

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Publisher
Charles H. Longmire, Vice-President
Editorial Board: Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Chairman
F. H. Whaley, Executive Editor
John C. Maffin, General Business Manager
Published daily at Press-Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JUNE WAS 92,857.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1915.

You cannot stop the sun from shining by hiding yourself in the shade.

Germany's Attitude to Be Read Hereafter From Her Acts

THE third American note to Berlin is shot through and through with the spirit of friendliness and a sincere desire for the maintenance of friendly relations, yet there is everywhere apparent in it a sureness of position, a stiffness of attitude and a steadiness of purpose that combine to render any misunderstanding of our demands impossible and definitely negative the continuance of present relations unless German aggression on the high seas immediately is terminated.

ESSENCE OF THE NOTE.

By far the most important part of the note is the last sentence in it. "Friendship itself prompts it (the United States) to say to the Imperial Government that repetition by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of these rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens, as deliberately unfriendly."

STEADY HAND ON THE TILLER.

Let no citizen underestimate the importance of this stand. If it means anything it means that the destruction without warning of even a belligerent merchantman, on board which Americans may happen to be, will compel immediate action by this Government. What form this action would take is conjectural. It would scarcely lead, we imagine, to a declaration of war. It would more likely occasion the breaking off of diplomatic relations, the conveying of our merchantmen and the general treatment of Germany as a highwayman against whose murderous proclivities the most ample precautions for safety must be taken.

JUSTICE OF OUR POSITION.

Rarely in the whole history of diplomacy, we surmise, has the justice of a nation's position been so amply demonstrated as in the following paragraph:

In view of the admission of illegality made by the Imperial Government when it pleaded the right of retaliation in defense of its acts, and in view of the manifest possibility of conforming to the established rules of naval warfare, the Government of the United States cannot believe that the Imperial Government will longer refrain from disavowing the wanton act of its naval commander in sinking the Lusitania, or from offering reparation for the American lives lost, so far as reparation can be made for a needless destruction of human life by an illegal act.

Yet it would not be wise to conclude that the righteousness of our complaint and demand assures a satisfactory reply. It is rather late for Germany to plead that the Lusitania was sunk through the too great zeal of a naval officer acting without orders, for Berlin has practically assumed responsibility for the wholesale murder committed. However, Berlin has permitted the German mind to be poisoned by an endless succession of untruthful publications, assuming, no doubt, that so only could the German rank and file be deceived into appreciations of so heinous an offense. It would be difficult now to withdraw.

RESULT IN BERLIN'S HANDS.

A bright aspect of the situation in this particular, however, is that the prompt discontinuance of aggression will prevent an open break. In regard to the outrage that has been committed, our Government, in a true spirit of friendliness, would be likely to continue correspondence and trust for vindication to arbitration afterwards. The essence of the controversy lies in the future behavior of Germany. If Berlin ceases its hostile depredations and instructs its naval

officers hereafter to observe the law of nations, Washington will have accomplished its main purpose. The continuance of friendly relations is, therefore, entirely in the hands of Berlin.

A CRISIS REACHED.

It is well to stare facts squarely in the face. A crisis has now been reached in the negotiations. Indeed, this latest note is the blood relative of an ultimatum. A repetition of past acts, we state, will be considered "deliberately unfriendly." "Do not do these things again," we say, "or our powers of defense will be brought into play."

NO DESIRE FOR WAR.

We do not believe that there is any desire for war in this country. We are convinced, on the contrary, that nine-tenths of all our citizens are wholeheartedly for peace. But it is certain, on the other hand, that the Government's voice is the voice of the nation. It echoes the nation's determination, it represents with sureness the country's attitude. We have been patient beyond all parallel in the face of unprecedented outrages. We have made all allowances for the peculiar conditions existing. We have been fair and square. Even with the two trifling replies of Germany before it, the Government has not deviated a hair's breadth from the straight path. Its course has been one in which every good citizen could rejoice, and which all could approve.

SWEAT BLOOD IN SELF-DEFENSE.

If madness still reigns in Berlin, this great nation at least need not bow to the madman's fury. If the Berlin Government has betrayed the German people, as many think it has, it cannot drag our Government, too, into a betrayal of its people. We need not quake with dread. A hundred years ago, when a mere weakling, we staked all on the vindication of our rights. We shall not be less vigilant now. Democracy before this has sweat blood in self-defense. It is a test which republicanism can meet fearlessly. There is no form of liberty more essential than the freedom of the seas. We intend to have it, whether the Kaiser is willing or not. That is what the American note says, and it is what the American note means.

