

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Friday, August 29, 1919

“WHO’S LOONY NOW?”

THAT friend of Judge Patterson who attacked Congressman Moore's labor record must be regretting his action. It was quickly proved that the congressman had been a consistent friend of the workman, and the charge against him set men to examining the judge's labor record.

The stone cutters of the city know all about it, for they took before the judge their case under the law which provides that all stone used on municipal work shall be dressed in the city by American citizens. The judge admitted the existence of the law, but in the contract under dispute he refused to order its enforcement.

The higher court overruled his decision. But the judge was on record as an official more friendly to the contractor than to the stone cutters.

The congressman may find it difficult to resist the temptation to paraphrase a famous telegram sent by John Armstrong Chaloner from Virginia to New York and ask the judge "Who's the friend of labor now?"

WORDS TO THE UNWISE

IF THE railway shophmen should strike in the face of the conciliatory letter issued yesterday by their leaders they would act without the support of public opinion. And, what is more important, they would find themselves in a crisis without the sympathy of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Gompers's influence is clearly apparent in the tone of the message issued to the railway men by their officers, who advise the acceptance of the President's terms. The dean of trades unionism seems to have been determined to conserve the interests of the federation rather than the interests of an isolated group.

THEY CAN'T CONTROL HIM

UNCLE DAVE LANE'S latest tribute to Congressman Moore is interesting for two reasons. Mr. Lane says that "neither side wanted Hammy at the outset because they knew if he was nominated and elected he would be for Hammy Moore."

This, of course, means that they knew he would be an uncontrolled Mayor. That is what the men who are backing him have been saying and it is why they are backing him. It is interesting to have Mr. Lane admit it.

The admission is significant also because of the natural inference regarding Judge Patterson which forces itself upon the mind. The organization wanted a candidate who would be amenable to discipline. It could not control the congressman so it selected the judge.

A "POOR MAN'S" WILL

WHEN one considers the wealth Andrew Carnegie had at one time, he was a poor man when he died. He once said that it was a disgrace to die rich. As a fortune of \$30,000,000 is poverty to a man who had been worth \$400,000,000 he had his wish.

The greater part of the estate disposed of by the will goes to the Carnegie Corporation of New York. This corporation, which received \$125,000,000 during the lifetime of Mr. Carnegie, is chartered to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among the people of the United States by aiding schools and colleges and by encouraging scientific research, hero funds, useful publications and by such other means as may seem appropriate to the trustees. It is likely that the endowment of the corporation will be raised by the will to \$150,000,000.

The most interesting bequests are the annuities. Mr. Taft receives \$10,000 a year, doubtless because of his interest in arbitration and universal peace. It is difficult to understand why an annuity of a similar amount is left to the British premier. Whether they will accept remains to be seen. The intention is obviously kindly. The annuities of \$5,000 each to the widows of Presidents Cleveland and Roosevelt are a sort of criticism on the inadequacy of the pensions paid to these women by the government.

Mr. Carnegie evidently thought that a

President's widow should receive not less than \$10,000 a year. The government pays the widows \$5,000. This will make up the balance of the sum. His family will not suffer, for he made provision for them during his life, thus accomplishing two ends. The first was to save the estate the inheritance tax and the second was to keep as a family secret the fortune of his daughter and the dower of his widow. There will be no disposition to criticize him for either reason, as his public bequests have been so great that he should be immune to petty fault-finding.

SIDETRACKING OF MILLENNIUM GIVES GROUND FOR CHEER

The War Didn't Bring It, Admiral Jellicoe Falls to See it and the World is to Be Congratulated on Its Escape

WHIRLING along the cables from far-off New Zealand comes a message of cheer that was evidently intended to be quite the reverse. "A look around the world," moans Admiral Jellicoe, "shows that the millennium is as far off as ever."

One can almost see the crocodile tears. The fighting man's notion of a good peace is one that is gained by a good war. Trade loyalty is a powerful sentiment. Hudson Maxim, here at home, evinced it the other day in announcing his purpose to pursue the path of discovery in military engines. He expressed serious doubts that the human race had entered on an era of perfection.

General Wood upon the same theme is profoundly skeptical. At the mere mental picture of a flawless planet the United States Senate is stirred to its depths.

