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Philadelphia, Thursday, September 11, 1919

THE WRECK REPORT

IT WAS to have been expected that the Federal investigation of the wreck of the Pennsylvania Railroad excursion train at Elwood, N. J., would soft-pedal the subject of the use of wooden coaches. To be self-condemnatory is difficult in this faulty world, and hence it is that members of the train crew and not the government management is blamed.

But whether the case against these subordinates be valid or not, the public has no inclination for the "security" of wooden coaches. For too many of them from jerkwater and one-day railroads throughout the country have appeared in this section since the federal control began. Most of the rolling stock in this region was excellent and modern. Steel cars were the rule on the principal lines, not the exception.

The ominous and unwarranted change is not good for the public's nerves. And it is not good for the case for government ownership.

UNJUSTIFIABLE MEDDLING

GOVERNOR SPROUL'S quick protest against the new regulations of the federal railroad administration concerning the shipment of stone ought to be followed by a radical change in those regulations.

The railroad administration has ordered that no stone be shipped over the Baltimore and Ohio road without a permit. Application for the permit must show the amount of stone required daily by any contractor or by the state, the place from which the stone is to be shipped and its destination. Then the permit will be granted if the official in charge thinks fit.

This interference with the freedom of transportation is not justified by any emergency. It places the road-building program of the state at the mercy of an official in Washington, who can tie up every contractor and throw 35,000 men out of work.

A similar order was issued during the war. This order held up road building in the vicinity of munition plants, and unless it had been rescinded these plants could have neither received material for making munitions nor could they have delivered any munitions they might have made.

If business of all kinds is to be conducted efficiently the railroads must be left free to carry all kinds of freight in response to the demands of the shippers and must not be subjected to arbitrary regulations as to quantity and destination made without any regard to the necessities of the case.

WHY WE WELCOME MERCIER

WE ARE welcoming Cardinal Mercier as one of the heroes of the war. But the emotion we feel when we look upon him is different from that which stirs us at sight of General Pershing.

Pershing was backed by millions of men armed with guns, men whom we could see with our eyes and the force of whose weapons we could appreciate. He was the symbol of physical might.

Mercier, however, unarmed with any material weapon, held his place and defied the whole power of Germany. We sometimes think of him as a lone man fighting his battle against fearful odds. But the cardinal was not a lone man. Back of him was arrayed the moral force of Christendom, and he knew it. He stood for the rights of the Christian Church and for the right of a shepherd to look after his flock. He knew that an attack upon him was an attack upon Christianity itself, and he dared the Germans to hazard such a perilous undertaking. His faith in the power that he represented was justified by the event.

And so we are welcoming him as a valiant representative of the faith of Christendom who had confidence enough in that which he believed to stand up like a man and fight for it against what were apparently fearful odds, but what in reality was the weakest force which could be arrayed against a righteous cause. We forget the divisions among Christians when we see him and regard him as a priest in the great Church universal in which Protestant and Catholic alike believe.

A SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE

BY THE death of John Mitchell the country has lost one of its best citizens and the labor organizations have lost one of their wisest counselors.

Mitchell's sense of justice and his inherent honesty made him respected by friend and foe alike. He was a coal miner who disclosed such abilities that the mine owners themselves attempted time after time to detach him from the labor organizations and induce him to serve them. But he refused. He was set up among the workers and he

had devoted his life to them, and was not to be diverted.

His career should hearten every boy with ambition, however humble may be his present surroundings. He began working about the mines in Illinois when he was ten years old. He had never attended school with any regularity, but he was not content with his lack of knowledge. He educated himself and before he was twenty-one years old he was the president of the school board in the Illinois mining town where he lived. When he was thirty he was elected president of the United Mine Workers of America and before that time he had mastered the economic writings of Bentham, Mill and Bagehot and was familiar with Spencer, Ruskin and Carlyle, books which any boy can get from the public library in any considerable town. His study of the fundamental principles of economics qualified him to serve his labor union intelligently and saved him from the blunders made by less well-equipped leaders.

He did not win fortune, for he set out to serve his generation rather than to get rich out of it. But he did win the respect and confidence of the whole nation. The example which he leaves to his children and to the children of all other men is of greater value than any number of millions which he might have accumulated.

THE CROWDS ARE A JURY THAT NEVER ADJOURNS

Wilson, Pershing and Mercier Demonstrate the Need for a Better Understanding of the Will That Rules the World

SOME journalist, somewhere, has been likening Pershing to the returning Caesar. To call that writer a carpenter would not do. It would be putting an unjustifiable slur on one of the oldest and most honorable of the crafts. Pershing is about as much like Caesar as Lincoln was like the German emperor. He was the visible instrument of a purpose that has animated the multitudes—the crowds—for centuries, ever since people began to read and think and fight for liberty.

