

WHATEVER HE NEEDS, THIS ISN'T IT

Evening Ledger

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600,000 pounds of weight if translated into 45-centimeter shells would permit the bombardment of Dunkirk to continue, every five minutes, for about 1000 years.

A PROFESSOR FOR MEXICAN PRESIDENT?

Tagle, Who Openly Defied Diaz and Huerta, Stuck to the Practice and Teaching of Law in Mexico City

By ELLIS RANDALL

TO PERHAPS the majority of the lookers on it's worse than hunting for a needle in a haystack—this search for a Mexican or group of Mexicans capable or worthy of national leadership.



MANUEL VASQUEZ TAGLE

He still remains a "dark horse"—all the darker because his name has been advertised by a well-known gentleman named Pancho Villa. However, a man who has braved all dictators since Porfirio Diaz and is still alive and has waxed in influence in that turbulent period is hardly likely to be at all subservient to Villa or anybody else.

Heir to the Headship

Tagle was Minister of Justice in the Cabinet of Francisco Madero and did not resign his position on the assumption of power by Huerta. He is therefore proposed as the legitimate successor to the vacancy at the head of the constitutional government created by the death of Madero.

The claim is made by the Carranzistas that Tagle has no legal title to the office of President because, they argue, when Madero resigned just before his death all the members of his Cabinet (save fact became private citizens. Article 81 of the Mexican Constitution provides that in the event of a default of the President or Vice President the order of succession shall run through the Cabinet, beginning with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is urged by Tagle's friends that his credentials, aside from his ability and personal prestige, consist of the following facts: The uprising against the usurpation of Huerta was founded on the purposes of restoring constitutional order in Mexico. The Government of which Huerta pretended to be the Chief Executive was denounced as illegitimate and was without lawful sanction. Madero resigned at the urgent suggestion of his friends and relatives and handed his resignation to Pedro Lascurain, Minister of Foreign Relations, who, in turn, caused the same to be presented to the Congress, which accepted it. Thereupon Lascurain himself, by operation of law, succeeded automatically to the Presidency, and Rafael Hernandez, Minister of Interior, and Ernesto Madero, Minister of Finance, having resigned, he thereupon, under duress, appointed Huerta as Minister of the Interior and followed it with his own resignation as President. Madero, Lascurain, Hernandez and Ernesto Madero having retired from office, the Cabinet officer next in succession under the law was Vasquez Tagle, Minister of Justice, who had not resigned, and had not Lascurain appointed Huerta as Minister of the Interior under duress, then Vasquez Tagle as Minister of Justice became entitled to occupy the presidential chair under the terms of Article 81 of the Constitution.

On the Outs With Diaz

Manuel Vasquez Tagle, who is married and has one daughter, was born in Mexico City September 14, 1854. His family had long been prominent in Mexican affairs, and Tagle himself held office in the Diaz Government.

Following a disagreement with the President, however, he retired from public life and devoted his time to the practice of law, which he has found very lucrative. It was said of him that he was one of the few successful men of intellect in Mexico City in the prolonged reign of Diaz who was not contaminated by the atmosphere of corrupt politics. Diaz and Tagle, indeed, were sworn enemies.

That Huerta feared Tagle for his quiet force of character is evident. Huerta never molested him. Tagle never feared Huerta, but stayed in Mexico City after the usurpation and continued to practice law.

Huerta had many good reasons for hating this man to whom his threats meant nothing. One day in the National Palace, when Madero was nominally President but virtually the prisoner of Huerta, Huerta announced his infamous plan "to serve the country." In the room were Madero and several members of his Cabinet. Huerta tendered his hand to Lascurain, who took it. Hernandez, it is said, likewise went through the ceremony, but when the turn came for Madero, the man who was soon to die exclaimed: "I will not shake hands with a dirty traitor!"

With a shrug of his shoulders Huerta turned to Tagle, who simply folded his arms and answered: "No."

Huerta's Unfulfilled Threat
"Well, God help you!" exclaimed Huerta, white with the insult. Tagle made no comment, went out and returned to the practice of his profession. He added to it then a professorship in the law school, the chair of civil law.

Since that time neither Huertistas, nor Carranzistas, nor Villistas, nor Zapatistas, nor any of the factional leaders or followers who have come and gone in Mexico City have disturbed the lawyer-professor. He has attended strictly to business and bowed neither to right nor left. The mobs have never looted his home nor stopped his automobile on the streets. Most certainly he is a man out of the ordinary.