Another Horror

ANOTHER steamboat horror! Twenty-five hundred pleasure-bent people put in mortal danger and hundreds of them trapped, helpless, and drowned—all, to make it the more horrible, within a few hundred feet of shore, and within sight of friends and relatives. Is there nothing that can stop these periodic disasters?

So far as the cause could be traced immediately after the Eastland's sinking, it was due to no direct infraction of law; the boat was billed to carry a hundred or two more than were on it. According to the captain, a broken air shaft caused a lurch of the vessel, and the rush of panic-stricken crowds to the side sent the boat over. Perhaps it was a matter of lax inspection or neglected ballast. But, one way or another, the fate of the Eastland must set all ports to a stricter watch over their shipping. Top-heavy boats are a menace that no life preservers can thwart. Philadelphia wants no such tragedy at her doors.

A Mind of Excellent Flavor

THE career of Dr. William C. Jacobs was one of brilliance, promise and fulfillment. At 24 he was Superintendent of Schools in Port Carbon, Pa., and he advanced steadily and rapidly to his final work as the successor of Governor Brumbaugh last November. All through his work Doctor Jacobs displayed originality and that spirit of imaginative experiment which are both so essential to pedagogy. He founded the first school paper in Philadelphia; he was a pioneer in the introduction of lantern slides as an aid to teaching; and he was one of the founders of the Educational Club, the Child Study Club and the Photographic Club. Such a summary lists only a tithe of Doctor Jacobs' interests and accomplishments, but they suggest the excellent flavor of the man's mind.

The Small Ad at Work

DAVID AND GOLIATH is an old, old story; but it applies to no modern a thing as newspaper advertising. Better thirty lines of brain than seven columns of brawn. The set-to of Gulliver and the Lilliputians has a still broader analogy. The advertiser who puts out a hundred skilful little "ads" through the year is likely to bring down far surer results than a man who splurges once or twice on full pages that are not so cleverly calculated. The "repeater" in advertising has the advantage of the "repeater" in anything else: given a constant variety and a constant originality, he will set the reader looking for his little "ad" every day.

There is an advertiser who makes the abstruse matter of building houses and skyscrapers more engaging than the average reader ever imagined it could be. Here are a few of the sentences that accompany appropriate sketches:

A derrick silently picks up its own burden—carries it—comes back for more, and doesn't ask why Bill Jones didn't do it! A derrick deserves a monument!

We talk of a "well-built" man—and the best man who ever lived is 25 per cent. water.

Fancy a well-built building being so little sold as a man!

Among the things I've never built is a winning ball team!

But then Pat Moran can't build a skyscraper!

The man who is keen enough to buy such advertising not only gets the reader's attention—which is half the battle; he convinces the reader that the advertiser is keen enough to do his work well—and that is the other half. The man who reads such "ads" as these is going to realize that the choice of the right builder is important. What's more, he is going to choose that builder!

Atlantic City cocks its lid at a livelier angle.

The U. of P. hope simply out of the Nearlog frying pan into the Witmer fire.

While we are considering this proposition of buying Belgium, why not acquire the German submarine flotilla and the General Staff?

The sooner the New Central Library can install itself on the Parkway, the better. One of the first needs of Philadelphia is a library of metropolitan caliber.

BUT ONE ROAD TO ACHIEVEMENT

Trod by the Governor's Greatest Three Pennsylvanians and All Other Successful Men—It is Still Rocky, for So Few Go That Way.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH is wiser than Paris, son of Priam. When the gods in the shape of the Panama-Pacific Fair Commissioners put up to him the task of selecting the greatest Pennsylvanian, he awarded the honor to one, but consoled the others by selecting two more from the multitude as worthy of honorable mention.

