Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1916.

Neither fear, nor wish for, your last day.—Martial.

Great Scott!

Obregon came north like a lion and went south like a lamb.

The wages earned in Philadelphia in one month would pay for the transit system complete.

"I'm tired of being made the goat for these political factions."—Mayor Smith. So are the people of Philadelphia.

William Lorimer's moving and tearful story of his life was more effective before a jury than before the United States Senate. The jury acquitted him.

Forward-looking men of Philadelphia cry the slogan, "Ship via Philadelphia," but it seems to be the policy of the railroads to penalize when possible the one who does.

The Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston may not be so well known in Philadelphia as "Hank" Gowdy and "Lefty" Lewis, but they are just as good fighters.

"Damn the people! Let 'em walk!" is a sentiment which no opponent of the transit loan has had the nerve as yet to advance as a public argument, however often the expression has been used in private.

Spain may back the United States in U-boat stand.—Headline.

Yet there are some people who imagine that England and Germany will never again be friends.

So far as we can gather, there is now but one newspaper in the city which is in any doubt whatever as to the wisdom of voting for the transit loan, and it argues only for a postponement, having no fault whatever to find with the plan itself.

It will surprise a great many people to learn that the "awful" foundations under City Hall can probably be attended to with the extra $300,000 available under the McNichol contract, but that is a fact. We are getting down to brass tacks now.

Pogroms against the Jews occurring in Moscow and football matches in prospect in England indicate how confident the Allies are of winning the war. Nothing short of absolute assurance could bring about the resumption of the national sport in either place.

Fifty thousand dollars is not a large sum of money for a convention of so great importance as that of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to be held here in June. The sum should have been raised long ago, and it is a reflection on the business sense and judgment of the community that there should be any further delay.

Coming events never cast their shadows before them more surely than in the Lloyd insurance rates. They are the surest measure that we have of the future. That they reflect an increasing belief in the termination of the war before the end of the year is not remarkable. Peace is a long way off, as days go, but there comes a point beyond which humanity refuses to go in its frightful and general sacrifice. That point is being steadily reached.

In virtually withdrawing from its position that the Oliver check was doctored for ulterior purposes, the North American says that "a photograph of the check which Senator Oliver allowed the EVENING LEDGER to print yesterday shows that the face of the check does contain the perforation holes of the cancellation stamp." Of course it was perfectly obvious from the beginning to anybody who knows anything about the mechanics of newspapers that the North American was making a mountain out of a mole hill. In order that the public might be correctly informed and not misled, the EVENING LEDGER sent to Washington and had a photograph of the check taken. Any other newspaper, including the North American, could have done the same thing by the use of similar enterprise and initiative.

Certain Pittsburgh newspapers are carrying large advertisements, unsigned, which bear in on the consciousness of the reader the fact that "yesterday $1,000,000" was the loss in wages at the Westinghouse plants, on account of the strike. It is unlikely that the strikers published the fact or could afford to publish it, so one is led to the conclusion that the companies which combined to refuse an eight-hour day to the workers are not at all happy. For every million in wages a certain amount in profits is also lost, and while the million is divided among many, the profit is lost by a few. Perhaps that is why a settlement seems in prospect at Pittsburgh a little sooner than was expected. The street car men, at least, have set an example, with reservations. A wage increase amounting to half a million dollars a year has been granted, and the Pittsburgh Railways Company is appealing to the people to pay the freight—almost literally. A new schedule of rates is being demanded of the Pittsburgh Councils.

News from Verdun in the last three days has been only a little more discouraging than the complete lack of news in the weeks before. The French advance is simply a more dramatic way, a costly but necessary way, of driving home the truth that Germany has failed. Of all her gains in a battle which has lasted 75 days only Fort Douaumont, taken in the first onslaught, remains unchallenged in her hands. The facts about Le Mort Homme (Dead Man's Hill) were never clearly given in the official reports, probably because the German gains were great but indecisive. Even now there is some dispute, but it seems clear that the French are attacking on the north side of the hill which lies north and west of Verdun. It is, therefore, unlikely that the hill was ever actually in German hands, and it was certainly never out of French fire. There and elsewhere the French are pushing a slow but uniformly successful offensive, and German resistance is unavailing. It is reported from Amsterdam that 700,000 Germans are in the Meuse Valley, but it is also reported that civilians are deserting Metz, which is covered by the French guns. It is beginning to look as if Verdun is, as General Delacroix maintains, Germany's Gettysburg — not the end of the war, but the beginning of the end.

