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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1915.

No man is so wise that he cannot learn something from a fool.

"CRACKERJACKS"

anti-spitting law. Presently, with five ultra-respectable persons by his side, he had the ineffable pleasure of arresting the father of the ordinance himself. The gentlemen cheerfully marched to court, and the publicity given the occasion did much to end a nuisance.

As for paper, it was suggested in these columns some time ago that so long as uncoupled motorists remained the only visible receptacles for yesterday's newspaper and tomorrow's bills, it would be asking too much of mankind to keep the city clean. Some conscientious persons simply will not throw things into motorcars, and official intakes are as rare as unprejudiced minds.

ENGLAND'S CROSSROADS

COMPROMISE and cajolery alike have failed in England. Conscription remains. While inspired publicists have inquired, with covert sneer, why the United States has not entered the war, serious members of England's own Cabinet have asked the more pertinent question, why England has not joined, and they have answered their own question. England cannot do her share without conscription.

The ballot act of 1861, which is still on the statute books of the United Kingdom, provides for military service on the part of every qualified male between the ages of 18 and 30 years. It is, in truth, an act comparable to the Continental provisions which have supplied the other belligerents with trained armies. The act is, however, suspended annually by special legislation. Should the Asquith Ministry fall, or be prevailed upon by Lloyd-George to accept universal conscription, the terms of the new legislation would necessarily surpass in inclusiveness the ballot act itself, because conscription in England now must mean more than supplying soldiers. It means the mobilization of every item of national force, the extension, to the utmost, of every national fibre, the summoning of every brain and work for every hand.

The preponderant power of England's navy has been, up to this time, the great obstacle to conscription. It has not been possible to persuade Englishmen that invasion is a probability, and now, when England is compelled to send soldiers abroad, it is still difficult to persuade stay-at-homes that their lives and safety are in peril. The Englishman's complacent professional man or airy workman does not understand that the measure of his felicity is guaranteed by the long years of nonquest, of chicanery, of brutality and of finesse, of heroism and sacrifice, which have made England the dominating commercial power of the world. The average Englishman is deplorably like the average man in this crisis. His imagination does not yet perceive that England has a frontier, which is the Franco-German boundary. It is, so far, not ingratitude, but the lack of understanding, that has made the English fighting force and the English munition force tragic follies in a crisis when any folly is a crime.

The objection to conscription, which is oftenest heard in England, is that conscription is undemocratic and that it would engraft on the English body social the menace of a military caste. In America democrats find it hard to believe that a system which applies to every man, regardless of position or wealth, is anything but democratic.

Since August the trades unions in England have been sending memorials to the Cabinet, threatening a general strike if conscription pass the House of Commons. The menace is not universal, but the dissatisfaction of labor in England is sufficiently marked to deter the neutral members of the Cabinet from acting with the conscriptionists. Nor is the reason a hidden thing. The speech of Lloyd-George, which gave the final fillip to his ascendent progress, was not on conscription, but on the necessity of providing 50,000 additional munition workers and on the inevitable suspension of trades union rules and regulations until the war is won. In short, conscription will close its powerful hand on the workers even before it deals with the slackers. It will send men to the forge and to the factory before it sends them to the front.

It cannot be out of place here to consider the opportunity which presents itself to British labor. In his Glasgow speech Lloyd-George cried out, "You cannot haggle with an earthquake, and I beg the skilled workmen of this country, in whose keeping are the doctrines of labor, to lift up their eyes above the mists of distrust and suspicion and ascend to the heights of the greatest opportunity which ever opened before their class."

Like most of the great opportunities of life, it is an opportunity for self-sacrifice. In that word the fate of England is sealed. For the question of conscription is not for parties nor for leaders to solve. It is not a matter of democracy or of caste. It is a question of human beings, whether they can walk through the dreadful valley of the fear of death and fear no evil. That is why Americans need to study this problem of England and need to pray for its issue. Like England, America may be compelled, in the course of time, to meet an enemy organized and disciplined for conquest. We shall be then a great democratic country, almost unformed, chaotic, in comparison with our enemies, and out of chaos power will have to come. England is a terrible object lesson; terrible only because of the heavy price which each day's delay brings upon her. She must show us whether the freedom of men is incompatible with their service to the state which leaves them free. She must prove to us that a government can organize itself, can compel the adherence of its citizens, can pass "through terror to triumph" without the established brutality of militarism.