Each one of the men whom he selected is more than 70 years old, and each has been the architect of his own fortune. Although neither went to the French capital to study architecture in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, each has built a structure which to his contemporaries seems good. One is ecclesiastical in style, another is what might be called the commercial type and the third is like an observatory set on a hill.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the third man in the Governor's list, was honored last winter as Philadelphia's first citizen, and there were tears in his eyes and in his voice when at the Academy of Music demonstration he modestly disclaimed the great honor. He must have thought then of the great world's wonder that is sometimes called America, and of the opportunity which is offered then and still offers to every young man of ambition who is willing to pay the price of success. Few have had a more humble beginning than this famous clergyman. He was born in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, "where," he says in one of his lectures, "my father worked as a farmer for 20 years to pay off a mortgage of \$1200 upon his little farm, and my elder brother and myself slept in the attic which had one window in the gable end, composed of four lights and those very small. I remember that attic so distinctly now, with the ears of corn hung by the husks to the rafters, the rats running over the floor and sometimes over the faces of the boys; the patter of the rain on the roof, and the whistle of the wind around the gable end, the sifting of the snows through the hole in the window over the pillow on our bed."

From an Attic to a Pinnacle

The progress from that humble attic to a place on the list of the greatest three contemporary Pennsylvanians has been slow but steady. Each step upward toward the lofty pinnacle of fame was preceded by heavy toil.

John Wanamaker, the Governor's second man, was born and reared right here in Philadelphia, and is not an example of the country boy going to the city to make his fortune, but a city boy who saw ample opportunity at home. He began to work for wages when he was 14 years old. This is younger than the law now permits boys to enter permanent employment. He received \$1.25 a week, or about one-quarter what the modern boy thinks he ought to get when he starts. When he was 18 he became a salesman in Tower Hall, the biggest men's clothing store in the city, but within two years his health broke down and he was threatened with tuberculosis. He went to Minnesota to recover, and when he returned he joined the Presbyterian Church, and soon after became the first paid secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association in the country. His salary was \$1000. By the time he was 22 years old he had saved \$1900, and he took a partner and rented a store and started to make and sell men's clothing himself. Fifteen years later he started the first department store in the country, and now, well, what 18-year-old boy is planning, as he was at that age, to become one of the greatest merchants in the world?

All Cast in the Same Mold

John A. Brashear, of Pittsburgh, who heads the list as "the greatest Pennsylvanian" and "an ideal citizen," is that rare combination—a great scientist and successful man of affairs. His start was as humble as that of either of the others. He had to earn his living and learned the machinist's trade. But he was interested in astronomy. The mystery of the heavens fascinated him, and while he was working in a rolling mill in Pittsburgh he made a telescope of his own, grinding the lenses with the help of his wife. His first five-inch lens did not please him, and he made one 12 inches in diameter, persisting through many obstacles till he had succeeded. He was just a mechanic with a hobby until he attracted the attention of men interested in science. Then he became a successful manufacturer of scientific astronomical instruments and a working astronomer. He has been honored by the great astronomical societies of the world, yet when he was informed that the Governor had put his name first on the list of Pennsylvania's great men he thought that some one was joking.

These men are not exceptional. They were cast in the same mold that has turned out men of distinction in all nations, and women, too. The old Dowager Empress of China had nothing but her brains when she started on her career toward power and fame. Napoleon was equipped as generously by nature and as niggardly by fortune. Disraeli was a nobody, and transformed a queen into an empress. Edison was a telegraph operator in his youth, but has taught the lightning to illumine the dark places in our homes and in the public streets. Charles H. Markham, the \$50,000 president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, started as a section hand on the track with a pick and shovel at \$1.25 a day. J. H. Cummings, the head of the largest hat factory in the world, began as an office boy in the same factory.

The list could be made almost as long as the list of the world's successful men, whether in business, politics, war or learning. It is an old story, so old that many of the young men of the present who are complaining of lack of opportunities never heard it. They prefer the rocky-traveled road of mediocrity to the rocky highway to distinction, rocky because so few go that way.

A PLEASANT SOUND

That ringing sound is caused by the host of recent graduates beginning to howl to the sky.

HUMAN NATURE

If you got equal pay for half the working. The slaving that you've done in years ago; If you could get rich quick despite your shirkings.

And he more had to rise and work as dawn; If you could gauge out a simple system. Whereby full half your customers could leave And you could truly say "I haven't missed 'em. Why should I worry, languish, fret or grieve?" You'd also stop to think at least, and harbor The idea that the plan was rather shabby. And possibly you'd just like the barber And surely, surely double up the price.

COMES UP FOR THE THIRD TIME



A BATTLE IN THE SKY AT BETHUNE

Account by an Eye-witness of How a German Taube Dropped Bombs on the City, Outmaneuvered Four Hostile Aircraft, Destroying One, and Escaped in Safety.