THE ENEMY IS AWAKE

The people of Philadelphia are up against a positive, thoroughly organized and craftily calculated conspiracy in the transit situation and not a mere negative and blundering regime of pullbacks and standpatters.

NO GREATER mistake could be made by the people now than to size up the opposition to the transit loan and the big enterprise it makes possible as the expression of conservative thoughtfulness, or even as stupid standpatism. It is not to be dignified by such a description. They are up against a conspiracy that is now thoroughly organized, with the machinery of ward and division politics as well oiled as ever it was in the days of Ashbridge.

It is true that there was a time when the people had to cry "Wake up!" to the political leaders of all parties and factions. But let no man think that those leaders have not been awake from the first moment they realized that the people were in earnest about transit. They have been wide awake, and they kept awake after the people had begun to doze again.

The political leaders and the corporate and private interests with whom we have to deal did not turn a sleepy and indifferent eye upon the plan for a straight 5-cent fare. They were wide awake to the people's interests in this matter—wide awake to betray those interests and serve their own. This is not a matter of policy with them—it is a matter of money—it is money in the pockets of the privileged few and the little politicians who serve them that is the motive back of the preservation of the 8-cent exchange tickets and of the jamming of the aisles in slow surface cars. They see a loss for themselves—not a loss of anything to be dignified by such a phrase as their political prestige—a loss of nothing more complex than dollars and cents in the prompt putting through of the subway and elevated system with its immeasurable gain for the people who would have this swift, clean and nerve-saving method of transportation to and from their work.

The time has come to count noses. The arguments have all been made, and the enemy has admitted the truth of all the arguments for the loan and the Taylor plan. He has admitted them indirectly by drawing one red herring after another across the path—the red herring of a higher tax rate bugaboo, the red herring of a City Hall that might fall down, and the rest of them.

Now that the time approaches for a showdown, for a count of the votes, there is to be no discouragement because one faction is against the loan and the other lying low. What if both factions were against the loan—the people could beat them both. The influence of the political leaders is strong—the mistake must not be made of belittling the power of the trained heelers to get out the vote. But the bosses do not control the majority of the more than 300,000 voters. They come in contact with and directly control a remarkably small number of persons. It is never by assured numerical support that the bosses win; it is always by superior organization. There were just as many independents in Philadelphia in 1901, when the independent cause looked hopeless, as there were in 1911, when the independents won. The only difference was that in the decade they had learned something of organization.

From this hour and continually for the next ten days the cry in the wards and divisions must be "Organize—fight the devil with fire—wrestle with organized obstructionists for a majority of the vote in each voting precinct with an organization which will make up in vigor and enthusiasm for what it lacks in mechanical facility and guile.

IT IS A CRIME

CONGRESS stumbles along like a sick horse. The word "immediate" has come to have a new meaning in recent days, and preparedness, too, has lost its old definition. To prepare used to mean to prepare. Now it seems to mean to postpone, to put off until tomorrow, to talk, to bluster, to hesitate, to do nothing.

If the country is in danger from foreign aggression it is in danger now, not ten years from now. To prepare for something that may happen in 1925 is not in the present world crisis to prepare at all. It is a fact that the kind of preparedness which is being discussed at Washington is actually not preparedness. It is a wretched, unnamed thing, for which no responsible statesman in any other country of the world would dare to stand. It is as a result of the conflict in Europe that we are going to have war, if we have war at all, and half the reason for defense depends absolutely on arranging for it in a hurry. It is a shame and a humiliation that private citizens should be compelled to organize brigades of their own and collect money by popular subscription in order that some sort of military power may be born in the nation. This country is the wealthiest on earth, the richest that has ever existed on the earth, yet men must beg for an army. Their Government will not give it to them.