When the crowds applaud a man like Pershing or Wilson or Mercier or Roosevelt they are applauding the light that these various men have carried into life. They may not always stop to analyze their emotions, but they are cheering for the evidences of victory won for their hopes, their aspirations and their inherited faith in righteous things.

That is hero worship as it exists today.

Who was Mercier? An old man, infinitely wise, whose tranquil soul was the one thing in Belgium that the Germans couldn't trample down; a scholar so convinced of the power of right that even when his people and his land were overwhelmed he still could stand alone amid the ruins and placidly count the days that must intervene before deliverance.

Disaster is no uncommon experience with those who make up the crowds. They know what defeat and loss and despair are. They are experienced in patience. Even those among them who happen to be faithless are thrilled by demonstrations of great faith. The very virtues by which average men live were supreme in Mercier. Why shouldn't the crowds cheer him as a living proof of eternal principles that they themselves cling to, even while they are moved with troubling doubts?

A commonplace of criticism has it that crowds are lethargic. Lethargy? If crowds are in the habit of withholding their praise or their co-operation it is because they are, for the most part, more critical and far more discerning than those who presume to lead them.

They weren't lethargic when Roosevelt used to come to town. No man living ever brought the world to its toes as President Wilson did in his early war addresses. What the crowds recognized in the Wilson of those days was the mood of passionate sincerity and the dominant faith that always have served to carry mankind forward out of darkness.

Crowds flung themselves to the President's support while politicians were hypnotizing themselves with piddling criticism. They knew the truth when they saw it. The crowds were the first to discern and resent Mr. Wilson's seeming departures from his stated policies. The President is still more astute than his Senate opponents in going back to appeal to the crowds, without whom nothing is possible.

Philadelphia might have been swept and cleaned long ago if it were not that the crowds are wise. They know more than the politicians who lecture them from either side. They know that no man is altogether bad and they know, too, that no man is wholly virtuous and without fault. So they wait for some one to come along who will speak the plain truth—as Roosevelt used to speak it, as Wilson presumes to speak it, as Cardinal Mercier knew it, as Pershing fought for it.

Crowds aren't interested in the sort of truth with a capital T with which Thomas Robins is wasting the breath that he ought to save for prayers for deliverance from his friends. Nor have they ever seriously regarded the canned imitations that are presented in political orations.

To perceive that common opinion as it is interpreted by crowds is actually and inexorably discerning and relentlessly critical it is only necessary to remember Lincoln, sainted in the mind of the world after generations of contemplative experience, and the former German emperor, shamed, outlived and condemned, not by statesmen or governments, but by the crowds.

It is because the crowds are instinctively devoted to truth that America can be a temporary heaven for almost every demagogue who seems to bring a little light with him into the fogs of conventional reasoning. But every demagogue is done to political death sooner or later and condemned, like Bryan, to Nebraska or Kansas. Only the amateurs in life talk of crowd psychology as something involved and mysterious.

Half a million songs have been written. To only about a dozen of them

have the crowds granted immortality. Of all the statesmen who have plotted and fought and preached, the people prefer to esteem and remember only the few whose services were noble and unselfish. So your crowd is the most terrible critic of all in a final showdown. It has been condemned by the playwrights and by theatrical managers because it is stubbornly devoted to happy endings.

And why under heaven shouldn't endings be happy—in life or on the stage? Crowds love color and pageantry, as any one can see who happens to be in this city now, and that is because pageantry and color were ancient inheritances that the crowds have lost and still hope to regain.

"Send a regiment of cavalry down the street, with chinking harness and rumbling guns and a brass band," some one has said, "and you can drive the crowds wild." You can. But it isn't because the cavalry force or its officers suggest a returning Caesar nor is it because the crowd is naturally bloodthirsty or fond of violence. Horses and guns and uniforms and chinking equipment stir your crowd profoundly enough because these sights and sounds are dim echoes of the stern movement that has carried mankind onward in crusades against all tides to a state of security and hope and peace. Once, when a battleplane came soaring out of the sky at Belmont it was an awesome imitation of disaster, it was a woman who spoke for the crowd and for an instant revealed the impulse that moves crowds to acclaim a military spectacle. "I cannot look at it without wanting to cry," said she, "I think I can see what peace has cost."

