

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1915.

Success is a mantle which covers more sins than charity.

"School's Out!"—What For?

"SCHOOL'S OUT!" may be a joyous cry for the youngster; but it means problems and difficulties for the parent. And it means problems and difficulties for the schools, too.

The summer of play that begins this morning is an unmitigated blessing for the child of well-to-do parents, the child who is sent off to the beach or the mountains to breathe in fresh air and health together. But what about the average boy or girl who must stay in the city through June, July and August? Unless there is an attractive playground handy, is his body going to be any better off for the "rest"? If he takes to the inevitable streets, is his soul going to prosper as the result of his vacation? One cannot help looking with a great deal of interest and hope at the experiments Gary, Indiana, has so successfully made with voluntary summer schools, largely vocational, where the children go because they have enjoyed the winter's work and expect to enjoy the summer's.

The problem in vacation that confronts the schools themselves is also tied up in the experience of Gary. It is simply the problem of getting the most use out of the mechanism of teaching. The schools suffer tremendously from insufficient buildings and teachers; the bog of "half-time" is always present. And yet here we find the buildings and the teachers utilized for only some 35 weeks of the 52, if we allow for the various holidays spread round the calendar. The natural result is that more and more school superintendents are wondering why the summer vacation shouldn't be cut up and redistributed in such a way as to utilize all the teaching force and all the buildings practically all the time.

Ellen Adair in Europe

ELLEN ADAIR is en route to Europe for the EVENING LEDGER, not to risk her life in the trenches or at the front, but in order to find out just what the women are doing for their country in this tragic crisis, how they are doing it and what their contribution means in the great issue.

Ellen Adair, in following the Red Cross work, may penetrate far into the lines of the Allies, though only under proper guarantees for her safety. It is no time for non-combatants, even though they are newswriters, to go into the thick of battle. The war correspondent of that sort has passed.

It is peculiarly a time, however, when women in America are entitled to a faithful picture of what their sisters abroad are doing, of how they are proving themselves and demonstrating their right to participate in the government of the countries for which they are sacrificing so much.

Ellen Adair's first stories will deal with conditions in Scotland and England.

"They Have Stolen My Country"

IT IS not an iron cross but a decoration from the Red Cross that Marie Adelaide of Luxembourg wears. Nothing could be more pathetic than the interview, published in this newspaper Saturday, in which the Grand Duchess related how "they have stolen my country."

"Had we suspected the treaty-breaking intentions of the Prussians," said she, "we should have rushed to arms. If we had had 48 hours' notice, we should have put at least 25,000 men on our eastern frontier. We are as big as Montenegro, and our country is as mountainous, but we had implicit faith in the international law; and we thought we were immune."

Instead, the trapped Grand Duchess was plied over night, taken as a burglar might steal a watch, betrayed and exploited. The young Grand Duchess must ask a German officer for permission to take a ride. She, who did not resist, is a prisoner. Yet Potsdam tells us that Belgium was outraged because Belgium resisted. Had King Albert broken the faith and given free passage to Von Klock, there might be fewer Belgians dead, but the starving would still be starving, as they are in Luxembourg, and Belgium would be no more free than is that trampled territory.

There is no justice and no pity in a military machine; there is only ruthless might.

Out of the Fulness of Sacrifice

THE fulness of sacrifice which made the Revolution will never, of course, be known. Certain personalities—not always the finest—perhaps left a sharper impress; the natural prejudices of historians reacted to some more than to others; and pure accident played its part, too, in the recording of the names to which America owes so much. But it is an admirable quality of such untold fulness that it renders up every now and then some new hero to a just applause.

The newest to our Hays Solomon, some time citizen of Philadelphia, and broker to the Continental Government from his little office on Front street. Just why the services of this Polish Jew-lover of liberty allies in America and in his own dismembered Poland—should have been forgotten, it is hard to say. It cannot have been his race and religion that led the leaders of the Revolution to think

too well of him. Of this man whose name figures in no school history, Madison wrote Randolph: "The kindness of our little friend in Front street is a fund that will preserve from extremity, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he refuses point-blank all recompense."

Perhaps the fault lies with fate. Salomon died at 45, leaving no will; his papers fell into the hands of incompetents, and the burning of Washington in 1814 destroyed the records of his beneficence. Now this seems to be established at somewhere round \$600,000 and interest. If Congress can be made to see the justice of Salomon's title to some memorial, the "little friend in Front street" may win a monument, or even perhaps a national university in Washington for the encouragement of foreign students.