No wonder that men with blood in their veins thrill when Mr. Roosevelt talks, for whatever his faults—and they are many—he can at least tell a danger when he sees one, and he can damn in the way it ought to be damned the stupid and criminal inaction that characterizes Washington. There should have been 200,000 men under training for military service before this, under the best of training, and instead of talk about building ships they ought to be nearing completion at the yards. Mr. Hay and others may fight to prevent preparedness, for that is what their activity means, but there is a day of reckoning coming. The people of this country are too sensible, too keenly alive to their responsibilities, to sanction the persistent unpreparedness which goes under the name of preparedness in Washington.

Tom Daly's Column

Poems written by Myself Little Polly

SAP.

Sap which is the old earth's blood,
Cuddles up in field and wood
Through the old Earth's winter nap!
But in Spring again its seen
In the leaves of verbum green!
Hence we speak of "verbum sap."

When the warm Spring sun comes round,
Printing kisses on the ground
Sap starts jumping like your blood
And its buds begin to blush
On each happy tree and bush
In the meadow and the wood.

Sap is sometimes like a juice
And it has commercial use
When they draw it from the wood!
For if it is from the maple
It comes on your breakfast table
Where it makes your hot cakes good.

But although I like to eat
Griddle cakes of corn or wheat
I am glad when winter's o'er
Though the sap tastes good to me
It is sweeter far to see
In the flowers and leaves once more.

Judges xv, 15, 16

DEAR T. D.—Here's something you ought to know. In the latest issue of the Metropolitan there is a review of Roosevelt's book, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part." The concluding paragraph reads: "The Israelites left Samson to kill the Philistines unaided; are you leaving Roosevelt to fight today's battles alone?"

Sure, says we, and with the same weapon.
BUZZFUZZ.

Here's True Pathos

Sign in two-cent coffee house, on 9th street near Cherry:

POSITIVELY NO TIPPING ALLOWED

Hide-and-Seeking Round the Town

I

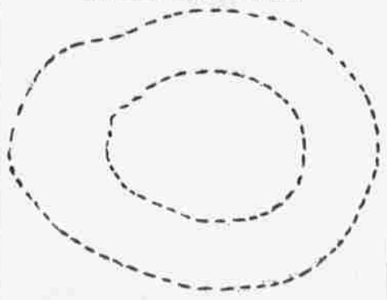
CARPENTERS' HALL.

As I did, so no doubt will you,
When you're, say—maybe—ninety-three,
Come unexpectedly in view
Of this quaint hall where none should be.
G. L.

Note? Lots O' Notes!

Sir—Is it not worthy of note that one volume of that Encyclopedia Britannica (1 t & 2 n's, please) is "Ode to Pay"? Gus.

Imitation Bean Boundary



Two dotted lines above you see
Showing my cranium's boundary
Before and after friend T. D.
Helped me attain publicity
By printing a little drool for me
In the EVENING LEDGER recently.

The inside line is for my knob
Before I got upon the job;
The larger boundary outside
Shows how my bean swelled up with pride.
If Stetson's build a large 'nough lid
I'll send you another wheeze, old kid.
BVR.

Had the President of the United States resigned yesterday forenoon at 11:45 o'clock scores of persons would have been less affected than they were when all the elevator men in a skyscraper at Broad and Chestnut quit work.

We do have a Vice President, but we have no wings to carry us to our eighteenth-floor offices.

—Girard in yesterday's P. L.

But, goshallhemlock! can't you marshal a notion how far down a V. P. might carry us?

Up in Rochester the other day we noticed a sign, advertising a hotel—whose name we've forgotten—which announced:

450 ROOMS WITH BATS.

And one of the towns up in that section, possibly Rochester itself, recently soliciting suggestions for a "clean-up week" slogan, received this, among others:

SCOOT HOME AND SCRUB

The Unexpected Always Happens

THE new pastor of the 29th Street M. E. Church dwelt for years in Deal's Island, Chesapeake Bay, and he has a fund of charming reminiscences of that lowly region and its inhabitants.

