

Evening Ledger

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washed to them to any out-of-town address
for any period of time. Address may be
changed as often as desired, but with each
change both the old and new addresses must
be given. Subscription rates are printed
above.

Example is the school of mankind,
and they will learn at no other—Burke.
A shark at Oyster Bay! Tut, tut,
no shark would dare!

No prohibition for Bull Moose
Parker. He hails from New Orleans.
Better than ten police officers
should be fired than that one Director
should lose his job.

Sometimes it is difficult to tell
whether it is easier to break the law or
fall in Camden.
A man or an administration full
of excuses may expect to find that failure
is his bedfellow.

The confidence of the underworld
district in the stability of its enterprises
is merely a sidelight on the value of a
raid.
If they are not careful the Germans
will be eating Christmas dinner on their
own side of the Rhine instead of in
Paris.

Poland has been transformed under
German rule, says Vice Chancellor Helfferich.
The same thing can be said of
Belgium.
The tax for the privilege of using
gas is now 25 per cent. Unless there is
some change in policy after 1917 it will
be 33-1-3 per cent.

For the \$70,000 appropriated to improve
the postoffice, Philadelphians will
be very grateful. The amount so
neatly hits off the truth, which is that
the only improvement is replacement.
President Wilson is to be informed
of his renomination on the fourth
anniversary of the birth of the Progressive
party (dec'd). The ironies of time will
weigh heavily on our philosophical
President on that day.

Postmaster McNeil, of Pittsburgh,
has lost his job because, it seems, he
refused to dismiss Republicans whom he
regarded as efficient. If Mr. McNeil is
just as convinced of the propriety of
removing those who are inefficient we
suspect we know how he will vote in
November.

The revival of submarine activity
and promiscuous murder on the high
seas would indicate beyond contradiction
the desperate straits in which
militarism finds itself. Besides, after the
glorious victory in the North Sea, why
not let the regular German fleet cut off
British trade?

The provision in the proposed new
charter for Philadelphia permitting the
Mayor to "fire" his whole cabinet should
cause no uneasiness. There have been
visible (and invisible) certain cabinets
fired only by private greed. The other
kind of firing would at least be in the
public service.

have supplied Germany and, in the case
of the rubber shipments on the Deutsch-
land, in flagrant violation of promises
made to the original purveyors of the
material. But English merchants have
never completely given up trade with
the enemy and the sale of tin to Germany
for a whole year after war broke out
was a moral disgrace. Nor has the stoppage
of neutral trade with Holland, pre-
cedent to British trade in the confiscated
goods at enormous profits, increased
American respect for the integrity of
British methods. Arrogance could hardly
go farther than the new methods of
warfare, nor could anything be less
calculated to encourage confidence in Eng-
land's ability to blockade, legitimately, all
Germany's ports. With the extension
of the doctrine of ultimate destination
already in practice England has sufficient
power. It is absurd to threaten the
United States now.

NO PURCHASE OF LOCAL OPTION

MR. GIBBONEY, whose letter appears
elsewhere on this page, is an advocate
of the purchase of liquor establish-
ments by the Government. He is op-
posed to local option, on the theory that
it is equivalent to the confiscation of
private property, although that property
has been acquired under license of both
State and National Governments. Drive
out the liquor industry, argues Mr. Gib-
boney, but drive it out by purchase, not
by edict.

John Jones had a dog and he paid a
license to keep it. It was not a bad dog
ordinarily, but one day it went mad, sent
its venom into three or four children,
killed a wife or two and otherwise in-
flicted great damage on the community.
"Don't touch that dog," cried Jones. "It's
licensed." But the big policeman drew
a bead on the animal's head and there
was nothing left but the carcass.

The liquor industry has a license to
engage in a legitimate business. The
 enormity of its offenses against decency,
life and limb has rendered that business
morally illegitimate in many cases and
legally illegitimate in others, by the will
of the people. Where it is a mad dog
the people must have the right to vote
it out; where it is a good dog there is
no public sentiment in favor of its extir-
pation.