Too Ashamed to Fight?

THROUGHOUT some of the comment on the Nearing affair at the University of Pennsylvania runs the note, "I am ashamed of my Alma Mater."

The woods are full of molluscoides who are "ashamed." They sneer, they miscal, they criticize, they are disgusted. They can even blush, which shows that they must have some red blood in their veins. Yet when the hat drops they run to cover like coyotes and the battle knows them not.

They sneak through back doors into newspaper offices with letters which they are afraid to sign. They bedevil editors to make this or that fight for them; "but keep my name out of it," is their plea. Brave gentlemen these, who are so frequently "ashamed" and so infrequently found on the battle-front.

For the sake of the University of Pennsylvania, let it be hoped that the alumni who are "ashamed" of the course which the trustees have taken are not of a type with those citizens who are "ashamed" of Philadelphia for three years and on the fourth vote with the gang.

No man has a right to be ashamed of anything unless he is ready to do and does dedicate himself to the task of changing the conditions which cause him to be ashamed. He must act, he must do something, or his shame is worth nothing. Instead, he himself becomes a pitiable object; a citizen of whom other citizens, even gangsters, must be and are in their turn ashamed.

There are hundreds of University of Pennsylvania alumni who view with alarm the action taken in the Nearing case. Mr. Nearing himself is merely an incident; a man who has been unfortunate in many of his methods and who has been the victim of a sort of publicity that is likely to harm any person. But the suspicion is strong that his removal is not entirely due to these things, and is due in large measure to the fact that he has preached a progressive economy, somewhat radical and certainly not error-proof, which a powerful body of Tories detest and the discussion of which they are determined to prevent. For Tories and holdbacks, whatever their faults, are fighters. They know what they want, and they battle to get it.

The good name of the University of Pennsylvania is worth fighting for, is it not? This is a democracy, and the University is dependent on the Commonwealth, is it not? Let the shame then be, if shame there is ultimately, on the citizenry, on the rank and file who cover in the background. The Nearing affair is not political, but many feel that the gang would not hesitate to reach into the very altars of learning and attempt to subsidize or intimidate the authorities.

Why shouldn't the trustees dare almost anything after witnessing the campaign of last fall, when industrial leaders on whom the people had a right to depend dumped their contributions into the very jackpot that was receiving the "boozie slush fund" and did what they could to make the debauching of the Commonwealth a success? Aye, the trustees have good reason to feel that they need not fear public opinion, because it is an opinion that is loud but inactive, vociferous but controlled, bloodless and impotent, a pale descendant of the spirit that hungered at Valley Forge and triumphed at Yorktown.

The University might be a leader in progressive public opinion. Instead, it has too often been unofficially a reflector of the kind of public opinion which the gang represents. The problem confronting the alumni of the University is linked inextricably with the problem confronting the citizens of Pennsylvania, and particularly of Philadelphia. Shall there be free speech—free speech does not mean license—at the University and shall there be free government in Pennsylvania? When we get the one there is every likelihood that we shall get the other. We shall never get either so long as the men who are "ashamed" of conditions are content merely to be "ashamed."

Blushes accomplish no reforms.

Ad! Ad! Ad! The boys are marching.

The back yard is just about the most important room in the house these days.

Go away, Ralsult, and don't bother Mother Europe. She has enough bad boys of her own.

Any man who is selected by "Dave" Lane for Mayor of Philadelphia will be a good man to vote against.

The Car apparently wants to see the wheels go round. He has ordered 57,426 of them from the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The hardships of war have extended themselves even to this State. No liquor is to be allowed in the encampment of the National Guard this year.

If the Russians did not have ammunition it is a good thing that they had legs. They have retreated about 150 miles within the last few weeks.

The Kaiser is reported to have said that he can have peace when he wants it. He made a mistake in telling it to the Germans. He should have told it to the Danes.

FROM APPRENTICE TO SHAREHOLDER

The Opportunity For Rapid Promotion and Partnership Offered to Boys in a Philadelphia Hat Factory.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS

WHAT 19-year-old boy would not like to get a job in a business at \$2 a week, only to be promoted to \$10 a week within a month if he proved his fitness, and within five years become a shareholder in the company which pays dividends of 25 per cent. on its capital stock, and within ten years be sent on the road as a salesman with the opportunity to make \$30,000 a year in commissions on his sales, and possibly to become president of the company at the age of 40 years?

