

Evening Public Ledger

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THE MEASURE OF THE MAN

LET'S look back a moment over the Democratic charge of a Republican "slush fund."
Mr. Cox himself began about three weeks ago with vague talk about contributions from sinister interests.

Then Franklin Roosevelt, taking the cue, was tooed with a veto to the general effect that this fund amounted to \$32,000,000.
Encouraged by hearing himself talk and seeing it widely printed, Mr. Cox finally blurted out a definite amount—\$15,000,000—more than cutting in half his second string associate's figure.

Pinned down by the newspapers demanding evidence, Mr. Cox promised to expose every Republican villain and send him to jail in his Pittsburgh speech, but when he delivered it the amount had shrunk to a little more than \$8,000,000.

Advised by the Senate investigators that they would welcome real proof, Mr. Cox sent, first, National Chairman White, a man of his own picking, and, second, National Treasurer Marsh, both of whom, although they went to the committee sessions directly from conferences with the presidential candidate himself, admitted that they had not the slightest knowledge of any facts supporting the rapidly diminishing charges.

Then on Thursday, with a splurge in every Democratic organ, it was announced that Judge Moore, Mr. Cox's campaign manager at San Francisco, would spring the denouement. He, too, journeyed to Chicago direct from the presence, but the further he got away from Columbus and the nearer to Chicago, the less he knew, until in the city by the lake he told the reporters that after all he could only report hearsay and had to decline to furnish names into the anxious Democratic ears of Senators Reed and Egan, who, as members of the investigating body itself, have done yeoman but futile work to bolster up the Cox edifications.

The only result of these tactics has been to hold off the threatened issuance of a subpoena for Mr. Cox until too late to catch him before he started his long trip through the West. For this respite Democrats will give much thanks, but it is hardly likely that the charges can be kept in suspended animation till after election day.

Next Tuesday the committee will resume its sessions, but the man who, according to National Chairman White, knows what is back of the Cox charges, will not be present as he should be in all mailness. He will be out West trying to sell the natives what Jay House calls snake-doctor medicine.

That's the measure of the man foisted on the Democrats at the Golden Gate by Charles Murphy, Tom Taggart, Jim Nugent and George Brennan—a perfect party antidote to Mr. Wilson. Didn't they know how to pick?

THE ZOO ENRICHED

BY THE acquisition of a giraffe, which fortunately survived the long voyage of a well stocked "ark" from South Africa, the Philadelphia Zoo repairs one of its few conspicuous deficiencies. A rhinoceros is still lacking, but otherwise the oldest "gardens" of their kind in the United States may assert that they are still high among the foremost in their exhibitors.

herself guileless of similarly dangerous procedure.
Of course Tokio was well behaved toward its American visitors. Things have by no means reached a pass where any other conduct can be sanely expected. One way for Japan and America to adjust the problems in which they are both concerned is to get over the nonsense of being surprised at each other's moderation.

A LOOK UNDER THE LID IN THE COAL INDUSTRY

The Question of Anthracite Prices in the Light of the \$22,000,000 Mystery Turned Up by Colonel McCain

LAST spring and during most of the summer Attorney General Palmer gambled ponderously up and down this broad land in pursuit of the folk whom, for want of a more odious name, he calls Bolshevists. Prices soared. Food profiteers bought limousines in clumps. Sugar prices winged it almost to the moon. Whisky men got so rich evading the law in Pennsylvania that some of them still fear they will wake out of a gorgeous dream.

Mr. Palmer was not diverted from his solemn purpose. In retrospect he appears like a new statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. A new sort of vestal was he, resolutely on guard at the altar of freedom and determined to save democracy by annihilating every one who talked independently, or, as they say, through the hat. It was a great show. And while the country gazed fascinated at the anthracite coal operators approached noiselessly from the rear and took just about \$22,000,000 in excess, unreported and unjustified profits out of its pockets.