There comes into court, calling on the
law for protection, an industry which
has viciously violated the law, which has
contributed its money and its influence
to corrupt the law, which has degraded
the very sources of the law by crowding
into the gutter citizens who make the
law. Yet it is an industry which exists
only by toleration of the people. Indeed,
the property value of which it prates is
almost wholly a franchise value and
nothing more. The value of a saloon is
not in its stock of liquor, but in its au-
thorization to sell that liquor.

The industry, obviously needing regula-
tion, has resorted to inaudible political
activity to prevent that regulation save
in such form as it approved. It has in-
duced the demand for its eradication in
such communities as are opposed to its
continuance. It has constituted itself a
public nuisance. Why, therefore, should
it be recompensed for its own malfes-
ance in behavior? There is no proba-
bility of expelling the liquor industry
from any locality in which that industry
has conducted itself properly. Local
option would not close saloons in Phila-
delphia nor anywhere else where they
are only moderately objectionable.

There is scarcely a liquor establish-
ment in America which has not entered
the business with due warning of the risk
involved. The fight to stamp the busi-
ness with illegality has been going on for
years. The profits of the business are
in proportion to the risk involved. Every
dealer has known that it is within the
power of government to drive him out.
He is in no very different situation in
this respect from the manufacturer who
builds his plant relying on a protective
tariff, although he knows that the elec-
tion returns may ruin him, and the man-
ufacturer's business is not a nuisance or
a peril. He is not, additionally, greatly
different from the dealer in cocaine who
finds that his property may be confiscated
for the good of the community.

But local option is not prohibition. It
simply confers on a governmental unit
the right to decide by vote whether the
liquor business within that unit shall be
treated as an outlaw. Local option gives
the liquor business the same chance that
it gives the opposition. A business so
rotten that a majority of the citizens
want to strangle it has no particular
claims on the consideration of the public.
The liquor industry may be a pistol
pointed at the heart of a community to
compel it to buy its freedom, but the
vote is a bullet-proof cloak that is a sure
defense against such tactics.

The liquor industry is not a vested
right; it is in many cases a vested wrong.
Its franchise is held subject to the
pleasure of the people. It simply must
cease to exist when the people so will,
just as the great racing plants ceased to
exist. Nobody, we believe, ever advocat-
ed that race-track gamblers should be
reimbursed, although part of their
profits had gone to the State. A busi-
ness that becomes repugnant to the
morals of the age, no matter what its
former standing in the law, must go, just
as slavery went, and the only considera-
tion it can expect is the warning of ap-
proaching action, a warning which the
slaveholders had and a warning which
the liquor business has been getting for
more than half a century.

Tom Daly's Column

JUST why the British Government's
boycotting of those 88 American firms
should recall this incident to us we don't
know, but, relevant or irrelevant, here's
the incident:
In the fall of 1910 a party of us, writers
and artists from this country and Can-
ada, were guests at a luncheon in Bristol,
England. Seven of us, by actual count,
had been called upon to offer a toast
to the King, each of which drew from the
natives loud cries of "King! King! King!
Shless! I'm King! King!" Then we were
asked to add our little bit. We said in
effect:

"It's very nice to be called upon to toast
your King, who seems to be a real fellow;
but since so many of the others have
already done it I am sure you won't
object if I depart from the schedule to
say a kind word for another good fellow,
who seems to have been mistleled in the
excitement here, although he's by no
means tiny. I give you President Taft."

A week or so later when we were in
Midwood and it was too late for a hot-
headed toaster to go back and have it out
with his critics, we learned that the Eng-
lishmen in charge of the luncheon had
let it be known that we, personally, would
never again be invited to a party of that
sort in Bristol.

Almost any minute now we may find
some port on the Atlantic coast simply
Bremen with news.

