

Evening Public Ledger

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MOORE FOR MAYOR
CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S announcement of his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Mayor is a fine example of courage and manly independence.

OMENS IN JERSEY
ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS in New Jersey are banding together to help Mr. Nugent in his run for the governorship because Mr. Nugent loathes the thought of a universal franchise.

LUDENDORFF'S LOST NERVE
WHAT does it matter whether Ludendorff did or didn't lose his head? He lost everything else, including his head.

THE RESPONSIBILITY IS JOINT
SOMETHING more than a question of railroad rates and wages was involved in the issue presented to Mr. Wilson by the brotherhoods and submitted, in turn, to the interstate commerce committee of the Senate.

IN THE LAST STAGES
RATIFICATION of the peace treaty is approaching its last stages. After many unofficial pronouncements that the President was unalterably opposed to any reservations or interpretations to accompany the ratifying resolution there comes the official statement that he has authorized the formation of an organization to work upon Republican senators to induce them to ratify the treaty with interpretations.

to Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican national committee, and which Charles E. Hughes recommended in his letter to Senator Hale. There are doubtless enough Republican senators who agree with these distinguished leaders of their party to make the necessary two-thirds to secure ratification.

ONLY THE HAGIOLOGIES CONTAIN A PARALLEL TO LANSING

The Self-Effacement of the Secretary of State is Cause for Wonder and Admiration

THE human comedy, enacted before our eyes in the full light of day, is mildly entertaining. When we have nothing else to do we cast a glance in its direction, watch its unfolding with casual interest and then yawn and think of something else. It is too commonplace to absorb attention long.

We have seen Mr. Lansing sitting in the office of secretary of state since June, 1915. We have read dispatches bearing his signature. We saw him go to Paris with the President as a member of the peace commission and we recall that he had been appointed to membership on the committee to fix the responsibility for the war. We saw a photograph of the last page of the peace treaty containing his beautiful signature next below that of the President, the second name on the historic document. And we have welcomed him home at the conclusion of what we were wont to regard as his arduous labors in Paris. He looked well and strong and we were glad that he had stood the strain so well.

We had had secretaries of state who originated policies and were backed by the President in carrying them out. James G. Blaine will occur at once to the mind as the man responsible for the pan-American policy intended to bind the republics of the South with the great republic of the North. It was not a Harrisonian enterprise, but was a project which Mr. Blaine had urged for years before he entered Benjamin Harrison's cabinet. Mr. Blaine was more than a mere subordinate of the President. He was an adviser.

John Hay likewise was a man whose conduct of the negotiations with the wily old dowager empress of China during the Boxer uprising marked him as a statesman of the first rank. And the skill with which he developed the policy of the open door in China against the interest and desires of other powers was not originated or guided by William McKinley or Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Hay was secretary of state in fact as well as in name. Of course, the final authority at all times rested in the hands of the President, but we have had Presidents who welcomed the assistance and advice of big men.

In more recent years there was Elihu Root, who took up the pan-American idea where Blaine left it and cultivated it and watered it and tended it with as much care as if it were his own. He left upon our foreign policy the impress of his own personality. But Mr. Wilson is not like other Presidents. Whether Mr. Lansing under a man like Roosevelt or McKinley or Harrison would have been a secretary of state like Root or Hay or Blaine must forever remain unknown. As we have had a new kind of a President, a solitary figure who keeps his own counsel, makes his own decisions and uses the members of his cabinet to carry them out, it has been necessary to develop a new kind of a secretary of state.

The fleeting glimpse behind the scenes to which we have been treated reveals Mr. Lansing as a man of great poise, self-control and humility. No man without these qualities could have sustained for four years the role which he has been playing without bursting out in protest or resigning in disgust. Such self-effacement is as sublime as it is unusual. One has to look in the literature of hagiology to find its parallel.

Here we have the chief diplomatic official of the government, one of its representatives on the commission which negotiated the most momentous treaty of peace since the morning stars sang together, professing virtual ignorance about what went on in the conference. How was the league-of-nations covenant negotiated? Ask Mr. Wilson. How was agreement arrived at on this, that or the other matter? Perhaps Mr. Wilson may be able to tell you. Why was the demand of Japan on the Shantung matter acceded to? You will have to ask Mr. Wilson. He made the decision. And so on through a long list of questions.