Where was Mr. Palmer while the coal men were collecting an extra dollar a ton merely because a question of mine wages had been submitted for arbitration to a federal board, and where was he when they pocketed the \$22,000,000 which represented the difference between the sum of the final award and the insurance fund created by the dollar tolls? Where has he been recently while the producers talked of even further increases? Ask the ouija board. We do not know.

The operators, of course, are no radicals. Oh, no. They are eminently respectable gentlemen who want all agitators deported. Now the attorney general has one slim chance to prove that he isn't tragically inefficient or worse. He can start a hunt for that \$22,000,000. If the money cannot be turned back to those who were robbed it ought to go to the government or for charity or good roads or bathing suits for the heathen.

It belongs anywhere but where it is. It is a bad thing for the coal men to have, because it has plainly fired them with an unholly desire for more of the same sort of money.
Do the operators and the miners alike wish Congress, driven by an enraged public, to go to them and their institutions as it has gone at others which proved detestable—suddenly, unscientifically, with an ax?
The country is almost at the end of its toleration. It is aware that veils and fogs deliberately created obscure the inner workings of the coal industry and mask machinery by which it is plundered or made miserable. Barons who were kicked out of their castles in England centuries ago and dumped into their own moats hadn't half the power for evil that rests now with some of the men who, when a question is put to them in the public interest, send secretaries to say that they have nothing to say.

It is impossible to read Colonel McCain's dispatches from the anthracite country without feeling that these same captains of the coal industry may be glad enough to talk before long.
Colonel McCain is one of the ablest of American journalists. He cannot be awed, stammered or befuddled. He is getting under the lid of the coal business in his dispatches to this newspaper. And his revelations are such as to raise questions that transcend the question of fuel altogether.

It is becoming necessary to ask, for example, whether the really vital affairs of the people are being taken out of their hands in the United States and given over to the control of tongs organized, if you believe them, in the interest of capital or labor, but organized actually for a lawless pursuit of advantages for themselves exclusively. Some of the unseen powers with which the ultimate consumer has now to deal are as un-American and as exclusive as the Chinese Six Companies and a hundred times more powerful. The overemphasis and overorganization of exclusive group interests in America will lead inevitably to trouble for a great many people.

That may seem like a strained view of the matter. But let us see.
In the early days of the republic, when the codes and laws under which we now live were formulated, this was a relatively small nation dependent chiefly on agriculture. The means of life and comfort were easily available to any one who would work. Food and fuel were at the door.

But the growth of the population and areas of the United States, the drift of industrial evolution, the concentration of great masses of people in communities far removed from the sources of life's necessities and the growing complexity of existence in a machine age changed all this. Great and highly organized agencies for production and distribution have come into existence in response to a definite need. They are the mine companies and the railways and the labor unions and the packing houses, the shipping corporations and the telegraph companies.

Such groups as these often have it in their power to affect the common life of the people more intimately than any agency of government can affect it. Their contacts with the communities are direct and vital. Some of them have actually aimed at power almost as great as the power of the government itself. That is for the moment aside.

The question is whether these agencies, established with common consent and tolerated in their present forms only because they are supposed to serve society by keeping its lines of supply and service open, are actually being used to obstruct and block these same channels at will and for the sake of abnormal profits.

Coal is not a luxury. It is a fundamental need of life as it is lived in America. It is not something that should be doled out or withheld at the whim of profiteers. The people have the same moral right to know the ins and outs of the coal business as they have to know the ins and outs of the pro-

cesses of government by which they are affected for good or ill. That right will one day be asserted, and it may even be asserted in disagreeable ways if mine owners retire to the comfortable privacy of their inner offices in every emergency—a sort of privacy that strikers cannot know—and send secretaries to dismiss the inquiring representatives of public opinion.

A danger point was reached when coal prices went to \$15 a ton in Philadelphia. In an estimate does it appear that the labor cost of production is much more than \$5. In some instances men who know the business of mining thoroughly insist that the labor cost averages only a little more than \$2.