One of his stories is to the effect that one day as he was about to ascend the pulpit steps an usher came hurriedly to whisper that there was a couple outside who wanted to get married at once. Mr. Hanna said that he could not delay his sermon, but he would suggest that the pair take the front seat, and that when he remarked casually at the close of his discourse, "If there are any present who would like to be united in the bonds of matrimony let them come forward," the gentleman and his fiancee could stand up and be united.

Everything went all right until the clergyman closed with the words as arranged, when one man and eight ladies came forward.
SHON REA.

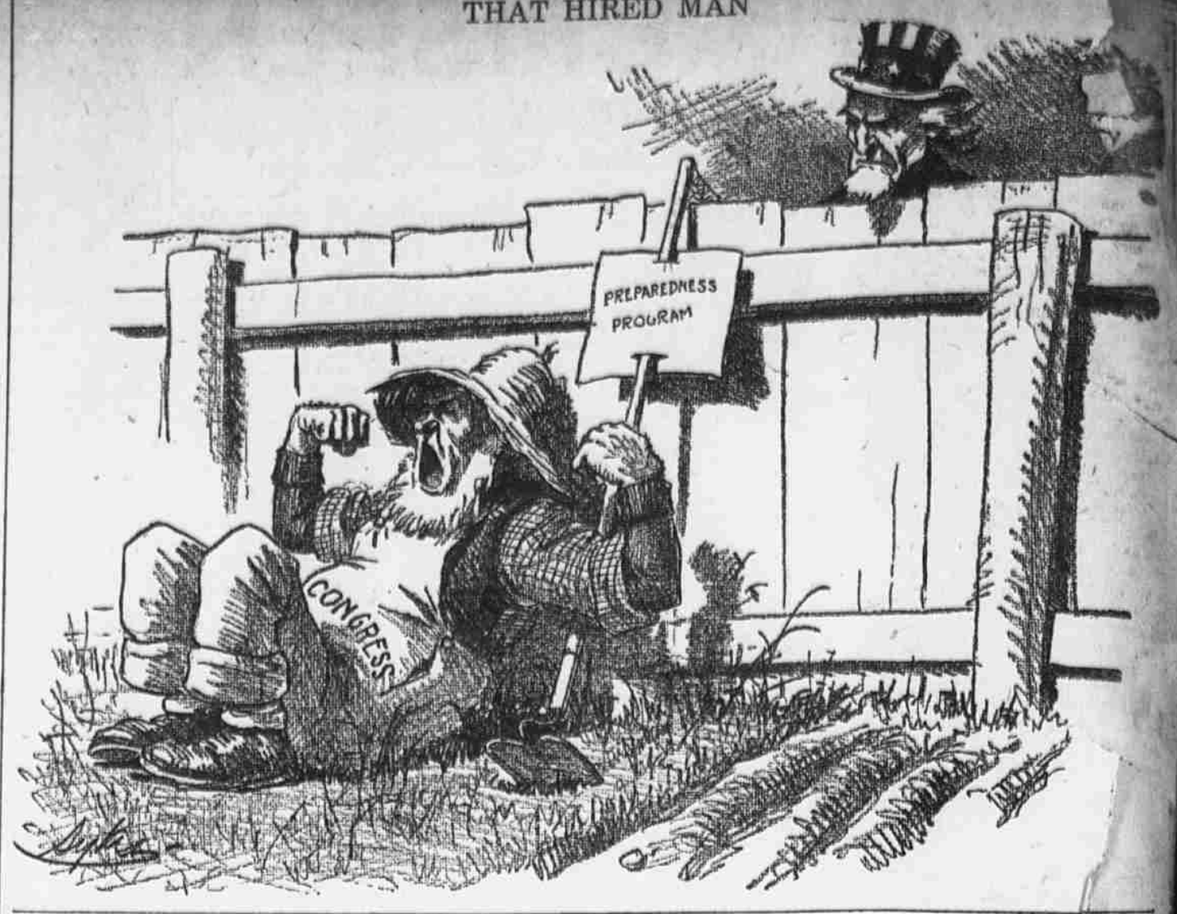
WHEN THEY STOPPED, OF COURSE!