Perchance the future will furnish new proof of his independence and courage. It is already evident that he is not a revolutionist of the type which has brought the name into disgrace. If his opposition in the civil strife of the last few years means that he knew its futility and felt, he must be credited with possessing the courage of uncommon common sense.

Out for the Coin

PHILADELPHIA wants no "harmony" Mayor; she will endure no Mayor who is "neutral."

A "harmony" Mayor means a Mayor who will agree to split a hundred million of contracts between McNichol and the Vares.

A "neutral" Mayor means "a dead one," who would sit with eyes closed and limbs tight bound while slippery hands reached into the treasury and emptied it of gold.

The people want no "neutral." They demand instead a militant personality, a man of ideas and of ideals, one who will "nationalize," not pauperize, Philadelphia. To "nationalize" the city is to give it a reputation for good government, to make it the prophet of a new order of things in the conduct of municipal affairs, to mark it with a progressive leadership among the great American cities. These things a "neutral" would not, could not, do.

A mollycoddle endowed with the power of a Samson, a Lilliputian in a Brobdingnagian seat, a sheep for a lion's whelp? Never! The mantle of power in Philadelphia must fall on the shoulders of a man able to bear it worthily, a far-seeing person; a maker of opportunities; a doer, not a dreamer; a person experienced in the methods of men, keen of brain, sharp in analysis, and more than all else, so honest that, be his mistakes what they may, no question of his motive or the integrity of his purpose can arise.

The contractors are hungry. They have been compelled for four years to maintain their organizations, to accept contracts at a fair profit, in contrast with the exorbitant profit which they formerly exacted. They want to make up for lost time. Their mouths are watering. Their palms itch. They can hardly wait for the retirement of the old War Horse of Reform, who has been a barrier of granite to withstand them. They are lavish of promise. They take their followers to the high mountain and tempt them with the promise of spoils. They gloat over the prospect. They are so greedy that they are willing to fight one another. The wolves have not yet got together. November is their Alps, beyond which lies the Italy they intend to plunder. But they'll never tunnel through, and a "neutral" candidate will encounter a chilly reception in attempting to lead them over.

Who the candidates are to be the public will soon know. The brand of "neutral" or "harmony" will be enough to ruin the chances of any one of them. Saloon talk is that "the Gang can win with a cur dog this year." But the voters, we surmise, would not hesitate to tie a tin can to his tail.

A Fair Trial Fairly Won

CUSTOMARY prison methods have been in vogue in one form or another for centuries. If they have been of any great value in reforming criminals, the fact is not written down in the records. The new plan with which Thomas Mott Osborne has been experimenting at Sing Sing has been in vogue a few months. There are records to prove that in some instances, at any rate, it has been successful.

"It has been my purpose from the start," says Governor Whitman, "to let the Osborne plan have a fair trial." That is all Mr. Osborne has ever asked, and it is all that the friends of improved prison management have ever expected. They are content to let results tell the story.

The refusal of the Governor to oust Osborne means, of course, that some hungry politician will have to do without a job. But the public as a whole, we suspect, will be content to have a warden whose object is to reform and benefit the convicts, rather than a warden who would be satisfied to follow ancient methods, provided his pay check arrived with regularity.

The Kaiser at Home in Tammany Hall

WHAT about our own Kaisers? What about our Prussians of politics? Is there no trace, in the institutions and men which guide our cities' lives, of that other form of spiritual and material boresism against which Europe is arrayed?

If ever the Kaiser is turned out of Potsdam he should find comfort in Tammany Hall—in all the Tammany Halls of American city government. There he should meet an efficiency to warm his heart. There he should encounter a despotism built as firmly as his own on the terrorism of armed forces most miraculously with the self-interest of subject peoples. And there he should ultimately find a parallel of his own destruction—the benevolent despot struck down by an organized democracy that sees the ultimate and basic interests of humanity.

The soldiers of no nation are so brave that they can win without guns.

Give the Vares the contracts and they care not who may be Mayor.

The first thing Mr. Carranza knows he'll be arrested for disturbing the peace.

There is one thing certain about the Interstate Commerce Commission—nobody can tell from past decisions what its next one is going to be.

Queen Mary paid \$1250 for an American ship. These are millions of tons, each of which is ready to pay as much to keep it about on the high seas.