By E. RICHARD SCHAYER

IN A broad, open field on the outskirts of Bethune, the ancient capital of French Flanders, several thousand new British troops were drilling. A group of us Army Service Corps men leaned against the fence and watched the maneuvers with the satisfaction of those whose day's work is done. One of the nearest of the drilling squads came to a halt and stood at ease for a brief rest. Suddenly we noticed a stir in their ranks and several hands pointing upward toward the eastern sky. The word passed swiftly—an aeroplane, probably a German, coming from the east.

Coddlings, of our party, a little Cockney hostler, was the first to pick out the narrow little black line floating in the upper regions of the air. "I got 'er, Lor' lummy," he cried, pointing high into the blue vault with a stubby forefinger. One by one, following the direction of his aim, we succeeded in focusing our straining vision on the distant speck. Back of the drill ground stood the tents of a British aeroplane station. From that direction came the sudden roar of a flying-machine's propeller.

"It must be a German and they're going after him!" shouted some one in our party, and instantly we all went on the double around the field to watch the Royal Flying Corps get busy. We reached the edge of the aviation field just in time to see them loose one of the fliers. With a savage snarl it sped past us. The pilot was guiding with one hand, while with the other he adjusted his helmet. As the biplane swirled by us its tall planes tilted and up she soared until it appeared high above the roofs of the town. Then it circled, climbing in steady spirals, while we turned to watch them getting another machine under way.

"He's Bombarding the Town!"

Before the roaring sputter of this second machine's fight had died away to the droning sawmill note there came a dull explosion from the direction of the town, followed by a dense cloud of black smoke over some of the housetops. Almost immediately there came a second shock, and another column of smoke and debris darkened the sky line.

"It's a German all right, and he's bombarding the town!" some one shouted. "There they go after him!" Sure enough, the first and second British fliers, joined by two others, apparently French, from the other side of the town, were circling steadily skyward, while far overhead that almost invisible visitor from the heavens slowly swung in a great arc over the town. His progress was marked by a succession of heavy explosions in the town.

Between the bomb explosions there sounded the sharper boom of some sort of small cannon. Looking upward at the tiny speck causing all this disturbance, we saw a cluster of little white balls burst into bloom all about it. One by one these little balls of cotton wool would burst out against the blue sky, above and below and on each side of the aerial raider. They were the bursting shells of the anti-aircraft guns.

But a mark like that German Taube made was almost impossible to hit, save by chance. By this time the visitor had climbed to a height of at least two miles. Higher and higher climbed the pursuers, swinging in graceful spirals, until they, too, were but black dashes against the sky. Then the enemy machine began to draw toward us once more.

"He's plying down, he's falling," some one shouted. There was no doubt about it. The German was shooting straight toward our field in one tremendous volplane.

Outwitted His Pursuers

His dive brought him straight down through the spirals of his pursuers, who, caught on the upward incline, were helpless to close in on the foe as he dashed almost headlong toward the earth. From the sky there came the sharp crack of rifles, unanswered by the foe. We were just wondering if the German was going to land in our field when, with a beautiful tilt of his wings, bringing him almost end up, he made an abrupt turn and straightened out for the town again, this time flying less than 1000 feet high.

The pursuing planes had meanwhile swung about in our direction, diving straight after their quarry. Caught a second time unaware by the German's maneuver, they passed almost directly over him in the opposite direction as he sped back toward the town. There came another volley of shots. This time the invading flier responded. We

was no thought of a strike. Such a story sounds more like the vaporizing of some religious opponent, whose enmity, if not jealousy of Sunday's success prompts him. CHARLES E. COCHRAN. Philadelphia, July 20.

SCOTT NEARING FOR MAYOR

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—For Mayor of Philadelphia Dr. Scott Nearing, quondam economist of the University of Pennsylvania, as trustworthy and sane balanced as he is stable and fearless. It would seem that the above misguided corporation, masquerading as a university, had released Doctor Nearing just in time to make him available for the mayoralty and place him at the service of the sturdy citizens, whose his expert services, his sturdy honesty and stable character are, or will be, sorely needed. Is there another so easily available whose efficiency, capacity, integrity and expertise is so well assured? If so, who is he and where is he? HORACE CASSELLBERRY. Spring Lake Beach, N. J., July 21.