The crowd has simple desires which it reveals in the few songs which it really cherishes. It loves strength and courage and fidelity and faith. It loves love. It is passionately devoted to the soil of its origin and its late and lonely days its mind turns to "the place where I was born." The crowd loves the movies because the movies are yet in the state of artistic innocence that permits a dramatic treatment of the major virtues. In the movies the crowd can be sure of seeing the villain brought to book in accordance with rules which it has always approved. It goes to the modern theatres in some doubt. When the movies cease to be imaginative and romantic and become metaphysical they will be undone.

WISDOM IN BAD COMPANY

IT IS needless to be dismayed at the spirit pervading the foreign relations committee's report on the peace treaty conveyed to the Senate today. Some of the language employed is so utterly unreflective of the mental attitude of the vast majority of Americans that by its very recklessness it must be impotent.

The gratuitous slur embraced in the observation that the Peace Conference might be "at least as usefully employed in reconsidering the German treaty as it now is in dividing and sharing southeastern Europe and Asia Minor" is venomous nonsense at its wildest. It is just as obvious that these portions of the earth cannot be abandoned to chaos as it is that the public wants the treaty ratified, recoils from the thought of a general reopening of the subject and is impatient at purely partisan delays.

There are good points in the report. Some of the reservations are commendable and the Senate's indorsement of them will protect the nation without endangering the whole world.

But these praiseworthy features are in sorry company and their validity is seriously shadowed by the broadside of extravagant spite. Sensible Republicans can be trusted to prevent their excellent case from being compromised much longer by sheer truculence.

The treaty will, of course, go through and such provisos as will be made will be wise and constructive, not frantic and farcical.

A GREATER CABINET?

EXPERTS who have been clamoring for a new member in the President's cabinet with a portfolio labeled secretary of aviation have merely indicated the nature of our modern needs. Of course there should be a secretary of aviation. There will be one whenever the army and the navy and the marine corps reach an understanding among themselves and decide which shall have precedence in the new order. Even then the cabinet will be incomplete and unable to bring specially trained and consecrated minds to the duties of a new age.

Ought we not, for example, to have a secretary of prohibition, since prohibition is a new thing which intimately affects the whole country? There should be a secretary of mediation qualified to keep peace between the President and Congress. Some one has said that if there is a secretary of labor there ought to be a secretary of capital. That is a debatable theory. But any one who is watching the drift of affairs in Washington will agree that we need a secretary of orations with unlimited authority to conserve the people's time, their paper and their ink, and their general self-respect by putting some sort of curb on needless debates in and out of Congress.

We hasten to the members of the Board of Education. School children are to be given a holiday tomorrow and they will be provided with favored places from which to view the parade given in honor of General Pershing.

Aviation is a lusty youth who has done excellently well under the guidance of his secretaries Baser and Daniels to imagine that he should always be in leading strings is to lose sight of the fact that the kid is growing up.

THE GOWNSMAN

The Professor as a Type

IN THE pleasant column known as a far-reaching echo as "The Rambler," the Boston Monitor recently pictured, according to long-accepted rule, that anomalous creature of the imagination, the professor. If the Gownsmen does not misinterpret, "The Rambler," professor is a timorous, impractical little man, busy over trifles, "bunking (during the happy absence of classes in vacation) heroic efforts to put his notes in order." For them he has bought himself "a fair leather case," but "his scattered thoughts, or rather the thoughts of others," which he has scattered, he has "jotted down on scraps of every conceivable size, color and shape," unaware, we may suppose, of the existence of library cards. He has made "a discovery" marketable at ten dollars, "which will not equal the honorarium of the secretary who shall transcribe it." He is eager to read "a salient passage or two" of "the discovery" to anybody who will listen and only a timid submissibility in the presence of real men, such as a bond salesman and "an armorer" (polite archaism for munition maker) prevents him from becoming an intolerable bore. To the credit of "The Rambler" it is said that the professor becomes, in the end, the mouthpiece of a bit of wholesome doctrine in idleness; but that is not the theme today.

