

Evening Ledger
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CYRUS H. KURTIS, President.
Charles H. Laddington, Vice President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, John R. Williams, Directors.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR MAY WAS 88,614.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1915.

Happy he who is on livable terms with his job.

Jitneys Neither Regulated Nor Destroyed

COUNCILS has succeeded in muddling the whole jitney situation. The problem before it was to regulate the jitneys. It endeavored instead to extirpate them. It has done neither, for the final result is a law the constitutionality of which is apparently so debatable that its enforcement during the summer is not at all sure.

The idea of separating motor vehicles into sheep and goats may be clever, but it is wholly un-American. Nor is the poor man likely to have much sympathy with the idea that the broad highway is intended for people who can afford to own automobiles and not for those who can afford to pay only for a short ride now and then.

The jitney cannot be driven out of business. The sewing machine came to stay, so did the steamboat and the locomotive, despite the outcry against each and all of them. Show the American a better mode of transportation than the one he has and he will have it, politicians to the contrary notwithstanding.

"We Don't Know Where We're Going"
Dwindling interest in battles is not at all inexplicable. What American wants to entangle himself in such an inextricable maze of words, as "on the front at Zuzav-nodemesklovitz," "near Martynovorouzdiny," "in Kosmarjine," "approached Bery-mianska" and "in the direction of Caljkouf and Emritoytze"? The armies may know what they are doing, but to the ordinary American they seem to be marching to the air. "We don't know where we're going, but we're on the way."

Education Nothing Without Character
THE London Times, which has been giving publicity to many disagreeable truths, declares that the British system of education is at fault, "not because it does not fit a boy efficiently into the wheels of the money-making machine, but because it turns out young men without character, which alone, in the last resort, is of value to the nation."

His Weight in Bullets to Kill a Man
IF AN efficiency expert applied his tests to war, what would he make of it? Putting morals and humanity aside and concentrating on the mere physical facts, could he name any business in which a larger effort is spent for a smaller outcome? Of the millions of shots each day, how many reach their mark? The proportion of misses to hits is literally so staggering that it has been said it takes the weight of man in lead and steel to kill him.

A Fallacy That Ran Amok
A FALLACY which has gained considerable consequence through frequent quotation in the last fifteen years has been called by a committee of the National Civic Federation. The census of 1900 showed a gross product of \$1420 per worker in manufactures and an average wage of \$437 per worker. From these figures somebody deduced that labor's share in the product was only 13 per cent. against 87 per cent. for capital.

Textbooks can teach anything except experience.
They have battlefields in Europe, but we have our own sort of Fourth.

THE WORLD IN THE CRUCIBLE

Sir Gilbert Parker Defends British Good Faith and Denounces German Treachery—Nietzsche's "Blond Beast" Rampant.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS

MUCH of the British comment on the war reminds me of the country lawyer who lost his case and then went to the village tavern and damned the Judge. I do not mean to suggest that the British have lost their case, but Germany was so well prepared to fight when the war began that all the Allies have been compelled to strain every nerve to hold the Germans back while they trained their men and secured the equipment necessary to wage war on a great scale.

David Lloyd-George's remarks in Parliament the other day disclose the British point of view at the present moment, and if he had been denouncing in the barroom an adversary who had got the better of him in court he could not have chosen language better fitted to reveal the state of mind of a man who is still sore from a metaphorical beating. He said that Germany had been piling up war material while she was walking about Europe arm in arm with Great Britain. She had a benevolent and friendly smile for France and "we all thought that an era of peace and good will had come." But the Minister of Munitions charges, with a fine confusion of dates, that "at that moment she was forging and hiding away for months war stores to attack her neighbors unawares and murder them in their sleep. If that trickery is to succeed, all the bases of international good-will will crumble to dust!"

Lloyd-George forgets that Germany might say that while Great Britain was walking arm in arm with her through the chancelleries of Europe the British shipyards were building warships to be used against Germany.

An Antidote to Bernhardt
But even a show of judicial impartiality can hardly be expected from the British. We in America, separated by 3000 miles of cool and soothing sea from the great conflict, find it difficult to preserve our own judicial calm. Some of us fall entirely and are as partisan as the British or as the Germans. The anti-Germans will be delighted with Sir Gilbert Parker's book on the war which he calls "The World in the Crucible," because in it they will find the British case stated with a clearness and directness that leaves no one in doubt of the detestation of Sir Gilbert for everything German and his admiration for everything British. At the same time, if one makes allowance for its partisan bias, it is a valuable compendium of facts and near facts that ought to be read as an antidote to Bernhardt.