But the sensation is not contagious. Is any sane or sensible individual, not talking to hold his job, really worrying about a sidetracked millennium? Did any one but a chronic sentimentalist—though these were plentiful—actually believe that the world war was ushering us all into a state of painfully monotonous Nirvana?

Armed strife is intrinsically a detestable argument. The world, save professional militarists and those who thrive upon their performances, is heartily sick of debate by brute force. That is why the league-of-nations plan, despite misplaced commas or other inevitable imperfections, appeals to the practical wisdom of mankind.

Whether more wars of major caliber will be fought is a mystery—like tomorrow's weather. There is, however, a chance of postponing them by a workable co-operative scheme. But no guarantee of the millennium goes with that formula. Substant from Admiral Jellicoe's pretentious utterance the hint of his instinctive predilection for a good sea scrap and it is a positive stimulant.

The interrogation point is a symbol of mankind at its healthiest. In this sense it was an obsolete symbol in China for some two thousand years.

China was not wondering whether a Plumb plan would work or would be too radical. China was not pondering the labor-capital query. China was not asking if her Wilson, on tour or at home, her Lodge, her Borah, her Taft, her Haywood, her Walsh, her eastern manufacturers or western "nonpartisan" farmers were right or wrong. China had art and an exquisite formalism. She also had degradation and sodden oppression. She had not the interrogative mood.

By our philosophy, at least, she had no life. Did she have the millennium? There were complacent mandarins who would virtually have admitted it.

The millennium lure is an old-timer. In perhaps the darkest age of recorded history it was extremely potent. The notion that "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth" would vanish on New Year's day 1000 A. D. prevailed strongly throughout Europe. Intellectual stagnation was the prelude to the new life. Men did not think. They waited.

The wave of disappointment which swept through the Christian continent when the date came and the earth whirled on and nothing happened was akin to that in which deluded dreamers temporarily sank after November 11, 1918. The fair, specious promises faded. More questions were asked when all should have been answered.

The world fumed and stormed intellectually in peace as it had physically in war. It was alive—more alert than it had ever been—to query, to investigate, to reflect.

The mass mental energy of this ball was never so intensely fluid as it is today. Employers are actually thinking about the labor problem. Workmen discuss world politics, debate economic and social systems. Women are citizens, and where not yet in law at least in intellectual quality.

Public opinion was never so individually subdivided. We have had and still have original sin. Now we have original virtue, original truths, original half-truths, original sophistries.

Involuntarily or otherwise, the average American is a better citizen than he was before the war. He knows more. He questions more keenly. The shake-up is to some extent a thing apart from actual campaign experiences.

The average returned soldier is reticent. He is pondering, whether he realizes it or not, the terrible beauties and ugliness of modern strife. If it is simply a shocking enigma now, that fact need not render it meaningless as the years roll by. Today it is the immediate aftermath of the struggle in which he and those who stayed at home are chiefly interested.

"Where is your millennium now?" croaks bolshevism. If anywhere it is in the cities of Moscow and Petrograd, where arrogant, sentimental idealism rules at its maddest, where the social structure is overturned, but not the nature of man. That develops, expands, regresses out even in the Russian blind-alley. But it does not change in fundamentals. Hence a code which disregards them is anarchic, futile.

Danton, Robespierre and Camille Des-

moulin died in the belief that the millennium was all but here. Their republican France created it by fiat. The Goddess of Reason ruled. All Paris could see her. She was an actress dressed up for the part.

All Paris Inter saw the "perfect" social structure dashed to bits by Napoleon's whiff of grapeshot, saw in time a new autocrat waging a then unprecedented world war.

After Waterloo many liberals despaired, set down the French Revolution and the subsequent strife as a mere bloody episode, full of sound, a fury, signifying nothing. Impatience and the temporary domination of the Talleyrands, Metternichs, holy alliances and most sanctified leagues for preserving monarchical "divinity" in Europe warped that verdict.

The emancipation of mental processes resulting from the international agony was inculcated. Europe was never the same from the day of the tennis-court oath. It was, in a way, Waterloo which was the isolated episode, not the revolution.

Stormy times and disillusionment even for those who are not looking for human infallibility are ahead. It is only the Rollos, the Elsie Dinmores, the Candides and the Pollyannas who decree sweetness and light where all is lusty vigor and healthy, tempestuous energy.

It is sickening coldly to consider whether the results of the war are compensation for the cruelty, waste and tragedy. But it spared us one thing. It shoved away the millennium farther than ever. And reduced to a stimulating degree the ranks of the lazy-minded.