THE average healthy human mind abhors an abstraction even as nature abhors a vacuum; and it is only by becoming a philosopher that we can hope to escape the inherent pragmatism of our kind. Hence Uncle Sam, spruce, shrewd, humor, an instant appeal to any American, an enigma to the rest of the world; John Bull, an auto portrait once, now much embellished with touches not of the auto type. Hence, too, the necessity of classification into types. Years ago in France and as elsewhere initiated from the pages of "La Vie Boheme," the artist, as in "Felix," for example, was a mad youth, unattached, long-haired, in soiled trousers, blouse and Byronic collar, nose too clean. To vary from the type was to imperil your place in the guild. The clergyman, also, was ever in black, long frocked, top-hatted, latched-faced, sanctimonious. Who ever heard of a short, stout clergyman in tweeds; of an artist whose life was not toppling at least on the dizzy brink of the under world, or of a professor who was not impossible, abstracted, impractical and absurd? One story tells how Professor Logarithm, meditating on an abstract mathematical problem, walked from his house to his classroom, one foot on the pavement, the other in the road, subconsciously wondering at the roughness of the way. Another takes a Teutonic bias with emphasis on that estimate of self with which the professor is said to be so well endowed. Modest inquirer, visiting the University of Erewhon, addresses an important-looking stranger: "May I be so bold, sir, as to inquire the way to the house of Professor Schmidt?" "Professor Schmidt? Do you mean, sir, one of the Littleschmidts, of which there are many, or the eminent, the distinguished Professor Schmidt?" "I mean the great Professor Schmidt." "Ah, sir, in that case you are lucky; I am he." And any one of the seven Schmidts of the University of Erewhon would have said the same thing.

Types are helpful, they simplify, aid the understanding and relieve us of the necessity of that unwanted occupation, thinking. But might it not be a good thing to revise our types, say once in a generation? The Gownsmen notices that his friend, Mr. Pennell, still affects the ample tie that has been handed down in his guild from the days of Millet and Barbizon. That Mr. Pennell should remind himself—and occasionally others—of Whistler is another topic. But Mr. Garber (the artist, not the superintendent) might be taking for his plain, reputable citizen, or Mr. Gibbs at least for a duke. We must make over our type as to these gentlemen, for who could think of any one of them as dizzily poised on the brink of anything dreadful? And the clergyman. There is such a thing as a clerical cut, and it is not wholly dependent on garb; but our type—at least our non-conformist type—is as antiquated as St. Ignace; precisely as our bishops have only been brought down to the time and the level of the bishop in "The Man in the House."

TO RETURN to the professor (the common-garden variety of today, we will put it) he exhibits almost as many variations from "The Rambler's" type as are to be found among our friends. The artist, it is not true that all professors are anemic, or bald, or near-sighted, or under-sized, or aged, thin or reactionary. As to shape, the Gownsmen will venture that twenty professors and twenty business men, taken at random, sight unseen, might be mistaken, one group for the other, except that the business men might be somewhat sleeker in those protruding times and wear immaculate new clothes instead of older ones brushed and pressed to look like new. The Gownsmen will hazard further that the ordinary professor is as easily lost in a crowd as anybody else—and no more easily.

THE Gownsmen has had a long and varied acquaintance with professors, from the heads of colleges who make the ground to tremble when they do speak down through all the lesser and little pipes, to the earnestly handled, like those of a great organ, discourse combinedly the music of a great university. He has known among them those on whose backs the moss has grown green and velvety, but they are really very few. On the other hand he has known at least one unmistakable Bohemian, a student, though at the time we had not that convenient designation to cover the multitude of his indiscretions. But truly for the most part professors may echo Bottom's asseveration, "I am as other men are." A splenic observer, on the outlook for "notes" by which to determine the services professor, once remarked that, as a class, professors have a strange taste in wives. He was properly rebuked, however, in the reply that the professors' tastes in this regard are no stranger than the tastes manifested by the spouses of professors as to husbands. The Gownsmen has sometimes thought that the real difference between a professor and other men lay in the professional power and perversity to protract discussion on unimportant trifles. But the doings of the Senate of the United States of late have put him straight as to this. In technicality, triviality, tediousness and timidity, some professors are cons behind most of our contemporary obstructionist senators.

It is a queer world, said the crab-eating raccoon at the Zoo during the fireworks display last night; a queer world. Here am I with more bars than I need, while the rest of the country has not one before which to rest a raised foot. And while the United States Senate is calling for more light on the peace treaty, the Knights Templars are hooding the sky with more light than a crab-eating raccoon craves. And where am I going to get crabs enough to gratify my appetite with old H. C. I. ready to take all the joy out of life? I have only one hope: Senator Vane has said something about a cheap lobster. Where does he get that stuff? That's what I want to know. It may serve as a substitute for crab.

Kindly and Sensible from with bouquets for Mr. Smith and the members of the Board of Education. School children are to be given a holiday tomorrow and they will be provided with favored places from which to view the parade given in honor of General Pershing.

