

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CIRCUIT H. K. CURTIS, Passaic, N. J.
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Subscription Terms:
By carrier, Daily Ledger, six cents. By mail, postpaid outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, Daily Ledger, one month, twenty-five cents; Sixty Days, one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.
Singles—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JUNE WAS 92,837.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1915.

The man who pities himself is one of the most pitiable of objects.

Action on Transit!

WITH all the enthusiasm of the City Administration behind it, Director Taylor's transit plan has forged ahead through the obstructions and trickeries of Councils, has received the Mayor's approval and now awaits only the prompt and favorable action of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission. Of such action, not only affirmative, but immediate, there can be no doubt. The need is so great that not a sizable element of Philadelphia's life but feels it and responds to it. The only emotion besides enthusiasm so far evoked has been shame that the city should have been held back so long. There must be no more delay.

Three-meals-a-day or Bust

WHAT is to become of our three square meals a day? A little while ago it was the president emeritus of Harvard University who declared that we eat too much. Now it's a manufacturer-philanthropist, Henry Ford, of Detroit. And after him the Surgeon General of the Navy, who approves the Ford theory. A heresy trial is in order.

No Party of a Lone Law

HOBSON got little applause for his new prohibition party. The members of the Atlantic City convention who have backed Eugene W. Chafin in his fight for President are perfectly satisfied with their present organization. The remainder of Hobson's audience had other and sounder reasons for looking on his proposal as ill-advised and meaningless. History and sound thinking bear them out.

Three Cheers and a Tiger!

TO THE American farmer! He is still holding his own in the scale of importance. This year, with the aid of the elements, he is more than holding his own. It's partly due to the war, of course, and partly, as the Department of Agriculture modestly suggests, to its own good advice. All the principal crops this season, according to official prediction, will exceed the output of record-breaking years. The acreage is also a record-breaker. The farmer's golden era—1915. He seized an opportunity.

Watchful Waiting With a Difference

ONE of Washington comes the news that one-half of the period allotted to Mexico for making up and acting civilized has already expired. This unofficial information is the first hint this country has received that the President has set a time limit. In the "Message to the American People" in which he declared the new policy, he said that unless the rival chiefs could accommodate their differences "within a very short time" the American Government would be constrained to "decide what means should be employed in the United States in order to help Mexico.

It wasn't obvious long ago—that Villa and Carranza and the rest of the gang-warriors cannot compose their differences. Bitter enemies, but over night they become bitter enemies again. The times are calling loudly, down in Mexico, for the great man who, as Carlyle said, falls to appear even when the times are calling their loudest. In Washington it is common talk that the President, if Mexico is still at war next month, will act in a way that will astonish the country on the north of the Rio Grande—and the country on the south. Yet already war has ceased in Mexico; it is not war, though it might indeed be described by Sherman's short but famous word. So there is nothing surprising in the Washington report that Mexico's last chance to turn over a new leaf is already dated. Evidently the President means business. This is "watchful waiting" now, but "watchful waiting" with a difference!

A Test for Councils

IS COUNCILS for or against Philadelphia? The Chamber of Commerce puts it up squarely to our legislator-vacationists. The chamber invites the Republican convention and makes the needed assurance of funds and accommodations. It is for Councils to complete the good work at its first meeting in September by taking the convention hall project out of pickle and starting building operations. Whether or not it falls into step with the Chamber of Commerce and the rest of the city in so evident a move for Philadelphia's good will show the people, beyond any political pretensions, where the interests of Councils lie. Is it for a bigger, better city? Is it for a city in every way an expression of national life, a city to head the country now as in 1776? Or is it for that spirit in public affairs which rhymes "village" and "pillage" with such fatal facility?

Play No Tricks With the Milk Supply

THE testimony of local milk dealers before the Interstate Commerce Commission makes an interesting gloss to the proposal of President Underwood, of the Erie Railroad, to advance freight rates 20 per cent, covering passenger reductions to a cent a mile. Milk is a typical case where such an adjustment would work incalculable hardship. As it stands, far slighter increases put in force recently have brought very large losses to dealers handling milk in the most hygienic way, shipment in bottles. It may be that witnesses exaggerate their case when they say that there is only 14-100ths of a cent profit in a quart of milk. But it is certainly true that modern cities must depend on transportation for their milk supply; that vast quantities of good and quickly delivered milk are a necessity; and that in such circumstances increased rates, either for all or for smaller dealers shipping bottled milk in lesser quantities, mean a really dangerous deprivation to the public, as well as financial disaster to the milk dealers.

Manifestly if there is to be any readjustment of freight rates, milk is a case where rates should go down. The Federal Government encourages education by special postal rates for newspapers, magazines, books and such matter. The time may come when a constructive sense of public needs will extend policies of this nature to things that are as essential to the body as reading to the mind.