There are boys right here in Philadelphia to whom this opportunity is presented. Some of them are on the way to promotion and a competence. Some of them have already won both and can look forward to old age with a feeling of confidence and security, and others have just settled down to living from hand to mouth without ambition or desire to get on. All these classes of men are found at the hat factory of the John B. Stetson Company in Kensington. If a young man does not get on there it is his own fault and not the fault of the opportunities. John B. Stetson, who established the business, never adopted the plan of promotion by seniority, but pushed his men ahead whenever they showed fitness and whenever the openings for them appeared or could be made. J. H. Cummings, his successor as president of the company, who entered the business as an errand boy in the office, continues the same policy.

Workmen as Shareholders

From the lowest apprentice up to the most skilled workmen the company exerts itself to develop its employees to the utmost for their good and for its own profit, on the assumption that mutual helpfulness is better than mutual hostility. As already indicated, the apprentices are employed at the rate of \$2 a week. The boys hired are usually 17, because the boy before that age is not strong enough to do the work. The wages of \$2 a week are regarded as nominal, and continue only while the boy is learning to make a hat. As soon as he can make a complete hat he is paid for what he does on a sliding scale. The price for the first dozen is low, but it increases with succeeding dozens in order to encourage the workman to learn to act quickly and with precision. A bright boy can learn to make a hat in three or four weeks, and it seldom takes the slow boys more than eight weeks. It sometimes happens that before a boy has completed his apprenticeship, he is making more money than some of the journeymen who have been working at the trade for years. But the average apprentices soon begin to earn \$10 and \$12 a week. When they show unusual ability they are rewarded while still apprentices with three or four shares of stock in a building company, valued at \$200 each, organized to assist the men in owning homes of their own. If his efficiency continues he is likely to receive soon after he completes his apprenticeship at least three shares of the stock of the John B. Stetson Company, itself worth \$350 a share at present prices and paying 25 per cent. dividends. He does not have to pay a cent for these shares. The dividends pay for them in about four years, after which he receives the dividends himself, though the shares are held in trust for him for 15 years, after which he may do with them as he chooses.

Eight hundred employees of the company are shareholders under this system, which is an average of about one out of every three and a half eligible to the privilege. The 1500 women employees are continually changing, because they get married within three or four years, or before they would have earned the right to shares of stock, and the apprentices and journeymen in the early stages of their employment still further reduce the number of eligibles.

The expert hatmaker, with a quick eye and a sensitive touch, is likely to be promoted to a "passer" or inspector of hats, as they are passed from one process of finishing to another. Then he may become a foreman, and if he develops the proper capabilities he may even be sent on the road to learn the art of selling what he has made. While there is no formal system of training passers and foremen there is a continual watch kept for men with the required abilities, so that there are in every department two or three understudies for every man in a place of responsibility.

"If a man tries to attend to every little thing in his department, and does not give the others an opportunity to learn the art of management," said Vice President Freeman, "we usually arrange to give him a long vacation so that some one else may be trained to take his place in any unforeseen emergency."

Salesmen at \$30,000 a Year

The sales force is recruited by a system of trying out young men from the different departments. Such a man is sent on the road with a regular salesman to act as his secretary in arranging dates and looking after the baggage and transportation and in any other ways that are possible. Some of these young men show that they have the ability to sell goods, and they are put on the sales force. Others are put back at their old places in the factory.

"As to the earnings of the salesmen," said Mr. Freeman, "they vary. We pay the man 5 per cent. on what he sells. One of our men who covers a large territory sells \$200,000 worth of hats a year and gets \$20,000 commissions. His expenses are not more than \$4000. This leaves a generous income. It seems large, but we believe that it is wise to continue the system because it keeps before the men who have not so profitable territory the hope of advancement and the prospect of a prize really worth while."

Mr. Cummings, the present head of the business, illustrates in his own person how an alert boy can rise where there is an opportunity for every man to show what there is in him. He had been promoted from errand boy to the vice presidency when John B. Stetson died. He was then promoted to the presidency. Under the circumstances it is unnecessary to remark that the company never has to advertise for apprentices. The boys who know what is before them in the big factory in North 4th street plan while in the grammar schools to apply for work when they are old enough.