It is hard to think of England as disintegrating. The luxury of peace, the comfort of security, have corrupted her, but not irretrievably. Before her lies the greatest duty of centuries, and it is not unlikely that the assumption of that duty will prove the electric shock which will make England herself again.

New slogan: On to the Wagon for New Year's.

Speculation about the ability of Bryan to "come back" would be more interesting if he had ever arrived.

Burton's revised "Anatomy of Melancholy" will not be published until after the National Convention.

If the munition makers were as powerful as the peace advocates think they are the world would always be at war.

Dentist, trained here, called to Africa. So a headline. Many an ungrateful patient will recall that he has sent his own expert dentist to a farther and warmer place.

Tom Daly's Column

JULIUS TANNEN insists that we tell the whole truth about that five spot he sent in just before Christmas and which went to a widow, who needed it. Well, then, here's the way of it: Somewhere in New York recently Julius recited a bit of our sentiment in verse, and the next day a man who had heard him sent him \$5 for a copy of the thing. Julius sent the money on to us, and we, not having earned it, got rid of it the best way we knew. Meantime, here comes Julius: "Fine! Your heart's all right, but the guy that gave that five is yelling for his copy of the poem." Now, that particular bit of verse was so popular that we have no copies of it to spare, so we're reprinting it below.

SEEN COURT

I was een court was day las' week,
 An' eet was strange to me,
 I like eet not; steel, I would speak
 Of som' theeng dere I see.
 To you, dat know da court so wal,
 I s'pose eet's notheeng new,
 But you are kind, so lat me tal
 Dees lectia theeng to you:

Da "Judge"—I theenk dey call heem so—
 —Da bossa for da place,
 He's fine, beeg, han'som' man, an' O!
 Sooch kindness een da face.
 Wal, soon dey breeing a pris'ner dere,
 A lectia boy; so small
 Dat teel dey stand heem on a chair
 I did not see at all!
 Poor lectia keed, I s'pose he might
 Be ten year old or less;
 I never see sooch sorry sight,
 S'pose peecture of deestress,
 "Dees ces a verra badda child,"
 Ees say da bigga cop
 Dat hoid hees arm; "he's runna wild,
 An' so I tak heem up."
 You theenk so smalle keed like dat
 Would cry, for he so scare?
 But no, he theest hees ragged hat
 An' jista never care.

Deen s'paxks da Judge, an' O! so sweet,
 Like music ees hees voice,
 He tal heem how da veeety street
 Ees wolla place for boys,
 At first da boy looks roun' da place,
 So like he never heard,
 But soon he watch da Judge's face
 An' dreemka een een word.
 "My child, wadst you like to go
 Where dere ees always food
 An' light an' warmth, where you may groo
 For be da man you should?"
 Da boy wak's swaller ees hees throat
 As eef he try to speak,
 But no wan near could hear a note,
 Hees voice eet wad so weak.
 "Eh? Wat was dat?" da Judge he said,
 "Wat deed you say, my dear?"
 An' den he leand hees han'som head
 Down close to heem to hear.
 I s'pose da boy's so strange, so wild,
 He deed not understand;
 He only knew dat Judge so mild
 Was sure to be hees friend,
 An' so hees skenny arms reached out—
 He deed not try to speak—
 But, lectia! up hees lectia mou',
 He kerssed heem on da cheek!

The Junior Butts In

"Say, dad," the Junior asked, "Isn't this a good wheeze? We had written examination today and one question was: 'What is the masculine of ewes?' And walking home from school another boy, when I asked how he made out, said: 'Fine! Only that these "ee-wees" got my goat.'"