Where does the money go? It is shown now and shown clearly that for every dollar added to the retail price of anthracite to meet increased labor or wage charges some of the producers have been tacking on an additional dollar for themselves.

It was in last April that a question of increased wages for miners was submitted to a new commission appointed by the President. No coal went up a dollar a ton on the spot in order that any wage award made retroactive to April might be met by the operators without loss.

Until Colonel McCain went to the anthracite regions the public did not realize that the operators had a melon of \$22,000,000 left from this special tax to be divided after all increases and back pay ordered by the coal commission had been paid. Yet now the price of coal is higher in retail markets than it ever was before. It was boosted again only the other day by the freight-rate increase.

With another strike the consuming public, caught between miners and operators, is between the upper and the lower millstone. Is it necessary to clamor for a new congressional investigation?
Are the mine owners trying to help the industrial revolutionists who seek to compel an unwilling people to nationalize the mines?

JUSTICE AND ZONE FARES

MR. MITTEN'S zone-fare system the central part of the city, it is assumed, would be the tropical zone. Extending from it, north and south, would be, first, the temperate zones, and second, the frigid zones. They would be frigid in the sense that those who wished to get to them would have to pay out more in cold cash before they could gratify their desires. Some new name would have to be invented to describe West Philadelphia zones unless Mr. Mitten intends to act on the theory that the earth is flat, and have his tropical zone at the center with the outlying zones surrounding it. Thus we should have eastern and western frigid zones, coming in for favor with the northern and southern.

But what the zones are to be called is a detail of little moment. The thing in which the people are most interested is the adjustment of the cost of traveling, say across the tropic of capricorn, or the goat, from the central zone to the southern temperate zone, which would be somewhere in South Philadelphia. If the short riders in the central zone should be asked to pay a fare of three cents, would Mr. Mitten charge the longer riders across the dividing line for five cents? This is really a vital question. Mr. Mitten, however, has said nothing which justifies the belief that he has any intention of reducing the basic fare of five cents, even for the short riders. He says much about the fairness of paying for what you get and is confident that the car riders will make no serious objection to an increase in the fare for long trips.

Considered abstractly, a fare of ten cents to Oak Lane would not be exorbitant. The distance is nearly eight miles. The rate would be a little more than one cent a mile. But if one is to be carried eight miles for ten cents what justice would there be in charging a man five cents to ride eight blocks on Chestnut street from Broad to Sixth street? The fare would be at the rate of more than eight cents a mile. If we are going to appeal to justice in this matter we would better consider the application of the rule of equity to all phases of it.

It could be argued, and an expert at figures could prove to a mathematical certainty, that a central zone fare of three cents would yield greater revenue than a fare of five cents. It would encourage riding. The man who spends five cents to ride one way from Broad to Sixth street would spend six cents to ride both ways and convince himself that he was saving more in leather than he was spending in carfare.

But there is a serious sociological side to the zone-fare issue. Graduated fares are common in many European cities. In Glasgow the effect has been to congest the population in the first zone. Working people have preferred to live near their work, for it has cost them more than they could afford to pay to get into the outlying districts where there are fresh air and sunshine, to say nothing of grass and trees.

We have a situation right here that in some degree resembles that which the zone system has produced in Glasgow. The men earning moderate incomes live in the city where they can get to work for five cents. Tens of thousands of them would like to live in the suburbs, but the communication rates on the steam railroads are so much higher than the trolley fares within the city that they have to get along in a little house with a back yard about as big as a table cloth.

If housing conditions were normal the recent increase in communication rates would affect real estate values within a radius of twenty miles. A man who has owned himself that he could afford to pay fifty cents a day for a round trip to a district where he could get a modest-priced house with half an acre of ground would hesitate to buy such a house when the fare was increased to sixty-five or seventy cents, and doubtless decide to remain in the city, where his round trip to business now costs him only ten cents, or sixteen at the outside.