And when he was asked for the general outline of what had been done in matters that had passed through his department he pleaded a poor memory and asked for time to consult the records. Now, it is hard to believe that a man who had been anything more than an agent if he had assumed responsibility for recommendations that were finally acted upon he could not have forgotten in so short a time. The only explanation is that he has been the clerk of the President, subserviently receiving and obeying orders. We are not belittling Mr. Lansing. He

is an international lawyer of wide experience and tested abilities. The spectacle which he presents forces wonder and admiration—wonder that a man can be willing to be a mere cog in a machine when the post he holds would entitle him to function as one of the driving wheels, and admiration at the power of self-repression which has kept him from exploding for joy these many months.

He has not effaced himself because of lack of views of his own. He made this manifest by his statement that Japan would have signed the treaty without the Shantung agreement and that the concession was not necessary. If the public could be permitted to listen at a dictaphone connected with Mr. Lansing's desk while he unburdened himself in confidence to a bosom friend it would have an entertaining half hour which would more than repay it for the time stolen from that usually given to the movies.

IN NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE isn't wide enough to accommodate all the bright new limousines of all the dull new millionaires in New York. Many of the elect in Manhattan therefore ride—or used to ride—to what they are pleased to call work with hot pollen. They used the street cars.

The street-railway strikes that occur with astonishing regularity in and about Manhattan are not devoid of advantages to the Manhattanites. The cloud has a lining not of silver, perhaps, but of nickel plate. New Yorkers are almost invariably either too fat or too thin. They eat only with the wrist muscles that are needed to count money or play bridge. They may learn to walk and they will benefit by the exercise. A whiff of fresh air now and then and a sight of the sky will do them good.

COATESVILLE: A SYMBOL

A FEW years ago there were parades and rejoicings and endless speech-making in Coatesville. Coatesville used to be a modest town with a borough government. It succumbed to the itch of ambition and had itself made a city of the third class.

In the years that have intervened this city of the third class, which has only eighteen thousand population, found that the obligations of greatness are not always pleasant or even comfortable. There were expensive municipal forms to maintain. Offices and salaries were increased. Trouble multiplied—as it always does for those in exalted places.

Coatesville has had the courage to admit its error. It wants to return to the simple life after its bright adventure. It wants to be a borough again.

What a fine place this world would be if some of the nations of Europe were as wise as Coatesville!

Waste of Energy A Muskegon, Mich., mob, to show its opposition to a seven-cent fare, burned a couple of trolley cars. This is as foolish a way of seeking release as the Chinese method, according to Charles Lamb, of roasting roast pig.

Easiest Thing They Do With an active coal export business throughout the summer, mine operators may find it difficult to explain a domestic shortage next winter—if such vicissitudes in accordance with prophecies made.

Or a Game Old Rooster Discussing the Philadelphia mayoralty contest, Mr. Moore is quoted as saying that Leghorns are wonderful fellows and Plymouth Rocks can hold their own. Which might indicate that that's the kind of chicken Mr. Moore is.

Hogging Food Products The county prosecutor in Columbus, Ohio, is trying to force a local packing company to disgorge 151,651 pounds of pork, which he alleges has been held in storage for profiteering purposes, beyond the period allowed by law. He hopes to sell it publicly at the figure at which it was acquired. This is what may be termed putting virtue into the pork barrel.

City Plays in Luck Some members of the Philadelphia police force have gone to West Chester, and some have returned from France. The city is benefited by the exchange.

The political cycle has its daily blowout. The bank gallery daily expects Fisher to make a haul.

The ties that bind are not those that tie up industry. Vares, oh, Vares, are the little doggone Town Meeting registrars?

Romanians consider armistice terms merely the thin end of the wedge. Now if the profiteer could only join the gang at West Chester!

Mr. Lansing, too, has shown himself adept at passing the buck. The aim of cold storage sometimes seems to be to give the ultimate consumer a cold deal.

One thing a President has to learn is that he can't keep his head erect and his ear to the ground at one and the same time. Think of a big strong government making war on a poor weak little thing like 2.75 beer!

The Frog Hollow police convicts found breakfast in jail a joke yesterday morning—but the very best joke grows monotonous after a while. Japan wants to import white silica sand from the Philadelphia district. We have it, and we ought to have the ships to carry it.