Watch Your Step
When attending church services on the
 Sabbath one may include in "worship" which is
 a beautiful exercise.—Spokesman of Lord's Day
 Alliance League.
 While you're engaged in walking
 You'll probably be talking,
 If some one else should share your
 exercise;
 In which case, can the labor
 Of knocking at your neighbor,
 For such things are un-Christian and
 unwise.

More sad music from the old "triangle"
down Boston way.
COLONEL BILL LAMPTON, distin-
guished free lance, who doesn't care
how free he is with it, dropped in upon
us as we were going over the proofs of
our forthcoming "Songs of Wedlock."
"Ah!" he drawled, "going over a bunch of
poems, eh? I helped our old family doctor
in Kentucky at that job once." Poet as
well as a doctor, eh? "Oh, no; Cornerer.
He was examining the poems to see what
there was in 'em to have induced the
editor to shoot the author of 'em."

OUR Missus says when she was a little
girl there was a grown-up young
woman who used to visit their house
every week or so and bring occasion for
a quiet chuckle with her. The only other
inmates of this young woman's home were
her mother and grandmother, but sure
as sure could be, every time she was
asked how the folks were at home she'd
say, "Oh, Mom an' them's fine."

HOW SHE CARRIES ON
Miss Carrie Wood would caracole
And prance around and vout she
couldn't.
When Ma would bid her carry wood,
Why was it Carrie wouldn't?
KIDD.

Out of the Mouths of Babies
THE little girl was returning a cup to
the kind neighbor who had sent one of
her cup custards to her mother.
"Mother told me to tell you," she lisped,
"that it was very nice."
"And what did you think of it, dear?"
"Horrible." I. M. L.

Modern Inventions
ADJUSTABLE TO COL. OR 1/2 CAL.
This device, which is a poor
relation of the
famous elastic
type, may not
prove popular.
It can only be
used once in the
same place. Here
goes for once,
anyway.

HANDY
LITTLE SPACE
FILLER FOR
COLLYER
CONDUCTORS

GOSH-BLAMED TOUGH
When Maud Miller takes the hay
I let her for up an' loose 'er.
What I could, but I ain't stay-
Drat my dash-binged ole hay fever!

A Flash Out of a Letter
"Funny how we react to some things and
people. The other day I met a man sud-
denly. I had often heard of him. I had
heard that he was cruel that he was un-
der that he was selfish, etc., etc. Maybe
he is, but when I saw him suddenly for
the first time, I knew him through and
through, and I had been with him before.
It was a thousand years or so ago. I re-
member it well. He was leaning against
his way, a chief, and I was close behind,
fighting too, and I remember that I was
chanting some heathen thing, chanting
something unholy, the words coming like
a mountain stream, pouring and leaping.
That fellow's the chief of big chiefs today,
and I'm a nonentity, singing this letter.
Maybe, in the next reincarnation, I'll be a
Jew with a hooked nose and he'll come
begging and borrowing guiders. Will I
give them to him? Will I? I don't know."

OVERHEARD IN a department store
elevator:
"And I was so glad it happened that
way, because I was introduced to Miss
as a result."
"That disagreeable thing! You always
said you hated her."
"Of course; and now that I've been in-
troduced I can snub her."

Hell—A mystical Philadelphia—New
 York Evening Sun
"Great!" we exclaim, in the midst of
our humidity. "But why the qualifica-
tion?"

MERION GOLPER TURNS IN NET SCORE OF
 50 ON CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP
We read this in a morning newspaper
contemporary—our most respected morning
contemporary—and it drove us wild. We
immediately put on our hat and we
started, instantly, for Stenton golf course
to equal or beat it. (See tomorrow's paper.)

MORE OR LESS ABOUT MR. WILSON



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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

D. Clarence Gibboney Discusses the Liquor Question — The Melodramatic Raid in the Tenderloin

This department is free to all readers who
wish to express their opinions on subjects
of general interest. It is an open forum, and the
editorial board assumes no responsibility for
the views of its correspondents.