So far as history will take account of us, we are most of us mere items in the census list, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain kind of flamboyant mediocrity to make itself conspicuous by gross agency publicity.

Our Fiat Law North of the Isthmus

THERE is every evidence that the Administration has a definite Mexican program in mind and is prepared to put it into operation. Vera Cruz, if seized again, will not be so readily abandoned as before. Not the promise of peace, but peace itself, is the objective of our policy, and we are resolved to have it, no matter what the cost. The purity of our motives has been vindicated time and time again. Our sincerity cannot be questioned. We have, as a matter of fact, endured more at the hands of the exasperating Mexicans than we would ever have tolerated from any nation of the first rank. Our faith in democracy has caused us to be deluded by the promises of a group of bandits masquerading as patriotic proletarians.

A traffic in murder and plunder has been going on. One of the richest territories in the world has been devastated, the inhabitants despoiled, the churches ravaged. Anarchy has reigned unchecked. Our patience has never been a virtue; it has been an error, a mistake. That at last is clear to Washington and clear to all Latin America. But peace is now definitely in sight. The fiat of the United States is law north of the Isthmus.

What Our Merchant Marine Needs

THE United States has never given its ocean-bearing trade a fair chance either to establish itself or to compete on even terms with the rest of the world. For more than 60 years it has been the plaything of politics, grossly neglected or restricted by turns. Whereas our foreign commerce ought to be leading the world, we are lagging; and we shall continue to lag until our navigation laws are determined, not by political expediency, but by our best brains and in the interest of the whole country.

Had the problem been approached with wisdom and courage at the start our position might now be all that Edmund Burke, England's great statesman-philosopher, predicted for it when in his speech on Conciliation with America he said:

There is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste death, show itself the equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world.

It is no one's fault but our own that Burke's prophetic vision has not been more than realized.

Publicity as a Debt Collector

UNCLE SAM has a little bill-collecting to do, and in casting about for the most effective method to realize on his bad debts he has selected publicity.

Last summer, when the sudden outbreak of the war left thousands of American tourists stranded in Europe, the Government went to their relief. Uncle Sam generously paid hotel bills and landed the needy tourists safe and sound on American soil. This aid was furnished with the distinct understanding that it was to be repaid at the earliest opportunity.

The trouble-makers were those who apparently think it perfectly legitimate to beat the Government. They are the type who feel that they have done no wrong when they evade paying their fare on the street car or train. But wait until Uncle Sam gets after them with his weapon of publicity. On October 1 all those debtors who investigation has proved are able to pay will find their names and the circumstances of their indebtedness published broadcast.

There ought to be no double standard of honesty. It is just as dishonest to cheat the Customs House collector, the Government or the alleged soulless corporations as it is to defraud a fellow citizen.

What Wheat Would Do

THIS year of all years brings bumper crops. With war eating away the wealth of Europe and the warriors gone from the harvest fields, the terrible strain that this might be expected to put on the American wheat market has been beautifully met. There will be a billion bushels of wheat, where only 896,000,000 grew in 1914 and where no previous year's crop had ever exceeded 761,000,000. The added demands of Europe—already shown in the increase of raw food exports from \$127,000,000 to \$207,000,000—will keep the price up and bring the farmers a billion dollars from wheat alone. Small wonder pagans worshiped Nature! But what part could this gigantic yield play in the Great War if the battling Powers relied on it alone? The billion-dollar proceeds from American wheat would keep England going about two months, while if all the twelve nations at war attempted to finance their campaigns with it the conflict would be only a matter of a week or two. On the other hand, as a physical quantity that would bulge beyond the sand bags that billion bushels would make a tremendous setback on the eastern fronts as the German and Russian combined. Its 60,000,000

WHOM THE GODS LOVE—BRAVE MEN

A Modern Instance Recalls the Heroic Courage With Which a Great Romancer and a Great Humorist Met the Test of Financial Failure.

