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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE Evening Public Ledger AS OF OCTOBER 1, 1919.

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ZONE FARES AND FAIR PLAY THE record of the first day was beyond our fondest expectations. Our best hopes were surpassed.

That is what John L. O'Toole, in charge of the zone-fare system on the Camden street car lines, said at the end of the first day of the troublesome experiment.

The State Utilities Commission lives, but it doesn't appear to learn. In reply to the general outburst of indignation and as a preliminary to the hearing ordered by the Governor to show cause why they should not be ousted, the commissioners have issued a statement.

HOLED OUT! THE Philadelphia Orchestra endowment campaign is like a nine-hole golf course: It is to have nine luncheons and at each it must report a minimum of \$100,000 if it is to get its million dollars.

GETTING ON THE BAND WAGON ARRANGEMENTS to invite Congressman Moore to address the Republican city committee as the regular party nominee for the mayoralty indicate that the organization is preparing to accept the invitation with grace.

committee disregarded all precedents and endorsed the candidacy of Judge Patterson; and in spite also of the charge of some of the leaders that he was trying to disrupt the party.

The police count of the primary vote gave the nomination to the congressman, and the official count has sustained the police count in so far as it gave a majority to Mr. Moore.

The men who opposed him are tumbling over one another in their haste to climb on the band wagon, for they have discovered that a majority of the voters in the party have decided that they want a new leadership.

A TITANIC WAR ENDS AS YELLOW FEVER SURRENDERS

General Gorgas's Great Victory at Guayaquil, Last Lair of the Pest, Affects the Whole Course of Civilization

Another world war is over. After 272 years of tragic struggle, after the slaughter of millions—white men, black men, red men—men—the lethal fray which began when Charles Stuart was fighting to save his English crown and Louis the Magnificent was belittling his French regalia with spurious jewels is over and peace has been declared.

The difference between this peace and that of Ryswick in 1697, of Utrecht in 1713, of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, of Paris in 1763, of Paris in 1783, of Amiens in 1802, of Vienna in 1814-15, of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, of Frankfurt in 1870, of Portsmouth in 1905 and even—if the pessimists are heeded—of Paris in 1919, is that it marks the decisive and absolute extermination of the foe.

There is every heartening reason for believing that the peace of Guayaquil will hold. It may even be safely assumed that Senators Hitchcock and Lodge would be in perfect accord on this point.

When the news of the peace of Guayaquil hummed over the wires yesterday mankind refrained from any manifestation of ecstatic frenzy. A world holiday was not proclaimed. No salutes to signalize the event were fired.

Given the report of an armistice in one of mankind's periods wars against itself, and the globe reels in delirium.

Given the announcement that the yellow-fever scourge has been conquered, and temperamental humanity is as impassive as the Sphinx of Gizeh.

It is upon the word of this untiring generalissimo that the world is informed that yellow fever has been eradicated from the earth.

In the few unimportant communities where the scourge still feebly exists it is destined quickly to "burn itself out." Guayaquil was the last major plague spot. The fell disease, hunted from end to end of the temperate and tropical Americas and even in some parts of Europe, was eventually confined to a single stronghold—the steaming coast of the republic of Ecuador.

Some months ago General Gorgas organized the last drive of his health battalions against this poisonous lair. Like all real heroes, the former surgeon general is modest. When he affixes his seal of victory there is no question that it has been thoroughly won.

Yellow fever was an American blight, and it is therefore fitting that its extinction can be validly rated as an American triumph.

The first responsible account of it comes from Bridgetown, in the Barbados, in 1647. Soon afterward it broke out in Jamaica.

Later it swept into Peru, Ecuador and Brazil, and in the early years of the nineteenth century it held grim sway over virtually all the inhabited portions of the American continent.

Philadelphia experienced its cruel ravages, which Girard, among other noble figures, strove so energetically to assuage.

When middle-aged men of today were children New Orleans was tragically infected with the contagion. At times it even crossed the ocean, appearing in the Spanish and Portuguese coast towns. Asia, breeding place of so many plagues, was mercifully spared.

It was popularly believed that the admirable result of the Spanish-American War was the deathknell of Spanish colonial rule. That, of course, was the expected performance. It was brilliant and stimulating. But it is arguable whether the unforeseen consequence was not in the long run more momentous.