LOCAL OPTION VS. PURCHASE
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—In notice in your paper of this date
an editorial which I quote in full as follows:

The British Government, acting through
the Liquor Traffic Board, has decided to
purchase all the breweries and public
houses in and about the city of Carlisle.
Fully a third of the public houses will be
closed, and the others will be equipped as
model refreshment houses, where intoxi-
cants will not be sold. Yet in the great
State of Pennsylvania the liquor interests
have the audacity to oppose a local op-
tion law, and actually contribute money
to defame the electorate and control the
Legislature.

This editorial sets forth in plain words
two totally different methods of dealing
with the legalized liquor traffic—one which
has been adopted by the British Govern-
ment, under the terms of which, as stated
in your editorial, that Government has
decided to purchase all the breweries and
public houses in and about the city of Carlisle.
By this just method England is able to
effectively wipe out the liquor traffic, and
does it without meeting with any opposition
from the liquor people themselves. The
other proposition set forth in your editorial
is the local option proposal advocated in
Pennsylvania, and a few other States, and
which has been approved by the EVENING
LEDGER, and which, should it become a
law, would be capable of being used to de-
stroy the lawfully acquired property of the
liquor dealers, and yet the editorial in-
sists that the local option proposal is
naturally opposed by all legitimate liquor
dealers. Very few thinking citizens expect
liquor dealers to do anything else than op-
pose a proposed law which would destroy
their property without any reimbursement
or compensation.

I am loath to believe that the EVENING
LEDGER would intentionally attempt to de-
ceive its readers, and yet the editorial in
question uses the just plan of the British
Government—in which every liquor dealer
is given a square deal—as an argument in
favor of the local option proposal in Pen-
sylvania, which, if it becomes effective,
would rob legitimate liquor dealers of their
lawfully acquired property?

THE MELODRAMATIC RAID
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Your editorial of even date under the
caption "Police in the Vice District" is
comprehensive, sensible and human.

This city has been "wide open" both
from a gambling and a "red light" stand-
point for more than a year, and I for one
refuse to believe that even our most indif-
ferent officials have not been cognizant of
just what was going on. Then they start
a spectacular raid on a Saturday night,
running into Sunday, which, by the way,
is contrary to law. These virtuous officials
knew of and permitted these conditions for
months and then called the police from
outlying districts to a secret meeting on
the busiest night of the week. If they were
sincere, the evil would have been gradu-
ally and surely stamped out, or at least
segregated and reduced to a minimum.

It is to laugh to think that they have any
sincerity or honesty of purpose. I happen
to know that the wonderful mentor of our
civic morals and disciple of Blackstone is
persona grata with some of the worst char-
acters in this or any other city, and as for
the police—they are all right except that
they are just part of a system which in
some respects can put the politics of dar-
kest Russia to shame.

AN ESCAPE FROM A RUSSIAN JAIL

Prince Kropotkin's Thrilling De-
livery Recalled by Incident
in News of the
Day

THE most interesting feature of the
A jail delivery in Camden was that one
of the two men who escaped was evi-
dently versed in the traditions of noted
fugitives. Chief among these is this:
"After escapes, do not hide in a hiding
place, for the police look there first. But
enter a restaurant in the centre of the
city, take your time, and then stroll about
like any other citizen till you have a
chance to leave the country."

This was what one of the Camden
fugitives did, and it was what Prince
Kropotkin did after he had escaped from
prison in Petrograd. The only difference
was that in the case of Kropotkin it
worked and in the case of the Camden
man it didn't. The famous Russian
geographer, sociologist and revolutionist
had been placed in the prison hospital
and was allowed to exercise every day
for an hour in the yard.