LOST—Right front wheel off Ford roadster, on West Chester pike. Reward. Colonial Rubber Company, 1509 Spring Garden street.—Evening contemporary.

When do you suppose they discovered their loss?
F. L. L.

WITHOUT naming any names, there is a golf club in our immediate midst, noted alike for the sportiness of its course and its members. A stranger who had been entertained there by a member on a recent afternoon was asked by a bug: "Did you have any trouble approaching the 16th?" "I think I did," replied the stranger, passing a recollective hand over his brow; "I remember I was a bit mixed. I believe I said, 'Hotch skyball, ash ushual.'"

THAT HIRED MAN



SOME EVANGELISTS, PAST AND PRESENT

The Passing of B. Fay Mills. Jonathan Edwards, Moody and Sunday—Psychology of Suggestion and Revivals

WHY is an evangelist is a question the answer to which depends on the point of view of the person making it. Of course, every preacher of the Gospel is in a way an evangelist, but the word has come to have a more restricted meaning. Whitefield, who came to Philadelphia and preached in the open to excited crowds and shouted his denunciation of sin in a voice so loud that it was heard a quarter of a mile away, was of the type represented in these later years by "Billy" Sunday and his imitators. Charles Grandison Finney, who stirred Ohio and then the rest of the country in the middle of the last century, was also an evangelist. Marvelous stories are told of the influence of his preaching upon his hearers, but not quite so marvelous as those told of the preaching of Jonathan Edwards in a much earlier day. But Edwards preached in a community of only 1000 people. He created what the psychologists call an epidemic of religious emotion, followed by an epidemic of suicides. The whole community was made peculiarly susceptible to mental suggestion. When one man confessed his sins another followed his example. Then when one man killed himself in an excess of emotion others found it impossible to resist the same impulse.

Mob Psychology

Rationalists discount the value of all religious revivals such as those brought about under the lead of the Edwardses, the Whitefields, the Finneys, the Moodys and the Sundays, for the reason that they discount the moral value of the emotion which produces a panic in a theatre at the cry of fire. They have written an interesting literature on the subject of mob psychology, which throws a bright light on the peculiar nature of the human mind. They find that men like the late Dwight L. Moody and the living "Gypsy" Smith, whose oratory is simple and whose methods are unsensational, have to gather a vast company, which hangs on their words and is willing to respond to their suggestions before they can accomplish their work. The apologists for these and the other evangelists, however, insist that it is God working through them who touches the hearts of men, melts them and runs them into a new mold. It is impossible for any one to decide which is correct, and it is impossible to affirm or to deny that what the psychologists call suggestion is not the way in which God works.

All the evangelists have been an uncommon sort of men. Moody was unimaginative and stolid, but was filled with a burning faith. "Billy" Sunday has the imagination of a sophomore and the vocabulary of a prize-fighter, and he accepts the Bible with the literalness of those who believe that its punctuation and division into verses and chapters is inspired. B. Fay Mills, who has just died, was a man of a different type. Even in the height of his fame as an evangelist, between 1886 and 1896, it was whispered about that he was unorthodox, and there were those who said that he ought to be on the stage as an actor instead of preaching the gospel. He looked like an actor. He had the rich, full, melodious voice of an orator. He charmed by his eloquence and persuaded by his pleading, but those who were not moved by him found it impossible to escape the conclusion that he was acting a part. And he was, in a way, an actor, for Bacon or Shakespeare, or whoever it was who wrote the plays, remarked that the world's a stage and that we are all acting our part on it. Some of us are a little more theatric than others. There may be greater differences, but it must be admitted that some of us are open to the charge of play-acting.

