

VACATION PLANS ARE NOW DECIDED UPON



Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1915.

The man who would raise a crop of corn must run his chances with the crows.

Justification for Italy

THE Italian Green Book presents Italy's case so strongly that the reader wonders not why she entered the war, but how she ever had the patience to keep out of it so long. In Italy's war with Turkey, Germany and Austria insisted on their rights under Article 7 of the Triple Alliance so vigorously that Rome was compelled to forego important military enterprises, which would have shortened the contest and saved millions of lives.

Baron Sonnino pointed out in his communication of May 2, denouncing the alliance with Austria, that Vienna, during the summer of 1914, without making any previous arrangements with Italy and without giving her even the slightest warning or heading the advice sent by the Italian Government, presented Serbia, July 23, with an ultimatum which was the cause and point of departure of the present European conflagration.

In spite of this flagrant violation of the solemn agreement with Italy, a real neutrality was maintained for months, during which period every effort was made to secure proper compensations from Vienna. That capital, however, introduced delay after delay of the most trifling sort, with a stupidity worthy of the diplomacy which has characterized Teutonic diplomacy in all negotiations during the last year or two.

The Centre of Medical Education
The alertness of Philadelphia's medical men is once more demonstrated. The war in Europe has made it impossible for American medical students to go abroad for post-graduate work, where every facility has been offered for the training of specialists and the special training of general practitioners.

It is to bring about such a co-ordination of the work that an association of more than 190 of the most distinguished medical men of the city has been formed. Those who know the members look forward with confidence to the accomplishment of their purpose. They and their predecessors have made this city the centre of undergraduate medical instruction, with six great medical schools. They can arrange for advanced work with equal success.

Runnymede, 1215—Waterloo, 1815
This week furnishes two notable and suggestive anniversaries. At Runnymede, England, seven hundred years ago tomorrow, King John, with the sword of the barons at his throat, signed the Magna Charta of English and American liberties.

The old "grads" are being boys again just for a day.
When Russia needs locomotives it knows where to come to get them.
As to a stadium, what the town needs now is not words, but deeds.

A Greek Theatre, but a Small One
A Botanical Gardens last week made one thing clear to every one present, it was the singular fitness of that wooded spot for the building of a permanent open-air theatre. Here, within 15 minutes of the City Hall and under the protecting shadow of a great plane of learning, is a bit of woodland shaped almost by nature as an amphitheatre.

Old metaphors are inadequate when speaking of the Rockefeller babies. The latest one was born with a white table service of silver in its mouth, knives, forks, platters and the rest, as well as the spoons.

accommodate not 15,000 people, but 5000 at the most.
The theatres of old Greece, by crowded seating arrangements and stretching indefinitely uphill wherever rocks or grass gave a foothold, accommodated far more. But the theatres of old Greece were served by actors better trained for their task than ours. The important thing is to build such a theatre as will let us hear the lyrics of Euripides, as we could not hear them last week. Mere performances is the answer to a small seating capacity. But the right size means the keenest and fullest satisfaction, instead of pleasure only half achieved.

Compromise Housing Law
THE new housing law is confessedly a compromise with lawlessness. It is, therefore, not so good a law as that nullified by City Councils. It is, on the other hand, considerably better than no law at all. It assures better housing conditions in Philadelphia than those now existing. It is a forward step in comparison with anything we have yet had, although it is a backward step in comparison with what we might have enjoyed had Councils performed its sworn duty and made effective a statute of the Commonwealth.

The Governor is a practical man and he has acted as a practical man should. The same influence which had controlled Councils had also a half-Nelson on the Legislature. That body was prepared to do whatever the gang wanted it to do. The Governor interposed his veto to kill the first disgraceful bill passed by this Legislature. He compelled the nullifiers to meet decent citizenship half way. This in itself was a triumph when the subserviency of Harrisburg is considered. It is also, in a manner, a triumph for those determined men and women who in the most discouraging circumstances never slackened their energies in fighting for this particular reform.

It was the privilege of the EVENING LEDGER to give wide publicity to the disgusting conditions which required attention, to expose the conspiracy of nullification which prevented the law from being made effective, and to arouse the public to the necessity of doing something. Mr. Connelly, whose word seems to be law in Councils, gives assurances that proper appropriations to make the law operative will be made. That was one of the conditions of the compromise. It may be anticipated, therefore, that there will be better housing hereafter in the congested districts. Better housing means better citizens, and more of them, too, if the health records are not illusory.