Cuba was a terribly treacherous "Pearl of the Antilles" in 1898. For more than two centuries it had been a helpless prey to the dread "fiebre amarilla." Back in 1881, Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, had advanced the theory that mosquitoes were the source of the yellow fever infection. But his opinion bore little fruit until during the American regime in the island, Carroll and Reed, heading an American sanitary commission, gave up their lives in testing the terrible potency of the inoculating insect.

Major Gorgas, as he then was, acted immediately upon this discovery. In 1901 he began his tremendous task of

cleaning up plague-smitten Havana. Within six years the city was absolutely free from yellow fever, Cuba herself learned the wondrous new lesson and now Havana is one of the healthiest communities on the earth.

There were two miracle workers at Panama, each indispensable to the other. Goethals built the waterway and Gorgas by his anti-yellow fever sanitation enabled him to use the man-power. Without his control and suppression of the scourge the continents would never have been severed. We should have failed there in a tropic graveyard as France had done.

Oswaldo Cruz in Rio de Janeiro took up the mighty hygienic arms which we had forged. The Brazilian littoral was purged of the pest. Full credit must be given to Latin-America in the last stages of the age-old conflict.

Guayaquil remained, seething with disease, a menace to the entire continent. Upon an invitation from the city, General Gorgas assembled his heavy artillery and finished the job as conclusively as Pershing took over the St. Mihiel salient.

Not all of America's intrepid warriors carry a sword. "One hundred years from today," declared Generalissimo Gorgas in 1915, "a case of it (yellow fever) will probably be regarded as a medical curiosity." He underestimated his powers and those of that marvelous army of benefactors to mankind who have shared in the victory.

It is conceivable that, as the clash of battle in the military sense becomes more and more archaic the world will undertake to redefine war. It may realize then that strife is not only by poisoned gas, Browning guns, trench knives, aerial bombs, submarines and "Big Berthas."

In time the peace of Guayaquil may be comprehended in its epochal majesty. And, if the anarchistic diplomats are still unsatisfied with a performance which merely safeguards the lives of millions, perhaps they will understand what the end of some three hundred years of struggle means when they behold the transformation of the tropics.

If the Gorgas principles of sanitation are respected, as, despite some inevitable backsliding, they are in the main certain to be, torrid America, made habitable for white men, will play an entirely new role in the world's destinies.

It is hard to forecast the favor of fame. And yet, despite the skeptic, the world does slowly grope toward truth. Almost timidly it learns to think, but in the end its judgments attain proportion. And when it takes in the significance of the surrender of the yellow scourge there will be no doubt about who triumphed in one war. It was among the most frightful and the longest conflicts of history. And the victor, with all respect to heroic allies, was America.

WHERE EVERYBODY WINS

ORGANIZED labor in the British railway strike was under the influence of the most conspicuous radicals in England. Yet, from the very first, these radicals were conservative enough and decent and reasonable enough to fight every trend that might have brought British trades unionism into dangerous conflict with the collective will of the people or the institutions upon which national welfare is dependent.

Arthur Henderson and John R. Clynes are among the major prophets of British liberalism. Yet it was they, as men most ardently devoted to the trades union cause, did as much as Lloyd George to make an amicable settlement of the strike possible. They were not amateurs or adventurers in the labor movement. They sought permanent rather than temporary benefits, and, by refusing to permit sympathetic strikes in other industries, made it plain that they wished to base settlements upon moral grounds rather than upon the purely accidental advantage of strategic strength. British labor is stronger because it suddenly abandoned a warlike attitude to reach a friendly working agreement with the men who have to bear the responsibilities of government and industrial leadership.

Men like Henderson and Clynes are too rare in American trades unionism, which, because it is younger than the trades unionism of Great Britain, is often more temperate, more emotional and more willing to be a refuge for philosophical vagrants and the propagandists of futile violence.

It is difficult to imagine a sharper contrast than that of the British labor leaders at the recent successful strike conference and the aloofness of the United Mine Workers of America from the industrial conference which opened in Washington yesterday. Upon the British side is evidence of a national vision. Upon the other is a definite acknowledgment of class consciousness.

The United Mine Workers' leaders do not like the personnel of the conference. Do they want a packed jury? The representatives were named by President Wilson, who obviously believed that the instincts of justice in Americans generally could insure some method of approach to better mutual understandings between the two halves of the industrial world.

Progressive opinion in the United States is, like progressive opinion in England, opposed to class consciousness in any quarter. It is opposed to the D'Annunzios of labor and the D'Annunzios of capital. It wants no raids either on the common resources of the country or on the rights of people. And it wants peace.