FOREIGN LABOR AND WAR

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Self-preservation should be the first thought of every man. Yet my English brother has more cause to fight for his country than I, a native-born American. Why? Simply because the gentlemen of the first class in his country will see that he gets work before any other nationality. Let us look on this side of the map, and right here in my home city I find the same percentage is more than 20. I want to ask these wealthy employers a simple question: How many of their foreign employees do they think would handle a gun for the United States if we go to war with Germany? I am a citizen, I ask if these same employers imagine that the working class of the Americans will not side up the clammy the same as our English brothers, and say "Well, I have got to do anyhow, and I might just as well die at home." Philadelphia, July 21, 1915. J. E. H.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

A Lay Sermon on a Subject Dear to the Preachers.

From the Nashville Tennessean. Six days shall thou labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh day go a-fishing or stay at home and cook a big dinner for the preacher. For rest does not mean idleness. It usually does mean, however, leaving the every-day task alone. Therefore, the man who goes fishing on Sunday, if he goes with a pure heart, is violating no commandment. But the woman who stays home and cooks for the preacher—well, that is another matter. The Lord will take care of her somehow, though we don't know what He will do with the preacher.

Sunday morning, in the natural order of things, is not, we suppose, any more holy, any more sanctified, any more consecrated and set apart than any other morning of the week, but usage and the habit of the human mind have made it appear so. It used to seem that way long ago in the country. It seems that way in the city now. The sunshine seems to fall with a holier quiet on the white streets, just as it used to on the green fields.

But that is because—anybody—men are not on the jump Sunday, because no heavy wagons lumber along the streets, because no plows go back and forth in the furrows. Looking at it with earthly eyes, you know, man makes his holiness for himself. Nevertheless, Sunday is a day for temples and for meditation. Man may choose his temple as he will—and that, too, is a matter of habit. For genuine worship we would back a plain man in the open field against any devotee who has worn his knees bare on a church floor. What is it Jerome says about those temples in the open, "where, sometimes, in the dimness man's groping hands touch God's?"

But the customs of generations count. For us, the quietness of a Sunday morning is reminiscent of many things—of the odor of shaving soap on a long, old, sandy back "gutter," of a patient horse hitched to an old family vehicle, of the color of an altar cloth, of the soft lip and the pink head of a good preacher, now grown old in the flesh, whoever he be. He was a lover of fried chicken, this preacher, though not a Methodist. He used to have a way of twitting his brethren among the followers of the faith by telling them that the miter had eaten fried chicken many generations before there were any Methodists. Maybe so—maybe not so. We are starting no denominational controversy, though that is another thing that the preacher of the soft lip and the pink head had dearly loved. Also, he loved a good story and a practical joke. He was a very human sort of preacher, and what preacher is worth his salt if he is not human.

THE NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

It seems rather idle to scribble disconnected in the ammunition shops to "German activity."—Kansas City Times.

With regard to the sale of military supplies, it is imperative that the United States maintain the right to sell in order that the right to buy may be protected.—Chicago Tribune.

It has been evident for some time to all detached observers that nobody will Woodrow Wilson himself could prevent Woodrow Wilson this year's and last year's, he will not do anything of consequence.—Kansas City Journal.

What Colonel Roosevelt will do next year depends on developments, he says. Unless next year's developments are radically different from this year's and last year's, he will not do anything of consequence.—Kansas City Journal.

We are not only a world power, but we have been commissioned as the protector of a continent by the events of a century, and our own national safety now clearly points out that no wisdom can be slighted or neglected if we would preserve our independence among the nations of the world.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BILLY SUNDAY AND THE STRIKE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Had Roger W. Babson in his recent charge against Billy Sunday given some facts relative to some reasons why a strike was imminent or even contemplated by the street railway employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company he would have proved his sincerity and left no doubt in the minds of your readers that Mr. Sunday might at least have been a victim, not a willing party, to a conspiracy. As a member of Division No. 67, Amalgamated Street and Electric Railway Employees of America, I know of no reason why a strike at that time would have been justifiable. Even our secretary, Mr. Kerran, is quoted as saying that "we have been working for two or three years to get a strike for higher pay." Mr. Kerran could not have said such a thing, because we abhor strikes and deplore the necessity of such means to an end. At the present time the wage rate is two cents an hour more than we ever asked for, and when Mr. Sunday came in Philadelphia there