Trying to Make a Traitor of a Judge
RECTORING Judge Lindsey seems to be the most popular sport in Denver, year in and year out. Now they want to put him into jail because he refuses to betray the confidence of a child whose mother was accused of murder and acquitted.

The genial Judge declares that he is ready to go to the Supreme Court to establish in this country the principle that to violate the confidence of a child, or even to be made to testify to any confidential relation between the Judge and a child in the Juvenile Court is contrary to public policy.

Flag Day
ON THIS anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes every patriotic American is saying to himself:
And the star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

No More "Dutch Courage"
NO MORE "Dutch courage" for the German soldier! That is the burden of Admiral von Mueller's letter to the German Association. Light wines or beer if the drinking water is not pure, but schnapps or any stronger drink, never. The necessity of conserving bodily strength and spiritual morale dictates that such beverages "may under no circumstances be given to the troops."

England seems to take the firmer and more farseeing position in this vital matter of the relation of drink to efficiency. It has in its hands the power to prohibit, and the still more important power to nationalize and clean up the liquor traffic if it is more desirable. Europe is furnishing America with some laboratory experiments that ought to be of prime value to the legislators over here who are tinkering with the drink-trade.

The German attempt to prove that Uncle Sam is a liar is not progressing very satisfactorily.
If Marconi has been able to stall an aeroplane motor by wireless waves of electricity, the Germans would better watch out.
One way to prevent the defalcation of trusted employes is to co-operate with the Director of Public Safety in closing the gambling houses.

If a woman is not fit to preside over a high school for boys, perhaps the logical sex will admit some day that a man is not fit to preside over a high school for girls.

CAN LITTLE WILLIE BECOME A GENIUS?

Yes, Almost, If His Parents Go About It in the Right Way—They Must Look to Willie's Mental Cellar.

By ROSS HOLYOKE

CAN genius be manufactured? Can your own little Willie be made into a certain future Shakespeare, by a simple little quirk in his education?
It is every mother's dream, every father's fancy. There lies little Willie in his crib. All sorts of potentialities reside in Willie. He may become a great builder of bridges. He may write great poems, win great battles. Or he may die in the electric chair. Which will it be? Every fond parent has his hope-nay, has his convictions. Is not every little Willie the brightest boy that ever toddled? Does any little Frankie or George utter such bright remarks? The father of little Willie is an authority on this subject, and he emphatically says not.

Yet as little Willie grows-closer and closer to manhood, what is that manhood to be? Will he keep up his bright remarks and become a great singer—or just an average successful corner grocer? There lies the hitch. Little Willie in his crib is after all only a guess. Or he has been up to now. Until today you never could be sure of Willie. Even where Willie really has grown up to be a great man, the fact is often discovered only after Willie has been dead for centuries.

"Bliffkins" in Letters of Fire
Now all this is changed. You may confidently hope for the best in regard to Willie. More than that, you may make deadly sure of his becoming a credit to the family. By following simple directions William Bliffkins may go to bed any night and make sure that William Bliffkins, Jr., will one day wake to write the family name in letters of fire across the sky. This is spoken of in the authority of the new psychology.

And after all it is very simple, very plausible. It rings true. Psychology says that every human being contains one complete subconsciousness, given free with his life. This subconsciousness carefully and automatically stores up every impression, every experience encountered by the owner thereof from his earliest days. The conscious memory may not retain these impressions, but the subconsciousness does, down to the last detail. Everything that passes through the eye, the ear, the nose, is dumped forever into this subcellar of the mind. Most of these impressions lie there unused. A few of them creep up into the conscious memory and stick there. Some of them only creep up when you are asleep, and scare you dreadfully. But they are there all the time, nevertheless. And the man of genius is only the man who has learned how to fish up useful matter from his mental cellar and put it together effectively. So, at least, the new psychologist says.

It stands to reason, too, when you listen to his argument. Most men of genius were regarded as fools in their boyhood. Scott was always at the foot of his class. Darwin was the despair of his father, who wanted him to be a minister. Balaam's papa trained him to be a lawyer, and worried nights about his boy. And why this worried stupidity? Only that the boy, deliberately or not, is devoting all the resources of his mentality to stock that cellar of his with all the impressions he can gather. He is too busy with that to bother his conscious mind with learning dates in history or the names of English kings.