Neither society nor the land itself can provide all that people seek while the world is full of idleness and turmoil. The British railway strikers could not win, yet their demands were more reasonable and their methods fairer than those of Foster and his associates at Pittsburgh.

The wonder is that the motor bandits who jimmied the door of a Chestnut street restaurant and then carried off the safe did not call on the police for assistance.

Hotel men in convention are discussing the high cost of living. They should worry. Hard though their lot, small is our portion.

H. P. MILLER, ENCYCLOPEDIA

Don Cameron Did Service to the State When He Made Him a Page. Charles F. Warwick Disliked Country Life

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

ONE of the best things Don Cameron ever did for the Senate of Pennsylvania was when he appointed Herman P. Miller to be a page in that body. That was away back in 1876.

The boy was barely old enough to qualify for the position. During the succeeding decade Herman P. Miller rose through all the gradations of service on Capitol Hill. Today he holds the responsible position of librarian of the Senate. He has held it for twenty-eight years, succeeding the late Captain John C. Delaney.

Four years before Captain Delaney retired in 1891 Herman Miller had been his assistant. He stepped into the place fully equipped for the work. He was the youngest man ever appointed to the position.

I think that I have solved the secret of his long and honorable service; it is his perfect self-effacement. He is never in the limelight. In that respect he is distinctly different from some of the Harrisburg officials. Senators may come and senators may go, but Herman Miller remains, for his services are essential to the perfect organization of the upper body.

He knows every senator who has served during the last forty years. He possesses a local memory as to names and faces of different members of the Harrisburg officials. Senators may come and senators may go, but Herman Miller remains, for his services are essential to the perfect organization of the upper body.

He has legal, legislative and reference information at his finger ends. During a session if a senator requires data of a biographical nature concerning some one who has been dead for a quarter of a century, the name and the information required are handed on a slip of paper to a Senate page. In ten minutes he is back from the librarian's office with the documents.

He is editor of Small's Hand Book and the custodian of all reports, bills and documents of the Senate.

Modest, retiring and the possessor of un-failing courtesy, he is the one indispensable official to the State Senate.

DR. GEORGE EARLE RAIGUEL, of this city, physician, lecturer and instructor in current events to various gatherings of intellectuals, is back from Siberia and other remote sections of the distant East. Trans-Pacific West would perhaps be the better description.

He has been away for over five months, having sailed from San Francisco in April. His wife, who was Miss Mary Matlock, of Louisville, accompanied him.

One of his pleasant experiences, he tells me, was his meeting with my friend, the Rev. Charles W. Hahn, chaplain to the American forces over there. Chaplain Hahn is a graduate of Ursinus College and the Lutheran Theological Seminary. He resigned a pastorate in New Rochelle, N. Y., to enter the army.

I judge from his remarks on the subject that Doctor Raiguel is not enchanted with Siberia, either as a tourist land or a safety-first proposition. Under existing conditions, with two or three races trying to get at each others' throats and the brutal Bolsheviks adding to the general horror, "The Land of the Great Steppes" is a good place to get away from.

Anyhow Doctor Raiguel declares he is mighty glad to get back to home cooking, taxicabs and theatres.

MOST city dwellers, professional people particularly, have a yearning for the country. There is a fascination about it to the city-born. Four out of every six professional men dream of the day when they can abandon the treadmill and get out among the fields and woods; where the skyline is nature's handiwork and not a serrated border of house-tops and skyscrapers.

The late Charles F. Warwick, former Mayor of Philadelphia, was the one conspicuous exception to this rule that I recall. He had a horror of the country. Several years before his system gave way to the attacks of disease, and he was yet working on his history of the French Revolution, his physician advised him to go to the country for a rest.

"The suggestion is abhorrent," he said in a talk I had with him about that time. "I detest the isolation and, above all, the silence of the country. To sit and listen to the crickets, frogs and night insects gives me the blues. I want to be in the city, where I can hear the noises of the city, the clang of the trolley and see the fire engines go by."

And the brilliant and clever Warwick had his wish. His last days were spent in the city within hearing of the sounds he loved so well.

EX-SENATOR HAMPTON W. RICE, of Bucks county, is an occasional visitor of the city. I saw him on Chestnut street the other day. He is unchanged in face and manner from twenty years ago, when his principal occupation was heaping up trouble with a scowp shovel for one Matthew Stanley Quay and his organization.