Mr. Mitten is only talking about zone fares at present. When he makes a definite suggestion as to rates and zones there will be something concrete to discuss. But even if it should be found necessary to adopt the plan it should be regarded as only a temporary device, to be abandoned as soon as the burden of the outrageous rental paid to the underlying companies is lifted from the P. R. T. With fair rentals it would be possible for the P. R. T. to continue the uniform five-cent rate for all riders, long as well as short.

From the perils of drowning at Monte Carlo, Mary Garden, it is said, "barely" escaped. Relief is not difficult.

After all, the real bulkwork of American home life is sky-kissing theatre prices and "service" charges in the restaurants.

A WONDER SHIP

Remarkable Story of the Liberty Glo Which Reflects Luster Upon Hog Island's Good Workmanship

WHEN the Liberty Glo sails up the Delaware some three months hence, Hog Island will write "finished" at the bottom of one of its bright pages. And be it said in confident prophecy that, as the sturdy cargo cutter steams by, whistles will shriek and men will shout as they have not done since the great day when the first returning transport brought home the vanguard of Pennsylvania's sons.

The Liberty Glo will be twice welcomed as in a sense a ship twice born of the shops and ways of Hog Island. It will sail the seas a sturdy argument for ships made all over the world, and a monument to the excellence with which that principle was exemplified at Hog Island.

THE Liberty Glo's tragic history goes back to November of last year, when she sailed for Hamburg and Bremen, carrying \$2,000,000 in relief cargo for Germany. Within ten hours of her departure, on December 5, she struck a submerged mine which cut her almost in two from water line to water line, at No. 2 cargo hold. Her master, Captain J. J. Stousland, of Rutherford, N. J., a resident of the town of Amelund Light, on the coast of Holland.

Before help could reach him, a terrific storm swept over the North Sea, and the bulwarks and deck plates, all that held the severed parts of the ship together, were torn asunder, and the two sections of the ship drifted on the beach. Followed ceaseless battering by storm after storm, during the week, winter, Holland never knew.

Captain Stousland stayed aboard, though one of the wrecking tugs sent to salvage the ship was lost with all hands and another American ship that went ashore in the same neighborhood broken to pieces. At length, with spring, most of the cargo was saved and the Liberty Glo on Easter morning, with all flags flying and steam up in the engine room, though only No. 3 bulkhead kept up, was towed to a safe port and put into drydock.

HERE is Captain Stousland's story of the wreck, written under stress of excitement not yet abated after hours of touch and go with death!

"When she hit the mine, oil from the stern bottom was sent flying up to the masthead, accompanied by bales of cotton, barrels and bolts of all kinds, and it created a fearful havoc. . . .

"At 4 a. m., December 6, I told the chief engineer to get his men up from below, as the ship was breaking in two. I ordered all in board to get ready to jump. I did not want them to leave, but to keep the boats under the stern. But in the confusion and noise of escaping steam, it was impossible to know what was going on. We were bent on one thing, getting away from the ship. They cut the painter and disappeared in the darkness."

Captain Stousland struck by his ship, though it looked like certain death to do so, he did not appear on the surface. The shore, though four of the crew died from exposure.

"At 4:30 a. m. the after end of the ship parted company with the bow in a roaring noise, steam escaping, cargo from No. 2 hold and all was dark. The lights went out and all was dark. . . .

"I could hear the roar of the breaker, and after a little while I could see the white outline gleaming like the teeth of a wolf—and it was getting nearer and nearer."

Captain Stousland, with the deck engineer and the public school, so that it may be possible to classify them properly. As it now stands there are many pupils entering the public schools who, a careful examination would show, are in need of special training.

"By special training I do not mean to infer that all pupils so trained are backward or below par. There are some who are entitled to be classed as special pupils by virtue of the fact that they are brighter than their prospective classmates. As a matter of record the school code has provided a special school for 'bright' pupils in the state, but the money has never been available with which to put it into operation."