Drink England's Worst Foe

One instance among others was cited. A big battleship needing immediate repairs came into a large shipyard. She had been busy in the dangerous work of patrol in the North Sea. It was necessary for her to return at the earliest possible moment to her important post of duty. She was put into the drydock at once. Yet she lay untouched for one entire day, because no riveters could be secured to work on her. They were drinking and carousing in grogshops nearby.

Prepared for Flight

From the London Chronicle. In the lobbies of the Government Department, according to Keenan Bay's "Earl of the East," stand enormous boxes covered with covers and studded with huge copper nails. In these are preserved all Ottoman official documents packed ready to be transported at a moment's notice, when the long-prophesied flitting from the capital takes place.

Philosophy from Albany

From the Albany Journal (Wm. Deane's paper). The best remedy for a swollen head is contemplation of the difference that the death of a really important man doesn't make.

MARS TAKES TO THE WATERWAGON

He Finds That He Cannot Fight If He Gets Drunk—Necessity Is the Mother of Sobriety, the Twin Brother of Invention.

By WARREN GRAHAM PARTRIDGE

THE waterwagon has been exceeding the speed limits of late. Indeed, it is going so fast that we must change the name and call it "the buzwagon" or the hydroplane. The European war has been the giant to deal John Barleycorn a solar-plexus blow which has proved a terrific knockout. The prohibition of the liquor traffic has achieved more astounding victories in the last few months than during the preceding 1000 years. All nations are stirred by this widespread revival in temperance sentiment and in temperance legislation. Russia started the world by her sudden and drastic abolition of the liquor traffic. It was a war measure. Vodka-drinking had become the national habit. The State capitalized this almost universal thirst for vodka, and from the degeneracy of the people built up a colossal Government monopoly, which brought hundreds of millions of dollars every year into the national treasury.

A Better Russia Without Vodka

What are the results at this hour? But a rejuvenated Russia appeared on the map of Europe. The sleeping giant had awakened from the stupor of vodka and other intoxicants; and the nations discovered that sober and temperate Russian officers and soldiers were the peers of any soldiers on earth. It was an immense price for the Government to pay, for the revenue from vodka and the liquor traffic was \$500,000,000 annually. And Russia was in tremendous need of money to equip the armies. Today, in spite of the extraordinary expenses of the war and the disastrous effects upon all forms of business, the reports from Petrograd declare that savings banks show an increase of deposits, the people are prospering as never before and there is a revival in business, especially in the sale of groceries, meats, clothing, housefurnishings and all useful articles. A nation has been redeemed.

But again the world felt the thrills when England tackled the liquor traffic. Here again the great war precipitated the fight. And the onslaught came from an unexpected quarter. It was the visitation of a deputation from the Shipbuilding Employers' Association to Chancellor David Lloyd-George that started the conflagration. These shipbuilders had a red-hot message to deliver. Here was a great nation engaged in the death grip of the greatest war in the history of the world; and the shipbuilders told the Chancellor that England's supreme defense, her overwhelming sea power, was being menaced by the curse of strong drink.

Diffidence Between You and Ty Cobb

Now between two men of equal age and with the same degree of practice there will exist a tremendous difference in ability to hit a baseball. One man fells four times out of five, Ty Cobb hits the ball with perfect confidence four times out of five, and half of those times puts it where he wants to put it for a safe hit. In tennis the difference between you or me and Billie Larned or R. Norris Williams, 2d, isn't that we can't hit a ball just as hard as they can when we do hit it, but that they can hit it far more or less every time and put it where they want to put it.

More Bunk! Nobody ever does think of the exercise.

A person who plays any game "for the exercise" hasn't the first notion of what the game is about. It wouldn't be a game any more—it would be medicine. I must end this now, as there's a four-course waiting for me.

Midnight Sun in Alaska

From the Seward (Alaska) Gateway. So many people have said that they have seen the midnight sun in Alaska that some must have seen it, although the very great majority of residents of the Territory must admit never having laid eyes on it. There is one man, at least, who stayed up all night at Fort Yukon, the point where the Yukon River touches the Arctic Circle, to see the midnight sun, and he saw it and he didn't see it. That is, at midnight, according to his watch, the sun



IS GOLF A GAME OR MEDICINE?

Books About It Are Intended Only for Those Who Take It as a Prescription—The Rest Pursue the Immoral Pill for the Fun There Is in the Sport.

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I'M GETTING a bit weary of the bunk that is written about the game of golf. Golf is a fine game; nobody enjoys it more or has more respect for it than I have. My wife is as desolate a golf widow from May to November as exists in the land. I am secretary of my club and also the club handicapper and 50 per cent. of the Greens Committee; in other words the club doorman. Golf takes up more of my time than I can afford to give it, and I'm one of those bugs who puts himself to sleep planning out how it will be possible for him the next day to do the course in even four.

