upper part being covered with elaborate embroidery. Their coats are similar to those of the men. The head covering is generally a sort of veil.

Catching a Curcan
A quaint story is told by Rumanians of an early Turkish Sultan who was so impressed with the fighting prowess of the Thirteenth Rumanian Regiment, known as the Curcani, or Turkey Cocks (because they wore a feather of that bird in their caps), that he ordered that one of the regiment be captured and brought before him. The Turks tried, but found the command difficult to obey.

"Catching a Curcan," they told the Sultan, "is just as difficult as catching the mountain eagle."

So they secured one of the uniforms from a Curcan killed in battle and brought it before the Sultan. The long trousers, twice as long as the soldier's leg, were stretched out full length on the floor. With them, with the bottom touching the top of the trousers, was laid the tunic, and the boots were placed so that the tops just touched the end of the trousers. The Turkey Cock hat was laid at the top of the tunic. This arrangement of the clothing made it look like that of a ten-foot giant, and, according to the story, the Sultan sighed:

"Of course, against such giants, what can my poor soldiers do?" Later one of the Curcans was captured and brought before the Sultan. The Curcan advanced, stretched himself out full length and shouted loudly, "Sa Trait!" (May you live!) at which the Sultan fell on his back exclaiming: "Help, help, the turkey cock is eating me up!"

The Rumanians are fond of their folk tales and proverbs. One of the most popular of the proverbs is: "The Rumanian never dies." The Rumanian is anything but arrogant, yet the pride shown in the proverb is exemplified again in the fact that he will not do domestic service if he can avoid it. He has put this aversion into song, thus: Green leaf or garlic
Send servant to the Cioeci,
Rather shaghead to the ewes,
With one's head on the mole hill.

SEEKING INFORMATION
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—About a month ago there appeared on your editorial page of the Evening Ledger an article entitled, "Pupil All Pledges," which meant that our Legislature was about to adjourn should be called to do so, and that "there must be no flinching at any point."
Last fall you printed the Republican platform in full as adopted in Pittsburgh, and one plank reads as follows: "We also favor the enactment by the General Assembly and the passage of a law recognizing and granting pensions to the men who enlisted among our years from 1861 to 1865, known as the Emergency Volunteers." Now what was done? The House of Representatives passed the bill almost unanimously, but the Senate Appropriations Committee sidetracked it in their committee having five of its members from our city in it. This committee also knew the Governor was favorable to fulfilling this pledge, but he had mentioned it a short time ago as one of the 18 pledges. The Senators are the sole power at fault, but they don't seem to care. Has the chairman anything to say in behalf of his committee why all the pledges should not have been fulfilled?

ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW
Philadelphia, June 1.

COLLECTING WAR CURIOS
From the Indianapolis News.
Curio dealers from England and from the Continent are reported to be in the vicinity of battlefields in northern France endeavoring to buy trophies of the war which they hope some time may be valuable. They find, it is said, some difficulty in driving bargains. Amateurs who have come into possession of trophies are for high prices or will not sell at all, considering it. It is recalled that after the American Civil War came to an end a dealer in the Bermudas bought the captured blockade runners in the harbor at Boston were sold at auction bought a number of packages cases without the least knowledge of their contents. Among these were several boxes of brass buttons consigned to the Confederate army for use on soldiers' uniforms. Some twenty years later tourists discovered these old Confederate buttons. A New York dealer made a high bid for the entire lot. This bid was refused, and these buttons, which in the succeeding years a small fraction of a cent was paid, have been selling at 10 cents and a 1/2 each.

A SECRET SHRINE
There stands on a far peak that towers high
The temple of my soul, of secret shrine,
That I have raised until it reaches sky,
Upon its altar lighted flame divine.
Borne high above the world on hallowed wings
I built my temple with a magic might,
I filled it with the songs the angels sing,
Then closed its portals on a mystic night.
My temple stands aloft, so fine, so pure,
That never may I hope to come ashore,
To its high altar—tortured, must endure
A vision splendid I may not attain.

Here I must stand remote and raise my voice
To that far shrine that never may be won
My temple, that I built against the sky,
I see it shining splendid in the sun.
—New York Times

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS
Douglas Fairbanks & Company
ERNEST HALL, VAUDEVILLE COMEDY
AVON COMEDY FOUR, MISS CAMPBELL, OTHER STARS.
Tonight—Interscholastic Night
Presentation of B. F. Keith Rowing Troop by Philadelphia School Crew.

FOREST—NEXT MONDAY
Times Daily 2:15 and 8:15. ALL SEATS
NATURAL COLOR LIFE-SIZE MOTION PICTURE
WITH "FIGHTING FORCES"
Submarines & Torpedoes
ARMIES AND NAVIES OF ALL NATIONS AT
LARGEST MOVING PICTURES EVER SHOWN

BOTANIC GARDENS
AFTERNOONS, June 8 & 9, at 4
Lillah McCarthy—Granville Barks
Lillian McCarthy
GREEK PLAYS
\$2, \$1.50, \$1 and 50c. Seats at Garden

GARRICK 100, 106, 366.
FIRST TIME IN PHILADELPHIA
THE WONDERFUL MOTION PICTURE
THRO' CENTRAL AFRICA
Mr. Bates Appears Personally at 2:30 and 8:30

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Chestnut, Below 18th St.
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"THE MOON AND THE FLAME"
EXTRA—SALLIBURY'S WILD LIFE PICTURES
Also International Game Shows

Stanley
11 A. M. TO 11:30 P. M.
JOHN MASON
In "JIM THE PENMAN"
CHILDREN'S MATINEE, SATURDAY, 2:30 A. M.

Cross Keys Theatre
Below 13th St. and Chestnut
STAR VAUDEVILLE
"HYPOCRITES" MAT. DAILY
NIXON'S CALIFORNIA EVANG. CHURCH
ERE IMMOR. CONN. & CONF. CH. BELL, BIRCH, HERRIN, SHERIDAN, WINTER
GRAND ADLER & ALLINS; V. C. C. BELL, BIRCH, HERRIN, SHERIDAN, WINTER
Today 2:15, 7:45 LAUGHING PICTURES

Lyric Last's Times Evening, 8:30
LAST MAT. TOMORROW
"FIND THE WOMAN"
NEW WOODSIDE PARK THEATRE
TONIGHT AT 8:15 "THE RED ROSE"
MAT. SAT. 2:30
Charley Chaplin
TONIGHT! CASINO PRIZES
Trocadero The Alamy Princess Walk