"OO-OO, WE'LL NEVER WIN! WE'VE SUCH A ROTTEN TEAM!"



SHOULD HUSBANDS LEARN TO COOK?

If So, Why?—An Unacademical Discussion—The Wife as Teacher. A Suggested Course of Elementary Lessons to Try on the Man of the House.

By PERRY BALSAM

SHOULD husbands learn to cook? This is not a suffrage hypothesis. By learning to cook professionalism or even semiprofessionalism is not implied. The subject of fairly dependable household utility is broad enough. Likewise it confines us to the home. Camp-fire cooks will also be barred from discussion. The skill they attain is purely occasional skill, and questionable at that, to say the least. They may not pretend to neatness or gaudiness in their efforts, but that does not let them out. Whenever they break out in the kitchen with camp-fire methods something happens that war correspondents would refer to as a debacle.

The home-trained husband-cook is the article, then, that we will put the tag on. He need not be a husbandette or in the merest trifle effeminate. It is not to be presupposed that he need surrender his job as breadwinner for the family. The only sure skill required of him is that he fit into emergencies, be there with the right stuff in him to substitute at odd moments and know the kitchen and its tools thoroughly. Just give him the elemental principles, but hammer them deep and true. There can be no uncertainty about him in the matter of big little things. If there is he had better be chained to the front porch.

There is no doubt in the minds of those who have gone into this sort of training of its positive benefits. While it may not solve all the tribulations of domestic relations it certainly softens them. As an initial step let us consider when this training should begin. Having got that far we will go on to the how-to-do-it processes. Some light-thinking theorists persist that the mothers should begin the good work with their sons. There is no substance to that thought. Mothers are too indulgent. They have not sufficient grip of their sons' time and attention. With the small minority who remained fast to their mother's apron strings we have nothing to do. They are happily the exceptional few, and when they come to make husbands they fall into that new and deplorable class of husbandettes. We are dealing with men.

Domestic Relations Begin

Having eliminated the possibility of mother training we come along to the subject of brides. There are snags and deep-mired marshes here, so we must wade gingerly. Most of us flatter ourselves that we know when a bride is a bride, but how few of us there are who would venture to say when a bride ceases the bridehood—when she arrives at matrimony maturity. Women will tell you that the male and not the female of the species marks the terminal boundary by his first outbreak of savagery. Humorsists play round this absorbing subject with unholy joy. Husband derides the turnovers, the bridal tarts release their food and the stern reality of life comes crashing into the bower. Domestic relations have begun. Philosophers have described this uncertain bridal period as an indeterminate sentence. There is no law of average to consult. Poets are more rash, and say that a bride is no longer a bride after she has learned to cook. Pure piffle that, for a bride who can boil an egg is convinced in the inmost depths of her that she can cook. There is, however, a definite and at least comparatively sure boundary. When a bride gets up her nerve to ask in her mother-in-law to a meal of her own compounding she is at last wisely sure of herself. She may be a long way off from matrimony maturity, but she is no longer a dreamer in the clouds worshipping an idol of clay. She has got range of this clay and staid up its shortcomings, and in doing this she has come down to earth on a sure footing for herself.

Now it would seem that we have got somewhere. The bride-wife or wife-bride has got her kitchen nerve with her. It makes no difference if she went to cooking school during her days of maidenhood, nor if she learned some of the art of cookery at her mother's side. Having acquired a home that is only partially equipped with cooking school adjuncts, step-savers and the most modern facilities for hurry-up washing and drying, she must unlearn a great deal of the set principles of the cooking school and build up a new consciousness for home cooking. She is confronted with the vagaries of a husband's appetite and the prize-winning sauces and regalia of the cooking school do not seem to apply. The strange creature bolts carbohydrites when he should be absorbing proteins. He is a Jack Sprit or the opposite. He is fond of greasy shallots and brutally eats so. The coarse-grained tactless creature has no idea of the house spent over the fire frying the delicacies in deep fat and drying off

Don't Go Too Far

When you have brought your victim to the point of scrambling eggs, stop there, at least in the egg-course. The shirring of eggs is a tedious baking job, and only your exceptional man, or one of the husbandette type, will ever learn to make eggs a la Edward, creamed eggs a la Henrietta, eggs souffee, and so on. Having passed the scrambling point, you have only one more elementary lesson to give—the broiling of steaks and chops and the frying of potatoes. These will come along as simple addenda and need not be dwelt on at length. Don't ask him to peel potatoes and boil them. That is pushing it a bit too far. There are lots of canned vegetables that can be heated and look hot when they get hot. He will not have time to bother with baking or pie or cake making. Don't ask him to wash and boil spinach, beet-tops or mixed greens. It would be an imposition to ask him to shell peas. If he is of an experimental turn of mind, he can be persuaded to make biscuits with self-raising flour, though this task is also a bit messy. As for cooking cereals properly in a double boiler it would be more diplomatic to let him help himself to the ready-to-eat variety of breakfast foods.

