

Evening Ledger

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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.

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

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.

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?

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.

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.

A PLEASANT SOUND

That ringing sound is caused by the host of recent graduates beginning to law to the line.

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.

Atlantic City cocks its lid at a livelier angle.

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

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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 plaining 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



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could see the burst of gaseous smoke from the Taube, and almost instantly one of the British machines tilted sideways, crumpled up in one wing and plunged headlong to the earth. It struck in a patch of woodland half a mile away.

From the aviation headquarters an automobile leaped down the road, flying the white flag of the Red Cross. None of us felt like going over to that wood. A little later the auto came back and two limp, khaki figures were carried into one of the tents.

Meanwhile the Taube had dashed back over the town. This time it presented a fair and square mark for the anti-aircraft gunners. The white, cotton-wool shell-puffs bloomed all about the intrepid aviator. It seemed as though he could not escape being hit. But he bore a charmed life, apparently, for not only did he pass over half of the town before he swung away to the eastward, but he dropped three more bombs, each, as we saw afterward, with serious effect.

The three remaining pursuers were close on the German's trail, however, as he sped over the city. The two Frenchmen were flying at double the German's altitude, slanting down toward him in converging lines, and owing to their downward course making two feet to his one. The Britisher was trailing the German along the same plane of altitude and flying at about an equal speed.

The German's course, as he swung away from the town for the second time, brought him across the further end of our aviation field.

As he neared the field the German swung in his course again and steered directly overhead. Behind and above him came the Frenchmen, swooping down like great hawks. The Taube screamed by overhead like an angry bird of prey.

The Soldiers Are Terrified

As the big flier buzzed over the drill ground, scarcely 1500 feet above it, one of the aviators tossed something overboard, a round, dark object that fell swiftly toward the very center of the grouped masses of British troops. A great shout arose, and men scattered in every direction. A big circle of empty drill ground was cleared in less time than it takes to tell it, a circle fringed with leaping or prostrate figures, all bent on escaping the dread little black object that fell so swiftly toward the earth.

Into the very center of that widening circle the falling object struck with a soft thud, bounced a bit and lay still. There followed a moment of tense silence, then there burst from those thousands of British Tommies a shout of joy, a shriek of appreciative glee that completely drowned out the hum of the Frenchmen's motors as they flew by overhead closing in on the already distant German. The "bomb" was the black leather helmet of an aviator, tossed over the side by way of a joke.

Meanwhile the pursuing Frenchmen had made their last stroke at the lone German machine. Closing in on each side they had dived past the Taube and showered it with rifle fire. Whether or not either of the Germans was hit we never knew, but their machine never wavered, only swung sharply to the right and headed straight for the distant battle line.

Then the Frenchmen swung off toward Bethune to return to their own field, and the Britisher spiraled down to us, coming to a halt within ten yards of where I stood. As he climbed from the machine he asked a sergeant some question. I caught the words: "Both killed, sir."

The casual young Englishman was lighting a cigarette as the answer came. He finished the job without batting an eyelash. "Thanks," he drawled, and stroled off toward one of the tents.

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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. Kerrane, is quoted as saying that "we have been working for two or three years to get a strike for higher pay." Mr. Kerrane could not have said such a thing, because we labor 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

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 reliable 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."

J. E. H.  
Philadelphia, July 21, 1915.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

A Lay Sermon on a Subject Dear to the Preachers.

From the Nashville Tennessean.

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, as usual 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--any one who has worn his 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.