When the man of genius is at work, he scarcely needs to work his brain at all. He just dreams, and up come the impressions from his mental cellar. Coleridge wrote "Kubla Khan" from a dream. All he had to do was to rhyme it, and there it was. Goethe often woke from a sort of somnambulist state in which he wrote poetry without even taking the trouble to be awake. Great mathematicians have had excruciatingly difficult problems solved for them by their subconsciousness, and while their real brain was enjoying the comforts of sleep. In other words, genius consists simply of having a well-stocked cellar. And, of course, knowing how to use it.

Stocking Up the Cellar
But as every human being is presented with one of these mental cellars at birth, what simpler than to teach him how to fill it well, and then utilize its contents. Find out what chiefly interests little Willie, and then slip that to him with all your might. If Willie displays an early aptitude for flowers, perhaps it means that he has an eye for color and will become a painter. Take him gently by the hand and walk him out into the country and let the landscape soak into him. Show him the subtle differences between the noses of your friends. Help him to gather all the details essential to his craft. Soon he will let go your hand and forage for impressions on his own account. And be sure you give him his head. The little budding genius will know better than you what to put into his cellar.

Or you might put a pen in his hand, and study if he have an inborn aptitude for its use. It may well be that he is destined to be a great poet. Next try a saw, Engineer or architecture may be his forte. But once you have detected his true bent, throw everything you can into his cellar that can be of any practical use to him afterward. Show him the Brooklyn bridge. Let him hear sweet music. And above all be sure you do not interrupt those moments when he sits and seems to be thinking of nothing. Those are the dreams of genius. He is listening to the impressions swirling round in his cellar.

You see, we have never properly harnessed our subconsciousness. Anybody can do it. The man of genius is what he is only because all untaught he has learned the trick of making his subconsciousness do his work for him. It seems to be a willing worker, once you have learned how to drive it.

The new psychologist will tell you how to set to work. You will find this matter far from being a joke. Because you may do harm as well as good with the subconsciousness of your darling Willie. For instance, never threaten Willie with the policeman when he is naughty. Later in life that idea of the policeman may stalk up out of the cellar of his mind and give him the fixed idea that a policeman is waiting for him round every corner. He will have a "bug," a mania, that may plague him all his days. Even if you think it vulgar to have a genius in the family, you cannot be too careful of the subconsciousness in your little Willie.

TRUTH
Truth is truth,
And justice itself by unadvised ways.
—Browning

BILLIONS OF WASTE IN YEAR'S CROPS

Uncle Sam Could Maintain a Standing Army of a Million Men If He Cashed In His Waste Food Products. The Wonders of Thrift.

By B. W. CURRIE

WITH object lessons of war-made thrift pouring in on us from the sizzling vortex of Europe there never was a better incentive in this country to study waste, particularly the waste of our bountiful products of the soil. Government forecasts indicate a \$12,000,000,000 crop yield for 1915. To apply the word "bumper" to such a yield would sound almost as silly as prefixing the adjective tiny to a mammoth. When we pyramid our totals to billions even superlatives are without force or significance. Indeed, we have come to a period of top-totals that defy the arts and crafts of word jugglers and madden the painstaking and conservative statistician. It is only when we strive to reduce vastness to simple everyday terms that we get anywhere.

So it must be with our study of food waste. Of course, we must use some figures, and we must add and subtract, multiply and divide. Only by so doing may we pry into the little nooks and corners and out-of-the-way crevices that need cleaning out and reforming. It is due to the sweeping out and conserving of the last crumbs in millions of cupboards that Germany is enabled to defy a world of enemies and obtain security from starvation and want.

Burning Up Money
Never before in the history of our national development have we had a better opportunity to study waste and means of stopping our enormous wastes of food products than in this unprecedented year of plenty. We are told that our expected 950,000,000 bushels of wheat will market themselves without waste because of the needs of the warring nations. Unless the Dardanelles has been opened meantime this wheat will bring war prices. The farmer should obtain slightly better than \$1 a bushel; the railroads and steamship companies will earn millions hauling it. But there will be waste, many millions in waste. Thousands of tons of straw will be burned in the field, straw that would be husbanded down to the last stalk in Germany or France for cattle food, for bedding. Innumerable uses would be made of this by-product under the impulse of war-made thrift. Its intrinsic value would run well into the millions.