It is very possible that some grouches and self-appointed champions of man's rights will never be led to utility service in the home kitchen. They lack breadth of imagination and have narrow souls. You will find their kind glancing through the divorce courts or else shaking their heads in solemn negation. Of

course, an enormous lot depends upon the sagacity of the wife. She may follow the suggestions or ignore them. If she does ignore them there will occur innumerable emergencies in her life when she will regret it. There is no reason why any man should not be able to cook the family breakfast while his good frau is comforting a pair of colicky twins.

FROM A NEW READER

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—I wish to inform you that I received the EVENING LEDGER yesterday afternoon, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. This is the first time I ever saw the EVENING LEDGER, and it certainly did make me feel good that Philadelphia has such a very good evening paper. You can rest assured that I will be a LEDGER reader as long as you can print it.
ELMER T. BEAR
Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va., June 15.

DEVITALIZED UNIVERSITIES

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—As the University of Pennsylvania says good-bye to Scott Nearing, so must we all say good-bye to the slight vestige of democracy and progressiveness that institute of learning possesses. Wherever and whenever any suggestion of mental activity manifests itself in our pinnacles of pedagogy, it is resolutely snuffed out as a warning, perhaps, to the youth of our land to abstain from such dangerous pastimes.

At the pace they are now traveling, our universities and colleges are rapidly giving way to the street, the theatre and the lecture platform as sources of vital information. Only by the presence of such "live wires" as Scott Nearing, Clyde King and others of their stamp can the universities stave off an otherwise inevitable decay.
GERTRUDE TRAUBEL
200 Elm street, Camden, N. J., June 19.

THE OBSTACLES TO EVIL

In the constitution of our nature a limit has been fixed to the triumph of evil. Falsely in theory is everywhere confronted by the facts which present themselves to every man's observation. A lie has not power to change the ordinances of God. Every day discloses its utter worthlessness until it fades away from our recollection, and is numbered among the things that were. The indissoluble connection which our Creator has established between vice and misery, tends also continually to arrest the progress of evil and to render odious whatever would render evil attractive.—Francis Wayland.

EQUAL PAY

From the Boston Globe.
The Mayor of Worcester has ruled that the women on the police force of that city are to draw the same pay as policemen. As they are to do the same kind of work, why should there have been any question about the compensation?

LANSING'S DIPLOMACY

From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.
Lansing's estimate with newspaper correspondents shows that our State Department now sees that diplomacy must be like a watch—its works concealed, but its face open to every observer.

A DELECTABLE DISCOVERY

From the Detroit Free Press.
A New York chef has discovered the way to remove the bones of a shad before cooking it, thus conferring a greater blessing on mankind than all the inventors of all the implements of warfare ever did.

A WARNING

From the Boston Evening Transcript.
If anybody tries to haul down the American flag make him see stars and wear stripes!

FIREWORKS

You hate me and I hate you, And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you I burst apart And scatter the shrapnel of my blaring heart.

It splits and sparkles in stars and balls, It rains in roses and flames and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green disks, Silver spirals and purple whisks, Shoot and tremble in a mist, Pepered with mauve and amethyst.

I shine in the windows and light up the trees, And all because I hate you, if you please.

And when you meet me, you render saunder And go up in flames, you wonder Of saffron cubes and crimson moons, And wheels all amaranth and maroons.

Golden lozenges and spindles, Arrows of calicheites and jades, Patterns of copper, brass and shades, As you mount you flash in the glossy leaves.

Such fireworks as we make, we two! Because you hate me and I hate you.

—Amy Lowell, in the April Atlantic.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS
Elizabeth Brice and Charles King
Walter C. Kelly

PRINCESS PALACE: HARRY TOWER & BARNETT
GLOBE: MARY MILLS MINTER
THEATRE: MARY MILLS MINTER
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