Wildness of a Minister's Son

The career of Mills was theatric from the beginning. He was born in Rahway, N. J., the son of a preacher, and he justified the old saying that ministers' sons and deacons' daughters are pretty wild. He was dissolute and a wastrel. He set out for Australia to escape the restraints of a more civilized community. He got as far as California and while he was waiting for his ship in San Francisco he lost his money in a gambling place. He decided to end it all by killing himself, but before he drank the poison or jumped into the bay or fired the shot he read a Bible verse which halted him as suddenly as the voice in the thunder halted Paul on his way to Damascus. He came back to the East and fitted himself for the work of a preacher. He became pastor of a Congregational church in Rutland, Vt., and then of a Presbyterian church in Albany, N. Y., and before long set out on the career of an evangelist. Crowds flocked to hear him. In the ten years of his greatest activity it is said that 500,000 persons were converted under his preaching. Then there were reports that he had not entirely abandoned the dissolute habits of his youth. They may have sprung from envy or they may have been due to his retirement during periods of exhaustion from his labors. But they persisted.

An Excursion Into Liberalism

Those who had been skeptical of his orthodoxy were not surprised when about seventeen or eighteen years ago he gave up his evangelistic work, abandoned the orthodox communion and accepted the pastorate of a Unitarian church. His own explanation, however, was simple enough. He said:

> I left my evangelistic work, first, because I despaired of the possibility of a genuine, widespread awakening and inspiration of the Church; second, because of a social vision, by which I came to conceive of Christ as the saviour of the social organization rather than of individuals; third, because of the universal viewpoint which came to me through my study of the great books of all ages and nations, through which the Bible ceased to be to me the exclusively inspired word of God.

Last year he abandoned his heterodoxy, to use the term which the orthodox apply to the belief of those who disagree with them, and returned to the Congregationalist Church and was welcomed back. Why he returned he explained as clearly as why he left:

> I got behind the scenes in business and politics and I found out that neither of these was purely idealistic. There were views and practices that I couldn't condone but yet they existed. Then it gradually came over me that here I was tolerating practices that I didn't believe in outside of the Church, while with respect to the Church I had been utterly intolerant. I couldn't justify that stand, so I came back into the Church.

He was in Philadelphia in 1888, when he conducted a series of meetings that aroused the city. During the period of his liberal thinking he organized what he called "Greater Fellowship" organizations in various cities, and had a following among those who seek for the newest thing in ethical teaching. When he returned to orthodoxy he carried his own "Greater Fellowship" society with him—that is, the one which he was leading in Battle Creek, Mich. Last summer he gave a series of theological addresses at Ursinus College, at Collegeville, Pa., which were scholastic rather than emotional, and appealed to the intellect rather than to the heart.
G. W. D.

A GERMAN CONFESSION

The provisioning of Germany is safe and secure. Our enemies do not believe it, but it is a fact that the German talent for organization has surmounted this difficulty, too. * * * We produce so much food in our own country that we need experience no anxiety. A new census is about to be taken of our available stocks of corn, flour and oats, and it will probably allow an increased ration per head. The breeding of cattle is progressing, in spite of the lack of foreign fodder, because we have harvested so much potatoes that a large quantity of it can be used for animal food. A further import of fodder is to be expected shortly from the Balkans by the Danube route.—Muenchner Neuste Nachrichten.

WHY THEY HUSTLE

Leaders at Washington are straining every effort to bring Congress to an early close. Congressmen and Senators are rushing bills through and spending sleepless nights in an attempt to "clean up" all unfinished business. Speaker Clark suggests an early end. His followers are legion. It is easy to understand all this. The truth is that it will take all the Democratic leaders, administrative and legislative, working every day, without exception, from now until November 7, to prove to skeptical voters why they should be re-elected.—St. Louis Times.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Count von Bernstorff's smile is now recognized as one of the great achievements of diplomacy. —Washington Star.

It begins to look as if throughout the country William Shakespeare had carried the primaries by a large majority over Francis Bacon.—New York Sun.

We venture to suggest to the leather men that the high price of paper should encourage the use of more leather in shoe soles.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Congress should also remember that it can help along an early adjournment a whole lot by leaving most of the unnecessary things undone.—Indianapolis News.