It is possible that even Admiral Jellicoe was not so comic in his factitiously gloomy views before 1914.

THE RETURN TO REASON

IN CAMDEN and its environs the Public Service Corporation has begun what it blithely calls a campaign of education to harden the people to the nine, eleven, thirteen and fifteen cent trolley fares soon to be general under the recent astonishing decree of the state utilities commission.

Pamphlets and painted poles and an elaborate system of new regulations, as well as remodeled equipment, are necessary provisions for the new zone-fare system. But in view of what is happening elsewhere—to the Interborough in New York, to food gamblers in Chicago, to strikers who have lost their heads and to a lot of other jazzers in the high-cost dance—one cannot but wonder whether the street-car companies in New Jersey ought not to organize a campaign of education not for the public, but for themselves.

Food producers, a good many trolley corporations and some of the more radical trades unionists are, curiously enough, in the same boat. They come too high. The people are in a mood to regard them as luxuries that may be dispensed with in a pinch. This was demonstrated yesterday when meat prices began to tumble in Chicago. Cattle were left unbought in the pens. Reports proved that meat purchases in retail markets were being rigorously curtailed. The buying public had merely reached the limit of its endurance.

Who knows that the rule which is operating simultaneously to defeat unreasonable strikes and throw the food market into a swift decline will not operate to bring confusion to street-car lines operated on the theory favored in New Jersey? If Mr. Mitten's theories of street railroading are sound—and they seem to be—the increases in trolley rates granted by the Jersey utilities commission are not only unnecessary, but unwise. The new zone rates announced for the Camden district will certainly divert a great deal of suburban traffic to the steam lines. They will encourage the jitney systems. And unquestionably they will cause a vast number of people to walk.

It has yet to be demonstrated whether a schedule of rates that has brought dislike and disfavor to the street-car corporation and lessened its usefulness to the community may even be depended upon to return increased revenues. There is nothing to prove that the Public Service Corporation ever tried a thorough reorganization of its system and scientific improvements and economies as methods to meet an increasing financial obligation. It never tried to develop the Mitten policy of bigger business and smaller profits. It took the easier course and demanded higher fares. In this course the trolley corporations have been acting upon a theory demonstrated recently in some conspicuous strikes.

Bricklayers in this city, for example, who are holding out for a dollar and a quarter an hour are not unlike the management of Camden's trolley service. It does not seem to have occurred to them that builders would gladly pay that wage—if they could get the public at large to shoulder the burden. The public will not shoulder that burden nor will it bear the weight of demands made in Chicago by striking carpenters who want a dollar an hour. It will not because it cannot. The people will renege. They will live in old houses and crowd in restricted quarters to wait a return of reason. Similarly they will use less meat. They will buy fewer shoes if they have to pay exorbitant prices. And they will walk—"short riders" especially—instead of riding in trolley cars.

The expected has happened. The crest of the high cost of living has been reached. Any one who tries to go over and beyond it has a long fall coming to him.

Doubtless Senator Vare is dissatisfied with the quality of the supplies the director is handling him.

There are apparently no boundaries in the Balkans that belligerents feel bound to respect.

It is to be hoped that the railway shophmen will be guided by "sober second thought."

The chances are that Robins will vindicate Patterson's declaration that knockers never win.

The railroad maladministration has scored another mark to its discredit.

JIMMY FRANKLIN'S TRIP

Legislator Had Charge of Party, Including Jim McNichol, Joe Klemmer and Charlie Seger, Bound for Carson City—Wound Up in City of Mexico

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

HON. JAMES FRANKLIN, better known to a wide circle of friends as "Jimmie," member of the last Legislature and for years sergeant-at-arms of Common Council, was for San Francisco, never reached there, but instead wound up in the City of Mexico.

The original purpose of the party was to attend the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, then go to San Francisco. Included in the number were "Jim" McNichol, "Joe" Klemmer, "Charlie" Seger and half a dozen other kindred spirits and leading lights in Philadelphia's political world.

Franklin was to have charge of the party and all of the arrangements. He spent nights and days estimating costs, consulting railroad timetables and figuring out details.

The leader he figured the higher the expense account climbed. At this juncture Charles F. Kindred, then general agent and chief lobbyist for the Reading Railroad, ambled on the scene. He had long intended giving some of the "boys" a trip, he said. He would furnish the car and transportation if the voyagers would furnish the rest.