"Ham" Rice was the personification of the independent spirit of Bucks county. When the hand of the Quay machine rested too heavily upon them its people would swing over to the Democracy just to teach the bosses a lesson. For years it was debatable ground.

Harnon Yerkes, ex-state senator and ex-judge, who is still practicing law in Doylestown, and the late George Ross were two fine types of Democracy who preceded Rice as Bucks county's representatives in the Senate.

Henry D. Moyer was his immediate predecessor. He is a bank president now. I believe. He was a regular old-school Republican. Then the pendulum of the popular will began swinging the opposite direction. The Independents, who had no love for the old regime, elected Rice to succeed Moyer. At the end of his term the pendulum swung still further, and Webster Grinn, Democrat, was sent to the Senate. He barely scraped through with something over 200 majority in the county, if I recall correctly.

But Hampton W. Rice still has the fever in his blood. He was a fighter twenty years ago and he is a fighter today.

Much conjecture has been rife as to the cause of the fog which has enveloped Philadelphia during the last few days. Well, the wind has been from the south and blew right over the Capitol at the south-west. Do you suppose that has anything to do with it?

Secretary Foster did not help the cause of labor by entering objections to publicity. Truth does not fear the light.

As a candidate Major General Wood can't expect to make much progress with one foot in another man's grave.

A TIMELY "BLOW-OUT"



THE CHAFFING DISH

Brogues IN A rhymers' old shoes, I had sought near and far For the Commoner's Muse In my sireland; Till I came to a sea.

Where my guide was a star That piloted me Into Ireland.

SO IN brogues of a lad, I go down through the dreams And the fancies I had On a high way That was hard, nuth the soft. Falling star-shine that seems To be ever aloft Over my way.

AND when, in the shoon On the fairs, I skip On the path to the Moon, I shall travel With the brogues of a bard Slung behind for the trip. Should the stars be as hard As the gravel.

It looks as though it would be as difficult to get D'Annunzio out of Fiume as to persuade Pershing to take off his Sam Browne. Both these matters may yet have to be referred to Colonel House.

Mr. House, by the way, is probably the only colored who has served through the entire fair without a single promotion. Isn't it time some one made him a general?

Here's Realism We went to see "The Lottery Man" in the movies. One of the scenes pictures the local room of a newspaper during rush hours. We want to hand it to the film director for his admirable fidelity to life. He had everybody working but the office boys.

The laundry owners are holding their annual convention in New York. We hope they will not forget to say a little thanksgiving for fountain pens, soap and Pittsburgh.

We always get a smile when we see the string of little white performing dogs from a local theatre going on their outing down Broad street. If we could only patter across a muddy street as feebly as they do we would be spared those savage mornings with a whisk brush.

The Return of Colonel House Full fathom five his utterance lies. Of his words sought can be made— All invariable his eyes. Will not call a spade a spade; He whose tongue might blithely range Over topics rich and strange— Reporters hourly ring his bell: Hark! He tells them Go to h—

Serious doubts of Colonel House's "Americanism" may be raised by the fact that he will not get home until after the world's series is over.

Rule for Ireland seems very much at home in America these days.

The Republican senators are a little bit muzzled, and we dare say, by these renewed reports of the President's waggish humor during his illness. He is reported as having cracked a number of jokes in bed, and Senator Lodge may well feel uneasy.

Justifiable Homicide Killed Amusing Guests—Headline. How often we have all yearned to do the same. It does not do to goad a host too far.

One of our private ambitions is to hear what the Northwest mounted police think of the novels and plays people write about them.

and kissed Junior right on the mouth and played with Junior. He chased me. He was a nice little bird.

Of course, our young kinsman merely dreamed this, as the window is screened. But how it reminded us of Hiram Johnson and the presidential bee.

Paderewski says that he has forgotten how to play the piano. It seems to us very unfortunate that he never took one of those memory courses.

This afternoon our mind keeps running on Colonel House. There is little to be said about the colonel: He has managed to keep himself an enigma longer than almost any one else.

Fragment of a Tennysonian Drama Over the unfathomable sea The equally unfathomable House, Silent as a shock-full fireless cooker Returns inscrutable.

"I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five."