"When I was taken out," he writes in
his memoirs, "I saw before me a yard
ful 300 paces long and more than 200
paces wide, all covered with grass. The
gate was open, and through it I could
see the street and the people who passed
by. At one end of the yard stood the
prison, at each end of which was a
sentry box. The two sentries paced up
and down, so that I was never more than
10 or 15 paces from the one or the
other. The open gate fascinated me. I
must not stare at it. I said to myself:
I wrote to my friends: Through the un-
guarded gate I will run out; my sentries
will not catch me. A lady is to come in
an open carriage. She is to alight and
the carriage to wait for her in the street.
When I am taken out at 4, I shall walk
for a while with my hat in my hand, and
somebody will pass by, and the gate will
take it as the signal that all is right. In
the street I shall spring into the carriage
and we shall gallop away."

"At last the day of the escape was
sealed. They had let me know that in
reply to my signal they would signal 'All
right outside' by sending up a red toy
balloon. Then the carriage would come,
and a song would be sung to let me
know when the street was open. I went
out on the 29th, took off my hat (the
signal) and waited for the balloon. But
nothing of the kind was to be seen. With
a broken heart I returned to my room.
The impossible had happened that day.
Hundreds of children's balloons are al-
ways on sale near the Gostinoy Dvor.
That morning there were none. One was
discovered at last in the possession of
a child, but it was old and would not fly.
My friends rushed to an optician's shop,
bought an apparatus for making hydro-
gen and filled the balloon with it; but it
would not fly any better. Time pressed.
Then a lady attached the balloon to her
umbrella, and, holding it high over her
head, walked up and down the street
along the high wall. But I saw nothing
of it, the wall being too high and the lady
too short. As it turned out, nothing
could have been better than that ac-
cident. The street was blocked with carts
and we should have been caught.

"The attempt was then arranged for
the next day. Further postponement
would have been dangerous. The carriage
had been taken notice of and I heard the
patrol officer ask the sentry who stood
opposite my window, 'Where are your
ball cartridges?' I came out at 4 as usual
and gave my signal. I heard a next the
rumble of the carriage. The violinist
(whose playing in a nearby house was
now to be the outside signal) began a
wildly exciting mazurka from Kontsky,
as if to say, 'Strain on now; this is
your time!' I moved slowly to the nearer
end of the footpath. I turned round. The
sentry had stopped five or six paces be-
hind me; he was looking the other way.
'Now or never!' I flung off my green
fannel dressing gown and began to run.
I began to run rather slowly, to econom-
ize my strength. But peasants who
were pling wood shouted, 'He runs! Stop
him!' Then I flew for my life.

"The sentry was so near he felt sure
of catching me. Several times he flung
his rifle forward, trying to give me a
blow in the back with the bayonet. He
was so convinced that he could stop
me that he did not fire. But I kept
my distance and he had to give up at
the gate. Safe out of the gate, I per-
ceived to my terror that the carriage was
occupied by a civilian who wore a military
cap. He sat without turning his head to
me. However, as I got nearer to the
carriage I noticed that the man in it had
sandy whiskers—those of a warm friend
of mine. I clapped my hands, while still
running, to attract his attention. Jump
in, quick, quick!" he shouted in a terri-
ble voice, calling me and the coachman all
sorts of names, a revolver in his hand
and ready to shoot. 'Gallop! gallop! I
will kill you!' he cried to the coachman.
The horse, a beautiful racing trotter, which
had been bought on purpose, started at
full gallop. Scores of voices yelling,
'Hold them! Get them!' resounded behind
us, my friend meanwhile helping me to
put on an elegant overcoat and an opera
hat. But the real danger was a soldier
who was posted at the gate, about oppo-
site to the spot where the carriage had to
wait. A friend was commissioned to
divert this soldier by talking. He did
this most successfully. We entered the
Nevisky Prospekt, turned into a side street
and alighted at a door. I ran up a state-
case and at its top fell into the arms of
my sister-in-law. I put on another suit
and cropped my conspicuous beard. Ten
minutes later my friend and I left in a
cab.