BERT TAYLOR, the Chicago Tribune "columnist" and the daddy of them all, recently mentioned a number of wheezes claimed by various colleges. We've been waiting for him to mention this one, whose Alma Mater is Notre Dame University: A certain freshman year ago wrote what was in many ways a strong class ode, and ever after he was known as the class oder.

Gosh! Man, He Couldn't Do as Much!
 Dear Sir—I noted this sign in the window of a West Philadelphia florist:

FLOWERS TELEGRAPHED TO ANY CITY IN THE U. S.

Could Edison do more than this? J. J.

Correspondence School of Humor

Prospectus

The Correspondence School of Humor will open its lock-boxes to an expectant public immediately after the first mail tomorrow. An "faculty" desires at the outset to make quite clear its aims and aspirations. It has long felt that far too many men and women are in the habit of taking life too seriously and of neglecting the lighter and finer things. To succeed the school hopes to achieve cannot be measured in terms of money. Tuition is free, but a matriculation fee of one 2-cent stamp is required of each applicant for admission.

METHOD OF MATRICULATION

The applicant for admission to the school will proceed as follows: Attach one 2 or two 1-cent stamps (that is to say, your matriculation fee) to the upper right-hand corner of an envelope, addressed to "C. S. of H., P. D.'s Column, Evening Ledger, in the envelope you will place a plain sheet of paper, upon which you will write a perfectly new joke of your own composition. You will then say: "My trade or profession is ——" In the little joke I inclose the sort I should use to attain best results in my desire to laugh and to be gay over my work and to make merry! I am those with whom I have business dealings? If so, how shall I use it?"

Each individual case will be taken up and answered in due course, and the applicant will then be a member of the school in good standing and entitled to all the benefits of the course.

The Cruller-Doughnut Controversy

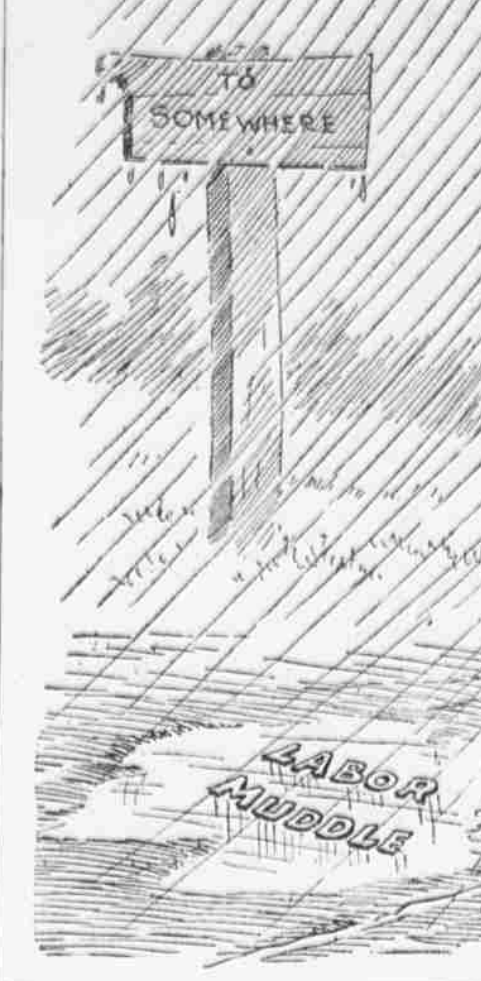
Dear Column-in-ator—Your correspondent's discussion of the esoteric matters of cookery recalled some of my own experiences in trying to find out when to call a cruller a doughnut and terra firma, as the woman meant who remarked when she landed from a balloon that it seemed good once more to be on vice versa. My most satisfactory investigation was conducted at the lunch counter in the old railroad station at Utica, N. Y. I asked for a cup of coffee and some doughnuts or crullers.

"Which do you want?" the waitress said.
 "What is the difference?" I had been told in Boston that a cruller is twisted and sprinkled with sugar, while a doughnut is a circumambled piece of the same material enveloping a section of the air of the restaurant, and I wanted to get the central New York point of view.