ROMANCE OF GOLD MINING

Success of Spencer Penrose and Charles McNeill in Colorado—Perils in the Hunt for the Precious Metal in the Arctic and in the Tropics

By GEORGE NOX MCMAIN

NEXT to love the great adventure in life is gold hunting. In nine cases out of ten, though, the world over—and I think the ratio runs higher—the reward is either failure or death.

The gold hunter's graveyard in southern Alaska is the most desolate spot I ever saw. It is a tiny God's acre, not larger than a city lot, on the shore of Lake Bennett, Lake Bennett is the most treacherous sheet of water north of the Canadian boundary. It is the head waters of the Yukon river.

Two Philadelphians who have grown very wealthy in gold and copper enterprises are Charles McNeill and Spencer Penrose, brother of the senator. Spencer Penrose will go to the United States Senate one of these days, I believe. He is very popular in Colorado. He is big, hearty, kind and hospitable. His home is in Colorado Springs, though he has spent considerable time in recent years traveling in the Orient.

Charles McNeill and Spencer Penrose made their first venture in Cripple Creek twenty-five years or more ago. They struck it rich. Later on they became interested in copper mining, and McNeill is now one of the copper magnates, a high official in the Utah Copper Company. For years they have deserted the effete East for the wealth and fascination of the expansive West.

A little-known mining romance is that of Sherwood Aldrich, whose name figures frequently in eastern society columns. He was a New York man and a long-time acquaintance of Penrose and McNeill. He had made and lost money around Cripple Creek. Then in 1904 came the Tonopah-Goldfield rush.

I talked with Aldrich in the El Paso Club in Colorado Springs, of which we were members, a few nights before he left for the new discovery. For months before he had been rather down in his luck. He expressed the confident belief that he would strike it rich in the new Nevada field.

And he did. Within five years he was worth half a million. I DOUBT the details of that story sent out from New York last week about a gold-hunting expedition starting for Dutch Guiana with a widely known gentleman and his wife at the head of it. It said that they were going to develop a gold field which the leader located on the Moroni river eighteen years ago.

As the story runs, they are carrying with them a company of fifty mining engineers and a million dollars' worth of equipment. The main story may be true, but the latter statement suggests exaggeration. Evidently it is a disingenuous proposition in the alluvial sands of the river. If so, half a dozen American engineers and assistants would be ample for the purpose. Labor is plentiful and very cheap in that country, as I know, and a million dollars' worth of machinery would dredge a dozen rivers.

Not all of the party, I venture, will come back alive. It's a wretched country for fever and all sorts of tropical disorders. THE smaller streams of northern South America are literally rivers of gold. Gold-seekers generally are not aware of this. Venezuela with northern Brazil and a portion of western Guiana is a land of undervalued riches and romance.

It was up the Orinoco river that Sir Walter Raleigh sailed on his quixotic quest for the fabled El Dorado. It was on the sloping bank at Soledad, just across the Orinoco from Ciudad Bolivar, that he rested for two months after refitting his ships.

Until fifty years ago Ciudad Bolivar was known as Angostura. It was the original home of the famous bitters. Raleigh expected to find somewhere in that wilderness the wilder dreams of Spanish avarice. Instead he returned empty-handed to an executioner's block in London.

Straggling through the western or poorer section of the little city of Ciudad Bolivar one morning some years ago I saw an immense negro seated at a table near an open window in a native hut with a handful of nuggets before him. They were discolored and he was cleansing them in a gourd bowl half filled with water. He did not resent my curious gaze.

I told Robert Henderson, one of the two Americans in that remote region, of what I had seen. "Very likely he's a Barbados negro who has just come down the Caroni river," I said. "I believe it is richer in gold than any river in South America," he replied. "But no white man can live in the climate."

THE BIG PROBLEM



THE CHAFFING DISH

O Profiteers! ONE word is too often profaned. For us to profane it. One traffic so justly disdained. We're candid; a word in your ear—A musing to dance to: Perhaps we would all profiteer. If we had a chance to.

It is amusing to hear that Mr. Wilson ordered certain matters withheld "to avoid irritating the French Senate." Not irritating Senates is something he is notably good at.

Two very eminent newspapermen, Mr. Heywood Brown and Mr. Jay House, have been finding amusement in the remarks of a former EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER correspondent, Philip Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs, in his admirable novel of newspaper life, "The Street of Adventure," speaks of English newspaper reporters as sitting in the city rooms with their legs stretched out toward an open fire. Mr. Brown and Mr. House agree that they have never seen this phenomenon in an American news office.