"It was a fine afternoon. We drove to
the islands, where all the St. Petersburg
aristocrats goes on bright spring days to
see the sunset. 'To Donon!' my friend
presently called to the cabman, naming
one of the best St. Petersburg restau-
rants. 'No one will ever think of looking
for you at Donon.' So we went to Donon,
passed the halls flooded with light and
crowded with visitors at the dinner hour,
took a separate room and spent the even-
ing there. Nobody thought of making
a search at Donon."

"Later the fugitive was safely on his way
to Sweden.

What Do You Know?

Quizzes of general interest will be answered
in this column. Well-informed persons should answer,
see advice below.

- 1. What is meant by "blue funk"?
2. What is meant by "straw hat"?
3. What is meant by "floating" a loan?
4. About how many gallons are there in the
buffet day recorded in this city?
5. About how many gallons are there in a
"cube foot of water"?
6. What was the "Wandering Jew"?
7. What work is done by veterinary surgeons?
8. What is the name of the "war" called "Pigeon
Blood"?
9. What are the duties of a boatswain?
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. There is little real difference in the mean-
ings of "mechanical" and "mechanic" but "me-
chanical" is used to describe things which are
made or repaired by machines and the latter one
who operates them.

Pigeon Blood
Editor of "What Do You Know"—Why
is a certain kind of stone in a ring called
"pigeon blood"? I see one advertised "syn-
thetic bloodstone ring." Does it have any
special value, being "pigeon blood" and
why so called? (2) What is a grillroom?

"Pigeon blood" is a term used sometimes
to describe a peculiarly brilliant ruby. A
"synthetic" stone is one that is manufactur-
ed. To call such a ring a "pigeon blood"
ring would probably be intended to convey
the information that the color resembled
that of a fine ruby. There is a superstition
connected with the idea of pigeon
blood which is also related to its use in
such descriptions. There is an old saying:
"He who is sprinkled with pigeon's blood
will never die a natural death." A sculptor
carrying home a bust of Charles I stopped
to rest on the way; at the moment a pigeon
overhead was struck by a hawk, and the
blood of the bird fell on the neck of the
bust. The sculptor thought it ominous, and
after the King was beheaded the saying
became current. (2) A grillroom is prop-
erly speaking, that room in a restaurant
or inn where chops and steaks for table
use are kept grilling at an open fire.
But rarely are these open grills seen now
in clubs and restaurants, and what is called
the grillroom is simply the more informal
rooms where only men come for meals.

Esperanto and Volapuk
A. S. K.—Esperanto is an artificial lan-
guage, first advocated in 1880 as a means
of bringing all nations into closer inter-
course by cutting out the barriers of the
mother tongues. There is an artificial lan-
guage which the word roots of nearly all
languages were represented. It differs from
"Volapuk" in that its vocabulary is con-
structed upon only such words as are com-
mon to all European languages. Volapuk
was invented by Johann Schleyer in 1879.
The aim in the formation of Volapuk has
been to exclude elements supposed not to
be universal.

The Gorgons
U. G. F.—Anything unusually hideous is
called a gorgon in modern speech. There
were three Gorgons, with serpents on their
heads instead of hair. Medusa was the
chief of the three, and the only one that
was mortal. So hideous was her face that
whoever set eyes on it was instantly turned
into stone. She was slain by Perseus and
her head was placed on the shield of
Minerva.

Double or Quits
W. H.—The challenge "double or quits"
means that the winner stakes his stake and
the loser promises to pay twice the stake if
he loses again; but if he wins he pays nothing
and neither loses nor wins anything. The
phrase is very old and no authority gives
an account of its origin.

Italy's Coal
Amado Malfero—Italy is not a great coal-
producing country. In fact, her production
is not considered of sufficient importance to
give her a place in the statistics. The
United States, the United Kingdom, Ger-
many, Austria, France, Belgium, Russia and
Canada are the principal sources. The
fields of China are said to be very rich, but
are not so highly developed. Italy probably
struck out for coal from Germany and the
United Kingdom.