They started, but instead of getting to the prize-fight in San Francisco they wound up in the City of Mexico. Kindred proposed the Mexican trip as a variation. They hadn't been in the City of Mexico more than a couple of days, "Jimmie" declares, until McNichol wanted to start back. He was homesick for Philadelphia.

They put it to a vote and McNichol was the only vote in his favor. It was some trip. The party spent three days in Cincinnati inspecting the breweries.

JOHN K. MCCARTHY, looking healthier and happier than for years, is today somewhere between the oceans spending wintertime on the island of sunshine and old missions, California.

Just before he started he told me that he had fallen in love with California. He has spent the last two winters there, and the climate and the physical rest have been to him like a fountain of youth.

And John K. McCarthy is, no youthful personage he is known, though just how far beyond sixty his years stretch is a matter that need not be discussed here. He looks ten years younger than he really is.

John was the right-hand man of the late Mayor Charles F. Warwick, acting both as personal legal counsel and friend. Of late years he has led the quiet life of a real estate assessor.

When he resigned, he tells me, he had rounded out just thirty-six continuous years in office in this city.

IN A committee of eleven on Masonic homes of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania five Philadelphiaers or, by virtue of their Masonic office, as temporarily located here, they are James R. Krause, Grand Master Masonic Temple; former Judge Abraham M. Reiter, R. W. Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Past Grand Master J. Henry Williams; Edward W. Patton, R. W. Junior Warden, with George F. Knight, secretary.

I mention this because there are some very interesting facts that have just been published in a modest way, by direction of the above gentlemen, concerning the Masonic Homes at Elizabethtown in Lancaster county.

The property embraces in round numbers 1000 acres. It is the largest property in the world devoted to this purpose. There are about 600 acres of the western district; eighty-three acres of orchards, fifteen acres of a vegetable garden and five acres of vineyard and nursery.

In the orchards there are 2200 apple trees, 2180 peach trees, 312 cherry trees, 2000 nut bearing trees, in addition to 1500 walnut trees and 1000 grape vines. The reservoir has a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons of water. In the dairy there are sixty-nine cows. There is a flock of seventy-nine sheep besides 170 pigs and 1000 chickens and thirteen colonies of bees.

The insurance of all kinds on the buildings and contents exceeds \$800,000. It is the most beautiful and unusual institution of its kind on the western hemisphere. Last year this home entertained all told about 310 guests, fifty-three of whom were boys and girls.

CHARLES J. HEPBURN, who has figured conspicuously in recent conferences with Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and Howard Heinz on the most effective way to dam the flood of food profiteering that is sweeping over Pennsylvania, is a representative in the fourth generation of a family of lawyers in this state.

His father was a leader of the bar of Cumberland county. His great-grandfather was on the bench of the Ninth judicial district for years. His great-grandfather on the maternal side was a justice of the Supreme Court about ninety years ago.

A REAL THRILLER



THE CHAFFING DISH

Home Thoughts From France By MacKnight Black

U. S. Naval Correspondent of The Chaffing Dish

(Mr. Black, now a woman in the transport service, was a Harvard undergraduate when the war began. He enlisted in the ranks.)

U. S. S. Maria, Brest, Aug. 14.

WE'VE been lying here in the harbor for two weeks waiting for a load of troops to take home, and it looks as though there might be some more of the same before we head back for the States. I've been lucky enough to get a trip to Paris and the front in the meantime, though five of the busiest days I ever spent, full of color and atmosphere and activity. And the greatest of these was activity. Partly because I think you might be interested, but mainly, I fear, to amuse myself this idle afternoon, I'm going to throw a few impressions.

THE healing shell-holes that begin to scar the fields along the railroad tracks not far out of Paris on the way to Chateau Thierry and Rheims are all one needs to realize how terribly near to the capital the front is. The Marne, meandering rather than straight, is a fine, wide, and fertile valley and hillside make a tan and green patchwork of wheat and clover and low-cut grape arbors, strewn here and there with shattered gray-brown villages and scarred everywhere with the sinister marks of old wars.