Our contribution to the discussion is that the object the newspaperman's legs are most likely to be stretched out toward is the office. And we have heard that in the rough old days the cub reporter was sometimes openly fired by the managing editor stretching his leg in the direction of the stairs.

Found Dead, Pipe in Mouth, says a headline. At any rate it was a peaceful demise. We do not give any credit to the statement that Britain is trying out Mr. De Valera as the new American ambassador.

The question whether the paying teller of the North Penn Bank has made good his escape reminds us of the old tale about the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Some one said that he didn't know whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays or not; but if he didn't, he missed the greatest opportunity of his life.

Literary Notes Ed Mumford, the well-known publisher, recently found succor from care in a week at the romantic hamlet of Lovelady's on the Jersey shore. Mr. Mumford admits that he saw the orb of day rise over the ocean one morning, and from the excitement he displays in describing the experience, we cannot help suspecting it is the first time this phenomenon has been brought to his personal attention.

Jolly old Roscoe Peacock writes us from North Cohocton, N. Y., that "Suck" in the August Harper's is the greatest story he's read in years. We are going to send him Harry Levenkron's serial.

V. R. C. writes us as follows: Will you kindly give me a list of good books to read which will help one's knowledge a bit. Not fiction or literature. We are a little puzzled. I, V. R. C., will explain the kind of books he wants, we will be glad to help.

Among the new books to appear this fall we confidently expect to see the following: How to Live Within Other People's Incomes, by a Paying Teller. Hitting the Hay at Nine P. M., or Simple Life at West Chester, by Dave Bennett and Others.

The Public Be Jammed, by a Rapid Transit Official. How to Evaporate, by The Committee of 100. Revisiting the Old Home Town, by Grover Bergdoll. 1001 Ways of Agreeing With Mr. Wilson, a handy manual, by Robert Lansing. Looking for a Candidate, a Detective Story, by E. and V. Vare. Where Oranges Blossom Rapidly, or Motor

THE FAIRY BOOK

IN SUMMER, when the grass is thick, if mother has the time. She shows me with her pencil how a poet makes a rhyme. And often she is sweet enough to choose a leafy nook. Where I cuddle up so closely when she reads the Fairy-book.

IN WINTER, when the corn's asleep, and crocuses and violets have been away too long. Dear mother puts her thumb by in answer to my look. And I cuddle up so closely when she reads the Fairy-book.

AND mother tells the servants that of course they must contrive. To manage all the household things from four till half-past five. For we really cannot suffer interruption from the cook. When we cuddle close together with the happy Fairy-book. —Norman Gale.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Where is Minsk? 2. What is solmization? 3. Where is False bay? 4. What English writer is known as the Founder of the English Domestic Novel? 5. Who wrote "Happiness is an equivalent for all troublesome things"? 6. Who was Admiral George Byng? 7. How many Federal Reserve Districts are there and where are their headquarters located? 8. What queen was known as the White Queen? 9. What is the Guidonian ut? 10. What is "kineamatic"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small," was written by F. Von Logau in the seventeenth century. George Herbert had previously written "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." 2. The three hundreds (nominally villages) of Stoke, Burnham and Desborough in Buckinghamshire, England, are known as the Chiltern Hundreds. An English crown officer long ago was called upon to protect inhabitants from the robbers that infested the beech forests. The work has gone, but the office remains. It is used as a means of allowing a member of Parliament to resign. He may not resign directly, but he may accept the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds and resign from that office. 3. A pogrom is an organized massacre of a body or class in Russia. 4. Great Britain declared war on Germany August 4, 1914. 5. Texas is known as the Lone Star State. 6. Henry Jones, English writer on whist, was known as "Cavendish." 7. The Commonwealth of Australia was proclaimed at Sydney, January 1, 1901. 8. The word "sack," a bag, is pretty much the same in all languages, and for this reason tradition has it that it was the last word uttered at Babel before the tongues were confounded. 9. Sarah Ann Glover, an Englishwoman, developed the tonic sol-fa system. 10. The tonic sol-fa is a method of teaching singing on the solmization basis, substituting a "movable do" for the Guidonian ut, and intended to emphasize key relationships.