"The girl looked at me contemptuously and snapped out:
 "One is cake and the other is bread."
 With the spirit of the true investigator I ignored her scorn, thanked her for her kindness and said that if the crullers were cake I wanted to have some of them.

Winthrop Stuyvesant,
 Schaghticoke, N. Y.

AS USUAL



GEORGE HARVEY OF THE "COLONELS"

Back From Europe to Tell the Country and Its Governmental Chiefs a Thing or Two of More or Less Moment

COLONEL HOUSE is the President's confidential adviser on matters of war and peace. Colonel Watterson rides an editorial warhorse. There's another colonel, also an editor. They are all Democrats. The "Love of the Three Colonels" is an unwritten drama of contemporary politics.

The editor of the North American Review has returned from Europe. He said a few words to the reporters who met him at the pier, but his heavy guns and rhetorical rifles will doubtless be fired from the editorial sanctum. A publicist of note has recently declared, with some exaggeration doubtless, that Colonel Harvey is the most powerful individual in American political life, not counting a few candidates, have-been and would-be. The only public office that Harvey ever held was that of Commissioner of Banking and Insurance, when that department was organized in New Jersey. Except—except that he has been aide-de-camp on the staffs of two New Jersey and two South Carolina Governors. Hence his title.

There's another very important exception. At the age of 15 George Brinton McClellan Harvey began his career as a participant in the making of political history. He was elected delegate to the Democratic Convention at Burlington, Vermont, where Edward J. Phelps was nominated for Governor of the State. Of course a Democrat couldn't be Governor of Vermont, but Edward J. Phelps was too able a man to be hidden under a Republican bushel and he went to London to become one of the best representatives America has ever had at the Court of St. James.

An Embarrassing Supporter

Since Harvey's early initiation into politics he has helped make Presidents. As Joseph Pulitzer's right-hand man he managed the World's part in the successful campaign for the nomination and election of Cleveland, and everybody knows that he fished Woodrow Wilson out of the academic shades and sent him on his way to the White House. Everybody knows, too, that Colonel Harvey's support of Wilson in 1912 was embarrassing to the candidate and that the whole story of the "break" and the "reconciliation" hasn't been told yet. But never mind. That is not the story with which we are here concerned.

Let us go back to the village of Peacham, in the green hills of Vermont, and to the date, February 15, 1864. There and then a boy was born. He grew up and went to school and read omnivorously. He wrote for several papers in the State, and finally applied for a position on the Caledonian, of St. Johnsbury. The editor had regularly accepted his contributions, but couldn't give him a steady job. The Index, however, had an opening and offered the boy \$3 a week. Young George looked for a boarding place, but found he couldn't get room and board for less than five dollars. So he asked the rate from Monday to Friday and was told it would be \$3. Then the youthful financier went to the president of the railroad, told him the situation and asked for a pass between St. Johnsbury and Danville. "How are you going to get from Danville to Peacham?" asked the railroad president. "Walk," said the boy Harvey. And so it was that George Harvey, when he was 15 years old, broke into journalism at \$3 a week.

George worked afterwards on other Vermont papers, going to school now and then and steadily aiming at a journalistic career. His father wanted to send him to a business college, and his mother wanted him to go to Dartmouth, but when an opportunity came to join the staff of the Springfield Republican nothing could hold him back. Samuel Bowles, the editor, had accepted his political news-letters, and wrote him that there was an opening on the Republican if he would come immediately. George borrowed ten dollars from his sister and went. On arrival at the Republican office he was told that beginners were usually paid nothing for the first six months. Harvey almost collapsed, but argued for salary and got it—six dollars a week. Meville Stone then took him to the Chicago Daily News, but before Harvey left New England he visited Peacham and paid back the ten dollars.

One of his first real political fights took place a little later, when he was temporarily in charge of the St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

Carroll S. Page, now United States Senator, was running for Governor. Harvey waded in, fixed on the candidate the nickname of "Calf Skin Page," knocked the candidate out of the race (or mightily helped to), made the Caledonian talked about all over the State and so, you see, came off with flying colors. After that he went to work for the New York World as a reporter. At 25 he was made managing editor.