"There are many classes of pupils to be considered. There is the feeble-minded pupil, the incorrigible or disciplinary pupil, the backward one, the one who is inordinately bashful or diffident, the one hampered by lack of knowledge of English, whether he be of foreign parentage or a native of this country, whose mind is perfectly normal and whose locomotion only is affected, and the one whose mental processes are weakened by physical defects."

"The purpose of public education is to make schooling equal to all. But all educations are not equal. Some children have a natural heritage, which places them beyond the reach of the average. Others are correspondingly held back by a bad start. . . .

"The closest analogy I can use for this is the race between two horses. One is a natural heritage, which places them beyond the reach of the average. Others are correspondingly held back by a bad start. . . .



NOW MY IDEA IS THIS!

Daily Talks With Thinking Philadelphians on Subjects They Know Best

DR. GLADYS IDE
On the Special School Problem
THE PLACE of the special school in the public-school system is much larger than would appear on the surface, according to Dr. Gladys Ide, director of the newly organized department of special schools of Philadelphia.

"Just as the function of the medical examiner and adviser has come to be regarded as of first importance in the public schools," said Doctor Ide, "so will the position of the psychologist be as firmly established in time, I hope."

"It is my hope ultimately to establish a system of psychological examinations of all pupils entering the public schools, so that it may be possible to classify them properly. As it now stands there are many pupils entering the public schools who, a careful examination would show, are in need of special training."

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"Another pupil often met with is the 'Bolshevik' type. I mean by that, a child of highly nervous temperament, imaginative to a degree, but who is disposed to be radical and go off at a tangent. That child has within it untold power, which, properly developed, would enable it to take a high place in the world, but neglected and allowed to go its own way unguided, could do a great amount of damage."

"One of the greatest difficulties to be encountered in the average pupil is the small vocabulary which he possesses. The English language contained some years ago 300,000 words, which number has since been greatly increased. There are 12,000 words in Shakespeare's plays. The vocabulary of the well-educated person should be from 12,000 to 15,000 words, yet there are very few who reach that total. . . .

SHORT CUTS

Condensed gratitude after the 8-5 rescue: "Atta-buoy!"

"Water, water everywhere," they cried, after the prohibition raid at Wildwood yesterday, "and not a drop to drink!"

Friends of the latest embezzler who went wrong in a flirtation with the vamp called Chauce boast that he made at least one killing on the scores. What could the vamp say of her own race if she could see him now?

The impoverished Board of Education seems to be reduced almost to the necessity of finding "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks." No discouragement will be registered by the returning pupils, anyway.

The alliance of coal and purse consumption is one of the most discouraging ever formed.

The immigrants who arrived in town on the Chinese Prince this week are not likely to be troubled by politicians seeking to get them to vote. They were animals for the zoo.

Mrs. Walter H. Thomson differs from the men in politics, for she says that when she takes up the newspaper she is afraid she will see her name in print. The men are afraid they won't.

Sugar continues to come down, but it has a long way to fall before it reaches the prices of good old days when a dollar was worth a hundred cents.

The women learned that registering was easy. Of course, it was. The law puts no insuperable obstacle in the way of a citizen who wishes to vote.

What Do You Know?
QUIZ
1. Under what republic was it customary for persons to address each other as citizen or citizens?
2. Who was David Garrick and in what century did he live?
3. In what state are the Ozark mountains?
4. Which was the first of the nations of the Quadruple Alliance to capitulate in the world war?
5. Who is the foreign minister of Soviet Russia?
6. Who wrote the patriotic story, "The Man Without a Country"?
7. What is the correct pronunciation of the word "lichen"?
8. Who was the last American President who served in the Civil War?
9. What are the three main divisions of the human race?
10. What is the name of the mayor of Cork, who is now on a hunger strike?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. On two occasions Dr. Henry S. Tanner fasted for forty days. After successfully performing the feat in Minneapolis in 1877 he repeated it in New York in 1880. His first food on breaking his fast was a peach, followed by a generous slice of watermelon. Tanner lived to be more than ninety years old.