There is an even greater waste of corn products, an annual waste of \$200,000,000, according to one student of the value of by-products, and this includes only the estimate of field waste, the abandonment of the cornstalk to the processes of decay and evaporation. The more progressive farmers are reducing the waste year by year. The invention and perfection of the silo has accomplished vast savings. The silo is a cylindrical tank for the storing of chopped cornstalks and other fodder crops. The fermentation of juices in the silo acts as a preservative, and the silage is fed to stock during the winter months. Thousands of these instruments of conservation have been built throughout the corn belt during the past few years, and the progress made in this direction alone will accomplish a huge saving. Nevertheless, there are hundreds of thousands of farmers who will not or cannot build silos or resort to other saving devices that are forced upon the peasantry of Europe by economic conditions, or else have become ingrained habits due to war-made thrift.

Given the continuance of favorable conditions this summer we should make our first \$200,000,000 corn crop. This is our premier crop. The value of just one year's yield represents 50 per cent. of the total value of all our farm property in 1850, and the waste of the byproduct of this crop within the last 20 years will, it is estimated, total beyond the two billion mark. There are some statisticians who reckon that scientific conservation of corn byproducts would add at least \$500,000,000 a year to the value of this crop, or sufficient to support our Federal Department of Agriculture for 20 years.

Teaching the Boys and Girls
The bulk of our corn crop is converted into meat and milk and eggs, but there is great additional waste in the various processes of conversion. The application of business efficiency or so-called scientific first aids in these processes are as yet in their infancy, but have struck out with great forward strides within the last 10 years.

Mantoning eggs, which really come to us by the corn byproduct route, the Department of Agriculture estimates an annual loss of \$40,000,000 a year from spoiled eggs. Were it not for the advances made with cold storage facilities this loss would be tripled. That is a fact that should be hammered into the intellects of certain superstitious reformers who go off half-cocked in their attacks upon cold-storage monopolies. Far-

thermore, poultry and eggs provide only one item in the conservation of waste that is primarily due to the invention and development of cold storage aids. Every perishable food product is included in the long list.

The 440,000,000 loss in spoiled eggs referred to could be saved merely by banishing the roosters from the flocks when their services are no longer important. Infertile eggs keep twice as long as fertile eggs without the aid of cold storage. We are teaching these essentially important facts to 100,000 boys and girls in our schools and colleges today, whereas a decade ago such knowledge was regarded as "scientific papula" for scholars and indoor specialists.

the bitter language of a descendant of Klugeau. "They turned our eyes toward their Creator and went through our pockets. When we turned them down again and came to earth, we found most of our island kingdom mortgaged except the volcano."
Sad people, plaintive as your songs, disappearing in the language of your queen, "like mist before the sun." To those who know you and your emerald islands like jewels upon the breast of the Pacific "Alaha," "May you return, Jean Duff, to the land "where the sun is always shining and the people always good."
WILLIAM S. McCLURE
Philadelphia, June 11.

"MY PRESIDENT"
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—As an Englishman of almost 20 years' residence in this country, I wish to thank you for your most able and fair editorial in today's issue referring to the last note sent by President Wilson to the German Government mainly about the Lusitania incident.

I am not naturalized because, to alter somewhat a well-known quotation, "it is not that I love America less, but that I love England more." Nevertheless, if anything could induce me to change my nationality it would be so that I could say "My President," not only on Mr. Wilson's account, but because I believe, with a wide acquaintance here, that at the present time he represents the opinion of 99 per cent. of the American people.

TREED
From the Baltimore American.
The first woman student in the course of forestry established at a prominent college married another student in time to receive their graduation degrees together. This is one of the few instances in which Cupid has detected taking to the woods.

IN THE "200"
Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars.
Where'er they turn, the hand of man
Their straining vision marks.
Save only when at night they gaze
Upon the friendly stars.

See! there a golden eagle broods
With silent, stony eyes.
That never more will sweep the snows
Where blue Sierras rise;
And there, sick for his native hills,
A sullen panther lies.

Such wistful eyes the hartbeast turns
Beyond their cramped domain.
They seem to see the yellow leagues
Of wind-swept yeld again.
And lo! a springbok lifts his head
As though he smelled the plain.

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars.
For thus the ruthless hand of man
Each God-made creature marks.
But oh, what hungry eyes they raise
Up to the friendly stars!
—George T. Marsh, in Scribner's Magazine.

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WEDNESDAY—YORK ROAD AND LOUDON ST.
THURSDAY—CHILDREN AND ANDERSON ST.
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SATURDAY—10TH ST. AND CHERRY AVE.
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