Harvey Scores a "Beat"

One of the stories connected with Harvey's career as a newspaper man concerns a famous bomb-throwing case. The first thing Pulitzer asked when he came back from Europe in 1892 was, "Have they found the man who threw the bomb at Russell Sage?" Pulitzer was extremely anxious that the man be discovered, and he put the task up to his young managing editor. Harvey learned that among the articles lying about on the scene of the explosion was a button marked "Brooks, Boston." He sent a man to the morgue, where a button and a bit of cloth were secured from the clothing of the dead man found in the wreck. Then he dispatched a man to Boston. The reporter, after diligent and clever investigation, found the store where the man's clothing had been bought. Clues led him finally to the home of a family named Norcross. The parents were searching for their missing son. The reporter brought them to New York, where they identified the body of the dead man, and the World was the only paper that had the story next morning.

The close relations of Pulitzer and Harvey continued for a number of years. An amusing incident occurred when the Pulitzers, Arthur Brisbane and Harvey were lunching together in Beaulieu, France. Mrs. Pulitzer observed to her husband, "Do you realize what day this is?" It was February 16, and exactly thirty years before Pulitzer had left his home in Hungary to seek his fortune. Brisbane remarked that it was an evidence of Pulitzer's sagacity that on the day he left home to become the greatest editor he had prudently arranged to have his managing editor born in Vermont.

When Bryan Was Unknown

Under the strain of newspaper work Harvey's health broke down and he resigned from the staff of the World in 1893. He engaged in several financial enterprises, however, and developed traction properties in New Jersey and Florida. It was not long before he returned to journalism, becoming editor of Harper's Weekly and of the North American Review, also president of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers. J. Henry Harper says that the present house of Harper is a monument to Harvey's genius in organization. Colonel Harvey has written several books.

In view of his influence on the political fortunes of more than one well-known American it may be interesting to note that Harvey was one of Bryan's earliest admirers—an admiration which waned in succeeding years. A story of the 1896 convention which nominated the orator of the Platte may be told. Bryan had been a Representative in Congress, but was almost unknown to the members of the convention when he delivered his famous "Crown of Thorns" speech. He had not hitherto been considered as a presidential possibility. On the evening after the oration Harvey was present at a dinner at which each of the guests wrote on a ballot the name of the man he expected to see nominated. There were twenty guests. Eighteen wrote "Bland" and two "Bryan." It was a unanimous vote, and Harvey was one of the two men who knew how to spell the Nebraskan's name.

AMUSEMENTS

GLOBE Theatre MARKET and JUNIPER STS. 7:45 P.M.—Continues 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. 10c, 15c, 25c
COLLEGE DAYS 25c in Musical
OTHER POPULAR VAUDEVILLIANS 15c Cast
Special Midnight Show New Year's Eve

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 10th Daily, 10c. Evening, 25c 10 A.M. to 11:15 P.M. KEYSTONE COMEDY
 Syd Chaplin in "A Submarine Pirate" THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
 William S. Hart in "BETWEEN MEN" MIDNIGHT PERFORMANCE NEW YEAR'S EVE

PALACE LOU TELLEGEN 100-1214 MARKET—20c Thursday, Friday & Saturday—Keystone Comedy Syd Chaplin in "A Submarine Pirate" Extra Midnight Performance New Year's Eve
 BELLEVUE-STRATFORD HALLROOM
YALE GLEE, BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUBS CONCERT THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 30, 8:30. ADMISSION \$1.50
 TICKETS AT HEPPE'S AND AT THE DOOR

Knickerbocker THEATRE PLAYERS MARKET & 40TH STS. "The Old Homestead" GEORGE BARBER LITTLE, Jr. in "The Whirlwind" MATINEE DAILY THIS WEEK
Dumont's MINERS, 9th & Arch. XMAS Mat. Today, 10 & 25c
Trocadero BEAUTY, YOUTH and PULLY and AZETA

AMUSEMENTS

THE STANLEY MARKET ABOVE 16TH STREET CONTINUOUS, 11 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

ALL THIS WEEK

GERALDINE FARRAR

IN FIRST PRESENTATION OF
"TEMPTATION"

REVEALS SECRETS OF GRAND OPERA
 Stanley Symphony Orchestra and Soloists

Extra Midnight Performance
NEW YEAR'S EVE

Next Week—MARY PICKFORD in THE FOUNDLING

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Boston Grand Opera Co.