By LUKE GUARDIAN

THE elder Morgan, master of finance, used to insist that character is the very best kind of security. Though probably a good many honest men have encountered greater or less difficulties in the effort to obtain loans of money, nevertheless business pays homage to character and character pays dividends in business, as elsewhere. A good illustration of the respect in which downright manliness is held in the money markets is contained in an editorial in the Wall Street Journal:

"A preacher in Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the successor of Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott at the ugly old Plymouth Church, which is almost a national shrine, gave letters of recommendation to two nephews nine years ago. He became a stockholder in a lumber company they floated, and his liability was, of course, limited to the amount of his stock. The enterprise was a failure. No one knows exactly how much was involved, but Doctor Hillis, over a period of four years, paid off the stockholders to the extent of \$55,000 and two notes, the amount of which is not specified.

"Sir Walter Scott and Mark Twain did likewise, and Doctor Hillis, with a publicity he probably does not desire, joins the company of two very brave and honorable gentlemen.

"Here is a preacher who practices what he preaches. Wall Street lends on character. If Doctor Hillis wants to borrow a million dollars down here any old time his word is good enough, without collateral."

The Stuff of Heroes

The highest merit that we ascribe to Hillis and Grant and Lincoln and Mark Twain and Walter Scott is not that they showed themselves honest under heavy burdens of debt, but that when trouble and crisis came, a conception of honesty which knew no moral limitations and accepted no legal compromise was found joined with an unhesitating and invincible courage in the struggle against adversity. When plain honesty is deemed worthy of admiration and praise it will be a sad day for mankind. The honest man, merely as such, is not yet a fit subject for hero worship.

In the fight against heavy odds to pay off the creditors of John Ballantyne & Co. it was not only sturdy integrity that Sir Walter revealed, but indomitable will. Instead of crushing him, misfortune only called forth his strength. To find his means swept away in a single moment and a colossal debt thrown upon him was a terrific blow, sufficient to crush an ordinary man, but at no time in his career did Scott so clearly exhibit his heroic character. It is for this that we honor him—his heroic courage. He well-nigh accomplished the mighty task to which he set himself, but at last both body and mind gave way under the tremendous strain.

Scott had himself established the publishing firm of Ballantyne & Co., and it was principally the success of the Waverley novels and the author's toll in producing them that had saved the firm from foundering on the rocks before the financial wreck of 1825. The disaster followed from the failure of Hurst, Robinson & Co. and the consequent failure of Constable. On the 16th of January, 1828, Scott learned, after a period of hope, that the wreck was complete. The great romancer dined that evening with his friend Skene.

"I never," wrote Skene in his reminiscences, "had seen Sir Walter in better spirits or more agreeable. . . . Next morning early I was surprised by a verbal message to come to him as soon as I had got up. . . . Holding out his hand to me as I entered, he said, 'Skene, this is the hand of a beggar. Constable has failed, and I am ruined. 'de fond ca comble.' It's a hard blow, but I must bear up. The only thing that brings me is poor Charlotte and the bairns."

Gave His Life for His Creditors

"If the gods," as Professor Hudson has remarked, "love to see a brave man struggling against adversity, then in truth Scott was a slight well-pleasing to the gods." Instead of steering the usual course in such a crisis and declaring himself bankrupt, he determined to devote the rest of his life to the discharge

of all his engagements, even to the uttermost farthing. And the effort did not occupy the rest of his life, for he lost his life in the battle.

In his journal he wrote, early in 1826: "Something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself." Again: "I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad—now really bad—news I have received. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work doggedly I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor dispirited. Adversity is at least to me a tonic and a bracer. I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it." Thus he conversed with himself in the wonderful journal.

He had made himself personally responsible for the enormous debt of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds. His pen was his only resource. He finished "Woodstock" and then work after work followed one another in rapid succession—the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, Chronicles of the Cambronne, Tales of a Grandfather, The Fair Maid of Perth, Anne of Geierstein, and so on. His health began to break down. In 1829 he suffered a stroke of paralysis. Though he recovered from it, his faculties never regained their former clearness and strength. Against the advice of friends and physicians he continued to toil on. "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" were published in 1831. They showed a decline in mental vigor—the magic wand had broken. Scott knew it and wrote in his diary: "The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain."