He devotes considerable space to setting forth the ambitions of modern Germany which Nietzsche characterized as "a blond beast, lustfully roving in search of booty and victory." Bismarck sought to give to his country what he called a "backbone of iron and ribs of gold" by bringing about after the successful union of the German States at home a German dominance in commerce and industry abroad. Prince Buelow, in "Imperial Germany," has described the task which the Kaiser set himself after he dismissed the great Premier. The retirement of Bismarck left the Germans depressed and disheartened. "This oppression could be lifted," wrote Bismarck's successor, "if the German Emperor could set before his people a new goal toward which they might attain. On the other hand patriotic feeling must not be roused to such an extent as to damage irreparably our relations with England, against whom our sea-power would for years be insufficient, and at whose mercy we lay in 1897—like so much butter before the knife."

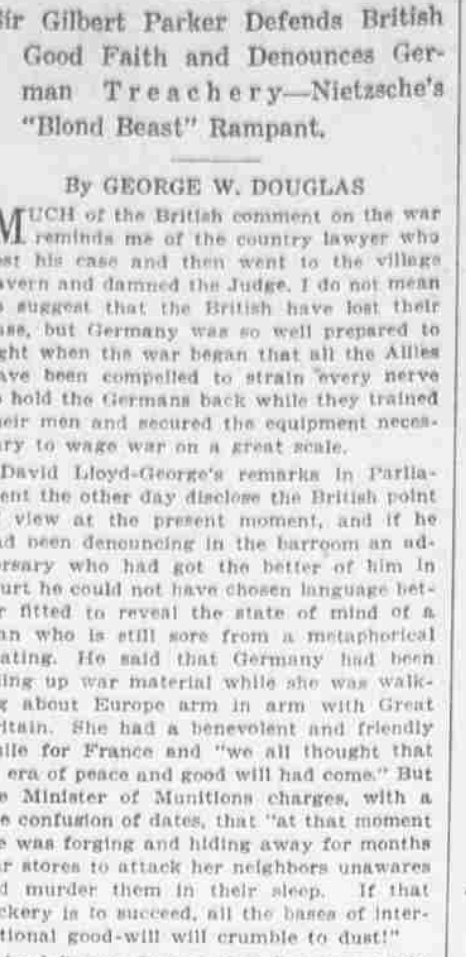
This policy, which "aimed at nothing less than a political and ethical reconstruction of the world," was to be carried out in three stages, the Prussianization of Germany, the Prussianization of Europe under the hegemony of a Prussianized Germany and the Prussianization of the world under the canons of Treitschke, Nietzsche and Junkerdom.

Germany Was Bound to Fight
Granted this, the war was inevitable. And the provocation to war by Germany was also inevitable. But Sir Gilbert devotes much space to proving by the document and by the course of events last year that it was really Germany that brought about the war. The first sentence in his book declares that the crime of Sarajevo was in no real sense the cause of the war. Competent observers were aware of this last August. The cause lay deeper than any single assassination. Every one familiar with European politics was aware that the war was one of those inevitable things which no one expects to happen. The mines were placed and the train was laid, but it was not believed that any one could be found so rash as to light the fuse. Sir Gilbert declares that the negotiations over the Serbian assassinations were farcical and that there was no intention to come to any agreement. When the difficulties between Austria and Serbia began to disappear new difficulties between Austria and Russia were found ready to prevent an agreement. Germany first blamed Russia for mobilizing and said that peace could have been maintained if Russia had not taken action and then she blamed England for not announcing her position either for or against war. If England had declared for war, the Germans said, the other Powers would have come to terms; and if England had said she would not fight the other Powers would not have dared to contend with Germany. Sir Gilbert, however, holds that Germany would have fought under any circumstances.

The British position is set forth most sympathetically by Sir Gilbert. He is properly shocked at the offer of Germany to buy British indifference to the violation of Belgium neutrality and he quotes with approval Prime Minister Asquith's declaration in Parliament that the British nation is not fighting for the maintenance of its own selfish interests, but "to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed in defiance of international good faith by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power."

The justification for the title of the book is found in the assertion that German success means the remaking of the world by the extension of Germany's influence in North and South America, Africa and Asia as well as in Europe. In other words, Germany would take the place of Great Britain as a great world Power with dominions beyond the seas. Yet Sir Gilbert lays great stress on England's disinclination to fight for Belgium and says little about the direct and vital interest of the British themselves in the conflict.

THE BIG NOISE



BACK COLLAR BUTTONS OF SOCIETY

Silence on the Golf Links, Calling Cards to Be Left in the Punch Bowl and Wall Street Are as Useless as the Superfluity That Always Rolls Under the Bureau.