Pawloua Ballet Russe
 New Year's Madama Butterfly Tamara Martini, Chaperone. Followed by SNOWFLAKES with Pawloua and Ballet. "New" Sat. Mat. Jan. 3
 WITH PIPERFEEKE Divertissement
 "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB GIRL" by COPPELLIA
 Night Followed by PASTORAL Ballet
 Next Week—SEATS Thursday
 BERNARD SHAW'S
 "Androcles and the Lion"
 Presented by Anatole France's "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB GIRL" Granville Barker's Original Production.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

BURTON HOLMES

TONIGHT AT 8.15

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

50c, 75c, \$1. at Heppe's, 25c at Academy

ADELPHI TONIGHT AT 8:15
 Edward Locke's New, Patriotic American Comedy
THE LAND OF THE FREE
 "NOT GERMAN, NOT PRO-ALLY"
 Ego. 50c to \$1.50. Pop. Mat. 10c to 25c.
 New Year's Eve, Mat. and Night, 50c to \$2

Next Week—Seats Thursday
BERNARD SHAW'S
"Androcles and the Lion"
 Presented by Anatole France's "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB GIRL" Granville Barker's Original Production.

GARRICK MAT. TODAY

COHAN & HAIRIS Present
 Dramatic Sensation of the Century

ON TRIAL

Popular Price Mat. Today. Best Seats \$1.50

LYRIC LAST WEEK!
 LAST POPULAR \$1 MATINEE TODAY
AMERICAN LOUIS MANN
 CHARACTER ACTOR
 In His Greatest "THE BUBBLE"
 Comedy Drama
 "SEAT NOW FOR ALL PERFORMANCES"
 The Greatest N. Y. Winter Garden Revue
"MAID IN AMERICA"
 With FLORENCE MOORE, MILLE DAZIE and Winter Garden Company of 123.

FORREST—Mat. Today Night at 8:15
 CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents
WATCH YOUR STEP

Mrs. VERNON CASTLE—FRANK TINNEY
 BERNARD GRANVILLE
 Brice & King, Harry Kelly; 100 Others

CHESTNUT STREET Continuous Performance
OPERA HOUSE NOON TILL 11 P. M.
 D'Annunzio's Great, Characteristic Comedy
"Marvellous Maciste" IN THE GLASS OF
 in a Masterpiece of Thrills and Laughter
 Symphony Orchestra. Prices 10c, 15c, 25c

WALNUT TONIGHT AT 8:15
 Pop. Mat., Tues. Thurs. 10c. Matinee Saturday.

HIT OF THE TOWN | Pop. Mat. Tomorrow, 25c, 50c

Andrew Mack in "The Irish Dragon"
 EVENINGS, BEST SEATS \$1. NO HOLIDAYS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
 CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS
 "ESCAPEDLY GOOD BILL"—By Logan
BEATRICE MABEL
HERFORD BERRA
 "The Passion Play of Washington Square"
 and Breaks, Mr. and Mrs. George White, and Other Holiday Features.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
 SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 2:30
KREISLER
 Tickets at Heppe's, 75c to \$2. Boxes, \$12-18
 Direction, C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, Boston

RECIPIAL BY
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
 AT PHILADELPHIA CRICKET CLUB
 ST. MARTIN'S
 DECEMBER 30TH, AT 8 P. M.
 ADMISSION \$1.50

BROAD—Mat. Today Night at 8:15
 W. GILLETTE Secret Service
 Next Week—"Sherlock Holmes" Only Mat. Saturday

PEOPLES—THE GUILTY ONE