Bunk About Golf Mystery

Now, there isn't any particular mystery to golf, any more than there is to hitting a baseball, driving a nail or buttoning your boots. If you had never buttoned your boots before you'd take an hour or more to get the job done, no doubt. Simply your muscles have acquired the boot buttoning habit. If you had never driven a nail in your life you wouldn't laugh so much when you saw your wife trying to perform the feat. If you had never faced a pitcher it is doubtful if you'd line out a two-bagger over second. It is doubtful if you do, anyway!

A Game Without Morals

The pathetic feature of a golf course really is the vast number of people upon it who are trying to be athletes when nature never built them that way. This is truly a terrible thought! It takes away hope. How many of us would keep on playing golf if it weren't for hope? About once a year I play our course under 80. That 79 (for 78 is about as far under 80 as I ever go) is to me as a pillar of fire and a cloud of smoke, urging me on across the swales and hazards year after year toward the promised land of the First Sixteen. If there be a mystery in golf it is this power it possesses to delude, to cheat, to inspire false hope. Because it lacks the direct physical contest against a living opponent which tennis, say, possesses, we deluded devotees never seem to discover—certainly never admit—our inherent limitations, but go right on chasing the will 'o' the wisp of even four just as if real athletic ability was in us. It is in reality a highly immoral game.

Why There Are Golf Dubs

The real truth of the matter is that when a man is a dub at tennis he usually quits the game. Nobody wants to play with him, anyhow, because tennis is a game of give and take and a one-sided match is small sport. If he is a dub at baseball he doesn't get much chance to play. No team wants him. And so it goes. Then, too, in the more violent sports too much physical exertion is required to keep men at them after the zest of youth has passed. But golf, poor old golf, is taken up by everybody, from boys in knickerbockers to tottering octogenarians, quite irrespective of whether they have any natural aptitude for hitting a ball or not, and they can always find partners, always go poking and fooling happily along. They can't hit out 250-yard drives, they can't depend on their brassies, they can't push up a maulie to the pin, they can't gauge their putts and they declare that golf is a mystery; they write books about it, they pore over magazine articles telling how to "concentrate," how to keep the eye on the ball, how to keep the head down, how to follow through, and so on, and so forth.

How Boys Become Experts

Some years ago I helped teach two youngsters to play golf. Both of them are now ranking players and have won big tournaments. One, in fact, is a dangerous competitor in national events. But before I had been playing with either of them a month

Democracy: Does It Work?

A Survey of Society Shows That There Is Friction in Spots

From the Living Church. The world will never be content to test democracy by theory. The question that will inexorably be asked is: Does it work? Now it will "work" only to the extent that the rank and file of the people are able to assimilate the American ideal of world-service. It is nothing to us that perhaps we can conquer other nations; we don't want to conquer them. It is nothing to us that we are rich and can build the greatest army and navy that the world has ever seen; we don't want to build them.

Defense for Whose Homes?

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—I recently read in a window of the anti-suffrage headquarters in West Philadelphia a placard bearing the legend: "For Home Defense." I believe the headquarters are now closed, the occupants probably having flitted away to a more congenial clime. If not considered impertinent, I would like to be informed by the estimable ladies responsible for the motto which homes are referred to—those in town, with closed shutters; the winter apartments at The Breakers at Palm Beach; their cottages at Star Harbor or their midseason palaces on the Main Line? Also in just what way the peace and happiness of those various domiciles are jeopardized?

Niemand zu Hause

"Twice on a summer's evening, Old Caspar's work was done, And he, within a picture show, Was frowning at the fun. Beside him sat fair Wilhelmine, Who giggled in her glee, Likewise her brother Peterkin, And the whole family!" —Spokane Spokesman Review.

The National Point of View

On the whole we may be thankful that Mr. Morgan is about the only American grand duke regarded as worth gunning for—Grand Rapids Press. The suicide of Holt is regrettable in the fact that the law, and not himself, ought to have decreed his punishment.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. At no time in our national history has there been greater need for the charity which interprets intelligently and without heat and makes all reasonable allowances for differing viewpoints.—Springfield Republican. When peace again settles over Mexico it is likely that the name of the ex-patriated Diaz will be placed above that of the other named and liberators of Mexico and that none will be so proud to honor his memory.—Milwaukee News. Holding no brief for either "bitch" or "howl" tariff theories, but just looking at the facts as far as they can now be ascertained, the Herald concludes that the cause of the decline of national income which produced the Treasury's unfortunate position on that side was about half tariff change and half war.—Chicago Herald.