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

FOUR years ago a man said to me, "Do you wear a back collar button?" "Certainly," said I, "when I wear a collar." "Then you're an idiot," he replied. "You don't need it. It's only a nuisance. Your collar will stay put just as well without it." Of course I didn't believe him. You don't believe me now when I tell you he was right. Bert Leston Taylor, in his column in the Chicago Tribune, has recently been crusading against the back collar button, and people didn't believe B. L. T. No doubt a benighted world will go right on wearing back collar buttons in spite of all Bert and I can say about it. Still, nobody who has become emancipated from this masculine curse can rest happy till he has at least tried to emancipate his fellow-males.

Four years ago, when the man first told me that the back collar button was useless, to be answered with a pitying smile, I had a particularly annoying time pulling my tie through my collar the next morning, in order to get the knot tightly into place. As a matter of fact, first I tore the button hole of the collar, and then the tie itself gave way, with a protesting rip. I tore the offending collar from my neck, took up a fresh one, put in another tie, and—reflected. Why not give the thing a trial? I could slip the collar button into my waistcoat pocket, and if my collar wouldn't stay down, I could resort again to the ancient method. Of course, it wouldn't stay down. I was quite sure of that. But at least I could get my tie tied before breakfast.

An Unpleasant Sense of Insecurity
I put the collar on without the back collar button, and enjoyed the delicious sensation of feeling the tie slip in the collar with comparative ease. Then I started out for the day. At first I had a vague, unpleasant sense of insecurity. My collar was always on the point of slipping up in the back, especially when I stooped forward. Now and again, I would insert my finger warily to feel if the shirt band was still in its rightful place. It always was. After a time the sense of insecurity began to wear off. When you are waiting for something dreadful to happen to you, and it doesn't happen, sooner or later you are bound to assume normal relations with life again and go about your business. By lunch time I had fully decided my collar wasn't going to ride up under my ears. By dinner time I had forgotten all about it.

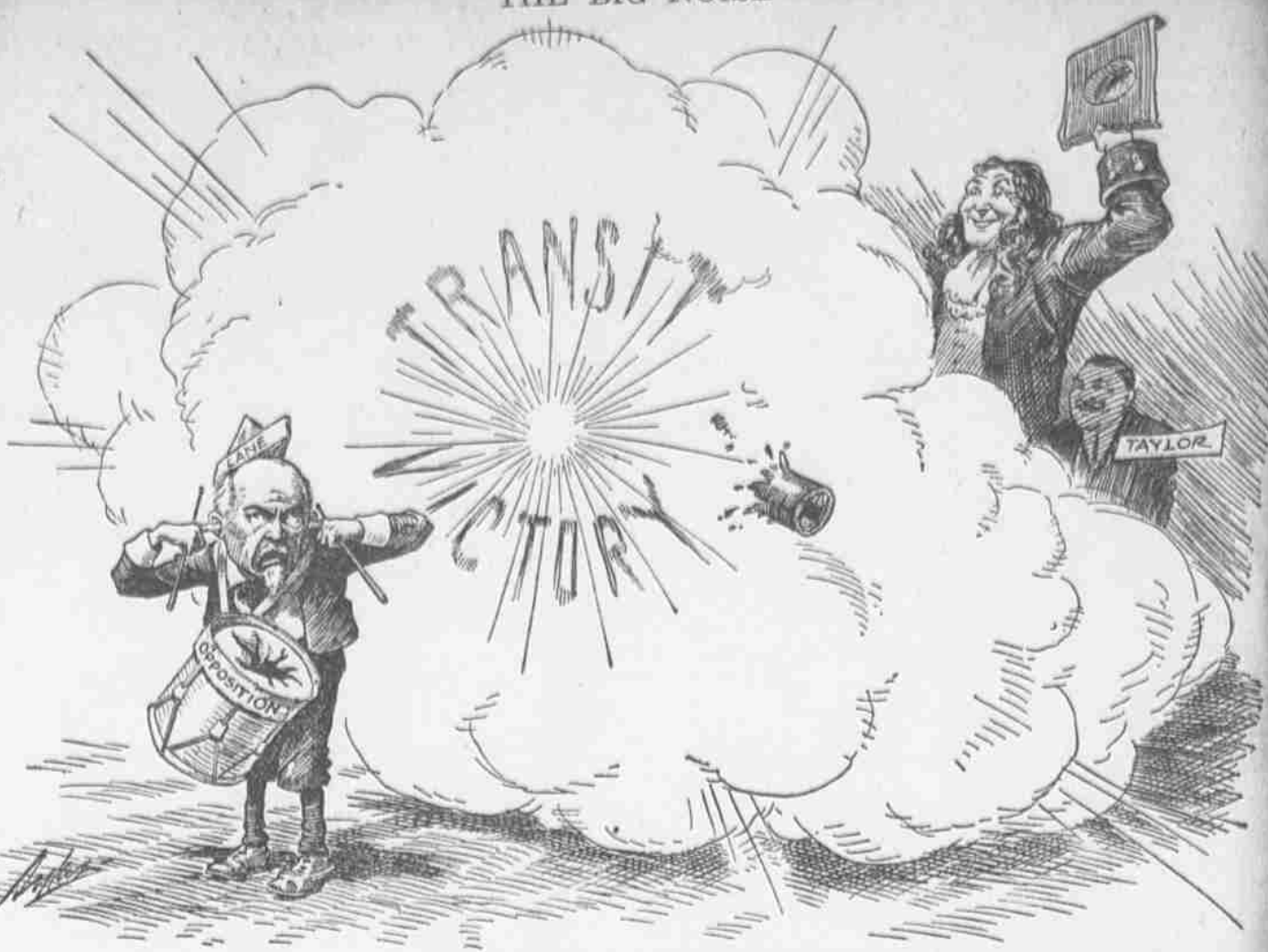
HE IS AN AMERICAN
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Will you please let me know the nationality of the war expert, Mr. J. W. T. MASON.
READER.
Philadelphia, June 30.