Mark Twain's encounter with a debt of \$100,000 did not result in such consequences as befel the great romancer, but in the period which is covered much sadness came into the life of the humorist from other causes. In 1894 the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., in which Twain was a partner, executed assignment papers and closed its doors. In the legal proceedings that followed Clemens was represented by his friend, H. H. Rogers, who, discussing the matter a few years ago, said: "It was agreed that Clemens should pay 50 cents on the dollar, when the assets were finally realized upon, and receive a quitclaim. Clemens himself declared that sooner or later he would pay the other 50 cents, dollar for dollar, though I believe there was no one besides himself and his wife and me who believed he would ever be able to do it. Clemens himself got discouraged sometimes, and was about ready to give it up, for he was getting on in years—nearly 60—and he was in poor health. . . . But he stuck to it. He was at my house a good deal at first. We gave him a room there, and he came and went as he chose. The worry told upon him. He became frail during those weeks, almost ethereal, yet it was strange how brilliant he was, how cheerful."

Mark Twain Pays His Debts

Clemens received many offers of financial aid, but declined them all. Every cent of the money that paid off the heavy indebtedness was earned by his own efforts. His feeling in the early part of the struggle is reflected in a letter to his wife, Olivia, written in New York:

"Now & then a good and dear Joe Twitchell or Suss Warner condescends with me & says 'Other up—don't be downhearted,' and some other friend says, 'I'm glad and surprised to see how cheerful you are & how bravely you stand it,' & some of them suspect what a burden has been lifted from me & how blithe I am inside. Except when I think of you, dear heart—then I am not blithe; for I seem to see you grieving and ashamed, & dreading to look people in the face. For in the thick of the fight there is cheer, but you are far away & cannot hear the drum nor see the whirling squadrons. You only seem to see rout, retreat, & dis-banded colors dragging in the dirt—whereas none of these things exist. There is tam-

porary defeat—but no dishonor—and we will march again. Charley Warner said today, 'Sho, Livy isn't worrying. So long as she's got you and the children she doesn't care what happens. She knows it isn't her affair.' Which didn't convince me"—and "his" was underlined.

"Tom Sawyer" had just been written. Clemens completed the story of "Joan of Arc"—which he himself regarded as the best of all his books. "Pudd'nhead Wilson," after finishing its course as a magazine serial, was published in book form. The came the lecture trip around the world, the book of travel, "Following the Equator." Profits in lecture fees and book royalties amounted, by this time, to a large sum, and Clemens wrote to Mr. Rogers in the fall of 1897:

"Let us begin on those debts. I cannot bear the weight any longer. It totally unfit me for work." A month later he wrote: "Land, we are glad to see those debts diminishing. For the first time in my life I am getting more pleasure from paying money out than pulling it in." The struggle had brought close economies to the Clemens household. Nobody complained. In three years it was all over. Every creditor of the publishing house had been paid dollar for dollar.

Mark Twain's biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, writes: "Clemens had kept his financial progress away from the press, but the payment of the final claims was distinctly a matter of news, and the papers made the most of it. Head-lines shouted it, there were long editorials in which Mark Twain was heralded as a second Walter Scott, though it was hardly necessary that he should be compared with anybody; he had been in that—as in those peculiarities which had invited his disaster—just himself."

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

There is no doubt that "movie" education is very effective, and in sanitary training it ought to be especially useful and convincing.

Now, as a year ago, it is Europe that is most vitally interested in our agricultural good fortune. Munitions are not the chief product that we are preparing to send there, nor are the combatants our first concern.

Labor men will be the first to laugh at the explosive nonsense of Frank Buchanan. They want frat of all prosperity in the United States, and they see such prosperity pretty well established in spite of all the malcontents whom Buchanan seeks to unite for mischief.

Upon every side there are found most favorable conditions for the foreign and domestic business of the United States, and our manufacturers, our merchants, our transportation lines have the brightest prospects for immediate large and profitable transactions.

Thanks to a protective tariff, domestic industries were protected from competition with cheap labor. But vessels engaged in foreign commerce must compete with the world. If we would improve the hard lot of seamen somebody must pay the extra cost. In the coastwise trade it is paid by shippers. In the foreign trade it will have to be paid by the Government, if paid at all.

MILADY NICOTINE

At last the world may start to hope. In spite of all its battle scars; A Davids has ventured forth To fight the great Goliath Mars And now upon the battlefield, When'er a soldier halts or swears, Her smile, soothing, magic touch, Will quiet down his jumping nerves.

The headlines herald her approach With all the bravado of yore: "Four thousand million cigarettes Are ordered for the men at war." A force whose power never wanes, An ancient and beloved queen, She comforts men in times of stress; Her name—Milady Nicotine.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
GENE HODGKINS & MLE. DESTRES
THE Stanley
THE GRAND
Trocadero