The villages are a dingy tan, with roofs of crumbling, curiously torn walls, and have the stoical fateful look of all shot-up places. This same look, an inheritance from a warring past, heightened by the last four years, seems to have got into the eyes of all the French men and women one sees. They are children of fateful and glorious hardship, whom nothing can shake. \* \* \* Rheims is a collection of the shot-up towns along the way, but with its great cathedral looming up like a venerable battered dignitary of the past, tan, dusty-looking, chipped rather than smashed, and presiding over the ruins. The general impression of Rheims is of a thoroughly crushed pottery vase, lying in the dust of its fall \* \* \* thirteen houses out of 14,000 untouched.

OUTSIDE Rheims, on the front toward Soissons, the trenches along the road and across the fields are gray and dry and beginning to fall in. The groups of buildings out in this part are completely knocked down to the first story—powdery, gray, grotesque masonry with an occasional sign of "Comme mere de Vins" or "Boucherie" to tell of a former existence in a happier world. The typical war landscape stretches off from the road, brown, stubby, sparse growth, bristling with rusty barbed-wire zig-zagging about on wooden or curbed-iron posts, cut by pallid healing trench-sears, to a slight rise in the distance with shattered shafts and stumps of trees against the horizon in splintered symbolic shapes. Through the fields the flame-red blotches of poppies, blue thistles and daisies nod among the shell-holes and peer down into the old grim trenches.

MONT CALIFORNIE, near Craonne, was the heart of the Chemin des Dames struggle of the spring of 1917, and the fighting here between the French and the Kronprinz's troops was so severe that even the shortest "popular" history gives it a line or two. California's broad mained sampan with its rambling and interesting sand-bagged trenches and solid dugouts littered with bits of shrapnel scattered over its surface like nut fragments in an icing, gives one an incredibly superb panorama of shell-torn land below, rising away to distant splintered ridges. God! The intoxication in this empty dried-out cauldron of war! To stand in a trench and peer over a parapet of sand-bags and see far below miles of green-brown country, white roads twisting through splintered woods and torn fields, distant crum-

A REAL THRILLER



THE CENTAUR OF THE SKY

IN DAYS of old the Centaur bold, Half man, half horse, appeared, A concentrated Hercules, With curly hair and beard.

We read of him in olden tales, Of times when earth was young, And thought him nothing but a myth, By ancient poets sung.

But see! above the silver clouds, In weather foul or fair, At dizzy speed behold a steed, Careering through the air. Half human, half machine, it soars, In spaces far and high—The airplane—wonder of the world— And Centaur of the sky. —Minna Irving, in New York Herald.

It is significant that sixteen allied trades organizations have voted disapproval of the 1500 local bricklayers who are striking in violation of an agreement they are said to have signed. The obligation of a pledged word holds good still whether it affects a labor union or an employers' association.

And while the politicians are fussing it is well to remember that the percentage of destitution is less than it ever was and that the one remedy for all existing evils is hard work and plenty of it and just a little more economy than we are practicing.

President Wilson could do much to help I. C. L. victims by firing the postmaster general and putting in office a man who would extend the parcel post system. The sale of surplus army goods showed how.

Fate is working for the Moores these days. In the Hog Island contest, Moore, Pa., won the sponsor for today's launching.

The Apology Club ought to call a meeting for the discussion of the first day's registration.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who served as chairman of the war council of the American Red Cross?
2. What is the legend of a coin?
3. Who is the present shah of Persia?
4. What side in a European parliament or legislature does the term "left" describe?
5. What is the correct wording of the quotation generally given as "All the world loves a lover"?
6. Who was the god of the lower regions in classical mythology?
7. What is the significance of the word "Selah," which appears at the end of so many of the Psalms?
8. Where are the Falkland Islands?
9. What rank in the army did William McKelvey attain before he became President?
10. Who was the "Bard of Twickenham"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Samuel Gompers was born in England.
2. Three countries—Germany, Great Britain and Belgium—have ratified the peace treaty.
3. Loki was the god of destruction in Norse mythology.
4. The word "high" in the expression "high seas" has the sense of "chief," "principal."
5. Firman: an Oriental sovereign's edict, grant, license, passport.
6. Ludvig is bringing a ship's head nearer the wind.
7. Alphonse Daudet wrote the fantastic tales of "Tartarin of Tarascon."
8. Nexus: bond, link, connection.
9. James K. Polk was President of the United States during the Mexican War.
10. A tabby cat has brindled, mottled or streaked fur, especially of a gray or brownish color with dark stripes.

SOCIATES.