PROTEST FROM A BRITISHER
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Re your correspondent "John Bull." As a Britisher, allow me to protest against his vaporing and to question his nationality. His non de plume may have an Anglo-Saxon ring, but his sentiments are absolutely un-British. There is an odor of "Lieber krants" about his vaporing, and he uses a subterfuge to bring on an Anglo-American controversy.
EX-ROYAL DUBLIN FUBILIER.
Philadelphia, July 1.

"JOHN BULL" ANSWERS HIS CRITICS
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Handicapped by lack of space, I will endeavor to answer my opponents. To "Five Irishmen": Sure, my country is "democratic," in that sense of "this great crisis" force has to adopt different methods. She must "dictate the policy of the United States" or risk Germany's going so. Though a Briton, I still understand a bit of buffoonery, which is not an argument.

Wall Street as a Collar Button
I fancy there are a good many back collar buttons in all departments of our life which we would find on trial—much to our surprise—could be given up, and the world would wag on just as well. There are those who go so far as to claim the Stock Exchange as a financial back collar button. If Wall Street were wiped off the map, they say, we would feel mighty uncomfortable for a time, as if our collar were going to do something disastrous—and then we would gradually realize that we were getting on as usual, and forget all about it. But this is a matter concerning which I know very little. Once I made a trip to Wall Street to interview the late J. P. Morgan, and became remotely acquainted with his office "boys"; and once I made a trip there to see the late F. Hopkinson Smith, who had an office near the East River, which was full of pictures of Highhouses, pots of blooming geraniums, and Mr. Smith's geniality. So I don't know much about Wall Street. Still, I know what I like.

MR. PEPPER AS AN ENIGMA
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—I read with much interest "Pepper's Mayoralty Prescription." Also your editorial remarks on the same. Mr. Pepper and I are both of the same religious belief, and I have always been willing to follow his leadership in church affairs. But for some years past his politics have been an enigma to me. For the reason that I felt such men as he could be a great power for good to rid our city of the "Gang's" manuevering as Republicans—as we would call them—so well described there. You will realize how difficult it is for me to understand how men of the weight and influence



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By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Borden Bugson, when she calls on my wife and unfortunately finds her at home, didn't leave a pack of calling cards in a punch bowl in the hall as she departs. I believe one card, her own, is for my wife, and two cards, Mr. Borden Bugson's, are for my wife and me respectively. I suppose if Mr. Borden Bugson's cards were not left in our punch bowl, and my cards were not left in the Borden Bugson's punch bowl (only theirs, I am told, is a silver cake dish affair), the result would be that Borden Bugson would have to call on me in person, and I would have to call on him. Perhaps it is just as well not to eliminate this back collar button! On general principles, I am in favor of votes for women. But if the franchise is going to rob our wives of their present willingness to be bored by the Borden Bugsons for our sakes, then by all means let us keep the ballot to ourselves!

Silence on the Green
Another back collar button is the fetish of silence when a player is making a shot in golf. I am aware that in uttering this I am promulgating heresy, blasphemy, infamy, imbecility. Nevertheless, I believe it to be true. I will even go so far as to say that I believe half the sufferers who play the game would play better if the hush which precedes their superhuman effort to drive 225 yards or make a four-foot putt did not breed in them an exaggerated self-consciousness.