The judgment of a man of forty-five is not necessarily any better than that of a mere lad of thirty-two. Judgment is one of the faculties, we submit, that are born in a man and not likely to be improved by experience. We are aware (in our own case) that our judgment now is as erratic as it was ten years ago; and even the miraculous dignity of forty-five does not wave a wand over a man's brain and open it to sunlight and fresh air.

Desk Mottos Tread softly and circumspectly in this funambulous track and narrow path of goodness. Covetousness cracks the sinews of faith, numbs the apprehension of anything above, and makes a pervading venture of things to come; it lies, but unto one world, nor hopes but fears another; makes our own death sweet unto others, bitter unto ourselves; gives a dry funeral, scented mourning, and no wet eyes at the grave.

We noticed that Judge Patterson said the other day he had been too much in his shell lately and was going to brans out.

If the genial Judge, with his Dickensian hilarity and unfeeling humor, considers himself a chambered nautilus, all we can remark (and we do remark) is that we would like to be around when he begins to build more stately mansions for his soul, as the well-known physician Dr. O. W. Holmes phrased it.

Any Lowell's new book of prose is going to go big, we tentatively opine, even if the publishers do insist on calling it poetry. Here is the influence Miss Lowell has on one hardened man. The literary editor was away on a holiday recently, and in his absence the book was handed to us to review. Before we got round to it the L. E. came back. He was nearly prostrated at the news that this book had escaped him and made us give it back.

A friend in Baltimore writes us that it took him thirteen weeks to get Don Marquis to answer a letter, even though he inclosed stamped-addressed envelope.

If he knew Don as well as we do he would know that this was doing pretty well.

Vachel Lindsay wants us to go to England with him to help him share the deficit of his lecturing tour. And yet it is said that poets have no business sense.

If we were doing things on the D'Annunzio plan we should have sent Vachel Lindsay to mop up Omaha instead of General Wood. And our own private opinion is that Vachel could have done it.

D'Annunzio, we might add, has written the epic of Fiume, but the tongue of nations will have to read the proofs.

When Autumn Comes Along

SUMMERTIME was mighty sweet, But autumn comes along, And that's when winds are hard to beat At sign of a song! They seem, beneath the sun and moon, To raise a rollickin' good tune!

And when the winds have gone their ways— Just all too tired to sing— We greet the dancing nights and days, And hear home-music ring! Jests in the old home-place abound— The fiddlers call for "Hands around!"

Oh, then there's higher hope and heart, And tables that are spread, With love to play the happy part— To break and bless the bread. And then it is the joy we know That makes us love sweet Autumn so!

The raid of state troopers on a farm at Mount Zion, Pa., where they confiscated a still, is indication that Jordan is a hard road to travel.

Even as we walk to success over the tombstones of past failures so will the successful airship of the future be sustained by the wings of dead and gone aviators.

Wonder if there isn't some way of recovering damages from the weather man for delays caused by sticky typewriters.

Now that the senators are beginning to hear from the folks back home, we may expect a speedy disposal of the peace treaty.

What Do You Know? QUIZ

- 1. Who said "Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome?"
- 2. Who was Cavour?
- 3. What kind of vegetable is a senequen?
- 4. What is the largest city in Georgia?
- 5. What is neurology?
- 6. What are isothermal lines?
- 7. What is the name for a male lamb as distinguished from a ewe?
- 8. What fortress is known as the Key of the Mediterranean?
- 9. Who was Frederic Curvier?
- 10. Which was the fourteenth state in the order of admission into the American Union?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Bulgaria was the first one of the Central Powers to quit in the world war.
- 2. John Tyler, who had been President of the United States, became a citizen of the Confederate States. He voted for secession in the Virginia convention, served in the Confederate provisional congress and was elected to the Confederate house of representatives, but died before he could take his seat in 1862.
- 3. Plankton is the scientific name for the forms of drifting or floating organic life, found at various depths in the ocean, taken collectively.
- 4. The Arkansas river runs through the Royal Gorge in Colorado.
- 5. The Gulf Stream flows east and north-east.
- 6. Dorr's rebellion was a revolutionary movement under the leadership of T. W. Dorr to introduce a new state constitution with more liberal franchise in Rhode Island.
- 7. It occurred in 1842.
- 8. The existence of Venice as an independent republic was terminated by Napoleon in 1797.
- 9. The fly of a flag is the division of it farthest away from the pole.
- 10. It is now generally conceded that the vital mistake made by the Germans in the first part of the war was in driving toward Paris instead of seizing the channel ports of France.