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OUT OF THE WILDERNESS



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Average Man

THE Average Man—a darned good scout—Bumped off at last by some disease, Accused heaven's state in doubt, And fell most humbly on his knees. His soul indeed had much to vex it: He feared some angel would cry "Exit!"

"GOOD God!" he cried (in fact the phrase Jumped out, for he was somewhat nervous) "I guess each soul before you prays a Better than our desert You'll serve us: My life since when I first began, Was simply that of the Average Man."

"GREAT God, I hardly ever worked—Up to the full of my endurance: I lost my temper, often shrieked—But always kept up my insurance. I'm only one of a numerous clan, That poor old simpleton, Average Man."

"MY LORD, I wonder if you've guessed The most of us are up against it? We like to see our kids well dressed—Life's hard, the way that they've expressed it. It's terrible, you have to pay so—It's tough on the Average Man—I'll say so."

"AND most of us have had no time For golf or books or contemplation, But still we must compete, and climb Against the chap with education. Of course I guess it's part of your plan To put the screws on the Average Man."

"I LOVED my kids, I loved my wife—(I wish I'd told her so more often) I led a fairly decent life; I pray you, Lord, your vengeance soften: I beg your pardon as best I can, For being just an Average Man."

THE Lord looked down in thoughtful wise Upon the soul who so besought: "My friend, do not apologize. For I was thinking that I ought To apologize to you—how odd! For being only an Average God!"

Our Foreign Correspondence We have just received a postal card, post-marked Gare du Nord, Paris, that gives us a twinge of remorse. It runs thus: 20 August, 1919 I reach London tonight. I haven't heard from you for months. WILLIAM McFEE.

B Was a Bachelor WITHIN his flat There is no Cat; No Cow, nor Dog, Nor Moon, nor Frog. No Whor and Curds, Nor hot Blackbirds; No Cuckoo-shell Nor Garden-bell.

And his excuse For "Mother Goose" Being on the shelf, Lies in himself: Because the place Has not a trace Of a Maid Forlorn, Nor of what is born. For Needles and Pins, In Rabbit-skins; Nor of what is styled A little child. FRANCIS CARLIN.

Literary Notes Albert Mordell writes from Atlantic City "2d House from Boardwalk facing Steel Pier, hot and cold water, private baths" that controversy still rages over his recent book. The title of the work can never be mentioned by us in this family department, but Albert insists that the volume was en-

THE BLAZED PATH

JUST when the path is lost to me Bewildered wanderer in the maze, Upon some unexpected tree I spy the Woodman's "blaze."

A mystic rune of sight or sound A message quick from sense to soul, That lifts the spirit from the ground And spreads it to the goal.

A wind-flower nodding by an oak Has cried deliverance from afar: Once in the dark a fragrance spoke And once it was a star.

The silver fluting of a thrush; The bursting of a sunken flame; A sigh of wind, a sudden hush, Out of the depth I came.

A burning challenge to despair, Flashed from an idly open book, A dumb creature's silent prayer, A friend's revealing look.

And all the doubtful horrors fade The weary heart leaps up again, Through tangled thickets in the shade, The path shows broad and plain—Able Farwell Brown, in Woman's Magazine.

The trouble with some campaigners is that they fail to differentiate between ginger and bitter aloes.

So far as Shantung is concerned, the Senate may have to decide to make the best of a bad job.

Knights who drilled on the Parkway struck a gusher of enthusiasm.

Syracuse, N. Y., has learned that Philadelphia is also first in show horses.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. In what state has the Non-Partisan League been most active?
2. What is Shreve Tuesday?
3. In what state has the first police strike in the United States been called?
4. What is the difference between a pre-arrangement and a presentment?
5. How many ships were in Columbus's fleet when he discovered the New World in 1492?
6. What is pomace?
7. Who wrote "Peregrine Pickle"?
8. What is the coinage system of Switzerland?
9. What two nations refused to sign the Austrian peace treaty?
10. What is the "Brabanconne"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Dr. Stephan Friedrich is the present head of the Hungarian Government.
2. "In hoc signo vinces" means "By this sign shalt thou conquer."
3. Pandanus is another name for the screw-pine, a tropical plant.
4. Sir Humphrey Gilbert founded the first English colony in America in Newfoundland in 1583.
5. The current slang expression "Let's go" is said to have been derived from the French "Allons," which means the same thing.
6. John Paul Jones was a native of Scotland.
7. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato into Munster, Ireland, in 1584.
8. A nyghau is a short-horned Indian antelope.
9. The priming of the tides is the acceleration of them, taking place from neap to spring tides.
10. The national political conventions are usually held from five to six months before the presidential elections.