McLaughlin isn't supposed to need utter silence in order to deliver a service ace. Several people in the stadium are permitted to talk when Brickley is kicking a goal. There is shortly a certain amount of noise when a shortstop picks up a hot grounder and fields it to first. All these acts require delicate and also rapid mental and muscular co-ordination. But nobody has ever maintained that silence was needed to bring them off successfully. Golf is a different game, of course. It would hardly do for your opponents in a foursome to taunt you as you were making a putt as ball players taunt each other. But we carry this rule of silence to ridiculous extremes, because it always has been. It is a back collar button.

And only think, if the rule were abolished, or rather the etiquette altered, what an awful havoc it would make among the alibis!

There is a last word you will need a little starch in the band of your shirt. It always takes starch to throw over a convention.

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THE OLD TESTAMENT SABATH

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Your editorial on the Sunday question "makes the law ridiculous." If some people wish to obey the Old Testament commands it is their try it. Exodus, chapter 35, says six days shall work be done, but "the seventh day shall be to you a holy day, a Sabbath of rest to the Lord, whosoever doeth work therein shall be stoned to death—Ye shall have no fires in your homes on the Sabbath day," and the punishment is stoning to death. These commands were not given to Hindoos, Egyptians, Chinese, Persians or Christians, but to "my people Israel." Truth never changes.
Philadelphia, June 29. JUSTICE.

"HANS" SAYS "JOHN BULL" IS RIGHT

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Answering "John Bull" I will say that while as a German I loathe his country, yet as an I convinced that the fellow is largely right. The United States has ignored its best friend, Germany, and cast its lot with Great Britain. The seizure of its vessels by England it glosses over, the sinking of vessels by Germany it magnifies.

I unlike "John Bull" am naturalized and will stand by my adopted country, but if a foreign ruler is to dominate it I would prefer the Kaiser to George V.
HANS.
Philadelphia, July 1.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—I was much interested in reading a letter in last night's EVENING LEDGER signed "Hexborough" and headed "Travels at Home." I am a stranger in Philadelphia, having been here only since May 1, but expect this will be my home for some little time to come. I have searched the morning and evening papers for trips by boat, and so far have been rewarded by finding out one such trip advertised, the trip to Wilmington and Brandywine Springs, and when to go and how to get there. I have been hoping that the EVENING LEDGER would publish, as do many of the New York papers, a list of the places where week-ends may be spent, with full directions for getting there, accommodations, etc. I am not interested in trolley trips, as I cannot ride on the trolley without becoming ill, but would like to take several boat trips a week all summer long.
A STRANGER.
Philadelphia, June 23.

PERVERSITY OF MEMORY

From the Milwaukee Journal.
Sometimes the only things we remember are the things we wanted most to forget.

JUST A LITTLE BOY

I don't know when I've ever seen a little boy that was so very
Contrary; yes, that's what you are, you're nothing else but just contrary!
When no one here do the things I tell you to, as sweet as honey;
But when I want you to cut-up, and when I want you to be funny,
So's folks can see how wonderful you are, and how well worth the showing!
I can't with all my coaxin' you somehow seem to get you to grin!
When I ask you: "Where is the moon?" you point your finger at the roses;
And when I tell you to kiss folks you reach out and grab their noses.
And that's the way with everything, you're nothing else but just contrary!
But am I angry when you do the things you do? Well, not so very!
You are my boy, I am your dad, and I am here to stick right to you!
You don't know why I tell you to do all the things I tell you, do you?
I s'pose a boy that can't do much but gurgles in place of talking.
Who is so small that he can't trust his waddy little feet for walking, what the daddy means who leans above you;
And you're the best boy ever born, and can't tell you how I love you!
—Houston Post.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
CHRISTY AND TWELVE STRAITS
SUMMER FESTIVAL OF JOY
FISKE O'HARA
WOODSIDE PARK THEATRE
POPULAR VAUDEVILLE
REVENUE—1ST PERFORMANCE 7:45 P. M. EVENING—2ND PERFORMANCE 8:45 P. M. ADMISSION FREE—Reserved Seats, 10c

Stanley

Stanley
MARGARET STEWART DAILY IN
THE "BIG SURPRISE"
TODAY 2:15, 7:45
TWO "BIGGEST" LAUGHING PICTURES

TONIGHT

TONIGHT
CROSS KEYS THEATRE
CHARLEY CHAPLIN CONTEST
Trocadero