The New York Evening Post is inclined to despair over the Colonel's veracity. Some folks have such a profound respect for the truth that they never approach near to it.—Buffalo Courier.

The Supreme Court has spoken and "the wolf of Wall street" can now do his wolfing in the Atlanta Penitentiary. There, no doubt, it will be somewhat different from the well known and well established New York variety.—Indianapolis News.

Russia has earned Trebizond. Her capture of it has an important bearing on the future as well as on the present, meaning the repression of the Turk at one of the most important of his trade centres. Turkey will not get back Trebizond any more than it will get back Erzerum, and the rest of the world will have few regrets over that.—New Haven Register.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

1. Where did Roosevelt get his phrase "Fear God and take your own part"?
2. Who is Roland G. Usher?
3. Who designed the White House and from what building was it copied?
4. As the musical notes ascend in the scale, do the number of vibrations of the string or reed increase or decrease?
5. Why is it incorrect to say "Between you and I"?
6. What is meant by "the high seas"?
7. What is "Lloyd's"?
8. What is the origin of the word "jingo" as used to describe a man eager to go to war?
9. What is the Plimsoll mark on the side of a vessel?
10. How should you pronounce "Consels" and what is the origin of the word?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The turnpike takes its name from the turning poles or pikes used to halt travelers to compel the payment of toll.
2. After the rebellion of 1745 the Scotch Highlanders were forbidden to bear arms or to wear the tartan, which was regarded as a military uniform.
3. Canberra is the new capital of Australia. It lies between Sydney and Melbourne.
4. A gale is a wind blowing at the rate of from 40 to 60 miles an hour, and a hurricane 60 miles and over.
5. The "open door" in China is the policy granting the nations equal trade facilities in that country.
6. Frank R. Stockton wrote "The Lady or the Tiger?"
7. Amber is a fossil resin of vegetable origin.
8. By the "check-off" system the employer collects union dues from union men employed and turns them over to the trade unions.
9. Soap is produced by a combination of fatty oils and fats with alkalis.
10. There are 200 bones in the human body.

Measuring Shelled Corn

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Kindly state in your column how many bushels of shelled corn there are in 525 pounds on the ear.
I. K. F.

The equivalent in bulk of a given quantity of corn on the ear is, as a general rule, two-thirds of that amount in shelled corn. In Pennsylvania a bushel of corn in the ear weighs 70 pounds and when shelled 56 pounds. This allows 14 pounds a bushel for the weight of the cobs. There would be about 7 2-3 bushels of shelled corn in 525 pounds of corn in the ear.

Mark Twain's Daughter

Editor of "What Do You Know"—I notice that a correspondent of yours says that the stanza—

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind, blowly softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
Good-night, dear heart, good-night, good-night—

is the inscription on the gravestone of Mark Twain's wife. As a matter of fact, it is on the gravestone of his daughter. H. S.

The superintendent of Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y., provides the information that the inscription referred to is on the gravestone of Olivia Susan Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain.

Pronunciation of Arbutus

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Will you please give me the correct pronunciation of arbutus and gladiolus? H. K. D.

"Arbutus" is pronounced as if it were spelled "are-byu-tus," and the accent is either on the first or second syllable; but in the best usage it is on the first syllable. "Gladiolus" is pronounced as if it were spelled "glad-eye-o-lus" and the accent is on the second syllable.

Mr. Noyes' Lecture

Editor of "What Do You Know"—I am sending this post-haste and I would consider it a great favor if you would publish it immediately. H. C. Willer says in your column that Alfred Noyes will lecture before the Ethical Culture Society at the Broad Street Theatre Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Will he or some one else positively inform me whether the meeting will be open to outsiders, and on what terms?
ANXIOUS.

At the offices of the Ethical Culture Society it was said today that the meeting would be open to the public and that no admission fee would be charged.

If I Knew You

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you print for me the poem from which these lines are taken:

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.

I know there is more of it, but I have not been able to find the rest. LONELY.

The poem is by Nixon Waterman and is called "To Know All is to Forgive All." It follows:

If I knew you as you know me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.
If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would sin
If I knew you and you knew me.